

Trees, Woods and Literature

—As treeless as Portugal we'll be soon, says John Wyse, or Heligoland with its one tree if something is not done to reafforest the land. Larches, firs, all the trees of the conifer family are going fast. I was reading a report of Lord Castletown's . . .

—Save them, says the citizen, the giant ash of Galway and the chieftain elm of Kildare with a forty foot bole and an acre of foliage. Save the trees of Ireland for the future men of Ireland on the fair hills of Eire, O.

—Europe has its eyes on you, says Lenehan.

The fashionable international world attended en masse this afternoon at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley. Lady Sylvester Elmsshade, Mrs. Barbara Lovebirch, Mrs. Poll Ash, Mrs. Holly Hazeleyes, Miss Daphne Bays, Miss Dorothy Canebrake, Mrs. Clyde Twelvetrees, Mrs. Rowan Green, Mrs. Helen Vinegadding, Miss Virginia Creeper, Miss Gladys Beech, Miss Olive Garth, Miss Blanche Maple, Miss Priscilla Elderflower, Miss Bee Honeysuckle, Miss Grace Poplar, Miss O Mimosa San, Miss Rachel Cedarfrond, the Misses Lilian and Viola Lilac, Miss Timidity Aspenall, Mrs. Katty Dewy-Mosse, Miss May Hawthorne, Mrs. Glariana Palme, Mrs. Liana Forrest, Mrs. Arapella Blackwood and Mrs. Norma Holyoake of Oakholme Regis graced the ceremony by their presence. The bride, who was given away by her father, The M'Conifer of the Glands, looked exquisitely charming in a creation carried out in green mercerised silk, moulded on an underslip of gloaming grey, sashed with a yoke of broad emerald and finished with a triple flounce of darker hued fringe, the scheme being relieved by bretelles and hip insertions of acorn bronze. The maids of honour, Miss Larch Conifer and Miss Spruce Conifer, sisters of the bride, wore very becoming costumes in the same tone, a dainty motif of plume rose being worked into the pleats in a pinstripe and repeated capriciously in the jade green toques in the form of heron feathers of pale tinted coral. Senhor Enrique Flor presided at the organ with his well-known ability and, in addition to the prescribed numbers of the nuptial mass, played a new and striking arrangement of Woodman, spare that tree at the conclusion of the service. On leaving the church of Saint Fiacre in Horto after the papal blessing the happy pair were subjected to a playful crossfire of hazelnuts, beechmast, bayleaves, catkins of willow, ivytod, hollyberries, mistletoe sprigs and quicken shoots. Mr. and Mrs. Wyse Conifer Neaulan will spend a quiet honeymoon in the Black Forest.

—And our eyes are on Europe, says the citizen.

From *Ulysses* by James Joyce. Printed by permission of the Bodley Head Ltd.

James Joyce, the foremost writer in English in the twentieth century, was born in Dublin in 1882. He was educated at Belvedere, Clongowes Wood, and University College, Dublin. He left for the continent in 1904 where he remained, with rare visits to Ireland, until his death in Zurich in 1941.

Ulysses was in trouble with censors throughout the world for years after its publication in 1922, but was never banned in Ireland. The United States Court of Appeals in 1934 declared it fit to be admitted to the U.S. It appeared in paperback form in 1969.
