

A PENFL CES

Jemz Jôs

(A transcription into Ñspel of the short story “A Painful Case” from *Dubliners*,
by James Joyce)

Mr. Jemz Dufi livd in Čaplizd bcz h wšt t liv az far az pošbl fřm d siti v wć h wz a sitizn n bcz h faund ol d uqr subrbz v Dublin mìn, modn n pritnśś. H livd in an old sombr hās n fřm hiz windoz h cd lc intu d dsyzd dstiřri or upwdz alñ d šalo rivr on wć Dublin z bilt. Ď lofti wōlz v hiz uncarptd rŭm wr fri fřm picćrz. H hd himslf bōt evri articl v frnićr in d rŭm: a blac ayn bedsted, an ayn wośstand, for cen ćerz, a clodzrac, a colscutl, a fndr n aynz n a sqer tebl on wć le a dubl desc. A bćes hd bn md in an alcov bĭ mĭnz v šlvz v wĭt wŭd. Ď bed wz clodđ wđ wĭt bedclodž n a blac n scarlit rug cuvrd d ft. A litl handmirr huñ abv d wośstand n jrñ d de a wĭt-šĕdd lamp std az d sol ornmt v d mantlpĭs. Ď bcs on d wĭt wŭdn šlvz wr arenjd fřm b’lo upwdz acordñ t bulc. A cmplit Wrdzwrť std at wn end v d lōist šlf n a copi v d *Menŭť Catćizm*, soun intu d cloť cuvř v a not-bc, std at wn end v d top šlf. Raitñ mtirĭlz wr olwz on d desc. In d desc le a mañscriptřnzleśn v Hoptman’z *Mĭcl Cremr*, d stejđ’rexnz v wć wr ritn in prpl ñc, n a litl šĭf v peprz hld tgđř bĭ a bras pin. In dž šĭts a sntns wz inscribd fřm tĭm t tĭm n, in an ĭronical momnt, d hedlĭn v an advrtismnt fr *Bĭl Bĭnz* hd bn pestd on t d frst šĭt. On liftñ d lid v d desc a fent fregřns iscept—d fregřns v ny sĭdrwŭd pñslz or v a botl v gum or v an ovřřp apl wć mt hv bn left đř n fgotn.

Mr James Duffy lived in Chapelizod because he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was a citizen and because he found all the other suburbs of Dublin mean, modern and pretentious. He lived in an old sombre house and from his windows he could look into the disused distillery or upwards along the shallow river on which Dublin is built. The lofty walls of his uncarpeted room were free from pictures. He had himself bought every article of furniture in the room: a black iron bedstead, an iron washstand, four cane chairs, a clothes-rack, a coal-scuttle, a fender and irons and a square table on which lay a double desk. A bookcase had been made in an alcove by means of shelves of white wood. The bed was clothed with white bedclothes and a black and scarlet rug covered the foot. A little hand-mirror hung above the washstand and during the day a white-shaded lamp stood as the sole ornament of the mantelpiece. The books on the white wooden shelves were arranged from below upwards according to bulk. A complete Wordsworth stood at one end of the lowest shelf and a copy of the Maynooth Catechism, sewn into the cloth cover of a notebook, stood at one end of the top shelf. Writing materials were always on the desk. In the desk lay a manuscript translation of Hauptmann’s Michael Kramer, the stage directions of which were written in purple ink, and a little sheaf of papers held together by a brass pin. In these sheets a sentence was inscribed from time to time and, in an ironical moment, the headline of an advertisement for Bile Beans had been pasted on to the first sheet. On lifting the lid of the desk a faint fragrance escaped—the fragrance of new cedarwood pencils or of a bottle of gum or of an overripe apple which might have been left there and forgotten.

Mr Duffy abhorred anything which betokened physical or mental disorder. A mediæval doctor would have called him saturnine. His face, which

Mr. Dufi abhord enñ wć btocnd fizicl or mntl dsordr. A mediivl doctr wd hv cōld him sañn. Hiz fes, wć carid d ĩntř tēl v hiz yirz, wz v d brān tint v Dublin strīts. On hiz loñ n rđr larj hed grū drī blac her n a tōni mstaś dd nt qt cuvr an unemĳbl mǎĳ. Hiz ċĳbonz olso gev hiz fes a harś carctr; bt đr wz no harśnis in d ĳz wć, lcñ at d wrld fr̄m undr đer tōni ĳbrǎz, gev d ĳmpreśn v a man evr alrt t grīt a rđimñ ĳnstñt in uđrz bt ofn dis'pōntd. H livd at a litl distns fr̄m hiz bodi, rgardñ hiz ōn acts wđ dǎtfl sĳdglanz. H hd an od ōĳbagrafiel habit wć léd him t cmpoz in hiz mĳnd fr̄m tĳm t tĳm a śort sntns abt ĳimslf cntenñ a subjict in d ĳrd prsn n a predĳct in d past tns. H nvr gev āmz t begrz n wōct fr̄mli, cariyñ a stǎt hezl.

H hd bn fr̄ mni yirz cśir v a prĳvt banc in Baĳt Strĳt. Evri mornñ h cem in fr̄m Ćaplĳzd bĳ tram. At miđe h wnt t Dan Bre's n tc hiz lunć—a botl v lǎgrbir n a smōl trēfl v arorūt biscits. At for o'cloc h wz set fri. H đĳnd in an ĳññhǎs in Jorj'z Strĳt wr̄ h flt ĳimslf sef fr̄m d ssayti v Dublin'z gĳldd yĳ n wr̄ đr̄ wz a srtn plen oñsti in d bil v fér. Hiz ĳvññz wr̄ spent ĳđr̄ bfr̄ hiz landledi'z piano or romñ abt d ātserts v d siti. Hiz lĳcñ fr̄ Motsart's mǎzic bròt ĳim smtmz t an opra or a conšt: đz wr̄ d onli dĳpeśnz v hiz lĳf.

H hd ndr̄ cmpañnz nr frendz, ĳrcé nr crĳd. H livd hiz spirićl lĳf wđt eni cr̄mñ wđ uđrz, viztñ hiz reĳtivz at Crĳms n ĳscortñ đm t d semtri wñ đe daid. H pformd đz tū sośl dytiz fr̄ old dĳñti'z sec bt cnsidd nññ fr̄đr̄ t d cnvsnz wć reĳlet d sivic lĳf. H alaud ĳimslf t ĳnc đt in srtn sremstanz h wd rob hiz banc bt, az đz sremstanz nvr arouz, hiz lĳf rold āt ĳvñli—an advnćrlis tēl.

Wn ĳvññ h faund ĳimslf sitñ bsd tū lediz in d R'tūnda. Đ hǎs, ĳñli ppld n sĳlnt, gev dstresñ profsi v fełr. Đ ledi hu sat nxt ĳim lct rnd at d dzrtd hǎs wns or twĳs n đen sd:

carried the entire tale of his years, was of the brown tint of Dublin streets. On his long and rather large head grew dry black hair and a tawny moustache did not quite cover an unamiable mouth. His cheekbones also gave his face a harsh character; but there was no harshness in the eyes which, looking at the world from under their tawny eyebrows, gave the impression of a man ever alert to greet a redeeming instinct in others but often disappointed. He lived at a little distance from his body, regarding his own acts with doubtful side-glances. He had an odd autobiographical habit which led him to compose in his mind from time to time a short sentence about himself containing a subject in the third person and a predicate in the past tense. He never gave alms to beggars and walked firmly, carrying a stout hazel.

He had been for many years cashier of a private bank in Baggot Street. Every morning he came in from Chapelizod by tram. At midday he went to Dan Burke's and took his lunch—a bottle of lager beer and a small trayful of arrowroot biscuits. At four o'clock he was set free. He dined in an eating-house in George's Street where he felt himself safe from the society of Dublin's gilded youth and where there was a certain plain honesty in the bill of fare. His evenings were spent either before his landlady's piano or roaming about the outskirts of the city. His liking for Mozart's music brought him sometimes to an opera or a concert: these were the only dissipations of his life.

He had neither companions nor friends, church nor creed. He lived his spiritual life without any communion with others, visiting his relatives at Christmas and escorting them to the cemetery when they died. He performed these two social duties for old dignity's sake but conceded nothing further to the conventions which regulate the civic life. He allowed himself to think that in certain circumstances he would rob his bank but, as these circumstances never arose, his life rolled out evenly—an adventureless tale.

One evening he found himself sitting beside two ladies in the Rotunda. The house, thinly peopled and silent, gave distressing prophecy of failure. The lady who sat next him looked round at the deserted house once or twice and then said:

“What a pity there is such a poor house tonight! It's so hard on people to have to sing to empty benches.”

He took the remark as an invitation to talk. He was surprised that she seemed so little awkward.

“Wt a piti d̄r z s̄c a pur h̄s tn̄t! It’s so hard on ppl t hv t s̄n t emti bn̄cz.”

H tc d̄ rmarc az an invtešn t t̄oc. H wz s’pr̄izd d̄t s̄ s̄imd so litl ōcw̄d. Wl d̄e t̄oc h traid t fix hr pr̄m̄ntli in hiz mem̄ri. Wn h lrnt d̄t d̄ yuñ grl bsd hr wz hr d̄otr h jujd hr t b a yir or so yungr d̄n himslf. Hr fes, w̄c mst hv bn hansm, hd rmend intelignt. It wz an ovl fes w̄d stroñli marct f̄ic̄rz. D̄ iz wr vri darc blu n stedi. D̄er ḡez bgan w̄d a dfaynt not bt wz cnfyzd b̄i w̄t s̄imd a dlibrt swūn v d̄ pypl intu d̄ iris, rvilñ fr an instnt a tmpr̄mnt v gret snsbiłti. D̄ pypl ri’srtd itslf qeli, d̄s haf-dsclozd nēcr f̄el agn undr d̄ r̄en v pr̄udns, n hr astr̄c̄an jact, moldñ a b̄uzm v a srtn f̄ulnis, struc d̄ not v dfayns mor def̄iñtli.

H met hr agn a fy w̄cs aftwdz at a const in R̄lzft Teris n sizd d̄ momnts w̄n hr d̄otr’z atn̄sn wz dvrtd t bcm int̄imt. S̄ aludd wns or tw̄is t hr huzbnd bt hr ton wz nt s̄c az t mc d̄ aluzn a wornñ. Hr nem wz Msz Siñco. Hr huzbnd’z gret-gret-granfađr hd cm fr̄m Leghorn. Hr huzbnd wz captin v a mr̄c̄nt̄il bot playñ btwn Dublin n Holnd; n d̄e hd wn c̄ild.

M̄itñ hr a tr̄d t̄im b̄i axidnt h faund curij t mc an ap̄ōntmnt. S̄ cem. D̄s wz d̄ frst v mni m̄itñz; d̄e met olwz in d̄ ivnñ n c̄ouz d̄ most qayt qortrz fr d̄er w̄cs tgđr. Mr. Dufi, hvr, hd a dstest fr und̄hand wez n, f̄indñ d̄t d̄e wr cmpeld t m̄it stel̄li, h forst hr t asc him t hr h̄s. Captin Siñco incurijd hiz vizits, t̄nc̄ñ d̄t hiz d̄otr’z hand wz in qsc̄n. H hd dsmist hiz w̄if so s’nsirli fr̄m hiz gałri v plezrz d̄t h dd nt sspct d̄t enwn els wd tec an int̄rest in hr. Az d̄ huzbnd wz ofn awe n d̄ d̄otr āt gvñ m̄zic̄lésnz Mr. Dufi hd mni op̄tyñtiz v injoyñ d̄ ledi’z ssayti. Nđr h nr s̄ hd hd eni s̄c advnc̄r b̄fr n nđr wz cons̄s v eni incngruwti. Litl b̄i litl h intangld hiz t̄ts w̄d hrz. H lent hr bes, pr̄v̄idd hr w̄d id̄iaz, s̄erd hiz int̄lec̄l l̄if w̄d hr. S̄ lisnd t ol.

Smtmz in rtrn fr hiz t̄iriz s̄ gev āt sm fact v hr ōn l̄if. W̄d olmst mtrnl s’liştyd s̄

While they talked he tried to fix her permanently in his memory. When he learned that the young girl beside her was her daughter he judged her to be a year or so younger than himself. Her face, which must have been handsome, had remained intelligent. It was an oval face with strongly marked features. The eyes were very dark blue and steady. Their gaze began with a defiant note but was confused by what seemed a deliberate swoon of the pupil into the iris, revealing for an instant a temperament of great sensibility. The pupil reasserted itself quickly, this half-disclosed nature fell again under the reign of prudence, and her astrakhan jacket, moulding a bosom of a certain fullness, struck the note of defiance more definitely.

He met her again a few weeks afterwards at a concert in Earlsfort Terrace and seized the moments when her daughter’s attention was diverted to become intimate. She alluded once or twice to her husband but her tone was not such as to make the allusion a warning. Her name was Mrs Sinico. Her husband’s great-great-grandfather had come from Leghorn. Her husband was captain of a mercantile boat plying between Dublin and Holland; and they had one child.

Meeting her a third time by accident he found courage to make an appointment. She came. This was the first of many meetings; they met always in the evening and chose the most quiet quarters for their walks together. Mr Duffy, however, had a distaste for underhand ways and, finding that they were compelled to meet stealthily, he forced her to ask him to her house. Captain Sinico encouraged his visits, thinking that his daughter’s hand was in question. He had dismissed his wife so sincerely from his gallery of pleasures that he did not suspect that anyone else would take an interest in her. As the husband was often away and the daughter out giving music lessons Mr Duffy had many opportunities of enjoying the lady’s society. Neither he nor she had had any such adventure before and neither was conscious of any incongruity. Little by little he entangled his thoughts with hers. He lent her books, provided her with ideas, shared his intellectual life with her. She listened to all.

Sometimes in return for his theories she gave out some fact of her own life. With almost maternal solicitude she urged him to let his nature open to the full: she became his confessor. He told her that for some time he had assisted at the meetings of an Irish Socialist Party where he had felt himself a unique figure amidst a score of

rjd him t let hiz neér opn t d fl: s bcem hiz cnfesr. H tld hr dt fr sm tím h hd asistd at d mītñz v an Íris Soşlist Parti wr h hd flt himslf a ynċ figr amdst a scor v sobr wrcmn in a garit lit bĭ an inifisnt ôlamp. Wn d parti hd dvĭdd intu tñi sġnz, ċ undr its ōn lĭdr n in its ōn garit, h hd discentinyd hiz atndnsz. Ð wrcmn'z dscuśnz, h sd, wr tũ timrs; d ĩntrest dċ tc in d qścn v wejz wz ĩnordnt. H flt dt dċ wr hard-fĭcġrd riylists n dt dċ rzntd an xacttyd wċ wz d prodys v a leżr nt wdñ dċr rĭc. No soşl reyļuśn, h tld hr, wd b ĩcli t strĭc Dublin fr sm snċriz.

Ś asct him wċ dd h nt rait āt hiz tñs. Fr wġt, h asct hr, wd cerfl scorn. T cmpit wd frezmungrz, ĩncepbl v tñcñ cñsektivli fr sixti secndz? T sbmit himslf t d cġiġsizmz v an obtys midl clas wċ ĩntrstġd its mrałti t p'ĭsmñ n its fin arts t ĩmpřsġrioz?

H wnt ofn t hr litl cotij ātsd Dublin; ofn dċ spent dċr ĩvnñz alon. Litl bĭ litl, az dċr tñs ĩntangld, dċ spouc v subjġcts les rmot. Hr cmpaġnśp wz ĩc a worm sōl abt an xotic. Mni tímz ś alaud d darc t fōl upñ dġm, rfrenñ fřm ĩtñ d lamp. Ð darc dscrit rūm, dċr ĩşleśn, d mġzic dt stl vĭbretġd ĩn dċr ĩrz ynĭtd dġm. Ðs yġn xōltd him, wōr awe d ruf ģjz v hiz caġctr, ĩmoşñlĭzd hiz mntl ĩf. Smtmz h cōt himslf ĩşññ t d sġnd v hiz ōn vōs. H tñ dt ĩn hr ĩz h wd asnd t an anjeliġl staċr; n, az h ataġt d frvnt neċr v hiz cmpaġn mor n mor closli t him, h hġd d strenj ĩmpřsnl vōs wċ h reġgnĭzd az hiz ōn, ĩnsistñ on d soul'z ĩnkřbl lonlinis. W canot gv āřslvz, ĩt sd: w r āř ōn. Ð end v dġz dscorsz wz dt wn nĭt jrñ wċ ś hd ōoun evri sĭn v unyżl xĭtmnt, Msz Siņco cōt p hiz hand paśntli n prest ĩt t hr ģĭc.

Mr. Dufĭ wz vri mc s'přĭzd. Hr ĩntrpřteśn v hiz wrdz disiluznd him. H dd nt vizit hr fr a wĭc, dċn h rout t hr ascñ hr t mĭt him. Az h dd nt wś dċr last ĩntvy t b trubld bĭ d ĩnflũs v dċr ruĭnd cnfesnl dċ met ĩn a litl cecśop nir d Parcġet. It wz cold ōtmwedř bt ĩn spĭt v d cold dċ

sober workmen in a garret lit by an inefficient oil-lamp. When the party had divided into three sections, each under its own leader and in its own garret, he had discontinued his attendances. The workmen's discussions, he said, were too timorous; the interest they took in the question of wages was inordinate. He felt that they were hard-featured realists and that they resented an exactitude which was the produce of a leisure not within their reach. No social revolution, he told her, would be likely to strike Dublin for some centuries.

She asked him why did he not write out his thoughts. For what, he asked her, with careful scorn. To compete with phrasemongers, incapable of thinking consecutively for sixty seconds? To submit himself to the criticisms of an obtuse middle class which entrusted its morality to policemen and its fine arts to impresarios?

He went often to her little cottage outside Dublin; often they spent their evenings alone. Little by little, as their thoughts entangled, they spoke of subjects less remote. Her companionship was like a warm soil about an exotic. Many times she allowed the dark to fall upon them, refraining from lighting the lamp. The dark discreet room, their isolation, the music that still vibrated in their ears united them. This union exalted him, wore away the rough edges of his character, emotionalised his mental life. Sometimes he caught himself listening to the sound of his own voice. He thought that in her eyes he would ascend to an angelical stature; and, as he attached the fervent nature of his companion more and more closely to him, he heard the strange impersonal voice which he recognised as his own, insisting on the soul's incurable loneliness. We cannot give ourselves, it said: we are our own. The end of these discourses was that one night during which she had shown every sign of unusual excitement, Mrs Sinico caught up his hand passionately and pressed it to her cheek.

Mr Duffy was very much surprised. Her interpretation of his words disillusioned him. He did not visit her for a week, then he wrote to her asking her to meet him. As he did not wish their last interview to be troubled by the influence of their ruined confessionals they met in a little cakeshop near the Parkgate. It was cold autumn weather but in spite of the cold they wandered up and down the roads of the Park for nearly three hours. They agreed to break off their intercourse: every bond, he said, is a bond to sorrow. When

wondrd p n dân d rodz v d Parc fr nirli tri aurz. Ðe agrîd t brec of ðer inçcors: evri bond, h sd, z a bond t sorro. Wn ðe cem ät v d Parc ðe wöct in sîlns twdz d tram; bt hir s bgan t trembl so vaylntli ðt, firñ andr c'laps on hr part, h bád hr gdbî qcli n left hr. A fy dez lêtr h rsivd a parsl cntenñ hiz bcs n mîzic.

For yirz pást. Mr. Dufi rtrnd t hiz ïvn we v líf. Hiz rûm stl bôr wîtnis v d ordrlinis v hiz mînd. Sm ny pîsz v mîzic incumbrd d mîzicstand in d lowr rûm n on hiz slvz std tû volymz bî Nîca: *Ðus Speic Zarþûstra* n *Ð Ge Sayns*. H rout sldm in d sîf v peprz wéc le in hiz desc. Wn v hiz sntnsz, ritn tû munçs aftr hiz last inçvy wd Msz Siñco, réd: Luv btwn man n man z imposbl bez ðr mst nt b sxl inçcors n frendsp btwn man n wmn z imposbl bez ðr mst b sxl inçcors. H cept awe frñ conçs lest h sd mît hr. Hiz faðr daid; d jûnr partnr v d banc rtîrd. N stl evri mornñ h wnt intu d siti bî tram n evri ïvnñ wöct hom frñ d siti aftr hvñ dînd modrtli in Jorj'z Strît n réd d ïvnñpepr fr dzrt.

Wn ïvnñ az h wz abt t pt a morsl v cornd bîf n cabij intu hiz mãt hiz hand stopt. Hiz îz fixt dmslvz on a pargraf in d ïvnñpepr wéc h hd propt agnst d wötr-c'raf. H rplest d morsl v fûd on hiz plet n réd d pargraf atntivli. Ðen h dranc a glas v wötr, pst hiz plet t wn sîd, dubld d pepr dân bfr him btwn hiz elboz n réd d pargraf ovr n ovr agn. Ð cabij bgan t dpozit a cold wît grîs on hiz plet. Ð grl cem ovr t him t asc wz hiz dinr nt proprli cct. H sd it wz vri gd n ét a fy mãtflz v it wd dificlti. Ðen h peid hiz bil n wnt ät.

H wöct alñ qcli tru d Nvmbtr twîlît, hiz stät hezl stic strîcñ d grând reğlrli, d frinj v d buf *Meil* pîpñ ät v a sîdpocit v hiz tît rîfr-oycot. On d lonli rod wéc lidz frñ d Parcget t Çaplizd h slacnd hiz pes. Hiz stic struc d grând les imfaticli n hiz breç, ísuwñ ireğlrli, olmst wd a sayñ sând, cndnst in d winçri er. Wn h rîct hiz häs h

they came out of the Park they walked in silence towards the tram; but here she began to tremble so violently that, fearing another collapse on her part, he bade her good-bye quickly and left her. A few days later he received a parcel containing his books and music.

Four years passed. Mr Duffy returned to his even way of life. His room still bore witness of the orderliness of his mind. Some new pieces of music encumbered the music-stand in the lower room and on his shelves stood two volumes by Nietzsche: Thus Spake Zarathustra and The Gay Science. He wrote seldom in the sheaf of papers which lay in his desk. One of his sentences, written two months after his last interview with Mrs Sinico, read: Love between man and man is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse and friendship between man and woman is impossible because there must be sexual intercourse. He kept away from concerts lest he should meet her. His father died; the junior partner of the bank retired. And still every morning he went into the city by tram and every evening walked home from the city after having dined moderately in George's Street and read the evening paper for dessert.

One evening as he was about to put a morsel of corned beef and cabbage into his mouth his hand stopped. His eyes fixed themselves on a paragraph in the evening paper which he had propped against the water-carafe. He replaced the morsel of food on his plate and read the paragraph attentively. Then he drank a glass of water, pushed his plate to one side, doubled the paper down before him between his elbows and read the paragraph over and over again. The cabbage began to deposit a cold white grease on his plate. The girl came over to him to ask was his dinner not properly cooked. He said it was very good and ate a few mouthfuls of it with difficulty. Then he paid his bill and went out.

He walked along quickly through the November twilight, his stout hazel stick striking the ground regularly, the fringe of the buff Mail peeping out of a side-pocket of his tight reefer overcoat. On the lonely road which leads from the Parkgate to Chapelizod he slackened his pace. His stick struck the ground less emphatically and his breath, issuing irregularly, almost with a sighing sound, condensed in the wintry air. When he reached his house he went up at once to his bedroom and, taking the paper from his pocket, read the paragraph again by the failing light of the window. He read it not aloud, but moving his lips

wnt p at wns t hiz bedrūm n, tecñ d pepr
fr̄m hiz pocit, r̄ed d pargraf agn b̄i d felñ
līt v d windo. H r̄ed it nt alād, bt muvñ hiz
lips az a pr̄st dz wñ h r̄idz d
prerz *Secreto*. Ds wz d pargraf:

DEŤ V A LEDI AT SIDNI P'RED

A PENFL CES

Tde at d Siti v Dublin Hospitl d Depyti
Cor̄nr (in d absns v Mr. Leyrit) hld an
inquest on d bodi v Msz Emli Sinco, ejd
forti-ŧri yirz, hu wz cild at Sidni P'red
Stešn yestde īvnñ. D evidns s̄oud d̄t d
dsist ledi, w̄l atmtñ t cros d l̄n, wz noct
dān b̄i d enjin v d ten o'clock slo tren
fr̄m Cñztān, d̄r-b̄i sstenñ injriz v d hed
n r̄it s̄id w̄c l̄ed t hr deŤ.

Jemz Lenn, dr̄ivr v d enjin, st̄ed d̄t
h hd bn in d implōmnt v d relwe-
cum̄pni fr̄ fift̄n yirz. On h̄irñ d gard'z
w̄isl h set d tren in mošn n a secnd or
tū aftwdz br̄ot it t rest in rspons t lād
cr̄iz. D tren wz gwñ slōli.

P. Dún, relwe-portr, st̄ed d̄t az d
tren wz abt t start h obzrvd a wmn
atmtñ t cros d l̄nz. H ran twdz hr n
šātd, bt, bfr h cd r̄ic hr, s̄ wz cōt b̄i d
bufr v d enjin n f̄el t d gr̄ānd.

A jrr. "Y sw d ledi f̄ol?"

Witnis. "Yes."

P'līs Sarjnt Croli dpoz̄d d̄t wñ h
ar̄ivd h faund d dsist layñ on d
platform apar̄ntli ded. H hd d bodi tecn
t d w̄ētñrūm pndñ d ar̄ivl v d ambyl̄ns.

Cunst̄bl 57E c'rob̄retd.

Dr. Halpin, asistnt h̄ašrjn v d Siti v
Dublin Hospitl, st̄ed d̄t d dsist hd tū
lowr ribz frac̄rd n hd sstend svir
cntyžnz v d r̄it šoldr. D r̄it s̄id v d hed
hd bn injrd in d f̄ol. D injriz wr nt s̄f̄is̄nt
t hv cōzd deŤ in a norml pr̄sn. DeŤ, in
hiz opiñn, hd bn probbli dy t šoc n
sudn fełr v d hart's ax̄n.

as a priest does when he reads the
prayers *Secreto*. This was the paragraph:

DEATH OF A LADY AT SYDNEY PARADE

A PAINFUL CASE

Today at the City of Dublin Hospital the
Deputy Coroner (in the absence of Mr
Leverett) held an inquest on the body of Mrs
Emily Sinico, aged forty-three years, who was
killed at Sydney Parade Station yesterday
evening. The evidence showed that the
deceased lady, while attempting to cross the
line, was knocked down by the engine of the
ten o'clock slow train from Kingstown,
thereby sustaining injuries of the head and
right side which led to her death.

James Lennon, driver of the engine, stated
that he had been in the employment of the
railway company for fifteen years. On hearing
the guard's whistle he set the train in motion
and a second or two afterwards brought it to
rest in response to loud cries. The train was
going slowly.

P. Dunne, railway porter, stated that as the
train was about to start he observed a woman
attempting to cross the lines. He ran towards
her and shouted, but, before he could reach her,
she was caught by the buffer of the engine and
fell to the ground.

A juror. "You saw the lady fall?"

Witness. "Yes."

Police Sergeant Croly deposed that when he
arrived he found the deceased lying on the
platform apparently dead. He had the body
taken to the waiting-room pending the arrival
of the ambulance.

Constable 57E corroborated.

Dr Halpin, assistant house surgeon of the
City of Dublin Hospital, stated that the
deceased had two lower ribs fractured and had
sustained severe contusions of the right
shoulder. The right side of the head had been
injured in the fall. The injuries were not
sufficient to have caused death in a normal
person. Death, in his opinion, had been
probably due to shock and sudden failure of the
heart's action.

Mr H. B. Patterson Finlay, on behalf of the
railway company, expressed his deep regret at
the accident. The company had always taken
every precaution to prevent people crossing the
lines except by the bridges, both by placing
notices in every station and by the use of patent

Mr. H. B. Paṭsn Finle, on bhaf v d relwe-cumpni, xprest hiz dīp rgret at d axidnt. Ð cumpni hd olwz tecn evri pricōšn t privnt ppl crosñ d līnz xpt bī d brijz, bṭ bī plesñ noṭsz in evri steśn n bī d ys v petnt sprñgets at levl crosñz. Ð dsist hd bn in d habit v crosñ d līnz lēt at nīt fṛm platform t platform n, in vy v srtm uḡr srmstanz v d ces, h dd nt ꞥnc d relwe-ofiślz wr t blem.

Captin Siṅco, v Liovil, Sidni P'red, huzbnd v d dsist, olso gev evidns. H stetd ḡt d dsist wz hiz wīf. H wz nt in Dublin at d tīm v d axidnt az h hd arīvd onli ḡt mornñ fṛm Roṭdam. Ðe hd bn marid fr twenti-tū yirz n hd livd hapli untl abt tū yirz ago vñ hiz wīf bgan t b rḡr intmṛt in hr habits.

Mis Mēri Siṅco sd ḡt v lēt hr muḡr hd bn in d habit v gwñ āt at nīt t bai spirits. Ś, witnis, hd ofn traid t rīzn wḡ hr muḡr n hd indyst hr t jōn a līg. Ś wz nt at hom untl an aur aftr d axidnt. Ð jri rtrnd a vrdict in acordns wḡ d medicl evidns n xoṅretd Lenn fṛm ol blem.

Ð Depyti Coṛnr sd it wz a most penfl ces, n xprest gret simpṭi wḡ Captin Siṅco n hiz dōtr. H rjd on d relwe-cumpni t tec stroñ meṛz t privnt d posbīṭi v similr axidnts in d fyér. No blem ataḡt t enwn.

Mr. Dufi rezd hiz īz fṛm d pepr n gezd āt v hiz windo on d círlis īvnñlanscep. Ð rivr le qayt bsd d emti dstīlri n fṛm tīm t tīm a līt apird in sm hās on d Lūcn rod. Wt an end! Ð hol narṭiv v hr deṭ rvolt d him n it rvolt d him t ꞥnc ḡt h hd evr spocn t hr v wt h hld secri d. Ð tṛedbér frezz, d inen xpreśnz v simpṭi, d cōśś wrdz v a rportr wún ovr t cnsil d dītelz v a comples vulgr deṭ atact hiz stumc. Nt mirli hd ś dgredd hrslf; ś hd dgredd him. H sw d sqolid tract v hr vīs, mizṛbl n malodṛs. Hiz soul'z cmpañn! H ꞥt v d

spring gates at level crossings. The deceased had been in the habit of crossing the lines late at night from platform to platform and, in view of certain other circumstances of the case, he did not think the railway officials were to blame.

Captain Sinico, of Leoville, Sydney Parade, husband of the deceased, also gave evidence. He stated that the deceased was his wife. He was not in Dublin at the time of the accident as he had arrived only that morning from Rotterdam. They had been married for twenty-two years and had lived happily until about two years ago when his wife began to be rather intemperate in her habits.

Miss Mary Sinico said that of late her mother had been in the habit of going out at night to buy spirits. She, witness, had often tried to reason with her mother and had induced her to join a league. She was not at home until an hour after the accident. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence and exonerated Lennon from all blame.

The Deputy Coroner said it was a most painful case, and expressed great sympathy with Captain Sinico and his daughter. He urged on the railway company to take strong measures to prevent the possibility of similar accidents in the future. No blame attached to anyone.

Mr Duffy raised his eyes from the paper and gazed out of his window on the cheerless evening landscape. The river lay quiet beside the empty distillery and from time to time a light appeared in some house on the Lucan road. What an end! The whole narrative of her death revolted him and it revolted him to think that he had ever spoken to her of what he held sacred. The threadbare phrases, the inane expressions of sympathy, the cautious words of a reporter won over to conceal the details of a commonplace vulgar death attacked his stomach. Not merely had she degraded herself; she had degraded him. He saw the squalid tract of her vice, miserable and malodorous. His soul's companion! He thought of the hobbling wretches whom he had seen carrying cans and bottles to be filled by the barman. Just God, what an end! Evidently she had been unfit to live, without any strength of purpose, an easy prey to habits, one of the wrecks on which civilisation has been reared. But that she could have sunk so low! Was it possible he had deceived himself so utterly about her? He

hoḃlñ rečz hūm h hd sìn cariyñ canz n botlz t b fild bī d̄ barmn. Just God, w̄t an end! Evidntli ś hd bn unfit t liv, wq̄t eni streñt̄ v pr̄ps, an īzi prei t habits, wn v d̄ recs on w̄c siylīześn hz bn rird. Bt d̄t ś cd hv sunc so lo! Wz it poşbl h hd dsivd himslf so utrli abt hr? H rmembrd hr ātbrst v d̄t nīt n intr̄rtd it in a harśr sns d̄n h hd evr dn. H hd no dificlti nã in apruvñ v d̄ cors h hd tecn.

Az d̄ līt feld n hiz memri bgan t wondr h t̄t hr hand tučt hiz. Đ śoc w̄c hd frst atact hiz stumc wz nã atacñ hiz nr̄vz. H pt on hiz oycot n hat qcli n wnt āt. Đ cold er met him on d̄ t̄reshold; it crept intu d̄ slīvz v hiz cot. Wn h cem t d̄ publichã at Čaplīzd Brij h wnt in n ordrd a hot punč.

Đ pr̄praytr sr̄vd him obs̄iq̄isli bt dd nt vnr̄c t tōc. Đr wr fiv or six wr̄cñmen in d̄ śop d̄scusñ d̄ valy v a jntlmn'z istet in Čanti Cilder. Đe dranc at in̄tvlz fr̄m đer hyj p̄nt̄umblrz n smoct, spitñ ofn on d̄ flor n smtmz dragñ d̄ swdust ovr đer spits wq̄ đer hevi būs. Mr. Dufi sat on hiz stūl n gezd at đm, wq̄t siyñ or hīrñ đm. Afr̄ a w̄l đe wnt āt n h cōld fr̄ andr̄ punč. H sat a loñ tīm ovr it. Đ śop wz vri qayt. Đ pr̄praytr sprōld on d̄ cãnr̄ rīdñ d̄ *Herald* n yōññ. Nã n agn a tram wz hrd swiśñ alñ d̄ lonli rod ātsd.

Az h sat đr, livñ ovr hiz līf wq̄ hr n ivocñ oltr̄ntli d̄ tū im̄jz in w̄c h nã cnsivd hr, h riyłīzd d̄t ś wz ded, d̄t ś hd sīst t xist, d̄t ś hd bcm a memri. H bgan t fil il at īz. H asct himslf w̄t els cd h hv dn. H cd nt hv carid on a com̄di v dsp̄sn wq̄ hr; h cd nt hv livd wq̄ hr opnli. H hd dn w̄t sīmd t him bst. Hã wz h t blem? Nã d̄t ś wz gn h und̄std hã lonli hr līf mst hv bn, sitñ nīt afr̄ nīt alon in d̄t rūm. Hiz līf wd b lonli tū untl h, tū, daid, sīst t xist, bcem a memri—f enwn rmembrd him.

It wz afr̄ n̄n o'cloc w̄n h left d̄ śop. Đ nīt wz cold n glūmi. H entrd d̄ Parc bī d̄ frst get n wōct alñ undr d̄ gōnt triz. H wōct t̄ru d̄ blīc aliz w̄r đe hd wōct for yirz bfr.

remembered her outburst of that night and interpreted it in a harsher sense than he had ever done. He had no difficulty now in approving of the course he had taken.

As the light failed and his memory began to wander he thought her hand touched his. The shock which had first attacked his stomach was now attacking his nerves. He put on his overcoat and hat quickly and went out. The cold air met him on the threshold; it crept into the sleeves of his coat. When he came to the public-house at Chapelizod Bridge he went in and ordered a hot punch.

The proprietor served him obsequiously but did not venture to talk. There were five or six workmen in the shop discussing the value of a gentleman's estate in County Kildare. They drank at intervals from their huge pint tumblers and smoked, spitting often on the floor and sometimes dragging the sawdust over their spits with their heavy boots. Mr Duffy sat on his stool and gazed at them, without seeing or hearing them. After a while they went out and he called for another punch. He sat a long time over it. The shop was very quiet. The proprietor sprawled on the counter reading the Herald and yawning. Now and again a tram was heard swishing along the lonely road outside.

As he sat there, living over his life with her and evoking alternately the two images in which he now conceived her, he realised that she was dead, that she had ceased to exist, that she had become a memory. He began to feel ill at ease. He asked himself what else could he have done. He could not have carried on a comedy of deception with her; he could not have lived with her openly. He had done what seemed to him best. How was he to blame? Now that she was gone he understood how lonely her life must have been, sitting night after night alone in that room. His life would be lonely too until he, too, died, ceased to exist, became a memory—if anyone remembered him.

It was after nine o'clock when he left the shop. The night was cold and gloomy. He entered the Park by the first gate and walked along under the gaunt trees. He walked through the bleak alleys where they had walked four years before. She seemed to be near him in the darkness. At moments he seemed to feel her voice touch his ear, her hand touch his. He stood still to listen. Why had he withheld life from her? Why had he sentenced her to death? He felt his moral nature falling to pieces.

When he gained the crest of the Magazine Hill he halted and looked along the river towards

Š sīmd t b nir him in d darcnis. At momnts h sīmd t fīl hr vōs tué hiz ir, hr hand tué hiz. H std stil t lisn. W̄ hd h wđheld līf f̄m hr? W̄ hd h sntnst hr t deŕ? H flt hiz moŕl neér fōlñ t p̄isz.

W̄n h gend d crest v d Maǵzīn Hil h hōltd n lct alñ d rivr twdz Dublin, d līts v w̄c brnd redli n hspitbli in d cold nīt. H lct dān d slōp n, at d bes, in d šado v d wōl v d Parc, h sw sm hymn fīgrz layñ. Doz vīnl n f̄rtiv luvz fild him wđ dsper. H nwd d recttyd v hiz līf; h flt d̄t h hd bn ātcast f̄m līf's fīst. Wn hymn biyñ hd sīmd t luv him n h hd dnaid hr līf n hapinis: h hd sntnst hr t ign̄mini, a deŕ v šem. H n̄ d̄t d prostret crīcz dān bī d wōl wr wočñ him n wšt him gn. Nwn wontd him; h wz ātcast f̄m līf's fīst. H trnd hiz īz t d gre glīmñ rivr, wīndñ alñ twdz Dublin. Bynd d rivr h sw a gdz-tren wīndñ āt v Cñzbrij Stešn, līc a wrm wđ a fīri hed wīndñ ʒru d darcnis, obstīntli n l'borīslī. It pást slōli āt v sīt; bt stl h hrd in hiz irz d l'borīs dron v d enjin riit̄retñ d siłblz v hr nem.

H trnd bac d we h hd cm, d rīd̄m v d enjin pāndñ in hiz irz. H bgan t dāt d rial̄ti v w̄t memri tld him. H hōltd undr a tri n alaud d rīd̄m t dī awe. H cd nt fīl hr nir him in d darcnis nr hr vōs tué hiz ir. H wētd fr sm minits lišñ. H cd hīr n̄ñ: d nīt wz pr̄feli sīlnt. H lisnd agn: pr̄feli sīlnt. H flt d̄t h wz alon.



Dublin, the lights of which burned redly and hospitably in the cold night. He looked down the slope and, at the base, in the shadow of the wall of the Park, he saw some human figures lying. Those venal and furtive loves filled him with despair. He gnawed the rectitude of his life; he felt that he had been outcast from life's feast. One human being had seemed to love him and he had denied her life and happiness: he had sentenced her to ignominy, a death of shame. He knew that the prostrate creatures down by the wall were watching him and wished him gone. No one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast. He turned his eyes to the grey gleaming river, winding along towards Dublin. Beyond the river he saw a goods train winding out of Kingsbridge Station, like a worm with a fiery head winding through the darkness, obstinately and laboriously. It passed slowly out of sight; but still he heard in his ears the laborious drone of the engine reiterating the syllables of her name.

He turned back the way he had come, the rhythm of the engine pounding in his ears. He began to doubt the reality of what memory told him. He halted under a tree and allowed the rhythm to die away. He could not feel her near him in the darkness nor her voice touch his ear. He waited for some minutes listening. He could hear nothing: the night was perfectly silent. He listened again: perfectly silent. He felt that he was alone.

