

(A transcription into Āspel of the short story “Ivy Day in the Committee Room” from Dubliners,
by James Joyce)

ĪVIDE IN Ð CMITIRŪM

Old Jac rêct đ sindrz tgđr wđ a pìs v cardbord n spred đm jdiísslì ovr đ wítññ dom v colz. Wñ đ dom wz ùinli cuvrd hiz fes lapst intu darcnis bt, az h set himslf t fan đ fìr agn, hiz cráčñ šado asndđ đ opzìt wōl n hiz fes slōli riimrjd intu līt. It wz an old man’z fes, vri boni n ħeri. Ð mōst blu îz blinct at đ fìr n đ mōst măt fēl opn at tîmz, munčñ wns or twîs meanicli wñ it clozd. Wñ đ sindrz hd còt h leid đ pìs v cardbord agnst đ wōl, said n sd:

“Ðt’s betr nă, Mr. O’Conr.”

Mr. O’Conr, a gre-herd yuñ man, huz fes wz dsfìgrđ bì mni bločz n pimplz, hd jst bròt đ tbaco fr a sigrét intu a šepli silindr bt wñ spocn t h undid hiz handiwrc medittivli. Ðen h bgan t rol đ tbaco agn medittivli n afr a momnt’s ùt dsìdd t lic đ pepr.

“Dđ Mr. Tirni se wñ h’d b bac?” h asct in a husci fōlseto.

“H dd’nt se.”

Mr. O’Conr pt hiz sigrét intu hiz măt n bgan t srć hiz pocits. H tc àt a pac v ùin pestbord cardz.

“I’l gt y a macé,” sd đ old man.

“Nvr mînd, đs’l d,” sd Mr. O’Conr.

H s’lectđ wn v đ cardz n réđ wít wz printđ on it:

MNIS IPL ILEXNZ

ROYL XĆENJ WORD

Mr. Rićđ J. Tirni, P.L.G., rspctfłi s’lisits đ fevr v yr vot n influnz at đ cmñ ilexn in đ Royl Xćenj Word.

IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM

Old Jack raked the cinders together with a piece of cardboard and spread them judiciously over the whitening dome of coals. When the dome was thinly covered his face lapsed into darkness but, as he set himself to fan the fire again, his crouching shadow ascended the opposite wall and his face slowly re-emerged into light. It was an old man’s face, very bony and hairy. The moist blue eyes blinked at the fire and the moist mouth fell open at times, munching once or twice mechanically when it closed. When the cinders had caught he laid the piece of cardboard against the wall, sighed and said:

“That’s better now, Mr O’Connor.”

Mr O’Connor, a grey-haired young man, whose face was disfigured by many blotches and pimples, had just brought the tobacco for a cigarette into a shapely cylinder but when spoken to he undid his handiwork meditatively. Then he began to roll the tobacco again meditatively and after a moment’s thought decided to lick the paper.

“Did Mr Tierney say when he’d be back?” he asked in a husky falsetto.

“He didn’t say.”

Mr O’Connor put his cigarette into his mouth and began to search his pockets. He took out a pack of thin pasteboard cards.

“I’ll get you a match,” said the old man.

“Never mind, this’ll do,” said Mr O’Connor.

He selected one of the cards and read what was printed on it:

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

ROYAL EXCHANGE WARD

Mr Richard J. Tierney, P.L.G., respectfully solicits the favour of your vote and influence at the coming election in the Royal Exchange Ward.

Mr. O'Conr hd bn ingejd bî Tirni'z ejnt t canvs wn part v d̄ word bt, az d̄ weđr wz inclemnt n hiz bûts let in d̄ wet, h spent a gret part v d̄ de sitñ bî d̄ fîr in d̄ Cmitirûm in Wiclo Strît wđ Jac, d̄ old certecr. Đe hd bn sitñ đus sins d̄ šort de hd groun darc. It wz d̄ sixt̄ v Octobr, dizm̄l n cold ät v dorz.

Mr. O'Conr tòr a strip of d̄ card n, lîtn̄ it, lit hiz sigrét. Az h dd so d̄ flem lit p a lîf v darc glosi îvi in d̄ l'pél v hiz cot. Đ old man woót him atntivli n đen, tecñ p d̄ pîs v cardbord agn, bgan t fan d̄ fîr slöli w̄l hiz cmpaïn smoct.

"Ā, yes," h sd, cntinywñ, "it's hard t nõ w̄t we t brñ p cîldr̄n. Nă hu'd tnc h'd trn ät lîc đt! I snt him t d̄ Crisćn Bruđrz n I dn w̄t I cd fr him, n đr h gz bûzñ abt. I traid t mc him smwe đîsnt."

H rplest d̄ cardbord wiřli.

"Onli I'm an old man nă I'd ćenj hiz tyn fr him. I'd tec d̄ stic t hiz bac n bîť him w̄l I cd stand ovr him—az I dn mni a tîm bfr. Đ muđr, y nõ, ś cocs him p wđ đs n đt..."

"Đt's w̄t ruinz cîldr̄n," sd Mr. O'Conr.

"T b śr it z," sd d̄ old man. "N litl țances y gt fr it, onli impyđns. H tecs d̄'upr hand v m w̄nvr h siz I'v a sup tecn. W̄t's d̄ wrld cmñ t w̄n sunz spîcs đt we t đer fađr?"

"W̄t ej z h?" sd Mr. O'Conr.

"Nîntîn," sd d̄ old man.

"W̄ d'nt y pt him t smțñ?"

"Śr, amn't I nvr dn at d̄ druncn băzi evr sins h left scūl? 'I w'nt cîp y,' I sz. 'Y mst gt a job fr yrslf.' Bt, śr, it's wrs w̄nvr h gts a job; h drincs it ol."

Mr. O'Conr śc hiz hed in simpți, n d̄ old man fêl sîlnt, gezñ intu d̄ fîr. Smwn opnd d̄ dor v d̄ rûm n cöld ät:

"Hlo! Z đs a Frîmesnz' mîtn̄?"

"Hu'z đt?" sd d̄ old man.

"W̄t r y dwñ in d̄ darc?" asct a vôs.

"Z đt y, Hînz?" asct Mr. O'Conr.

"Yes. W̄t r y dwñ in d̄ darc?" sd Mr. Hînz. advansñ intu d̄ lîť v d̄ fîr.

Mr O'Connor had been engaged by Tierney's agent to canvass one part of the ward but, as the weather was inclement and his boots let in the wet, he spent a great part of the day sitting by the fire in the Committee Room in Wicklow Street with Jack, the old caretaker. They had been sitting thus since the short day had grown dark. It was the sixth of October, dismal and cold out of doors.

Mr O'Connor tore a strip off the card and, lighting it, lit his cigarette. As he did so the flame lit up a leaf of dark glossy ivy in the lapel of his coat. The old man watched him attentively and then, taking up the piece of cardboard again, began to fan the fire slowly while his companion smoked.

"Ah, yes," he said, continuing, "it's hard to know what way to bring up children. Now who'd think he'd turn out like that! I sent him to the Christian Brothers and I done what I could for him, and there he goes boosing about. I tried to make him someway decent."

He replaced the cardboard wearily.

"Only I'm an old man now I'd change his tune for him. I'd take the stick to his back and beat him while I could stand over him—as I done many a time before. The mother, you know, she cocks him up with this and that..."

"That's what ruins children," said Mr O'Connor.

"To be sure it is," said the old man. "And little thanks you get for it, only impudence. He takes th'upper hand of me whenever he sees I've a sup taken. What's the world coming to when sons speaks that way to their father?"

"What age is he?" said Mr O'Connor.

"Nineteen," said the old man.

"Why don't you put him to something?"

"Sure, amn't I never done at the drunken bowsy ever since he left school? 'I won't keep you,' I says. 'You must get a job for yourself.' But, sure, it's worse whenever he gets a job; he drinks it all."

Mr O'Connor shook his head in sympathy, and the old man fell silent, gazing into the fire. Someone opened the door of the room and called out:

"Hello! Is this a Freemasons' meeting?"

"Who's that?" said the old man.

H wz a tōl, slendr yuñ man wđ a līt brān mstaś. Iminnt litl drops v ren huñ at đ brim v hiz hat n đ colr v hiz jacistcot wz trnd p.

“Wel, Mat,” h sd t Mr. O’Conr, “hă gz it?”

Mr. O’Conr śc hiz hed. Đ old man left đ harđ n, afr stumblñ abt đ rŭm rtrnd wđ tŭ candlstics wć h đrust wn afr đ uđr intu đ fir n carid t đ tebl. A đđđ rŭm cem intu vy n đ fir lost ol its ćirfl culr. Đ wōlz v đ rŭm wr bér xpt fr a copi v an ilexn’dres. In đ midl v đ rŭm wz a smōl tebl on wć peprz wr hīpt.

Mr. Hīnz līnd agnst đ mantlpis n asct:

“Hz h peid y yt?”

“Nt yt,” sd Mr. O’Conr. “I hop t God h’l nt līv s in đ lrc tñt.”

Mr. Hīnz laft.

“Ô, h’l pe y. Nvr fir,” h sd.

“I hop h’l lc smart abt it f h mīnz biznis,” sd Mr. O’Conr.

“Wt d y đnc, Jac?” sd Mr. Hīnz s’tiricli t đ old man.

Đ old man rtrnd t hiz sīt bī đ fir, seyñ:

“It z’nt bt h hz it, enwe. Nt līc đ uđr tncr.”

“Wt uđr tncr?” sd Mr. Hīnz.

“Colgn,” sd đ old man scornfli.

“It z bcz Colgn’z a wrcñman y se đt? Wt’s đ difrns btwn a gd onist bricleyr n a publicn—ê? Hz’nt đ wrcñman az gd a rīt t b in đ Corpreśn az enwn els—ai, n a betr rīt đn đoz śnīnz đt r olwz hat in hand bfr eni felo wđ a handl t hiz nem? Z’nt đt so, Mat?” sd Mr. Hīnz, adresñ Mr. O’Conr.

“I đnc y’r rīt,” sd Mr. O’Conr.

“Wn man z a plen onist man wđ no huncerslīdñ abt him. H gz in t repriznt đ lebrclasz. Đs felo y’r wrcñ fr onli wnts t gt sm job or uđr.”

“V cors, đ wrcñclasz śd b reprizntd,” sd đ old man.

“Đ wrcñman,” sd Mr. Hīnz, “gts ol cics n no hepns. Bt it’s lebr pđysz evrđñ. Đ wrcñman z nt lcñ fr fat jobz fr hiz sunz n

“What are you doing in the dark?” asked a voice.

“Is that you, Hynes?” asked Mr O’Connor.

“Yes. What are you doing in the dark?” said Mr Hynes. advancing into the light of the fire.

He was a tall, slender young man with a light brown moustache. Imminent little drops of rain hung at the brim of his hat and the collar of his jacket-coat was turned up.

“Well, Mat,” he said to Mr O’Connor, “how goes it?”

Mr O’Connor shook his head. The old man left the hearth and, after stumbling about the room returned with two candlesticks which he thrust one after the other into the fire and carried to the table. A denuded room came into view and the fire lost all its cheerful colour. The walls of the room were bare except for a copy of an election address. In the middle of the room was a small table on which papers were heaped.

Mr Hynes leaned against the mantelpiece and asked:

“Has he paid you yet?”

“Not yet,” said Mr O’Connor. “I hope to God he’ll not leave us in the lurch tonight.”

Mr Hynes laughed.

“O, he’ll pay you. Never fear,” he said.

“I hope he’ll look smart about it if he means business,” said Mr O’Connor.

“What do you think, Jack?” said Mr Hynes satirically to the old man.

The old man returned to his seat by the fire, saying:

“It isn’t but he has it, anyway. Not like the other tinker.”

“What other tinker?” said Mr Hynes.

“Colgan,” said the old man scornfully.

“It is because Colgan’s a working-man you say that? What’s the difference between a good honest bricklayer and a publican—eh? Hasn’t the working-man as good a right to be in the Corporation as anyone else—ay, and a better right than those shoneens that are always hat in hand before any fellow with a handle to his name? Isn’t that so, Mat?” said Mr Hynes, addressing Mr O’Connor.

“I think you’re right,” said Mr O’Connor.

“One man is a plain honest man with no hunker-sliding about him. He goes in to represent the labour classes. This fellow you’re

nefyz n cuznz. Ð wrcñman z nt gwñ t drag d onr v Dublin in d mud t plīz a Jrnm monc.”

“Hă’z dt?” sd d old man.

“D’nt y nõ dę wont t priznt an adres v welcm t Edwd Rex f h cmz hir nxt yir? Wt d w wont că-tăwñ t a forñ cñ?”

“Ăr man w’nt vot fr d adres,” sd Mr. O’Conr. “H gz in on d Naşnlist ticit.”

“W’nt h?” sd Mr. Hñz. “Wêt tl y si wđr h wl or nt. I nõ him. Z it Trici Dici Tirni?”

“Bî God! phps y’r rît, Jo,” sd Mr. O’Conr. “Enwe, I wś h’d trn p wđ d spondylics.”

Ð tri men fêl sîlnt. Ð old man bgan t rêc mor sindrz tgđr. Mr. Hñz tc of hiz hat, śc it n dęn trnd dăñ d colr v hiz cot, dspleyñ, az h dd so, an îvilîf in d l’pél.

“F dş man wz alīv,” h sd, pōntñ t d lîf, “w’d hv no tōc v an adres v welcm.”

“Dt’s tru,” sd Mr. O’Conr.

“Muśa, God b wđ dşm tîmz!” sd d old man. “Ðr wz sm lîf in it dęn.”

Ð rŭm wz sîlnt agn. Ðen a buşlñ litl man wđ a snuflñ nõz n vri cold irz pşt in d dor. H wōct ovr qcli t d fir, rubñ hiz handz az f h intndd t pđdys a sparc frm dşm.

“No muni, bōz,” h sd.

“Sit dăñ hir, Mr. Hñci,” sd d old man, ofrñ him hiz ćer.

“Ô, d’nt str, Jac, d’nt str,” sd Mr. Hñci.

H nodd crtli t Mr. Hñz n sat dăñ on d ćer wć d old man veetd.

“Dd y srv Ōnjîr Strît?” h asct Mr. O’Conr.

“Yes,” sd Mr. O’Conr, bginñ t srć hiz pocits fr memranda.

“Dd y cōl on Grîmz?”

“I dd.”

“Wel? Hă dz h stand?”

“H wd’nt promis. H sd: ‘I w’nt tel enwn wt we I’m gwñ t vot.’ Bt I tnc h’l b ol rît.”

“W so?”

working for only wants to get some job or other.”

“Of course, the working-classes should be represented,” said the old man.

“The working-man,” said Mr Hynes, “gets all kicks and no halfpence. But it’s labour produces everything. The working-man is not looking for fat jobs for his sons and nephews and cousins. The working-man is not going to drag the honour of Dublin in the mud to please a German monarch.”

“How’s that?” said the old man.

“Don’t you know they want to present an address of welcome to Edward Rex if he comes here next year? What do we want kowtowing to a foreign king?”

“Our man won’t vote for the address,” said Mr O’Connor. “He goes in on the Nationalist ticket.”

“Won’t he?” said Mr Hynes. “Wait till you see whether he will or not. I know him. Is it Tricky Dicky Tierney?”

“By God! perhaps you’re right, Joe,” said Mr O’Connor. “Anyway, I wish he’d turn up with the spondulics.”

The three men fell silent. The old man began to rake more cinders together. Mr Hynes took off his hat, shook it and then turned down the collar of his coat, displaying, as he did so, an ivy leaf in the lapel.

“If this man was alive,” he said, pointing to the leaf, “we’d have no talk of an address of welcome.”

“That’s true,” said Mr O’Connor.

“Musha, God be with them times!” said the old man. “There was some life in it then.”

The room was silent again. Then a bustling little man with a snuffling nose and very cold ears pushed in the door. He walked over quickly to the fire, rubbing his hands as if he intended to produce a spark from them.

“No money, boys,” he said.

“Sit down here, Mr Henchy,” said the old man, offering him his chair.

“O, don’t stir, Jack, don’t stir,” said Mr Henchy.

He nodded curtly to Mr Hynes and sat down on the chair which the old man vacated.

“Did you serve Aungier Street?” he asked Mr O’Connor.

“Yes,” said Mr O’Connor, beginning to search his pockets for memoranda.

“H asct m hu d nomnetrz wr; n I tld him. I mnšnd Fađr Brc’s nem. I tnc it’l b ol rít.”

Mr. Hnčí began t snufl n t rub hiz handz ovr d fír at a t’rifíc spīd. Đen h sd:

“Fr d luv v God, Jac, brñ s a bit v col. Đr mst b sm left.”

Đ old man wnt ät v d rŭm.

“It’s no g,” sd Mr. Hnčí, šecñ hiz hed. “I asct d litl šübô, bt h sd: ‘Ŏ, nă, Mr. Hnčí, wñ I si wrc gwñ on proprli I w’nt fget y, y me b šr.’ Mñ litl tncr! ’Uša, hă cd h b enťñ els?”

“Wt dd I tel y, Mat?” sd Mr. Hñz. “Trici Dici Tirni.”

“Ŏ, h’z az trici az đe mc ’m,” sd Mr. Hnčí. “H hz’nt got đoz litl pigz’ îz fr nťñ. Blast hiz soul! Cd’nt h pe p líc a man instd v: ‘Ŏ, nă, Mr. Hnčí, I mst spīc t Mr. Fanñ... I’v spent a lot v muni’? Mñ litl šübô v hel! I s’poz h fgets d tîm hiz litl old fađr cept d hand-m-dăn šop in Meri’z Len.”

“Bt z đt a fact?” asct Mr. O’Conr.

“God, yes,” sd Mr. Hnčí. “Dd y nvr hír đt? N d men yst t g in on Sunde mornñ bfr d hăzz wr opn t bai a weistcot or a trăzrz—moia! Bt Trici Dici’z litl old fađr olwz hd a trici litl blac botl p in a cornr. D y mînd nă? Đt’s đt. Đt’s wr h frst sw d lit.”

Đ old man rtrnd wđ a fy lumps v col wć h plest hir n đr on d fír.

“Đt’s a nîs hă-d-y-du,” sd Mr. O’Conr. “Hă dz h xpct s t wrc fr him f h w’nt stump p?”

“I c’nt hlp it,” sd Mr. Hnčí. “I xpct t fînd d beilifs in d hōl wñ I g hom.”

Mr. Hñz laft n, šuvñ himslf awe fřm d mantlpîs wđ d ed v hiz šoldrz, md redi t lîv.

“It’l b ol rít wñ Cñ Édi cmz,” h sd. “Wel bôz, I’m of fr d preznt. Si y lêtr. ’Bái, ’bái.”

H wnt ät v d rŭm slōli. Nđr Mr. Hnčí nr d old man sd enťñ bt, jst az d dor wz clozñ,

“Did you call on Grimes?”

“I did.”

“Well? How does he stand?”

“He wouldn’t promise. He said: ‘I won’t tell anyone what way I’m going to vote.’ But I think he’ll be all right.”

“Why so?”

“He asked me who the nominators were; and I told him. I mentioned Father Burke’s name. I think it’ll be all right.”

Mr Henchy began to snuffle and to rub his hands over the fire at a terrific speed. Then he said:

“For the love of God, Jack, bring us a bit of coal. There must be some left.”

The old man went out of the room.

“It’s no go,” said Mr Henchy, shaking his head. “I asked the little shoeboy, but he said: ‘Oh, now, Mr Henchy, when I see work going on properly I won’t forget you, you may be sure.’ Mean little tinker! ’Usha, how could he be anything else?”

“What did I tell you, Mat?” said Mr Hynes. “Tricky Dicky Tierney.”

“O, he’s as tricky as they make ’em,” said Mr Henchy. “He hasn’t got those little pigs’ eyes for nothing. Blast his soul! Couldn’t he pay up like a man instead of: ‘O, now, Mr Henchy, I must speak to Mr Fanning.... I’ve spent a lot of money’? Mean little shoeboy of hell! I suppose he forgets the time his little old father kept the hand-me-down shop in Mary’s Lane.”

“But is that a fact?” asked Mr O’Connor.

“God, yes,” said Mr Henchy. “Did you never hear that? And the men used to go in on Sunday morning before the houses were open to buy a waistcoat or a trousers—moya! But Tricky Dicky’s little old father always had a tricky little black bottle up in a corner. Do you mind now? That’s that. That’s where he first saw the light.”

The old man returned with a few lumps of coal which he placed here and there on the fire.

“That’s a nice how-do-you-do,” said Mr O’Connor. “How does he expect us to work for him if he won’t stump up?”

“I can’t help it,” said Mr Henchy. “I expect to find the bailiffs in the hall when I go home.”

Mr Hynes laughed and, shoving himself away from the mantelpiece with the aid of his shoulders, made ready to leave.

Mr. O'Conr, hu hd bn sterñ mūdli intu d q fir, cōld āt sudnli:

“Bái, Jo.”

Mr. Hnčí wētd a fy momnts n đen nodd in d d'rexn v d dor.

“Tel m,” h sd acrs d q fir, “wt brñz ār frend in hir? Wt dz h wont?”

“Uša, pur Jo!” sd Mr. O'Conr, trowñ d end v hiz sigrét intu d q fir, “h'z hard p, líc d rest v s.”

Mr. Hnčí snuflđ vigr̄sli n spat so cop̄isli đt h nirlı pt āt d q fir, wć utrd a hisñ protest.

“T tel y m̄ pr̄ıyt n candid opiñn,” h sd, “I tnc h'z a man f̄m d uđr camp. H'z a sp̄ı v Colgn'z, f y asc m. Jst g rnd n tr̄ı n f̄nd āt hã đ'r gtñ on. Đe w'nt sspct y. D y twig?”

“Ā, pur Jo z a đ̄snt scin,” sd Mr. O'Conr.

“Hiz fađr wz a đ̄snt rspctbl man,” Mr. Hnčí admitđ. “Pur old Lari H̄nz! Mni a gd trn h dd in hiz de! Bt I'm gretli afred ār frend z nt n̄nt̄ın cařt. Dám it, I cn unđstand a felo biyñ hard p, bt wt I c'nt unđstand z a felo spunjñ. Cd'nt h hv sm sparc v manhđ abt him?”

“H dz'nt gt a worm welcm f̄m m wñ h cmz,” sd d q old man. “Let him wrc fr hiz òn síd n nt cm spayñ arnd hir.”

“I d'nt nõ,” sd Mr. O'Conr dyb̄isli, az h tc āt sigrétpeprz n tbaco. “I tnc Jo H̄nz z a stret man. H'z a clevr čap, tũ, wđ d p̄n. D y rmembr đt tñ h rout...?”

“Sm v đz hils̄đrz n f̄ınz r a bit tũ clevr f y asc m,” sd Mr. Hnčí. “D y nõ wt m̄ pr̄ıyt n candid opiñn z abt sm v đoz litl jocrz? I b'liv haf v đm r in d pe v d Casl.”

“Đr'z no nwñ,” sd d q old man.

“Ô, bt I nõ it fr a fact,” sd Mr. Hnčí. “Đ'r Casl hacs... I d'nt se H̄nz... No, dám it, I tnc h'z a stroc abv đt... Bt đr'z a srtn litl nobl̄mn wđ a coc-î—y nõ d petřit I'm aludñ t?”

Mr. O'Conr nodd.

“Đr'z a liñł dsndnt v Mejř Sir fr y f y líc! Ô, d hart's blud v a petřit! Đt's a felo

“It'll be all right when King Eddie comes,” he said. “Well boys, I'm off for the present. See you later. 'Bye, 'bye.”

He went out of the room slowly. Neither Mr Henchy nor the old man said anything but, just as the door was closing, Mr O'Connor, who had been staring moodily into the fire, called out suddenly:

“Bye, Joe.”

Mr Henchy waited a few moments and then nodded in the direction of the door.

“Tell me,” he said across the fire, “what brings our friend in here? What does he want?”

“Usha, poor Joe!” said Mr O'Connor, throwing the end of his cigarette into the fire, “he's hard up, like the rest of us.”

Mr Henchy snuffled vigorously and spat so copiously that he nearly put out the fire, which uttered a hissing protest.

“To tell you my private and candid opinion,” he said, “I think he's a man from the other camp. He's a spy of Colgan's, if you ask me. Just go round and try and find out how they're getting on. They won't suspect you. Do you twig?”

“Ah, poor Joe is a decent skin,” said Mr O'Connor.

“His father was a decent respectable man,” Mr Henchy admitted. “Poor old Larry Hynes! Many a good turn he did in his day! But I'm greatly afraid our friend is not nineteen carat. Damn it, I can understand a fellow being hard up, but what I can't understand is a fellow sponging. Couldn't he have some spark of manhood about him?”

“He doesn't get a warm welcome from me when he comes,” said the old man. “Let him work for his own side and not come spying around here.”

“I don't know,” said Mr O'Connor dubiously, as he took out cigarette-papers and tobacco. “I think Joe Hynes is a straight man. He's a clever chap, too, with the pen. Do you remember that thing he wrote...?”

“Some of these hillsiders and fenians are a bit too clever if you ask me,” said Mr Henchy. “Do you know what my private and candid opinion is about some of those little jokers? I believe half of them are in the pay of the Castle.”

“There's no knowing,” said the old man.

nă đt'd sel hiz cuntri fr forpns—ai—n g dăn on hiz bnđđ niz n țanc đ Olmîti Crîst h hd a cuntri t sel."

Đr wz a noc at đ dor.

"Cm in!" sd Mr. Hnći.

A prsn rzmbłñ a pur clrjimm or a pur actr apird in đ dorwe. Hiz blac clodz wr títli butnd on hiz sórt bodi n it wz imposbl t se wđr h wòr a clrjimm'z colr or a lêmn'z, bez đ colr v hiz sábi froçot, đ uncuvrd butnz v wć rfectđ đ candlît, wz trnd p abt hiz nec. H wòr a rãnd hat v hard blac flt. Hiz fes, sînñ wđ rendrops, hd đ apirns v damp yelo cîz sev wr tũ rozi spots indcetđ đ cîcbonz. H opnd hiz vri loñ mãt sudnli t xpres dis'pòntmnt n at đ sem tím opnd wîd hiz vri brît blu îz t xpres plezr n s'prîz.

"Ô Fađr Cion!" sd Mr. Hnći, jumpñ p fřm hiz cér. "Z đt y? Cm in!"

"Ô, no, no, no!" sd Fađr Cion qcli, prsñ hiz lips az f h wr adresñ a cîld.

"W'nt y cm in n sit dăn?"

"No, no, no!" sd Fađr Cion, spîcñ in a dscrit induljnt vlyti vòs. "D'nt let m dstrb y nă! I'm jst lcñ fr Mr. Fanñ..."

"H'z rnd at đ *Blac Īgl*," sd Mr. Hnći. "Bt w'nt y cm in n sit dăn a minit?"

"No, no, țanc y. It wz jst a litl biznis matr," sd Fađr Cion. "Țanc y, indd."

H rtritđ fřm đ dorwe n Mr. Hnći, sizñ wn v đ candlstics, wnt t đ dor t lît him dănsterz.

"Ô, d'nt trubl, I beg!"

"No, bt đ sterz z so darc."

"No, no, I cn si... Țanc y, indd."

"R y rît nă?"

"Ol rît, țancs... Țancs."

Mr. Hnći rtrnd wđ đ candlstick n pt it on đ tebl. H sat dăn agn at đ fir. Đr wz sîlns fr a fy momnts.

"Tel m, Jon," sd Mr. O'Conr, lîtñ hiz sigrét wđ andr pestbord card.

"Hm?"

"Wt h z xacli?"

"Asc m an Īzřr wn," sd Mr. Hnći.

"O, but I know it for a fact," said Mr Henchy. "They're Castle hacks.... I don't say Hynes.... No, damn it, I think he's a stroke above that.... But there's a certain little nobleman with a cock-eye—you know the patriot I'm alluding to?"

Mr O'Connor nodded.

"There's a lineal descendant of Major Sirr for you if you like! O, the heart's blood of a patriot! That's a fellow now that'd sell his country for fourpence—ay—and go down on his bended knees and thank the Almighty Christ he had a country to sell."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Mr Henchy.

A person resembling a poor clergyman or a poor actor appeared in the doorway. His black clothes were tightly buttoned on his short body and it was impossible to say whether he wore a clergyman's collar or a layman's, because the collar of his shabby frock-coat, the uncovered buttons of which reflected the candlelight, was turned up about his neck. He wore a round hat of hard black felt. His face, shining with raindrops, had the appearance of damp yellow cheese save where two rosy spots indicated the cheekbones. He opened his very long mouth suddenly to express disappointment and at the same time opened wide his very bright blue eyes to express pleasure and surprise.

"O Father Keon!" said Mr Henchy, jumping up from his chair. "Is that you? Come in!"

"O, no, no, no!" said Father Keon quickly, pursing his lips as if he were addressing a child.

"Won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, no, no!" said Father Keon, speaking in a discreet indulgent velvety voice. "Don't let me disturb you now! I'm just looking for Mr Fanning...."

"He's round at the *Black Eagle*," said Mr Henchy. "But won't you come in and sit down a minute?"

"No, no, thank you. It was just a little business matter," said Father Keon. "Thank you, indeed."

He retreated from the doorway and Mr Henchy, seizing one of the candlesticks, went to the door to light him downstairs.

"O, don't trouble, I beg!"

"No, but the stairs is so dark."

"No, no, I can see.... Thank you, indeed."

"Are you right now?"

“Fanñ n himslf sīm t m vri t̄ic. Ð’r ofn in Cayna’z tgdr. Z h a pr̄ist at ol?”

“M-, yes, I b’liv so... I t̄nc h’z w̄t y cōl a blac śip. W hv’nt mni v d̄m, t̄anc God! bt w hv a fy... H’z an unforćnt man v sm cnd...”

“N hã dz h noc it at?” asct Mr. O’Conr.
“Ðt’s and̄r mistri.”

“Z h ataćt t eni ćapl or ćrc or insttyśn or——”

“No,” sd Mr. Hnći, “I t̄nc h’z traylñ on hiz ōn acãnt... God fgiv m,” h add, “I t̄t h wz d̄ duzn v stãt.”

“Z d̄r eni ćans v a drinc itslf?” asct Mr. O’Conr.

“I’m dr̄i t̄u,” sd d̄ old man.

“I asct d̄t litl s̄ubō t̄ri t̄imz,” sd Mr. Hnći, “wd h snd p a duzn v stãt. I asct him agn nã, bt h wz l̄inñ on d̄ cãntr in hiz śrtsl̄ivz hvñ a d̄ip gostr w̄d Ōldm̄n Cãli.”

“W̄ dd’nt y rm̄ind him?” sd Mr. O’Conr.

“Wel, I cd’nt g ovr w̄l h wz t̄ocñ t Ōldm̄n Cãli. I jst w̄td̄t t̄l I còt hiz î, n sd: ‘Abt d̄t litl matr I wz sp̄icñ t y abt...’ ‘Ðt’l b ol r̄it, Mr. H.,’ h sd. Yera, śr d̄ litl hóp-o’-m̄i-t̄um hz fgotn ol abt it.”

“Ðr’z sm d̄il on in d̄t qor̄tr,” sd Mr. O’Conr t̄t̄fli. “I sw d̄ t̄ri v d̄m hard at it yest̄de at Suf̄c Str̄it cornr.”

“I t̄nc I nõ d̄ litl gem d̄’r at,” sd Mr. Hnći. “Y mst o d̄ Siti Fađrz muni nawdez f y wont t b md Lord M̄er. Ðen d̄’l mc y Lord M̄er. B̄i God! I’m t̄ncñ sir̄isli v bcm̄ñ a Siti Fađr mslf. W̄t d y t̄nc? Wd I d fr d̄ job?”

Mr. O’Conr laft.

“So far az owñ muni gz...”

“Dr̄ivñ at v d̄ Manśnhã,” sd Mr. Hnći, “in ol m̄i vrmin, w̄d Jac hir standñ p bhnd m in a pãdrd wig—ê?”

“N mc m yr pr̄īvt sec̄r̄tri, Jon.”

“Yes. N I’l mc Fađr Cion m̄i pr̄īvt ćaplin. W’l hv a famliparti.”

“Fēt, Mr. Hnći,” sd d̄ old man, “y’d c̄ip p betr st̄il d̄n sm v d̄m. I wz t̄ocñ wn de t

“All right, thanks.... Thanks.”

Mr Henchy returned with the candlestick and put it on the table. He sat down again at the fire. There was silence for a few moments.

“Tell me, John,” said Mr O’Connor, lighting his cigarette with another pasteboard card.

“Hm?”

“What he is exactly?”

“Ask me an easier one,” said Mr Henchy.

“Fanning and himself seem to me very thick. They’re often in Kavanagh’s together. Is he a priest at all?”

“Mmm yes, I believe so.... I think he’s what you call a black sheep. We haven’t many of them, thank God! but we have a few.... He’s an unfortunate man of some kind....”

“And how does he knock it out?” asked Mr O’Connor.

“That’s another mystery.”

“Is he attached to any chapel or church or institution or——”

“No,” said Mr Henchy, “I think he’s travelling on his own account.... God forgive me,” he added, “I thought he was the dozen of stout.”

“Is there any chance of a drink itself?” asked Mr O’Connor.

“I’m dry too,” said the old man.

“I asked that little shoeboy three times,” said Mr Henchy, “would he send up a dozen of stout. I asked him again now, but he was leaning on the counter in his shirt-sleeves having a deep goster with Alderman Cowley.”

“Why didn’t you remind him?” said Mr O’Connor.

“Well, I couldn’t go over while he was talking to Alderman Cowley. I just waited till I caught his eye, and said: ‘About that little matter I was speaking to you about....’ ‘That’ll be all right, Mr H.,’ he said. Yerra, sure the little hop-o’-my-thumb has forgotten all about it.”

“There’s some deal on in that quarter,” said Mr O’Connor thoughtfully. “I saw the three of them hard at it yesterday at Suffolk Street corner.”

“I think I know the little game they’re at,” said Mr Henchy. “You must owe the City Fathers money nowadays if you want to be made Lord Mayor. Then they’ll make you Lord Mayor. By God! I’m thinking seriously of

old Cīgn, d̄ portr. ‘N hã d̄ y līc yr ny mastr, Pat?’ sz I t̄ him. ‘Y hv’nt mē enttenñ nã,’ sz I. ‘Enttenñ!’ sz h. ‘H’d liv on d̄ smel v an ôlrag.’ N d̄ y nõ w̄t h tld m? Nã, I dcler t̄ God I dd’nt b’liv him.”

“W̄t?” sd Mr. Hn̄ci n Mr. O’Conr.

“H tld m: ‘W̄t d̄ y t̄nc v a Lord M̄er v Dublin sndñ ãt fr a pãnd v ćops fr hiz dinr? Hã’z d̄t fr h̄i livñ?’ sz h. ‘Wiśa! wiśa,’ sz I. ‘A pãnd v ćops,’ sz h, ‘cmñ intu d̄ Manśnhãs.’ ‘Wiśa!’ sz I, ‘w̄t cnd v ppl z gwñ at ol nã?’”

At d̄s p̄ont d̄r wz a noc at d̄ dor, n a b̄o pt in hiz hed.

“W̄t z it?” sd d̄ old man.

“F̄rm d̄ *Blac Īgl*,” sd d̄ b̄o, w̄oĉñ in s̄idwez n d̄poztñ a bascit on d̄ flor w̄d a n̄oz v śecn botlz.

Đ old man hlpt d̄ b̄o t̄ transfr d̄ botlz f̄rm d̄ bascit t̄ d̄ tebl n cãntd d̄ fl tali. Afr̄ d̄ transfr d̄ b̄o pt hiz bascit on hiz arm n asct:

“Eni botlz?”

“W̄t botlz?” sd d̄ old man.

“W’nt y let s̄ drinc d̄m frst?” sd Mr. Hn̄ci.

“I wz tld t̄ asc fr d̄ botlz.”

“Cm bac tmro,” sd d̄ old man.

“Hir, b̄o!” sd Mr. Hn̄ci, “wl y run ovr t̄ O’Farl’z n asc him t̄ lend s̄ a corcscreu—fr Mr. Hn̄ci, se. Tel him w w’nt c̄ip it a minit. L̄iv d̄ bascit d̄r.”

Đ b̄o wnt ãt n Mr. Hn̄ci bgan t̄ rub hiz handz ĉirf̄li, seyñ:

“Ā, wel, h’z nt so bad afr̄ ol. H’z az gd az hiz wrd, enhã.”

“Đr’z no tumburz,” sd d̄ old man.

“Ô, d’nt let d̄t̄ trubl y, Jac,” sd Mr. Hn̄ci. “Mni’z d̄ gd man b̄fr nã dranc ãt v d̄ botl.”

“Enwe, it’s betr d̄n n̄ñ,” sd Mr. O’Conr.

“H’z nt a bad sort,” sd Mr. Hn̄ci, “onli Fanñ hz śc a loun v him. H m̄inz wel, y nõ, in hiz òn tinpot we.”

becoming a City Father myself. What do you think? Would I do for the job?”

Mr O’Connor laughed.

“So far as owing money goes....”

“Driving out of the Mansion House,” said Mr Henchy, “in all my vermin, with Jack here standing up behind me in a powdered wig—eh?”

“And make me your private secretary, John.”

“Yes. And I’ll make Father Keon my private chaplain. We’ll have a family party.”

“Faith, Mr Henchy,” said the old man, “you’d keep up better style than some of them. I was talking one day to old Keegan, the porter. ‘And how do you like your new master, Pat?’ says I to him. ‘You haven’t much entertaining now,’ says I. ‘Entertaining!’ says he. ‘He’d live on the smell of an oil-rag.’ And do you know what he told me? Now, I declare to God I didn’t believe him.”

“What?” said Mr Henchy and Mr O’Connor.

“He told me: ‘What do you think of a Lord Mayor of Dublin sending out for a pound of chops for his dinner? How’s that for high living?’ says he. ‘Wisha! wisha,’ says I. ‘A pound of chops,’ says he, ‘coming into the Mansion House.’ ‘Wisha!’ says I, ‘what kind of people is going at all now?’”

At this point there was a knock at the door, and a boy put in his head.

“What is it?” said the old man.

“From the *Black Eagle*,” said the boy, walking in sideways and depositing a basket on the floor with a noise of shaken bottles.

The old man helped the boy to transfer the bottles from the basket to the table and counted the full tally. After the transfer the boy put his basket on his arm and asked:

“Any bottles?”

“What bottles?” said the old man.

“Won’t you let us drink them first?” said Mr Henchy.

“I was told to ask for the bottles.”

“Come back tomorrow,” said the old man.

“Here, boy!” said Mr Henchy, “will you run over to O’Farrell’s and ask him to lend us a corkscrew—for Mr Henchy, say. Tell him we won’t keep it a minute. Leave the basket there.”

The boy went out and Mr Henchy began to rub his hands cheerfully, saying:

Đ bô cem bac wđ đ corcscre. Đ old man opnd ƚri botlz n wz handñ bac đ corcscre wñ Mr. Hnći sd t đ bô:

“Wd y líc a drinc, bô?”

“F y plíz, sr,” sd đ bô.

Đ old man opnd anđr botl grujñli, n handd it t đ bô.

“Wt ej r y?” h asct.

“Sevntñn,” sd đ bô.

Az đ old man sd nññ frđr, đ bô tc đ botl n sd: “Hir’z mî bst rspcts, sr,” t Mr. Hnći, dranc đ contents, pt đ botl bac on đ tebl n wípt hiz măt wđ hiz slív. Đen h tc p đ corcscre n wnt ät v đ dor sîdwez, muřñ sm form v sałtešn.

“Đt’s đ we it bginz,” sd đ old man.

“Đ ƚin ej v đ wěj,” sd Mr. Hnći.

Đ old man dstribytd đ ƚri botlz wć h hd opnd n đ men dranc řm đm simlteñsli. Afr hvñ drunc ć plest hiz botl on đ mantlpìs wđñ hand’z ríc n drù in a loñ breť v sařsfañn.

“Wel, I dd a gd de’z wrc tde,” sd Mr. Hnći, afr a pōz.

“Đt so, Jon?”

“Yes. I got him wn or tū śr ƚñz in Dōsn Strīt, Croftn n mslf. Btwn äřslvz, y nõ, Croftn (h’z a dīsnt ćap, v cors), bt h’z nt wrť a dām az a canvsr. H hz’nt a wrd t ƚro t a dog. H standz n lcs at đ ppl wł I d đ tōcñ.”

Hir tū men entrđ đ rŭm. Wn v đm wz a vri fat man huz blu srj clodz sîmd t b in denjr v fōlñ řm hiz slōpñ figr. H hd a big fes wć rzmbld a yuñ ox’z fes in xprešn, sterñ blu îz n a grizld mstaś. Đ uđr man, hu wz mé yungr n frelr, hd a ƚin, clīn-ševn fes. H wòr a vri hî dubl colr n a wîd-brimd bolrhat.

“Hlo, Croftn!” sd Mr. Hnći t đ fat man. “Tōc v đ devl...”

“Wř dd đ bŭz cm řm?” asct đ yuñ man.

“Dd đ cã cav?”

“Ô, v cors, Láynz spots đ drinc frst ƚñ!” sd Mr. O’Conr, lařñ.

“Ah, well, he’s not so bad after all. He’s as good as his word, anyhow.”

“There’s no tumblers,” said the old man.

“O, don’t let that trouble you, Jack,” said Mr Henchy. “Many’s the good man before now drank out of the bottle.”

“Anyway, it’s better than nothing,” said Mr O’Connor.

“He’s not a bad sort,” said Mr Henchy, “only Fanning has such a loan of him. He means well, you know, in his own tinpot way.”

The boy came back with the corkscrew. The old man opened three bottles and was handing back the corkscrew when Mr Henchy said to the boy:

“Would you like a drink, boy?”

“If you please, sir,” said the boy.

The old man opened another bottle grudgingly, and handed it to the boy.

“What age are you?” he asked.

“Seventeen,” said the boy.

As the old man said nothing further, the boy took the bottle and said: “Here’s my best respects, sir,” to Mr Henchy, drank the contents, put the bottle back on the table and wiped his mouth with his sleeve. Then he took up the corkscrew and went out of the door sideways, muttering some form of salutation.

“That’s the way it begins,” said the old man.

“The thin edge of the wedge,” said Mr Henchy.

The old man distributed the three bottles which he had opened and the men drank from them simultaneously. After having drunk each placed his bottle on the mantelpiece within hand’s reach and drew in a long breath of satisfaction.

“Well, I did a good day’s work today,” said Mr Henchy, after a pause.

“That so, John?”

“Yes. I got him one or two sure things in Dawson Street, Crofton and myself. Between ourselves, you know, Crofton (he’s a decent chap, of course), but he’s not worth a damn as a canvasser. He hasn’t a word to throw to a dog. He stands and looks at the people while I do the talking.”

Here two men entered the room. One of them was a very fat man whose blue serge clothes seemed to be in danger of falling from his sloping figure. He had a big face which resembled a young ox’s face in expression,

“Z d̄t d̄ we y ́caps canv̄s,” sd Mr. Láynz, “n Croftn n I ́at in d̄ cold n ren lc̄n fr vots?”

“W̄, blast yr soul,” sd Mr. Hnc̄i, “I’d gt mor vots in f̄iv minits d̄n y t̄u’d gt in a w̄ic.”

“Opn t̄u botlz v st̄at, Jac,” sd Mr. O’Conr.

“H̄a cn I?” sd d̄ old man, “w̄n d̄r’z no corcscru?”

“W̄et n̄a, w̄et n̄a!” sd Mr. Hnc̄i, gt̄n p̄qli. “Dd y evr si d̄s litl tric?”

H tc t̄u botlz fr̄m d̄ tebl n, cariȳn̄ d̄m t d̄ f̄ir, pt d̄m on d̄ hob. Đen h sat d̄an agn b̄i d̄ f̄ir n tc and̄r drinc fr̄m hiz botl. Mr. Láynz sat on d̄ ́ej v d̄ tebl, p̄st hiz hat twdz d̄ nep v hiz nec n bgan t sw̄n̄ hiz legz.

“W̄c z m̄i botl?” h asct.

“Đs lad,” sd Mr. Hnc̄i.

Mr. Croftn sat d̄an on a box n lct fixidli at d̄ uđr botl on d̄ hob. H wz s̄ilnt fr t̄u r̄iznz. Đ frst r̄izn, sf̄is̄nt in itslf, wz d̄t h hd n̄t̄n t se; d̄ secnd r̄izn wz d̄t h cnsidrd hiz cmpānz b̄nt̄ him. H hd bn a canvsr fr Wilc̄inz, d̄ Cnsrvtiv, bt w̄n d̄ Cnsrvtivz hd w̄đdrwn d̄er man n, ́cuz̄n̄ d̄ lsr v t̄u īvlz, gvn d̄er s’port t d̄ Naş̄nlist canddet, h hd bn ingejd t wre fr Mr. Tirni.

In a fy minits an apol̄jetic “Poc!” wz hrd az d̄ corc fl̄u ́at v Mr. Láynz’ botl. Mr. Láynz jumt of d̄ tebl, wnt t d̄ f̄ir, tc hiz botl n carid it bac t d̄ tebl.

“I wz jst tel̄n̄ d̄m, Croftn,” sd Mr. Hnc̄i, “d̄t w got a gd fy vots tde.”

“Hu dd y gt?” asct Mr. Láynz.

“Wel, I got P̄arcs fr wn, n I got Atc̄insn fr t̄u, n got Word v D̄osn Str̄it. F̄in old ́ap h z, t̄u—ređlr old tof, old Cnsrvtiv! ‘Bt z’nt yr canddet a Naş̄nlist?’ sd h. ‘H’z a rspctbl man,’ sd I. ‘H’z in fevr v w̄tvr wl beñfit d̄s cuntri. H’z a big retpeyr,’ I sd. ‘H hz xt̄nsiv h̄aspropti in d̄ siti n t̄ri plesz v biznis n z’nt it t hiz ́on advantij t c̄ip d̄an d̄ rets? H’z a prominnt n rspctd sitizn,’ sd I, ‘n a Purlw Gard̄in, n h dz’nt b’lōn̄ t eni

staring blue eyes and a grizzled moustache. The other man, who was much younger and frailer, had a thin, clean-shaven face. He wore a very high double collar and a wide-brimmed bowler hat.

“Hello, Crofton!” said Mr Henchy to the fat man. “Talk of the devil...”

“Where did the boose come from?” asked the young man. “Did the cow calve?”

“O, of course, Lyons spots the drink first thing!” said Mr O’Connor, laughing.

“Is that the way you chaps canvass,” said Mr Lyons, “and Crofton and I out in the cold and rain looking for votes?”

“Why, blast your soul,” said Mr Henchy, “I’d get more votes in five minutes than you two’d get in a week.”

“Open two bottles of stout, Jack,” said Mr O’Connor.

“How can I?” said the old man, “when there’s no corkscrew?”

“Wait now, wait now!” said Mr Henchy, getting up quickly. “Did you ever see this little trick?”

He took two bottles from the table and, carrying them to the fire, put them on the hob. Then he sat down again by the fire and took another drink from his bottle. Mr Lyons sat on the edge of the table, pushed his hat towards the nape of his neck and began to swing his legs.

“Which is my bottle?” he asked.

“This lad,” said Mr Henchy.

Mr Crofton sat down on a box and looked fixedly at the other bottle on the hob. He was silent for two reasons. The first reason, sufficient in itself, was that he had nothing to say; the second reason was that he considered his companions beneath him. He had been a canvasser for Wilkins, the Conservative, but when the Conservatives had withdrawn their man and, choosing the lesser of two evils, given their support to the Nationalist candidate, he had been engaged to work for Mr Tierney.

In a few minutes an apologetic “Pok!” was heard as the cork flew out of Mr Lyons’ bottle. Mr Lyons jumped off the table, went to the fire, took his bottle and carried it back to the table.

“I was just telling them, Crofton,” said Mr Henchy, “that we got a good few votes today.”

“Who did you get?” asked Mr Lyons.

parti, gd, bad, or indifřnt.’ Đt’s đ we t tōc t ’m.”

“N wť abt đ adres t đ Cñ?” sd Mr. Láynz, afř drincñ n smacñ hiz lips.

“Lisn t m,” sd Mr. Hnći. “Wť w wont in đs cuntri, az I sd t old Word, z capitl. Đ Cñ’z cmñ hir wl mñ an influx v muni intu đs cuntri. Đ sitiznz v Dublin wl beñfit bñ it. Lc at ol đ factřiz đñ bñ đ ciz đř, ãđ! Lc at ol đ muni đř z in đ cuntri f w onli wrct đ old indřtriz, đ milz, đ řip-bildñ yartz n factřiz. It’s capitl w wont.”

“Bt lc hir, Jon,” sd Mr. O’Conr. “Wť řđ w welcm đ Cñ v Ńđlnd? Đđ’nt Parnel himřlf...”

“Parnel,” sd Mr. Hnći, “z ded. Nă, hir’z đ we I lc at it. Hir’z đs éap cm t đ řron afř hiz old muđř cĩpñ him äť v it tl đ man wz gre. H’z a man v đ wrld, n h mñnz wel bñ s. H’z a joli řin đřnt felo, f y asc m, n no dăm nonsns abt him. H jřt řz t himřlf: ‘Đ old wn nvr wnt t si đz wĩđ Ířis. Bñ Crĩřt, I’l g mřlf n si wť đ’r ľic.’ N r w gwñ t insult đ man wñ h cmz ovr hir on a řrendli vizit? Ê? Z’nt đť řit, Crořtn?”

Mr. Crořtn nodd hiz hed.

“Bt afř ol nă,” sd Mr. Láynz argmřttivli, “Cñ Edwđ’z ľif, y nõ, z nt đ vri...”

“Let bñgonz b bñgonz,” sd Mr. Hnći. “I admĩr đ man řřnli. H’z jřt an ordnri noc’bt ľic y n m. H’z fond v hiz glas v grog n h’z a bit v a řec, phps, n h’z a gd sportsmn. Dăm it, c’nt w Ířis ple řer?”

“Đt’s ol vri řin,” sd Mr. Láynz. “Bt lc at đ ces v Parnel nă.”

“In đ nem v God,” sd Mr. Hnći, “wř’z đ analji btwn đ tũ cesz?”

“Wť I mñ,” sd Mr. Láynz, “z w hv řř řdiylz. Wť, nă, wd w welcm a man ľic đť? D y řnc nă afř wť h đđ Parnel wz a řit man t ľid s? N wť, đen, wd w d it řř Edwđ đ Sevřť?”

“Đs z Parnel’z aņvrřri,” sd Mr. O’Conr, “n đ’nt let s řř p eni bad blud. W ol řřpct

“Well, I got Parkes for one, and I got Atkinson for two, and got Ward of Dawson Street. Fine old chap he is, too—regular old toff, old Conservative! ‘But isn’t your candidate a Nationalist?’ said he. ‘He’s a respectable man,’ said I. ‘He’s in favour of whatever will benefit this country. He’s a big ratepayer,’ I said. ‘He has extensive house property in the city and three places of business and isn’t it to his own advantage to keep down the rates? He’s a prominent and respected citizen,’ said I, ‘and a Poor Law Guardian, and he doesn’t belong to any party, good, bad, or indifferent.’ That’s the way to talk to ’em.”

“And what about the address to the King?” said Mr Lyons, after drinking and smacking his lips.

“Listen to me,” said Mr Henchy. “What we want in this country, as I said to old Ward, is capital. The King’s coming here will mean an influx of money into this country. The citizens of Dublin will benefit by it. Look at all the factories down by the quays there, idle! Look at all the money there is in the country if we only worked the old industries, the mills, the ship-building yards and factories. It’s capital we want.”

“But look here, John,” said Mr O’Connor. “Why should we welcome the King of England? Didn’t Parnell himself...”

“Parnell,” said Mr Henchy, “is dead. Now, here’s the way I look at it. Here’s this chap come to the throne after his old mother keeping him out of it till the man was grey. He’s a man of the world, and he means well by us. He’s a jolly fine decent fellow, if you ask me, and no damn nonsense about him. He just says to himself: ‘The old one never went to see these wild Irish. By Christ, I’ll go myself and see what they’re like.’ And are we going to insult the man when he comes over here on a friendly visit? Eh? Isn’t that right, Crořton?”

Mr Crořton nodded his head.

“But after all now,” said Mr Lyons argumentatively, “King Edward’s life, you know, is not the very....”

“Let bygones be bygones,” said Mr Henchy. “I admire the man personally. He’s just an ordinary knockabout like you and me. He’s fond of his glass of grog and he’s a bit of a rake, perhaps, and he’s a good sportsman. Damn it, can’t we Irish play fair?”

him nă đt h'z ded n gn—īvn đ Cnsrvtivz," h add, trnñ t Mr. Croftn.

Poc! Đ tardi corc flù ăt v Mr. Croftn'z botl. Mr. Croftn got p fřm hiz box n wnt t đ fir. Az h rtrnd wđ hiz capér h sd in a đřp vôs:

"Ăr sđd v đ hăş rşpcts him, bec h wz a jntlmn."

"Rđt y r, Croftn!" sd Mr. Hnčí firsli. "H wz đ onli man đt cd cđp đt bag v cats in ord. 'Đăn, yi dogz! Lđ đăn, yi crz!' Đt's đ we h trđtd đm. Cm in, Jo! Cm in!" h cđld ăt, cačñ sđt v Mr. Hđnz in đ dorwe.

Mr. Hđnz cem in slđli.

"Opn anđr botl v stăt, Jac," sd Mr. Hnčí. "Ô, I fgot đř'z no corcscru! Hir, śo m wn hir n I'l pt it at đ fir."

Đ old man handd him anđr botl n h plest it on đ hob.

"Sit đăn, Jo," sd Mr. O'Conr, "w'r jst tōcñ abt đ Čřf."

"Ai, ai!" sd Mr. Hnčí.

Mr. Hđnz sat on đ sđd v đ tebl nir Mr. Láynz bt sd nřñ.

"Đř'z wn v đm, enhă," sd Mr. Hnčí, "đt dd'nt neg him. Bđ God, I'l se fr y, Jo! No, bđ God, y stuc t him lđc a man!"

"Ô, Jo," sd Mr. O'Conr sudnli. "Gv s đt řñ y rout—đ y rmembr? Hv y got it on y?"

"Ô, ai!" sd Mr. Hnčí. "Gv s đt. Dđ y evr hđr đt, Croftn? Lisn t đş nă: splendid řñ."

"G on," sd Mr. O'Conr. "Fđr awe, Jo."

Mr. Hđnz dd nt sđm t rmembr at wns đ pđs t wć đę wr aludñ bt, aftr rřlectñ a wł, h sd:

"Ô, đt řñ z it... Śr, đt's old nă."

"Ăt wđ it, man!" sd Mr. O'Conr.

"Ś, 'ś," sd Mr. Hnčí. "Nă, Jo!"

Mr. Hđnz heztetd a litl longr. Đen amd đ sđlşs h tc of hiz hat, leid it on đ tebl n std p. H sđmd t b rhrsñ đ pđs in hiz mđnd. Aftr a rđř loñ pōz h anănst:

Đ DET V PARNEL

6t Octobr 1891

"That's all very fine," said Mr Lyons. "But look at the case of Parnell now."

"In the name of God," said Mr Henchy, "where's the analogy between the two cases?"

"What I mean," said Mr Lyons, "is we have our ideals. Why, now, would we welcome a man like that? Do you think now after what he did Parnell was a fit man to lead us? And why, then, would we do it for Edward the Seventh?"

"This is Parnell's anniversary," said Mr O'Connor, "and don't let us stir up any bad blood. We all respect him now that he's dead and gone—even the Conservatives," he added, turning to Mr Crofton.

Pok! The tardy cork flew out of Mr Crofton's bottle. Mr Crofton got up from his box and went to the fire. As he returned with his capture he said in a deep voice:

"Our side of the house respects him, because he was a gentleman."

"Right you are, Crofton!" said Mr Henchy fiercely. "He was the only man that could keep that bag of cats in order. 'Down, ye dogs! Lie down, ye curs!' That's the way he treated them. Come in, Joe! Come in!" he called out, catching sight of Mr Hynes in the doorway.

Mr Hynes came in slowly.

"Open another bottle of stout, Jack," said Mr Henchy. "O, I forgot there's no corkscrew! Here, show me one here and I'll put it at the fire."

The old man handed him another bottle and he placed it on the hob.

"Sit down, Joe," said Mr O'Connor, "we're just talking about the Chief."

"Ay, ay!" said Mr Henchy.

Mr Hynes sat on the side of the table near Mr Lyons but said nothing.

"There's one of them, anyhow," said Mr Henchy, "that didn't renege him. By God, I'll say for you, Joe! No, by God, you stuck to him like a man!"

"O, Joe," said Mr O'Connor suddenly. "Give us that thing you wrote—do you remember? Have you got it on you?"

"O, ay!" said Mr Henchy. "Give us that. Did you ever hear that, Crofton? Listen to this now: splendid thing."

"Go on," said Mr O'Connor. "Fire away, Joe."

H clird hiz t̄rot wns or tw̄is n d̄en bgan
t rs̄it:

*H z ded. Ār Uncrānd Cñ z ded.
Ô, Erin, mōrn wđ grīf n wo
Fr h līz ded hūm đ fēl gañ
V modn hipcrits leid lo.*

*H līz slein bī đ cawd hāndz
H rezd t glori f̄m đ mīr;
N Erin 'z hops n Erin 'z drīmz
Periś upn hr moñc 's pīr.*

*In palis, cabin or in cot
Đ Íriś hart wr'er it b
Z baud wđ wo—fr h z gn
Hu wd hv r̄ot hr ds̄ni.*

*H wd hv hd hiz Erin femd,
Đ grīn flag gloriśli unf̄rld,
Hr stetsm̄n, bardz n worīrz rezd
Bfr đ neśnz v đ Wrld.*

*H dremt (alas, 'tw̄s bt a drīm!)
V Liḃti: bt az h strov
T cluć đt aidl, trećri
Sundrd him f̄m đ tñ h luvd.*

*Śem on đ cawd, c̄etif handz
Đt smout đer Lord or wđ a cis
Btreid him t đ rablrāt
V fōññ prīsts—no frendz v hiz.*

*Me eylastñ śem cnsym
Đ mem̄ri v đoz hu traid
T bfāl n smir đ xōltd nem
V wn hu sprnd đm in hiz prīd.*

*H fēl az fōl đ mīti wnz,
Nobli undōntd t đ last,
N deť hz nã ynītd him
Wđ Erin 'z hiroz v đ past.*

*No sãnd v strīf dstrb hiz slīp!
Cãmli h rests: no hymn pen*

Mr Hynes did not seem to remember at once the piece to which they were alluding but, after reflecting a while, he said:

“O, that thing is it.... Sure, that's old now.”

“Out with it, man!” said Mr O'Connor.

“Sh, 'sh,” said Mr Henchy. “Now, Joe!”

Mr Hynes hesitated a little longer. Then amid the silence he took off his hat, laid it on the table and stood up. He seemed to be rehearsing the piece in his mind. After a rather long pause he announced:

THE DEATH OF PARNELL

6th October 1891

He cleared his throat once or twice and then began to recite:

*He is dead. Our Uncrowned King is
dead.*

*O, Erin, mourn with grief and woe
For he lies dead whom the fell gang
Of modern hypocrites laid low.*

*He lies slain by the coward hounds
He raised to glory from the mire;
And Erin's hopes and Erin's dreams
Perish upon her monarch's pyre.*

*In palace, cabin or in cot
The Irish heart where'er it be
Is bowed with woe—for he is gone
Who would have wrought her destiny.*

*He would have had his Erin famed,
The green flag gloriously unfurled,
Her statesmen, bards and warriors
raised
Before the nations of the World.*

*He dreamed (alas, 'twas but a dream!)
Of Liberty: but as he strove
To clutch that idol, treachery
Sundered him from the thing he
loved.*

*Shame on the coward, caitiff hands
That smote their Lord or with a kiss
Betrayed him to the rabble-rout
Of fawning priests—no friends of his.*

*Or hī ambišn sprz him nă
Ð pīcs v glori t aten.*

*Ðe hd đer we: đe leid him lo.
Bt Erin, list, hiz spirit me
Rīz, līc đ Fīnix fīm đ flemz,
Ŵn brecs đ dōññ v đ de,*

*Ð de đt brīz s Frīdm 'z rēn.
N on đt de me Erin wel
Plej in đ cup ś lifts t Jō
Ŵn grīf—đ meṃri v Parnel.*

Mr. Hīnz sat dăn agn on đ tebl. Ŵn h hd finišt hiz reštešn đr wz a sīlns n đen a brst v clapñ: īvn Mr. Láynz clapt. Ð aplōz cntinyd fr a litl tīm. Ŵn it hd sīst ol đ ōditrz dranc fīm đer botlz in sīlns.

Poc! Ð corc flū āt v Mr. Hīnz' botl, bt Mr. Hīnz rmend sitñ flušt n bér-hedd on đ tebl. H dd nt sīm t hv hrd đ invtešn.

“Gd man, Jo!” sd Mr. O'Conr, tecñ āt hiz siđrét peprz n păc đ betr t hīd hiz imošn.

“Ŵt d y tnc v đt, Croftn?” craid Mr. Hnci. “Z'nt đt fīn? Ŵt?”

Mr. Croftn sd đt it wz a vri fīn pīs v raitñ.

*May everlasting shame consume
The memory of those who tried
To befoul and smear the exalted name
Of one who spurned them in his
pride.*

*He fell as fall the mighty ones,
Nobly undaunted to the last,
And death has now united him
With Erin's heroes of the past.*

*No sound of strife disturb his sleep!
Calmly he rests: no human pain
Or high ambition spurs him now
The peaks of glory to attain.*

*They had their way: they laid him low.
But Erin, list, his spirit may
Rise, like the Phœnix from the flames,
When breaks the dawning of the day,*

*The day that brings us Freedom's
reign.
And on that day may Erin well
Pledge in the cup she lifts to Joy
One grief—the memory of Parnell.*

Mr Hynes sat down again on the table. When he had finished his recitation there was a silence and then a burst of clapping: even Mr Lyons clapped. The applause continued for a little time. When it had ceased all the auditors drank from their bottles in silence.

Pok! The cork flew out of Mr Hynes' bottle, but Mr Hynes remained sitting flushed and bareheaded on the table. He did not seem to have heard the invitation.

“Good man, Joe!” said Mr O'Connor, taking out his cigarette papers and pouch the better to hide his emotion.

“What do you think of that, Crofton?” cried Mr Henchy. “Isn't that fine? What?”

Mr Crofton said that it was a very fine piece of writing.