

The Death of the Authors

James Joyce & Virginia Woolf & Their Return to Life in Four Seasons

A Constant Remix

Spring

The young man shoved himself backward through the water and reached the middle of the creek in two long clean strokes. "A very interesting young man. She thanked Him for a variety of blessings: for the conviction with which the young man spoke; and not least for the prospect that on her daughter's wedding-day the noble cadences, the stately periods, the ancient eloquence of the marriage service would resound over the heads of a distinguished congregation gathered together near the very spot where her father lay quiescent with the other poets of England.

Fine dashing young nobleman. A young man rose, and said that he knew Ralph by sight. The young man raised his cap abruptly: the young woman abruptly bent and with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig. She was content to leave the problem of Ralph's relations to the young men obscure, trusting that they would find some common ground of masculine agreement. A flattened sofa would, later in the evening, become a bed; one of the tables concealed a washing apparatus; his clothes and boots were disagreeably mixed with books which bore the gilt of college arms; and, for decoration, there hung upon the wall photographs of bridges and cathedrals and large, unprepossessing groups of insufficiently clothed young men, sitting in rows one above another upon stone steps. Venetian masts, maypoles and festal arches spring up. No sooner had he heard the young people come in and go upstairs than he sent a maid to tell Miss Katharine that he wished to speak to her in the study. These states of mind transmit themselves very often without the use of language, and it was evident to Katharine that this young man had fixed his

mind upon her. She noticed how young she was and full of the promise of womanhood.

But he, the young chief of the O'Bergan's, could ill brook to be outdone in generous deeds but gave therefor with gracious gesture a testoon of costliest bronze. They threw young heads back, bronze gigglegold, to let freefly their laughter, screaming, your other, signals to each other, high piercing notes. Decision and composure stamped her, a combination of qualities that produced a very marked character, and one that was not calculated to put a young man, who scarcely knew her, at his ease. A pregnancy without joy, he said, a birth without pangs, a body without blemish, a belly without bigness. To be short this passage was scarce by when Master Dixon of Mary in Eccles, goodly grinning, asked young Stephen what was the reason why he had not cided to take friar's vows and he answered him obedience in the womb, chastity in the tomb but involuntary poverty all his days. Next, there was an account of the ancient home of the Alardyces, or rather, of spring in Suffolk, which was very beautifully written, although not essential to the story. The two young women could thus survey the whole party. 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, bank-book and genealogical tree, solicited the hand of the hapless young lady, requesting her to name the day, and was accepted on the spot. _ (Zoe Higgins, a young whore in a sapphire slip, closed with three bronze buckles, a slim black velvet fillet round her throat, nods, trips down the steps and accosts him. A man's a man for a' that._ Our worthy acquaintance Mr Malachi Mulligan now appeared in the doorway as the students were finishing their apologue accompanied with a friend whom he had just

reencountered, a young gentleman, his name Alec Bannon, who had late come to town, it being his intention to buy a colour or a cornetcy in the fencibles and list for the wars. The young woman with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig. A pallid suetfaced young man polished his tumbler knife fork and spoon with his napkin.

"I didn't come here to talk about Lord Byron," Mrs. Hilbery continued, with a little laugh, "though I know that both you and Katharine, unlike other young people of your generation, still find him worth reading. CHAPTER II The young man shut the door with a sharper slam than any visitor had used that afternoon, and walked up the street at a great pace, cutting the air with his walking-stick. The quivering stillness of the butterfly on the half-opened flower, the silent grazing of the deer in the sun, were the sights her eye rested upon and received as the images of her own nature laid open to happiness and trembling in its ecstasy. How young she was and radiant (Lalage were scarce fair beside her) in her yellow shoes and frock of muslin, I do not know the right name of it.

"You do well, Denham," he began impulsively, "to have nothing to do with young women. It never occurred to her that her own conduct could be anything of a puzzle to her mother, or that elder people are as much affected by the young as the young are by them. " He had always made plans since he was a small boy; for poverty, and the fact that he was the eldest son of a large family, had given him the habit of thinking of spring and summer, autumn and winter, as so many stages in a prolonged campaign. And not few and of these was young Lynch were in doubt that the world was now right evil governed as it was never other howbeit the mean people believed it otherwise but the law nor his judges did provide no remedy.

The young May moon she's beaming, love.

Wonder is that young Dedalus the moving spirit.

There was that in her young voice that told that she was not a one to be lightly trifled with.

How have the young women of your generation improved upon that, Katharine? It was all no use soothing him with no, nono, baby, no and telling him about the geegee and where was the puffpuff but Ciss, always readywitted, gave him in his mouth the teat of the suckingbottle and the young heathen was quickly appeased. Then wotted he nought of that other land which is called Believe-on-Me, that is the land of promise which behoves to the king Delightful and shall be for ever where there is no death and no birth neither wiving nor mothering at which all shall come as many as believe on it? He respected the young man; he was a very able young man; he was likely to get his own way. Her mother, wishing to connect him reputably with the great dead, had compared him with Mr. Ruskin; and the comparison was in Katharine's mind, and led her to be more critical of the young man than was fair, for a young man paying a call in a tail-coat is in a different element altogether from a head seized at its climax of expressiveness, gazing immutably from behind a sheet of glass, which was all that remained to her of Mr. Ruskin.

" Now Denham had reason to know that he could bring to birth and keep alive a fine anger when he chose. "That's a clever young man," Ralph observed, referring to Mr. Basnett. The same young eyes. She loved the steep cliff of his forehead, and compared it to the brow of a young Greek horseman, who reins his horse back so sharply that it half falls on its haunches. She was terribly afraid that one of these days Mary, the young

woman who typified so many rather sentimental and enthusiastic ideas, who had some sort of visionary existence in white with a sheaf of lilies in her hand, would announce, in a jaunty way, that she was about to be married.

Looking now and then at the sky, she went through the list of her cousins' names: Eleanor, Humphrey, Marmaduke, Silvia, Henry, Cassandra, Gilbert, and Mostyn-Henry, the cousin who taught the young ladies of Bungay to play upon the violin, was the only one in whom she could confide, and as she walked up and down beneath the hoops of the pergola, she did begin a little speech to him, which ran something like this: "To begin with, I'm very fond of William. *_Deus in adiutorium._* He walked calmly and read mutely the nones, walking and reading till he came to *_Res_* in *_Beati immaculati: Principium verborum tuorum veritas: in eternum omnia indicia iustitiae tuae._* A flushed young man came from a gap of a hedge and after him came a young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. Literature was a fresh garland of spring flowers, he said, in which yew-berries and the purple nightshade mingled with the various tints of the anemone; and somehow or other this garland encircled marble brows. " She said nothing for a moment, but rested one hand, which was bare of glove, upon the rail in front of her, meditating upon a variety of things, of which one was that this strange young man pronounced Dante as she was used to hearing it pronounced, and another, that he had, most unexpectedly, a feeling about life that was familiar to her. Whereat Crotthers of Alba Longa sang young Malachi's praise of that beast the unicorn how once in the millennium he cometh by his horn, the other all this while, pricked forward with their jibes wherewith they did malice him, witnessing all and several by saint Foutinus his engines that he was able to do

any manner of thing that lay in man to do. That young doctor O'Hare I noticed her brushing his coat. What exigencies of state or fantasies of imagination first gave birth to the cluster of pleasant places by which London is surrounded is matter of indifference now that they have adapted themselves so admirably to the needs of people between the ages of twenty and thirty with Saturday afternoons to spend. Thereat laughed they all right jocundly only young Stephen and sir Leopold which never durst laugh too open by reason of a strange humour which he would not bewray and also for that he rued for her that bare whoso she might be or wheresoever. She knew this and it interested her, for she was accustomed to find young men very ready to talk about themselves, and had come to listen to them as one listens to children, without any thought of herself. The young are old. And she was wondrous stricken of heart for that evil hap and for his burial did him on a fair corselet of lamb's wool, the flower of the flock, lest he might perish utterly and lie akeled (for it was then about the midst of the winter) and now Sir Leopold that had of his body no manchild for an heir looked upon him his friend's son and was shut up in sorrow for his forepassed happiness and as sad as he was that him failed a son of such gentle courage (for all accounted him of real parts) so grieved he also in no less measure for young Stephen for that he lived riotously with those wastrels and murdered his goods with whores. A charming young woman that—a great favorite of mine. In our young days, Mr. Denham, we used to say that we knew which of our friends would become judges, by looking at the girls they married. Don't maul them pieces, young one. "Not that grave young man with the steady brown eyes? In the case of Mrs. Hilbery, these early spring days were chiefly upsetting inasmuch as they caused a general quickening of her

emotional powers, which, as far as the past was concerned, had never suffered much diminution. The young man's face grew dark. She had seen him with a young person. There was a sort of scholars along either side the board, that is to wit, Dixon yclept junior of saint Mary Merciable's with other his fellows Lynch and Madden, scholars of medicine, and the franklin that hight Lenehan and one from Alba Longa, one Crotthers, and young Stephen that had mien of a frere that was at head of the board and Costello that men clepen Punch Costello all long of a mastery of him erewhile gested (and of all them, reserved young Stephen, he was the most drunken that demanded still of more mead) and beside the meek sir Leopold.

"In spite of a slight tendency to exaggeration, Katharine decidedly hits the mark," he said, and lying back in his chair, with his opaque contemplative eyes fixed on the ceiling, and the tips of his fingers pressed together, he depicted, first the horrors of the streets of Manchester, and then the bare, immense moors on the outskirts of the town, and then the scrubby little house in which the girl would live, and then the professors and the miserable young students devoted to the more strenuous works of our younger dramatists, who would visit her, and how her appearance would change by degrees, and how she would fly to London, and how Katharine would have to lead her about, as one leads an eager dog on a chain, past rows of clamorous butchers' shops, poor dear creature. We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love, but always meeting ourselves.

Or will I drop into old Harris's and have a chat with young Sinclair? Silly billies: mob of young cubs yelling their guts out. These people, though they seem young enough, look so angular and so crude that they remind him of the little pictures painted

by monks in the capital letters of their manuscripts. Look at the young scamps after him.

They were all young and some of them seemed to make a protest by their hair and dress, and something somber and truculent in the expression of their faces, against the more normal type, who would have passed unnoticed in an omnibus or an underground railway. My father's a bird, he lapped the sweet *_lait chaud_* with pink young tongue, plump bunny's face. You young people may say you're unconventional, but you're nothing compared with her. The young person was treated by defendant as if she were his very own daughter. *_Deus in adiutorium._* He walked calmly and read mutely the nones, walking and reading till he came to *_Res_* in *_Beati immaculati: Principium verborum tuorum veritas: in eternum omnia indicia iustitiae tuae._* A flushed young man came from a gap of a hedge and after him came a young woman with wild nodding daisies in her hand. But the slap and the blessing stood him friend, says Mr Vincent, for to make up he taught him a trick worth two of the other so that maid, wife, abbess and widow to this day affirm that they would rather any time of the month whisper in his ear in the dark of a cowhouse or get a lick on the nape from his long holy tongue than lie with the finest strapping young ravisher in the four fields of all Ireland. A wariness of mind he would answer as fitted all and, laying hand to jaw, he said dissembling, as his wont was, that as it was informed him, who had ever loved the art of physic as might a layman, and agreeing also with his experience of so seldomseen an accident it was good for that mother Church belike at one blow had birth and death pence and in such sort deliverly he scaped their questions. But in the spring her desire for expression invariably increased. After greeting her uncle and aunt and receiving, as usual, a present

of two sovereigns for "cab fares and dissipation" from Uncle Trevor, whose favorite niece she was, she changed her dress and wandered into Katharine's room to await her.

"Once throw conventions aside," he began, "once do the things that people don't do—" and the fact that you are going to meet a young man is no longer proof of anything, except, indeed, that people will talk. She went on talking; she talked, it seemed to both the young men, to some one outside, up in the air. Then, when Ralph fell silent, Mr. Basnett felt that his presence was not desired, and thanking Ralph for his help, with a sense that he was very young and ignorant compared with him, he said good-bye.

(He snaps his jaws suddenly on the air) THE MOTTH: I'm a tiny tiny thing Ever flying in the spring Round and round a ringaring. Then there were two letters which had to be laid side by side and compared before she could make out the truth of their story, and even when she knew the facts she could not decide what to make of them; and finally she had to reflect upon a great many pages from a cousin who found himself in financial difficulties, which forced him to the uncongenial occupation of teaching the young ladies of Bungay to play upon the violin. But on young Malachi they waited for that he promised to have come and such as intended to no goodness said how he had broke his avow. Well met they were, said Master Dixon, joyed, but, harkee, young sir, better were they named Beau Mount and Lecher for, by my troth, of such a mingling much might come. A habit reprehensible at puberty is second nature and an opprobrium in middle life. He was too young to understand. Then spake young Stephen orgulous of mother Church that would cast him out of her bosom, of law of canons, of Lilit,

patron of abortions, of bigness wrought by wind of seeds of brightness or by potency of vampires mouth to mouth or, as Virgilius saith, by the influence of the occident or by the reek of moonflower or an she lie with a woman which her man has but lain with, *__effectu secuto__*, or peradventure in her bath according to the opinions of Averroes and Moses Maimonides. Every lady in the audience was presented with a tasteful souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a skull and crossbones brooch, a timely and generous act which evoked a fresh outburst of emotion: and when the gallant young Oxonian (the bearer, by the way, of one of the most timehonoured names in Albion's history) placed on the finger of his blushing *__fiancée__* an expensive engagement ring with emeralds set in the form of a fourleaved shamrock the excitement knew no bounds. Such are the reflections of the superficial stranger, and his sight of the population, as it is represented by two or three men hoeing in a turnip-field, a small child carrying a jug, and a young woman shaking a piece of carpet outside her cottage door, will not lead him to see anything very much out of keeping with the Middle Ages in the village of Disham as it is to-day. Lastly at the head of the board was the young poet who found a refuge from his labours of pedagogy and metaphysical inquisition in the convivial atmosphere of Socratic discussion, while to right and left of him were accommodated the flippant prognosticator, fresh from the hippodrome, and that vigilant wanderer, soiled by the dust of travel and combat and stained by the mire of an indelible dishonour, but from whose steadfast and constant heart no lure or peril or threat or degradation could ever efface the image of that voluptuous loveliness which the inspired pencil of Lafayette has limned for ages yet to come. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing's. Nice young student

that was dressed that bite the bee gave me. In a giggling peal young goldbronze voices blended, Douce with Kennedy your other eye. Stephen stands at the pianola on which sprawl his hat and ashplant. A young pullet. The dressy young blade said it was her husband's that put her in that expectation or at least it ought to be unless she were another Ephesian matron. Poor young fellow! TO VANESSA BELL BUT, LOOKING FOR A PHRASE, I FOUND NONE TO STAND BESIDE YOUR NAME NIGHT AND DAY CHAPTER I It was a Sunday evening in October, and in common with many other young ladies of her class, Katharine Hilbery was pouring out tea. " They walked to the counter piled with little paper bags, and each simultaneously produced a shilling and pressed it upon the young lady, who did not know whether to oblige the lady or the gentleman, but decided, from conventional reasons, that it was the part of the gentleman to pay. And among the five young trees a hoisted lintstock lit the lamp at Leahy's terrace. It never occurred to her that her own conduct could be anything of a puzzle to her mother, or that elder people are as much affected by the young as the young are by them. Hard to breathe and all the young quicks clean consumed without sprinkle this long while back as no man remembered to be without. She had the quick, impulsive movements of her mother, the lips parting often to speak, and closing again; and the dark oval eyes of her father brimming with light upon a basis of sadness, or, since she was too young to have acquired a sorrowful point of view, one might say that the basis was not sadness so much as a spirit given to contemplation and self-control. She could see that he was nervous; one would expect a bony young man with his face slightly reddened by the wind, and his hair not altogether smooth, to be nervous in such a party. Her death

brought from him the scene with Volumnia in Coriolanus.
His boyson's death is the deathscene of young Arthur in King John.
Hamlet, the black prince, is Hamnet Shakespeare. She wore a coquettish little love of a hat of wideleaved nigger straw contrast trimmed with an underbrim of eggblue chenille and at the side a butterfly bow of silk to tone. CHAPTER XXIV The first signs of spring, even such as make themselves felt towards the middle of February, not only produce little white and violet flowers in the more sheltered corners of woods and gardens, but bring to birth thoughts and desires comparable to those faintly colored and sweetly scented petals in the minds of men and women. Katharine, however, made an opportunity for him to leave, and for that he was grateful to her, as one young person is grateful for the understanding of another. She bought herself an evening paper, which she read as she ate, looking over the top of it again and again at the queer people who were buying cakes or imparting their secrets, until some young woman whom she knew came in, and she called out, "Eleanor, come and sit by me," and they finished their lunch together, parting on the strip of pavement among the different lines of traffic with a pleasant feeling that they were stepping once more into their separate places in the great and eternally moving pattern of human life. A young man, Henry Otway, was reading, with his feet on the fender. Leopold Bloom (for it is he) stands silent, with bowed head before those young guileless eyes. Thanks: new tam: Mr Coghlan: lough Owel picnic: young student: Blazes Boylan's seaside girls. "They are young with us, and they grow old with us. when I was young there were domestic circumstances—" she sighed, and stopped short. young man, watchful among the warm sweet fumes of Graham Lemon's, placed a throwaway in a hand of Mr Bloom.)
BLOOM: (Murmurs lovingly) To

be a shoefitter in Manfield's was my love's young dream, the darling joys of sweet buttonhooking, to lace up crisscrossed to kneelength the dressy kid footwear satinlined, so incredibly impossibly small, of Clyde Road ladies. Her to forgive now he craved with good ground of her allowed that that of him swift-seen face, hers, so young then had looked. Merciful providence had been pleased to put a period to the sufferings of the lady who was enceinte which she had borne with a laudable fortitude and she had given birth to a bouncing boy. There were moments when she felt so young and inexperienced that she almost wished herself back with the silkworms at Stogdon House, and not embarked upon this bewildering intrigue. The young men in the office had a perfect right to these opinions, because Denham showed no particular desire for their friendship.

And Edy Boardman was rocking the chubby baby to and fro in the pushcar while that young gentleman fairly chuckled with delight.

She stood there, thinking of her own destiny, and the elder ladies talked on, until they had talked themselves into a decision to ask the young woman to luncheon, and tell her, very friendlily, how such behavior appeared to women like themselves, who knew the world. And now it's you young women—we look to you—the future looks to you. " The old gentleman had been roused agreeably by the presence of this attentive and well-informed young man, as was evident by the care with which he finished the last words in his sentences, and his slight exaggeration in the number of trucks on the trains. Hotblooded young student fooling round her fat arms ironing. And calling himself a Frenchy for the shawls, Joseph Manuo, and talking against the Catholic religion, and he serving mass in Adam and Eve's when he was young with his eyes shut, who wrote the new

testament, and the old testament, and hugging and smuggling. " Mrs. Cosham demanded, afraid lest she should be balked of her priceless discovery, a young man truly devoted to literature. 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, bank-book and genealogical tree, solicited the hand of the hapless young lady, requesting her to name the day, and was accepted on the spot. I was a strapping young gossoon at that time, I tell you.

Was her reticence about her own affairs as inviolable as it had often been convenient for rather an egoistical young man to think it?

Daily life in a house where there are young and old is full of curious little ceremonies and pieties, which are discharged quite punctually, though the meaning of them is obscure, and a mystery has come to brood over them which lends even a superstitious charm to their performance. A young man clinging to a spur of rock near him, moved slowly frogwise his green legs in the deep jelly of the water. "Answer me frankly, what is your relationship with this young man? Here the listener who was none other than the Scotch student, a little fume of a fellow, blond as tow, congratulated in the liveliest fashion with the young gentleman and, interrupting the narrative at a salient point, having desired his visavis with a polite beck to have the obligingness to pass him a flagon of cordial waters at the same time by a questioning poise of the head (a whole century of polite breeding had not achieved so nice a gesture) to which was united an equivalent but contrary balance of the bottle asked the narrator as plainly as was ever done in words if he might treat him with a cup of it.

The young man raised his cap abruptly: the young woman abruptly bent and with slow care detached from her light skirt a clinging twig. The quality of her birth oozed into Katharine's consciousness from a dozen different sources as soon as she was able to perceive anything. The way they spring those questions on you. She would fain have cried to him chokingly, held out her snowy slender arms to him to come, to feel his lips laid on her white brow, the cry of a young girl's love, a little strangled cry, wrung from her, that cry that has rung through the ages. The young sparks, it is true, were as full of extravagancies as overgrown children: the words of their tumultuary discussions were difficultly understood and not often nice: their testiness and outrageous mots were such that his intellects resiled from: nor were they scrupulously sensible of the proprieties though their fund of strong animal spirits spoke in their behalf. Mr Bloom at gaze saw a lithe young man, clad in mourning, a wide hat. Katharine, who had risen in some confusion, could not help smiling at the thought that her mother found it perfectly natural and desirable that her daughter should be reading Byron in the dining-room late at night alone with a strange young man. An acclimatised Britisher, he had seen that summer eve from the footplate of an engine cab of the Loop line railway company while the rain refrained from falling glimpses, as it were, through the windows of loveful households in Dublin city and urban district of scenes truly rural of happiness of the better land with Dockrell's wallpaper at one and ninepence a dozen, innocent Britishborn bairns lisping prayers to the Sacred Infant, youthful scholars grappling with their pensums or model young ladies playing on the pianoforte or anon all with fervour reciting the family rosary round the crackling Yulelog while in the boreens and green lanes the colleens with their swains strolled

what times the strains of the organtoned melodeon Britannia metalbound with four acting stops and twelfefold bellows, a sacrifice, greatest bargain ever...__ (Renewed laughter. There is a young student comes here some evenings named Bannon his cousins or something are big swells and he sings Boylan's (I was on the pop of writing Blazes Boylan's) song about those seaside girls. Can't blame them after all with the job they have especially the young hornies. To whom young Stephen had these words following: Murmur, sirs, is eke oft among lay folk. The parlor-maid could hardly be expected to fathom the meaning of the grave tone in which the young lady proffered the flowers, with Mrs. Hilbery's love; and the door shut upon the offering.

Mr. Basnett, a very young man with a fresh complexion and a high forehead from which the hair was combed straight back, was one of that group of "very able young men" suspected by Mr. Clacton, justly as it turned out, of an influence upon Mary Datchet. As for the other young man, the sooner he makes himself scarce the better. "It was like tearing through a maze of diamond-glittering spiders' webs to say good-bye and escape, for at each movement Mrs. Hilbery remembered something further about the villainies of picture-framers or the delights of poetry, and at one time it seemed to the young man that he would be hypnotized into doing what she pretended to want him to do, for he could not suppose that she attached any value whatever to his presence. Milly young student. He thought that if he had had Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Hilbery out here he would have made them, somehow, feel his superiority, for he was chafed by the memory of halting awkward sentences which had failed to give even the young woman with the sad, but inwardly ironical eyes a hint of his force.

The enthusiasms of a young girl of distinguished upbringing appealed to William, and suggested a thousand ways in which, with his training and accomplishments, he could be of service to her. Not so young now. All fell to praising of it, each after his own fashion, though the same young blade held with his former view that another than her conjugal had been the man in the gap, a clerk in orders, a linkboy (virtuous) or an itinerant vendor of articles needed in every household. "Cassandra's grown into a very charming young woman," he started afresh.

Although she was by birth an Alardyce, and Aunt Celia a Hilbery, the complexities of the family relationship were such that each was at once first and second cousin to the other, and thus aunt and cousin to the culprit Cyril, so that his misbehavior was almost as much Cousin Caroline's affair as Aunt Celia's. "No, Denham, I have no illusions about that young woman.

"The brilliant young man who writes for the Review, I mean? Edward, she perceived, was rolling the lawn, for the sake of exercise; and the sight of him, with pink cheeks, bright little brown eyes, and a general resemblance to a clumsy young cart-horse in its winter coat of dusty brown hair, made Mary violently ashamed of her ambitious scheming. —Our young Irish bards, John Eglinton censured, have yet to create a figure which the world will set beside Saxon Shakespeare's Hamlet though I admire him, as old Ben did, on this side idolatry. One more reference was made to the state of things between them late that night, when Elizabeth had gone to her room, and the two young men had stumbled off to bed in such a state of sleep that they hardly felt the floor beneath their feet after a day's shooting. To a son he speaks, the son of his soul, the prince, young Hamlet and to the son of his body, Hamnet Shakespeare, who has died in Stratford that his namesake may live for ever. "

"She's out with her young man, naturally. Bone them young so they metempsychosis. —Look at the young guttersnipe behind him hue and cry, Lenehan said, and you'll kick.

He is young Leopold. Naturally, with her face, position, and background, she had experience of young men who wished to marry her, and made protestations of love, but, perhaps because she did not return the feeling, it remained something of a pageant to her. She greeted her cordially, and, as there was no time for explanations, Katharine walked straight into the sitting-room, and found herself in the presence of a young man who was lying back in a chair and holding a sheet of paper in his hand, at which he was looking as if he expected to go on immediately with what he was in the middle of saying to Mary Datchet. That magnificent ghostly head on the canvas, surely, never beheld all the trivialities of a Sunday afternoon, and it did not seem to matter what she and this young man said to each other, for they were only small people. Enter that antechamber of birth where the studios are assembled and note their faces.

Amid the general vacant hilarity of the assembly a bell rang and, while all were conjecturing what might be the cause, Miss Callan entered and, having spoken a few words in a low tone to young Mr Dixon, retired with a profound bow to the company.

The old woman and the young woman stood side by side in unbroken silence. I'm sure he's not like that dreadful young man, Mr. Ponting, who told me that he considered it our duty to live exclusively in the present. Mrs. Denham had looked at her sufficiently often to make it clear to Katharine that she was asking who this young woman was, and why Ralph had brought her to tea with them. A hackney car, number three

hundred and twentyfour, driver Barton James of number one Harmony avenue, Donnybrook, on which sat a fare, a young gentleman, stylishly dressed in an indigoblue serge suit made by George Robert Mesias, tailor and cutter, of number five Eden quay, and wearing a straw hat very dressy, bought of John Plasto of number one Great Brunswick street, hatter. The young man who was her grandfather looked vaguely over her head. Hortensio calls her young and beautiful. That young figure of then is seen, precociously manly, walking on a nipping morning from the old house in Clanbrassil street to the high school, his booksatchel on him bandolierwise, and in it a goodly hunk of wheaten loaf, a mother's thought. One would have felt alarmed lest this young and striking woman were about to do something eccentric. The faithful hermetists await the light, ripe for chelaship, ringroundabout him. And he heard their aresouns each gen other as touching birth and righteousness, young Madden maintaining that put such case it were hard the wife to die (for so it had fallen out a matter of some year agone with a woman of Eblana in Horne's house that now was trespassed out of this world and the self night next before her death all leeches and pothecaries had taken counsel of her case). But was young Boasthard's fear vanquished by Calmer's words? There's the Maze, there's a nice place for having tea—I forget what they call it—and then, if the young man knows his business he contrives to take his lady upon the river.

As their cab approached the entrance, Katharine bent forward and waved her hand to a young man who was walking rapidly in the same direction. At any rate, a pale-faced young man with sad eyes was already on his feet, delivering an accurately worded speech with perfect composure. Was the young master saying anything? " Katharine stirred her tea, and seemed to speculate,

so Denham thought, upon the duty of filling somebody else's cup, but she was really wondering how she was going to keep this strange young man in harmony with the rest. And as the ends and ultimates of all things accord in some mean and measure with their inceptions and originals, that same multiplicit concordance which leads forth growth from birth accomplishing by a retrogressive metamorphosis that minishing and ablation towards the final which is agreeable unto nature so is it with our subsolar being. He signified his assent to Mrs. Seal's remark, but observed, with a glance at the clock, which showed only half an hour past five: "If she takes the work seriously, Mrs. Seal—but that's just what some of your clever young ladies don't do. Was he oysters old fish at table perhaps he young flesh in bed no June has no ar no oysters. You might pick up a young widow here. It was Gerty who turned off the gas at the main every night and it was Gerty who tacked up on the wall of that place where she never forgot every fortnight the chlorate of lime Mr Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac, the picture of halcyon days where a young gentleman in the costume they used to wear then with a threecornered hat was offering a bunch of flowers to his ladylove with oldtime chivalry through her lattice window. Yom Kippur fast spring cleaning of inside. It was a moonless night, but the light of the stars was sufficient to show the outline of the young woman's form, and the shape of her face gazing gravely, indeed almost sternly, into the sky. The young gentleman, his friend, overjoyed as he was at a passage that had late befallen him, could not forbear to tell it his nearest neighbour. A young white heifer. He moved a doll's head to and fro, the brims of his Panama hat quivering, and began to chant in a quiet happy foolish voice: —I'm the queerest young fellow that ever you heard. " Mr. Denham had recovered his

self-control; he spoke with a quietness which made Katharine rather anxious that he should explain himself, but at the same time she wished to annoy him, to waft him away from her on some light current of ridicule or satire, as she was wont to do with these intermittent young men of her father's. Cassandra turned to Katharine, who drew her breath as if to speak and checked herself; Rodney, too, seemed to await some movement on her part; her father glanced at her as if he half anticipated some further revelation. Yet the thought did not disturb him so much as the strange, unpleasant, illicit atmosphere of the whole scene with the young people the night before. They were further silenced by Katharine's rather malicious determination not to help this young man, in whose upright and resolute bearing she detected something hostile to her surroundings, by any of the usual feminine amenities. Indeed, he appeared to be rather a hard and self-sufficient young man, with a queer temper, and manners that were uncompromisingly abrupt, who was consumed with a desire to get on in the world, which was natural, these critics thought, in a man of no means, but not engaging. Blazes Boylan walked here and there in new tan shoes about the fruitmelling shop, lifting fruits, young juicy crinkled and plump red tomatoes, sniffing smells. And there came against the place as they stood a young learningknight yclept Dixon. So he starts telling us about corporal punishment and about the crew of tars and officers and rearadmirals drawn up in cocked hats and the parson with his protestant bible to witness punishment and a young lad brought out, howling for his ma, and they tie him down on the buttend of a gun. Nice young chap he is. "His father has been dead some time, and this young man had to take his place—" "A legal family? —Seymour's back in town, the young man said, grasping again his spur of rock.

They meant that she would in all probability marry some young man whose mother they respected. Then young Madden showed all the whole affair and said how that she was dead and how for holy religion sake by rede of palmer and bedesman and for a vow he had made to Saint Ultan of Arbraccan her goodman husband would not let her death whereby they were all wondrous grieved.

He frowns a little just as this young man does now with a perhaps too conscious enjoyment of the danger but must needs glance at whiles towards where his mother watches from the PIAZZETTA giving upon the flowerclose with a faint shadow of remoteness or of reproach (_alles Vergangliche_) in her glad look. Only yesterday my husband was telling me he thought you one of the cleverest young men he knew. The nursingwoman answered him and said that that woman was in throes now full three days and that it would be a hard birth unneeth to bear but that now in a little it would be. Work it out with the buttend of a pencil, like a good young idiot. Her mother, wishing to connect him reputably with the great dead, had compared him with Mr. Ruskin; and the comparison was in Katharine's mind, and led her to be more critical of the young man than was fair, for a young man paying a call in a tail-coat is in a different element altogether from a head seized at its climax of expressiveness, gazing immutably from behind a sheet of glass, which was all that remained to her of Mr. Ruskin.

Which hearing young Stephen was a marvellous glad man and he averred that he who stealeth from the poor lendeth to the Lord for he was of a wild manner when he was drunken and that he was now in that taking it appeared eftsoons. His rather prominent eyes passed from one young woman to the other,

and his lips perpetually formed words which remained unspoken. But hey, presto, the mirror is breathed on and the young knighterrant recedes, shrivels, dwindles to a tiny speck within the mist. " Mr. Clacton cleared his throat and looked at each of the young ladies in turn. Says he found a sweet young thing down there. His certainty that there was some understanding between Denham and Katharine returned, but with a most unpleasant suspicion that there was something illicit about it, as the whole position between the young people seemed to him gravely illicit. Lawksamercy, doctor, cried the young blood in the primrose vest, feigning a womanish simper and with immodest squirmings of his body, how you do tease a body! Study your clients, young man, and the world will be the richer one of these days, I have no doubt. 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. At Geneva barrack that young man died.

For the rest she was brown-eyed, a little clumsy in movement, and suggested country birth and a descent from respectable hard-working ancestors, who had been men of faith and integrity rather than doubters or fanatics. Still I got to know that young Dixon who dressed that sting for me in the Mater and now he's in Holles street where Mrs Purefoy.

By the way go easy with that money like a good young imbecile. Yet he was young and perchance he might learn to love her in time. My father always says that he's the most remarkable of the young men who write for him.

An animated altercation (in which all took part) ensued among the F. O. T. E. I. as to whether the eighth or the ninth of March was the correct date of the birth of Ireland's patron saint.

At any rate, she had shut up "The Duchess of Malfi" with a sigh, and wished to know, so she told Rodney at dinner, whether there wasn't some young writer with a touch of the great spirit—somebody who made you believe that life was BEAUTIFUL?

"Who are these young men? And sir Leopold sat with them for he bore fast friendship to sir Simon and to this his son young Stephen and for that his languor becalmed him there after longest wanderings insomuch as they feasted him for that time in the honourablest manner. About that present time young Stephen filled all cups that stood empty so as there remained but little mo if the prudenter had not shadowed their approach from him that still plied it very busily who, praying for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff, he gave them for a pledge the vicar of Christ which also as he said is vicar of Bray. There was a sort of scholars along either side the board, that is to wit, Dixon yclept junior of saint Mary Merciable's with other his fellows Lynch and Madden, scholars of medicine, and the franklin that hight Lenehan and one from Alba Longa, one Crotthers, and young Stephen that had mien of a frere that was at head of the board and Costello that men clepen Punch Costello all long of a mastery of him erewhile gested (and of all them, reserved young Stephen, he was the most drunken that demanded still of more mead) and beside the meek sir Leopold. At the very same moment, rather to her amusement, the door was flung open, and a young man entered the room. Mrs. Hilbery dropped into a pleasant, inattentive state of mind, in which she was conscious of the running green lines of the

hedges, of the swelling ploughland, and of the mild blue sky, which served her, after the first five minutes, for a pastoral background to the drama of human life; and then she thought of a cottage garden, with the flash of yellow daffodils against blue water; and what with the arrangement of these different prospects, and the shaping of two or three lovely phrases, she did not notice that the young people in the carriage were almost silent.

Got up as a young bride, man, veil, orangeblossoms, drove out the road to Malahide. Five young children. And yet nobody could have worked harder or done better in all the recognized stages of a young man's life than Ralph had done, and Joan had to gather materials for her fears from trifles in her brother's behavior which would have escaped any other eye. Must we accept the view of Empedocles of Trinacria that the right ovary (the postmenstrual period, assert others) is responsible for the birth of males or are the too long neglected spermatozoa or nemasperms the differentiating factors or is it, as most embryologists incline to opine, such as Culpepper, Spallanzani, Blumenbach, Lusk, Hertwig, Leopold and Valenti, a mixture of both?

Katharine was unconsciously affected, each time she entered her mother's room, by all these influences, which had had their birth years ago, when she was a child, and had something sweet and solemn about them, and connected themselves with early memories of the cavernous glooms and sonorous echoes of the Abbey where her grandfather lay buried. The mere presence of a young man had altered her disposition curiously, and filled her with a desire for a scene which should end in an emotional forgiveness. He respected the young man; he was a very able young man; he was likely to get his own way. He envisaged a

time even when it would become necessary to tell her that there could not be two masters in one office—but she was certainly able, very able, and in touch with a group of very clever young men. Mr. Basnett, a very young man with a fresh complexion and a high forehead from which the hair was combed straight back, was one of that group of "very able young men" suspected by Mr. Clacton, justly as it turned out, of an influence upon Mary Datchet.

O sweetly all your little girlwhite up I saw dirty bracegirdle made me do love sticky we two naughty Grace darling she him half past the bed met him pike hoses frillies for Raoul de perfume your wife black hair heave under embon _señorita_ young eyes Mulvey plump bubs me breadvan Winkle red slippers she rusty sleep wander years of dreams return tail end Agendath swoony lovey showed me her next year in drawers return next in her next her next. On her flower frowning miss Douce said: —Most aggravating that young brat is. A moment later the room was full of young men and women, who came in with a peculiar look of expectation, exclaimed "Oh! At least, he understood that she was very young and pretty, and saw that she was excited, though he could not gather at once from her words or remember from his own experience what there was to be excited about.

And he heard their aresouns each gen other as touching birth and righteousness, young Madden maintaining that put such case it were hard the wife to die (for so it had fallen out a matter of some year ago with a woman of Eblana in Horne's house that now was trespassed out of this world and the self night next before her death all leeches and pothecaries had taken counsel of her case). No one can escape the power of language, let alone those of English birth brought up from childhood, as Mrs. Hilbery had been, to disport themselves now in the

Saxon plainness, now in the Latin splendor of the tongue, and stored with memories, as she was, of old poets exuberating in an infinity of vocables. He lit his gas-fire and settled down in gloomy patience to await his dinner.

In connection with the rest of the group of very able young men he had drawn up a scheme for the education of labor, for the amalgamation of the middle class and the working class, and for a joint assault of the two bodies, combined in the Society for the Education of Democracy, upon Capital. He gave a sudden loud young laugh as a close. The young surgeon, however, rose and begged the company to excuse his retreat as the nurse had just then informed him that he was needed in the ward. And they said farther she should live because in the beginning, they said, the woman should bring forth in pain and wherefore they that were of this imagination affirmed how young Madden had said truth for he had conscience to let her die. By eleven o'clock the atmosphere of concentration was running so strongly in one direction that any thought of a different order could hardly have survived its birth more than a moment or so. The young man shook his head, as if he disowned his share in the question with some irritation. He walked there, reading in the evening, and heard the cries of the boys' lines at their play, young cries in the quiet evening. —No, Mr Bloom said, the son himself... Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely: —Reuben and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the Isle of Man boat and the young chiseller suddenly got loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey. The pretty lips pouted awhile but then she glanced up and broke out into a joyous little laugh which had in it all the freshness of a young May morning. What was that about some young student and a picnic?

The young women looking into the milliners' windows had that look in their eyes; and elderly men turning over books in the second-hand book-shops, and eagerly waiting to hear what the price was—the very lowest price—they had it, too. He speaks the words to Burbage, the young player who stands before him beyond the rack of cerecloth, calling him by a name: _Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit,_ bidding him list.

Summer

Have birds no smell? But, he further added, it is mayhap to relieve the pentup feelings that in common oppress them for I have more than once observed that birds of a feather laugh together.

The instant prolonged itself as Katharine realized the strength of her desire to speak the words that should keep William for ever, and the baseness of the temptation which assailed her to make the movement, or speak the word, which he had often begged her for, which she was now near enough to feeling. Indeed, if ghosts have any interest in the affections of those who succeed them they must reap their richest harvests when the fine weather comes again and the lovers, the sightseers, and the holiday-makers pour themselves out of trains and omnibuses into their old pleasure-grounds. Here I watched the birds for augury. Had the winner today till I tipped him a dead cert. The twins were now playing in the most approved brotherly fashion till at last Master Jacky who was really as bold as brass there was no getting behind that deliberately kicked the ball as hard as ever he could down towards the seaweedy rocks. Then, lo and behold, they blossom out as Adam Findlaters or Dan Tallons.

For every newbegotten thou shalt gather thy homer of ripe wheat. The prospect of the future, now that the strength of his passion was revealed to him, appalled him. Meanwhile his desire to have Katharine's assurance confirmed became so insistent that he could no longer deny the overmastering strength of his feeling for Cassandra. One of the swift and noiseless birds of the winter's night seemed to follow them across the field, circling a few feet in front of them, disappearing and returning

again and again. Then he hitches his belt sailor fashion and with a shrug of oriental obeisance salutes the court, pointing one thumb heavenward. That youthful illusion of thy strength was taken from thee—and in vain. The strength it gives a man.

The faithful hermetists await the light, ripe for chelaship, ringround-
about him. The strength of muscles has nothing to do on the face of it with the strength of affections; nevertheless, she felt a sudden concern for this power running to waste on her account, which, combined with a desire to keep possession of that strangely attractive masculine power, made her rouse herself from her torpor. But the whirl of the atmosphere alone was in Denham's mood, and what of star or blossom appeared was only as a light gleaming for a second upon heaped waves fast following each other. What's the point of having a garden if one can't watch birds in it? The strength of his feeling was revealed to him instantly, and he gave himself up to an irresistible rage and sense of frustration. In comparison with Rodney, Denham felt himself very secure; he saw Rodney as one of the lost birds dashed senseless against the glass; one of the flying bodies of which the air was full. She bestowed fat pears neatly, head by tail, and among them ripe shamefaced peaches. The strength of muscles has nothing to do on the face of it with the strength of affections; nevertheless, she felt a sudden concern for this power running to waste on her account, which, combined with a desire to keep possession of that strangely attractive masculine power, made her rouse herself from her torpor. By Hades, I will not have any client of mine gagged and badgered in this fashion by a pack of curs and laughing hyenas.

He did not succeed in saying anything. He read, marcato:
—Characters: TODY TOSTOFF (a ruined Pole) CRAB (a bushranger)
MEDICAL DICK) and) (two birds with one stone) MEDICAL

DAVY) MOTHER GROGAN (a watercarrier) FRESH NELLY and ROSALIE (the coalquay whore). ' And then I open a little green book, and the birds are singing, the stars shining, the flowers twinkling—" She looked about her as if these presences had suddenly manifested themselves round her dining-room table.

But beshrew me, he cried, clapping hand to his forehead, tomorrow will be a new day and, thousand thunders, I know of a marchand de capotes, Monsieur Poyntz, from whom I can have for a livre as snug a cloak of the French fashion as ever kept a lady from wetting. The best pucker going for strength was Fitzsimons. He was destined in her fancy for something splendid in the way of success or failure, she knew not which. Nevertheless, as his sister guessed, it needed all Ralph's strength of will, together with the pressure of circumstances, to keep his feet moving in the path which led that way. Mary dipped her hand in the bucket he carried, and was at once the center of a circle also; and as she cast her grain she talked alternately to the birds and to her brother, in the same clucking, half-inarticulate voice, as it sounded to Ralph, standing on the outskirts of the fluttering feathers in his black overcoat. He proposed to set up there a national fertilising farm to be named Omphalos with an obelisk hewn and erected after the fashion of Egypt and to offer his dutiful yeoman services for the fecundation of any female of what grade of life soever who should there direct to him with the desire of fulfilling the functions of her natural.

Like most people who do things methodically, the Rector himself had more strength of purpose and power of self-sacrifice than of intellect or of originality. The ages succeed one another. This indecision was not merely odious, but had something that alarmed her about it, as she had been alarmed slightly once or

twice already that day; she felt unable to cope with the strength of her own desires. In default of the actually destitute and starving, whom she would much have preferred, Mrs. Hilbery was forced to acknowledge her claims, for though in comfortable circumstances, she was extremely dull, unattractive, connected in some oblique fashion with literature, and had been touched to the verge of tears, on one occasion, by an afternoon call.

" Mr. Clacton then told them the substance of the joke, which, however, depended a good deal for its success upon the expression which the artist had put into the people's faces.

They were all gratified by this praise of their native county; and Mary now had the pleasure of hearing these short questions and answers lose their undertone of suspicious inspection, so far as her brothers were concerned, and develop into a genuine conversation about the habits of birds which afterwards turned to a discussion as to the habits of solicitors, in which it was scarcely necessary for her to take part. No prince charming is her beau ideal to lay a rare and wondrous love at her feet but rather a manly man with a strong quiet face who had not found his ideal, perhaps his hair slightly flecked with grey, and who would understand, take her in his sheltering arms, strain her to him in all the strength of his deep passionate nature and comfort her with a long long kiss. Thither the extremely large wains bring foison of the fields, flaskets of cauliflowers, floats of spinach, pineapple chunks, Rangoon beans, strikes of tomatoes, drums of figs, drills of Swedes, spherical potatoes and tallies of iridescent kale, York and Savoy, and trays of onions, pearls of the earth, and punnets of mushrooms and custard marrows and fat vetches and bere and rape and red green yellow brown russet sweet big bitter ripe pomellated apples and chips

of strawberries and sieves of gooseberries, pulpy and pelurious, and strawberries fit for princes and raspberries from their canes.

The image of the lighthouse and the storm full of birds persisted, taking the place of more definite thoughts, as he walked past the Houses of Parliament and down Grosvenor Road, by the side of the river.

As soon as they had admired the little birds in the large cage William and Cassandra lagged behind, and Ralph and Katharine pressed on rather in advance. She felt him trying to piece together in a laborious and elementary fashion fragments of belief, unsoldered and separate, lacking the unity of phrases fashioned by the old believers. But as Katharine's presence was absolutely necessary to the success of the interview, and as Katharine obstinately receded up the kitchen stairs, Mrs. Milvain had no course but to follow her. "I'd set my heart on a diamond ring, but I never liked to tell Frank, naturally. Here the listener who was none other than the Scotch student, a little fume of a fellow, blond as tow, congratulated in the liveliest fashion with the young gentleman and, interrupting the narrative at a salient point, having desired his visavis with a polite beck to have the obligingness to pass him a flagon of cordial waters at the same time by a questioning poise of the head (a whole century of polite breeding had not achieved so nice a gesture) to which was united an equivalent but contrary balance of the bottle asked the narrator as plainly as was ever done in words if he might treat him with a cup of it.

The success of this entertainment was such that before they separated another expedition had been planned for the next day.

For he was not weak; he had the rare strength of doing what he promised—she had only to speak, and he would never think of Cassandra again. They purchase four and twenty ripe plums from a girl at the foot of Nelson's pillar to take off the thirst of the brawn. " It took all her strength to keep the tears from springing, and to thrust back her assurance that she would forgive him till Doomsday if he chose. I've heard this man say that it's one of the best places for birds in the country. I think it will be a success too. Since I fed the birds five minutes. Would birds come then and peck like the boy with the basket of fruit but he said no because they ought to have been afraid of the boy. Very well; she would submit, as her mother and her aunt and most women, perhaps, had submitted; and yet she knew that every second of such submission to his strength was a second of treachery to him.

The wellknown and highly respected worker in the cause of our old tongue, Mr Joseph M'Carthy Hynes, made an eloquent appeal for the resuscitation of the ancient Gaelic sports and pastimes, practised morning and evening by Finn MacCool, as calculated to revive the best traditions of manly strength and prowess handed down to us from ancient ages.

But all those twenty years what do you suppose poor Penelope in Stratford was doing behind the diamond panes? Miss Datchet was quite capable of lifting a kitchen table on her back, if need were, for although well-proportioned and dressed becomingly, she had the appearance of unusual strength and determination. "It's the ten minutes after a paper is read that proves whether it's been a success or not," he said. He did not see her in the body; he seemed curiously to see her as a shape of light, the light itself; he seemed, simplified and exhausted as he was, to be like one of those lost birds fascinated by the lighthouse

and held to the glass by the splendor of the blaze. __ (Signor Maffei, passionpale, in liontamer's costume with diamond studs in his shirtfront, steps forward, holding a circus paperhoop, a curling carriagewhip and a revolver with which he covers the gorging boarhound.

Autumn

Circumstances had long forced her, as they force most women in the flower of youth, to consider, painfully and minutely, all that part of life which is conspicuously without order; she had had to consider moods and wishes, degrees of liking or disliking, and their effect upon the destiny of people dear to her; she had been forced to deny herself any contemplation of that other part of life where thought constructs a destiny which is independent of human beings. No wind could lift those waves, grey metal, poisonous foggy waters. A moment later he stepped briskly from his dressing-room, and observed that if she wanted to buy more oysters he thought he knew where they could find a fishmonger's shop still open. Dan Occam thought of that, invincible doctor. " Ralph thought for a moment, and then remarked: "You work too hard. "Perhaps it would be better if I married William," she thought suddenly, and the thought appeared to loom through the mist like solid ground.

He thought instinctively that he had interrupted some happy hour of hers with Rodney, and apologized. " "Yes, I thought I saw you—but it wasn't you," he replied. But through his manner and his confusion of language there had emerged some passion of feeling which, as he spoke, formed in the majority of the audience a little picture or an idea which each now was eager to give expression to. Mr Mulligan accepted of the invitation and, expatiating upon his design, told his hearers that he had been led into this thought by a consideration of the causes of sterility, both the inhibitory and the prohibitory, whether the inhibition in its turn were due to conjugal vexations or to a parsimony of the balance as well as whether the prohibition proceeded from defects congenital or from proclivities acquired.

THE CRIER: __ (Loudly) __ Whereas Leopold Bloom of no fixed abode is a wellknown dynamitard, forger, bigamist, bawd and cuckold and a public nuisance to the citizens of Dublin and whereas at this commission of assizes the most honourable... __ (His Honour, sir Frederick Falkiner, recorder of Dublin, in judicial garb of grey stone rises from the bench, stonebearded. He nodded his head, and said, nervously, "Yes, yes," and looked at Katharine, and thought how beautiful she looked; there was no one in the world that he admired more. Mary thought that this silence was the silence of relief; his depression she ascribed to the fact that he had seen Katharine and parted from her, leaving her in the company of William Rodney. It was a picture plucked from her life two or three years hence, when she was married to William; but here she checked herself abruptly. She wished Ralph to feel, as she thought he would, all the fresh delights of the earth and air. -- Sorrow from me seemed to depart. __ Through the hush of air a voice sang to them, low, not rain, not leaves in murmur, like no voice of strings or reeds or whatdoyoucallthem dulcimers touching their still ears with words, still hearts of their each his remembered lives.

Thinks he'll win in __ Answers, __ poets' picture puzzle. Cissy said to excuse her would he mind please telling her what was the right time and Gerty could see him taking out his watch, listening to it and looking up and clearing his throat and he said he was very sorry his watch was stopped but he thought it must be after eight because the sun was set. The foreman thought for an instant. As she pulled one book forward and then another she thought ironically of her own certainty not an hour ago; how it had vanished in a moment, how she was merely marking time as best she could, not knowing in the least where they stood, what they felt, or whether William loved her

or not. Katharine felt that in this company anything that one said would be judged upon its merits; one had only to say what one thought, rather barely and tersely, with a curious assumption that the number of things that could properly be thought about was strictly limited. Their wigs to show the grey matter. As Mrs. Hilbery grew old she thought more and more of the past, and this ancient disaster seemed at times almost to prey upon her mind, as if she could not pass out of life herself without laying the ghost of her parent's sorrow to rest. He thought that she had detected his wish to leave her. Under the street lamps she had thought him looking both tired and strained. A dead sea in a dead land, grey and old. I heard you come in, and thought I'd better make myself disagreeable at once—as it seems, unfortunately, that fathers are expected to make themselves disagreeable. He thought that Katharine should have told him that she had invited Denham to meet them. He turned abruptly his grey searching eyes from the sea to Stephen's face. She thought how obscure he still was to her, save only that more and more constantly he appeared to her a fire burning through its smoke, a source of life.

Red face: grey now. And she thought of them and looked at the faces passing, and thought how much alike they were, and how distant, nobody feeling anything as she felt nothing, and distance, she thought, lay inevitably between the closest, and their intimacy was the worst presence of all. "Cassandra and I thought of having tea at a little shop in Portland Place," he replied. She felt all the unfairness of the claim which her mother tacitly made to her time and sympathy, and what Mrs. Hilbery took, Katharine thought bitterly, she wasted. By eleven o'clock the atmosphere of concentration was running so strongly in one direction that any thought of a different order could

hardly have survived its birth more than a moment or so. And she thought how she would draw his attention to Edward's passion for Jorrocks, and the enthusiasm which led Christopher to collect moths and butterflies though he was now twenty-two. It was Gerty who turned off the gas at the main every night and it was Gerty who tacked up on the wall of that place where she never forgot every fortnight the chlorate of lime Mr Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac, the picture of halcyon days where a young gentleman in the costume they used to wear then with a threecornered hat was offering a bunch of flowers to his ladylove with oldtime chivalry through her lattice window. A garland of grey hair on his comminated head see him me clambering down to the footpace (_descende_! In sum an infinite great fall of rain and all refreshed and will much increase the harvest yet those in ken say after wind and water fire shall come for a prognostication of Malachi's almanac (and I hear that Mr Russell has done a prophetic charm of the same gist out of the Hindustanish for his farmer's gazette) to have three things in all but this a mere fetch without bottom of reason for old crones and bairns yet sometimes they are found in the right guess with their queerities no telling how. As for Mr Reggy with his swank and his bit of money she could just chuck him aside as if he was so much filth and never again would she cast as much as a second thought on him and tear his silly postcard into a dozen pieces. While she had been thinking about herself, Mrs. Seal had thought of nothing but her vision. Father Conmee thought of that tyrannous incontinence, needed however for man's race on earth, and of the ways of God which were not our ways. She knew, she wrote, that her praise meant absolutely nothing; but still, she had sat up all night; she thought this, that, and the other; she was full of enthusiasm most elaborately scratched

out in places, but enough was written plain to gratify William's vanity exceedingly.

It hinted at the existence of something stern and unapproachable in her daughter's character, which struck chill upon her, as the sight of poverty, or drunkenness, or the logic with which Mr. Hilbery sometimes thought good to demolish her certainty of an approaching millennium struck chill upon her. Near Aldborough house Father Conmee thought of that spendthrift nobleman. Cassandra was impressed again by Katharine's maturity; and, as she enveloped herself in the blue dress which filled almost the whole of the long looking-glass with blue light and made it the frame of a picture, holding not only the slightly moving effigy of the beautiful woman, but shapes and colors of objects reflected from the background, Cassandra thought that no sight had ever been quite so romantic. —I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Under this process, the committee rather dwindled in importance; the Suffrage shrank; she vowed she would work harder at the Italian language; she thought she would take up the study of birds. Then all melted away dewily in the grey air: all was silent. Oh, the past—so much made up of Ralph; and now, as she saw, made up of something strange and false and other than she had thought it. She seemed a compound of the autumn leaves and the winter sunshine; less poetically speaking, she showed both gentleness and strength, an indefinable promise of soft maternity blending with her evident fitness for honest labor. He thought that Katharine was treating the matter with curious unconcern; she scarcely seemed aware of the gravity of what she was saying; he did not understand the position at all. Thus, he forgot the inevitable limitations; he forgot her absence, he thought it of

no account whether she married him or another; nothing mattered, save that she should exist, and that he should love her. He thought he heard faint amusement in her tone, but not a trace of jealousy.

He thought that if he had had Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Hilbery out here he would have made them, somehow, feel his superiority, for he was chafed by the memory of halting awkward sentences which had failed to give even the young woman with the sad, but inwardly ironical eyes a hint of his force. A man in purple shirt and grey trousers, brownsocked, passes with an ape's gait, his bald head and goatee beard upheld, hugging a full waterjugjar, his twotailed black braces dangling at heels.

The thought of the conversation in which her conduct had been made a subject for discussion with Denham roused her anger; but, as she instantly felt, she had scarcely the right to grudge William any use of her name, seeing what her fault against him had been from first to last. She had no very clear vision of Denham himself, when she lifted the telephone to her lips and replied that she thought Saturday would suit her. Father Conmee walked and, walking, smiled for he thought on Father Bernard Vaughan's droll eyes and cockney voice. As Katharine touched different spots, lights sprang here and there, and revealed a square mass of red-and-gold books, and then a long skirt in blue-and-white paint lustrous behind glass, and then a mahogany writing-table, with its orderly equipment, and, finally, a picture above the table, to which special illumination was accorded. Moreover, from one or two remarks let fall in the course of conversation, he thought it possible that she had what Katharine professed to lack, a passionate, if untaught, appreciation of literature. —I thought so, says Joe.

Time someone thought about it instead of gassing about the what was it the pensive bosom of the silver effulgence. Women never meet one like that Wilkins in the high school drawing a picture of Venus with all his belongings on show. And then she thought to herself, "I'm behaving exactly as I said I wouldn't behave," whereupon she relaxed all her muscles and said, in her reasonable way: "Tell me what I ought to read, then. " Having reached this point, instinct told her that she had passed beyond the region in which Henry's advice could be of any good; and, having rid her mind of its superficial annoyance, she sat herself upon the stone seat, raised her eyes unconsciously and thought about the deeper questions which she had to decide, she knew, for herself. They gave him his choice of driving with Edward or of walking home across the fields with Mary—not a shorter way, they explained, but Mary thought it a nicer way. Her woman's instinct told her that she had raised the devil in him and at the thought a burning scarlet swept from throat to brow till the lovely colour of her face became a glorious rose. Only yesterday my husband was telling me he thought you one of the cleverest young men he knew. When he came back to his work after lunch he carried in his head a picture of the Strand, scattered with omnibuses, and of the purple shapes of leaves pressed flat upon the gravel, as if his eyes had always been bent upon the ground. _I'm bloody sorry I did it,_ says he, _but I declare to God I thought the archbishop was inside._ He mightn't like it, though. "Well, Mary," he said, with a curious laugh, "I must be an arrant fool, for I thought you did.

You were laughing because you thought I'd changed the conversation?

ELLEN BLOOM: _(In pantomime dame's stringed mobcap, widow Twankey's crinoline and bustle, blouse with muttonleg

sleeves buttoned behind, grey mittens and cameo brooch, her plaited hair in a crispine net, appears over the staircase banisters, a slanted candlestick in her hand, and cries out in shrill alarm)_ O blessed Redeemer, what have they done to him! She thought sufficiently so.

" she thought bitterly, connecting Katharine and Ralph in a conspiracy to take from her even this hour of solitary study, even this poor little defence against the world. "Do you know," said Katharine, keeping slightly in advance of the rest with Ralph, "I thought I saw you this morning, standing at a window. After a moment's silence William jerked out: "I thought her affectionate? He drew back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags. This line of thought offered, perhaps, some respite, and possessed of a brain that had its station considerably above the tumult of the senses, he tried to reduce the vague and wandering incoherency of his emotions to order. All that brotherhood and sisterhood, and a common childhood in a common past mean, all the stability, the unambitious comradeship, and tacit understanding of family life at its best, came to his mind, and he thought of them as a company, of which he was the leader, bound on a difficult, dreary, but glorious voyage. I was sitting in my room late one night, feeling that nothing nice would ever happen to me again, when I heard Katharine outside in the passage, and I thought to myself, 'Shall I call her in? " Turning the page, she came upon the picture of a very masculine, handsome lady, whose head the photographer had adorned with an imperial crown.

She had read his play, and had taken the very first opportunity to write and tell him what she thought of it.

It was as if he had thought of her so intensely that his mind had formed the shape of her, rather than that he had seen her in

the flesh outside in the street. Up at once sprang the thought of Katharine, and with it a sense of exulting freedom, but this he checked instantly. " "We thought we'd lost you," said William. -I thought you were at a new gunpowder plot, J. J. O'Molloy said. " This he decorated with those flourishes and decorative borders which grow of themselves upon these occasions; and as he did so, he thought to himself that whatever Katharine's difficulties might be, they did not justify her behavior. Mary had gone this walk many hundred times in the course of her life, generally alone, and at different stages the ghosts of past moods would flood her mind with a whole scene or train of thought merely at the sight of three trees from a particular angle, or at the sound of the pheasant clucking in the ditch.

But I thought you more wonderful than ever. On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins.

Steps had only to sound on the staircase, and she slipped her paper between the leaves of a great Greek dictionary which she had purloined from her father's room for this purpose. In order to control this disorderly race of thought he forced himself to read the name on the chemist's shop directly opposite him; then to examine the objects in the shop windows, and then to focus his eyes exactly upon a little group of women looking in at the great windows of a large draper's shop.

The thought that the other chap pays best sauce in the world. Haines laughed and, as he took his soft grey hat from the holdfast of the hammock, said: -I don't know, I'm sure. I was just looking around to see who the happy thought would strike when he damned but in he comes again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry. For regarding Believe-on-Me they said it was

nought else but notion and they could conceive no thought of it for, first, Two-in-the-Bush whither she ticed them was the very goodliest grot and in it were four pillows on which were four tickets with these words printed on them, Pickaback and Topsyturvy and Shameface and Cheek by Jowl and, second, for that foul plague Allpox and the monsters they cared not for them for Preservative had given them a stout shield of oxengut and, third, that they might take no hurt neither from Offspring that was that wicked devil by virtue of this same shield which was named Killchild. THE JURORS: __(All their heads lowered in assent)__ Most of us thought as much. She had a fantastic picture of them upholding splendid palaces upon their bent backs.

leaning his forehead on his hand, now and then, and again looking steadily and gravely at the backs of the two men at the next table, with so little self-consciousness that she could almost watch his mind placing one thought solidly upon the top of another; she thought that she could feel him thinking, through the shade of her fingers, and she could anticipate the exact moment when he would put an end to his thought and turn a little in his chair and say: "Well, Mary—? And yet the thought was the thought with which he had started. She knew very well that he wished to be left alone, but she stuck to his side much as she might have stuck to some sleep-walker, whom she thought it right gradually to awaken. At any rate, she told Denham, with a sigh in which he heard both impatience and relief, that she agreed; she thought him right; she would accept his terms of friendship.

)_ J. J. O'MOLLOY: __(In barrister's grey wig and stuffgown, speaking with a voice of pained protest)__ This is no place for indecent levity at the expense of an erring mortal disguised

in liquor. She seemed, as usual, bound on some quest of her own which was interrupted pleasantly but strangely by running into one of those queer, unnecessary ceremonies that other people thought fit to indulge in. But she thought about herself a great deal more than she thought about grammatical English prose or about Ralph Denham, and it may therefore be disputed whether she was in love, or, if so, to which branch of the family her passion belonged. She was born to the knowledge, and scarcely thought it a matter to be proud of. When he faced her, she thought that she saw him for the first time without disguise. " Henry thought to himself, with disgust. The painting of Gustave Moreau is the painting of ideas. Then she must be more deluded than I thought her. Must get that grey suit of mine turned by Mesias. " She half closed her eyes, and indulged herself in a fascinating picture of a briefless barrister lodged in a garret, writing immortal novels by the light of a farthing dip. CHAPTER VII "And little Augustus Pelham said to me, 'It's the younger generation knocking at the door,' and I said to him, 'Oh, but the younger generation comes in without knocking, Mr.

If only one could MAKE them see it...." Mary knew herself to be very much wiser than Mrs. Seal, and when Mrs. Seal said anything, even if it was what Mary herself was feeling, she automatically thought of all that there was to be said against it. When Ralph left her she thought over her state of mind, and came to the conclusion that it would be a good thing to learn a language—say Italian or German.

"I thought I loved her. Katharine seemed instantly to be confronted by some familiar thought from which she wished to escape. But she thought about herself a great deal more than she

thought about grammatical English prose or about Ralph Denham, and it may therefore be disputed whether she was in love, or, if so, to which branch of the family her passion belonged. She read or had read to her his chapbooks preferring them to the Merry Wives and, loosing her nightly waters on the jordan, she thought over Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches and The most Spiritual Snuffbox to Make the Most Devout Souls Sneeze. I have often thought since on looking back over that strange time that it was that small act, trivial in itself, that striking of that match, that determined the whole after-course of both our lives. She began to picture herself traveling with Ralph in a land where these monsters were couchant in the sand. That gesture and action would be added to the picture he had of her, but at present the real woman completely routed the phantom one. Mary Datchet, coming from the Strand at lunch-time, saw him one day taking his turn, closely buttoned in an overcoat, and so lost in thought that he might have been sitting in his own room. I always thought I'd marry a lord or a rich gentleman coming with a private yacht. " Mr. Hilbery was relieved and secretly amused at the thought of the interview, although he could not license such irreverence outwardly. -We thought you were someone else. He rather thought he did both.

For Katharine's sake Cassandra thought William a most distinguished and interesting character, and welcomed first his conversation and then his manuscript as the marks of a friendship which it flattered and delighted her to inspire. " she thought to herself. Here she sighed, and, putting the thought of marriage away, fell into a dream state, in which she became another person, and the whole world seemed changed. His brain worked incessantly, but his thought was attended with so little joy that

he did not willingly recall it; but drove ahead, now in this direction, now in that; and came home laden with dark books borrowed from a library. She looked at him, and from his fixed stare she thought that he must be working out some theory, some argument. Yet the thought did not disturb him so much as the strange, unpleasant, illicit atmosphere of the whole scene with the young people the night before. I've dreamt about you; I've thought of nothing but you; you represent to me the only reality in the world. They lapsed gently into silence, traveling the dark paths of thought side by side towards something discerned in the distance which gradually possessed them both. Bloom there for a languor he had but was now better, he having dreamed tonight a strange fancy of his dame Mrs Moll with red slippers on in a pair of Turkey trunks which is thought by those in ken to be for a change and Mistress Purefoy there, that got in through pleading her belly, and now on the stools, poor body, two days past her term, the midwives sore put to it and can't deliver, she queasy for a bowl of riceslop that is a shrewd drier up of the insides and her breath very heavy more than good and should be a bullyboy from the knocks, they say, but God give her soon issue. "But perhaps he doesn't want to see so much of us," Mary thought to herself, although outwardly she assented, and felt grateful to Elizabeth for supporting her in what was, of course, her desire.

" she exclaimed, forgetting that her train of thought might not be obvious to her listeners.

Now and again, in his vigil, he sought the light in the long windows, or glanced at the ray which gilded a few leaves and a few blades of grass in the little garden. All followed them out of the sidedoors into the mild grey air.

Mr Dedalus thought and nodded. His endeavor, for many years, had been to control the spirit, and at the age of twenty-nine he thought he could pride himself upon a life rigidly divided into the hours of work and those of dreams; the two lived side by side without harming each other. The thrill of excitement associated with the thought of Cassandra once more took possession of him. An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. I thought we were bad here. "No, no, of course not," she said, stirring the leaves with her hand. Katharine, for example, thought her a most charming companion. _ (The beagle lifts his snout, showing the grey scorbatic face of Paddy Dignam. Moreover, she might give him to understand, privately, that she, too, thought her family a queer one—queer, yes, but not dull. From sheer laziness he returned no thanks, but he thought of Rodney from time to time with interest, disconnecting him from Katharine, and meant to go round one evening and smoke a pipe with him.

"He had a habit, Mary remarked, and she had never noticed it so clearly before, of letting his sentences tail away in a continuous murmur, whereupon he passed into a state of abstraction, presumed by his children to indicate some train of thought too profound for utterance. Lady Dudley was walking home through the park to see all the trees that were blown down by that cyclone last year and thought she'd buy a view of Dublin. He had been surprised at the excellence of her French accent, but he thought it was selfish of her not to go with her mother to call upon the Middletons, because they were old family friends and very nice people. Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. "I thought that you criticized me—perhaps disliked me. MARY DRISCOLL: He made a certain suggestion but I thought more of myself as poor as I am. Still it's the same fish perhaps old

Micky Hanlon of Moore street ripped the guts out of making money hand over fist finger in fishes' gills can't write his name on a cheque think he was painting the landscape with his mouth twisted.

His mind then began to wander about the house, and he wondered whether there were other rooms like the drawing-room, and he thought, inconsequently, how beautiful the bathroom must be, and how leisurely it was—the life of these well-kept people, who were, no doubt, still sitting in the same room, only they had changed their clothes, and little Mr. Anning was there, and the aunt who would mind if the glass of her father's picture was broken.

Ralph, Katharine supposed, was a frequent visitor, for the only person he thought it necessary to greet was herself, and Mary at once explained the strange fact of her being there by saying: "Katharine has come to see how one runs an office. While he hesitated, however, overcome with the difficulty of putting one simple thought into words when all his thoughts were scattered about, and all were too strong for utterance, he was struck silent by something that was still more unexpected.

" inviting her to take up the thread of thought where he had dropped it. And then she thought of Mary; the thought gave her confidence, even pleasure of a sad sort, as if the triumph of Ralph and Mary proved that the fault of her failure lay with herself and not with life.

Everyone thought the world of her for her gentle ways. But he was more troubled by Katharine's appearance, as she sat rapt in thought upon the ground, than by his own; there was something improper to him in her self-forgetfulness. She thought him quite astonishingly odd.

It was not she who thought herself unhappy, but her cousins, who thought it for her. Among gumheavy serpentplants, milkoozing fruits, where on the tawny waters leaves lie wide. A region where grey twilight ever descends, never falls on wide sagegreen pasturefields, shedding her dusk, scattering a perennial dew of stars. Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. ZOE: And you know what thought did? But Mario was said to be the picture of Our Saviour. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wriggled itself in under it. In desperation he said the first thing he thought of, very peevisly and without the dignified prelude which he had intended. Father Conmee thought of the souls of black and brown and yellow men and of his sermon on saint Peter Claver S.J. "A farce, a farce," he thought to himself.

The thought of what she might say made her bite her lips, as if her lips would protect her.

I thought not. She thought of three different scenes; she thought of Mary sitting upright and saying, "I'm in love—I'm in love"; she thought of Rodney losing his self-consciousness among the dead leaves, and speaking with the abandonment of a child; she thought of Denham leaning upon the stone parapet and talking to the distant sky, so that she thought him mad. She often looked at them dreamily when she went there for a certain purpose and felt her own arms that were white and soft just like hers with the sleeves back and thought about those times because she had found out in Walker's pronouncing dictionary that belonged to grandpapa Giltrap about the halcyon days what they meant. She thought suddenly that she had been playing with very dangerous tools. On her side Mary was silent, not because her thoughts took much handling, but because her mind seemed empty of thought as her heart of feeling. She sat

in her room with the dictionaries spreading their wide leaves on the table before her, and all the pages which they had concealed for so many years arranged in a pile. Katharine, at least, thought so. " he thought to himself. And, further, she meditated, walking on beneath the beech-trees and swinging her umbrella, as in her thought she was accustomed to complete freedom, why should she perpetually apply so different a standard to her behavior in practice? His face got all grey instead of being red like it was and there was a fly walking over it up to his eye. She thought of three different scenes; she thought of Mary sitting upright and saying, "I'm in love—I'm in love"; she thought of Rodney losing his self-consciousness among the dead leaves, and speaking with the abandonment of a child; she thought of Denham leaning upon the stone parapet and talking to the distant sky, so that she thought him mad. And then she thought of Mary; the thought gave her confidence, even pleasure of a sad sort, as if the triumph of Ralph and Mary proved that the fault of her failure lay with herself and not with life.

She told him how she had waited, fidgeted, thought he was never coming, listened for the sound of doors, half expected to see him again under the lamp-post, looking at the house.

She passed out with her basket and a marketnet: and Father Conmee saw the conductor help her and net and basket down: and Father Conmee thought that, as she had nearly passed the end of the penny fare, she was one of those good souls who had always to be told twice —bless you, my child,— that they have been absolved, —pray for me.— But they had so many worries in life, so many cares, poor creatures. No doubt, since he often gave a copper and almost always a handful of bread, he was not as blind to his surroundings as he thought himself. "

thought Katharine, beginning to pace up and down her bedroom. She was wearing the blue for luck, hoping against hope, her own colour and lucky too for a bride to have a bit of blue somewhere on her because the green she wore that day week brought grief because his father brought him in to study for the intermediate exhibition and because she thought perhaps he might be out because when she was dressing that morning she nearly slipped up the old pair on her inside out and that was for luck and lovers' meeting if you put those things on inside out or if they got untied that he was thinking about you so long as it wasn't of a Friday. "Now," she thought to herself, as she screwed it tight, "I'm not going to let these silly ideas come into my head.... Don't you think Mr. Asquith deserves to be hanged? " Denham remarked, and from the tone of his voice one might have thought that he grudged Katharine the knowledge he attributed to her. I should have thought that would suit you. He stood watching her come towards him, and thought her more beautiful and strange than his dream of her; for the real Katharine could speak the words which seemed to crowd behind the forehead and in the depths of the eyes, and the commonest sentence would be flashed on by this immortal light. "We thought it better to wait until it was proved before we told you," Katharine added. She drew the curtain and looked out among the scanty leaves of the plane-trees. leaning his forehead on his hand, now and then, and again looking steadily and gravely at the backs of the two men at the next table, with so little self-consciousness that she could almost watch his mind placing one thought solidly upon the top of another; she thought that she could feel him thinking, through the shade of her fingers, and she could anticipate the exact moment when he would put an end to his thought and turn a little in his

chair and say: "Well, Mary—? Mrs. Hilbery thought to herself that she had never seen him to such advantage; yes, he was somehow different; he reminded her of some one who was dead, some one who was distinguished—she had forgotten his name. She felt that the two lines of thought bored their way in long, parallel tunnels which came very close indeed, but never ran into each other. He kills his mother but he can't wear grey trousers. Why, she reflected, should there be this perpetual disparity between the thought and the action, between the life of solitude and the life of society, this astonishing precipice on one side of which the soul was active and in broad daylight, on the other side of which it was contemplative and dark as night? The little picture suggested very happily her melodious and whimsical temperament.

It is a kind of music I often thought when she. Gerty could picture the whole scene in the church, the stained glass windows lighted up, the candles, the flowers and the blue banners of the blessed Virgin's sodality and Father Conroy was helping Canon O'Hanlon at the altar, carrying things in and out with his eyes cast down. Suddenly a picture presented itself before her, without any effort on her part as pictures will, of herself in these very rooms; she had come in from a lecture, and she held a pile of books in her hand, scientific books, and books about mathematics and astronomy which she had mastered. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother?)_ ZOE: _(Murmuring singsong with the music, her odalisk lips lusciously smeared with salve of swinefat and rosewater) Schorach ani wenowach, benoith Hierushaloim._ BLOOM: _(Fascinated)_ I thought you were of good stock by your accent. The sight, unfortunately, was so comically apt in its illustration of the picture in her mind, the ruse was so transparent, that Katharine was

seized with laughter. How small both he and Katharine had appeared when they issued from the cloud of thought that enveloped them! But, in her ignorance of the way, she became panic-stricken at the thought of being late, and no sooner had she found the shop she wanted, than she fled back again in order to be at home when William came. BLOOM: __ (In an oatmeal sporting suit, a sprig of woodbine in the lapel, tony buff shirt, shepherd's plaid Saint Andrew's cross scarfie, white spats, fawn dustcoat on his arm, tawny red brogues, fieldglasses in bandolier and a grey billycock hat) __ Do you remember a long long time, years and years ago, just after Milly, Marionette we called her, was weaned when we all went together to Fairyhouse races, was it? Deux irlandais, nous, Irlande, vous savez ah, oui! __ She thought you wanted a cheese __ hollandais __. Thought is the thought of thought. She thought of one scene after another in a few seconds, with that shudder which is almost a blush. ' Some say that is the best picture he ever painted—" And I remember the dog chained up in the yard, and the dead snakes hanging in the toolhouse. She loved him precisely as he was; she loved them all; and as she walked by his side, up and down, and down and up, her strong moral sense administered a sound drubbing to the vain and romantic element aroused in her by the mere thought of Ralph. And that old grey rat tearing to get in. I thought I knew him. leaning his forehead on his hand, now and then, and again looking steadily and gravely at the backs of the two men at the next table, with so little self-consciousness that she could almost watch his mind placing one thought solidly upon the top of another; she thought that she could feel him thinking, through the shade of her fingers, and she could anticipate the exact moment when he would put an end to his thought and turn a little in his chair and say: "Well,

Mary—? He thought that these winter days were spent in long hours before white papers radiant in electric light; and in short passages through fog-dimmed streets. " Whether it was that they were meeting on neutral ground to-night, or whether the carelessness of an old grey coat that Denham wore gave an ease to his bearing that he lacked in conventional dress, Katharine certainly felt no impulse to consider him outside the particular set in which she lived. Look on this picture then on that.

" I should have thought that you never forgot anything," William remarked, as they settled down again.

The gray night coming down over the country was kind to her; and she thought that one of these days she would find comfort in sitting upon the earth, alone, beneath a tree. His only wish was to go as straightly and quickly as possible to Cheyne Walk; but it soon appeared that Mrs. Hilbery either ignored or thought fit to baffle this desire by interposing various errands of her own. I thought then, and still think, that she cares for me. And I'd rather—yes, I really believe I'd rather—you thought well of my writing than any one in the world.

It was not she who thought herself unhappy, but her cousins, who thought it for her. In obedience to those laws, Rodney disappeared; Cassandra was dispatched to catch the eleven-thirty on Monday morning; Denham was seen no more; so that only Katharine, the lawful occupant of the upper rooms, remained, and Mr. Hilbery thought himself competent to see that she did nothing further to compromise herself. Often thought she was in the dumps till she began to lilt. For a moment she thought she saw in his face, bent now over the fire, the features of that original man whom we still recall every now and then, although we know only the clerk, barrister, Governmental official,

or workingman variety of him. "Yes," said Ralph, slackening his pace and remembering Katharine and her engagement, the purple leaves stamped into the path, the white paper radiant under the electric light, and the hopelessness which seemed to surround all these things. Lady Otway stood on the topmost step, wrapped in a white shawl, and waved her hand almost mechanically until they had turned the corner under the laurel-bushes, when she retired indoors with a sense that she had played her part, and a sigh at the thought that none of her children felt it necessary to play theirs. I thought you were one of my own girls. She put off the hour of clear thought until Christmas, saying to herself, as she lit her fire, that it is impossible to think anything out in London; and, no doubt, Ralph wouldn't come at Christmas, and she would take long walks into the heart of the country, and decide this question and all the others that puzzled her. If you cannot make sure of people, however, you can hold fairly fast to figures, and in some way or other her thought about such problems as she was wont to consider worked in happily with her mood as to her friends' lives. "That certainly seems to explain some of your actions," Henry thought to himself. Yes, she had known from the very first that her daydream of a marriage has been arranged and the weddingbells ringing for Mrs Reggy Wylie T. C. D. (because the one who married the elder brother would be Mrs Wylie) and in the fashionable intelligence Mrs Gertrude Wylie was wearing a sumptuous confection of grey trimmed with expensive blue fox was not to be. But he was undeniably handsome with an exquisite nose and he was what he looked, every inch a gentleman, the shape of his head too at the back without his cap on that she would know anywhere something off the common and the way he turned the bicycle at the lamp with his hands

off the bars and also the nice perfume of those good cigarettes and besides they were both of a size too he and she and that was why Edy Boardman thought she was so frightfully clever because he didn't go and ride up and down in front of her bit of a garden. "I should like Mary to stroke my head like that," Ralph thought to himself suddenly, and he looked at Christopher, almost affectionately, for calling forth his sister's caresses. The whole aspect of the place started another train of thought and struck her as enviably free; in such a room one could work—one could have a life of one's own.

That's an almanac picture for you. Katharine thought to herself, "That's how it feels then. Where was the chap I saw in that picture somewhere? "We have to remind her sometimes that others have a right to their views even if they differ from our own.... "Punch" has a very funny picture this week, about a Suffragist and an agricultural laborer. She ran with long gaudy strides it was a wonder she didn't rip up her skirt at the side that was too tight on her because there was a lot of the tomboy about Cissy Caffrey and she was a forward piece whenever she thought she had a good opportunity to show and just because she was a good runner she ran like that so that he could see all the end of her petticoat running and her skinny shanks up as far as possible. She thought that if she were engaged to Katharine, she, too, would find herself very soon using those fretful questions with which William evidently teased his bride. Glancing round, she thought that the bills stuck upon a skewer and stood for ornament upon the mantelpiece were astonishingly like Katharine, There wasn't a photograph of William anywhere to be seen. " she thought to herself, and could not help contrasting her with Cassandra, surrounded by innumerable silkworms in her bedroom. John Howard Parnell

translated a white bishop quietly and his grey claw went up again to his forehead whereat it rested. The painting of Gustave Moreau is the painting of ideas. To her nothing already then and thenceforward was anyway able to be molestful for this chiefly felt all citizens except with proliferent mothers prosperity at all not to can be and as they had received eternity gods mortals generation to befit them her beholding, when the case was so hoving itself, parturient in vehicle thereward carrying desire immense among all one another was impelling on of her to be received into that domicile. No good had ever come to him from Katharine; his whole relationship with her had been made up of dreams; and as he thought of the little substance there had been in his dreams he began to lay the blame of the present catastrophe upon his dreams. No-one would have thought the end was so near. He scrambled up by the stones, water glistening on his pate and on its garland of grey hair, water rilling over his chest and paunch and spilling jets out of his black sagging loincloth.

Iubilantium te virginum. — The priest's grey nimbus in a niche where he dressed discreetly.

She had transcended her entirely at moments; her skirt had blown, her feather waved, her voice spoken; yes, but how terrible sometimes the pause between the voice of one's dreams and the voice that comes from the object of one's dreams! His thought was so absorbing that when it became necessary to verify the name of a street, he looked at it for a time before he read it; when he came to a crossing, he seemed to have to reassure himself by two or three taps, such as a blind man gives, upon the curb; and, reaching the Underground station, he blinked in the bright circle of light, glanced at his watch, decided that he might still indulge himself in darkness, and walked straight

on. Ladies' grey flannelette bloomers, three shillings a pair, astonishing bargain. It is true that they were steps that lingered, divagated, and mounted with the deliberation natural to one past sixty whose arms, moreover, are full of leaves and blossoms; but they came on steadily, and soon a tap of laurel boughs against the door arrested Katharine's pencil as it touched the page. I asked him what he thought of the charge of pederasty brought against the bard.

In rue Monsieur-le-Prince I thought it. She thought of him blazing splendidly in the night, yet so obscure that to hold his arm, as she held it, was only to touch the opaque substance surrounding the flame that roared upwards. Once more she thought herself back to her old view of him and could, with an effort, recall the haze which surrounded his figure, and the sense of confused, heightened exhilaration which lay all about his neighborhood, so that for months at a time she had never exactly heard his voice or seen his face—or so it now seemed to her. He suffered her to overtake him without surprise and thrust his dull grey beard towards her, his loose jaw wagging as he spoke earnestly. Most of the people there proposed to spend their lives in the practice either of writing or painting, and merely by looking at them it could be seen that, as they listened to Mr. Purvis first, and then to Mr. Greenhalgh, they were seeing something done by these gentlemen to a possession which they thought to be their own. At one moment he exulted in the thought that Mary loved him; at the next, it seemed that he was without feeling for her; her love was repulsive to him. Lovely spot it must be: the garden of the world, big lazy leaves to float about on, cactuses, flowery meads, snaky lianas they call them. Her eyes fixed upon the ground, her brows drawn together, gave William a very fair picture of the

resentment that she was forcing herself to control. When I said to Molly the man at the corner of Cuffe street was goodlooking, thought she might like, twigged at once he had a false arm. Instantly he thought of Katharine, the thought of her being surrounded by the spaces of night and the open air; and Mary, watching him, saw the lines upon his forehead suddenly deepen. Although she recognized her mother's presence, she was very far from taking part in the scene, and yet felt it to be amazingly appropriate that her mother should be there, thanking God emphatically for unknown blessings, and strewing the floor with flowers and leaves from Shakespeare's tomb. "Cassandra has behaved in a way that I could not have thought possible," said Mrs. Milvain warmly. And she thought of them and looked at the faces passing, and thought how much alike they were, and how distant, nobody feeling anything as she felt nothing, and distance, she thought, lay inevitably between the closest, and their intimacy was the worst presence of all. I saw that picture somewhere I forget now old master or faked for money. She thought of her clerical father in his country parsonage, and of her mother's death, and of her own determination to obtain education, and of her college life, which had merged, not so very long ago, in the wonderful maze of London, which still seemed to her, in spite of her constitutional level-headedness, like a vast electric light, casting radiance upon the myriads of men and women who crowded round it. With these words he approached the goblet to his lips, took a complacent draught of the cordial, slicked his hair and, opening his bosom, out popped a locket that hung from a silk riband, that very picture which he had cherished ever since her hand had wrote therein. "I shouldn't like to be you; that's all I said," he replied, as if he were saying what he thought as accurately as he could. She

stood looking at them with a smile of expectancy on her face, as if a scene from the drama of the younger generation were being played for her benefit.

He was so kind and holy and often and often she thought and thought could she work a ruched teacosy with embroidered floral design for him as a present or a clock but they had a clock she noticed on the mantelpiece white and gold with a canary-bird that came out of a little house to tell the time the day she went there about the flowers for the forty hours' adoration because it was hard to know what sort of a present to give or perhaps an album of illuminated views of Dublin or some place. " He stopped in his enumeration, not finding it possible to link them together in any way that should explain the queer combination which he could perceive in them, as he thought of them. They both, it seems, had been overtaken by the rain and for all their mending their pace had taken water, as might be observed by Mr Mulligan's smallclothes of a hodden grey which was now somewhat piebald. I thought the arrangement very suitable. He was so kind and holy and often and often she thought and thought could she work a ruched teacosy with embroidered floral design for him as a present or a clock but they had a clock she noticed on the mantelpiece white and gold with a canarybird that came out of a little house to tell the time the day she went there about the flowers for the forty hours' adoration because it was hard to know what sort of a present to give or perhaps an album of illuminated views of Dublin or some place. She thought of three different scenes; she thought of Mary sitting upright and saying, "I'm in love—I'm in love"; she thought of Rodney losing his self-consciousness among the dead leaves, and speaking with the abandonment of a child; she

thought of Denham leaning upon the stone parapet and talking to the distant sky, so that she thought him mad. But, he further added, it is mayhap to relieve the pentup feelings that in common oppress them for I have more than once observed that birds of a feather laugh together.

"I'm glad you thought so. The litter of the table and the tedious but exacting conversation of Mrs. Denham remained: they struck, indeed, upon a mind bereft of all defences, and, keenly conscious of the degradation which is the result of strife whether victorious or not, she thought gloomily of her loneliness, of life's futility, of the barren prose of reality, of William Rodney, of her mother, and the unfinished book. And I ask my way to the picture gallery the very first thing in the morning." Mary asked, good-humoredly pointing to the yellow-covered volume beneath Mr. Clacton's arm, for he invariably read some new French author at lunch-time, or squeezed in a visit to a picture gallery, balancing his social work with an ardent culture of which he was secretly proud, as Mary had very soon divined.

She hoped that he would not say good-bye at once, although she felt no particular anxiety to attend to what he was saying, and began, even while he spoke, to think of her own upper room, with its books, its papers pressed between the leaves of dictionaries, and the table that could be cleared for work. For perhaps the first time in her life she thought of him as a man, young, unhappy, tempestuous, full of desires and faults; for the first time she realized him for herself, and not from her mother's memory.

Then, a twisted grey garter looped round a stocking: ruffled, shiny sole.

He could, he thought, looking at his still and very dignified head, understand Katharine's preference, and, as he thought this, he was surprised by a pang of acute jealousy. Either Mrs. Hilbery was impervious to their discomfort, or chose to ignore it, or thought it high time that the subject was changed, for she did nothing but talk about Shakespeare's tomb. As she ran her needle in and out of the wool, she thought of the various stages in her own life which made her present position seem the culmination of successive miracles. Katharine had deceived him; she had mixed herself with every thought of his, and reft of her they seemed false thoughts which he would blush to think again.

I often thought it would be better to have boy servants. The idea came to her that they were like the children in the fairy tale who were lost in a wood, and with this in her mind she noticed the scattering of dead leaves all round them which had been blown by the wind into heaps, a foot or two deep, here and there. She veered round upon him a moment later, as if, when her train of thought was ended, she became aware of his presence. The thought of it composed and calmed her. She looked at the lemon-colored leaflet, and thought almost enviously of the faith which could find comfort in the issue of such documents; for herself she would be content to remain silent for ever if a share of personal happiness were granted her.

I only thought we might amuse ourselves, as your uncle's out. She thought it likely that her father would discuss the train service with him; Elizabeth would be bright and sensible, and always leaving the room to give messages to the servants. I thought it would. "This is the sort of country I thought you'd live in, Mary," he said, pushing his hat back on his head, and looking about him. They are not to be thought away. High

in the air as her flat was, some beams from the morning sun reached her even in November, striking straight at curtain, chair, and carpet, and painting there three bright, true spaces of green, blue, and purple, upon which the eye rested with a pleasure which gave physical warmth to the body. Mrs. Hilbery dropped into a pleasant, inattentive state of mind, in which she was conscious of the running green lines of the hedges, of the swelling ploughland, and of the mild blue sky, which served her, after the first five minutes, for a pastoral background to the drama of human life; and then she thought of a cottage garden, with the flash of yellow daffodils against blue water; and what with the arrangement of these different prospects, and the shaping of two or three lovely phrases, she did not notice that the young people in the carriage were almost silent.

While comforting her, Katharine thought to herself, "Now this is what Mary Datchet and Mr. Denham don't understand. From the apparent determination to hurt him with which she spoke, Henry thought that some sort of explosion on Rodney's part was about to take place.

"Mary," he cried, stung by the remembrance of his exacting and dictatorial ways with her, "what a brute I've been to you! "Please don't let me interrupt you, Mr.—" she was at a loss, as usual, for the name, and Katharine thought that she did not recognize him. Katharine, who had risen in some confusion, could not help smiling at the thought that her mother found it perfectly natural and desirable that her daughter should be reading Byron in the dining-room late at night alone with a strange young man. When he came back to his work after lunch he carried in his head a picture of the Strand, scattered with omnibuses, and of the purple shapes of leaves pressed flat upon the gravel, as if his eyes had always been bent upon the

ground. The shopman's uncombed grey head came out and his unshaven reddened face, coughing. " said Katharine, taking no notice of her mother's suggestion, blind even to the depression which had now taken possession of her at the thought of her own inevitable death.

She smiled a little at the minute care with which he tidied her and yet, when he brushed the dead leaves from his own coat, she flinched, seeing in that action the gesture of a lonely man. If he must dispense his balm of Gilead in nostrums and apothegms of dubious taste to restore to health a generation of unfledged profligates let his practice consist better with the doctrines that now engross him. He must confess himself entirely and fundamentally other than Mr. Hilbery thought him. I little thought a week ago when I saw him last and he was in his usual health that I'd be driving after him like this. As they were both ignorant of Ralph's visit the night before they had not that reason to comfort themselves with the thought that matters were hastening to a crisis. It would be easy, Ralph thought, to worship one so far removed, and yet of so straight a nature; easy to submit recklessly to her, without thought of future pain. ' and then I thought (in that hopeless, dreary way one does think, with the fire going out and one's birthday just over), 'Why should I lay my troubles on HER? Far away in the west the sun was setting and the last glow of all too fleeting day lingered lovingly on sea and strand, on the proud promontory of dear old Howth guarding as ever the waters of the bay, on the weedgrown rocks along Sandymount shore and, last but not least, on the quiet church whence there streamed forth at times upon the stillness the voice of prayer to her who is in her pure radiance a beacon ever to the stormtossed heart of man, Mary, star of the sea. He wished to say to Katharine:

"Did you remember to get that picture glazed before your aunt came to dinner? Mr O'Madden Burke, tall in copious grey of Donegal tweed, came in from the hallway. He resented this divided attention more than, perhaps, he knew, and he thought how Mary would soon be on her way to America. She half hoped so; she thought that it was only in his mind that he was different.

"I thought you disliked me," she said. The telephone-bell rang, and as she hurried off to answer a voice which always seemed a proof of importance by itself, she felt that it was at this exact spot on the surface of the globe that all the subterranean wires of thought and progress came together. Didn't take a feather out of her my handling them.

Far in the grey a bell chimed. The thought was not a pleasant one for a proud woman, but she had yet to learn the art of subduing her expression. She worked with the steady concentration that is produced by the successful effort to think down some unwelcome thought by means of another thought. She knew this and it interested her, for she was accustomed to find young men very ready to talk about themselves, and had come to listen to them as one listens to children, without any thought of herself. He could feel her groping for his meaning, and he was annoyed with her, and thought how he had always found her slow, painstaking, and clumsy. But, in truth, Mrs. Milvain depended even more than most elderly women of her generation upon the delicious emotions of intimacy, agony, and secrecy, and the additional thrill provided by the basement was one not lightly to be forfeited. She looked past her, and it might have been thought that she was considering very critically the pattern of the curtains. Lay of the last minstrel he thought it was. And yet the thought was the thought with which he had

started. "I couldn't sleep, and I thought I'd come and speak to you—only for a moment, though. Cabs were passing, and couples were loitering slowly along the road, keeping as close to the railings as possible, though the trees had as yet no leaves to cast shadow upon their embraces. "For," she thought to herself, as she gazed fixedly at some information printed behind a piece of glass, "the wonderful thing about you is that you're ready for anything; you're not in the least conventional, like most clever men. After him toddles an obese grandfather rat on fungus turtle paws under a grey carapace. Do tell me, Katharine," she asked impulsively, "where did you go that evening she played Mozart, and you thought I was asleep?" "Oh," she thought to herself, with a sudden rush of anguish which threatened disaster to her self-respect, "it has come to this—to this—when I could have given him everything! Say pa pa pa pa pa pa pa. And baby did his level best to say it for he was very intelligent for eleven months everyone said and big for his age and the picture of health, a perfect little bunch of love, and he would certainly turn out to be something great, they said. He saw the priest stow the communion cup away, well in, and kneel an instant before it, showing a large grey bootsole from under the lace affair he had on. "Swift would have agreed with you, anyhow—" She looked at him, and thought that there were signs of distinct power in his brow. The thought of her morning's renunciation stung her conscience, and she tried to expand once more into that impersonal condition which was so lofty and so painless. At first he made himself believe that Katharine had treated him badly, and drew comfort from the thought that, left alone, she would recollect this, and think of him and tender him, in silence, at any rate, an apology. The ivy spray was still twisted about the handle; this one sacrifice, she thought, she might make to

sentimentality and personality, and she picked two leaves from the ivy and put them in her pocket before she disencumbered her stick of the rest of it. Mr. Basnett thought he had seldom seen a more disagreeable or formidable man than this friend of Mary's, this sarcastic-looking, white-faced Mr. Denham, who seemed to demand, as if by right, an account of their proposals, and to criticize them before he had heard them. But they had only come back, she thought with scorn at her feebleness, because she wanted to use them to fight against Ralph. But the word of Mr Costello was an unwelcome language for him for he nauseated the wretch that seemed to him a cropeared creature of a misshapen gibbosity, born out of wedlock and thrust like a crookback toothed and feet first into the world, which the dint of the surgeon's pliers in his skull lent indeed a colour to, so as to put him in thought of that missing link of creation's chain desiderated by the late ingenious Mr Darwin. She could not see the world divided into separate compartments of good people and bad people, any more than she could believe so implicitly in the rightness of her own thought as to wish to bring the population of the British Isles into agreement with it. Young Stephen said indeed to his best remembrance they had but the one doxy between them and she of the stews to make shift with in delights amorous for life ran very high in those days and the custom of the country approved with it. " Denham thought to himself. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fullness of their times, *_diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit_*. And in New Place a slack dishonoured body that once was comely, once as sweet, as fresh as cinnamon, now her leaves falling, all, bare, frightened of the narrow grave and unforgiven. Instantly he thought of Katharine, the thought of her being surrounded by

the spaces of night and the open air; and Mary, watching him, saw the lines upon his forehead suddenly deepen. "One would have thought," she said, "that men of University training, like Mr. Asquith—one would have thought that an appeal to reason would not be unheard by them. She thought she understood. "We thought you were the printer. Dead: an old woman's: the grey sunken cunt of the world. I thought you weren't happy," she said. And yonder about that grey urn where the water moves at times in thoughtful irrigation you saw another as fragrant sisterhood, Floey, Atty, Tiny and their darker friend with I know not what of arresting in her pose then, Our Lady of the Cherries, a comely brace of them pendent from an ear, bringing out the foreign warmth of the skin so daintily against the cool ardent fruit. The quivering stillness of the butterfly on the half-opened flower, the silent grazing of the deer in the sun, were the sights her eye rested upon and received as the images of her own nature laid open to happiness and trembling in its ecstasy. In those days we thought an Indian Judgeship about equal to a county-court judgeship at home. Devil in that picture of sinner's death showing him a woman.

I thought he was. One thought after another came up in Ralph's mind, but they were all, in some way, connected with Katharine, or with vague feelings of romance and adventure such as she inspired. Katharine, moreover, was unable to decide what she thought of Cyril's misbehavior. Miss Douce said yes, sitting with his ex, pearl grey and eau de Nil. —Exquisite contrast, miss Kennedy said. " Katharine announced, a moment later, with a laugh, as if at the train of thought which had led her to this conclusion.

Happily she belonged to a generation which expected uncouthness in its men, and she merely felt convinced that this Mr.

Denham was very, very clever. "You thought how ordinary I was.

I thought of you as a person who judges—"No; I'm a person who feels," he said, in a low voice. "Perhaps it would be better if I married William," she thought suddenly, and the thought appeared to loom through the mist like solid ground. CHAPTER VII "And little Augustus Pelham said to me, 'It's the younger generation knocking at the door,' and I said to him, 'Oh, but the younger generation comes in without knocking, Mr.

"Well, if the younger generation want to carry on its life on those lines, it's none of our affair," he remarked. She thought he looked as if he were in some mood of high exaltation, which it made her uncomfortable to witness any longer unseen. She thought of three different scenes; she thought of Mary sitting upright and saying, "I'm in love—I'm in love"; she thought of Rodney losing his self-consciousness among the dead leaves, and speaking with the abandonment of a child; she thought of Denham leaning upon the stone parapet and talking to the distant sky, so that she thought him mad. How have the young women of your generation improved upon that, Katharine? Queen of angels, queen of patriarchs, queen of prophets, of all saints, they prayed, queen of the most holy rosary and then Father Conroy handed the thurible to Canon O'Hanlon and he put in the incense and censed the Blessed Sacrament and Cissy Caffrey caught the two twins and she was itching to give them a ringing good clip on the ear but she didn't because she thought he might be watching but she never made a bigger mistake in all her life because Gerty could see without looking that he never took his eyes off of her and then Canon O'Hanlon handed the thurible back to Father Conroy and knelt down looking up at

the Blessed Sacrament and the choir began to sing the *Tantum ergo* and she just swung her foot in and out in time as the music rose and fell to the *Tantum ergo*. Rather stale smell that incense leaves next day. Father Conmee, walking, thought of his little book *Old Times in the Barony* and of the book that might be written about jesuit houses and of Mary Rochfort, daughter of lord Molesworth, first countess of Belvedere. We begin to be interested in Mrs S. Till now we had thought of her, if at all, as a patient Griselda, a Penelope stayathome. It sometimes seemed to him that this spirit was the most valuable possession he had; he thought that by means of it he could set flowering waste tracts of the earth, cure many ills, or raise up beauty where none now existed; it was, too, a fierce and potent spirit which would devour the dusty books and parchments on the office wall with one lick of its tongue, and leave him in a minute standing in nakedness, if he gave way to it. "I wonder, Miss Hilbery, whether you remembered to get that picture glazed? I thought Alf would split. Bloom stays with nurse a thought to send a kind word to happy mother and nursing up there. Her feeling that he was antagonistic to her, which had lapsed while she thought of her family possessions, returned so keenly that she stopped in the middle of her catalog and looked at him.

She thought of three different scenes; she thought of Mary sitting upright and saying, "I'm in love—I'm in love"; she thought of Rodney losing his self-consciousness among the dead leaves, and speaking with the abandonment of a child; she thought of Denham leaning upon the stone parapet and talking to the distant sky, so that she thought him mad.

Winter

) gazed in the coffin (coffin? And even scraping up the earth at night with a lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running gravesores. He thought that these winter days were spent in long hours before white papers radiant in electric light; and in short passages through fog-dimmed streets.

" she added wistfully, with a glance at her daughter, who had told her nothing about the dinner the night before. Coming home it was a gorgeous winter's night on the Featherbed Mountain. To hell with the bloody brutal Sassenachs and their _patois._ So J. J. puts in a word, doing the toff about one story was good till you heard another and blinking facts and the Nelson policy, putting your blind eye to the telescope and drawing up a bill of attainder to impeach a nation, and Bloom trying to back him up moderation and botheration and their colonies and their civilisation. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day. In the country fields all the wreckage of winter was being dispersed; the dead leaves, the withered bracken, the dry and discolored grass, but no bud would be broken, nor would the new stalks that showed above the earth take any harm, and perhaps to-morrow a line of blue or yellow would show through a slit in their green. –No, Ned Lambert gasped, I caught a... cold night before... blast your soul... night before last... and there was a hell of a lot of draught...

–_Each graceful look_... First night when first I saw her at Mat Dillon's in Terenure. Lord, she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there. 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. –Is he a jew or a gentile or a holy Roman or a swaddler or what the hell is he? –After all, Haines began... Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind.

On getting out of bed that morning he had fully made up his mind to ignore what had been said the night before; he had been convinced, by the sight of Denham, that his love for Katharine was passionate, and when he addressed her early that morning on the telephone, he had meant his cheerful but authoritative tones to convey to her the fact that, after a night of madness, they were as indissolubly engaged as ever. Can become ideal winter sanatorium.

May Allah the Excellent One your soul this night ever tremendously conserve. The gravediggers bore the coffin and set its nose on the brink, looping the bands round it.

The full moon was the night we were Sunday fortnight exactly there is a new moon.

On a June night the nightingales sing, they answer each other across the plain; they are heard under the window among the trees in the garden. Wake up in the dead of night and see him on the wall, hanging. He returns after a life of absence to that spot of earth where he was born, where he has always been, man and boy, a silent witness and there, his journey of life ended, he plants his mulberrytree in the earth. Accordingly he broke his mind to his neighbour, saying that, to express his notion of the thing, his opinion (who ought not perchance to express one) was that one must have a cold constitution and a frigid genius not to be rejoiced by this freshest news of the fruition of her confinement since she had been in such pain through no fault of hers.

" she reflected, pausing by the window, which, as the night was warm, she raised, in order to feel the air upon her face, and to lose herself in the nothingness of night. Bannan in a cut bob (which are now in with dance cloaks of Kendal green) that was new got to town from Mullingar with the stage where his coz and Mal M's brother will stay a month yet till Saint Swithin and asks what in the earth he does there, he bound home and he to Andrew Horne's being stayed for to crush a cup of wine, so he said, but would tell him of a skittish heifer, big of her age and beef to the heel, and all this while poured with rain and so both together on to Horne's.

It floats, it flows about her starborn flesh and loose it streams, emerald, sapphire, mauve and heliotrope, sustained on currents of the cold interstellar wind, winding, coiling, simply swirling, writhing in the skies a mysterious writing till, after a myriad metamorphoses of symbol, it blazes, Alpha, a ruby and triangled sign upon the forehead of Taurus. But it was a dark night and the water was barely visible.

Indeed, the temper of the meeting was now unfavorable to separate conversation; it had become rather debauched and hilarious, and people who scarcely knew each other were making use of Christian names with apparent cordiality, and had reached that kind of gay tolerance and general friendliness which human beings in England only attain after sitting together for three hours or so, and the first cold blast in the air of the street freezes them into isolation once more.): and do thou, O prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God thrust Satan down to hell and with him those other wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls. 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. No force on earth would have made her confess that. Thrust syphilis down to hell and with him those other licensed spirits. The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by the men straddled on the grave-trestles. Moments, fragments, a second of vision, and then the flying waters, the winds dissipating and dissolving; then, too, the recollection from chaos, the return of security, the earth firm, superb and brilliant in the sun. At this time of night there was no traffic and scarcely any foot-passengers, so that they could pace slowly without interruption, arm-in-arm, raising their hands now and then to draw something upon the vast blue curtain of the sky.

Here, says he, take them to hell out of my sight, Alf. A cold seawind blows from his druid mouth. He is practically a total abstainer and I can affirm that he sleeps on a straw litter and eats the most Spartan food, cold dried grocer's peas.

Me sits there with his augur's rod of ash, in borrowed sandals, by day beside a livid sea, unbeheld, in violet night walking beneath a reign of uncouth stars. It was Gerty who turned off the gas at the main every night and it was Gerty who tacked up on the wall of that place where she never forgot every fortnight the chlorate of lime Mr Tunney the grocer's christmas almanac, the picture of halcyon days where a young gentleman in the costume they used to wear then with a threecornered hat was offering a bunch of flowers to his ladylove with oldtime chivalry through her lattice window. The cold smell of sacred stone called him. The mutes bore the coffin into the chapel. She is a hoary pandemonium of ills, enlarged glands, mumps, quinsy, bunions, hayfever, bedsores, ringworm, floating kidney,

Derbyshire neck, warts, bilious attacks, gallstones, cold feet, varicose veins.

Hot and cold in the same breath. Of Israel's folk was that man that on earth wandering far had fared.

If it weren't the winter we could take a jaunt to Italy. –No, Ned Lambert gasped, I caught a... cold night before... blast your soul... night before last... and there was a hell of a lot of draught...

WHAT WETHERUP SAID All very fine to jeer at it now in cold print but it goes down like hot cake that stuff. After he woke me last night same dream or was it? The spiked and winding cold seahorn. At night too. His last lie on the earth in his box. The night of the party long ago in Stoor's (he was still in short trousers) when they were alone and he stole an arm round her waist she went white to the very lips.

Katharine, who had risen in some confusion, could not help smiling at the thought that her mother found it perfectly natural and desirable that her daughter should be reading Byron in the dining-room late at night alone with a strange young man. Wet night in the lane. Or should she return to her room, and spend the night working out the details of a very enlightened and ingenious scheme? I was just looking around to see who the happy thought would strike when he damned but in he comes again letting on to be in a hell of a hurry.

–Antiquity mentions that Stagyrite schoolurchin and bald heathen sage, Stephen said, who when dying in exile frees and endows his slaves, pays tribute to his elders, wills to be laid in earth near the bones of his dead wife and bids his friends be kind to an old mistress (don't forget Nell Gwynn Herpyllis) and let her live in his villa. And ultimately, Katharine's dominion

over him was of the sort that the fevers of the night cannot exorcise. Water cold soft. Wonder why they come out at night like mice. The power of literature, which had temporarily deserted Mr. Hilbery, now came back to him, pouring over the raw ugliness of human affairs its soothing balm, and providing a form into which such passions as he had felt so painfully the night before could be molded so that they fell roundly from the tongue in shapely phrases, hurting nobody. We had a midnight lunch too after all the jollification and when we sallied forth it was blue o'clock the morning after the night before. Jesus, I had to laugh at the way he came out with that about the old one with the winkers on her, blind drunk in her royal palace every night of God, old Vic, with her jorum of mountain dew and her coachman carting her up body and bones to roll into bed and she pulling him by the whiskers and singing him old bits of songs about Ehren on the Rhine and come where the boose is cheaper.

The cold domed room of the tower waits. "So much earth and so much water and that sublime spirit brooding over it all," she mused, and went on to sing her strange, half-earthly song of dawns and sunsets, of great poets, and the unchanged spirit of noble loving which they had taught, so that nothing changes, and one age is linked with another, and no one dies, and we all meet in spirit, until she appeared oblivious of any one in the room. He was very red in the face, whether from the cool November night or nervousness, and every movement, from the way he wrung his hands to the way he jerked his head to right and left, as though a vision drew him now to the door, now to the window, bespoke his horrible discomfort under the stare of so many eyes. He wore a pair of gaiters the night that first we met. About her seemed to hang the mist of the winter hedges,

and the clear red of the bramble leaves. The coffin lay on its bier before the chancel, four tall yellow candles at its corners.

CHAPTER XXIX Between twelve and one that Sunday night Katharine lay in bed, not asleep, but in that twilight region where a detached and humorous view of our own lot is possible; or if we must be serious, our seriousness is tempered by the swift oncome of slumber and oblivion. The cold steelpen. As they were both ignorant of Ralph's visit the night before they had not that reason to comfort themselves with the thought that matters were hastening to a crisis. With his recollections of the scene the night before, he was too self-conscious even to look at her, and it was not until she told him of her mother's visit to Stratford-on-Avon that he raised his eyes. That night she met... Now! Windy night that was I went to fetch her there was that lodge meeting on about those lottery tickets after Goodwin's concert in the supperroom or oakroom of the Mansion house. It's the blood sinking in the earth gives new life. 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. And one night I went in with a fellow into one of their musical evenings, song and dance about she could get up on a truss of hay she could my Maureen Lay and there was a fellow with a Ballyhooly blue ribbon badge spiffing out of him in Irish and a lot of colleen bawns going about with temperance beverages and selling medals and oranges and lemonade and a few old dry buns, gob, flahoolagh entertainment, don't be talking. To hell with them all.

After Denham had waited some minutes, in the course of which neither he nor the rook took their eyes off the fire, he muttered a curse, ran downstairs, intercepted the parlor-maid, and cut himself a slice of bread and cold meat. The gray night coming

down over the country was kind to her; and she thought that one of these days she would find comfort in sitting upon the earth, alone, beneath a tree. Have we cold feet about the cosmos? BLOOM: Not to lace the wrong eyelet as I did the night of the bazaar dance.

—If you want to know what are the events which cast their shadow over the hell of time of King Lear, Othello, Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida, look to see when and how the shadow lifts. " The emotions of the night before, which she had suppressed in such a way as to keep her awake till dawn, had left Katharine a little jaded, and thus more matter-of-fact than usual. Worst of all at night Mrs Duggan told me in the City Arms. Making his day's stations, the dingy printingcase, his three taverns, the Montmartre lair he sleeps short night in, rue de la Goutte-d'Or, damascened with flyblown faces of the gone. Might have taken me to Malahide or a siding for the night or collision. The mutes shouldered the coffin and bore it in through the gates. (The retriever drives a cold snivelling muzzle against his hand, wagging his tail.

" "A cold coming on does make one feel wretched," she replied.

And even scraping up the earth at night with a lantern like that case I read of to get at fresh buried females or even putrefied with running gravesores. Instantly he thought of Katharine, the thought of her being surrounded by the spaces of night and the open air; and Mary, watching him, saw the lines upon his forehead suddenly deepen. Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? (Satirically) Has poor little hubby cold feet waiting so long? In each hand he holds a parcel, one containing a lukewarm pig's crubeen, the other a cold sheep's trotter, sprinkled with wholepepper. The night was very still,

and on such nights, when the traffic thins away, the walker becomes conscious of the moon in the street, as if the curtains of the sky had been drawn apart, and the heaven lay bare, as it does in the country. BLOOM: __ (Hides the crubeen and trotter behind his back and, crestfallen, feels warm and cold feetmeat) Ja, ich weiss, papachi. __ RUDOLPH: What you making down this place? They believe in rod, the scourger almighty, creator of hell upon earth, and in Jacky Tar, the son of a gun, who was conceived of unholy boast, born of the fighting navy, suffered under rump and dozen, was scarified, flayed and curried, yelled like bloody hell, the third day he arose again from the bed, steered into haven, sitteth on his beamend till further orders whence he shall come to drudge for a living and be paid. I hear that an actress played Hamlet for the fourhundredandeighth time last night in Dublin. She's a typical example of the cold northern nature. She's in the lying-in hospital in Holles street. Corny Kelleher opened the sidedoors and the gravediggers came in, hoisted the coffin again, carried it out and shoved it on their cart. But by and by, as said, this evening after sundown, the wind sitting in the west, biggish swollen clouds to be seen as the night increased and the weatherwise poring up at them and some sheet lightnings at first and after, past ten of the clock, one great stroke with a long thunder and in a brace of shakes all scamper pellmell within door for the smoking shower, the men making shelter for their straws with a clout or kerchief, womenfolk skipping off with kirtles caught up soon as the pour came. He wears a hairshirt of pure Irish manufacture winter and summer and scourges himself every Saturday. Edward, she perceived, was rolling the lawn, for the sake of exercise; and the sight of him, with pink cheeks, bright little brown eyes, and a general resemblance to a clumsy young cart-horse in its winter

coat of dusty brown hair, made Mary violently ashamed of her ambitious scheming. He remembered one night long ago. When she was rid of the pretense of paper and pen, phrase-making and biography, she turned her attention in a more legitimate direction, though, strangely enough, she would rather have confessed her wildest dreams of hurricane and prairie than the fact that, upstairs, alone in her room, she rose early in the morning or sat up late at night to... work at mathematics. __ (Harshly, his pupils waxing) __ To hell with the pope! Playing it slow, a girl, night I came home, the girl. My soul's youth I gave him, night by night.

Yet the thought did not disturb him so much as the strange, unpleasant, illicit atmosphere of the whole scene with the young people the night before. At a corner two night watch in shoul-dercapes, their hands upon their staffholsters, loom tall. Shades of night hovering here with all the dead stretched about. That we all lived before on the earth thousands of years ago or some other planet. That the coffin was filled with stones. I admit I was unreasonable the first night when you found that your clothes had been left behind. I've been dreaming all night of you and Shakespeare, dearest Katharine. Goulding, a flush struggling in his pale, told Mr Bloom, face of the night, Si in Ned Lambert's, Dedalus house, sang __ 'Twas rank and fame. __ He, Mr Bloom, listened while he, Richie Goulding, told him, Mr Bloom, of the night he, Richie, heard him, Si Dedalus, sing 'T WAS RANK AND FAME in his, Ned Lambert's, house. "He was there last night too. A tiny coffin flashed by. Without knowing or caring more for Church practices than most people of her age, Katharine could not look into the sky at Christmas time without feeling that, at this one season, the Heavens bend

over the earth with sympathy, and signal with immortal radiance that they, too, take part in her festival. –And, Martin Cunningham said, we wouldn't have scenes like that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy's and upset the coffin on to the road. Such severity, accompanied by something indescribably cold and impersonal in her manner, had constantly been meted out to him during the last few days, always in the company of others. Explain that: morning hours, noon, then evening coming on, then night hours. After all there's a lot in that vegetarian fine flavour of things from the earth garlic of course it stinks after Italian organgrinders crisp of onions mushrooms truffles.

She seemed a compound of the autumn leaves and the winter sunshine; less poetically speaking, she showed both gentleness and strength, an indefinable promise of soft maternity blending with her evident fitness for honest labor. But as before the lightning the serried stormclouds, heavy with preponderant excess of moisture, in swollen masses turgidly distended, compass earth and sky in one vast slumber, impending above parched field and drowsy oxen and blighted growth of shrub and verdure till in an instant a flash rives their centres and with the reverberation of the thunder the cloudburst pours its torrent, so and not otherwise was the transformation, violent and instantaneous, upon the utterance of the word. The night she threw the soup in the waiter's face in the Star and Garter. Now this passion burnt on his horizon, as the winter sun makes a greenish pane in the west through thinning clouds. Howth settled for slumber, tired of long days, of yumyum rhododendrons (he was old) and felt gladly the night breeze lift, ruffle his fell of ferns. Eating off his cold plate.

Sometimes away for years at the ends of the earth somewhere. Call to the hospital to see. For them the earth is not an exploitable ground but the living mother. A skin of tabby lined his winter waistcoat. I will not sleep there when this night comes. "The night and the stars, the dawn coming up, the barges swimming past, the sun setting.... Ah dear," she sighed, "well, the sunset is very lovely too. " As if foreseeing that the interview might be long, and the night chilly, Katharine advised Cassandra to wrap herself in a quilt. The night Si sang. He stood a moment unseeing by the cold black marble bowl while before him and behind two worshippers dipped furtive hands in the low tide of holy water. Begins to feel cold and clammy. _(He begins to lilt simply)_ Li li poo lil chile Blingee pigfoot evly night Payee two shilly... _(He is howled down. On cold and windy nights he rode off to visit sick people, who might need him, without a murmur; and by virtue of doing dull duties punctually, he was much employed upon committees and local Boards and Councils; and at this period of his life (he was sixty-eight) he was beginning to be commiserated by tender old ladies for the extreme leanness of his person, which, they said, was worn out upon the roads when it should have been resting before a comfortable fire. MRS BREEN: You were the lion of the night with your seriocomic recitation and you looked the part. As the night was far advanced they had the whole of the seats on the top of the omnibus to choose from, and the roads, save for an occasional couple, wearing even at midnight, an air of sheltering their words from the public, were deserted. -No, Ned Lambert gasped, I caught a... cold night before... blast your soul... night before last... and there was a hell of a lot of draught...

On getting out of bed that morning he had fully made up his mind to ignore what had been said the night before; he had been convinced, by the sight of Denham, that his love for Katharine was passionate, and when he addressed her early that morning on the telephone, he had meant his cheerful but authoritative tones to convey to her the fact that, after a night of madness, they were as indissolubly engaged as ever. To hell with them! Thing like that spoils the effect of a night for her. –No, Ned Lambert gasped, I caught a... cold night before... blast your soul... night before last... and there was a hell of a lot of draught...

The fellows that never will be slaves, with the only hereditary chamber on the face of God's earth and their land in the hands of a dozen gamehogs and cottonball barons.

He's gone over to the lying-in hospital they told me. A big coffin it was, and high and heavylooking. I wrote last night to Mr Field, M.P. The night was still and moonlit, fit for walking, though any night would have seemed so to them, desiring more than anything movement, freedom from scrutiny, silence, and the open air. That night in the Antient Concert Rooms. Born all in the dark wormy earth, cold specks of fire, evil, lights shining in the darkness.

How on earth did he know that van was there? Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall. On earth as it is in heaven. Christ, but don't keep us all night over it. In conversation the night before, William had indicated to Cassandra that, in his belief, Katharine was becoming engaged to Ralph Denham in the dining-room. A brief cold blaze shone from her eyes that spoke volumes of scorn immeasurable. Better not stick here all night like a limpet. What the hell are you driving at?

There was no reason, she assured herself, for this feeling of happiness; she was not free; she was not alone; she was still bound to earth by a million fibres; every step took her nearer home.

RUDOLPH: (Severely) One night they bring you home drunk as dog after spend your good money. Mary drew her chair a little nearer to the fire, for the logs were burning low, and at this time of night it was hardly worth while to replenish them. A night watchman.

Yeats admired his line: As in wild earth a Grecian vase.

Those two sluts that night in the Coombe, linked together in the rain. Stephen's embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar: whelks and money cowries and leopard shells: and this, whorled as an emir's turban, and this, the scallop of saint James. Thus the vision of humanity appeared to be in some way connected with Bloomsbury, and faded distinctly by the time she crossed the main road; then a belated organ-grinder in Holborn set her thoughts dancing incongruously; and by the time she was crossing the great misty square of Lincoln's Inn Fields, she was cold and depressed again, and horribly clear-sighted. It is a large house, and has been growing steadily for some centuries round the great kitchen, with its narrow red tiles, as the Rector would point out to his guests on the first night of their arrival, taking his brass candlestick, and bidding them mind the steps up and the steps down, and notice the immense thickness of the walls, the old beams across the ceiling, the staircases as steep as ladders, and the attics, with their deep, tent-like roofs, in which swallows bred, and once a white owl. The night Milly brought it into the parlour. Instead of returning her silent greeting, William grinned back at her

a cold stare of sarcasm or of rage. Hell upon earth it is. His voice is heard mellow from afar, merciful male, melodious:)_
Shall carry my heart to thee, Shall carry my heart to thee, And the breath of the balmy night Shall carry my heart to thee! Sad however because it lasts only a few years till they settle down to potwalloping and papa's pants will soon fit Willy and fuller's earth for the baby when they hold him out to do ah ah. At night the view from my window is splendid. Singular, communed the guest with himself, the wonderfully unequal faculty of metempsychosis possessed by them, that the puerperal dormitory and the dissecting theatre should be the seminaries of such frivolity, that the mere acquisition of academic titles should suffice to transform in a pinch of time these votaries of levity into exemplary practitioners of an art which most men anywise eminent have esteemed the noblest. Dogs' cold noses. They say you can't taste wines with your eyes shut or a cold in the head. It shone by day in the heavens alone, brighter than Venus in the night, and by night it shone over delta in Cassiopeia, the recumbent constellation which is the signature of his initial among the stars. And he heard their aresouns each gen other as touching birth and righteousness, young Madden maintaining that put such case it were hard the wife to die (for so it had fallen out a matter of some year ago with a woman of Eblana in Horne's house that now was trespassed out of this world and the self night next before her death all leeches and pothecaries had taken counsel of her case). Read continuously, they produced a sort of vertigo, and set her asking herself in despair what on earth she was to do with them?

Because he closed my carriage door outside sir Thornley Stoker's one sleety day during the cold snap of February ninetythree when even the grid of the wastepipe and the ballstop in my

bath cistern were frozen. Being afraid to marry on earth They masturbated for all they were worth. _ Jest on. They ought to have some law to pierce the heart and make sure or an electric clock or a telephone in the coffin and some kind of a canvas airhole. –Spooning with him last night on the pier.

In summer it was a pleasant place, for the deep woods on either side murmured, and the heather, which grew thick round the granite pedestal, made the light breeze taste sweetly; in winter the sighing of the trees was deepened to a hollow sound, and the heath was as gray and almost as solitary as the empty sweep of the clouds above it.

That was why I had to leave the table with the ladies—I'm spending the night there, and I shan't be back till late on Christmas Eve. MARY DRISCOLL: _(Excitedly)_ As God is looking down on me this night if ever I laid a hand to them oysters! Last night I flew. –He can find no trace of hell in ancient Irish myth, Haines said, amid the cheerful cups. On the night of the seventeenth of February 1904 the prisoner was seen by two witnesses. His ideas for ads like Plumtree's potted under the obituaries, cold meat department. The bloody nag took fright and the old mongrel after the car like bloody hell and all the populace shouting and laughing and the old tinbox clattering along the street. At the end of a fairly hard day's work it was certainly something of an effort to clear one's room, to pull the mattress off one's bed, and lay it on the floor, to fill a pitcher with cold coffee, and to sweep a long table clear for plates and cups and saucers, with pyramids of little pink biscuits between them; but when these alterations were effected, Mary felt a lightness of spirit come to her, as if she had put off the stout stuff of her working hours and slipped over her entire being some vesture of thin, bright silk. " Thus confronted at

a distance of only a few feet by the real body of the woman about whom he had dreamt so many million dreams, Ralph stammered; he made a clutch at his self-control; the color either came to his cheeks or left them, he knew not which; but he was determined to face her and track down in the cold light of day whatever vestige of truth there might be in his persistent imaginations. When night hides her body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs have mired. The night was still and moonlit, fit for walking, though any night would have seemed so to them, desiring more than anything movement, freedom from scrutiny, silence, and the open air. Long cold upper lip. He thinks of a drizzling night in Hatch street, hard by the bonded stores there, the first. "You may laugh, Katharine, but I can tell you that if any of your friends saw us together at this time of night they would talk about it, and I should find that very disagreeable. "She's up at all hours of the night over her books, Miss Hilbery, and I'm sure that's not the way to pass examinations," she went on, smiling at Katharine, with the worried humorous smile of the elder sister whose younger brothers and sisters have become almost like children of her own. Aristotle's phrase formed itself within the gabbled verses and floated out into the studious silence of the library of Saint Genevieve where he had read, sheltered from the sin of Paris, night by night.)_ Hot hands cold gizzard. They were, indeed, descending the shaft in a small cage, and could hear the picks of the miners, something like the gnawing of rats, in the earth beneath them, when the door was burst open, without any knocking.

He laughed, lolling a to and fro head, walking on, followed by Stephen: and mirthfully he told the shadows, souls of men: -O, the night in the Camden hall when the daughters of Erin had

to lift their skirts to step over you as you lay in your mulber-coloured, multicoloured, multitudinous vomit!

One of the swift and noiseless birds of the winter's night seemed to follow them across the field, circling a few feet in front of them, disappearing and returning again and again. So he might have felt if the earth had dropped from his feet, and the empty blue had hung all round him, and the air had been steeped in the presence of one woman. Mr Dedalus eyed with cold wandering scorn various points of Ben Dollard's figure.

"You waited there last night too? Peace of the druid priests of Cymbeline: hierophantic: from wide earth an altar. I caught a cold in the park. He turned sharply to implore her help, when again he was struck cold by her look of distance, her expression of intentness upon some far object. At the dance night she met him, dance of the hours.

Damp night reeking of hungry dough. In the country fields all the wreckage of winter was being dispersed; the dead leaves, the withered bracken, the dry and discolored grass, but no bud would be broken, nor would the new stalks that showed above the earth take any harm, and perhaps to-morrow a line of blue or yellow would show through a slit in their green. CHAPTER XV The village of Disham lies somewhere on the rolling piece of cultivated ground in the neighborhood of Lincoln, not so far inland but that a sound, bringing rumors of the sea, can be heard on summer nights or when the winter storms fling the waves upon the long beach.

Chap in the mortuary, coffin or coffey, _corpusnomine._ Wonder where that rat is by now. " And the fancy came to her that, as they sat side by side, hand in hand, she could hear the earth pouring from above to make a barrier between them, so

that, as they sat, they were separated second by second by an impenetrable wall. A coffin bumped out on to the road. The first night after the charades. –He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Don't be all night before the polis in plain clothes sees us. A last lonely candle wandered up the sky from Mirus bazaar in search of funds for Mercer's hospital and broke, drooping, and shed a cluster of violet but one white stars.

The note of banishment, banishment from the heart, banishment from home, sounds uninterruptedly from __The Two Gentlemen of Verona__ onward till Prospero breaks his staff, buries it certain fathoms in the earth and drowns his book. It's the force of gravity of the earth is the weight.

You are my lookingglass from night to morning. __ (He coughs and, bending his brow, rubs his nose thoughtfully with a scooping hand) __ You shall find that these night insects follow the light. Go home to nicey bread and milky and say night prayers with the kiddies. The air was fresher, the lights more distinct, the cold stone of the balustrade colder and harder, when by chance or purpose she struck her hand against it. "You would have waited all night if it hadn't been for William. She wished Ralph to feel, as she thought he would, all the fresh delights of the earth and air. "And that's Queenie Colquhoun," she went on, turning the pages, "who took her coffin out with her to Jamaica, packed with lovely shawls and bonnets, because you couldn't get coffins in Jamaica, and she had a horror of dying there (as she did), and being devoured by the white ants.

Colophon

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