

"And which did they decide?" I asked.

"Shure, they didn't decide at all. Why would they? They fought like two creatures from hell till Michael Mahony got up and said the only way to settle it was to have no lamp-post at all. 'Twas the judgment av Solomon, he said—but yirrah, what the devil's the judgment of Solomon to do with Dorgan Street? Shure, I dunno know who Solomon was. He might have been a Jew by the sounds av him. 'Tis Dorgan Street anyways that'll have no lamp-post and 'tis as dark there in that street on a night ye couldn't see yer own fist to shtrike a man with. Ye could not. An' if they come to do with the land as they did with Dorgan Street, I want to know what the hell is Home Rule goin' to be to us thin?"

"But, good heavens!" said I. "You've been crying for Home Rule for more than a century!"

"We have indeed," said he, "but God help us, we never expected to get ut. An' now they're talkin' of Johnnie Redmond, the hero. Faith, the only heroes in Ireland are the min like Emmet, who died for his country, and didn't get what he wanted even then. Shure, Johnnie Redmond is no hero. He's a prosperous man. He'll be wearin' a diamond shtud in his shirt front before long, and dhrivin' down Pathrick Street in Cork in a carriage and pair on a Sathurday afternoon for the people to look at him. Shure, that's no hero. 'Tis he'll have the lamp-post in fient of his house if there are any goin'. He will indeed."

"The fact of the matter is," said I, when I had done