

ULYSSES

by James Joyce

Episode X (Continued)

TOM ROCHFORD took the top disk from the pile he clasped against his claret waistcoat.

—See? he said. Say it's turn six. In here, see. Turn Now On.

He slid into the left slot for them. It shot down the groove, wobbled a while, ceased, ogling them: six.

Lawyers of the past, haughty, pleading, beheld pass to Nisi Prius court Richie Goulding carrying the costbag of Goulding, Colles and Ward.

—See? he said. See now the last one I put in is over here: Turns Over. . . The impact. Leverage, see?

He showed them the rising column of disks on the right.

—Smart idea, Nosey Flynn said, snuffling. So a fellow coming in late can see what turn is on and what turns are over.

—See? Tom Rochford said.

He slid in a disk for himself: and watched it shoot, wobble, ogle, stop: four. Turn Now On.

—I'll see him now in the Ormond, Lenehan said, and sound him. One good turn deserves another.

—Do, Tom Rochford said. Tell him I'm Boylan with impatience.

—Goodnight, McCoy said abruptly, when you two begin

Nosey Flynn stooped towards the lever, snuffling at it.

—But how does it work here, Tommy? he asked.

—Tooraloo, Lenehan said, see you later.

He followed McCoy out across the tiny square of Crampton court.

—He's a hero, he said simply.

—I know, McCoy said. The drain, you mean.

—Drain? Lenehan said. It was down a manhole.

They passed Dan Lowry's musichall where Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, smiled on them from a poster a dauby smile.

Going down the path of Sycamore street Lenehan showed McCoy how the whole thing was. One of those manholes like a bloody gaspipe and there was the poor devil stuck down in it, half choked with sewer gas. Down went Tom Rochford anyhow, booky's vest and all, with the rope round him. And be damned but he got the

rope round the poor devil and they two were hauled up.

—The act of a hero, he said.

At the Dolphin he halted.

—This way, he said, walking to the right. I want to pop into Lyaan's to see Sceptre's starting price. What's the time by your gold watch and chain?

M'Coy peered into Marcus Tertius Moses sombre office, then at O'Neill's clock.

—After three, he said. Who's riding her?

—O Madden, Lenehan said. And a game filly she is.

While he waited in Temple bar M'Coy dodged a banana peel with gentle pushes of his toe from the path to the gutter. Fellow might damn easy get a nasty fall there coming along tight in the dark.

The gates of the drive opened wide to give egress to the vice-regal cavalcade.

—Even money, Lenehan said returning. Bantom Lyons was in there going to back a bloody horse someone gave him that hasn't an earthly. Through here.

They went up the steps and under Merchants' arch. A dark-backed figure scanned books on the hawker's cart.

—There he is, Lenehan said.

—Wonder what he is buying, M'Coy said, glancing behind.

—*Leopoldoor the Bloom is on the Rye*, Lenehan said.

—He's dead nuts on sales, M'Coy said. I was with him one day and he bought a book from an old one in Liffey street for two bob. There were fine plates in it worth double the money, the stars and the moon and comets with long tails. Astronomy it was about.

Lenehan laughed.

—I'll tell you a damn good one about comet's tails, he said. Come over in the sun.

They crossed to the metal bridge and went along Wellington quay by the river wall.

Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam came out of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's carrying a pound and a half of porksteaks.

—There was a big spread out at Glenree reformatory, Lenehan said eagerly. The annual dinner you know. The Lord mayor was there, Val Dillon it was, and Sir Charles Cameron and Dan Dawson spoke and there was music. Bartell D'Arcy sang and Benjamin Dollard

—I know, M'Coy broke in. My missus sang there once.

—Did she? Lenehan said.

He checked his tale a moment but broke out in a wheezy laugh.

—But wait till I tell you, he said, Delahunt of Camden street had the catering and yours truly was chief bottlewasher. Bloom and the wife were there. Lashings of stuff we put up: port wine and sherry and curacoa. Cold joints galore and mince pies

—I know, M'Coy said. The year the missus was there

Lenehan linked his arm warmly.

—But wait till I tell you, he said. We had a midnight lunch after it too and when we sallied forth it was blue o'clock in the morning, Coming home it was a gorgeous winter's night on the featherbed mountain. Bloom and Chris Callanan were on one side of the car and I was with the wife on the other. We started singing glees and duets: *Lo, the early beam of morning*. She was well primed with a good load of Delahunt's port under her belly band. Every jolt the bloody car gave I had her bumping up against me. Hell's delight! She has a fine pair, God bless her. Like that.

He held his caved hands a cubit from him, frowning:

—I was tucking the rug under her and settling her boa all the time. Know what I mean?

His hands moulded ample curves of the air. He shut his eyes tight in delight, his body shrinking, and blew a sweet chirp from his lips.

—The lad stood to attention anyhow, he said with a sigh. She's a gamey mare and no mistake. Bloom was pointing out all the stars and the comets in the heavens to Chris Callanan and the jarvey: the Great bear and Hercules and the dragon and the whole jingbang lot. But, by God, I was lost, so to speak, in the milky way. He knew them all, faith. At last she spotted a weeny one miles away. *And what star is that, Poldy?* says she. By God, she had Bloom cornered. *That one, is it?* says Chris Callanan, *sure that's only what you might call a pinprick*. By God, he wasn't far wide of the mark.

Lenehan stopped and leaned on the riverwall, panting with soft laughter.

—I'm weak, he gasped.

Mc'Coy's white face smiled about it at instants and grew grave Lenehan walked on again. He lifted his yachting cap and scratched his hindhead rapidly. He glanced sideways in the sunlight at Mc'Coy.

—He's a cultured chap, Bloom is, he said seriously. He's not one of your common or garden you know There's a touch of the artist about Bloom.

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Mr Bloom turned over idly pages of *Maria Monk*, then of Aristotle's *Master-piece*. Crooked botched print. Plates: infants cuddled in a ball in bloodred wombs like livers of slaughtered cows. Lots of them like that at this moment all over the world. All butting with their skulls to get out of it. Child born every minute somewhere. Mrs. Purefoy.

He laid both books aside and glanced at the third, *Tales of the Ghetto* by Sacher Masoch.

—That I had, he said, pushing it by.

The shopman let two volumes fall on the counter.

—Them are two good ones, he said.

Onions of his breath came across the counter out of his ruined mouth. He bent to make a bundle of the other books, hugged them against his unbuttoned waistcoat and bore them off behind the dingy curtain.

Mr. Bloom, lone, looked at the titles. *Fair Tyrants* by James Lovebitch. Know the kind that is.

He opened it. Thought so.

A woman's voice behind the dingy curtain. Listen: The man.

No: she wouldn't like that much. Got her one once.

He read the other title: *Sweets of Sin*. More in her line. Let us see.

He read where his finger opened.

—All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!

Yes. This. Here. Try.

—Her mouth glued on his in a luscious voluptuous kiss while his hands felt for the opulent curves inside her deshabelle.

Yes. Take this. The end.

—You are late, he spoke hoarsely, eyeing her with a suspicious glare.

The beautiful woman threw off her sabletrimmed wrap, displaying her queenly shoulders and heaving embonpoint. An imperceptible smile played round her perfect lips as she turned to him calmly.

Mr. Bloom read again: *The beautiful woman*

Warmth showered gently over him, cowing his flesh. Flesh

yielded amply amid rumpled clothes: Whites of eyes swooning up
 His nostrils arched themselves for prey. Melting breast ointments
 (*for him! For Raoul!*) Armpits' oniony sweat. Fishgluey slime.
 (*her heaving embonpoint!*) Feel! Press! Chrished! Sulphur
 dung of lions!

Young! Young!

Phlegmy coughs shook the air of the bookshop, bulging out
 the dingy curtains. The shopman's uncombed grey head came out
 and his unshaven reddened face, coughing. He raked his throat
 rudely, spat phlegm on the floor. He put his boot on what he had
 spat, wiping his sole along it and bent, showing a raw-skinned
 crown, scantily haired.

Mr. Bloom beheld it.

Mastering his troubled breath, he said:

—I'll take this one.

The shopman lifted eyes bleared with old rheum.

—*Sweets of Sin*, he said, tapping on it. That's a good one.

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The lacquey by the door of Dillon's auctionrooms shook his
 handbell twice again and viewed himself in the chalked mirror of
 the cabinet.

Dilly Dedalus, listening by the curbstone, heard the beats of
 the bell, the cries of the auctioneer within. Four and nine. Those
 lovely curtains. Five shillings? Cosy curtains. Selling new at
 two guineas. Any advance of five shillings? Going for five
 shillings.

The lacquey lifted his handbell and shook it:

—Barang!

Bang of the lastlap bell spurred the halfmile wheelmen to their
 spirit. J. A. Jackson, W. E. Wylie, A. Munro and H. T. Gahan,
 their stretched necks wagging, negotiated the curve by the College
 library.

Mr. Dedalus, tugging a long moustache, came round from
 William's row. He halted near his daughter.

—It's time for you, she said.

—Stand up straight for the love of the Lord Jesus, Mr. Dedalus
 said. Are you trying to imitate your uncle John the cornetplayer,
 head upon shoulders?

Dilly shrugged her shoulders. Mr. Dedalus placed his hands
 on them and held them back.

—Stand up straight, girl, he said. You'll get curvature of the spine. Do you know what you look like?

He let his head sink suddenly down and forward, hunching his shoulders and dropping his underjaw.

—Give it up, father, Dilly said. All the people are looking at you.

Mr. Dedalus drew himself upright and tugged again at his moustache.

—Did you get any money? Dilly asked.

—Where would I get money? Mr. Dedalus said. There is no one in Dublin would lend me four pence.

—You got some, Dilly said, looking in his eyes.

—How do you know that? Mr. Dedalus asked, his tongue in his cheek.

Mr. Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked, walked boldly along James's street.

—I know you did, Dilly answered. Were you in the Scotch house now?

—I was not there, Mr. Dedalus said, smiling. Was it the little nuns taught you to be so saucy? Here.

He handed her a shilling.

—See if you can do anything with that, he said.

—I suppose you got five, Dilly said. Give me more than that.

—Wait awhile, Mr. Dedalus said threateningly. You're like the rest of them, are you? An insolent pack of little bitches since your poor mother died. But wait awhile. You'll get a short shrift and a long day from me.

He left her and walked on. Dilly followed quickly and pulled his coat.

—Well, what is it? he said, stopping.

The lacquey rang his bell behind their backs.

—Barang!

—Curse your bloody blatant soul, Mr. Dedalus cried, turning on him.

The lacquey, aware of comment, shook the lolling clapper of his bell: but feebly:

—Bang!

—You got more than that, father, Dilly said.

—I'm going to show you a little trick, Mr. Dedalus said. I'll leave you all where Jesus left the Jews. Look, that's all I have. I got two shillings from Jack Power and I spent two pence for a shave for the funeral.

He drew forth a handful of copper coins nervously.

—Can't you look for some money somewhere? Dilly said.

Mr. Dedalus thought and nodded.

—I will, he said gravely, I looked all along the gutter in O'Connell street. I'll try this one now.

—You're very funny Dilly said, grinning.

—Here, Mr. Dedalus said, handing her two pennies. Get a glass of milk for yourself and a bun or a something. I'll be home shortly.

He put the other coins in his pocket and started to walk on.

The viceregal cavalcade passed, greeted by obsequious policemen, out of Park gate.

—I'm sure you have another shilling, Dilly said.

The lacquey banged loudly.

Mr. Dedalus amid the din walked off, murmuring to himself with a pursing mincing mouth.

—The little nuns! Nice little things! O, sure they wouldn't do anything! O, sure they wouldn't really! Is it little sister Monica!

From the sundial towards James' Gate walked Mr. Kernan, pleased with the order he had booked for Pullbrook Robertson boldly along James's street. Got round him all right. How do you do, Mr. Crimmin? First rate, Sir. How are things going? Just keeping alive. Lovely weather we are having. Yes, indeed. Good for the country. I'll just take a thimble full of your best gin, Mr. Crimmins. A small gin, sir. Yes, sir. Terrible affair that General Slocum explosion. Terrible, terrible. A thousand casualties. And heartrending scenes. Men trampling down women and children. Most brutal thing. What do they say was the cause? Spontaneous combustion: most scandalous revelation. Not a single lifeboat would float and the firehose all burst. What I can't understand is how the inspectors ever allowed a boat like that Now you're talking straight, Mr. Crimmins. You know why? Palm oil. Is that a fact? Without a doubt. Well, now, look at that. And America they say is the land of the free. I thought we were bad here.

I smiled at him. America, I said, quietly, just like that. What is it? The sweepings of every country including our own. Isn't that true? That's a fact.

Graft, my dear sir. Well, of course, where there's money going there's always someone to pick it up.

Saw him looking at my frock coat. Dress does it. Nothing like a dressy appearance. Bowls them over.

—Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said.

—Hello, Bob, old man, Mr. Dedalus answered.

Mr. Kernan halted and preened himself before the sloping mirror of Peter Kennedy, hairdresser. Stylish coat, you know. Scott of Dawson street. Well worth the half sovereign I gave Nearly for it. Never built under three guinas. Fits me down to the ground. Some Kildare street club toff had it probably.

Aham! Must dress the character for those fellows. Gentlemen. And now, Mr. Crimmins may we have the honour of your custom again, sir. The cup that cheers but not inebriates, as the old saying has it.

North wall and Sir John Rogerson's quay, with hulls and anchor chains, sailing westward, sailed by a skiff, a crumpled throwaway, rocked on the ferrywash, Elijah is coming.

Mr. Kernan glanced in farewell at his image. High colour, of course. Grizzled moustache. Returned Indian officer. Bravely he bore his stumpy body forward on spatted feet, squaring his shoulders.

Aham! Hot spirit of juniper juice warmed his vitals and his breath. Good drop of gin, that was. His frock's tails winked in bright sunshine to his fat strut.

Down there Emmet was hanged, drawn and quartered. Greasy black rope. Dogs licking the blood off the street when the Lord lieutenant's wife drove by in her noddy.

Let me see. Is he buried in Saint Michan's? or no there was a midnight burial in Glasnevin. Corpse brought in through a secret door in the wall. Dignam is there now. Went out in a puff. Well, well. Better turn down here.

Mr. Kernan turned and walked down the slope of Watling street. Denis Breen with his tomes, weary of having waited an hour in John Henry Menton's office, led his wife over O'Connell bridge, bound for the office of Messrs. Collis and Ward.

Times of the troubles. Must ask New Lambert to lend me those reminiscences of Sir Jonah Barrington. When you look back on it all now in a kind of retrospective arrangement. Gaming at Daly's. No cardsharpping then. One of those fellows got his hand nailed to the table by a dagger.

Somewhere here Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped from major Sirr. Island street. Stables behind Moira house.

Damn good gin that was.

Fine dashing young nobleman. Good stock, of course. That ruffian, that sham squire, with his violet gloves, gave him away. Course they were on the wrong side. They rose in dark and evil days. Fine poem that is: Ingram. They were gentlemen. Ben

Dollard does sing that ballad touchingly. Masterly rendition.

At the siege of Ross did my father fall.

A cavalcade in easy trot along Penbroke quay, passed, outriders leaping gracefully in their saddles. Frockcoats. Cream sunsheds.

Mr. Kernan hurried forward, blowing pursily.

His Excellency! Too bad! Just missed that by a hair. Damn it! What a pity!

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Stephen Dedalus watched through the webbed window the lapidary's fingers prove a timedulled chain. Dust webbed the window dust darkened the toiling fingers with their vulture nails. Dust slept on dull coils of bronze and silver, lozenges of cinnabar, on rubies, leprous and winedark stones.

Born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil lights shining in the darkness. Muddy swinesnouts, hands, root and root, gripe and wrest them.

She dances in a foul gloom where gum burns with garlic. A sailorman, rustbearded sips from a beaker rum and eyes her. A long and seafed silent rut. She dances, capers, wagging her sowish haunches and her hips, on her gross belly flapping a ruby egg.

Old Russell with a smeared shammy rag, burnished again his gem, turned it and held it at the point of his Moses' beard. Grandfather ape gloating on a stolen hoard.

And you who wrest old images from the burial earth! The brainsick words of sophists: Antisthenes. A lore of drugs. Orient and immortal wheat standing from everlasting to everlasting.

Two old women from their whiff of the briny drudged through Irishtown along London bridge road, one with a sanded umbrella, one with a midwife's bag in which eleven cockles rolled.

The whirr of flapping leathern bands and hum of dynamos from the powerhouse urged Stephen to be on. Beingless beings. Stop! Throb always without you and the throb always within. Your heart you sing of. I between them. Where? Between two roaring worlds where they swirl, I. Shatter them, one and both. But stun myself too in the blow. Shatter me you who can. Bawd and butcher, were the words. I say! Not yet awhile. A look around.

Yes, quite true. Very large and wonderful and keeps famous time. You say, right Sir, a Monday morning. 'Twas so, indeed.

Stephen went down Bedford row. In Clohisey's window a faded print of Heenan boxing Sayers held his eye. Staring backers with square hats stood round the roping. The heavy weights in light loincloths proposed gently each to other his bulbous fists. And they are throbbing: heros' hearts.

He turned and halted by the slanted bookcart.

—Twopence each, the huckster said. Four for sixpence.

Tattered pages. *The Irish Beekeeper. Life and Miracles of the Curé of Ars. Pocket Guide to Killarney.*

I might find here one of my pawned schoolprizes. *Stephano Dedalo, alumno optimo, palmam ferenti.*

Father Conmee, having read his little hours, walked through the hamlet of Donnycarney, murmuring vespers.

Binding too good probably. What is this? Eighth and ninth book of Moses secret of all secrets. Seal of King David. Thumbed pages: read and read. Who has passed here before me? How to soften chapped hands. Recipe for white wine vinegar. How to win a woman's love. For me this. Say the following talisman three times with hands folded:

—*Se el yilo nebrakada femininum! Amor me solo! Sanktus! Amen.*

Who wrote this? Charms and invocations of the most blessed abbot Peter Salanka to all true believers divulged. As good as any other abbot's charms, as mumbling Joachim's. Down, baldynodde, or we'll wool your wool.

—What are you doing here, Stephen?

Dilly's high shoulders and shabby dress.

Shut the book quick. Don't let see.

—What are you doing? Stephen said.

A Stuart face of nonesuch Charles, lank locks falling at its sides. It glowed as she crouched feeding the fire with broken boots. I told her of Paris. Late lieabed under a quilt of old overcoats fingering a pinchbeck bracelet, Dan Kelly's token. *Nebrakada femininum.*

—What have you there? Stephen asked.

—I bought it from the other cart for a penny, Dilly said, laughing nervously. Is it any good?

My eyes they say she has. Do others see me so? Quick, far and daring. Shadow of my mind.

He took the coverless book from her hand. Bué's French primer.

—What did you buy that for? He asked. To learn French?

She nodded, reddening and closing tight her lips.

Show no surprise. Quite natural.

—Here, Stephen said. It's all right. Mind Maggie doesn't pawn it on you. I suppose all my books are gone.

—Some, Dilly said. We had to.

She is drowning. Save her. All against us. She will drown me with her, eyes and hair. Lank coils of seaweed hair around me, my heart, my soul. Salt green death.

We.

Misery! Misery!

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—Hello, Simon, Father Cowley said.

—Hello, Bob, old man, Mr. Dedalus answered, stopping.

They clasped hands loudly outside Keddy and Daughter's. Father Cowley brushed his moustache often downward with a scooping hand.

—What's the best news? Mr. Dedalus said.

—Why then not much Father Cowley said. I'm barricaded up, Simon, with two men prowling around the house trying to effect an entrance.

—Jolly, Mr. Dedalus said. Who is it?

—O, Father Cowley said. A certain gombeen man of our acquaintance.

—With a broken back, is it? Mr. Dedalus asked.

—The same, Simon, Father Cowley answered.

—Reuben of that ilk. I'm just waiting for Ben Dollard. He's going to say a word to Long John to get him to take those two men off. All I want is a little time.

He looked with vague hope up and down the quay, a big apple bulging in his neck.

—I know, Mr. Dedalus said, nodding. Poor old bockedy Ben! He's always doing a good turn for someone. Hold hard!

He put on his glasses and gazed towards the metal bridge an instant.

—There he is, by God, he said, arse and pockets.

Ben Dollard's loose blue cutaway and square hat above large

slops crossed the quay in full gait from the metal bridge. He came towards them at an amble, scratching actively behind his coattails.

As he came near Mr. Dedalus greeted:

—Hold that fellow with the bad trousers.

—Hold him now, Ben Dollard said.

He stood beside them beaming on them first and on his roomy clothes from points of which Mr. Dedalus flicked fluff, saying:

—They were made for a man in his health.

—Bad luck to the jewman that made them, Ben Dollard said. Thanks be to God he is not paid yet.

—And how is that *basso profundo*, Benjamin, Father Cowley asked.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell, murmuring, glassy eyed strode past the Kildare street club.

Ben Dollard frowned and, making suddenly a chanter's mouth, gave forth a deep note.

—Aw! he said.

—That's the style, Mr. Dedalus said, nodding to its drone.

—What about that? Ben Dollard said. Not too dusty? What?

He turned to both.

—That'll do, Father Cowley said, nodding also.

The reverend Hugh C. Love walked from the old Chapterhouse of saint Mary's abbey past James and Charles Kennedy, rectifiers, attended by Geraldines tall and personable, towards the Tholsel beyond the Ford of Hurdles.

Ben Dollard with a heavy list towards the shopfronts led them forward, his joyful fingers in the air.

—Come along, with me to the subsheriff's office, he said. I saw John Henry Menton in the Bodega. We're on the right lay, Bob, believe you me.

—For a few days tell him, Father Cowley said anxiously.

Ben Dollard halted and stared, his loud orifice open.

—What few days? he boomed. Hasn't your landlord distrained for rent.

—He has, Father Cowley said.

—Then our friend's writ is not worth the paper it's printed on, Ben Dollard said. The landlord has the prior claim.

—Are you sure of that?

—You can tell Barabbas from me, Ben Dollard said, that he can put that writ where Jacko put the nuts.

He led Father Cowley boldly forward linked to his bulk.

—Filbert's I believe they were, Mr. Dedalus said, as he dropped his glasses on his coatfront, following them.

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—The youngster will be all right Martin Cunningham said, as they passed out of the Castle yard gate.

The policeman touched his forehead.

—God bless you, Martin Cunningham said, cheerily.

He signed to the waiting jarvey who chucked at the reins and set on towards Lord Edward street.

Bronze by gold, Miss Kennedy's head with Miss Douce's head, appeared above the crossblind of the Ormond hotel.

—Yes, Martin Cunningham said. I wrote to Father Conmee and laid the whole case before him.

—You could try our friend, Mr. Power suggested backward.

—Boyd? Martin Cunningham said shortly. Touch me not.

John Wyse Nolan, lagging behind, reading the list, came after them quickly down Cork hill.

On the steps of the City hall Councillor Nannetti descending, hailed Alderman Cowley and Councillor Abraham Lyon ascending.

The castle car wheeled empty into upper Exchange street.

—Look here Martin, John Wyse Nolan said, overtaking them at the *Mail* office. I see Bloom put his name down for five shillings.

—Quite right, Martin Cunningham said, taking the list. And put down the five shillings too.

—Without a second word either, Mr. Power said.

—Strange but true, Martin Cunningham added.

John Wyse Nolan opened wide eyes.

—I'll say there is much kindness in the Jew, he quoted elegantly.

They went down Parliament street.

—There's Jimmy Henry, Mr. Power said, just heading for Kavanagh's.

—Righto, Martin Cunningham said. Here goes.

Outside la Maison Claire Blazes Boylan waylaid Jack Mooney's brother-in-law, humpy, tight, making for the liberties.

John Wyse Nolan fell back with Mr. Power, while Martin Cunningham took the elbow of a little man in a shower of hail suit who walked uncertainly with hasty steps, past Nicky Anderson's watches.

—The assistant town clerk's corns are giving him some trouble, John Wyse Nolan told Mr. Power.

They followed round the corner towards James Kavanagh's wineroms. The empty castle car fronted them at rest in Essex

gate. Martin Cunningham, speaking always, showed often the list at which Jimmy Henry did not glance.

—And long John Fanning is here too, John Wyse Bolan said, as large as life.

The tall form of long John Fanning filled the doorway where he stood.

—Good day, Mr. Sheriff, Martin Cunningham said, as all halted and greeted.

Long John Fanning made no way for them. He removed his large Henry Clay decisively, and his large fierce eyes scowled intelligently over all their faces.

—Are the conscript fathers pursuing their peaceful deliberations? he said, with rich acrid utterance to the assistant town clerk.

—Hell open to Christians they were having, Jimmy Henry said pettishly, about their damned Irish language. Where was the marshal, he wanted to know to keep order in the council chamber. And old Barlow the macebearer laid up with asthma and Harrington in Llandudno and little Lorcan Sherlock doing *locum tenens* for him. Damned Irish language, language of our forefathers.

Long John Fanning blew a plume of smoke from his lips.

Martin Cunningham spoke by turns to the assistant town clerk and the subsheriff, while John Wyse Nolan held his peace.

—That Dignam was that? Long John Fanning asked.

Jimmy Henry made a grimace and lifted his left foot.

—O, my corns! he said plaintively. Come upstairs for goodness' sake till I sit down somewhere. Uff! Ooo! Mind!

Testily he made room for himself beside Long John Fanning's flank and passed in and up the stairs.

—Come on up, Martin Cunningham said to the subsheriff! I don't think you knew him, or perhaps you did though.

With John Wyse Nolan, Mr. Power followed them in.

—Decent little soul he was, Mr. Power said to the stalwart back of Long John Fanning, ascending towards Long John Fanning in the mirror.

—Rather lowsized, Dignam of Menton's office that was, Martin Cunningham said.

Long John Fanning could not remember him.

Clatter of horsehoofs sounded from the air.

—What's that? Martin Cunningham said.

All turned where they stood; John Wyse Nolan came down again. From the cool shadow of the doorway he saw the horses

pass Parliament street, harness and glossy pasterns in sunlight shimmering. Gaily they went past before his cool unfriendly eyes, not quickly.

—What was it? Martin Cunningham asked, as they went on up the staircase.

—The lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland, John Wyse Nolan answered from the stairfoot.

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As they trod across the thick carpet Buck Mulligan whispered behind his hat to Haines.

—Parnell's brother. There in the corner.

They choose a small table near the window opposite a long-faced man whose beard and gaze hung intently down on a chess-board.

—Is that he? Haines asked, twisting round in his seat.

—Yes, Mulligan said. That's John Howard, his brother, our city marshal.

John Howard Parnell translated a white bishop quietly, and his grey claw went up again to his forehead whereat it rested.

An instant after, under its screen, his eyes looked quickly, ghostbright, at his foe and fell once more upon a working corner. I'll take a *mélange*, Haines said to the waitress.

—Two *mélanges*, Buck Mulligan said. And bring us some scones and butter, and some cakes as well.

When she had gone he said, laughing:

—We call it D. B. C. because they have damn bad cakes. O, but you missed Dedalus on *Hamlet*.

Haines opened his newbought book.

—I'm sorry, he said. Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground of all minds that have lost their balance.

The onelegged sailor growled at the area of 17 Helson street:

—England expects.

Buck Mulligan's primrose waistcoat shook gaily to his laughter.

—You should see him, he said, when his body loses its balance. Wandering Aengus I call him.

—I am sure he has an *idée fixe*, Haines said, pinching his chin thoughtfully with thumb and forefinger. How I am speculating what it would be likely to be. Such persons always have.

Buck Mulligan bent across the table gravely.

—They drove his wits astray, he said, by visions of hell. He will never capture the attic note. The note of Swinburne, of all poets, the white death and the ruddy birth. That is his tragedy. He can never be a poet. The joy of creation

—Eternal punishment, Haines said, nodding curtly. I see. I tackled him this morning on belief. There was something on his mind, I saw. It's rather interesting because Professor Pokorny of Vienna makes an interesting point of that.

Buck Mulligan's watchful eyes saw the waitress come. He helped her to unload her tray.

—He can find no trace of hell in ancient Irish myth, Haines said, amid the cheerful cups. The moral idea seems lacking, the sense of destiny, of retribution. Rather strang he should have just that fixed idea. Does he write anything for your movement?

He sank two lumps of sugar deftly longwise through the whipped cream. Buck Mulligan slit a steaming scone in two and plastered butter over its smoking pith. He bit off a soft piece hungrily.

—Ten years he said, chewing and laughing. He is going to write something in ten years.

—Seems a long way off, Haines said, thoughtfully lifting his spoon. Still, I shouldn't wonder if he did, after all.

He tasted a spoonful from the creamy cone of his cup.

—This is real Irish cream I take it, he said with forbearance. I don't want to be imposed on.

Elijah, skiff, light crumpled throwaway, sailed eastward by flanks of ships and trawlers, beyond new Wapping street past Benson's ferry, and by the threemasted schooner *Rosevean* from Bridgewater with bricks.

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Almidano Artifoni walked past Holles street, past Sewell's yard. Behind him Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell with stickumbrelladustcoat dangling, shunned the lamp before Wilde's house and walked along Merrion square. Distantly behind him a blind stripling tapped his way by the wall of College Park.

Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice Tisdall Farrell walked as far as Mr. Lewis Werner's cheerful windows, then turned and strode back along Merrion square, his stickumbrelladustcoat dangling.

At the corner of Wilde's house he halted, frowned at Elijah's

name announced on the Metropolitan Hall, frowned at the distant pleasance of duke's lawn. His eyeglass flashed frowning in the sun. With ratsteeth bared he muttered:

Coatus volui.

He strode on for Clare street, grinding his fierce word.

As he strode past Mr. Bloom's dental windows the sway of his dustcoat brushed rudely from its angle a slender tapping cane and swept onwards, having buffeted a thewless body. The blind stripping turned his sickly face after the striding form.

—God's curse on you, he said sourly, whoever you are! You're blinder nor I am, you bitch's bastard!

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Opposite Ruggy O'Donohoe's Maszer Patrick Aloysius Dignam, pawing the pound and a half of Mangan's, late Fehrenbach's, port-porksteaks he had been sent for, went along warm Wicklow dawdling. It was too blooming dull, sitting in the parlour with Mrs. Stoer and Mrs. Quigly and ma and the blind down and they all at their sniffles and sipping sups of the superior old sherry uncle Barney brought from Tunney's. And they eating crumbs of the cottage fruit cake, jawing the whole blooming time and sighing. After Wicklow lane the window of Madame Doyle court dress milliner stopped him. He stood looking in at the two puckers stripped to their pelts and putting up their props. From the sidemirrors two mourning Masters Dignam gaped silently. Myler Keogh, Dublin's pet lamb, will meet Sergeant major Bennett, the Portobello bruiser, for a purse of twelve sovereigns. Gob, that'd be a good pucking match to see. Myler Keogh, that's the chap sparring out to him with the green sash. Two bar entrance, soldiers half price. I could easy do a bunk on ma. Master Dignam on his left turned as he turned. That's me in mourning. When is it? May the twenty-second. Sure, the blooming thing is all over. He turned to the right and on his right Master Dignam turned, his cap awry, his collar sticking up. Buttoning it down, his chin lifted, he saw the image of Marie Kendall, charming soubrette, beside the two puckers. One of them mots that do be in the packets of fags Stoer smokes that his old fellow welted hell out of him for one time he found out.

Master Dignam got his collar down and dawdled on. The best pucker going for strength was Fitzsimons. One pucker in the wind from that fellow would knock you into the middle of next week, man. But the best pucker for science was Jem Corbet before Fitz-

simons knocked the stuffings out of him, dodging and all.

In Grafton street Master Dignam saw a red flower in a toff's mouth and a swell pair of kicks on him and he listening to what the drunk was telling him and grinning all the time.

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No Sandymount tram.

Master Dignam walked along Nassau Street, shifted the pork-steaks to his other hand. His collar sprang up again and he tugged it down. The blooming stud was too small for the buttonhole of the shirt, blooming end to it. He met schoolboys with satchels. I'm not going tomorrow either, stay away till Mondy. He met other schoolboys. Do they notice I'm in mourning? Uncle Barney said he'd get it into the paper tonight. Then they'll all see it in the paper and read my name printed, and pa's name.

His face got all grey instead of being red like it was and there was a fly walking over it up to his eye. The scrunch that was when they were screwing the screws into the coffin: and the bumps when they were bringing it downstairs.

Pa was inside it and ma crying in the parlour and uncle Barney telling the men how to get it round the bend. A big coffin it was and high and heavylooking. How was that? The last night pa was boosed he was standing on the landing there bawling out for his boots to go out to Tunney's for to boose more and he looked butty and short in his shirt. Never see him again. Death that is. Pa is dead. My father is dead. He told me to be a good son to ma. I couldn't hear the other things he said but I saw his tongue and his teeth trying to say it better. Poor pa. That was Mr. Dignam, my father. I hope he is in purgatory now because he went to confession to father Conroy on Saturday night.

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William Humble, earl of Dudley, and Lady Dudley, accompanied by lieutenant-colonel Hesseltime, drove out after luncheon from the viceregal lodge. In the following carriage were the honourable Mrs. Paget, Miss de Courcy and the honourabl Gerald Ward A. D. C. in attendance.

The cavalcade passed out by the lower gate of Phoenix Park saluted by obsequious policemen and proceeded along the northern quays. The viceroy was most cordially greeted on his way through

the metropolis. At bloody bridge Mr. Thomas Kernan beyond the river greeted him vainly from afar. In the porch of four courts Richie Goulding with the costsbag of Goulding Colles and Ward saw him with surprise. From its sluice in Wood quay wall under Tom Devon's office Poodle river hung out in fealty a tongue of liquid sewage. Above the crossblind of the Ormond Hotel, bronze by gold, Miss Kennedy's head by Miss Douce's head watched and admired. On Ormond quay Mr. Simon Dedalus, on his way from the greenhouse to the subsheriff's office, stood still in midstreet and brought his hat low. His Excellency graciously returned Mr. Dedalus' greeting. From Cahill's corner the reverend Hugh C. Love made obeisance unperceived mindful of lords deputies whose hands benignant had held of yore rich advowsons. On Grattan bridge Lenehan and McCoy, taking leave of each other, watched the carriage go by. From the shaded door of Kavanagh's wineroms John Wyse Nolan smiled with unseen coldness towards the lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland. Over against Dame gate Tom Rochford and Nosey Flynn watched the approach of the cavalcade. Tom Rochford, seeing the eyes of lady Dudley fixed on him, took his thumbs quickly out of the pockets of his claret waistcoat and duffed his cap to her. A charming soubrette, great Marie Kendall, with dauby cheeks and lifted skirt smiled daubily from her poster upon William Humble, earl of Dudley, and upon lieutenant colonel H. G. Hesseltine, and also upon the honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C. From the window of the D. B. C. Buck Mulligan gaily, and Haines gravely, gazed down on the viceregal carriages over the shoulders of eager guests, whose mass of forms darkened the chessboard whereon John Howard Parnell looked intently. In Fownes' street, Dilly Dedalus, straining her sight upward from Bue's first French primer, saw sunshades spanned and wheelspokes spinning in the glare. John Henry Menton, filling the doorway of Commercial Buildings, stared from winebig oyster eyes. Where the foreleg of King Billy's horse pawed the air Mrs. Breen plucked her hastening husband back from under the hoofs of the outriders. She shouted in his ear the tidings. Understanding, he shifted his tomes to his left breast and saluted the second carriage. The honourable Gerald Ward A. D. C., agreeably surprised, made haste to reply. At Ponsoby's Corner a jaded white flagon H. halted and four tallhatted white flagons halted behind him, E. L. Y. S, while outriders pranced past and carriages. By the provost's wall came jauntily Blazes Boylan, stepping in tanned shoes and socks with skyblue clocks to the refrain of *My girl's a Yorkshire girl*.

Blazes Boylan presented to the leaders' skyblue frontlets and

high action a skyblue tie, a widebrimmed straw hat at a rakish angle and a suit of indigo serge. His hands in his jacket pockets forgot to salute but he offered to the three ladies the bold admiration of his eyes and the red flower between his lips. As they drove along Nassau street his excellency drew the attention of his bowing consort to the programme of music which was being discoursed in College park. Unseen brazen highland laddies blared and drumthumped after the cortège:

But though she's a factory lass

And weares no fancy clothes

Baraabum

Yet I've a sort of a

Yorkshire relish for

My little Yorkshire rose

Baraabum.

Thither of the wall the quartermile flat handicappers, M. C. Green, H. Thrift, T. M. Patey, S. Scaife, J. B. Joffs, G. N. Morphy, F. Stevenson, C. Adderly, and W. C. Huggard started in pursuit. Striding past Finn's hotel, Cashel Boyle O'Connor Fitzmaurice isdall Farrell stared through a fierce eyeglass across the carriages at the head of Mr. M. E. Solomons in the window of the Austro-Hungarian vice-consulate. Deep in Leintser street, by Trinity's postern, a loyal King's man, Hornblower, touched his tallyho cap. As the glossy horses pranced by Merrion square Master Patrick Aloysius Dignam, waiting, saw salutes being given to the gent with the topper and raised also his new black cap with fingers greased by porksteak paper. His collar too sprang up. The Viceroy, on his way to inaugurate the Mirus bazaar in aid of funds for Mercer's Hospital, drove with his following towards Lower Mount street. He passed a blind stripling opposite Broadbent's. In Lower Mount street a pedestrian in a brown mackintosh, eating dry bread, passed swiftly and unscathed across the viceroy's path. At the Royal Canal bridge, from his hoarding, Mr. Eugene Stratton, his blub lips agrin, bade all comers welcome to Pembroke township. At Haddington road corner two sandled women halted themselves, an umbrella and a bag in which eleven cockles rolled to view with wonder the lord mayor and lady mayoress without his golden chain. On Northumberland road his excellency acknowledged punctually salutes from rare male walkers the salute of two small schoolboys at a garden gate and the salute of Almidano Artifoni's sturdy trousers swallowed by a closing door.

(To be continued.)