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SEADNA

AN DARA CURR.

WITH TRANSLATION.

AN T-ATÁIR PEADAR UA LAOÍSAIRE,
DO SHAOÍRÍNG.

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THE First Part of *seàona* 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 *Seáona* 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," "gán"="without," "gánn"="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 "pp" and "pt" were written one for the other.

The word "atá" 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 "atá an lá bреágs" now, as Irish for "the day is fine," is utterly intolerable to me.

What has been called the "Rule" *caot te caot* 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 *pláit* and *-ín* are the orthographical component parts of the word *pláitin*. The "*i*" which has been introduced before the "*t*" has nothing to do with the orthography. The "*t*" of "*pláit*" is a broad letter. The "*t*" of "*pláitin*" 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 "*-ín*." That is in order to make it *caot te caot*. The word "*cúro*" has the "*o*" naturally slender. Hence the slight "*i*" sound is already between it and the "*u*." In the plural of it we have "*córa*." 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, *teatán te teatán*.

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 “*buailfean*,” nor “*baínfean*,” nor “*cíðfean*.” I have always heard “*buailfan*,” “*baínfan*,” and “*cíðfan*.” 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 ‘*buailfean*’ and your ‘*buailfan*’.” 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 *Seatona* 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.

PEADAIR UA LAOGAIRE.

SEADNA.

Bi tuitim na h-oíðce ann. Bi Coimac agur a muintír san pilleadh. Bi curio de na daoínib d'ímtig leó agur náir fead coimeád ruair leó, ag teacáit tarp n-air i n-diaid céile. Curio acu 'gá pád go páid beirta ari na bithearnais agur curio acu 'gá pád na páid. Bi gairia acu bailligthe ari Láir an bóthair ari agairt tíse Ólairmuird amach. Iar ag aigsear agur ag áiteamh ari aiceile. An tincéir mór eatarcaírti agur e 'gá gceartíuigéad.

Ríneadh Seadna ari a máctnám. "A Ólairmuird," ari reirean, "dún an dorúr ro am díaið agur daingnidh go maic é;" agur riúd amach é agur iptime ari Láir na muintíre a bi ag caint.

"Ari rúgadóir oíche?" ari reirean.

"Do rúgadóir," ari a duine.

"Níor rúgadóir," ari a duine eile.

"S ois, deirimpre gur rúgadóir," ari an séadnó duine.

"Ná feacair mo thá fúil láim Coimac ari rúgáin ari an fír móir é a bi ag riúbal an aonais iníon i oteanta Sáth Ólairmuird? An é riúdarí mo fúil do mearrfá baint ríom?"

"Óala an rúgáil," ari an trímhád duine, "ní feadair cao do bheir Sáth Ólairmuird ag riúbal an aonais 'na ceanta."

"Ní feadairra acht cónaí beag leat," ari an ceartímhád duine, "ná ní feadair cao do bheir ag tig Ólairmuird i n-aon cónaí iar, iptime 'r amach ann, gur dhoicí leat gur leó an áit. Síne d'ail me, agur daonáine náic me. Nuair éonac iar cónaí dána i dtig Ólairmuird ní luibh bláthre dhoicí iontaoisibh agam airta. Do rúgadair bhrámac bheagd uaim. Beinn lán tráighe tā bhráiginn deicí bhráint fícieo air. Nuair aigsear an t-éiríleas go leiri tā óeanaí, agur an t-aigsead mór tāri na beartaitb tā éabhairt ari aon rúd i bhfuilim capaill, bi iongna mo ériúidé

ópm. D'airísear na daoíne 'gá pád ná páib ionta acht ceannuigte. So páib airtsead an nígs acu. So ńfuaillíodarí go bog é agur ná páib d' fonn oíche acht é leigint uata go bog. Dúbapt liom féin, níod nári b' iongna, so páib re cón maic agam mo tárang do bheit agam ar d' tábla an chaoi agam. D'íarfar trí fíord. Fuairfar é láitheas. Lán mo róca de pláitínib luathá! Táim creibh acht acu! Mo ńfhamac ńfíreas calma gúi caitearf an ńfiaigain 'gá cónúgád! Muna mbeadó me 'gá ńfearcoint ag deanam cón dáná ar tig ńfíreas. Leit ní ńfuaillíofrí an bhean ópm."

"Sini an caint!" arra duine eile, agur feairis 'na gclóir. "Do buailead an bhean deanam ópmra, agur muna mbeadó ńfíreas liat agur Saibh ní buailear!"

"Tullaead 'n ńdonar cum ńfíreas!" arra Seadna, "nári ńfearc liomarí. ńfíreas docht é féin agur Saibh." Agur d' inír ré ńdib tríof ríor, d' turas go deirfead, an ríseal, deirfead réib mar tuit ré amac.

"Ir é crait an ríseil é," ar reirean, "go ńfuir easla ópm go n-éiríseácaid a chroíde ar ńfíreas muna ńfuir eiríseáit deanaid aige air, agur go n-imteobcaid Saibh docht le craobhácaid. Trí deao púnt imigte! Ári ńfíreas an bheit páram! Ní cuimín liom a leitíeo de ríseil. Ní feadair ó tálaí an domain cat deanfaró páad."

"Dap fiad!" arra feair an ńfíreas, "dá olcap atá an ríseal againne ir meara acu-pan é. Muna mbeadó tu 'gá pád ní chéiríofinn focal de. Acht dap níodí ní foláirí go ńfuir an fírinne agat. Cat eile ńfíreas amac i 'na gaoordan ag riúbal an aonair leir agur an clóca deairg ńd uirtí, acht gúi cearp rí lom ńfíreas go páib an cleamháar deanta?"

"I mbairle-ácta-Clíat ńfíreas b' an róraid le deanam," arran tincéíri mór. "Ní deanfaró aon áit ba cóncharaíse an gno. Ologón ó! Ir páda me ar an raoisíl agur ir iondá bhean glic do buailead ópm le m' pé, acht a leitíeo rin de bhean ní feacea páram fór d'á ńfíreas go dtí iníu, agur ní d'áca go ńfearcfead airír."

"Ciacu iŋt mō na bobana a uthaileadó oifte nō na bobana a uthailí?" apha feap an uthamais.

"Fágaim le uathácht," apha tincéip, "náic cuimín liom gur uthaileap aon bob ari aoninne riám. Ni cuimín go deimín."

Óubairt ré an caint éomh leanbáirdé rím gur fágairt aphaib láitcheas ari ńáipíodib. O'airis Saibh na ńáipíde agur má airis ceap rí do phreib gur fúintí fein aibh an magadó, óiri b'í rí d'éis cainte Seadna do cloischtí agur é ag inipint círrpaíde an cleamhnaír. B'í náipe agur feap a dóitíne uipeti an fáid a b'í rí ag éirteacáit leir, acht nuairi airis rí an fágairtead ńáipe ó n-a phaib ari an mbóthar d'éis rí ari buile. Siúd amach i agur ńáipis rí oíche. Tug rí agaird na muc a'f na madraíde ari Seadna airis map náip labhair ré i n-am, ful a phaib a cura airisid imigste agan "Sioagáidé" úd. Anran tug rí agaird na muc a'f na madraíde ari an dtincéip, map ńioll ari bheit ag magadó fúintí. "A phubairfe na gceoilcán mburíte!" ari rípe, "níop tainig ré éum baile ńuit féin ná d'aoninne a ńain leat inr na reacáit ríneapairb a pháid go mbeiteá ag magadó fúmpa." Anran do tug rí agaird ari feap an uthamais map do fágairt ré ari ńáipíodib nuairi ńónaíc ré an oíde a tuigadó ari an dtincéip. "Ir ná ńeas an fgeal," ari rípe, "é d' imteacáit oítra map d' imtig, agur d'á n-imtigseadó ré níora reacáit meara oifte. ńéuisíodh ńuit a aitint, nuairi tarrfaingsead trí fíord púnt ńuit ari do uthamain ńiobalaib, goirta, dhoiciméanaígs, náip ńuime ńacánta tarrfaing riám ari a leitíeo d' airgead. Ni pháib leisgear agat ari. B'í an traint ná láidir iptig aod époisde. Trí fíord púnt ari ńtucaipín uthamais ńan cíot ari ńan bláth foluigseacáta ann acht oífead le fean-éacra! ńneadadó ńúgat, a rpeallairín! Munab oifte atá an caint!"

"Eirt, a ńairb!" apha feap an uthamais, "Na b'íos d'ceirte oifte. Tá ré uthaile irtéacáit am aigneadó, agur a phaib de ńaoíniib ńan ńíall ari an aonac ro inioiu, náic foláip nō iŋt ná ńeáip go uthaileap i mbail éigín ari a mears amadán do phoibaird ńan rphé tu."

Airiú do léim rí ar a corp, agur rul a pair a fíor aige
cad aibí cùisge bí an tá láim go daingean aici 'na cura fear-
óige agur i 'gá ríataid. Do ríataid rí anonn é agur do ríataid
rí anall é. Cuir pí a trí no a ceatair de bhéiceanaib ar,
marí cùinneadh gárrainn bolláin le linn na ríseáine do éurí ar a
rígórnaig. Níor bhual le i cé gurí mór an foirdne aige é.
Cuir pí an tá láim leí agur do éairítear uaró amach i agur do
rútaid ré leir fén. Ni polam a tuis ríse na méripeanna leí.
Ba dhoic leat go dtuitfeadh an t-anam túr teit ar aghaidh láit-
neadh nuairi conacadaí an polatactaí a fuaír feap an
bhrámaig agur nuairi conacadaí an feapós ar méripeannaiib
Sáibh.

Le n-a linn rín bí na daoine ag filleadh níor lioinítear
ó leanúnait na mbíteamhnaí. Féidir marí tigíodh bhois gád
aoinne acu gá fiafraíthe cad fé ndeáir an rult ná cad aibí
ar riúbal. Ba hSeáir gur cùinneadair a ndeacairíthe fén ar a
gceann agur gur lúis an chaint agur an trácht agur an
cómhrád go léir ar an matalong aibí imigte ar h-áth agur
ar Diarmuid lúat.

Sile. Go deimhín, a Þeig, iñt docha muna mbeadh rain go
h-imteobhád oíche marí atáibhuit Diarmuid fén, go
mairbhsíthe iad ná go loingseáil rí tig iad 'na mbeatais.

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

Sile. Conur é rín, a Cáit? Dap nádúr marí atáibhuit rí le
Diarmuid an dothúr do dúnadh náir orgail Sáibh fén é?

Cáit. Ba éuma dúntha no orgailte é mna mbeadh a glice
cúir Seadna cùrraíthe an cleamhnaír agur na dtrí gceasadh
bhrúnt i mbéalaib na nodaíne. Sine fíor iad ó thíbheilis
na nodaíne.

Þeig. Agur bhois náir tuis Sáibh é, tuis rí aír congnáin do
Seadna rí ríseal. Nuair bhoisair ag feudaint uiprtí agur
ag eirtseácht leí ar fead tamall iñre a dúnadhair le n-a
céile 'na go pairí rí ag imteobhád ar a meabhair glan.
Táinig deiridh bhan tá cónaíannaib agur baillíseadair leo
iñteobhád. Anraínt do leat an páistí go pairí rí ar deapar-

buile agur go mb' éigean i cheangall. Cuirí ran ó Úloigal ari fad iad. Céirte gád aoinne ná rathair ciontaí i ngnóth na mbiteamhnaí agur na raiib aon rún aici aip, agur ná raiib aoinne ba cheinne do fágbaid ná iad.

Bi an oíche ag imteacht agur ní raiib Coimac ag filleadh 'ná aon tuairisí chruinn uait. Na daoine do caill a gcuirid, bí ceirte agur ceannfí agur náipe ag teacht oíche. An focal níodh aodúilidh Saibh le feair an Óramais, d'airíseadair é agur do tuigseadair 'na n-aighead go raiib an ceart aici. Ní raiib aoinne aici fém náip oíri an chaint do, éindí chruinn agur do oíri rí d'feair an Óramais. Bi a fíor aici ná raiib ruínn tromaída ag daoínib d'oirib, agur ní raiib ruínn tromaída aici fém dá céile. O' inní a dtuigsear fém d'oirib, nuairi tuigeadh an t-airgeadó mór d'oirib ari na capallib go raiib bheirí mór agur a gceairt aici dá fágail,—agur glacadair é. Aí ball nuairi taimis an fírinne amach do tuigseadair 'na n-aighead náip imteach oíche aict an ríod aibí tuillete aici, marí guri tuigeadar toil do'n dhoisí bheir. Biodar ag bailliuíghaib leis agur ag imteacht aibhile, go túri agur go dochruidéad, go dórártá agur go tiombáthád, go leamh díobh fém agur de chuaírt aon lár aici.

Sile. Feuic gurab iomáda cuma iona nteáin agair airmseadó bhréaglaí d'éagmair é Óéanamh de licnisiib ruinge, le díobluíseadct.

Cáit. Feuic fém rin. Agur feuic, leir, gurab anamh le fágail duine bheab éindí macánta ran go dtiocfaidh ré i gcionn reacánnaíne cum an airmidh éift do éurí i n-mead an airmidh bhréaglaí, marí taimis Mícheál Óreasánaí.

Gob. Agur dala an ríseil, feuic guri beag dá bhréadair aibí aip. Bi "a curid a'ír a clú aige" ag imteacht do.

Cáit. Cíacu clú, a Gobnuit, clú na macánta ná clú na díobluíseadct?

Gob. Maití an áit go rathair, a Cáit. Céiridim go raiib an dá clú aige ag imteacht do.

Noíra. Ní feadair, a Péig, an raiib aon tráil go dtiocfaidh an

duine uafar l éar n-air cùm aifgead círt do éabairt do na daoineibh gur éus ré an t-aifgead bheagdach doibh.

Peig. Ìr eagal liom, a Nóra, dà dtigeadh go n-dearrfach na daoine ceadna riamh go raibh ré cùm mór ari duille ag ceapadh Saibh fein do beit.

Seob. Mairi, a Peig, na c' bheagd bogh ríord a dhéimean Nóra iarrachd beag magaird fumh! "Ní feadair an raibh aon tráil go dtiocfaidh ré éar n-air," ari ríre, cùm mairi agur dà mbeadh aon bhláth do mearbhail uirti ná raibh aon tráil i n-aon cùp le n-a leithead.

Nóra. O! am briathar 'r ambara, a Shobhuit, agur gur dhois níodh ari m' anam, gur de chroisde dháiríribh atáim, feus! Siobh atá oifim. Do dhéan Mícheál Reamoinn aifgeadach le tioibhluigheachd de licínidh ríngse agur éus ré do mhaoi an t-éabairne iad cùm a hata o'fágair uaiti. Ní raibh ré rártach, aon, i n-a aighealadh gan teacach aifris i gcionn reacmhainne agur aifgead tleagach do éabairt chúici, agur ní raibh aon iongna 'na taoibh ari fein na ari aonan eile. Acht dà bhríillpeadh an duine uafar udo agur aifgead fírinneadh do éabairt do na daoineibh gur éus ré an t-aifgead bheagdach doibh, dearrfachadh go raibh ré cùm mór ari a céile agur ceapadh Saibh do beit. Sine atá oifim.

Peig. Sois feus, a Nóra, tá ró de dhéiríigheachd iorú an dà rseal. Feap macanta doibh ead Mícheál Bheathnaidh ré tioibhluigheachd aibh aige, 'ná ná raibh. Bheathnaidh doibh ead an duine uafar udo, pé uairleachd aibh aige, 'ná ná raibh.

Cáit. Am briathar móide gur labh é mo éabairim fein gur labh iad na h-uairle móra na bheathnaidh iorú mó. Sine an duine uafar riamh do chuir amach na 'C Eodhsaig. Tá ré páirbhéid go bhríil deic mile punt ra mbliagair aige tall i Sacraha. Ní fáróidh riamh é gan teacach anro anall cùm na 'C Eodhsaig mbocht agur iad do chaitheamh amach ré'n sclagair oíbhé Nodlag. Ói an trean láinné ann

Agur an Lanná a ós agur naonmári clainne. Cómhaodair do phreig an t-é ba ríne aca, agur ní phab an leanb doibh aict tairí reacmháine. Nuairí biondair go léir amuic agur an feairíann ag tuitim 'na taoírgeanaiib oíche, do théin Seagán a ós Meic Eogain ríailp i gcoinniib an clád mar foictin d'oidh. Táinig an duine uafal agur do leas ré an ríailp.

Nora. O ! Dia linn ! a Cáit, ní thóca gur thain !

Cáit. Am bhratáir gur thain. Dúibhait an báille leir go raibh punc éigín tulíge ann, agur go mbeadh an obair cheadna aige 'sá scupr amach ó'n ríailp aibh aige 'sá scupr amach aibh an dtig. Do leas re an ríailp oíche pé i n-Éirinn é. Agur anraian do bhi an rean duine bocht ag sol, agur nuairí conaic an duine uafal ag sol é, "see," aip reifrean, "how the old cock cries."

Sile. Caoine an ríu é rín, a Cáit ?

Cáit. "Feuč," aip reifrean, "mar gsoileann an rean cocaíge."

Sile. O ! feuč aip rín ! Agur é féin 'sá scupr ag sol !

Sob. Ír beag ná go ntheaspainn leir an nouine uafal rian an ríu úd atúibhait Mairíe Pháirtáláin leir an bhréas a ríus im na bliagha uaití agur san spriúin tulíge aici aip. "Am bhratáir," aip ríre, "gur mait an plan ifrean do bheit ann !"

Peig. O ! faipe ! a Sobnuit. Ca b'fiosr tú ná go raibh rí féin ann !

Sob. Ír thóca nád ó chroíthe atúibhait rí é, aict an feairis do bheit uirte, agur an cinnír aici.

Sile. Ba thóic liom nári sáibh d' aoninne é do phab leir an nouine uafal do cinnír amach na 'C Eogainais agur do leas an ríailp oíche.

Sob. Cao na claoibh, a Sile.

Sile. Marí deanfaradh Dia uairí féin é, Molaibh go deo leir !

Peig. Cao do deanfaradh ré uairí féin, a cnuit ?

Sile. An nouine uafal úd do cinnír go h-ifrean.

Peig. Ca b' fiosr, a Sile, na go ntheanfaradh an nouine uafal aitphíse.

Sile. Ní ðeanaíodh aitriúise an ghnó ódha an tis do éuir ruair aitriúise agus na 'C Eoghnais no éuir iptimeas ann, fílán foláin, marb biondair ceana, agus aitseadó do éabhairt dhoibh tar éis ceann ari ðeim ré de ðiogbair dhoibh.

Cáit. Máire deárla leat! a Sile. Sini an caint go bhfuil an cnot uirté. Ìr truaig éairítear gan tu ag ðeanaíomh na nvolúisté ðáinn, ba ðeárl go gcuimhne na h-uairle 'na gcomhnuighe, agus ba ðád rain. Agus eogair, a ðeig, darr nuaic ní ðéinito na daoine uairle aitriúise i n-aon cón.

Þeig. Aitriú ead a éuir an juro rain aod ceann, a Cáit?

Cáit. Soibh, taim ag éirteacáit riám le n-a nuaic ðealaíomh, agus le n-a n-éigdíomh, agus leir an ríomh a bionn acau ðá ðeanaíomh ari ðaoisíomh bocta, 'sá mbriúgadó agus 'sá meilt agus 'sá nuaibhirt le fuácto é le fán, agus níor aitriúsear riám guri ðeim aoninne acau aitriúise 'na leborighniomh. Ìriad na daoine bocta a bionn ag ðeanaíomh na h-aitriúise. Ìr gheannmári an ríseal é!

Þeig. O! go ðeimín, a Cáit, ðéinito daoine uairle aitriúise leir. Ingean nígs doibh eadó ðobnuit ðaile Máirne. Agus mac nígs doibh eadó Colum Cille.

Sile. An aitriúsear an méirín, ðobnuit?

ðob. Aé! o'aitriúsear fada é a Sile. Ingean nígs doibh eadó i. Agus nuair fág rí tis a h-ataír ðúbairt an t-ingeal leí gan rítar éum comhnuighe acht ra n-ait 'na ðraighead rí náoi scinn o'fílaðnaíb bána 'na gcoitla níomí. Táinig rí go dtí ait éigim agus fuair rí tisí cinn acau ann, agus o'fan rí tamall beag ra n-ait rin. Anraim do táinig rí go Cill ðobnatain tisír agus fuair rí ré cinn ann. O'fan rí tamall móri anraim, agus riné uair a tugadó Cill ðobnatain aip an ait. Anraim do táinig rí go ðaile Máirne agus fuair rí na náoi scinn ann. O'fan rí anraim an curo eile ðá faoighál agus if ann atá rí cuarta.

Cáit. Cuirfhaodra geall guri fada ðeiridh na 'C Eoghnais amuisear a nðeanaíodh an duine uaral a éuir amach iad aitriúise agus iad do éuir iptimeas aitriúise.

Nóra. Ír docha nád mapí a céile na h-uairle atá ann anoir agur na h-uairle bí ann fada.

Peig. Táiní an amhras, ír docha gur fada go bhfeicfear náomh oíche.

Sob. Conur d'ímtis le Coimhac an Chaincín, a phéig?

Peig. Ní raibh tárga na tuairíre aip go ceann reacmhainne ó lá an domhain. Cuanadh gád aon rúd é cum ruainír. Ní reacmháir Saibh na a h-atair aip an dtaoibh amuic de dhóchar i gcaitheamh na reacmhainne. An mhuintir ír mór bí cailte le h-obair na mbíteamháis iriodh ba lúgha trácht aip. An mhuintir na h-ainmí aon rúd acu le cailleamhaint níos ríord a mbéil, acht gád aoinne acu 'sá fíoradhaoisídeamh dá mbeadh capall aige fém le tiol ná ríomhpháistí fé comh motholaclach rian leir.

I gcionn reacmhainne d'fhill Coimhac. Tíos Seadna an cead tíos 'náír tuig ré aghaidh aip. Táinig Seadna amach 'na dhoinnib fíbh mapí táinig ré amach i gcoinnib Seagáin Ciotaig an lá ato.

"Seadó!" appa Seadna.

"Do chrocaidh tríúrí acu," appa Coimhac. "D'ímtis Síogairí, ní pé ainnim atá aip. Dá feabhar tictinear do dhéimeamháir do ceirp oírlainn teacáit ruar leod gur ríoríseamháir an chatairí chuaodáir-ra láitheadas ag tríall aip mhuintir an níos mapí aghair aitne maití oírmh, agur d'ínphearr mo ríseal. Ní feacaíodh a leitáid d'iongna aip aon daoinib riatháin agus bí oíche. 'Airiú,' aip riad-pan, 'do táinig fear anro cùsgáinn ó chianailbh agur d'imir ré an ríseal ceadna rian d'úinn, agur tairbeáin ré d'úinn tríúr de na bithéamhácaib agur ghabamháir láitheadas iad, agur ír docha go bhroscfear amháin agus bí 'na ceann oíche agur aip tráilleadh dá rórtó ra tháinig. Fear gur b'ainim do Seadna. Fear abhí ag deanamh aipisidh bhreagair aig le fada. Agur dá cónaíta rian fém, gur b'aitin do'n d'últáis é beit beo docht lairtis de chuid níos ré bhuaghnáibh, agur anoir go bhfuil ré aip an bheagair is fáidhre ra tháinig níos b'fheiridh i n-Éirinn. Agur' aip riad 'tá órthuigseadh ó'n níos,

congnam̄ feair do ghléasadh láitheadas agur imteasct̄ agur
bheit̄ ari Seadna uo, pe h-é féin, agur é cabairt̄ cum láim̄a
anro gáthta. 'Ca bfuil an feair d'inir an rgeal rain?' agra
mire. 'Tá ré anro irtis,' ari riad. Cuaomairi irtreas. Ní
raibh a tualairis ann. Do miteadasí anonn 'r anall 'gá
cuairt̄as. Ní raibh ré le fágair acht marí flosigfead̄ an talam̄
é. 'Ca bfuil an tríúr eile?' agra mire. 'Irtis ra caircái,'
ari riad. 'Feiceam̄ iad agur ceirvigeam̄ iad,' agra mire.
Cuaomairi irtreas agur ceirvigeamairi iad, gac̄ feair d'ioib
ré leit. Biodair ari aon focal amháin ra méid̄ reo. So raibh
an t-airgead̄ bhéasgasd̄ d'á théanam̄ i n-áit éigín ra caitair.
Ná raibh fior na h-áite ag aoinne acu féin. So raibh copoinn
fe'n bprunt̄ acu d'á fágair ari an airgead̄ do éupi amac̄ ari
aontaisib̄ agur ari marigaisib̄. Sup le mangairreasct̄ do
mairessadasí go dtí gur teangbaír an obair̄ reo leib. Gurab
amhlair̄ do cuiptí an t-airgead̄ bhéasgasd̄ cúca go h-áit a
gcóimhniúisté. Ná feacadasí riám̄ an áit 'na mbíte 'gá théanam̄
'ná an t-é b'í 'na céann ari an ngnóib̄.

"Ní feacaisib̄ riám̄ acht an iongna ériodh aibí ari thuintír
an piúg nuairi d'airgeadair an méid̄ rin. Anrain d'ínreapar-ra
dóib̄ conur cùmpair-ri i ndiaig na mbíteamhna me, agur
cuireas ari a rúilisib̄ dóib̄ conur, muna mbead̄ turá, nári
b'férdirí teac̄t̄ ruar̄ leib i n-aon cón.

Ambáras aibí cùgáinn b'éigíon dom dul i láthair an
bheit̄im̄ agur an rgeal d'inirint̄ trid̄ fior do. Anrain do
daorad̄ iad cum a gceasta marí gseall ari an ngníom̄ aibí
deanta acu agur é théanam̄ fé ainní an piúg. Agur do
ceapad̄ luict̄ bprat̄ agur cuiread̄ amac̄ iad iní na cùis
áitriais feudaint an bfeadharoirí teac̄t̄ ruar̄ leib an Siosairde
macánta, pe h-é féin ná pe ball 'na bfuil ré, agur é cabairt̄
cum láim̄a. Do ceapad̄, marí an gceadna, luict̄ cuairt̄as,
cum na h-áite do théanam̄ amac̄ 'na bfuil an t-airgead̄
bhéasgasd̄ ro d'á théanam̄, agur, nír náic̄ foláip̄ ná t'á níor mò
'ná an ceathair̄ ra gnóib̄, an curo eile acu d'fhiadhae agur
gheiridin d'fágair̄ oíche rul a mbeid̄ uain acu ari a tuisleas

thioisbhála do theanamh. Ír iomra cù ghearr ari fálaitb an cládairiú um an dtaca ro, gheallaim duit é, agur mā bheirean ré na cora uata ír mór an iongna liomra é. Nuair chuirgeanadar a feabhar do theanir-re an beart lá an aonairg agur a ghearr marí éuaird an rseal ari an gceatras, íre aonúthraonadar go leir 'na gur mór an tchuasg san tu tior acu féin marí a mbeadh coicíom agat ari an intleact atá agat do curi éum taipé.

“Ír eagal liom, A Cormaic,” aifreann Seadna, “nuair aibí teiftiméireact agat dá cabairt doibh ari m’ intleact, munaír éiúigír leir an bhísinne ná cás baoisgal gur baintír uaití. Dét ír dósca muna mbeadh a ghearr do leanair-re ari fálaitb an fír mór úd agur a luathact aibidír i gceart rí éatair ‘na díaird, go mbeinn tior acu um an dtaca ro agur ná cás ari maité le m’ intleact é. Gán amhras do ceap ré dhoisí iarract do cabairt fum. Ír mór an tchuasg ceart a éir agá leitítear. Ír oile ó feabharibh na caitreas muna dtigid riad ruair leir anoir agur a ainim i n-áirítear ari ruair na h-Éireann ó'n mbeart ro. Dála an rseil ír mór go leir an iongna liom a pháid go phair ré de thí caille aír tählact ari ainim an níl rí gnó. Ba ceart do a phíor do bheit aige ná feadfaidh dul leir aibid fíneainm an níl.”

“Íre ceapairim-ré,” aifreann Cormac, “’ná go phair a phíor go maité aige car aibí ari riúbal aige, agur gur o’ aon gnó ari phair do thein ré obair lae an aonairg.”

“Conur rain?” aifreann Seadna.

“Do phéir marí chuirgean an rseal,” aifreann Cormac, “ír cùgatara ír mór b’i ré, agur reo marí ceap ré teacáit oírt, dá phuiseadh leir. Nuair bheadh gnó an aonairg chriocnuigthe aige o’ imteobád ré féin agur Saibh ríor go Baile-Átha-Cluait. D’fágfaidh ré an tchuairt eile i mbun na gcapall, ‘gá mbréit leod go mbuaileadh curio dá n-áicme féin úmpa ari an ríig agur go nglacfaidh uata iad le curi ari aontaithe eile dá n-áicme. Nuair fhoirfeadh ré an éatair tioicfaidh ré i láthair an bheirtim agur thearbhócaidh ré oítrá an beart aibí deanta

áigé féin, guri agat aibí an t-airgead bhréagach agur guri tu aibí ag ceanaíc na scapall doin nísh, mar Ó'eaó, agur ná riab é de ghnó aigé féin ra n-áit acht cum an cleamhnaír do cheanamh agur cum a mhná do thábhait leir. Anraí, nuair beath a éoil imeartha aigé oíchea agur an énáib ari do muineál aigé do phórrfach ré Seoáth agur feuc anraí cí dearrfach guri biceamhnaíc é! Níor nír deacair do an rgeal do chur 'na luighe ari muintir na catraíc nuair do 'neodhrfach ré Órlaí a luighead airméad aibí agatra tá beagán aimriúire ó rím ann agur méid do fáidbhim anoir.

"Ní thábhait leinne mian go bhfuairi ré airgead bhréagach uaim," aifra Seatna.

"Ní luighe 'ná 'fhuairi," aifra Coimac. "Nuair a h-inreath dómhíra guri tu éis an cíor do'n baintreac an lá atá fadó, do échíallar an uile phiora dé agur bí ré go léir cíomh tuisir agur dá mba amach ó chealrúcain an nísh féin do thiofraí ré an mairidion cearthára."

"Ír órca," aifra Seatna, "dá mbeath ré bhréagach go ríascadh an rgeal tian oípm;" agur cíur ré rmuta gáire ari.

"Níor baoigíl duit aon rgeal do órul tian oípm uaimpre," aifra Coimac "an fáid ná riab aon éisgdir agat dá cheanamh." Tábla le n-a linn rím guri feuc ré iordú an dá fúil ari Seatna agur má feuc do ríao.

Sile. Cao na thaoí do ríao, a Órlaí? Ba órcaí liom, ré duine go scuireáid an feudaint úd Seatna rgeal ann, ná ná círrfeadh, guri deacair dí aon gheit do baint a' Coimac an Caintcín. Tábhaimpre oípm da mb' é Seagán an aonair aithead ann náca baoigíl go mbainfí aon gheit ari. Ní bainfí acht oíreaoí agur bainfí a chéad muice dá mbeath rí ann.

Órlaí. Sroí ír aímliad mar bí an rgeal ag Coimac, bí rím ghláonta ag Seatna ari. Tamall beag tar éir an lae úd a chaimis ré ag éileamh pealba ari an mbaintris do fuair Seatna amach círrfeáidé na bhréibe agur bí a phír ag Coimac go bhfuairi. Do teip ari a aigneadh do chur cum

ruaiónnir ná an oíðéé do éodlaóth go dtí guri támhig ré cum cainte le Seadna agur guri iair ré aír gán gealán do chur iptimeas aír. Tábhairt Seadna ná deanfaóth tá ngeallfaóth Cormac do gán bheab do glacáth aír. Rudo a ghéall go fonnínár.

Síle. Andaisg ba thána an téadán abí aír. "Níor baoisgal duit mire an fáid ná raié aon éusdóir agat tá deanaam." Níor b'iongna guri baineáth geit aír. Tá mbealáth riúr an méid rín ag Saóth do éisgealáth rí ead é an ghearrdum abí ag Seadna aír.

Peig. Bí an ghearrdum rín aige aír go daingin, agur bí a rian aír, ní raié aige acht báisaithe aír cum é tiomáint aír riúbal pé bog eisearaí an gno, pé moch teirdeanaí an tráth, pé fliuch ruair an uain.

"An tóid leat an bhuil aon t-rianáth go mbealáth aír?" aírra Seadna.

"Tátar na díairíth go teit aír aon éuma," aírra Cormac.

"Tá ríp 'na díairíth guri deacair dul uata, geallaim duit é. Iphé a raióth féin ná deacair aon b'íteamhnaíc riúth fóir uata. Má teirdean ré reo uata beir an éraobh aige."

"An raiðair ag caint le Diaimhír liat ó fíllir?" aírra Seadna.

"Ní raiðair," aír reifrean, "acht d'airísear guri fág Saóth an baile agur ná raié aon tuairírth uirte. Bídear cum dul ann riúr aonair feudaint aír támhig rí, ní an riúr é i n-aon corp."

"Raighe-ra leat," aírra Seadna. "Níor airísear focal té. Iphí moí an truaig an duine bocht."

Buaileadair oíche roin. Ní raié Diaimhír ra doirír riobhrá. Bí an doirír dánta. O'orghaladair é agur éuadair iptimeas. Ní feacadh Saóth ná Diaimhír. Bí rean bhean iarrachta 'na ruidhe i n-aice na teine. Táis rí a ceann agur d'fheuch rí oíche agur éisom rí aír é gán labhairt. Bí aitne aici uirte. Cormárra doibh ead i. Pailír bogair a tuigteaoi uirte, acht má reab ní ní bogair do bí rí, acht bí rí ana níosín.

"Ca b'fhlil feair an tig, a Íathair?" aifra Coimac.

"Tá ré gan beirt ari fógsnám," ari ríre, so níshín.

"An b'fhlil ré 'na luighe?" aifra Coimac.

"Tá," ari ríre, "agur Máire 'nghéan ailtí ag tathairt aine do." Le n-a línn rin d'orgsaíl an bhean fhiotáilte doilur an t-reámpa. "Dé b'fhéartach!" ari ríre.

"Cao tá ari an nduine seo, a Máire?" aifra Coimac.

"Tá eagal oípm, a Coimac," ari ríre, "gur taom beag éinsearlaír atá aif. Slán beo mair a n-inítear é! Do bualeadh bheordite lari na báraí lae an aonaig é, nuair a fuair ré so náib Saibh imise. Nuair ariú an rásairt an t-éiríleas a theineadair na biceamhnaig úd ari an aonaíd do. Táimig ré fén anro, agur nuair a fuair ré Diarmuid 'na luighe agur gan duine ann do fínfeadh deoc chuir ré fior oímpa agur do tánas."

"Ari m'fhor é d'úinn túl iúteas 'gá feudaint?" aifra Seadna.

"Ach! ní m'fhor, ní m'fhor," ari ríre.

Ó Coimac iútig céanna-féin, gan céad.

Sile. Ní theanfaíonn d'abta dé!

Peig. Cao é an ríseal é, a Diarmuid?" aifra Coimac.

"D'ein t'fiafraíg tairt!" aifra Diarmuid. "Cá n' fágair i?" ari reirean. "Ari nus ré uait i?" ari reirean.

"In meáttá an feair tu agur i leigint leir."

"Tá ré ari an scuma rian ó tánas," aifran bhean fhiotáilte. "Ní fíradan a bheul aict ag cur t'fhe céile.

"An aitnígean tu me, a Diarmuid?" aifra Seadna.

"An aitnígim tu! Tá ré cón ceapta agamra turra d'aitint agur tá ré agat-ra mire d'aitint. Tá ré cón ceapta agat-ra mire d'aitint agur tá ré agamra turra d'aitint. Tá ré cón ceapta agamra turra d'aitint agur atá ré agat-ra mire d'aitint——" Tiomáin ré leir ag filleadh ḡ ag at-filleadh ari na focalait céadna ari an scuma rian, gá scapadh gá le d'fhor, agur nuair t'fídeal tuitim focal aif, ní gan an caraí do theanamh chruinn do. leir a céile, t'fídeal ré riap ari an scaint go dtí go mbioadh a aighealadh rípta ari i bheit do

neíri a céile aige. Anfain do ghearráisearth ré uirthi i dtíreod gupi Ódís leat gupi geall aibis eurícta aige feudaint an mór uairí feadfaidh ré na focail do pháid ar a céile gan a anáil do tairis. Téidearth ré cónaí dian rain aipr fénim gupi Ódís leat go dtacfaidh ré é fénim le h-eárba análaí. I gclionn tamaill do rítaidh ré de na riútagairí cainte rím agur d'feud ré anonn i gcuimne an tréomhra. "Ír mór an náipe daoidh go leíri é!" aipr reifrean. "Sine an feair bocht rain tall agur a ceann dá ríoltaidh le teinnear agur ná feudfaidh aoinne agairí na ndíairí!"

Sile. Cé'ri b' é rím, a Peig?

Peig. Ni raibh aoinne ann, a Sile, acht na greadhlaistíde do beirt aipr an bfeair mbocht.

Cáit. Ír Ódísíge gupi 'na ceann fénim aibí an teinnear.

Peig. 'Na ceann fénim, caidh eile?

Cáit. Amháin é ghearráisearth go bfeaca-ra Séamus ro againne aipr an gcuimhne ghearráisearth, nuaíri aibí an mheáin teinn aige. An órthodós clé, órthodós a láimhe, íri 'bí teinn. Táinig greadhlaistíde aipr le neart an teinní agur bhoisí ré ag ghlaothas aipr mo mactairí agur aipr Neill, agur 'sá iarrfaidh oíche "feudaint i nuaíri an gárrúin ní tall ra gcuimne, mar go raibh órthodós anna teinn aige."

Nóra. Sead anfain tu, a Peig.

Peig. D'fhanadair tamall mait ag éirítear leir acht do cheir oíche aon caint bhuíneach d'fágair aipr. "Cao é do mear aipr, a Máire?" aipr Seadna leir an mnaoi fíniotáilte.

"Ni h-é mo tuairim go bfuil aon baoisgal aipr," aipr ríre. "Ír cónaítear mait aipr an mbredítearct na greadhlaistíde do beirt cónaí h-anamairí. Ni bhláthaim aon mairbhitíge aipr. Bionn taipr aipr acht ní taipr ní móri é agur tá meidh mait dá bainne agam dá tábairt do.

Táinadair amach aipr an tréomhra. "An bfuil aon tuairim dí Shaoth?" aipr Seadna, "no an bfuil aon fíor ag aoinne aipr, caidh é an tréod baill 'nár tuig rí a h-aigairí?"

"Ni feacaird aoinne ag imteacáit i acht Pailr anro," aip ran bean fhiotáilte. "Úi Pailr amuic aip eisge lae, laj na báraí lae an aonais. Tug obair na mbitearainiac, agur an toirmeas ag lean é, oíthe cillidioideac do'n mnaoi voct. Úi rí 'na ruisde larmuic te dojur an botaín thí aip an aithreasainiac. Cónaic rí an bean ag imteacáit ó'n dtig seo agur i aip a crompruaíap agur carpin a clóca aip a ceann aici. Cé dtabharfaidh rí a n-agair acht aip an mbotán agur gan aon cuinne aici Pailr do bheit 'na ruisde cón mo. Niop tuis rí Pailr fé ndeara go dtí go pailr rí buailte léi. O'feucaidair aip a céile. Niop labair aoinne acu. Ír anam a labhran Pailr acht nuair labharfaidh léi, agur an uair thí féin ní po taphair chuirge i. Cuiridh Saoth an bótáir roip ó tuiaró dí, aip a crompruaíap, bótáir Baile-Átha-Cliat. Ni feacatar ó thí i beo 'na marb, agur niop aipísear go bfeacaird aoinne eile i an mairidion rian acht Pailr anro."

"Cao na taoibh nári labharair léi, a Pailr?" aipra Cormac.

"Maire ní feadair," aipra Pailr, go níshín.

"Cón ríomhálta agur atá bianra aip mairde bacais," aipra Cormac, "ír i ndiaidh an t-Siosgairde atá rí imigte agur ní le ghlád do é, 'ná mar maité leir. Ír iomána clear glic do thein ré i gcaiteamh a faoighail, acht theipim mo lám a'r m' focal do gúrab é clear ír teinne ón dár thein ré juamh an bob a buail ré aip Saoth lá an aonais. Már 'na díairidh atá rí imigte, agur ipead, dá dtéirídeadh ré ipead i bpolli tráthair i bpolac uait ní theanfaidh ré an gno ón. Tiochairidh rí ríomh rúar leir agur cuimhíodh rí capabat caol aip, cón ríomhálta agur atá fósónas aip. Dain an cluas anuas ó'n gceann thíom muna gcuimhíodh. Ír díidh liom dá mbeadh a fiúr aige caidh é an rathar i go ngealbhadh ré tairpre. Tá ré deirbhneadh anoir aige."

"Eirt, a Cormaic, eirt!" aipran bean fhiotáilte. "Ná b'is ag magadh fuith féin. Cao é an gno bheadh ag Saoth go Baile-Átha-Cliat? Cao feadairidh rí theanamh ann? Cia aip go bfuil aithe aici ann. Conur ghealbhadh rí eolur tríodh an

Seatair rín, ná rath rí marún i ngeolaist ceato mile tó? Agur sunr tócha ná fuil oiread agur poll franciais ná go ńfuil aitne aige riúd aír, i n-aon balla ra baile moí. Biond oímpa mā mótuísean ré 'na tóirí i go gcuíppíodh ré réin, nō duine éigín uairí, deirteadh léi go tapairí,—, mā 'f ann a tuis rí a h-aigairí, agur daír nuaidh ní tócha suílab ann, níod nád ionsgna."

"Fán leat go fóil," aírra Cormac. "Ní bhearrfaidh aon gnu eile o'n mbaile i acht cum é riúd o'fiaidh aír agur do tóthairt cum lárna. An gniomh do thein ré airtí réin agur aír a h-aigairí, níor deimeadh i'f tócha le cuimhne aoinne atá ruar a leithead eile de gniomh, le ghráinneamhlaist agur le ghráinn-laitheadh agur le h-éigdíl. O'fullaingseodhach rí i gceapadh 'na miotaibh beaga rul an leigfeadh i n-aigse leir é, níod nád locht airtí."

"Óe 'sunr, a duine an chroíde 'rtig, mā tá ré cónm buailte rín ipteád aír aigse go ńfuil rí imiseadh aír an intinn rín, cao 'na tlaobh ná pheabhan tu láithealadh agur i do leanmáint?" aírran bhean fhiotáilte.

"Pheabhar, ná biond eagal oírt," aír reirean. "Ní rath uaim acht a fíor do beit agam cap tuis rí a h-aigairí. I'f tócha go ńfanfarair-re anro go dtí go mbeidh an duine seo ag teastéidh cuigé réin, nō an chuid i'f lúga de, aír láimh fábhála."

"Fánfar," aír ríre. "Ón bháis an rásairt liom fanaímant."

"Agur a Seadna," aír reirean, "muna ńfuil aon ńfuil oítrá ná bealadh ré cónm maité agat ghuairéadach i n-aonfhealach liom?"

"Ní gádó rám," aírra Seadna. "Tá búnír nuaidh agairbh réin ann."

"Tá a fíor agam" aírra Cormac "sunr maité le muintir an rísh aitne do chur oírt, agur go mb'férdirí sunr ńfuilfhorgha rísh maitreacáint do bheanamh amach ann duit ba éairíse 'ná an ghearráidhdeach."

"Bheanfaridh an ghearráidhdeach an gnu go ceann tamall eile," aírra Seadna.

"Seadó! go dtuigfaribh Dia la maité ólaoibh go leir!" aírra

Cóimheas. "Ír táráid an gluairfeadach agam aipir é, gan fíú ceo an bhráidí do baint de m' bhrógaibh. Ír tuisceadh gan abhrúil de cláidairíodh bítéamhnaid i n-Éirinn i n-aon téird amháin agam, aip aon ériúil amháin. Ír me tábairfáid an páirgáid órúib! Beadh rúamhnear anrain agairi aip feadáid tamaill."

"Beadh rúanán móri agat!" aipran bean fhiacháilte.

Sile. A tiaircéair! a ñeig, ní feadáid an amhlaidh nári cùimhne leir an bhréab.

Peig. Cao í an bhréab, a Sile a cùid?

Sile. An bhréab úd a toiliú ré glacáid aip feilidh tighe na bantúise, nuairi b' ré gá cup amach agur gan an cior aici ód, gur tuis Seadna b' é.

Peig. Ní feadáid 'n traoisgal, a Sile. Ír minic do thoic cùimhne ag daoinibh aip an rúin náidh mait leib cùimhne do chomhaid aip.

Sile. Ba édirí go mbealidh náirpe aip.

Peig. Do thuine gan náirpe ír ura a ghnó beanaamh.

Sile. Ó'fearóidí é. Aict ní molaim iad, mairi daoinne gan náirpe. Ír feáir go móri a tiochair ré ód a bheul o'éirt-teadach, agur gan beirt ag beanaamh tróigheáid an chait ceann-finn aip an mbiteamhantair.

Sob. Ír amhlaidh mairi b' an rgeal aige, tipeasach mairi b' ag an bhréab úd i gCill Áilean agur é ag dul ra bhrúisín. B' caneán móri fathair aip mairi b' aip Cóimheas. "Bacall" a bhois ag daoinibh mairi leapaíntim aip, mairi gheall aip an gcanain. Glaoríodh a stáir aip agur é ag dul ipteach ra cùimheargáir.

"A Óróinníall, a mheic ó," aipran t-atair, "bhróftais agur tábair 'bacall' aip thuine éigín rul an ttabairfáidh oírt é." B' fín é an úrtháiltá ag Cóimheas. Ceap ré ná fáidh aon trilis b'feáir 'ná fáidh ré fénim ó ainnim an bítéamhnaig do tábairf aip 'na é fénim do tábairf ainnim an bítéamhnaig aip thuine éigín eile.

Sile. Agur dair níosic, a ñeig, ní fáorífadh rain é. Ná feadáidh é tábairf aip fénim 'na diaidh rain cón mait agur d'á mba ná tábairfáidh ré aip aoinne é.

Peig. Ir docha gur mór an níodh leir tuigteach do bheirt aige féin
api an ríseal, an cead uiscear do bheirt aige, san bheirt tisíor
api an scéadóth bhearrnaim. Agus cao deaillpáistí na daoine
aict náip bhróiláir ní náip gád do féin aon eagla do bheirt
aige riomair an ainnim, óili ráta mba gád go reacnóidéad
ré trácht airi.

Sile. Conur a fuaraod i, a Cait?

Cait. Míre a tús fé neoeapa i ra poca. Bí an poca ari
fileas larmhuič dá éaróis aige, mar beað málín na
briast. Únaileas-ra mo lám ari an málín agus bí an
rúgian irtis ann.

Sile. An fear bocht! Is tu bain an pheab ar.

Cáit. Abair é! 'O' ionpairis a lit ann agus éisom ré ar fóil.

Sile. An vibração é?

Cáit. Niор tisbreas. Do scórain Neill é. Tábhairt rí Suíab amlaíod a chuir duine eisín an fhsian fa phóca gan fhor dó, marí rrórta, agus tábhairt mo Óaigí go raibh an ceant aici.

50b. Ceap ré, aict a leigint air bheit 'Sá cuairtach air a
títeáil náir baoisgal go mbeadh a n-amhras air féin.
Ainm náir mait é!

peig, thaire ní raibh aon acht leanún, a Shobhnaidh. Ní raibh aon
ciamh aige. Agur is dochtára nán bhrigí puinn an rísean.

Cáit. Níorí Órlaí. Agur mé iuto a déan Seamus anraí ná i
briónnach ailt, agur bidear-ra ari bhuile éigise. B'feará
liom i cártaí an ra teine ná i tábait tó, agur an
peall beag aige dá Óceanáin cónaí gára. Dá luíseadó i
b'fearó dá iuitéadó leis go mbeadó a h-athair ari Ódheine
éigin eile, agur feúc anraí náic dear an obair a Ódheine
deanta aige.

Þeg. Ír fiont óuit rin a Cait, "Ír fada riap é iappma an
dhoic bint."

Sob. Máire beannacht Dé le h-anman do mairb, a Þeis agur comáin leat ari an rgeal! Coimeádóraidir rím anraim tu go mairdin ambáraí ag caint agur ag áiteamh agur ag aibcóníðeaclt agur ag cup éilé céile.

Nóra. Agur dair niodic, a Þobnuit ní labair fén gán do cion de'n aibcóníðeaclt agat, níor leigir leó ari fad é.

Þeis. Do ghluaír Cormac aipir, "Gán ceol an bhdair do baint da bhrógaib," a nódháirte re fén. Nuair bí ré imigte do chualadh Seadna ipteasach ra treomhra aipir mair ariab an duine bheordite.

"Ír fada go dtánaír," aipra Þiarmuird. "Íré an cleamhnaír ó Samhain go Dealtaine agat é. Beadh leat na dhuineárhoir an fad aitair ag ghabhail do. Ca bhfuil rí anoir? Bí rí anraim ó ciananib. Ír feáir bean 'ná rppré. Cailín ciúin ciulláraí aict gán feairg do cup uifti. Ó! raipe fút na buail! Aipíu ghealdaibh cùgat na buail! Feud aip rím!"

"An bhfuil aon aipsead ra tig?" aipra Seadna leir an mnaoi fhiotáilte.

"Oíreád a'g leatáringin nuad!" ari ríre.

"Seo," ari rírean. "Do fuaífar faint leatáir uairí an lá ré Óiríreád. Tá ré cónmait agam tóil ari anoir" ḡ do rím ré fuaím aipisgo cùicí.

Óláinig ré lari na máraí feudáint conur bí an duine bheordite, agur do húig ré leir tuilleaibh de'n leatáir aibh ra tríora ḡ do tóil ari. Ba maití mair óein. O'fáis gain faint aipisgo ag an mnaoi fhiotáilte, i Óiríreád nuair a fuaír Þiarmuird an t-aoisíodh go lab neart ói ari biaib ḡ ari tig do fholátar do, féid mair ba ceart agur do ríreí mair a bí gád aige leó.

Ba gheáir go mairb re na húidé i n-aice na teine aici agur flórs ag doimhín cùm an bhdí aip. Aict ambara ní tuiscead rí do é aict an méid ba bhdí le ba maití bhdí, agur ní fealsair riad aict an tróid ḡ an t-aigsear a bhdí aige leí a t'íarain tuilleaibh O'fáisail.

Féid mair bí ré ag dul i bhealbhar bhdír na cónmairain ag

bailliúghað iptimeas ag cur a tuairisge 7 'Sá inírint do cad i an buaðairt a bí oírla nuair do aipíseadair é beit na luigé, agur cad é an t-átar a támis oírla nuair a fuaraðair ag teadct cùigé féin é.

Nuair a fuair Seadna ag dul i Ófearáur i gceart é agur ó baoigal ní tágad ré cónm minic, agur i gcionn beagán aimpriú do rtaid ré de teadct.

Oíran an bhean fhuocháilte ann níor ria 'ná ceap rí bí gád leí, acht an fágairt fé ndeárla rian, marí bí rian aige ó am go h-am agur ó lá lá, go dtiocfaidh Saibh aibail. Fé óeiread támis gaothasach uipréi ó'n dtaoibh eile pharóirte agur b'éigion di ghuairgeacht.

Ní raibh de feift anraian acu acht a iarráidh ari phairb bocáit teadct gád aon mairidion agur teine óírathúghað agur bláipe bíd oírláthúghað do Ófearáur. Níor fágad fáidí é ari fad. Ba beag aon lá ná tuigad mairí Mhíl cuairt ann. Agur an lá ná biond ríse ann biond Mairé Ófearára féin ann, agur ipe aitheiread na comárrain 'ná gur mó an bheir feabhsra a tairdead ari Ófearáur an tamall de lá a tuigad rí ag caint leir 'ná marí tairdead aipi an curo eile de'n aimpri ari fad. Óeiread Ófearáur féin go farmluighead ré go dtóigteadh an ceid da chroíthe nuair cíthead ré cùigé an doiríur iptimeas i.

Ipe juid aitheiread gád aoinne 'ná gur mairí an bair air gán Saibh do beit i n' aice an fad a bí ré 'ná luigé, marí na bead aon bheir aige ari teadct cùigé féin an fad a bead rí láitriead. Da mbeadh aonchead aige da phágair agur go dtiocfaidh aon níos eifordha uipréi, go rppriúchead rí agur go gcuimhfeadh rí aitíompráil aipi cónm riúpálta agur aibí Saibh mar ainní uipréi.

Siné ceapadair na cónmárrain acht ní h-é rian a ceap Ófearáur féin. Daip leir, ní raibh 'sá coimeád ari flearsa a ófoma acht gán i beit ag teadct aibail 'ná aon tuairisge uaiti. Ó mairidh go h-oidhche ní biond aon cíppraíde cainte roip é féin agur na daoine tigeadh iptimeas, acht "cá raibh rí?" no "cad aibí 'sá coimeád amuic?" no "ciacu beo ní maríb aibí rí."

"Má b' iú beo cao 'na taoibh na h-ailmeasáid tuinne éiginn
rígéala uaití? Má b' iú marbh cao 'na taoibh na tiochair tárns
a báir ó taoibh éiginn? Dáir níosdís ní feadófaráidé i mharbháid
a fíor do bheit ag tuinne éiginn. Dá marbháidte i láí na
h-oidhche i agur an corp do chaitéamh i bpolair éiginn, dair níosdís
do gealbháidé láí na báraí a bhealbh éiginn é, agur do
leathair an rígéala ari fhiúr na tuíche, agur do bearrfáidé ari
Siocháidé, dá mb' aige bhealbh an ghníomh deanta, agur do
cruaífeadh é. Dá mbealbh oiread eile gnuicair ann ní feadófaráid
ré tuil ó Coimac."

Sin marí chaitéadh ré an airmíriú ag cur agur ag caitéamh
nuairí bhoiòd aoninne iartas do cheanfaradh eirteacht leir. Nuairí
bhoiòd ré i n-a aonair i rí airmílaird a bhoiòd ré ag caitéamh leir férinn
agur ag aigénearr leir férinn, agur ag aitíteamh ari férinn. Uair-
eanta ra n-aigénearr fain leir férinn d'áitrouisgeadh ré a ghlór
agur d'áitígeadh phairéir é i bhoiòd iú deimhniúiseadach go mbioibh
beirt ní truimír ann, bhoiòd a leitíeoirín de gheod aige.

D'áitídeodín na buaibhíonta b' iú an goile go maíte aige agur
b' iú ré ag teacáit chuirge férinn go tiuig. Ba gheáir go náb' ré ra
dorúr agur a ghuala leir an uifhrain marí ba ghnáth, aét m'a
reabhdh b' iú milteacáit 'na cionnácaibh reacáir marí ba ghnáth,
agur tábairfá fé ndeara na balcairíthe, ná nábháir eóin
teann ari agur b' iúr rul ari buaileadh bheodite an feap
bocht. Tábairfá fé ndeara go phairéidh faint de'n fheoir imíse
agur mórán de'n blonad. B' iú an ghuala caol ra cártois.
B' iú an chuirle caol ra muiníche. B' iú an ceathairmha caol ra
bhríste. B' iú ríomád rúisge ag an bfeap mbocht na círde éu daing,
agur do bhoiòd an ghaotáig ag cuairt aonair na gcnáimh aige mór
timcheall inír na róisíriothíb folimha aibí ríomáid ériúisean agur
éu daing aige i dtíreabhdh na feadáidh ré fannmáint aibhíodh ra dorúr
gan teacáit aonair agur aibhír go dtí an teine 'gá téidé férinn.

Lá, marí cheanfarfá coisgeasáid ó fág ré an leabharáid, do tainig ré
go dtí an dorúr agur baluic na teine go láidíriú ari. Ni
túirge d'fheusd ré an bódtaip rúas 'ná cónaic ré an bhean ag
gabáil chuirge anuas ari an bódtaip. Ari an gcead airmíriú do

baineadó iarlaet de gheit ar mair cheap ré guri b' fíorí theabhras le Saibh i. Níorí bog ré na rúile Óg guri taimis rí i na aice. Dean énáinach, gairb, doibh eadó i. Clóca bhréite uiprti. Caipín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Gheiridm aici 'na laimh clé ar tháimeal an caipín agus ré túnnta ór cionn a béal aici, i dtuileod ná raiibh le feicfint ag Diarmuid uá cionnaidaiibh acht a rrón agus rúil leí.

Óein rí ceann ar aghaird ar an ndoimh, agus an doimh i ghealas, agus muna mbeadh guri óruiod ré i leit taois uaiti do leasfada rí é. Suar leí cum na teine agus do ruis rí i gcaeoí Ólairmuid a fén. Tuis rí a h-agaird ar an dtene agus do leat rí a thá laimh agus i fén, ag glacadh an gorrath, agus ba órúis leat go raiibh gád aici leir.

Tos raiibh a ceann ra cúnne agus o'feudh rí ar an rthóinreibh go rada agus do túp. Do rtau Ólairmuid i lár an tíge ag feucáint ra cùl úiprti. Nuair b' rí teit cùip rí an láimh clé airí i gcaipín an clóca agus ón rí ór cionn a béal é. O'feudh rí ar raiibh amach ar an rúil aonair. Anraian o'feudh rí ar Ólairmuid.

“Tá ceapc ag glaothas ra tis reo!” ar ríre, agus iar ar eisín feadraibh duine a theanamh amach ciacu glór mna b' aici ná glór ríri. “Tá ceapc ag glaothas ra tis reo!” ar ríre, an tara h-uair.

“Níor ailligeas-ra ag glaothas i,” arra Ólairmuid.

“Tá ceapc ag glaothas ra tis reo!” ar ríre. “Sruibh! rraibh! rraibh! rraibh!” ar ríre.

“Cáir ghabair cùgaimh, a 'nghéan ó?” arra Ólairmuid.

“Sruibh! rraibh! rraibh! rraibh!” ar ríre. “Iar rada i mo chuaiprto cùgab,” ar ríre, “ag teacht mair maité liub. “Iar mór an éugcónir rín,” ar ríre, “mire dom cùip cùgaiibh anro ó Cúig Ullad ag bùp niosion ar earrachdaibh, cón mait agus tá mba ná fairsí duine ba giorra ó baile agus ba giorra gaoil daibh cum a theanta.”

“Cia atá ar aír dtí?” arra Ólairmuid.

“Phreas arí 'na ruisde agus tuis rí a h-agaird air. Níor

feudal ré iorí an tá fáil uirteí mar ní raibh rathairc aige acht ari fáil léi. Níor beag do raim. Ní raibh aon thiomáinneach ari an fáil rín na aon mallaíoch rathairc. Sín rí éinigé amach a láimh dearr. Táraing ré piota aifisíodh ar a phóca agur éinig ré ari ériodh a deárlannan é. Éinig rí put tá h-anáil airi. Ír tócha go raibh ré níor mór 'ná céad rí beadh ré mar do baineadh tád coraint i. Sleáinuis an gheiridh te caipín an clóca agur do nochtadh a h-agaird. Bí rí ari leat-fáil agur bí caradh 'ná béal riap nád mór go dtí an ait 'nári céart an cluas do beirt, agur bí an cluas imigthe. Óruair Óriamhruair uaití i ndiaidh a chúl, agur seallaimh duit go raibh eagla airi.

“Cia atá ari bhrí dtí?” ari ríre. “Tá teine agur uirge ari bhrí dtí,” ari ríre. “Tá galair agur bár ari bhrí dtí,” ari ríre. “Tá neithe ari bhrí dtí ná fáil puinn cuinne agair leibh,” ari ríre. “Muna mbeadh gan me beirt aibrad uait do ló na o’ oibhíte le tóir peastáinibh do beadh a phíor agat um an taca ro cia h-iau atá ari do tóir,” ari ríre le Óriamhruair. “Agur ba cónir,” ari ríre, “nári beag dom te ghnó beirt aod coraintre, gan beirt ag coraint t’ingíne leir, tá fáid o céile tu féin agur i féin.”

“Cá bhríl rí?” ari Óriamhruair. “Nó cao ’tá ’gá comh-eád amuic? Nó cao ré ndearaí thí imtealaíct agur gan ríseal ná duain do éinig cúngam abaire anro go mbeadh a phíor agam ciacu beo no marbh atá rí. Ír olc do dhéin thí oírt e.” Agur bí a láimh tóir aige i bpróca a bhríte agur piota eile aifisíodh aige tá láimhriail. Do Chonaic ríre an méid rín comh maith agur tá mbeadh fíde rúil aici. “Ní fada go bhráisír a tuairimír,” ari ríre, agur bí an láimh rínte aipír aici, “agur ní h-oírpá iar cónir a buirdeacar do beirt, ’ná uirteí féin acht eomh beag liom.” Éinig ré an daíra piota ari a láimh chuíclí, “Cá bhríl rí?” ari reirean, “nó catáin a tiochaird thí?”

“Tiochaird thí an uairi i lúgsa beirde coinne agat leí,” ari ríre. “Tiochaird thí an uairi i lúgsa beirde fáilte agat joimpe.”

“Cao é rín agat tá piád, a bhean!” ari Óriamhruair,

"nó cia aonúbaileat leatra ná bealadh fáilte anro noimpe pé trád do tiochair rí?"

"Seiríom an ríod atá ari eolur agam," ari ríre, "agur ní cneagraod é m' eolur, acht muna cneagraod níl leigear agamra ari. Ní mire do éinig o'n mbaire i. Ní mire do fíor 'na tréad an dhoisí teangealbálaíde. Má thineas ari mo thíosceall 'Sá coraint ari a namhaid ba mór é mo thuaig agur i'f beas aibí d'á bárrí agam."

"Céard a tiochair rí?" ari a Óigínn.

Níor thine ríre acht an láim éle do éinig ariúr i gceairín an clóca agur é fárgaod of ciorn a béal marí b'f ré ari d'fíor aici agur an doilur amach do éinig i'f gáin oifeara agur thíos do pád.

Sile. Ailiú nári thíosgearaí an ari i!

Nóra. Ní feadair, a Óigínn, cao a bain an tráil airtí.

Óigínn. Ní feadair 'n traoisal, a Nóra.

Íob. Do bain a dhoisí fíriotal féin, gabairimhre oírm.

Nóra. Ó'fíordír gúrlab amhlaidh d'imreis uifíti fíb marí d'imreis ari an mnaoi feara úd a tainis ag tinníl ari Neill ní bhuacalla.

Íob. Cao d'imreis uifíti, a Nóra?

Nóra. 'Neoirfaiod Cait duit e, 'rí i'f feári do neoirfaiod é.

Íob. Cao d'imreis uifíti, a Cait?

Cait. Mairé níor imreis leat a riab tuillte aici, an ríosairie.

Ní riab Neill róirí acht t'fír reacáitíne. B'fí i'f tairis gá baile agur b'f Eamonn amuic ag feudaint i'ndiaidh na mbó, marí b'f bó aici tairis éir bheirte. I gceann tinníl do tainis ré i'f teac agur b'f Neill ag sol. Ó'fíordír ré i'f cao aibí uifíti. Ó'fíordír gúrlab inír i'f ós, gúrlab amhlaidh aibí bean feara ag lóig aifisidh uifíti, agur 'nuair nári tuis i'f an tairgeadó i'f go aonúbaileat i'f go mbealadh Neill na baintriúis rul a mbealadh an bhuagáin caitte. An fáid aibí Eamonn amuic i'f feigil na mbó tuis ré fíor nídearla an bean iarrácta ag imreacáit ó'n dtig i'f b'f a fíor aigé cao é an bótaí a gáib i'f. Níor thine ré aon bhuairé

amhain acht bheireann aibh an bhrúir a bhi aibh crochád i n-aice an doiríur agur i fadaidh fuaidh i muinídeile a churfóige agur an doiríur amach do chup tó. . Bítear imigte rul a raibh a fiúr ag Neill caidé an fuaidh a bhi fé.

Ba fheáir gur tainig ré fuaidh leis an mnaoi.

“Caidé cuige duit,” aibh reifearan-léi, “a fada le m’ mnaoi-re go bhrághainn-re bár fe céann bhuagáin?”

“Ní dearrfainn é,” aibh ríre, “muna mbeadh a fiúr do bheireann agam go eisinn.”

“Cia imir tuit é?” aibh reifearan.

“D’imir mo leanán ríde dom é,” aibh ríre.

“Do rúis ré aibh cinn uipéti agur tairisigh ré an fuaidh aibh an muinídeile agur do gáibh ré de’n fuaidh rún uipéti cón h-áluinn agur do gáibh Connéubair Mairgírtír riám aibh aon rísoláinse dá raibh aibh an rígoil aige. Nuair bhi gáibhá go mait aige uipéti do rígoil ré uairí i. “Sead!” aibh reifearan léi. “Nád mór an iongána náirimir do leanán ríde duit go dtábharrfainn-re an cónúchád rian tuit. Imteig anoir agur tá rúid agat le h-inírpint dó na raibh a fiúr céana aige. Agur mór feicimre aibhír ag teacht i ngoirpe mo thíse tu tabharrfaoi eacútra níor mó ná rian tuit le bheireann ag tuiall do leanán ríde.” Bítear rígoirí aibh Neill le h-eagla go mbeadh an bhean ag earrgáinidé oifé. Acht ipe a deirfeadh Éamonn náir bhréar leir ag abhrán i.

Nóra. Máire Dia linn! Níor mait liom i bheireann ag mallaict-áidé oifim pé i n-Eirinn é.

Cáit. Caidé é an tioigheas feartar a curio mallaictaíde do bheanamh duit nuair ná beart aon níodh deanta aibh an ríis agat?

Nóra. Cá bhríor dom na go dtuitfead mallaict éigísin acu oifim aibh éuma eisgin?

Cáit. Is uipéti féin do chuitfeoirí nuair na bertiúr tuillete agat uaití. Nád uipéti, a Íreig?

Nóra. Sois, b'fertiúr gur d'óidí liom féin na bertiúr tuillete agam agur b'fertiúr, aibh a fion rian, go mbeoirí. Pé 'cu

Beirtear tuilleadh agam no ná beirtear níosí tóisíte liom i bheit
'Gá n-deanamh oifim.

Cáit. O! róid, nuaír ná bhráth leigear agat aip. Nuaír
tioceáth rí agur a deaifíath rí go mbair cùm báir
ó-fágair fhl a mbeadh an bhláthain iptis, agur gur mór a
leanán ríde vó é.

Sile. Cao do bheiri vó leanán ríde bheit aici, a Úeis? Ná
conur a fuair rí é bheit aici? Nádó mór an iongna na
fágair an ríobhá aon níod eile le deanamh aét bheit 'Gá
leanmáint ríúd.

Cáit. D'airísear-ra duine 'Gá lár gurab iad rudaíde ná
ríobháidé, ná aingil an uabhair agur na deamhain aetóir.
Aét deir Eamonn na fuil a leitíordóide i n-aon éor ann.

Nóra. Muna mbeadh iad do bheit ann conur do ciúin iad?

Úeis. Án bfeacaír-ge fén aon ceann aici fuaill, a Nóra?

Nóra. Ambara fén ní fbeaca, buíðearcár le Dia! Aét i n
iomád duine cónaic iad, daí niodic.

Úeis. Inír dom aoinne amháin.

Nóra. Seágan ua n-laplaite. Bior ag éirteadct leir 'Gá
imprint.

Cáit. Óe, an leat-amadán!

Nóra. Pe 'cu leat-amadán é no nád ead do cónaic ré an
rppriú.

Sile. Canad, a Nóra?

Nóra. 'S amhlaidh do cimreadh ag comáint na mbó é, tar
éir a gceannáidte, fuair go Túinín an Cárúrlais, aifooíde
Dia Domhnaig. Bí lán aii tigé de Óaoisíb bailligéid ag
rsgurúisealct ann, ba gceárt gur rsgurú Seágan cùca
írteadct agur rsgéón ann agur coimneall na fúilib le
rsgannraí agur le h-an fa.

"Airiú cao tá oírt, a Seágan?" aip ríad.

"O! an deamh me! go bfeaca rppriú!" aip reifrean.

"Airiú, catam a cónaicir i, a Seágan?" aip ríad.

"O!" aip reifrean, "i gceannáras lae agur oíde—um trácht-
nóna mór luat—ba tóipeire aip an lá 'ná aip an oíde—ní fuaib

ré doirí—i láí an lae ghléasail doibh eadó é." Seallaim duit go raibh gáilpíde ann.

"Cao d'ubhairt rí leat, a Seágsain?" ari riad.

"An deamhn me!" ari reircean, "Gur feuscaí rí oírm go truaistíneilleadh."

"Aghur cao d'ubhairt leat, a Seágsain?" ari riad.

"An deamhn me!" ari reircean, "Gur éiinnísear gur bhearrt juit."

"Cao é an rathar i, a Seágsain?" ari riad.

"Tá," ari reircean, "rppriod muice, i bhrúimh bhuimpéire rtoca."

Cáit. Aillilliú! Aíriú cao a cónaí ré a Nóra?

Nóra. Síní díreacáin an cheirí abí acu go léir 'á cuir ari a céile, nuair cia bhuail feadáin éineach iptimeas aict aitair Seágsain agur cónaí-tóir liat ari agur a caipín bheas ari. Ní tairge cónaí Seágsan an caipín bheas aitair 'á cuir ré liúg ari. "Ó!" ari reircean, "Síos éisgairb iptimeas i!"

"Maire tuig ionat! a amadán!" ari an t-aitair.

Cáit. Aghur cao juit an tús, aíriú?

Nóra. Ambara aict ní feadair, a Cáit, aict gurab fín é tuairis a tús ré fém ari an rppriod a cónaí ré.

Peig. Iar nodaí gurab ambaraí aipíseadh ré daoine 'sá jútó gur meara rppriod d'fheicrint i bhrúimh muice 'ná i bhrúimh aon ainníse eile, agur nuair abí an rgeannraí ari gur ceap ré gur jútó i bhrúimh muice abí ann.

Cáit. Aghur daír nodaí d'ubhairt ré fém gur jútó i bhrúimh bhuimpéire rtoca do cónaí ré, nuair cónaí ré an caipín bheas agur an cónaí-tóir liat.

Nóra. Aontasig ní feadair-ra cao do cónaí ré ná cao a ceap ré abí ann, aict riúd é d'ubhairt ré, "rppriod muice," ari reircean, "i bhrúimh bhuimpéire rtoca."

Cáit. Óe ghealasadh éinigse! an bheallán, muna mbeadh é beit i na amadán dearrfainn gur mait an rgeal cura de'n fhuir úd do t'abhairt do. D'fheiridí go mbainfeadh juit cura de na ghealbhráidí té,

Sile. Nár aipísear-ra turá 'sá pád a Peig go ndúthairt an rásairt ná páib aon fíor ag tucht feara aét iad 'sá leigint oíche fíor do beit acu?

Peig. Dúthairt leir, agur níl, aét oíchead agur bí ag an mnaoi úd aodúthairt go ńraísead Eamonn bár fé ceann bliagha.

Sile. If tócha nár bain ré an t-rúil aipíte marí do bainead ar an mnaoi támhig cùm Diaimura.

Peig. Ré níod a bain an t-rúil ar an mnaoi a támhig cùm Diaimura bí rí aip leat-rúil. Agur má bí an t-rúil leí aibí imíghéte cónm nímhneadh leir an rúil aibí aici ba mait an bair aip Diaimura ná páib an tá rúil aici nuair feic rí aip réin, nód if tócha go scuireofeadh rí at-iompáil aip. Niop fearad an fear bocht aon bláthair bíd o'itead an chuid eile de'n lá rain, aét ag cuimhneadh aip an leat-rúil úd, agur aip an scuire agur aip an "rúib rúab," agur aip an nophoič teangabáilairde do bhuail umá ingin. I níreod go ndeacaird bair aamaí agur gur glaoirí rí aip chuid de na cónmairpanait, agur go dtánaodar iptimeas, agur go nódúthairdai gur ceart fíor do érip aip an rásairt rul an dtiocfaidh an oíche le h-eagla go macth an duine i n-olcar agur go mb' férdirí gurab amhlaidh beirfí ag glaoirí aip an rásairt i láp na h-oíche.

Do cuimead fíor aip an rásairt agur do támhig ré. Nuair aipisg ré ó Diaimura tuairisg na mna feara do sáip ré. "Tá aitne mait agamra," aip reirean, "aip an gcladairne mna rain. Ni páib rí páim i scúis illaod 'ná leat na ríse ó baile. Tá a fíor agamra cár pugad agur cár tógsaod i, agur doibh oibh an tógsáilt i. Ni'l de céird aici 'ná de ríse marí aét beit ag gluairteacht o aít go h-aít 'sá leigint uipí go bhuil fíor aici, agur doibh nophoič níl aét oíchead ag atá ag an iarrta rain. Tá mb' aile le daonáinb ciall do beit acu agur gan beit ag tabhairt aipisgo vi ba gheári go scuireofeadh rí gairim beata éigin eile do támhig cùicí. Aét cé gur minic rain tá inipint do daonáinb ni glacaird cónmairle agur níl aon mait am caint. Ni h-aon taipéi dom beit leó.

“Agur, a Óctair,” appra Óláirmhuiro, “conur a fuairi rí amach ceapc do bheit ag glaoðað ra tig seo? Ní conur a fuairi rí amach Saðb do bheit ar baile? Ní conur a fuairi rí amach go mbáðar-ra fén i gcontabhairt?”

“Fiannaitheáct! a Óláirmhuiro,” appran ragairt. “Nír aon níodh ír ura na neite de'n tróro rian d'fágair amach nuairi ceapfað duine a aigheadó énige. Ná raið a fiúr ag an nónchaig cad é an t-éiríleac do deimead anro lá an aonais? Ná raið a fiúr ag an nónchaig Saðb do bheit ar baile agur tura do bheit at lúige le h-euscpuair? Slán beò mar a n-ínreap é! Cad é an bac aibí uirtí bualad anro agur anrúid imearf na nodaíne agur eolur d'fágair ar gac aon ríod a bain leat? Ír bheag bog an trilis é cum aifigio d'fágair.”

“Acht conur gheáðað rí amach ceapc do bheit ag glaoðað ra tig, a Óctair?” appra Óláirmhuiro.

“Ír dóca,” appran ragairt, “dá mbeadh ceapc ag glaoðað ra tig ná beadh aon bac uirtí teadct rúar leir an mériod ríin eolur acht cónm beag agur bí uirtí teadct rúar leir an gcuirte eile.”

“Dá mbeadh ceapc ag glaoðað ra tig!” appra Óláirmhuiro.

“Dáir nódáis, a Óctair, muna mbeadh go raið ní dóca go ntheapfað rí é.”

“Ír neamhnið ciácu,” appran ragairt. “Ír obairi leanbáisté aon truim do énip 'na leitíeo de rgeal. Acht ba mait liom a fiúr do bheit agam ar aipis aoinne eile an ceapc ro ag glaoðað.”

“Níor aipísear-ra fén i,” appra Óláirmhuiro, “agur ní baoisal gur aipis raið i mairi ta rí cónm borthair le rúr, agur ambríuatair nári aipísear aoinne eile 'gá raið gur h-aipísead i.”

“Sine fámluisear,” appran ragairt. “Ír dóca,” ar reirean, “nád fuláir no gur aipis rí riúd ríod éiginn de'n pápla ro ar riúbal i dtaoibh Saðb, nári ríctad cor vi o fáis rí an áit seo go ntheacaird rí fiúr go catáir Baile-Ócta-Cluad. Anraian gur énip rí fiúðað agur cuairtadað agur tóir i ndiúló

an bithearnaig éid i dtíreod gúr fuaidh aip agur gúr chroíeadh é. Agur gúr tuis an ríis do Shábh an trí cead púint do fuaidh uaití agur trí cead eile marí tuilleadh."

"Stao! stao! a Óctair," appa Óláirmhí. "Cao é rin agat dá nád mar rin, a Óctair? Conur feadraíodh an cailín bocht rian dul go Baile-Ócta-Cliat agur eolur na catáraíodh do bheanamh? Cailín beag na nád riámh tar éis fíche mile ó Baile!"

"Nílum-r acht 'gá inprínt cao é an nápla d'airísear," appan fágairt. "Ír docha gúr airíis an bhean éid an feara, ná fuil aici, an nápla ceadna, agur gúr ceap rí dá mbeadh turasach an ríseil aici ónuitre go mbainfeadh rí ríntíúr airísear aрат dá bhrí, agur ní deirim ná gúr bain."

"Níor bain puinn, a Óctair," appa Óláirmhí. "Acht cao é an fágair nápla é? Ní cao do chuir aip bun é?"

"Ír amhlaidh abior fén cum teacht anall 'gá inprínt duit a leithead do bheit riúbal nuair tainig an teactaíre éugam 'gá nád go nád eagla aip chuid de na cónaífeadh go n-atiomrócaidh oíche."

"Ba neamhgsádó d'óibh rín!" appa Óláirmhí. "Ní feaca juamh iad acht amhlaidh. Dá mbeadh aoinne 'gá iarlaíodh oíche ní baoisgal go mbeirír cónaí tionrúgalach! Ag duit ag cur aifriúr aip fágairt gan gád gan piactanach! Feud aip rín!"

"Ní fiú biorán a'ír é," appan fágairt. "Do tiocefainn fén anall aip aon cuma feudcaint an náid aon ríseala agat o Shábh ní an náid aon bhuinír leir an nápla-ro aip riúbal."

"Níor airísear focal riámh dé go dtí gúr tainig an bhean éid agur go n-óibairt rí gúr capaí dhoiúc teangbálaíde éigín aip Shábh, ní fiú éigín de'ntírpho rian," appa Óláirmhí.

"Cia n-é an dhoiúc teangbálaíde adúbairt rí do capaí uirtí?" appan fágairt.

"Níor inír rí d'áinní cia n' b'í fén. Níor tuis rí aon tuairír d'áinní aip, agur fíné atá ag baint mo meabhrach aram," appa Óláirmhí.

"Do'n feir rín," appan fágairt, "ír docha gúr airíis rí an chuid eile fén marí airísear-ra fén é. Cailíneáitíde do tuis leo

é marí iongna raoisgal agus marí círrrathé cainte eatarista, go raibh Cormac an Caimin i mbáile-Átha-Cluáit leir, agus gur oibrigh ré fén agus Satb a' láim a céile cum beirte ari an mbíteamhna. Gur imireadair afraon an cluicé cónaí maití rain agus cónaí gártá rain go raibh iongna a gcuioide ari muintir an níos agus ari an níos fén, a feabur dotheineadair an gno. Anrain, nuairí fuair Satb ré céad punt i n-inead an trí céad a rugadh raití, gur rocasuisead cleamhnuí iorí i fén agus Satb go bhfuil an beirt pobrada um an tstabac ro ná péid cum a bprórdá."

"Aillilliu!" aifra Óriamhur. "Feud aip rin! Aír aifris aoinne riám a leitíeo! Ceapar na pobhrad rí é dá mbeadh raoisbhéar na h-Éireann aige. Ír eactas an raoisgal é. Ír eagráimleac an obair má 'r fíor é rin. Dét ír dociúigé ná fuil aon bhuiní leir an rgeal. Ní feadfaid a beirt, ní ná iongna."

"Ní feadair 'n traoisgal, a Óriamhur," aifran ragaírt. "Ír dóca go 'neobhráid an aimpriú, agus nád fada go dtí rain. Níl aon rgealaíde ír feáir 'ná an aimpriú. Ní bheadh aon iongna oírn fénin dá dtuitseadh amach go mbeadh beann-láma de'n fírinne aon, marí nápla."

"Airiú, a Áctair an círrathé 'rtig," aifra Óriamhur, "cad é rin agat dá raoisgal! Níl aon beirt ra pháidirte ír neamh-oibreamhnaíge dá ceile 'ná an beirt. Óeanaíradh Satb an gno go maití, b'férdirí, dá mbeadh rí pobrada ag feair péid dainigion rítuama de ragaír Seadna tuair anrain. B'férdirí go nteanfaidh Cormac an gno go maití dá mbeadh ré pobrada le mnaoi éigín ciúin fadaíaróna, do tabharfaidh a níos fénin do ari gacé aon traoisgal cuma. Dét an beirt rin! Má pobrtar iad beirí ré n-a éisgaidh beairg aicu an dá lá 'r 'n-faidh mairfhiú."

"Ní feadair 'n traoisgal, a Óriamhur," aifran ragaírt. "Ír amhlaidh marí atá an rgeal, ní h-é mo tuairimre 'ná go mb'férdirí go mbeadh an raoisgal níos feáir 'ná rain aicu. Feair ríuacás cearannána ireas Cormac gan aimpair. Ní deirim go maithealadh ríre puinn do. Aír a fion rain agus uile, an

Uachtarán tú me? U'féríodh tā mbeidh róirua go dtuitfeadh amach gúri feárla a néiríteadh an bheirt le céile áinmí a gheiríteadh aoinne de'n bheirt le duine eile. Do conac a leithead ceana."

"Do chonaicír a lán, a Dálaír, gáin d'abdt' ari domhan, acht níl aitne ceapáit agat ari Sathb. Ní dómhá iir ceapáit a pháid; acht ní h-aon mait a pháid acht an ceapáit, agus iiri an fírinne iir feárla. Ní dóbh liom go bfuil an feárla rámh beoind miodu ari éalaír tíortha na h-Éireann do bainfeadh ceapáit de Sathb."

"Ari an dtaoibh amuicí o'aon feárla amháin, ní dóbh liom go bfuil," aifían fágairt. "Agus iuad eile atá aici," ari reifrean, "níl an bhean rámh beoind miodu ari éalaír tíortha na h-Éireann, ná tā n-abhrainn fa náisiún iir giorraíla thí, do bainfriú ceapáit de Chormac muna mbainisí Sathb ceapáit de, iuad a bainfriú. Bain an cluair thíom muna mbainisí!"

"An Daois, a Dálaír," aifían Diairmuid, "ba dóbh le duine ari an scuma 'na Leabharan tú go bfeicean tu fírinne no bunúr éigín fa nápla ro."

"Sod, tā bun agus iubá an tseáil cónáth círuinn rín ag na caiméilíodh agus iad go leir cónáth mór rámh ari aon focal amháin i n-a inriant, iir deacair a pháid ná go bfuil fírinne éigín ann," aifían fágairt.

"Ní pháid aon chunneadh rámh agam do dtuitfeadh a leithead amach," aifían Diairmuid. "Ceapar ná róirfaidh Sathb é acht oifreadh agus iubáthraidh rí i fén, agus ceapar ná feneáthraidh reifrean ari an dtaoibh de'n bheart 'na mbeadh Sathb, tā mba na beadh i n-Éirinn acht i. Iphé iuad d'airíseann aici go minic tā pháid, ná pháid aon feárla i n-Éirinn ba lúgá uipíte ná é, agus ná pháid aon feárla i n-Éirinn ba ghráinne 'ná é. Má tā an bheirt róirua do buairidh ré ari a bfeaca rámh."

"U'féríodh," aifían fágairt, "má fuaipí rí an chneideamhaint reo go leir, fobh marí a deirtear, ó thuintír an níos agus ó'n níos fén, tré a feabhar do thain rí an bheart agus tóigbáilt do chuir ari an mbíteamhnaíc ño, agus má fuaipí rí ré cead púnt marí éuaslaíodh ari, go ndearraíodh Chormac leir fén gúri U'fíu

Úd feucaint ari an dtaoibh de'n bhdair 'na mbeadh ri, agus gur mho b'fhidh úd feucaint ari an dtaoibh rian 'ná ari an dtaoibh eile. Agus b'fheidir nuairi círfeadó Sáibh Coimseach ari an aigseadó rian nári círfeadó ba lúgá 'ná a fionn do bheadh uirtí a jád 'ná n-aigseadó féin go bhfuil fír le fagair atá níor gráinne ná é."

"Ha! ha! ha!" agha Ólafmuir. "Maire cairg éalpne círfeadó, a Acair!" ari reirean. "Ca b' fíor ná go mb'fheidir go bhfuil an rgeal níor feáir 'ná fileamairi é beirt. 'An juro ba meara le duine ná a bár ní feadaír ré ná gurab é lár a leara é.'"

Le n-a linn rian cia bhuailfeadó círfeadó an dothuig iptimeas aet an tincéir mór. Feair gheasaíc rúnneánaí, buíthe, doibh eadó an tincéir mór. Feair lom láitíodh. Bí iaraist te gian na bolgáisge ann, agus ní raibh puinn fearbhisge aici. Bí ré iaraist bolg-rúileasct. Bí ré fadhfionnaí, fadoleicneas, dealg-cúimhne 'na bheul agus 'na cospán. Biodh fáilte inír gád cuitseasctain pojimir mair ní biodh re círfeadó aet ag deanaimh gróigt agus fuit agus cartheamh aimsire tada mbioibh láitriphas.

Buail ré círfeadó agus ní táirge cónaic ré an fagairt na tcapaing ré riapí beagán. Do fínap ré an cairbín tada ceann agus do noct re an t-éudan buíthe maol aibí aici. Agus iñ aici aibí an multasct mór cinn agus é go ciortóibh agus go car.

"Oéin ari t' aghair, a Íathrais, a meic ó," agha fagairt. Agus é as gáiríthe. "Ni baosgal duit," ari reirean. "B'fheidir," ari reirean, "go bfeadhrá-ra tuairígs éigín do tadhairt d'úinn i dtaoibh an jápla ro atá ari riúbal tímcheall Sáibh Ólafmuir agus Coimseach báille.

"Fagairt le n-aistear, a Acair," agha tincéir, "gurab fíne díreas a tuig anro anoir me, agus gur lags a fileas go mbeadh turas aghat' ondúri oísm. Ni feáir beirt ag caint aici, 'ré mo tuairim láitíodh ná feadhrá rriúdeas' iaraistea teast iptimeas ra pharóirte gan fíor duit."

"Tada gheire beirt agus, a Íathrais," agha fagairt. "Ni gád d'úinn beirt ro maoisbhíteas. Bain Murphy

turaíodh tiomra féin agus ba ro thábhairt dí atiompháil do chur ari an duine mbocht ro le n-a curio palmaireacáta agus le n-a curio glicíomala. Dáibhait rí go raibh ceapáid ag glaodáid rí tig seo, agus táibhait rí gur ullaíl dhoicte teangeáláidhe uimh Saodh. Agus an bhfuil a fhíor agat caidh táibhait rí leir? Táibhait rí gur o Chúis Ullad i féini agus gurab amhlaidh do cuipealadh atuaidh ari fad i cum Saodh do chomaint ari a h-eagcárthaidh. Bior féin ag gábhail anall feudaint conur bí ré seo ag teacht cum cinn nuaíl ullaíl teachtairé uman 'Gá ríad uiom go raibh eagla ari na cónarraithe go raibh atiompháil ag teacht ari. Do bhi iongna oípm caidh do chuirpealadh an atiompháil ari go dtí gur inír ré dom go raibh rí riúin ag caimh leir. Ír doicé nári éas rí uaim dí féin ari ionláime an rgeál do tábhairt leí, le h-eagla ná beathád turraí aici agus gur lúgde an ríntíúr do gheabhadh rí é. Ír doicé uiom go ullaíl rí ríntíúr uairidh acht ní raibh puinn aici le inírpint doibh, agus an méid aibh, níor déin ré acht aigseadh an duine ullaíl do chur tré cíle níor mór, agus ullaíl aon díctimh ceana ari."

"Agus náic mór aniong na nári aitneáisír i, a Diarmuid," appran tincéir.

"O'airísear teacht táirí go minic, acht ní feaca pianáin poimé rin i agus ní h-uirtí bior ag cuijmheamh, níod náic iongna, acht ari mo leanbh," appra Diarmuid. "Cao é an róth inírpint eairísear re ari an náfra ro, a phádraig?" appran phagairt. "Nó an bhfuil aon búnúr leir?"

"Amhára, a Aistír," appra phádraig, "ní feadfaidh búnúr níob' feap a bheic leir. Ni náfra ná rgeal rgeál é acht fírinne gian. An cairéir, Uilis de Búrc, ipeann doimhre é. Cormac féin ipeann doimhre do-rain é. Ír doicé leir go bhfuil Cormac agus Saodh pároda um an dtaca ro. Deir Cormac gurab é an níos féin do déan an cleamhnaí.

"Seoibh!" appra Diarmuid.

"Deirim leat ná fuil aon focal bhéige ann," appra phádraig. "Ó'n lá do mhuigeadh me níor aitneáear a leitíeo d'eaéctha. Bí a fhíor ag Cormac Saodh do bheic imise ari

baile. Do lean ré ari muin capaill i. Bí a fiúr aige i bheit na cuij agur bhoibh go haibh rí faint aimhriú ari an mbotáir rulap gluairg ré, céar ré náir baoisgal 'na go dtiocfaidh ré ruar leí rui a rroiffeadh rí an catáir. Bí ré ag cuij a tuairis 'agur ag tabhairt a cónaraithe uairbh fan bódáir ari feadó aibfaoi, agur marí rín do coimeád ré ari feadó aibfaoi an bocáir do lean ríre agur ba bheag na go haibh a fiúr aige caidh é an fáidh roimh amach abí rí. Féidir le do cuijeadh i n-áinil do guri fáilbh rí dá bódáir. Cuiri faint amúsga é, agur i ré riu a déin re anrain na deanaamh ceann ari agaird ari an gcaitáir. Bí a fiúr aige go mbeadh ré ra catáir roimpi agur do bhi. Bí aitne ra catáir aip, do bí aitne mait ag muintir an ríis aip. Cuiri re luéit aipim amach láitreach ari na boidhriúl ainear, agur tuig ré cónaraithe Sháibh d'óibh. Ba ghearr go bfeacadh ait deacht i, ari a cromhuisiú agur caipín a cibca ari a ceann aici. Cuireadh iad ríein i n-áinil dhi, aéit ní haibh aon mait d'óibh ann go dtí guri tuisgadair an cónarachá cnuinn dhi. Dúbhlaoair leí guri b' é Cormac baile do chur fe n-a déin iad agur 'dá cónarachá faint fein' guri b'i haibh bódáir an t-aoninne amháin a chonaic i ag fágáilt an baile. Sáraim faint i.

Nuaip fiabhráid Cormac dhi caidh a tuigí, d'úbhairt rí leir guri teaptaidh uaití dul cum cainte leir an ríis agur go gcaitreachad rí ceapit o'fágail uairbh. 'Caidh t'á ag an ríis le deanaamh duit?' aipra Cormac. 'Tá, ari ríre, 'briéit ari an mbiteamhnaí a ríis mo éuioi aipseáidh uaim, agur an t-aipsead do baint d'eo agur do tabhairt tair n-aip dom. Caidh é an tairbhe d'úinn ríis do bheit agaínn, agur a luéit aipim 'na tímcheall, muna bfeadaird ré rinn do cónaint ari bítéamhnaíad?' ari ríre. 'Ir i n-aonim an ríis do ríogaí mo éuioi uaim,' ari ríre, 'agur ní haicaird ré gan fírinnt do. Ní'l ionam aict anam doinne amháin,' ari ríre, 'aéit d'á mbeadh anam agur fiúe ionam d'imreobáinn leir riúid iad níor túighe na leisfinn i n-aipse leir an bheartáilte do déin ré. Sloisíriú an talamh é no tiocfaidh-ra ruar leir, agur nuaip a tiocfaidh

Seallaim duit go gcuimhfeadh catúsgað aip nári rígaóil ré tairis me. Ír i n-ainim an níis do náim ré mo éuio uaim. Ír ó'n níis atá rígráam le fágair agam, ná ní níis é. Má creacað me i n-ainim an níis nád é ír lúgha ír gáinn do'n níis cead agur congnáin agur caoi do tábairt dom aip an mbiteamhnað o'leanhaint é d'fílaðað cum go mbeirfead aip. Ní fágfað poll na róiríre i n-Éirinn gan cuairdhað do. 'Beir i látaip an níis me,' aip ríre. 'Beir i látaip an níis me ná raéad fén 'na látaip aip níis éigín.'

"B'éigín do Cormac a níis fén do tábairt do. Ní doic liom go raibh aon éupi na coinniù aige. Bí ré aig tairis uirge cum a muillinn fén ra gnu. Bí a fíor aige pé duine beairfhað aip an mbiteamhnað é tábairfhað cum láma é go mbead a tuairpaoal do go mait aip. Agur bí a fíor aige ná feairfhað aoinne congnáin níob' feair do beit aige cum na h-oibhre 'ná congnáin Shaobh, an fáid abí an fuaðair ná fuiti. Tug ré cead a cinn do. 'Beairfhað-ra i látaip an níis tu,' aip rírean, 'aict reacain agur na d'éin aon nád a cuimhfead i bpúinc me, ír minic d'airígisir an rean-focal, 'ní h-ionann dul go tig an níis' agur teacáit aip,' agur, 'Gupi pleathain iad leacáca an tigé móir.' Ír mait an dá rean-focal iad agur ír maitis ná coimeádhað i n-a aigsead iad go cnuinn. 'Ní baogal duit,' aip ríre, 'ní'l uaim aict go gcuimhfead me am feairfhað i látaip an níis agur go dtabairfhaidh cead cainte dom. Ní'l agam le nád leir aict go dtáinig duine uafal go tig m'atáip ra Muiríain, gupi tairbeáin ré fáinne an níis dom. Gupi leig ré aip gupi aig ceannach capall do'n níis abí ré, gupi ceannais ré iad i n-ainim an níis, gupi leig ré aip liomra ná raibh oibreao aipisgo aige agur díolfað aip a raibh ceannaisge aige agur dá dtugainn-re tpi cead pánnt aip iaracáit do, i n-ainim an níis, aip fead pánnt laetanta go mbead comaoín agam dá éupi aip an níis agur ná raéad pánnt gan inírpint do, gupi tigar mo tpi cead pánnt do'n duine uafal pánnt i n-ainim an níis, gupi fág pánnt me fén agur m' atáip beid bocht, muna bhrúil ré aip cumar an níis leigear do ðeanamh aip an oile do deinead i n-a ainim.'

‘Tá go mairt,’ aifreann Cormac, ‘na h-inír d’aoinne beo an níodh seo atá ari aigineadh agat. Nuair bhíodh do ríseal iníte agat labair leir an níos go n-aistneadh é an Siogairthe óil Úrfaistítear aibh, agus go mb’ é toil a onóra congáinítear do éirí leat go mhaistrá ari a lóis agus go dtabharfa cum láimh é.’ ‘O’ aistneocáinn ceann an éamhráig,’ ari ríre, ‘dá mbeadh ré ari fead éitíte h-uairíte fiúidh óil Úrfaistítear i gcorcán pílaírge, agus bainfead-ra an foircamáir d’eo, seallaimh duit é.’ O’imthíos Cormac agus fuaíp ré lóisíodh dí. O’imthíos ré anfain agus do labhair ré leir an bfeair aibh ‘na ceann ari teigláid an níos. Bí aitne aige oíche go leir. ‘Tá oisghean anro ó’n Mhúmain,’ ari rírean, ‘agus doimh ri gur iusq; duine éigin trí cead punt uaití, agus nádúr fíordúil leí tealaítear leir, agus go dtáinig ri é cum gealaíon do éirí iptimeas aibh, i láthair an níos.’ ‘Is deacair do’n níos teictiúr leo go leir,’ aifreann ceann. ‘Tá fiadach ari fuairt na h-Eireann, ari rírean, ‘le bheir agus trí reactímaine, ari biteamhnaí éigin eile agus i fóidis liom gur ra Mhúmain a d’ein ré pí euir atá deanta aige. Támadh sí ceart, ceard, ciapaithe, ag Muimhneacáibh.’ Nuair labhair Cormac dí, ‘Cáitamh a cheartaithean uaití labhairt leir an níos?’ aifreann ceann. ‘Pí trácht do ceapfaidh an níos fírin,’ aifreann Cormac, agus do fíleannuig ré píora óiri i láimh an éinn. ‘Bhí an anfain go fóil,’ aifreann ceann, agus o’imthíos ré, ba ghearr gur fíll ré. ‘Bíodh ri anro uim eadairta amáras,’ ari rírean, ‘agus geabhaird ri ceart. Tá ceart le fágáil anro ag ipeal agus ag uafal. Bíodh ri anro amáras uim eadairta agus fág an éind eile fúmpa.’

‘Uim eadairta láí na báraí bí an bheirt ag doifur thíse an níos. Táinig an ceann amásc. Conaítear ré Cormac. Cá bfuil ri?’ ari rírean. ‘Síodh é,’ aifreann Cormac go péird. ‘Teanam, a ’gníos ó,’ aifreann ceann. Do ghluaíp ri i n-aoineálaítear leir. Cuanadair iptimeas doifur. O’imthíseanadair tré póríre fíada. Cuirfeadair doifur eile díobh agus póríre eile. Cuirfeadair an trímhíad doifur díobh. Ní póríre aibh láirtíos d’eo rin aictí báileach bhealás móri fáiltearinn Éamhnaí, agus i go glas,

agur go beártá, le rpeil, agur capáin theára tríteí anonn, agur gairim oíche. Ói níos-teaglaí an láinn uafal ra taois tall de'n pháirc rím. Tug an ceann agaird ari dojur an níos-teaglaíg rím. Bhuaileas Saodh 'na thiaró. Bhail an ceann buille beag péit ari an ndojur. Ba gheár guri h-órgalaíodh é. Duine uafal bheagdh spóidé cumaraíodh doibh eadó an feair d'órgalaíodh é. Ói capain aifisíodh ari a ceann, no cheap Saodh guri b' aifiseadh é. Agur ói clóca ríoda ari agur ói tuasg ari a gualainn aige, agur i cónaí spéanta cónaí ríoluríodh le glaine, agur faobhar uipicí guri doibh leat go mbainfeadó rí an cean de capall d'aon iarracht. Do labairi an bheirt feair le n-a céile i gcoigí ari feadó tamall, anrain do bheagairi feair na tuasg ari Saodh agur do lean rí é agur d'fan an feair eile amuic. Ní tairisge aibí Saodh ari an otaobh iartis de'n dojur 'ná ba óndair go leataid a iarráic uipicí. Do conaíodh rí an reomra bheagdh mór failliúnig áit, agur na h-uairle 'na rúidé ann ari gac taoibh. Bhríodh bheagdha mórta Óataimla doibh eadó iad, agur clócaíodh ríoda oíche agur rílabhráidé óir oíche agur bhealaíodh óir 'na mbriogdai, agur a cláirdeamh le n-a air ag gac feair díobh. Aír a h-aigaird ríuair do conaíodh rí aon feair amháin agur ba mór agur ba cumaraíge agur ba Óataimla é ná aon feair eile dá iarráic ann. Ói coirdinn óir ari a ceann agur mar bheadó aðairíca beaga anáirte airtí mór tímcheall. Aír báir gac aðairícen acu rám do ói bulla beag óir, agur iartis i láir gac bulla b'ig ói ríolur éigíodh ari láráid agur ari cíic, mar bheadó níltin, oírde feaca. Ói clóca theáris ari, cónaí theáris leir an gclóca aibí ari Saodh fénim lá an aonais, no b'fearaír níor deiríse. Ói a fíol ríosdha 'na láimh theáir aige agur ói rí 'na rúidé ari cataoír mór áit guri doibh leat go iarráic an uile bhláir ói deanta d'oirí cartá. Nuair conaíodh Saodh é ói a fíor aici guri b'í an níos é. Aict ní iarráic ríosd 'ná eagla uipicí ríomhe, mar ní feudcaint ébhuaird cónaíteadó aibí aige, aict feudcaint bheagdha b'í iarráic óuineanoda. Ói an cataoír ríosdha fénim anáirte ari láitheán aibí mar aðearraí leat-trois níor airtde na an cura eile de'n

Appláir. Bí úa cataoír eile ann, cataoír acu ari gac taoibh de'n Láitreachán, annar ari an t-áthair, agur bí beirt uairle na ruáidhe oíche. Fír círeóna liata doibh eadó iad. An feair acu aibí ari thear an ní, bí ghuailis fada liat aibí, agur i riap ríor leir, ari a fílinneánaibh, agur bí fearóis fada liat aibí, ríor ari a bhráigír agur ari a bhróllach. Bí clóca uaithe aibí agur bí cláiríreac tóir 'na fearam i n-a aice. An feair acu aibí ari an t-áthair eile de'n ní, bí ghuailis fada liat aibí leir, agur bí fáintra bír ari a cheann, ag comeádú na ghuailse riap uád éadan, agur bí fearóis fada liat aibí, thíreac mairi aibí ari feair na cláiríreise. Aict ba ériuime agur ba mó o'feair é go mór 'na feair na cláiríreise.

"Bí Saibh ag tabhairt na fuaidhe rin go leir fé n-dearaí agur i ag ghabáil an t-áthairí ruair fa d'ein an ní. Nuair bí rí i ngoilleacáit cíug pláta, ní mairi rin, ná, de ríad rí. "Oíurí tamall eile aminíor, a 'Gníomhach,' aíppan ní. Níor cíug rí coip dí. "Oíurí aminíor. Na biond ceird oírt," aíppan ní. "Oíurí ruair. Níl aon ríod le n-imteacáit oírt," aíppa feair na tuaigha leí, i gcoigí. Níor d'ein rí aon bhláipe aminían aict a clóca do ríaoileadó riap ríor dí agur dul de leim i bhréaróis an fír móir aibí ari láimh clé an ní agur díriúchád ari an bhréaróis do ríatád, féidir mairi d'ein rí le feair an bhrámais oíthe an aonais. An t-áthair tairbhíng dair bain rí ari an bhréaróis do ghuailis leí, i n-aon ríspairt aminían, roiri fearóis agur ghuailis agur fáintra bír, agur cia beadh ann 'na ríteallcheatais aici aict an Siogairde macánta! 'Aithí, a bithearnais na cnoicé tuisibh!' ari ríre, 'rin cíugam amach anro láitreach mo chuid aifisíod a meallair uaim i n-aonim an ní.' Aípp neámat na bairfe bí fíche láimh op a gcionn agur cláirdeamh lompaicta iní gac láimh díobh.

"Ná buailtear é," aíppan ní. "Gáibháin é," ari reirean. "Cao aír tuitre, a gníomh?" aíppan ní. "Do caidh rí i réin ari a rá ghlúin op comáin an ní. 'O'n Mháthair, a ní,' ari ríre, 'agur do tainig an feair ramh an lá fé neireadó go tis m'atáin, agur d'úbhairt re go mairb ré ag ceanaid capall

uitre, a nísh, agur do ceanuig ré amlaib de capaillib ari an aonac an lá rian, agur do b'iol ré aillgead bhéasach airta, agur tairbeán ré domra c'fainne re, a nísh, agur tóibhait ré ná riaib a b'óitín aillgíos aige cum viol ar amlaib ceanuigthe aige, agur t'íar ré oírt t'í cead púnt do t'abhairt do aod ainnire, a nísh, agur t'ugair do é. Is ari éigin aibí ré t'abhairta do agam nuair a fuair Seadna amach guri b'íteamhnaí é agur c'uij ré Coimac 'na díairí. Acht do teip ari Coimac teadct ruar leir. Agur dairi niodh ní h-iongna guri ceip agur é anro irtis go rírgair agur ghuairí fada liat ari agur fearrós fada liat. Feic aiprín!

‘So péid, a 'gáin ó,’ aíran nísh. ‘Cia n-é Coimac?’ ‘An báille atá agaínn, a nísh,’ ari ríre. ‘Ca b'fhlí ré aonair?’ aíran nísh. ‘Ta ré amuic ag an ngeata, a nísh,’ ari ríre. ‘Tugtar iptimeach é,’ aíran nísh. Do tuigéad iptimeach é. Agur go deimhín a Aclair, deip Uilis de Búrc, tá mba ná beadh agat acht aon gáipe amháin go ndeanfá é tá b'fheicfá an tá fhlí a taimis do Coimac agur an iongna agur an aillteach agur an t-uathbhar a taimis aip, nuair conaic ré Sadb ari a glúinib of cónaír an nísh agur an rírgairí ghuairí agur fearróige úd 'na láimheib aici agur a cibca laistíar to ari an úrláir, agur an rírgair aibí ag riúbal an aonais leí, anrúth tuar habta, agur rírgair na tuasga 'na fearrón laistíar té, ollamh ari a ceann do ríoltaid leir an t'uaig tá gcuimheach ré copr té.

‘A báile,’ aíran nísh, ‘cia n-é rín?’ ‘Sine, a nísh,’ aíra Coimac, ‘an rírgair ceanuig na capaill ari aonac an Tóbarí ra tháinmí an agur do b'iol an t-aillgead bhéasach aroa. Ói ceatrasí aici ann, agur do ríugad ari t'riúr aici. Acht do teip oírain teadct ruar leir reo. Agur ní deirim go b'fhlí aon cúnne ra cásair reo, ‘ná is dóca i n-Éirinn, gian daonáine aonair ann ari a lorg. Ni mór ríseala do c'uij amach láitheasach go b'fhlí beirte aip agur gian fir b'ochtá do b'ait 'gá marbhád fém níor ria ag riút 'na díairí, agur gian é ann le fágair.’

‘So péid, báille,’ aíran nísh, ‘ní deirim na go b'fhlí iarracht

de ñeapmha òirt.' 'Ó ní'l, a ní's,' apha Coimac. 'Meapaim,' apha ní's, 'so ñfuil, mar ní h-òrt atá an t-aedháir agur an talam do coimeád gan tuitim ari a céile.' Do gáileadh òr na h-uairle go leír. O'fheáidh Coimac 'na tímcheall òirta agur do leat a ñeal ari agur tainis biori ari a fhuilib, mar ní fíordi rí ead do chuir ag gáilliðe iad.

Anrain do glaoráidh an ní's chuirge ari Saróib agur ceirtois rí eis agur baillig rí uaití fior bunúr an ríseil ó turaíc go deireadh, roin cleamhnaí agur geallamhaint phórdha agur iarracht aipseáid agur uile. Agur Siogairde anraíto gáibhá ag eirteacht leod agur feapí na tuasga lartíarí d'é.

Nuaír bí a ríseal chnoénuigte ag Saróib do tairisigh rí ar a phóca cura de'n aipseáid ñréagach agur tuis rí do'n ní's é. O'fheáidh rí eis agur do gáileadh anrain do glaoráidh rí ari ceann aipim na catraíc a bí 'na feapam tior ag an ndoisí. Tainis rí ainiúr. 'Conur do tairis?' apha ní's, 'Suír phugadh ari tliúrí acu agur gúi imig an cealpmha duine. 'Sine bí am ñalláid,' ari reirean, 'a ní's. Acht tuigim ariúr é. Sine anrain,' ari reirean, ag ríneadh a mériu cum Siogairde, 'an feapí a ñeapbuis ari an t-athair.' Do gluair orná cléib ó n-áraib láitreachas nuaír ó' aipseáidh an meroim. 'Do ñeapbuis rí leir,' apha ceann-aipim, 'Suír b' é duine aibí ag deanaíam an aipseáid ñréagais 'na feapí a cónmhuigean ra Mháimían Suílab ainiúr do Seadna, agur Suír b' é do ceanuig na capaill ari an aonaé aibí ainiúr, a ní's. Agur ña cónmhaíta raim fén do hainb rí eis docht do tui aibhail le fior-ðeagán ainiúr. Ná hainb ann acht gneapairde docht i mbóthán ag bun cnuic agur do ñfuil rí ariúr ari an ñfreair iñ raiðbhe agur iñ neamh-rgleáigéadhe i n-Éirinn. Do glearpar láitreachas conghairí feapí cum imigte ceann ari agair ñeapí ra Mháimían cum beirta ari Seadna ñu, nuaír cia ñuailreachas cùgáinn iñteacht acht Coimac baile amro agur é ari tóir na mbíteamhnaí, agur allur ari agur ceoð bóthair a ñdisein. O'iniúr rí ñuinn láitreachas rgéal aibí bun oí ciomh ari phad leir an rgéal eile. Ñubairt rí linn do hainb tosa na

h-áitne aige fén ari Seaðna agur guri duine macánta é, agur guri b' é cùir an tóir i n-diaid na mbíteamhnaid agur muna mbeadh é ná bealfráidé i n-aon éor opta. Ceapar fén an feair d'imir an cead rgeal do cùir of cónaír Coimhne, aet ní hainb tárg na tuairiús aip. B' é imigte mar fhoisfeadh an talam é. Cuirfeas lucht cuairtaith in f gac ball tóir an gcatáip. Oimicteagair fén ra cuairtaithe leod, aet ní hainb aon mait d'úinn ann. Ní hainb ré le fádhail tior na tuar. Ír cuimín liom aith, ari reirean, 'go mait, go bheala ag gábháil tóir ra tráid, agur é ag riúbal ari a foscraic, duine d' uairliú an níos agur feairg fada liat go bheag bog rgeannneadh aip, díreach mar i reod, ari reirean ag bheit ari an rgean a' lámhais Sáibh, 'agur ghuailis bheag tórom mar i reo aip, agur i riap tior leir ari a ghuallidh 'n-a fáinniúib ag cruit agur ag lúbairnait. Ír las a fíilleas an uairi fín go hainb an t-é aibh uaim cón h-áitneach dom.'

"Aet 'ré críte an rgeal duit é, a Aitair, guri cuairtumigeadh tig an duine uairil agur guri ghuaird ann é aet ari fad d'airgead agur d'óir agur d'olmaitear. Agur go nónúbait an níos nári bphuláip a cura fén do tábait do Sáibh ari a d'ubhailt, agur a roga d'á hainb ann de fheidirib uaire. Agur na capaill do ceanuigeadh ari an aonach agur guri diolad an t-airgead bheagach airda, d'ubhailt re nári bphuláip iad do cuairtait agur iad do cùir tár hainb ra m'umáin ag tríall ari an muintir go mba leod iad. Anraian do óróis an níos tig Siogairde do glanad agur do foscraíghaibh agur do cùir i tréib, agur é tábait do Sáibh, do mba mait leí dul cum cónnuigte ann agur a h-áitair do bheit leí ann, mar go hainb comaoiñ mór curna aici aip, comaoiñ níor mó 'ná cùir aoinne de na h-uairliúib aibh 'na timcheall riám aip, cé guri mór an iontaoibh aibh aige airta i guri gáisair a ngeal leir. Lári na báraí an lae fín ireas d'airgis Uilis De Búic i dtaoibh an cleamhnaip. Íre aibh ari riúbal ag daonáinib 'ná go hainb Sáibh agur Coimhne le pobad, agur go hagairdib cum cónnuigte ra tig mór agur ná hainb

aoi treib acht a bhuailiù Saoth de fhaidhleair t'eaistíuil na ré gceád.

“Ailliliú!” agra Ólafmuir. “Iar é achtas an raoisai é! Cé bfuil an t-e ceapfaidh go bfeicí sí cónaítear an bheirt rian i gcuíng bárra!”

“An raoisai go Baile-Átha-Cliat é cum cónaítear, a Ólafmuir?” agra Pádraig.

“Pé ball 'na raoisai ro,” aigran raoisair, “ní d'oidh liom go dtiocfaidh aon aitiompair an tuairiú ro air.”

S E A O N A.

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. What does that mean, Kate?

Kate. "Feud mar goilean an rean cocairge."

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 Ballyyourney, 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 Sheegee, whoever he is or wherever he is, and bring him to hand. Searchers were also appointed to find out the place where the base coin is being made, and since there must be others, besides the four in it, to hunt up and catch the others before they could do any further mischief. There is many a sharp hound at the heels of the rascal by this time, I promise you, and if he escapes them it is a wonder to me. When they understood how cleverly you acted on the fair day, and how closely the four were pursued, what they said was, that it was a great pity you were not below amongst them, where you would have an opportunity of turning your talents to some account."

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

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

"How is that?" said Seadna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is he in bed?" said Cormac.

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

Just then the nurse opened the room door.

"You are welcome," said she.

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

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

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

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said she.

Cormac was already within without leave.

Sheela. I would not doubt him!

"How goes it, Dermot?" said Cormac.

"Ask about I!" 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 "púo.")

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. Aliloo! 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."

" Aliloo !" 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 bandle 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.'

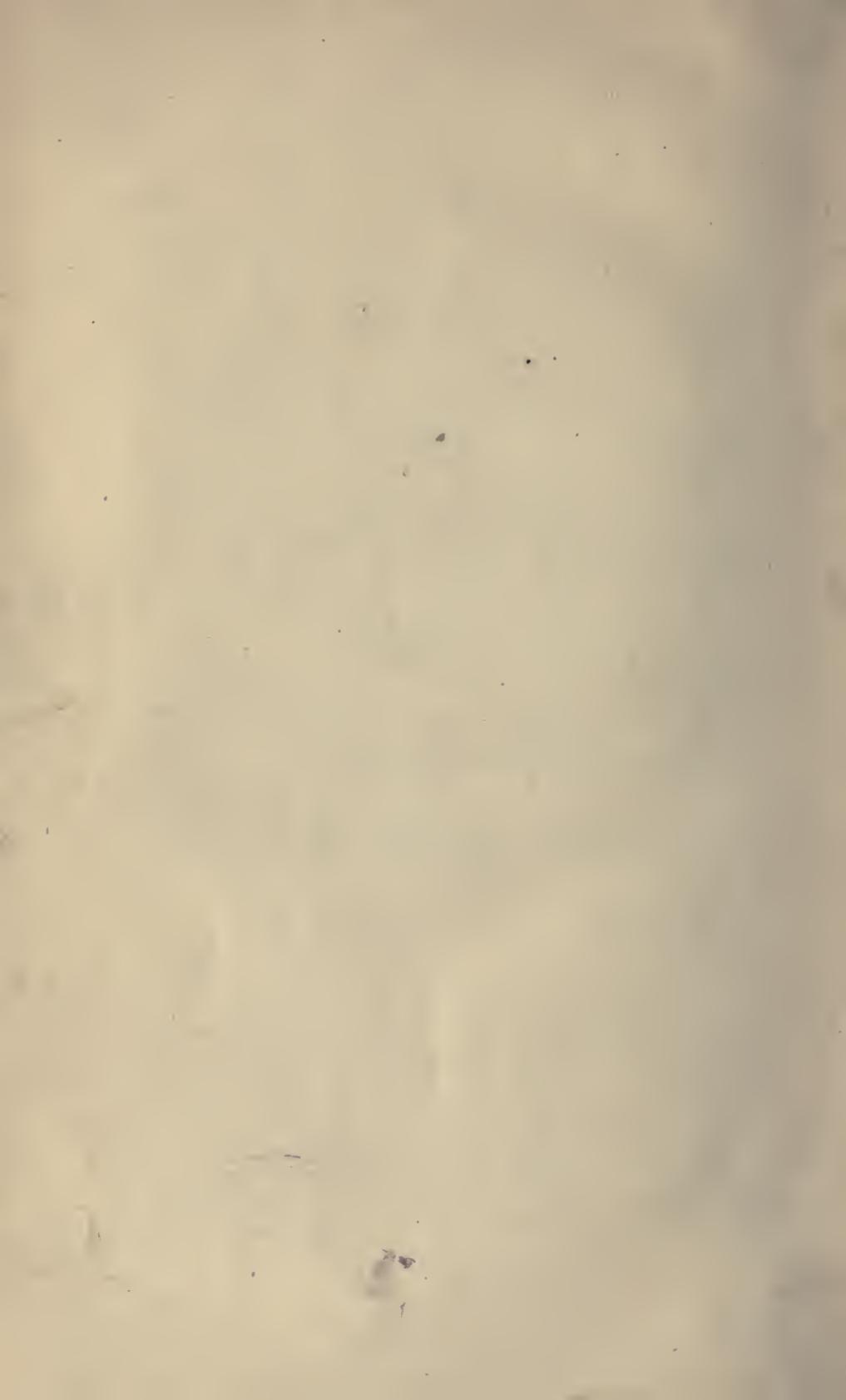
"But to cut the story short for you, Father (lit. the wind-up of the story is). The gentleman's house was searched, and an immense amount of silver and of gold, and of value, was found there. And the king said that her own should be given

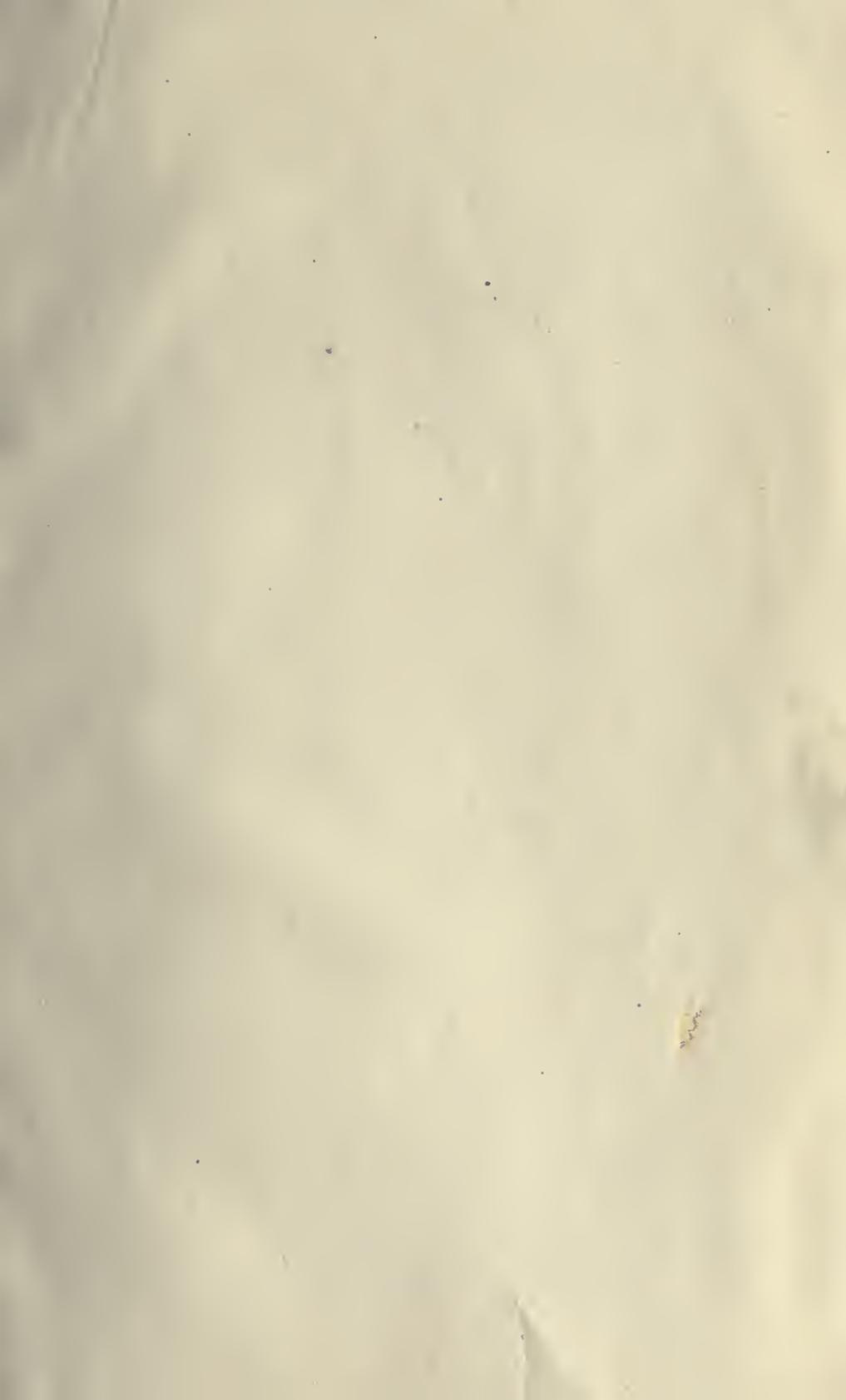
to Sive on the double, and also her choice of what valuable articles were there. And the horses which were bought at the fair, and for which the false money was paid, the king said they should be searched for and sent back to Munster to the people to whom they belonged. Then the king ordered Sheegee's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

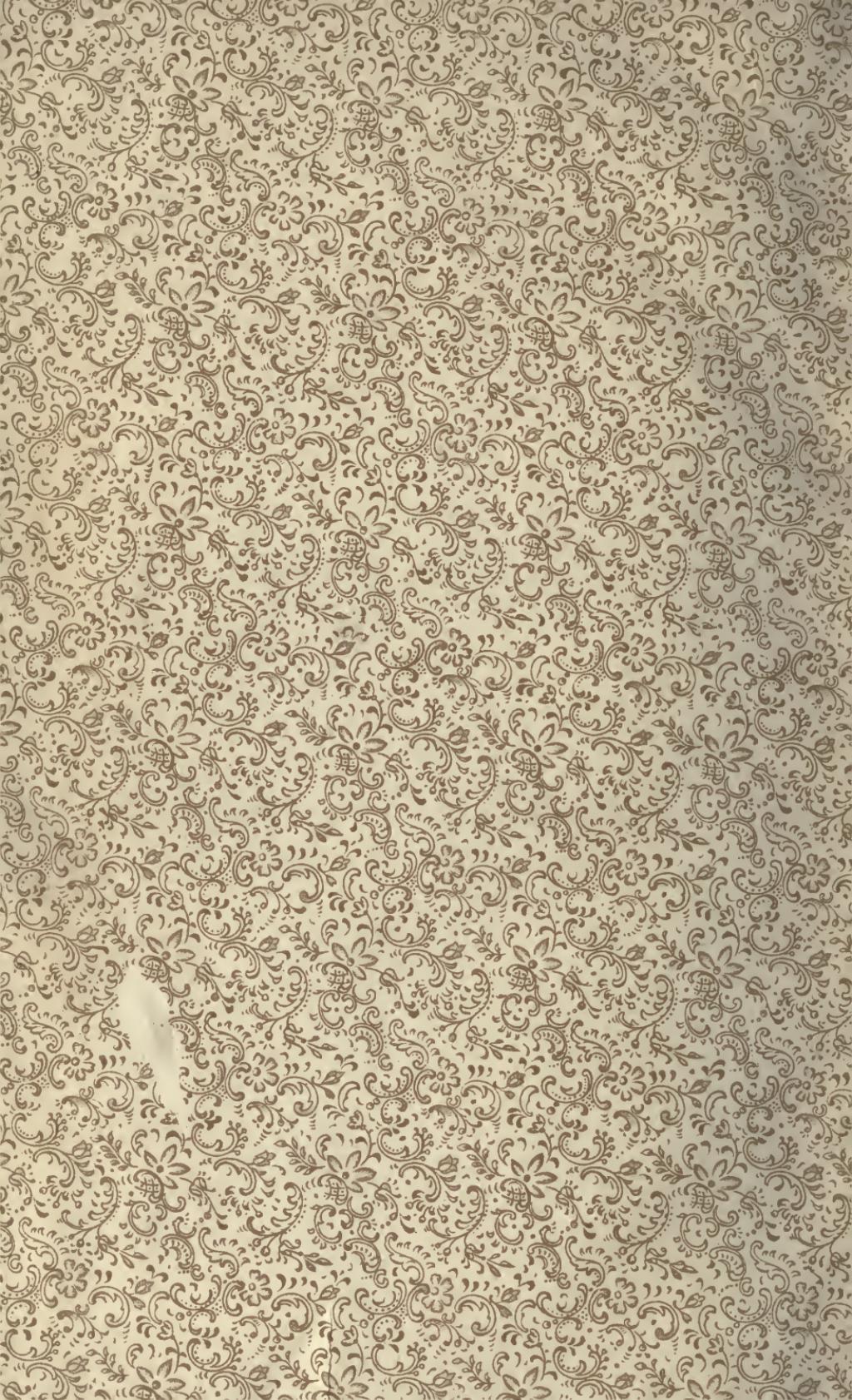
"Alliloo!" said Dermot. "It is a wonderful world! Where is the person who would have thought that that pair would ever be seen in a marriage bond!"

"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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O'Leary, Peter
Séadna

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