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Gaelic League Publications.



SEADNA

AN DARA CUNO.

WITH TRANSLATION.

AN T-ATAIR PEADAR UA LAOGAIRE,
DO SÁOTRUIG.

Dublin :

PRINTED BY BERNARD DOYLE, GAELIC PRINTER,
9 UPPER ORMOND QUAY.

1898.



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8.11.55

THE First Part of SEADUNA 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 *Seoṁna* 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—"ḁn"="the," "ḁnn"="there," "ḡan"="without," "ḡann"="scarce." In the spoken language this difference is distinctly expressed by the pronunciation. *The double letter should not be written except when it is heard.*

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

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

The word "ḁḁ" 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 "ḁḁ ḁn ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁ" now, as Irish for "the day is fine," is utterly intolerable to *me*.

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

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 "buaitear," nor "baineear," nor "cítear." I have always heard "buaitear," "baineear," and "cítear." 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 'buaitear' and your 'buaitear.'" 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 liveness unknown in English speech.

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

PEADAR UA LAOGHAIRE.

SEADNA.

Bí tuitim na h-oifóice ann. Bí Cormac agus a múintir gan pilleadh. Bí cuio de na daoínib 'oimtis leó agus nár fear coimeadh ruar leó, as teacht tar n-air i n-oidis céile. Cuiro acu 'sá ráð go raib beirte ar na bíteamhais agus cuiro acu 'sá ráð na raib. Bí garra acu bailligthe ar lár an bóthair ar aghaid tige Óiarimuroa amac. Iad as aighear agus as áiteam ar áceile. An tincéir móir eataricai ruis agus é 'sá sceirtúghad.

Þreab Seadna ar a máctnam. "A Óiarimuro," ar reirean, "tú an dorur ro am diais agus daingniú go maic é;" agus ríú amac é agus irteac i lár na múintire a bí as caint.

"Ar rugadh ort?" ar reirean.

"Óo rugadh," ar ra tuine.

"Níor rugadh," ar ra tuine eile.

"'S dó, deirimpre gur rugadh," ar ran céur tuine.

"Ná fearaid mo dá fúil lám Cormaic ar rghormais an fear móir úo a bí as ríubál an donais inoiu i tceanta Sath Óiarimuroa? An é raðarc mo fúil do mearrá baint oim?"

"Dála an rgeil," ar ran trímáth tuine, "ní fearar cad do beir Sath Óiarimuroa as ríubál an donais 'na teanta."

"Ní feararra acét cómh beas leat," ar ran ceatrimáth tuine, "ná ní fearar cad do beir as tís Óiarimuroa i n-don cor iad, irteac 'r amac ann, gur dóic leat gur leó an áit. Siné dal me, agus daoine nác me. Nuair conac iad cómh dána i tuis Óiarimuroa ní raib blúire roic iontaoibe agam arca. Do rugadar bramac breas uaim. Veinn lán trárta dá braisinn deic bpúint fícro air. Nuair aifigeat an t-éirleac go léir dá deanamh, agus an t-airgead móir tar na beartaib dá cahairc ar don pur i bfuirm capail, bí iongna mo éroide

oim. 'D'airighear na daoine 'gá riá nā riab ionta aét ceannuigéte. So riab airgead an iug acu. So bfuairiadaí so bog é agus ná riab o' fonn oiréa aét é leigint uatá so bog. Dúbarc liom féin, níó nāri b' iongna, so riab re éóm maié ašam mo éarangs do beit ašam ar ó éarla an éaoi ašam. 'D'iarar trí fiéto. Fuairar é láitéaeé. Lān mo póca de pláitínib luada! Táim creaeéta acu! Mo bhamac bréaš calma sup éaitear an bliagaín 'gá éotúgaó! Muna mbeaó me 'gá bfeicrint aš deanaím éóm wāna ar éis 'D'airmuóa léit ní buailpíoir an bob riain oim."

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

"Tuilleao 'n 'donar éum 'D'airmuóa!" appa Seadna, "nāri féuc noimír. 'D'fāgaóar beó boét é féin agus Saóó." Agus o'nir ré dóib trío ríor, ó éurac so deiréao, an ršéal, oiréae féb mar éuit ré amac.

"Ir é érié an ršeil é," ar reirean, "so bfuil eagla oim so n-eirgeácaó a énoié ar 'D'airmuóa muna bfuil eirigéte éeana aige air, agus so n-imteócaó Saóó boét le éiaóó-aéaib. Trí éeao púnt imigéte! Ar énuarao an beiré riām! Ní cuimín liom a leitéio de ršiuor. Ní féaoar ó éalam an oomāin éao deanpaió riáo."

"Óar riáo!" appa fear an bhamais, "wā oléar atā an ršéal ašainne ir méara acu-pan é. Muna mbeaó tu 'gá riáo ní éierófinn éocal wé. Aét wari nwoic ní éolāiri so bfuil an éiunne ašat. Éao eile bearpao amac i 'na gaor-wān aš riúbal an donais leir agus an clóca wéarš úo uiréi, aét sup éeap ri lom wāirírib so riab an cleamnar wéanta?"

"I mbāile-Áéa-Cliaé ireao bí an pópaó le wéanaím," appan éincéiri móri. "Ní wéanpao don áit ba éómgaiaige an gnó. Ologón ó! Ir páwa me ar an raošal agus ir iomóa bob glie do buaileao oim le m' ré, aét a leitéio rin de bob ní féaca riām fór wā bualaó so wéi inoiu, agus ní wóéa so bfeicreao airíir."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cáit. Da cuma dúnta no orghailte é mna mbeadh a glúce cuir Seadna cúrraíde an éleamhair agus na ttrí gceao bpúnt i mbéalaib na ndaoine. Siné faoir iao ó díbheirís na ndaoine.

Péis. Agus bíodh náir cuis Sárb é, tug rí áro congnamh do Seadna ra rgeal. Nuair bíodar as feuchaint uirí agus as éirteacht léi ar feadh tamaill ipé a túbairt le n-a céile 'nā go saib rí as imteacht ar a meabair glan. Táinís beirt ban dá cómharranaib agus bailligeadar leo irteac í. Anrain do leat an pápla go saib rí ar deargis-

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

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

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

Cáit. Feuc féin rin. Agus feuc, leir, supab anam le fásail tuine bead cóm macánta ran go oíócfaó pé i gcionn peactmáine cum an airgíto éirt do cup i n-inead an airgíto bréagais, mar táinig Míceál bpeactháac.

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

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

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

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

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

Peig. Ir easal liom, a Nóra, dá tóigeaḡ go ndearpaḡ na daoíne ceadna rain go raib ré cómh mór ar buille 7 ceapadair Saḡb féin do beir.

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

Nóra. O! am briaḡar 'r ambara, a Sobhuir, aḡur zan oíroí nír ar m'anam, zup de oíroíe dáirírib atáim, feuc! Síre atá oim. Do déin Míceál Reamoinn airgeo le díobluígeaḡt de licínirib plinge aḡur tuz ré do mnaoí an tabairne iao cum a hata o'fáḡail uairí. Ní raib ré pápta, áh, i n-a aigheaḡ zan teaḡt airí 1 zcionn reaḡtmuine aḡur airgeo oleaḡḡad do tabairt éirí, aḡur ní raib don ionḡna 'na daob air féin na ar doinne eile. Aḡt dá bfuilfeaḡ an tuine uapal úo aḡur airgeo fíunneaḡ do tabairt do na daoínib zup tuz ré an t-airgeo breaḡad doib, deapraioir go raib ré cómh mór ar a céill aḡur ceapadair Saḡb do beir. Síne atá oim.

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

Cáit. Am briaḡar mhóir de zupab é mo tuairm féin zupab iao na h-uairle móra na bíteamhnais ir mó. Síne an tuine uapal rain do cuir amac na 'C Eóḡnais. Tá ré páirḡe go bfuil deir míle púnt ra mbliḡain aige tál 1 Sacrana. Ní párócaḡ rain é zan teaḡt anro anall cum na z'C Eóḡnac mboḡt aḡur iao do cáiteam amac fé'n zclagair oíroíe Noḡlas. Bí an trean lánma ann

asur an lánma ós asur naonmáir clainne. Cómnadóir do fheis an t-é ba fine acu, asur ní raib an leanb doob óige aet trí reachtmáine. Nuair bíodair go léir amuic asur an fearcáinn as tuirim 'na taoirgeanaib orda, do úein Seagán ós meic Eógan rgalp i scoinnib an élad mar foitín doib. Táinig an tuine uapal asur do leas ré an rgalp.

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

Cáit. Am briaetar sur dein. Dúbaire an báille leir go raib punc éigin olíge ann, asur go mbeaó an obair éadna aige 'gá scur amac ó'n rgalp abí aige 'gá scur amac ar an tuis. Do leas ré an rgalp orda pé i n-éirinn é. Asur anrain do bí an rean tuine boet as sol, asur nuair éadac an tuine upal as sol é, "see," ar reirean, "how the old cock cries."

Síle. Caoé an puo é rin, a Cáit?

Cáit. "Feuc," ar reirean, "mar goileann an rean éadage."

Síle. O! feuc ar rin! Asur é péin 'gá cur as sol!

Gob. Ir beas ná go nreapainn leir an ntuine uapal rain an puo úo adúbaire Máire pártaláin leir an brear a pus im na bliagha uairi asur san gneidm olíge aici air. "Am briaetar," ar ríre, "sur maíe an plan iprean do beir ann!"

Peis. O! raire! a Gobnuit. Ca b'fior oi ná go raígaó rí péin ann!

Gob. Ir dóca naé ó éroíde adúbaire rí é, aet an fearis do beir uirí, asur an cúir aici.

Síle. Ba dóic liom náir gáó o' doinne é do raó leir an ntuine uapal do cúir amac na 'C Eógnais asur do leas an rgalp orda.

Gob. Cao na éad, a Síle.

Síle. Mar deapair Dá uair péin é, Molao go deó leir!

Peis. Cao do deapair pé uair péin, a cúro?

Síle. An tuine uapal úo do cúir go h-iprean.

Peis. Ca b' fíor, a Síle, na go nreapao an tuine uapal aicríge.

Síle. Ní dheanfaid aithríge an ghnó úd san an tís do cupa ruar aithrí ašur na 'C Eóghnais no cupa irteac ann, plán foláin, mar bíodasí deana, ašur aithgead do tabairt dóib tar ceann ar dein pé de díoghbail dóib.

Cáit. Máire deáirna leat! a Síle. Siní an cáint go bfuil an ciot uiréi. Is truaš éiríóte san tu aš deánam na nolište úinn, ba šeár go šcupá na h-uairle 'na šcómnuíge, ašur ba šád pain. Ašur cošar, a šes, dar noidé ní deínro na daoíne uairle aithríge i n-aon cor.

šes. Aithrí cad a cupa an iuro pain do ceann, a Cáit?

Cáit. Šod, táim aš éirteacé ruam le n-a nroic beartas, ašur le n-a n-éušóir, ašur leir an ršmior a bíonn acu dá deanam ar daoínib bocta, 'šá mbrišad ašur 'šá meilt ašur 'šá noidir le ruacó 7 le pán, ašur níor aithgear ruam šur dein doinne acu aithríge 'na leóir-šniom. Iriao na daoíne bocta a bíonn aš deanam na h-aithríge. Is greanmair an ršéal é!

šes. O! go deímín, a Cáit, deínro daoíne uairle aithríge leir. Ingean ríš doob ead šobnuit baile múirne. Ašur mac ríš doob ead Colum Cille.

Síle. An aithrí an méro rin, šobnuit?

šob. Ac! O'aithgear ruad é a Síle. Ingean ríš doob ead i. Ašur nuair fás rí tís a h-ašar dúbairé an t-aingeal léi san ruad cum cómnuíšte acé ra n-aic 'na bpašad rí naoi šcinn o'fíadnais bána 'na šcota roímpi. Táimis rí go oí aic éigin ašur ruair rí tší cinn acu ann, ašur o'fan rí tamall beas ra n-aic rin. Anrain do táimis rí go Cill šobnatán tíor ašur ruair rí pé cinn ann. O'fan rí tamall móir anrain, ašur riné uair a tušad Cill šobnatán air an aic. Anrain do táimis rí go baile múirne ašur ruair rí 'na naoi šcinn ann. O'fan rí anrain an cúro eile dá ruošal ašur is ann acá rí cupá.

Cáit. Cuipšora šeall šur ruad beir na 'C Eóghnais amuic ru a n-deanfaid an ruine uair a cupa amac iao aithríge ašur iao do cupa irteac aithrí.

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

PEG. San amhar, i r tódca sup faoi go bfeicfai naom oíca.

JOE. Conur o'imtíz le Cormac an Cainteín, a péiz?

PEG. Ní raib táiz na tuairpiz air go ceann reachtmaine ó
 lá an donais. Cuairt zac don ruo cum ruair. Ní
 reachtar Sath na a h-atair ar an t-aoib amuic de
 doirar i gcaiteam na reachtmaine. An muintir i r mó bí
 caillte le h-obair na mbiteamnac i rtao ba lúga tráct
 air. An muintir na raib don ruo acu le caillteamaint
 níor rtao a mbéul, áct zac doinne acu 'gá ríorhaoi-
 deam dá mbea capall aize péin le díol ná rgarpa
 ré com mothaolac pain leir.

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

"Sead!" arpa Seadna.

"Do crocaó truír acu," arpa Cormac. "O'imtíz
 Siogáide, nó pé ainim atá air. Dá feabair tictnear do
 beineamair do teip oirpinn teact ruar leó sup ríorpeamair
 an caitair cuadair-ra láirpeac as truíll ar muintir an
 ríiz map arair aithe mair oim, agus o'inpear mo rgeal.
 Ní feacaíoir a leicéir o'iongna ar don daoínib ruar 7 bí
 oíca. 'Airíú,' ar rtao-ran, 'do táiníz fear anro cúgáinn
 ó cianair agus o'inir ré an rgeal ceadna pain dúinn,
 agus tairbeain ré dúinn truír de na biteamnacair agus
 gabamair láirpeac iao, agus i r tódca go gcrocfai ambairac
 iao. Dúbaire pé náir b'iao ba mó ba ciontaic áct an t-é bí
 'na ceann oíca agus ar cuilleaó dá róro ra múmain. Fear
 sup b'ainim do Seadna. Fear abí as deanam airzio bréas-
 aiz le faoi. Agus dá cómarca pain péin, sup b'airin do'n
 dútaiz é beir beo boct lairpiz de cúiz nó pé bliagair,
 agus anoir go bfuil pé ar an bfeair i r raibre ra múmain nó
 b'féoir i n-éirinn. Agus' ar rtao 'cá oíroúgaó ó'n ríiz,

congnaim fear do gléupadó láirthead agus imthead agus bpeit ar Seadna úo, pe h-é féin, agus é tabairt cum lámha anro gabta.' 'Ca bfuil an fear o'innir an rgeal pain?' arsa mire. 'Tá pé anro irtis,' ar ríao. Cuaðmair irthead. Ní faib a cuairis ann. Do mtheadar anonn 'r anall 'gá cuaroad. Ní faib pé le fágaíl aet mar rloisfead an talaim é. 'Ca bfuil an triúr eile?' arsa mire. 'Irtis ra capdair,' ar ríao. 'Feiceam iao agus ceiróigeam iao,' arsa mire. Cuaðmair irthead agus ceiróigeamair iao, gac fear oíob pé leit. Uíodar ar don focal amáin ra méro reo. So faib an t-airgead bréasac dá deanam i n-ait éigin ra cádair. Ná faib ríor na h-áite as doinne acu féin. So faib coroinn pé'n bpúnt acu dá fágaíl ar an airgead do cúir amac ar aontairíob agus ar margaíob. Sur le mangairthead do mairtheadar so oíi sur teangbair an obair reo leó. Supab amlaib do cuirrí an t-airgead bréasac cúca so h-ait a gcóinnuigte. Ná feacadar riam an ait 'na mbíci 'gá deanam 'há an t-é bí 'na ceann ar an ngnó.

"Ní feacaíoir riam aet an iongna époíde abí ar thuíntir an ríis nuair o'airgeadar an méro rin. Anrain o'innreap-ra oíob conur cuirir-rí i noiais na mbiteamnac me, agus cuireap ar a rúilíob oíob conur, muna mbead tura, náir b'pétoir teadt ruar leó i n-don cor.

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

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

"Ir easal liom, A Cormaic," arḁa Seathna, "nuair aḁi teirtiméireaḁt aḁar oá éaḁairt oóib ar m' intleaḁt, munaḁi éuipir leir an ḁéirinne náḁ baogal gur ḁainir uaiči. Aḁt ir oóca muna mbeaḁ a géire do leanaḁir-re ar fálaib an éir móir úo agus a luaḁaḁt aḁiḁir irteaḁ ra éaḁair 'na ḁiaḁ, go mbeinn éior acu um an otaca ro agus náḁ ar máite le m' intleaḁt é. Gan aḁirar do éap ré oḁoic iaraḁt do éaḁairt fúm. Ir móir an truaḁ ceao a éor aḁa leiréio. Ir oic ó fearaḁ na caḁraḁ muna otigir riao ruar leir anoir agus a ainim i n-áirḁe ar ruair na h-éireann ó'n mbeart ro. Oála an rgeil ir móir go léir an iongna liom a ráo go raib ré oe oíḁ céille air tráḁt ar ainim an ríḁ ra ḁnóo. Ba éairt oó a éior do beir aige ná feaḁraḁ oul leir aḁraḁ fé ainim an ríḁ."

"Iré éapaim-ré," arḁa Cormac, "'ná go raib a éior go maḁ aige cao aḁi ar ríḁbal aige, agus gur o' aon ḁnó ar raḁ do deir ré obair lae an donais."

"Conur rain?" arḁa Seathna.

"Do réir mar éuigim an rgeal," arḁa Cormac, "ir éuḁatra ir mó ḁi ré, agus reo mar éap ré teaḁt orḁ, oá ruiréaḁ leir. Nuair beaḁ ḁnó an donais cḁioḁnuigḁe aige o' imḁeócaḁ ré féin agus Saḁb éior go ḁaile-áḁa-Chiaḁ. O'fáḁraḁ ré an truir eile i mbun na gcapall, 'ḁá mbreir leó go mbuaḁraḁ cur oá n-aicme féin úmpa ar an rliḁ agus go nḁlacraḁoir uača iao le cur ar donḁaḁiḁib eile oá n-oíol. Nuair éirirfeaḁ ré an éaḁair éioḁraḁ ré i láḁair an ḁreirḁ agus deaḁbócaḁ ré orḁra an beart aḁi deanta

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

"Ní oábhairt doinne ruam go bfuair ré airgead bréasac uaim," arfa Seatoná.

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

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

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

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

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

ruaimhíir ná an oíðce do chólaíó go dtí sup táinig ré cum cainte le Seathna agus sup iar pé aip san gearán do cup irteac aip. Dúbaipit Seathna ná deaifad dá ngeallfaíó Cormac do san bfeab do glacaíó aipíir. Ruo a geall go ponníir.

Síle. Anraiz ba dána an téadóan abí aip. “Níor baogal tuit mipe an fáio ná faib don éugóir agat dá deanaíí.” Níor b’iongna sup baínead geit ar. Dá mbead fíor an méio rin ag Saób do tuisgead rí ead é an gpreíom abí ag Seathna aip.

Peis. Bí an gpreíom rin aige aip go daingíon, agus bí a pian aip, ní faib aige acé baiaipit aip cum é tíomáint ar ríúbal pé bog cpuaíó an gno, pé moé deirdeanac an tríat, pé flíuic fuar an uain.

“An dóic leat an bfuil don t-ríanr go mbeaifair aip?” arfa Seathna.

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

“Tá fíir ’na díad sup deacaipí tuit uata, geallaim tuit é. Iré a fáíó féin ná deacáíó don bíteamííac pian fíor uata. Má deirdean ré peo uata beíó an émaíó aige.”

“An faiaip ag caint le Díarmuíó íat ó fíllir?” arfa Seathna.

“Ní faíar,” ar reirdean, “acé d’aipígear sup fás Saób an baile agus ná fuil don tuaiupíis uipí. Bídear cum tuit ann fíor anoir feucáint ar táinig rí, nó an fíor é i n-don éor.”

“Raíad-ra leat,” arfa Seathna. “Níor aipígear focal té. Ir móir an cpuaí an tuine boét.”

Buaileadair oíra fíor. Ní faib Díarmuíó ra doipir peómpa. Bí an doipir tóínta. D’oírgalaíar é agus éuaíar irteac. Ní feacaíar Saób ná Díarmuíó. Bí fean dean íaraécta ’na fuíde i n-aice na teine. Tóis rí a ceann agus t’feuc rí oíra agus érom rí aipíir é san labairt. Bí aítne acu uipí. Cómairra doí ead í. Paíir bogair a tugtaí uipí, acé má fead ní nó bogair do bí rí, acé bí rí ana rííín.

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

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

"An bfuil ré 'na luíge?" arsa Cormac.

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

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

"Tá easal oim, a Cormaic," ar rípe, "sur taom beas éugruair atá air. Slán beo mar a n-irtear é! Do bualead bpedite lap na bárad lae an donais é, nuair a fuair ré go raib Sadh imighe. Nuair airis an ragar an t-éirleac a deineadar na bteamhnaig úo ar an donac do. táimis ré féin anro, asur nuair a fuair ré Diarmuid 'na luíge asur gan uine ann do rinfead doo éirle do éir ré fíor oimra asur do tánaas."

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

"Ac! ní míroe, ní míroe," ar rípe.

Bí Cormac irtis ceana-féin, gan ceao.

Síle. Ní deanraim doabta dó!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Síle. Cé'r b'é rin, a ḡeig?

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

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

ḡeig. 'Na ceann fein, caḡ eile?

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

Nóia. Sead anraim tu, a ḡeig.

ḡeig. ḡ'ḡanaḡar tamall maḡ aḡ éirḡaḡ leir aḡḡ do
 teir orḡa don caint bunḡraḡ ḡ'ḡáḡail ar. "Caḡ é do
 méaḡ air, a mḡaire?" arḡa Seadna leir an mnaoí
 ḡḡoḡáilte.

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

ḡánaḡar amac ar an rḡeóma. "An bḡuil don tḡairḡḡ
 ar ḡaḡḡ?" arḡa Seadna, "no an bḡuil don ḡior aḡ doinne
 air, caḡ é an tḡeó baili 'naḡ tḡḡ rí a h-aḡairḡ?"

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

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

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

"Cóm ríuráilta agus atá bianóa ar máiríe bacais," aríra Corímac, "ir i noiaíó an t-Síogáíóe atá sí imigíte agus ní le gíáó do é, 'na marí máiríe leir. Ir iomóa cleap glíe do óein fé i gcaiteam a íaozáil, áct beirim mó lám a'r m' focal do gupab é cleap ir teinne do dáí óein re riam an bob a buail fé ar Saóó lá an donais. Má'r 'na óiaíó atá sí imigíte, agus íreac, dá oteirdeac fé írteac i bpoli tráctair i bpolac uair ní deanfaíó fé an gno do. Tiocfaíó sí ríúo ruar leir agus cuiríó sí capabac caol air, cóm ríuráilta agus atá ríónac air. Bain an cluar anuar ó'n gceann oíom muna gcuiríó. Ir oíóe liom dá mbeac a fíor aige cao é an raóar i go ngeabac fé táirre. Tá fé oeríneac anoir aige."

"Eirt, a Corímaic, eirt!" aríran bean fíotáilte. "Ná bí ag magac fút féin. Cao é an gno beac ag Saóó go Baile-Áta-Chiaé? Cao featarfaó sí deanamí ann? Cia air go bfuil aítne aici ann. Conur geabac sí eólar tríó an

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

"Fan leat go fóil," arpa Cormac. "Ní bearpíó don gno eile o'n mbaile i aect cum é piúo o'fíadac agus do éabairt cum laíma. An gníom do vein ré uiréi féin agus ar a h-aéair, níor veineao ip doéa le cuimne doinne acá ruar a leiréio eile de gníom, le ghráinneamlaect agus le rppuín-laiteaect agus le h-éusóir. O'fullaingeoéao pí i gearao 'na miotaib beaga pul an leirpíó i n-airge leir é, níó nác loect uiréi."

"Óe 'sur, a duine an épioíde 'rtis, má tá ré cóm buailte rin irpíac ad aigne go bfuil pí imighe ar an íntinn rin, cao 'na éaoí ná preaban tu láirpíac agus i do leanmáint?" arpan vean pímotáilte.

"Píreabpíó, ná bíod eagal oir," ar pírean. "Ní raib uaim aect a píor do beir agham cáir éus pí a h-aéair. Ip doéa go bpanpíar-re aipio go oí go mbeir an duine reo as teact cuise féin, nó an cuio ip lúga de, air láim pábála."

"Fanpíó," ar píre. "Óubairt an pasapí liom panamáint."

"Agus a Seathna," ar pírean, "muna bfuil don bpuo oirpra ná beao re cóm maic aghat gluaireact i n-aoinpíact liom?"

"Ní gáó rain," arpa Seathna. "Tá búir nódicín aghaib féin ann."

"Tá a píor agham" arpa Cormac "sur maic le muintir an píg aithe do cuir oir, agus go mb'féioir sup b'fuirpíoe píg maireactaint do veanaí amac ann tuic ba éairbíghe 'ná an gpreapídeact."

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

"Seao! go oirpíó Dia la maic óaoib go léir!" arpa

Cormac. “Iṛ tapairṑ an ḡluairṑadṑ ḡsam airṑ é, ḡan riṑ ceṑ an bṑṑairṑ do baintṑ de m’ bṑṑḡairṑ. Iṛ triuḡ ḡan abṑuil de cladairṑiṑṑ bṑṑeamṑad i n-ḡirṑinn i n-don tṑro amṑain ḡsam, ar don ḡriod amṑain. Iṛ me ṑabairṑad an rṑrḡad ṑoibṑ! Bead ruairṑnear anṑain ḡḡainn airṑ fearṑ tamailṑ.”

“Bead punan mṑr ḡḡat!” arṑan bean ṑriṑṑailṑe.

Sile. A ṑairṑairṑ! a ṑḡḡ, nṑ fearṑar an amṑairṑ nṑr cuṑmṑn leirṑ an bṑeab.

ṑeḡ. Cao i an bṑeab, a Sile a cuṑ?

Sile. An bṑeab ṑro a ṑoilṑo rṑ ḡlacad arṑ feilṑ tṑḡe na baintṑḡṑḡe, nuairṑ bṑ rṑ ḡṑ cuṑ amad ḡḡur ḡan an cṑor aici ṑṑ, ḡur ṑuḡ Seadna ṑi é.

ṑeḡ. Nṑ fearṑar’n tṑaoḡal, a Sile. Iṛ minic ṑriṑd cuṑmṑne ḡḡaoṑnṑ ar an ruṑ nṑd mairṑ leṑ cuṑmṑne do cṑimeadṑ airṑ.

Sile. Ba cṑirṑ ḡo mbead nṑrṑe airṑ.

ṑeḡ. Do ṑuine ḡan nṑrṑe iṑ urṑ a ḡnṑ deanaṑ.

Sile. B’ṑṑoirṑ é. Adṑ nṑ mṑlaim iad, marṑ ṑaoṑne ḡan nṑrṑe. Iṛ fearṑ ḡo mṑr a ṑiṑcṑad rṑ ṑṑ a beul ṑ’ḡirṑeacṑ, ḡḡur ḡan beirṑ ḡḡ deanaṑ tṑorḡairṑ an cṑair cṑann-ṑinn ar an mbṑṑeamṑantarṑ.

ḡob. Iṛ amṑairṑ marṑ bṑ an rḡḡal aḡe, ṑṑreacṑ marṑ bṑ ḡḡ an bṑearṑ ṑro i ḡCill ḡṑrṑe ḡḡur é ḡḡ dul ra bṑuḡḡin. Bṑ caincṑn mṑrṑ rṑamṑar airṑ marṑ bṑ ar Cormac. “Baṑall” a bṑiṑd ḡḡ ṑaoṑnṑ marṑ leaṑainim airṑ, marṑ ḡeall ar an ḡcaincṑn. ḡlaoirṑiṑd a adairṑ airṑ ḡḡur é ḡḡ dul irṑeacṑ ra cṑṑmeaṑḡarṑ.

“A ṑṑmṑnailṑ, a mṑic ṑ,” arṑan t-adairṑ, “bṑorṑaḡ ḡḡur tabairṑ ‘baṑall’ arṑ ṑuine ḡḡin ruṑ an ṑtabairṑairṑde orṑ é.” B’ṑin é an ṑriṑṑailṑa ḡḡ Cormac. Cṑear rṑ nṑ rṑiṑd don tṑrḡḡ b’ṑearṑ ‘nṑ rṑadṑ rṑ ṑṑin ṑ ainim an bṑṑeamṑaḡ do ṑabairṑ airṑ ‘na é ṑṑin do ṑabairṑ ainime an bṑṑeamṑaḡ arṑ ṑuine ḡḡin eile.

Sile. ḡḡur ṑar nṑṑiṑd, a ṑeḡ, nṑ rṑorṑadṑ rṑin é. Nṑ fearṑairṑde é ṑabairṑ airṑ ṑṑin ‘na ṑiairṑ rṑin cṑm mairṑ ḡḡur ṑṑ mba nṑ tabairṑadṑ rṑ arṑoinne é.

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

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

SÍLE. Conur a ruapao í, a Cáit?

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

SÍLE. An fear boét! Iy tu bain an ppeab ar.

CÁIT. Abair é! O' iompuis a lit ann agus érom pé ar gól.

SÍLE. Ar oibpao é?

CÁIT. Níor oibpao. Do corain Neill é. Oúbaire rí supab amlao a cuir tuine éigin an rgian ra póca san éior do, mar rporé, agus oúbaire mo dao go raib an ceap aici.

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

PEG. Máire ní raib ann aét leab, a Gobnuit. Ní raib don éiall aige. Agus iy dóca náir bfiú puinn an rgian.

CÁIT. Níor bfiú. Agus iré ruo a dein Seamuir anrain 'ná í bhonnao air, agus bídear-ra ar buile cuige. B'feár liom i cáiteamh ra teine ná i cábaire do, agus an feall beag aige dá deanamh cómh garao. Dá luigeao í b' péir do luiteao leir go mbeao a h-amrap ar tuine éigin eile, agus feuc anrain nác deap an obair a beao deanta aige.

PEG. Iy éior duit rin a Cáit, "Iy fada riar é iarrma an oipic birt."

JOB. Máire beannaíct Dó le h-anman do mháth, a Péig agus comáin leat ar an rgeat! Coimeádofaidís rin anrain tu go maidin ambárac as caint agus as áiteam agus as ábcóirídeact agus as cur éiré céile.

NÓRA. Agus dar n-óic, a Jóhnuic ní faibair féin san do cion de'n ábcóirídeact asat, níor leigis leó ar fad é.

PÉIG. Do gluais Cormac aithís, "san ceó an bótair do baint dá bhrógaib," a n-óibairt re féin. Nuair bí ré imighe do cuairt Seathna irteac ra treómpa aithís mar afaib an tuine bheidite.

"Ír fada go dtánaib," arfa Diaimuir. "Íré an cleam-nar ó Samain go Dealltaine asat é. Bead leat na tóite póroa an fáro atair as gabáil dó. Ca bfuil rí anoir? Bí rí anrain ó cianab. Ír fear bea 'nā rppé. Cailín ciúin ciallmair act san fearg do cur uirthi. Ó! faire fút na buail! Aithís gneadaó cúgat na buail! Feuc aithís rin!"

"An bfuil don aithgeat ra tíg?" arfa Seathna leir an mnaoi fhuotáilte.

"Oipead a' r leatpingsin ruad!" ar ríre.

"Seo," ar reirean. "Do fuairar pait leatair uair an lá ré deirlead. Tá ré cóm mair asam díol ar anoir" 7 do rin ré ruim aithgeat cúici.

Táinig ré lar na márac feucaint conur bí an tuine bheidite, agus do rug ré leir tuillead de'n leatair abí ra triopa 7 do díol ar. Ba mair mar dein. D'fág pain pait aithgeat as an mnaoi fhuotáilte, 1 tpeó nuair a fuair Diaimuir an t-aoiteó go faib neart oi ar biaó 7 ar díg do foláitar dó, féb mar ba ceart agus do péir mar a bí gáó aige leó.

Ba gair go faib re na fuíde 1 n-aice na teime aici agus flog as domáin cum an bíó aith. Act ambara ní cúgadó rí dó é act an méro ba díóic lé ba mair dó, agus ní feacaír ruam act an tpoio 7 an t-aighnear a bíóó aige léi a d'iairad tuillead d'fágail.

Féb mar bí ré as toul 1 bfeadur bíóir na cómarrain as

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

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

D'fhan an bean fhuotáilte ann níor ría 'nā ceap rí bí gáó léi, aet an ragsart ré nteár pain, mar bí rúil aige ó am go h-am agus ó lá go lá, go dtiocfaod Saobh abailte. Fé dheireadh táinig glaothac uirthi ó'n otaobh eile páiróirte agus b'éigíon oi gluaireacht.

Ní raib de feirt anrain acu aet a iarráid ar fáilr boet teacht gac don mairdion agus teine d'fatuúgadh agus blúipe bíod d'olmúgadh do Dairmuir. Níor fágadh rúití é ar fao. Da beag don lá ná tugadh mátair Miceil cuairt ann. Agus an lá ná bíod rípe ann bíod Máire Seara féin ann, agus ipé adreireadh na comarrain 'na sup mhó an bheir feabura a téirdeadh ar Dairmuir an tamall de lá a tugadh rí as caint leir 'nā mar téirdeadh air an cuir eile de'n aimsip ar fao. Deireadh Dairmuir féin go ramluigeadh ré go dtógstáide an ceo dá cpoide nuair cideadh ré cuige an dorur irteadh i.

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

Siné ceapadair na comarrain aet ní h-é rin a ceap Dairmuir féin. Dar leir, ní raib 'gá coimeadh ar fleary a troma aet gan i beit as teacht abailte 'nā don tuairpse uaití. Ó mairdion go h-oíóce ní bíod don cúirpáide cainte roir é féin agus na daoine tígeadh irteadh, aet "cá raib rí?" no "cao abí 'gá coimeadh amuic?" no "ciacu beo nó marb abí rí."

"Má bí sí beo cao 'na t-aob na h-aipeócaó tuine éigin rgeála uaití? Má bí sí marb cao 'na t-aob ná tiocfaó tás na báir ó t-aob éigin? Daoi n-odó ní feaofaíde i marbaó gan a fíor do beit as tuine éigin. Tá marbaíóci i láir na h-oíóce i asur an corp do cáiteam i bpoli éigin, dao n-odó do geaófaíde láir na báraó a beaó cúgaínn é, asur do leaófaó an rgeál ar fuio na uíite, asur do beaófaíde ar síogaíde, tá mb' aise beaó an gniom deanta, asur do croófaíde é. Tá mbeaó oipeaó eile gliocair ann ní feaofaó ré dul ó Cormac."

Sin mar cáiteaó ré an aimpíi as cur asur as cúiteam nuair bíó doinne i ríis do deaífaó éirteaó leir. Nuair bíó ré i n-a aonair i ríamlaí a bíó ré as caint leir féin asur as aighear leir féin, asur as áiteam air féin. Uair-eanta ra n-aighear rain leir féin o'árouígeaó ré a glór asur o'árouígeaó páir é 7 bíó sí deimnígeaó go mbíó beir nó tríúr ann, bíó a leiteíro rin de gléó aise.

O'aimíveóin na buaóara bí an goile go maí aise asur bí ré as teaó cúige féin go tius. Ba geáir go maí ré ra doíur asur a guala leir an uirain mar ba gnat, aó má reaó bí mílteaó 'na cionnaóab reaóar mar ba gnat, asur ábaíra fé n-oeaí na balcaíre, ná maíbaí cóm teann air asur bíóir pul ar buaíleaó breóite an fear boó. Ábaíra fé n-oeaí go maí maí de'n feóil imíge asur móraí de'n blonag. Bí an guala caol ra áaróis. Bí an cúile caol ra muíicille. Bí an áeárama caol ra búrte. Bí iomaí ríge as an breaí mboó na cúio éuaíis, asur do bíó an gaó as cuaróac na gnaí aise móir tímeaí iní na póiríóib polma abí roir éroicean asur éuaó aise i oíre na feaóá ré fanmaínt áfaí ra doíur gan teaó anoir asur aírí go oí an teine 'ga éíreí féin.

Lá, mar deaíra coigíor ó fás ré an leaíabí, do táiníis ré go oí an doíur asur baluít na teine go láíoir air. Ní túirge o'feuc ré an bóáir ruar 'ná ónaíic ré an beaí as gaíal cúige anuair áro an bóáir. Ar an geaó amáre do

baineadh iadach do gheir ar mar ceap ré gur b' fíor deabhad le Sath í. Níor bog ré na rúile d'i gur táinig sí i na aice. Bean éanáach, garb, do b' ead í. Clóca bpéire uiré. Cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Sperdm aici 'na laim éle ar dá imeal an cairín agus é dúnta or cionn a béil aici, i tpeod ná iad le feicint ag Diarmuid dá cionnachaid aet a ríon agus rúil léi.

Dein sí ceann ar aghaid ar an n-ogur, agus an togur irthead, agus muna mbeadh gur búir ré i leir taoib uaidi do leasfadh sí é. Suar léi cum na teine agus do fuis sí i gcaitaoir Diarmuid a féin. Tus sí a h-aghaid ar an oteine agus do leat sí a dá laim agus i féin, ag glacadh an giorra, agus ba d'óid leat go iad gá aici leir.

Tós bail ar a ceann ra éinne agus d'feud sí ar an ríonríon go fada agus do dúir. Do ríon Diarmuid i lár an tíge ag feuchaint ra dúl úiré. Nuair bí sí teit dúir sí an lám éle aísir i gcairín an clóca agus dúin sí or cionn a béil é. D'feud sí ar bail amach ar an rúil donair. Anrain d'feud sí ar Diarmuid.

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

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

"Tá ceap ag glacadh ra tig reo!" ar ríre. "Spu! ríab! ríab ríab! ríab ríab!" ar ríre.

"Cáir gáir éúgann, a 'ngean ó?" ar Diarmuid.

"Spu! ríab! ríab ríab! ríab ríab!" ar ríre. "Ir fada i mo éúiré éúgadh," ar ríre, "ag teadt mar maite lib. "Ir móir an éúgáir rin," ar ríre, "mire dom éúiré éúgáir anro ó Cúig Ulla ag búir n'íon ar eapáiríad, éom maite agus dá mba ná fairsí duine ba giorra ó baile agus ba giorra gaol taoib cum a deanta."

"Cia atá ar ár tíg?" ar Diarmuid.

"Píreab arí 'na rúide agus tus sí a h-aghaid air. Níor

féuc ré roir an t-á fáil uiréi mar ní faib faóaric aige aét ar fáil léi. Níor beag do pain. Ní faib don mliogarmac ar an fáil rin na don mallacáir faóaric. Síu rí éirge amac a lámh deap. Éapainis ré píopa aigirio ar a póca agus éir ré ar éiríde a deánnan é. Éir rí put t-á h-anáil air. Ir doéa go faib ré níor mó 'ná éap rí beaó ré mar do baíneaó t-á coraint í. Sleamuis an gneiróm de éapin an élóca agus do noctaró a h-ágaró. Bí rí ar leat-fáil agus bí caparó 'na beul riar náe móir go t-á an aic 'nar éapic an éluar do beiré, agus bí an éluar imighe. Ómuirio Diaimuirio uairé i noiaró a éuil, agus seallaim tuit go faib eagla air.

"Cia atá ar búir t-á?" ar ríre. "Tá teine agus uirge ar búir t-á," ar ríre. "Tá galair agus báir ar búir t-á," ar ríre. "Tá neite ar búir t-á ná fuil puinn cuinne ágaró leó," ar ríre. "Muna mbeaó gan me beiré áfaró uair do lé na t-á oirde le t-á reatmáimib do beaó a fíor ágar um an t-áca ro cia h-iaó atá ar do t-á," ar ríre le Diaimuirio. "Ágar ba éoir," ar ríre, "náir beag dom de gno beiré do coraintre, gan beiré ág coraint t-ingine leir, t-á fáiró ó éile tu féin agus í féin."

"Ca bfuil rí?" ar r-á Diaimuirio. "Nó cao t-á 'gá coim-eaó amuiré? No cao fé n-deapá bí iméaét agus gan r-éaí ná tuain do éir éúgam ábáile anro go mbeaó a fíor ágam ciacu beó no marib atá rí. Ir oic do deir rí oim é." Ágar bí a lámh éir aige i bpóca a b-irte agus píopa eile aigirio aige t-á láimhíáil. Do éonáic ríre an méiró rin éom maic agus t-á mbeaó ríde fáil aic. "Ní fára go b-áirir a tuairir," ar ríre, agus bí an lámh rínte a-irir aic, "agus ní h-oirpá ir éoir a buiréacáir do beiré, 'ná uiréi féin aét éom beag liom." Éir ré an t-ára píopa ar a lámh éuiré, "Ca bfuil rí?" ar rírean, "nó caéain a éiocfáir rí?"

"Éiocfáir rí an uair ir lúga beiré coimne ágar léi," ar ríre. "Éiocfáir rí an uair ir lúga beiré fáilte ágar póimpe."

"Cao é rin ágar t-á fáir, a bean!" ar r-á Diaimuirio,

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

“Deirim an iuto aḁá ar eḁlur aḁam,” ar rípe, “aḁur ní cneapḁa é m’ eḁlur, aḁt muna cneapḁa ní’l leigear aḁampa ari. Ní mipe do c’uir o’n mbaile í. Ní mipe do íeól ’na t’ieó an o’roic’ t’eangabálaíḁe. Má d’eimear mo t’it’ceall ’ḁá coraint ar a namair ba mór é mo t’uaḁ aḁur ír beaḁ aḁí oá bárrí aḁam.”

“Caḁain a t’iocfaḁ rí?” arpa t’iarimuir.

Níor d’ein rípe aḁt an lám’ éle do c’uir aírí i ḁcaipín an élóca aḁur é fárgaḁ o’r cionn a béil mar bí pé ar t’úir aici aḁur an doirur amaḁ do c’uir t’i ḁan o’ieaḁ aḁur r’mios do r’áḁ.

Síle. Aíríú náir t’oit’igearaḁ an ara í!

Nóra. Ní feaḁar, a íeig, caḁ a bair an t’rúil airtí.

íeig. Ní feaḁar ’n t’raoḁal, a Nóra.

ḁob. Do bair a o’roic’ ímotaí péin, ḁabaimpe o’im.

Nóra. U’féirir ḁurab amlaíḁ t’im’it’ig uirtí péb mar t’im’it’ig ar an mnaoí feapa úḁ a t’áinig aḁ t’rúall ar Neill ní buaḁalla.

ḁob. Caḁ t’im’it’ig uirtí, a Nóra?

Nóra. ’Neórraíḁ Cáit tuit e, ’r’í ír peáir do neórraíḁ é.

ḁob. Caḁ t’im’it’ig uirtí, a Cáit?

Cáit. Máire níor im’it’ig leaḁ a r’uib’ t’uillte aici, an r’óḁaípe. Ní r’uib’ Neill r’óḁaḁ aḁt t’r’í reaḁt’maíne. Bí r’í írt’ig r’a baile aḁur bí t’eamonn amuic aḁ r’eucaint i noiaíḁ na mbó, mar bí bó acu tar éir beirt’e. I ḁceann tamall do t’áinig pé írteaḁ aḁur bí Neill aḁ ḁol. U’fiarraíḁ pé t’i caḁ aḁí uirtí. U’faḁa ḁur inir r’i oó, ḁurab amlaíḁ aḁí beaḁ feapa aḁ loir’g airt’io uirtí, aḁur ’nuair náir t’ug r’í an t’air’geaḁ t’i ḁo noúdbairt r’í ḁo mbeaḁ Neill na baint’r’ig r’ul a mbeaḁ an b’iaḁain cairt’e. An faíḁ aḁí t’eamonn amuic i b’feigil na mbó t’ug pé pé noeapa an beaḁ iapaḁta aḁ im’teaḁt o’n t’o’ig 7 bí a f’ior aige caḁ é an bóḁar a ḁaib r’í. Níor d’ein pé aon blúipe

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

Da geadr gur táinig pé ruar leir an mnaoi.

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

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

"Cia inir duit é?" ar reirean.

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

Do ruir pé ar cúl cinn uirí agus tairing pé an fuip ar an muinílle agus do raib pé de'n fuip rin uirí cóm h-áluinn agus do raib Connéubar Máigirir riam ar don ríoláire dá raib ar an ríol aige. Nuair bí gabta go maít aige uirí do ríol pé uair í. "Sead!" ar reirean léi. "Náe móir an iongha náir inir do leánán ríde duit go deapfainn-re an cóiríad rian duit. Imighe anoir agus tá ruir asat le h-inirint do na raib a fíor ceana aige. Agus má feicimre airí as teact i ngoire mo tíge tu deapfao eactra níor mó ná rian duit le bpeit as triall do leánán ríde." Bí ríannraí ar Neill le h-eagla go mbead an bean as eargainíde oirca. Áct ipé a deiread éamonn náir bfeár leir as abrán í.

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

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

Nóra. Cá bfeor dom na go deitfead mallact éigin acu oim ar cuma eigin?

Cáit. Ir uirí féin do deitfeor nuair na beirí tuillte asat uairí. Náe uirí, a ríig?

Nóra. Súd, b'féirir gur díd liom féin na beirí tuillte asam agus b'féirir, ar a ríon rian, go mbeirí. Pe 'cu

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

Cáit. O! ród, nuair ná b'rao leigear aghat air. Nuair
tiocfao rí aghur a deairfao rí go raibair cum báir
o'fághail pul a mbeao an bliagáin iricis, aghur gur inir a
leanán ríde oí é.

Síle. Cao do beir oí leanán ríde beir aici, a p'eis? Nó
conur a fuair rí é beir aici? Náe móir an iongna na
faaao an ríobha don níó eile le deanaíu aet beir 'gá
leanmairt ríu.

Cáit. O'airigear-ra duine 'gá ráo gurab iao m'raíde na
ríobraíde, 'ná aingil an uabair aghur na deamair aetoir.
Aet deir eamonn na fuil a leiréiríde i n-aon cor ann.

Nóra. Muna mbeao iao do beir ann conur do eirí iao?

P'eis. An b'eaair-re féin don ceann acu maí, a Nóra?

Nóra. Ambara féin ní feaca, buídeacair le Dia! Aet ir
iomra duine conaie iao, dar noóic.

P'eis. Inir dom doinne amáin.

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

Cáit. Óe, an leat-amadán!

Nóra. Pe 'cu leat-amadán é no nae eao do conaie pé an
ppro.

Síle. Canao, a Nóra?

Nóra. 'S amlaio do cuireao as comáint na mbó é, tar
éir a g'raíuote, ruar go Túirín an Carárlais, arooíóce
Dia Domnaig. Bí lán an tíge de óaoínib baillighe as
r'guruigheact ann, ba g'air gur r'gúro Seaáan eúca
irteac aghur r'geon ann aghur coinnell na rúilb le
r'gannrao aghur le h-an fa.

"Airíu cao tá ort, a Seaáan?" ar ríao.

"O! an deamair me! go b'eaaca p'pro!" ar reirean.

"Airíu, caáin a conaieir í, a Seaáan?" ar ríao.

"O!" ar reirean, "i g'comrac lae aghur oíóce—um tráe-
nóna móir luac—ba tr'eire ar an lá 'ná ar an oíóce—ní raib

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

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

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

“Aghur cao dubhairt léi a Sheághain?” ar ríad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cáit. Aghur cá maib an mhuc, airmú?

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

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

Cáit. Aghur dar nooiú dubhairt ré féin sur puo i bfuirm buimpéire rtoea do conaic ré, nuair conaic ré an caipín breac aghur an cota-mór liat.

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

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

Síle. Nár aipígear-ra tura 'gá m'á a p'eis go n'óubairt an pasairt ná p'ab don f'ior as luét feara déc iad 'gá leigint o'ra f'ior do beit acu?

P'eis. D'ubairt leir, asur ní'l, déc o'iread asur bí as an mnaoi úo a'óubairt go b'pasad Eamonn b'ar fé éeann bliagha.

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

P'eis. Pé puo a bain an t-rúil ar an mnaoi a éainis cum Diarmuroa bí p'í ar leat-rúil. Asur má bí an t-rúil léi abí imighe éom nímneac leir an rúil abí aici ba mair an bail ar Diarmuro ná p'ab an dá rúil aci nuair feuc p'í air féin, nó i'p d'óca go s'cuirfead p'í at-iompáil air. Níor fearo an fear boét don bláire bío d'itead an cúro eile de'n lá pain, déc as cuimneam ar an leat-rúil úo, asur ar an s'cipc asur ar an "r'rub r'rab," asur ar an n'oroié éeangabáilaidé do buail umá ingin. I'p'neó go n'oeacair p'ailr amac asur sur glaoir p'í ar cúro de na cómappanaib, asur go t'ánadair i'p'eac, asur go n'óub'adair sur éeart f'ior do cup ar an pasairt r'ul an t'oioc'ad an o'íóce le h-eagla go pacad an duine i n-olcar asur go mb' féirair surab am'laio beirp'í as glao'ad ar an pasairt i lár na h-o'íóce.

Do cuirfead f'ior ar an pasairt asur do éainis fé. Nuair aipis fé ó Diarmuro tuairis na mná feara do gáir fé. "Tá airté mair asampa," ar p'eiréan, "ar an s'cladairé mná pain. Ní p'ab p'í p'am i s'cúis ullad 'ná leat na plíge ó baile. Tá a f'ior asampa c'ar pugad asur c'ar t'ógbad í, asur doo olc an t'ógbáilc í. Ní'l de céiró aici 'ná de plíge mairéa déc beit as gluaireadé o airt go h-airt 'gá leigint uiréi go b'puil f'ior aici, asur d'ar n'oié ní'l déc o'iread 7 acá as an iarta pain. Dá mb' áile le daoínib ciall do beit acu asur san beit as tabairt airtéoi bí ba g'éar go s'caitfead p'í gairm beata éigin eile do éapang cúici. Déc cé sur mimic pain dá in'pint do daoínib ní glacair cómairle asur ní'l don mair am éaint. Ní h-aon tairpé doo beit leó.

"Águs, a Ádair," arsa Diarmuid, "conur a fuair pí amac ceapc do beit ag glaoúac ra tigí seo? Nó conur a fuair pí amac Sath do beit ar baile? Nó conur a fuair pí amac go maðar-ra féin i gcontadair?"

"Fiannaíodadé! a Diarmuid," arsan ragaí. "Ní'l don níó ír ura na neite de'n tróro rain o'fághail amac nuair éapfaó tuine a aigheadó cuige. Ná raib a fíor ag an n-útais cat é an t-éirleac do veineadó anro lá an donais? Ná raib a fíor ag an n-útais Sath do beit ar baile águs tura do beit do lúige le h-eugruar? Slán beó mar a n-ínrtear é! Cat é an bac abí uiréi bualaó anro águs anró imear na n-aoine águs eóluir o'fághail ar gac don ruo a bain leat? Ír breágh bog an trilig é cum airgíó o'fághail."

"Ác conur geadó pí amac ceapc do beit ag glaoúac ra tigí, a Ádair?" arsa Diarmuid.

"Ír dóca," arsan ragaí, "dá mbeadó ceapc ag glaoúac ra tigí ná beadó don bac uiréi teacé ruar leir an méro rin eóluir ác eóim beag águs bí uiréi teacé ruar leir an gcuro eile."

"Dá mbeadó ceapc ag glaoúac ra tigí!" arsa Diarmuid.

"Dá n-óic, a Ádair, muna mbeadó go raib ní dóca go n-éapfaó pí é."

"Ír neamhíó ciacu," arsan ragaí. "Ír obair leanbaíóe don truím do cur 'na leitéro de rgeal. Ác ba máit liom a fíor do beit ágam ar airgíó doinne eile an ceapc ro ag glaoúac."

"Níor airgíear-ra fein í," arsa Diarmuid, "águs ní baogal gur airgíó rair í mar ta pí eóim boðar le ruir, águs ambriacáir náir airgíear doinne eile 'gá ráó gur h-airgíeadó í."

"Siné fámluigear," arsan ragaí. "Ír dóca," ar rairean, "nác fuláir no gur airgíó pí ríúto ruo éigin de'n rápla ro ar ríúbal i teaoó Sath, náir rtao cor to ó fág pí an áit seo go n-éacáir pí ríor go caóair Baile-Áda-Cliaé. Anrain gur cur pí ríadac águs cuairadac águs tóir i n-óiró"

an bíteamhaisg úto i dtreó suph iugadh air agus suph crochadh é. Agus suph éus an nís do Shabh an trí ceathrú púint do iugadh uairtí agus trí ceathrú eile mar tuilleadh."

"Stao! rtao! a dtair," arsa Diarmuid. "Cao é rin agat dá rádh mar rin, a dtair? Conur fearadh an cailín bocht rain dul go Baile-Átha-Cliath agus eóluir na caithreádh do deanaí? Cailín beag na rádh maíh tar píde míle ó baile!"

"Nílim-r aét 'gá inínt cao é an rápla d'airígear," arsan ragar. "I ródca suph airis an bean úto an feara, ná fuil aici, an rápla ceathra, agus suph ceap sí dá mbeadh turaí an rgeíl aici duitre go mbainfeadh sí ríntiúr airisio arat dá dhá, agus ní deirim ná suph bain."

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

"I r amháid dhíor féin cum teacht anall 'gá inínt duit a leitéir do beir ríubal nuair táinig an teachtairé eugam 'gá rádh go raib eagra ar cuir de na cómharrain go n-átiom-pócaíh oir."

"Ba neamhghá dhóib rin!" arsa Diarmuid. "Ní feara maíh iad aét amháid. Dá mbeadh doinne 'gá iarradh oir ná baogal go mbeoír cómh tiorghalaí! Ag fuil ag cur airisio ar ragar gan ghá gan ríactanar! Feuch air rin!"

"Ní ríu bíorán a'r é," arsan ragar. "Do tíocfainn féin anall ar don cuma feuchaint an raib don rgeala agat o Shabh nó an raib don bunúr leir an rápla-ro ar ríubal."

"Níor airígear focal maíh de go dtí suph táinig an bean úto agus go n'óubairt sí suph caradh oirídh teangbalaíde éigin ar Shabh, nó iud éigin de'ntróro rain," arsa Diarmuid.

"Cia h-é an oirídh teangbalaíde d'óubairt sí do caradh uirí?" arsan ragar.

"Níor inir sí d'úinn cia r' b'é féin. Níor éus sí don tuairisg d'úinn air, agus riné atá ag bain mo mheadraí aram," arsa Diarmuid.

"Do'n feir rin," arsan ragar, "i ródca suph airis sí an cuir eile féb mar airígear-ra fein é. Cairéiríde do éus leo

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

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

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

"Airíú, a dtair an ceoíde 'rtaí," arsa Diarmuid, "caó é rin aget dá raó! Níl don beirt ra pároirde ir neamhoireamhaíge dá ceile 'na an beirt. Deanfaó Saób an ghnó go maith, b'féirir, dá mbeaó rí póroa ag fear péir daingion rtuama de ragar Seadna tuar anrain. B'féirir go ndeanfaó Copmac an ghnó go maith dá mbeaó ré pora le mnaoí éigin éirín faóaraóhae, do tabarfaó a ríis féin do ar gac don traagar cuma. Aet an beirt rin! Má pórtar iao beró ré n-a coígaó deaíge acu an dá lá 'r 'n-fair máiririo."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nā! nā! nā!" arsa Diarmuid. "Maire cúir gáire cúgáinn, a dtair!" ar reirean. "Ca b' fíor nā go mb'féidir go bfuil an rgeal níor fear 'nā fíleamaí é beir. 'An iuo ba méara le duine nā a bār ní fearóir ré nā supab é lār a leara é.'"

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

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

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

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

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

turac diompa féin agus ba ro dóbair di a tiompáil do éur ar an nouine mboct ro le n-a cuir palmaireadta agus le n-a cuir gliúmalá. Dúbairt ri go raib ceapc ag glaothac ra tig reo, agus dúbairt ri gur buail oioic teangbálaide uim Saob. Agus an bfuil a fíor agat cat dúbairt ri leir? Dúbairt ri gur ó Cúis Ullad í féin agus supab amlaio do cuircead aduaid ar fad í cum Saob do coraint ar a h-eapcáiradib. Bior féin ag gábal anall feudaint conur bí pé reo ag teact cum cinn nuair buail teactaire uman 'gá ráb liom go raib eagal ar na cómarrain go raib a tiompail ag teact air. Do bí iongna oim cat do cuircead an a tiompáil air go oí gur inir pé dom go raib ri riúto ag caint leir. Ir dóca náir eus ri uain di féin ar iomláine an rseil do eabairt léi, le h-eagla ná bead turac aici agus gur lúghe an rintiúr do geabab ri é. Ir dóic liom go bfuair ri rintiúr uaid aet ní raib puinn aici le inirint do, agus an méio abí, níoir deir pé aet aigneab an ouine boict do éur tré céile níoir mó, agus buadairt a dóicim éana air."

"Agus náe móir aniong na náir aicnigir í, a Diarmuid," arsan tinceir.

"D'aigigear teact táirri go minic, aet ní feaca riamh poime rin í agus ní h-uiréi bior ag cuimneam, níó náe iongna, aet ar mo leanb," arsa Diarmuid. "Cat é an póro inirinte d'aigigir re ar an ráfla ro, a ráirais?" arsan ragar.

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

"Gcloiréi!" arsa Diarmuid.

"Deirim leat ná fuil don focal bpeige ann," arsa ráirais. "Ó'n la do rugab me níoir aigigear a leicéir o'eactra. Bí a fíor ag Cormac Saob do beir imighe ar

baile. Do lean ré ar muin capall i. Bí a fíor aige i beit na cuir agus bíod go raib rí raint aimpíre ar an mbochar rular gluais ré, éap ré nár baogal 'na go dtiocfaod ré ruar léi rui a ppoirfead rí an éatair. Bí ré ag cur a tuairis ' agus ag tabairt a cómaréaíde uair fan bótair ar fead abfao, agus mar rin do éimead ré ar fead abfao an bochar do lean ríre agus ba beas na go raib a fíor aige cad é an fáir moimír amac abí rí. Fé beire do cuiread i n-íuil do gur gair rí dá bótair. Cuir pain amúga é, agus ipé ruo á vein re anrain na deanaí ceann ar agair ar an gcaitair. Bí a fíor aige go mbead ré ra éatair moimír agus do bí. Bí aítne ra caítair air, do bí aítne máit ag muínir an ruí air. Cuir re luét airim amac láitnead ar na bóitruí ainear, agus tug ré cómaréaíde fáib doib. Ba gear go bfeacaodar ag teadé i, ar a cpmruadar agus cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Cuireadar iad féin i n-íuil oi, déc ní raib don máit doib ann go dtí gur tugadar an cómaréa cruinn oi. Dubhruar léi gur b'é Cormac baille do cur re n-a vein iad agus 'dā cómaréa pain fein' gur b'i rair bódar an t-aoinne amain a énaic i ag fágaile an baile. Sárain pain i.

Nuair fiappaird Cormac oi cad a tugí, dúbairt rí leir gur éartaird uairí dul cum cainte leir an rí agur go gcaitfead rí ceart d'fágail uair. 'Cad 'tá ag an rí le deanaí duit?' arfa Cormac. 'Tá,' ar ríre, 'bheit ar an mbiteamínad a ruí mo éur airisí uaim, agus an t-airgead do baint dé agus do tabairt tar n-air dom. Cad é an tairbe dúinn rí go beit againn, agus a luét airim 'na éiméall, muna bfeadar ré rinn do épáint ar biteamínadair?' ar ríre. 'Ip i n-ainim an rí go ruíad mo éur uaim,' ar ríre, 'agus ní raíad ré gan inirint do. Níl ionam déc anam doinne amain,' ar ríre, 'déc dá mbead anam agus ríce ionam d'imireodáinn leir ríú iad níor túirge na leirpinn i n-airge leir an beart éallte do vein ré. Sloisríd an talam é no tiocfao-ra ruar leir, agus nuair a tiocfao

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

"B'éigin do Córmac a níg péin do tabairt oi. Ní dóic liom go raib don éur na coinnib aige. Bí ré ag tarang uirge cum a muillinn péin ra gno. Bí a fíor aige pé duine bearrad ar an mbiteamhac 7 tabarrad cum laim é go mbeao a tuarparad do go maít ar. Agus bí a fíor aige ná fearad doinne congnam níob' fear do beir aige cum na h-oirpe 'na congnam Sath, an fáro abí an fuadar úo fuiti. Tug ré ceao a cinn oi. 'Bearrad-ra i látair an níg tu,' ar reiréan, 'aét readain agus na déin don ruo a cuirfeao i bpúnc me, i r minic o'airnigir an rean-focal, 'ní h-ionann dul go tíg an níg' agus teact ar,' agus, 'sur pleamain iao leacaáa an tígé móir.' I r maít an dá rean-focal iao agus i r maíng ná coimeádpad i n-a aigneao iao go cruinn. 'Ní baogal duit,' ar rípe, 'ní'l uaim aét go gcuirfaíde me am fearam i látair an níg agus go otabarrfaíde ceao cainte dom. Ní'l agam le ráo leir aét go o'áinig duine uapal go tíg m'atár ra mhumain, sur tairbeain pé páinne an níg dom. Sur leis ré air sur ag ceannac capall do'n níg abí ré, sur ceannais ré iao i n-ainim an níg, sur leis re air liompa ná raib oiréao airgíro aige agus díolpad ar a raib ceannaisgíde aige agus dá o'ugainn-pe trí ceao púnc ar iapaét do, i n-ainim an níg, ar feao painc laetanta go mbeao comaoín agam dá éur ar an níg agus ná maáo pain gan inirint do, sur tugar mo trí ceao púnc do'n duine uapal pain i n-ainim an níg, sur fás pain me péin agus m' atáir beo boét, muna bfuil ré ar éumar an níg leigear do deanaím ar an olc do deineao i n-a ainim.'

‘Tá go maith,’ arsa Cormac, ‘na h-inir d’aoinne beo an níos reo atá ar aigheas d’at. Nuair beo do rgeal innte d’at abair leir an níos go n-aithneóctá an Síogáide d’at b’agáta raóaric air, agus d’at mb’ é toil a onóra congnaim fear do cup leat go raópa ar a loir agus go d’atbarrá cum láma é.’ ‘D’aithneócaim ceann an cuipitig,’ ar ríre, ‘d’at mbeo re ar fearó ceitire h-uairic rícto d’at beirúgáto i gcorcán prairge, 7 bainfeao-ra an porcamár d’at, geallaim duit é.’ D’iméig Cormac agus fuair ré lóiróin di. D’iméig ré anrain agus do labair ré leir an b’ear abí ‘na ceann ar teiglac an níos. B’i aithne aige oirca go léir. ‘Tá óighean anro ó’n Múmain,’ ar rírean, ‘agus d’at rí gur rug duine éigin trí ceao púnt uairic, agus n’at réitir léi ceao ruar leir, agus go d’atnig rí cum gearáin do cup irteac air, i látar an níos.’ ‘Ir deacair do’n níos teo ruar leo go léir,’ arsan ceann. ‘Tá fiaóac ar fuair na h-Éireann, ar rírean, ‘le b’ear agus trí reaoctmaine, ar b’eamnac éigin eile 7 ir d’at liom gur ra Múmain a d’at ré pé cuir atá deanta aige. Tamaoio cráioite, ceao, ciaraite, ag Muimneacair.’ Níor labair Cormac d’at. ‘Caain a ceartáioean uairic labair leir an níos?’ arsan ceann. ‘Ré trát do ceapao an níos péin,’ arsa Cormac, agus do pleamnuig ré píora óir ireac i láim an éinn. ‘Fan anrain go fóil,’ arsan ceann, agus d’iméig ré, ba gear gur fóil ré. ‘Bíto rí anro uim eaoarica amárac,’ ar rírean, ‘agus gearao rí ceart. Tá ceart le rágaíl anro ag ireal agus ag uaral. Bíto rí anro amárac uim eaoarica agus rág an cuio eile pámpa.’

“Uim eaoarica lár na bárac b’i an beirt ag doirp tige an níos. Táinig an ceann amac. Conaic ré Cormac. Cá b’uill rí?’ ar rírean. ‘Síto í,’ arsa Cormac go réit. ‘Teanam, a ’gáin ó,’ arsan ceann. Do gúair rí i n-aoinfeao leir. Cuaoar irteac doirp. D’iméigeaoar tre píorpe fáoa. Cuireaoar doirp eile díob agus píorpe eile. Cuireaoar an trímáto doirp díob. Ní píorpe abí lairtig d’at rin aeo páiric b’ead móir fáirinn gúanao, agus i go gúar,

agus go beáiréa, le rpeil, agus capáin deapa tréicti anonn,
 agus gaimhín oiréa. Bí níg-éaglaic áluinn uapal ra taobh
 éall de'n páirc rin. Tug an ceann aghair ar doirur an
 níg-éaglaic rin. Gluair Saobh 'na díair. Buail an ceann
 buille beag péir ar an nooirur. Ba gair gur h-ordalaic
 é. Duine uapal breagh gnoíde cumapac doob ead an fear
 o'ordail é. Bí cairín airgic ar a ceann, nó ceap Saobh gur
 b' airgead é. Agus bí clóca ríoda air agus bí tuag ar a
 gualainn aige, agus i cómh gneanta cómh polurmar le glaine,
 agus faobair uiréi gur dóic leat go mbairfead pí an cean
 de capall o'aon iapac. Do labair an beirt fear le n-a
 céile i gcoir ar fear tamail, anrain do bagair fear na
 tuag ar Saobh agus do lean pí é agus o'fan an fear eile
 amuic. Ní túirge abí Saobh ar an otaob iric de'n doirur
 'na ba dóirur go leatad a maóir uiréi. Do conaic pí an
 reómra breagh mór fairrinis áir, agus na h-uairle 'na ruide
 ann ar gac taobh. Fír breagha mór aatamla doob ead iad,
 agus clócaíde ríoda oiréa agus rlabraíde óir oiréa agus
 búclaíde óir 'na mbriogair, agus a clairdeam le n-a air ag
 gac fear díob. Ar a h-aghair ruar do conaic pí aon fear
 amáin agus ba mó agus ba cumapáige agus ba aatamla é
 ná aon fear eile oá maó ann. Bí coróinn óir ar a ceann
 agus mar bead aóirca beaga anáirde airéi mór tímceall.
 Ar báir gac aóircein acu rain do bí bulla beag óir, agus
 iric i lár gac bulla big bí rolar éigin ar lara agus ar
 cur, mar bead péitín, oíde feaca. Bí clóca deapir air,
 cómh deapir leir an gclóca abí ar Saobh féin lá an aonais,
 nó b'féirir níor deirge. Bí a rlat ríogda 'na láim deap
 aige agus bí pé 'na ruide ar catáoir mór áir gur dóic
 leat go maó an uile bláir oí deanta o'oir capta. Nuair
 conaic Saobh é bí a ríor aici gur b'é an níg é. Aet ní
 maó ríat 'na eagla uiréi ríome, mar ní feucaint éruair
 cóimteac abí aige, aet feucaint breagh bog péir duim-
 eanda. Bí an catáoir ríogda féin anáirde ar láirdean abí
 mar aóirpá leat-ríois níor áirde na an cuir eile de'n

árlár. Bí d'á c'ádaí n' eile ann, c'ádaí n' acu ar g'ac' t'aoib' de'n láit'peán, annar ar an t'at'at'at', agus bí beirt uairle na r'uid' o'p'ta. F'ir ó'p'ona liat'a d'ob' ead' iad. An fear' acu ab'í ar d'eir an n'í, bí g'ruaig' f'at'a liat' a'ir, agus í r'iar r'ior leir, ar a f'linneánat'b, agus bí f'earóg' f'at'a liat' a'ir, r'ior ar a b'rág'air agus ar a b'ollat'. Bí clóca uait'ne a'ir agus bí cláir'pead' m'ór 'na fearat' i n-a aice. An fear' acu ab'í ar an t'aoib' eile de'n n'í bí g'ruaig' f'at'a liat' a'ir leir, agus bí f'ú'ra ó'ir ar a c'eann, ag comead' na g'ruaig'e r'iar d'á éad'an, agus bí fearóg' f'at'a liat' a'ir, d'ipead' mar' ab'í ar fear' na cláir'p'ige. Adt' ba t'ruime agus ba m'ó d'fear' é go m'ór 'na fear' na cláir'p'ige.

"Bí Sad' ag tabairt na r'uid' r'ir go léir f'e n'oe'ra agus í ag g'abáil an t-árlár r'uar f'a d'ein an n'í. Nuair bí r'í i n'goir'eadt' é'is r'ata, nó mar' r'ir, d'ó, de r'at' r'í. "D'uir tamall eile ainíor, a 'g'nín o,' ar'ran n'í. Níor é'ir r'í cor' d'í. 'D'uir ainíor. Na bíod' ceir' o'ir,' ar'ran n'í. 'D'uir r'uar. Ní'l don r'ur le h-imt'eadt' o'ir,' ar'ra fear' na t'uga léi, i g'og'ar. Níor d'ein r'í don b'úir'e amáin adt' a clóca d'ó r'gaoilead' r'iar r'ior d'í agus d'ul de léim i b'fearóg' an f'ir m'ór ab'í ar láim' é'le an n'í agus d'ir'úg'ad' ar an b'fearóg' d'ó r'at'at', f'eb' mar' d'ein r'í le fear' an b'ramais' o'í'de an donais'. An d'ara t'ar'rang' d'ar b'ain r'í ar an b'fearóg' d'ó g'luair léi, i n-aon r'g'rair amáin, r'oir fearóg' agus g'ruaig' agus f'ú'ra ó'ir, agus cia bead' ann 'na r'teill'beat'ais aic' adt' an Síog'áid'e macánta! 'A'ir'ú, a b'iteam'nais' na c'p'óide d'uib'e!' ar r'ire, 'r'ir é'g'am amad' an'ro láit'pead' mo é'ir' a'ir'g'io a m'eallair uaim i n-a'irim an n'í.' Ar neómat' na bair'e bí r'ice lám' o'f a g'cionn agus cláir'eam' lom'p'act'a in'f' g'ac' lám' d'íob'.

'Na buair'tear é,' ar'ran n'í. 'G'ab'tar é,' ar r'eir'ean. 'Cao ár d'uir'e, a g'nínó?' ar'ran n'í. 'D'ó é'air r'í i f'ein ar a d'á g'lúin o'f c'ó'mair an n'í. 'Ó'n m'ú'main, a n'í,' ar r'ire, 'agus d'ó é'ainis' an fear' r'ain an lá f'e d'eir'ead' go t'is m'at'ar, agus d'ú'bair'te r'e go r'uib' f'e ag c'eannad' capall

tuigte, a ní, agus do ceannuis ré arais de capailib ar an donac an lá rain, agus do díol re airgead bhréagac arda, agus tairbeáin ré domra t'fáinne re, a ní, agus dúbairt ré ná raib a dóicín airgíto aige cum díol ar arais ceannuighe aige, agus 'i'ar ré oim trí ceao púnt do tabairt do ao ainimpe, a ní, agus tusaí do é. I' ar éigin abí ré tabairta do agam nuair a fuair Seadhna amac gur bíteamhna é agus cuir ré Coimac 'na diaib. Aét do teip ar Coimac teacé ruar leir. Agus dar nódic ní h-iongna gur teip agus é anro ircis go riaradair agus ghuais fáda liat air agus fearós fáda liat. Feuc air rin!'

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

'A báille,' arsan ní, 'cia h-é rin?' 'Siné, a ní,' arsa Coimac, 'an fear ceannuis na capail ar donac an Tobair pa mhmáin agus do díol an t-airgead bhréagac arda. Bí ceatpar acu ann, agus do rugad ar tríúr acu. Aét do teip oiminn teacé ruar leir reo. Agus ní deirim go bfuil don éinne pa catair reo, 'na i' doóca i n-éirinn, gan daoine anoir ann ar a lorg. Ní mói ríeala do cup amac láirteac go bfuil beirte air agus gan ríi boéta do beir 'gá marbad réin níor ría ag fuir 'na diaib, agus gan é ann le fágaíl.'

'Go réir, báille,' arsan ní, 'ní deirim na go bfuil iaracé

'de d'earmáto oirt.' 'Ó ní'l, a níg,' arsa Cormac. 'Meapaim,' arsan níg, 'go bfuil, mar ní h-oirt atá an t-aeóarí agus an talamh do choimeáto san tuitim ar a céile.' 'Do gáiríearí na h-uairle go léir. D'féuc Cormac 'na tímcéal oirta agus do leat a beal air agus táinig bior ar a fuilib, mar ní féidir pé cao do cuir as gáiríde iao.

Anraim do glaoirí do an níg cuige ar Sairb agus ceiríog re í agus bailiú pé uairí pior bunúr an rgeil ó turaó go deiread, iorí cleammar agus geallamaint póroa agus iaraó aihio agus uile. Agus Sioisáde anrao gabta as éirtead leó agus fear na tuaga lartiarí de.

Nuair bí a rgeal críochuighe as Sairb do tairamí rí ar a póca cuir de'n aihgeo breaíad agus tús rí do'n níg é. D'féuc pé air go gáirí anraim do glaoirí pé ar ceann air na caíad a bí 'na fearam tíor as an nioir. Táinig pé ainíor. 'Conur do tárla?' arsan níg, 'sur iugaó ar éirí acu agus sur imíog an ceatmáto duine. 'Siné bí am d'allad,' ar reirean, 'a níg. Aó tuisim anoir é. Siné anraim,' ar reirean, as rínead a méirí cum Sioisáde, 'an fear a d'earbuis ar an oiríur.' 'Do gluar orna cléir ó n-araib láiríad nuair ó' aihígead ar méirí rin. 'Do d'earbuis pé leir,' arsan ceann-airí, 'sur b'é duine abí as deanaí an aihio breaíais 'ná fear a cómnuigean ra mímáin surab ainim do Seathá, agus sur b'é do ceanuis na capall ar an aonad do' ainimre, a níg. Agus do cómaríta ríam péin go raib pé beó boó go oí abfuil le pior-bearáin ainimre. Ná raib ann aó gairáde boó i mboóan as bun cuic agus go bfuil pé anoir ar an bfeir ir rairíre agus ir neam-rpleáíde i n-éirinn. 'Do gleur láiríad congnaí fear cum imíog ceann ar aiaó ó d'ear ra mímáin cum beirí ar Seathá úo, nuair cia buailíad cúgáin irtead aó Cormac báille anro agus é ar éirí na mbreámaíad, agus allur air agus ceó bóirí a dóirí. D'inir pé rin dúinn láiríad rgeal abí bun or cionn ar rí leir an rgeal eile. Dubairt pé linn go raib toga na

h-aithne aige féin ar Sheathna agus sup duine macánta é, agus sup b'é cúir an tóir i n-iaid na mbiteamhnae agus muna mbeaó é ná beapraide i n-aon cor oíra. Cearpar féin an fear o'iniú an ceao rgeat do cúir or cómhairi Cormaic, aet ní raib tárz na tuairpiz air. Uí ré imighe mar ptoiz-peaó an talam é. Cúirpar luét cuapraiz inr gac ball tpiro an gcaatir. O'imtígear féin ra cuaprae leó, aet ní raib aon mairt dúinn ann. Ní raib ré le págail tíor na tuar. Ir cuimhin liom am,' ar reirean, 'go mairt, go bpeaca ag gabáil éorim ra tpiáto, agus é ag piúbal ar a focapraet, duine o' uairlib an piš agus fearóš fada liat go bpeaš bog ršáinneae air, oíreae mar i reó,' ar reirean ag breit ar an ršpait a' lámhairi Šaib, 'agus ghuais bpeaš tpiom mar i reo air, agus i riap ríor leir ar a guailib 'n-a páinníobis ag cpiet agus ag lúbarpnaiz. Ir laš a pillear an uair rin go raib an t-e abí uaim cómh h-aemairi dom.'

"Aet 'ré cpiet an ršeil tuir é, a aetair, sup cuapra-uigheo tiz an duine uapail agus sup fuapao ann éaet ar fao o'airgeao agus o'ór agus o'olmairtear. Agus go noúbarp an piš nári bfulair a cuir féin do tabairp do Šaib ar a dúbairt, agus a poša oá raib ann oe feóroib uairle. Agus na capail do ceannuigheo ar an aonae agus sup oíolaó an t-airgeao bpeagaé aroa, oúbarp re nári bfulair iao do cuaprae agus iao do cúir tar naip ra mímam ag tpiail ar an muintir go mba leó iao. Anraim do órpuaiz an piš tiz Šioguirde do glanaó agus do focapú-gaó agus do cúir i tpeo, agus é tabairp do Šaib, oá mba mairt léi oul cum cómnuighe ann agus a h-aetair do breit léi ann, mar go raib comaoín móri curta aici air, comaoín níor mó 'ná cúir doinne oe na h-uairlib abí 'na timceall riam air, cé sup móri an iontaoib abí aige arta 7 sup šairp a nšaoi leir. Lar na bápaé an lae rin ipeaó o'airpiz Uiliz Oe Dúre i otaob an cleamhair. Iré abí ar piúbal ag oaoínib 'ná go raib Šaib agus Cormaic le pópaó, agus go pašairp cum cómnuighe ra tiz móri agus ná raib

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

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

“An naḡair ḡo Baile-Átha-Cliat cum cónnuighe, a
 ‘Diarmaid?’” arsa Pádraig.

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

SEADNA.

PART II.

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

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

"Have they been caught?" said he.

"They have," said one.

"They have not," said another.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kate. But for Seadna they were done for.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. What does that mean, Kate?

Kate. "Féuc map goitean an pean éocaíge."

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

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

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

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

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

Peg. Why, Sheela?

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

Peg. What will He do, Sheela?

Sheela. He will send that gentleman to hell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. Did you hear that, Gobnet?

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

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

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

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

Gob. How did it go with Cormac, Peg?

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

“ Well ! ” said Seadna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How is that?" said Seadna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is he in bed?" said Cormac.

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

Just then the nurse opened the room door.

"You are welcome," said she.

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

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

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

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said she.

Cormac was already within without leave.

Sheela. I would not doubt him!

"How goes it, Dermot?" said Cormac.

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. Who was he, Peg?

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

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

Peg. In his own head, of course.

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

Nora. Well then, Peg.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peg. What bribe, Sheela dear ?

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

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

Sheela. He ought to have been ashamed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. How was it found, Kate?

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

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

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

Sheela. Was he sent away?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not a brown halfpenny," said she.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He placed the second piece upon her hand.

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

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

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

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

"When will she come?" said Dermot.

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

Sheela. Arrah, was not she a surly sort!

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

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

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

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

Gob. What happened her, Nora?

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

Gob. What happened her, Kate?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peg. Tell me one.

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

Kate. Yeh! the half-fool!

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

Sheela. Where, Nora?

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

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

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

Kate. And where was the pig, aroo ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"D'ye hear!" said Dermot.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Gently, daughter,' said the king. 'Who is Cormac?'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

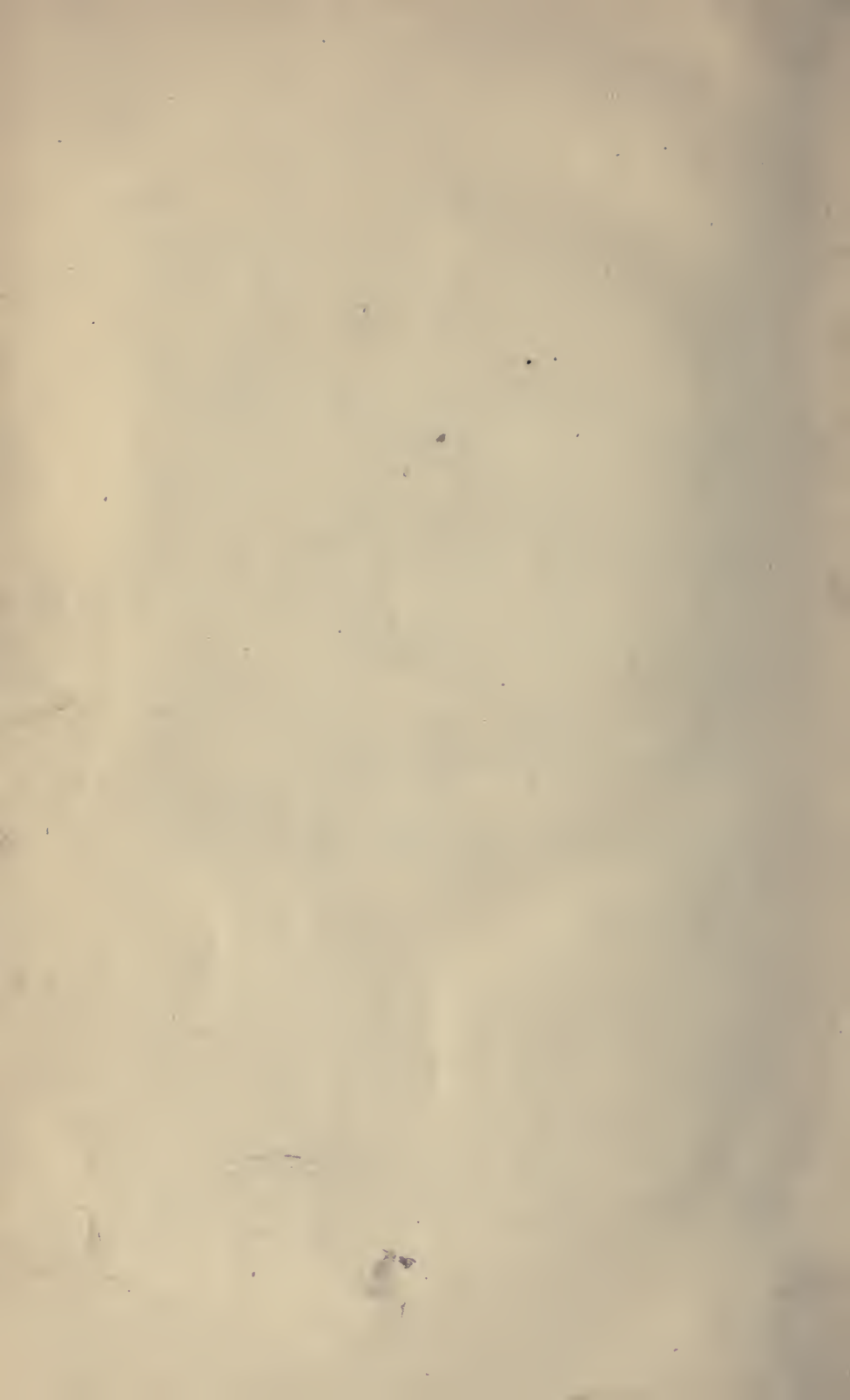
"But to cut the story short for you, Father (lit. the wind-up of the story is). The gentleman's house was searched, and an immense amount of silver and of gold, and of value, was found there. And the king said that her own should be given

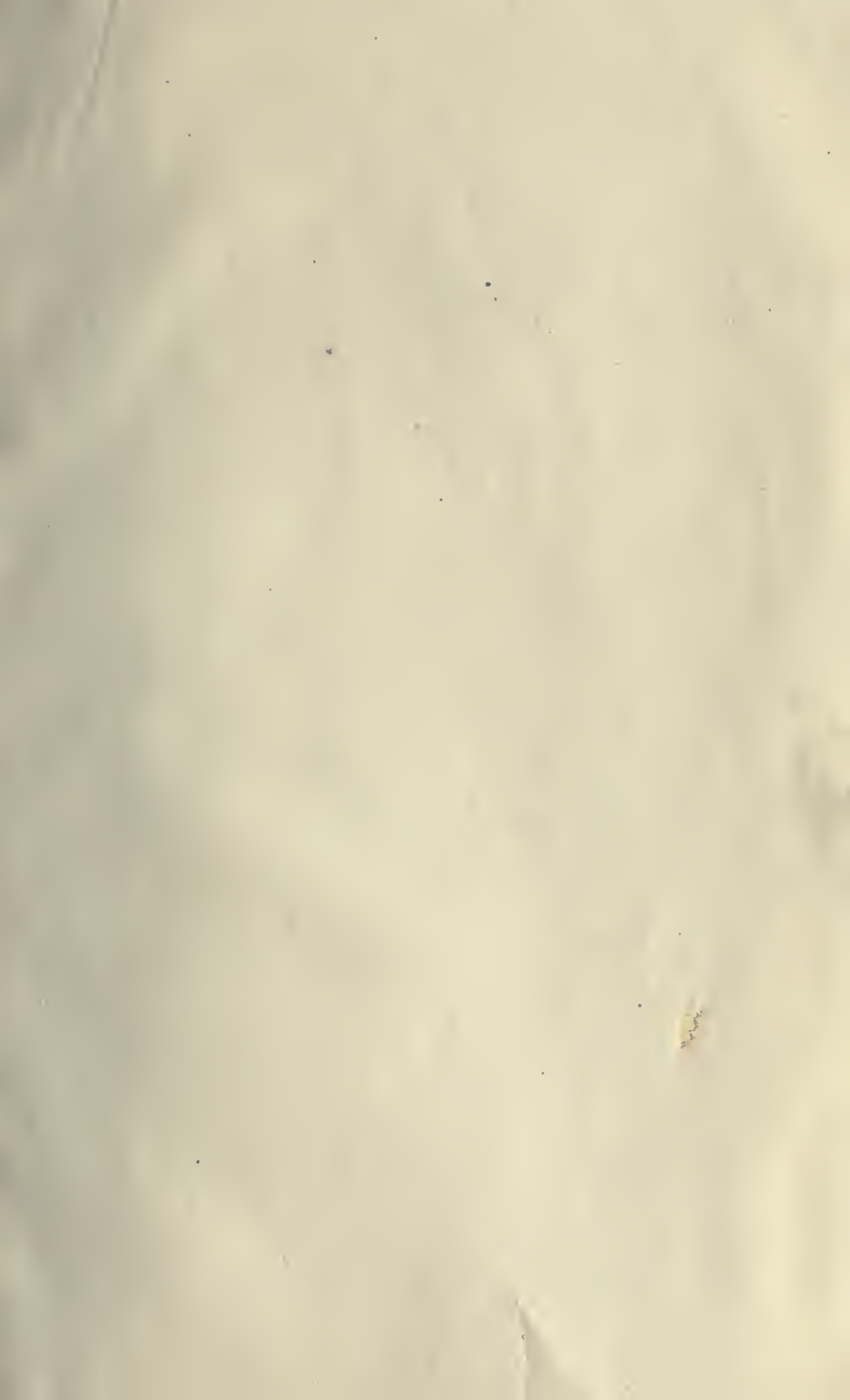
to Sive on the double, and also her choice of what valuable articles were there. And the horses which were bought at the fair, and for which the false money was paid, the king said they should be searched for and sent back to Munster to the people to whom they belonged. Then the king ordered Sheegee's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

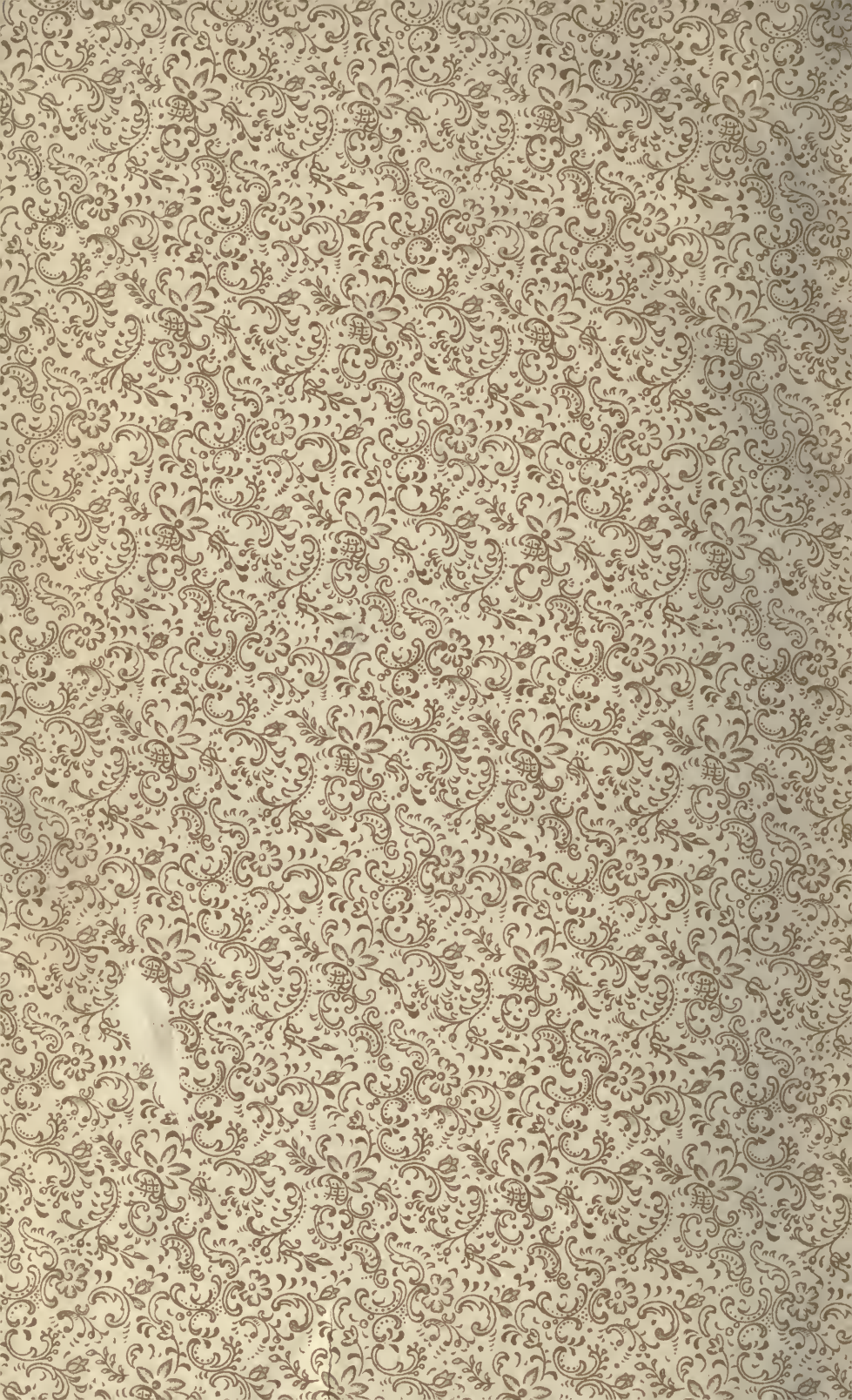
"Alliloo!" said Dermot. "It is a wonderful world! Where is the person who would have thought that that pair would ever be seen in a marriage bond!"

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

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







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