slope calmly but my heart was beating quickly with fear that he would seize me by the ankles. When I reached the top of the slope I turned round and, without looking at him, called loudly across the field:

—Murphy!

My voice had an accent of forced bravery in it and I was ashamed of my paltry stratagem. I had to call the name again before Mahony saw me and hallooed in answer. How my heart beat as he came running across the field to me! He ran as if to bring me aid. And I was penitent for in my heart I had always despised him a little.

Araby

North Richmond Street, being blind,[1] was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School[2] set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.[3]

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawingroom. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few papercovered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: *The Abbot* by Walter Scott,[4] *The Devout Communicant*[5] and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*.[6] I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

Copy-text: 1910 late proofs (10); Collated texts: 1914 proofs (14P) and 1914 first edition (14) [IDENTITY IN BOTH IS REPORTED AS '14']; 1967 Viking edition in the 1969 Viking Critical Library printing (67).

1. A dead-end street or cul-de-sac in the northeast section of Dublin, off the North Circular Road.
2. A day school for boys taught by the Christian Brothers, an order of Roman Catholic lay clergy who had taken temporary vows. Its curriculum, aimed at poor children, emphasized vocational rather than academic education.
3. The houses were solidly made of brown brick.
4. A heroic novel about a page serving Mary, Queen of Scots, during her imprisonment.
5. A book of pious meditations on the sacrament of Holy Communion, written by an English friar, Pacificus Baker, in 1813.
6. The putative autobiographical account of a criminal, informer, and detective named François-Jules Vidocq (1775–1857).

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of everchanging violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gantlet[7] of the rough tribes from the cottages,[8] to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits,[9] to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister[1] came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and if she remained we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and when we came near the point at which our ways diverged I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her except for a few casual words and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop

7. A trial consisting of two facing rows of armed men ready to strike a person forced to run between them (as in "running the gauntlet").
8. Richmond Cottages, off Richmond Street, housed the very poor with many children.
9. Dumping places in the garden for ashes, garbage, and other refuse.
1. The children's last name of Mangan recalls an Irish romantic poet named James Clarence Mangan (1803–1849). Mangan, like poets such as Byron and Shelley, was fascinated by the mythic quality that hung over notions of the Middle East.

boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks,[2] the nasal chanting of street singers who sang a *come-all-you*[3] about O'Donovan Rossa[4] or a ballad about the troubles in our native land.[5] These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes.[6] Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawingroom in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: *O love! O love!* many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to *Araby*. I forget whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar,[7] she said; she would love to go.

—And why can't you? I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there

86 said;] STET 10

2. Inexpensive pieces of pork, less nutritious and less usable in cooking.
3. A traditional type of song performed in pubs and other public places that began with the invitation "Come all you gallant Irishmen and listen to my song" before addressing some topic of current interest.
4. A nickname given to the Irish rebel leader Jeremiah O'Donovan (1831–1915). Because he was born in a place called Ross Carberry and advocated violent political action, he was also known as "Dynamite Rossa."
5. Many ballads and popular songs lamented Irish suffering during centuries of British occupation.
6. A possible reference to the Holy Grail, the vessel used by Jesus Christ at the Last Supper that disappeared, according to some versions of the legend, after Joseph of Arimathea used it to collect Christ's blood at the cross. The legend inspired numerous romances of heroes incurring dangerous adventures in quest of the sacred relic.
7. A charity bazaar called a "Grand Oriental Fête" was held in Dublin in May 1894 for the benefit of the Jervis Street Hospital. The actual bazaar is reputed to have been much larger and more lavish than the story's narration suggests.

would be a retreat that week in her convent.[8] Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up the hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

—It's well for you, she said.[9]

—If I go, I said, I will bring you something.

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word *Araby* were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some freemason affair.[1] I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hatbrush, and answered me curtly:

—Yes, boy, I know.

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and when its ticking began to irritate me I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house.

95 the (2)] STET 10

8. Convent schools, like the one the girl presumably attends, held regular religious retreats that obliged students to turn their attention away from worldly concerns and toward spiritual matters.
9. The girl's words imply that the boy is lucky he can attend the bazaar if he wishes.
1. Freemasons were a secret brotherhood (of Free and Accepted Masons) evolved from a medieval guild of builders and bricklayers. Although the Freemasons also sponsored charitable bazaars like the one in the story, Roman Catholics regarded the society as heathen and hostile to its interests.

The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour seeing nothing but the brownclad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's[2] widow who collected used stamps for some pious purpose.[3] I had to endure the gossip of the teatable. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

—I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord.[4]

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

—The people are in bed and after their first sleep now, he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

—Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is.

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: *All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy*. He asked me where I was going and when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know *The Arab's Farewell to his Steed*.[5] When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

2. Someone who lends or offers money against the security of some valuable object that is deposited in his or her shop. If the recipient of the money cannot repay it by a certain time, the "pawned" object becomes the property of the pawnbroker and may be resold legally.
3. The Catholic Church supported some of its foreign missionary enterprises by collecting used stamps that could be sold to stamp-collecting outlets for cash.
4. Possibly a reference to Saturday night, the eve of the Sunday sabbath.
5. A sentimental poem by Caroline Norton (1808–1877) in which a fictional Arab bids farewell to the horse he has sold ("Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell!—thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!") before he reverses his decision ("I fling them back their gold") and rides off on his steed.

I held a florin[6] tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street[7] towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station[8] a crowd of people pressed at the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling[9] to a wearylooking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain over which the words *Café Chantant*[1] were written in coloured lamps two men were counting money on a salver.[2] I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered teasets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents[3] and listened vaguely to their conversation.

—O, I never said such a thing!

—O, but you did!

—O, but I didn't!

172 at] STET 10 182 its] STET 10

6. A two-shilling coin. The sum would represent four sixpence—that is, a sixpence more than the three boys in "An Encounter" collect for their truant expedition.
7. A street leading southward from North Richmond Street toward the Amiens Street train station the boy will use to get to the bazaar.
8. A heavily trafficked train station in downtown Dublin.
9. If the boy begins with two shillings and spends one shilling for admission to the bazaar, he has now spent over half of his money and still has his return train fare to pay.
1. A French coffeehouse at the bazaar that would also present musical and other entertainments.
2. A possible reference to the story in the New Testament (Matthew 21:12–13) that tells how Jesus drove the moneychangers out of the temple because they defiled a house of prayer.
3. The young people at the stall are British rather than Irish. The dialogue suggests that the young lady is flirting with the young gentlemen.

—Didn't she say that?
—She did. I heard her.
—O, there's a ... fib!

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging: she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to her stall and murmured:
—No, thank you.

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence[4] in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity: and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

Eveline

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne.[1] She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on

199 —She did.] STET 10 205 her] STET 10

4. If the boy began with two shillings, he began with twenty-four pence, since there are twelve pence in a shilling. We know that he spent a shilling, or twelve pence, on admission. If he now has eight pence remaining, his train fare must have cost four pence. If he rides rather than walks the more than two miles home, he would have had only four pence to spend on the gift or souvenir for Mangan's sister—a very small sum.

Copy-text: 1910 late proofs (10); Collated texts: *The Irish Homestead* OF SEPTEMBER 10, 1904 (IH) [SUBSTANTIVE IH VARIANTS ONLY ARE REPORTED IN THESE FOOTNOTES; 1914 proofs (14P) and 1914 first edition (14) [IDENTITY IN BOTH IS REPORTED AS '14']; 1967 Viking edition in the 1969 Viking Critical Library printing (67).

2 window curtains] window-curtain, IH 4 Few] NO PARAGRAPH IH

1. Strong printed cotton fabric used for curtains and upholstery.

his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast[2] bought the field and built houses in it—not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field—the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick[3] but usually little Keogh used to keep nix[4] and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then, and besides her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium[5] beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.[6] He had been a school friend of her father's. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

8 every] in the IH 17 nix] STET 10 21 Tizzie] 14; Mrs. IH; Mrs 10; This 14P 23 away--others,] away, IH 24 reviewing] passing in review IH 25–28 objects--divided.] objects. How many times she had dusted it, once a week at least. It was the "best" room, but it seemed to secrete dust everywhere. She had known the room for ten years—more—twelve years, and knew everything in it. Now she was going away. IH 29 priest] Australian priest IH 30 wall] wall, just IH 31–32 harmonium--Alacoque.] harmonium. IH 32–33 school--father's.] friend of her father's—a school friend. IH 33 Whenever] When IH 34 visitor] friend, IH

2. Possibly a Protestant from the more prosperous north of Ireland.
3. A stout walking stick made from the stem of the blackthorn shrub.
4. A slang term used as an exclamation of warning.
5. A reed organ or keyboard instrument whose sound was produced by vibrating a reed or other material with currents of air.
6. St. Margaret Mary Alacoque (1647–1690) was a French nun who fostered devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. A divine visitation had disclosed to her twelve "promises" made by Christ to the faithful who honored him. The first five promises were (1) I will give them all the grace necessary in their state of life, (2) I will establish peace in their homes, (3) I will comfort them in all their afflictions, (4) I will be their secure refuge in life, and above all in death, (5) I will bestow abundant blessings on all their undertakings. Pope Pius IX declared her blessed in 1864. She was canonized and made a saint in 1920.

—He is in Melbourne[7] now.

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the stores[8] when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

—Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?

—Look lively, Miss Hill, please.

She would not cry many tears at leaving the stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married—she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations.[9] When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages—seven shillings —and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was

35 —He--now.] "In Australia now—Melbourne." IH 36–37 Was--wise?] Was it wise—was it honourable? IH 37 question.] question in her mind. IH 37–38 home anyway] 14P; home at least IH; home, anyway, 10 39 Of--hard] She had to work of course IH 40 say] think IH 41 found out] discovered IH 41–42 run--fellow?] gone away? IH 42 Say she was] Think her IH 42–43 and--up] and fill up her place IH 43 would--glad.] would probably be glad. She, too, would not be sorry to be out of Miss Gavan's clutches. IH 43 She] Miss Gavan IH 43–44 had--had] had IH 44 her,] her, and used her superior position mercilessly, IH 44 especially] particularly IH 46 —Miss--waiting?] It was—"Miss Hill, will you please attend to these ladies?" IH 47 —Look lively,] "A little bit smarter, IH 47 please.] if you please." IH 48 She] NO PARAGRAPH IH 49 But] NO PARAGRAPH IH 49–50 it--that.] surely she would be free from such indignities! IH 50–51 Then--then.] She would then be a married woman—she, Eveline. She would be treated with respect. IH 52 been.] been treated. IH 52–53 now,--nine=teen,] now—at her age, she was over nineteen— IH 54–57 She--latterly] Latterly IH 57 her and say] her, saying IH 58 to her] ABSENT IH 58 only] were it not IH 62 nights] night IH

7. Melbourne, Australia, was a common destination for Irish immigrants in the nineteenth century.
8. Possibly Pim's retail store on Great George's Street; it sold clothing and household goods.
9. Increased activity of the heart brought on by stress, agitation, or disease.

to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard earned money to throw about the streets and much more for he was usually fairly bad[1] of a Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work—a hard life—but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, openhearted. She was to go away with him by the night boat[2] to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres[3] where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see the *Bohemian Girl*[4] and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor[5] she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens[6] out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy[7] at a

68 of a] on IH 84–85 It--ago.] A few weeks ago it seemed. IH 91 awfully] very IH 92 he] Frank IH 94 of all] ABSENT IH 95 fellow] young man, IH

1. Belligerently drunken.
2. A ship or ferry, possibly carrying mail and goods in addition to passengers, departing Dublin at night. Many such ships stopped in Liverpool, where passengers bound for overseas destinations could change to other ships.
3. The capital of Argentina in South America, a destination for Irish immigrants seeking agricultural and other work in the nineteenth century.
4. An 1843 operetta with music by the Irish composer Michael Balfe and libretto by Alfred Bunn. The story concerns a girl from a noble family who is kidnapped by gypsies but eventually restored to her home after many intrigues.
5. Popular old song by Charles Dibdin about the toasts that drunken sailors sing to their sweethearts and wives. It ends with the lines: "But the standing toast that pleas'd the most, / Was 'The wind that blows, / The ship that goes, / And the lass that loves a sailor.' "
6. Derived from "poppet," meaning doll, darling, or dainty person.
7. An inexperienced worker hired to help the crew on a ship with menial tasks and errands.

pound a month on a ship of the Allan line[8] going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan[9] and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians.[1] He had fallen on his feet[2] in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him:

—I know these sailor chaps, he said.

One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry, the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth.[3] She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ[4] playing. She knew the air.[5] Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

104 say to] do with IH 105 —I] "I NO PARAGRAPH IH 105 chaps,] e:10, 14; fellows," IH; chaps—10; chaps,' 14 105 he] her father IH 106 One--Frank] Frank and her father had quarrelled one day, IH 108–109 letters] 14P; letters lying IH, 10 114 made] had made IH 115 their] 14; her IH, 10; the 14P 122 the] 14P; her IH, 10

8. A steamship based in Liverpool, England, that made regular trips to the Pacific coasts of North and South America.
9. Sea passage at the tip of South America allowing ships to pass from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, named after the Portuguese explorer Ferdinand Magellan.
1. The name given to a number of native tribes living at the tip of Argentina, who became fabled as exceptionally tall and fearsome.
2. Landed on his feet, achieved success.
3. A point of land projecting into the sea just northeast of Dublin. The promontory over the harbor has lovely views and is therefore a favored spot for outings.
4. A portable harmonium or reed organ generally played by itinerant musicians.
5. Melody.

—Damned Italians! coming over here![6]

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

—Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun![7]

She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

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She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall.[8] He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and out of a maze of distress she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

—Come!

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

—Come!

No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

129 —Damned] NO PARAGRAPH IH 130 As] NO PARAGRAPH IH 135 —Derevaun Seraun!] NO PARAGRAPH IH 137 would(2)] could IH 138 to live.] life. IH 145 doors--sheds] door IH 157 —Come!] NO PARAGRAPH IH 161 —Come!] NO PARAGRAPH IH

6. Although there was no significant Italian immigration into Dublin at the time of the story, Italians who came to Ireland frequently held itinerant jobs as traveling artisans and vendors or performers.
7. Meaning unknown. Speculations include suggestions that the words may be corrupt Gaelic for "the end of pleasure is pain" or "the end of song is madness."
8. A dock for large ships on the north side of the river Liffey near where it empties into the sea.

—Eveline! Evvy!

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

After the Race[1]

The cars came scudding in towards Dublin, running evenly like pellets in the groove of the Naas Road.[2] At the crest of the hill at Inchicore[3] sightseers had gathered in clumps to watch the cars careering homeward and through this channel of poverty and inaction the continent sped its wealth and industry. Now and again the clumps of people raised the cheer of the grate= fully oppressed. Their sympathy, however, was for the blue cars—the cars of their friends, the French.

The French, moreover, were virtual victors. Their team had finished solidly; they had been placed second and third and the driver of the winning German car was reported a Belgian.[4] Each blue car,[5] therefore, received a double round of welcome as it topped the crest of the hill and each cheer of welcome was acknowledged with smiles and nods by those in the car. In one of these trimly built cars was a party of four young men whose spirits seemed to be at present well above the level of successful Gallicism:[6] in fact, these four young men were almost hilarious.

164 —Eveline! Evvy!] NO PARAGRAPH IH

Copy-text: 1910 late proofs (10); Collated texts: *The Irish Homestead* OF DECEMBER 17, 1904 (IH) [SUBSTANTIVE IH VARIANTS ONLY ARE REPORTED IN THESE FOOTNOTES; 1914 proofs (14P) and 1914 first edition (14) [IDENTITY IN BOTH IS REPORTED AS '14']; 1967 Viking edition in the 1969 Viking Critical Library printing (67).

12 round] measure IH, 14

1. The race in the title refers to the Gordon-Bennett automobile race that took place in Ireland on July 2, 1903. The purpose of the race was to display the relative merits of automobiles manufactured in different countries, and cars from France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States competed. The race covered over three hundred miles stretching over four Irish counties.
2. A road leading into the city of Dublin from the southwest.
3. A suburb west of the city of Dublin.
4. Although a German Mercedes won the race, its driver, Camille Jenatzy, was Belgian—that is, from a country that shares some of the language and culture of France. Since the second- and third-place winners were French, the French are declared "virtual victors" by the narrator.
5. The nationality of the cars was identified by their color.
6. Displaying the characteristics of the French.