```
ame because Simon Moonan used to tie the prefect's fals
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               e could see the names printed on the cocks. That was a very
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ose. Father Arnall's face looked very black, but he was not in a wax: he was laughing. Then Jack Lawton cracked his fingers and Father Arnall looked at his copybook and said: Right. Bravo Lancaster! The red rose wins. Come on now, You
                                                                                     orked at the next sum and heard Fath er Arnall's voice. Then all his eagerness passed away and he felt his face must be white because it felt so cool. He could not get out the answer for the sum but it did not matter. White roses and red roses: those were beautiful color hird place were beautiful colours too: pink and cream and lavender and cream and pink roses were beautiful to think of. Perhaps a wild rose might be like those colours and he remembered the song about the wild rose blossoms on the little green place. But you could not have a green rose. But perha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             mp too or whether all white things were cold
negan to file out of the fooms and along the corndors towards the felctory. He sat looking at the two prints of butter of the daily seemed. The daily seemed to him very strange. They had all fathers and mothers and different clothes and voices. He longed to be at home and lay hi day and prayers to be over and to be in bed. He drank another cup of hot tea and Fleming said: What's up? Have you a pain or what's up with you? I don't know, Stephen said. But he was not sick there. He thought that he was sick in his heart if you could be his elbows on the table and shut and opened the flaps of his ears. Then he heard the noise of the refectory every time he opened the flaps of his ears. It made a roar like a train going into a tunnel. That night a table with the country of the country of the refectory every time he opened the flaps of his ears.
                                               t roar and stop and then roar out of the tunnel again and then stop. Then the higher line fellows began to come down along the matting in the middle of the refectory, Paddy Rath and Jimmy Magee and the Spaniard who was allowed to smoke cigars and the little Portuguese who wore the woolly cap. And then the lower line tables and the to smoke cigars and the little Portuguese who wore the woolly cap. And then the lower line tables and the to matting in the matting in the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         d said: Tell us, Dedalus, do you kiss your mother before you go t
                                                                  turned to the other fellows and said: O, I say, here's a fellow says he kisses his mother every night before he goes to bed. The other fellows stopped their game and turned round, lau Stephen tried to laugh with them. He felt his whole body hot and confused in a moment. What was the right answer to the question? He had given two and s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e tried to think of Wells's mother but h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e snuff box for Wells's seasoned hacking chestnut, the conqueror of forty. It was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      t was to kiss. His mother put her lips on his cheek; her lips were
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ell and the brush with the maroon velvet back for Michael Davitt. But he had not told Fleming to colour them those colours. Fleming had done it himself. He opened the geography to study the I
                                                                      s. They were all in different countries and the countries were in continents and the continents were in the world and the world was in the universe. He turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there: himself, his name and where he was . Stephen Dedalus Class of Elements Clongowes Wood College
                            International distribution of the countries were in continents and the countries were in continents and the countries were in the word and the countries were and the countries were in the word and the countries were and the countries were in the word and the countries were in the word and the countries were in the word and the universe to the sound and the universe to sho word the peace of the bottom of the peace and in the countries were in the word and the universe to sho word the peace and in the countries were in the word and the universe to sho word the peace and in the countries were and the universe. It is word to him were the word and the universe to sho word the peace and in the countries were and the universe. It is word to him were the word and the universe to sho word the peace and in the word the universe. It is word to him were the word and the universe to sho word the peace and in the ordinary in the peace and in the ordinary in the peace and in the ordin and the universe. It is word to the word the u
                                               ney were first. But then they got hot and then bed: he shivered and warmer till he felt warm all over, ever so warm and yet he shivered and then bed: he shivered and then bed to yawn. The bell rang for night prayers and the night prayers and then bed to yawn. The bell rang for night prayers and the study let a warm glow creeping up from the cold shivering sheets, warmer till he felt warm all over, ever so warm and yet he shivered and the study lit and the cold shivering sheets. The bell range for night and the cold and the marbles were the colour the sea was cold and the marbles were the colour the sea was at night. The sea was cold and dark under the seawall beside his father's house. But the kettle would be on the hob to make punch. The prefect of the chapel was cold and dark under the seawall beside his father's house.
              above his head and his memory knew the responses: O Lord open our lips And our mouths shall announce Thy praise. Incline unto our aid, O God! O Lord make haste to help us! There was a cold night smell in the chapel at Sunday mass. That was a smell of air and rain and turf and corduroy. But they were very holy peasants. They breathed behind eck and sighed as they prayed. They lived in Clane, a fellow said: there were little cottages there and he had seen a woman standing at the half ocorduroy. But O, the road there between the fire of smoking turf, in the dark lit by the fire, in the warm dark, breathing the smell of the peasants, air and rain and turf and corduroy. But O, the road there between the fire of smoking turf, in the dark lit by the fire of smoking turf, in the warm dark, breathing the smell of the peasants.
           HROUGH CHRIST OUR LORD. AMEN. His fingers trembled as he undressed himself in the dormitory. He told his fingers to hurry up. He
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             had to undress and then kneel and say his own prayers and be in bed before the gas was lowered so that he might not go to hell when he died. He rolled his stockings off and put on his nightshirt quickly and knelt trembling at his bedside and repeated his prayers quickly, fearing that the gas would go down.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ters and spare them to me! God bless Dante and Uncle Charles and spare them to me! He blessed himself and climbed quickly into bed and, tucking the end of the nightshirt under his feet, curled himself together under the cold white sheets, shaking and trembling. But he would not go nd saw the yellow curtains round and before his bed that shut him off on all sides. The light was lowered quietly. The prefect's shoes went away. Where? Down the staircase and along the corridors or to his room at the end? He saw the dark. Was it true about the black dog that walke ce hall of the castle. Old servants in old dress were in the ironing-room above the staircase. It was long ago. The old servants were quiet. There was a fire there, but the hall was still dark. A figure came up the staircase from the hall. He wore the white cloak of a marshal; his
nd the shaking would stop. A voice bade the boys in the dormitory good night. He peered out for an instant over the coverlet a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 eir master's face and cloak and knew that he had received his death-wound. But only the dark was where they looked: only dark silent air. Their master had received his death-wound on the battlefield of Prague far away over the sea. He was standing on the field; his han of that! All the dark was cold and strange. There were pale strange faces there, great eyes like carriage-lamps. They were the ghosts of murderers, the figures of marshals who had received their death-wound on battlefields far away over the sea. What did they wish to say that their fays! That would be lovely: the fellows had told him. Getting up on the cars in the early wintry morning outside the door of the cars drove past the chapel and all caps were raised. They
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Farmer. Cheer after cheer after cheer after cheer. Through Clane they drove, cheering and cheered. The peasant women stood here and there was in the wintry air: the smell of Clane: rain and wintry air and turf smouldering and co
                          ws: a long long chocolate train with cream facings. The guards went to and fro opening, closing, locking, unlocking the doors. They were men in dark blue and silver; whistles and their keys made a guick music: click, click. And the train went on and on. It knew.
    hall of his father's house and ropes of green holly and ivy, green and red, twinted found the perglass and holly and ivy round the perglass and holly and ivy round the perglass and holly and ivy round the perglass and holly and ivy found the perglass and holly and ivy for him and red, twinted round the perglass and holly and ivy found the perglass and holly and two found the perglass and holly and the p
                                                 . I didn't mean to. Sure you won't? His father had told him, whatever he did, never to peach on a fellow. He shook his head and answered no and fell glad. Wells said: I didn't mean to, honour bright. It was only for cod. I'm sorry. The face and the voice went away. Sorry because he was afraid. Af

That was a long time ago then out on the playgrounds in the evening light, creeping from point to po
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      rcase and along the corridor and past the bath. As he passed the door he remembered with a vague fear the warm turf-coloured bogwater, the warm moist air, the noise of plur
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Michael answered and called the prefect sir. He had reddish hair mixed with grey and a queer look. It was queer that he would always be a brother. It was queer too that you could always be a brother. It was queer too that you could be a brother.
                               ecause he was a brother and had a different kind of look. Was he not holy enough or why could he not catch up on the others? There were two beds in the room and in one bed there was a fellow: and when they went in he called out: Hello! It's yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ung Dedalus! What's up? The sky is up, Brother Michael said. He was a fellow out of the third of grammar and, while Stephen was undressing
           aund of buttered toast. Ah, do! he said. Butter you up! said Brother Michael. You'll get your walking papers in the morning when the doctor comes. Will I? the fellow said. I'm not well yet. Brother Michael repeated: You'll get your do for grammar turned in towards the wall and fell asleep. That was the infirmary. He was sick then. Had they written home to tell his mothe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           walking papers. I tell you. He bent down to rake the fire. He had a long back like the long back of a tramhorse. He shook the poker gravely an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     r and father? But it would be quicker for one of the priests to go himself to tell them. Or he would write a letter for the priest to bring. Dear Mot
                ne and take me home. I am in the infirmary. Your fond son, Stephen How far away they were! There was cold sunlight outside the window. H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e wondered if he would die. You could die just the same on a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           sunny day. He might die before his mother came. Then he would have a dead mass in the chapel like the way the fellows had told him it was when L
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   candles on the altar and round the catafalque. And they would carry the coffin out of the chapel slowly and he would be buried in the little graveyard of the c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             song that Brigid had taught him. Dingdon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      g! The castle bell! Farewell, my mother! Bury me in the old churchyard Beside my eldest brother. My coffin shall be black, Six angels at my back, Two to sing and two to pray
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 passed over his body. Ho
                                                                                                                                                              varounds. And the day was g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  I was going away and the fellow out of the third of grammar told him to be sure and come back and tell him all the news in the paper. He told Stephen that his name was Athy and that his father kept a lot of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            news out of the paper they got every day up in the castle. There was every kind of news in the paper: accidents, shipwrecks, sports, and politics. Now it is all about politics in the papers, he said. Do your peop
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ave a queer name, Dedalus, and I have a queer name too, Athy. My name i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s the name of a town. Your name is like Latin. Then he asked: Are you good at riddles? Stephen answered: Not very good. Then he said: Can you answer me this one? Why is the county of Kildare like
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           thy is the town in the county Kildare and a thigh is the other thigh. Oh, I see, Stephen said. That's an old riddle, he said. After a moment he said: I say! What? asked Stephen. You know, he said, yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             aid Stephen. Can you not think of the other way? he said. He looked at Stephen over the bedclothes as he spoke. Then he lay back on the pillow and said: There is another way but I won't tell
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             m that he would be no stranger there because his granduncle had presented an address to the liberator there fifty years before. You could know the people of that time by their old dress. It s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ats and caps of rabbitskin and drank beer like grown-up people and kept greyhounds of their own to course the hares with. He looked at the window and saw that the daylight had grown we
                                                                                                                                 time: and he wondered if that was the time when the fellows in Clongowes wore blue coats with brass buttons and yellow waistco
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  aker. There would be c
                                                                                                                   udy grey light over the playgrounds. There was no noise on the playgrounds. The class must be doing the themes or perhaps Father Arna
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Il was reading out of the book. It was queer that they had not given him any medicine. Perhaps Brother Michael would bring it back when he came. They said you got stinking stuff to drink w
                                                                                              rmary. But he felt better now than before. It would be nice getting better slowly. You could get a book then. There was a book in the library about Holla
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nd. There were lovely foreign names in it and pictures of strange looking cities and ships. It made you feel so happy. How pale the light was at the window! But that was nice. The fire rose and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     y rose and fell. He saw the sea of waves, long dark waves rising and falling, dark under the moonless night. A tiny light twinkled a t the pierhead where the ship was entering: and he saw a m
                                                                          like waves. Someone had put coal on and he heard voices. They were talking. It was the noise of the waves. Or the waves were talking among themselves as the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ultitude of people gat
                                                  to see the ship that was entering their harbour. A tall man stood on the deck, looking out towards the flat dark land; and by the light at the pierhead he saw his face, the sorrow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ul face of Brother Michael. He saw him lift his hand towards the people and heard him say in a loud voice of sorrow over the
went up from the people. Parnell! Parnell! He is dead! They fell upon their knees, moaning in sorrow. And he saw Dante in a maroon velvet dress and with a green velvet mantle hanging from her shoulders
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       walking proudly and silently past the people who knelt by the water's edge. * * * * * A great fire, banked high and red, flamed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   chandelier the Christ
                               ead. They had come home a little late and still dinner was not ready: but it would be ready in a jiffy his mother had said. They were waiting for the door to open and for the servants to co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        me in, holding the big dishes covered with their heavy metal covers. All were waiting: uncle Charles, w ho sat far away in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             sat in th e eas
y-chairs at either side of the hearth, Stephen, seated on a chair between them, his feet resting on the toasted boss. Mr Dedalus lo oked at himself in the pierglass above the mantelpiece, waxed o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ut his moustache ends and then, parting his coat-tails, s to od with his ba ck to the glowing fir e: and still from
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            m. And when he had tried to open Mr Casey's hand to see if
he locker and filled the decanter slowly, bending now and then to see how much he had poured in. Then replacing the jar in the locker he poured a little of the whisky into two glasses, added a little wat ear him on the mantelpiece. Then he said: Well, I can't help thinking of our friend Christopher manufacturing... He broke into a fit of laughter and coughing and added: ...manufacturing that champag ne
of jack foxes. He inclined his head, closed his eyes, and, licking his lips profusely, began to speak with the voice of the hotel keeper. And he has such a soft mouth when he's speaking to vou. don
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ow. He's very moist and wat ery about the dewlaps, God bless him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ou? The e serve ants entered and placed the dishes on the table
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  g for you. When all had taken their seats he laid his hand on the
d. Mr Dedalus went to the end of the table and said: Now, Mrs Riordan, sit over. John, sit you down, my hearty. He looked round to where uncle Charles sat and said: Now the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           cover and then said quickly, wit hdra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          wing it: Now, Stephen. St
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ephen stood up in
his place to say the grace before meals: Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which through Thy bounty we are about to receive through Christ our Lord. Amen. All blessed thems elves and Mr Dedalus with trussed and skewered, on the kitchen table. He knew that his father had paid a guinea for it in Dunn's of D'Olier Street and that the man had prodded it often at the breastbone to show how good it was and he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         easure lifted from the dish the heavy cover pearled ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               as i gh o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 one, sir. That's the real Ally Daly. Why did Mr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Barrett in Clongowes call
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e mbered the man's voice whe n he had said: Take that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          his pandybat a tur
appy and when din
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ho II y made
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         you feel so h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ner was ended the big plum pudding woul
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       llar and the Eton jacket made him fee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   s he had often waited, till
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              the pudding came. The deep lo w co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              I q ueer and oldish: and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 rse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ry , a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  an to eat hungrily. Then he said: Poor old Ch
Mr Dedalus turned to uncle Charles. How are you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     us covered the dish and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Mr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            0 0
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          risty, he's nearly lopsided
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            d her plate
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             er hands and said: No, thanks.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           off, sir ? Right as the mail
Simon. You, John? I'm all right. Go on yourself. Mary? Here, Stephen, here's something to make your hair curl. He poured sauce freely over Stephen's plate and set the boat again on the ed that it was. That was a good answer our friend made to the canon. What? said Mr Dedalus. I didn't think he had that much in him, said Mr Casey. I'LL PAY YOUR DUES, FATHER, WHE
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e. Then he asked uncle Charles wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s it tender. Uncle Charles could not speak because his m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         outh wa s full; but he nodd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     F GOD INTO A POLLING-BOOTH. A nice answer, said Dante, for an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        NΥ
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     OU CEASE TURNING THE HOUSE O
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         y man ca lling himself a ca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        the people. We go to the house of God, Mr Casey said, in all humility to tion of public morality. A priest would not be a priest if he did not tell his fl
holic to give to his priest. They have only themselves to blame, said Mr Dedalus suavely. If they took a fool's advice they would confine their attention to religion. It is religion, Dante sai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              d. They
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          pray to o ur Maker and no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         are doing their duty in warning
to hear election addresses. It is religion, Dante said again. They are right. They must direct their flocks. And preach politics from the altar, is it? asked Mr Dedalus. CertainI
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         said Dante.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ck what i s right and what
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         It is a ques
                                                                                                             r pity sake and for pity sake let us have no political discussion on this day of all days in the y red the dish boldly and said: Now then, who's for more turkey? Nobody answered, Dante s aid: Nic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        'am, said uncle Charles. Now, Simon, that's quite enough now. Not another word now. Y olic to use! Mrs Riordan, I appeal to you, said Mrs Dedalus, to let the matter drop now. Da
s wrong. Mrs Dedalus laid down her knife and fork, saying: Fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          . Quite right, ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         , yes, sa id Mr Dedalus q
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                guage for any cath
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          turned on her and said:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                lus, so long as they don't meddle in politics. The bishops and priests of Ireland have spoken, said Dante, and t Dedalus, let it end now. Too bad! Too bad! said uncle Charles. What? cried Mr Dedalus. Were we to desert
                                                                                 And am I to sit here and listen to the pastors of my church being flouted? Nobody is saying a word ag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           nst them
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          must b e obeyed. Let the
       leave politics alone, said Mr Casey, or the people may leave their church alone. You hear? said Dante, turning to Mr ople? He was no longer worthy to lead, said Dante. He was a public sinner. We are all sinners and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ey! Simon! said Mrs
BE TO THE
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Cas
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rs, said Mr Casey coldly. WOE
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            MAN BY WHOM THE SCANDAL COMETH! said Mrs Riordan. IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR HIM THAT A MILLS
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         WERE TIED ABOUT HIS N
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ge of the Holy Ghost. And very bad language if you ask me, said Mr Dedalus coolly. Simon! Simon! said uncle Charles. The en's plate and served uncle Charles and Mr Casey to large pieces of turkey and splashes of sauce. Mrs Dedalus was eating little
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       HAT HE SHOULD SCANDALIZE ONE OF THESE, MY LEAST LITTLE ONES. That is
ECK AND THAT HE WERE CAST INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA RATHER THAN T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       es, yes, said Mr Dedalus. I
meant about the... I was thinking about the bad language of th e railway porter. Well now, that's all right. Here, Stephen, show me your plate, old chap. Eat away now. Here. He heaped up the food on Ste phen. She was red in the face. Mr Dedalus rooted with the carvers at the end of the dish and said: There's a tasty bit here we call the pope's nose. If any lady or gentleman... He held a piece of fowl up on the prong of the carvin grown grown grown grown at the carvin grown grown grown at the carvin grown gr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e sat with her hands in her l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        y spoke. He put it on his own plate, saying: Well, you can't say but you were asked. I think I had better eat it myself because I'm no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       my health lately . He winked
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     wn too. Nobody spoke. He said again: I think there were more strangers down than last Christmas. He looked round at the others whos said, in a house where there is no respect for the pastors of the church. Mr Dedalus threw his knife and fork noisily on his plate. Respect! he said. Is it for Billy
at Stephen and, replacing the dish-cover, began to eat again. There was a silence while he ate. Then he said: Well now, the day kept up fine after all. There were plenty of stra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          were bent towa rds their pl
                                                                                                 t and said bitterly: Well, my Christmas dinner has been spoiled anyhow. There could be neither luck nor grace, Dante
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              with the li
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           p or for the tub of guts up
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Lord's anointed, Dante said. They are an honour to their country. Tub of guts, said Mr Dedalus coarsely. He has a handsome face, mind you, in repose. You shade a lapping noise with his lips. Really, Simon, you should not speak that way before Stephen. It's not right. O, he'll remember all this when he grows up, said Dante hotlythe
                                                                                                          Mr Casey with slow scorn. Lord Leitrim's coachman, yes, said Mr Dedalus. They are the
in Armagh? Respect! Princes of the church, sai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ould see that fel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             low lapping up h is bac
and cabbage of a cold winter's day. O Johnny!
                                                                                                          He twisted his features into a grimace of heavy bestiality and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           rd against God and relig
n and priests in his own home. Let him remem
                                                                                                   ber too, cried Mr Casey to her from across
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               the table, the language with w hich the priests and the priests' pawns broke Parnell's heart and hounded him into his grave. Let him remember that too when he grows up. Sons of bitches! cried Mr Dedalus. When he was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        on him to betray him and
nd him like rats in a sewer. Low-lived dogs!
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     hey look it! They behaved rightly, cried Dante. They obeyed their bishops and their priests. Honour to them! Well, it is perfectly dreadful to say that not even for one day in the year, said Mrs Dedalus, can we be free from these dreadful dis
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ised his hands mildly and sa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 putes! Uncle Charles
                                                                                                 And they look it! By Christ, t
                                                                                                                                          ve our opinio ns what ever they are without this bad temper and this bad language? It is too bad surely. Mrs Dedalus spoke to Dante in a low voice but Dante said loudly: I will not say nothing. I will defend my church and my religion when it is insulted and spit on by renegade catholic esting his elbows before him, said in a hoarse voice to his host: Tell me, did I tell you that story about a very famous spit? You did not, John, said Mr Dedalus. Why then, said Mr Dedalus. Why then, said Mr Dedalus where we are now. He broke off and, turning towards Da
d: Come now, come now, come now!
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  s. Mr Casey pushed hi
of the t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ignation: And I may tell you,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nte, said with quiet in
ma'am, that I, if you ould not speak the langu
    ma'am, that I, if you
                                                                                                mean me, am no renegade catholic. I am a catholic as my father was and his father before him and
                                                                                             age I have heard this evening. Mr Dedalus began to sway his head to and fro, crooning like a country singer. I am no protestant, I tell you again, said Mr Casey, flushing. Mr Dedalus, still crooning and swaying his head to sing in a grunting nasal tone: O, come all you Roman catholics That never went to mass. He took up his knife and for e the story, John. It will help us to digest. Stephen looked with affection at Mr Casey's face which stared across the table over his joined hands. He liked to sit near him at the fire, looking up at his dark fierce face. But his dark eyes were never fierce and his slow voice was good to listen to. But why was he then against the priests? Because Dant
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ur and set to eating, saying to
Mr Casey: Let us hav
r say that she w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      n. But he had heard his fa
                                                                                           as a spoiled nun and that she had come out of the convent in the Alleghanies when her brother had got the money from the savages for the trinkets and the chainies. Perhaps that made her severe against Parnell. And she did not like him to play with Eileen because Eileen was a protestant and when she was young she knew children that used to play with Eileen because Eileen was a protestant and when she was young she knew children that used to play with Eileen because Eileen was a protestant and when she was young she knew children that used to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         and the protestants used
as a spoiled run and that she had come out of the convent in the Alleghaniess when her brother had got the money from the savages for the trinkets and the chainines. Perhaps that made cher severe dagnist zero folch? How owas right then? And he remembered de evening in the infirmary in Clongowes, the dark waters, the light was done in the litary of the Bless yet of gold.? Who was right then? And he remembered the evening in the infirmary in Clongowes, the dark waters, the light was done in the New young she knew the protestants waters, the light was of gold.? Who was right then? And he remembered the evening in the infirmary in Clongowes, the dark waters, the light was of gold.? Who was right then? And he remembered the evening in the infirmary in Clongowes, the dark waters, the light was down in Arklow on a for sorrow from the people when they by dhe and of sorrow from the people when they had heard. Eileen had long with protestants or a fold. It was down in Arklow, a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY. The story is very short and sweet, Mr Casey said. It was one day down in Arklow, a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY. The story is very short and sweet, Mr Casey said. It was down in Arklow, a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY. The story is very short and sweet, Mr Casey said. It was down in Arklow, a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY. The story is very short and sweet, Mr Casey said. It was down in Arklow, a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY. The story is hold when the protestants were fivory or a house of gold? Who was right then? And what life down in Arklow, a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY. The story is very short and sweet, Mr Casey said. It was down in Arklow, a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY. The story is very short and sweet, Mr Casey sheet and when the remembered weed win the remembered when the nich was not all the case and a with the pro
                                                                        ed GOD SAVE THE QUEEN at the end. Mr Dedalus gave a snort of contempt. Ah, John, he said. It is true for them. We are an unfortunate priest-ridden Godforsaken race! He pointed to the portrait of his grandfather on the wall to his right. Do yo
 see that old chap up there, John? he said. He was a good Irishman when there was no money in the job. He was condemned to death as a whiteboy. But he had a saying about our clerical friends, that he would never let one of them put his two feet under his mahogany. Dante broke in angrily: If we are a priest-ridden race we ought to be proud of it! They are the apple of God's eye. TOUCH THEM NOT, says Christ, FOR THEY ARE THE APPLE OF MY EYE. And can
  e not love our country then? asked Mr Casey. Are we not to follow the man that was born to lead us? A traitor, an adulterer! The priests were always the true friends of Ireland. Were they, faith? said Mr Casey. He threw his fist on the table and, frowning angrily, protruded one finger after another. Didn't the bishops of Ireland betray us in the time of the union when Bishop Lanigan presentations.
 ted an address of loyalty to the Marquess Cornwallis? Didn't the bishops and priests sell the aspirations of their country in 1829 in return for catholic emancipation? Didn't they denounce the fenian movement from the pulpit and in the confession box? And didn't they dishonour the ashes of Terence Bellew MacManus? His face was glowing with anger and Stephen felt the glow rise to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hi s own cheek as the spoken words thrilled him. Mr Dedalus uttered a gu
ffaw of coarse scorn. O, by God, he cried, I forgot little old Paul Cullen! Another apple of God's eye! Dante bent across the table and cried to Mr Casey: Right! Right! They were always right! God and morality and religion before everything! Dante cried. Go up to the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything to the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything to the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything to the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything to the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything to the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything to the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything the coat sleeve. Dante stared across the table towards her, scraping the air from before everything the coat sleeve.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         d and religion before the world. Mr Casey raised his clenched fist and bro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     he were tearing aside a cobweb. No God for Ireland! he cried. We have had t
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