

I did not dream of suggesting he should come again just to see me.

I've forgotten Mr. Bowdoin. . . . and the Museum. . . . everything and everybody. . . . If you get out of touch with people you can never get back. . . . I sit here. . . . playing to hide myself from the Baileys and he is away somewhere making people happy. "They do not care. . . . they see me, they shout Ah! Don *Clement!* I amuse them, I laugh, they think I am happy."

(to be continued)

## ULYSSES

by James Joyce

### Episode Twelve

I WAS just passing the time of day with old Troy of the D. M. P. at the corner of Arbour hill there and be damned but a bloody sweep came along and he near drove his gear into my eye. I turned around to let him have the weight of my tongue when who should I see dodging along Stony Batter. . . . only Joe Hynes.

—Lo, Joe, says I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody chimneysweep near shove my eye out with his brush?

—Soot's luck, says Joe. Who is the old ballocks you were talking to?

—Old Troy, says I, was in the force. I'm on two minds not to give that fellow in charge for obstructing the thoroughfares with his brooms and ladders.

—What are you doing round those parts? says Joe.

—Devil a much, says I. There is a bloody gig foxy thief beyond by the garrison church at the corner of Chicken Lane—old Troy was just giving me a wrinkle about him—I lifted any God's quantity of tea and sugar to pay three bob a week said he had a farm in the country Down off a hop of my thumb by the name of Moses Herzog over there near Heylesbury Street.

—Circumcised? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. A bit of the top. An old Plumber named Geraghty. I'm hanging on to his tow now for the past fortnight and I can't get a penny out of him.

—That the lay you're on now? says Joe.



—Ay, says I. How are the mighty fallen! Collector of bad and doubtful debts. But that's the most notorious bloody robber you'd meet in a day's walk and the face on him all pockmarks would hold a shower of rain. *Tell him*, says he, *I dare him*, says he and *I double dare him to send you round here again, or if he does*, says he, *I'll have him summonsed up before the court, so I will, for trading without a licence*. And he after stuffing himself till he's fit to burst! Jesus. I had to laugh at the little jewy getting his shirt out. *He drink me my teas. He eat me my sugars. Why he no pay me my moneys?*

For nonperishable goods bought of Moses Herzog, of 13 Saint Kevin's parade, Wood quay ward, merchant, hereinafter called the vendor, and sold and delivered to Michael E. Geraght, Esquire, of 29 Arbour Hill in the city of Dublin, Arran quay ward, gentleman, hereinafter called the purchaser, videlicet, five pounds avoirdupois of first choice tea at three shillings per pound avoirdupois and three stone avoirdupois of sugar, crushed crystal, at three pence per pound avoirdupois, the said purchaser debtor to the said vendor of 1 pound 5 shillings and six pence sterling for value received which amount shall be paid by said purchaser to said vendor in weekly instalments every seven calendar days of three shillings and no pence sterling: and the said nonperishable goods shall not be pawned or pledged or sold or otherwise alienated by the said purchaser but shall be and remain and be held to the sole and exclusive property of the said vendor to be disposed of at his good will and pleasure until the said amount shall have been duly paid by the said purchaser to the said vendor in the manner herein set forth as this day hereby agreed between the said vendor, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns, of the one part and the said purchaser, his heirs, successors, trustees and assigns of the other part.

—Are you a strict t. t? says Joe.

—Not taking anything between drinks, says I.

—What about paying our respects to our friend? says Joe.

—Who? says I. Sure he's in John of God's off his head, poor man.

—Drinking his own stuff? says Joe.

—Ay, says I. Whisky and water on the brain.

—Come around to Barney Kienan's, says Joe. I want to see the citizen.

—Barney mavourneen's be it, says I. Anything strange or wonderful, Joe?

—Not a word, says Joe. I was up at that meeting in the City Arms.



—What was that, Joe? says I.

—Cattle traders, says Joe, about the foot and mouth disease. I want to give the citizen the hard word about it.

So we went around by the Linenhall barracks and the back of the court house talking of one thing or another. Decent fellow Joe when he has it but sure like that he never has it. Jesus, I couldn't get over that bloody foxy Geraghty. For trading without a licence, says he.

In Inisfail the fair there lies a land the land of holy Michan. There rises a watchtower beheld of men afar. There sleep the mighty dead as in life they slept warriors and princes of high renown. A pleasant land it is in sooth of murmuring waters, fishful streams where sport the gunnard, the plaice, the halibut, the flounder and other denizens of the aqueous kingdom too numerous to be enumerated. In the mild breezes of the west and of the east the lofty trees wave in different directions their first class foliage, the sycamore, the Lebanonian cedar, the exalted planetree, the eucalyptus and other ornaments of the arboreal world with which that region is thoroughly well supplied. Lovely maidens sit in close proximity to the roots of the lovely trees singing the most lovely songs while they play with all kinds of lovely objects as for example golden ingots, silvery fishes, purple seagems and playful insects. And heroes voyage from afar to woo them, the sons of Kings.

And there rises a shining palace whose crystal glittering roof is seen by mariners who traverse the extensive sea in barks built for that purpose and thither come all herds and fatlings and first fruits . . . . of that land for O'Connell Fitzsimon takes toll of them, a chieftain descended from chieftains. Thither the extremely large wains bring foison of the fields, spherical potatoes and iridescent kale and onions, pearls of the earth, and red, green, yellow, brown, russet, sweet, big, bitter ripe pomellated apples and strawberries fit for princes and rapsberries from their canes

I dare him says he, and I doubledare him.

And thither wend the herds innumerable of heavyhooved kine from pasturelands of Lush and Rush and Carrickmines and from the streamy vales of Thomond and from the gentle declivities of the place of the race of Kiar, their udders distended with superabundance of milk and butter and rennets of cheese and oblong eggs, various in size, the agate with the dun.

So we turned into Barney Kiernan's, and there sure enough was the citizen as large as life up in the corner having a great confab with himself and that bloody mangy mongrel. Garryowen, and



he waiting for what the sky would drop in the way of drink.

—There he is, says I, in his glory hole, with his load of papers, working for the cause.

The bloody mongrel let a grouse out of him would give you the creeps. Be a corporal work of mercy if someone would take the life of that bloody dog. I'm told for a fact he ate a good part of the breeches off a constabulary man in Santry that came round one time with a blue paper about a licence.

—Stand and deliver, says he.

—That's all right, citizen, says Joe. Friends here.

—Pass, friends, says he.

Then he rubbed his hand in his eye and says he:

—What's your opinion of the times?

Doing the rapparee. But, begob, Joe was equal to the occasion.

—I think the markets are on a rise, says he, sliding his hand down his fork.

So begob the citizen claps his paw on his knee and he says:

—Foreign wars is the cause of it.

And says Joe, sticking his thumb in his pocket:

—It's the Russians wish to tyrannise.

—Arrah, give over your bloody coddling Joe, says I, I've a thirst on me I wouldn't sell for half a crown.

—Give it a name, citizen, says Joe.

—Wine of the country, says he.

—What's yours? says Joe.

—Ditto Mac Anaspey, says I.

—Three pints, Terry, says Joe. And how's the old heart, citizen? says he.

—Never better, *a chara*, says he. What Garry? Are we going to win? Eh?

And with that he took the bloody old towser by the scruff of the neck and, by Jesus, he near throttled him.

The figure seated on a large boulder was that of a broad-shouldered, deepchested, stronglimbed, frankeyed, redhaired, freely freckled, shaggybearded, widemouthed, largenosed, longheaded, deepvoiced, barekneed, brawnyhanded, hairylegged, ruddyfaced, sinewyarned hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his rocklike knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his body wherever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse (*Ulex Europeus*). The widewinged nostrils from which bristles of the same tawny hue projected, were of such capaciousness that within



their cavernous obscurity the fieldlark might easily have lodged her nest. The eyes in which a tear and a smile strove ever for the mastery were of the dimension of a goodsized cauliflower. A powerful current of warm beath issued at regular intervals from the profound cavity of his mouth while in rhythmic resonance the loud strong hale reverberations of his formidable heart thundered rumblingly causing the ground and the lofty walls of the cave to vibrate and tremble.

He wore a long unsleeved garment of recently flayed oxhide reaching to the knees in a loose kilt and this was bound about his middle by a girdle of plaited straw and rushes. Beneath this he wore trews of deerskin, roughly stitched with gut. His nether extremities were encased in high buskins dyed in lichen purple, the feet being shod with brogues of salted cowhide laced with the windpipe of the same beast. From his girdle hung a row of sea-stones which dangled at every movement of his portentous frame and on these were graven with rude yet striking art the tribal images of many heroes of antiquity, Cuchulin, Conn of hundred battles, Niall of nine hostages, Brian of Kincara, the Ardri Malachi, Art Mac Murragh, Shane O'Neill, Father John Murphy, Owen Roe, Patick Sarsfield, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare. A spear of acuminated granite rested by him while at his feet reposed a savage animal of the canine tribe whose stertorous gasps announced that he was sunk in uneasy slumber, a supposition confirmed by hoarse growls and spasmodic movements which his master repressed from time to time by tranquilizing blows of a mighty cudgel rudely fashioned out of palæolithic stone.

So anyhow Terry brought the three pints Joe was standing and begob the sight nearly left my eyes when I saw him hand out a quid. O, as true as I am telling you. A goodlooking sovereign.

--And there's more where that came from, says he.

--Were you robbing the poorbox, Joe? say I?

--Sweat of my brow, says Joe. 'Twas the prudent member gave me the wheeze.

--I say him before I met you, says I, sloping around by Pill lane with his cod's eye counting up all the guts of the fish.

Who comes through Michan's land, bedight in sable armour? O'Bloom, the son of Rory: it is he. Impervious to fear is Rory's son: he of the prudent soul.

'--For the old woman of Prince's Street, says the citizen, the subsidized organ. The pledgebound party on the floor of the house. And look at this blasted rag, says he.



—Look at this, says he. *The Irish Independent*, if you please, founded by Parnell to be the workingman's friend. Listen to the births and deaths in the *Irish all for Ireland Independent* and I'll thank you, and the marriages.

And he starts reading them out:

—Gordon, Barnfield Crescent, Exeter; Redmayne of Iffley, Saint Anne's on Sea, the wife of William T. Redmayne, of a son. How's that, eh? Wright and Flint, Vincent and Gillett to Rotha Marion Daughter of Rosa and the late George Alfred Gillett 179 Clapham Road, Stockwell, Playwood and Ridsdale at Saint Jude's Kensington by the very reverend Dr. Forrest, Dean of Worcester, eh? Deaths. Bristow, at whitehall lane, London: Carr, Stoke Newington of gastritis and heart disease: Cockburn, at the Moat house., Chepstow . . .

—I know that fellow, says Joe, from bitter experience.

—Cockburn. Dimsey, wife of David Dimsey, late of the admiralty: Miller, Tottenham, aged eightyfive: Welsh, June 12, at 35 Canning Street, Liverpool, Isabella Helen. How's that, for a national press, eh? How's that for Martin Murphy, the Bantry Jobber?

—Ah, well, says Joe, handing round the boose.

Thanks be to God they had the start of us. Drink that, citizen.

—I' wil, says he, honourable person.

—Health, Joe, says I.

Aw! Ow! Don't be talking! I was blue mouldy for the want of that pint. Declare to God I could hear it hit the pit of my stomach with a click.

And lo, as they quaffed their cup of joy, a godlike messenger came running in, radiant as the eye of heaven, a comely youth and behind him there passed an elder of noble gait and countenance, bearing the sacred scrolls of law and with him his lady wife, a dame of peerless lineage, fairest of her race.

'Little Alf Bergan popped in round the door and hid behind Barney's snug, squeezed up with the laughing, and who was sitting up there in the corner that I hadn't seen snoring drunk, blind to the world, only Bob Doran. I didn't know what was up and Alf' kept making signs out of the door. And begob what was it only that bloody old pantaloon Denis Breen in his bath slippers, with two bloody big books tucked under his oxter and the wife hotfoot after him, unfortunate wretched woman trotting like a poodle. I thought Alf would split.

—Look at him, says he. Breen. He's traipsing all round Dublin with a postcard someone sent him with u. p. : up on it to take a



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And he doubled up.

—Take a what? says I.

—Libel action, says he, for ten thousand pounds.

—O hell! says I.

The bloody mongrel began to growl seeing something was up but the citizen gave him a kick in the ribs. Begob he wakened Bob Doran anyhow.

—*Bi i dho husht*, says he.

—Who? says Joe.

—Breen, says Alf. He was in John Henry Menton's and then he went round to Colles and Ward's and then Tom Rochford met him and sent him round to the subsheriff's for a lark. O God, I've a pain laughing. U. p: up. The long fellow gave him an eye as good as a process and now the bloody old lunatic is gone round to Green Street to look for a G. man.

—When is that long John going to hang that fellow in Mountjoy? says Joe.

—Bergan, says Bob Doran, waking up. Is that Alf Bergan.

—Yes, says Alf. Hanging? Wait till I show you. Here, Terry, give us a pony of stout. That bloody old fool! Ten thousand pounds. You should have seen long Johns eye. U. p . . . . .

And he started laughing.

—Who are you laughing at? says Bob Doran? Is that Bergan?

—Hurry up, Terry boy, says Alf, with the stout.

Terence O'Ryan heard him and straightway brought him a crystal cup full of the foaming ebon ale which the noble twin brothers Bungiveagh and Bungardilaun brew ever in their divine alevats, cunning as the sons of deathless Leda. For they garner the succulent berries of the hop and mass and sift and bruise and brew them and they mix therewith sour juices and bring the must to the sacred fire and cease not night or day from their toil, those cunning brothers, lords of the vat.

Then did you, Terence, hand forth, as to the manner born, that nectarous beverage and you offered the crystal cup to him that thirsted, in beauty akin to the immortals

But he, the young chief of the O'Bergan's, could ill brook to be outdone in generous deeds but gave therefore with gracious gesture a testoon of costliest bronze Thereon embossed in excellent smithwork was seen the image of a queen of regal port, Victoria her name, by grace of God, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, defender of the faith, even she, who bore rule,



a victress over many peoples, the wellbeloved, for they knew and loved her from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the pale, the dark, the ruddy and the ethiop.

—What's that bloody freemason doing, says the citizen, prowling up and down outside?

—What's that? says Joe.

—Here you are, says Alf, chucking out the rhino. Talking about hanging, I'll show you something you never saw. Hangmens' letters, look at here.

So he took a bundle of wisps of letters and envelopes out of his pocket.

—Are you coddling? say I.

—Honest injun, says Alf. Read them.

So Joe took up the letters.

—Who were you laughing at? says Bob Doran.

So I saw there was going to be a bit of adust Bob's a queer chap when the porter's up in him so says I just to make talk:

—How's Willie Murray those times, Alf?

—I don't know, says Alf. I saw him just now in Capel Street with Paddy Dignam. Only I was running after that. . . .

—You what? says Joe, throwing down the letters. With who?

—With Dignam, says Alf.

—Is it Paddy? says Joe.

—Yes, says Alf. Why?

—Don't you know he's dead? says Joe.

—Paddy Dignam dead? says Alf.

—Ay, says Joe.

—Sure I am after seeing him not five minutes ago, says Alf, as plain as a pikestaff.

—Who's dead? says Bob Doran.

—You saw his ghost then, says Joe, God between us and harm.

—What? says Alf. Good Christ, only five. . . . . What?. . . . . and Willie Murray with him, the two of them there near what do you call him's. . . . . What? Dignam dead?

What about Dignam? says Bob Doran. Who's talking about. . . . .?

—Dead! says Alf. He is no more dead than you are.

—Maybe so, says Joe. They took the liberty of burying him this morning anyhow.

—Paddy? says Alf.

—Ay, says Joe. He paid the debt of nature, God be merciful to him.



—Good Christ! says Alf.

Begod he was what you might call flabbegasted.

In the darkness, spirit hands were felt to flutter, and when prayer by . . . . . had been directed to the proper quarter a faint but increasing luminosity of dark ruby light became gradually visible, the apparition of the etheric double being particularly lifelike owing to the discharge of jivic rays from the crown of the head and face. Communication was effected through the pituitary body and also by means of the orangefiery and scarlet rays emanating from the sacral region and solar plexus. Questioned as to his whereabouts he stated that he was now on the path of pralaya or return but was still submitted to trial at the hands of certain bloodthirsty entities on the lower astral levels. In reply to a question as to his first sensations beyond he stated that previously he had seen as in a glass darkly but that those who had passed over had summit possibilities of atmic development opened up to them. Interrogated as to whether life there resembled our experience in the flesh he stated that he heard from more favoured beings that their abodes were equipped with every modern comfort and that the highest adepts were steeped in waves of volucpy of the very purest nature. Having requested a quart of buttermilk this was brought and evidently afforded relief. Asked if he had any message for the living he exhorted all who were still at the wrong side of Maya to acknowledge the true path for it was reported in devanic circles that Mars and Jupiter were out for mischief on the eastern angle where the ram has power. It was then queried whether there were any special desires on the part of the defunct and the reply was: *Mind C. K. doesn't pile it on.* It was ascertained that the reference was to Mr. Cornelius Kelleher manager of Messrs. H. J. O'Neill's popular funeral establishment, a personal friend of the defunct who had been responsible for the carrying out of the internment arrangements. Before departing he requested that it should be told to his dear son Patsy that the other boot which he had been looking for was at present under the comode, in the return room and that the pair should be sent to Culen's to be sold only as the heels were still good. He stated that this had greatly perturbed his peace of mind in the other region and earnestly requested that his desire should be made known. Assurances were given that the matter would be attended to and it was intimated that this had given satisfaction.

He is gone from mortal haunts: O'Dignam, sun of our morning. Fleet was his foot on the bracken: Patrick of the beamy



brow. Wail, Banba, with your wind: and Wail, O ocean, with your whirlwind.

—There he is again, says the citizen, staring out.

—Who,? says I.

—Bloom, says he. He's on point duty up and down there for the last ten minutes.

And, begob, I saw him do a peep in and then sludder off again.

Little Alf was knocked bawways. Faith, he was.

—Good Christ! says he. I could have sworn it was him.

And says Bob Doran, with the hat on the back of his poll, he's the lowest blackguard in Dublin when he's under the influence.

—Who said Christ is good?

—I beg your parsnips, says Alf.

—Is that a good Christ, says Bob Doran, to take away poor little Willie Dignam?

—Ah, well, says Alf, trying to pass it off. He's over all his troubles.

But Bob Doarn shouts out of him.

—He's a bloody ruffian, I say, to take away poor little Willie Dignam.

Terry came down and tipped him the wink to keep quiet, that they didn't want that kind of talk in a respectable licensed premises. And Bob Doran starts doing the weeps about Paddy Dignam, true as you're there.

—The finest man, says he, snivelling, the finest, purest character.

Talking through his bloody hat. Fitter for him to go home to the little sleepingwalking bitch he married, Mooney, the bailiff's daughter, Mother kept a kip in Hardwick street that used to be stravaging about the landings Bantan Lyons told me that was stopping there at two in the morning without a stitch on her, exposing her person open to all comers, fair field and no favor.

—The noblest, the truest, says he. And he's gone, poor little Willie, poor little Paddy Dignam.

And mournful and with a heavy heart he bewept the extinction of that beam of heaven.

Old Garryowen started growling again at Bloom that was skeezing round the door.

—Come in, come on, he won't eat you, says the citizen.

So Bloom slopes in with his cod's eye on the dog and asks Terry was Martin Cunningham there.

—O, Christ Mackeon, says Joe, reading one of the letters. Listen to this, will you?



And he starts reading out one.

7, Hunter Street,  
Liverpool.

To the High Sheriff of Dublin,  
Dublin.

Honoured sir i beg to offer my services in the above mentioned painful case i hanged Joe Gann in Bootle jail on the 12 of Febuary 1900 and i hanged . . . . .

—Show us, Joe says I.

. . . private Arthur Chace for fowl murder of Jessie Tilsit in Pentonville prison and i was assistant when . . . . .

—Jesus, says I.

. . . Billington executed the awful murderer Toad Smith. . . .

The citizen made a grab at the letter.

—Hold hard, says Joe,

*i have a special nack of putting the noose once in he can't get out hoping to be favoured i remain, honoured sir, my terms is five ginnees.*

H. Rumbold  
Master Barber

—And a barbarous bloody barbarian he is too, says the citizen.

—And the dirty scrawl of the wretch, says Joe. Here, says he, take them to hellout of my sight, Alf. Hello, Bloom, says he, what will you have?

They started arguing about the point, Bloom saying he wouldn't and he couldn't and excuse him no offence and all to that and then he said well he'd just take a cigar. Gob, he's a prudent member and no mistake.

—Give us one of your prime stinkers, Terry, says Joe.

Any Alf was telling us there was one chap sent in a mourning card with a black border round it.

—They're all barbers, says he, from the black country that would hang their own fathers for five quid down and travelling expenses.

And he was telling us they chop up the rope after and sell the bits for a few bob each.

In the dark land they hide, the vengeful knights of the razor. Their deadly coil they grasp: ya, and therein they lead to Erebus



whatsoever wight hath done a deed of blood for I will on nowise suffer it even so saith the Lord.

So they started talking about capital punishment and of course Bloom comes out with the why and the wherefore and all the codology of the business and the old dog smelling him all the time I'm told those Jews have a sort of queer odour coming off them for dogs about I don't know what all deterrent effect and so forth and so on.

—There's one thing it hasn't a deterrent effect on, says Alf.\*

So of course the citizen was only waiting for the wink of the word and he starts gassing out of him about the invincibles and who fears to speak of ninetyeight and Joe with him about all the fellows that were hanged for the cause by drumhead court marshal and a new Ireland and new this that and the other. Talking about new Ireland he ought to go and get a new dog so he ought. Mangy ravenous brute sniffing and sneezing all round the place and scratching his scabs and round he goes to Bob Doran that was standing Alf a half one sucking up for what he could get So of course Bob Doran starts doing the bloody fool with him: —Give us the paw! Give us the paw, doggy! Good old doggy. Give us the paw here! Give us the paw!

Arrah! bloody end to the paw he'd give and Alf trying to keep him from tumbling off the bloody stool atop of the bloody old dog and he talking all kinds of drivel about training by kindness and thoroughbred dog and intelligent dog: give you the bloody pip. Then he starts scraping a few bits of old biscuit out of the bottom of a Jacob's tin he told Terry to bring. Gob, he golloped it down like old boots and his tongue hanging out for more. Near ate the tin and all, hungry bloody mongrel.

And the citizen and Bloom having an argument about the point, Robert Emmet and die for your country, the Tommy Moore touch about Sarah Curran and she's far from the land. And Bloom of course, with his knock me down cigar putting on swank with his lardy face. Phenomenon! The fat heap he married is a nice old phenomenon. Time they were stopping up in the *City Arms* Pisser Burke told me there was an old one there with a cracked neph-

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\* A passage of some twenty lines has been omitted to avoid the censor's possible suppression.



ew and Bloom trying to get the soft side of her doing the molly coddle playing *bézique* to come in for a bit of the wampum in her will and not eating meat of a Friday because the old one was always thumping her craw and taking the lout out for a walk. And one time he brought him back as drunk as a boiled owl and he said he did it to teach him the evils of alcohol, and, by herrings the women bear roasted him, the old one, Bloom's wife and Mrs. O'Dowd that kept the hotel—Jesus, I had to laugh at Pisser Burke taking them off chewing the fat and Bloom with his *but don't you see?* and *but on the other hand*. Phenomenon!

—The memory of the dead, says the citizen taking up his pint-glass and glaring at Bloom.

—Ay, ay, says Joe.

—You don't grasp my point, says Bloom. What I mean is. . . .

—*Sinn Fein!* says the citizen. *Sinn fein amhain!* The friends we love are by our side and the foes we hate before us.

The last farewell was affecting in the extreme. From the bellies far and near the funereal deathbell tolled unceasingly, while all around the gloomy precincts rolled the ominous warning of a hundred muffled drums punctuated by the hollow booming of ordnance. The deafening claps of thunder and the dazzling flashes of lightning which lit up the ghastly scene testified that the artillery of heaven had lent its supernatural pomp to the already gruesome spectacle. A torrential rain poured down from the floodgates of the angry heavens upon the bared heads of the assembled multitude which numbered at the lowest computation five hundred thousand persons. The learned prelate who administered the last comforts of holy religion to the hero martyr knelt in a most christian spirit in a pool of rain water, his cassock above his hoary head, and offered up to the throne of grace fervent prayers of supplication. Hard by the block stood the grim figure of the executioner, his visage concealed in a ten gallon pot with two circular perforated apertures through which his eyes glowered furiously. As he waited the fatal signal he tested the edge of his horrible weapon by honing it upon his brawny forearm or decapitated in rapid succession a flock of sheep which had been provided by the admirers of his fell but necessary office. On a handsome mahogany table near him were neatly arranged the quartering knife, the various finely tempered disembowelling appliances, a terracotta saucepan for the reception of the duodenum, colon, blind intestine and appendix etc., when successfully extricated and two commodious milkjugs destined to receive the most precious blood



of the most precious victim. The housesteward of the amalgamated cats' and dogs' home was in attendance to convey these vessels when replenished to that beneficent institution. Quite an excellent repast consisting of rashers and eggs, fried steak and onions, delicious hot breakfast rolls and invigorating tea had been considerably provided by the authorities for the consumption of the central figure of the tragedy but he expressed the dying wish (immediately acceded to) that the meal should be divided in aliquot parts among the members of the sick and indigent roomkeepers association as a token of his regard and esteem. The non plus ultra of emotion was reached when the blushing bride elect burst her way through the serried ranks of the bystanders and flung herself upon the muscular bosom of him who was about to die for her sake. The hero folded her willowy form in a loving embrace murmuring fondly *Sheila, my own*. Encouraged by this use of her christian name she kissed passionately all the various suitable areas of his person which the decencies of prison garb permitted her adour to reach. She swore to him as they mingled the salt streams of their tears that she would cherish his memory, that she would never forget her hero boy. She brought back to his recollection the happy days of blissful childhood together on the banks of Anna Liffey when they had indulged in the innocent pastimes of the young, and, oblivious of the dreadful present, they both laughed heartily, all the spectators, including the venerable pastor, joining in the general merriment. But anon they were overcome with grief and clasped their hands for the last time. A fresh torrent of tears burst from their lachrymal ducts and the vast concourse of people, touched to the inmost core, broke into heartrending sobs, not the least affected being the aged prebendary himself. A most romantic incident occurred when a handsome young Oxford graduate noted for his chivalry towards the fair sex, stepped forward and, presenting his visiting card, bankbook and genealogical tree solicited the hand of the hapless young lady and was accepted on the spot. This timely and generous act evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when he placed on the finger of his blushing *fiancée* an expensive engagement ring with three emeralds set in the form of a shamrock excitement knew no bounds. Nay, even the stern provost marshal, lieutenant colonel Tomkin—Maxwell Frenchmullen Tomlinson, who presided on the sad occasion, he who had blown a considerable number of sepoys from the cannonmouth without flinching, could not now restrain his natural emotion. With his mailed gauntlet he brushed away a furtive



tear and was overheard by those privileged burghers who happened to be in his immediate *entourage*, to murmur to himself in a faltering undertone:

—God blimey it makes me kind of cry, straight, it does, when I sees her cause I thinks of my old mashtub<sup>s</sup> what's waiting for me down Limehouse way.

So then the citizen begins talking about the Irish language and the cooperation meeting and all to that and the shoneens that can't speak their own language and Joe chipping in his old goo with his twopenny stump that he cadged off Joe and talking about the Gaelic league and the antitreating league and drink, the curse of Ireland. Antitreating is about the size of it. Gob, he'd let you pour all manner of drink down his throat till the Lord would call him before you'd ever see the froth of his pint. And one night I went in with a fellow into one of their musical evenings, song and dance and there was a fellow with a badge spiffing out of him in Irish and a lot of colleen bawns going about with temperance beverages and selling medals. And then an old fellow starts blowing into his bagpipe and all shuffling their feet to the tune the old cow died of. And one or two sky pilots having an eye around that there was no goings on with the females, hitting below the belt.

So, as I was saying, the old dog seeing the tin was empty starts mousing around Joe and me. I'd train him by kindness, so I would, if he was my dog. Give him a rousing fine kick now and again where it wouldn't blind him.

—Afraid he'll bite you? says the citizen sneering.

—No, says I, but he might take my leg for a lamppost.

So he calls the old dog over.

—What's on you, Garryowen? says he.

Then he starts hauling and mauling and talking to him in Irish and the old towser growling, letting on to answer, like a duet in the opera. Such growling you never heard as they let off between them. Someone that has nothing better to do ought to write a letter *pro bono publico* to the papers about the muzzling order for a dog the like of that. Growling and grousing and his eye all bloodshot and the hydrophobia dropping out of his jaws.

All those who are interested in the spread of human culture among the lower animals (and their name is legion) should make a point of not missing the really marvellous exhibition of cynanthropy given by the famous animal Garryowen. The exhibition, which is the result of years of training by kindness and a care-



fully thought out dietary system, comprises, among other achievements, the recitation of verse. Our phonetic experts have left no stone unturned in their efforts to delucidate and compare the verse recited and have found it bears a striking resemblance to the rauns of ancient Celtic bards. We are not speaking so much of those delightful lovesongs with which the writer who conceals his identity under the title of the little sweet branch has familiarised the book-loving world but rather of the harsher and more personal note which is found in the satirical effusions of the famous Raftery and of Donal Mac Considine. We subjoin a specimen which has been rendered into English by an eminent scholar whose name for the moment we are not at liberty to disclose though we believe that our readers will find the topical allusion rather more than an indication. The metrical system of the canine original, which recalls the intricate alliterative and isosyllabic rules of the Welsh englyn, is infinitely more complicated but we believe our readers will agree that the spirit has been well caught. Perhaps it should be added that the effect is greatly increased if the verse be spoken somewhat slowly and indistinctly in a tone suggestive of suppressed rancour.

*The curse of my curses  
Seven days every day  
And seven dry Thursdays  
On you, Barney Kiernan,  
Has no sup of water  
To cool my courage,  
And my guts red roaring  
After Lowry's lights.*

So he told Terry to bring some water for the dog and, gob, you could hear him lapping it up a mile off. And Joe asked him would he love another.

—I will, says he, to show there's no ill feeling.

Gob, he's not as green as he's cabbagelooking. Arsing around from one pub to another with a dog and getting fed up by the ratepayers. Entertainment for man and beast. And says Joe:

—Could you make a hole in another pint?

—Could a swim duck? says I.

—Same again Terry, says Joe. Are you sure you won't have anything in the way of liquid refreshment? says he.

—Thank you, no, says Bloom. As a matter of fact I just wanted to meet Martin Cunningham, don't you see, about this insurance of Dignam's. Martin asked me to go to the house. You see, he,



Dignam, I mean, didn't serve any notice of the assignment on the company at the time and really under the act the mortgagee can't recover on the policy.

—That's a good one by God, says Joe laughing, if old Bridgeman is landed. So the wife comes out top dog, what?

—Well, that's a point, says Bloom, for the wife's admirers.

—Whose admirers? says Joe.

—The wife's advisers, I mean, says Bloom.

Then he starts all confused mucking it up about the mortgagor under the act and for the benefit of the wife and that a trust is created but on the other hand that Dignam owes the money and if now the wife or the widow contested the mortgagee's right till he near gave me a pain in my head with his mortgagor under the act. He was bloody safe he wasn't run in himself under the act that time as a rogue and vagabond only he had a friend in court. Selling bazaar tickets or what do you call it royal Hungarian privileged lottery. O, commend me to an israelite! Royal and privileged Hungarian robbery.

*(To be continued)*