FINNEGANS WAKE

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by

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riverrun, past Eve and Adam’s, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

Sir Tristram, violer d’amores, fr’over the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North Armorica on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer’s rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselse to Laurens County’s gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to tauftauf thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all’s fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa’s malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.

The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnukl) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all Christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the pftjschute of Finnegan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself prumptly sends

an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes: and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-linsfirst loved livvy.

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin fishy-gods! Brekkek Kekkek Kekkek Kekkek! Koax Koax Koax! Ualu Ualu Ualu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verdons cata-pelting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie Head. Assiegates and boomeringstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear! Sanglorians, save! Arms apeal with larms, appalling. Killykill-killy: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegotetab-solvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the duskt the father of fomicationists but, (O my shining stars and body!) how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But waz iz? Iseut.^ Ere were sewers.^ The oaks of aid now they lie in peat yet elms leap where askes lay. Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.

Bygmester Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's mau-rer, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofar-back for messuages before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely struxk his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly stock it out again, by the might of moses, the very wat-er was eviparated and all the guenneses had met their exodus so that ought to show you what a pentschanjeuchy chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edi-fices in Toper's Thorp piled buildung supra buildung pon the banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annie ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in bonds tuck up your part inher. Oftwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in grasp and ivoroiled overalls which he habitacularly fondseed, like Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by multiplicab-les the alltitude and malltitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the liquor wheretwin 'twas bom, his roundhead staple of other days to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygrantitl), a waalworth of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoyth entowerly, erigenating from

next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchitec-titiptitoploftical, with a burning bush abob off its baubletop and with larrons o'toolers clittering up and tumbles a'buckets clotter-ing down.

Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassaily Boos-laeugh of Riesengeborg. His crest of huroldry, in vert with ancillars, troublant, argent, a hegoak, poursuivant, horrid, horned. His scutschum fessed, with archers strung, helio, of the second. Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohohoho, Mister Fi nn, you're going to be Mister Finnagain! Comeday morm and, O, you're vine! Sendday's eve and, ah, you're vinegar! Hahahaha, Mister Funn, you're going to be fined again!

What then agentlike brought about that tragoady thundersday

this municipal sin business.^ Our cubehouse still rocks as earwitness to the thunder of his arafatas but we hear also through successive ages that shebby choruysh of unkalified muzzlenimiissilehims that would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurtleturtled out of heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for righteousness, O Sustainer, what time we rise and when we take up to toothmick and before we lump down upown our leatherbed and in the night and at the fading of the stars ! For a nod to the nabir is better than wink to the wabsanti. Otherways wesways like that provost scoffing bedoueen the jebel and the jpysian sea. Cropherb the crunchbracken shall decide. Then we'll know if the feast is a flyday. She has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the dreamy deary. Heed! Heed! It may half been a missnred brick, as some say, or it mought have been due to a collupsus of his back promises, as others looked at it. (There extand by now one thousand and one stories, all told, of the same). But so sore did abe ite ivvy's holired abbles, (what with the wallhall's horrors of rollsrights, carhacks, stonengens, kisstvanes, tramtrees, fargobawlers, autokinotons, hippohobbilies, streetfleets, tournintaxes, megaphoggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aeropagods and the hoyse and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow burrocks and his fore old porecourts, the bore the more, and his

blightblack workingstacks at tweivepins a dozen and the noobibusses sleighding along Safetyfirst Street and the derryjellybies snooping around Tell-No-Tailors' Comer and the fumes and the hopes and the strupithump of his ville's indigenous romekeepers, homesweepers, domecreepers, thurum and thurum in fancymud murumd and all the uproor from all the aufroos, a roof for may and a reef for hugh butt under his bridge suits tony) wan warning Phill filt tippling full. His howd feeled heavy, his hoddit did shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He stottered from the latter. Damb! he was dud. Dumb! Mastabatoom, mastabadtomm, when a mon merries his lute is all long. For whole the world to see.

Shize.^ I should shee! Macool, Macool, orra whyi deed ye diie.^ of a trying thirstay moumin.^ Sobs they sighdid at Fillagain's chrissormiss wake, all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in their consternation and their duodisimally profusive plethora of ululation. There was plumbs and gmmes and cherifFs and citherers and raiders and cinemen too. And the all gianed in with the shoutmost shoviality. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog. To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's extermination! Some in kinkin corass, more, kankan keening. Belling him up and filling him down. He's stiff but he's steady is Priam Olim ! 'Twas he was the dacent gaylabouring youth. Sharpen his pillowscone, tap up his bier! E'erawhere in this whorl would ye hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundigs and the dusty fidelios. They laid him brawdawn alanglast bed. With a bockalips of finisky fore his feet. And a barrowload of guenesis hoer his head. Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O !

Hurrah, there is but young gleve for the owl globe wheels in view which is tautaulogically the same thing. Well, Him a being so on the flounder of his bulk like an overgrown babeling, let wee peep, see, at Horn, well, see peegee ought he ought, platterplate. cij Hum! From Shopalist to Bailywick or from ashtun to baronoath or from Buythebanks to Roundthehead or from the foot of the

bill to ireglint’s eye he calmly extensolies. And all the way (a hom!) from fjord to fjell his baywinds’ oboboes shall wail him

rockbound (hoahoahoah!) in swimswamswum and all the livvy-long night, the delldale dalppling night, the night of bluerybells, her flittaflute in tricky trochees (O carina! O carina!) wake him. With her issavan essavans and her patter jackmartins about all them inns and ouses. Tilling a teel of a turn, telling a toll of a tea-ry turty Taubling. Grace before Glutton. For what we are, gifs a gross if we are, about to believe. So pool the begg and pass the kish for crawsake. Omen. So sigh us. Grampupus is fallen down but grinny sprids the boord. Whase on the joint of a desh.^ Fin-foefom the Fush. Whase be his baken head.^ A loaf of Singpan-try’s Kennedy bread. And whase hitched to the hop in his tayle? A glass of Danu U’Dunnell’s foamous olde Dobbelin ayle. But, lo, as you would quaffoff his fraudstuff and sink teeth through that pyth of a flowerwhite bodey behold of him as behemoth for he is noewhemoe. Finichel Only a fadograph of a yestem scene. Almost rubicund Salmosalar, ancient fromout the ages of the Ag-apemonides, he is smolten in our mist, woebecanned and packt away. So that meal’s dead off for summan, schlook, schlice and goodridhirring.

Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlined a-slumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the trout-ling stream that Bronto loved and Brunto has a lean on. Ific cubat edilis. Apud HJxrtmam parvtdam. Whatif she be in dags or Bitters, reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of mines or beggar a pinnyweight. Arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by. Yoh! Brontolone slaaps,yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeple Isout too. The CKinic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yu-thner in yondmist. Whooth.^ His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass, stick up starck where he last fellonem, by the mund of the maga-zine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl. While over against this belles’ alliance beyind 111 Sixfy, ollol-lowed ill! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tarabom, lurk the ombushes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and hock-ums. Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is

enjoyable of our mounding’s mass, now Wallinstone national museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charmful water-loose country and the two quitewhite villagettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees! Penetrators are permitted into the museomound free. Welsh and the Paddy Patkinses, one shelenk! Redismembers invalids of old guard find poussepousse pousseypram to sate the sort of their butt. For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip, This the way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in!
Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshi-ous gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshi-ous, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of the Prooshious. This is the f&inch that fire on the Bull that bang the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn! Up with your pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot! Fine!) This is the triplewon hat of

Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Willingdone, grand and magentic in his goldtin spurs and his ironed dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate’s gharters and his bangkok’s best and goliar’s goloshes and his pullupon-easyan wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stooping. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A Gallawghurs argaumunt. This is the petty lipoleum boy that was nayther bag nor bug. Assaye, assaye! Touchole Fitz Tuomush. Dirty ‘MacDyke’. And Hairy ‘O’Hurry. All of them arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel, this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the crimealine of the alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipoleums. This is' the jinnies with their legahoms feinting to read in their handmade’s book of stralegy v/hile making their war undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop W^ounderworker obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This

is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most Awful Grimmest Sunshat Cromwelly. Looted. This is the jinnies’ bastings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin red lines cross the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw! Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugacting, Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to fontannoy the Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee! The jinnies is jillous agincourting all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycottoncrezy onto the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone git the band up. This is bode Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his seared word with a ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone’s hurold dispitchback. Dispitch desployed on the regions rare of me Belchum. Salamangra! Ayi, ayi, ayi! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyoul Damn fairy ann, Voutre, Willingdone. That was the first joke of Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee! This is me Belchum in his twelvemile cowchooks, weet, tweet and stampforth foremost, footing the camp for the jinnies. Drink a sip, drankasup, for he’s as sooner buy a guinness than he’d stale store stout. This is Rooshious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon Futter with the popynose. After his hundred days’ indulgence. This is the blessed. Tarra’s widdarsi This is jinnies in the bonny bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is the Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre! (Bullsear! Play!) This is camelry, this is floodens, this is the solphereens in action, this is their mobbily, this is panickbums. Almeidagad! Arthiz too loose! This is Willingdone cry. Brum! Brum! Cumbrum! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter! Goat strip Finnlambs! This is jinnies rinning away to their ousterlists dowan a bunkersheels. With a nip nippy nip and a trip trippy trip so airy. For their heart’s right there. Tip. This is me Belchum’ s tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for dtchin the crapes in the cool of his canister. Poor the pay! This is the bissmark of the marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-Key-Po for his royal diversion on the rinnaway jinnies. Gambariste della porca! Dalaveras fimmieras! This is the pettiest

of the lipoleums, Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushel-lors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing alout at the Willing-done. This is lipsyg dooley krieging the funk from the hinnessy. This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the half of the threefoiled hat of lipoleums fromoud of the bluddle filth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob. This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of lipoleums up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, waggling his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo see-boy. Hney, hney, hneyl (Bullsrag! Foul!) This is the seeboy, madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone: Ap Pukkaru! Pukka Yurap! This is the Willingdone, bomstable ghentleman, tinders his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin. Basucker youstead! This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole of the half of the hat of lipoleums off of the top of the tail on the back of his big wide harse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copen-hagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan out.

Phew!

What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the airabouts! We nowhere she lives but you mussna tell annaone for the lamp of Jig-a-Lanthem! It’s a candlelittle houthse of a month and one windies. Downadown, High Downadown. And num-mered quaindymine. And such reasonable weather too! The wa-grant wind’s awalt’zaround the piltdowns and on every blasted knolljnrock (if you can spot fifty I spy four more) there’s that gnarlybird ygathering, a runalittle, doalitde, preealitde, pouralittle, wipealitde,kicksalittle,severalittle,eatalittle,whinealittle,kenalitde, helfalitde,pelfalittle gnarlybird. Averytableland of bleakbardfields! Under his seven wrothschields lies one, Lumproar. His glav toside him. Skud ontorsed. Our pigeons pair are flewn for northcliffs.

lO

The three of crows have flapped it southenly, kraaking of de baccle to the kvarters of that sky whence triboos answer; Wail, 'tis well! She niver comes out when Thon’s on shower or when Thon’s flash with his Nixy girls or when Thon’s blowing toom-cracks dowm the gaels of Thon. Nonubono! Neblas on you liv! Her would be too moochy afreet. Of Burymeleg and Bindme-rollingeyes and all the deed in the woe. Fe fo fom! She jist does hopes till byes will be byes. Here, and it goes on to appear now, she comes, a peacefugle, a parody’s bird, a peri potmother, a pringlpik in the ilandiskippy, wdth peewee and powwows in beggybaggy on her bickybacky and a flick flask fleckflinging its pixylighting pacts’ huemeramybows, picking here, pecking there, pussypussy plunderpussy. But it’s the armitides toonigh, militopucos, and toomourn we wish for a muddy kissmans to the minutia workers and there’s to be a gorgeups truce for happinest childher everwere. Come nebo me and suso sing the day we sallybright. She’s burrowed the coacher’s headlight the better to pry (who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun) and all spoiled

goods go into her nabsack: curtrages and rattlin buttins, nappy spattees and flasks of all nations, clavicures and scampulars, maps, keys and woodpiles of haypennies and moonled brooches with bloodstaned breeks in em, boaston nightgarters and masses of shoesets and nickelly nacks and foder allmicheal and a lugly parson of cates and howitzer muchears and midgers and maggets, ills and ells with loffs of toffs and pleures of bells and the last sigh that come fro the hart (bucklied!) and the fairest sin the sunsaw (that’s cearcl). With Kiss. Kiss Criss. Cross Criss. Kiss Cross. Undo lives ’end. Slain.

How bootifull and how truetowdfe of her, when strengly forebidden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheticals so as to will make us all lordy heirs and ladymaidesses of a pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is liwing in our midst of debt and lafling through all plores for us (her birth is uncontrollable), with a naperon for her mask and her sabboes kickin arias (so sair! so solly!) if yous ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Cricks may rise and Troysirs fall (there being two sights for ever a picture)

II

for in the byways of high improvidence that’s what makes lifework leaving and the world’s a cell for citters to cit in. Let young wimman run away with the story and let young min talk smooth behind the butteler’s back. She knows her knight’s duty while Luntum sleeps. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what? with a grin says she. And we all like a marriedann because she is mercenary. Though the length of the land lies under liquidation (floote !) and there’s nare a hairbrow nor an eyebush on this glaubrous phace of Herrschuft Whatarwelter she’ll loan a vesta and hire some peat and sarch the shores her cockles to heat and she’ll do all a turfwoman can to piff the business on. Faff. To puff the blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humpty shell fall frumpty times as awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our grand remonstrancers there’ll be iggs for the brekkers come to moumhim, sunny side up with care. So true is it that therewhere’s a turnover the tay is wet too and when you think you ketch sight of a hind make sure but you’re cocked by a hin.

Then as she is on her behaviourite job of quainance bandy, fruting for firstlings and taking her tithe, we may take our review of the two mounds to see nothing of the himples here as at elsewhere, by sixes and sevens, like so many heegills and collines, sitton aroont, scentbreeched and somepotreek, in their swishawish satins and their taffetaffe tights, playing Wharton’s Folly, at a treepurty on the planko in the purk. Stand up, mickos! Make strake for minnas ! By order, Nicholas Proud. We may see and hear nothing if we choose of the shortlegged bergins off Corkhill or the bergamoors of Arbourhill or the bergagambols of Summerhill or the bergincellies of Miseryhill or the countrybossed bergones of Constitutionhill though every crowd has its several tones and every trade has its clever mechanics and each harmonical has a point of its own, Olaf’s on the rise and Ivor’s on the lift and Sitric’s place’s between them. But all they are all there scraping along to sneeze out a likelihood that will solve and salve life’s robulous rebus, hopping round his middle like kippers on a griddle, O, as he lays dormont from the macroborg of Holdhard to the microbirg of Pied de Poudre. Behove this

sound of Irish sense. Really.^ Here English might be seen. Royally.^ One sovereign punned to petery pence. Regally.^ The silence speaks the scene. Fake!

So This Is Dyoublong?

Hush! Caution! Echoland!

How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed engravure that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his innkempt house. Used they? (I am sure that tiring chabelshoveller with the mujikal chocolat box, Miry Mitchel, is listening) I say, the remains of the outworn gravemiure where used to be blurried the Ptollmens of the Incabus. Used we? (He is only pretendant to be stugging at the jubalee harp from a second existed lishener, Fiery Farrelly.) It is well known. Lokk for himself and see the old butte new. Dbln. W. K. O. O. Hear? By the mausolime wall. Fimfim fimfim. With a grand funferall. Fumfum fumfum. 'Tis optophone which ontophanes. List! Wheatstone's magic Iyer. They will be tuggling foriver. They will be lichening for allof. They will be pretumbling forover. The harpsdischord shall be theirs for ollaves.

Four things therefore, saith our herodotary Mammon Lujius in his grand old historiorum, wrote near Boriorum, bluest book in baile's annals, f.t. in DyfHinarsky ne'er sail fail til heathersmoke and cloudweed Eire's ile sail pall. And here now they are, the fear of um. T. Totities! Unum. (Adar.) A bulbenboss surmounted upon an alderman. Ay, ay! Duum. (Nizam.) A shoe on a puir old wobban. Ah, ho! Triom. (Tamuz.) An auburn mayde, o'brine a'bride, to be desarted. Adear, adear! Quodlihus. (Marchessvan.) A penn no weightier nor a polepost. And so. And all. (Succoth.)

So, how idlers' wind turning pages on pages, as innocens with anaclete play popeye antipop, the leaves of the living in the boke of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events grand and national, bring fassilwise to pass how.

1132 A.D. Men like to ants or emmets wondern upon a groot hwide Whallfisk which lay in a Runnel. Blubby wares upat Ublanium.

566 A.D. On Baalfire's night of this year after deluge a crone that

hadde a wickered Kish for to hale dead turves from the bog lookit under the blay of her Kish as she ran for to sothisfeige her cowrieosity and be me sawl but she found hersell sackvulle of swart goody quickenshoon and small illigant brogues, so rich in sweat. Blurry works at Hurdlesford.

(Silent.)

5<S6 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel grieved (sobralasolas/') because that Puppette her minion was ravisht of her by the ogre Puropeus Pious. Bloody wars in Ballyaughacleeaghbally.

1132. A.D. Two sons at an hour were bom until a goodman and his hag. These sons called themselves Caddy and Primas. Primas was a santryman and drilled all decent people. Caddy went to Winehouse and wrote o peace a farce. Blotty words for Dublin.

Somewhere, parently, in the ginnandgo gap between antediluvious and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his scroll. The billy flood rose or an elk charged him or the sultrup worldwright from the excelsissimost empyrean (bolt, in sum) earthspake or the Dannamen gallous banged pan the bliddy duran. A scribicide then and there is led off under old's code with some fine covered by six marks or ninepins in metalmen for the sake of his labour's dross while it will be only now and again in our rear of o'er era, as an upshoot of military and civil engagements, that a gynecure was let on to the scuffold for taking that same fine sum covertly by meddlement with the drawers of his neighbor's safe.

Now after all that farfatch'd and peragrine or dingnant or clere lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of Liber Lividus and, (toh!), how paisibly eirenical, all dimmering dunes and gloamering glades, selfstretches afore us our fredeland's plain! Lean neath stone pine the pastor lies with his crook; young pricket by pricket's sister nibbleth on returned viridities; amaid her rocking grasses the herb trinity shams lowliness; skyup is of evergrey. Thus, too, for donkey's years. Since the bouts of Hebear and Hairyman the cornflowers have been staying at Ballymun,

the duskrose has choosed out Goatstown's hedges, twolips have pressed togatherthem by sweet Rush, townland of twinedlights, the whitethorn and the redthorn have fairygeyed the mayvalieys of Knockmaroon, and, though for rings round them, during a chiliad of perihelygangs, the Formoreans ha\e brittled the tooath of the Danes and the Oxman has been pestered b^ the Firebugs and the Joynts have thrown up jerrybuilding to the Kevanses and Little on the Green is childsfather to the City (Year! Year! And laugh tears!), these paxsealing buttonholes have quadrilled across the centuries and whiif now whaift to us, fresh and made-of-all-smiles as, on the eve of Killallwho.

The babbelers with their thangas vain have been (confusium hold them!) they were and went; thigging thugs were and houhnhymn songtoms were and comely norgels were and pollyfool fiansees. Menn have thawed, clerks have surssurhummed , the blond has sought of the brune: Elsekiss thou may, mean Kerry piggy?: and the duncledames have countered with the hellish fellows: Who ails tongue coddeau, aspace of dumbillsilly? And they fell upong one another: and themselves they have fallen. And still nowanights and by nights of yore do all bold floras of the field to their shyfaun lovers say only: Cull me ere I wilt to thee!: and, but a little later: Pluck me whilst I blush! Well may they wilt, marry, and profusedly blush, be troth! For that saying is as old as the howitts. Lave a whale a while in a whillbarrow (isn't it the truath I'm tallin yei*) to have fins and flippers that shimmy and shake. Tim Timmycan timped hir, tamp ting Tam. Fleppety! Flippety! Fleapow!

Hop!

In the name of Anem this carl on the kopje in pelted thongs a parth a lone who the joebiggar be he? Forshapen his pigmaid hoagshead, shroonk his plodsfoot. He hath locktoes, this short-shins, and, Obeold that’s pectoral, his mammamuscles most mousterious. It is slaking nuncheon out of some thing’s brain pan. Me seemeth a dragon man. He is almonthst on the kiep fief by here, is Comestipple Sacksoun, be it junipery or febre-wery, marracks or alebrill or the ramping riots of pouriose and

froriose. What a quhare soort of a mahan. It is evident the mich-indaddy. Lets we overstep his fire defences and these kraals of slitsucked marrogbones. (Cave!) He can prapsposterus the pil-lory way to Hirculos pillar. Come on, fool porterfull, hosiered women blown monk sewer.^ Scuse us, chorley guy! You toller-day donsk.^ N. You tolkatiff scowegian.^ Nn. You spigotty an-glease.^ Nnn. You phonio saxo,^ Nnnn. Clear all so ! ’Tis a Jute. Let us swop hats and excheck a few strong verbs weak oach ea-ther yapyazzard abast the blooty creeks.

Jute. — Yutah!

Mutt. — Mukk’s pleasurad.

Jute. — Are you jeff.^

Mutt. — Somehards.

Jute. — But you are not jeffmute?

Mutt. — Noho. Only an utterer.

Jute. — Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?

Mutt. — I became a stun a stummer.

Jute. — What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause! How, Mutt?

Mutt. — Aput the buttle, surd.

Jute. — Whose poddle? Wherein?

Mutt. — The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.

Jute. — You that side your voise are almost inedible to me.

Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were you.

Mutt. — Has? Has at? Hasatency? Urp, Boohooru! Booru Usurp! I trumple from rath in mine mines when I rimimirim!

Jute. — One eyegonblack. Bisons is .bisons. Let me fore all your hasitancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghinees hies good for you.

Mutt. — Louee, louee! How wooden I not know it, the intel-lible greytcloak of Cedric Silkyshag! Cead mealy

faulty rices for one dabblin bar. Old grilsy growlsy! He was poached on in that eggtentical spot. Here

i6

where the liveries, Monomark. There where the missers moony, Minnikin passe.

Jute. — Simply because as Taciturn pretells, our wrongstory-shortener, he dumptied the wholeborrow of rubbages on to soil here.

Mutt. — Just how a puddinstone inat the brookcells by a riverpool.

Jute. — Load Allmarshy! Wid wad for a norse like.^

Mutt. — Somular with a bull on a clompturf. Rooks roarum rex roome ! I could snore to him of the spumy horn, with his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton on, did Brian d’ of Linn.

Jute. — Boildoyle and rawhoney on me when I can beuraly forsstand a weird from sturk to finnic in such a patwhat as your rutterdamrotter. Onheard of and umscene! Gut aftermeal! See you doomed.

Mutt. — Quite agreem. Bussave a sec. Walk a dun blink roundward this albutisle and you skull see how olde ye plaine of my Liters, hunfree and ours, where wone to wail whimbrel to peewee o’er the saltings, where wilby citie by law of isthmon, where by a droit of signory, icefloe was from his Inn the Byggning to whose Finishthere Punct. Let erehim ruhmuhrmuhr. Mearmerge two races, swete and brack. Morthering rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they are in surgence: hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of livestories have netherfallen by this plage, flick as flowflakes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of whirlworlds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges to isges, erde from erde. Pride, O pride, thy prize!

Jute. — ’Stench!

Mutt. — FiatfuitI Hereinunder lyethey. Llarge by the smal an’ everynight life olso th’estrange, babylone the greatgrandhotelled with tit tit tittlehouse, alp on earwig, drukn on ild, likeas equal to anequal in this sound seemetery which iz leebez luv.

17

B

Jute. — ’Zmorde!

Mutt. — Meldundleize! By the fearse wave behoughted. Despond’s sung. And thanacestross mound have swollup them all. This ourth of years is not save brickdust

and being humus the same roturns. He who runes
may rede it on all fours. O’c’stle, n’wc’stle, tr’c’stle,
crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Hum-
blady Fair. But speak it allsosiftly, moulder! Be in
your whisht!

Jute. — Whysht.^

Mutt. — The gyant Forficules with Amni the fay.

Jute. — Howe.^

Mutt. — Here is viceking’s graab.

Jute. — Hwaad !

Mutt. — Ore you astoneaged, jute you.^

Jute. — Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.

(Stoop) if you are abcedminded, to this daybook, what curios
of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! Can you rede (since
We and Thou had it out already) its world.^ It is the same told
of all. Many. Miscegenations on miscegenations. Tieckle. They
lived und laughed ant loved end left. Forsin. Thy thingdome is
given to the Meades and Porsons. The meandertale, aloss and
again, of our old Heidenburgh in the days when Head-in-Clouds
walked the earth. In the ignorance that implies impression that
knits knowledge that finds the nameform that whets the wits that
convey contacts that sweeten sensation that drives desire that
adheres to attachment that dogs death that bitches birth that en-
tails the ensuance of existentiality. But with a rush out of his
navel reaching the reredos of Ramasbatham. A terricolous vively-
onview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt,
an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the earthcrust at
all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpaht.
Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and
arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle effingee is for
a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the
waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, ^ace to Utacel When a

part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an
allforabit. Here (please to stoop) are selveran cued peteet peas of
quite a pecuniar interest inaslittle as they are the pellets that make
the tomtummy’s pay roll. Right rank ragnar rocks and with these
rox orangotangos rangled rough and rightgorong. Wisha, wisha,
whydidtha.^ Thik is for thorn that’s thuck in its thoil like thum-
fool’s thraitor thrust for vengeance. What a mnice old mness it
all mnakes! A middenhide hoard of objects! Olives, beets, kim-
mells, dollies, alfrids, beatties, cormacks and daltons. Owlets’ eegs
(O stoop to please!) are here, creakish from age and all now
quite epsilene, and oldwolldy wobblewers, haudworth a wipe o
grass. Sss! See the snake wurrums everyside! Our durlbin is
sworming in sneaks. They came to our island from triangular
Toucheaterre beyond the wet prairie rared up in the midst of the
cargon of prohibitive pomefructs but along landed Paddy Wip-
pingham and the his garbagecans cotched the creeps of them
pricker than our whosethere outofman could quick up her whats-
thats. Somedivide and sumthelot but the tally turns round the
same balifuson. Racketeers and bottloggers.

Axe on thwacks on thracks, axenwise. One by one place one
be three dittoh and one before. Two nursus one make a plaus-
ible free and idim behind. Starting off with a big boaboa and three-
legged calvers and ivargraine jadesses with a message in their
mouths. And a hundreadfilled unleavenweight of liberorumqueue
to con an we can till allhorrors eve. What a meanderthalltale to
unfurl and with what an end in view of squattor and anntisquattor
and postproneauntisquattor! To say too us to be every tim, nick
and larry of us, sons of the sod, sons, littlesons, yea and lealittle-
sons, when usses not to be, every sue, siss and sally of us, dugters
of Nan! Accusative ahnsire! Damadam to infinities!

True there was in nillohs dieybos as yet no lumpend papeer
in the waste and mightmountain Penn still groaned for the micies
to let flee. All was of ancientry. You gave me a boot (signs on
it!) and I ate the wind. I qui2:zed you a quid (with for whati*) and
you went to the quod. But the world, mind, is, was and will be
writing its own wrunes for ever, man, on all matters that fall

under the ban of our infrarational senses fore the last milch-
camel, the heartvein throbbing between his eyebrowns, has still to
moor before the tomb of his cousin charmian where his date is
tethered by the palm that’s hers. But the horn, the drinking, the
day of dread are not now. A bone, a pebble, a ramskin; chip them,
chap them, cut them up allways; leave them to terracook in the
muttheringpot: and Gutenmorg with his cromagnom charter,
tintingfast and great primer must once for omniboss step rub-
rickredd out of the wordpress else is there no virtue more in al-
cohoran. For that (the rapt one warns) is what papyr is meed
of, made of, hides and hints and misses in prints. Till ye finally
(though not yet endlike) meet with the acquaintance of Mister
Typus, Mistress Tope and all the little typtopies. Fillstup. So you
need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to carry
three score and ten toptypsical readings throughout the book of
Doublends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who
would sunder I) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it closeth
thereof the. Dor.

Cry not yet! There’s many a smile to Nondum, with sytty
maids per man, sir, and the park’s so dark by kindlelight. But
look what you have in your handself! The movibles are scrawl-
ing in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang
for every busy eerie whig’s a bit of a torytale to tell. One’s upon
a thyme and two’s behind their lettice leap and three’s among the
strubbely beds. And the chicks picked their teeths and the domb-
key he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And
so cuddy me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife with
folty bamets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a
noarch and a chopwife; of a pomme full grave and a fammy of
levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what the
mischievmiss made a man do. Malmarriedad he was reverso-
gassed by the frisque of her frasques and her prytty pyrrhique.
Maye faye, she’s la gaye this snaky woman! From that trippiery
toe expectungpelick! Veil, volantine, valentine eyes. She’s the
very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann.
Hohore! So it’s sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentle

mien, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So weenybeeny-veeny teeny. Comsy see! Het wis if ee newt. Lissom! lissom! I am doing it. Hark, the come entreats! And the larpnotes prittle.

It was of a night, late, lang time agone, in an auldstane eld, when Adam was delvin and his madameen spinning watersilts, when mulk mountynotty man was everybully and the first leal ribberrobber that ever had her ainway everybuddy to his love-saking eyes and everybilly lived alove with everybiddy else, and Jarl van Hoother had his burnt head high up in his lamphouse, laying cold hands on himself. And his two little jiminies, cousins of ourn, Tristopher and Hilary, were kickaheeling their dummy on the oil cloth flure of his homerigh, castle and earthenhouse. And, be dermot, who come to the keep of his inn only the niece-of-his-in-law, the prankquean. And the prankquean pulled a rosy one and made her wit foreninst the dour. And she lit up and fire-land was ablaze. And spoke she to the dour in her petty perusi-enne; Mark the Wans, why do I am alook alike a poss of porter-pease.^ And that was how the skirtmisshes began. But the dour handworded her grace in dootch nossow: Shut! So her grace o'malice kidsnapped up the jiminy Tristopher and into the shan-dy westemess she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl van Hoother war-lessed after her with soft dovesgall: Stop deef stop come back to my earin stop. But she swaradid to him: Unlikelihud. And there was a brannewail that same sabboath night of falling angles some-where in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Tourlemonde and she washed the blessings of the love-spots off the jiminy with soap sulliver suddles and she had her four owlers masters for to tauch him his tickles and she conver-ted him to the onesure allgood and he became a luderman. So then she started to rain and to rain and, be redtom, she was back again at Jarl van Hoother's in a brace of samers and the jiminy with her in her pinafrond, lace at night, at another time. And where did she come but to the bar of his bristolry. And Jarl von Hoo-ther had his baretholobruised heels drowmed in his cellarmalt, shaking warm hands with himself and the jimminy Hilary and

the dummy in their first infancy were below on the tearsheet, wringing and coughing, like brodar and histher. And the prank-quean nipped a paly one and lit up again and redcocks flew flack-ering from the hillcombs. And she made her witter before the wicked, saying: Mark the Twy, why do I am alook alike two poss of porterpease? And: Shut! says the wicked, handwording her madesty. So her madesty 'a forethought' set down a jiminy and took up a jiminy and all the lilipath ways to Woeman's Land she rain, rain, rain. And Jarl von Hoother bleethered atter her with a loud finegale: Stop domb stop come back -with my earring stop. But the prankquean swaradid: Am liking it. And there was a wild old grannewwail that laurency night of starshootings somewhere in Erio. And the prankquean went for her forty years' walk in Tumlemeem and she punched the curses of cromcruwell with the nail of a top into the jiminy and she had her four larksical monitrix to touch him his tears and she provorted him to the onecertain allsecure and he became a tristian. So then she started raining, raining, and in a pair of changers, be dom ter, she was back again at Jarl von Hoother's and the Larry hill with her under her abromette. And why would she halt at all if not by the ward

of his mansionhome of another nice lace for the third charm.^ And Jarl von Hoother had his hurricane hips up to his pantry-box, ruminating in his holdfour stomachs (Dare! O dare!), and the jiminy Toughertrees and the dummy were belove on the waiercloth, kissing and spitting, and roguing and poghuing, like knavepaltry and naivebride and in their second infancy. And the prankquean picked a blank and lit out and the valleys lay twinkling. And she made her wittest in front of the arkway of trihump, asking; Mark the Tris, why do I am alook alike three poss of porter pease.^ But that was how the skirtmishes endupped. For like the Campbells acoming with a fork lance of lightning, Jarl von Hoother Boanerges himself, the old terror of the dames, came hip hop handihap out through the pikeopened arkway of his three shuttoned castles, in his broadginger hat and his civic chollar and his allabuff hemmed and his bullbraggin soxangloves and his ladbroke breeks and his cattegut bandolair and his fur-

framed panuncular cumbottes like a rudd yellan gruebleen Orangeman in his violet indigonation, to the whole longth of the strongth of his bowman’s bill. And he clopped his rude hand to his eacy hitch and he ordurd and his thick spch spck for her to shut up shop, dappy. And the duppy shot the shutter clup (Perkodhuskurunbarggruauyagokgorlayorgromgremmitghundhurthrumathunaradidillifaititillibumullunukkunun!) And they all drank free. For one man in his armour was a fat match always for any girls under shurts. And that was the first peace of Illiterative porthery in all the flamend floody flatuous world. How kirssy the tilei made a sweet unclose to the Narwhealian captol. Saw fore shalt thou sea. Betoun ye and be. The prankquean was to hold her dummyship and the jimminies was to keep the peacewave and van Hoother was to git the -wind up. Thus the hearsomeness of the burger felicitates the whole of the polis.

O foenix culprit! Ex nickylow malo comes mickelmassed bonum. Hill, rill, ones in company, billeted, less be proud of. Breast high and bestride! Only for that these will not breathe upon Norronescn or Irenean the secrest of their soorcelossness. Quarry silex, Homfrie Noanswa! Undy gentian festyknees, Livia Noanswa.^ Wolkencap is on him, frowned; audiurient, he would evesdrip, were it mous at hand, were it dinn of bottles in the far ear. Murk, his vales are darkling. With lipth she lithpeth to him all to time of thuch on thuch and thow on thow. She he she ho she ha to la. Hairfluke, if he could bad twig her! Impalpabunt, he abhears. The soundwaves are his buffeteers; they trompe him with their trompes; the wave of roary and the wave of hooshed and the wave of hawhawhawrd and the wave of neverheedthemhorseluggarsandlistletomine. Landloughed by his neaghboormistress and perpetrified in his offsprung, sabes and suckers, the moaning pipers could tell him to his faceback, the louthly one whose loab we are devorers of, how butt for his hold halibutt, or her to her pudor puflF, the lipalip one whose libe we drink at, how biff for her tiddywink of a windfall, our breed and washer givers, there would not be a holey spier on the town nor a vestal flouting in the dock, nay to make plein avowels, nor a yew nor an eye

to play cash cash in Novo Nilbud by swamplight nor a’ toole o’

tall o’ toll and noddy hint to the convaynience.

He dug in and dug out by the skill of his tilth for himself and all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his auspice for the living and he urned his dread, that dragon volant, and he made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain, that mighty liberator, Unfru-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he did, our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one in his windower’s house with that blushmantle upon him from ears-end to earsend. And would again could whispring grassies w’ake him and may again when the fiery bird disembers. And will again if so be sooth by elder to his youngers shall be said. Have you whines for my wedding, did you bring bride and bedding, will you whoop for my deading is a.^ Wake? Usqueadbaugham!

Anam muck an dhoul ! Did ye drink me doornail?

Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your laysure like a god on pension and don’t be walking abroad. Sure you’d only lose yourself in Healiopolis now the way your roads in Kapelavaster are that winding there after the calvary, the North Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddlings Raid and the Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with the foggy dew’s abroad. Meeting some sick old bankrupt or the Cottericks’ donkey with his shoe hanging, clankatachankata, or a slut snoring wnth an impure infant on a bench. ’Twould turn you against life, so ’twould. And the weather’s that mean too. To part from Devlin is hard as Nugent knew, to leave the clean tanglesome one lushier than its neighbour enfranchisable fields but let your ghost have no grievance. You’re better oflF, sir, where you are, primesigned in the full of your dress, bloodeagle waistcoat and all, remember-ing your shapes and sizes on the pillow of your babycurls under your sycamore by the keld water where the Tory’s clay will scare the varmints and have all you want, pouch, gloves, flask, bricket, kerchief, ring and amberulla, the whole treasure of the pyre, in the land of souls with Homin and Broin Baroke and pole ole Lonan and Nobucketnozzler and the Guinnghis Khan. And we’ll be coming here, the ombre players, to rake your gravel and bringing

you presents, won’t we, fenians? And it isn’t our spittle we’ll stint you of, is it, druids? Not shabbty little imagettes, pennydirts and dodgemyeyes you buy in the soottee stores. But offerings of the field. Mieliodories, that Doctor Faherty, the madison man, taught to gooden you. Poppypap’s a passport out. And honey is the holiest thing ever was, hive, comb and earwax, the food for glory, (mind you keep the pot or your nectar cup may yield too light!) and some goat’s milk, sir, like the maid used to bring you. Your fame is spreading like Basilico’s ointment since the Fintan Lalors piped you overborder and there’s whole households be-yond the Bothnians and they calling names after you. The men-here’s always talking of you sitting around on the pig’s cheeks under the sacred rooftree, over the bowls of memory where every hollow holds a hallow, with a pledge till the drengs, in the Salmon House. And admiring to our supershillelagh where the palmsweat on high is the mark of your manument. All the toethpicks ever Eirenesians chewed on are chips chepped from that battery block. If you were bowed and soild and letdown itself from the oner of the load it was that paddyplanters might pack up plenty and when you were undone in every point fore the laps of goddesses you showed our labourlasses how to free was easy. The game old

Gunne, they do be saying, (skull!) that was a planter for you, a spicer of them all. Begog but he was, the G.O.G! He’s dudd-andgunne now and we’re apter finding the sores of his sedeq but peace to his great limbs, the buddhoch, with the last league long rest of him, while the millioncandled eye of Tuskar sweeps the Moylean Main ! There was never a warlord in Great Erinnes and Brettland, no, nor in all Pike County like you, they say. No, nor a king nor an ardking, bung king, sung king or hung king. That you could fell an elmstree twelve urchins couldn’t ring round and hoist high the stone that Liam failed. Who but a Mac-cullaghmore the reise of our fortunes and the faunayman at the funeral to compass our cause? If you was hogglebully itself and most frifty like you was taken waters still what all where was your like to lay the cable or who was the batter could better Your Grace? Mick Mac Magnus MacCawley can take you off to

the pure perfection and Leatherbags Reynolds tries your shuffle and cut. But as Hopkins and Hopkins puts it, you were the pale eggynaggy and a Hs to tilly up. We calls him the joumeyall Buggaloffs since he went Jerusalemfaring in Arssia Manor. You had a gamier cock than Pete, Jake or Martin and your archgoose of geese stubbled for All Angels’ Day. So may the priest of seven worms and scalding tayboil. Papa Vestray, come never anear you as your hair grows wheater beside the Liffey that’s in Heaven! Hep, hep, hurrah there! Hero! Seven times thereto we salute you! The whole bag of kits, falconplumes and jackboots incloted, is where you flung them that time. Your heart is in the system of the Shewolf and your crested head is in the tropic of Copri-capron. Your feet are in the cloister of Virgo. Your olala is in the region of sahuls. And that’s ashore as you were born. Your shuck tick’s swell. And that there texas is tow linen. The loamsome roam to Laffayette is ended. Drop in your tracks, babe! Be not unrested! The headboddylwatcher of the chempel of Isid, Totumcalmum, saith: I know thee, metherjar, I know thee, sal-vation boat. For we have performed upon thee, thou abrama-nation, who comest ever without being invoked, whose coming is unknown, all the things which the company of the precentors and of the grammarians of Christpatrick’s ordered concerning thee in the matter of the work of thy tombing. Howe of the ship-men, steep wall!

Everything’s going on the same or so it appeals to all of us, in the old holmsted here. Coughings all over the sanctuary, bad scrant to me aunt Florenza. The horn for breakfast, one o’gong for lunch and dinnerchime. As popular as when Belly the First was keng and his members met in the Diet of Man. The same shop slop in the window. Jacob’s lettercrackers and Dr Tipple’s Vi-Cocoa and the Eswuards’ desippated soup beside Mother Sea-gull’s syrup. Meat took a drop when Reilly-Parsons failed. Coal’s short but we’ve plenty of bog in the yard. And barley’s up again, begrained to it. The lads is attending school nessans regular, sir, spelling beesknees with hathatansy and turning out tables by mudapplication. Allfor the books and never pegging smashers

after Tom Bo we Glassarse or Timmy the Tosser. ’Tisraely the truth! No isn’t it, roman pathoricks? You were the doublejoynted

janitor the morning they were delivered and you'll be a grandfer yet entirely when the ritehand seizes what -the lovearm knows, Kevin's just a doat with his cherub cheek, chalking oghres on walls, and his little lamp and schoolbelt and bag of knicks, playing postman's knock round the diggings and if the seep were milk you could lieve his olde by his ide but, laus sake, the devil does be in that knirps of a Jerry sometimes, the tarandtan plaidboy, making encostive inkum out of the last of his lavings and writing a blue streak over his bourseday shirt. Hetty Jane's a child of Mary, She'll be coming (for they're sure to choose her) in her white of gold with a tourch of ivy to rekindle the flame on Felix Day. But Essie Shanahan has let down her skirts. You remember Essie in our Luna's Convent.^ They called her Holly Merry her lips were so ruddyberry and Pia de Purebelle when the redminers riots was on about her. Were I a clerk designate to the Williams-woodsmenufactors I'd poster those pouters on every jamb in the town. She's making her rep at Lanner's twicenightly. With the tabarine tamtammers of the whirligigmagees. Beats that cachucha flat. 'Twould dilate your heart to go.

Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and repose your honour's lordship I Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons, and may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spoor-ing. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys ! You swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy. Fetch neahere, Pat Koy! And fetch nouyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther angst of Wramawitch ! Here's lumbos. Where misties swaddlum, where misches lodge none, where mystries pour kind on, O sleepy! So be yet!

I've an eye on queer Behan and old Kate and the butter, trust me. She'll do no jugglywuggly with her war souvenir postcards to help to build me murial, tippers! I'll trip your traps! Assure a sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or didn't we, sharestutterers? So you won't be up a stump entirely. Nor shed your remnants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I

seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenoveire. Arrah, it's herself that's fine, too, don't be talking! Shirksends.?* You storyan Harry chap longa me Harry chap storyan grass woman plelthy good trout. Shakeshands. Dibble a hayfork's wrong with her only her lex's salig. Boald Tib does be yawning and smirking cat's hours on the Pollockses' woolly round tabouretcushion watch-ing her sewing a dream together, the tailor's daughter, stitch to her last. Or while waiting for winter to fire the enchantement, decoying more nesters to fall down the flue. It's an allavalonche that blows nopussy food. If you only were there to explain the mean-ing, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldenselver. The lips would moisten once again. As when you drove with her to Fin-drinny Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your hands were employed so she never knew was she on land or at sea or swooped through the blue like Airwinger's bride. She was flirtsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks for supper after kanekannan and abbely dimpling and is in her merlin chair assorted, reading her Evening World. To see is it smarts, full lengths or swaggers. News, news, all the news. Death, a leopard, kills fellah in Fez. Angry scenes at Stormount. Stilla Star with her lucky in goingaways. Opportunity fair with

the China floods and we hear these rosy rumours. Ding Tams he noise about all same Harry chap. She’s seeking her way, a chickle a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, Les Loves of Selskar et Pervenche^ freely adapted to The NowergirCs Viv. There’ll be bluebells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her final tear. Zee End. But that’s a world of ways away. Till track laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering candles flare. Anna Stacey’s how are you! Worther waist in the noblest, says Adams and Sons, the wouldpay actionneers. Her hair’s as brown as ever it was. And wiwy and wavy. Repose you now! Finn no more!

For, be that samesake sibsubstitute of a hooky salmon, there’s already a big tody ram lad at random on the premises of his

haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me. Shop Illicit, flourishing like a lordmajor or a buaboabaybohm, litting flop a deadlop (aloose!) to lee but lifting a bennbranch a yardalong (iVoeh!) on the breezy side (for showm!), the height of Brewster’s chimpney and as broad below as Phineas Barnum; humphing his share of the showthers is senken on him he’s such a grandfallar, with a pocked wife in pickle that’s a flyfire and three lice nittle clinkers, two twilling bugs and one midgit pucelle. And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing what your fourfootlers saw or he was never done seeing what you coolpigeons know, weep the clouds aboon for smiledown witnesses, and that’ll do now about the fairyhees and the frailyshees. Though Eset flbble it to the zephiroth and Artsa zoom it round her heavens for ever. Creator he has created for his creatured ones a creation. White monothoid? Red theatrocrat.^ And all the pinkprophets cohalething? Very much so! But however ’twas ’tis sure for one thing, what sherif Toragh voucher fors and Mapqiq makes put out, that the man, Humrae the Cheapner, Esc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the naym, came at this timecoloured place where we live in our paroqial fermament one tide on another, with a bumrush in a hull of a wherry, the twin turbane dhow. The Bey for Dybbling, this archipelago’s first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugong updipdripping from his depths, and has been repreaching himself like a fishmummer these siktyten years ever since, his shebi by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and changing cane sugar into sethulose starch (Tuttut’s cess to him!) as also that, batin the bulkihood he bloats about when innebbiated, our old offender was humile, commune and ensectuous from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was put under him, in lashons of languages, (honnein suit and praisers be!) and, totalisating him, even hamissim of himashim that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be ultimendly respunchable for the hubbub caused in Edenborough.

Now (to forebare for ever solittle of Iris Trees and Lili O’Rangans), concerning the genesis of Harold or Humphrey Chimpden’s occupational agnomen (we are back in the presurnames

prodromarith period, of course just when enos chalked halltraps) and discarding once for all those theories from older sources which would link him back with such pivotal tincestors as the Glues, the Gravys, the Northeasts, the Ankers and the Earwickers of Sidlesham in the Hundred of Manhood or proclaim him offsprout of vikings who had founded wapentake and seddled hem in Herrick or Eric, the best authenticated version, the Dumlat, read the Reading of Hofed-ben-Edar, has it that it was this "way. We are told how in the beginning it came to pass that like cabbaging Cincinnatus the grand old gardener was saving daylight under his redwoodtree one sultry sabbath afternoon. Hag Chivychas Eve, in prefall paradise peace by following his plough for rootles in the rere garden of mobhouse, ye olde marine hotel, when royalty was announced by runner to have been pleased to have halted itself on the highroad along which a leisureloving dogfox had cast followed, also at walking pace, by a lady pack of cocker spaniels. Forgetful of all save his vassal’s plain fedty to the ethnarch Humphrey or Harold stayed not to yoke or saddle but stumbled out hotface as he was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat) hasting to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, solascarf and plaid, plus foxirs, puttees and bulldog boots ruddled cinnabar with

flagrant marl, jingling his turnpike keys and bearing aloft amid the fixed pikes of the hunting party a high perch atop of which a flowerpot was fixed earthside hoist with care. On his majesty, who was, or often feigned to be, noticeably longsighted from green youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had caused yon causeway to be thus potholed, asking substitutionally to be put wise as to whether paternoster and silver doctors were not now more fancied bait for lobstertrapping honest blunt Haromphreyld answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fearless forehead: Naw, yer maggers, aw war jist a cotchin on thon bluggy earwuggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a gugglet of obvious adamale, gift both and gorban, upon this, ceasing to swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his walrus moustaches and indulging that none too genial humour which William the Conk on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary whitelock and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned towards two of his retinue of gallowglasses, Michael, etheling lord of Leix and Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda, Elcock, (the two scatterguns being Michael M. Manning, protosyndic of Waterford and an Italian excellency named Giubilei according to a later version cited by the learned scholarch Canavan of Canmakenoise), in either case a triptychal religious family symbolising puritas of doctrina, business per usuals and the purchypatch of hamlock where the paddish preties grow and remarked dilsydulsily: Holybones of Saint Hubert how our red brother of Pouringrainia would audibly fume did he know that we have for surtrusty bailiwick a turnpiker who is by turns a pikebailer no seldomer than an earwigger! For he kinned Jom Pill with his court so gray and his haunts in his house in the mourning. (One still hears that pebble crusted laughta, japijap cheerycherrily, among the roadside tree the lady Holmpatrick planted and still one feels the amossive silence of the Gladstone allegibelling: Ive mies outs ide Bourn.) Comes the question are these the facts of his nominigentilisation as recorded and accolated in both or either of the collateral andrewpaulmurphyc narratives. Are those their fata which we read in sibylline between fas and its nefas^ No dung

on the road? And shall Nohomiah be our place like? Yea, Mulachy our kingable khan? We shall perhaps not so soon see. Pinck poncks that bail for seeks alicence where cumsceptres with scentaurs stay. Bear in mind, son of Hokmah, if so be you have metheg in your midness, this man is mountain and unto changeth doth one ascend. Heave we aside the fallacy, as punical as finikin, that it was not the king kingself but his inseparable sisters, uncontrollable nighttalkers, Skertsiraizde with Donyahzade, who afterwards, when the robberers shot up the socialights,came down into the world as amusers and were staged by Madame Sudlow as Rosa and Lily Miskinguette in the pantalime that two pitts paythronosed, Miliodorus and Galathee. The great fact emerges that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumed initialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hungerlean spalpeens of Lucalizod and Chimbers to his cronies it was equally certainly a pleasant turn of the populace which gave him as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes Everybody. An imposing everybody he always indeed looked, constantly the same as and equal to himself and magnificently well worthy of any and all such universalisation, every time he continually surveyed, amid vodferatings from in front of Accept these few nutties! and Take ojf that white hatf relieved with Stop his Grog and Put It in the Zxtg and Loots in his (bassvoco) Boots, from good start to happy finish the truly catholic assemblage gathered together in that king’s treat house of satin alustrelike above floats and footlights from their assbawlveldts and oxgangs unanimously to clapplaud (the inspiration of his lifetime and the hits of their careers) Mr Wallenstein Washington Semperkelly’s immergreen tourers in a command performance by special request with the courteous permission for pious purposes the homedromed and enliventh performance of problem passion play of the millentury, running strong since creation, A Royal Divorce, then near the approach towards the summit of its climax, with ambitious interval band selections from The Bo* Girl and The Lily on all horserie show command nights from his viceregal booth (his bossaloner is ceil-

inged there a cuckoospit less eminent than the redritualhoods of Maccabe and Cullen) where, a veritable Napoleon the Nth, our worldstage’s practical jokepiece and retired cecelticocommediant in his own wise, this folksforefather all of the time sat, having the entirety of his house about him, with the invariable broadstretched kerchief cooling his whole neck, nape and shoulderblades and in a wardrobe panelled tuxedo completely thrown back from a shirt well entitled a swallowall, on every point far outstarching the laundered clawhammers and marbletopped highboys of the pit stalls and early amphitheatre. The piece was this: look at the lamps. The cast was thus: see under the clock. Ladies circle: cloaks may be left. Pit, prommer and parterre, standing room only. Habituels conspicuously emergent.

A baser meaning has been read into these characters the literal sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been blurtingly bruited by certain wisecrackers (the stinks of Mohorat are in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile disease. Athma, unmanner them! To such a suggestion the one selfrespecting answer is to affirm that there are certain statements

which ought not to be, and one should like to hope to be able to add, ought not to be allowed to be made. Nor have his detractors, who, an imperfectly warmblooded race, apparently conceive him as a great white caterpillar capable of any and every enormity in the calendar recorded to the discredit of the Juke and Kellikek families, mended their case by insinuating that, alternately, he lay at one time under the ludicrous imputation of annoying Welsh fusiliers in the people's park. Hay, hay, hay! Hoq, hoq, hoq! Faun and Flora on the lea love that little old joq. To anyone who knew and loved the christlikeness of the big cleanminded giant H. C. Earwicker throughout his excellency long vicefreegal existence the mere suggestion of him as a lustsleuth nosing for trouble in a boobytrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have been quondam (pfuit! pfuit!) some case of the kind implicating, it is interdum believed, a quidam (if he did not exist it would be necessary quoniam to invent him) abhout that time stambuling ha-

round Dumbaling in leaky sneakers with his tarrk record who has remained topantically anonymos but (let us hue him Abdullah Gamellaxarksky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallon's at the instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and years afterwards, cries one even greater. Ibid, a commender of the frightful, seemingly, unto such as were sulhan sated, tropped head (pfiat! pfiat!) waiting his first of the month froods turn for thatt chopp pah kabbakks alicubi on the old house for the charge-hard, Roche Haddocks off Hawkins Street. Lowe, you blondy liar. Gob scene you in the narked place and she what's edith ar home defileth these boyles! There's a cabful of bash indeed in the homeur of that meal. Slander, let it lie its flattest, has never been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary Southron Earwicker, that homogenius man, as pious author called him, of any graver impropriety than that, advanced by some woodwards or regarders, who did not dare deny, the shomers, that they had, chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffyd, that day consumed their soul of the corn, of having behaved with ongentilmensky im-modus opposite a pair of dainty maidservants in the swoolth of the rushy hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinners plead-ed, dame nature in all innocency had spontaneously and about the same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose published combinations of silkinlaine testimonies are, where not dubiously pure, visibly divergent, as wapt from wept, on minor points touch-which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a partial ex-ing the intimate nature of this, a first offence in vert or venison posure with such attenuating circumstances (garthen gaddeth green hwere sokeman brideth girling) as an abnormal Saint Swi^in's summer and, (Jesses Rosasharon!) a ripe occasion to provoke it.

We can't do without them. Wives, rush to the restyours! Of-man will toman while led is the lol. Zessid's our kadem, villa-pleach, vollapluck. Fikup, for flesh nelly, el mundo nov, zole flen ! If she's a lilyth, pull early! Pauline, allow! And malers abushed, keep black, keep black! Guiltless of much laid to him he was clearly for once at least he clearly expressed himself as being with still a trace of his erstwhile burr and hence it has been received of

US that it is true. They tell the story (an amalgam as absorbing as calzium chloereydes and hydrophobe sponges could make it) how one happygogustyides-of- April morning (the anniversary, as it fell out,of his first assumption of his mirthday suit and rights in appurtenance to the confusioning of human races) ages and ages after the alleged misdemeanour when the tried friend of all creation, tigerwood roadstaff to his stay, was billowing across the wide expanse of our greatest park in his caoutchouc kepi and great belt and hideinsacks and his blaufunx fustian and ironsides jackboots and Bhagafat gaiters and his rubberised invemess, he met a cad with a pipe. The latter, the luciferant not the oriuolate (who, the odds are, is still berting dagabout in the same straw bamer, carryin his overgoat under his schulder, sheepside out, so as to look more like a coumfry gentleman and signing the pledge as gaily as you please) hardily accosted him with: Guinness thaw tool in jew me dinner ouzel fin.^ (a nice how-do-you-do in Poolblack at the time as some of our olddaisers may still tremblingly recall) to ask could he tell him how much a clock it was that the clock struck had he any idea by cock's luck as his watch was bradys. Hesitency was clearly to be evitated. Execration as cleverly to be honnisoid. The Earwicker of that spurring instant, realising on fundamental liberal principles the supreme importance, nexally and noxally, of physical life (the nearest help relay being pingping K. O. Sempatrick's Day and the fenian rising) and unwishful as he felt of being hurled into eternity right then, plugged by a soft-nosed bullet from the sap, halted, quick on the draw, and reply-in that he was feelin tipstaff, cue, prodooced from his gunpocket his Jurgensen's shrapnel waterbury, ours by communionism, his by usucapture, but, on the same stroke, hearing above the skirling of harsh Mother East old Fox Goodman, the bellmaster, over the wastes to south, at work upon the ten ton tonuant thunderous tenor toller in the speckled church (Couliounin's call!) told the inqioiring kidder, by Jehova, it was twelve of em sidereal and tankard time, adding, buttall, as he bended deeply with smoked sardinish breath to give more pondus to the copperstick he presented, (though this seems in some cumfusium with the chap-

stuck ginger which, as being of sours, acids, salts, sweets and bitters compompounded, we know him to have used as chaw-chaw for bone, muscle, blood, flesh and vimvital,) that whereas the hakusay accusation againstm had been made, what was known in high quarters as was stood stated in Morganspost, by a creature in youman form who was quite beneath parr and several degrees lower than yore triplehydrad snake. In greater support of his word (it, quaint anticipation of a famous phrase, has been reconstricted out of oral style into the verbal for all time with ritual rhythmics, in quiritary quietude, and toosammenstucked from successive accounts by Noah Webster in the redaction known as the Sayings Attributive of H. C. Earwicker, prize on schillings, postlots free), the flaxen Gygas tapped his chronometrum drumdrum and, now standing full erect, above the ambijacent floodplain, scene of its happening, with one Berlin gauntlet chopstuck in the hough of his ellboge (by ancientest signlore his gesture meaning: 3 !) pointed at an angle of thirty-two degrees towards his due de Fer's overgrown milestone as fellow to his gage and after a rendypresent pause averred with solemn emotion's fire: Shsh shake, co-comeraid! Me only, them five ones, he is equal combat. I have won straight. Hence my nonation wide hotel and creamery establishments which for the honours of our mewmew mutual daughters, credit me, I am woo-

woo willing to take my stand, sir, upon the monument, that sign
of our ruru redemption, any hygienic day to this hour and to
make my hoath to my sinnfinners, even if I get life for it, upon
the Open Bible and before the Great Taskmaster's (I lift my hat!)
and in the presence of the Deity Itself andwell of Bishop and
Mrs Michan of High Church of England as of all such of said
my immediate withdwellers and of every living sohole in every
comer wheresoever of this globe in general which useth of my
British to my backbone tongue and commutative justice that
there is not one tittle of truth, allow me to tell you, in that purest
of fibfib fabrications.

Gaping Gill, swift to mate errthors, stern to checkself, (diag-
nosing through eustacetube that it was to make with a markedly

postpuberal hypertituitary type of Heidelberg mannleich cavern
ethics) lufted his slopingforward, bad Sweatagore good mur-
rough and dublnotch on to it as he was greedly obliged, and
like a sensible ham, with infinite tact in the delicate situation seen
the touchy nature of its perilous theme, thanked um for guilders
received and time of day (not a little token abockall the same that
that was owl the God’s clock it was) and, upon humble duty to
greet his Tyskminister and he shall gildthegap Gaper and thee
his a mouldy voids, went about his business, whoever it was,
saluting corpses, as a metter of corse (one could hotmd him out
had one hart to for the monticules of scalp and dandruff drop-
pings blaze his trail) accompanied by his trusty snorler and his
permanent reflection, verbigracious; I have met with you, bird,
too late, or if not, too worm and early: and with tag for ildiot
in his secondmouth language as many of the bigtimer’s verbaten
words which he could balbly call to memory that same kveldeve,
ere the hour of the twattering of bards in the twitter litter between
Druidia and the Deepsleep Sea, when suppertide and souvenir to
Charlatan Mall jointly kem gently and along the quiet darkenings
of Grand and Royal, ff, flitmansfluh, and, kk, ’t crept i’ hedge
whenas to many a softongue’s pawkytalk mude answer u sufter
poghyogh, Arvanda always aquiassent, while, studying castelles
in the blowne and studding cowshots over the noran, he spat in
careful convertedness a musaic dispensation about his hearthstone^
if you please, (Irish saliva, mawshe dho hole, but would a respect-
able prominently connected fellow of Iro-European ascendances
with welldressed ideas who knew the correct thing such as Mr
Shallwesigh or Mr Shallwelaugh expectorate after such a callous
fashion, no thank yous ! when he had his belcher spuckertuck in his
packet, pthuck^) musefed with his thockits after having supped
of the dish sot and pottage which he snobbishly dabbed Peach
Bombay (it is rawly only Lukanpukan pilzenpie which she knows
which senaffed and pibered him), a supreme of excelling peas,
balled under minnshogue’s milk into whitemalt winesour, a pro-
viant the littlebilker hoarsely relished, chaff" it, in the snevel season,
being as fain o’t as your rat wi’fennel; and on this celebrating

occasion of the happy escape, for a crowning of pot valiance,
this regional platter, benjamin of bouillis, with a spolish olive to
middlepoint its zaynith, was marrying itself (porkograso !) ere-
busqued very deluxiously with a bottle of Phenice-Bruerie ’98,

followed for second nuptials by a Piessporter, Grand Cur, of both of which cherished tablelights (though humble the bounquet ’tis a leaman’s farewell) he obdurately sniffed the cobwebcrusted corks.

Our cad’s bit of strife (knee Bareniece Maxwelton) with a quick ear for spittoons (as the aftertale hath it) glaned up as usual with dumbestic husbandry (no persicks and armelians for thee, Pomeranzia!) but, slipping the clav in her claw, broke of the matter among a hundred and eleven others in her usual curtsey (how faint these first vhespers womanly are, a secret pispigliando, amad the lavurdy den of their manfolker!) the next night nudge one as was Hegesippus over a hup a ’ chee, her eys dry and small and speech thicklish because he appeared a funny colour like he couldn’t stood they old hens no longer, to her particular reverend, the director, whom she had been meaning in her mind primarily to speak with (hosch, intra! jist a timblespoon!) trusting, between cuppled lips and annie lawrie promises (mighshe never have Esnekerry pudden come Hunanov for her pecklapitschens !) that the gossiple so delivered in his epistolear, buried teatoastally in their Irish stew would go no further than his Jesuit’s cloth, yet (in vinars venitas ! volatiles valetotum !) it was this overspoiled priest Mr Browne, disguised as a vincentian, who, when seized of the facts, was overheard, in his secondary personality as a Nolan and underreared, poul soul, by accident — if, that is, the incident it was an accident for here the ruah of Ecclectiastes of Hippo outpuffs the writress of Hawah-ban-Annah — to pianissime a slightly varied version of Crookedribs confidentials, (what Mere Aloyse said but for Jesuphine’s sake!) hands between hahands, in fealty sworn (my bravor best! my fraur!) and, to the strains of The Secret of Her Birth, hushly pierce the rubiend aurellum of one Philly Thumston, a layteacher of rural science and orthophonethics of a nearstout figure and about the middle

of his forties during a priestly flutter for safe and sane bets at the hippie runfields of breezy Baldoyle on a date (W. W. goes through the card) easily capable of rememberance by all pickers-up of events national and Dublin details, the doubles of Perkin and Paullock, peer and prole, when the classic Encourage Hackney Plate was captured by two noses in a stablecloth finish, ek and nek, some and none, evelo nevelo, from the cream colt Bold Boy Cromwell after a clever getaway by Captain Chaplain Blount’s roe hinny Saint Dalough, Drummer Coxon, nondepict third, at breakneck odds, thanks to you great little, bonny little, portey little, Winny Widger! you’re all their nappies! who in his never-rip mud and purpular cap was surely leagues unlike any other phantomweight that ever toppitt our timber maggies.

’Twas two pisononse Timeoves (the wetter is pest, the renns are overt and come and the voax of the turfur is hurled on our lande) of the name of Treacle Tom as was just out of pop following the theft of a leg of Kehoe, Donnelly and Packenham’s Finnish pork and his own blood and milk brother Frisky Shorty, (he was, to be exquisitely punctilious about them, both shorty and frisky) a tipster, come off the hulks, both of them awful poor, what was out on the bumaround for an oofbird game for a jimmy o’goblin or a small thick un as chanced, while the Seaforths was making the colleenbawl, to ear the passon in the motor clobber make use of his law language (Edzo, Edzo on), touchin the case of Mr Adams what was in all the Sundays about it which he was rubbing noses

with and having a gurgle off his own along of the butty bloke in the specs.

This Treacle Tom to whom reference has been made had been absent from his usual wild and woolly haunts in the land of counties capalleens for some time previous to that (he was, in fact, in the hai)it of frequenting common lodginghouses where he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with meth, in strange men’s cots) but on racenight, blotto after divers tots of hell fire, red biddy, bull dog, blue ruin and creeping jenny, Eglandine’s choicest herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galloping Primrose, Brigid Brewster’s, the Cock, the Postboy’s Horn,

the Little Old Man’s and All Swell That Aims well, the Cup and the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed leababobed in a housingroom Abide With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn’t he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, what with moltapuke on voltapuke, resnored alcoh alcoho alcoherently to the burden of I come, my horse delayed, nom num, the substance of the tale of the evangelical bussybozzy and the rusinurbean (the ‘girls’ he would keep calling them for the collarette and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he was before the eyots of martas or otherwales the thirds of fossilyears, he having beham with katya when lavinias had her mens lease to sea in a psumpship doodly show whereat he was looking for fight niggers with whilde roarses) oft in the chilly night (the metagonistic! the epickthalamorousl) during uneasy slumber in their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper’s executive, Peter Cloran (discharged), O’Mara, an exprivate secretary of no fixed abode (locally known as Mildew Lisa), who had passed several nights, funnish enough, in a doorway under the blankets of homelessness on the bunk of Iceland, pillowed upon the stone of destiny colder than man’s knee or woman’s breast, and Hosty, (no slouch of a name), an illstarred beachbusker, who, sans rootie and sans scrapie, suspicioning as how he was setting on a twoodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you served him with natigal’s nano 1) had been towhead tossing on his shakedown, devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved to ifidalicence somehow or other in the nation getting a hold of some chap’s parabellum in the hope of taking a wing sociable and lighting upon a sidewheel dive somewhere off the Dultkey Downlairy and Bleakrooky tramaline where he could throw true and go and blow the sibicidal napper off himself for two bits to boldywell baltitude in the peace and quitybus of a one sure shot bottle, he after having being trying all he knew with the lady’s help of Madam Gristle for upwards of eighteen calanders to get out of Sir Patrick Dun’s, through Sir Humphrey Jervis’s and into the Saint Kevin’s bed in the Adelaide’s hosspittles (from

these incurable welleslays among those uncarable wellasdays through Sant lago by his cocklehat, good Lazar, deliver us!) without after having been able to jerrywangle it anysides. Lisa O’Deavis and Roche Mongan (who had so much incommon, epipsychidically; if the phrase be permitted hosm et odor insuper petroperfractus) as an understood thing slept their sleep of the

swimbome in the one sweet undulant mother of tumblerbunks with Hosty just how the shavers in the shaw the yokels in the yoats or, well, the wasters in the wilde, and the bustling tweeny-dawn-of-all- works (meed of anthems here we pant!) had not been many jiffies furbishing potlids, doorbrasses, scholars' applecheeks and linkboy's metals when, ashhopperminded like no fella he go make bakenbeggfuss longa white man, the rejuvenated busker (for after a goodnight's rave and rumble and a shinkhams topmoming with his coexes he was not the same man) and his broadawake bedroom suite (our boys, as our Byron called them) were up and ashuffle from the hogshome they lovenaned The Barrel, cross Ebblinn's chilled hamlet (thrie routes and restings on their then superficies curiously correspondant with those linea and puncta where our tubenny habenny metro maniplumbs below the ober-flake underrails and stations at this time of riding) to the thrum-mings of a crewth fiddle which, cremoaning and cronauning, levey grevey, witty and wevey, appy, leppy and playable, caressed the ears of the subjects of King Saint Finnerty the Festive who, in brick homes of their own and in their flavory fraiseberry beds, heeding hardly cry of honeyman, soed lavender or foyneboyne salmon alive, with their priggish mouths all open for the larger appraisiation of this longawaited Messiagh of roaratorios, were only halfpast atsweeeep and after a brisk pause at a pawnbroking establishment for the prothetic purpose of redeeming the song-ster's truly admirable false teeth and a prolonged visit to a house of call at Cujas Place, fizz, the Old Sots' Hole in the parish of Saint Cecily within the liberty of Ceolmore not a thousand or one national leagues, that was, by Griffith's valuation, from the site of the statue of Primewer Glasstone setting a match to the march of a maker (last of the stewards peut-etre), where, the tale rambles

along, the trio of whackfolthediddlers was joined by a further — intentions — apply — tomorrow casual and a decent sort of the hadbeen variety who had just been touching the weekly insult, phewit, and all figblabbers (who saith of noun?) had stimulants in the shape of gee and gees stood by the damn decent sort after which stag luncheon and a few ones more just to celebrate yester-day, flushed with their firestufffostered friendship, the rascals came out of the licensed premises, (Browne's first, the small p.s. ex-ex-executive capahand in their sad rear like a lady's postscript: I want money. Pleasend), wiping their laughleaking lipes on their sleeves, how the bouckaleens shout their roscan generally (seinn fion, seinn fion's araun.) and the rhymers' world was with reason the richer for a wouldbe ballad, to the balledder of which the world of cumannity singing owes a tribute for having placed on the planet's melomap his lay of the vilest bogeyer but most attrac-tionable avatar the world has ever had to explain for.

This, more krectly lubeen or fellow — me — lieder was first poured forth where Riau Liviau riots and col de Houdo humps, under the shadow of the monument of the shouldhavebeen legis-lator (EleutheriodendronI Spare, woodmann, spare!) to an over-flow meeting of all the nations in Lenster fullyfilling the visional area and, as a singleminded supercrowd, easily representative, what with masks, whet with faces, of all sections and cross sections (wineshop and cocoahouse poured out to brim up the broaching) of our liffeyside people (to omit to mention of the mainland mino-rity and such as had wayfared via Watling, Emin, Icknild and Stane, in chief a halted cockney car with its quotal of Hardmuth's hacks, a northern tory, a southern whig, an eastanglian chroni-

cler and a landwester guardian) ranging from slips of young dublinos from Cutpurse Row having nothing better to do than w^alk about with their hands in their kneepants, sucking air-whackers, weedulicet, jumbobricks, side by side with truant officers, three woollen balls and poplin in search of a croust of pawn to busy professional gentlemen, a brace of palesmen with dundrearies, nooning toward Daly’s, fresh from snipehitting and mallardmissing on Rutland heath, exchanging cold sneers, mass-

going ladies from Hume Street in their chairs, the bearers baited, some wandering hamalags out of the adjacent cloverfields of Mosse’s Gardens, an oblate father from Skinner’s Alley, brick-layers, a fleming, in tabinet fumant, with spouse and dog, an aged hammersmith who had some chisellers by the hand, a bout of cudgel players, not a few sheep with the braxy, two bluecoat scholars, four broke gents out of Simpson’s on the Rocks, a portly and a pert still tassing Turkey Coffee and orange shrub in tickeyes door, Peter Pirn and Paul Fry and then Elliot and, O, Atkinson, suffering hell’s delights from the bledns of their annui-tants’ acorns not forgetting a deuce of dianas ridy for the hunt, a particularist prebendary pondering on the roman easter, the ton-sure question and greek uniates, plunk em, a lace lappet head or two or three or four from a window, and so on down to a few good old souls, who, as they were juiced after taking their pledge over at the uncle’s place, were evidently under the spell of liquor, from the wake of Tarry the Tailor a fair girl, a jolly postoboy thinking off three flagons and one, a plumodrole, a half sir from the weaver’s almshouse who clings and clings and chatchatchat clings to her, a wholedam’s cloudhued pittycoat, as child, as curiolater, as Caoch O’Leary. The wararrow went round, so it did, (a nation wants a gaze) and the ballad, in the felibrine trancoped metre affectioned by Taiocebo in his Casudas de Potdichinello Artahut, stump-stampaded on to a slip of blancovide and headed by an excessively rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimepress of Delville, soon fluttered its secret on white highway and brown byway to the rose of the winds and the blew of the gaels, from archway to lattice and from black hand to pink ear, village crying to village, through the five pussyfours green of the united states of Scotia Picta — and he who denays it, may his hairs be rubbed in dirt! To the added strains (so peacifold) of his majesty the flute, that onecrooned king of inscrewments, Piggott’s purest, ciello alsoliutOy which Mr Delaney (Mr Delacey?), horn, anticipating a perfect downpour of plaudits among the rapsods, piped out of his decentsoort hat, looking still more like his purseyful namesake as men of Gaul noted, but before of to sputabout, the

snowycrested curl araoist the leader’s wild and moulting hair, ‘Ductor’ Hitchcock hoisted his fezzy fuzz at bludgeon’s height signum to his companions of the chalice for the Loud Fellow, boys’ and silentium in curia/ (our maypole once more where he rose of old) and the canto was chantied there chorussed and christened where by the old tollgate, Saint Annona’s Street and Church.

And around the lawn the rann it rann and this is the rann that Hosty made. Spoken. Boyles and Cahills, Skerretts and Pritchards, viersified and piersified may the treeth we tale of live in stoney. Here line the refrains of. Some vote him Vike, some mote him Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail him Lug

Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Guinn. Some apt him Arth, some bapt him Barth, Coll, Noll, Soil, Will, Weel, Wall but I parse him Persse O’Reilly else he’s called no name at all. Together. Arrah, leave it to Hosty, frosty Hosty, leave it to Hosty for he’s the mann to rhyme the rann, the rann, the rann, the king of all ranns. Have you here.^ (Some ha) Have we where.^ (Some hant) Have you hered.^ (Others do) Have we whered? (Others dont) It’s cumming, it’s brumming! The clip, the clop! (All cla) Glass crash. The (klikkaklakkaklaskaklopatzklatschabattacreppycrotty-gradd^hsemmihsammihnouithappluddyappladdypkonpkotl).

(Ardite, or did/

(Music cue.

The Ballad of Persse O’Reilly.”

Nave tfoa heard. ^ one Jitmj) • iy JDuwp-ty how he

fell with a roll and cl rum-ble^ and curled op Like Lord O-la-Jit.

Crum -pie by the butt rf Lhe Ma^ a.~iine Wall cf the

‘ jil. J J' iSi i ' J- i -J-’ '

Ma0 • a.- zwe Vtill Hump htl-taei and all

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
How he fell with a roll and a rumble
And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple
By the butt of the Magazine Wall,

(Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,

Hump, helmet and all?

He was one time our King of the Castle
Now he’s kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.

And from Green street he’ll be sent by order of His Worship
To the penal jail of Mountjoy

(Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoyl
Jail him and joy.

He was fafafather of all schemes for to bother us

Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the populace,

Mare’s milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,

Openair love and religion’s reform,

(Chorus) And religious reform.

Hideous in form.

Arrah, why, says you, couldn’t he manage it?
I’ll go bail, my fine dairyman darling.

Like the bumping bull of the Cassidys
All your butter is in your horns.

(Chorus) His butter is in his horns.
Butter his horns!

(Repeat) Hurrah there, Hosty, frosty Hosty, change that shirt

[on ye.

Rhyme the rann, the king of all rannsl

Balbaccio, balbucciol

We had chaw chaw chops, chairs, chewing gum, the chicken-

[pox and china chambers

Universally provided by this soffsoaping salesman.

Small wonder He’ll Cheat E’erawan our local lads nicknamed him
When Chimpden first took the floor

(Chorus) With his bucketshop store
Down Bargain weg. Lower.

So snug he was in his hotel premises sumptuous

But soon we’ll bonfire all his trash, tricks and trumpery

And’tis short till sheriff Clancy’ll be winding up his unlimited

[company

W'^ith the bailiff’s bom at the door,

(Chorus) Bimbam at the door.

Then he’ll bum no more.

Sweet bad luck on the waves washed to our island
The hooker of that hammerfast viking
And Gall’s curse on the day when Eblana bay
Saw his black and tan man-o’-war.

(Chorus) Saw his man-o’-war.

On the harbour bar.

Where from.? roars Poolbeg. Cookingha’pence, he bawls Donnez-

[moi scampitle, wick an wipin’fampiny
Fingal Mac Oscar Onesine Bargearse Boniface
Thok’s min gammelhole Norveegickers moniker
Og as ay are at gammelhore Norveegickers cod.

(Chorus) A Norwegian camel old cod.

He is, begod.

Lift it, Hosty, lift it, ye devil ye! up with the rann, the rhyming

[rann!

It was during some fresh water garden pumping

Or, according to the Nursing Mirror, while admiring the mon-

[keys

That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey
Made bold a maid to woo

(Chorus) Woohoo, what’ll she doo!

The general lost her maidenloo!

He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded philosopher,
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.

Begob, he’s the crux of the catalogue
Of our antediluvial zoo,

(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Coo.

Noah’s larks, good as noo.

He was joulting by Wellinton’s monument
Our rotorious hippopopotamuns

When some bugger let down the backtrap of the omnibus
And he caught his death of fusiliers,

(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.

Give him six years.

’Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
But look out for his missus legitimate!

WTien that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker
Won’t there be earwigs on the green.^

(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green.

The largest ever you seen.

Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! AnonymosesI

Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass meeting
For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.

And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown
Along with the devil and Danes,

(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,

And all their remains.

And not all the king's men nor his horses
Will resurrect his corpus
For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell
(bis) That's able to raise a Cain.

Chest Cee! 'Sdense! Corpo di barragio! you spoof of visibility in a freakfog, of mixed sex cases among goats, hill cat and plain mousey, Bigamy Bob and his old Shanvocht! The Blackfriars treacle plaster outrage be liddled! Therewith was released in that kingsrick of Humidia a poisoning volume of cloud barrage indeed. Yet all they who heard or redelivered are now with that family of bards and Vergobretas himself and the crowd of Caraculacticors as much no more as be they not yet now or had they then not-ever been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid those zouave players of Inkermann the mime mumming the mick and his nick miming their maggies, Hilton St Just (Mr Frank Smith), Ivanne Ste Austelle (Mr J. F. Jones), Coleman of Lucan taking four parts, a choir of the O'Daley O'Doyles doublesixing the chorus in Ferm Mac Call and the Serven Feeries of Loch Neach^ Galloper Troppler and Hurleyquirm the zitherer of the past with his merrymen all, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this Eyrawyg-gla saga (which, .thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb to buttom all falsetissues, antilibellous and nonactionable and this applies to its whole wholume) of poor Osti-Fosti, described as quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an exceedingly niced ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone, but a very major poet of the poorly meritary order (he began Tuonisonian but worked his passage up as far as the we-all-hang-together Animandovites) no one end is known. If they

whistled him before he had curtains up they are whistling him still after his curtain's doom's doom. Eific. His husband, poor old A'Hara (Okaroff.^) crestfallen by things and down at heels at the time, they squeak, accepted the (Zassnoch!) ardree's shilling at the conclusion of the Crimean war and, having flown his wild geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney, enlisted in Tyrone's horse, the Irish whites, and soldiered a bit with Wolsey under the assumed name of Blanco Fusilovna Buck-lovitch (spurious) after which the cawer and the marble halls of Pump Court Columbarium, the home of the old seakings,

looked upon each other and queth their haven evermore for it transpires that on the other side of the water it came about that on the field of Vasileff’s Comix inauspiciously with his unit he perished, saying, this papal leafless to old chap give, rawl chaw-clates for mouther-in-louth. Booil. Poor old dear Paul Horan, to satisfy his literary as well as his criminal aspirations, at the suggestion thrown out by the doomster in loquacity lunacy, so says the Dublin Intelligence, was thrown into a Ridley’s for inmates in the northern counties. Under the name of Orani he may have been the utility man of the troupe capable of sustaining long parts at short notice. He was. Sordid Sam, a dour decent deblancer, the unwashed, haunted always by his ham, the unwished, at a word from Israfel the Summoner, passed away painlessly after life’s upsomdowns one hallowe’en night, ebbrous and in the state of nature, propelled from Behind into the great Beyond by footblows coulinclouted upon his oyster and atlas on behanged and behooved and behicked and behulked of his last fishandblood bedscrappers, a North wegian and his mate of the Sheawolving class. Though the last straw glimt his baring this stage thunkhard is said (the pitfallen gagged him as ‘Promptboxer’) to have solemnly said — as had the brief thot but fell in till his head like a bass dropt neck fust in till a bimg crate (cogged!): Me drames, O’Loughlins, has come through! Now let the centuple celves of my egourge as Micholas de Cusack calls them, — of all of whose I in my hereinafter of course by recourse demission me — by the coincidance of their contraries reamalgamerge in that indentity j.w.p. 49 D

of undiscemibles where the Baxters and the Fleshmans may they cease to bidivil uns and (but at this poingt though the iron thrust of his cockspurt start might have prepared us we are well-nigh stinkpotthered by the mustardpunge in the tailend) this outandin brown candlestock melt Nolan’s into peese! Han var. Disliken as he was to druriodrama, her wife Langley, the prophet, and the decentest dozendest short of a frusker whoever stuck his spickle through his spoke, disappeared, (in which toodooing he has taken all the French leaves unveilable out of Calomne-quiller’s Pravities) from the sourface of this earth, that austral plain he had transmaried himself to, so entirely spoorlessly (the mother of the book with a dustwhisk tabularasing his obliteration done upon her involucrum) as to tickle the speculative to all but opine (since the Levey who might have been Langley may have really been a redivivus of paganinism or a volunteer Vousden) that the hobo (who possessed a large amount of the humoresque) had transtuled his funster’s latitat to its finsterest interrimost. Bhi she. Again, if Father San Browne, tea and toaster to that quaint-esttest of yamspinners is Padre Don Bruno, treu and troster to the queen of lar-Spain, was the reverend, the sodality director, that eupeptic viceflayer, a barefaced carmelite, to whose palpi-tating pulpit (which of us but remembers the rzirevalent and hornerable Fratomistor Nawlanmore and Brawne.) sinning society sirens (see the [Roman Catholic] presspassim) fortunately became so enthusiastically attached and was an objectionable ass who very occasionally cockaded a raffles ticket on his hat which he wore all to one side like the hangle of his pan (if Her Elegance saw him she’d have the canary !) and was semiprivately convicted of mal-practices with his hotwashed tableknife (glossing over the cark in his pocket) that same snob of the dunhill, fully several year-schaums riper, encountered by the General on that redletter morning or maynoon jovesday and were they? Fuitftdt.

When Phishlin Phil wants throws his lip ’tis pholly to be fortune

flonting and whoever’s gone to mix Hotel by the salt say water there’s nix to nothing we can do for he’s never again to sea. It is nebuless an autodidact fact of the commonest that the shape of

the average human cloudyphiz, whereas sallow has long daze faded, frequendy altered its ego with the possing of the showers (Not original !). Whence it is a slopperish matter, given the wet and low visibility (since in this scherzarade of one’s thousand one nightinesses that sword of certainty which would indentifide the body never falls) to idendifine the individuone in scratch wig, squarecuts, stock lavaleer, regattable oxeter, baggy pants and shufflers (he is often alluded to as Slypatrick, the Had in the llane) with already an incipience (lust!) in the direction of area baldness (one is continually firstmeeting with odd sorts of others at all sorts of ages!) who was asked by free boardschool shirkers in drenched coats overawall. Will, Conn and Otto, to tell them overagait, Vol, Pov and Dev, that fishabed ghoatstory of the haardly creditable edventyres of the Haberdasher, the two Cur-chies and the three Enkelchums in their Bearskin ghoats! Girles and jongerSjbut he has changed alok syne Thorkill’s time! Ya, da, tra, gathery, pimp, shesses, shossafat, okodeboko, nine! Those many warts, those slummy patches, halfsinster wrinkles, (what has come over the face on wholebroader E?), and (shrine of Mount Mu save us!) the large fungopark he has grown! Drink!

Sport’s a common thing. It was the Lord’s own day for damp (to wait for a postponed regatta’s eventualising is not of Battlecock Shettledore- Juxta-Mare only) and the request for a fully armed explanation was put (in Loo of Pat) to the porty (a native of the sisterisle — Meathman or Meccan.^ — ■ by his brogue, ex-race eyes, lokil calour and lucal odour which are said to have been average clownturkish (though the capelist’s voiced nasal liquids and the way he sneezed at zees haul us back to the craogs and bryns of the Silurian Ordovices) who, the lesser pilgrimage accomplished, had made, pats’ and pigs’ older inselt, the south-east bluffs of the stranger stepshore, a regijugium persecutorum, hence hindquarters) as he paused at evenchime for some or so minutes (hit the pipe, dannyboy! Time to won, barmon. I’ll take ten to win.) amid the devil’s one duldrum (Apple by her blossom window and Charlotte at her toss panomancy his sole admirers, his only tearts in store) for a fragrend culubosh during his week-

end pastime of executing with Anny Oakley deadliness (the con-summatory pairs of provocatives, of which remained provokingly but two, the ones he fell for, Lili and Tutu, cork em!) empties which had not very long before contained Reid’s family (you ruad that before, soaky, but all the bottles in sodemd histry will not soften your bloodathirst!) stout. Having reprimed his repeater and resiteroomed his timespiece His Revenances, with still a life or two to spare for the space of his occupancy of a world at a time, rose to his feet and there, far from Tolkaheim, in a quiet English garden (commonplace!), since known as Whiddington Wild, his simple intensive curolent vocality, my dearbraithers, my most dearbrathairs, as he, so is a supper as is a sipper, spake of the One and told of the Compassionate, called up before the triad of precoxious scaremakers (scoretaking: Spegulo ne helpas al mal-

bellulo, Mi Kredas ke vi estas prava, Via dote la vizago rispondas fraulino) the now to ushere mythical habiliments of Our Farfar and Arthor of our doyne.

Television kills telephony in brothers’ broil. Our eyes demand their turn. Let them be seen! And wolfbone balefires blaze the trailmost if only that Mary Nothing may burst her bibby buckshee. When they set fire then she’s got to glow so we may stand some chances of warming to what every soorkabatcha, turn or hum, would like to know. The first Humphrey’s latitudinous haver with puggaree behind, (calaboose belong bigboss belong Kang the Toll) his fourinhand bow, his elbaroom surtout, the refaced unmansionables of gingerine hue, the state slate umbrella, his gruff woolselywellesly with the finndrinn knopfs and the gauntlet upon the hand which in an hour not for him solely evil had struck down the might he mighthavebeen d’Esterre of whom his nation seemed almost already to be about to have need. Then, stealing his thunder, but in the befitting legomena of the smaller country, (probable words, possibly said, of field family gleaming) a bit duskish and flavoured with a smile, seein as ow his thoughts consisted chiefly of the cheerio, he aptly sketched for our soontobe second parents (sukand see whybe!) the touching scene. The science of that stilling! Here one might

a fin fell. Boomster rombombonant! It scenes like a landescape from Wildu Picturescu or some seem on some dimb Axras, dumb as Mum’s mutyness, this inimage of the seventyseventh kusin of kristansen is odable to os across the wineless Ere no oedor nor mere eerie nor liss potent of suggestion than in the tales of the tingmount. (Prigged!)

And there oftafter, jauntyjogging, on an Irish visa vis, insteadily with shoulder to shoulder Jehu will tell to Christianier, saint to sage, the humphriad of that fall and rise while daisy winks at her pinker sister among the tussocks and the copoll between the shafts mocks the couple on the car. And as your who may look like how on the owther side of his big belttry your tyrs and does your noes and paradigm maymay rererise in eren. Follow we up his whip vindicative. Thurston’s! Lo behold! La arboroy lo petrusu. The augustan peacebetothem oaks, the monolith rising stark from the moonlit pinebarren. In all fortitudinous ajaxious rowdinoisy tenuacity. The angelus hour with ditchers bent upon their farm usetensiles, the soft belling of the fallow deers (doerehmoose genuane/') advertising their milky approach as midnight was striking the hours (^letate/), and how brightly the great tribune outed the sharkskin smokewallet (imitation!) from his frock, kippers, and by Joshua, he tips un a topping swank cheroot, none of your swellish soide, quoit the reverse, and how meinfally he says, pluk to pluk and lekan for lukan, he was to just pluggy well suck that brown boyo, my son, and spend a whole half hour in Havana. Sorer of the kreeksmen, would not there be old high gothsprogue ! Wherefore he met Master, he mean to say, he do, sire, bester of redpublicans, at Eagle Cock Hostel on Lorenzo Tooley street and how he wished his Honour the bannocks of Gort and Morya and Bri Head and Puddyrick, yore Loudship, and a starchboxsitting in the pit of his St Tomach’s, — a strange wish for you, my friend, and it would poleaxe your sonson’s grandson utterly though your own old sweatandswear floruerunts heaved it hoch many as the times, when they were turrified by the hitz.

Chee chee cheers for Upkingbilly and crow cru cramwells

53

Downaboo! Hup, boys, and hat him! Seel Oilbeam they’re lost we’ve found rerembrandtsers, their hours to date link these heirs to here but wo where are those yours of Yestersdays? Farseeinge-therich and Poolaulwoman Charachthercuss and his Ann van Vogt. D.e.e.d! Edned, ended or sleeping soundlessly.^ Favour with your tongues ! Intendite!

Any dog’s life you list you may still hear them at it, like sixes and seventies as eversure as Halley’s comet, ulemamen, sobran-jewomen, storthingboys and dumagirls, as they pass its bleak and bronze portal of your Casaconcordia: Huru more Nee, minny frickans.^ Hwoorledes har Dee det? Losdoor onleft mladies, cue. Millecientotrigintadue scudi. Tippoty, kyrie, tippoty. Cha kai rotty kai makkar, sahib.^ Despenseme Usted, senhor, en son suc-co, sabez. O thaw bron orm, A’Cothraige, thinkinthou gaily. ^ Lick-Pa-fim-hai-pa-Pa-li-si-lang-lang. Epi alo, ecou. Batiste, tu-vavnr dans Lptit boing going. Ismeme de bumbac e meias de por-tocallie. 0.0. Os pipos mios es demasiada gruarso por O pic-colo pocchino. Wee fee? Ung duro. Kocshis, szabad? Mercy, and you? Gomagh, thak.

And, Cod, says he with mugger’s tears: Would you care to know the prise of a hard? Maggis, nick your nightynovel 1 Mass Travener’s at the mike again! And that bag belly is the buck to goat it! Meggeg, m’gay chapjappy fellow, I call our umvalse to witness, as sicker as moyliffey eggs is known by our good househalters from yorehimderts of mamooth to be which they commercially are in ahoy high British quarters (conventional!) my guesthouse and cowhaendel credits will immediately stand ohoh open as straight as that neighbouring monument’s fabrica-tion before the hygienic gllll (this was where the reverent sab-both and bottlebreaker with firbalk forthstretched touched upon his tricoloured boater, which he uplifted by its pickledhoopy (he gave Stetson one and a penny for it) whileas oleaginosity of an-cestralolosis sgocciolated down the both pendencies of his mut-sohito Hptails (Sencapetulo, a more modestuous conciliabulite never curled a tom pocketmouth), cordially inwiting the adul-lescence who he was wising up to do in like manner what all did

54

so as he was able to add) lobe before the Great Schoolmaster’s. (I tell you no story.) Smile!

The house of Atreox is fallen indeedust (Ilyam, IlyumI Mae-romor Mournomates !) averging on blight like the mundibanks of Fenny ana, but deeds bounds going arise again. Life, he himself said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills him verysoon, if yet not, after) is a wake, livit or krikit, and on the bunk of our bread-winning lies the cropse of our seedfather, a phrase which the establisher of the world by law might pretinately write across the chestfront of all manorwombanborn. The scene, refreshed, reroused, was never to be forgotten, the hen and crusader ever-intermutuomergent, for later in the cenmry one of that puisne band of factferreters, (then an excivily (out of the custom huts)

(retired), (hurt), under the sixtyfives act) in a dressy black modem style and wewere shiny tan burlingtons, (tarn, homd and dicky, quopriquos and peajagd) rehearsed it, pippa pointing, with a dignified (copied) bow to a namecousin of the late archdeacon F. X. Preserved Coppinger (a hot fellow in his night, may the mouther of guard have mastic on him!) in a pullwoman of our first transhibemian with one still sadder circumstance which is a dirkandurk heartskewerer if ever to bring bouncing brimmers from marbled eyes. Cycloptically through the windowdisks and with eddying awes the round eyes of the rundreisers,back to back, buck to bucket, on their airish chaunting car, beheld with in-touristing anterestedness the clad pursue the bare, the bare the green, the green the frore, the frore the cladagain, as their convoy wheeled encirculingly abound the gigantig's lifetree, our fire-leaved loverlucky blomsterbohm, phoenix in our woodlessness, haughty, cacuminal, erubescent (repetition!) whose roots they be asches with lustres of peins. For as often as the Archicadenus, pleacing aside his Irish Field and craving their auriculars to re-cepticle particulars before they got the bump at Castlebar (mat and far!) spoke of it by request ail, hearing in this new reading of the part whereby, because of Dyas in his machina, the new garrickson's grimacing grimaldism hypostasised by substintua-tion the axiomatic orerotundity of that once grand old elrington

bawl, the copycus's description of that fellowcommuter's play upon countenants, could simply imagine themselves in their bo-som's inmost core, as pro tem /oca/72J,timesported acorss the yawn-ing (abyss), as once they were seasiders, listening to the cockshy-shooter's evensong evocation of the doomed but always ventri-loquent Agitator, (nonot more plangorpound the billows o'er Thounawahallya Reef!) silkhouatted, a whallrhosmightiadd, a-ginsst the dusk of skumring, (would that fane be Saint Muezzin's calling — holy places I — and this fez brimless as brow of faithful toucher of the ground, did wish it were — blessed be the bones 1 — the ghazi, power of his sword.) his manslayer's gunwielder protended towards that overgrown leadpencil which was soon, monumentally at least, to rise as Molyvdokondylon to, to be, to be his mausoleum (O'dan stod tillsteyne at meisies aye skould show pon) while olover his exculpatory features, as Roland rung, a wee dropeen of grief about to sillonise his jouejous, the ghost of resignation diffused a spectral appealingness, as a young man's drown o'er the fate of his waters may gloat, similar in origin and akkurat in effective to a beam of sunshine upon a coffin plate.

Not olderwise Inn the days of the Bygning would our Travel-ler remote, unfriended, from van Demon's Land, some lazy skald or maundering pote, lift wearywrilly his slowcut snobsic eyes to the semisigns of his zooteac and lengthily lingering along flaskneck, cracket cup, downtrodden brogue, turfsod, wild-broom, cabbageblad, stockfisch, longingly learn that there at the Angel were herberged for him poteen and tea and praties and baccy and wine width woman wordth warbling: and informally quasi-begin to presquesm'ile to queasithin' (Nonsense! There was not very much windy Nous blowing at the given moment through the hat of Mr Melancholy Slow!)

But in the pragma what formal cause made a smile of that to-think.^* Who was he to whom.^ (O'Breen's not his name nor the brown one his maid.) Whose are the placewheresi* Kiwasti, kis-ker, kither, kitnabudja? Tal the tem of the tumulum. Giv the gav

of the grube. Be it cudgelplayers’ country, orfishfellows’ town or leeklickers’ land or panbpanungopovengreskey. What regnans

raised the rains have levelled but we hear the pointers and can gauge their compass for the melos yields the mode and the mode the manners plicyman, plansiman, plousiman, plab. Tsin tsin tsin tsin! The forefarther folkers for a prize of two peaches with Ming, Ching and Shunny on the lie low lea. We’ll sit down on the hope of the ghouly ghost for the titheman troubled! but his hantitat hies not here. They answer from their Zoans; Hear the four of them! Hark torroar of them! I, says Armagh, and a’m proud o’it. I, says Clonakilty, God help us! I, says Deansgrange, and say nothing. I, says Barna, and whatabout it? Hee haw! Before he fell hill he filled heaven: a stream, alplapping streamlet, coyly coiled um, cool of her curls: We were but thermites then, wee, wee. Our antheap we sensed as a Hill of Allen, the Barrow for an People, one Jotnursfjaell: and it was a grummelung amung the porktroop that wonderstruck us as a thunder, yunder.

Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude, the evidencegivers by legpoll too untrustworthily irreperible where his adjugers are semmingly freak threes but his judicandees plainly minus twos. Nevertheless Madam’s Toshowus waxes largely more lifeliked (entrance, one kudos; exits, free) and our notional gullery is now completely complacent, an exegious monument, aerily perennious. Oblige with your blackthorns; gamps, degrace! And there many have paused before that exposure of him by old Tom Quad, a flashback in which he sits sated, gowndabout, in clericalease habit, watching bland sol slithe dodgsomely into the nethermore, a globule of maugdleness about to corrugitate his mild dewed cheek and the tata of a tiny victorienne, Alys, pressed by his limper looser.

Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the pages of nature’s book and till Ceadurbar-atta-Cleath became D^lena Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladik, multvult, magnoperous, had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in manor hall as in thieves’ kitchen, mid pillow talk and chithouse chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted con-

testimony with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone him: and his madthing has done him man. His beneficiaries are legion in the part he created: they number up his years. Greatwheel Dunlop was the name was on him: behung, all we are his bisaacles. As hollyday in his house so was he priest and king to that: ulvy came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have waved his green boughs o’er him as they have tom him limb from lamb. For his muertification and uxpiration and dumnation and annuhulation. With schreis and grida, deprofound souspirs. Steady, Sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong’s breach is fallen down but Graunya’s spreed’s abroad. Ahdostay, feedailyones, and feel the Flucher’s bawls for the total of your flouts is not fit to fan his fettle, O! Have a ring and sing wohl! Chin, chin! Chin, chin! And of course all chimed din width the eatmost boviality. Swip-

ing rums and beaunes and sherries and ciders and negus and dt-
ronnades too. The strongers. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you're
about to be bagged in the bog again. Bugge. But softsies seuf-
sighed: Eheu, for gassies! But, lo! lo! by the threnning gods,
human, erring and condonable, what the statues of our kuo, who
is the messchef be our kuang, ashu ashure there, the unforgettable
treeshade looms up behind the jostling judgements of those, as
all should owe, malrecapturable days.

Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the Refusel-
eers! Peingpeong! For saxonlootie !) three tommix, soldiers free,
cockaleak and cappapee, of the Coldstream. Guards were walking,
in (^ardorme^leuT, je vous en prie, eht") Montgomery Street. One
voiced an opinion in which on either wide {pardonneil'), nod-
ding, all the Finner Camps concurred (ye votis en prie, eh?'). It
was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal wellesday,
Lili Coninghams, by suggesting him they go in a field. Wroth
mod eldfar, ruth redd stilstand, wrath wrackt wroth, confessed
private Pat Marchison retro. (Terse!) Thus contenters with san-
toys play. One of our coming Vauxhall ontheboards who is
resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey ele-
cutioner a wastepacket Sittons) was interfeud in a waistend pewty
parlour. Looking perhaps even more pewtyflushed in her cherry-

derry padouasoys, girdle and braces by the Halfmoon and Seven
Stars, russets from the Blackamoor's Head, amongst the climbing
boys at his Eagle and Child and over the com and hay emptors
at their Black and All Black, Mrs F . . . A . . . saidaside, half in
stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoopering her
cartwheel chapot (ahat! — and we now know what thimbles a
baquets on lallance a tails mean), she hoped Sid Arthar would
git a Chrissman's portrout of orange and lemonsized orchids with
hollegs and ether, from the feeatre of the Innocident, as the
worryld had been uncained. Then, while it is odrous comparison-
ing lo the sprangflowers of liis burstday which was a virid-
able goddinpotty for the reinworms and the charlattinas and all
branches of climatitis, it has been such a wanderful noyth untirely,
added she, with many regards to Maha's pranjapansies. (Tart!)
Prehistoric, obitered to his dictaphone an entychologist: his pro-
penomen is a properismenon. A dustman nocknamed Seven-
chturches in the employ of Messrs Achburn, Soulpetre and
Ashreborn, prairmakers, Glintalook, was asked by the sisterhood
the vexed question during his midday collation of leaver and
buckrom alternatively with stenk and kitteney phie in a hash-
housh and, thankeaven, responsed impulsively: We have just been
propogandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his ear
among my own crush. All our fellows at O'Dea's sages with
Aratar Calaman he is a cemented brick, buck it all ! A more nor
usually sober cardriver, who was jauntingly hosing his runabout,
Ginger Jane, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked
and this is what he told rewritemen: Irewaker is just a plain pink
joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by brehemons
laws he has parliamentary honours. EiskaflSer said (Louigi's, you
know that man's, brillant Savourain): Mon foie, you wish to ave
some homelette, yes, lady! Good, mein leber! Your hegg he must
break himself. See, I crack, so, he sit in the poele, umbedimbt!
A perspirer (over sixty) who was keeping up his tennises panted
he kne ho har twa to elect infamatios but a diffpair flannels climb
wall and trespassing on doorbell. After fullblown Braddon hear
this fresky troterella! A railways barmaid's view (they call her

Spilltears Rue) was thus expressed: to sympathisers of the Dole Line, Death Avenue, anent those objects of her pity-prompted ministrance, to wet, man and his syphon. Ehim! It is ever too late to whissle when Phyllis floods her stable. It would be skar-lot shame to jailahim in lockup, as was proposed to him by the Seddoms creature what matter what merrytricks went off with his revulverher in connections with ehim being a norphan and enjoining such wicked illth, ehim! Well done, Drumcollakill! Kitty Tyrrel is proud of you, was the reply of a B.O.T. ofiicial (O blame gnot the board !) while the Daughters Benkletter mur-mured in uniswoon; GolforgiUiisjurylegs! Brian Lynsky, the cub curser, was questioned at his shouting box, Bawlonabraggat, and gave a snappy comeback, when saying: Paw! Once more I'll hellbowl ! I am for caveman chase and Sahara sex, burk you ! Them two bitches ought to be leashed, canem! Up hog and hoar hunt! Pawl A wouldbe martyr, who is attending on sanit Asitas where he is being taught to wear bracelets, when grilled on the point, revealed the undoubted fact that the consequence would be that so long as Sankya Moondy played his mango tricks under the mysttetry, with shady apsaras sheltering in his leaves' licence and his shadowers torrifried by the potent bolts of indradiction, there would be fights all over Cuxhaven. (Tosh!) Missioner Ida Womb-well, the seventeenyearold revivalist, said concerning the coinci-dent of interfizzing with grenadines and other respectable and disgusted peersons using the park; That perpendicular person is a brut! But a magnificent brut! 'Caligula' (Mr Danl Magrath, bookmaker, wellknown to Hastrailian poorusers of the Sydney Parade Ballotin) was, as usual, antipodal with his: striving todie, hopening'tomellow, "Ware Splash. Cobbler. 'We have meat two hourly, sang out El Caplan Buycout, with the famous padre's turridur's capecast, meet too ourly, matadear! Dan Meiklejohn, precentor, of S.S. Smack and Olley's was probiverbal with his upsiduxit: mutatus mutandus. Dauran's lord ('SnifFpox') and Moir-gan s lady (Flatterfun') took sides and crossed and bowed to each other s views and recrossed themselves. The dirty dubs upin their flies, went too free, echoed the dainly drabs downin their

scenities, una mona. Sylvia Silence, the girl detective (^Meminerva, but by now one hears turtlings all over Doveland!) when supplied with informations as to the several facets of the case in her cozy-dozy bachelure's flat, quite overlooking John a'Dream's mews, leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully through her vowelthreaded syllabelles: Have you evew thought, wepow-tew, that sheew gweatness was his twadgedy? Nevewtheless ac-cowding to my considewed attitudes fow this act he should pay the full penalty, pending puwsuance, as pew Subsec. 32, section II, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the contwawy notwithstanding. Jarley Jilke began to silke for he couldn't get home to Jelsey but ended with: He's got the sack that helped him moult instench of his gladsome rags. Meagher, a naval rating, seated on one of the granite cromlech setts of our new fish-shambles for the usual aireating after the ever popular act, with whom were Questa and Puella, piquante and quoite, (this had a cold in her brain while that felt a sink in her summock, wit's wat, wot's wet) was encouraged, although nearvanashed himself,

by one of his co-affianced to get your breath, Walt, and gobbit and when ther chidden by her fastra sastra to saddle up your pance, Naville, thus cor replied to her other’s thankskissing: I lay my two fingerbuttons, fiancee Meagher, (he speaks !) he was to blame about your two velvetthighs up Horniman’s Hill — as hook and eye blame him or any other piscman.^ — but I also think, Puell5rwally, by the siege of his trousers there was someone else behind it — you bet your boughtem blarneys — about their three drummers down Keysars Lane. (Trite!).

Be these meer marchant taylor’s fablings of a race referend with oddman rex.^ Is now all seenheard then forgotten.^ Can it was, one is fain in this leaden age of letters now to wit, that so diversified outrages (they have still to come!) were planned and partly carried out against so staunch a covenanter if it be true than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we trow, beyessed to and denayed of, are given to us by some who use the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to sorrow for their pricking pens on that account. The seventh city, Urovivla,

his dtadear of refuge, whither (would we believe the laimen and their counts), beyond the outraved gales of Atreeatic, changing clues with a baggermalster, the hejirite had fled, silentioussue-meant under night’s altosonority, shipalone, a raven of the wave, (be mercy, Mara! A he whence Rahoulasl) from the ostmen’s dirtby on the old vie, to forget in expiating manslaughter and, reberthing in remarriment out of dead seekness to devine previdence, (if you are looking for the bilder deep your ear on the movietone!) to league his lot, palm and patte, with a papishee. For mine qvinne I thee giftake and bind my hosenband I thee halter. The wastobe land, a lottuse land, a luctuous land, Emerald-illuim, the peasant pastured, in which by the fourth commandment with promise his days apostolic were to be long by the abundant mercy of Him Which Thundereth From On High, murmured, would rise against him with all which in them were, franchisables and inhabitands, astea as agora, helotsphilots, do him hurt, poor jink, ghostly following bodily, as were he made a curse for them, the corruptible lay quick, all saints of incorruption of an holy nation, the common or ere-in-garden castaway, in red resirrrection to condemn so they might convince him, first pharoah, Humpheres Cheops Exarchas, of their proper sins. Business bred to speak with a stiff upper lip to all men and most occasions the Man we wot of took little short of fighting chances but for all that he or his or his care were subjected to the horrors of the premier terror of Errorland. (perorhaps!)

We seem to us (the real Us!) to be reading our Amend in the sixth sealed chapter of the going forth by black. It was after the show at Wednesbury that one tall man, humping a suspicious parcel, when returning late amid a dense particular on his home way from the second house of the Boore and Burgess Christy Menestrels by the old spot, Roy’s Corner, had a barkiss revolver placed to his faced with the words: you’re shot, major: by an unknowable assailant (masked) against whom he had been jealous over, Lotta Crabtree or Pomona Evlyn. More than that Whenn the Waylayer (not a Lucalizod diocesan or even of the Glendalough see, but hailing fro’ the prow of Little Britain), mention-

ing in a bytheway that he, the crawsopper, had, in edition to Reade’s cutless centiblade, a loaded Hobson’s which left only twin alternatives as, viceversa, either he would surely shoot her, the aunt, by pistol, (she could be okaysure of that!) or, failing of such, bash in Patch’s blank face beyond recognition, pointedly asked with gaeilish gall wodkar blizzard’s business Thornton had with that Kane’s fender only to be answered by the aggravated assaulted that that that was the snaps for him. Midweeks, to sultry well go and find out if he was showery well able. But how trans-paringly nontrue, gentlewriter ! His feet one is not a tall man, not at all, man. No such parson- No such fender. No such lumber. No such race. Was it supposedly in connection with a girls, Myramy Huey or Colores Archer, under Flaggy Bridge (for ann there is but one liv and hir newbridge is her old) or to explode his twelvechamber and force a shrievalty entrance that the heavybuilt Abelbody in a butcherblue blouse from One Life One Suit (a men’s wear store), with a most decisive bottle of single in his possession, seized after dark by the town guard at Haveyou-caught-emerod’s temperance gateway was there in a gate’s way.

Fifthly, how parasoliloquisingly truetoned on his first time of hearing the wretch’s statement that, muttering Irish, he had had had o’gloriously a’lot too much hanguest or hoshoe fine to drink in the House of Blazes, the Parrot in Hell, the Orange Tree, the Glibt, the Sun, the Holy Lamb and, lapse not leashed, in Ramitdown’s ship hotel since the morning moment he could dixtinguish a white thread from a black till the engine of the laws declosed unto Murray and was only falling fillthefluthered up against the gatestone pier which, with the cow’s bonnet a’ top o’it, he falsetook for a cattlepillar with purest peaceablest intentions. Yet how lamely hobbles the hoy of his then pseudo-jocax axplanadon how, according to his own story, he was a process server and was merely trying to open zozimus a bottlop stoub by mortially hammering his magnum bonum (the curter the club the sorer the savage) against the bludgey gate for the boots about the swan, Maurice Behan, who hastily into his shoes with nothing his hald barra tinnteack and came down with homp,

shtemp and jumphet to the tiltyard from the wastes a’sleep in his obi ohny overclothes or choker, attracted by the norse of guns playing Delandy is cartager on the raglar rock to Dulyn, said war’ prised safe in bed as he dreamed that he’d wealthes in mor-mon halls when wokenp by a fourth loud snore out of his land of byelo while hickstrey’s maws was grazing in the moonlight by hearing hammering on the pandywhank scale emanating from the blind pig and anything like it (oonaghloonagh!) in the whole history of the Mullingcan Inn he never. This battering babel allower the door and sideposts, he always said, was not in the very remotest like the belzey babble of a bottle of boose which would not rouse him out o’ slumber deep but reminded him loads more of the martiallawsey marses of foreign musi-kants’ instrumongs or the overthrewer to the third last days of Pompery, if anything. And that after this most nooningless knocktum the young reine came down desperate and the old liffopotamus started ploring all over the plains, as mud as she cud be, ruinating all the bouchers’ schurts and the backers’ wischandtugs so that be the chandeleure of the Rejaneyjailey they were all night wasching the waiters of, the weltering waiters

off. Whyte.

Just one moment. A pinch in time of the ideal, musketeers! Alphos, Burkos and Caramis, leave Astrelea for the astrollajerries and for the love of the saunces and the honour of Keavens pike puddywhackback to Pamintul. And roll away the reel world, the reel world, the reel world! And call all your smokeblushes, Snowwhite and Rosered, if you will have the real cream! Now for a strawberry frolic! Filons, filoosh! Cherchons la flammel Famm-famm! Fammfamm!

Come on, ordinary man with that large big nonobli head, and that blanko berbecked fischial ekksprezzion Machinsky Scapolo-polos, Duzinascu or other. Your machelar's mutton leg's getting musclebound from being too pulled. Noah Beery weighed stone thousand one when Hazel was a hen. Now her fat's falling fast. Therefore, chatbags, why not yours? There are 29 sweet reasons why blossomtime's the best. Elders fall for green almonds when

they're raised on brmsed stone root ginger though it winters on their heads as if auctumned round their waistbands. If you'd had pains in your hairs you wouldn't look so orgibald. You'd have Colley Macaires on your lump of lead. Now listen, Mr Leer! And stow that sweatyfunnyadams Simper! Take an old geeser who calls on his skirt. Note his sleek hair, so elegant, tableau vivanu He vows her to be his own honeylamb, swears they will be papa pals, by Sam, and share good times way down west in a guaranteed happy lovenest when May moon she shines and they twit twinkle all the night, combing the comet's tail up right and shooting popgims at the stars. Creampuffs all to dime! Every nice, missymackenzies ! For dear old grumpapar, he's gone on the razzledar, through gazing and crazing and blazing at the stars. Compree! She wants her wardrobe to hear from above by return with cash so as she can buy her Peter Robinson trousseau and cut a dash with Arty, Bert or possibly Charley Chance (who knows.^) so tolloll Mr Hunker you're too dada for me to dance (so off she goes!) and that's how half the gels in town has got their bottom drars while grumpapar he's trying to hitch his braces on to his trars. But old grum he's not so clean dippy between sweet you and yum (not on your life, boy! not in those trousers! not by a large jugful!) for someplace on the sly, where Furphy he isn't by, old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two, chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as simple as A. B. C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherrybum chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they all were afloat in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo, a tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can you.^ Finny.

Ack, ack, ack. With which clap, trap and soddenment, three to a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate seem to be implicitly in the same bateau, so to singen, bearing also

several of the earmarks of design, for there is in fact no use in putting a tooth in a snipery of that sort and the amount of all those sort of things which has been going on onceaday in and twiceaday out every other nachtistag among all kinds of promiscious individuals at all ages in private homes and reeboos publikiss and allover all and elsewhere throughout secular sequence the country over and overabroad has been particularly stupendous. To be continued. Federals' Uni teds' Transports' Unions' for Exultations' of Triumphants' Ecstasies.

But resuming inquiries. Will it ever be next morning the postal unionist's (officially called carrier's, Letters Scotch, Limited) strange fate (Fierceendgiddyex he's hight, d.e., the losel that bucks around missivemaids' gummibacks) to hand in a huge chain envelope, written in seven divers stages of ink, from blanchessance to lavandaiette, every pothook and pancrook bespaking the wisherwife, superscribed and subpencilled by yours A Laughable Party, with afterwite, S.A.G., to Hyde and Cheek, Edenberry, Dubblenn, WC.^ Will whatever will be written in lappish language with inbursts of Maggyer always seem semposed, black looking white and white guarding black, in that siamixed twoatalk used twist stem swift and jolly roger.^ Will it bright upon us, nightie, and we plunging to our plight.^ Well, it might now, mircle, so it light. Always and ever till Cox's wife, twice Mrs Hahn, pokes her beak into the matter with Owen K. after her, to see whawa smutter after, will this kiribis pouch filled with litterish fragments lurk dormant in the paunch of that halpbrother of a herm, a pillarbox? The coffin, a triumph of the illusionist's art, at first blench naturally taken for a handharp (it is handwarp to tristinguish jubabe from jabule or either from tubote when all three have just been invened) had been removed from the hardware premises of Oetzmarm and Nephew, a noted house of the gonemost west, which in the natural course of all things continues to supply funeral requisites of every needed description. Why needed, though? Indeed needed (wouldn't you feel like rattanfowl if you hadn't the oscar!) because the flash brides or bride in their lily boleros one games with at the Nivynubies' finery ball

and your upright grooms that always come right up with you (and by jingo when they do!) what else in this mortal world, now ours, when meet there night, mid their nackt, me there naket, made their nought the hour strikes, would bring them rightcame back in the flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes.

To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagiants to take its free of the air and just analectralyse that very chymerical combination, the gasbag where the warderworks. And try to pour somour heiterscene up thealmostfere. In the bottled heliose case continuing. Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine breast of medals, and a conscientious scripturereader to boot in the brick and tin choorch round the coroner, swore like a Norewheezian tailliur on the stand before the proper functionary that he was up against a right querrshnorrt of a mand in the butcher of the blues who, he guntinued, on last opening after delivering some carcasses mattonchepps and meatjutes on behalf of Messrs Otto Sands and Eastman, Limericked, Victuallers, went and, with his unmitigated astonissment, hickicked at the dun and dorass against all the runes and, when challenged about the pretended hick (it

was kickup and down with him) on his solemn by the imputant imputed, said simply: I appop pie oath, Phillyps Captain. You did, as I sostressed before. You are deepknee in error, sir. Madam Tomkins, let me then tell you, replied with a gentlewomanly salaam MackPartland, (the meatman’s family, and the oldest in the world except nick, name.) And Phelps was flayful with his peeler. But his phizz fell.

Now to the obverse. From velveteens to dimities is barely a fivefinger span and hence these camelback excesses are thought to have been instigated by one or either of the causing causes of all, those rushy hollow heroines in their skirtsleeves, be she magretta be she the posque. Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Lupita Lorette, shortly after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all her dear placid life before her and paled off while the other soiled dove that’s her sister-in-love, Luperca Latouche, finding

one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasily for binocular man and that her jambs were jimpjoyed to see each other, the nautchy girly soon found her fruitful hat too small for her and rapidly taking time , look, she rapidly took to necking, partying and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumber closets or in the greenawn ad hack (there are certain intimacies in all ladies’ lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the sweet churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney a la Zingara which our own little Graunya of the chilired cheeks dished up to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole. Houri of the coast of emerald, arrah of the lacessive poghue, Aslim-all-Muslim, the resigned to her surrender, did not she, come leinster’s even, true dotter of a dearmud, (her pitch was Forty Steps and his perch old Cromwell’s Quarters) with so vaUdrry a licence as sent many a poor pucker packing to perdition, again and again, ay, and again sfidare him, tease fido, eh tease fido, eh eh tease fido, toos topples topple, stop, dug of a dog of a dgiaour, ye! Angealousmeil And did not he, like Arcoforty, farfar off Bissavolo, missbrand her behaveyous with iridescent huecry of down right mean false sop lap sick dope? TawfulsdreckI A reine of the shee, a shebeen quean, a queen of pranks. A kingly man, of royal mien, regally robed, exalted be his glory! So gave so take: Now not, not now! He would just a min. Suffering trumpet! He thought he want. Whath? Hear, O hear, living of the land! Hungreb, dead era, hark! He hea, eyes ravenous on her lippling lills. He hear her voi of day gon by. He hears! Zay, tay, zay! But, by the beer of his profit, he cannot answer. Upterputty till rise and shine! Nor needs none shaft ne stele from Phenicia or Little Asia to obelise on the spout, neither pobalclock neither folksstone, nor sunkenness in Tomar’s Wood to bewray how erpressgangs score off the rued. The mouth that tells not will ever attract the unthinking tongue and so long as the obseen draws theirs which hear not so long till allearth’s dumbnation shall the blind lead the deaf. Tatcho, tawney yeeklings! The column of lumps lends the pattrin of the leaves behind us. If violence to life, limb and chattels, often as

not, has been the expression, direct or through an agent male, of

womanhid offended, (ah! ah!), has not levy of black mail from the times the fairies were in it, and fain for wilde erthe blothoms followed an impressive private reputation for whispered sins?

Now by memory inspired, turn wheel again to the whole of the wall. Where Gyant Blyant fronts Peannlueamoore There was once upon a wall and a hooghoog wall a was and such a wall-hole did exist. Ere ore or ire in Aaarlund. Or you Dair's Hair or you Diggin Mosses or your horde of orts and oriorts to garble a garthen of Odin and the lost paladays when all the eddams ended with aves. Armen? The doun is theirs and still to see for menags if he strikes a lousaforitch and we'll come to those baregazed shoeshines if you just shoodov a second. And let oggs be good old gaggles and Isther Estarr play Yesther Asterr. In the drema of Sorestost Areas, Diseased. A stonehinged gate then was for another thing while the suroptimist had bought and enlarged that shack under fair rental of one yearlyng sheep, (prime) value of sixpence, and one small yearlyng goat (cadet) value of eight-pence, to grow old and happy (hogg it and kidd him) for the re-minants of his years; and when everything was got up for the purpose he put an applegate on the place by no means as some pretext a bedstead in loo thereof to keep out donkeys (the pig-dirt hanging from the jags to this hour makes that clear) and just thenabouts the iron gape, by old custom left open to prevent the cats from getting at the gout, was triplepatlockt on him on purpose by his faithful poorters to keep him inside probably and possibly enaunter he felt like sticking out his chest too far and tempting gracious providence by a stroll on the peoplade's egg-day, unused as he was yet to being freely clodded.

O, by the by, lets wee brag of praties, it ought to be always remembered in connection with what has gone before that there was a northroomer, Herr Betreffender, out for his zimmer hole-digs, digging in number 32 at the Rum and Puncheon (Branch of Dirty Dick's free house) in Laxlip (where the Sockeye Sammons were stopping at the time orange fasting) prior to that, a Kom-merzial (Gorbotipacco, he was wreaking like Zentral Oylrubber)

from Osterich, the U.S.E. paying (Gaul save the mark!) ii/- in the week (Gosh, these wholly romadsi) of conscience money in the first deal of Yuly wheil he was, swishing beesnest with bles-sure, and swobbing broguen eeriesh myth brockendootsch, mak-ing his reporterage on Der Fall Adams for the Frankofurto Siding, a Fastland payrodicule, and er, consstated that one had on him the Lynn O'Brien, a meltoned lammswolle, disturbed, and wider he might the same zurichschicken other he would, with tosend and obertosend tonnowatters, one monkey's damages become.
Now you must know, franksman, to make a heart of glass, that the game of gaze and bandstand butchery was merely a Patsy O'Strap tissue of threats and obuses such as roebucks raugh at pinnacle's peak and after this sort. Humphrey's unsolicited visitor, Davy or Titus, on a burgley's clan march from the middle west, a hikely excellent crude man about road who knew his Bullfoost Mountains like a starling bierd, after doing a long dance untidled to Cloudy Green, deposend his bockstump on the waityoumay-wantme, after having blew some quaker's (for you! Oates!) in through the houseking's keyhole to attract attention, bleated through the gale outside which the tairor of his clothes was hog-callering, first, be the hirsuiter, that he would break his bulshey-wigger's head for him, next, be the heeltapper, that he would

break the gage over his lankyduckling head the same way he would crack a nut with a monkeywrench and, last of all, be the stirabouter, that he would give him his (or theumperom’s or any-bloody else’s) thickerthanwater to drink and his bleday steppe-brodhar’s into the bucket. He demanded more wood alcohol to pitch in with, alleging that his granfather’s was all taxis and that it was only after ten o’connell, and this his isbar was a public oven for the sake of irsk irskusky, and then, not easily dis-couraged, opened the wrathfloods of his atillarery and went on at a wicked rate, weathering against him in mooxed metaphores from eleven thirty to two in the afternoon without even a lunch-eonette interval for House, son of Clod, to come out, you jew-beggar, to be Executed Amen. Earwicker, that pattemmind, that paradigmatic ear, receptoretentive as his of Dionysius, longsuffer-

ing although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of his conservatory, behind faminebuilt walls, his thermos flask and ripidian flabel by his side and a walrus whiskerbristle for a tusk-pick, compiled, while he mourned the flight of his wild guineese, a long list (now feared in part lost) to be kept on file of all abusive names he was called (we have been compelled for the rejoicement of foinne loidies ind the humours of Milltown etcetera by Joseph-ine Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with Inker-mann and so on and sononward, lacies in loo water, flee, celestials, one clean turv): Firstnighter^ Informer^ Old Fruity Yellow Whigger^ JVheatears^ Goldy Geit^ Bogside Beauty^ Yass Wdve Had His Badannas^ Yorlds Porker ^ Funnyface^ At Baggotty^s Bend He Bumpedy Grease with the Buttery Opendoor OspiceSy Cainandabler y Ireland's Eighth Wonderful Wonder y Beat My Pricey Godsoilmany Moonface the Murderer y Hoary Hairy HoaXy Midnight Sunburst y Remove that Bible y Hebdromadary Publocationy Tummer the Lame the TyrannouSy Blau Clayy Tight before TeatimCy Read Your Pantojokey Acoustic Disturbancey Thinks He* s Gobblasst the Good Dook of Our guile y W.JD*s GracCy Gibbering Bayamouth of Bub liny His Farther was a Mundipicker and She had him in a Growler y Burnham and Baileyy Artisty Unworthy of the Homely Protestant Religiony Terry Cottery You re Welcome to Waterfoody signed the RibbonmeUy Lobsterpot Lardlingy All for Arthur of this Towny Hooshed the Cat from the Bacony Leathertogs Donaldy The Ace and Beuce of Paupering^ O* Reilly* s Belights to Kiss the Man behind the Borrely Magogagogy Swad Puddlefooty Gouty GhibelinCy Loose Luther y Hatches Cocks* EggSy Muddle the Plany Luck before Wedlocky I Bivorce Thee Husband y Tanner and a Makcy Go to Hellena or Come to ConnieSy Piobald Puffjpujf His Bridcy Purged out of Burke* Sy He*s Hone of Me Causiny Barebareany Peculiar PersoUy Grunt Owl* s Facktotemy Twelve Months Aristocraty Lycanthropcy Flunkey Beadle Vamps the Tune Letting on He* s Loneyy Thunder and Turf Married into Clandorfy Left Boot Sent on Approvcdy Cumberer of Lord* s Holy Groundy Stodge Arschmanriy Awnt Yukcy Tommy Furlong* s Pet Plagues y Archdukon Cabbangety Last Past the Posty Kennealey Won* t Tell Thee off Nancy* s GowUy

Scuttle to Cover, Scdary Grab, Andy Mac Noon in Annie’s Room, Awl Out, Twitchbratschballs, Bombard Street Bester, Sublime Porter, A Ban for Le King of the Burgaans and a Bom for Ye Sur of all the Ruttledges, O’ Phelim’s Cutprice, And at Number Wan

Wan Wan, What He Done to Castlecostello, Sleeps with Feathers end Ropes, It is Known who Sold Horace the Rattler, Enclosed find the Sons of Fingcd, Swayed in his Falling, Wants a Wife and Forty of Them, Let Him Do the Fair, Apeegeequanee Chimmuck,

Plowp Goes his Whastle, Ruin of the Small Trader, He

Milkinghoneybeaverbrooker, Fee was a Findner, Sower Rapes, Armenian Atrocity, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite, — 'Man Devoyd of the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humborg, Hraabhraab, Coocoohandler, Dirt, Miching Daddy, Born Burst Feet Foremost, Woolworth' s Worst, Easyathic Phallusaphist, Guilteypig's Bastard, Fast in the Barrel, Boose in the Bed, Mister Fatmate, In Custody of the Polis, BoawwlV s alocutionist, deposed, but anarchistically respectsful of the liberties of the noninvasive individual, did not respond a solitary wedgeword beyond such sedentarity, though it was as easy as kissanywhere for the passive resistant in the booth he was in to reach for the hello gripes and ring up Kimmage Outer 17.67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when at last shocked into speech, touchin his woundid feelins in the fuchsiar the dominican mission for the sowsealist potty was on at the time and he thought the rowmish devowtion known as the howly rowsary might reeform ihm, Gonn. That more than considerably unpleasant bullocky before he rang off drunkishly pegged a few glatt stones, all of a size, by way of final mocks for his grapes, at the wicket in support of his words that he was not guilphy but, after he had so slaunga vollayed, reconnoitring through his semisubconscious the seriousness of what he might have done had he really polished off his terrible intentions finally caused him to change the bawling and leave downg the whole grumus of brookpebbles pangpung and, having sobered up a bit, paces his groundould diablen lionndub, the flay the flegm, the floedy fleshener, (purse, purse, pursyfurse, I'll splish the splume of them all!) this backblocks boor bruskly put out

his langwedge and quite quit the paleologic scene, telling how by his selfden3dng ordnance he had left Hyland on the dissenting table, after exhorting Earwicker or, in slightly modified phraseology, Messrs or Missrs Earwicker, Seir, his feminisible name of multitude, to cocoa come outside to Mockerloo out of that for the honour of Crumlin, with his broody old flishguds, Gog's curse to thim, so as he could brianslog and burst him all dizzy, you go bail, like Potts Fracture did with Keddle Flatnose and nobodyatall with Wholyphamous and build rocks over him, or if he didn't, for two and thirty straws, be Cacao Campbell, he didn't know what he wouldn't do for him nor nobody else nomore nor him after which, batell martell, a brisha a milla a stroka a boola, so the rage of Malbruk, playing on the least change of his manjester's voice, the first heroic couplet from the fuguall tropical, Opus Elf, Thortytoe: My schemes into oheyancefor This time has had to fall: they bit goodbyte to their thumb and, his bandol eer his solgier, dripdropdrap on pool or poldier, wishing the loff a falladelfian in the morning, proceeded with a Hubbleforth slouch in his slips backwords {Et Cur HeUJ') in the directions of the duff and demb institutions about ten or eleven hundred years lurch away in the moonshiny gorge of Patself on the Bach. Adyoe!

And thus, with this rochelly exetur of Bully Acre, came to close that last stage in the siegings round our archicitadel which

we would like to recall, if old Nestor Alexis would wink the worth for us, as Bar-le-Duc and Dog-an-Doras and Bangen-op-Zoom.

Yed he med leave to many a door beside of Oxmanswold for so witness his chambered cairns a cloudletlitter silent that are at browse up hill and down coombe and on eolithostroton, at Howth or at Coolock or even at Enniskerry, a theory none too rectiline of the evoluation of human society and a testament of the rocks from all the dead unto some the living. Olivers lambs we do call them, skatterlings of a stone, and they shall be gathered unto him, their herd and paladin, as nubilettes to cumule, in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava Arthur-

honoured (some Finn, some Finn avantl), he skall wake from earthsleep, haught crested elraer, in his valle of briers of Greenman's Rise O, (lost leaders live! the heroes return!) and o'er dun and dale the Wulverulverlord (protect us!) his mighty horn skall roll, orland, roll.

For in those deyes his Deyus shall ask of Allprohome and call to himm: Allprohome! And he make answer: Add some. Nor wink nor wunk. Animadiabolum, mene credidisti mortuum.^ Silence was in thy faustive halls, O Truiga, when thy green woods went dry but there will be sounds of manymirth on the night's ear ringing when our pantriarch of Comes to wntonobble gets the pullover on his boots.

Liverpoor.^ Sot a bit of it! His braynes cook parritch, his pelt nassy, his heart's adrone, his bluidstreams acrawl, his puff but a pifF, his extremeties extremely so: Fengless, Pawmbroke, Chilblaimend and Baldowl. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no no more to him than raindrips to Rethfemhim. Which we all like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our sleeping. Drain. Sdops.

As the lion in our teargarten remembers the nenuphars of his Nile (shall Ariuz forget Arioun or Boghas the baregams of the Marmarazalles from Marmeniere?) it may be, tots wearsense full a naggin in twentyg have sigilposted what in our brievingbust, the besieged bedreamt him stil and solely of those lililiths undeveiled which had undone him, gone for age, and knew not the watchful treachers at his wake, and theirs to stay. Fooi, fooi, chamermissies ! Zeepyzoepy, larcenlads! Zijnzijn Zijnzijn! It may be, we moest ons hasten selves te declareer it, that he reglimmed.^ presaw.^ the fields of heat and yields of wheat where comgold Ysitf shamed and shone. It may be, we habben to upseek a bitty door our good township's courants want we knew't, that with his deepseeing insight (had not wishing oftebeen but good time wasted), within his patriarchal shamanah, broadsteyne 'bove citie (Twillby! Twillby!) he conscious of enemies, akingbilly white-horsed in a Finglas mill, prayed, as he sat on anxious seat, (kunt ye neat gift mey toe bout a peer saft eyballds!) during that three and a hellof hours' agony of silence, ex profundis malorum, and bred with unfeigned charity that his wordwounder (an engles to

the teeth whq,nomened Nash of Girahash, would go anyold where in the weeping world on his mottled belly (the tab, the kreepons-kneed!) for milk, music or married missusses) might, mercy to providential benevolence’s who hates prudencies’ astuteness, unfold into the first of a distinguished dynasty of his posteriors,

blackfaced connemaras not of the fold but elder children of his household, his most besetting of ideas (^pcu:e his twelve predamanant passions) being the formation, as in more favoured climes, where the Meadow of Honey is guestfriendly and the Mountain of Joy receives, of a truly criminal stratum, Ham’s cribcracking yeggs, thereby at last eliminating from all classes and masses with directly derivative decasualisation: sigarius (sic!) vindicat urhes terrorum (sicker!); and so, to mark a bank taal she arter, the obedience of the citizens elp the ealth of the ole.

Now gode. Let us leave theories there and retiurn to here’s here. Now hear. ’Tis gode again. The teak cofHn, Pughglasspanelfitted, feets to the east, was to turn in later, and pitly pady near the porpus, materially effecting the cause. And this, liever, is the thinghowe. Any number of conservative public bodies, through a number of select and other committees having power to add to their number, before voting themselves and himself, town, port and garrison, by a fit and proper resolution, following a koorts order of the groundwet, once for all out of plotty existence, as a forescut, so you maateskippey might to you cuttinrunner on a neuw pack of klerds, made him, while his body still persisted, their present of a protem grave in Moyelta of the best Lough Neagh pattern, then as much in demand among misonesans as the Isle of Man today among limniphobes. Wacht even ! It was in a fairly fishy kettlekerry, after the Fianna’s foreman had taken his handful, enriched with ancient woods and dear dutchy deep-linns mid which were an old knoll and a troutbeck, vainyvain of her osiery and a chatty sally with any Wilt or Walt who would ongle her as Izaak did to the tickle of his rod and watch her waters of her sillying waters of and there now brown peater arripple (may their quilt gild lightly over his somnolulutent form!) Whoforyou lies his last, by Ae wrath of Bog, like the erst curst Hun in the bed of his tretJaleu Donawhu.

Best. This wastohavebeen underground heaven, or mole’s paradise which was probably also an inversion of a phallopharos, intended to foster wheat crops and to ginger up tourist trade (its architecht. Mgr Peurelachasse, having been obcaecated lest

he should petrifake suchanewer while the contractors Messrs T. A. Birkett and L. O. Tuohalls were made invulnerably venerable) first in the west, our misterbilder, Castlevillainous, openly damned and blasted by means of a hydromine, system. So wan and Belting, exploded from a reinvented T.N.T. bombingpost up ahoy of eleven and thirty wingrests (circiter) to sternbooard out of his aerial thorpeto, Auton D5mamon, contacted with the expectant minefield by tins of improved ammonia lashed to her shieldplated gunwale, and fused into tripupcables, slipping through tholse and playing down from the conning tower into the ground battery fuseboxes, all differing as clocks from keys

since nobody appeared to have the same time of beard, some sa3dng by their Oorlog it was Sygstryggs to nine, more holding with the Ryan vogt it was Dane to pfife. He afterwards whaan-ever his blaetther began to fail off him and his rough bark was wholly husky and, stoop by stoop, he neared it (wouldmanspare!) carefully lined the ferroconcrete result with rotproof bricks and mortar, fassed to fossed, and retired beneath the heptarchy of his towerettes, the beauchamp, byward, bull and lion, the white, the wardrobe and bloodied, so encouraging (insteppen, alls als hats beliefd!) additional useful councils public with hoofd off-dealings which were welholden of ladykants te huur out such as the Breeders' Union, the Guild of Merchants of the Staple et, a.u.c. to present imto him with funebral pomp, over and above that, a stone slab with the usual Mac Pelah address of velediction, a very fair-worded instance of falsemeaning adamelegy: We have done ours gohellt with you, Heer Herewhippit, overgiven it, skidool But t'house and allaboardshoops! Show cofiins, winding sheets, goodbuy bierchepes, cinerary urns, liealoud blasses, snuffchests, poteentubbs, lacrimal vases, hoodendoses, reekwaterbeckers, breakmiddles, zootzaks for eadust, including upyottrhealthing rookworst and meathewersoftened forkenpootsies and for that matter, javel also, any kind of inhumationary brie au brae for the adornment of his glasstone honophreum, would, met these trein of konditiens, naturally follow, halas, in the ordinary course, enabling that roundtheworlder wandelingswight, did suches pass

him, to live ail safeathomely the presenile days of his life of opulence, ancient ere decrepitude, late lents last lenience, till stuffering stage, whaling away the whole of the while (hypnos chilia eonion!) lethelulled between explosion and reexplosion (Donnaurwatteur ! Hunderthunder!) from grosskopp to megapod, embalmed, of grand age, rich in death anticipated.

But abide 21eit's sumonserving, rise afterfall. Blueblitzbolted from there, knowing the hingeworms of the hallmirks of habita-tionlesness, buried burrowing in Gehinnon, to proliferate through all his Unterwealth, seam by seam, sheol om sheol, and revisit our Uppercrust Sideria of Utilitarios, the divine one, the hoar-der hidden propaguting his plutorpopular progeniem of pots and pans and pokers and puns from biddenland to boughtenland, the spearway fore the spoorway.

The other spring offensive on the heights of Abraham may have come about all quite by accidence, Foughtarundser ffor Breedabrooda had at length presuaded him to have himself to be as septuply buried as the murdered Cian in Finntown), had not been three monads in his watery grave (what vigilantes and ridings then and spuitwyne pledges with aardappel frittling!) when portrifaction, dreyfussed as ever, began to ramp, ramp, ramp, the boys are parching. A hoodenwinkle gave the signal and a bless-ing paper freed the flood. Why did the patrizien make him scares with his gruntens.^ Because the druiven were muskating at the door. From both Celtiberian camps (granting at the onset for the sake of argument that men on the two sides in New South Ire-land and Vetera Uladh, bluemin and pillfaces, during the ferment With the Pope or On the Pope, had, moors or letts, grant ideas, grunted) all conditions, poor cons and dives mor, each, of course, on the purely doffensive since the eternals were owlwise on their side every time, were drawn toowards their Bellona's Black Bottom, once Woolwhite's Waltz (Ohiboh, how becrimed,

becursekissed and bedumbtoit!) some for want of proper feeding in youth, others already caught in the honourable act of slicing careers for family and carvers in conjunction; and, if emaciated nough, the person garrotted may have suggested to whomever he

took the ham of, the plain being involved in darkness, low cirque waggery, nay, even the first old wugger of himself in the flesh, whiggissimus incarnadined, when falsesighted by the ifsuchhewas bully on the hill for there had circulated freely fairly among his opposition the feeling that in so hibernating Massa Ewacka, who, previous to that demidetached life, had been known of barmi-cidal days, cook said, between soups and savours, to get outside his own length of rainbow trout and taerts atta tarn as no man of woman born, nay could, like the great crested brebe, devour his threescoreten of roach per lifeday, ay, and as many minnow a minute (the big mix, may Gibbet choke him!) was, like the salmon of his ladderleap all this time of totality secretly and by suckage feeing on his own misplaced fat.

Ladies did not disdain those pagan ironed times of the first city (called after the ugliest Danadune) when a frond was a friend inneed to carry, as earwigs do their dead, their soil to the earth-ball where indeeth we shall calm decline, our legacy unknown. Venuses were gigglibly temptatrix, vulcans guffawably eruptions and the whole wives' world frockful of fickles. Fact, any human inyon you liked any erenoon or efter would take her bare godkin out, or an even pair of hem, (lugod! lugodoo!) and prettily pray with him (or with em even) everyhe to her taste, long for luck, tapette and tape petter and take pettest of all. (Tip!) Wells she'd woo and wills she's win but how the deer knowed where she'd marry! Arbour, bucketroom, caravan, ditch? Coach, carriage, wheelbarrow, dungcart?

Kate Strong, a widow (Tiptip!) — she pulls a lane picture for us, in a dreariodreama setting, glowing and very vidual, of old dumplan as she nosed it, a homelike cottage of elvanstone with droppings of biddies, stinkend pusshies, moggies' duggies, rotten witchawubbles, festering rubbages and beggars' bullets, if not worse, sending salmofarious germs in gleefully through the smithereen panes — Widow Strong, then, as her weaker had turned him to the wall (Tiptiptip!), did most all the scavenging from good King Hamlaugh's gulden dayne though her lean besom cleaned but sparingly and her bare statement reads that,

there being no macadamised sidetracks on those old nekropolitan nights in, barring a footbatter, Bryant's Causeway, bordered with speedwell, white clover and sorrel a wood knows, which left off, being beaten, where the plaintiff was struck, she left down, as scavengers, who will be scavengers must, her filthdump near the Serpentine in Phornix Park (at her time called Finewell's Keepsacre but later tautaubapptossed Pat's Purge), that dangerfield circling butcherswood where fireworker oh flaherty engaged a nutter of castlemallards and ah for archer stunned's turk, all over which fossil footprints, bootmarks, fingersigns, elbowdints, breechbowls, a. s. o. were all succes-sively traced of a most envolving description. "What subtler

timeplace of the weald than such wolfsbelly castrament to will hide a leabhar from Thursmen’s brandthands or a loveletter, lostfully hers, that would be lust on Ma, than then when ructions ended, than here where race began: and by four hands of fore-thought the first babe of reconcilement is laid in its last cradle of hume sweet hume. Give over it! And no more of it! So pass the pick for child sake! O men!

For hear Allhighest sprack for krischnians as for propagana fidies and his nuptial eagles sharped their beaks of prey: and every morphyl man of us, pome by pome, falls back into this terrine: as it was let it be, says he! And it is as though where Agni araflammed and Mithra monished and Shiva slew as maya-mutras the obluvial waters of our noarchic memory withdrew, windingly goharksome, to some hastyswasty timberman torch-priest, flamenfan, the ward of the wind that lightened the fire that lay in the wood that Jove bolt, at his rude word. Posidonius O’Fluctuary! Lave that bloody stone as it is! What are you doing your dirty minx and his big treeblock way up your path!' Slip arotmd, you, by the rare of the ministers’! And, you, take that barrel back where you got it, Mac Shane’s, and go the way your old one went, Hatchettsbury Road! And gish! how they gushed away, the pennyfares, a whole school for scamper, with their sashes flying sish behind them, all the little pirlypettes! Issy-la-Chapelle! Any lucans, please.^

Yes, the viability of vicinals if invisible is invincible. And we are not trespassing on his corns either. Look at all the plotsch! Fluminian! If this was Hannibal’s walk it was Hercules’ work. And a hungried thousand of the unemancipated slaved the way. The mausoleum lies behind us (O Adgigasta, multipoptdipaterJ') and there are milestones in their cheadmilias faultering along the tramestrack by Brahm and Anton Hermes! Per omnibus secular seekalarum. Amain. But the past has made us this present of a rhedtirhoad. So more boher O’Connell! Though rainy-hidden, you’re rhinohide. And if he’s not a Romeo you may scallop your hat. Wereupunder in the fane of Saint Fiacre! Halte!

It was hard by the howe’s there, plainly on this disoluded and a buchan cold spot, rupestric then, resurfaced that now is, that Luttrell sold if Lautrill bought, in the saddle of the Brennan’s (now Malpasplace.^) pass, versts and versts from true civilisation, not where his dreams top their traums halt (Beneathere! Bena-there!) but where livland yontide meared with the wilde, saltlea with flood, that the attackler, a cropatkin, though under medium and between colours with truly native pluck, engaged the Adver-sary who had more in his eye than was less to his leg but whom for plunder sake, he mistook in the heavy rain to be Oglethorpe or some other ginkus, Parr aparrently, to whom the headandheel-less chickenestegg bore some Michelangiolesque resemblance, making use of sacrilegious languages to the defect that he would challenge their hemosphores to exterminate them but he would cannonise the b — y b — r’s life out of him and lay him out contritely as smart as the b — r had his b — y nightprayers said, three patrecknocksters and a couplet of hellmuirries (tout est sacre pour un sacreur^ femme a harhe ou homme-nourrice) at the same time, so as to plugg well let the blubbywail ghoats out of him, catching hoist of an oblong bar he had and with which he usually broke furnitures he rose the stick at him. The boarder incident prerepeated itself. The pair (whethertheywere Nippo-

luono engaging Wei-Ling-Taou or de Razzkias trying to recon-
noistre the general Boukeleff, man may not say), struggled
apairently for some considerable time, (the cradle rocking equally

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to one and oppositely from the other on its law of capture and
recapture), under the All In rules around the booksafe, fighting
like purple top and tipperuhry Swede, (Secremented Servious of
the Divine Zeal!) and in the course of their tussle the toller man,
who had opened his bully bowl to beg, said to the miner who
was carrying the worm (a handy term for the portable distillery
which consisted of three vats, two jars and several bottles though
we purposely say nothing of the stiff, both parties having an
interest in the spirits): Let me go, Pautheen! I hardly knew ye.
Later on, after the solstitial pause for refleshmeant, the same
man (or a different and younger him of the same ham) asked in
the vermicular with a very oggly chew-chin-grin: Was six vic-
tolios fifteen pigeon takee offa you, tell he me, stlongfella, by
picky-pocky ten to foul months behindaside? There were some
further collidabanter and severe tries to convert for the best part
of an hour and now a woden affair in the shape of a webley (we
at once recognise our old friend Ned of so many illortemporate
letters) fell from the intruser who, as stuck as that cat to that
mouse in that tube of that christchurch organ, (did the imnage of
Girl Cloud Pensive flout above them light young charm, in
ribbons and pigtail.^) whereupon became friendly and, saying not
his shirt to tear, to know wanted, la3dng all joking and knob-
kerries aside, if his change companion who stuck still to the in-
vention of his strongbox, with a tenacity corrobberating their
mutual tenitorial rights, happened to have the loots change of
a tenpound crickler about him at the moment, addling that hap
so, he would pay him back the six vies odd, do you see, out of
that for what was taken on the man of samples last Yuni or Yuly,
do you follow me, Capn? To this the other, Billi with the Boule,
who had mummed and mauled up to that (for he was hesitency
carried to excelcism) rather amusedly replied: W^oowoo would
you be grossly surprised, Hill, to learn that, as it so happens, I
honestly have not such a thing as the loo, as the least chance of
a tinpanned crackler anjrwhere about me at the present moho-
moment but I believe I can see my way, as you suggest, it
being Yuletide or Yuddanfest and as it’s mad nuts, son, for you

when it’s hatter’s hares, mon, for me, to advance you something
like four and sevenpence between hopping and trapping which
you might just as well have, boy baches, to buy J. J. and S. with.
There was a minute silence before memory’s fire’s rekindling and
then. Heart alive ! Which at very first wind of gay gay and whisk-
wigs wick’s ears pricked up, the starving gunman, strike him
pink, became strangely calm and forthright sware by all his lards
porsenal that the thomtree of sheol might ramify up his Sheo-
fon to the lux apointlex but he would go good to him suntime
marx my word fort, for a chip off the old Flint, (in the Nichtian
glossery which purveys aprioric roots for aposteriorious tongues
this is nat language at any sinse of the world and one might as

fairly go and kish his sprogues as fail to certify whether the wartrophy eluded at some lives earlier was that somethink like a jug, to what, a coctable) and remarxing in languidoily, seemingly much more highly pleased than tongue could tell at this opening of a lifetime and the foretaste of the Dun Bank pearlmothers and the boy to wash down which he would feed to himself in the Ruadh Cow at Tallaght and then into the Good Woman at Ringsend and after her inat Conway’s Inn at Blackrock and, first to fall, cursed be all, where appetite would keenest be, atte, funeral fare or fun fain real, Adam and Eve’s in Quantity Street by the grace of gamy queen Tailte, her will and testament: You stunning little southdowner! I’d know you anywhere, Declaney, let me truthfully tell you in or out of the lexinction of life and who the hell else, be your blanche patch on the boney part! Goalball I’ve struck this daylit dielate night of nights, by golly! My hat, you have some bully German grit, sundowner! He spud in his faust (axin); he toped the raw best (pardun); he poked his pick (a tip is a tap): and he tucked his friend’s leave. And, with French hen or the portlifowlium of hastes and leisures, about to continue that, the queer mixture exchanged the pax in embrace or poghue puxy as practised between brothers of the same breast, hillelulia, killelulia, allenalaw, and, having ratified before the god of the day their torgantruce which belittlers have schmall-kalled the treatyng to cognac, turning his fez menialstrait in the

direction of Moscas, he first got rid of a few mitsmillers and hurooshoos and levanted off with tubular jurbulance at a bull’s run over the assback bridge, spitting his teeths on rooths,with the seven and four in danegeld and their humoral hurlbat or other uncertain weapon of lignum vitae^ but so evermore rhumanasant of a toboggan poop, picked up to keep some crowplucking ap-pointment with some rival rialtos anywheres between Pearidge and the Littlehom while this poor delaney, who they left along with the confederate fender behind and who albeit ballsbluffed, bore up wonderfully wunder all of it with a whole number of plumsized contusiums, plus alasalah bruised coccyx, all over him, reported the occurance in the best way he could, to the flabber-gaze of the whole lab, giving the Paddybanners the military salute as for his exilicy’s the O’Daffy, in justifiable hope that, in nobiloroman review of the hugely sitisfactuary conclusium of their negotiations and the jugglemonkysh agripment dein-derivative, some lotion or fomentation of poppyheads would be jennerously exhibited to the parts, at the nearest watchhouse in Vicar Lane, the white ground of his face all covered with diagon-ally redcrossed nonfatal mammalian blood as proofpositive of the seriousness of his character and that he was bleeding in self defience (stanch it!) from the nostrils, lips, pavilion and palate, while some of his hitter’s hairs had been pulled off his knut’s head by Colt though otherwise his allround health appeared to be middling along as it proved most fortunate that not one of the two hundred and six bones and five hundred and one muscles in his corso was a whit the whorse for her whacking. Herwho.^ Nowthen, leaving clashing ash, brawn and muscle and brass-made to oust earthembom and rockcrystal to wreck isinglass but wurming along gradually for our savings backtowards mother-waters so many miles from bank and Dublin stone (olympiading e\ en till the eleventh dynasty to reach that thuddysickend Ham-laugh) and to the question of honey’s unlawfully obtaining a pierced paraflamme and claptrap fireguard there crops out the still more salient point of the politish leanings and town pursuits

of our forebeer, El Don De Dunelli, (may his ship thicked stick

in the bottol of the river and all his crewsers stock locked in the hurral of the seas!) who, when within the black of your toenail, sir, of being mistakenly ambushed by one of the uddahveddahs, and as close as made no matter, mam, to being kayoed offhand when the hyougono heckler with the Peter the Painter wanted to hole him, was consistently practising the first of the primary and imprescriptible liberties of the pacific subject by circulating (be British, boys to your bellybone and chuck a chum a chance!) alongst one of our umphrohibited semitary thrufahrts, open to buggy and bike, to walk, Wellington Park road, with the curb or quaker’s quacknostrum under his auxter and his alpenstuck in his redhand, a highly commendable exercise, or, number two of our acta legitima plebeia, on the brink (beware to baulk a man at his will!) of taking place upon a public seat, to what, bare by Butt’s, most easterly (but all goes west !) of blackpool bridges, as a public protest and naturlikevice, without intent to annoy either, being praisegood thankfully for the wrathbereaved ringdove and the fearstung boaconstrictor and all the more right jollywell pleased, which he was, at having other people’s weather.

But to return to the atlantic and Phenitia Proper. As if that were not to be enough for anyone but little headway, if any, was made in solving the wasnottobe crime cunundrum when a child of Maam, Festy King, of a family long and honourably associated with the tar and feather industries, who gave an address in old plomansch Mayo of the Saxons in the heart of a fotilfamed potheen district, was subsequently haled up at the Old Bailey on the calends of Mars, under an incompatibly framed indictment of both the counts (from each equinoxious points of view, the one fellow’s fetch being the other follow’s person) that is to see, flying cushats out of his ouveralls and making fesses immodst his forces on the field. Oyeh! Oyeh! When the prisoner, soaked in methylated, appeared in dry dock, appatently ambrosiaurealised, like Kersse’s Korduroy Karikature, wearing, besides stains, rents and patches, his fight shirt, straw braces, souwester and a policeman’s corkscrew trowswers, all out of the true (as he had purposely tom up all his cymtrymanx bespokes in the mamertime), deposing for

his exution with all the fluors of sparse in the royal Irish vocabulary how the whole padderjagmartin tripiezite suet and all the sulfeit of copperas had fallen off him quatz unaccountably like the chrystalisations of Alum on Even while he was trying for to stick fire to himcell, (in feacht he was dripping as he found upon stripping for a pipkin ofmalt as he feared the coold raine) it was attempted by the crown (P.C. Robort) to show that King, elois Crowbar, once known as Meleky, impersonating a climbing boy, rubbed some pixes of any luvial peatsmoor o’er his face, plucks and pussas, with a clanetourf as the best means of disguising himself and was to the middlewhite fair in Mudford of a Thoorsday, feishts of Peeler and Pole, under the illassumed names of Tykingfest and Rabworc picked by him and Anthony out of a tellafun book, ellegedly wdth a pedigree pig (unlicensed) and a hyacinth. They were on that sea by the plain of Ir nine hundred and ninetynine years and they never cried crack or ceased from

regular paddlewicking till that they landed their two and a trifling selves, amadst camel and ass, greybeard and suckling, priest and pauper, matrmatron and merrymeg, into the meddle of the mudstorm. The gathering, convened by the Irish Angri-cultural and Prepostoral Ouraganisations, to help the Irish muck to look his brother dane in the face and attended thanks to Larry by large numbers, of Christies and jew's totems, tospite of the deluge, was distinctly of a scattery kind when the bally-bricken he could get no good of, after cockofthewalking through a few fancyfought mains ate some of the doorweg, the pikey later selling the gentleman ratepayer because she, Francie's sister, that is to say, ate a whole side of his (the animal's) sty, on a struggle Street, Qui Sta Troia, in order to pay off, hiss or lick, six doubloons fifteen arrears of his, the villain's not the tumbler's rent.

Remarkable evidence was given, anon, by an eye, ear, nose and throat wdtness, whom Wesleyan chapelgoers suspected of being a plain clothes priest W.P., situate at Nullnull, Medical Square, who, upon letting down his rice and peacegreen cover-disk and having been sullenly cautioned against yawning while

being grilled, smiled (he had had a onebumper at parting from Mrs Molroe in the morning) and stated to his eliciter under his morse mustaccents (gobbless !) that he slept with a bonafides and that he would be there to remember the filth of November, hatinaring, rowdy O, which, with the jiboulees of Juno and the dates of ould lanxiety, was going, please the Rainmaker, to decembs within the ephemerides of profane history, all one with Tournay, Yetstoslay and Temorah, and one thing which would pigstickularly strike a person of such sorely tried observational powers as Sam, him and Moifat, though theirs not to reason why, the striking thing about it was that he was patrified to see, hear, taste and smell, as his time of night, how Hyacinth O'Donnell, B.A., described in the calendar as a mixer and wordpainter, with part of a sivispacem (Gaeltact for dungfork) on the fair green at the hour of twenty-four o'clock sought (the bullycassidy of the friedhoifer!) to sack, sock, stab and slaughter singlehanded another two of the old kings. Gush Mac Gale and Roaring O'Crian, Jr., both changelings, unlucalised, of no address and in noncommunicables, between him and whom, ever since wal-lops before the Mise of Lewes, bad blood existed on the ground of the boer's trespass on the bull or because he firstparted his polarbeeber hair in twoways, or because they were creepfoxed andt grousuppers over a nippy in a noveletta, or because they could not say meace, (mute and daft) meathe. The litigants, he said, local congsmen and donalds, kings of the arans and the dalk-eys, kings of mud and tory, even the goat king of Killorglin, were egged on by their supporters in the shape of betterwomen with bowstrung hair of Carrothagenuine ruddiness, waving crim-son petties and screaming from Isod's towertop. There were cries from the thicksets in court and from the macdublins on the bohemabreen of: Mind the bank from Banagher, Mick, sir! Pro-dooce O'Donner. Ay I Exhibit his relics! Bu! Use the tongue mor! Give lip less! But it oozed out in Deadman's Dark Scenery Court through crossexanimation of the casehardened testis that when and where that knife of knifes the treepartied ambush was laid (roughly spouting around half hours 'twixt dusk in dawn,

by Waterhose’s Meddle Europeic Time, near Stop and Think, high chief evervirens and only abfalltree in auld the land) there was not as much light from the widowed moon as would dim a child’s altar. The mixer, accordingly, was bluntly broached, and in the best basel to boot, as to whether he was one of those lucky cocks for whom the audible-visible-gnosible-edible world existed. That he w^s only too cognitively conatively cogitabundantly stire of it because, living, loving, breathing and sleeping morphomelosophopancreates, as he most significantly did, whenever he thought he heard he saw he felt he made a bell clipperclipperclipperclipper. Whether he was practically sure too of his lugs and truies names in this king and blouseman business? That he was pediculously so. Certified? As cad could be. Be lying! Be the lonee I wall. It was Morbus O’ Somebody? A’ Quite. Szerday’s Son? A satyr in weddens. And how did the greeneyed mister arrive at the B.A.? That it was like his poll. A crossgrained trapper with murty odd oogs, awfiorated ares, inquiline nase and a twithcherous mouph? He would be. Who could bit you att to a tenyerdfuul when aastalled? Ballera jobbera. Some majar bore too? Iguines. And wdth tumblerous legs, redipnominated Helmingham Erchenw^yne Rutter Egbert Crumwall Odin Maximus Esme Saxon Esa Vercingetorix Ethelwoilf Rupprecht Ydwalla Bentley Osmund Dysart Yggdrasselmann? Holy Saint Eiffel, the very phoenix! It was Chudley Magnall once more between the deffodates and the dumb scene? The two childspies waapreesing him auza de Vologue but the renting of his rock was from the three wicked Vuncouverers Forests bent down awhits, arthou sure? Yubeti, Cumbilum comes! One of the oxmen’s thingabossers, hvad? And had he been refresqued by the founts of bounty playing there — is — a — pain — aleland in Long’s gourgling barral? A loss of Lordedward and a lack of sirphilip a surgeonet showeradown could suck more gargling bubbles out of the five lamps in Portterand’s praise. W^irrgeling and maries? As whose wouldn’t, laving his leafdme in Blackpool. But, of course, he could call himself Tern, too, if he had time to? You butt he could anytom. When he pleased? Win and

place. A stoker temptated by evesdripping aginst the driver who was a witness as well.^ Sacred avatar, how the devil did they guess it! Two dreamyums in one dromium.^ Yes and no error. And both as like as a duel of lentils? Peacisely. So he was pelted out of the coram populo, was he? Be the powers that be he was. The prince in principel should not expose his person? Macchevuole! Rooskayman kamerad? Sooner Gallwegian he would say. Not unintoxicated, fair witness? Drunk as a fishup. Askt to whether she minded whither he smuked? Not if he barkst into phlegms. Anent his ajaciulations to his Crosscann Lome, cossa? It was corso in cursu on coarser again. The gracious miss was we not doubt sensible how yellowatty on the forx was altered? That she esually was, O’Dowd me not! As to his religion, if any? It was the see-you-Sunday sort. Exactly what he meant by a pederast prig? Bejacob’s, just a gent who prayed his lent. And if middleclassed portavorous was a usual beast^ Bynight as useful as a vomit to a shorn man. If he had rognarised dtheir gcourts marsheyls? Dthat nday in ndays he had. Lindendelly, coke or skilllies spell me gart without a gate? Harlyadrope. The grazing rights (Mrs Magistra Martinetta) expired with the expiry of the

goat’s sire, if they were not mistaken? That he exactly could not tell the worshipfuls but his mother-in-waders had the recipis for the price of the coffin and that he was there to tell them that herself was the velocipede that could tell them kitcat. A maun-darin tongue in a pounderin jowl? Father ourder about the mathers of prenanciation. Distributary endings? And we recom-mends. Quare hirctim? No answer. Unde gentium fe . . No ah. Are you not danzzling on the age of a vulcano? Siar, I am deed. And how olid of him? He was intendant to study ptilu. Which was meant in a shirt of two shifts macoghamade or up Finn, threehatted ladder? That a head in thighs under a bush at the sunface would bait a serpent to a millrace through the heather. Arm bird colour defdum ethnic fort perharps? Sure and glomsk handy jotalpheson as well. Hokey jasons, then, in a pigeegeeses? On a pontiff’s order as ture as there’s an ital on atac. As a gololy bit to joss? Leally and tululy. But, why this hankowchaff and

whence this second tone, son-yet-sunr He had the cowtaw in his buxers flay of face. So this that Solasistras, setting odds evens at defiance, took the laud from Labouriter.^ What displaced Tob, Dilke and Halley, not been greatly in love with the game. And, changing the venders, from the king’s head to the republican’s arms, as to the pugnaxities evinxed from flagfall to antepost during the effrays round fatherthyme’s beckside and the regents in the plantsown raining, with the skiddystars and the morkem-windup, how they appealed to him then? That it was wildfires night on all the bettygallaghers. Mickmichael’s soords shrieking shrecks through the wilkinses and neckanicholas’ toastingforks pricking prongs up the tunnybladders. Let there be fight? And there was. Fought. On the site of the Angel’s, you said? Guinney’s Gap, he said, between what they said and the pussykitties. In the middle of the garth, then? That they mushn’t toucht it. The de-voted couple was or were only two disappointed solicitresses on the job of the unfortunate class on Saturn’s mountain fort? That was about it, jah! And Camellus then said to Gemellus: I should know you? Parfaitly. And Gemellus then said to Camellus: Yes, your brother? Obsolutely. And if it was all about that, egregious sir? About that and the other. If he was not alluding to the whole in the walP That he was when he was not eluding from the whole of the woman. Briefly, how such beginall finally struck him now? Like the crack that bruck the bank in Multifamham. Whether he fell in with what they meant? Cursed that he suppoxed he did. Thos Thoris, Thomar’s Thom? The rudacist rotter in Roebuck-dom. Surtopical? And subhuman. If it was, in yappanoise lan-guage, ach bad clap? Oo! Ah! Augs and ohrs with Rhian O’-kehley to put it tertianly, we wrong? Shocking! Such as turly pearced our really’s that he might, that he might never, that he might never that night? Treelyand rurally. Bladyughfoulmoeck-

ppatupperstrippuckputtanach, eh? You have it alright.

Meirdreach an Oincuish ! But a new complexion was put upon the matter when to the perplexedly uncondemnatory bench (whereon punic judgeship strove with penal law) the senior

king of all, Pegger Festy, as soon as the outer layer of stuccko-muck had been removed at the request of a few live jurors, declared in a loudburst of poesy, through his Brythonic interpreter on his oath, mhuith peisth mhuise as fearra bheura muirre hriosmas, whereas take notice be the relics of the bones of the story bouchal that was ate be Cliopatrick (the sow) princess of parked porkers, afore God and all their honours and king's commons that, what he would swear to the Tierney of Dundalgan or any other Tierney, yif live thurkells folloged him about sure that was no steal and that, nevertheless, what was deposited from that eyebold earbig noseknaving gutthroat, he did not fire a stone either before or after he was bom down and up to that time. And, incidentalising that they might talk about Markarthy or they might walk to Baalastartey or they might join the nabour party and come on to Porterfeud this the sockdologer had the neck to endorse with the head bowed on him over his outturned noreaster by protesting to his lipreaders with a justbeencleaned barefacedness, abeam of moonlight's hope, in the same trelawney what he would impart, pleas bench, to the Llwyd Josus and the gentlemen in Jury's and the four of Masterers who had been all those yams yearning for that good one about why he left Dublin, that, amreeta beaker coddling doom, as an Inishman was as good as any cantonnatal, if he was to parish by the market steak before the dorming of the mawn, he skuld never ask to see sight or light of this world or the other world or any either world, of Tyrenan-Og, as true as he was there in that jackabox that minute, or wield or wind (no thanks t'yous I) the inexousthausthible wassailhom tot of iskybaush the hailth up the wailth of the endknown abgod of the fire of the moving way of the hawks with his heroes in Warhorror if ever in all his exchequered career he up or lave a chancery hand to take or throw the sign of a mortal stick or stone at man, yoelamb or salvation army either before or after being puptised down to that most holy and every blessed hour. Here, upon the halfkneed castleknocker's attempting kithoguishly to lilt his holymess the paws and make the sign of the Roman Godhelic faix, (Xaroshie, zdrst! — in his excitement the laddo had

broken exthro Castilian into which the whole audience perseguired and pursuited him olla podridd) outbroke much yellachters from owners in the heall (Ha!) in which, under the mollification of methaglin, the testifighter reluctingly, but with ever so ladylike indecorum, joined. (Ha! Ha!)

The hilariohoot of Pegger's Windup cumjustled as neatly with the tristitone of the Wet Pinter's as were they isce et ilk equals of opposites, evolved by a onesame power of nature or of spirit, iste, as the sole condition and means of its himundher manifestation and polarised for reunion by the symphysis of their antipathies. Distinctly different were their duasdestinies. Whereas the maidies of the bar, (a pairless trentene, a lunarised score) when the eranthus myrrmyrred: Show'm the Posed: fluttered and flattered around the willingly pressed, nominating him for the swiney prize, complimenting him, the captivating youth, on his having all his senses about him, stincking thyacinths through his curls (O feen! O deur!) and bringing busses to his cheeks, their masculine Oirisher Rose (his neece cleur!), and legando round his nice new neck for him and pizzicagnoling his woolywags, with their dindy dandy sugar de candy mechree me postheen flowns courier to belive them of all his untiring young dames and send treats in their times. Ymen. But it was not un-

observed of those presents, their worships, how, of one among all, her deputised to defeme him by the Lunar Sisters' Celibacy Club, a lovelooking leapgirl, all all alonely, Gentia Gemma of the Makegiddyculling Reeks, he, wan and pale in his unmixed admiration, seemed blindly, mutely, tastelessly, tactlessly, innamorate with heruponhim in shining aminglement, the shaym of his hisu shifting into the shimmering of her hers, (youthsy, beautsy, hee's her chap and shey'U tell memmas when she gays whom) till the wild wishwish of her sheeshea melted most musically mid the dark deepdeep of his shayshaun.

And whereas distracted (for was not just this in effect which had just caused that the effect of that which it had caused to occur?) the four justicers laid their wigs together, Untius, Mundus, Punchus and Pylax but could do no worse than promulgate

their standing verdict of Nolans Brumans whereoneafter King, having murdered all the English he knew, picked out his pockets and left the tribunal scotfree, trailing his Tommeylommey's tunic in his hurry, thereinunder proudly showing o£F the blink pitch to his britgits to prove himself (an't plase yous!) a rael genteel. To the Switz bobbyguard's curial but courtlike: Commodore valley O hairy, Arthre jennyrosy,'*: the firewaterloover retorted with such a vinesmelling fortytudor ages rawdownhams tanyouhide as would the latten stomach even of a tumass equinous (we were prepared for the chap's clap cap, the accent, but, took us as, by surprise and now we're geshing it like gush gash from a burner!) so that all the twofromthirty advocatesses within echo, pulling up their briefs at the krigkry: Shun the Punman!: safely and soundly soccered that fenemine Parish Poser, (how dare he!) umprumptu right-oway hames, much to his thanks, gratiasagam, to all the wrong donatrices, biss Drinkbattle's Dingy Dwellings where (for like your ttue venuson Esau he was dovetimid as the dears at Bottome) he shat in (zoo), like the muddy goalbind who he was (dun), the chassetitties belles conclaiming; You and your gift of your gaft of your garbage abaht our Farvver! and gaingridando: Honl Verg! Nau! Putor! Skam! SchamsI Shames!

And so it all ended. Artha kama dharma moksa. Ask Kavya for the kay. And so everybody heard their plaint and all listened to their plause. The letter! The litter! And the soother the bitther! Of eyebrow pencilled, by lipstipple penned. Borrowing a word and begging the question and stealing tinder and slipping like soap. From dark Rosa Lane a sigh and a weep, from Lesbia Looshe the beam in her eye, from lone Coogan Barry his arrow of song, from Sean Kelly's anagrim a blush at the name, from I am the Sullivan that trumpeting tramp, from Suffering Duffer in the Sit of her Style, ftom Kathleen May Vernon her Mebbe fair efforts, from Fillthepot Curran his scotchlove machreether, from hymn Op. 2 Phil Adolphos the weary O, the leery, O, from Samyouwill Leaver or Damyouwell Lover thatjolly old molly bit or that bored saunter by, from Timm Finn again's weak tribes loss of strenghth to his sowheel, from the wedding

on the greene, agirlies, the gretnass of joyboys, from Pat Mullen, Tom Mallon, Dan Meldon, Don Maldon a slickstick picnic made

in Moate by Muldoons. The solid man saved by his sillied woman. Crackajolking away like a hearse on fire. The elm that whimpers at the top told the stone that moans when stricken. Wind broke it. Wave bore it. Reed wrote of it. Syce ran with it. Hand tore it and wild went war. Hen trieved it and plight pledged peace. It was folded with cunning, sealed with crime, uptied by a harlot, undone by a child. It was life but was it fair? It was free but was it art? The old hunks on the hill read it to perlection. It made ma make merry and sissy so shy and rubbed some shine off Shem and put some shame into Shaun. Yet Una* and Ita spill famine with drought and Agrippa, the propastored, spells tripulations in his threne. Ah, furchte fruchte, timid Danaides ! Ena milo melo-mon, frai is frau and swee is too, swee is two when swoo is free, ana mala woe is wel A pair of sycopanties with amygdaleine eyes, one old obster lumpky pumpkin and three meddlars on their slies. And that was how framm Sin fromm Son, acity arose, fiinfin funfun, a sitting arrows. Now tell me, tell me, tell me then !

What was it?

A !

? O!

So there you are now there they were, when all was over again, the four with them, setting around upin their judges' chambers, in the muniment room, of their marshalsea, under the suspices of Tally, around their old traditional tables of the law like Somany Solans to talk it over raUthesameagain. Well and druly dry. Suffering law the dring. Accourting to king's evelyns. So help her goat and kiss the bouc. Festives and highajinks and jintyaun and her beetyrossy bettydoaty and not to forget now a'duna o' darnel. The four of them and thank court now there were no more of them. So pass the push for port sake. Be it soon. Ah ho! And do you remember, Singabob, the badfather, the same, the great Howdoyoucallem, and his old nickname. Dirty Daddy Pantaloons, in his monopoleums, behind the war of the two roses, with Michael Victory, the sheemen's preester, before

he caught his paper dispillsation from the poke, old Minace and Minster York? Do I mind? I mind the gush off the mon like Ballybock manure works on a tradewinds day. And the O'Moyly gracies and the O' Briny rossies chaffing him bluchface and playing him pranks. How do you do, todo, North Mister? Get into my way! Ah dearome forsailoshe! Gone over the bays! When ginabawdy meadabawdy! Yerra, why would he heed that old gasometer with his hooping coppin and his dyinboosycough and all the birds of the southside after her, Minxy Cunningham, their dear divorcee darling, jimmies and jonnies to be her jo? Hold hard. There's three other corners to our isle's cork float. Sure, 'tis well I can telesmell him Hg C E3 that would take a township's breath away! Gob and I nose him too well as I do meself, heaving up the Kay Wall by the 32 to ii with his limelooking horse-bags full of sesameseed, the Whiteside Kaflir, and his sayman's effluvium and his scentpainted voice, puffing out his thundering big brown cabbage! Pa! Thawt I'm glad a gull for his pawsdeen fiunn! Goborro, sez he, Lankyshied! Gobugga ye, sez I! O breezes! I sniffed that lad long before anyone. It was when I was in my farfather out at the west and she and myself, the redheaded girl, firstnighting down Sycomore Lane. Fine feelplay we had

of it mid the kissabetts frisking in the kool kurkle dusk of the lushiness. My perfume of the pampas, says she (meaning me) putting out her netherlights, and I’d sooner one precious sip at your pure mountain dew than enrich my acquaintance with that big brewer’s belch.

And so they went on, the fourbottle men, the analists, unguam and nunguam and lunguam again, their anschluss about her whosebefore and his whereafters and how she was lost away away in the fern and how he was founded deap on deep in anear, and the rustlings and the twitterings and the raspings and the snappings and the sighings and the paintings and the ukukuings and the (hist!) the springapartings and the (hast!) the bybyscuttlings and all the scandalmunkers and the pure craigs that used to be (up) that time living and lying and rating and riding round Nunsbelly Square. And all the buds in the bush. And the laugh-

ing jackass. Harik! Harik! Harik! The rose is white in the darik! And Sunfella’s nose has got rhinoceritis from haunting the roes in the parik! So all rogues lean to rhyme. And contradrinking themselves about Lillytrilly law pon hilly and Mrs Niall of the Nine Corsages and the old markiss their besterfar, and, arrah, sure there was never a marcus at all at all among the manlies and dear Sir armoury, queer sir rumoury, and the old house by the churpelizod, and all the goings on so very wrong long before when they were going on retreat, in the old gammeldags, the four of them, in Milton’s Park under lovely Father Whisperer and making her love with his stuffstuff in the languish of flowers and feeling to find was she mushymushy, and wasn’t that very both of them, the saucicissters, a drahereen o machreel^ and (peep!) meeting waters most improper (peepette!) ballround the garden, trickle trickle trickle triss, please, miman, may I go flirting? farmers gone with a groom and how they used her, mused her, licksed her and cuddled. I differ with ye! Are you sure of yourself now? You’re a liar, excuse me! I will not and you’re another! And Lully holding their breach of peace for them. Pool loll Lolly! To give and to take! And to forego the pasht! And all will be forgotten! Ah ho! It was too too bad to be falling out about her kindness pet and the shape of OOOOOOOO Ourang’s time. Well, all right, Lelly. And shakeahand. And schenkusmore. For Craig sake. Be it suck.

Well?

Well, even should not the framing up of such figments in the evidential order bring the true truth to light as fortuitously as a dim seer’s setting of a starchart might (heaven helping it!) uncover the nakedness of an unknown body in the fields of blue or as forehearingly as the sibspeeches of all mankind have foliated (earth seizing them!) from the root of some funner’s stotter all the soundest sense to be found immense our special mentalists now holds {securus iudicat orlis terrarum) that by such playing possum our hagious curious encestor bestly saved his brush with his posterity, you, charming coparceners, us, heirs of his tailsie. Gundogs of all breeds were beagling with renounced urbiandor-

bic bugles, hot to run him, given law, on a scent breasthigh, keen for the worry. View! From his holt outratted across the Juletide’s genial corsslands of Humfries Chase from Mullinahob and Peacockstown, then bearing right upon Tankardstown, the outlier, a white noelan which Mr Loewensteil Fitz Urse’s basset beaters had first misbadgered for a bruin of some swart, led bayers the run, then through Raystown and Horlockstown and, louping the loup, to Tankardstown again. Ear canny hare for doubling through Cheeverstown they raced him, through Loughlinstown and Nutstown to wind him by the Boolies. But from the good turn when he last was lost, check, upon Ye Hill of Rut in full winter coat with ticker pads, pointing for his rooming house his old nordest in his rolltoproyal hessians a deaf fuchser’s volponism hid him close in covert, miraculously ravenfed and buoyed up, in rumer, reticule, onasum and abomasum, upon (may Allbrewham have his mead!) the creamclotted sherriness of cinnamon syllabub, Mikkelraved, Nikkelsaved. Hence hounds hied home. Preservative perseverance in the reeducation of his intestines was the rebuttal by whilk he sort of git the big bulge on the whole bunch of spasoakers, dieting against glues and gravies, in that sometime prestreet protown. Vainly violence, virulence and vituperation sought wellnigh utterly to attax and abridge, to derail and depontify, to enrate and inroad, to ongoad and unhume the great shipping mogul and underlinen overlord.

But the spoil of hesitants, the spell of hesitency. His atake is it ashe, tittety taw tatterytail, hasitense humponadimply, heyheyheyhey a winceywencky.

Assembly men murmured. Reynard is slow!

One feared for his days. Did there yawn.^ ’Twas his stommick. Eructi The libber. A gush? From his visuals. Pung? Delivver him, orelode! He had laid violent hands on himself, it was brought in Fugger’s Newsletter, lain down, all in, fagged out, with equally melancholy death. For the triduum of Saturnalia his goatservant had paraded hiz willingsons in the Forum while the jenny infanted the lass to be greeted raucously (the Yardstated) with houx and epheus and measured with missiles too from

a hundred of manhood and a wimmering of weibes. Big went the bang: then wildewide was quiet: a report: silence: last Fama put it under ether. The noase or the loal had dreven him blem, blem, stun blem. Sparks flew. He had fled again (open shunshema!) this coimtry of exile, sloughed off, sidleshomed via the subterranean shored with bedboards, stowed away and ankered in a dutch bottom tank, the Arsa, hod S-S. Finlandia, and was even now occupying, under an islamitic newhame in his seventh generation, a physical body Cornelius Magrath’s (badoldkarakter, commonorrong canbung) in Asia Major, where as Turk of the theater (first house all flatty: the king, eleven sharps) he had bepiastered the buikdanseuses from the opulence of his omnibox while as arab at the streetdoor he bepestered the bumbashaws for the alms of a para’s pence. Wires hummed. Peacefully general astonishment assisted by regrettitude had put a term till his existence: he saw the family saggarth, resigned, put off his remainders, was recalled and scrapheaped by the Maker. Chirpings crossed. An infamous private ailment (vulgovarioveneral) had claimed endright, closed his vicious circle, snap. Jams jarred. He had walked towards the middle of an ornamental lilypond

when innebriated up to the point where braced shirts meet knic-
kerbockers, as wangfish daring the buoyant waters, when rod-
men’s firstaiding hands had rescued un from very possibly several
feel of demifrish water. Mush spread. On Umbrella Street where
he did drinks from a pumps a kind workman, Mr Whitlock,
gave him a piece of wood. What words of power were made fas
between them, ekenames and auchnomes, acnomina ecnumina?
That, O that, did Hansard tell us, would gar ganz Dub’s ear
wag in every pub of all the citta! Batty believes a baton while
Hogan hears a hod yet Heer prefers a punsil shapner and Cope
and Bull go cup and ball. And the Cassidy — Craddock rome
and reme round e’er a wiege ne’er a waage is still immer and
immor awagering over it, a cradle with a care in it or a casket
with a kick behind. Toties testies quoties questies. The war is
in words and the wood is the world. Maply me, willowy we,
hickory he and yew yourselves. Howforhim chirrupeth evereach-

bird! From golddawn. glory to glowworm gleam. We were
lowquacks did we not tacit turn. Elsewere there here no con-
cern of the Guinnesses. But only the ruining of the rain has
heard. Estout pourporteraU Cracklings cricked. A human pest
cycling (pisti) and recycling (past!) about the sledgy streets, here
he was (pust!) again! Morse nuisance noised. He was loose at
large and (Oh baby!) might be anywhere when a disguised ex-
nun, of huge standbuild and masculine manners in her fairly fat
forties, Carpulenta Gygasta, hattracted hattention by harbitrary
conduct with a homnibus. Aerials buzzed to coastal listeners of
an oertax bror collector’s budget, fullybigs, sporran, tie, tuft,
tabard and bloody antichill cloak, its tailor’s (Baernfather’s) tab
reading V.P.H., found nigh Scaldbrothar’s Hole, and divers
shivered to think what kaind of beast, wolves, croppis’s or four-
penny friars, had devoured him. C. W. cast wide. Hvidfinns lyk,
drohneth svertgleam, Valkir lockt. On his pinksir’s postern, the
boys had it, at Whitweekend had been nailed an inkedup name
and title, inscribed in the national cursives, accelerated, regres-
sive, filiform, turreted and envenomoloped in piggotry: Move
up. Mumpty! Mike room for Rumpty! By order, Nickekellous
Plugg; and this go, no pentecostal jest about it, how gregarious
his race soever or skilful learned wise cunning knowledgable
clear profound his saying fortitudo fraught or prudentiaproven,
were he chief, count, general, fieldmarshal, prince, king or Myles
the Slasher in his person, with a moliamordhar mansion in the
Brefihian empire and a place of inauguration on the hill of Tully-
mongan, there had been real murder, of the rayheallach royghal
raxacraxian variety, the MacMahon chaps, it was, that had done
him in. On the fidd of Verdor the rampart combatants had left
him lion with his dexter handcoup wresterected in a pureede
paumee bloody proper. Indeed not a few thick and thin well-
wishers, mostly of the clontarfminded class, (Colonel John Bawle
O’Roarke, fervxamplus), even ventured so far as to loan or beg
copies of D. Blayncy’s trilingual triweekly. Scatterbrains’ Aften-
ing Poshtjso as to make certain sure onetime and be satisfied of
their quasicontribusodalitarian’s having become genuinely quite

beetly dead whether by land whither by water. Transocean
atalaclamoured him; The latter! The latter! Shall their hope then

be silent or Macfarlane lack of lamentation? He lay under leagues of it in deep Bartholoman’s Deep.

Achdung! Pozor! Attenshune! Vikeroy Besights Smucky Yung Pigeschoolies. Tri Paisdinemes Eventyr Med Lochlanner Fathach I Fiounnisgehaven. Bannalanna Bangs Ballyhooly Out Of Her Buddaree Of A Bullavogue.

But, their bright little contemporaries notwithstanding, on the morrowing mom of the suicidal murder of the unrescued expatriate, aslike as asnake comes sliduant down that oaktree onto the duke of beavers, (you may have seen some liquidamber exude exotic from a balsam poplar at Parteen-a-lax Limestone. Road and cried Abies Magnifica! not, noble fir?) a quarter of nine, imploring his resipiency, saw the infallible spike of smoke’s jutstiff punctual from the seventh gable of our Quintus Centimachus’ porphyroid buttertower and then thirsty p.m. with oaths upon his lastingness (JEn caecos harauspices! Annas longos patimur/') the lamps of maintenance, beaconsfarafield innerhalf the zuggurat, all brevetnamed, the wasting wyvem, the tawny of his mane, the swinglowswaying bluepaw, the outstanding man, the lolllike lady, being litten for the long (O land, how long!) lifesnight, with suffusion of fineglass transom and leadlight panes.

Wherefore let it hardly by any being thinking be said either or thought that the prisoner of that sacred edifice, were he an Ivor the Boneless or an Olaf the Hide, was at his best a onestone parable, a rude breathing on the void of to be, a venter hearing his own bauchspeech in backwords, or, more strictly, but tristumed initials, the cluekey to a worldroom beyond the roomwhorld, for scarce one, or pathetically few of his dode canal sammenlivers cared seriously or for long to doubt with Kurt luld van Dijke (the gravitational pull perceived by certain fixed residents and the capture of uncertain comets chancedrifting through our system suggesting an authenticitatem of his aliquitudinis) the canonicity of his existence as a tesseract. Be still, O quick ! Speak him dumb! Hush ye fronds of Ulma!

lOO

Dispersal women wondered. Was she fasL^

Do tell us all about. As we want to hear allabout. So tellus tellas allabouter. The why or whether she looked alottylike like ussies and whether he had his wimdop like themses shut.^ Notes and queries, tipbids and answers, the laugh and the shout, the ards and downs. Now listed to one aneither and liss them down and smoothen out your leaves of rose. The war is o’er. Wimwim wimwim! Was it Unity Moore or Estella Swifte or Varina Fay or Quarta Quaedam.^ Toemaas, mark oom for yor ounckel! Pigeys, hold op med yer leg! Who, but who (for second time of asking) was then the scourge of the parts about folkrich Lucalizod it was wont to be asked, as, in ages behind of the Homo Capite Erectus, what price Peabody’s money, or, to put it bluntly, whence is the herringtcns’ white cravat, as, in epochs more cainozoic, who struck Buckley though nowadays as thentimes every schoolfilly of sevenscore moons or more who know her intimologies and every colleen bawl aroof and every redflammelwaving warwife and widowpeace upon Dublin Wall for ever knows as yayas is yayas how it was Buckleyself (we need no blooding paper to tell it neither) who struck and the Russian

generals, da! da!, instead of Buckley who was caddishly struck by him when be herselves. What fullpried paulpoison in the spy of three castles or which hatefilled smileyseller.^ And that such a vetriol of venom, that queen’s head affranchisant, a quiet stinkingplaster zeal could cover, prepostered oi postpaid! The loungelizards of the pumproom had their nine days’ jeei, and pratschkats at their platschpails too and holenpolendom beside, Szpaszpas Szpissmas, the zhanyzhonies, when, still believing in her owenglass, when izarres were twinklins, that the upper reaches of her mouthless face and her impermanent waves were the better half of her, one nearer him, dearer than all, first warming creature of his early mom, bondwoman of the man of the house, and murrmurr of all the mackavicks, she who had given his eye for her bed and a tooth for a child till one one and one ten and one hundred again, O me and O ye ! cadet and prim, the hungray and anngreen (and if she is older now than her teeth she has hair that

lOI

is younger tiian thighne, my dear!) she who shuttered him after his fall and waked him widowt sparing and gave him keen and made him able and held adazillahs to each arche of his noes, she who will not rast her from her running to seek him till, with the help of the okeamic, some such time that she shall have been after hiding the crumbends of his enormousness in the areyou lookingfor Pearlfar sea, (ur, uri, uria!) stood forth, bumzbum the gorggony old danworld, in gogor’s name, for gagar’s sake, dragging the countryside in her train, finickin here and funickin there, with her louisequean’s brogues and her culunder buzzle and her little bolero boa and all and two times twenty curlicomies for her headdress, specks on her eyeux, and spudds on horeilles and a circusfix riding her Parisienne’s cockneze, a vaunt her straddle from Equerry Egon, when Tinktink in the churchclose clinked Steploajazzyma Sunday, Sola, with pawns, prelates and pookas pelotting in her piecebag, for Handiman the Chomp, Esquoro, biskbask, to crush the slander’s head.

Wery weeny wight, plead for Morandmor! Notre Dame de la Ville, mercy of thy balmheartzyheat! Ogrowdnyk’s beyond herbata tay, wort of the drogist. Bulk him no bulkis. And let him rest, thou wayfarre, and take no gravespoil from him! Neither mar his mound! The bane of Tut is on it. Ware! But there’s a litde lady waiting and her name is A.L.P. And you’ll agree. She must be she. For her holden heirheaps hanging down her back. He spenth his strenth amok haremscarems. Poppy Narancy, Giallia, Chlora, Marinka, Anileen, Parme. And ilk a those dames had her rainbow huemoures yet for whilko her whims but he coined a cure. Tifftiff today, kissykissy tonay and agelong pine tomauranna. Then who but Crippled-with-Children would speak up for Dropping-with-Sweat^

Sold him her lease of runeninenenetee.

Tresses imdr esses so dyedyedaintee.

Goo, the groot gudgeon, gulped it all.

Hoo was the C. O. D.?

Bum!

At Island Bridge she met her tide.

Attabom^ attabom^ attahombomboom!

The Fin had a flux and his Ebba a ride.

Attabom^ attabom^ attahombomboom!

Wd re all up to the years in hues and cribies.

Thads what she^s done for wee!

Woe!

Nomad may roam with Nabuch but let naaman laugh at Jordan! For we, we have taken our sheet upon her stones where we have hanged our hearts in her trees; and we list, as she bibs us, by the waters of babalong.

In the name of Annah the Allmaziful, the Everliving, the Bringer of Plurabilities, haloed be her eve, her singtime sung, her rill be run, unhemmed as it is uneven!

Her untitled mamafesta memorialising the Mosthighest has gone by many names at disjointed times. Thus we hear of. The Augusta Angustissimost for Old Seabeastius Salvation^ Rockahill Booby in the Wave Trough, Heres to the Relicts of All Decencies, Anna Stessds Rise to Notice, Knickle Down Duddy Gunne and Arishe Sir Cannon, My Golden One and My Selver Wedding, Amoury Treestam and Icy Siseule, Saith a Sauyer til a Strame, Ik dik dopedope et tu mihimihi. Buy Birthplate for a Bite, Which of your Hesterdays Mean Ye to Morra? Hoebegunne the Hebrewer Hit W zterman the Brayned, Arcs in His Ceiling Flee Chinx on the Flur, Rebus de Hibemicis, The Cra:[ier Letters, Groans of a Britoness, Peter Peopler Picked a Plot to Pitch his Poppolin, An Apology for a Big (some such nonoun as Husband or husboat or hosebound is probably understood for we have also the plutherplethoric My Hoonsbood Hansbaad’s a Journey to PorthergUl gone and He Never Has the Hour), Ought We To Vint Him? For Ark see Zoo, Cleopater's Nedlework Ficturing Aldborougham on the Sahara with the Coombing of the Cammmels and the Parlourmaids of Cock in the Pot for Father, Placeat Vestrae, A New

Cure for an Old Clap, Where Portentos they'd Grow Gonder how I'd Wish I W lose a Geese; Gettle Nettie, Thrust him not. When the

Myrtles of Venice Played to Bloccus^s Line^ To Plenge Me High He Waives Chiltern on Friends^ Oremunds Queue Visits Amen Marty E^en Tho"" I Granny a-^he He would Fain Me Cuddle^ Twenty of Chambers y Weighty Ten Beds and a Wan Ceteroomy I Led the Lifcy Through the Boxer Coxer Rising in the House with the Golden

Stair Sy The Following Fork^ He s my Oferusalem and Pm his Poy The Best in the Westy By the Stream of Zemiiem under Zig-^ag Hilly The Man That Made His Mother in the Marlborry Trahty Try Our Taal on a Tauby The Log of Anny to the Base Ally Nopper Tipped a Nappiwenk to his Notylytl Dantsigirlsy Prs:[ss Orel Orel the King of Orlbrds^^y Intimier Minnelisp of an Extor--reor Monolothey Drink to Himy My fuckey^ and Dhoult Bemine Thy Winnowing Sheet y I Ask You to Believe I was his Mistress y He Can Explainy From Victrolia Nuancee to Allbart Noahnsyy Das a Daisy so Guimea your Handsel tooy What Barbaras Done to a Barrel Organ Before the Ranky Tank and Bonnbtaily Huskvy Admortaly What Jumbo made to Jalice and what Anisette to Himy Ophelias CulpreintSy Hear Hubty Hubliny My Old Danshy I am Older northe Rogues among Whisht I Slips and He Calls Me his Dual of Ayesshay Suppotes a Ventriliquorst Merries a Corpsey Lapps for Finns This Funnycoons Weeky How the Buckling Shut at Rush in Januaryy Look to the Ladyy From the Rise of the Dudge Pupublick to the Fall of the Potstillcy Of the Two Ways of Opening the Mouthy I have not Stopped Water Where It Should Flow and I Know the Twentynine Names of AttraentCy The Tor tor of Tory Island Traits Galasia like his MilchcoWy From Abbeygate to Crowalley Through a Lift in the Ludcy Smocks for Their Graces and Me Aunt for Them ClodshopperSy How to Pull a Good Horus^coup even when Oldsire is Dead to the Worldy Inn the Gleam of Waherlowy Fathe Hes Sukceded to My EsperationSy Thee Steps Forwardy Two Stops Backy My Skin Appeals to Three Senses and My Curly Lips Demand Columbkisses; Gage Street on a Crany^s SavingSy Them Lads made a Trion of Battlewatschers and They Totties a Doeit of Deersy In My Lord^s Bed by One Whore Went Through Ity Mum It is All Overy Cowpoyride by Twelve Acre Ter-riss in the Unique Estates of Amessiccuiy He Gave me a Thou so I

serve Him with Thee^ Of all the W^ide Torsos in all the Tf^ild Glen^ O^Donoghj White Donogh^ He s Hue to Me Cry^ Tm the Stitch in his Baskside You d he Nought Without Mom^ To Keep the Huskies off the Hustings and Picture Pets from Lifting Shops ^ iVbr-sker Torsker Find the Poddle^ He Perssed Me Here with the Ardour of a Tonnohurkes^ A Boob Was Weeping This Mower was Reapings O^Loughlbiy Up from the Pit of my Stomach I Swish you the White of the Mournings Inglo-Andean Medoleys from Tommany Moohr^ The Great Polynesional Entertrainer Exhibits Ballantine Braut^chers with the Link of Natures^ The Mimic of Meg Neg and the Mackeysj Entered as the Lastest Pigtarial and My Pooridiocal at Stitchioner s Hall^ Siegfield Follies and or a Gentlehommes Faut PaSy See the First Book of Jealesies Pessim^ The Suspended Sen-tencey A Pretty Brick Story for Childsi^e HeroeSy As Lo Our Sleepy I Knew Pd Got it in Me so Thit settles Thaty Thonderbalt Captain Smeth and La Belle Sauvage PocahonteusCy Way for Wet Week WelikirCs Douchka MariannCy The Last of the FingallianSy It Was Me Egged Him on to the Stork Exchange and Lent my Dutiful Face to His Customsy Chee Chee Cheels on their China Mictiony Pickedmeup PeterSy Lumptytumtumpty had a Big Fcdly Pimpimp Pimpimpy Measly Ventures of Two Lice and the Fall of Fruity The Fokes Family Interior y If my Spreadeagles Wasrit so Tight Pd Loosen my Cursits on that Bunch of MaggiestrapSy Allolosha Popofetts and Howke Cotchme EyCy Seen Aples and Thin Dyedy i big U to Beleaves from Love and Mother y Fine s Fault was no Felony Exat Delvin Renter LifoyThe Flash that Flies from Vuggy s Eyes has Set Me Hair On Fire, His is the House that Malt Madcy Divine Views from Back to the Fronty Abe to Sore Stood Icyk

Neuter till Brahm Taulked Him Common SeXy A Nibble at Eve
Will That Bowed Relieve y AUfor Guineas y Sounds and Compliments
Libidousy Seven Wives Awake Aweeky Airy Ann and Berber Bluty
Amy Licks Porter While Huffy Chops Eadsy Abbrace of Umbellas
or a T ripple of C canes y Buttbutterbusty From the Manorlord Hoved
to the Misses G* Mollies and from the Dames to their Samesy Many-
fos toons for the Colleagues on the Greeny An Outstanding Back and
an Excellent Halfcentre if Called ony As Tree is Quick and Stone is

White So is My Washing Done by Night, First and Last Only
True Account all about the Honorary Mirsu Earwicker, L.S.D.,
and the Snake (Nuggets/') by a Woman of the World who only can
Tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how
th^ all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Lucalv^d about
Privates Earwicker and a Pair of Sloppy Sluts plainly Showing all
the Unmentionability falsely Accusing about the Raincoats.

The proteiform graph itself is a polyhedron of scripture.
There was a time when naif alphabetters would have written it
down the tracing of a purely deliquescent recidivist, possibly
ambidextrous, snubnosed probably and presenting a strangely
profound rainbowl in his (or her) occiput. To tlie hardily curio-
sing entomophilust then it has shown a very sexmosaic of nym-
phosis in which the eternal chimerahunter Oriolopos, now frond
of sugars, then lief of saults, the sensory crowd in his belly
coupled with an eye for the goods trooth bewilderblissed by
their night effluvia with guns like drums and fondlers like forceps
persequestellates his vanessas from flore to flore. Somehows this
sounds like the purest kidooleyoon wherein our mademacerution
of lour lore is rich. All’s so herou from us him in a kitchemott
darkness, by hasard and worn rolls arered, we must grope on till
Zerogh hour like pou owl giaours as we are would we salve aught
of moments for our aysore today. Amousin though not but. Closer
inspection of the bordereau would reveal a multiplicity of person-
alities infflcted on the documents or document and some prevision
of virtual crime or crimes might be made by anyone imwary
enough before any suitable occasion for it or them had so far
managed to happen along. In fact, under the closed eyes of the in-
spectors the traits featuring the chiaroscuro coalesce, their con-
trarieties eliminated, in one stable somebody similarly as by the
providential warring of heartshaker with housebreaker and of
dramdrinker against freethinker our social something bowls along
bumpily, experiencing a jolting series of prearranged disappoint-
ments, down the long lane of (it’s as semper as oxhousehumperi)
generations, more generations and still more generations.

Say, baroun lousadoor, who in hallhagal wrote the dum thing

anyhow? Erect, beseated, mountback, against a partywall, below
freezigrade, by the use of quill or style, with turbid or pellucid
mind, accomp<mied or the reverse by mastication, interrupted
by visit of seer to scribe or of scribe to site, atwixt two showers
or atosst of a trike, rained upon or blown around, by a right-
down regular racer from the soil or by a too pained whittlewit
laden with the loot of learning?

Now, patience; and remember patience is the great thing, and above all things else we must avoid anything like being or becoming out of patience. A good plan used by worried buciness folk who may not have had many momentums to master Kung’s doctrine of the meang or the propriety codestruces of Carprimustimus is just to think of all the sinking fund of patience possessed in their conjoint names by both brothers Bruce with whom are incorporated their Scotch spider and Elberfeld’s Calculating Horses. If after years upon years of delving in ditches dark one tubthumper more than others, Kinihoun or Kahanan, giardarner or mear measenmanonger, has got up for the damall same purpose of retissuring us with all the barbar of the Carrageehouse that our great ascendant was properly speaking three syllables less than his own surname (yes, yes, less!), that the ear of Fionn Earwicker aforetime was the trademark of a broadcaster with wicker local jargonfor an ace’s patent (Hear! Calls! Everywhair!) then as to this radiooscillating epiepistle to which, cotton, silk or samite, kohol, gall or brickdust, we must ceaselessly return, whereabouts exactly at present in Siam, Hell or Tophet under that glorisol which plays touraloup with us in this Aludin’s Cove of our cagacity is that bright soandsuch to slip us the dinkum oil?

Naysayers we know. To conclude purely negatively from the positive ab.sence of political odia and monetary requests that its page cannot ever have been a penproduct of a man or woman of that period or those parts is only one more unlookedfor conclusion leaped at, being tantamount to inferring from the nonpresence of inverted commas (sometimes called quotation marks) on any page that its author was always constitutionally incapable of misappropriating the spoken words of others.

Luckily there is another cant to the questy. Has any fellow, of the dime a dozen type, it might with some profit some dull evening quietly be hinted — has any usual sort of ornery josser, flatchested fortyish, faintly flatulent and given to ratiocination by syncopation in the elucidation of complications, of his greatest Fung Yang dynasdescendanced, only another the son of , in fact, ever looked sufficiently longly at a quite everydaylooking stamped addressed envelope? Admittedly it is an outer husk: its face, in all its featureful perfection of imperfection, is its fortune: it exhibits only the civil or military clothing of whatever passion-pallid nudity or plaguepurple nakedness may happen to tuck itself under its flap. Yet to concentrate solely on the literal sense or even the psychological content of any document to the sore neglect of the enveloping facts themselves circumstantiating it is just as hurtful to sound sense (and let it be added to the truest taste) as were some fellow in the act of perhaps getting an intro from another fellow turning out to be a friend in need of his, say, to a lady of the latter’s acquaintance, engaged in performing the elaborative antecistral ceremony of upstheres, straightaway to run off and vision her plump and plain in her natural altogether, preferring to close his blinkhard’s eyes to the ethiquethical fact that she was, after all, wearing for the space of the time being some definite articles of evolutionary clothing, inharmonious creations, a captious critic might describe them as, or not strictly necessary or a trifle irritating here and there, but for all that suddenly full of local colour and personal perfume and suggestive, too, of so very much more and capable of being stretched, filled out, if need or wish were, of having their surprisingly like coincidental parts separated don’t they now, for better survey by the deft hand oi

an expert, don’t you know? Who in his heart doubts either that the facts of feminine clothiering are there all the time or that the feminine fiction, stranger than the facts, is there also at the same time, only a little to the rere? Or that one may be separated from the other? Or that both may then be contemplated simultaneously? Or that each may be taken up and considered in turn apart from the other?

Here let a few artifects fend in their own fevour. The river felt she wanted salt. That was just where Brien came in. The country asked for bearspaw for dindin ! And boundin aboundin it got it surly. We who live under heaven, we of the clovery kingdom, we middlesins people have often watched the sky overreaching the land. We suddenly have. Our isle is Sainge. The place. That stem chuckler Mayhappy Mayhapnot, once said to repeation in that lutran conservatory way of his that Isitachapel-Asitalukin was the one place, idt aut nidty in this madh vaal of tares (whose verdhure’s yellowed therever Phaiton parks his car while its tamelised tay is the drame of Drainophilias) where the possible was the improbable and the improbable the inevitable. If the proverbial bishop of our holy and undivided with this me ken or no me ken Zot is the Quiztune hawermashed had his twoe nails on the head we are in for a sequentiality of improbable possibles though possibly nobody after having grubbed up a lock of cwold cwom aboove his subject probably in Harrystotalies or the vivle will go out of his way to applaud him on the onboiassed back of his remark for utterly impossible as are all these events they are probably as like those which may have taken place as any others which never took person at all are ever likely to be. Ahahn!

About that original hen. Midwinter (fruur or kuur.^) was in the ofiing and Premver a promise of a pril when, as kischabrigies sang life’s old sahatsong, an iceclad shiverer, merest of bantlings observed a cold fowl behaviourising strangely on that fatal midden or chip factory or comicalbottomed copsjute (dump for short) afterwards changed into the orangery when in the course of deeper demolition unexpectedly one bushman’s holiday its limon threw up a few spontaneous fragments of orangepeel, the last remains of an outdoor meal by some unknown sunseeker or place-hider Ulico way back in his mistridden past. What child of a strand-looper but keepy little Kevin in the despondful surrounding of such sneezing cold would ever have trouved up on a strate that was called strete a motive for future saintity by euchring the finding of the Ardagh chalice by another heily innocent and beachwalker whilst trying with pious clamour to wheedle Tip-

peraw raw raw reeraw puteters out of Now Sealand in spignt of the patchpurple of the massacre, a dual a duel to die to day, goddam and higgod, sticks and stanks, of most of the Jacobiters.

The bird in the case was Belinda of the Dorans, a more than quinquegintarian (Terziis prize with Serni medal, Cheepalizzy’s Hane Exposition) and what she was scratching at the hour of klokking twelve looked for all this zogzag world like a goodish-

sized sheet of letterpaper originating by transhipt from Boston (Mass.) of the last of the first to Dear whom it proceded to mention Maggy well & allathome's health well only the hate turned the mild on the van Houtens and the general's elections with a lovely of some bom gentleman with a beautiful present

of wedding cakes for dear thankyou Chriesty and with grand funferall of poor Father Michael don't forget unto life's & Muggy well how are you Maggy & hopes soon to hear well & must now close it with fondest to the twoinns with four crosskisses for holy paul holey corner holipoli whollyisland pee ess from (locust may eat all but this sign shall they never) affectionate largelooking tache of tch. The stain, and that a teastain (the overcautelousness of the masterbilker here, as usual, signing the page away), marked it off on the spout of the moment as a genuine relique of ancient Irish pleasant pottery of that lydialike languishing class known as a hurry-me-o'er-the-hazy.

Why then how?

Well, almost any photoist worth his chemicots will tip anyone asking him the teaser that if a negative of a horse happens to melt enough while drying, well, what you do get is, well, a positively grotesquely distorted macromass of all sorts of horsehappy values and masses of meltwhile horse. Tip. Well, this freely is what must have occurred to our missive (there's a sod of a turb for you! please wisp off the grass!) unfilthed from the boucher by the sagacity of a lookmelittle likemelong hen. Heated residence in the heart of the orangeflavoured mudmound had partly ob-literated the negative to start with, causing some features pal-pably nearer your pecker to be swollen up most grossly while

III

the farther back we manage to wiggle the more we need the loan of a lens to see as much as the hen saw. Tip.

You is feeling like you was lost in the bush, boy.^ You says: It is a puling sample jungle of woods. You most shouts out: Bethicket me for a stump of a beech if I have the poultriest no-tions what the farest he all means. Gee up, girly! The quad gos-pellers may own the targum but any of the Zingari shoolerim may pick a peck of kindlings yet from the sack of auld hensyne.

Lead, kindly fowl! They always did; ask the ages. What bird has done yesterday man may do next year, be it fly, be it moult, be it hatch, be it agreement in the nest. For her socioscientific sense is sound as a bell, sir, her volucrine automutativeness right on normalcy: she knows, she just feels she was kind of bom to lay and love eggs (trust her to propagate the species and hoosh her fluffballs safe through din and danger!); lastly but mostly, in her genesic field it is all game and no gammon; she is ladylike in everything she does and plays the gentleman's part every time. Let us auspice it! Yes, before all this has time to end the golden age must return with its vengeance. Man will become dirigible. Ague will be rejuvenated, woman with her ridiculous white bur-den will reach by one step sublime incubation, the manewanting human lioness with her dishorned discipular manram will lie down together publicly flank upon fleece. No, assuredly, they are not justified, those gloompourers who grouse that letters have never been quite their old selves again since that weird weekday in bleak Janiveer (yet how palmy date in a waste's oasis!) when

to the shock of both, Biddy Doran looked at literature.

And. She may be a mere marcella, this midget madgetcy, Misthress of Arths. But. It is not a hear or say of some anomorous letter, signed Toga Girilis, (tetisy dear). We have a cop of her fist right against our nosibos. We note the paper with her jotty young watermark: Notre Dame du Bon Marche. And she has a heart of Arin! What lumililts as she fols with her fallimineers and her nadianods. As a strow will shaw she does the wind blague, recting to show the rudess of a robur curling and shewing die fansaties of a frizette. But how many of her readers

realise that she is not out to dizzledazzle with a graith uncouthrement of postmantuam glasseries from the lapins and the grigs. Nuttings on her wilelife! Grabar gooden grandy for old almeanium adamologists like Dariaumaurius and Zovotrimaserovmeravmerouvian; (dmznl); she feel plain plate one flat fact thing and if, lastways firdstwise, a man alones sine anyon anyons utharas has no rates to done a kik at with anyon anakars about tutus milking fores and the rereres on the outerrand asikin the tutus to be forrarder. Thingcrooklyexineverypasturesixdix - likencehimaroundhersthemaggerbykinkinkankanwithdownmind-lookingated. Mesdaims, Marmouselles, ’Mescerfs! Silvapais! All schwants (schwrites) ischt tell the cock’s trootabout him. Kapak kapuk. No minzies matter. He had to see life foully the plak and the smut, (schwrites). There were three men in him (schwrites). Dancings (schwrites) was his only ttoo feebles. With apple harlottes. And a little mollvogels. Spissially (schwrites) when they peaches. Honeys wore camelia paints. Yours very truthful. Add dapple inn. Yet is it but an old story, the tale of a Treestone with one Ysold, of a Mons held by tentpegs and his pal whatholoosed on the run, what Cadman could but Badman wouldn’t, any Genoaman against any Venis, and why Kate takes charge of the waxworks.

Let us now, weather, health, dangers, public orders and other circumstances permitting, of perfectly convenient, if you police, after you, policepolice, pardoning mein, ich beam so fresch, bey.^ drop this jiggerypokery and talk straight turkey meet to mate, for while the ear , be we mikealls or nicholists, may sometimes be inclined to believe others the eye , whether browned or nolensed, find it devilish hard now and again even to believe itself. Habes aures et num videbis? Hab&s oculos ac marmepalpabuat? Tip ! Drawing nearer to take our slant at it (since after all it has met with misfortune while all underground), let us see all there may remain to be seen.

I am a worker, a tombstone mason, anxious to pleace averyburies and jully glad when Christmas comes his once ayear. You are a poorjoist, unctuous to polise nopebobbies and tunnibelly

I

soully when ’tis thime took o’er home, gin. We cannot say aye to aye. We cannot smile noes from noes. Still. One cannot help

noticing that rather more tha i half of the lines run north-south in the Nemzes and Bukarahast directions while the others go west-east in search from Maliziies with Bulgarad for, tiny tot though it looks when schtschupnistling alongside other incuna-bula, it has its cardinal points for all that. These ruled barriers along which the traced words, run, march, halt, walk, stumble at doubtful points, stumble up again in compeirative safety seem to have been drawn first of all in a pretty checker with lamp-black and blackthorn. Such crossing is antechristian of course, but the use of the homeborn shillelagh as an aid to calligraphy shows a distinct advance from savagery to barbarism. It is seriously believed by some that the intention may have been geodetic, or, in the view of the cannier, domestic economical. But by writing thithaways end to end and turning, turning and end to end hithaways writing and with lines of litters slittering up and louds of latters slettering down, the old semetomyplace and jupetbackagain from tham Let Rise till Hum Lit. Sleep, where in the waste is the wisdom.^

Another point, in addition to the original sand, pounce pow-der, drunkard paper or soft rag used (any vet or inhanger in ous sot’s social can see the seen for seemself, a wee ftofty od room, the cheery spluttered on the one karrig, a darka disheen of \oos from Dalbania, any gotsquantity of racky, a portogal and some buk setting out on the sofer, you remember the sort of softball sucker motru used to tell us when we were all biribiyas or nippies and messas) it has acquired accretions of terricious matter whilst loitering in the past. The teatimestained terminal (say not the tag, mummer, or our show’s a failure!) is a cosy little brown study all to oneself and, whether it be thumb-print, mademark or just a poor trait of the artless, its importance in establishing the identities in the writer complexus (for if the hand was one, the minds of active and agitated were more than so) will be best appreciated by never forgetting that both before and after the battle of the Boyne it was a habit not to sign letters

always. Tip. And it is surely a lesser ignorance to write a word with every consonant too few than to add all too many. The end? Say it with missiles then and thus arabesque the page. You have your cup of scalding Souchong, your taper’s waxen drop, your cat’s paw, the clove or coffinnail you chewed or champed as you worded it, your lark in clear air. So why, pray, sign any-thing as long as every word, letter, penstroke, paperspace is a perfect signature of its own? A true friend is known much more easily, and better into the bargain, by his personal touch, habits of full or undress, movements, response to appeals for charity than by his footwear, say. And, speaking anent Tiberias and other incestuish salacities among gerontophils, a word of warning about the tenderloined passion hinted at. Some softnosed per-user might mayhem take it up erogenously as the usual case of spoons, prostituta in herba plus dinky pinks deliberatively summer-saulting off her bisexycle, at the main entrance of curate’s per-petual soutane suit with her one to see and awoh! who picks her up as gingerly as any balmbearer would to feel whereupon the virgin was most hurt and nicely asking: whyre have you been so grace a mauling and where were you chaste me child? Be who, farther potential? and so wider but we grisly old Sykos who have done our unsmiling bit on ’alices, when they were yung and easily freudened, in the penumbra of the procuring room and what oracular comepression we have had apply to them! could

(did we care to sell our feebought silence in camera) tell our very moistnostrilled one that father in such virgated contexts is not always that undemonstrative relative (often held up to our contumacy) who settles our hashbill for us and what an innocent all-abroad’s adverb such as Michaelly looks like can be suggestive of imder the pudendascope and, finally, what a neurasthene nympholept, endocrine-pineal typus, of inverted parentage with a prepossessing drauma present in her past and a priapic urge for congress with agnates before cognates fundamentally is feeling for under her lubricitous meiosis when she refers with liking to some feeler she fancie’s face. And Mm. We could. Yet what need to say? ’Tis as human a little story as paper could well carry, in

”5

affect, as singsing so Salaman susuing to swittvitles while as unbluffingly blurtubruskblunt as an Esra, the cat, the cat’s meeter, the meeter’s cat’s wife, the meeter’s cat’s wife’s half better, the meeter’s cat’s wife’s half better’s meeter, and so back to our horses, for we also know, what we have perused from the pages of I Was A Gemral, that Showting up of Bulsklivism by ‘Schottenboum’, that Father Michael about this red time of the white terror equals the old regime and Margaret is the social revolution while cakes mean the party funds and dear thank you signifies national gratitude. In fine, we have heard, as it happened, of Spartacus intercellular. We are not corknered yet, dead hand! We can recall, with voluntears, the froggy jew, and sweeter far ’twere now westhinks in Dumbil’s fair city ere one more year is o’er. We tourned our coasts to the good gay tunes. When from dowTi swords the sea merged the oldowth guns and answer made the bold O’ Dwyer. But. Est modest in verbos. Let a prostitute be whoso stands before a door and winks or parks herself in the fornix near a makeussin wall (sinsin! sinsin!) and the curate one who brings strong waters (gingin! gingin!), but also, and dinna forget, that there is many asleeps between someathome’s first and moreinausland’s last and that the beautiful presence of waiting kates will until life’s (!) be more than enough to make any milkmike in the language of sweet tarts punch hell’s hate into his twin nicky and that Maggy’s tea, or your majesty, if heard as a boost from a bom gentleman. For if the lingo gasped betw^een kicksheets, however basically English, were to be preached from the mouths of wickerchurchw'ardens and metaphysicians in the row and advokaatoes, allvoyous, demivoyelles, languoaths, lesbiels, dentelles, gutterhowls and furtz, where would their practice be or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean sesquipedalia of the panepistemion, however apically Volapucky, grunted and gromw'elled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff, uggamyg, hapaxle, gomenon, ppppfff, over country stiles, behind slated dwellinghouses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit fails, under some sacking left on a coarse cart.^

So hath been, love; tis tis: and will be: till w'ears and tears and

ages. Thief us the night, steal we the air, shawl thiner liefest, mine! Here, Ohere, insult the fair! Traitor, bad hearer, brave! The lightning look, the birding cry, awe from the grave, everflowing on the times. Feueragusaria iordenwaterj now godsun shine on menday’s daughter; a good clap, a fore marriage, a bad wake, tell hell’s well; such is manowife’s lot of lose and win again, like he’s gruen quhiskers on who’s chin again, she plucketed them

out but they grown in again. So what are you going to do about it.^ O dear!

If juness she saved! Ah ho! And if yulone he pouved! The ol-old stoliolum! From quiqui quinet to michemiche chelet and a jambebatiste to a brulobrulo! It is told in sounds in utter that, in signs so adds to, in universal, in polygluttural, in each auxiliary neutral idiom, sordomutics, florilingua, sheltafocal, flayflutter, a con’s cubane, a pro’s tutute, strassarab, ereperse and anythongue athall. Since nozzy Nanette tripped palmyways with Highho Harry there’s a spurtfire turf a’kind o’kindling when oft as the soufisoufi" blows her peaties up and a claypot wet for thee, my Sitys, and talkatalka tell Tibbs has eve: and whathough (revilous life proving aye the death of ronaldses when winpower wine has bucked the kick on poor won man) billiousness has been billious-ness during milliums of millenions and our mixed racings have been giving two hoots or three jeers for the grape, vine and brew and Pieter’s in Nieuw Amsteldam and Paoli’s where the poules go and rum smelt his end for him and he dined off sooth ameri-can (it would give one the frier even were one a normal Kettle-licker) this oldworld epistola of their weatherings and their marryings and their buryings and their natural selections has combled tumbled down to us fersch and made-at-all-hours like an ould cup on tay. As I was hottin me souser. Haha! And as you was caldin your dutchy hovel. Hoho! She tole the tail or her toon. Huhu!

Now, kapnimancy and infusionism may both fit as tight as two trivets but while we in our wee free state, holding to that prestatute in our charter, may have our irremovable doubts as to the whole sense of the lot, the interpretation of any phrase in

the whole, the meaning of every word of a phrase so far de-ciphered out of it, however unfettered our Irish daily indepen-dence, we must vaunt no idle dubiosity as to its genuine author-ship and holusbolus authoritativeness. And let us bringtheecease to beakerings on that clink, olmond bottler! On the face of it, to volt back to our desultory horses, and for your roughshod mind, bafflelost bull, the affair is a thing once for all done and there you are somewhere and finished in a certain time, be it a day or a year or even supposing, it should eventually turn out to be a serial number of goodness gracious alone knows how many days or years. Anyhow, somehow and somewhere, before the bookflood or after her ebb, somebody mentioned by name in his telephone directory, Coccolanius or Gallotaurus, wrote it, wrote it all, wrote it all down, and there you are, full stop. O, tmdoubtedly yes, and very potably so, but one who deeper thinks will always bear in the baccbuccus of his mind that this down-right there you are and there it is is only all in his eye. Why.^ Because, Soferim Bebel, if it goes to that, (and dormerwindow gossip will cry it from the housetops no surelier than the writing on the wall will hue it to the mod of men that mote in the main street) every person, place and thing in the chaosmos of Alle anyway connected with the gobblydumped turkery was moving and changing every part of the time: the travelling inkhom (possibly pot), the hare and turtle pen and paper, the continually more and less intermisunderstanding minds of the anticollabora-tors, the as time went on as it will variously inflected, differently pronounced, otherwise spelled, changeably meaning vocable scriptsigns. No, so holp me Petault, it is not a miseffectual why-

acinthinous riot of blots and blurs and bars and balls and hoops
and wriggles and juxtaposed jottings linked by spurts of speed:
it only looks as like it as damn it; and, sure, we ought really to
rest thankful that at this deleteful hour of dungflies dawning we
have even a written on with dried ink scrap of paper at all to show
for ourselves, tare it or leaf it, (and we are lufted to ourselves as
the soulfisher when he led the cat out of the bout) after all that
we lost and plundered of it even to the hidmost coignings of the

earth and all it has gone through and by all means, after a good
ground kiss to Terracussa and for wars luck our lefftofF's flung
over our home homoplate, cling to it as with drowning hands,
hoping against hope all the while that, by the light of philo-
phosy, (and may she never folsage us!) things will begin to clear
up a bit one way or another within the next quarrel of an hour
and be hanged to them as ten to one they will too, please the pigs,
as they ought to categorically, as, stricly between ourselves, there
is a limit to all things so this -will never do.

For, with that farmfrow's foul flair for that flayfell foxfetor,
(the calamite's columitas calling for calamitous calamitance) who
that scrutinising marvels at those indignant whiplooplashes; those
so prudently bolted or blocked rounds; the touching reminiscence
of an incompletet trail or dropped final; a round thousand whirli-
gig glorioles, prefaced by (alas!) now illegible airy plumeflights,
all tiberiously ambiembellishing the initials majuscule of Ear-
wicker: the meant to be baffling chrismon trilithon sign m, finally
called after some his hes hecitency Hec, which, moved contra-
watchwise, represents his title in sigla as the smaller A, fontly
called following a certain change of state of grace of nature alp
or delta, when single, stands for or tautologically stands beside
the consort: (though for that matter, since we have heard from
Cathay cyrcles how the hen is not mirely a tick or two after the
first fifth fourth of the second eighth twelfth — siangchang
hongkong sansheneul — but yirely the other and thirtieth of the
ninth from the twentieth, our own vulgar 432 and 1132 irre-
spectively, why not take the former for a village inn, the latter
for an upsidown bridge, a multiplication marking for crossroads
ahead, which you like pothook for the family gibbet, their old
fourwheedler for the bucket's field, a tea anyway for a tryst
someday, and his onesidemissing for an allblind alley leading to
an Irish plot in the Champ de Mors, not.^) the steady monologuy
of the interiors; the pardonable confusion for which some blame
the cudgel and more blame the soot but unthanks to which
the pees with their caps awry are quite as often as not taken
for kews with their tails in their or are quite as often as not

taken for pews with tiieir tails in their mouths, thence your
pristopher polombos, hence our Kat Kresbyterians; the curt
witty wotty dashes never quite just right at the trim trite
truth letterj the sudden spluttered petulance of some capitalised
middle; a word as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused
drapery as a fieldmouse in a nest of coloured ribbons: that ab-
surdly bullsfooted bee declaring with an even plainer dummp-
show than does the mute commoner with us how hard a thing it
is to mpe mporh a gentlerman: and look at this prepronominal
funferaly engraved and retouched and edgewiped and pudden-
padded,very like a whale's egg farced with pemmican,as were it

sentenced to be nuzzled over a full trillion times for ever and a night till his noddle sink or swim by that ideal reader suffering from an ideal insomnia: all those red raddled obeli cayennepep-percast over the text, calling unnecessary attention to errors, omissions, repetitions and misalignments: that (probably local or personal) variant maggers for the more generally accepted ma-jesiy which is but a trifle and yet may quietly amuse: those super-ciliouslooking crisscrossed Greek ees awkwardlike perched there and here out of date like sick owls hawked back to Athens: and the geegees too, jesuistically formed at first but afterwards genu-flected aggrily toewards the Occident: the Ostrogothic kako-graphy affected for certain phrases of Etruscan stabletalk and, in short, the learning betrayed at almost every line's end: the head-strength (at least eleven men of thirtytwo palfrycraft) revealed by a constant labour to make a ghimel pass through the eye of an iota: this, for instance, utterly unexpected sinistrog3nric return to one peculiar sore point in the past; those throne open doubleyous (of an early muddy terranean origin whether man chooses to damn them agglutinatively loo — too — blue — face — ache or illvoodawpeehole or, kants koorts, topplefouls) seated with such floprightdown determination and reminding uus ineluctably of nature at her naturalest while that fretful fidget eff, the hornful digamma of your bomabarbar, rarely heard now save when falling from the unfashionable lipsus of some hetarosexual (used always in two boldfaced print types — one of them as wrongheaded as

his Claudian brother, is it worth while interrupting to say? — throughout the papyrus as the revise mark) stalks ail over the page, broods j[sensationseeking an idea, amid the verbiage, gaunt, stands dejectedly in the diapered window margin, witli its basque of bay leaves all aflutter about its forksfrogs, paces with a frown, jerking to and fro, flinging phrases here, there, or returns inhibited, with some half-halted suggestion, h, dragging its shoestring; the curious warning sign before our protoparent's ipsissima verba (a very pure nondescript, by the way, sometimes a palmtailed otter, more often the arbutus fruitflowerleaf of the cainapple) which paleographers call a leak in the thatch or the Aranman ingperwhis through the hole of his hat, indicating that the words which follow may be taken in any order desired, hole of Aran man the hat through the whispering his ho (here keen again and begin again to make soundsense and sensesound kin again); those haughtypitched disdotted aiches easily of the rariest inasdroll as most of the jaywalking eyes we do plough into halve, unconnected, principial, medial or final, always jims in the jam, sahib, as pipless as threadworms: the innocent exhibitionism of those frank yet capricious underlinings; that strange exotic serpen-tine, since so properly banished from our scripture, about as freak-wing a wetterhand now as to see a rightheaded ladywhite don a corkhorse, which, in its invincible insolence ever longer more and of more morosity, seems to uncoil spirally and swell lacertinelazily before our eyes under pressure of the writer's hand; the ungainly musicianlessness so ptiinted in sculpting selfsounder ah ha as blackartful as a podatus and dumbfounder oh ho oaproariose as ten canons in skelterfugue: the studious omission of year number and era name from the date, the one and only time when our copyist seems at least to have grasped the beauty of restraint; the lubridtous conjugation of the last with the first: the gipsy mat-ing of a grand stylish gravedigging with secondbest buns (an in-terpolation: these munchables occur only in the Bootherbrowth family of MSS., Bb — Cod IV, Pap 11, Brek XI, Lun III, Dinn

xvn, Sup XXX, Fullup M D C X C; the schoHast has hungrily misheard a deadman’s toller as a muffinbell): the four shortened

ampersands under which we can glypse at and feel for ourselves across all those rushyears the warm soft short pants of the quick-scribbler: the vocative lapse from which it begins and the accusative hole in which it ends itself; the aphasia of that heroic agony of recalling a once loved number leading slip by slipper to a general amnesia of misnomering one’s own: next those ars, rrrr! those ars all bellical, the highpriest’s hieroglyph of kettletom and oddsbones, wrasted redhandedly from our hallowed rubric prayer for truce with booty, O’ Remus pro Romulo, and rudely from the fane’s pinnacle tossed down by porter to within an aim’s ace of their quatrain of rubyjets among Those Who arse without the Temple nor since Roe’s Distillery bum’d have quaff’d Night’s firefill’d Cup But jig jog jug as Day the Dicebox Throws, whang, loyal six I lead, out wi’yer heart’s bluid, blast ye, and there she’s for you, sir, whang her, the fine ooman, rouge to her lobster locks, the rossy, whang, God and O’Mara has it with his ruddy old Villain Rufus, wait, whang, God and you’re another he hasn’t for there’s my spoil five of spuds’s trumps, whang, whack on his pigsking’s Kisser for him, K.M. O’Mara where are you?; then (coming over to the left aisle corner down) the cruciform postscript from which three basia or shorter and smaller oscula have been overcarefully scraped away, plainly inspiring the tenebrous Tunc page of the Book of Kells (and then it need not be lost sight of that there are exactly three squads of candidates for the crucian rose awaiting their turn in the marginal panels of Columkiller, chugged in their three ballotboxes, then set apart for such hanging committees, where two was enough for anyone, starting with old Matthew himself, as he with great distinction said then just as since then people speaking have fallen into the custom, when speaking to a person, of saying two is company when the third person is the person darkly spoken of, and then that last labiolingual hasium might be read as a suavium if whoever the embracer then was wrote with a tongue in his (or perhaps her) cheek as the case may have been then) and the fatal droopadwindle slope of the blamed scrawl, a sure sign of imperfectible moral blindness; the toomuchness, the fartoomanyness

of all those fourlegged ems: and why spell dear god with a big thick dhee (why, O why, O why?): the cut and dry aks and wise form of the semifinal; and, eighteenthly or twentyfourthly, but at least, thank Maurice, lastly when all is zed and done, the penelopean patience of its last paraphe, a colophon of no fewer than seven hundred and thirtytwo strokes tailed by a leaping lasso — who thus at all this marvelling but will press on hotly to see the vaulting feminine libido of those interbranching ogham sex up-andinsweeps sternly controlled and easily repersuaded by the imiform matteroifactness of a meandering male fist?

Duff-Jjfuggli, who now may be quoted by very kind arrangement (his dectroscophonious photosen sition under suprasonic light control may be logged for by our none too distant futures as soon astone values can be turned out from Chromophilomos,

Limited at a millicentime the microamp), first called this kind of paddygoeasy partnership the ulykkhean or tetrachiric or quadrumane or ducks and drakes or debts and dishes perplex (v. Some Forestallings over that Studium of Sexophonologistic ScM^ophrenesis, vol. xxiv, pp. 2-555) after the wellinformed observation, made miles apart from the Master by Timg-Toyd (cf. Later Frustrations amengst the Neomugglian Teachings abaft the Semiunconsdence, passim) that in the case of the litdeknown periplic bestteller popularly associated with the names of the wretched mariner (trianforan deffwedoff our plumsucked pattern shapekeeper) a Punic admiralty report. From MacPersord s Oshean Round By the Tides of Jason’s Cruise^ had been cleverly capsized and saucily republished as a dodecanesian baedeker of the everytale-a-treat-in-itself variety which could hope satisfactorily to tickle me gander as game as your goose.

The unmistaken identity of the persons in the Tiberiast duplex came to light in the most devious of ways. The original document was in what is known as Hanno O’Nonhanno’s unbrookable script, that is to say, it showed no signs of punctuation of any sort. Yet on holding the verso against a lit rush this new book of Morses responded most remarkably to the silent query of our world’s oldest light and its recto let out the piquant

fact that it was but pierced butnot punctured (in the university sense of the term) by numerous stabs and foliated gashes made by a pronged instrument. These paper wounds, four in type, were gradually and correctly understood to mean stop, please stop, do please stop, and O do please stop respectively, and following up their one true clue, the circumflexuous wall of a singleminded men’s asylum, accentuated by bi tso fb rok engl a ssan dspl itch ina, — Yard inquiries pointed out — >• that they ad bin “provoked” ay A fork, of a grave Brofesor; ath e’s Br^ak — fast — table; ; aciitely professionally piqued, to = introduce a notion of time [iipon a plane Q') sh ’ ’ f^9’e’] by punct! ingh oles (sic) in iSpace.^l Deeply religious by nature and position, and warmly attached to Thee, and smearbread and better and Him and newlaidills, it was rightly suspected that such ire could not have been visited by him Brotfressor Prenderguest even underwittingly, upon the ancestral pneuma of one whom, with rheuma, he venerated shamelessly at least once a week at Cockspur Common as his apple in his eye and her first boys’ best friend and, though plain English for a married lady misled heaps by the way, yet when some peerer or peeress detected that the fourleaved shamrock or quadrifoil jab was more recurrent wherever the script was clear and the term terse and that these two were the selfsame spots naturally selected for her perforations by Dame Partlet on her dungheap, thinkers all put grown in waterungspillfull Pratiland only and a playful fowl and musical me and not you in any case, two and two together, and, with a swarm of bisses honeyhunting after, a sigh for shyme (O, the pettybonny rouge!) separated modest mouths. So be it. And it was. The lettermaking of the explots of Fjorgn Camhelsson when he was in the Kvinnes country with Soldru’s men. With acknowledgment of our fervour of the first instant he remains years most fainfully. For postscrapt see spoils. Though not yet had the sailor sipped that sup nor the humphar foamed to the fill. And fox and geese still kept the peace around UAuberge du Pare Adam.

Small need after that, old Jeromesolem, old Huffsnuff, old

Andycox, old Olecasandrum, for quizzing your weekenders come

to the R.Q. with: shoots oif in a hiss, muddles up in a mussmass and his whole’s a dismantled noondrunkard’s son. Howbeit we heard not a son of sons to leave by him to oceanic society in his old man without a thing in his ignorance, Tulko MacHooley. And it was thus he was at every time, that son, and the other time, the day was in it and after the morrow Diremood is the name is on the writing chap of the psalter, the juxtajunctor of a dearmate and he passing out of one desire into its fellow. The daughters are after going and loojing for him, Torba’s nice-lookers of the fair neck. Wanted for millinary servance to older ly’s person by the Totty Askinses. Formelly confounded with amother. Maybe growing a moustache, did you say, with an adorable look of amuzement.^ And uses noclass billiardhalls with an upandown ladder.^ Not Hans the Curier though had he had have only had some little laughings and some less of cheeks and were he not so warned by his bulb of persecussion he could have, ay, and would have, as true as Essex bridge. And not Go-pheph go gossip, I declare to man! Noe! To all’s much relief one’s half hypothesis of that jabberjaw ape amok the showering jestnuts of Bruisanose was hotly dropped and his room taken up by that odious and still today insufficiently malestimated note-snatcher (kak, pfooi, bosh and fiety, much eamy, Gus, poteen.^ Sez you!) Shem the Penman.

So?

Who do you no tonigh, lazy and gentleman?

The echo is where in the back of the wodes; callhim forth I

(Shaun Mac Irewick, briefdragger, for the concern of Messrs Jhon Jhamieson and Song, rated one hundrick and thin per storehundred on this nightly quisquiquock of the twelve apos-trophes, set by Jockit Mic Ereweak. He misunderstruck and aim for am olio of number three of them and left his free natural ri-postes to four of them in their own fine artful disorder.)

I. What secondtonone mythe rector and maximost bridges-maker was the first to rise taller through his beanstale than the bluegum buaboababbaun or the giganteous Wellingtonia Sequoia; went nudiboots with trouters into a liffeyette when she was barely in her tricklies; was well known to claud a conciliation cap onto the esker of his booth; sports a chainganger’s albert solemenly over his hullender’s epulence; thought he weighed a new ton when there felled his first lapapple; gave the heinous-ness of choice to everyknight betwixt yesterdicks and twomaries; had sevenal successivecoloured serebanmaids on the same big white drawringroam horthrug; is a Willbeforce to this hour at house as he was in heather; pumped the catholick wartrey and shocked the prodestung boyne; killed his own hungery self in anger as a young man; found fodder for five when allmarken rose goflooded; withHirishtutores Cornish made easy; voucher

of rotables, toll of the road; bred manyheaded stepsons for one leapyourown taughter; is too fimny for a fish and has too much outside for an insect; like a heptagon crystal emprisoms trues and fauss for us; is infinite swell in unfitting induments; once was he shovelled and once was he arsoned and once was he inundered and she hung him out billbailey; has a quadrant in his tile to tell Toler cad a'clog it is; offers chances to Long on but stands up to Legge before; found coal at the end of his harrow and moss-roses behind the seams; made a fort out of his postern and wrote F.E.R.T. on his buckler; is escapemaster-in-chief from all sorts of houdingplaces; if he outliarrods against barkers, to the shool-bred he acts whiteley; was evacuated at the mere appearance of three germhuns and twice besieged by a sweep; from zoomor-phology to omnianimalism he is brooched by the spin of a coin; towers, an eddistoon amid the lampless, casting swannbeams on the deep; threatens thunder upon malefactors and sends whispers up fraufrau's froufrous; when Dook Hookbackcrook upsits his ass booseworthies jeer and junket but they boos him oos and baas his aas when he lukes like Hunkett Plunkett; by sosannsos and search a party on a lady of this city; business, reading news-paper, smoking cigar, arranging tumblers on table, eating meals, pleasure, etcetera, etcetera, pleasure, eating meals, arranging tum-blers on table, smokii^ cigar, reading newspaper, business; minerals, wash and brush up, local views, juju toffee, comic and birthdays cards; those were the days and he was their hero; pink sunset shower, red clay cloud, sorrow of Sahara, oxhide on Iren; arraigned and attainted, listed and lited, pleaded and proved; catches his check at banck of Indgangd and endorses his doom at chapel exit; brain of the franks, hand of the Christian, tongue of the north; commands to dinner and calls the bluff; has a block at Morgen's and a hatache all the aftemunch; plays gehamerat when he's emst but misses mausey when he's lustyg; walked as far as the Head where he sat in state as the Rump; shows Early Eng-lish tracemarks and a marigold window with manigilt lights, a myrioscope, two remarkable piscines and three wellworthseeing ambries; arches all portcullised and his nave dates from dots; is

a horologe unstoppable and the Benn of all bells; fuit, isst and herit and though he's mildewstaned he's mouldystoned; is a quer-cuss in the forest but plane member for Megalopolis; mountun-mighty, faunonfleetfoot; plank in our platform, blank in our scouturn; hidal, in carucates he is enumerated, hold as an earl, he counts; shipshaped phrase of buglooking words with a form like the easing moments of a graminivorous; to our dooms brought he law, our manoirs he made his vill of; was an over-grind to the underground and acqueduced for fierythroats; sends boys in socks acoughawhooping when he lets farth his carbon-oxside and silk stockings show her shapings when he looses hose on hers; stocks dry puder for the 111 people and pinkun's pellets for all the Pale; gave his mundyfoot to Miserius, her pinch to Anna Livia, that superfine pigtail to Cerisia Cerosia and quid rides to Titius, Caius and Sempronius; made the man who had no notion of shopkeepers feel he'd rather play the duke than play the gentleman; shot two queans and shook three caskles when he won his game of dwarfs; fumes inwards like a strombolist till he smokes at both ends; manmote, befier of him, womankind, pietad!; shows one white drift of snow among the gorsegrowth of his crown and a chaperon of repentance on that which shed gore; pause and quies, triple bill; went by metro for the polls and

then hoved by; to the finders, hail! woa, you that seek!; whom fillth had plenished, dearth devoured; hock is leading, cocoa comes next, emery tries for the flag; can dance the O’Bruin’s polerpasse at Noolahn to his own orchistruss accompaniment; took place before the internatural convention of catholic midwives and tound stead before the congress for the study of endonational calamities; makes a delictuous entree and finishes off the course between sweets and savouries; flouts for forecasts, flairs for finds and the fun of the fray on the fairground; cleared out three hundred sixty five idles to set up one all khalassal for henwives hoping to have males; the flawhoolagh, the grasping one, the kindler of paschal fire; forbids us our trespassers as we forgate him; the phoenix be his pyre, the cineres his sire!; piles big pelium on little ossas like the pilluls of hirculeads; has an eatupus complex

and a drinkthedregs kink; wurstmeats for chumps and cowcarlows for scullions; when he plies for our favour is very trolly ours; two psychic espousals and three desertions; may be matter of fact now but was futter of magd then; Cattermole Hill, exmountain of flesh was reared up by stress and sank under strain; tank it up, dank it up, tells the tailor to his tout; entoutcas for a man, but bit a thimble for a maid; blimp, blump; a dud letter, a sing a song a sylble; a byword, a sentence with surcease; while stands his canyouseehim frails shall fall; was hatched at Cellbridge but ejoculated abrood; as it gan in the biguinnengs so wound up in a battle of Boss; Roderick, Roderick, Roderick, O, you’ve gone the way of the Danes; variously catalogued, regularly regrouped; a bushboys holoday, a quacker’s mating, a wenches’ sandbath; the same homoheatherous checkinlossegg as when sollyeye airly blew ye; real detonation but false report; spa mad but inn sane; half emillian via bogus census but a no street hausmann when allphannd; is the handiest of all andies and a most alleghant spot to dump your hump; hands his secession to the new patridus but plumps plebmatically for the bloody old centuries; eats with doors open and ruts with gates closed; some dub him Rotshield and more limn him Rockyfellow; shows he’s fly to both demisfairs but thries to cover up his tracers; seven dovecotes cooclaim to have been pigeonheim to this homer, Smermion, Rhoebok, Kolonsreagh, Seapoint, Quayhowth, Ashtown, Ratheny; independent of the lordship of chamberlain, acknowledging the rule of Rome; we saw thy farm at Useful Prine, Domhnall, Domhnall; reeks like Illbelpaese and looks like Iceland’s ear; lodged at quot places, lived through tot reigns; takes a szumbath for his weekend and a wassamap for his refreskmeni; after a good bout at stoolball enjoys Giroflee Giroflaa; what Nevermore missed and Colombo foimd; believes in evesryman his own goaldkeeper and in Africa for the fuUblacks; the arc of his drive was forty full and his stumps were pulled at eighty; boasts him to the thick-inthews the oldest creater in Aryania and looks down on the Suiss family Collesons whom he calls les nouvelles rochesi though his heart, soul and spirit turn to pharaoph times, his love, faith and

hope stick to futuerism; light leglifters cense him souriantes from afore while boor browbenders curse him grommelants to his hindmost; between youlasses and yeladst glimse of Even; the Lug his peak has, the Luk his pile; drinks tharr and wodhar for

his asama and eats the unparishable sow to styve off reglar rack; the beggars cloak them reclined about his paddystool, the whores winken him as they walk their side; on Christienmas at Advent Lodge, New Yealand, after a lenty illness the roeverand Mr Easterling of pentecostitis, no followers by bequest, fanfare all private; Gone Where Glory Waits Him (Ball, bulletist) but Not Here Yet (Maxwell, dark); comminxed under articles but phoe- nished a borgiess; from the vat on the bier through the burre in the dark to the buttle of the bawn; is Ai an the highest but Roh re his root; filled fanned of hackleberries whenas all was tuck and toss up for him as a yangster to fall fou of hockinbechers wherein he had gauged the use of raisin; ads aliments, das doles, raps rustics, tarns turmoil; sas seed enough for a semination but sues skivvies on the sly; learned to speak from hand to mouth till he could talk earish with his eyes shut; hacked his way through hickheckhocks but hanged hishelp from there hereafters; rialtos, annesleyg, binn and balls to say nothing atolk of New Comyn; the gleam of the glow of the shine of the sun through the dearth of the dirth on the blush of the brick of the viled ville of Bamehulme has dust turned to brown; these dyed to tartan him, rueroot, dulse, bracken, teasel, fuller’s ash, sundew and cress; long gunn but not for cotton; stood his sharp assault of famine but grew girther, girther and girther; he has twenty four or so cousins germinating in the United States of America and a namesake with an initial difference in the once kingdom of Poland; his first’s a young rose and his second’s French- ^tid his whole means a slump at Christie’s; forth of his pierced part came the woman of his dreams, blood thicker then water last trade overseas; buyshop of Glintylook, eorl of Hoed; you and I are in him surrented by brwn bldns; Elin’s flee polt pelhaps but Hwang Chang evelytime; he one was your of highbigpipey boys but fancy him as smoking fags his at time of

life; Mount of Mish, Mell of Moy; had two cardinal ventures and three capitol sinks; has a peep in his pocketbook and a packet- boat in his keep; P-P.M., T.D.S., V.B.D.,

T.C.H., L.O.N.; is Breakfates, Lunger, Diener and Souper; as the streets were paved with cold he felt his topperairy; taught himself skating and learned how to fall; distinctly dirty but rather a dear; hoveth chieftains evrywehr, with morder; Ostman Effendi, Serge Paddishaw; baases two mmany, outpriams al* his parishes; first of the fenians, roi des fainiants', his Tiara of scones was held unfillable- till one Liam Fail felled him in West- munster; was struck out of his sittem when he rowed saulely to demask us and to our appauling predicament brought as plagues from Buddapest; put a matchhead on an aspenstalk and set the living a fire; speared the rod and spoiled the lightning; married with cakes and repunked with pleasure; till he was buried how- happy was he and he made the welkins ring with Up Micawber/i god at the top of the staircase, carrion on the mat of straw; the false hood of a spindler web chokes the cavemouth of his unsightliness but the nestlings that liven his leafscreen sing him a lover of arbuties; we strike hands over his bloodied warsheet but we are pledged entirely to his green mantle; our friend vikelegal, our swaran foi; under the four stones by his streams who vanished the wassailbowl at the joy of shells; Mora and Lora had a hill of a high time looking down on his confusion till firm look in readiness, forward spear and the windfoot of curach strewed the lakemist of Lego over the last of his fields; we

darkened for you, faulterer, in the year of mourning but we’ll fidhil to the dimtwinklers when the streamy morvenlight calls up the sunbeam; his striped pantaloons, his rather strange walk; hereditads columna erecta, hc^ion chiton eraphon’, nods a nap for the nonce but crows cheerio when they get ecunemical; is a simultaneous equator of elimbinated integras when three upon one is by inspection improper; has the most conical hodpiece of confusianist heronim and that chuchuifuous chinchin of his is like a footsey kungoloo around Taishantyland; he’s as globeful as a gasometer of lithium and luridity and he was thrice ten anular

years before he -wallowed rotind Raggiant Circos; the cabalstone at the coping of his cavin is a canine constant but only an amirican could apparoxemete the apeupresiosity of his atlast’s alongement; sticklered rights and lefts at Baddersdo-wn in his hunt for the boar ttwth but made his end -with the modareds that came at him in Camlenstrete; a hunnibal in exhaustive conflict, an otho to return; burning body to aiger air on melting mountain in wooing wave; we go into him sleepy children, we come out of him strucklers for life; he divested to save from the Mrs Drownings their rival queens while Grimsha-w; Bragshaw and Rensha-vs: made off -with his storen clothes; taxed and rated, licensed and ranted; his threefaced stonehead was found on a whitehorse hill and the print of his costellous feet is seen in the goat’s grasscircle; pull the blind, toll the deaf and call dumb, lame and halty; Miraculone, Monstrucceleen; led the upplaws at the Creation and hissed a snake charmer off her stays; hounded become haunter, hunter become fox; harrier, marrier, terrier, tav; Olaph the Oxman, Thorker the Tourable; you feel he is Vespasian yet you think of him as Aurelius; whugamore, tradertory, socianist, commoniser; made a summer assault on our shores and begiddy got his sands full; first he shot down Raglan Road and then he tore up Marlborough Place; Cromlechheight and Crommalhill were his farfamed feetrests when our lurch as lout let free into the Lubar beloved; mareschalled his -wardmotes and delimited the main; netted before nibbling, can scarce turn a scale but, grossed after meals, weighs a town in himself; Banba prayed for his conversion, Beurla missed that grand old voice; a Colossus among cabbages, the Melarancitrone of fruits; larger than life, doughtier than death; Gran Turco, orege forment; lachsembulger, leperlean; the sparkle of his genial fancy, the depth of his calm sagacity, the clearness of his spotless honour, the flow of his boimdless benevolence; otu: family furbear, our tribal tampike; quary was he invincibled and cur was he burked; partitioned Irsk^olm, united Irishmen; he took a svig at his o-wn methjnr but she tested a bit gorky and as for the salmon he -was coming up in him all life long; comm, eilerdich hecklebury and sawyer thee , warden;

silent as the bee in honey, stark as the breath on hauwck, Costello, Kinsella, Mahony, Moran, though you rope Amrique your home ruler is Dan; figture right, he is hoisted by the scurve of his shaggy neck, figure left, he is rationed in isobaric patties among the crew; one asks was he poisoned, one thinks how much did he leave; ex-gardener (Riesengebirger), fitted up with planturous existencies would make Roseoogreedy (mite’s) little hose; taut sheets and scuppers awash but the oil silk mack Liebs-

terpet micks his aquascutum; the enjoyment he took in kay women, the employment he gave to gee men; sponsor to a squad of piercers, ally to a host of rawlies; against lightning, explosion, fire, earthquake, flood, whirlwind, burglary, third party, rot, loss of cash, loss of credit, impact of vehicles; can rant as grave as oxtail soup and chat as gay as a potto flippant; is unhesitent in his unionism and yet a pigotted nationalist; Sylviacola is shy of him, Matrosenhosens nose the joke; shows the sinews of peace in his chest-o-wars; fiefeofhome, ninehiindred and thirtunine years of copyhold; is aldays open for polemypolity's sake when he's not suntimes closed for the love of Janus; sucks life's eleaxir from the pettipickles of the Jewess and ruoulls in sulks if any popeling runs down the Huguenots; Boomaport, Walleslee, Ubermeerschall Blowcher and Supercharger, Monsieur Ducrow, Mister Mudson, master gardiner; to one he's just paiuich and judex, to another full of beans and brehons; hallucination, cauchman, ectoplasm; passed for baabaa blacksheep till he grew white woo woo woolly; was drummatoysed by Mac Milligan's daughter and put to music by one shoebard; all fitzpatricks in his emirate remember him, the boys of wetford hail him babu; indanified himself with boro tribute and was schenkt publicly to brigstoll; was given the light in drey orchafts and entumuled in threeplexes; his likeness is in Terrecuite and he giveth rest to the rainbowed; lebriety, frothearnity and quality; his reverse makes a virtue of necessity while his obverse mars a mother by invention; beskilk his gunwale and he's the second imperial, untie points, unhook tenters and he's lath and plaster; calls upon Allthing when he fails to appeal to Eachovos; basidens, ardree, kongsemma, rexregulorum; stood into Dee mouth,

then backed broadside on Baulacleeva; either eldorado or ultimate thole; a kraal of fou feud fires, a crawl of five pubs; laid out lashings of laveries to hunt down his family ancestors and then pled double trouble or quick quits to hush the buckets up; threw pebblets for luck over one sodden shoulder and dragooned peoplades armed to their teeth; pept as Gaudio Gambrinus, grim as Potter the Grave; ace of arts, deuce of damimonds, trouble of clubs, fear of spates; cumbrum, cumbrum, twiniceynurseys fore a drum but tre to uno tips the scale; reeled the titleroll opposite a brace of girdles in Silver on the Screen but was sequenced from the set as Crookback by the even more titulars, Rick, Dave and Barry; he can get on as early as the twentysecond of Mars but occasionally he doesn't come off before Virgintiquinque Germinal; his Indian name is Hapapoosiesobjibway and his number in arithmosophy is the stars of the plough; took weapon in the province of the pike and let fling his line on Eelwick; moves in vicous deles yet remews the same; the drain rats bless his offals while the park birds curse his floodlights; Portobello, Equadocta, Therecocta, Percorello; he pours into the softclad shellbom the hard cash earned in Watling Street; his birth proved accidental shows his death its grave mistake; brought us giant ivy from the land of younkers and bewitthered Apostolopolos with the gale of his gall; while sadsfied that soft youthful bright matchless girls should bosom into fine silkclad joyous blooming young women is not so pleased that heavy swearsome strongsmelling irregularshaped men should blottout active handsome wellformed frankeyed boys; herald hairyfair, alloaf the wheat; husband your aunt and endow your nepos; hearken but hush it, screen him and see; time is, an archbishopric, time was, a tradesmen's entrance; beckburn brooked with wath, scale scarred by scow; his rainfall is a couple of kneehighs while his meanst grass temperature marked three in

the shade; is the meltingpoint of snow and the bubblingplace of alcohol; has a tussle with the trulls and then does himself justice; hinted at in the eschatological chapters of Humphrey’s Jtistesse of the Jaypees and hunted for by Theban recensors who sniff there’s something behind the Bvg of the Deaf the king

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his cornerwall melking mark so murry, the queen was steep in armbour feeling fain and furry, the mayds was midst the haw-thorns shoeing up their hose, out pimps the back guards (pomp !) and pump gun they goes; to all his foretellers he reared a stone and for all his comethers he planted a tre^ forty acres, sixty miles, white stripe, red stripe, washes his fleet in annacrwatter; whou missed a porter so whot shall he do for he wanted to sit for Pimploco but they’ve caught him to stand for Sue?; Dutchlord, Dutchlord, overawes us; Headmound, king and martyr, dunstung in the Yeast, Pitre-le-Pore-in Petrin, Barth-the-Grete-by-the-Exchange; he hestens towards dames troth and wedding hand like the prince of Orange and Nassau while he has trinity left behind him like Bowlbeggar Bill-the-Bustonly; brow of a hazel-wood, pool in the dark; changes blowicks into bullocks and a well of Artesia into a bird of Arabia; the handwriting on his facewall, the cryptoconchoidsiphonostomata in his exprussians; his birthspot lies beyond the herospont and burialplot in the pleasant little field; is the yldist kiosk on the pleninsula and the unguest hostel in Saint Scholarland; walked many hundreds and many score miles of streets and lit thousands in one nightlights in hectares of windows; his great wide cloak lies on fifteen acres and his little white horse decks by dozens our doors; O sorrow the sail and woe the rudder that were set for Mairie Quail; his suns the nuns, his dartars the tartars, are plenty here today; who repulsed from his burst the bombolts of Ostenton and falchioned each flash downsaduck in the deep; apersonal problem, a loca-tive enigma; upright one, vehicule of arcanisation in the field, lying chap, floodsupplier of celiculation through ebblanes; a part of the whole as a port for a whale; Dear Hewitt Gastello, Equerry, were daylighted with our outing and are looking backwards to unearly summers, from Rhoda Dundrums; is above the seedfruit level and outside the leguminiferous zone; when older links lock older hearts then he’ll resemble she; can be built with glue and clippings, scrawled or voided on a buttress; the night express sings his story, the song of sparrowmotes on his stave of wires; he crawls with lice, he swarms with saggarts; is as quiet as a

mursque but can be as noisy as a sonogog; was Dilmun when his date was palmy and Mudlin when his nut was cracked; suck up the sease, lep laud at ease, one lip on his lap and one cushlin his crease; his porter has a mighty grasp and his baxters the boon of broadwhite; as far as wind dries and rain eats and sun turns and water bounds he is exalted and depressed, assembled and asundered; go away, we are deluded, come back, we are dis-ghosted; bored the Ostrov, leapt the Inferus, swam the Mabbul and flure the Moyle; like fat, like fatlike tallow, of greasefulness, yea of dripping greasefulness; did not say to the old, old, did not say to the scorbutic, scorbutic; he has founded a house, Uru, a house he has founded to which he has assigned its fate; bears

a raaven geulant on a f jeld duiv; ruz the halo off his varlet when he appeared to his shecook as Haycock, Emmet, Boaro, Toaro, Osterich, Mangy and Skunk; pressed the beer of aled age out of the netdes of rashness; put a roof on the lodge for Hymn and a coq in his pot pro homo; was dapifer then pancircensor then hortifex magnus; the topes that tippled on him, the types that toppled off him; still starts our hares yet gates our goat; pocket-book packetboat, gapman gunrun; the light of other days, dire dreary darkness; our awful dad, Timour ofTortur; puzzling, startling, shocking, nay, perturbing; went puffing from king's brugh to new customs, doffing the gibbous off him to every breach of all size; with Pa's new heft and Papa's new helve he's Papapa's old cutlass Papapapa left us; when youngheaded old-shouldered and middlishneck aged about; caller herring every-daily, turgid tarpon overnight; see Loryon the comaleon that changed endocrine history by loeven his loaf with forty bannucks; she drove him dafe till he driv her blind up; the pigeons doves be perchin aU over him one day on Baslesbridge and the ravens duv be pitchin their dark nets after him the next night behind Koenig-stein's Arbour; tronf of the rep, comf of the priv, prosp of the pub; his headwood it's ideal if his feet are bally clay; he crashed in the hollow of the park, trees down, as he soared in the vaguum of the phoenix, stones up; looks like a moultain boultter and sounds like a rude word; the raoontaen view, some lumin pale

round a lamp of succar in boinyn water; three shots a puddy at up blup saddle; made up to Miss MacCormack Ni Lacarthy who made off with Darly Dermod, swank and swarthy; once diamond cut garnet now dammat cuts groany; you might find him at the Florence but watch our for him in Wynn's Hotel; theer's his bow and wheer's his leaker and heer lays his bequiet hearse, deep; Swed Albiony, likeliest villain of the place; Hennery Can-terel — Cockran, eggotisters, limitated; we take our tays and frees oiur fleas round sadum's mounted foot; built the Lund's kirk and destroyed the church's land; who guesse his title grabs his deeds; fletch and prities, fash and chaps; artful Juke of Wilysly; Hugglebelly's Funniral; Kukkuk Kallikak; heard in camera and excruciated; boon when with benches billeted, bann if buckshot-backshattered; heavengendered, chaosfoedted, earthborn; his father presumptively ploughed it deep on overtime and his mother as all evince must have travailled her fair share; a foot-prinse on the Megacene, hetman unwhorsed by Searingsand; honorary captain of the extemporised fire brigade, reported to be friendly with the police; the door is still open; the old stock collar is coming back; not forgetting the time you laughed at Elder Charterhouse's duckwhite pants and the way you said the whole township can see his hairy legs; by stealth of a kersse her aulbumtress abaft his nape she hung; when his kettle became a hearthsculdus our thorstyites set their lymphyamph3n:e; his year-letter concocted by masterhands of assays, his hallmark imposed by the standard of wrought plate; a pair of pectorals and a triple-screen to get a wind up; lights his pipe with a rosin tree and hires a towhorse to haul his shoes; cures slavey's scurvy, breaks barons boils; called to sell polosh and was found later in a bed-room; has his seat of justice, his house of mercy, his corn o'copious and his stacks a'rye; prospector, he had a rooksacht, retrospector, he holds the holpenstake; won the freedom of new yoke for the minds of jugoslaves; acts active, peddles in passivism and is a gorgon of selfridgeousness; pours a laughsworth of his informa-tion over a larmsworth of salt; half heard the single maiden

speech La Belle spun to her Grand Mount and wholed a lifetime

137

by his ain fireside, wondering was it hebrew set to himmeltones
or the quicksilversong of qwatemionsj his troubles may be over
but his doubles have still to come; the lobster pot that crabbed
our keel, the garden pet that spoiled our squeezed peas; he stands
in a lovely park, sea is not far, importunate towns of X, Y and
Z are easily over reached; is an excrescence to civilised humanity
and but a wart on Europe; wanamade singsigns to soundsense
an yit he wanna git all his flesch nuemaid motts truly prural and
plusible; has excisively large rings and is uncustomarily perfumed;
lusteth ath he listeth the cleah whithpeh of a themise; is a prince
of the fingallian in a hibemiad of hoolies; has a hodge to wherry
him and a frenchy to curry him and a brabanson for his beeter and
a fritz at his switch; was waylaid of a parker and beschotten by a
buckeley; kicks lintils when he’s cuppy and casts Jacob’s arroroots,
dime after dime, to poor waifstrays on the perish; reads the charms
of H. C. Endersen all the weaks of his evenin and the crimes of
Ivaun the Taurrible every strongday mom; soaps you soft to your
face and slaps himself when he’s badend; owns the bulgiest bung-
barrel that ever was tiptapped in the privace of the Mullingar
Inn; was bom with a nuasilver tongue in his mouth and went
round the coast of Iron wdth his lift hand to the scene; raised but
two fingers and yet smelt it would day; for whom it is easier to
found a see in Ebblannah than for I or you to find a dubbeltye
in Dampsterdamp; to live with whom is a lifemayor and to know
whom a liberal education; was dipped in Hoily Olives and chrys-
med in Scent Otooles; hears cricket on the earth but annoys the
life out of predikants; still turns the durc’s ear of Darius to the
now thoroughly infurioted one of God; made Man with juts
that jerk and minted money mong maney; likes a six acup pud-
ding when he’s come whome sweetwhome; has come through all
the eras of livsadventure from moonshine and shampaying dowm
to clouts and pottled porter; woollem the farsed, hahnreich the
althe, charge the sackend, writchad the thord; if a mandrake
shrieked to convultures at last surviving his birth the weibduck
will wail bittemly over the rotter’s resurrection; loses weight in
the moon night but girds girder by the sundawn; with one touch

138

of nature set a veiled world agrin and went within a sheet of
tissuepaper of the option of three gaols; who could see at one
blick a saumon taken with a lance, hunters pursuing a doe, a
swallowship in full sail, a whyterobe lifting a host; faced flappery
like old King Cnut and turned his back like Cincinnatus; is a
farfer and morefar and a hoar father Nakedbucker in villas old as
new; squats aquart and cracks aquaint when it’s flaggin in town
and on haven; blows whiskery around his summit but stehts
stout upon his footles; stutters fore he falls and goes mad entirely
when he’s waked; is Timb to the pearly mom and Tomb to the
mourning night; and an he had the best bunbaked bricks in bould
Babylon for his pitching plays he’d be lost for the want of his
wan wubblin wall?

Answer: Finn MacCool!

2. Does your mutter know your mike?

Answer: When I turn meoptics, from suchurban prospects, ’tis my filial’s bosom, doth behold with pride, that pontificator, and circumvallator, with his dam night garrulous, slipt by his side. Ann alive, the lisp of her, ’twould grig mountains whisper her, and the bergs of Iceland melt in waves of fire, and her spoon-me-spondees, and her dirckle-me-ondenees, make the Rageous Ossean, kneel and quaff a lyre! If Dann’s dane, Ann’s dirty, if he’s plane she’s purty, if he’s fane, she’s flirty, with her aubumt streams, and her coy cajoleries, and her dabblin drolleries, for to rouse his ruddemp, or to drench his dreams. If hot Hammurabi, or cowld Clesiastes, could espy her pranklings, they’d burst bounds agin, and renounce their ruings, and denounce their do-ings, for river and iver, and a night. Amin!

3. Which title is the true-to-type motto-in-lieu for that Tick for Teac thatchment painted witt wheth one darkness, where asnake is under clover and birds aprowl are in the rookeries and a magda went to monkishouse and a riverpaard was spotted, which is not Whichcroft Whorort not Ousterholm Dreyschluss not Haraldsby, grocer, not Vatandcan, vintner, not Houseboat and Hive not Knox-atta-Belle not O’Faynix Coalprince not Wohn Squarr Roomyeck not Ebblawn Downes not Le Decer

Le Mieux not Benjamin’s Lea not Tholomew’s Whaddingtun gnot Antwarp gnat Musca not Corry’s not Weir’s not the Arch not The Smug not The Dotch House not The Uval nothing Grand nothing Splendid (Grahot or Spletel) nayther Erat Est Erit noor Non michi sed luciphro?

Answer: Thine obesity, O civilian, hits the felidtude of our orb!

4. What Irish capitol city (a dea o deal) of two syllables and six letters, with a deltic origin and a nuinous end, (ah dust oh dust!) can boost of having a) the most extensive public park in the world, the most expensive brewing industry in the world, c) the most expansive peopling thoroughfare in the world, (T) the most phillohippuc theobibbous pahpulation in the world: and harmonise your abecedeed responses?

Answer: d) Delfas. And when ye’ll hear the gould hommers of my heart, my floxy loss, bingbanging again the ribs of yer resistance and the tenderbolts of my rivets working to your destraction ye’ll be sheverin wi’ all yer dinful sobs when wdU go riding acope-acurly, you with yer orange garland and me with my conny cordial, down the greaseways of rollicking into the waters of wetted life. V) Dorhqk. And sure where can you have such good old chimes anywhere, and leave you, as on the Mash and how’tis I would be engaging you with my plovery soft ac-cents and descanting upover the scene beunder me of your loose vines in their hairafall with them two loving loofs braceleting the slims of your ankles and your mouth’s flower rose and sinking ofter the soapstone of silvry speech, c) Nublid. Isha, why wouldn’t we be happy, avoumeen, on, the mills’money he’ll soon be leaving you as soon as I’ve my own owned brooklined Georgian mansion’s lawn to recruit upon by Doctor Cheek’s special orders and my copper’s panful of soybeans and Irish in my east hand and a James’s Gate in my west, after all the errears and erroriboose of combarative embottled history, and your

goodself churning over the newleaved butter (more power to you), the choicest and the cheapest from Atlanta to Oconee, while I’ll be drowsing in the gaarden. cf) Dalway. I hooked my

thoroughgoing trotty the first down Spanish Place, Mayo I make, Tuam I take, Sligo’s sleek but Galway’s grace. Holy eel and Sainted Salmon, chucking chub and ducking dace, Rodiron’s not your aequal! says she, leppin half the lane, ahcd) A bell a bell on Shalldoll Steepbell, ond be’ll go massplon pristmoss speople, Shand praise gon ness our fayst moan neople^ our prame Shan-deepen^ pay name may feepence^ moy nay non AequalllUlll!

5. Whad slags of a loughladd would retten smuttyfiesks,empt-out old mans, melk vitious geit, scareoff jackinjills fra tiddle anding, smoothpick waste papish pastures, insides man outsiders angell, sprink dirted water around village, newses, tobaggon and sweeds, plain general kept, louden on the kirkpeal, foottreats given to malafides, outshriek hyelp hyeip nor his hair efter buggelawrs, might underhold three bamets, putzpoUsh crotty bottes, nightcoover all fireglims, serve’s time till baass, grind-stone his kniveses, fullest boarded, lewd man of the method of godliness, perchance he nieows and thans sits in the spoorw^gen, X.W.C.A. on Z.W.C.U., Doorsteps, Limited, or Baywindaws Bros swobber preferred. Walther Clausetter’s and Sons with the H. E. Chimneys’ Company to not skreve, will, on advices, be bacon or stable hand, must begripe fullstandingly irers’ langurge, jublander or northquain bigger prefurred, all duties, kine rights, family fewd, outings fived, may get eamst, no get combitsch, profusional drinklords to please obstain, he is fatherlow soun-digged inmoodmined pershoon but aleconnerman, nay, that must he isn’t.^

Answer: Pore ole Joe!

6. What means the saloon slogan Summon In The House-sweep Dinah?

Answer: Tok. Galory bit of the sales of Cloth nowand I have to beeswax the bringing in all the daub of the porks to us how I thawght I knew his stain on the flower if me ask and can could speak and he called by me midden name Tik. I am your honey honeysugger phwhtphwht tha Bay and who bruk the dandleass and who seen the blackcullen jam for Tomorrha’s big pickneck I hope it’ll pour prais the Climate of all Ireland I heard the

grackles and I skimming the crock on all your sangwidges fip-pence per leg per drake.Tuk. And who eight the last of the goose-bellies that was mowlding from measlest years and who leff that there and who put that here and who let the kilkenny stale the chump. Tek. And whowasit youwasit propped the pot in the yard and whatinthe nameofsen lukeareyou rubbinthe sideofthe flureofthe lobbywith.^SAzto! will you have a plateful.^ Tak.

7. Who are those component partners of our societate, the doorboy, the cleaner, the sojer, the crook, the squeezer, the loun-ger, the curman, the tourabout, the mussroorasniffer, the bleaka-

blue tramp, the funpowtherplother, the christymansboxer, from their pr& sales and Donnybrook prater and Roebuck’s campos and the Ager Arountown and Crumglen’s grassy but Kimmage’s champ and Ashtown fields and Cabra fields and Finglas fields and Santry fields and the feels of Raheny and their fails and Baldoygle to them who are latecomers all the year’s round by anticipation, are the porters of the passions in virtue of retroratiocination, and, contributting their conflingent controversies of differentiation, unify their voxes in a vote of vaticination, who crunch the crusts of comfort due to depredation, drain the mead for misery to incur intoxication, condone every evil by practical justification and condam any good to its own gratification, who are ruled, roped, duped and driven by those numen daimons, the feekeepers at their laws, nightly consternation, fortnightly fornication, monthly miserecordation and onmiannual recreation, doyles when they deliberate but sullivans when they are swordsed, Matey, Teddy, Simon, Jom, Pedher, Andy, Barty, Philly, Jamesy Mor and Tom, Matt and Jakes Mac Carty.^

Answer: The Morphios !

8 . And how war yore maggies?

Answer; They war loving, they love laughing, they laugh weeping, they weep smelling, they smell smiling, they smile hating, they hate thinking, they think feeling, they feel tempting, they tempt daring, they dare waiting, they wait taking, they take thanking, they thank seeking, as bom for lom in lore of love to live and wive by wile and rile by rule of ruse ’readied rose and

hose hol’d home, yeth cometh elope year, coach and four. Sweet Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more.

9. Now, to be on anew and basking again in the panaroma of all flores of speech, if a human being duly fatigued by his dayety in the sooty, having plenxty off time on his gouty hands and vacants of space at his sleepish feet and as hapless behind the dreams of accuracy as any camelot prince of dinmurk, were at this auctual futule preteriting unstant, in the states of suspensive exanimation, accorded, throughout the eye of a noodle, with an earsighted view of old hopeinhaven with all the ingredient and egregiunt whights and ways to which in the curse of his persistence the course of his tory will had been having recourses, the reverberration of knotcracking awes, the reconjungation of nodebinding ayes, the redissolusingness of mindmouldered ease and the thereby hang of the Hoel of it, could such a none, whiles even led comesilencers to comeKewithhers and till intempestuous Nox should catch the gallicry and spot lucan’s dawn, byhold at ones what is main and why tis twain, how one once meet melts in tother wants poignings, the sap rising, the foies falling, the nimb now nihilant round the girlyhead so becoming, the wrestless in the womb, all the rivals to allsea, shakeagain, O disaster! shakealose. Ah how starring! but Heng’s got a bit of Horsa’s nose and Jeff’s got the signs of Ham round his mouth and the beau that spun beautiful pales as it palls, what roserude and oragious grows gelb and greem, blue out the ind of it! Violet’s dyed! then what would that fargazer seem to seemself to seem seeming of, dimm it alL^

Answer: A collideorscape!

10. What bitter’s love but yuming, what’ sour lovemutch but a bref burning till shee that drawes dothe smoake retourne?

Answer: I know, pepette, of course, dear, but listen, precious! Thanks, pette, those are lovely, pitounette, delicious! But mind the wind, sweet! What exquisite hands you have, you angiol, if you didn’t gnaw your nails, isn’t it a wonder you’re not achamed of me, you pig, you perfect litde pigaleen! I’ll nudge you in a minute! I bet you use her best Perisian smear off her vanity table

to make them look so rosetop glowstop nostop. I know her. Slight me, would she.^ For every got I care! Three creamings a day, the first during her shower and wipe oiF with tissue. Then after cleanup and of course before retiring. Beme shawl, when I think of that espos of a Clancarbry, the foodbrawler, of the socia-tionist party with hiss blackleaded chest, hello, Prendregastl that you, Innkipper, and all his fourteen other fullback maulers or hurling stars or whatever the dagos they are, baiting at my Lord Ornery’s, just becups they won the egg and spoon there so ovally provencial at Balldole. My Eilish assent he seed makes his admiracion. He is seeking an opening and means to be first with me as his belle alliance. Andoo musnoo play zeloso! Soso do todas. Such is Spanish. Stoop alittle closer, fealse! Delight-some simply! Like Jolio and Romeune. I haven’t fell so turkish for ages and ages! Mine’s me of squisious, the chocolate with a soul. Extraordinary! Why, what are they all, the mucky lot of them only.^ Sht! I wouldn’t pay three hairpins for them. Peppt! That’s rights, hold it steady! Leg me pull. Pu! Come big to Iran. Poo! What are you nudging for.^ No, I just thought you were. Listen, loviest! Of course it was too kind of you, miser, to re-member my sighs in shockings, my often expressed wish when you were wandering about my trousseaurs and before I forget it don’t forget, in your extensions to my personality, when knotting my remembrancetie, shoeweek will be trotting back with red heels at the end of the moon but look what the fool bought cabbage head and, as I shall answer to gracious heaven. I’ll always in always remind of snappy new girters, me being always the one for charms with my very best in proud and gloving even if he was to be vermillion miles my youth to live on, the rubberend Mr Polkingtone, the quonian fleshmonger who Mother Browne solicited me for unlawful converse with, with her mug of October (a pots on it!), creaking around on his old shanksaxle like a crosty old comquake. Airman, waterwag, terrier, blazer! I’m fine, thanks ^ver! Ha! O mind you poo tickly. Sail I puhim in momou. Mummum. Funny spot to have a fingey! I’m terribly sorry, I swear to you I am! May you never see me in my

birthday pelts seenso tutu and that her blanches mainges may rot leprous off her whatever winking maggis I’ll bet by your cut you go fleurting after with all the glass on her and the jumps in her stomewhere! Haha! I suspected she was! Sink her! May they fire her for a barren ewe! So she says: Tay for thee? Well, I saith: Angst so mush: and desired she might not take it amiss if I esteemed her but an odd. If I did ate toughturf I’m not a mishy-missy. Of course I know, pettest, you’re so leamingful and

considerate in yourself, so friend of vegetables, you long cold cat you! Please by acquiester to meek my acquointance! Codling, snakelet, iciclist! My diaper has more life to it! Who drowned you in drears, man, or are you pillale with ink? Did a weep get past the gates of your pride? My tread on the clover, sweetness? Yes, the buttercups told me, hug me, damn it all, and I'll kiss you back to life, my peachest. I mean to make you suffer, meddlar, and I don't care this fig for contempt of courting. That I chid you, sweet sir? You know I'm tender by my eye. Can't you read by dazzling ones through me true? Bite my laughters, drink my tears. Pore into me, volumes, spell me stark and spill me swooning. I just don't care what my thwarters think. Transname me loveliness, now and here me for all times! I'd risk a policeman passing by, Magrath or even that beggar of a boots at the Post. The flame? O, pardone! That was what? AJi, did you speak, stuffstuff? More poestries from Chickspeer's with gleechoreal music or a jaculation from the garden of the soul. Of I be leib in the immoralities? O, you mean the strangle for love and the sowiveall of the prettiest? Yep, we open hap coseries in the home. And once upon a week I improve on myself I'm so keen on that New Free Woman with novel inside. I'm always as tickled as can be over Man in a Surplus by the Lady who Pays the Rates. But Tm as pie as is possible. Let's root out Brimstoker and give him the thrall of our lives. It's Dracula's nightout. For creepsake don't make a flush! Draw the shades, curfe you, and I'll beat any sonnamonk to love. Holy bug, how my highness would jump to make you flame your halve a ban-
nan in two when I'd run my burning torchlight through (to adore

me there and then cease to be? Whatever for, blossoms?) Your hairmejig if you had one. If I am laughing with you? No, lovingest. I'm not so dying to take my rise out of you, adored. Not in the very least. True as God made my Mamaw hiplength modesty coatmawther ! It's only because the rison is I'm only any girl, you lovely fellow of my dreams, and because old somebooby is not a roundabout, my trysting of the tulipies, like that puff pape bucking Daveran assoiling us behinds. What a nerve! He thinks that's what the vesprey's for. How vain's that hope in cleric's heart Who still pursues th'adult' rous art. Cocksure that rusty gown of his Will make fair Sue forget his phiz! Tame Schwipps. Blessed Marguerite bosses, I hope they threw away the mould or else we'll have Ballshossers and Sourdamapplers with their medical assassiations all over the place. But hold hard till I've got my latchkey vote and I'll teach him when to wear what woman callours. On account of the gloss of the gleison Hasaboobrawbees isabeaubel. And because, you pluckless lanka-
loot, I hate the very thought of the thought of you and because, dearling, of course, adorest, I was always meant for an engin-
dear from the French college, to be musband, nomme d'engien, when we do and contract with encho tencho solver when you are married to reading and writing which pleasebusiness now won't be long for he's so loopy on me and I'm so leapy like since the day he carried me from the boat, my saviored of eroes, to the beach and I left on his shoulder one fair hair to guide hand and mind to its softness. Ever so sorry! I beg your pardon, I was listening to every treasuried word I said fell from my dear mot's tongue otherwise how could I see what you were thinking of our granny? Only I wondered if I threw out my shaving water. Anyway, here's my arm, pulletneck. .Gracefully yours. Move your mouth towards minth, more, preciousest, more on more! To

please me, treasure. Don’t be a, I’m not going to! Sh! nothing! A cricri somewhere! Buybuy! I’m fly! Hear, pippy, under the limes. You know bigtree are all against gravstone. They hisshis-tenency. Garnd ond mand ! So chip chirp chirrup, cigolo, for the lug of ivligo ! The little passdoor, I go you before, so, and you’re

at my apron stage. Shy is him, dovey.^ Musforget there’s an audience. I have been lost, angel. Cuddle, ye divil ye! It’s our toot-a-toot. Hearhere! Sensation! Let them, their whole four courtships! Let them, Bigbawl and his boosers’ eleven makes twelve territorials. The Old Sot’s Hole that wants wide streets to commission their noisense in, at the Mitchells v. Nicholls. Selvae Acquae Vallesl And my waiting twenty classbirds, sitting on their stiles ! Let me finger their eurhythmytic. And you’ll see if I’m selfthought. They’re all of them out to please. Wait! In the name of. And all the holly. And some the mistle and it Saint Yves. Hoost! Ahem! There’s Ada, Bett, Celia, Delia, Ena, Fretta, Gilda, Hilda, Ita, Jess, Katty, Lou, (they make me cough as sure as I read them) Mina, Nippa, Opsy, Poll, Queeniee, Ruth, Saucy, Trix, Una, Vela, Wanda, Xenia, Yva, Zulma, Phoebe, Thelma. And Mee! The reformatory boys is goaling in for the church so we’ve all comefeast like the groupsuppers and caught lipsolution from Anty Pravidance under penancies for myrtle sins. When their bride was married all my belles began ti ting. A ring a ring a rosaring! Then everyone will hear of it. Whoses wishes is the farther to my thoughts. But I’ll plant them a poser for their nomanclatter. When they’re out with the daynurse doing Chaperon Mall. Bright pigeons all over the whirrld will fly with my mistletoe message round their loveribboned necks and a crumb of my cake for each chasta dieva. We keeps all and sundry papers. In th’ amourlight, O my darling! No, I swear to you by Fibsburrow churchdome and Sainte Andr^e’s Under-shift, by all I hold secret from my world and in my underworld of nighties and naughties and all the other wonderwearlds ! Close your, notmust look! Now open, pet, your lips, pepette, like I used my sweet parted lipsabuss with Dan Holohan of facetious memory taught me after the flannel dance, with the proof of love, up Smock Alley the first night he smelled pouder and I coloured beneath my fan, pipetta mia^ when you learned me the linguo to melt. Whowham would have ears like ours, the blackhaired! Do you like that, sUerv^so? Are you enjoying, this same little me, my life, my love.^ Why do you like my

whisping? Is it not divinely deluscious? But in’t it bafforyou? Misi^ misil Tell me till my thrillme comes! I will not break the seal. I am enjoying it still, I swear I am! Why do you prefer its in these dark nets, if why may ask, my sweetykins.^ Sh sh! Long-ears is fl5dng. No, sweetissest, why would that ennoy me.> But don’t! You want to be slap well slapped for that. Your delighted Ups, love, be careful! Mind my duvetyne dress above all! It’s golded silvy, the newest sextones with princess effect. For Rut-land blue’s got out of passion. So, so, my precious! O, I can see the cost, chare! Don’t tell me! Why, the boy in sheeps’ lane knows that. If I sell whose, dears? Was I sold here’ tears? You mean those conversation lozenges? How awful! The bold shame of me! I wouldn’t, chickens, not for all the juliettes in the twinkly

way! I could snap them when I see them winking at me in bed.
I didn’t did so, my intended, or was going to or thinking of.
Shshsh! Don’t start like that, you wretch! I thought ye knew all
and more, ye aucthor, to explique to ones the significat of their
exsystems with your nieu nivulon lead. It’s only another queer
fish or other in Brinbrou’s damned old trouchorous river again,
Gothewishegoths bless us and spare her! And gibos rest from the
bosso! Excuse me for swearing, love, I swear to the sorrasims on
their trons of Uian I didn’t mean to by this alpin armlet! Did you
really never in all our cantalang lives speak clothse to a girl’s
before? No! Not even to the charmermaid? How marfellows!
Of course I believe you, my own dear doting liest, when you
tell me. As I’d Uve to, O, I’d love to! Liss, liss! I muss whiss!
Never that ever or I can remember dearstreaming faces, you may
go through me! Never in all my whole white life of my match-
less and pair. Or ever for bitter be the frucht of this hour! With
my whiteness I thee woo and bind my silk breasths I thee boimd!
Always, Amory, amor andmore! Till always, thou lovest!
Shshshsh! So long as the lucksmith. Laughs!

II. If you met on the binge a poor acheseyeld from Ailing,
when the tune of his tremble shook shimmy on shin, while his
countrary raged in the weak of his wailing, like a rugilant pugi-
lant Lyon O’Lynn; if he maundered in misliness, plaining his

plight or, played fox and lice, pricking and dropping hips teeth,
or wringing his handcuffs for peace, the blind blighter, praying
Dieuf and Domb Nostrums foh thomethinks to eath; if he
weapt while he leapt and guffelled quith a quhimper, made cold
blood a blue mundy and no bones without flech, taking kiss,
kake or kick with a suck, sigh or simper, a diffle to lam and a
dibble to lech; if the fain shinner pegged you to shave his im-
mardal, wee skillmustered shoul with his ooh, hoodoodoo ! brok-
ing wind that to wiles, woemaid sin he was partial, we don’t
think, Jones, we’d care to this evening, would you?

Answer: No, blank ye! So you think I have impulsivism? Did
they tell you I am one of the fortysixths? And I suppose you
heard I had a wag on my ears? And I suppose they told you too
that my roll of life is not natural? But before proceeding to con-
clusively confute this begging question it would be far fitter for
you, if you dare! to hasitate to consult wdth and consequentially
attempt at my disposale of the same dime-cash problem elsewhere
naturalistically of course, from the biinkpoint of so eminent a
spatialist. From it you will here notice, Schott, upon my for the
first remarking you that the sophology of Bitchson while driven
as under by a purely dime-dime urge is not without his cashcash
characktericksticks, borrowed for its nonce ends from the fiery
goodmother Miss Fortune (who the lost time we had the pleasure
we have had our little recherchi brush with, what, Schott?) and
as I further could have told you as brisk as your D.B.C. beha-
viouristically paiUeti with a coat of homoid icing which is in
reality only a done by chance ridiculisation of the whoo-whoo
and where’s hairs theories of Winestain. To put it all the more
plumbsily. The speechform is a mere sorrogate. Whilst the qua-
lity and tality (I shall explex what you ought to mean by this with
its proper when and where and why and how in the subsequent
sentence) are alternativomentally harrogate and arrogate, as the
gates may be.

Talis is a word often abused by many passims (I am working out a quantum theory about it for it is really most tantumising state of afimrs). A pessim may frequent you to say: Have you been

seeing much of Talis and Talis those times? optimately meaning: Will you put up at hree of irish? Or a ladyeater may perhaps have casualised as you temptoed her i la sourdine'. Of your plates? Is Talis de Talis, the swordswallower, who is on at the Craterium the same Talis von Talis, the penscrusher, no funk you! who runs his duly mile? Or this is a perhaps cleaner example. At a recent postvortex piece infustigation of a determinised case of chronic spinosis an extension lecturer on The Ague who out of matter of form was trying his seesers. Dr's Het Ubeleeft, borrowed the question: Why's which Suchman's talis qualis? to whom, as a fatter of macht. Dr Gedankje of Stoutgirth, who was wiping his whistle, toarsely retoarted: While thou beast' one zoom of a whorl! (Talis and Talis originally mean the same thing, hit it's: Qualis.)

Professor Loewy-Brueller (though as I shall promptly prove his whole account of the Sennacherib as distinct from the Shal-manesir sanitational reforms and of the Mr Shekels and Dr Hydes problem in the same connection differs toto coelo from the fruit of my own investigations — though the reason I went to Jericho must remain for certain reasons a political secret — especially as I shall shortly be wanted in Cavantry, I congratulate myself, for the same and other reasons — as being again hope-lessly vitiated by what I have now resolved to call the dime and cash diamond fallacy) in his talked off confession which recently met with such a leonine uproar on its escape after its confinement Why am I not bom liht a Gentileman and why am I now so speak-able about my own eatables (Feigenbaumblatt and Father, Juda-pest, 5688, A.M.) whole-heartedly takes off his gabbercoat and wig, honest draughty fellow, in his public interest, to make us see how though, as he says: 'by Allswill' the inception and the descent and the endswell of Man is temporarily wrapped in ob-scenity, looking through at these accidents with the faroscope of television, (this nightlife instrument needs still some subtrac-tional betterment in the readjustment of the more refrangible angles to the squeals of his hypothesis on the outer tin sides), I can easily believe heartily in my own most spacious immensity

as my ownhouse and microbemost cosm when I am reassured by ratio that the cube of my volumes is to the surfaces of their sub-jects as the sphericity of these globes (I am very pressing for a parliamentary motion this term which, under my guidance, would establish the deleteriousness of decorousness in the morbidis-ation of the modem mandaboutwoman type) is to the fera-city of Fairynelly's vacuum. I need not anthrapologise for any obintentional (I must here correct all that school of neoitalian or paleoparisien schola of tinkers and spanglers who say I'm wrong parcequeue out of revolscian from romanitis I want to be) down-trodding on my foes. Professor Levi-Brullo, F.D. of Sexe-Weiman-Eitelnaky finds, from experiments made by hinn with his Nuremberg eggs in the one hands and the watches cunldron apan the oven, though it is astensably a case of Ket's rebollions

cooling the Popes back, because the number of squeer faiths in weekly circulation will not be appreciably augmented by the nothersloggingof my cupolar clods. What the romantic in rags pines after like all tomtompions haunting crevices for a deadbeat escupement and what het importunes our Mitleid for in accomish with the Mortadarthella taradition is the poorest commonon-guardiant waste of time. His everpresent toes are always in retaliessian out throuth his overpast boots. Hear him squak! Teek heet to that looswallawer how he bolo the bat! Tyro a toray! When Mullocky won the couple of colds, when we were stripping in number three, I would like the neat drop that would malt in my mouth but I fail to see when (I am purposely refrain-ing from expounding the obvious fallacy as to the specific gravitates of the two deglutables implied nor to the lapses lequou asousiated with the royal gorge through students of mixed hydrostatics and pneumodipsics will after some difficulties grapple away with my meinungs). Myrrdin aloer! as old Mar-sellas Cambriannus puts his. But, on Professor Llewellys ap Bryllars, F.D., Ph. Dr’s showings, the plea, if he pleads, is all posh and robbage on a melodeontic scale since his man’s when is no otherman’s quandour (Mine, dank you.^) while,' for aught I care for the contrary , the all is where in love as war and

the plane where me arts soar you’d aisy rouse a thunder from and where I cling true’tis there I climb tree and where Innocent looks best (pick!) there’s holly in his ives.

As my explanations here are probably above your understand-ings, lattlebrattons, though as augmentatively uncomparisoned as Cadwan, Cadwallon and Cadwalloner, I shall revert to a more expletive method which I frequently use when I have to sermo with muddlecrass pupils. Imagine for my purpose that you are a squad of urchins, snifflynosed, goslingnecked, clothyheaded, tangled in your lacings, tingled in your pants, etsitaraw etcicero. And you, Bruno Nowlan, take your tongue out of your inkpot! As none of you knows Javanese I will give all my easyfree trans-lation of the old fabulist’s parable. Allaboy Minor, take your head out of your satchel! Audi^ Joe Peters! Excaidi facts!

The Mookse and The Gripes.

Gentes and laitymen, fullstoppers and semicolonials, hybreds and lubberds!

Eins within a space and a wearywide space it wast ere wohned a Mookse. The onesomeness wast alltolonely, archunsitslike, broady oval, and a Mookse he would a walking go (My hood! cries Antony Romeo), so one grandsumer evening, after a great morning and his good supper of gammon and spittish, having flabelled his eyes, pilleoled his nostrils, vacticanated his ears and palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his im-pugnable, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile De Rure Albo (socolled becauld it was chalkfull of masterplasters and had borgeously letout gardens strown with cascadas, pinta-costecas, horthoducts and currycombs) and set off from Luds-town a spasso to see how badness was badness in the weirdest of all pensible ways.

As he set off with his father’s sword, his Icmcia spe':p{ata^ he was girded on, and wdth that between his legs and his tarkeels, our

once in only Bragspear, he clanked, to my clinking, from veetoes to threetop, every inch of an immortal.

He had not walked over a pentiadpair of parsecs from his azylium when at the turning of the Shinshone Lanteran near

Saint Bowery’s-without-his-Walls he came (secunding to the one one oneth of the propecies, Amnis Limina Permanent) upon the most unconsciously boggylooking stream he ever locked his eyes with. Out of the colliens it took a rise by daubing itself Ni-non. It looked little and it smelt of brown and it thought in nar-rows and it talked showshallow. And as it rinn it dribbled like any lively purliteasy: My., my^ my! Me and me! Little down dream dorCt I love thee!

And, I declare, what was there on the yonder bank of the stream that would be a river, parched on a limb of the olum, bolt downright, but the Gripes.'' And no doubt he was fit to be dried for why had he not been having the juice of his times?

His pips had been neatly all drowned on him; his polps were charging odours every older minute; he was quickly for getting the dresser’s desdaign on the flyleaf of his frons; and he was quietly for giving the bailiff’s distrain on to the bulkside of his ctd de Pompe. In all his specious heavings, as be lived by Opti-mus Maximus, the Mookse had never seen his Dtobville brooder-on-low so nigh to a pickle.

Adrian (that was the Mookse now’s assumptinome) stuccstill phiz-^-phiz to the Gripes in an accessit of aurignadan. But All-mookse must to Moodend much as Allrouts, austereways or wastersways, in roaming run through Room, Hie sor a stone, singularly illud, and on hoc stone Seter satt hue sate which it filled quite poposterously and by acclammitation to its fullest justotoryum and whereopum with his unfallable encyclicling upom his alloilable, diupetriark of the wouest, and the athemyst-sprinkled jjederect he always walked with, Detisdedit, cheek by jewel with his frisherman’s blague, Bellua Triumpkanes, his everyway addedto wallat’s collectium, for yea longer he lieved yea broader he betaught of it, the fetter, the summe and the haul it cost, he looked the first and last micahlike laicness of Quartus the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.

— Good appetite us, sir Mookse! How do you do it? cheeped the Gripes in a wherry whiggy maudelenian woice and the jack-

asses all within bawl laughed and brayed for his intentions for they knew their sly toad lowry now. I am rarumominum blessed to see you, my dear mouster. Will you not perhopes tell me everything if you are pleased, sanity? All about aulne and lithial and allsall allinall about awn and liseias? Ney?

Think of it! O miserendissimest retempter! A Gripes!

— Rats! bullowed the Mookse most telesphorously, the con-

cionator, and the sissymusses and the zozzymusses in their robenhauses quailed to hear his tardeynois at all for you cannot wake a silken nouse out of a hoarse oar. Blast yourself and your anathoray infairioriboos! No, hang you for an animal rurale! I am superbly in my supremest poncif! Abase you, baldyqueens! Gather behind me, satraps! Rots!

— I am till infinity obliged with you, bowed the Gripes, his whine having gone to his palpruy head. I am still always having a wish on all my extremities. By the watch, what is the time, pace?

Figure it! The pining peever! To a Mookse!

— Ask my index, mund my achilles, swell my obolum, woshup my nase serene, answered the Mookse, rapidly by turning clement, urban, eugenious and celestian in the formose of good grogory humours. Quote awhore? That is quite about what I came on my missions with my intentions laudihiliter to settle with you, barbarousse. Let thor be orlog. Let Pauline be Irene. Let you be Beeton. And let me be Los Angeles. Now measure your length. Now estimate my opacity. Well, sour? Is this space of our couple of hours too dimensional foi you, temporiser? Will you give you up? Como? Fuert it?

Sonata Patiential You should have heard the voice that answered him! Culla vosellina.

— I was just thinkling upon that, swees Mooksey, but, for all the rime on my raisins, if I connow make my submission, I cannos give you up, the Gripes whimpered from nethermost of his wanhope. Ishallassoboundbewilsothoutoosezit. My tumble, loudy bullocker, is my own. My velidty is too fit in one stockend. And my spetial inexshellsis the belowing things ab ove. But I will never be abler to tell Your Honoriousness (here he near lost

his limb) though my corked father was bott a pseudowaiter, whose o’cloak you ware.

Incredible! Well, hear the inevitable.

— Your temple, sus in cribrof Semperexcommunicambiambisumers. Tugurios-in-Newrobe or Tukurias-in-Ashies. Novarome, my creature, blievend bleives. My building space in lyonine city is always to let to leonlike Men, the Mookse in a most consistorous allocution pompifically with immediate jurisdiction constantinently concludded (what a crammer for the shapewrucked Gripes!). And I regret to proclaim that it is out of my temporal to help you from being killed by inchies, (what a thrust!), as we first met each other ne'wwhere so airly. (Poor little sowsieved subsquashed Gripes! I begin to feel contemption for him!). My side, thank decretals, is as safe as motherour’s houses, he continued, and I can seen from my holeydome what it is to be wholly sane. Unionjok and be joined to yok! Paiysis, tu sais, crucycrooks, belongs to him who parises himself. And there I must leave you subject for the pressing. I can prove that against you, weight a momentum, mein goot enemy! or Cospol’s not our star. I bet you this dozen odd. This foluminous dozen odd. Quas primas — ^but ’tis bitter to compote my knowledge’s fructos of. Tomes.

Elevating, to give peint to his blick, his jewelled pederect to the allmysty cielung, he luckystruck blueild out of a few should-be santillants, a cloister of starabouts over Maples, a lucdolys in Teresa street and a stopsign before Sophy Barratt’s, he gaddered togodder the odds docence of his vellumes, gresk, letton and russicruxian, onto the lapse of his prolegs, into umfullth one-scuppered, and sat about his "widerproof. He proved it well who-onearth dry and drysick times, and vremiament, tu cesses^ to the extinction of Niklaus altogether (Niklaus Alopysius having been the once Gripes’s popwilled nimbum) by Neuclidius and In-exagoras and Mumfsen and Thumpsem, by Orasmus and by Amenius, by Anacletus the Jew and by Malachy the Augurer and by the Cappon’s collection and after that, with Cheekee’s gela-tine and Alldaybrandy’s formolon, he reproved it ehrltogether

when not in that order sundering in some different order, alter three thirty and a hundred times by the binomial dioram and the penic walls and the ind, the Inklespill legends and the rure, the rule of the hoop and the blessons of expedience and the jus, the jugicants of Pontius Pilax and all the mummyscrips in Sick Bokes’ Juncroom and the Chapters for the Cunning of the Chap-ters of the Conning Fox by Tail.

While that Mooksius with preprocession and with propre-cession, duplicitly and diplussedly, was promulgating ipsofacts and sadcontras this raskolly Gripos he had allbust seceded in monophysicking his illsobordunates. But asawfulas he had caught his base semenoyous sarchnaktiers to combucdnate upon the silipses of his aspillouts and the acheporeoozers of his haggy-own pneumax to synerethetise with the breadchestviousness of his sweeatovular ducose sofarfully the loggerthuds o^ his sakel-laries were fond at variance with the synodals of his somepooliom and his babskissed nepogreasymost got the hoof from his philio-quus.

— Efter thousand yaws, O Gripes con my sheepskins, yow will be belined to the world, enscayed Mookse the pius.

— Ofter thousand yores, amsered Gripes the gregary, be the goat of MacHammud’s, yours may be still, O Mookse, more botheared.

— Us shall be chosen as the first of the last by the electress of Vale Hollow, obselved the Mookse nobily, for par the unicum of Elelijiacks, Us am in Our stabulary and that is what Ruby and Roby fall for, blissim.

The Pills, the Nasal Wash (Yardly’s), the Army Man Cut, as british as bondstrict and as straightcut as when that broken-arched traveller from Nuzuland . . .

— Wee, cumfused the Gripes limply, shall not even be the last of the first, wee hope, when oust are visitated by the Veiled Horror. And, he added; Mee are relying entirely, see the forte-thurd of Elissabed, on the weightiness of mear’s breath. Pufful!

Unsightbared embouscher, relentless foe to social and business succes! (Hourihaleine) It might have been a happy evening but ...

And they viterberated each other, cants et coluber with the wildest ever wielded since Tarriestinus lashed Pissasphaltium.

— Unuchorn!

— Ungulant!

— Uvuloid !

— Uskybeak!

And bullfolly answered volleyball.

Nuvoletta in her lightdress, spunn of sisteen shimmers, was looking down on them, leaning over the bannistars and listening all she childishly could. How she was brightened when Should-rups in his glaubering hochskied his welkinstuck and how she was overclused when Kneesknobs on his zwivvel was makeact-ing such a paulse of himshelp ! She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squirrels. Their mivver, Mrs Moonan, was off in the Fuerst quarter scrubbing the back-steps of Number 28. Fuvver, that Skand, he was up in Norwood’s sokaparlour, eating oceans of Voking’s Blemish. Nuvoletta lis-tened as she reflected herself, though the heavenly one with his constellatria and his emanations stood between, and she tried all she tried to make the Mookse look up at her (but he was fore too adiaptotously farseeing) and to make the Gripes hear how coy she could be (though he was much too schy^timatically auricular about his ens to heed her) but it was all mild’s vapour moist. Not even her feignt reflection, Nuvoluccia, could they toke their gnoses off for their minds with intrepifide fate and bungless curiasity, were conclaved with Heliogobbleus and Commodus and Enobarbarus and whatever the coordinal dickens they did as their damprauch of papyrs and buchstubs said. As if that was their spiration! As if theirs could duiparate her queendim! As if she would be third perty to search on search proceedings! She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair like la princesse de la Petite Bretagne and she roimded her mignons arms like Mrs Comwallis-West and she smiled over herself like the beauty of the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the Em-perour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she bom

to bride with Tristis Tristior Tristissimus. But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy’s worth to Florida. For the Mookse, a dogmad Accanite, were not amoosed and the Gripes, a dubliboused Catalick, wis pinefully obliviscent.

I see, she sighed. There are menner.

The piss of the whisp of the sigh of the softzing at the stir of the ver grose O arundo of a long one in midias reeds: and shades began to glidder along the banks, greepsing, greepsing, duusk unto duusk, and it was as glooming as gloaming could be in the waste of all peacable worlds. Metamnisia was allsoonome coloro-form brune; citherior spiane an eaulande, innemorous and un-numerose. The Mookse had a sound eyes right but he could not

all hear. The Gripes had light ears left yet he could but ill see. He ceased. And he ceased, tung and trit, and it was neversoever so dusk of both of them. But still Moo thought on the deeps of the undths he would profoundth come the morrokse and still Gri feeled of the scripes he would escipe if by grice he had luck enoupes.

Oh, how it was duusk! From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplaina, dormimust echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then by threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones were wecking, as we weep now with them. O! O/ OJ Par la pluiel

Then there came down to the thither bank a woman of no appearance (I believe she was a Black with chills at her feet) and she gathered up his hoariness the Mookse motamourfully where he was spread and carried him away to her invisible dwelling, thats hights, Aquila Rapax, for he was the holy sacred solem and poshup spit of her boshop's apron. So you see the Mookse he had reason as I knew and you knew and he knew all along. And there came down to the hither bank a woman to all important (though they say that she was comely, spite the cold in her heed) and, for he was as like it as blow it to a hawker's hank, she plucked down the Gripes, tom panicky autotone, in angeu from his limb and cariad away its beotitubes with her to her unseen

shieling, it is, De Rare Coeli. And so the poor Gripes got wrong; for that is always how a Gripes is, always was and always will be. And it was never so thoughtful of either of them. And there were left now an only elmtree and but a stone. Polled with pietrous, Sierre but saule. O! Yes! And Nuvoletta, a lass.

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannistars; she gave a childy cloudy cry: Nide! Nuee\ A lightdress fluttered. She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she was stout and struck on dancing and her muddied name was Missis-liffi) there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest of all tears (I mean for those crylove fables fans who are 'keen' on the pretty-pretty commonface sort of thing you meet by hopeharrods) for it was a leaptear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping as though her heart was brook: Why^ why^ why! Wek, O wehJ I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!

No applause, please! Bast! The romescot nattleshaker will go round your circulation in diu dursus.

Allaboy, Major, I'll take your reactions in another place after themes. Nolan Browne, you may now leave the classroom. Joe Peters, Fox.

As I have now successfully explained to you my own natural-bom rations which are even in excise of my vaultybrain insure me that I am a mouth's more deserving case by genius. I feel in symbathos for my ever devoted friend and halfaloafonwashed, Gnaccus Gnoccovitch. Darling gem! Darling smallfox! Horose-shoew! I could love that man like my own ambo for being so

baileycliaver though he’s a nawful curillass and I must slav to methodiousness. I want him to go and live like a theabild in charge of the night brigade on Tristan da Cunha, isle of man-overboard, where he’ll make Number io6 and be near Inaccessible. (The meeting of mahoganies, be the waves, rementious me that this exposed sight though it pines for an umbrella of its own and needs a shelter belt of the true service sort to keep its

boles clean, — the weeping beeches, Picea and Tillia, are in a wild state about it — ought to be classified, as Cricketbutt Willowm and his two nurser 5 mien advisers suggested, under genus Inexhaustible when we refloat upon all the buttemat, sweet gum and manna ash redcedera which is so purvul'ent there as if there was howthoms in Curraghchasa which ought to look as plane as a lodgepole to anybody until we are introduced to that pine-tacotta of Vemey Rubeus where the deodarty is pinctured for us in a pure stand, which we do not doubt ha has a habitat of doing, but without those selfsownseedlings which are a species of proof that the largest individual can occur at or in an olivetion such as East Conna Hillock where it mixes with foolth accacians and common sallies and is tender) Vux Populus, as we say in hickory-hockery and I wish we had some more glasses of arbor vitae. Why roat by the roadside or awn over alum pot? Alderman Whitebeaver is dakyo. He ought to go away for a change of ideas and he’d have a world of things to look back on. Do, sweet Daniel! If I weren’t a jones in myself I’d elect myself to be his dolphin in the wildsbillow because he is such a barefooted rubber with my supersocks pulled over his face which I publicked in my bestback garden for the laetification of siderodromites and to the irony of the stars. You will say it is most unenglish and I shall hope to hear that you will not be wrong about it. But I further, feeling a bit husky in my truths.

Will you please come over and let us mooremoore murgessly to each’s other down below our vices. I am underheerd by old billfaust. Wilsh is full of curks. The coolskittle is philip deblinite. Mr Wist is thereover beyeind the wantnot. Wilsh and wist are as thick of thins udder as faust on the deblinite. Sgunoshooto estas preter la tapizo malgranda. Lilegas al si en sia chambro. Kelkefoje fimcktas, kelkefoje srumpas Shultroj. Houdian Kiel vi fartas, mia nigra sinjoro? Amd from the poignt of fun where I am crying to arrive you at they are on allfore as foibleminded as you can feel they are feblebodied.

My heeders will recoil with a great leisure how at the outbreak before trespassing on the space question where even

michelangelines have fooled to dread I proved to mindself as to your sotisfiction how his abject all through (the quickquid of Professor Ciondolone’s too frequently hypothecated Bettlermensch) is nothing so much more than a mere cashdime however genteel he may want ours, if we please (I am speaking to us in the second person), for to this graded intellecktuals dime is cash and the cash system (you must not be allowed to forget that this is all contained, I mean the system, in the dogmarks of origen on spurios) means that I cannot now have or nothave a piece of

cheeps in your pocket at the same time and with the same manners as you can now nothalf or half the cheek apiece I've in mind unless Burrus and Caseous have not or not have seemaultaneously sysentangled themselves, selldear to soldthere, once in the dairy days of buy and buy.

Burrus, let us like to imagine, is a genuine prime, the real choice, full of natural greace, the mildest of milkstoffs yet unbeaten as a risicide and, of course, obsoletely unadulterous whereat Caseous is obversely the revise of him and in fact not an ideal choose by any meals, though the betterman of the two is raeltingly addicted to the more casual side of the arrivaliste case and, let me say it at once, as zealous over him as is passably he. The seemsame home and histry seeks and hidepence which we used to be reading for our prepurgatory, hot, Schott.^ till Duddy shut the shopper op and Mutti, poor Mutti! brought us our poor suppy, (ah who! eh howl) in Acetius and Oleosus and Sellius Volatilis and Petrus Papricus! Our Old Party quite united round the Slatbowel at Commons; Pfarrer Salamoss himself and that sprog of a Pedersill and his Sprig of Thyme and a dozen of the Murphybuds and a score and more of the hot young Capels and Lettucia in her greensleeves and you too and me three, twinsome bibs but hansome ates, like shakespill and eggs! But there's many a split pretext bowl and jowl; and (snob screwing that cork, Schott!) to understand this as well as you can, feeling how backward you are in your dowm-to-the-ground benches, I have completed the following arrangement for the coarse use of stools and if I don't make away with you I'm beyond Caesar outnullused

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The older sisars (Tyrants, regicide is too good for you!) become unbeurrable from age, (the compositor of the farce of dustiny however makes a thunpledrum mistake by letting off this pienofarte effect as his furst act as that is where the juke comes in) having been sort-of-nineknived and chewly removed (this soldier - author - batman for all his commontoryism is just another of those souftsiezed bubbles who never quite got the Sandhurst out of his eyes so that the champaign he draws for us is as flop as a plankrieg) the twinfreer types are billed to make their reupprearance as the knew kneck and knife knickknots on the deserted champ de bouteiUes. (A most cursery reading into the Persic-Uraliens hostery shows us how Fonnumagula picked up that propper numen out of a colluction of prifixes though to the permienting cannasure the Coucousien oafsprung of this sun of a kuk is as sattin as there's a tub in Tobolosk) Ostiak della Vogid Marina/ But that I dannoy the fact of wanton to weste point I could paint you to that butter (cheese it!) if you had some wash. Mordvealive! Oh me none onsens! Why the case is as inessive and impossive as kezom hands! Their interlocative is conprovocative just as every hazzy hates to having a hazbane in her noze. Caseous may bethink limself a thought of a caviller but Burrus has the reachly roundered head that goes best with thofthinking defensive fideism. He has the lac of wisdom under every dent in his lofter while the other follow's onni vesy milky indeedmymy. Laughing over the linnuts and weeping off the uniun. He hisn't the hey og he lisn't the lug, poohoo. And each night sim misses mand he winks he had the ■semagen. It was aptly and corrigidly stated (and, it is royally

needless for one ex xmgue JLeonem to say by whom) that his seeingscraft was that darety as were the wholeborough of Poutres-bourg to be averlaunched over him pitchbatch he could still make out with his augstritch the green moat in Ireland’s Eye. Let me sell you the fulltroth of Burrus when he wore a younker. Here it is, and chorming too, in six by sevens! A cleanly line, by the gods! A king off duty and a jaw for ever! And what a cheery ripe outlook, good help me Deus v Deus! If I were to speak

my ohole mouthful to arinam about it you should call me the ormuzd aliment in your midst of faime. Eat ye up, heat ye up! sings the somun in the salm. Butyrum et mel comedet ut sciat reprohare malum et eligere bonum. This, of course, also explains why we were taught to play in the childhood: Der Haensli ist ein Butterbrot, mein Butterbrot! Und Koebi iss dein Schunkenkot! Jal Jal JaJ

This in fact, just to show you, is Caseous, the brutherscutch or puir tyron: a hole or two, the highstinks aforefelt and anygo prigging wurms. Cheesughl you complain. And Hi Hi High must say you are not Hoa Hoa Hoally in the wrong!

Thus we cannot escape our likes and mislikes, exiles or am-busheers, beggar and neighbour and — this is where the dime-show advertisers advance the temporal relief plea — let us be tolerant of antipathies. Nex quovis burro num jit mercaseus? I am not hereby giving my final endorsement to the learned ignorants of the Cusanus philosophism in which old Nicholas pegs it down that the smarter the spin of the top the sounder the span of the buttom (what the worthy old auberginiste ought to have meant was: the more stolidly immobile in space appears to me the bottom which is presented to use in time by the top primo-mobilisk &c.). And I shall be misunderstord if understood to give an unconditional sinequam to the heroicised furibouts of the Nolanus theory, or, at any rate, of that substrate of apart from hissheory where the Theophil swoors that on principial he was the pointing start of his odiose by comparison and that whiles eggs will fall cheapened all over the walled the Bure will be dear on the Brie.

Now, while I am not out now to be taken up as unintention-ally recommending the Silkebjorg tyrondynamon machine for the more economical helixtrolysis of these amboadipates until I can find space to look into it myself a little more closely first I shall go on with my decisions after having shown to you in good time how both products of our social stomach (the excellent Dr Burroman, I noticed by the way from his emended food theory, has been carefully digesting the very wholesome criticism

I helped him to in my princeps edition which is all so munch to the cud) are mutuearly polarised the incompatabilily of any delusional acting as ambivalent to the fixation of his pivotism. Positing, as above, too males pooles, the one the pictor of the other and the omber the Skotia of the one, and looking want-ingly around our undistributed middle between males we feel we must waistfully woent a female to focus and on this stage

there pleasantly appears the cowrymaid M. whom we shall often meet below who introduces herself upon us at some precise hour which we shall again agree to call absolute zero or the babbling pumpt of platinism. And so like that former son of a kish who went up and out to found his farmer’s ashes we come down home gently on our own tumedabout asses to meet Margareen.

We now romp through a period of pure lyricism of shame-bred music (technologically, let me say, the appetising entry of this subject on a fool chest of vialds is plumply pudding the carp before doevre hors) evidenced by such words in distress as I cream for thee. Sweet Margareen, and the more hopeful O Mar-gareenaJ O MargareenaJ Still in the bowl is left a lump of gold! (Correspondents, by the way, will keep on asking me what is the correct garnish to serve drisheens with. Tansy Sauce. Enough). The pawnbreaking pathos of the first of these shoddy pieces reveals it as a Caseous effort. Burrus’s bit is often used for a toast. Criniculture can tell us very precisely indeed how and why this particular streak of yellow silver first appeared on (not in) the bowel, that is to see, the human head, bald, black, bronze, brown, brindled, betteraved or blanchemanged where it might be use-fully compared with an earwig on a fullbottom. I am offering this to Signorina Cuticura and I intend to take it up and bring it under the nosetice of Herr Harlene by way of diverting his attentions. Of course the unskilled singer continues to pervert our wiser ears by subordinating the space-element, that is to sing, the aria, to the time-factor, which ought to be killed, ill tempor. I should advise any unborn singer who may still be among my heeders to forget her temporal diaphragm at home

(the best thing that could happen to it!) and attack the roulade with a swift colpo di glottide to the lug (though Maace I will insist was reclined from overdoing this, his recovery often being slow) and then, O ! on the third dead beat, O I to cluse her eyes and aiopen her oath and see what spice I may send her. How? Cease thee, cantatrickee! I fain would be solo. Arouse thee, my valour! And save for e’er my true Bdur!

I shall have a word to say in a few yards about the acoustic and orchidectural management of the tonehall but, as ours is a vivarious where one plant’s breaf is a lunger planner’s byscent and you may not care for argon, it will be very convenient for me for the emolument to pursue Burrus and Caseous for a rung or two up their isocelating biangle. Every admirer has seen my goulache of Marge (she is so like the sister, you don’t know, and they both dress ALIKE !) which I titled The Very Picture of a Needlesswoman which in the presence ornates our national cruetstand. This genre of portraiture of changes of mind in order to be truly torse should evoke the bush soul of females so I am leaving it to the experienced victim to complete the general suggestion by the mental addition of a wallopy bound or, should the zulugical zealot prefer it, a congorool teal. The hatboxes which composed Rhomba, lady Trabezond (Marge in her ex-celsis\ also comprised the climactogram up which B and C may fondly be imagined ascending and are suggestive of gentlemen’s spring modes, these modes carrying us back to the superimposed claylayers of eocene and pleastoseen formation and the gradual morphological changes in our body politic which Professor Ebahi-Ahuri of Philadespoinis (111) — whose bluebutterbust I

have just given his coupe de grass to — neatly names a boite a surprises. The boxes, if I may break the subject gently, are worth about fourpence pourbox but I am inventing a more patent process, foolproof and pryperfect (I should like to ask that Shedlock Homes person who is out for removing the roofs of our criminal classics by what deductio ad domunum he hopes de tacto to detect anything unless he happens of himself, movibile tectu, to have a slade off) after which they can be reduced to a fragment of their

true crust by even the youngest of Margees if she will take plase to be seated and smile if I please.

Now there can be no question about it either that I having done as much, have quite got the size of that demilitery young female (we will continue to call her Marge) whose types may be met with in any public garden, wearing a very “dressy” affair, known as an “ethel” of instep length and with a real fur, reduced to 3/9, and muffin cap to tone (they are “angelskin” this fall), ostentatiously hemming apologetically over the shirtness of some “sweet” garment, when she is not sitting on all the free benches avidously reading about “it” but evidently on the look out for “him” or so “thrilled” about the best dressed dolly pram and beautiful elbow competition or at the movies swallowing sobs and blowing bixed mixeuits over “childe” chaplain’s “latest” or on the verge of the gutter with some bobbedhair brieffrocked babyma’s toddler (the Smythe-Smylhes now keep TWO domestics and aspire to THREE male ones, a shover, a butlegger and a sectary) held hostage at armslength, teaching His Infant Majesty how to make w'aters worse.

(I am closely watching Master Pules, as I have regions to suspect from my post that her “little man” is a secondary schoolteacher imder the boards of education, a voted disciple of Infantulus who is being utilised thus publicly by the seducente infanta to conceal her own more mascular personality by flaunting frivolish finery over men’s inside clothes, for the femininny of that totamulier will always lack the musculink of a verumvirum. My solotions for the proper parturience of matres and the education of micturious mites must stand over from the moment till I tackle this tickler hussy for occupying my uttentions.)

Margareena she’s very fond of Burrus but, alick and alack! she velly fond of chee. (The important influence exercised on everything by this eastasian import has not been till now fully flavoured though we can comfortably taste it in this case. I shall come back for a little more say farther on.) A deopatrician in her own right she at once complicates the position while Burrus and Caseous are contending for her misstery by implicating her-

self with an elusive Antonius, a wop who would appear to hug a personal interest in refined chees of all chades at the same time as he wags an antomine art of being rude like the boor. This Antonius-Burrus-Caseous grouptriad may be said to equate the qucdis equivalent with the older socalled taJis on talis one just as quantly as in the hyperchemical economantarchy the tantum ergons irruminate the quantum urge so that eggs is to whey

as whay is to zeed like your golfchild’s abe boob caddy. And this is why any simple philadolphus of a fool you like to dress, an athemisthued lowtownian, exlegged phatrisight, may be awfully green to one side of him and fruitfully blue on the other which will not screen him however from appealing to my gropesarching eyes, through the strongholes of my acropoll, as a boosted blasted bleating blatant bloaten blasphoms blesphorous idiot who kennot tail a bomb from a painapple when he steals one and wannot psing his psalmen with the cong in our gregational pompoms with the canting crew.

No! Topsman to your Tarpeia! This thing. Mister Abby, is •nefand. (And, taking off soutstufFs and alkalike matters, I hope we can kill time to reach the salt because there’s some forceglass neutric assets bittering in the soldpewter for you to plump your pottage in). The thundering legion has stormed Olymp that it end. Twelve tabular times till now have I edicted it. Merus Genius to Careous Caseous! Mortture, te salutatl My phenious themis race is run, so let Demoncracy take the highmost! (Abraham Tripier. Those old diligences are quite out of date. Read next answer). I’ll beat you so Ion. (Bigtempered. Why not take direct action. See previous reply). My unchanging Word is sacred. The word is my Wife, to expense and expound, to vend and to velnerate, and may the cturlews crown our nuptias! Till Breath us depart! Wamen. Beware would you change with my years. Be as young as your grandmother! The ring man in the rong shop but the rite words by the rote order! Ubi lingua nuncupassit, ibi fits/ Adversus hostem semper sac! She that ■will not feel my fulmoon let her peel to thee as the hoyden and the impudent! That mon that hoth no moses in his sole nor is not awed by conquists

of word’s law, who never with humself was fed and leaves his soil to lave his head, when his hope’s in his highlows from whisking his woe, if he came to my preach, a proud pursebroken ranger, when the heavens were welling the spite of their spout, to beg for a bite in our bark Noisdanger, would meself and Mac Jeifet, four-in-hand, foot him out? — ay! — were he my own breastbrother, my doubled withd love and my singlebiassed hate, were we bread by the same fire and signed with the same salt, had we tapped from the same master and robbed the same till, were we tucked in the one bed and bit by the one flea, homogallant and hemycapnoise, bum and dingo, jack by churl, though it broke my heart to pray it, still I’d fear I’d hate to say!

12. Sacer esto?

Answer: Semus sumus!

Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob. A few toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he was of respectable stemming (he was an outlex between the lines of Ragonar Blaubarb and Horrild Hairwire and an inlaw to Capt. the Hon. and Rev. Mr Bbyrdwood de Trop Blogg was among his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will

not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth and untruth together a shot may be made at what this hybrid actually was like to look at.

Shem’s bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skuh, an eight of a larkseye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a sleeve, fortytwo hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip, a trio of barbels from his megageg chin (sowman’s son), the wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial tongue with a natural curl, not a foot to stand on, a handful of thumbs, a blind stomach, a deaf heart, a loose liver, two fifths of two buttocks, one gleetsteen avoirdupoider for him, a manroot of all evil, a salmonkelt’s thinskin, eelsblood in his cold toes, a bladder tristended, so much so that young Master Shemmy on his very first debouch at the very dawn of protohistory seeing himself such and such, when playing with thistlewords in their garden nursery, Griefotrofio, at Phig Streat iii, Shuvlin, Old Hoeland, (would we go back there now for sounds, pillings and

sense? would we now for annas and annas? would we for full-score eight and a liretta? for twelve blocks one bob? for four testers one groat? not for a dinar! not for jol) dicdted to of all his little brothron and sweestureens the first riddle of the universe: asking, when is a man not a man?: telling them take their time, yungfries, and wait till the tide stops (for from the first his day was a fortnight) and oflFering the prize of a bittersweet crab, a little present from the past, for their copper age was yet unminted, to the winner. One said when the heavens are quakers, a second said when Bohemeand Ups, a third said when he, no, when hold hard a jiffy, when he is a gnawstick and detarmined to, the next one said when the angel of death kicks the bucket of life, still another said when the wine’s at witsends, and still another when lovely wooman stoops to conk him, one of the UttUest said me, me, Sem, when pappa papared the harbour, one of the wittiest said, when he yeat ye abblokooken and he zmear hezelf zo zhooken, still one said when you are old I’m grey fall full wi sleep, and still another when wee deader walkner, and another when he is just only after having being semisized, another when yea, he hath no mananas, and one when dose pigs they begin now that they will flies up intil the looft. All were wrong, so Shem himself, the doctator, took the cake, the correct solution being — all give it up? — ; when he is a — yours till the rending of the rocks, — Sham.

Shem was a sham and a low sham and his lowness creeped out first via foodstuffs. So low was he that he preferred Gibsen’s teatime salmon tinned, as inexpensive as pleasing, to the plumpest roeheavy lax or the friskiest parr or smolt troudet that ever was gaffed between LeixUp and Island Bridge and many was the time he repeated in his botuUsm that no junglegrown pineapple ever smacked like the whoppers you shook out of Ananias’ cans, Findlater and Gladstone’s, Corner House, Englend. None of your inchthick blueblooded Balaclava fried-at-belief-stakes or juicejeUy legs of the Grex’s molten mutton or greasilygristly grunters’ goupons or sUce upon slab of luscious goosebosom with lump after load of plumpudding stuffing all aswim in a

swamp of bogoakgravy for that greekenhearted yude! Rosbif of Old Zealand! he could not attouch it. See what happens when your somatophage merman takes his fancy to our virgitarian swan-^ He even ran away with hunself and became a farsoonerite, saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split little pea. Once when among those rebels in a state of hopelessly helpless intoxication the pisdvore strove to lift a czitround peel to either nostril, hiccupping, apparently impromptued by the hibat he had with his glottal stop, that he kukkakould flowrish for ever by the smell, as the czitr, as the kcedron, like a scedar, of the founts, on mountains, with limon on, of Lebanon. O ! the lowness of him was beneath all up to that sunk to ! No likedbylike firewater or first-served firstshot or gulletbum gin or honest brewbarrett beer either. O dear no! Instead the tragic jester sobbed himself wheywhingingly sick of life on some sort of a rhubarbarous maundarin yella-green funkleblue windigut diodying applejack squeezed from sour grapefruice and, to hear him twixt his sedimental cupslips when he had gulfed down mmmmuch too mmmmany gourds of it retching off to almost as low withswillers, who always knew notwithstanding when they had had enough and were rightly indignant at the wretch's hospitality when they found to their horror they could not carry another drop, it came straight from the noble white fat, jo, openwide sat, jo, jo, her why hide that, jo jo jo, the winevat, of the most serene magyansty az archdiochesse, if she is a duck, she's a douches, and when she has a felierbour snot her fault, now is it.^ artstouchups, funny you're grinning at, fancy you're in her yet, Fanny Urinia.

Aint that swell, hey? Peamengro! Talk about lowness! Any dog's quantity of it visibly oozed out thickly from this dirty little blacking beede for the very fourth snap the Tulloch-Tumbull girl with her coldblood kodak shotted the as yet unre-mrmeranded national apostate, who was cowardly gun and camera shy, taking what he fondly thought was a short cut to Caer Fere, Soak Amerigas, vias the shipsteam Pridewin, after having buried a hatchet not so long before, by the wrong goods exeunt, num-

mer desh to tren, into Patatapapaveri's, fruiterers and musical florists, ■with his Ciaho, ckavif Sar skin, shillipen? she knew the ■vice out of bridewell was a bad fast man by his walk on the spot.

[Johns is a different butcher's. Next place you are up town pay him a visit. Or better still, come tobuy. You will enjoy cattlemen's spring meat. Johns is now quite divorced from baking. Fattens, kills, flays, hangs, draws, quarters and pieces. Feel his lambs! Ex! Feel how sheap! Exex! His liver too is great value, a spatiality! Exexex! COMMUNICATED.]

Around that time, moravar, one generally, for luvvomony hoped or at any rate suspected among morticians that he would early turn out badly, develop hereditary pulmonary T.B., and do for himself one dandy time, nay, of a pelting night blanketed creditors, hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay sighed and rolled over, sure all ■was up, but, though he fell heavily and locally into debit, not even then could such an antinomian be true to type. He would not put fire to his cerebrum; he would not throw himself in Liffey; he would not explaud himself "with

pneumantics; he refused to saffrocake himself with a sod. With the foreign devil’s leave the fraid bom fraud diddled even death.

cabled (but shaking the worth out of his maulth: Guarda-costa leporello.^ Szasas Kraicz!) from his Nearapoblican asylum to his jonathan for a brother: Here tokay, gone tomory, we’re spluched, do something. Fireless. And had answer: Inconvenient, Da-vid.

You see, chaps, it ■will trickle out, freaksily of course, but the tom and the shorfy of it is: he ■was in his bardic memory low. All the time he kept on treasuring ■with condign satisfaction each and every crumb of trektalk, covetous of his neighbour’s word, and if ever, during a Munda conversazione commoted in the nation’s interest, delicate tippits were thrown out to him touching his evil courses by* some well^wishers, vainly pleading by scriptural arguments with the opprobrious papist about trying to brace up for the kidos of the thing, Scally ■wag, and be a men instead of a dem scrounger, dish it all, such as: Pray, what is

the meaning, sousy, of that continental expression, if you ever came acrux it, we think it is a word transpiciously like canailleh or: Did you anywhere, kennel, on your gullible’s travels or during your rural troubadouring, happen to stumble upon a certain gay young nobleman whimpering to the name of Low Swine who always addresses women out of the one comer of his mouth, lives on loans and is furtivefree yours of age? without one sigh of haste like the supreme prig he was, and not a bit sorry, he would pull a vacant landlubber’s face, root with earwaker’s pensile in the outer of his lauscher and then, lisping, the pratdepate parnella, to kill time, and swatting his deadbest to think what under the canopies of Jansens Chrest would any decent son of an Albiogenselman who had bin to an university think, let a lent hit a hint and begin to tell all the intelligentsia admitted to that tamileasy samtalaisy conclamazzione (since, still and before physicians, lawyers merchant, belfry pollititians, agricolous manufraudurers, sacrestanes of the Pure River Society, philanthropicks lodging on as many boards round the panesthetic at the same time as possible) the whole lifelong swxine story of his entire low comaille existence, abusing his deceased ancestors wherever the sods were and one moment tarabooming great blunderguns (poh!) about his farfamed fine Poppamore, Mr Humhum, whom history, climate and entertainment made the first of his sept and always up to debt, though Eavens ears ow many fines he faces, and another moment visanvrerssas,cruaching three jeers (pah!) for his rotten little ghost of a Peppybeg, Mr Himmyshimmy, a blighty, a reeky, a lighty, a scrapy, a babbly, a ninny, dirty seventh among thieves and always bottom sawyer, till nowan knowed how howmely howme could be, giving unsolicited testimony on behalf of the absent, as glib as eaves-water to those present (who meanwhile, with increasing lack of interest in his semantics, allowed various subconscious smickers to drivel slowly across their fichers), unconsciously explaining, for inkstands, with a meticulosity bordering on the insane, the various meanings of all the different foreign parts of speech he misused and cuttlefishing every lie unshrinkable about all the

other people in the story, leaving out, of course, foreconsdously, the simple worf and plague and poison they had cornered him about until there was not a snoozer among them but was utterly undeceived in the heel of the reel by the recital of the rigmarole.

He went without saying that the cull disliked anything anyway approaching a plain straightforward standup or knockdown row and, as often as he was called in to umpire any octagonal argument among slangwhangers, the accomplished washout always used to rub shoulders with the last speaker and clasp shakers (the handtouch which is speech without words) and agree to every word as soon as half uttered, command me!, your servant, good, I revere you, how, my seer.^ be drinking that! quite truth, gratias, I'm youssh, see wha'm hearing.^, also goods, please it, me sure?, be filling this!, quiso, you said it, apasafello, muchas grassyass, is there firing-on-me?, is their girlic-on-you.^, to your good self, your sulphur, and then at once focuss his whole unbalanced attention upon the next octagonist who managed to catch a listener's eye, asking and imploring him out of his piteous onewinker, (hemoptysia diadumenos) whether there was anything in the world he could do to please him and to overflow his tumbletantaliser for him yet once more.

One hailcannon night (for his departure was attended by a heavy downpour) as very recently as some thousand rains ago he w^ therefore treated with what closely resembled parsonal violence, being soggert all unsuspectingly through the deserted village of Tumblin-on-the-Leafy from Mr Vanhomrigh's house at 82 Mabbot's Mall as far as Green Patch beyond the brickfields of Salmon Pool by rival teams of slowspiers counter quicklimers who finally, as rahilly they had been deteened out rawther laetich, thought, busnis hits busnis, they had better be streaking for home after their Aubome-to-Aubome, wdth thanks for the pleasant evening, one and all disgustedly, instead of ruggering him back, and awake, reconciled (tliough they were as jealous as could be cullions about all the truffles they had brought on him) to a friendship, fast and furious, which merely arose out of the noxious pervert's perfect lowness. Again there was a hope that people,

looking on him with the contemp of the contempibles, after first gaving him a roll in the dirt, might pity and forgive him, if properly deloused, but the pleb was bom a Quicklow and sank alowing till he stank out of sight.

All Saints beat Belial 1 Mickil Goals to Nichil! Notpossible! Already.^

In Nowhere has yet the Whole World taken part of himself for his Wifos

By Nowhere have Poorparents been sentenced to Worms, Blood and Thunder for Life

Not yet has the Emp from Corpsica forced the Arth out of Engleterres
Not yet have the Sachsen and Judder on the Mound of a Word made Warrej

Not yet Witchywithcy of Wench struck Fire of his Heath from on Hoaths

Not yet his Arcobahine forespoken Peacepeace upon Oath;

Cleftfoot from Hempal must tumpel, Blamefool Gardener s bound to faU;

Broken Eggs will poursuive bitten Apples for where theirs is Will there s his Wall;

But the Mountsdll frowns on the Millstream while their Madsons leap his Bier

And her Rillstrill liffs to His Murkesy all her daft Daughters laff in her Ear.

TUI the four Shores of deff Tory Island let the dotc^e dumm Eire-whiggs raillel

HirpI HirpI for their Missed Understandings! chirps the Ballat of Perce-OreUle.

O fortunous casualitas! Lefty takes the cherubcake while Rights cloves his hoof. Darkies never done tug that coon out to play non-excretory, anti-sexuous, misoxenetic, gaasy pure, flesh and blood games, written and composed and sung and danced by Niscemus Nemon, same as piccaninnies play all day, those old (none of your honeys and rubbers!) games for fim and element we used to play with Dina and old Joe kicking her behind and before and the yellow girl kicking him behind old Joe,

games like Thom Thom the Thondermarii Put the Wind up the Peeler i Hat in the Ring, Holy Baba and the Forty Thieves, Mihel on the Luckypig, Nickel in the Slot, Sheila Harnett and her Cow, Adam and Ell, Humble Bumble, Moggie’s on the W HI, Twos and Threes, American Jump, Fox Come out of your Den, Broken Bottles, Writing a Letter to Punch, Tiptop is a Sweetstore, Henressy Crump Expolled, Postmari s Knock, Are We Fairlys Represented?, Solomon Silent reading, Appletree Bearstone, I know a Washerwoman, Hospitals, As I was Walking, There is Oneyones House in Dreamcolohour, Battle of Waterloo, Colours, Eggs in the Bush, Habberdasherisher, Telling your Dreams, What's the Time, Nap, Ducking Mammy, Last Man Standing, Heali Baboon and the Forky Theagues, Fickleyes and Futilears, Handmarried but once in my Life and Pll never commit such a Sin agin. Zip Cooney Candy, Turkey in the Straw, This is the Way we sow the Seed of a long and lusty Morning, Hops of Fun at Milikens Make, I seen the Toothbrush with Pat Farrel, Here's the Fat to grcc^e the Priest's Boots, When his Steam was like a Raimbrandt round Mcu: Garvey.

Now it is notoriously known how on that surprisingly bludgeony Unity Sunday when the grand germogall allstar bout was harrily the rage between our weltingtoms extraordinary and our pettythicks the marshalaisy and Irish eyes of welcome were smiling daggers down their backs, when the roth, vice and blause met the noyr blank and rogues and the grim white and cold bet the black fighting tans, categorically unimperatived by the maxims, a rank funk getting the better of him, the scut in a bad fit of pyjamas fled like a leveret for his bare lives, to Talviland,ahone ahaza, pursued by the scented curses of all the village belles and, without having struck one blow, (pig stole on him was lust he lagging it

was becaused dust he shook) kuskykorked himself up tight in his inkbattle house, badly the worse for boosegas, there to stay in afar for the life, where, as there was not a moment to be lost, after he had boxed around with his fortepiano till he was whole bach bamp him and bump him blues, he collapsed carefully under a bedtick from Schwitzer’s, his face enveloped into a dead warrior’s telemac, with a lullobaw’s somnbomnet and a whotwater-

wottle at his feet to stoke his energy of waiting, moaning feebly, in monkmarian monotheme, but tamed long and then a nation louder, while engaged in swallowing from a large ampullar, that his pawdry’s purgatory was more than a nigger bloke could bear, hemiparalysed by the tong warfare and all the shemozzle, (Daily Maily,fidlup Lace! Holy Maly, Mothelup Jossf) his cheeks and trousers changing colour every time a gat croaked.

How is that for low, laities and gendenuns.^ Why, dog of the Crostiguns, whole continents rang with this Kairokorran lowness! Sheols of houris in chems upon divans, (revolted Stellas vespertine vesamong them) at a bare (O I) mention of the scaly rybald exclaimed: Poisse!

But would anyone, short of a madhouse, believe it? Neither of those clean little cherubum, Nero or Nobookisonester himself, ever nursed such a spoiled opinion of his monstrous marvellosity as did this mental and moral defective (here perhaps at the vanessance of his lownest) who was known to grognt rather than gunnard upon one occasion, while drinking heavily of spirits to that interlocutor a latere and private privysuckatary he used to pal around with, in the kavehazs, one Davy Browne-Nowlan, his heavenlaid twin, (this hambone dogpoet pseudoed himself under the hangname he gave himself of Bethgelert) in the porchway of a gipsy’s bar (Shem always blaspheming, so holy writ, Billy, he would try, old Belly, and pay this one manjack congregant of his four soups every lass of nexmouth, Bolly, so sure as thair’s a tail on a commet, as a taste for storik’s fortytooth, that is to stay, to listen out, ony twenny minnies moe. Bully, his Ballade Imaginaire which was to be dubbed Wine, Woman and Water-clocks, or How a Guy Finks and Fawkes When He Is Going Batty, by Maistre Sheames de la Plume, some most dreadful stuff in a murderous mirrorhand) that he was avoopf (pam me!) aware of no other shaggspick, other Shakhisbeard, either prexactly unlike his polar andthisishis or procisely the seem as woops (pam!) as what he fancied or guessed the sames as he was himself and that, greet scoot, duckings and thuggery, though he was foxed fux to fux like a bunnyboy rodger with all the teashop

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lionses of Lumdrum hivanhoesed up gagainst him, being a lapsis linquo with a ruvidubb shortartempa, bad cad dad fad sad mad nad vanhaty bear, the consciquenchers of casuality prepestered crusswords in postposition, scruff, scruffer, scrufferumurraimost andallthatsortofthing, if reams stood to reason and his lankalivline lasted he would wipe alley english spooker, multapho-

niaksically spuking, off the face of the erse.

After the thorough fright he got that bloody, Swithun’s day, though every doorpost in muchtried Lucalizod was smeared with generous erstborn gore and every free for all cobbleway slippery ■with the bloods of heroes, crying to Welkins for others, and noahs and cul verts agush -with tears of joy, our low waster never had the common baalamb’s pluck to stir out and about the compound while everyone else of the torchlit throng, slashers and sliced alike, mobbu on massa, ■waaded and baaded around, yampyam pampyam, chanting the Gillooly chorus, from the Monster Book of Paltryattic Puetrie, O pura e pia bella! in junk et sampam or in secular sinkalarum, heads up, on his bonafide avocation (the little folk creeping on all fours to their natural school treat but childishly gleeful when a stray whizzer sang out intermediately) and happy belongers to the fairer sex on their usual quest for higher things, but vying with Lady Sraythe to avenge MacJobber, went stonestepping "with their bickerrstaffs on educated feet, plinkity plonk, across the sevenspan ponte dei colon set up over the slop after the 'war-to-end -war by Messrs a charitable government for the only once (dia dose Finnados!) he did take a tompip peepestrella throug a threedraw eighteen hawkspower durdicky telescope, luminous to larbourd only like the lamps in Nassaustrass, out of his westernmost keyhole, spitting at the impenetrablum wetter, (and it was porcoghastly that outuran) with an eachway hope in his shivering soul, as he prayed to the cloud Incertitude, of finding out for himself, on akkount of all the kules in Kroukaparka or oving to all the kodseoggs in ELalatavala, •whether true conciliation was forging ahead or falling back after the celestious intemperance and, for Duvvelsache, why, with his see me see and his my see a corves and his frokerfoskerfuskar

iayen loves in meeingseeing, he got the charm of his optical life when he found himself (Me sunt lennones/) at pointblank range blinking down the barrel of an irregular revolver of the bulldog with a purpose pattern, handled by an unknown quarreler who, supposedly, had been told off to shade and shoot shy Shem should the shit show his shiny shnout out awhile to look facts in their face before being hosed and creased (uprip and jack him!) by six or a dozen of the gayboys.

What, para Saom Plaom, in the names of Deucalion and Pyrrha, and the incensed privy and the licensed pantry gods and Stator and Victor and Kutt and Runn and the whole mesa redonda of Lorencao Otulass in convocacaon, was this disinterestingly low human type, this Calumnious Column of Cloaxity, this Bengalese Beacon of Biloxity, this Annamite Aper of Atroxity, really at, it will be precise to quarify, for he seems in a badbad case?

The answer, to do all the diddles in one dedal, would sound: from pulling himself on his most flavoured canal the huge chesthouse of his elders (the Popapreta, and some navico, navvies!) he had flickered up and flinnered down into a drug and drunkery addict, growing megalomane of a loose past. This explains the litany of septuncial lettertrumpets honorific, highpitched, erudite, neoclassical, which he so loved as patricianly to manuscribe after his name. It would have diverted, if ever seen, the shuddersome spectacle of this semidemented zany amid the inspissated grime of his glaucous den making believe to read his usylessly unread-

able Blue Book of Eccles, edition de tinebres, (even yet sighs the Most DiSerent, Dr. Poindejenk, authorised bowdler and censor, it can’t be repeated!) turning over three sheets at a wind, telling himself delightedly, no espellor mor so, that every splurge on the vellum he blundered over was an aisling vision more gorgeous than the one before t.i.t.s., a roseschelle cottage by the sea for nothing for ever, a ladies tryon hosiery raffle at liberty, a sewer-ful of guineagold wine with brancomongepadenopie and sick-cylinder oysters worth a billion a bite, an entire operahouse (there was to be stamping room only in the prompter’s box and

everthemore his queque kept swelling) of enthusiastic noble-women flinging every coronetcrimsoned stitch they had off at his probscenium,one after the others, inamagoaded into ajustil-loosing themselves, in their gaiety pantheomime, when, egad, sir, acordant to all acountstrick, he squealed the top squall im Deal Lil Shemlockup YeVin (geewhiz, jew ear that far! soap ewer! loutgout of sabaous! juice like a boyd!) for fully five minutes, in-finitely better thanBaraton Me Gluckin with a scrumptious cocked hat and three green, cheese and tangerine trinity plumes on the right handle side of his amarellous head, a coat macfarlane (the kerssest cut, you understand?) a sponiard’s digger at his ribs, (Alfaiate punxit) an azulblu blowsheet for his blousebosom blossom and a dean’s crozier that he won from Cardinal Lin-dundarri and Cardinal Carchingarri and Cardinal Loriotuli and Cardinal Occidentaccia (ah ho!) in the dearby darby doubled for falling first over the hurdles, madam, in the odder hand, a.a.t.s.o.t., but what with the murky light, the botchy print, the tattered cover, the jigjagged page, the fumbling fingers, the foxtrotting fleas, the lieabed lice, the scum on his tongue, the drop in his eye, the lump in his throat, the drink in his pottle, the itch in his palm, the wail of his wind, the grief from his breath, the fog of his mindfag, the buzz in his braintree, the tic of his conscience, the height up his rage, the gush down his fundament, the fire in his gorge, the tickle of his tail, the bane in his bullugs, the squince in his suil, the rot in his eater, the ycho in his earer, the totters of his toes, the tetters on his tumtytum, the rats in his garret, the bats in his belfry, the budgerigars and bumbosolom beaubirds, the hullabaloo and the dust in his ears since it took him a month to steal a march he was hardset to mumorise more them a word a week. Hake’s haulin! Hook’s fisk! Can you beat it? Whawe! I say, can you bait it? Was there ever heard of such lowdown blackguardism? Positively it woolies one to think over it.

Yet the bumpersprinkler used to boast aloud alone to himself with a haccent on it when Mynfadher was a boer constructor and Hoy was a lexical student, parole, and corrected with the black-

board (trying to copy the stage Englesemen he broughts their house down on, shouting: Bravure, suit Chorles! Letter purfect! Culossal, Loose Wallor! Spache!) how he had been toed out of all the schicker families of the klondykers from Pioupioureich, Swabspays, the land of Nod, Shruggers’ Country, Pension Danubierhome and Barbaropolis, who had settled and stratified in the capital city after its hebdomodary metropoliarchialisation

as sunblistered, moonplastered, gory, wheedling, joviale, litcherous and full, ordered off the gorgeous premises in most cases on account of his smell which all cookmaids eminently objected to as ressembling the bombinubble puzzo that welled out of the pozzo. Instead of chuthoring those model households plain wholesome pothooks (a thing he never possessed of his Nigerian own) what do you think Vulgariano did but study with stolen fruit how cutely to copy all their various styles of signature so as one day to utter an epical forged cheque on the public for his own private profit until, as just related, the Dustbin's United Scullerymaid's and Househelp's Sorority, better known as Sluttery's Mowlted Futt, turned him down and assisted nature by unitedly shoeing the source of annoyance out of the place altogether and taytotally on the heat of the moment, holding one another's gonk (for no-one, hound or scrublady, not even the Turk, ungreekable in purscent of the armenable, dared whiff the polecat at close range) and making some pointopointing remarks as they done so at the perfects of the Sniffey, your honour, aboon the lyow why a stunk, mister.

[Jymes wishes to hear from wearers of abandoned female costumes, gratefully received, wadmel jumper, rather full pair of culottes and onthergarmenteries, to start city life together. His jymes is out of job, would sit and write. He has lately commited one of the then commandments but she will now assist. Superior built, domestic, regular layer. Also got the boot. He appreciates it. Copies. ABORTISEMENT.]

One cannot even begin to post figure out a statuesquo ante as to how slow in reality the excommunicated Drumcondriac, nate Hamis, really was. Who can say how many pseudostylic

shamiana, how few or how many of the most venerated public impostures, how very many piously forged palimpsests slipped in the first place by this morbid process from his pelagiarist pen?

Be that as it may, but for that light phantastic of his gnose's glow as it slid lucifericiously within an inch of its page (he would touch at its from time to other, the red eye of his fear in saddishness, to ensign the colours by the beerlitz in his mathness and his educandees to outhue to themselves in the cries of girlglee: gember! inkware! chonchambre! cinsero! zinnzabar! tincture and gin!) Nibs never would have quilled a seriph to sheepskin. By that rosy lampoon's effluvious burning and with help of the simulchronic flush in his pann (a ghinee a ghirk he ghets there!) he scrabbled and scratched and scriobbled and skrevened nameless shamelessness about everybody ever he met, even sharing a precipitation under the idlish tarriers' umbrella of a showerproof wall, while all over up and down the four margins of this rancid Shem stuff the evilsmeller (who was devoted to Uldfadar Sardanapalus) used to stipple endlessly inartistic portraits of himself in the act of reciting old Nichiabelli's monolook interyerecir Hanno, o Nonarmo, acce'l brubblemm ■as, ser Autore, q.e.d., a heartbreakingly handsome young paolo with love lyrics for the goyls in his eyols, a plaintiff's tanner vuice, a jucal inkome of one hundred and thirtytwo dranchmas per yard from Broken Hill stranded estate, Camebreech mannings, cutting a great dash in a brandnew two guinea dress suit and a burled hogsford hired for a Fursday evenin merry pawty, anna loavely long pair of inky Italian moostarshes

glistering with boric vaseline and frangipani. Puh! How un-
whisperably so!

The house O’Shea or O’Shame, Quivapieno, known as the
Haunted Inkbottle, no number Brimstone Walk, Asia in Ireland,
as it was infested with the raps, with his penname SHUT sepia-
scraped on the doorplate and a blind of black sailcloth over its
wan phwinshogue, in which the soulcontracted son of the secret
cell groped through life at the expense of the taxpayers, dejected
into day and night with jesuit bark and bitter bite, calico-

hydrants of zolfor and scoppialamina by full and forty Queasi-
sanos, every day in everyone’s way more exceeding in violent
abuse of self and others, was the worst, it is hoped, even in our
western playboyish world for pure mousefarm filth. You brag
of your brass castle or your tyled house in ballyfermont.^ Niggs,
niggs and niggs again. For this was a stinksome inkenstink, quite
puzzonal to the wrottel. Smatterafact, Angles aftanon browsing
there thought not Edam reeked more rare. My wud! The warped
flooring of the lair and soundconducting walls thereof, to say
nothing of the uprights and imposts, were persianly literatured
with burst loveletters, telltale stories, stickyback snaps, doubtful
eggshells, bouchers, flints, borers, puffers, amygdaloid almonds,
rindless raisins, alphybettyformed verbage, vivlical viasses, om-
piter dictas, visus umbique, ahems and ahahs, imeflible tries at
speech unasyllabled, you owe mes, eyoldhyms, fluefoul smut,
fallen lucifers, vestas which had served, showered ornaments,
borrowed brogues, reversibles jackets, blackeye lenses, family
jars, falsehair shirts. Godforsaken scapulars, neverwom breeches,
cutthroat ties, counterfeit franks, best intentions, curried notes,
upset latten tintacks, unused mill and stumpling stones, twisted
quills, painful digests, magnifying wineglasses, solid objects cast
at goblins, once current puns, quashed quotatoes, messes of mot-
tage, unquestionable issue papers, seedy ejaculations, limerick
damns, crocodile tears, spilt ink, blasphematory spits, stale shest-
nuts, schoolgirl’s, young ladies’, milkmaids’, washerwomen’s,
shopkeepers’ wives, merry widows’, ex nuns’, vice abbess’s, pro
virgins’, super whores’, silent sisters’, Charleys’ aunts’, grand-
mothers’, mothers’-in-laws?fostermothers’, godmothers’ garters,
tress clippings from right, lift and dntrum, worms of snot,
toothsome pickings, cans of Swiss condensed bilk, highbrow
lotions, kisses from the antipodes, presents from pickpockets,
borrowed plumes, relaxable handgrips, princess promises, lees of
whine, deoxodised carbons, convertible collars, diviliouker
doffers, broken wafers, unloosed shoe latchets, crooked strait
waistcoats, fresh horrors from Hades, globules of mercury,
undeleted glete, glass eyes for an eye, gloss teeth for a tooth,

war moans, special sighs, longsufFerings of longstanding, ahs ohs
ouissis jas jos gias neys thaws sos, yeses and yeses and yeses, to
which, if one has the stomach to add the breakages, upheavals
distortions, inversions of all this chambermade music one stands,
given a grain of goodwill, a fair chance of actually seeing the
whirling dervish, Tumult, son of Thunder, self exiled in upon
his ego, a nightlong a shaking betwixtween white or reddr haw-
rors, noondayterrorised to skin and bone by an ineluctable phan-

tom (may the Shaper have mercery on him !) writing the mystery of himsel in furniture.

Of course our low hero was a self valeter by choice of need so up he got up whatever is meant by a Stourbridge clay kitchen-ette and lithargogalenu fowlhouse for the sake of akes (the umpple does not fall very far from the dumpertree) which the moromelodious jigsmith, in defiance of the Uncontrollable Birth Preservativation (Game and Poultry) Act, playing lallaryrook cookerynook, by the dodginess of his lentem, brooled and cocked and potched in an athanor, whites and yolks and yilks and whotes to the frulling fredonnance of Mas hlanca que la Blanca hermana and Amarilla, muy Bien, with cinnamon and locusts and wild bees-wax and liquo.ice and Carrageen moss and blaster of Barry’s and Asther’s mess and Huster’s micture and Yellownan’s embrocation and Pinkingtone’s patty and stardust and sinner’s tears, acuredent to Sharadan’s Art of Panning, chanting, for all regale to the like of the legs he left behind with Litty fun Letty fan Leven, his cantraps of fermented words, abracadabra calubra culorum, (his oewfs a la Madame Gabrielle de I’Eglise, his avgs a la Mistress B. de B- Meinfelde, his eiers Usquadmala a la pomme de del, his uoves, oves and uves a la Sulphate de Soude, his ochiuri sowtay sowmmonay a la Monseigneur, his soufflosion of oogs with somekat on toyast a la Mde Puard, his Poggadovies alia Fenella, his Frideggs a la Tricareme) in what was meant foi a closet (Ah ho ! If only he had listened better to the four masters that infanted him Father Mathew and Le Pere Noble and Pastor Lucas and Padre Aguilar — not forgetting Lay teacher Baudwin! Ah ho!) His costive Satan’s antimonian manganese limolitmious

nature never needed such an alcove so, when Robber and Mum-sell, the pulpic dictators, on the nudgment of their legal advisers, Messrs Codex and Podex, and under his own benefiction of their pastor Father Flammeus Falconer, boycotted him of all mutton-suet candles and romeruled stationery for any purpose, he winged away on a wildgoup’s chase across the kathartic ocean and made synthetic ink and sensitive paper for his own end out of his wit’s waste. You ask, in Sam Hill, how? Let manner and matter of this for these our sporting times be cloaked up in the language of blushfed porporates that an Anglican ordinal, not reading his own rude dunsky tunga, may ever behold the brand of scarlet on the brow of her of Babylon and feel not the pink one in his own damned cheek.

Primum opifex, alttis prosator, ad terram viviparam et cuncti-potentem sine ullo pudore nec venia, snscepto pluviali atque discinctis periqomatis, natibus nudis uti nati fuissenty sese adpropinquans , flens et gemens^in manum suam evacuavit (highly prosy, crap in his hand, sovtyX), postea, animale nigro exoneratus, classicum ptdsans, sterciLs proprium, quod appellavit deiectiones suas, in vas olim honor abile tristitiae posuit, eodem sub invocatione fratrorum gemino-rum Medardi et Godardi laete ac meUifiue mmxit,psalmum qui incipit: Lingua mea calamus scrihae velociter scribentis: magna voce cantitans (did a piss, says he was dejected, asks to be exonerated), demum ex stercore turpi cum divi Orionis iucunditate mixtOj cocto, jrigorique exposito, encaustum sibi fecit indelibile (faked O’Ryan’s, the indelible ink).

Then, pious Eneas, conformant to the fulminant firman which enjoins on the tremylose tertian that, when the call comes, he

shall produce nichthemerically from his unheavenly body a no uncertain quantity of obscene matter not protected by copriright in the United Stars of Ourania or bedeed and bedood and bedang and bedung to him, with this double dye, brought to blood heat, gallic acid on iron ore, through the bowels of his misery, flashly, faithly, nastily, appropriately, this Esuan Menschavik and the first till last alshemist wrote over every square inch of the only fools-cap available, his own body, till by its corrosive sublimation one

185

continuous present tense integument slowly unfolded all marry-voising moodmoulded cyclewheeling history (thereby, he said, reflecting from his own individual person life unlivable, trans-accidentated through the slow fires of consciousness into a divi-dual chaos, perilous, potent, common to allflesh, human only, mortal) but with each word that would not pass away the squid-self which he had squirtscreened from the crysteilline world waned chagreenold and doriangrayer in its dudhud. This exists that isits after having been said we know. And dabal take dab-nal! And the dal dabal dab aldanabal! So perhaps, agglaggagglo-meratively asaspenking, after all and arklast fore arklyst on his last public misappearance, circling the square, for the deathfete of Saint Ignaceous Poisonivy, of the Fickle Crowd (hopon the sexth day of Hogsober, killim our king, layum low !) and brandish-ing his bellbearing stylo, the shining keyman of the wilds of change, if what is sauce for the zassy is souse for the zazimas,the blond cop who thought it was ink was out of his depth but bright in the main.

Petty constable Sistersen of the Blruis-Kroon-Kraal it was, the parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the dugger the begadag degabug, who had been detailed from pollute stoties to save him, this the quemquem, that the quum, from the ligatureliablous effects of fotd clay in little clots and mobmauling on looks, that wrongcountered the tenderfoot an eveling near the livingsmeansuniumgetherum, Knockmaree, Comty Mea, reel-ing more to the right than he lurched to the left, on his way from a protoprostitute (he would always have a (stp!) little pigeoness somewhure with his arch girl, Arcoiris, smockname of Mergyt) just as he was butting in rand the coyner of bad times under a hideful between the rival doors of warm bethels of worship through his boardelhouse fongster, greeting for grazious oras as usual; Where ladies have they that a dog meansort herring.^ Sergo, search me, the incapable reparteed with a selfevitant subtlety so obviously spurious and, raising his hair, after the grace, with the christmas under his clutcharm, for Portsymasser and Purtsymessus and Pertsymiss and Partsymasters, like a prance

iS6

of findingos, -with a shillto shallto sKpny stripny, in he skittled. Swikey! The allwhite poors guardiant, pulpably of balltossic stummung, was literally astundished over the painful sake, how he burstteself, which he was gone to, where he intent to did he, whether you think will, wherend the whole current- of the after-noon whats the souch of a surch hads of hits of hims, urged and staggered thereto in his countryports at the caledosian capacity for Lieutuvisky of the caftan’s wineskin and even more so, during, looking his bigmost astonishments, it was said him,

aschu, fun the concerned outgift of the dead med dirt, how that, arrahbejibbers, conspuent to the dominical order and exking noblish permish, he was namely coon at bringer at home two gallonts,as per royal,full poultry till his murder. Nip up and nab it I

Polthergeistkotzdondherhoploits! Kick.^ What mother.^ Whose porter.^ Which pair.^ Why namely coon? But our imdilligence has been plutherotested so enough of such porterblack lowneess, too base for printink! Perpending that Putterick O'Purcell pulls the coaid stoane out of Winterwater's and Silder Seas sing for Harreng our Keng, sept okt nov dez John Phibbs march 1 We cannot, in mercy or justice nor on the lovom for labar3mtos,stay here for the residence of our existings, discussing Tamstar Ham of Tenman's thirst.

JUSTIUS (to himother): Brawn is my name and broad is my nature and I've breit on my brow and all's right with every feature and I'll brune this bird or Brown Bess's bung's gone bandy. I'm the boy to bruise and braise. Baus!

Stand forth, Nayman of Noland (for no longer will I follow you obliquelike through the inspired form of the third person singular and the moods and hesitensies of the deponent but address myself to you, with the empirative of my vendettative, provocative and out direct), stand forth, come boldly, jolly me, move me, zwilling though I am, to laughter in your true colours ere you be back for ever till I give you your talkingto! Shem Macadamson, you know me and I know you and all your shemeries. Where have you been in the uterim, enjoying yourself

all the morning since your last wetbed confession? I advise you to conceal yourself, my little friend, as I have said a moment ago and put your hands in my hands and have a nightslong homely little confiteor about things. Let me see. It is looking pretty black against you, we suggest, Sheem avick. You will need all the elements in the river to clean you over it all and a fortifine popespriestpower bull of attender to booth.

Let us pry. We thought, would and did. Cur, quicquid, uhi, quando, quomodo, quo ties, quibus auxUiis? You were bred, fed, fostered and fattened from holy childhood up in this two easier island on the piejaw of hilarious heaven and roaring the other place (plunders to night of you, blunders what's left of you, flash as flash can!) and now, forsooth, a nogger among the blankards of this dastard century, you have become of twosome twiminds forenenst gods, hidden and discovered, nay, condemned fool, anarch, egoarch, hiresiarch, you have reared your disunited kingdom on the vacuum of your own most intensely doubtful soul. Do you hold yourself then for some god in the manger, Shehohem, that you will neither serve not let serve, pray nor let pray? And here, pay the piety, must I too nerve myself to pray for the loss of selfrespect to equip me for the horrible necessity of scandalisang (my dear sisters, are you ready.^) by sloughing oif my hope and tremors while we all swin together in the pool of Sodom? I shall shiver for my purity while they will weepbig for your sins. Away with covered words, new Solemonities for old Badsheetbaths ! That inharmonious detail, did you name it? Cold caldor! Gee! Victory! Now, opprobro of underslung pipes, johnjacobs, while yet an adolescent (what do I say?), while

still puerile in your tubsuit with buttonlegs, you got a hand-
some present of a selfraising syringe and twin feeders (you know.
Monsieur Abgott, in your art of arts, to your cost as well as I do
(and don’t try to hide it) the penals lots I am now poking at) and
the wheeze sort of was you should (if you were as bould a stroke
now as the curate that christened you, sonny douth-the-candle!)
repopulate the land of your birth and count up your progeny by
the hungered head and the angered thousand but you thwarted

the wious pish of your cogodparents, soph, among countless
occasions of failing (for, said you, I will elenchate), adding to the
malice of your transgression, yes, and changing its nature, (you
see I have read your theology for you) alternating the morosity
of my delectations — a philtred love, trysting by tantrums,
small peace in ppenmark — with sensibility, sponsibility, passi-
bility and prostability, your lubbock’s other fear pleasures of a
butler’s life, even extruding your strabismal apologia, when
legibly depressed, upon defenceless paper and thereby adding to
the already unhappiness of this our popeyed world, scribblative!
— all that too with cantreds of countless catchaleens, the man-
nish as many as the minneful, congested around and about you
for acres and roods and poles or perches, thick as die fluctuant
sands of Chalwador, accomplished women, indeed fully edu-
canded, far from being old and rich behind their dream of arri-
visme, if they have only their honour left, and not deterred by bad
weather when consumed by amorous passion, struggling to pos-
sess themselves of your boosh, one son of Sorge for all daughters
of Anguish, solus cum sola sive cuncties cum omrdbohs (I’d have
been the best man for you, myself), mutely aying for that natural
knot, debituary vases or vessels preposterous, for what would
not have cost you ten bolivars of collarwork or the price of one
ping pang, just a lilt, let us trillt, of the oldest song in the wooed
woodworld, (two- we I to-onel), accompanied by a plain gold
band! Hail! Hail! Highbosomheaving Missmisstress Morna of
the allsweetheartening bridemuredemeanour! Her eye’s so glad-
some we’ll all take shares in the groom!

Sniffer of carrion, premature gravedigger, seeker of the nest
of evil in the bosom of a good word, you, who sleep at our vigil
and fast for our feast, you with your dislocated reason, have
cutely foretold, a jophet in your own absence, by blind poring
upon your many scalds and bums and blisters, impetiginous sore
and pustules, by the auspices of that raven cloud, your shade, and
by the auguries of rooks in parlament, death with every disaster,
the dynamitisation of colleagues, the reducing of records to
ashes, the levelling of all customs by blazes, the return of a lot

of sweetempered gunpowdered didst unto dudst but it never
stphruck your mudhead’s obtundity (O hell, here comes our
funeral! O pest, I’ll miss the post!) that the more carrots you
chop, the more turnips you slit, the more murphies you peel, the
more onions you cry over, the more buUbeef you butch, the
more mutton you crackerhack, the more potherbs you pound,
the fiercer the fire and the longer your spoon and the harder you
gruel with more grease to your elbow the merrier fumes your
new Irish stew.

O, by the way, yes, another thing occurs to me. You let me tell you, with the utmost politeness, were very ordinarily designed, your birthwrong was, to fall in with Plan, as our nationals should, as all nationists must, and do a certain office (what, I will not tell you) in a certain holy office (nor will I say where) during certain agonising office hours (a clerical party all to yourself) from such a year to such an hour on such and such a date at so and so much a week pro anno (Guinness's, may I remind, were just agulp for you, failing in which you might have taken the scales off boilers like any boskop of Yorek) and do your little thruppenny bit and thus earn from the nation true thanks, right here in out place of burden, your bourne of travail and ville of tares, where after a divine's prodigence you drew the first watergasp in your life, from the crib where you once was bit to the crypt you'll be twice as shy of, same as we, long of us, alone with the colt in the curner, where you were as popular as an armenial with the faithful, and you set fire to my tailcoat when I hold the paraffin smoker under yours (I hope that chimney's clear) but, slackly shirking both your bullet and your billet, you beat it backwards like Boulanger from Galway (but he combed the grass against his stride) to sing us a song of alibi, (the cuthone call over the greybounding slowrolling amplyheaving metamorphoseous that oozy rocks parapangle their preposters with) nomad, mooner by lamplight, antinos, shemming amid everyone's repressed laughter to conceal your scatchophily by mating, like a thorough-paste prosodite, masculine monosyllables of the same numerical mus, an Irish emigrant the wrong way out, sitting on your crooked

sixpenny stile, an unfirillfrocked quackfriar, you (will you for the laugh of Scheekspair just help mine with the epithet?) semi-semitic serendipidst, you (thanks, I think that describes you) Europasianised Afferyank!

Shall we follow each others a steplonger, drowner of daggers, whiles our liege, tilyet a stranger in the frontyard of his happi-ness, is taki n g, (heal helper! one gob, one gap, one gulp and gorger of aUl) his refreshment?

There grew up beside you, amid our orisons of the speediest in Novena Lodge, Novara Avenue, in Patripodium-am-Bummel, oaf, outofwork, one remove from an unwashed savage, on his keeping and in yours, (I pose you know why possum hides is cause he haint the nogumtreeumption) that other, Immaculatus, from head to foot, sir, that pure one, Altrues of other times, he who was well known to celestine circles before he sped aloft, our handsome young spiritual physician that was to be, seducing every sense to selfwilling celebesty, the most winning counterfeuille on our incomeshare lotetree, a chum of the angelets, a youth those reporters so pettitily wanted as game-fellow that they asked his mother for ittle earps brupper to let him tome to Tindertarten, pease, and bing his scooter 'long and 'tend they were all real brothers in the big justright home where Dodd lives, just to teddyfy the life out of him and pat and pass him one with other like musk from hand to hand, that mothersmothered model, that goodlooker with not a flaw whose spiritual toilettes were the talk of half the town, for sunset wear and nightfallen use and daybroken donning and nooncheon showing and the very thing for teasetime, but him you laid low with one hand one fine May morning in the Meddle

of your Might, your bosom foe, because he mussed your speller on you or because he cut a pretty figure in the focus of your frontispecs (not one did you slay, no, but a continent!) to find out how his innards worked !

Ever read of that greatgrand landfather of our visionbuilders, Baaboo, the bourgeoismeister, who thought to touch both himmels at the punt of his risen stiffstaff and how wishywashy sank

the waters of his tliought? Ever thought of that hereticalist Marcon and the two scissymaidies and how bulkily he shat the Ructions gunorrhal? Ever hear of that foxy, that lupo and that monkax and the virgin heir of the Morrisons, eh, blethering ape?

Malingerer in luxury, collector general, what has Your Lowness done in the mealtime with all the hamilkcars of cooked vegetables, the hatfuls of stewed fruit, the suitcases of coddled ales, the Parish funds, me schamer, man, that you kittycoaxed so flexibly out of charitable butteries by yowling heavy with a hollow voice drop of your horrible awful poverty of mind so as you couldn’t even pledge a crown of Thome’s to pawn a coat off Trevi’s and as how you was bad no end, so you was, so whelp you Sinner Pitre and Sinner Poule, with the chicken’s gape and pas mal de sikcUy which, by the by, Reynaldo, is the ordinary emetic French for grenadier’s drip. To let you have your plank and your bonewash (O the hastroubles you lost!), to give you your pound of platinum and a thousand thongs a year (O, you were excruciated, in honour bound to the cross of your own cruelfiction!) to let you have your Sarday spree and holinight sleep (fame would come to you twixt a sleep and a wake) and leave to lie till Paraskivee and the cockcock crows for Danmark. (O Jonathan, your estomach!) The simian has no sentiment secretions but weep cataracts for all me. Pain the Shamman! Oft in the smelly night will they wallow for a clutch of the famished hand, I say, them bearded jezabelles you hired to rob you, while on your sodden straw impolitely you encored (Airish and nawboggaleeshl) those hornmade ivory dreams you reved of tlie Ruth you called your companionate, a beauty from the bible, of the flushpots of Euston and the hanging garments of Marylebone. But the dormer moonshee smiled selene and the lightthrowers knickered: who’s whinging we? Comport yourself, you inconsistency! Where is that little alimony nestegg against our predictable rainy day? Is it not the fact (gainsay me, cakeeater!) that, while whistlewhirling your crazy elegies around Templetombmount joyntstone, (let him pass, pleasegoodjesusalem, in a bimdle of straw, he was balbettised after hay-

making) you squandered among underlings the overload of your extravagance and made a Hottentot of dulpeners crawsick with your crumbs? Am I not right? Yes? Yes? Yes? Holy wax and holifer! Don’t tell me, Leon of the fold, that you are not a loanshark! Look up, old sooty, be advised by mux and take your medicine. The Good Doctor mulled it. Mix it twice before repastures and powder three times a day. It does marvels for your gripins and it’s fine for the solitary worm.

Let me finish! Just a little judas tonic, my ghem of all jokes, to make you go green in the gazer. Do you hear what I’m seeing, hammet? And remember that golden silence gives consent, Mr Anklegazer! Cease to be civil, learn to say nay! Whisht! Come here, Herr Studiosus, till I tell you a wig in your ear. We’ll do a whisper drive, for if the barishnyas got a twitter of it they’d tell the housetops and then all Cadbury would go crackers. Look! Do you see your dial in the rockingglass? Look well! Bend down a stigmy till I! It’s secret! Iggri, I say, the booseleers! I had it from Lamppost Shawe. And he had it from the MuUah. And Mull took it from a Bluecoat schooler. And Gay Socks jot it from Potapheu’s wife. And Rantipoll tipped the wink from old Mrs Tinbullet. And as for she was confussed by pro-Brother Thaco-licus. And the good brother feels he would need to defecate you. And the Flimsy Follettes are simply beside each other. And Kelly, Kenny and Keogh are up up and in arms. That a cross may crush me if I refuse to believe in it. That I may rock anchor tbrough the ages if I hope it’s not true. That the host may choke me if I beneighbour you without my charity! Sh! Shem, you are. Sh! You are mad!

He points the deathbone and the quick are still. Insomnia^ somnia somniorum. Awmawm.

MERCIUS (of hisself): Domine vopiscusJ My fault, his fault, a kingship through a fault! Pariah, cannibal Cain, I who oathily forswore the womb that bore you and the paps I sometimes sucked, you who ever since have been one black mass of jigs and jimjams, haunted by a convulsionary sense of not having been or being all that I might have been or you meant to becoming,

bewailing like a man that innocence which I could not defend like a woman^ lo,you there, Cathmon-Carbery, and thank Movies from the innermost depths of my still attrite heart. Wherein the days of youyouth are evermixed mimine, now ere the comp-line hour of being alone athands itself and a puff or so before we yield our spiritus to the wind, for (though that royal one has not yet drunk a gouttelette from his consummation and the flowerpot on the pole, the spaniel pack and their quarry, retainers and the public house proprietor have not budged a millimetre and all that has been done has yet to be done and done again, when^s day^s woe, and lo, you^re doomed, joyday dawns and, la, you dominate) it is to you, firstborn and firstfruit of woe, to me, branded sheep, pick of the wasterpaperbaskel, by the tremours of Thundery and Ulerin^s dogstar, you alone, wind-blasted tree of the knowledge of beautiful andevil, ay, clothed upon with the metuor and shimmering like the horescens, astro-glodynamonologos, the child of Nilfit’s father, blzb, to me unseen blusher in an obscene coalhole, the cubilibum of your secret sigh, dweller in the downandoutermost where voice only of the dead may come, because ye left from me, because ye laughed on me, because, O me lonly son, ye are forgetting me!, that our turfbrown mummy is acoming, alpilla, beltilla, ciltilla, deltilla, running with her tidings, old the news of the great big world, sonnies had a scrap, woewoewoe! bab’s baby walks at seven months , waywayway ! bride leaves her raid at Punchestime, stud stoned before a racecourseful, two belles that make the

one appeal, dry yanks will visit old sod, and fourtiered skirts are up, mesdames, while Parimiknie wears popular short legs, and twelve hows to mix a tipsy wake, did ye hear, colt Cooney? did ye ever, filly Fortescue? with a beck, with a spring, all her rillringlets shaking, rocks drops in her tachie, tramtokens in her hair, all waived to a point and then all inuendation, little oldfashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking under bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog, rapid-shooting round the bends, by Tallaght's green hills and the pools of the phooka and a place they call it Blessington and

194

slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet, bab-bling, bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothering the fields on their elbows leaning with the sloothering slide of her,giddy-gaddy, grannyma, gossipaceous Anna Livia.

He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak.

— Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiq!

195

o

tell me all about
Anna Livia! I want to hear all

about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die when you hear. Well, you know, when the old cheb went futt and did what you know. Yes, I know, go on. Wash quit and don't be dabbling. Tuck up your sleeves and loosen your talk-tapes. And don't butt me — hike! — when you bend. Or what-ever it was they threed to make out he thried to two in the Fiendish park. He's an awful old reppe. Look at the shirt of him ! Look at the dirt of it! He has all my water black on me. And it steeping and stuping since this time last wik. How many goes is it I wonder I washed it? I know by heart the places he likes to saale, duddurty devil! Scorching my hand and starving my fa-mine to make his private linen public. Wallop it well with your battle and clean it. My wrists are wrusty rubbing the mouldaw stains. And the dneepers of wet and the gangres of sin in it! What was it he did a tail at all on Animal Sendai? And how long was he under loch and neagh? It was put in the newses what he did, nicies and priers, the King fierceas Humphrey, with illysus dis-tilling, exploits and all. But toms will till. I know he well. Temp untamed will hist for no man. As you spring so shall you neap. O, the roughty old rappel Minxing marrage and making loof.

196

Reeve Gootch was right and Reeve Drughad was sinistrousi And the cut of him! And the strut of him! How he used to hold his head as high as a howeth, the famous eld duke alien, with a hump of grandeur on him like a walking wiesel rat. And his derry's

own drawl and his corksown Blather and his doubling stutter and his gullaway swank. Ask Lictor Hackett or Lector Reade of Garda Growley or the Boy with the Billyclub. How elster is he a called at all.^ Qu'appelle.^ Huges Caput Earlyfouler. Or where was he bom or how was he found.^ Urgothland, Tvistown on the Kattekat.^ New Hunshire, Concord on the Merrimake.^ Who blocksmitt her saft anvil or yelled lep to her pail? Was her banns never loosened in Adam and Eve's or were him and her but captain spliced? For mine ether duck I thee drake. And by my wildgaze I thee gander. Flowey and Mount on the brink of time makes wishes and fears for a happy isthmass. She can show all her lines, with love, license to play. And if they don't remarry that hook and eye may! O, passmore that and oxus another! Don Dom Dombdomb and his wee follyo! Was his help inshored in the Stork and Pelican against bungelars, flu and third risk parties? I heard he dug good tin with his doll, delvan first and duvlin after, when he raped her home, Sabrine asthore, in a parakeet's cage, by dredgerous lands and devious delts, playing catched and mythed with the gleam of her shadda, (if a flic had been there to pop up and pepper him!) past auld min's manse and Maisons Allfou and the rest of incurables and the last of immurables, the quaggy waag for stumbling. WTio sold you that jackalantem's tale? Pemmican's pasty pie! Not a grasshoop to ring her, not an antsgrain of ore. In a gabbard he barqued it, the boat of life, from the harbourless Ivemikan Okean, till he spied the loom of his landfall and he loosed two croakers from under his tilt, the gran Phenician rover. By the smell of her kelp they made the pigeonhouse. Like fun they did! But where was Himself, the timoneer? That marchantman he suivied their scutties right over the wash, his cameleer's burnous breezing up on him, till with his runagate bowmpriss he roade and borst her bar. Pilcomayo ! Suchcaughtawan! And the whale's away with the grayling! Tune

your pipes and fall ahumming, you bom ijypt, and you're nothing short of one! Well, ptellomey soon and curb your escumo. When they saw him shoot swift up her sheba sheath, like any gay lord Salomon, her bulls they were ruhring, surfed with spree. Boyar ka buah! Boyana bueh! He erned his lille Bunbath hard, our staly bred, the trader. He did. Look at here. In this wet of his prow. Don't you know he was kaldt a bairn of the brine, Wasserbourne the waterbaby? Havemmarea, so he was! H.C.E. has a codfisck ee. Shyr she's nearly as badher as him herself. Whoi* Anna Livia.^ Ay, Anna Livia. Do you know she was calling bakvandets sals from all around, nyumba noo, chamba choo, to go in till him, her erring cheef, and tickle the pontiff aisy-oisy.^ She was.^ Gota pot! Yssel that the limmat.^ As El Negro winced when he wonced in La Plate. O, tell me all I want to hear, how loft she was lift a laddery dextro ! A coneywink after the bunting fell. Letting on she didn't care, sina feza, me absantee, him man in passession, the proxenete! Proxenete and phwhat is phthat.^ Emme for your reussischer Honddu jarkon! Tell us in franca langua. And call a spate a spate. Did they never sharee you ebro at skol, you antiabecedarian.^ It's just the same as if I was to go par examplum now in conservancy's cause out of telekinesis and proxenete you. For coxyt sake and is that what she is.^ Botlettle I thought she'd act that loa. Didn't you spot her in her windaug, wubbling up on an osiery chair, with a meusic before her all ctmniform letters, pretending to ribble a reedy derg on a fiddle she bogans without a band on? Sure she can't fiddan a dee, with bow or abandon! Sure, she can't! Tista suck. Well, I never now

heard the like of that! Tell me moher. Tell me moatst. Well, old Humber was as glommen as grampus, with the tares at his thor and the buboes for ages and neither bowman nor shot abroad and bales allbrant on the crests of rockies and nera lamp in kitchen or church and giant’s holes in Grafton’s causeway and deathcap mushrooms round Funglus grave and the great tribune’s barrow all darnels occumule, sittang sambre on his sett, drammen and drommen, usking queasy quizzers of his ruful continence, his childlinen scarf to encourage his obsequies where he’d check their

debths in that mormon’s thames, be questing and handsetl, hop, step and a deepend, with his berths in their toiling moil, his swal-lower open from swolf to fore and the snipes of the gutter pecking his crocs, hungerstriking all alone and holding doomsdag over hunselv, dreeing his weird, with his dander up, and his fringe combed over his eygs and droming on loft till the sight of the stemes, after zwarthy kowse and weedy broeks and the tits of buddy and the loits of pest and to peer was Parish worth thette mess. You’d tliink all was dodo belonging to him how he durmed adranse in durance vaal. He had been belching for Severn years. And there she was, Anna Livia, she darent catch a winkle of sleep, purling around like a chit of a child, Wendawanda, a finger-thick, in a Lapsummer skirt and damazon cheeks, for to ishim bonzour to her dear dubber Dan. With neuphraties and sault from his maggias. Ajid an odd time she’d cook him up blooms of fisk and lay to his heartsfoot her meddery eygs, yayis, and staynish beacons on toasc and a cupenhave so weeshywashy of Greenland’s tay or a dzoupgan of KafFue mokau an sable or Sikiang sukry or his ale of ferns in trueart pewter and a shin-kobread (hamjambo, bana?) for to plaise that man hog stay his stomicker till her pyrraknees shrunk to nutmeg graters while her togglejoints shuck with goyt and as rash as she’d russ with her peakload of vivers up on her sieve (metauwero rage it swales and rieses) my hardey Hek he’d kast them frome him, with a stour of scorn, as much as to say you sow and you sozh, and if he didn’t peg the platteau on her tawe, believe you me, she was safe enough. And then she’d esk to vistule a hymn. The Heart Bowed Down or The Rakes of Mallow or Chelli Michele’s La Calumraa e itn Vermicelli or a balfy bit ov old Jo Rohidson. Sucho fuffing a fifeing ’twould cut you in two! She’d bate the hen that crowed on the turrace of Babbel. What harm if she knew how to cockle her mouth! And not a mag out of Hum no more than out of the mangle weight. Is that a faith? That’s the fact. Then riding the ricka and roya romanche, Annona, gebroren aroostokrat Nivia, dochter of Sense and Art, with Sparks’ pirryphlickathims funkl-ing her fan, anner frostivying tresses dasht with virevlies, —

while the prom beauties sreeked nith their bearers’ skins ! — in a period gown of changeable jade that would robe the wood of two cardinals’ chairs and crush poor Cullen and smother Mac-Cabe. O blazerskate! Theirs porpor patches! And brahming to him down the feedchute, with her femtyfyx kinds of fondling endings, the poother rambling off her nose: Viiggyhamey^ Wickerymandy/ Hello^ ducky^ please dorCt die! Do you know what she started cheeping after, with a choicey voicey like water-glucks or Madame Delba to Romeoreszk? You’ll never guess.

Tell me. Tell me. Phoebe, dearest, tell, O tell me and I loved you better nor you knew. And letting on hoon var daft about the warbly sangs from over holmen: High hellskirt saw ladles hensmoker lily-hung pigger: and soay and soan and so firth and so forth in a tone sonora and Oom Bothar below like Bheri-Bheri in his sandy cloak, so umvolosy, as deaf as a yawn, the stult! Go away! Poor deef old deary! Yare only teasing! Anna Liv.^ As chalk is my judge! And didn’t she up in sorgues and go and trot doon and stand in her douro, puffing her old dudheen, and every shirvant siligirl or wensum farmerette walking the pilend roads, Sawy, Fundally, Daery or Maery, Milucre, Awny or Graw, usedn’t she make her a simp or sign to slip inside by the sullyporff You don’t say, the sillypost.^ Bedouix but I do! Calling them in, one by one (To Blockbeddum here! Here the Shoebenacaddie!) and legging a jig or so on the sihl to show them how to shake their benders and the dainty how to bring to mind the gladdest garments out of sight and all the way of a maid with a man and making a sort of a cackling noise like two and a penny or half a crown and hold-ing up a silliver shiner. Lordy, lordy, did she so? Well, of all the ones ever I heard! Throwing all the neiss little whores in the world at him! To inny captured wench you wish of no matter what sex of pleissful ways two adda tammar a lizzy a lossie to hug and hab haven in Humpy’s apron!

And what wtis the wyerye rima she made! Odet! Odet! Tell me the trent of it while I’m lathering hail out of Denis Florence MacCarthy’s combies. Rise it, flut ye, pian piena! I’m dying down off my iodine feet until I lerryn Anna Livia’s cushingloo.

that was writ by one and rede by two and trouved by a poule in the parco! I can see that, I see you are. How does it tummel? Listen now. Are you listening? Yes, yes! Idneed I am! Tarn your ore ouse! Essonne inne !

By earth and the cloudy but I badly want a brandnew bankside, bedamp and I doy and a plumper at that!

For the putty affair I have is wore outy so it isy sitting, yaping and waiting for my old Dane hodder dodderer, my life in death companion^ my frugal key of our larder y my much-altered camel's humpy my jointspoUer y my maymootis hon^y my fool to the last Decemberery to wake himself out of his winter s do:{e and bore me down Uke he used to.

Is there irwell a lord of the manor or a knight of the shire at strike, I wonder, tha^d dip me a dace or two in cash for washing and darning his worshipful socks for him now we're run out of horse-brose and milki

Only for my short Brittas bed mode's as snug as it smells it's out I'd lep and off with me to the slobs della Tolka or the plage au Clontarf to foale the gay aire of my salt troublin bay and the race of the saywint up me ambushure.

Onon! Onon! tell me more. Tell me every tiny teign. I want to know every single ingul. Down to 'Wfaat made the potters fly into jagsthole. And why were the vesles vet. That homa fever’s winning me wome. If a mahun of the horse but hard me! We’d be bundukiboi meet askarigal. Well, now comes the hazel-

hatchery part. After Clondalkin the Kings’s Inns. We’U soon be there with the freshet. How many aleveens had she in tool? I can’t rightly rede you that. Close only knows. Some say she had three figures to fill and confined herself to a hundred eleven, wan by-wan bywan, making meanacuminamoyas. Olaph lamm et, all that pack? We won’t have room in the kirkeyaard. She can’t remember half of the cradlenames she smacked on them by the grace of her boxing bishop’s infallible slipper, the cane for Kxmd and abbles for Eyolf and ayther naythеr for Yakov Yea. A hundred and how? They did well to rechristien her Pluhurabelle. O loreley! What a loddon lodes! Heigh ho! But it’s quite on the cards she’ll shed

more and merrier, trills and trills, sparefours and spoiLfives, nord-sihkes and sudsevers and ayes and neins to a litter. Grandfarthring nap and Messamisery and the knave of all knaves and the joker. Heehaw! She must have been a gadabount in her day, so she must, more than most. Shoal she was, gidgad. She had a flewmen of her owen. Then a toss nare scared that lass, so aimai moe, that’s agapo! Tell me, tell me, how cam she camlin through all her fellows, the neckar she was, the diveline.^ Casting her perils before our swains from Fonte-in-Monte to Tidingtown and from Tidingtown tilhavet. Linking one and knocking the next, tap ring a flank and rip ting a jutty and palling in and pietaring out and clyding by on her eastway. Waiwhou was the first thur-ever bursri* Someone he was, whuebra they were, in a tactic attack or in single combat. Tinker, rilar, souldrer, salor. Pieman Peace or Polistaman. That’s the thing I’m elwys on edge to esk. Push up and push vardar and come to uphill headquarters! Was it waterlows year, after Grattan or Flood, or when maids were in Arc or when three stood hosting? Fidaris will find where the Doubt arises like Nieman from Nirgends found the Nihil. Worry you sighin foh, Albem, O Anser? Untie the gemman’s fisriknots, Qvic and Nuancee! She can’t put her hand on him for the mo-ment. Tez thelon langlo, walking weary! Such a loon waybash-wards to row! She sid herself she hardly knows whuon the annals her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what he did or how blyth she played or how, when, why, where and who offon he jumpnad her and how it was gave her away. She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, by silvamoonlake and he was a heavy trudging lurching lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for whose sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!) used to rustle that rime down by the dykes of killing Kildare, for forstfellfoss with a plash across her. She thought she’s sankh neathe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the rigris eye! O happy fault! Me wish it was he! You’re wrong there, corribly wrong! Tisn’t only tonight you’re anacheronisric! It was ages behind that when nullahs were nowhere, in county

Wickenlow, garden of Erin, before she ever dreamt she’d lave Kilbride and go foaming under Horsepass bridge, with the great southerwestem windstorming her traces and the midland’s grain-waster asarch for her track, to wend her ways byandby, robecca or worse, to spin and to grind, to swab and to thrash, for all her golden lifey in the barleyfields and pennylotts of Humphrey’s

fordofhurdlestown and lie with a landleaper, wellingtonorseher. Alesse, the lagos of girly days! For the dove of the dunas! Was-ut? Izod? Are you sarthin suir? Not where the Finn fits into the Moume, not where the Nore takes lieve of Bloem, not where the Braye divarts the Farer, not where the Moy changez her minds twixt Cullin and Conn tween Cunn and Collin? Or where Neptune sculled and Tritonville rowed and leandros three bumped heroines two? Neya, narev, nen, nonni, nos! Then whereabouts in Owand Ovoca? Was it yst with wyst or Lucan Yokan or where the hand of man has never set foot? Dell me where, the fairy ferse time! I will if you listen. You know the dinkel dale of Luggelaw? Well, there once dwelt a local heremite, Michael Arklow was his river-end name, (with many a sigh I aspersed his lavabibs!) and one venersderg in junojuly, oso sweet and so cool and so limber she looked, Nance the Nixie, Nanon L'Escaut, in the silence, of the sy-comores, all listening, the kindling curves you simply can't stop feeling, he plunged both of his newly anointed hands, the core of his cushlas, in her singimari saffron strumans of hair, parting them and soothing her and mingling it, that was deepdark and ample like this red bog at sundown. By that Vale Vowclose's lucydlac, the reignbeau's heavenarches arronged orranged her. Afroth-dizzying galbs, her enamelled eyes indergoading him on to the vierge violetian. Wish a wish! Why a why? Mavro! Letty Lerck's lafing light throw those laurals now on her daphdaph teasesong petrock. Maass! But the majik wavus has elfun anon meshes. And Simba the Slayer of his Oga is slewd. He cuddle not help himself, thurso that hot on him, he had to forget the monk in the man so, rubbing her up and smoothing her down, he baised his lippes in smiling mood, kiss akiss after kisokushk (as he warned her niver to, niver to, nevar) on Anna-na-Poghue's of

the freckled forehead. While you'd parse secheressa she hielt her soufF'. But she ruz two feet hire in her aisne aestumation. And steppes on stilts ever since. That was kissuahealing with bantur for balm! O, wasn't he the bold priest? And wasn't she the naughty Livvy? Nautic Naama's now her navn. Two lads in scoutsch breeches went through her before that, Barefoot Bum and Wallowme Wade, Lugnaquillia's noblesse pickts, before she had a hint of a hair at her fanny to hide or a bossom to tempt a birch canoedler not to mention a bulgic porterhouse barge. And ere that again, leada, laida, all unraidy, too faint to buoy the fairiest rider, too frail to flirt with a cygnet's plume, she was licked by a hound, Chirripa-Chirruta, while poing her pee, pure and simple, on the spur of the hill in old Kippure, in birdsong and shearingtime, but first of all, worst of all, the wiggly liwly, she sideslipped out by a gap in the Devil's glen while Sally her nurse was sound asleep in a sloot and, feefee fiefie, fell over a spillway before she found her stride and lay and wriggled in all the stag-nant black pools of rainy imder a fallow coo and she laughed innocefree with her limbs aloft and a whole drove of maiden hawthorns blushing and looking askance upon her.

Drop me the sound of the findhom's name, Mtu or Mti, som-bogger was wisness. And drip me why in the flenders was she frickled. And trickle me through was she marcellewaved or was it weirdly a wig she wore. And whitside did they droop their glows in their florry, aback to wist or affront to sea? In fear to hear the dear so near or longing loth and loathing longing? Are you in the swim or are you out? O go in, go on, go an! I mean about what you know. I know right well what you mean. Bother!

You’d like the coifs and guimpes, snouty, and me to do the greasy jub on old Veronica’s wipers. What am I randng now and I’ll thank you? Is it a pinny or is it a surplice? Arran, where’s your nose? And where’s the starch? That’s not the vesdre bene-diction smell. I can tell from here by their eau de Colo and the scent of her oder they’re Mrs Magrath’s. And you ought to have aird them. They’ve moist come off her. Creases in silk they are, not crampton lawn. Baptiste me, father, for she has sinned!

Through her catchment ring she freed them easy, with her hips’ hurrahs for her knees’ dontelleries. The only parr with frills in old the plain. So they are, I declare! Welland well! If tomorrow keeps fine who’ll come tripping to sightsee? How’ll? Ask me next what I haven’t got ! The Belvedarean exhibitioners. In their cruisery caps and oarsclub colours. What hoo, they band! And what hoa, they buck! And here is her nubilee letters too. Ellis on quay in scarlet thread. Linked for the world on a flush-caloured field. Annan exe after to show they’re not Laura Ke-own’s. O, may the diabolo twisk your seifety pin! You child of Mammon, Kinsella’s Lilith! Now who has been tearing the leg of her drawars on her? Which leg is it? The one with the bells on it. Rinse them out and aston along with you! Where did I stop? Never stop! Continuarration! You’re not there yet. I amstel waiting. Garonne, garonne!

Well, after it was put in the Mericy Cordial Mendicants’ Sitter-dag-Zindeh-Munaday Wakeschrift (for once they sullied their white kidloves, chewing cuds after their dinners of cheeckin and beggin, with their show us it here and their mind out of that and their when you’re quite finished wdth the reading matarial), even the snee that snowdon his hearing hair had a skunner against him. Thaw, thaw, sava, savuto! Score Her Chuff Exsquire! Everywhere eriiff you went and every bimg you arver dropped into, in cit or suburb or in addled areas, the Rose and Bottle or Phoenix Tavern or Power’s Inn or Jude’s Hotel or wherever you scoured the countryside from Nannyw^ter to Vartryville or from Porta Lateen to the lootin quarter you found his ikom etsched tipside down or the comerboys cammocking his guy and Morris the Man, with the role of a royss in his turgos the turrible, (Evro-peahahn cheic house, imskimmed sooit and yahoort, hamman now cheekmee, Ahdahm this w^y make, Fatima, half turn!) reeling and railing round the local as the peihos piped und uban-jees twanged, with oddfellow’s triple tiara busby rotundarinking round his scalp. Like Pate-by-the-Neva or Pete-over-Meer. This is the Hausman all paven and stoned, that cribbed the Cabin that never was owned that cocked his leg and hennad his Egg. And

the mauldrin rabble around him in areopage, fracassing a great bingkan cagnan with their timpan crowders. Mind your Grirrun-father! Think of your Ma! King the Hong is his jove’s hang-nomen! Lilt a bolero, bulling a law! She swore on croststyx nyne wyndabouts she’s be level with all the snags of them yet. Par the Vulnerable Virgin’s Mary del Dame! So she said to herself she’d frame a plan to fake a shine, the mischiefmaker, the like of it you niever heard. What plan.^ Tell me quick and dongu so crould! What the meurther did she mague? Well, she bergened a zakbag,

a shammy mailsack, with the lend of a loan of the light of his lampion, ojfF one of her swapsons, Shaun the Post, and then she went and consulted her chapbbucqs, old Mot Moore, Casey’s Euclid and the Fashion Display and made herself tidal to join in the mascarete. O gig goggle of gigguels. I can’t tell you how! It’s too screaming to rizo, rabbit it all! Minneha, minnehi mina-aehe, minneho! O but you must, you must really! Make my hear it gurgle gurgle, like the farest gargle gargle in the dusky dirgle dargle! By the holy well of Mulhuddart I swear I’d pledge my chanza getting to heaven through Tirry and Killy’s mount of impiety to hear it all, aviary word! O, leave me my faculties, woman, a while ! If you don’t like my story get out of the punt. Well, have it your own way, so. Here, sit down and do as you’re bid. Take my stroke and bend to your bow. Forward in and pull your overthepoise ! Lisp it slaney and crisp it quiet. Deel me long-some. Tongue your time now. Breathe thet deep. Thouat’s the fairway. Hurry slow and Scheldt you go. Lynd us your blessed ashes here till I scrub the canon’s tmderpants. Flow now. Ower more, i^md pooleypooley.

First she let her hair fal and down it Bussed to her feet its teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself with galawater and fraguant pistania mud, wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. Next she greesed the groove of her keel, warthes and wears and mole and itcher, with antifouling butter-scatch and turfentide and serpenthyme and with leafmould she ushered round prunella isles and eslats dun, quincecunct, allover her little mary. Peeld gold of waxwork her jellybelly and her

grains of incense angnille bronze. And after that she wove a gar-land for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets and her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles and pattering pebbles and tumbledown rubble, richmond and rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutetiavitch Pufflovah, and the lellipos cream to her lippeleens and the pick of the paintbox for her pommettes, from strawbirry reds to extra violates, and she sendred her boudeloire maids to Ehs Affluence, Ciliegia Grande and Karschie Real, the two chirsines, with respecks from his missus, seepy and sewery, and a request might she passe of him for a minnikin. A call to pay and light a taper, in Brie-on- Arrosa, back in a sprizzling. The cock striking mine, the stalls bridely sign, there’s Zambosy waiting for Me! She said she wouldn’t be half her length away. Then, then, as soon as the lump his back was turned, with her mealiebag slang over her shulder, Anna Livia, oysterface, forth of her bassein came.

Describe her! Husde along, why can’t you.^ Spitz on the iem while it’s hot. I wouldn’t miss her for irthing on nerthe. Not for the lucre of lomba strait. Oceans of Gaud, I mosel hear that! Ogowe presta! Leste, before Julia sees her! Ishekarry and washe-meskad, the carishy caratimaney.^ Whole lady fair.^ Duodecimo-roon.^ Bon a ventura.^ Malagassy? What had she on, the liddel oud oddity.^ How much did she scallop, harness and weights? Here she is, Amnisty Ann! Call her calamity electrifies man.

No electress at all but old Moppa Necessity, angin mother of

injons. I’ll tell you a test- But you must sit still. Will you hold your peace and listen well to what I am going to say now? It might have been ten or twenty to one of the night of Allclose or the nexth of April when the flip of her hoogly igloo flappered and out toetippit a bushman woman, the dearest little moma ever you saw, nodding around her, all smiles, with ems of embarras and aues to awe, between two ages, a judyqueen, not up to your

elb. Quick, look at her cute and saise her quirk for the bicker she lives the slicker she grows. Save us and tagus! No more.^ Werra where in ourthe did you ever pick a Lambay chop as big as a battering ram? Ay, you’re right. I’m epte to forgetting. Like Liviam Liddle did Loveme Long. The linth of my hough, I say! She wore a ploughboy’s nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and a band of gorse for an amoment and a hundred streamers dancing off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil for the sim not to spoil the wrinklings of her hydeaspects: potatorings boucled the loose laubes of her laudsnarers: her nude cuba stockings were salmospotspeckled: she sported a galligo shimmy of hazevaipar tinto that never was fast till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her length: her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed natural nigger boggers, fancyfastened, free to undo: her black-stripe tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybearlined, with wavy rushgreen epaulettes and a leadown here and there of royal swansrufF: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hayrope garters: her dwy codroy coat with alpheubett buttons was boundaried round with a twobar tunnel belt: a fourpenny bit in each pocketside weighed her safe from the blowaway windrush; she had a clothes-peg tight astride on her joki’s nose and she kep on grinding a sommething quaint in her fiumy mouth and the rrreke of the fluve of the tail of the gawan of her snuffdrab siouler’s skirt trailed ffiffty odd Irish miles behind her Itmgarhodes.

Hellsbells, I’m sorry I missed her! Sweet gumptyum and no-body fainted! But in whelk of her mouths? Was her naze alight? Everyone that saw her said the dowce little delia looked a bit queer. Lotsy trotsy, mind the poddle! Missus, be good and don’t fol in the say! Fenny poor hex she must have charred. Kickhams a frumpier ever you saw! Making mush mullet’s eyes at her boys dobelon. And they crowned her their chariton queen, all the maids. Of the may? You don’t say! Well for her she couldn’t see herself. I recknitz wharfore the darling murrayed her mirror. She did? Mersey me! There was a koros of drouthdropping sur-

facemen, boomslanging and plugchewing, fniiteyeing and flower-feeding, in contemplation of the fluctuation and the undification of her Alimentation, lolling and leasing on North Lazers’ Waal all eelfare week by the Jukar Yoick’s and as soon as they saw her meander by that marritime way in her grasswinter’s weeds and twigged who was under her archdeaconess bonnet, Avondale’s Ash and Clarence’s poison, sedges an to aneber, Wit-upon-Crutches to Master Bates: Between our two southsates and the granite they* re warming, or her face has been lifted or Alp has doped!

But what was the game in her mixed baggyrhatty? Just the tembo in her tumbo or pilipili from her pepperpot? Saas and taas and specis bizaas. And where in thunder did she plunder? Fore the battle or efter the ball? I want to get it frisk from the soorce. I aubette my bearb it’s worth while poaching on! Shake it up, do, do! That’s a good old son of a ditch! I promise I’ll make it worth your while. And I don’t mean maybe. Nor yet with a goodfor. Spey me pruth and I’ll tale you true.

Well, arundgirond in a waveney lyne aringarouma she pattered and swung and sidled, dribbling her boulder through narrowa mosses, the diliskydrear on our drier side and the vilde vetchvine agin us, curara here, careero there, not knowing which medway or weser to strike it, edereider, making chattahoochee all to her ain chichiu, like Santa Claus at the cree of the pale and puny, nistling to hear for their tiny hearties, her arms encircling Isola-bella, then running with reconciled Romas and Reims, on like a lech to be off" like a dart, then bathing Dirty Hans’ spatters with spittle, "with a Christmas box apiece for aisch and iveryone of her childer, the birthday gifts they dreamt they gabe her, the spoiled she fleetly laid at our door! On the matt, by the pourch and in-under the cellar. The rivulets ran aflod to see, the glashaboys, the pollynooties. Out of the paunschaup on to the pyre. And they all about her, juvenile leads and ingenuinas, from the slime of their slums and artesaned wellings, rickets and riots, Uke the Smyly boys at their vicereine’s levee. Vivi vienne, little Annchen! Vielo Anna, high life! Sing us a sula, O, susuria! Ausone sidulcisl Hasn’t she tambre! Chipping her and raising a bit of a diir or a

jary every dive she’d neb in her culdee sacco of wabbash she raabed and reach out her maundy meerschaundize, poor souvenir as per ricorder and all for sore aringarung, stinkers and heelers, laggeirds and primelads, her furzebom sons and dribblederry daughters, a thousand and one of them, and wickerpotluck for each of them. For evil and ever. And kiks the buch. A tinker’s bann and a barrow to boil his billy for Gipsy Lee; a cartridge of cockaleekie soup for Chummy the Guardsman; for sulky Pen-der’s acid nephew deltoid drops, curiously strong; a cough and a rattle and wildrose cheeks for poor Piccolina Petite MacFarlane; a jigsaw puzzle of needles and pins and blankets and shins between them for Isabel, Jezebel and Llewelyn Mmarriage; a brazen nose and pigiron mittens for Johnny Walker Beg; a papar flag of the saints and stripes for Kevineen O’Dea; a puffpuff for Pudge Craig and a nightmarching hare for Techertim Tombigby; waterleg and gumboots each for Bully Hayes and Hurricane Hartigan; a prodigal heart and fatted calves for Buck Jones, the pride of Clonliffe; a loaf of bread and a father’s early aim for Val from Skibereen; a jauntingcar for Larry Doolin, the Ballyclee jackeen; a seasick trip on a government ship for Teague O’Flanagan; a louse and trap for Jerry Coyle; slushmincepies for Andy Mac-kenzie; a hairclip and clackdish for Fenceless Peter; that twelve sounds look for G. V. Brooke; a drowned doll, to face down-wards for modest Sister Anne Mortimer; altar falls for Blanchisse’s bed; Wildairs’ breechettes for Magpeg Woppington; to Sue Dot a big eye; to Sam Dash a false step; snakes in clover, picked and scotched, and a vaticanned viper catcher’s visa for Patsy Presbys; a reiz every morning for Standfast Dick and a drop every minute for Stumblestone Davy; scruboak beads for beatified Biddy; two appletweed stools for Eva Mobbely; for Saara Philpot a jordan vale tearome; a pretty box of Pettyfib’s Powder for Eileen Aruna

to whiten her teeth and outflash Helen Arhone; a whippingtop
for Eddy Lawless; for Kitty Coleraine of Butterman’s Lane a
penny wise for her foolish pitcher; a putty shovel for Terry the
Puckaun; an apotamus mask for Promoter Dunne; a niester egg
with a twicedated shell and a dynamight right for Pavl the Curate;

210

a collera morbous for Mann in the Cloackj a starr and girton fox
Draper and Deanej for Will-of-the-Wisp and Bamy-the-Bark two
mangolds noble to sweeden their bitters; for Oliver Bound a
way in his frey; for Seumas, thought little, a crown he feels big;
a libertine’s pile with a Congoswood cross on the back for
Sunny Twimjim; a praises be and spare me days for Brian the
Bravo; penteplenty of pity with lubilashings of lust for Olona
Lena Magdalena; for Camilla, Dromilla, Ludmilla, Mamilla, a
bucket, a packet, a book and a pillow; for Nancy Shannon a
Tuami brooch; for Dora Riparia Hopeandwater a cooling douche
and a warmingpan; a pair of Blarney braggs for Wally Meagher;
a hairpin slatepencil for Elsie Oram to scratch her toby, doing
her best with her volgar fractions; an old age pension for Betty
Bellezza; a bag of the blues for Funny Fitz; a Missa pro Messa for
Taff de TafF; Jill, the spoon of a girl, for Jack, the broth of a boy;
a Rogerson Crusoe’s Friday fast for Caducus Angelus Rubicon-
stein; three hundred and sixtysix poplin tyne for revery warp in
the weaver’s woof for Victor Hugonot; a stiff steaded rake and
good varians muck for Kate the Cleaner; a hole in the ballad for
Hosty; two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. Coppinger; tenpounten
on the pop for the daulphins bom with five spoiled squibs for
Infanta; a letter to last a lifetime for Maggi beyond by the ashpit;
the heftiest frozenmeat woman from Lusk to Livienbad for Felim
the Ferry; spas and speranza and symposium’s syrup for decayed
and blind and gouty Gough; a change of naves and joys of ills
for Armoricus Tristram Amoor Saint Lawrence; a guillotine
shirt for Reuben Redbreast and hempen suspendeats for Bren-
nan on the Moor; an oakanknee for Conditor Sawyer and mus-
quodoboits for Great Tropical Scott; a C3 peduncle for Karma-
lite Kane; a sunless map of the month, including the sword and
stamps, for Shemus O’Shaun the Post; a jackal with hide for
Browne but Nolan; a stonecold shoulder for Donn Joe Vance;
all lock and no stable for Honorbright Merreytrickx; a big drum
for Billy Dunboyne; a guilty goldeny bellows, below me blow
me,for Ida Ida and a hushaby rocker, Elletrouvetout,for Who-is-
silvier — Where-is-he?; whatever you like to swilly to swash,

211

Yuinness or Yennessy, Laagen or Niger, for Festus King and
Roaring Peter and Frisky Shorty and Treacle Tom and O. B.
Behan and Sully the Thug and Master Magrath and Peter Cloran
and O’Delawarr Rossa and Nerone MacPacem and whoever you
chance to meet knocking around; and a pig’s bladder balloon for
Selina Susquehanna Stakelum. But what did she give to Pruda
Ward and Katty Klanel and Peggy Quilty and Briery Brosna and
Teasy Kieran and Ena Lappin and Muriel Maassy and Zusan Camac
and Melissa Bradogue and Flora Ferns and Fauna Fox-Good-
man and Grettna Greaney and Penelope Inglesante and Lezba
Licking like Leytha Liane and Roxana Rohan with Simpatica
Sohan and Una Bina Laterza and Trina La Mesme and Philomena

O’Farrell and Irmak Elly and Josephine Foyle and Snakeshead Lily and Fountainoy Laura and Marie Xavier Agnes Daisy Frances de Sales Macleay? She gave them ilcka madre’s daughter a moonilower and a bloodvein: but the grapes that ripe before reason to them that devide the vinedress. So on Izzy, her shame-maid, love shone befond her tears as from Shem, her penmight, life past befoul his prime.

My colonial, wardha bagful! A bakereen’s dusind with tithe tillies to boot. That’s what you may call a tale of a tub! And Hibernonian market! All that and more under one crinoline envelope if you dare to break the porkbarrel seal. No wonder they’d run from her pison plague. Throw us your hudson soap for the honour of Clane! The wee taste the water left. I’ll raft it back, first thing in the mame. Merced mulde! Ay, and don’t forget the reckitts I lohaned you. You’ve all the swirls your side of the current. Well, am I to blame for that if I have? Who said you’re to blame for that if you have? You’re a bit on the sharp side. I’m on the wide. Only snuffers’ comets drifts my way that the cracka dvine chucks out of his cassock, with her estheryear’s marsh narcissus to make him recant his vanitty fair. Foul strips of his Chinook’s bible I do be reading, dodwell disg^stered but chickled with chuckles at the titdes is drawn on the tattlepage . Senior ga dito: Faciasi Omol E onto fufb. Ho! Ho! Senior ga dito: Faciasi HidamoJ Hidamo se ga facessa. Ha! Ha! And Die JVinderniere

Dichter and Lefanu (Sheridan’s) old House by the Coachyard and Mill (J.) On JVoman with Ditto on the Floss. Ja, a swamp for Altmuehler and a stone for his flossies ! I know how racy they move his wheel. My hands are blawcauld between isker and suda like that piece of pattern chayney there, lying below. Or where is in* Lying beside the sedge I saw it. Hoangho, my sorrow. I’ve lost it! Aimihi! With that turbary water who could see? So near and yet so far! But O, gihon! I lovat a gabber. I could listen to maure and moravar again. Regn onder river. Flies do your float. Thick is the life for mere.

Well, you know or don’t you kennet or haven’t I told you every telling has a taling and that’s the he and the she of it. Look, look, the dusk is growing! My branches lofty are taking root. And my cold cher’s gone ashley. Fieluhr.^ Filou! What age is at.^ It saon is late- ’Tis endless now senne eye or erewone last saw Waterhouse’s clogh. They took it asunder, I hurd thum sigh. When will they reassemble id* O, my back, my back, my bach! I’d want to go to Aches-les-Pains. Pingpong! There’s the Belle for Sexaloitez! And Concepta de Send-us-pray! Pang! Wring out the clothes! Wring in the dew! Godavari, vert the showers! And grant thaya grace! Aman. Will we spread them here now.^ Ay, we will. Flip! Spread on your bank and I’ll spread mine on mine. Flep! It’s what I’m doing. Spread! It’s churning chill- Der went is rising. I’ll lay a few stones on the hostel sheets. A man and his bride embraced between them. Else I’d have sprinkled and folded them only. And I’ll tie my butcher’s apron here. It’s suety yet. The strollers will pass it by. Six shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins, twelve, one baby’s shawl. Good mother Jossiph knows, she said. Whose head? Mutter snores? Deataceas! Whamow are alle her childer, say? In kingdome gone or power to come or gloria be to them farther? Allalivial, allalluvial! Some here, more no more, more

again lost alia stranger. I've heard tell that same brooch of the Shannons was married into a family in Spain. And all the Dunders de Dunnes in Markland's Vineland beyond Brendan's herring pool takes number nine in yangsee's hats. And one of Biddy's

beads went bobbing till she rounded up lost histereve with a marigold and a cobbler's candle in a side strain of a main drain of a manzinahurries off Bachelor's Walk. But all that's left to the last of the Meaghers in the loup of the years prefixed and between is one kneebuckle and two hooks in the front. Do you tell me that now.^ I do in troth. Grata por Orbe and poor Las Animas! Ussa, Ulla, we're umbas all! Mezha, didn't you hear it a deluge of times, ufer and ufer, respund to spond.^ You deed, you deed! I need, I need! It's that irrawaddyng I've stoke in my aars. It all but husheth the lethest zswound. Oronoko! What's your trouble.^ Is that the great Finnleader himself in his joakimono on his statue riding the high horse there forehengist? Father of Otters, it is himself! Yonne there! Isset that? On Fallareen Common? You're thinking of Astley's Amphitheayter where the bobby restrained you making sugarstuck pouts to the ghostwhite horse of the Peppers. Throw the cobwebs from your eyes, woman, and spread your washing proper! It's well I know your sort of slop. Flap! Ireland sober is Ireland stiff. Lord help you, Maria, full of grease, the load is with me! Your prayers. I sonht zo! Madammangut! Were you lifting your elbow, tell us, glazy cheeks, in Conway's Carrigacurra canteen? Was I what, hobbledyhips? Flop! Your rere gait's creakorheuman bitts your butts disagrees. Amn't I up since the damp dawn, marthared mary allacook, with Corrigan's pulse and varicoarse veins, my pramaxle smashed, Alice Jane in decline and my oneeyed mongrel twice run over, soaking and bleaching boiler rags, and sweating cold, a widow like me, for to deck my tennis champion son, the laundryman with the lavandier flannels? You won your limpopo limp fron the husky hussars when Collars and Cuffs was heir to the town and your slur gave the stink to Carlow. Holy Scamander, I sar it again! Near the golden falls. Icis on us ! Seints of light ! Zezere ! Subdue your noise, you hamble creature! What is it but a blackburry growth or the dwyergray ass them four old codgers owns. Are you meanam Tarpey and Lyons and Gregory? I meyne now, thank all, the four of them, and the roar of them, that draves that stray in the mist and old Johnny MacDougal along with

them. Is that the Poolbeg flasher beyant, pharphar, or a fireboat coasting nyar the Kishtna or a glow I behold within a hedge or my Garry come back from the Indes.^ Wait till the honeying of the lune, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder in your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part once more. The spot I'll seek if the hour you'll find. My chart shines high where the blue milk's upset. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Bubye! And you, pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your evenlode. So save to jurna's end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the shadows to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moy-valley way. Towy I too, rathmine.

Ah, but she was the queer old skeowsha anyhow, Anna Livia, trinkettoes! And sure he was the quare old buntz too, Dear Dirty

Dumpling, foostherfather of fingalls and dotthergills. Gammer and gaffer we’re all their gangsters. Hadn’t he seven dams to wive him.^ And every dam had her seven crutches. And every crutch had its seven hues. And each hue had a differing cry. Sudds for me and supper for you and the doctor’s bill for Joe John. Befor! Bifur! He married his markets, cheap by foul, I know, like any Etrurian Catholic Heathen, in their pinky limony creamy bimies and their turkiss indienne mauves. But at miUddmass who was the spouse.^ Then all that was was fair. Tys Elvenland! Teems of times and happy returns. The seim anew. Ordovico or viricordo. Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle’s to be. Northmen’s thing made southfolk’s place but howmulty plurators made eachone in person.^ Latin me that, my trinity scholard, out of cure sanscreed into oure eryan! Hijciis Civis Eblcmensis! He had buckgoat paps on him, soft ones for orphans. Ho, Lord! Twins of his bosom. Lord save us ! And ho ! Hey.^ What all men. Hot.^ His tittering daughters of. Whawk.^

Can’t hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome? What Thom Malone.^ Can’t hear with bawk of bats, all thim liffeying waters of. Ho, talk save us ! My foos won’t moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia’s daughtersons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel

as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of Jolin or Shaun? Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Telmetale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!

2.16

Every evening at lighting up o’clock sharp and until further notice in Feenichts Playhouse. (Bar and conveniences always open, Diddlem Club douncestears.) Entrancings: gads, a scrab; the quality, one large shilling. Newly billed for each wickeday perfumance. Somndoze massinees. By arraignment, childream’s hours, expercatered. Jampots, rinsed porters, taken in token. With nightly redistribution of parts and players by the puppetry producer and daily dubbing of ghosters, with the benediction of the Holy Genesius Archimimus and under the distinguished patronage of their Elderships the Oldens from the four coroners of Findrias, Murias, Gorias and Falias, Messoirs the Coarbs, Clive Sollis, Galorius Kettle, Pobiedo Lancey and Pierre Dusort, while the Caesar-in-Chief looks. On. Sennet. As played to the Adelphi by the Brothers Bratislavoff (Hyrcan and Haristobulus), after humpteen dumpteen revivals. Before all the King’s Hoarsers with all the Queen’s Mum. And wordloosed over seven seas crowdblast incellelleneteutoslavzend- latinsoundscript. In four tubbloids. While fern may cald us until firn make cold. The Mime of Mick, Nick ctnd the Maggies, adopted from the Ballymooney Bloodriddon Murther by Bluechin Blackdillain (authorways ‘Big Storey’), featuring:

GLUGG (Mr Seumas McQuillad, hear the riddles between the robot in his dress circular and the gagster in the rogues' gallery), the bold bad bleak boy of the storybooks, who, when the tabs go

219

up, as we discover, because he knew to mutch, has been divorced into disgrace court by

THE FLORAS (Girl Scouts from St. Bride's Finishing Establishment, demand acidulateds), a month's bunch of pretty maidens who, while they pick on her, their pet peeve, form with valkyrieime licence the guard for

IZOD (Miss Butys Pott, ask the attendantess for a leaflet), a bewitching blonde who dimples delightfully and is approached in loveliness only by her grateful sister reflection in a mirror, the cloud of the opal, who, having jilted Glugg, is being fatally fascinated by

CHOTF (Mr Sean O'Mailey, see the chalk and sanguine pictograph on the safety drop), the fine frank fairhaired fellow of the fairytales, who wrestles for tophole with the bold bad bleak boy Glugg, geminally about caps or puds or tog bags or bog gats or chuting rudskin gunerally or something, until they adumbrace a pattern of somebody else or other, after which they are both carried off the set and brought home to be well soaped, sponged and scrubbed again by

ANN (Miss Corrie Corriendo, Grischun scoula, bring the babes, Pieder, Poder and Turtey, she raistributes mandamus monies, after perdtmamento, hendrud aloven entrees, pulcinellis must not miss our national rooster's rag), their poor little old mother-in-lieu, who is woman of the house, playing opposite to

HUMP (Mr Makeall Gone, read the sayings from Laxdalesaga in the programme about King Ericus of Schweden and the spirit's whispers in his magical helmet), cap-a-pipe with watch and topper, coat, crest and supporters, the cause of all our grievances, the whirl, the flash and the trouble, who, having partially recovered from a recent impeachment due to egg everlasting, but throughandthoroughly proconverted, propounded for cyclological, is, studding sail once more, jibsheets and royals, in the semblance of the substance for the membrance of the umbrance with the remnance of the emblence reveiling a quemdam supercargo, of The Rockery, Poopinheavin, engaged in entertaining in his pilgrimst customhouse at Caherlehome-upon-Eskur those statutory persons

220

THE CUSTOMERS (Components of the Afterhour Courses at St. Patricius' Academy for Grownup Gentlemen, consult the annuary, coldporters sibsuction), a bundle of a dozen of representative locomotive civics, each inn quest of outings, who are still more sloppily served after every cup final by

SAUNDERSON (Mr Knut Oelsvinger, Tiffsdays off, wouldntstop in bad, imitation of flatfish, torchbearing supperaape, dud half-

sovereign, no chee daily, roily pollsies, Glen of the Downs, the Gugnir, his geyswerks, his earsequack, his lokistroki, o.s.v.), a scherinsheiner and spoilcurate, unconcerned in the mystery but under the inflounce of the milldieuw and butt of

KATE (Miss Rachel Lea Varian, she tells forkings for baschfellors, under purdah of card palmer teaput tosspot Madam d'Elta, during the pawses), kook-and-dishdrudge, whitch believes wanthingthats, whouse be the churchyard or whorts up the aasgaars, the show must go on.

Time: the pressant.

With futurist onehorse balletbatde pictures and the Pageant of Past History worked up with animal variations amid everglaning mangrovemazes and beorbtratitors by Messrs Thud and Blunder. Shadows by the film folk, masses by the good people. Promptings by Elanio Vitale. Longshots, upcloses, outblacks and stagetolets by Hexenschuss, Coachmaher, Incubone and Rocknarrag. Creations tastefully designed by Madame Berthe Delamode. Dances arranged by Harley tjuinn and Coollimbeina. Jests, jokes, jigs and jorums for the Wake lent from the properties of the late cemented Mr T. M. Finnegan R.I.C. Lipmasks and hairwigs by Ouida Nooikke. Limes and Floods by Crooker and Toll. Kopay pibe by Kappa Pedersen- Hoed Pine hat with twentyfour ventholes by Morgen. Bosse and stringbag from Heteroditheroe's and All Ladies' presents. Tree taken for grafted. Rock rent. Phenecian blends and Sourdanian doofpoosts by Shauvesourishe and Wohntbedarft. The oakmulberryeke with silktrick twomesh from Shop-Sowry, seedsmanchap. Grabstone beg from General Orders Mailed. The crack (that's Cork!) by a smoker from the gods. The interjection (Buckley 1) by the fire-

ment in the pit. Accidental music providentially arranged by L'Archet and Laccorde. Melodiotiosities in purefusion by the score. To start with in the beginning, we need hirtly bemark, a community prayer, everyone for himself, and to conclude with as an exodus, we think it well to add, a chorale in canon, good for us all for us all us all all. Songs betune the acts by the ambiamphions of Annapolis, Joan MockComic, male soprano, and Jean Souslevin, bass noble, respectively: O, Mester Sogermon, ef thes es whot ye deux, then I'm not surpleased ye want that bottle of Sauvequipeu and Oh Off Nunch Der Rasche Ver Lasse Mitsch Nitscht. Till the summit scenes of climbacks castastrophear. The Bearded Mountain (Polymop Barethe-rootsch), and The River Romps to Nursery (Maidykins in Undiform). The whole tliugogmagog, including the portions understood to be oddmitted as the results of the respective titulars neglecting to produce themselves, to be wound up for an afterenactment by a Magnificent Transformation Scene showing the Radium Wedding of Neid and Moorning and the Dawn of Peace, Pure, Perfect and Perpetual, Waking the Weary of the World.

An argument follows.

Chuffy was a nangel then and his soard fleshed light like likening. Fools top! Singty, sangty, meekly loose, defendy nous from prowlabouts. Make a shine on the curst. Emen.

But the duvlin sulph was in Glugger, that lost-to-luming. Punct. He was sbuffing and sputing, tussing like anisine, whipping his eyesoult and gnatsching his teats over the brividies from existers and the outher liubbocks of life. He halth kelchy chosen a clayblade and makes prayses to his three of clubs. To part from these, my corsets, is into overlusting fear. Acts of feet, hoof and jarrety: athletes longfoot. Djowl, uphere!

Aminxt that nombre of evelings, but how pierceful in their sojestiveness were those first girly stirs, with zitterings of flight released and twinglings of twitchbells in rondel after, with waverings that made shimmershake rather naightily all the duskcended airs and shylit beaconings from shehind hims back. Sammy, call

on. Mirrylamb, she was shufFering all the diseasinesses of the unherd of. Mary Louisan Snousapinas! If Arck could no more salve his agnols from the wiles of willy wooly woolf! If all the airish signics of her dipandump helpabit from an Father Hogam till the Mutther Masons could not that Glugg to catch her by the calour of her brideness! Not Rose, Sevilla nor Citronelle; not Esmeralde, Pervinca nor Indra; not Viola even nor all of them four themes over. But, the monthage sdck in the melmelode jawr, I am (twintomine) all thees thing. Up tighty in the front, down again on the loose, drim and drumming on her back and a pop from her whistle. What is that, O holytroopers? Isot givin yoe.^

Up he stulpled, glee you gees,with search a fling did die near sea, beamy owen and calmy hugh and if you what you my call for me I will wishyoumaycull for you.

And they are met, face a facing. They are set, force to force. And no such Copenhague-Marengo was less so fated for a fall since in Glenasmole of Smiling Thrushes Patch Whyte passed O’Sheen ascowl.

Arrest thee, scaldbrother! came the evangelion, sabre accusant, from all Saint Joan’s Wood to kill or maim him, and be dumm but ill s’arrested. Et would proffer to his delected one the his trifle from the grass.

A space. Who are you? The cat’s mother. A time. What do you lack? The look of a queen.

But what is that which is one going to prehend? Seeks, buzzling is brains, the feinder.

The howtosayto itiswhatis hemustwhomust worden schall. A darktongues, kunning. O theoperii! Ethiaop lore, the poor he. He askit of the hoothed fireshield but it was imtergone into the matthued heaven. He soughed it from the luft but that bore ne mark ne message. He luked upon the bloomingrund where ongly his corns were growning. At last he listed back to beckUne how she pranked alone so johntily. The skand for schooling.

With nought a wired from the wordless either.

Item. He was hardset then. He wented to go (somewhere) while he was weeting. Utem. He wished to grieve on the good persons, that

is the four gentlemen. Otem. And it was not a long time till he was feeling true forim he was goodda purssia and it was short after that he was fooling mehaunt to mehynte he was an injine ruber. Etem. He was at his thinker, aunts to give (the four gentlemen) the presence (of a curpse). And this is what he would be willing. He fould the fourd; they found the hurtled stones; they fell ill with the gravy duck: and he sod town with the roust of the meast. Atem.

Towhere by hangs ourtales.

Ah ho ! This poor Glugg! It was so said of him about of his old fontmouther. Truly deplurabel! A dire, O dire! And all the freight-fullness whom he inhebited after his colline born janitor. Some-time towerable! With that hehry antlets on him and the bauble-light bulching out of his sockets whiling away she sprankled his allover with her noces of interregnation: How do you do that lack a lock and pass the poker, please.^ And bids him tend her, lute and airly. Sing, sweetharp, thing to me anone! So that Glugg, the poor one, in that limbopool which was his subnesciousness he could scares of all knotknow whither his morrder had bourst a blabber or if the vogalstones that hit his tynpan was that mearly his skoll missed her. Misty’s trompe or midst his flooring? Ah, hoi Cicely, awe!

The youngly delightsome frilles-in-pleyurs are now showen drawen, if bud one, or, if in florileague, drawens up consociately at the hinder sight of their commoner guardia. Her boy fiend or theirs, if they are so plurielled, cometh up as a trapadour, sinking how he must fand for himself by gazework what their colours wear as they are all showen drawens up. Tireton, cacheton, tire-ton, ba! Doth that not satisfy youth, sir? Quanty purty bellas, here, Madama Lifay! And what are you going to charm them to, Madama, do say? Cinderynelly angled her slipper; it was cho chiny yet braught her a groom. He will angskt of them from their commoner guardian at next lineup (who is really the rapier of the two though thother brother can hold his own, especially for he bandished it with his hand the hold time, mamain, a simply gra-cious: Mi, O la!), and reloose that thong off" his art: Hast thou feel liked carbunckley ones? Apun which his poohoor pricoxity theirs

is a little tittertit of hilarity (Lad-o’-me-soul! Lad-o’-me-soul, see!) and the wordchary is atvoiced ringsoundinly by their toots ensembled, though not meaning to be clever, but just with a shrug of their hips to go to troy and harff a freak at himself by all that story to the ulstramarines. Otherwised, holding their noises, they insinuate quiet private, Ni, he make peace in his preaches and play with esteem.

"Warewolff! OlfFI Toboo!

So olfiF for his topheetuck the ruck made raid, aslick aslegs would run; and he ankered on his hunkers with the belly belly prest. Asking; What’s my muffinstufiinaches for these times.^ To weat: Breath and bother and whatarcurss. Then breath more bother and more whatarcurss. Then no breath no bother but wor-rawarrawurms. And Shim shallave shome.

As Rigagnolina to Mountagnone, what she meaned he could not can. All she meaned was golten sylvup, all she meaned was some Knight’s ploung jamn. It’s driving her dafft like he’s so dumnb. If he’d lonely talk instead of only gawk as thought yate-man hat stuck hits stick althrough his spokes and if he woold nut wolly so! Hee. Speak, sweety bird! Mitzymitzyl Though I did ate tough turf I’m not the bogdoxy.

— Have you monbreamstone.^

— No.

— Or Hellfeuersteyn?

— No.

— Or Van Diemen’s coral pearl.^

— No.

He has lost.

Off to clutch, GluggI Forwhat! Shape your reres, Glu^l Foreweal! Ring we round, Chuff! Fairwell! Chuffchuff’s inners even. All’s rice with their whorl!

Yet, ah tears, who can her mater be.^ She’s promised he’d eye her. To try up her pretti. But nowit’s so longed and so fared and so forth. Jerry for jauntings. Alabye! Fled.

The flossies all and mossies all they drooped upon her draped brimfall. The bowknots, the showlots, they wilted into woeblots.

p

The pearlagraph, the pearlagraph, knew whitchly whether to weep or laugh. For always down in Carolinas lovely Dinahs vaunt their view.

Poor Isa sits a glooming so gleaming in the gloaming; the tin-celles a touch tarnished wind no lovelinoise awound her swan’s. Hey, lass! Woefear gleam she so glooming, this pooripathete I solde.^ Her beauman’s gone of a cool. Be good enough to symper-ise. If he’s at anywhere she’s therefor to join him. If it’s to no-where she’s going to too. Buf if he’ll go to be a son to France’s she’ll stay daughter of Clare. Bring tansy, throw myrtle, strew rue, rue, rue. She is fading out like Journee’s clothes so you can’t see her now. Still we know how Day the Dyer works, in dims and deeps and dusks and darks. And among the shades that Eve’s now wearing she’ll meet anew fiancy, tryst and trow. Mammy was, Mimmy is, Minuscoline’s to be. In the Dee dips a dame and the dame desires a demselle but the demselle dresses dolly and the dolly does a dulcydamble. The same renew. For though she’s unmerried she’ll after truss up and help that hussyband how to l.op. Hip it and trip it and chirrub and sing. Lord Chuffy’s sky sheraph and Glugg’s got to swing.

So and so, foe by toe, to and fro they go round, for they are the

ingelles, scattering nods as girls who may, for they are an angel’s garland.

Catchmire stockings, libertyed garters, shoddyshoes, quicked out with selver. Pennyfair caps on pinnyfore frocks and a ring on her fomefing finger. And they leap so looply, looply, as they link to light. And they look so loovely, loovelit, noosed in a nuptious night. Withasly glints in. Andecoy giants out. They ramp it a little, a lessle, a lissle. Then rompride round in rout.

Say them all but tell them apart, cadenzando coloratura! R is Rubretta and A is Arancia, Y is for Yilla and N for greeneriN. B is Boyblue with odalisque O while W waters the fleurettes of no-vembrance. Though they’re all but merely a schoolgirl yet these way went they. P th’ view o’ th’avignue dancing goes entrancing roundly. Miss Oodles of Anems before the Luvium doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. And miss Endles of Eons efter Dies

of Eirae doeslike. So. And then again doeslike. So. The many wiles of Winsure.

The grocer’s bawd she slips her hand in the haricot bag, the lady in waiting sips her sup from the paraffin can, Mrs Wildhare Quickdoctor helts her skelts up the casuaway the flasht instinct she herds if a tinkle of tunder, the widow Megrievy she knits cats’ cradles, this bountiful actress leashes a harrier under her tongue, and here’s the girl who she’s kneeled in coldfashion and she’s told her priest (spt!) she’s pot on a chap (chp!) and this lass not least, this rickissime woman, who she writes foot fortimes money times over in the nursery dust with her capital thumb. Buzz. All rtm-away sheep bound back bopeep, trailing their teenes behind them. And these ways wend they. And those ways went they. Winnie, Olive and Beatrice, Nelly and Ida, Amy and Rue. Here they come back, all the gay pack, for they are the florals, from foncey and pansey to papavere’s blush, foresake-me-nought, while there’s leaf there’s hope, with primtim’s ruse and marry-may’s blossom, all the flowers of the ancelles’ garden.

But vicereversing thereout from those palms of perfection to anger arbour, treerack monatan, scroucely out of scout of ocean, virid with woad, what tomaments of complementary r^es rocked the divlun from his punchpoll to his tummy’s shentre as he dis-plaid all the oathword science of his visible disgrace. He was feeling so funny and floored for the cue, all over which girls as he don’t know whose hue. If goosseys gazious would but fain smile him a smile he would be fondling a praise he ate some nice bit of fluff. But no geste reveals the unconnouth. They’re all odds against him, the beasties. Scratch. Start.

He dove his head into Wat Murrey, gave Stewart Ryall a puck on the plexus, wrestled a hurry-come-union with the Gillie Beg, wiped all his sinses, martial and menial, out of Shrove Sundy MacFearsome, excremuncted as freely as any frothblower into Macisaac, had a belting bout, chaste to chaste, with McAdoo about nothing and, childhood’s age being aye the shameleasc, tel a Tartaran tastarin toothsome tarrascone tourtoun, vestimentiv-orous chlamydophagian, imbretellated himself for any time un-

tellable with what hung over to the Machonochie Middle from the MacSiccaries of the Breeks. Home!

Allwhile, moush missuies from mungy monsie, preying in his mind, son of Everallin, within himself, he swure. Macnoon ma^oty mag! Cross of a coppersmith bishop! He would split. He do big squeal like holy Trichepatte. Seek hells where from yank islanders the petriote's absolation. Mocknitza! Genik! He take skiff come first dagrene day overwide tumbler, rough and dark, till when bow of the shower show of the bower with three shirts and a wind, pagoda permettant, crookolevante, the bruce, the coriolano and the ignacio. From prudals to the secular but from the cumman to the nowter. Byebye, Brassolis, I'm breaving! Ovir war. Dully Gray! A conansdream of lodascircles, he here schlucefinis. Gelchasser no more! Mischnary for the minestrary to all the sems of Aram. Shimach, eon of Era. Mum's for's maxim, ban's for's book and Dodgesome Dora for hedgehung sheolmastress. And Unkel Silanse coach in diligence. Disconnection of the succeeding. He wholehog himself for carberry banishment care of Pencylmania, Bretish Armerica, to melt Mrs Gloria of the Bunkers' Trust, recorporated, (pnmty!) by meteoromancy and linguified heissrohgin, quit to hail a hurry laracor and catch the Paname-Turricum and regain that absendee tarry easty, his citdl immediata, by an alley and detour with farecard awailable getrennty years. Right for Rovy the Roder. From the safe side of distance! Libera, nostalgia! Beate Laurenrie O'Tuli, Euro pra nobis! Every monk his own cashel where every little ligger is his own liogotenente with inclined jambs in full purview to his pronaose and to the deretane at his reredoss. Fuisfinister, fuyerescaper! He would, with the greatest of ease, before of weighting midhook, by dear home trashold on the raging canal, for othersites of Jorden, (heave a hevy, w^terboy!) make one of hissens with a knockonacow and a chow collegions and fire off, gheol ghiomal, foull subustioned mullmud, his farced epistol to the hibruws. From Cemilius slomtime prepositus of Toumaria to the clutch in Anteach. Salvo ! Ladigs and jointuremen! No more turdenskaulds! Free leaves for ebribadies! All tinsammon in the

yord! With harm and aches till farther alters! W^ild primates not stop him frem at rearing a writing in handy antics. Nom de plume! Gout strap Fenlaims! And send Jarge for Mary Inklenders! And daunt you logh if his vineshanky's schwemnxy! For he is the general, make no mistake in he. He is General Jinglesome.

Go in for scribenery -with the satiety of arthurs in S.P.Q.R.ish and inform to the old sniggering publicking press and its nation of sheepcopers about the whole plighty troth between them, malady of milady made melodi of malodi, she, the lalage of lyonesses, and him, her knave arrant. To Wildrose La Gilligan from Croppy Crowhore. For all within crystal range.

Ukalepe. Leathers' leave. Nemo in Patria. The Luncher Out. Skilly and Carubdish. A Wondering Wreck. From the Mermaids' Tavern. Bullyfamous. Naughtsycalves. Mother of Misery. Walpurgas Nackt.

Maleesh! He would bare to untired world of Leimunconon-

nulstria (and what a strip poker globbtrottel they pairs would looks!) how wholefallows, his guffer, the Sabbatarian (might faction split his beard!), he too had a great big oh in the megafimdum of his tomashunders and how her Lettyshape, his gummer, that congealed sponsar, she had never cessed at waking makers among the jemassons since the cluft that meataxe delt her made her microchasm as gap as dowm low. So they fished in the kettle and fought free and if she bit his tailibout all hat tiffin for thea. He would jused sit it all write down just as he would jused set it up all writhefully rate in blotch and void, yielding to no man in hymns ignorance, seeing how heartsilly sorey he was, owning to the condrition of his bikestool. And, reading off his fleshskin and writing with his quillbone, fillfull ninequires with it for his auditers, Caxton and Pollock, a most moraculous jeeremyhead sindbook for all the peoples, under the presidency of the suchess of sceaunonsceau, a hadtobe heldin, thoroughly enjoyed by many so meny on block at Bo3nrut season and for their account ottorly admired by her husband in sole intimacy, about whose told his innersense and the grusomehed’s

yoeureeke of his spectrescope and why he was off colour and how he was ambothed upon by the very spit of himself, first on the cheekside by Michelangelo and, besouns thats, over on the owld jowly side by Bill C. Babby, and the suburb’s formule why they provencials drollo eggspilled him out of his homety dometry narrowedknee domum (osco de basco de pesco de bisco!) because all his creature comfort was an omulette finas erbas in an ark finis orbe and, no master how mustered, mind never mend, he could neither swuck in nonneither swimp in the flood of cecialism and the best and schortest way of blacking out a caughtalock of all the sorrors of Sexton until he would accoster her coume il fou in teto-dous as a wagoner would his mudheeldy wheesindonk at their trist in Parisise after tourments of tosend years, bread cast out on waters, making goods at mutuurity, Mondamoiseau of Casanuova and Mademoisselle from Armenti^rcs. Neblonovi’s Nivonovio ! Nobbio and Nuby in ennoviacion! Occitantitempoli! He would si through severalls of sanctuaries maywhatmay mightwhomight so as to meet somewhere, if produced, on a demi pansion for his whole lofetime, payment in goo to slee music and poisonal comfany, following which, like Ipsey Secumbe, when he fingon to foil the fluter, she could have all the g. s. M. she moohooed after fore and rickwards to herslF, including science of sonorous silence, while he, being brung up on soul butter, have recourse of course to poetry. With tears for his coronaichon, such as engines weep. Was lifle worth leaving? Nej !

Tholedoth, treetrene! Zokrahsing, stone! Arty, reminiscensitive, at bandstand finale on grand carriero, dreaming largesse of lifesighs over early lived offs — ^all old Sators of the Sowsceptre highly nutritius family histrionic, genitricksling with Avus and Avia, that simple pair, and descendant down on veloutypads by a vuncular process to Nurus and Noverca, those notorious nepotists, circumpictified in their sobrine census, patriss all of them by the glos on their germane faces and their socerine eyes like transparents of vitricus, patruuts to a man, the archimade levirs of his ekonome world. Remember thee, castle throwen? Ones propsperups treed, now stohong baroque. And oil paint use a pumme if yell trace

me there title to where was a hovel not a havel (the first rattle of his juniverse) with a tingtumtingling and a next, next and next (gin a paddy? got a petty? gussies, gif it ope?), while itch ish shome.

— My God^ alas, that dear olt tiuntiim home
Whereof in youthfood port I preyed
Amook the verdigrassy convict vaUsall dcqes.

And cloitered for amourmeant in thy boosome shede!

His mouthfull of ecstasy (for Shing-Yung-Thing in Shina from Yoruyume across the Timor Sea), herepong (maladventure!) shot pinging up through the errorooth of his wisdom (who thought him a Fonar all, feastking of shellies by googling Lowey, regally freytherem, eagelly plumed, and wasbut gumboil owrithy prods wretched some horsery megee plods coffin acid odarkery pluds dense floppens mugurdy) cis thought it had been zawhen intwo. Wholly sanguish blooded up disconvulsing the fixtures of his fizz. Apang which his tempory chewer med him a crazy chump of a Haveajube Sillayass. Joshua Croesus, son of Nunn! Though he shall live for millions of years a life of billions of years, from their roseaced glows to their violast lustres, he shall not forget that pucking Pugases. Holihowlsballs and bloody acres! Like gnawthing unheardth!

But, by Jove Chronides, Seed of Summ, after at he had bate his breastplates for, forforget, forforgetting his birdsplace, it was soon that, that he, that he rehad himself. By a prayer? No, that comes later. By contrite attrition? Nay, that we passed. Mid esercizism? So is richt.

And it was so. And Malthos Moramor resumed his soul. With: Go Ferchios off to Allad out of this! An oldsteinsong. He threwed his fit up to his aers, rolled his poligone eyes, snivelled from his snose and blew the guff out of his hornypipe. The hopjoimt jerk of a ladle broom jig that he learned in locofoco when a redhot turnspite he. Under reign of old Roastin the Bowl Ratskillers, readyos! Why was that man for he’s doin her wrong! Lookery looks, how he’s knots in his entrails! Mookery mooks, it’s a grippe of his gripes. Seekeryseeks, why his biting he’s head off?

Cokerycokes, it’s his spurt of coal. And may his tarpitch dilute not give him chromitis! For the mauwe that blinks you blank is mostly Carbo. Where the inflammabilis might pursuive his com-burenda with a pure flame and a true flame and a flame all too-gasser, soot. The worst is over. Wait! And the dubuny Mag may gang to preesses. With Dinny Finneen, me canty, ho ! In the lost of the gleamens. Sous)-moust. For he would himself deal a treat-ment as might be trusted in anticipation of his inculmination unto fructification for the major operation. When (pip!) a message interfering intermitting interskips from them (pet!) on herzian waves, (call her venicey names! call her a stelll) a butterfly from her zipclasped handbag, a wounded dove astarted from, escaping out her forecotes. Isle wail for yews, Odoherlynt! The poetesser. And around its scorched cap she has twdlled a twine of flame to let the laitiest know she’s marrid. And pirn it goes backballed. Tot bums it so leste. A claribel cumbeck to errind. Hers before his

even, posted ere penned. He’s your change, thinkyou methim. Go daft noon, madden, mind the step. Please stoop O to please. Stop. What saying.^ I have soreunder from to him now, dear-mate ashore, so, so compleasely till I can get redressed, which means the end of my stays in the languish of Tintangle. Is you zealous of mes, brother.^ Did you boo moiety lowd? You sup-poted to be the on conditiously rejected? Satanly, lade! Can that sobstufF, whingeywilly! Stop up, mavrone, and sit in my lap, Pepette, though I’d much rather not. Like things are m. ds. is all in vincibles. Decoded.

Now a run for his money! Now a dash to her dot! Old cocker, young crOwy, sifadda, sosson. A bran new, speedhount, out-stripperous on the wind. Like a waft to wingweary one or a sos to a coastguard. For directly with his whoop, stop and an upa-lepsy didando a tishy, in appreciable less time than it takes a glaciator to submerger an Atlangthis, was he again, agob, before the trembly ones, a spark’s gap off, doubledasguesched, gotten orlop in a simplasailormade and shaking the storm out of his hiccups. The smartest vessel you could find would elazilee him on her knee as her lucky for the Rio Grande. He’s a pigtail tarr

and if he hadn’t got it toothick he’d a telltale tall of his pitcher on a wall with his photure in the papers for cutting moutonlegs and capers, letting on he’d jest be japers and his tail cooked up.

Goal! It’s one by its length.

Angelinas, hide from light those hues that your sin beau may bring to light! Though dowm to your dowerstrip he’s bent to knee he maun’t know ledgings here.

For a haunting way will go and you need not make your mow. Find the frenge for frocks and translace it into shocks of such as touch with show and show.

He is guessing at hers for all he is worse, the seagoer. Hark to his wily geeses goosling by, and playfair, lady! And note that they who will for exile say can for dog while them that won’t leave ingle end says now for know.

For he faulters how he hates to trouble them without.

But leaving codhead’s mitre and the heron’s plumes sinistrant to the server of servants and rex of regums and making a bolder-dash for lubberty of speech he asks not have you seen a match being struck nor is this powder mine but, letting punplays pass to ernest:

— Haps thee jaoneofergs?

— Nao.

— Haps thee mayjaunties?

— Naohao.

— Haps thee per causes nunsibellies.^

Naohaohao.

— Asky, asky, asky! Gau on! Micaco! Get!

Ping an ping nwan ping pwan pong.

And he did a get, their anayance, and slink his hook away, aleguere come alaguerre, like a chimista inchamisas, whom the harricana hurries and hots foots, zingo, zango, segur. To hoots of utskut, urqurd, jamal, qum, yallah, yawash, yak! For he could ciappacioppachew upon a skarp snakk of pure undefallen engelsk, melanmoon or tartatortoise, tsukisaki or soppisuppon, as raskly and as baskly as your cheesechalk cow cudd spanich. Makoto! Whagta kriowday ! Gelagala nausy is. Yet right divining do not

was. Hovobovo hafogate hokidimatzi in kamicha! He had his sperrits all foulen on him; to vet, most griposly, he was bedizzled and debuzzled; he had his tristiest cabaleer on; and looked like bruddy Hal. A shelling a cockshy and be donkey shot at.^ Or a peso besant to join the armada?

But, Sin Showpanza, could anybroddy which walked this world with eyes whiteopen have looked twinsomer than the kerl he left behind him? Candidatus, viridosus, aurilucens, sinelab? Of all the green heroes everwore coton breiches, the whitemost, the goldenest! How he stud theirs with himselfs mookst kevinly, and that anterevolitionary, the churchman childfather from tonsor’s tuft to almonder’s toes, a haggiography in duotrigesumy, son soptimost of sire sixtusks, of Mayaqueenies sign osure, hevnly buddhy time, inwreathed of his near cissies, a mickly dazzly eely oily with looiscurrals, a soulnetzer by zvesdals priestessd, their trail the tractive, and dem dandypanies knows de play of de eye-lids, with his gamecox spurts and his smile likequid glue (the suessiest sourir ever weanling wore), whiles his host of spritties, lusspillerindernees, they went peahenning a ripidarapidarpad around him, pilgrim prinkips, kerilour kevinour, in neuchoristic congressulations, quite purringly excited, rpdrpd, allauding to him by all the licknames in the litany with the terms in which no little dulsy nayer ever thinks about impl3ting except to her future’s year and sending him perfume most praypufFs to setis-fire more then to teasim (shllwe help, now you’ve massmuled, you t’rigolect a bit? yismik? 3dmissy.^) that he, the finehued, the fairhailed, the farahead, might bouchesave unto each but every-one, asfar as safras durst assune, the havemercyonhurs of his kissier licence. Meanings: Andure the enjurious till imbetther rer. We know you like Latin with essies imputes, (and your liber as they sea) we certney like gurgles love the nargleygargley so, arrah-beejee, tell that old frankay boyuk to bellows upthe tombucky in his tumtum argan and give us a gust of his gushy old. Goof!

Hymnumber twentynine. O, the singing! Happy little girly-cums to have adolphted such an Adelphusl O, the swinginging hopops so goholden! They’ve come to chant en chor. They say

their salat, the madiens’ prayer to the messiager of His Nabis, prostitating their seifs eachwise and combinedly. Fateha, fold the hands. Be it honoured, bow the head. May thine evings e’en be

blossfull Even of bliss! As we so hope for ablution. For the sake of the farbung and of the scent and of the holiodrops. Amems.

A pause. Their orison arises misquewhite as Osman glory, ebbing wasteward, leaves to the soul of light its fading silence (allah-lah lahlah lahl), a turquewashed sky. Then:

— Xanthos! XanthosI Xanthos! We thank to thine, mighty innocent, that diddest bring it off fuitefuite. Should in ofter years it became about you will after desk jobduty becoming a bank midland mansioner we and I shall reside with our obeisant servants among Burke’s mobility at La Roseraie, Ailesbury Road. Red bricks are all hellishly good values if you trust to the roster of ads but we’ll save up ourselves and nab what’s nicest and boskiest of timber trees in the nebohood. Oncaill’s plot. Luccombe oaks, Turkish hazels, Greek firs, incense palm edcedras. The hypsometers of Mount Anville is held to be dying out of arthataxis but, praise send Larix U’ Thule, the wych elm of Manelagh is still flourishing in the open, because its native of our nature and the seeds was sent by Fortune. We’ll have our private palypeachum pillarposterns for lovesick letterines fondly afflanxed to our front railings and swings, hammocks, tighttaught balletlines, accomodationnook^ and prismic bathboites, to make Envyeyes mouth water and wonder when they binocular us from their embrassured windows in our garden rare. Fyat-F3^t shall be our number on the autokinaton and Chubby in his Chuffs oursforownly chuffeur. T will be waiting for uns as I sold U at the first antries. Our cousin gourmand, Percy, the pup, will denounce the sniffnomers of all callers where among our Seemyease Sister, Tabitha, the ninelived, will extend to the full her hearthy welcome. While the turf and twigs they tattle. Tintin tintin. Lady Marmela Shortbred will walk in for supper with her marchpane switch on, her necklace of almonds and her poirette Sundae dress with bracelets of honey and her cochineal hose with the caramel dancings, the briskly best from Bootiestown, and her suckingstaff of ivory-

mint. You mustn’t miss it or you’ll be sorry. Charmeuses chloes, glycering juwells, lydialight fans and puffumed cynarettes. And the Prince Le Monade has been graciously pleased. His six chocolate pages will run bugling before him and Cococream toddle after with his sticksword in a pink cushion. We think His Sparkling Headiness ought to know Lady Marmela. Luisome his for lissome hers. He’s not going to Cork till Cantalamesse or mayhope till Rose Easter or Saint Tibbie’s Day. So Niomon knows. The Fomor’s in his Fin, the Momor’s her and hin. A paaralone! A paaralone! And Dublin’s all adin. We’ll sing a song of Singlemonth and you’ll too and you’ll. Here are notes. There’s the key. One two three. Chours! So come on, ye wealthy gentrymen wibfrufrocksfull of fun! Thin thin! Thin thin! Thej oily and thel ively, thou billy with thee coo, for to jog a jig of a crispness nice and sing a missal too. Hip champouree! Hiphip champouree! O you longtailed blackman, polk it up behind me! Hip champouree! Hiphip champouree! And, jessies, push the pumkik round. Anneliuia!

Since the days of Roamaloose and Rehmoose the pavanos have been strident through their struts of Chapelldiseut, the vaulsies have meed and youdled through the purly ooze of Ballybough, many a mismy cloudy has tripped taintily along that hercourt strayed reelway and the rigadoons have held ragtimed revels on

the platauplain of Grangegorman; and, though since then ster-
lings and guineas have been replaced by brooks and lions and
some progress has been made on stilts and the races have come
and gone and Thyme, that chef of seasoners, has made his usual
astewte use of endadjustables and whamot willbe isnor was, those
danceadeils and cancanzanies have come stimmering down for our
begayment through the bedeafdom of po’s taeoms, the obcecity
of pa’s teapucs, as lithe and limbfree limber as when momie
mummed at ma.

Just so sty lied with the nattes are their flowerheads now and
each of all has a lovestalk onto herself and the tot of all the tits of
their understamens is as open as he can posably she and is toume-
soled straightcut or sidewaist, accourdant to the coursets of

a3<S

things feminite, towooerds him in heliolatry, so they may catch-
cup in their calyzettes, alls they go troping, those parryshoots
from his muscalone pistil, for he can eyespy through them, to
their selfcolours, nevertheleast their tissue peepers, (meaning
Mullabury mesh, the time of appling flowers, a guarded figure
of speech, a variety of perfume, a bridawl, seamist inso one) as
leichtly as see saw (O my goodmiss! O my greatmess! O my
prizelestly preshoes!) while, dewyfully as dimb dumbelles, all
alisten to his elixir. Lovelyt!

And they said to him:

— Enchainted, dear sweet Stainusless, young confessor, dearer
dearest, we herehear, aboutobloss, O coelicola, thee salutamt.
Pattern of our unschoold, pageantmaster, deliverer of softmis-
sives, round the world in forty mails, bag, belt and balmybeam,
our bamaboy, our chepachap, with that pampipe in your put-
away, gab borab, when you will be after doing all your sight-
seeing and soundhearing and smellsniffing and tastytasting and
tenderumstouchings in all Daneygaul, send us, your adorables,
thou overblaseed, a wise and letters play of all you can ceive,
chief celtech chappy, from your holy post now you hast as-
certained ceremonially our names. Unclean you art not. Outcaste
thou are not. Leperstower, the karman’s loki, has not blanched
at our pollution and your intercourse at ninety legsplits does not
defile. Untouchable is not the scarecrown is on you. You are
pure. You are pure. You are in your puerity. You have not
brought stinking members into the house of Amanti. Elleb Inam,
Titep Notep, we name them to the Hall of Honour. Your head
has been touched by the god Enel-Rah and your face has been
brightened by the goddess Aruc-Ituc. Return, sainted youngling,
and walk once more among usl The rains of Demani are masikal
as of yere. And Baraza is all aflower. Siker of calmy days. As
shiver as shower can be. Our breed and better class is in brood
and bitter pass. Labbeycliath longs. But we’re counting on the
cluck. The Great Cackler comes again. Sweetstaker, Abel lord of
all our haloease, we (to be slightly more femmiliar perhips than is
slickly more then nacessory), toutes philomelas as well as mag-

delenes, were drawpairs with two pinmarks, BVD and BVD dot,
so want lotteries of ticklets posthastem (you appreciate?) so as to

be very dainty, if an isaspell, and so as to be verily dandydainty, if an ishibilley, of and on, to and for, by and with, from you. Let the hitback hurry his wayward ere the missive has time to take herself off, ’twill be o’erthemore willfully intomeet if the coming offence can send our shudders before. We feem to have being elfewhere as tho’ th’ had pafs’d in our fufpens. Next to oizr shrinking selves we love sensitivas best. For they are the Angles. Brick, fauve, jonquil, sprig, fleet, nocturne, smiling bruise. For they are an Angele’s garment. We will be constant (what a word!) and bless the day, for whole hours too, yes, for sold long syne as we shall be being in our created being of oiurs elvishness, the day you befell, you dreadful temptation! Now promisus as at our requisted you will remain ignorant of all what you hear and, though if whilst disrobing to the edge of risk, (the bisifings in idolhours that satinfines tootoo!) draw a veil till we next time! You don’t want to peach but bejimboed if ye do! Perhelps. We ernst too may. How many months or how many years till the myriadth and first become! Bashfulness be tupped! May he colp, may he colp her, may he mixandmass colp her! Talk with a hare and you wake of a tartars. That’s mus. Says the Law. List! Kicky Lacey, the pervergined, and Bianca Mutantini, her conversa, drew their fools longth finnishfurst, Herzog van Vellentam, but me and meother ravin, my coosine of mine, have mour good three chancers, weothers, after Bohnapcurts. The mything smile of me, my wholesole assumption, shes nowt me-without as weam twin herewithin, that I love like myselfish, like smithereens robinsongs, like juneses nutslost, like the blue of the sky if I stoop for to spy’s between my whiteyoumightcallimbs. How their duel makes their Uriel ! Eer’s wax for Sur Soord, dong-dong bollets for the iris riflers, queemswellth of coocome in their combs for the jennyjos. Cairo caressimus! Honey swarns where mellisponds. Will bee all buzzy one another minnies for the mere effect that you are so fuld of pollen yourself. Teomeo! Daurdour! We feel unspeechably thoughtless over it all here in Gizzygazelle

Tark’s bimboowood so pleasekindly communicake with the original sinse we are only yearning as yet how to burgeon. It’s meant milliems of centiments deadlost or mislaid on them but, master of snakes, we can sloughchange in the nip of a napple solongas we can allsee for deedsetton your quick. By the hook in your look we’re eyed for aye were you begging the questuan with your lutean bowl round Monkmesserag. And whenever you’re tingling in your trout we’re sure to be tangled in our tice-ments. It’s game, ma chere, be off with your shepherdress on! Up-some cauda! Behose our handmades for the lured! To these nunce we are but yours in ammatures yet well come that day we shall ope to be ores. Then shalt thou see, seeing, the sight. No more hoax-ites! Nay more gifting in menn^e! A her’s fancy for a his friend and then that fellow yours after this follow ours. Vania, Vania Vaniorum, Domne Vanias!

Hightime is ups be it down into outs according! When there shall be foods for vermin as full as feeds for the fett, eat on earth as there’s hot in oven. When every Klitty of a scolderymeid shall hold every yardscullion’s right to stimm her uprecht for whimso-ever, whether on privates, whather in publics. And when all us romance catholeens shall have ones for all amanseprated. And the world is maidfree. Methanks. So much for His Meignysthy man! And all his bigyttens. So till Coquette to tell Cockotte to teach Connie Curley to touch Cattie Hayre and tip Carminia to tap La

Ch^ie though where the diggings he dwellst amongst us here’s nobody knows save Mary. Whyfor we go ringing hands in hands in gyrogyrorondo.

These bright elects, consentconsorted, they were waltzing up their willside with their princesome handsome angeline chiuff while in those wherebus there wont bears way (mearing unknown, a place where pigeons carry fire to seethe viands, a miry hill, beige end sore footh) oaths and screams and bawley groans with a belchybubhub and a hellabelow bedemmed and bediabbled the arimainii^ lucisphere. Helldsdend, whelldselse! Lonedom’s breach lay foulend up uncouth not be broched by punns and reedles. Yet the ring gayed rund rorosily with a drat for a brat

yoti. Yasha Yash ate sassage and mash. So he found he bash, poor Yasha Yash. And you wonna make one of our micknick party. No honaryhuest on our sposhialiste. For poor Glugger was dazed and late in his crave, ay he, laid in his grave.

But low, boys low, he rises, shrivering, with his spittyful eyes and his whoozebecome woice. Ephthah! Cisamis! Examen of conscience scruples now he to the best of his memory schemado. Nu mere for ever siden on the stolen. With his tumescinquinance in the thight of his tumstull. No more singing all the dags in his sengaggeng. Experssly at hand counterhand. Trinitatis kink had mudded his dome, peccat and pent fore, pree. Hymserf, munchaowl, maden, born of thug tribe into brood blackmail, dooly redecant allbigenesis henesies. He, by bletchendmacht of the golls, proforhim penance and come off entematural. He, selfsuffidencer, eggscumuddher- in -chaff sporticolorissimo, what though the duthsthrows in his lavabad eyes, maketomake polentay rossum, (Good savours queen with the stem of swuith ALftreck! Fit for king of Zundas) out of bianconies, hiking ahake like any nudgemeroughgorude all over Terracuta. No more throw acids, face all lovabilities, appeal for the union and play for timitys. He, praise Saint Calembaurnus, make clean breastsack of goody girl now as ever drank milksoep from a spoen, weedhearted boy of potter and mudder, chip of old Flinn the Flinter, twig of the hider that tanned him. He go calaboosh all same he tell him out. Teufleuf man he strip him all mussymussy calico blong him all same he tell him all out how he make what name. He, through wolkenic connection, relation belong this remarklcible moliman, Anaks Andrum, parleyglutton pure blood Jebusite, centy procent Erserum spoking. Drugmallt storehuse. Intrance on back. Most open on the laydays. He, A. A., in peachskin shantungs, possible, sooth to say, notwithstanding far former guiles and he gaining fish considerable, by saving grace after avalunch, to look most prophitable out of smily skibluh eye. He repeat of him as pious alios cos he ast for shave and haircut people said he’d shape of hegoat where he just was sheep of herrgott with his tile togged. Top. Not true what chronicles is bringing his portemanteau priamed full potato-

wards. Big dumm crumm digaditchies say short again akter, even while lossassinated by summan, he coaxyorum a pennysilvers offarings bloadonages with candid zuckers on Spinshesses Walk in presents to lilithe maidinettes for at bloo his noose for him

with pruriest pollygameous inatentions, he having that pecuni-
arity ailmint spectacularly in heather cliff emurgency on gale
days because souffrant chronic from a plentitude of house torts.
Collosul rhodomantic not wert one bronze lie Scholarina say as
he, greyed vike cuddlepuller, walk in her sleep his pig indicks
weg femtyfem funts. Of so little is her timentrousnest great for
greeting his immensesness. Sutt soonas sett they were, her uyes
as his auroholes. Kaledvalch! How could one classically? One
could naught critically. Ininest lightingshaft only for lovalit
smugpipe, his Mistress Mereshame, of cupric tresses, the form-
white foaminine, the ambersandalled, after Aasdocktor Talop's
onamuttony legture. A mish, holy balm of seinsed myrries, he is
as good as a mountain and everybody what is found of his gients
he knew Meistral Wikingson, furframed Noordwogen's kampf-
ten, with complexion of blushing dolomite fanned by ozeone
brisees, what naver saw his bedshead ferrer and nuver met his
swigamore, have his ignomen from prima signation of being
Master Milchku, queerest man in the benighted queendom, and,
adcraft aidant, how he found the kids. Other accuse him as
lochkneeghed forsunkener, dope in stockknob, all ameltingmoult
after rhomatism, purely simply tammy ratkins. The kurds of
Copt on the berberutters and their bedaweens! Even was Shes
whole begeds off before all his nahars in the koldbethizzdryel. No
gudth ! Not one zouz ! They whiteliveried ragsups, two Whales of
the Sea of Deceit, they bloodiblabstard shooters, three Drome-
daries of the Sands of Calumdonia. As is note worthies to shock
his hind! Ur greeft on them! Such askors and their ruperts they
are putting in for more osghirs is alse false liamels. The frocken-
halted victims! Whore affirm is agains sempry Lotta Karssens.
They would lick their lenses before they would negatise a jom
petter from his sodalites. In his contrary and on reality, which
Bichop Babwith bares to his whitness in his Just a Fication of

Villumses^ this Mr Heer Assassor Neelson, of sorestate hearing,
diseased, formarly with Adenoiks, den feed all lighty, laxtleap
great change of retiring family buckler, highly accurect in his
everythinks, from tencents coupoll to bargain basement, live with
howthold of nummer seven, wideawake, woundabout, wokin-
betts, weeklings, in black velvet on geolgian mission senest mangy
years his rear in the lane pictures, blanking same with autonaut
and annexes and got a daarlingt babyboy bucktooth, the thick of
a gobstick, coming on ever so nerses nursely, grades to goodess,
at 8i. That why all parks up exdted about his gunnfodder. That
why ecrazyaztecs and the crime ministers preaching him morn-
ings and makes a power of spoon vittles out of his praverbs. That
why he, persona erecta, glycorawman arsenicful femomiser, for
a trial by julias, in celestial sunhat, with two purses agitatating
his theopot with wokklebout shake, rather incoherend, from one
1 8 to one i8 biss, young shy gay youngs. Sympoly far infusing
up pritty tipidities to lock up their rhainodaisies and be nice
and twainty in the shade. Old grand tuttut toucher up of young
poetographies and he turn aroundabrupth red altfrumpishly like
hear samhar tionnor falls some make one noise. It's his last lap.
Gigantic, fare him weal! Revelation! A fact. True bill. By a jury
of matrons. Hump for humbleness, dump for dirts. And, to make
a long stoney badder and a whorly show a parfect sight, his Thing
went the wholyway retup Suffrogate Strate.

Helpmeat too, contrasta toga, his fiery goosemother, laotsey
taotsey, woman who did, he tell princes of the age about. You

sound on me, judges! Suppose we brisken up. Kings! Meet the Mem, Avenlith, ail viviparous out of couple of lizards. She just as fenny as he is fulgar. How laat soever her latest still her sawlogs come up all standing. Psing a psalm of psexpeans, apocryphul of rhyme! His cheekmole of allaph foriverever her allinall and his Kuran never teachit her the be the owner of thyself. So she not sw op her eckcot hjem for Howarden’s Castle, Englandwales. But be the alleance of iern on his flamen vestacoat, the fibule of brooch-bronze to his wintermantle of pointefox. W^ho not knows she, the Madame Cooley-Couley, spawife to laird of manna, when first

come into the pictures more as hundreads elskerelks’ yahrds of annams call away, factory fresh and fiuming at the mouth, wronged by Hwemwednoget (magrathmagreeth, he takable a rap for that early party) and whenceforward Ani Mama and her fiertey bustles terrified of gmere gnomes of gmountains and furibound to be back in her mytinbeddy? Schi schi, she feightened allsouls at pignpugn and gets a pan in her stummi from the pialabellars in their pur war. Yet jackticktating all around her about his poor-liness due to pannellism and grime for that he harboured her when feme sole, her zoravarn Ihorde and givnergenral, and led her in antient consort ruhm and bound her durant coverture so as she could not steal from him, oz her or damman, so as if ever she’s beleaved by checkenbrooth death since both was parties to the feed it’s Hetman MacCumhal foots the funeral. Mealwhile she nutre him jacent from her elmer’s almsdish, giantar and tschaina as sieme as bibrondas with Foli Signur’s tinner roumanschy to fishle the ladwigs out of his lugwags, like a skittering kitty skattering hayels, when his favourites were all beruffled on him and her own undesirables justickulating, it was such a blowick day. Winden wanden wild like wenchen wenden wanton. The why if he but would bite and plug his baccypipes and fenownse the devlins in all their pumbs and kip the streelwarkers out of the plague and nettleses milk from sickling the honeycoombe and kop Ulo Bubo selling foulty treepes, she would make massa dinars with her savuneer dealinsh and delicate her nutbrown glory cloack to Mayde Berenice and hang herself in Ostmanns-town Saint Megan’s and make no more mulierage before ma-hatmas or moslemans, but would ondulate her shookerloft hat from Alpoleary with a viv baselgia and a clamast apotria like any purple cardinal’s princess or woman of the grave word to the papal legate from the Vatucum, Monsaigneur Rabbinsohn Crucis, with an ass of milg to his cowmate and chilterlings on account of all he quaqueduxed for the hnor of Hrom and the nations abhord him and wop mezzo scudo to Sant Pursy Orelli that gave Luiz-Marios Josephs their loyal devouces to be offered up missas for vowts for widders.

Hear, O worldwithout! Tiny tattling! Backwoods, be wary! Dainty trees, go dutch!

But who comes yond with pire on poletop? He who relights our spearing torch, the moon. Bring lolave branches to mud cabins and peace to the tents of Ceder, Neomenie ! The feast of Tubboumigglers is at hand. Shopshup. Inisfail! Timple temple

tells the bells. In syngagyng a sangasongue. For all in Ondslos-
by. And, the hag they damename Coverfew hists from her lane.
And haste, ’tis time for bairns ta hame. Chickchilds, comeho to
roo. Comehome to roo, wee chickchilds doo, when the wild-
worewolf’s abroad. Ah, let’s away and let’s gay and let’s stay
chez where the log foyer’s burning,!

It darkles, (tinct, tint) all this our funnaminal world. Yon
marshpond by ruodmark verge is visited by the tide. Alvem-
marea! We are circumveiloped by obscuritads. Man and helves
frieren. There is a wish on them to be not doing or anything. Or
just for rugs. Zoo koud! Drr, deff, coal lay on and, pzz, call us
pyrress! Ha. Where is our highly honourworthy salutable spouse-
founderess.^ The foolish one of the family is within. Haha ! Huzoor,
where’s he? At house, to’s pitty. With Nancy Hands. Tcheetchee !
Hound through the maize has fled. What hou! Isegrim under
lolling ears. Far wol! And wheaten bells bide breathless. All. The
trail of Gill not yet is to be seen, rocksdrops, up benn, down
dell, a craggy road for rambling. Nor yet through starland that
silver sash. What era’s o’ering? Lang gong late. Say long, scielo !
Sillume, see lo! Selene, sail O! Amune! Ark!? Noh?! Nought
stirs in spinney. The swayful pathways of the dragonfly spider
stay still in reedery. Quiet takes back her folded fields. Tranquille
thanks. Adew. In deerhaven, imbraced, alleged, injoynted and
unlatched, the birds, tommelise too, quail silent, ii. Luathan?
Nuathan! Was avond ere a while. Now conticinium. As Lord
the Laohun is sheutseuyes. The time of lying together will come
and the wildering of the nicht till cockeedoodle aubens Aurore.
Panther monster. Send leabarrow loads amorrow. While loevdom
shleeps. Elenfant has siang his triump. Great is Eliphas Magis-
trodontos and after kneeprayer pious for behemuth and mahamoth

will rest him from tusker toils. Salamsfllaim ! Rhinohom isnoutso
pigfellow but him ist gonz wurst. Kikikuki. Hopopodorme. So-
beast! No chare of beagles, frantling of peacocks, no rauzzing of
the camel, smuttering of apes. Lights, pageboy, lights! Brights
we’ll be brights. "With help of Hanoukan’s lamp. When otter
leaps in outer parts then Yul remembers Mei. Her hung maid
mohns are bluming, look, to greet those loes on coast of amethyst;
arcglow’s seafire siemens lure and wextward warnerforth’s hooker-
crookers. And now with robby brerfox’s fishy fable lissaned out,
the threads simwhat toran and knots in its antargumends, the
pesciolines in LifFeyetta’s bowl have stopped squiggling about
Junoh and the whalk and feriaquintaism and pebble infinibility
and the poissission of the hoghly course. And if Lubbernabohore
laid his horker to the ribber, save the giregargoh and dabardin
going on in his mount of knowledge (munt), he would not hear
a flip flap in all Finnyland. Witchman, watch of your night.^ Es
voes, ez noes, nott voes, ges, noun. It goes. It does not go. Dark-
park’s acoo with sucking loves. Rosimund’s by her wishing well.
Soon tempt-in-twos will stroll at venture and hunt-by-threes strut
musketeering. Brace of girdles, brasse of beauys. With the width
of the way for jogjoy. Hulker’s cieclest elbownunsense. Hold
hard! And his dithering dathering waltzers of. Stright! But meet-
ings mate not as forsehn. Hesperons! And if you wand to Liv-
mouth, wenderer, while Jempson’s weed decks Jacqueson’s Island,
here lurks, bar hellpeihullpulthebell, none iron welcome. Bing.
Bong. Bangbong. Thunderation! You took wdth the mulligrubs
and we lack mulsum.^ No sirrebob! Great goodness, no! Were
you Marely quean of Scuts or but Chrestien the Last, (our duty

to you, chris! royalty, squat!) how matt your mark, though luked your johl, here’s dapplebellied mugs and troublebedded rooms and sawdust strown in expectoration and for ratification by specification of your information, Mr Knight, tuntapster, buttles; his alefru’s up to his hip. And Watsy Lyke sees after all rinsings and don’t omiss Kate, homeswab homely, put in with the bricks. A’s the sign and one’s the number. Where Chavvyout Chacer calls the cup and Pouropourim stands astirrup. De oud huis bij

de kerkegaard. So who over comes ever for Whoopee Weeks must put up with the Jug and Chambers.

But heed! Our thirty minutes war’s alull. All’s quiet on the felled of Gorey. Between the starfort and the thornwood brass castle flambs with mutton candles. Hushkah, a horn! Gadolmag-tog! God es El.^* Housefather calls enthreateningly. From Bran-denborgenthor. At Asa’s arthre. In thundercloud periwig. With lightning bug aflash from afinger. My souls and by jings, should he work his jaw to give down the banks and hark from the tomb ! Ansighosa pokes in her potstill to souse at the sop be sodden enow and to hear to all the bubbles besaying: the coming man, the future woman, the food that is to build, what he "with fifteen years will do, the ring in her mouth of joyous guard, stars astir and stirabout. A palashe for hirs, a saucy for hers and ladlelike spoons for the wonner. But ein and twee were never worth three. So they must have their final since he’s on parole. Et la pau’ Leonie has the choice of her lives between Josephinus and Mario-Louis for who is to wear the lily of Bohemey, Florestan, Thaddeus, Hardress or Myles. And lead raptivity captive. Ready! Like a Finn at a fair. Now for la belle! Icy-Ia-Belle!

The campus calls them. Ninan ninan, the gattling gan! Childs will be wilds. ’Twastold. And vamp, vamp, vamp, the girls are merchand. The horseshow magnete draws his field and don’t the fillyings fly? Educande of Sorrento, they newknow knowwell their Vico’s road. Arranked in their array and flocking for the fray on that old orangeray, Dolly Brae. For these are not on terms, they twain, bartrossers, since their bafile of Whatalose when Adam Leftus and the devil took our hindmost, gegifring her with his painapple, nor will not be atoned at all in fight to no finish, that dark deed doer, this wellwilled wooer, Jerkoff and Eatsoup, Yem or Yan, while felixed is who culpas does and harm’s worth healing and Brune is bad French for Jour d’Anno. Tiggers and Tuggers they’re all for tenzones. Bettlimbraves. For she must walk out. And it must be with who. Teaseforhim. Toesforhim. Tossforhim. Two. Else there is danger of. Solitude.

Postreintroducing Jeremy, the chastenot coulter, the flowing

taal that brooks no brooking runs on to say how, as it was mutualiter foretold of him by a timekiller to his spacemaker, velos ambos and arubyat knychts, with their tales within wheels and stucks between spokes, on the hike from Elmstree to Stene and back, how, running awage with the use of reason (sics) and ramming amok at the brake of his voice (secs), his lasterhalft was set for getting the besterwhole of his yougendtougend, for

control number thrice was operating the subliminal of his invaded personality. He nobit smorfi and go poltri and let all the tondo gang bola del ruffo. Barto no know him mor. Eat larto altruis with most perfect stranger.

Boo, you’re through!

Hoo, I’m true!

Men, teacan a tea simmering, hamo mavrone kerry O?

Teapotty. Teapotty.

Kod knows. Anything ruind. Meetingless.

He wept indeiterum. With such a tooth he seemed to love his wee tart when abuy. Highly momouming he see the before him. Melained from nape to kneecap though vied from her girders up. Holy Santalto, cursing saint, sight most deletious to ross up the spyballs like exude of margary! And how him it heaviered that eyerim rust! An they bare falls witless against thee how slight becomes a hidden wound? Soldwoter he wash him all time big-feller bruisy place blong him. He no want missies blong all boy other look bruisy place blong him. Hence. It will paineth the chastenot in that where of his whence he had loseth his once for every, even though mode grow moramor maenneritsch and the Tarara boom decay. Immaculacy, give but to drink to his shirt and ail skirtaskortas must change her tunics. So warred he from first to lastjforebanned and betweenly,a smuggler for lifer. Lift the blank ve veered as heil! Split the hvide and aye seize heaven! He knows for he’s seen it in black and white through his eye-trompit trained upon jenny’s and all that sort of thing which is dandymount to a clearobscure. Prettimaid tints may try their taunts: apple, bacchante, custard, dove, eskimo, feldgrau, hema-tite, isingglass, jet, kipper, lucile, mimosa, nut, oysterette, prune,

quasimodo, royal, sago, tango, umber, vanilla, wisteria, xray, yesplease, zaza, philomel, theerose. What are they all by? Shee.

If you nude her in her prime, make sure you find her comple-mentary or, on your very first occasion, by Angus Dagdasson and all his piccions, she’ll prick you where you’re proudest with her unsatt speagle eye. Look sharp, she’s signalling from among the asters. Turn again, wistfultone, lode mere of Doubtlynn! Arise, Land-under- Wave! Clap your lingua to your pallet, drop your jowl with a jolt, tambourine until your breath slides, pet a pout and it’s out. Have you got me, Allysloper?

My top it was brought Achill’s low, my middle I ope before you, my bottom’s a vulser if ever there valsed and my whole the flower that stars the day and is solly well worth your pilger’s fahrt. Where there’s a hitch, a head of things, let henker’s halter hang the halunkenend. For I see through your weapon. That cry’s not Cucullus. And his eyelids are painted. If my tutor here is cut out for an oldeborre I’m Flo, shy of peeps, you know. But when he beetles backwards, ain’t I fly? Pull the boughpee to see how we sleep. Bee Peep! Peepette! Would you like that lump of a tongue for lungeon or this Turkey’s delighter, hys hyphen mys? My bellyswain’s a twalf whulerusspower though he knows as much how to man a wife as Dunckle Dalton of matching wools.

Shake hands through the thicketloch! Sweet swanwater! My other is mouthfilled. This kissing wold’s full of killing fellows kneeling voyantly to the cope of heaven. And somebody’s coming, I feel for a feet. I’ve a seeklet to sell thee if old Deanns won’t be threaspanning. When you’ll next have the mind to retire to be wicked this is as dainty a way as any. Underwoods spells bushment’s business. So if you sprig poplar you’re bound to twig this. ’Twas my lord of Glendalough benedixed the gape for me that time at Long Entry, commanding the approaches to my intimast innermost. Look how they’re browthered! Six thirteens at Blanche de Blanche’s of 3 Behind Street and 2 Turnagain Lane. Awabeg is my callby, Magnus here’s my Max, Wonder One’s my cipher and Seven Sisters is my nighbrood. Radouga, Rab will ye na pick them in their pink of panties. You can colour up till you’re

prawn while I go squirt with any cockle. When here who adolls me infuxes sleep. But if this could see with its backsight he’d be the grand old greeneyed lobster. He’s my first viewmarc since Valentine. Wink’s the winning word.

Luck!

In the house of breathings lies that word, all fairness. The walls are of rubinen and the glittergates of elfinbone. The roof herof is of massicious jasper and a canopy of Tyrian awning rises and still descends to it. A grape cluster of lights hangs therebeneath and all the house is filled with the breathings of her fairness, the fairness of fondance and the fairness of milk and rhubarb and the fairness of roasted meats and uniomargrits and the fairness of promise with consonantia and avowals. There lies her word, you reder! The height hemp exalts it and the lowness her down abaseth it. It vibroverberates upon the tegmen and prosplodes from pomoeria. A window, a hedge, a prong, a hand, an eye, a sign, a head and keep your other augur on her paypaypay. And you have it, old Sem, pat as ah be seated! And Sunny, my gander, he’s coming to land her. The boy which she now adores. She dores. Oh backed von dem zug! Make weg for their tug!

With a ring ding dong, they raise clasped hands and advance more steps to retire to the saum. Curtsey one, curtsey two, with arms akimbo, devotees.

Irrelevance.

All sing:

— I rose up one maypole morning and saw in my glass how nobody loves me but you. Ugh. Ugh.

All point in the shem direction as if to shun.

— My name is Misha Misha but call me Toffey Tough. I mean Mettenchough. It was her, boy the boy that was loft in the larch. Ogh! Ogh!

Her reverence.

All laugh.

They pretend to helf while they simply shauted at him sauce to

make hims prich. And ith ith noth cricquette, Sally Lums. Not by ever such a lot. Twentynines of bloomers geggingeen man

arose. Avis was there and trilled her about it. She’s her sex, for certain. So to celebrate the occasion:

— Wiliest thou rossy banders havind?

He simules to be tight in ribbings round his rumpfFkorpff.

— Are you Swarthants that’s hit on a shorn stile

He makes semblant to be swiping their chimbleys.

— Can you ajew ajew fro’ Sheidam?

He finges to be cutting up with a pair of sissers and to be buy-tings of their maidens and spitting their heads into their facepails.

Spickspuk! Spoken.

So now be hushy, little pukers! Side here roohish, cleany fug-lers! Grandicellies, all stay zitty! Adultereux, rest as befour! For you’ve jollywelly dawdled all the day. When ye coif tantoncle’s hat then’ll be largely terats for that. Yet’s the time for being now, now, now.

For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath moidered’s lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more. Lack breath must leap no more.

Lei lols for libelman libling his lore. Lolo Lolo liebermann you loved to be leaving Libnius. Lift your right to your Liber Lord. Link your left to your lass of liberty. Lala Lala, Leapermann, your lep’s but a loop to lee.

A fork of hazel o’er the field in vox the verveine virgins ode. If you cross this rood as you roamed the rand I’m blessed but you’d feel him a blasting rod. Behind, me, frees from evil smells! Perdition stinks before us.

Aghatharept they fleurelly to Nebnos will and Rosocale. Twice is he gone to quest of her, thrice is she now to him. So see we so as seed we sow. And their prunktqueen kilt her kirdes up and set out. And her troup came heeling, O. And what do you think that pride was drest in! Voolykins’ diamondinah’s vestin. For ever they scent where air she went. While all the fauns’ flares widens wild to see a floral’s school.

Led by Lignifer, in four hops of the happiest, ach beth cac duff, a marrer of the sward incoronate, the few fly the farbetween! We haul minymony on that piebold nig. Will any dubble dabble

on the bay? Nor far jocubus? Nic for jay? Attilad! Attattilad! Get up, Goth’s scourge on you! There’s a visitation in your implu-vium. Hun! Hun!

He stanth theirs mun in his natural, oblious autamnesically of his very proprium, (such is stockpot leaden, so did sonsepun carake) the wont to be wanton maid a will to be wise. Thrust from the light, apophotorejected, he spoors loves from her heats. He blinkth. But’s wrath’s the higher where those wreathe charity. For all of these have been thisworlders, time liquescing into state, pitiless age grows angelhood. Though, as he stehs, most anysing may befallhim from a song of a witch to the totter of Blackarss, given a fammished devil, a young sourceress and (eternal conjunction) the permission of overalls with the cuperation of nightshirt. If he spice east he seethes in sooth and if he pierce north he wilts in the waist. And what wonder with the murkery viceheid in the shade? The specks on his lapspan are his foul deed thougths, wishmarks of mad imogenation. Take they off! Make the off! But Funnylegs are leanly. A bimbamb bum! They vain would convert the to be hers in the word. Gush, they wooed! Gash, they’re fair ripecherry!

As for she could shake him. An oaf, no more. Still he’d be good tutor two in his big armschair lerningstoel and she be waxen in his hands. Turning up and fingering over the most dantellising peaches in the lingerous longerous book of the dark. Look at this passage about Galilleotto I I know it is difficult but when your goche I go dead. Turn now to this patch upon Smacchiavelluti! Soot allours, he’s sure to spot it! ’Twas ever so in monitorology since Headmaster Adam became Eva Harte’s toucher, in omnibus moribus et temporibus, with man’s mischief in his mind whilst her pupils swimmed too heavenlies, let his be exaspirated, letters be blowed! I is a femaline person. O, of provocative gender. U unisingular case.

Which is why trumpers are mixed up in duels and here’s B. Rohan meets N. Ohlan for the prize of a thou.

But listen to the mocking birde to micking barde making bared! We’ve heard it aye since songdom was gemurrmal. As he was

MI

queering his shoolthers. So was I. And as I was cleansing my fausties. So was he. And as way ware puffiing our blowbags. Souwouyou.

Come, thrust! Go, parry! Dvoinabrathran, dare! The mad long ramp of manchind’s parlements, the learned lackleaming, merciless as wonderful.

— Now may Saint Mowy of the Pleasant Grin be your everglass and even prospect!

— Feeling dank.

Exchange, reverse.

— And may Saint Jerome of the Harlots’ Curse make family three of you which is much abedder!

— Grassy ass ago.

And each was wrought with his other. And his continence fell. The bivitellines, Metellus and Ametallikos, her crown pretenders,

obscindgemeinded biekerers, varying directly, uruseye each oxes-other, superfetated (never cleaner of lamps frowned fiercelier on anointer of hinges), while their treegrown girls, king’s game, if he deign so, are in such transfusion just to know twigst timidy twomeys, for gracious sake, who is artthoudux from whose heterotropic, the sleepy or the glouch, for, shyly bawn and showiy nursured, exceedingly nice girls can strike exceedingly bad times unless so richtly chosen’s by (what though of riches he have none and hope dashes hope on his heart’s horizon) to gar their great moments greater. The thing is he must be put strait on the spot, no mere waterstichystuff in a selfmade world that you can’t believe a word he’s written in, not for pie, but one’s only owned by naturel rejection. Charley, you’re my darwing! So sing they sequent the assent of man. Till they go round if they go roundagain before breakparts and all dismissed. They keep. Step keep. Step. Stop. Who is Fleur.^ "Where is Ange.^ Or Gardoun.^

Creedless, croonless hangs his haughty. There end no moe red devil in the white of his eye. Braglodyte 1dm do a katadupe ! A con-damn quondam jontom sick af a suckbut! He does not know how his grandson’s grandson’s grandson’s grandson will stammer up

in Peruvian for in the ersebest idiom I have done it equals I so shall do. He dares not think why the grandmother of the grand-mother of his grandmother’s grandmother coughed Russky with suchky husky accent since in the mouthart of the slove look at me now means I once was otherwise. Nor that the mappamund has been changing pattern as youth plays moves from street to street since time and races were and wise ants hoarded and saute-relles were spendthrifts, no thing making newthing wealthshow-ever for a silly old Sol, healthy tobedder and latewiser. Nor that the turtling of a London’s alderman is ladled out by the waggerful to the regionals of pigmyland. His part should say in honour bound: So help me symethew, sammarc, selluc and singin, I will stick to you, by gum, no matter what, bite simbum, and in case of the event coming off beforehand even so you was to release me for the sake of the other cheap girl’s baby’s name plaster me but I will pluckily well pull on the buckskin gloves ! But Noodynaady’s actual ingrate tootle is of come into the gamer mauve and thy nice are stores of morning and buy me a bunch of iodines.

Evidentament he has failed as tiercely as the deuce before for she is wearing none of the three. And quite as patenly there is a hole in the ballet trough which the rest fell out. Because to ex-plain why the residue is, was, or will not be, according to the eighth axiom, proceeded with, namely, since ever apart that gos-san duad, so sure as their’s a patch on a pomelo, this yam ham in never live could, the shifting about of the lassies, the tug of love of their lads ending with a great deal of merriment, hoots, screams, scarf drill, cap fecking, ejaculations of aurinos, reecho-able mirthpeals and general thumbtonosery (Myama’s a yaung 3raung cauntry), one must recken with the sudden and gigant-esquesque appearance unwithstandable as a general election in Barnado’s bearskin amongst the brawlmiddle of this village chil-dergarten of the largely longsuffering laird of Lucanhof.

But, vrayedevraye Blankdeblank, god of ail machineries and tomestone of Barnstaple, by mortisection or vivisuture, splitten up or recompounded, an Isaac jacquemin mauromormo milesian,

how accountibus for him, moreblue.^

^53

Was he pitssched for an ensemple as certain have dognosed of him against our seawall by Rurie, Thoath and Cleaver, those three stout sweynhearts, Orion of the Orgiasts, Meereschal Mac-Muhun, the Ipse dadden, product of the extremes giving quotidients to our means, as might occur to anyone, your brutest layaman with the princest champion in our archdeaconry, or so yclept from Clio’s clippings, which the chroncher of chivalries is sulpicious save he scan, for ancients link with presents as the human chain extends, have done, do and will again as John, Polycarp and Irenews eye-to-eye ayewitnessed and to Paddy Palmer, while monks sell yew to archers or the water of the livvying goes the way of all fish from Sara’s drawhead,the corralsome,to Isaac’s, the lauphed butt one, with her minnelisp extorreor to his moanolothe intumed? So Perrichon with Bastienne or heavy Humph with airy Nan, Ricqueracqbrimbillyjicquejqocqjolicass? How sowesthow, duUcisamica} A and aa ab ad abu abiad. A babbel men dub gulch of tears.

The mar of murmury mermers to the mind’s ear, uncharted rock, evasive weed. Only the caul knows his thousandfirst name. Hocus Crocus, Esquilocus, Finnfinn the Faineant, how feel full foes infurrinarr! Doth it not all come aft to you, puritysnooper, in the way television opes longtimes ofter when Potollomuck Sotyr or Sourdanapplous the Lollapaloosa? The charges are, you will remember, the chances are, you won’tjbit it’s old Joe, the Java Jane, older even than Odam Costollo, and we are recurrently meeting em, par Mahim Mesme, in cycloannalism, from space to space, time after time, in various phases of scripture as in various poses of sepulture. Greets Godd, Groceries! Merodachl Defend the King 1 Hoet of the rough throat attack but whose say is soft but whose ee has a cute angle, he whose hut is a hissarlik even as her hennin’s aspire. And insodaintily she’s a quine of selm ashaker while as a murder of corpse when his magot’s up he’s the best berrathon sanger in all the aisles of Skaldignavia. As who shall hear. For now at last is Longabed going to be gone to, that more than man, prince of Buimicombe of wide roadsterds, the herblord the gill3diowrets so fain fan to flatter about. Artho is the

254

name is on the hero, Capellisato, shoehanded slaughterer of the shader of our leaves.

Attach him! Hold!

Yet stir thee, to clay, Tamorl

Why -wilt thou erewaken him from his earth, O summonor-other; he is weatherbitten from the dusts of ages? The hour of his closing hies to hand; the tocsin that shall claxonise his ware-abouts. If one who remembered his webgoods and tealofts were to ask of a hooper for whose it was the storks were quitting Aquileyria, this trundler would not wot; if other who joined faith when his depth charge bombed our barrel spillway were to — !

Jehosophat, what doom is here! Rain ruth on them, sire! The

wing of Moykill cover him! The Bulljon Bossbrute quarantee him! Calavera, caution! Slaves to Virtue, save his Veritotem! Bearara Tolearis, jorocw / abeatl The Ivorbonegorer of Danamara-ca be, his Hector Protector! Woldomar with Vasa, peel your peeps! And try to saviourise the nights of labour to the order of our blooding worold! While Pliny the Younger writes to Pliny the Elder his calamolumen of contumellas, what Aulus Gellius picked on Micmacrobius and what Vitruvius pocketed from Cassiodorus. Like we lamt from that Bxike of Lukan in Dublin's capital, Kongdam Coombe. Even if you are the kooper of the winkel over measure never lost a licence. Nor a duckindonche divulse from bath and breakfast. And for the honour of Alcohol drop that you-know-what-I've-come-about-I-saw-your-act air! Punch may be pottleproud but his Judy's a wife's wit better.

For the producer (Mr John Baptister Vickar) caused a deep abuliousness to descend upon the Father of Truants and, at a side issue, pluterpromptly brought on the scene the cutletsized con-sort, foundling filly of fortyshilling fostertailor and shipman's shopahoyden, weighing ten pebble ten, scaling five footsy five and spanning thirtyseven inchettes round the good companions, twentynine ditties round the wishful waistress, thirtyseven alsos round the answer to everything, twentythree of the same round each of the quis separabits, fourteen round the beginning of hap-piness and nicely nine round her shoed for slender.

And eher you could pray mercy to goodness or help with your hokey or mehokeypoo. Callus's hen has collared her pullets. That's where they have wreglias for. Their bone of contention, flesh to their thorns, prest as Prestissima, makes off in a thinkling (and not one hen only nor two hens neyther but every blessed brigid came aclucking and aclacking), while, a rum a rum, the ram of all hams. Bier, Wiln, Spirituosen for consumption on the premises, advokaat withouten pleaders, Mas marrit. Pas poulit, Ras ruddist of all, though flamifestouned from galantifloures, is hued and cried of each's colour.

Home all go. Halome. Blare no more ramsblares, oddmund barkes ! And cease your fumings, kindalled bushies ! And sherri-goldies yeassymgnays; your wildeshaweshowe moves swiftly sterneward! For here the holy language. Soons to come. To pausse.

'Tis goed. Het best.

For they are now tearing, that is, teartoretoming. Too soon are coming tasbooks and goody, hominy bread and bible bee, with jaggery-yo to juju-jaw. Fine's French phrases from the Grandmere des Grammaires and bothered parsenaps from the Four Massores, Mattatias, Marusias, Lucanias, Jokinias, and what happened to our eleven in thirty two antepostdating the Valgur Eire and why is limbo where is he and what are the sound waves saying ceased ere they ail wayed wrong and Amnist anguished axes Collis and where fishngaman fetched the mongafesh from and whatfor paddybird notplease rancoon and why was Sindat sitthing on him sitbom like a saildior, with what the doc did in the doil, not to mention define the hydraulics of common salt and, its denier crid of old provaunce, where G.P.O. is zentrum and D.U.T.C. are radients write down by the frequency of the scores and crores of your refractions the valuations in the pice of ding-

gyings on N.C.R. and S.C.R.

That little cloud, a nibulissa, still hangs isky, Singabed sulks before slumber. Light at night has an alps on his druckhouse. Thick head and thin butter or after you with me. Caspi, but gueroligue stings the air. Gaylegs to riot of us ! Gallocks to lafft !

256

What is amaid today todo? So angelland all weeping bin that Izzy most unhappy is. F ain Essie fie onhapje.^ laughs her Stella’s vispirine.

While, running about their ways, going and coming, now at rhimba rhomba, now in trippiza trappaza, pleating a pattern Gran Geamatron showed them of gracehoppers,auntskippers and coney-fiirm leppers, they jeerilied along, durian gay and marian maid-cap, lou Dariou beside la Matieto, all boy more all girl singout-feller longa house blong store Huddy, whitest nin nin nin nin that Boorman’s clock, a winny on the tinny side, ninned nin nin nin nin, about old Father Barley how he got up of a morning arley and he met with a plattonem blondes named Hips and Haws and fell in with a fellows of Trinity some header Skowood Shaws like (You’ll catch it, don’t fret, Mrs Tummy Luptonl Come indoor, Scofiynosey, and shed your swank!) auld Daddy Deacon who could stow well his place of beacon but he never could hold his kerosene’s candle to (The nurse’ll give it you, stickypots ! And you wait, my lasso, fecking the twine!) bold Farmer Burleigh who wuck up in a hurlywurly where he huddly could wuddle to wal-low his weg tillbag of the baker’s booth to beg of (You’re well held now. Missy Cheekspeer, and your panto’s off! Fie, for shame, Ruth Wheatacre, after all the booz said!) illed Diddiddy Achin for the prize of a pease of bakin with a pinch of the panch of the ponch in jurys for (Ah, crabeyes, I have you, showing off to the world with that gape in your stocking!) Wold Forrester Farley who, in deesperation of deispiration at the diasporation of his diesparation, was found of the round of the sound of the lound of the. Lukkedoerendunandurraskewdylooshoofermoyportertoo-ryzooysphalnabortansporthaokansakroidverjkapakkapuk.

Byfall.

Upploud!

The play thou schouwburgst. Game, here endeth. The curtain drops by deep request.

Uplouderamain !

Gonn the gawds, Gimnar’s gustspells. When the h, who the hu, how the hue, where the huer.^ Orbiter onswers: lots lives lost. Fionia is fed up with Fidge Fudgesons. Sealand snorres.

257

R

Rendningrocks roguesreckning reigns. Gwds with gurs are gttrdmmmg. Hlls vlls. The timid hearts of words all exeomno-sunt. Mannagad, lammalelouh, how do that come.^ By Dad, youd

not heed that fert? Fulgitudes ejist rowdownan tonuout. Quoq! And buncskley doodle! Kidoosh! Of their fear they broke, they ate wind, they fled; where they ate there they fled; of their fear they fled, they broke away. Go to, let us extol Azrael with our harks, by our brews, on our jambses, in his gaits. To Mezouzalem with the Dephilim, didits dinkun's dud.^ Yip! Yup! Yarrah! And let Nek Nekulon extol Mak Makal and let him say unto him: Immi ammi Semmi. And shall not Babel be with Lebab.?' And he war. And he shall open his mouth and answen I hear, O Ismael, how they laud is only as my loud is one. If Nekulon shall be havonfalled surely Makal haven hevens. Go to, let us extell Makal, yea, let us exceedingly extell. Though you have lien amxmg your posspots my excellency is over Ismael. Great is him whom is over Ismael and he shall mekanek of Mak Nakulon. And he deed.

Uplouderamainagain !

For the Clearer of the Air from on high has spoken in tumbuldum tambaldam to his tembledim tombaldoom worrild and, mogu-phonoised by that phonemanon, the unhappitents of the earth have terrerumbled from fimament unto fundament and from tweedledeedumms down to twiddledeedees.

Loud, hear us!

Loud, graciously hear us!

Now have thy children entered into their habitations. And nationglad, camp meeting over, to shin it. Gov be thanked! Thou hast closed the portals of the habitations of thy children and thou hast set thy guards thereby, even Garda Didymus and Garda Domas, that thy children may read in the book of the opening of the mind to light and err not in the darkness which is the afterthought of thy nomatter by the guardiance of those guards which are thy bodemen, the cheeryboyum chirryboth with the kerry-bommers in their krubeems, Pray-your-Prayers Timothy and Back-to-Bunk Tom.

Till tree from tree, tree among trees, tree over tree become stone to stone, stone between stones, stone under stone for ever.

O Loud, hear the wee beseech of thees of each of these thy unlitten ones! Grant sleep in hour's time, O Loud!

That they take no chill. That they do ming no merder. That they shall not gomeet madhowiatrees.

Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughters low!

Ha he hi ho hu.

Mummum.

LNDE ETUBI.

As we there are where are we are we there
from tomtittot to teetootomtotalitarian. Tea

\VirA his broad
and hairy face^
to Ireland a
disgrace.

Mtnly about
Peebles.

Dont retch meat
fat salt lard
sinki dou-n {and
t «r).

tea too 00.

Whom will comes over. Who to caps ever.
And howelse do we hook our hike to find that
pint of porter place.^ Am shot, says the big-
guard.^

"Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel,
to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzofanti
Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up Tycho
Brache Crescent,^ shouldering Berkeley Alley,
querfbdng Gainsborough Carfax, under Guido
d’ Arezzo’s Gadeway, by New Livius Lane till
where we whiled while we whithered. Old
Vico Roundpoint. But fahr, be fear! And
natural, simple, slavish, filial. The marriage of
Montan wetting his moll we know, like any
enthewsyass cuckling a hoyden® in her rougey

SIC.

IMAGIN4BLF

ITINERARY

THROUGH

THE

PARTICULAR

UNIVERSAL.

* Rawmeash, quoshe with her girlie teangue. If old Herod with the Corm-
tv ell’s eczema was to go for me like he does SnufHer whatever about his blue
canaries I’d do nine months for his beaver beard.

® Mater Mar\' Mercer}’cordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk’s a queer arrangement.

* Real life behind the floodli^ts as shown by the best exponents of a royal divorce.

260

Swiney Tod, ye
Daimon Barhar!

Dig him in the
rubsh!

Ungodly old Ard~
rey, Cronwcdl
beeswaxing the
convulsion box.

gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupeyjade and her petsybluse indecked o’ voylets.^ When who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjaell. And the whirr of the whins humming us howe. His hume. Hencetaking tides we haply return, trumpeted by prawns and ensigned with sea-kale, to befinding ourself when old is said in one and maker mates -with made (O my!), having conned the cones and meditated the mured and pondered the pensils and ogled the olymp and delighted in her dianaphous and cacchinated behind his culosses, before a mosoleum. Length Withought Breath, of him, a chump of the evums, upshoot of picnic or stupor out of sopor. Cave of Kids or Hyma-nian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery, domm, who, entiringly as he continues highly-fictional, turaulous tmder his chthonic exterior but plain Mr Tumulty in muftilife in his an-tisipiences as in his recognisances, is, (Dominic Directus) a manyfeast munificent more mob than man.

Ainsoph,® this upright one, with that noughty besighed him zeroine. To see in his horrorscup he is mehrkurios than saltz of sulphur. Terror of the noonstruck by day, cryptogam of each nightly biddable. But, to speak broken heaventalk, is he? Who is he? Whose is he? Why is he? Howmuch is he? Which is he? When is he? Where is he?* How is he? And what the decans is there about him

CONSTITL-
TION OFTHE
CONbTITU-
TIONABLE
CONSTITU-
TIONAL.

^ When we play dress grownup at alia ludo poker you’ll be happnessised to feel how fetching I can look in ciingarounds.

2 Kellywick, Longfellow's Lodgings, House of Comments HI, Cake Walk. Amusing Avenue, Salt Hill. Co. Mahogany, Izalond, Terra Firma.

® Groupname for grapejuice.

^ Bhing, said the burglar’s head, soto poce.

261

Swing the hanjOy
bantams y bounce’^
the-haller s
blown to jook.

Thsight near
left me eyes when
I seen her put
tkounce otay
ithpot.

(^uartandwds.

Tickets for the
Tailwaggers
Terrierpuppy
Rcffle, “

anyway, the decemt man? Easy, calm your haste! Approach to lead our passage!

This bridge is upper.

Cross.

Thus come to castle.

Knock.^

A password, thanks.

Yes, pearse.

Well, all be dumbed!

O really?^

Hoo cavedin earthwight
At furscht kracht of thunder.®

When shoo, his flutterby,

Was netted and named.*

Erdnacrusha, requiestress, wake em!

And let luck’s puresplutterall lucy at
ease!®

To house as wise fool ages builded.

Sow byg eat.®

Staplering to tether to, steppingstone to
mount by, as the Boote’s at Pickardstown.
And that skimmelk steed still in the ground-
loftfan. As over all. Or be these wingsets leaned
to the outwalls, beastskin trophies of booth
of Baws the balsamboards?’ Burials be bally-
houraised! So let Bacchus e’en call! Inn inn!
Inn inn! Where. The babbers ply the pen.
The bibbers drang the den. The papplicom,
the pubblicam he’s turning tin for ten. From

PROBA-
POSSIBLE
PROLEGO-
MENA TO
IDEAREAL
HISTORY.

GNOSIS OF
PRECREATE
DETERMINA-
TION.

AGNOSIS OF
POSTCREATE
DETER-
MINISM.

^ yussive smirte and ye mermon answerth from his beelyingplace below
the tightmark, Gotahelv !

^ O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.

^ A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.

^ Apis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.

^ And after dinn to shoot 3ie shades.

^ Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautifed Tummy Tullbutt.

^ go to Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder

Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.

Mars speaking.

Smith, no home.

Non quod scd
quiat.

Hearasay in
paradox lust.

seldomers that most frequent him. That same
erst crafty hakemouth which under the assumed
name of Ignotus Loquor, of foggy old,
harangued bellyhooting fishdrunks on their
favorite stamping ground, from a father theo-
balder brake. And Egyptus, the incenstrobed,
as Cyrus heard of him.^ And Major A. Shaw
after he got the miner smellpex? And old
Whiteman self, the blighty blotchy, beyond
the bays, hope of ostrogothic and ottomanic
faith converters, despair of Pandemia's post-
wartem plastic surgeons.^ But is was all so
long ago. Hispano-Cathayan-Euxine, Castil-
lian-Emeratic-Hebridian, Espanol-Cymric-
Helleniky.^ Rolf the Ganger, Rough the Gang-
ster, not a featxure alike and the face the same.®
Pastimes are past times. Now let bygones
be bei Gunne's. Saaleddies er it in this warken
werden, mine boerne, and it vild need older-
wise® since primal made alter in garden of
Idem. The tasks above are as the flasks below,
saith the emerald canticle of Hermes and all's
loth and pleasestir, are we told, on excellent
inkbottle authority, solarsystemised, seriol-
cosmically, in a more and more almightily
expanding universe under one, there is rhyme-
less reason to believe, original sun. Securely
judges orb terrestrial.^ Haud certo ergo. But
O felicitous culpability, sweet bad cess to you
for an archetypt!

^ Hunder and Pumar's animal alphabites, the first in the world from aab to zoo.

® We dont hear the booming cursowarries, we wont fear the fietches of fighming, we float the meditarenias and come bask to the isle we love in spice. Punt.

® And this once golden bee a cimadoro.

■* And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobiled. You can tell by their extraordinary clothes.

Bags.

Balls.

Move uff
Mackinerns /
Make room for
Muckinurneyf

Honour commercio’s energy yet aid the linkless proud, the plurable with everybody and ech with pal, this emst of AUsap’s ale halliday of roaring month with its two lunar eclipses and its three saturnine settings! Horn of Heatthen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, back-frish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flami-nulinorum! We seek the Blessed One, the Harbourer-cum-Enheritance. Even Canaan the Hateful. Ever a-going, ever a-coming. Between a stare and a sough. Fossilisation, all branches.^ Wherefore Petra sware unto Ulma: By the mortals’ frost! And Ulma sware unto Petra: On my veiny life!

In these places sojoumemus, where Eblinn water, leased of carr and fen, leaving amont her shoals and salmen browses, whom inshore breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her broads. A phantom dty, phaked of philim pholk, bowed and sould for a four of hundreds of manhood in their three and threescore fylkers for a price partitional of twenty six and six. By this riverside, on our sunnybank,® how buona the vista, by Santa Rosa! A field of May, the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are lodged; sainted lawrels evremberried. You have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of matrons and of thorns. Gleaimaulinn, Ardeevin: purty glint of plaising height. This Norman court at boundary of the ville, yon creepered tower of a church of Ereland, meet for true saints in worshipful assemblage,® with our king’s house

ARCHAIC
2ELOTYPIA
AND THE
ODIUM TEL-
EOLOGICUM.

THE LOCALI-
SATION OF
LEGEND
LEADING TO
THE LEGALI-
SATION OF
LATIFUND-
ISM.

^ Startnaked and bonedstifF, We viwy soddy. All be dood.

^ When you dreamt that you*d wealth in marble arch do you ever think of pool beg slowe.

* Porphyrious Olbion, redcoadiar, we were always wholly rose marines on our side every time.

In snowdrop^
trou-de-dentelle^
flesh and helio-
trope.

Herds our doien
cousins from the
starves on tripes.

of stone, belgroved of mulbrey, the still that was mill and Kloster that was Yeomansland, the ghastcold tombshape of the quick fore-gone on, the loftleaved elm Lefanunian above-mansioned, each, every, all is for the retro-spectioner. Skole! Agus skole igen!^ Sweet-some auburn, cometh up as a selfreizing flower, that fragolance of the fraisey beds: the phoenix, his pyre, is still flaming away with trueprat-tight spirit: the wren his nest is niedelig as the turrises of the sabines are televisible. Here are the cottage and the bungalow for the cobbeler and the brandnewburgher:® but Izolde, her chaplet gardens, an litlee plads af liefest pose, arride the winnerful wonders off, the winner-ful wonnerful wanders off,® with hedges of ivy and hollywood and bower of mistletoe, are, tho if it theem tho and yeth if you pleathes,* for the blithehaired daughter of Angoisse. All out of two barreny old perishers, Tytonyhands and Vlossyhair, a kilolitre in metromyriams. Presepeprosapia, the parent bole. Wone tabard, wine tap and warm tavern® and, by ribbon development, from contact bridge to lease lapse, only two millium two humbered and eighty thausig nine humbered and sixty radiolumin lines to the wustworts of a Finntown’s generous poet’s office. Distorted mirage, alloofliest of the plain, wherein the

^ Now a muss wash the little face.

® A viking vernacular expression still used in the Summerhill district for a jerryhatted man of forty who puts two fingers into his boiling soupplate and lir-Tfg them in mm to find out if there is enough mushroom catsup in the mutton broth.

3 H’ dk* fs’ h’p’y.

* Googlaa pluplu.

®Tomley. The grown man. A butcher szewched him the bloughs and braches. I’m chory to see P. Shuter.

Bci \ou fppcnce
an\ thesious
•hLfcs no pug-
gawn, arc \ous
name ^

boxomeness of the bedelias^ makes hobby-
hodge happy in his hole.® The store and
charter, Treetown Castle under Lynne. Riva-
pool? Hod a brieck on it! But its piers eerie,
its span spooky, its toll but a till, its parapets
all peripateting. D’Oblong’s by his by. Which
we all pass. Tons. In our snoo. Znore. While
we hickerwards the thicker. Schein. Schore.
Which assoars us from the murk of the mythe-
lated in the barrabelowther, bedevere butlered
table round, past Momingtop’s necessity and
Harington’s invention, to the clarience of the
childlight in the studiorium upsturts. Here
we’ll dwell on homiest powers, love at the
latch with novices nig and nag. The chorus:
the principals. For the rifocillation of their
inclination to the manifestation of irritation:
doldorboys and doll.® After sound, light and
heat, memory, will and understanding.

Here (the memories framed from walls are
minding) till wranglers for wringwrowdy
wready are, F H, (at gaze, respecting, four-
teenth baronet, meet, altrettanth bancorot,
chaflQ and ere commence commencement cata-
launic when Aetius check chokewill Attil’s
gambit, (that buxon bruzeup, give it a burl!)
lead us seek, O june of eves the jenniest,
thou who fleeest flicklesome the fond fervid
frondeur to thickly thyself attach with thine
efteased ensuer,* ondrawer of our uncon-
scionable, flickerflapper fore our unter-

PREAUSTERIC
MAN AND HIS
PURSUIT OF
PAN-

hysteric

TX OMAN.

^ I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.

2 I have heard this word used by Martin Halpin, an old gardener from the Glens of Antrim who used to do odd jobs for my godfather, the Rev. B. B. Brophy of Sw'ords.

® Ravens may rive so can dove deelish.

^ A question of pull.

Then nos a
sueei hopeful
cidled Cis,

The Big Bear
bit the Sailor’s
Only. Trouble,
trouble, trouble.

Forerung Unge
Kristlike Kvirme,

drugged,^ lead us seek, lote us see, light us find,
let us missnot Maidadate, Mimosa Multimim
erica, the maymeaminning of maimoomeining!

Elpis, thou fountain of the greeces, all shall speer
theewardf from kongen in his canteenhus to
knivers hind the knoll. Ausonius Audacior
and gael, gillie, gall.^ Singalingalying. Storiella
as she is syung. Whence followeup with end-
speaking nots for yestures, plutonically pur-
suant on briefest glimpse from gladrags, pretty
Proserpronette whose slit satchel spilleth peas.

Belisha beacon, beckon bright! Usherette, urges and
unmesh us! That grene ray of earong it waves
us to yonder as the red, blue and yellow flogs tive sept.
rime on the domisole,^ with a blewy blow and
a windigo. Where flash becomes word and
silents selfloud. To brace congeners, trebly
bounden and asservaged twainly. Adamman,®

Emhe, Issossianusheen and sometypes Yggely
ogs Weib. Uwayoeil® So mag this sybilette be
our shibboleth that we may syllable her well!

Vetus may be occluded behind the mou in
Veto but Nova will be nearing as their radient
among the Nereids. A one of charmers, ay,

Una Unica, charmers, who, under the branches
of the elms, in shoes as yet unshent by stoni-
ness, wend, went, will wend a way of honey
myrrh and rambler roses mistmusk while still
the maybe mantles the raeiblume or ever her

1 For Rose Point see Inishmacsaint.

® Mannequins’ Pose.

® Their holy presumption and hers sinfly desprit.

* Anama anamaba anamabapa.

® Only for he’s fathering law I could skewer that old one and slosh her out many’s the time but I thinks more of my potdes and ketts.

® All abunk for Tarararat! Look slipper, soppyhat, we’ve a doss in the manger.

Telltale me all
of armaryllies.

Will ;^ou carry
my can and
fight the fairies I

Alima Mathers^
Auctioneer,

Old Gavelkind
the Gamper and
hds as doff as
you re erse.

if have faded from the fleur,^ their arms
enlocked, (ringrang, the chimes of sex appeal-
ing as conchitas with sentas stray, ^ rung!), all
thinking all of it, the It with an itch in it, the All
every inch of it, the pleasure each will preen her
for, the business each was bred to breed by.®
Soon jemmijohns will cudgel about some
a rhythmatick or other over Browne and
Nolan’s divisional tables whereas she, of
minions’ novence charily being cupid, for
mug’s wumping, grooser’s grubbiness, andt’s
avarice and grossopper’s grandegaffe, with her
tootpettypout of jemenfichue will sit and knit
on solfa sofa.^ Stew of the evening, booksyful
stew. And a bodikin a boss in the Thimble
Theatre. But all is her inboume. Intend. From
gramma’s grammar she has it that if there is a
third person, mascarine, phelinine or nuder,
being spoken abad it moods prosodes from a
person speaking to her second which is the
direct object that has been spoken to, with and
at. Take the dative with his oblative® for, even
if obsolete, it is always of interest, so spake
gramma on the impetus of her imperative, only
mind your genderous towards his reflexives
such that I was to your grappa (Bott’s trousend,
hore a man uff!) when him was me hedon®
and mine, what the lewdy saying, his analec-
tual pygmyhop.’ There is comfortism in the

EARLY
NOTIONS OF

acquired

RIGHTS AND
THE INFLU-
ENCE OF
COLLECTIVE
TRADITION
UPON THE
INDIVIDUAL.

^ One must sell it to some one, the sacred name of love.

2 Making it up as we goes along.

® The law of the jungerl.

* Let me blush to think of all those halfwayhoist pullovers.

® Fd like his pink’s cheek.

« Freeh devil in red hairing! So that’s why you ran away to sea, Mrs Lappy. Leap me, Locklaun, for you have sensedl
’ A washable lovable floatable doll.

Undante
umorow.
M , 50-50.

ovK ^Xa^ov
r-oAtV

knowledge that often hate on first hearing comes of love by second sight. Have your little sintalks in the dunk of subjunctions, dual in duel and prude with pruriel, but even the aoriest chaparound whatever plaudered perfect anent prettydotes and haec genua omnia may perhaps chance to be about to be in the case to be becoming a pale peterwright in spite of all your tense accusatives whilstly you’re wall-floored^ like your gerandiums for the better half of a yearn or sob. It’s a wild’s kitten, my dear, who can tell a wiUding from a warthog. For you may be as practical as is predicable but you must have the proper sort of accident to meet that kind of a being with a difference.® Flame at his fumbles but freeze on his fist.® Every letter is a godsend, ardent Ares, brusque Boreas and glib Gan5miede like zealous Zeus, the O’Meghisthest of all. To me or not to me. Satis thy quest on, Werbimgsap! Jeg suis, vos wore a gentleman, thou arr, I am a quean. Is a game over? The game goes on. Cookcook! Search me. The beggar the maid the bigger the mauler. And the greater the patrarc the griefer the pinch. And that’s what your doctor knows. O love it is the commonknounest thing

how it pashes the plutous and the paupe.*
Pop! And egg she active or spoon she passive,
all them fine clauses in Lindley’s and Mtxrrey’s
never braught the participle of a present to a
desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I say it.

^ With her poodle feinting to be let off and feeling dead in herself. Is love worse living.^

® If she can’t follow suit Ren& goes to the pack.

® Improper frictions is maledicnons and mens urarion makes me mad.

* Llong and Shortts Primer of Black and White Wenchcraft.

/ ll go Jor that
6 mall p >lh if
\oull suci IJ
\our Lthtr^-
quatsth

O* Mara Farrell

Versi^ky^ indibus

Ulstna,

from her postconditional future.^ Lumpsome
is who lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though
accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique ora-
tions parsed to one side, a brat, alanna, can
choose from so many, be he a sollidtor’s
appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist
flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the
languors and weakness of limberhmbed lassi-
hood till the head, back and heartaches of
waxedup womanage and heaps on heaps of
other things too. Note the Respectable Irish
Distressed Ladies and the Merry Mustard
Frothblowers of Humphreystown Associa-
tions. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after.
Beware how in that hist subtaile of schlangder®
lies liaison to tease oreilles! To vert embowed
set proper penchant. But learn from that ancient
tongue to be middle old modem to the minute.
A spitter that can be depended on. Though
Wonderlawn’s lost us for ever. Alls, alas, she
broke the glass! Liddell lokker through the
leafery, ours is mistery of pain.® You may spin
on youthlit’s bike and multiplease your Mike
and Nike with your kickshoes on the algebrars
but, volve the virgil page and view, the O of
woman is long when burly those two muters
sequent her so from NeboM see you never
stray who’ll nimm you nice and nehm the day.

One hath just been areading, hath not one,
ya, ya, in their memoiries of Hireling’s puny
wars, end so, und all, ga, ga, of The O’Brien,

CONCOMI-
TANCE OF
COURAGE,

^ The gaggles all out.

^ He*s just bug nuts on white mate he hasn’t the teath nor the gnts to choo
and that’s what’s wrong with Lang Wang Wurm, old worbbling goesbelly.

® Dear and I trust in all fnvolity I may be pardoned for trespassing but I
think I may add hell,

^ He IS my all menkind of every desception.

270

Monastiry The O’Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The cOLNSEL

I^instarand Mac Namara with summed their appondage,

Chopatna, thy Jeallyous Seizer, that gamely ordination

hosies history torskmester,^ with hisduoofdruidesses in ready o'"

■' ONtiS AND

money rompers^ and the tryonforit of Oxthie- obit dis-
vious, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemy. You on

may tail to see the lie of that layout, Suetoma,® duty and
but the reflections which recur to me are that

. 1 1 1 PRIN-

so long as beauty life is body love* and so bright cipli s
as Mutua of your mirror holds her candle to
your caudle, lone lefthand likeless, sombring
Autum of your Spring, reck you not one spirt
of anyseed whether trigemelimen cuddle his
coddle or nope. She’ll confess it by her figure
and she’ll deny it to your face. If you’re not
ruined by that one she won’t do you any
whim. And then.^ What afters it.^ Gruff Gunne
may blow, Gam Gonna flow, the gossans eye
the jennings aye. From the butts of Heber and
The Eroico Heremon, nolens yolens, brood our pansies,

\he^°d^hke hrune in brume. There’s a split in the infinitive
smdmg from to have to have been to will be. As they

warred in their big innings ease now we never
shall know. Eat early earthapples. Coax Cobra
to chatters. Hail, Heva, we hear! This is the
1 he hypercpe the glider that gladdened the girl® that list to the

rtiinh he grot.es the that lifted the leaves that folded the

mole % on sea now hr ^ t i - i

crushsakeiha'^ley^ fruit that hung On the tree that grew m the garden Gough gave. Wide hiss, we^re wizen-

^ All his teeths back to the front, then the moon and then the moon with a hole behind it.

^ Skip one, flop fore, jennies in the cabbage store,

® None of your cumpohlstery English here!

^ Understudy my understandings, Sostituda, and meek thine compline-merit, gymnufieshed.

® Tho’ I have one just like that to home, deadleaf brown with quicksih er appliques, would whollymost applissiate a nice shiny sleekysilk out of that shppenng snake charmeuse.

Pige pas.

Seidliti pimther
for slogan
plumpers.

Ho plaits and
atthems.

ing. Hoots fromm, we’re globing. Why hidest thou hinder thy husband his name.^ Leda, Lada, aflutter-afraida, so does your girdle grow! Willed without witting, whorled without aimed. Pappapassos, Mammamanet, warwhets-wut and whowitswhy.^ But it’s tails for toughs and titties for tomes and come buckets come ‘bats till deeleet.^

Dark ages clasp the daisy roots. Stop, if you are a sally of the allies, hot off Minnowaurs and naval actiums, picked engagements and banks of rowers. Please stop if you’re a B.C. minding missy, please do. But should you prefer A.D. stepplease. And if you miss with a venture it serves you girly well glad. But, holy Janus, I was forgetting the Blitzen-kopfs! Here, Hengegst and Horsesauce, take your heads® out of that taletub! And leave your hinnyhennyhindyou! It’s haunted. The chamber. Of errings. Whoan, tug, trace, stirrup! It is distinctly understouttered that, sense you threehandshighs put your twofoot-large timepates in that dead wash of Lough Murph and until such time pace one and the

same Messherm the grinning statesmen. Brock
and Leon, have shunted the grumbling
coundedtouts, Starlin and Ser Artur Ghinis.
Foamous homely brew, bebattled by bottle,
gageure de guegerre.* Bull igien bear and
then bearagain bulligan. Gringrin gringrin.
Staffs varsus herds and bucks vursus barks.

PANOPTICAL
PURVIEW OF
POLITICAL
PROGRESS
AND THE
FUTURE PRE-
SENTATION
OF THE PAST.

^ What’s that ma’am, says L
^ As you say yourself.

^ That’s the lethemuse but it washes off.

* Where he fought the shessock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our loveiives.

Curragh
machree, me
bostkoon fiend.

Femilies hug
bank!

All we suffered
under them Cow-
dung Forks and
how rte enjoyed
over our pick of
the basketfild.
Old Kine's
Meat Meal.

Flieflie for the
fillies and a
bomhamhum
for the
napfotondus.

By old Grumbledum’s walls. Bumps, bellows
and bawls.^ Opprimor’s down, up up Opima!
Rents and rates and tithes and taxes, wages,
saves and spends. Heil, heptarched span of
peace!® Live, league of lex, nex and the mores!
Fas est dass and foe err you. Impovemment
of the booble by the bauble for the bubble. So

wrap up your worries in your woe (wumpum-
tum!) and shake down the shuffle for the
throw. For there’s one mere ope® for down-
fall ned. As Hanah Levy, shrewd shroplifter,
and nievre anore skidoos with her spoileds.*
To add gay touches. For hugh and guy and
goy and jew. To dimpled and pimpled and
simpled and wimpled. A peak in a poke and a
pig in a pew.® She wins them by wons, a haul
hectoendecate, for mangay mumbo jumbjubes
tak mutts and jeffs muchas bracelonettes
grades barcelonas.® O what a loovely free-
speech ’twas (tep)’ to gar howalively hinter-
grunting! Tip. Like lilt of larks to burdened
crocodile,® or skittering laubhing at that
wheeze of old windbag, Blusterboss, blow-
harding about all he didn’t do. Hell o’ your
troop! With is the winker for the muckwits
of willesly and nith is the nod for the umproar
napollyon and hitheris poorblond piebold
hoerse. Huirse. With its tricuspidal hauberk-

^ Shake eternit}* and lick creation.

^ Tm blest if I can see.

® Hoppity Huhneye, hoosh tlie hen. I like cluckers, you like nuts (wink).
^ Sweet, medium and dry like altar wine.

® Who’ll buy me penny babies.^

® Well, Maggy, I got your castoff devils all right and fits lovely. And am
vaguely graceful. Maggy thanks.

’ My six is no secret, sir, she said.

® Yes, there, Tad, thanks, give, from, tathair, look at that now.

3

Murdoch,

Pas d* action^
peu de sauce.

From the seven
tents of Joseph
till the calends oj
Mary Marian^
olive hunkered
and thorny too.

As Shakefork
might pitch it.

helm coverchaf emblem on. For the man that broke the ranks on Monte Sinjon. The all-riddle of it.^ That that is allruddy with us, ahead of schedule, which already is plan accom-plished from and syne: Daft Dathy of the Five Positions (the death ray stop him!) is still, as reproaches Paulus, on the Madderhom and, entre chats and hobnobs,^ daring Dunderhead to shiver his timbers and Hannibal mac Hamil-tan the Hegerite® (more livepower elbow him !) ministerbuilding up, as repreaches Timothy, in Saint Barmabrac's.^ Number Thirty two West Eleventh streak looks on to that (may all in the tocoming of the semperetemal speel spry with it!) datetree doloriferous which more and over leafeth earlier than every growth and, elfshot, headawag, with frayed nerves wondering till they feeled sore like any woman that has been born at all events to the purdah and for the howmanyeth and how-movingth time at what the demons in that jackhouse that jerry built for Massa and Missus and hijo de puta, the sparksown fermament of the starryk fieldgosongingon where blows a nemone at each blink of windstilP they were sliding along and sleeting aloof and scouting around and shooting about. All-whichwhile or whereaballoons for good vaunty years Dagobert is in Clane's clean hometown prepping up his prepueratory and learning how to put a broad face bronzily out through a broken breached meataerial

^ Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow!

If I gnows me gneesgnobs the both of him is gnatives of Genuas.
® A glass of peel and pip for Mr Potter of Texas, please.

* All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.

Ptiiify, puiily,
I smell a cat.

Two makes a
wing at the ma-
croscope
telluspeep.

From the Buffalo -
Times of bysone
days.

Quick quake
quokes the par-

rothook of dates.

from Bryan Awliningl Erin’s hircohaired
culoteer.^

And as, these things being so or ere those
things having done, way back home in Pacata
Aubumia,® (untillably holy gammel Eire) one
world burrowing on another, (if you’ve got
me, neighbour, in any large lumps, geek?, and
got the strong of it) Standfest, our topiocal
sagon hero, or any otther macotther, signs is
on the bellyguds bastille back, bucked up with
fullness, and silvering to her jubilee,® birch-
leaves her jointure, our lavy in waving, vis^e
full of flesh and fat as a hen’s i’ forehead,
Airyanna and Blowyhart topsirturvy, that
royal pair in their palace of quicken boughs
hight The Goat and Compasses (’phone
number 17:69, if you want to know®) his sea-
arm strongsround her, her velivole eyne ashipwracked, have discusst their things of the
past, crime and fable with shame, home and
profit,® why lui lied to lei and hun tried to kill
ham, scribbledehobbles, in whose veins runs
a mixture of, are head bent and hard upon.
Spell me the chimes. They are tales all tolled.®
Today is well thine but where’s may tomorrow
be. But, bless his cowly head and press his
crankly hat, what a world’s woe is each’s

FROM CENO-
GENETIC DI-
CHOTOMY
THROUGH
DIAGONISTIC
CONCILI-
ANCE TO
DYNASTIC
CONTINU-
ITY.

® A pengeneepy for your warcheekeepy.

® My globe goes gaddy at geography giggle pending which time I was looking for my shoe all through Arabia.

® It must be some bugbear in the gender especially when old which they all soon get to look.

® After me looking up the plan in Humphrey’s Justice of the Piece it said to see preseeding chaps.

® O boyjones and hairyoddities! Only noane told missus of her massas behaving she would laugh that flat that after that she had sanked down on her fat arks they would shaik all to sheeks.

* Traduced into jinglish janglage for the nusances of dolphins bom.

Some IS out for
twoheaded dul-
carnons but more
pulfers turnips.

Omnitudes in a
knxitshedelL

For all us kids
under his aegis.

Saving the public
his health.

Superlative abso-
lute of Porter-
stown.

other’s weariness waiting to beadroll his own
properer mistakes, the backslapping glad-
hander,^ free of his florid future and the other
singing likeness, dirging a past of bloody altars,
gale with a Host to him, dove without gall.
And she, of the jilldaw’s nest® who tears up
lettereens she never apposed a pen upon.® Yet
sung of love and the monster man. What’s
Hiccupper to hem or her to Hagaba.? Ough,
ough, brieve kindli!^

Dogs’ vespers are anending. Vespertilia-
bitur. Goteshoppard quits his gabhard cloke
to sate with Becchus. Zumbock! AchevreJ
Yet wind will be ere fadervor® and the hour of
fruminy and bergoo bell if Nippon have pearls
or opals Eldorado, the daindy dish, the lecking
out! Gipoo, good oil! For (hushmagandyl)
long ’tis till gets bright that all cocks waken
and birds Diana® with dawnsong hail. Aught
darks flou a duskness. Bats that.^ There peepee-
strilling. At Brannan’s on the moor. At Tam
Fanagan’s weak yat his still’s going Strang.
And still here is noctules and can tell things
acommon on by that flufiy feeling. Larges
loomy wheelhouse to bodgbox’ lumber up
with hoodie hearsemen carrawain we keep
is peace who follow his law, Sunday

THE MON-
GREL UNDER
THE DUNG-
MOUND.
SIGNIFI-
CANCE OF
THE INFRA-
LIMINAL IN-
TELLIGENCE.

OFFRANDES.

^ Heaves me pulpititions with his Castlecowards never in these twowsers and ever in those twawsers and then babeteasing us out of our hoydenname.

- My goldfashioned bother near drave me roven mad and I dyeing to keep my linefree face like readymaid maryangs for jollycomes smashing Holmes.

3 What I would like is a jade louistone to go with the moon’s increscent.

* Parley vows the Askinwhose.^ I do, Ida. And how to call the cattle black, Moopetsi meepotsi.

® I was so snug off in my apholster’s creedle but at long leash I’ll stretch more capridous in his dapplepied bed,

® Pipette. I can almost feed their sweetness at my lisplips.

^ A liss in hunterland.

Why so mucky
spick bridges
span our Flumi-
nian road.

P,C. Helmuts in
the cottonwood,
listnin.

The throne is an
umbrella strande
and a sceptre s a
stick.

Jady jewel, our

daktar deer.
Gautamed bud-
ders deossiphys-
ing our Theas.

By lineal in pon-
dus overthepoise.

King.^ His sevencoloured’s soot (Ochonel Ochonal!)® and his imponence one heap lump-block (Mogoul!). And rivers burst out like weeming racesround joydrinks for the fewnral-ly,® where every feaster’s a foster’s other, fian-nians all.* The wellingbreast, he willing giant, the mountain mourning his duggedy dew. To obedient of dvicity in urbanious at felidty what’ll yet meek Mike® our diputy number when he’s head on poll and Peter’s burgess and Miss Mishy Mushy is tiptupt by Toft Taft. Boblesse

gobleege. For as Anna was at the beginning
lives yet and will return after great deap sleap
rerising and a white night high with a cows of
Drommhiem as shower as there’s a wet en-
clouded in Westwicklow or a little black rose a
truant in a thorntree. We drames our dreams
tell Bappy returns. And Seifi annews. We will
not say it shall not be, this passing of order and
order’s coming, but in the herbest country and
in the country around Blath as in that city self
of legionds they look for its bdng ever yet. So
shuttle the pipers done.® Eric aboyP And it’s
time that all paid tribute to this massive mor-
tiality, the pink of punk perfection as photo-
graphy in mud. Some may seek to dodge the

* I wonder if I put the old buzzerd one night to suckle in Millickmaam’s honey like they use to emballem some of the special popes with a book in his hand and his mouth open.

® And a ripping rude rape in his lucreasious togery.

® Will ye nought would wet your weapons, warriors bard?

* Roe, Williams, Bewey, Greene, Gorham, McEndicoth and VyJer, the lays of ancient homes.

® The stanidsglass effect, you could sugerly swear buttermilt would not melt down his dripping ducks.

® Thickathigh and Thinathews with sant their dam.

^ Oh, could we do with this waddled of ours like that redbanked profanian with his bakset of yosters.

Pitchcap and
triangle, noose
and tinctunc*

Uncle Flahhius
Muximus to
Niecla Flappia
Minnimiss. As
this is. And as
this this is.

Dear Brotus^
land me arrears.

Rockahy, habel^
flatten a wall.
How he broke the
good news to
Gent.

gobbet for its quantity of quality but who wants to cheat the choker’s got to learn to chew the cud. Allwhichhole scrubs on scroll circuminiumlnluminatedhave encuoniams here and improperies there.^ With a pansy for the pussy in the corner.^

Bewise of Fanciulla’s heart, the heart of Fanciulla! Even the recollection of willow fronds is a spellbinder that lets to hear.® The rushes by the grey nuns’ pond: ah eh oh let me sigh too. Coalmansbell: behoves you handmake of the load. Jenny Wren: pick, peck. Johnny Post: pack, puck.* All the world’s in want and is writing a letters.® A letters from a person to a place about a thing. And all the world’s on wish to be carrying a letters. A letters to a king about a treasure from a cat.® When men want to write a letters. Ten men, ton men, pen men, pun men, wont to rise a ladder. And den men, dun men, fen men, fun men, hen men, hun men wend to raze a leader. Is then any lettersday from many peoples, Daganasanavitch.^ Empire, your outermost.^ A posy cord. Piece.

We have wounded our way on foe tris
prince till that force in the gill is faint afarred

INCIPIT IN-
TERMISSIO.

MAJOR AND
MINOR

* Gosem pher, gezumpher, greeze a jarry grim felon! Good bloke him!

® And if they was setting on your stool as hard as my was she could beth her bothom dolours he’d have a culious impressiom on the diminitive that chafes our ends.

® When I’am Enastella and am taken for Essatessa I’ll do that droop on the pohlmann’s piano.

* Heavenly twinges, if it’s one of his I’ll fearly feint as swoon as he enter-rooms.

® To be slipped on, to be slept by, to be conned to, to be kept up. And when you’re done push the chain.

* With her modesties office.

’ Strutting as proud as a great turquin weggin that cuckhold on his Eddems and Clay’s hat.

and the face in the treebark feigns afear. This
is rainstones ringing. Strangely cult for this
ceasing of the yore. But Erigureen is ever.

Pot price pon patrilinear plop, if the osseletion
of the onkring gives omen nome.^ Since alls
war that end war let sports be leisure and
bring and buy fair. Ah ah athclete, blest your
bally bathfeet! Towntoquest, fortorest, the
hour that hies is hurley. A halt for hearsake.^

1 Come, smooth of my slate, to the beat of my bloshl With all these gelded ewes jilting about and the thrills and ills of laylock blossoms three’s so much more plants than chants for cecilies that I was thinking fairly killing times of putting an end to myself and my malody, when I remembered all your pupil-teacher’s erringnesses in perfection class. You sh’undn’t write you can’t if you w’udn’t pass for undevelopmented. This is the propper way to say that, Sr. If it’s me chews to swallow all you saidn’t you can eat my words for it as sure as there’s a key in my kiss- Quick erit faciofacey. When we will conjugate together toloseher tomaster tomiss while morrow fans amare hour, verbe de vie and verve to vie, with love ay loved have I on my back spine and does for ever. Your are me severe? Then rue. My intended, Jr, who I’m throne away on, (here he inst, my lifstack, a newfoUy likon) when I slip through my pettigo I’ll get my decree and take seidens when I’m not ploughed first by some Rolando the Lasso, and flaunt on the flimsyfilmsies for to grig my collage juniorees who, though they flush fuchsia, are they octette and viginity in my shade but always my figurants. They may be yea of my year but they’re nary nay of my day. Wait till spring has sprung in spickness and prigs beg in to pry they’ll be plentyprime of housepets to pimp and pamper my. Impending marriage. Nature tells everybody about but I learned all the runes of the gamest game ever from my’ old nourse Asa. A most adventuring trot is her and she vicking well knov/ed them all heartswise and fourwords. How Olive d’Oyly and Winnie Carr, bejupers, they reized the dressing of a salandmon and how a peeper coster and a salt sailor med a mustied poet atwaimen. It most have bean Mad Mullans planted him. Bina de Bisse and Trestrine von Terrefin. Sago sound, rite go round, kill kackle, kook kettle and (remember all should I forget to) bolt the thor. Auden. Wasn’t it just divining that dog of a dag in Skokholme as I sat astrid uppum their Drewitt’s altar, as cooledas as culcumbre, slapping my straights till the sloping ruins, postillion, postallion, a swinge a swank, with you offering me clouts of illscents and them homers stagstruck on the leasward! Don’t be of red, you blanching mench! This Isabella I’m on knows the ruelles of the rut and she don’t fear andy mandy. So sing loud, sweet cheeriot, like anegreon in heaven ! The good fodaer with the twingling in his eye will always have cakes in his pocket to bethroat us with for our allmichael good. Amum. Amum. And Amum again. For tough troth is stronger than fortuitous fiction and it’s the surplice money, oh my young friend and ah me sweet creature, what buys the bed while wits borrows the clothes.

MODES COA-
LESCING
PROLIFER-
ATE HOMO-
GENUINE
HOMOGEN-
EITY.

Bibelous hies-

tory and Barbar-
assa karestary*

A shieling m cop^
pingers and por-
risk soup all days.

How matches
metroosers?

Le kilos tomhaut
soul sur la jamhe
de marLhe.

A scene at sight. Or dreamoneire. Which
they shall memorise. By her freewritten
Hopely for ear that annalykeses if scares for
eye that sumns. Is it in the now woodwordings
of our sweet plantation where the branchings
then will singingsing tomorrows gone and
yesters outcome as Satadays aftermoon lex
leap smiles on the twelvemonthsminding?
Such is. Dear (name of desired subject, A.N.),
well, and 1 go on to. Shlicksher. I and we
(tender condolences for happy funeral, one
if) so sorry to (mention person suppressed for
the moment, F.M.). Well (enquiries after all-
healths) how are you (question niaggy). A
lovely (introduce to domestic circles) pershan
of cates. Shrubsher. Those pothooks mosdy
she hawks from Poppa Vere Foster but these
curly mequeues are of Mippa’s moulding.
Shrubsheruthr. (Wave gently in the ere turn-
ing ptover.) Well, mabby (consolation of
shopes) to soon air. With best from cinder
Christinette if prints chumming, can be when
desires Soldi, for asamples, backfronted or,
if all, peethrolio or Get my Prize, using her
flower or perfume or, if veryveryvery chum-
ming, in otherwards, who she supposed adeal,
kissists my exits. Shlicksheruthr. From Auburn
chenlemagne. Pious and pure fair one, all has
concomitated to this that she shall tread them
Ufetrees leaves whose silence hitherto has
shone as sphere of silver fastalbamstone, that
fount Bandusian shall play liquick music and
after odours sigh of musk. Blotsbloshblothe,
one dear that was. Sleep in the water, drug at
the fire, shake the dust off and dream your one
who would give her sidecurls to. Till later

Mca matntenante
eUe est venuse.

Twos Dons Johns

Threes Tott^
Askins.

Also Spuke
Zerothrtister.

A saxum shillum
for the sextum
but notkums for
that parndge
preasu

Lammas is led in by baith our washwives, a weird of wonder tenebrous as that evil thorn-garth, a field of faery blithe as this flowing wild.

AujourtThui comma aux temps de Pline at de Columella la jacinthe se plait dans las Gaules^ la pervencka an Illyrie^ la marguerite sur las mines de Numanc^ at pendant quautour d^ alias las villas ont changi de maitres at da noms^ qua plusieurs sont entrees dans la niant^ qua les civilisations se sont choquSes at hrisiesy leurs paisihles ginerations ont travarsi les ages et sont arrivies jusqud, nous^ fraiches et riantes comma aux jours das hataillas.^

Margaritomancy! Hyacinthinous pervinci-venessl Flowers, A cloud. But Bruto and Cassio are ware only of trifid tongues^ the whispered wilfulness, (^tis demonal!) and sha-dows shadows muldplicating (il folsoletto nel falsoletto col fazzolotto dal fuzzolezzo),^ to-tients quotients, they tackle their quarrel. Sicka-moor’s so woful sally. Ancient's aerger. And eachway bothwise glory signs. What if she love Sieger less though she leave Ruhm moan.^ That's how our oxyggent has gotten ahold of half their world. Moving about in the free of the air and mixing with the ruck. Enten eller, either or.

THE PART

PLAYED BY

BELLETRI-

STICKSIN

THEBELLUM-

PAX-BEL-

LUM.

MUTUOMOR-

PHOMUT\-

TION.

SORTES VIR-
GINIANAE.

INTERROGATION’.

Nay, rather! exclamation.

^ The nasal foss of our natal folkfarthers so so much now for Valsing-giddyrex and his grand arks day triump.

2 Translout that gaswind into turfish, Teague, that's a good bog and you, Thady, poliss it off, there’s a nateswipe, on to your blottom pulper.

® You daredevil donnelly, I love your piercing lots of lies and your flashy foreign mail so here’s my cowrie card, I dalgo, with all my exes, wise and sad.

^ All this Mitchells is a niggar for spending and I will go to the length of seeing that one day Big Mig will be nickleless himself.

Tricks stunts.

Truckeys' cant
for dactyl and
spondee.

Panoplous pere-
grine pifflicative
pomposity.

AUSPICIUM.
AUGljRIA.
DIVINITY
NOT DEITY
THE UNCER-
TAINTY JUS-
TIFIED BY
OUR CERTI-
TUDE.
EXAMPLES.

With sobs for his job, with tears antithesisofambi-
for his toil, with horror for his squalor anticipation.

but with pep for his perdiuon,i lo, the ITS GIVE AND TAKE,
boor plieth as the laird hireth him.

Boon on begyndelse.

At maturing daily gloryaims!^

A flink dab for a freck dive and a stem poise

for a swift pounce was frankily at the manual arith sure enough which was the bekase he knowed from his cradle, no bird better, why his fingures were giving him whatfor to fife with. First, by observation, there came boko and nigh him wigworms and nigh him tittlies and nigh him cheekadeekchimple and nigh him pickpocket with pickpocketpumb, pick-pocketpoint, pickpocketprod, pickpocket-promise and upwithem. Holy Joe in lay Eden.® And anyhows always after them the dimpler he weighed the fonder fell he of his null four lovedroyd curdinals, his element cur-dinal numen and his enement curdinal marryng and his epulent curdinal weisswassh and his eminent curdinal Kay O'Kay. Always would he be reciting of them, hoojahs koojahs, up by rota, in his Fanden's catachysm from fursed to laced, quickmarch to decemvers, so as to pin the tenners, thumbs down. And anon an ' aldays, strues yerthere, would he wile arecreating em om lumerous ways, caiuscounting in the scale of pin puff pive piff, piff puff pive poo, poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive pfoor, pfoor puff pive pippive, poopive,* Niall Dhu,

* While I'll wind the wildwoods' bluckbells among my window's weeds.
® Lawdy Dawdy simpers.

® But where, 0 where, is me lickle dig done?

* That's his whisper waltz I like from Pigott's with that Lancydancy step. Stop.

Non plus ulstra^
Elha^nec^caskeh
lum tuum.

Dondderwedder

KyhoshicksaL

Foughty Unn, Enoch Thorrig, endso one, like to pitch of your cap, pac, on to tin tall spilli-cans.^ To sum, borus pew notus pew eurus pew zipher. Ace, deuce, tricks, quarts, quims. Mumtiplay of course and carry to their whole number. While on the other hand, traduced by their comedy nominator to the loaferst terms for their aloquent parts, sexes, suppers, oglers, novels and dice.^ He could find (the rakehelly!) by practice tlie valuse of thine-to-mine articles with no reminder for an equality of relations and, with the helpings from his tables, improduce fullmin to trumblers, links unto chains, weys in Nuffolk till tods of

Yorek, oozies ad libs and several townsends, several hundreds, dvil-to-civil imperious gallants into gells (Irish), bringing alliving stone allaughing down to grave clothnails and a league of archers, fools and lurchers under the rude rule of fumb. What signifieth whole that® but, be all the prowess of ten, ’tis as strange to relate he, nonparile to rede, rite and reckan, caught allmeals dullmarks for his nucleuds and alegobrew. They wouldn’t took bearings no how anywheres. O them dodd-hunters and allanights, aabs and baas for agnomes, yees and zees for incognits, bate him up jerrybly! W^orse nor herman doror-rhea. Give you the fantods, seemed to him. They ought to told you every last word first stead of trying every which way to kinder smear it out poison long. Show that the

^ Twelve buttles man, twentyeight bows of curls, forty bonnets woman and ever youthfully yours makes alleven add the hundred.

® Gamester Damester in the road to Rouen he grows more like his deed every die.

® Slash-the-Pill lifts the pellet. Run, Phoenix, run!

A stodge An~ gleskman has been worked by eccentricity*

An oxygon is na-turally reclined to resu

Ba he hi ho hum*

median, hce che ech, interecting at royde angles the parilegs of a given obtuse one bis-cuts both the arcs that are in curveachord behind. Brickbaths. The family umbroglia. A Tullagrove pole^ to the Height of County Fearmanagh has a septain inclinaison® and the graphplot for all the functions in Lower County Monachan, whereat samething is rivi-sible by nighttim, may be invoked into the zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis heventh glike noughty times <», find, if you are not literally cooeffident, how minney combinaisies and per-mutandies can be played on the international surd! pthwndxrclzp!, bids cubid rute being extracted, taking anan illitterettes,ififif at a tom. Answers, (for teasers only).® Ten, twent, thirt, see, ex and three icky totchty ones. From solation to solution. Imagine the twelve

deaferended dumbbawls of the whowl above-
beugled to be the contonuation through
regeneration of the urutteration of the word
in pregross. It follows that, if the two ante-
sedents be bissyclitties and the three come-
seekwenchers trundletrikes, then, Aysha Lali-
pat behidden on the footplate. Big ’^JTiiggler^
restant upsittuponable, the nCr®- presents to
us (tandem year at lasted length!) an otto-
mantic turquo-indaco of pictorial shine by
pictorial shimmer so long as, gad of the gidday,
pictorial summer, viridorefulvid, lits asheen.

^ Dideney, Dadeney, Dudeney, O, I’d know that putch on your poll.

® That is tottinghim in his boots.

* Come all ye hapney coachers and support the richview press.

* Braham Baruch he married his cook to Massach McKraw her uncle-in-law who wedded his widow to Hjalmar Kjaer who adapted his daughter to Braham the Bear. V for wadlock, P for shift, H for Lona the Konkubine.

® A gee is just a jay on the jaimts cowsway.

Fvnnjirmotus of
Cincinnati,

ArtkurginJc s
hussies and
Everguin’s men.

Nom de nomhres!
The halhearians.

but (lenz alack lends a lot), if this habby cyclic
erdor be outradously enviolated by a mierelin
roundtabletuming, like knuts in maze, the zitas
runnind hare and dart^ with the yeggs in
their muddle, like a seven of wingless arrows,
hodgepadge, thump, kick and hurry, all boy
more missis blong him he race quickfeller all
same hogglepiggle longer house blong him,®
while the catched and dodged exarx seems
himmulteemiously to beem (he wins her hend!
he falls to tail!) the ersed ladest mand® and
(uhu and uhud!) the losed farce on erro-
roots,^ twalegged poneys and threehandled
dorkeys (madahoy, morahoy, lugahoy, jog-
ahoyaway) mPm brings us a rainborne pamto-
momiom, aqualavant to (cat my dogs, if I
baint dingbushed like everything!) kaksitoista
volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts yhdek-
san volts kahdeksan volts seitseman volts kuusi
volts viisi volts nelja volts kolme volts kaksi
volts yksi!allahthallacamellated, caravan series

to the finish of helve’s fractures.® In outher wards, one from five, two to fives ones, one from fives two millamills with a mill and a half a mill and twos twos fives fives of bully clavers. For a surview over all the factionables see Iris in the Evenine’s World.® Binomeans to be comprendered. Inexcessible as thy by god ways. The aximones. And their prosta-

^ Talking about trilbits.

® Bameycarroll, a precedent for the prodection of curiositu from children.
® A pfurty pscore of ruderic rossies haremhorde for his divelsion.

* Look at your mad father on his boneshaker fraywhaling roimd Myriom square.

® Try Asia for the assphalt body with the concreke soul and the forequarters of the moon behinding out of his phase.

® Tomatoes malmalaid with De Quinceys salade can be tastily served with Indiana Blues on the violens.

Vive Paco
Hunter i

The hoisted in
red and the loW'
ered in black.

The boss's hess
bass is the brov^d
of Mullingar,

The aliments of
jumeantry.

lutes. For his neuralgiabrown.

Equal to=aosch.

P.t.l.0.a.t.O. HEPTAGRAMMATON.

So, bagdad, after those initials falls and that primary taincture, as I know and you know yourself, begath, and the arab in the ghetto knows better, by nettus, nor anymeade or persan, comic cuts and series exerxeses always were to be capered in Casey’s frost book of, page tom on dirty, to be hacked at Hickey’s, hucksler, Wellington’s Iron Bridge, and so, by long last, as it would shuffle out, must he to ttump adieu atout atous to those cardinhands

he a big deal missed, radmachrees and rosse-
cullinans and blagpikes in suitclover. Dear
hearts of my counting, would he revoke them,
forewheel to packnumbers, and, the time being
no help fort, plates to lick one and turn over.

Problem ye ferst, construct ann aquilittoral
dryankle Probe loom! With his primal hand-
stoe in his sole salivarium. Concoct an equo-
angular trillitter.^ On the name of the tixzer
and off the tongs and off the mj^ametical
tripods. Beatsoon.

Can you nei do her, numb.^ asks Dolph,^
suspecting the answer know. Oikkont, ken
you, ninny.^ asks Kev,® expecting the answer
guess.* Nor was the noer long disappointed
for easiest of kisshams, he was made vicewise.
Oc, tell it to oui, do, Sem! Well, ’tis oil thusly.
First mull a mugfull of mud, son.® Oglores,

HYPOTHESES
OF COM-
MONEST EX-
PERIENCES
BEFORE APO-
THEOSIS OF
THE LUSTRAL
PRINCtPIUM.

INGENIOUS
LABOUR-
TENACITY
AS BETWEEN
INGENUOUS
AND LIBERTINE.

PROPE AND
PROCUL IN
THE CON-
VERGENCE
OF THEIR
CONTRAPUL-
SIVENESS.

^ As Rhombulus and Rhebus went building rhomes one day.

2 The trouveller.

^ Of the disorded visage.

* Singlebarrelled names for doubleparalleled twixtytwins.

® Like pudging a spoon fist of sugans into a sotspot of choucolout.

the virtuoser prays, olorum! What the D.V.
would I do that for? That’s a goosey’s gans-

wer you’re for giving me, he is told, what the
Deva would you do that for?^ Now, sknow
royol road to Puddlin, take your mut for a
first beginning, big to bog, back to bach.
Wolsherwomens Anny liffle mud which cometh out of Mam
at thetr wetrdst. j guess. A. I. Amnium vnstaT. And

to find a locus for an alp get a howlth on her
bayrings as a prisme O and for a second O
unbox your compasses. I cain but are you
able? Amicably nod. Gu it! So let’s seth off
betwain us. Prompty? Mux your pistany at a
point of the coastmap to be called a but pro-
nounced olfa. There’s the isle of Mun, ah!

O! Tis just. Benel Now, whole in applepine
odrer®

(for — husk, hisk, a spirit spires — Dolph, dean of idlers, meager
suckling of gert stoan, though barekely a balbose boy, he too, —
venitCf preteriti^ sine mora dumque de endbiis nascituris decentius in
lingua romana mortuorum parva chartula liviana ostenditur, seden-
tes in letitiae super olios carmum, spectantes immo situm lutetiae unde
auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent humanae stirpes , anttquissimam
flaminitm amhorium Jordani et Jambaptistae mendbus revolvamus
sapientiam: totum tute fiuvii modo mundo fluere, eadem quae ex
cggere fiituta fuere iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlihet sese
ipsum per aliudpiam agnoscere contrariunif omnem demon amnem
ripis tivalihxis amplecd*‘ — recurrently often, when him moved he
would cake their chair, coached rebelliumtending mikes of his
same and over his own choirage at Backlane Univarsity, among of
which pupal souaves the pizdrool was pulled up, bred and bat-

Will you walk into my wavetrap? said the spiter to the shy.

® If we each could always do all we ever did.

® Dope in Canorian words we’ve made. Spish from the Doc.

* Basqueesh, Finnican, Hungulash and Old Teangtaggle, the only pure
way to work a curse.

tered, for a dillon a dollar,^ chanching letters for them vice o’verse
to bronze mottes and blending tschemes for em in tropadores and
doublecressing twofold thmths and devising tingling tailwords
too whilest, cunctant that another would finish his sentence for
him, he druider would smilabit eggways® ned, he, to don’t say
nothing, would, so prim, and pick jipon his ten ordinailed ungles,
trying to undo with his teeth the knots made by his tongue,
retelling humself by the math hour, long as he’s brood, a reel of
funnish ficts apout the shee, how faust of all and on segund
thoughts and the thirds the charmhim girlalove and fourther-
more and filthily with bag from Oxatown and barocddents and
proper accidence and hoptohill and hexenshoes, in fine the whole
dam ing letter; and, in point of feet, when he landed in ourland’s
leinster® of saved and solomnones for the twicedhecame time, off
Lipton’s strongbowed launch, the Lady Eva, in a tan some of
sails* he converted it’s nataves, name saints, young ordnands,
maderaheads and old unguished P.T. Publikums, through the
medium of znigznaks with sotiric zeal, to put off the barcelonas®
from their peccaminous corpulums (Gratings, Mr Dane!) and
kiss on their bottes (Master!) as often as they came within blood-

shot of that other familiar temple and showed em the celestine way to by his tristar and his flop hattrick and his perry humdrum dumb and numb nostrums that he lamed in Hymbuktu,® and that galloroman cultous is very prevailend up to this windiest of landhavemiseries all over what was beforeaboots a land of nods, in spite of all the bloot, all the braim, all the brawn, all the brile, that was shod, that were shat, that was shuk all the while, for our massangrey if mosshungry people, the at Wickerworks,’ still hold

^ An ounceworth of onions for a pennyawealth of sobs.

2 Who brought us into the yellow world!

3 Because it’s run on the mountain and river system.

^ When all them allied sloopers was ventitillated in their poppos and, sliding down by creek and veek, stole snaking out to sea.

^ They were plumped and plumed and jerried and citizens and racers, and cinnamondhued.

® Creeping Crawleys petery parley, banished to his native Ireland from erring under Ryan.

^ Had our retrospectable fearfurther gatch mutchtatches.^

ford to their healing and^ byleave in the old weights downupon the Swanny, innovated by him, the prence di Propagandi, the chrism for the christmass, the pillar of the perished and the rock o’ralereality, and it is veritably belied, we belove, that not allsods of esoupcans that’s in the queen’s pottage post and not allfinesof greendgold that the Indus contains would overhinduce them, (o.p.) to steeplechange back once from their ophis workship and twice on sundises, to their ancient flash and crash habits of old Pales time ere beam slewed cable® or Derzherr, live wire, fired Benjermine Funkling outa th’Empyre, sin righthand son; which, cummal, having listed curefully to the interlooking and the under-lacking of her twentynine shifts or his continental’s curses, pum-mel, apostrophised Byrne’s and Flamming’s and Fumiss’s and Bill Hayses’s and ElUshly Haught’s, hoc, they (t.a.W.), sick or whole, stiff or sober, let drop as a doombody drops, with-out another ostrovgods word eitherways, in their own lineal descendance, as priesto as pudd3rwhack,® coal on^iand, as we gang along to gigglehouse, talking of molniacs’ manias and missions for mades to scotch the schlzing and leathercoats for murty magdies,of course this has blameall in that medeoturanian world to say to blessed by Pointer the Grace’s his privates judge-ments® whenso to put it, disparito, duspurudo, desterradof des-pertieuy or, saving his presents for his own onefriend Bevradge, Conn the Shaughraun; but to return for a moment from the reptile’s age® to the coxswain on the first landing (page Ain^e Rivi^e!) if the pretty Lady Elisabbess, Hotel des Ruines — she laid her batsleeve for him two trueveres tell love (on the Ides of Valentino’s, at Idleness, Floods Area, Isolade, Liv’s lonely daughter, -with the Comes Tichiami, of Prima Vista, Abroad, suddenly), and beauty alone of all dare say when now, imcrowned,

^ That is to sight, when cleared of factions, vulgure and decimating.

® They just spirits a body away.

® Patatapadatback.

® Dump her (the missuse).

® Fox him! The leggy colt!

® Do he not know that walleds had wars. Hairing man, is neow king. This is modeln times.

289

T

deceptered, in what niche of time^ is Shee or where in the rose world trysting, that was the belle of La Chapelle, shapely Liselle^ and the peg-of-my-heart of all the tompull or on whose limbs-to-lave her semicupiose eyes now kindling themselves are brightning,* O Shee who then (4.32 M.P., old time, to be precise, according to all three doctors waterburies that was Mac Auliffe and poor Mac-Beth and poor MacGhimley to the tickleticks, of the synchron-isms, all lauschening,a time also confirmed seven sincuries later by the quatren medical johnny, poor old MacAdoo MacDollett, with notary,® whose presence was required by law of Devine Fore-sygth and decretal of the Douge) who after the first compliments^ med darkist day light, gave him then that vantage of a Blinken-sope’s cuddlebath at her proper mitts — if she then, the then that matters, — but, seigneur \ she could never have forefelt, as she yet will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold douche as him, the totterer, the four-flights-the-charmer, doub-ling back, in nowtime,® bymby when saltwater he wush him these iselands, O alors\, to mount miss (the wooeds of Fogloot!) under that chemise de fer and a vartryproof name, Multalusi (would it wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, wen shall say, a single pro-fessed claire’s® and his washawash tubatubtub and his diagonoser’s lampblick, to pure where they where homest girls, to buy her in parjure^ il you plait, ntmcandumc and for simper, and other duel mavoumeens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your spottprice (for’twas he was the bom suborner, man) on behalf of an oldest ablished firma of winebakers, Lagrima and Gemiti, later on, his craft ebbing, invoked by the unirish title. Grindings of Nash,’ the

Muckross Abbey with the creepers taken off.

® Joke and Jilt will have their tilt.

* Old Mamalujorum and Rawrogerum.

* Why have these puerile blonds those large flexible ears?

® Pomeroy Roche of Portobello, or the Wreck of the Ragamuffln.

® No wonder Miss Dotsh took to veils and she descended from that obloquohy.

’ The bookley with the rusin’s hat is Patomkin but I’m blowed if I knowed who the slave is doing behind the curtaiiu

290

One and Only, Unic bar None, of Saint Yves by Landsend com-
wer, man — ship me silver!, it must have been, fawl a terrible
mavrue mavone, to synamite up the old Adam-he-used-to, such a
finalley, and that’s flat as Tut’s fut, for whowghowho? the poour
girl, a lonely peggy, given the bird, so inseuladed as Crampton’s
peartree, (she sail eurii bitter bed by thirt sweet of her face!), and
short wonder so many of the tomthick and tarry members in all
there subsequious ages of our timocracy tipped to console with her
at her mirrorable gracewindow’d hut^ till the ives of Man, the
O’Kneels and the O’Prayins and the O’Hyens of Lochlaunstown
and the O’Hollerins of Staneybatter, hollyboys, all, burryripe
who’ll buy?,® in juwelietry and kickychoses and madomaments
and that’s not the finis of it (would it were!) — ^but to think of him
foundling a nelliza the second,® also cliptbuss (the best was still
there if the torso was gone) where he did and when he did, re-
triever to the last^ — escapes my forgetness now was it dust-
covered, nom de Lieu\ on lapse or street ondown, through, for or
from a foe, by with as on a friend, at the Rectory? Vicarage Road?
Bishop’s Folly? Papesthorpe?, after picket fences, stonewalls, out
and ins or oxers — for merry a valsehood whisprit he to maimy a
lilying earling;® and to try to analyse that ambo’s pair of brace-
leans akwart the rollyon trying to amarm all® of that miching
micher’s bearded but insensible virility and its gaulish mous-
taches, Dammad and Groany, into her limited (tuff, tuff^ que tu es
pitrel) lapse at the same slapse for towelling ends’ in their delight-
ful Sexsex home, Somehow-at-Sea (O little oily head, sloper’s
brow and prickled ears!) as though he, a notoriety, a foist edition,
were a wrigular writher neonovene babe!® — well, diarmuee and

^ O hcei O hce!

® Six and seven the League.

® It’s aU round me hat I’ll wear a drooping dido.

® Have you ever thought of a hitching your stem and being ourdeaned,
Mester Bootenfly, here’s me and Myrde is twinkling to know.

® To show they caught preferment.

® See the freeman’s cuticatura by Fennella.

’ Just one big booty’s pot.

® Charles de Simples had an infirmierity complexe before he died a natural
death.

granyou and Vae Vincas^ if that is what lamoor that of gentle
breast rathe is intaken seems circling toward out yondest (it’s
life that’s all chokered by that batch of grim rushers) heaven
help his hindmost and, mark mo, if the so greatly displeaced
diorems in the Saint Lubbock’s Day number of that most improv-
ing of roundshows. Spice and Westend Woman (utterly exhausted
before publication, indiapepper edition shortly), are for our in-
dices, it agins to pear like it,par my fay, and there is no use for your
pastripreaching for to cheesse it either or praying fresh fleshblood
claspers of young catholick throats on Huggin Green^ to take

warning by the prispast, why?, by cows *.* man, in shirt, is how he is pitl la gonna h mobile and they wonet do ut; and, an you could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded goodfomobody, you would see in his house of thoughtsam (was you, that is, decontaminated enough to look discarnate) what a jetsam litterage of convolvuli of times lost or strayed, of lands derelict and of tongues laggin too, longa yamsayore, not only that but, search lighting, beached, bashed and beaushelled a la Mer pharahead into faturity, your own convolvulis pickninnig capman would real to jazztfancy the novo takin place of what stale words whilom were woven with and fitted fairly featly for, so; and equally so, the crame of the whole faustian fustian, whether your laxmer's lightsome or your soulard's schwearmood, it is that, whenas the swiftshut scareyss of our pupilteachertaut duplex will hark back to lark to you symtbellically that, though a day be as dense as a decade, no mouth has the might to set a mearbound to the march of a landsmatd,® in half a sylb, helf a solb, holf a salb on-ward® the beast of boredom, common sense, lurking gyrographi-cally down inside his loose Eating S.S. collar is gogoing of whisth to you sternly how — Plutonic loveliaks twinnt Platonic yearlings — you must, how, in undivided reawlity draw the line somewhawre)

^ Where Buickly of the Glass and Bellows pumped the Rudge engineral.

® Matter of Brettaine and brut fierce.

® Bussmullah, cried Lord Wolsley, how me Aunty Mag'll row!

WHY MY AS
LIKEWISE
WHIS HIS*

Coss? Cossist? Your pam! You, you make what name? (and in truth, as a poor soul is between shift and shift ere the death he has lived through becomes the life he is to die into, he or he had albut — he was rickets as to reasons but the balance of his minds was stables — lost himself or himself some som-nione sciupiones, soswhitchoverswetch had he or he gazet, murphy come, murphy go, murphy plant, murphy grow, a maryam3Tia-meliamurphies, in the lazily eye of his lapis.

Uteralterance or
the Interplay of
Bones in the
JVomb.

The Vortex,
Spring of Sprung
Verse, The Ver-
tex,

Vieus Von DVbLIn, ’twas one of dozedeams
a darkies ding in dewood) the Turnpike under
the Great Ulm (with Mearingstone in Fore
ground).^ Given now ann linch you take enn
all. Allow me! And, heaving alljawbreakical
expressions out of old Sare Isaac’s® universal
of specious aristmystic unsaid, A is for Anna
like L is for liv. Aha hahah. Ante Ann you’re
apt to ape aunty annalive! Dawn gives rise.
Lo, lo, lives love! Eve takes fall. La, la, laugh
leaves alass! Aaiaiai, Andann, we’re last to
the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now (lens

® Draumcondra’s Dreamcountry where the betterlies blow.

® O, Laughing Sally, are we going to be toadhauntered by that old Pantifox Sir Somebody Something, Burtt, for the rest of our secret stripture?

Sarga^ or the
path of outgoing.

Docetism and
Didkismt Maya~
Thaya* Tamos-
Rajas-Sattvas,

your dappled yeye here, mine’s presbyoperian,
shill and wall) we see the copyngink strayed-
line AL (in Fig., the forest) from being con-
tinued, stops ait Lambday^: Modder ilond
there too. Allow me anchore! I bring down
noth and carry awe. Now, then, take this in!
One of the most murmurable loose carollaries
ever Ellis threw his cookingclass. With Olaf
as centrum and Olaf ’s lambtail for his spokes-
man circumscript a cyclone. Allow ter! Hoop!
As round as the calf of an egg! O, dear
me! O, dear me now! Another grand dis-
cobely! After Makefearsome’s Ocean. You’ve
actuary entducked one! Quok! Why, you
haven’t a passer! Fantastic! Early clever,
surely doomed, to Swift’s, alas, the galehus!
Match of a matchness, like your Bigdud dadder
in the boudeville song, Gorotsky Gollovar's
Troubles, raucking his flavourite turvku in
the smukking precincts of lydias,® with Mary
Owens and Dolly Monks seesidling to edge
his cropulence and Blake-Roche, Kingston
and Dockrell auriscenting him from afurz, our
papacocopotl,® Abraham Bradley ICingi' (ting
ting! ting ting!) By his magmasine fall. Lumps,
lavas and all.^ Bene! But, thunder and turf, it’s
not alover yet! One recalls Byzantium. The
mystery repeats itself todate as our callback
mother Gaudyanna, that was daughter to a
tanner,® used to sing, as I think, now and then
consinuously over her possetpot in her quer

1 Ex jup pep off Carpenger Strate. The kids’ and dolls’ home. Makeacake-ache.

® A vagrant need is a flagrant weed.

® Grand for blowing off steam when you walk up in the morning.

* At the foot of B^nabun Banbasday was lost on one.

® We’re all found of our anmal matter.

The Vegetable
Cell and its Pru
vate Properties,

The haves and
the havenots: a
distirKtion,

homolocous humminbass hesterdie and ist-herdie forivor.^ Vanissas Vanistatums! And for a night of thoughtsendyures and a day. As Great Shapesphere puns it. In effect, I re-mumble, from the yules gone by, purr lil mur-rerof myhind, so she used indeed. When she give me the Sundaclouths she hung up for Tate and Comyng and snuffed out the ghost in the candle at his old game of haimt the sleepper. Faithful departed. When I’m dream-ing back like that I begins to see we’re only all telescopes. Or the comeallyoum saunds. Like when I dromed I was in Dairy and was wuckened up with thtunp in thudderdown. Rest in peace! But to return.® What a wonder-ful memory you have too! Twonderful morrowy! Straorbinaire! Bene! I bring town eau and curry nothung up my sleeve. Now, springing quickenly from the mudland Loosh from Luccan with Allhim as her Elder tetra-tum a somersault. All’s fair on all fours, as my instructor unstrict me. Watch! And you’ll have the whole inkle. Allow, allow! Gyre O, gyre O, gyrotundo! Hop lala! As umpty herum as you seat! O, dear me, that was very nesse! Very nace indeed! And makes us a daintical pair of accomplasses! You, alius for the kunst and me for omething with a handel to it. Beve! Now, as will pressantly be felt, there’s tew tricklesome poinds where our twain of doubling bicirculars, mating approxe-metely in their suite poi and poi, dunloop into eath the ocher. Lucihere. ! I fee where you

® Sewing up the beillybursts in their buckskin shiorts for big Kapitayn

Killykook and the Jukes of Kelleiney.

* Say where! A timbrelfili of twinkletinkle.

mea. The doubleviewed seeds. Nun, lemmas
quatsch, vide pervoys akstiom, and I think as
I’m suqeez in the limon, stickme punctum, but
for semenal rations I’d likelong, by Araxes,
to mack a capital Pee for Pride down there
on the batom^ where Hoddum and Heave, our
monsterbilker, balked his bawd of parodies.

Zweispaltimg cu ^nd let you go, Airmienious, and mick your

Fundemavttalish , -in* rxT ti

ofWiederher- modest mock Pie out of Humbles up your

stellung. end. Where your apexojesus will be a point

of order. With a geing groan grunt and a
croak click cluck.® And my faceage kink and
kurkle trying to make keek peep.® Are you
right there, Michael, are you right.^ Do you
think you can hold on by sitting tight.'' Well,
of course, it’s awful angelous. Still I don’t feel
it’s so dangelous. Ay, I’m right here. Nickel,
and I’ll write. Singing the top line why it
suits me mikey fine. But, yaghags hogwarts
and arrahquinonthiance, it’s the muddest thick
that was ever heard dump since Eggsmather
got smothered in the plap of the pfan. Now,
to compleat anglers, beloved bironthiam and
hiushtokan hishtakatsch, join alfa pea and
pull loose by domes and, to be more
sparemarically logoical, eelpie and paleale by
trunkles. Alow me align while I encloud
especious ! The Nike done it. Like pah,^ I peh.

Innate little bondery. And as plane as a poke
stiff.® Now, aqua in buccat. I’ll make you to
see figuratleavely the whome of your eternal

^ Parsee ffrench for the upholdsterer would be delightered.

® I’ll pass out if the screw spliss his strut.

® Thargam then goeligum? If you sink I can, swimford. Suksutnkale!

* Hasitatense?

® The impudence of that in girl’s things I

Destiny ^ In-
fluence of Design
upon.

Prometheus or
the, Promise of
Provision.

geomater- And if you flimg her headdress on
her from under her highlows you'd wheeze
whyse Salmonson set his seel on a hexen-
gown.^ Hissss!, Arrah, go on! Fin for fun!
You've spat your shower like a son of Sibernia
but let's have at it! Subtend to me now! Pisk!
Outer serpumstances being ekewilled, we care-
fully, if she pleats, lift by her seam hem and
jabote at the spidsiest of her trickkikant (like
thousands done before since fillies calpered.
Ocone ! Ocone !) the maidsapron of our A.L.P.,
fearfully ! till its nether nadir is vortically where
(allow me aright to two cute winkles) its naval's
napex will have to beandbe. You must proach
near mear for at is dark. Lob. And light
your mech. Jeldy ! And this is what you'll say.®
Waaaaaa. T ch ! Sluice ! Pla ! And their, redneck,
(for addn't we to gayatsee with Puhl the Pim-
kah's bell?)mygh and thy, the living spit of
dead waters,® fastness firm of Hurdlebury Fenn,
discinct and isoplural in its (your sow to
the duble) sixuous parts, flument, fluvey and
fluteous, midden wedge of the stream's your
muddy old triagonal delta, fiho miho, plain
for you now, appia lippia pluvaville, (hop the
hula, girls!) the no niggard spot of her safety
vulve, first of all usquiluteral threeingles, (and
why wouldn't she sit cressloggedlike the lass
that lured a tailor.^) the constant of fluxion,
Mahamewetma, pride of the province* and
when that tidied boare rutches up from the
Afrantic, allaph quaran's his bett imd bierl^

* The chape of Dona Speranza of the Nacion.

® Ugol egal ogle. Mi vidim Mi.

® It is, it is Sangannon's dream.

* And all meinkind.

* Whangpoos the paddle and whiss whee whoo.

Ambages and
Their Role,

Rcclasiastical
and Celestial
Hierarchies, The
Ascending. The
Descending,.

The peripatetic
periphery. Jt*s
Allothesis,

Paa lickam laa lickam, apl Ipa! This it is an her. You see her it. Which it -whom you see it is her. And if you could goaneggbetter we'd soon see some raffant scrumala riffa. Quicks herit fossyending. Quef! So post that to your pape andsmarketl And you can haul up that languil pennant, mate. I've read your tune's dimissage. For, let it be taken that her littlenist is of no magnetude or again let it be granted that Doll the laziest can be dissimulant with all respects from Doll the fiercst, thence must any what-youlike in the power of empthood be either

greater THa.N or less tH3,N the unitate we have in one or hence shall the vectorious ready-eyes of evertwo circumfiicksrent searclhers never film in the elipsities of their gyribouts those fickers which are retumally reprodictive of themselves.^ Which is impassible. Quarrel-lary. The logos of somewome to that base any-thing, when most characteristically mantissa minus, comes to nullum in the endth:^ orso, here is nowet badder than the sin of Aha with his cosin Lil, verswaysed on coverswised, and all that's consecants and cotangincies till Per-perp stops repippinghim since her redtangles are all abscissan for limitsing this tendency of our Frivulteeny Sexuagesima* to expense her-selfs as sphere as possible, paradismic peri-mutter, in all directions on the bend of the unbridalled, the infinisissimalls of her facets becoming manier and manier as the calicolum of her umdescribables (one has thoughts of that eternal Rome) shrinks from schurriness

^ I enjoy as good as anyone.

* Neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked.
® The boast of the town.

Canine Venus
sublimated to
Aulidic
Aphrodite,

Exclusivismithc
Orj, Sots and
Fors^which?

to scherts.^ Scholium, there are trist sigheds to

everysing but ichs on the freed brings euchs to the feared. Qued? Mother of us all! O, dear me, look at that now! I don’t know is it your spictre or my omination but Fra glad you dimentioned it! My Lourde! My Lourde! If that aint just the beatenest lay I ever see! And asuperpbosition! Quoint a quinddence! O.K. Omnius Kollidimus. As Ollover Krumwall sayed when he slepped ueber his grannya-mother. Kangaroose feathers. Who in the name of thunder’d ever belevin you were that bolt? But you’re holy mooxed and gaping up the wrong palce® as if you was seeheeing the gheist that stays forenenst, you blessed simpletop domefool! Where’s your belested loiteman’s lamp? You must lap wandret down the bluish-ing refluction below. Her trunk’s not her brain-box. Hear where the bolgylines, Yseen here the puncture. So he done it. Luck! See her good. Well, well, well, well! O dee, O dee, that’s very lovely! We like Simperspreach Hammel-tones to fellow Selvertunes O’Haggans.® When he rolls over his ars and shows the hise of his heels. Vely lovely entilely! Like a yangsheep-slang with the tsifengtse. So analytical plaus-ible! And be the powers of Moll Kelly, neigh-bour topsowyer, it will be a lozenge to me all my lauffe.* More better twofeller we been speak copperads. Ever thought about Guinness’s? And the regrettable Parson Rome’s advice?

^ Hen’s bens, are we soddy we missiled her?

® I call that a scumhead.

® Pure chingchong idiotism with any way words all in one soluble. Gee each owe tea eye smells fish. That’s U.

*The Doodes family, fH, iiS D , /\, C. Hoodie doodle, fam.?

Primanounture
and Ultimo”
geniture.

No Sturm, No
Drang*

Want to join the police.^ You know, you were always one of the bright ones, since a foot made you an unmentionable,fakes ! You know, you’re the diwer’s own smart gossoon, aequal to yoursell and wanigel to anglyother, so you are, hoax! You know, you’ll be dampned, so you will, one of these invemal days but you will be, carrottyl^

Wherapool, gayet that when he stop look sick us a
time he stop long ground who here hurry he
would have ever the lothst word, with a sweet ment in it
me ah err eye ear marie to reat from the Jacob’s® sake™f^oui
and a shypull for toothsake of his armjaws darning
at the slidepage of de Vere Foster, would and
could candykissing P. Kevin to fress up the
rinnerung and to ate by hart (/eo I read, such a
Spanish, escnhibts, all your mycoscoups) wont
to nibbleh ravenostonnoriously ihs mum to
me in bewonderment of his chipper chuthor
for, while that Other by the halp of his creac-
tive mind offered to deleberate the mass from
the booty of fight our Same with the holp
of the bounty of food sought to delubberate
the mess from his corructive mund, with his
muffetee cuffes ownconsdously grafficking
with his sinister Cyclopes after trigamies and
spirals’ wobbles pursuiting their rovinghamil-
ton selves and godolphing in fairlove to see
around the waste of noland’s browne jesus*

(thur him no quartos!) till that on him poorin
sweat the juggaleer’s veins (quench his quill!)
in his napier scrag stud out bursthright tarn-

^ Picking on Nickagain, Pikey Mikey?

® Early mornings sir Dav Stephens, said the First Gentleman in youreups-
® Bag bag blockcheap, have you any will?

* What a lubberly whide elephant for the men-in-the straits!

Illustration.

Ascription of the
Active,

Proscription of
the Passive.

quam taughtropes. (Spry him! call a blood-
lekarl Where’s Dr Brassenaarse?) Es war itwas
in his priesterrite. O He Must Suffer! From this
misbelieving feacemaker to his noncredible
fancyflame.’^ Ask for bosthoon, late for Mass,
pray for blaablaablack sheep. (Sure you could
wright anny pippap passage, Eye bet, as foyne
as that moultylousy Erewhig, yerself, mick!
Nock the muddy nickers!® Christ’s Church
varses Bellial !) Dear and he went on to scripple
gentlemine bom, milady bread, he would pen
for her, he would pine for her,® how he would
patpun fun for all^ with his frolicky frowner

so and his glumsome grinner otherso. And how are you, waggy.^® My animal his sorrafool! And trieste, ah trieste ate I my liver! Se non e vero son trovatore. O jerry! He was soso, harriot all! He was sadfellow, steifel! He was mister-mysterion. Like a purate out of pensionee with a gouvemament job. All moanday, tearsday, wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday till the fear of the Law. Look at this twitches! He was quisquis, floored on his plankraft of shittim wood. Look at him! Sink deep or touch not the Cartesian spring! Want more ashes, griper.^ How diesmal he was lying low on his rawside laying si^e to goblin castle. And, bezouts that, how hyenesmeal he was laying him long on his laughside lying sack to croakpartridge. (Be thou wars Rolaf ’s intes-

^ And she had to seek a pond’s apeace to salve her stiiterkins. Sued!

® Excuse theyre christianbrothers Irish?

® When she tripped against the briery bush he profused her allover with curtsey flowers.

* A nastilow disigraible game.

® Dear old Erosmas. Very glad you are going to Penmark. Write to the comer. Grunny Grant.

Ensoulmg Fe-
male Sustains
Agonising Over-
man,

Sesama to the
Rescues. The
Key Signature,

dons, quoths the Bhagavat biskop Leech) Ann opes tipoo soon ear! If you could me lendtill my pascol’s kondyl, sahib, and the price of a plate of poultice. Funked. With best apolojigs and merrymoney thanks to self for all the clerricals and again begs guerdon for bistris-pissing on your bunificence. Well wiggy-wiggywagtail, and how are you,yaggy.^ With a capital Tea for Thirst. From here Buvard to dear Picuchet. Blott.

Now, (peel your eyes, my gins, and brush your saton hat, me elementator joyclid, son of a Butt! She’s mine, Jow low jure,^ be Skibber-ing’s eagles, sweet tart of Whiteknees Arch-way) watch him, having caught at the bi-furking calamum in his bolsillos, the onelike

underworp he had ever funnet without diffi-
cultads, the aboleshqvick, signing away in
happinext complete, (Exquisite Game of in-
spiration! I always adored your hand. So could
I too and without the scrope of a pen. Ohr for
oral, key for crib, olchedolche and a lunge ad
lib. Can you write us a last line.^ From Smith-
Jones-Orbison.^) intrieatedly in years, jirry-
alimpaloop. And i Remain, hup u bn gd grl.*
Unds alws my thts. To fallthere at bare feet
hurryaswormarose. Two dies of one raffle-
ment. Eche bennyache. Outstamp and dis-
tribute him at the expanse of his society. To
be continued. Anon.

And ook, ook, ook,fanky! All the charic-
tures® in the drame! This is how San holy-

WHEN THE
ANSWERER
IS A LEMAN.

ALL SQUARE
AND

^ I loved to see the Macbeths Jerseys knacking spots of the Plumpduds Pants.

* Lifp year fends you all and moe, fouvenirs foft as fummer fhow, fweet willings and forget-uf-knots.

* Gag his tubes yourselfr

Force Centres of
the Fire Serpen-
tine: heart,
throat, navel,
spleen, sacred,
fontanella, inter-
temporal eye.

Conception of the
Compromise and
Finding of a
Formtda.

Ideal Present
Alone Produces
Real Future.

polypools. And this, pardonsky! is the way
Romeopullupalleaps.^ Pose the pen, man,
way me does. Way ole missa vellatooth fust

show me how. Fourth power to her illpogue!
Bould strokes for your life ! Tip ! This is Steal,
this is Barke, this is Starn, this is Swhipt, this is
Wiles, this is Pshaw, this is Doubbllinnbbay-
yates.2 This is brave Danny weeping his spache
for the popers. This is cool Connolly wiping
his hearth with brave Danny. And this, regard!
how Chawleses Skewered parparapamelligoes
between brave Danny boy and the Connolly.
Upanishadem! Top. Spoken hath L'arty Ma-
gory. Eregobragh. Prouf I®

And Kev was wreathed with his pother.

But, (that Jacoby feeling again for fore-
bitten fruit and, my Georgeous, Kewy too he
just loves his puppadums, I judge!) after all his
autocratic writings of paraboles of famelliciubs
and meddlied muddlingisms, thee faroots hof
cullchaw end ate citrawn woodint wim able
rep of the triperforator awlrite blast through
his pergaman hit him where he lived and do for
the blessted selfchiuuls, what I think, smarter
like it done for a manny another unpious of
the hairydary quare quandary firstings till at
length, you one bladdy bragger, by mercy-
stroke he measxured his earth anywayi* could
not but recken in his adder's badder cadder
way our frankson who, to be plain, he fight
him all time twofeller longa kill dead finish
bloody face blong you, was misocain. Wince

ACCORDING
TO COCKER.

TROTHBDOWERS.
FIG AND
THISTLE
PLOT A PIG
AND

WHISTLE.

® He, angel that I thought him, and he notaebel to speel eelyotripes., Mr Tellibly Divilcult!

* When the dander ratdes how the peacocks prance!

® The Brownes de Browne - Browne of Casdehacknolan.

Service super-
seding self.

Catastrophe and
Anabasis.

The rotary pro-
cessus and its
reestablishment
of reciprocities.

wan’s won! Ripl^ And his countinghands
rose.

Formalisa. Loves deathhow simple!

Slutningsbane®.

Thanks eversore much, Pointcarried ! I can’t
say if it’s the weight you strike me to the
quick or that red mass I was looking at but at
the present momentum, potential as I am. I’m
seeing rayingbogeys rings round me. Honours
to you and may you be commended for our
exhibitiveness! I’d love to take you for a
bugaboo ride and play ftmfer all if you’d only
sit and be the ballasted bottle in the porker
barrel. You will deserve a rolypoly as long
as from here to tomorrow. And to hell with
them driftbombs and bottom trailers! If my
maily was bag enough I’d send you a toxis.
By Saxon Chromaticus, you done that lovely
for me! Didn’t he now, Nubilina.^ Tiny Mite,
she studiert whas.^ With her listeningin coif-
fure, her dream of Endsland’s daylast and the
glorifires of being presainted maid to majesty.®
And less is the pity for she isn’t the lollypops
she easily might be if she had for a sample
Virginia’s air of achievement. That might
keep her from throwing delph.* As I was saying,
while retorting thanks, you make me a reborn
of the cards. We’re offals boys ambows.®
For I’ve flicked up all the crambs as they
crumbed from your table um, singing glory
allaloserem, cog it out, here goes a sum. So

■WITH EBONI5ER.
IN FIX.

EUCHRE
RISK, MERCI
BUCKUPjAND
MIND WHO

you’re

FUCKING,

FLEBBY.

^ A byebye bingbang boys! See you Nutcracker Sunday!

® Chinchin Childaman! Chapchopchap!

® Wipe your glosses with what you know.

* If I’d more in the cups that peeves thee you could cracksmith your rows tureens.

® Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

304

The Twofold
Truth and the
Conjunctive Ap-
petites of Oppo-
sitional Orexes,

Trishagion,

read we in must book. It tells. He prophets most who bilks the best.

And that salubrated sickenagiaour of yaours have teaspilled all my hazeydency. Forge away, Sunny Sim! Sheepshopp. Bleating Goad, it is the least of things, Eyeinstye! Imagine it, my deep dartry dullard! It is hours giving, not more. Fm only out for celebridging over the guilt of the gap in your hiscitendency. You are a hundred thousand times welcome, old wort-sampler, hellbeit you’re just about as culpable as my woolfell merger would be. In effect I could engage in an energument over you till you were republicly royally toobally prussic blue in the shirt after Trionfante di bestta! And if you’re not your bloater’s kipper may I never curse again on that pint I took of Jamesons. Old Keane now, you’re rod, hook and sinker, old jubalee Keane! Biddy’s hair. Biddy’s hair, mine lubber. Where is that Quin but he sknows it knot but what you that are my popular end-phthisis were born with a solver arm up your sleep. Thou in shanty ! Thou in scanty shanty 1 ! Thou in slanty scanty shanty!!! Bide in your hush! Bide in your hush, do! The law does not aloud you to shout. I plant my penstock in your postern, chinarpot. Ave! And let it be to all remembrance. Vale. Ovocation of maid-ing waters.® For auld lang salvy steyne. I defend you to champ my scullion’s praises. To book alone belongs the lobe. Foremaster’s meed® will mark tomorrow when we are making pilscrummage to whaboggeryin with

^ From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.

® Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!

® Giglamps, Soapy Geyser, The Smell and Gory M Gusty.

305

CUNCTITI-

TITILATIO?

COMKERY

CUNK,

THIGH-

THIGHT-

TICKELLY-

THIGH, LIG-

GERILAG,

TITTERITOT,

LEG IN A TEE,

LUG IN A

LAW, TWO

AT A TIE,

THREE ON A

TH RICKY

TILL OHIO

OHIO

lOIOMISS.

lOIOMISS.

Abnegation is
'Adaptation.

Cato.

Nero.

Saul. Aristotle.
Julius Caesar.
Pericles.

Ovid.

Adam, Eve.
Domittan. Edipus.
Socrates.

Ajax.

Homer.

Mari. A urelius.

staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles round our neckkandcropfs where as and when Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who offers sweet-meats, will gift uns his Noblett’s surprize. With this laudable purpose in loud ability let us be singulfied. Betwixt me and thee hung cong. Item, mizpah ends.

But while the dial are they doodling dawd-ling over the mugs and the grubs.^ Oikey, Impostolopulos.^^ Steady steady steady steady steady studiavimus. Many many many many many manducabimus.® We’ve had our day at triv and quad and writ our bit as intermidgets. Art, literature, politics, economy,chemistry, human-ity, &c. Duty, the daughter of discipline, the Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Every-thing and Everything in its Place, Is the Pen Mightier than the Sword.^ A Successful Career in the Civil Service,® The Voice of Nature in the Forest,* Your Favorite Hero or Heroine, On the Benefits of Recreation,® If Standing Stones Could Speak, Devotion to the Feast of the Indulgence of Portiuncula, The Dublin Metropolitan Police Sports at Ballsbridge, De-scribe in Homely Anglian Monosyllables the Wreck of the Hesperus,® What Morals, if any, can be drawn from Diarmuid and Grania.^’ Do

Alcibiades.

Lucretius.

you Approve of our Existing Parliamentary System.^ The Uses and Abuses of Insects, A

F NTER THE

COP AND

HOW.

SFCURF.S

GUBERNAN'T

URBIS

TLRROREM.

^ The divvy wants that babbling brook. Dear Auntie Emma Emma Eates.
^ Strike the day off, the nightcap’s on nigh. Goney, goney gone!

® R. C., disengaged, good character, would help, no salary.

^ Where Lily is a Lady found the netde rash.

® Bubabipibambuli, I can do as I like with what’s me own. Nyamnyara.
® Able seaman’s caution.

’ Rarely equal and distinct in all things.

306

Noah, Plato,

Horace. Isaac.

Tiresias,

Marius.

Diogenes.

Procncy Philo-
mela. Abraham.

Nestor. Cincin-
natus. Leonidas,

Jacob,

Lheocritus,

Joseph,

Fabius. Samson.

Cain.

Esop,

Prometheus,

Lot. Pompeius Magnus ^
Miltiades Strategos.
Solon.

Castor^ Pollux.
Dionysius.

Sappho.

Moses, Job,

Catilina.

Cadmus. Eiekiel.
Solomon, Themistocles.
Vitellius. Darius.

Visit to Guinness’ Brewery, Clubs, Advan-
tages of the Penny Post, When is a Pun not a
Pun? Is the Co-Education of Animus and

Anima Wholly Desirable?^ What Happened at Clontarf? Since our Brother Johnathan Signed the Pledge or the Meditations of Two Young Spinsters,® WTiy we all Love our Little Lord Mayor, Hengler’s Circus Entertainment, On Thrift,® The Kettle-Griffith-Moynihan Scheme for a New Electricity Supply, Travelling in the Olden Times,^ American Lake Poetry, the Strangest Dream that was ever Halfdreamt.® Circumspection, Our Allies the Hills, Are Parnellites Just towards Henry Tudor? Tell a Friend in a Chatty Letter the Fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant,® Santa Claus, The Shame of Slumdom, The Roman Pontiffs and the Orthodox Churches,'^ The Thirty Hour Week, Compare the Fistic Styles of Jimmy Wilde and Jack Sharkey, How to Understand the Deaf, Should Ladies learn Music or Mathematics? Glory be to Saint Patrick! What is to be found in a Dustheap, The Value of Circumstantial Evidence, Should Spelling? Outcasts in India, Collecting Pewter, Eu,® Proper and Regular Diet Necessity For,® If You Do It Do It Now.

^ Jests and the Beastalk with a little rude hiding rod.

® Wherry like the whaled prophet in a spookeerie.

® What sins is pirn money sans Paris.^

® I’ve lost the place, where was I?

® Something happened that time I was asleep, torn letters or was there snow.^

® Mich for his pain, Nick in his past.

^ He has toglieresti in brodo all over his agrammatical parts of face and as for that hippofoxphiz, unlucky number, late for the christening!

® Eh, Monsieur? Oh, Monsieur? Eu, Monsieur? Nenni No, Monsieur!

® Ere we hit the hay, brothers, let’s have that response to prayer!

Xenophon,

Delays are Dangerous. Vitavite! Gobble Anne: tea's set, see’s eneugh! Mox soonly -mil be in a split second per the chancellory of his exticker.

Pantocracy,

Bimutualism,

Interchangecbil-

ity. Naturality,

Superfetation.

Stabmobilism.

Periodicity.

Consummation.

Inter penet! ative-

ness. Predicam"

ent. Balance of

the factual by the

iheoric Boox and

Coox^Amallaga-

mated.

Aun

Do

Tri

Car

Cush^

Shay

Shockt

Ockt

Ni

Geg2

Their feed begins.

MAWMAW,
LUK, YOUR
BEEEtTAy’s
Fizzm over!

KAKAO-

POETIC

LIPPUDENIES

OF THE

UNGUMP-

TIOUS.

NIGHTLETTER

With our best youlldied greedings to Pep
and Memmy and the old folkers below and
beyant, wishing them all very merry Incar-
nations in this land of the liwey and plenty
of preprosperousness through their coming
new yonks

from

jake, jack and litde sousoucie
(the babes that mean too)

^ Kish is for anticheirst, and the free of my hand to him I

® And gags for skool and crossbnns and whopes hell enjoyimsolff over
our drawings on the line!

308

It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinnesses but.

That the fright of his light in tribalbalbutience hides aback in
the doom of the balk of the deaf but that the height of his life
from a bride’s eye stammpunct is when a man that means a moun-
tain barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy win-
ning she likes yet that pride that bogs the party begs the glory of
a wake while the scheme is like your rumba round me garden,
allatheses, with perhelps the prop of a prompt to them, was now
or never in Etheria Deserta,as in Grander Suburbia, -with Fiim-
fannfawners, ruric or cospolite, for much or moment indispute,

Whyfor had they, it is Hiberio-Miletians and Argloe-Noremen,
donated him, birth of an otion that was breeder to sweatoslaves,
as mysterbolder, forced in their waste, and as for IbduUin what of
Himana, that their tolvtubular high fidelity daildialler, as modem
as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute, (hear-
ing that anybody in that ruad duchy of Wollinstown schemed
to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded um-
brella antennas for distance getting and connected by the magnetic
links of a Bellini-Tosti coupling system with a vitaltone speaker,
capable of capturing skybuddies, harbour craft emittences, key
clickings, vaticum cleaners, due to woman formed mobile or
man made static and bawling the whowle hamshack and wobble
down in an eliminium sounds pound so as to serve him up a mele-
gotumy marygoraumd, eclectrically filtered for allirish earths and

309

ohmes. This harmonic condenser enginium (the Mole) they caused to be worked from a magazine battery (called the Mimmim Bimbim patent number 1132, Thorpetersen and Synds, Jomsborg, Selverbergen) which was tuned up by twintriodic singul-valvulous pipelines (lackslipping along as if their lifiing deepunded on it) with a howdrocephalous enlargement, a gain control of drcumcentric megacycles, ranging from the antidulibnium onto the serostaatarean. They finally caused, or most leastways brung it about somehows(that) the pip of the lin(to)pinnatrate inthro an auricular forfickle (known as the Vakingfar sleeper, monofractured by Piaras UaRhuamhaighaudhlug, tympan founder, Eustache Straight, Bauliaughacleeagh) a meatous conch culpable of cunduncing Naul and Santry and the forty routs of Corthy with the concertiums of the Brythyc Symmonds Guild, the Ropemakers Reunion, the Variagated Peddlars Barringoy Bnibrthirhd, the Askold Olegsonder Crowds of the O'Keef-Rosses and Rhosso-Keevers of Zastwoking, the Ligue of Yahooth o.s.v. so as to lall the bygone dozed they arborised around, up his corpular fruent and down his reuctionary buckling, hummer, enville and cstorrap (the man of Iren, thore's Curlymane for youl), lill the lubberendth of his otological life.

House of call is all their evenbreads though its cartomance hallucinate like an erection in the night the mummery of whose deed, a lur of Nur, immerges a mirage in a merror, for it is where by muzzinmessed for one watthour, bilaws below, till time jings pleas, that host of a bottlefilled, the bulkily hulkwight, hunter's pink of face, an Orel orioled, is in on a bout to be unbulging an o'connell's, the true one, all seethic, a luckybock, pledge of the stoup, whilom his canterberry bellseyes wink wickeding indtil the teller, oyne of an oustman in skull of skand. Yet is it, this ale of man, for him, our hubuljoynted, just a tug and a fistful as for Culsen, the Patagoreyan, chieftain of chokanchuckers and his moyety joyant, under the foamer dispensation when he pullupped the turfeycork by the greats of gobble out of Lougk Neagk. When, pressures be to our hoary frother, the pop gave his sullen bulletaction and, bilge, sled a movement of catharic emulsipotion

down the sloppery slide of a slaunty to tilted lift-ye-landsmen. Allamin. Which in the ambit of its orbit heaved a sink her sailer alongside of a drink her drainer from the basses brothers, those two theygottheres.

It was long after once there was a lealand in the luffing ore it was less after lives thor a toyler in the tawn at all ohr it was note before he drew out the moddle of Kersse by jerkin his dressing but and or it was not before athwartships he buttonhaled the Norweeger's capstan.

So he sought with the lobestir claw of his propendl the clue of the wickser in his ear. O, lord of the barrels, comer forth from Anow (I have not mislaid the key of Efas-Taem), O, Ana, bright lady, comer forth from Thenanow (I have not left temptation in the path of the sweeper of the threshold), 0 1

But first, strongbowth, they would deal death to a drinking. Link of a leadder, dubble in it, slake your thirdst thoughts awake with it. Our svalves are svalves aroon! We rescue thee, O Baass, from the damp earth and honour thee. O Connibell, with mouth burial I So was done, neat and trig. Up draught and whet

them!

— Then sagd he to the ship’s husband. And in his translaten-
tic norjankeltian. Hwere can a ketch or hook alive a suit and
sowterkins.^ Soot! sayd the ship’s husband, knowing the language,
here is tayleren. Ashe and Whitehead, closechop, successor to.
Ahorror, he sayd, canting around to that beddest his friend, the
tayler, for finixed coulpure, chunk pulley muchy chink topside
numpa one sellafella, fake an capstan make and shoot! Manning to
sayle of clothse for his lady her master whose to be precised of a
peer of trouders under the pattern of a cassack. Let me prove, I
pray thee, but this once, sazd Mengarments, saving the mouth-
brand from his firepool. He spit in his faist (beggin): he tape the
raw baste (paddin): he planked his pledge (as dib is a dab): and he
tog his fringe sleeve (buthock lad, fur whale). Alloy for allay and
this toolth for that soolth. Lick it and like it. A barter, a parter.
And plenty good enough, neighbour Norreys, every bit and
grain. And the ship’s husband brokecurst after him to hail the

lugger. Stolp, tief, stolp, come bag to Moy Eireann! And the
Norweeger’s cap'Jtan swaradeed, some blowfish out of schooling:
All lykkehud! Below taiyor he ikan heavin sets. But they broken
waters and they made whole waters at they surfered bark to the
lots of his vauce. And aweigh he yankered on the Norgean run so
that seven sailend sonnenrounders was he breastbare to the brina-
bath, where bottoms out has fatthoms full, fram Franz Jose
Land til Cabo Thormendoso, evenstarde and risingsoon. Up the
Rivor Tanneiry and down the Golfe Desombres. Farety days and
fearty nights. Enjoy yourself, O maremen! And the tides made,
veer and haul, and the times marred, rear and fall, and, holey
bucket, dinned he raign!

— Hump! Hump! bassed the broaders-in-laugh with a quick
piddysnip that wee halfbit a second.

— I will do that, sazdKersse, mainingstaying the rigout for her
wife’s lairdship. Nett sew.^ they hunched back at the earpicker.

But old sporty, as endth lord, in ryehouse reigner, he nought
feared crimp or cramp of shore sharks, plotsome to getsome. It
was whol niet godthaab of errol Loritz off his Cape of Good
Howthe and his trippertrice loretta lady, a maoraette to his
monetone, with twy twy twinky her stone hairpins, only not,
if not, a queen of Prancess their telling tabled who was for his
seeming a casket through the heavenly, nay, heart of the sweet
(had he hows would he keep her as niece as a fiddle!) but in the
mealtub it was wohl yeas sputsbargain what, rarer of recent, an
occasional conformity, he, with Muggleton Muckers, alwagers
allalong most certainly allowed, as pilerinnager’s grace to peti-
tionists of right, of the three blend cupstoomerries with their
customed spirits, the Gill gob, the Burklley bump, the Wallisey
wanderlook, having their ceilidhe gailydhe in his shaunty irish.
Group dritikards maaks grope thinkards or how reads rotary,
jewr of a chrestend, respecting the otherdogs churchees, so long
plubs will be plebs but plabs by low frequency amplification may
later agree to have another. For the people of the shed are the
sure ads of all quorum. Lorimers and leathersellers, skinners and
salters, pewterers and paperstainers, parishclerks, fletcherbowyers,

girdlers, mercers, cordwainers and first, and not last, the weavers. Our library he is hoping to ye public.

Innholder, upholder.

— Sets on sayfiohrti Go to it, agitator! they bassabosuned over the flowre of their hoose. Godeown moseys and skeep thy beeble bee!

— I will do that, acordial, by mine hand, sazd Kersse, piece Cod, and in the flap of a jacket, ructified after his nap of a blankit their o' cousin, as sober as the ship's husband he was one my god-father when he told me saw whileupon I am now well and jurily sagasfide after the boonamorse the widower, according to rider, following pnomoneya, he is consistently blown to Adams. So help me boyg who keeps the book!

Whereofter, behest his suzerain law the Thing and the pilsener had the baar, Recknar Jarl, (they called him Roguenor, Irl call him) still passing the change-a-pennies, pengeypigses, a several sort of coyne in livery, pushed their whisper in his hairing, (seemed, a some shipshep's sottovoxed stalement, a dearagadye, to hasvey anyone doing duty for duff point of dorkland compors) the same to the good ind ast velut discharge after which he had exemptied more than orphan for the ballast of his nurtural life. And threw a cast. A few pigses and hare you are and no chicking, tribune's tribute, if you guess mimic miening. Meanly in his lewd-brogue take your tyon coppels token, with this good sixtric from mine runbag of juwels. Nummers that is summus that is toptip that is bottombay that is Twomeys that is Digges that is Heres. In the frameshape of hard mettles. For we all would fain make glories. It is minely well mint.

Thus as count the costs of liquid courage, a buUyon gauger, stowed stivers pengapung in bulk in hold (fight great finnence! brayvoh, little bratton!) keen his kenning, the queriest of the crew, with that fellow fearing for his own misshapes, should he be himpself namesakely a foully fallen dissentant from the peripu-lator, sued towerds Meade-Reid and Lynn-Duff, rubbing the hodden son of a pookal, leaden be light, lather be dry and it be drownd on all the ealsth beside, how the camel and where the

deiffel or when the finicking or why the funicking,who caused the scaffolding to be first removed you give orders, babeling, were their reidey meade answer when on the cutey (the cores-pondent) in conflict of evidence drew a kick at witness but (missed) and for whom in the dyfflun's kiddy removed the planks they were wanted, boob.

Bump!

Bothallchoractorschumminaroundgansumuminarumdrum-

strumtruminahumptadumpwaultopoofoolooderamaunsttimupl

— Did do a dive, aped one.

— Propellopalombarouter, based two.

— Rutsch is for rutterman ramping his roe, seed three. Where the muddies scrimm ball. Bimbim bimbim. And the maidies scream all. Himhim himhim.

And forthemore let legend go lore of it that mortar scene so cwympty dwympty what a dustydust it razed arboriginally but, luck’s leap to the lad at the top of the ladder, so sartor’s risorted why the sinner the badder! Ho ho ho hoch! La la la lachl Hillary rillarry gibbous grist to our millery! A pushpull, qq: quiescence, pp: with extravent intervulve coupling. The savest lauf in the world. Paradoxmutose caring, but here in a present booth of Balla-clay, Barthalamou, where their dutchimcler mynhosts and serves them dram well right for a boors’ interior (homereek van hohm-ryk) that salve that selver is to screen its auntey and has ringround as worldwise eve her sins (pip, pip, pip) willpip futurepip feature apip footloose pastcast with spareshins and flash substittles of noirse-made-earsy from a nephew mind the narrator but give the devil his so long as those sohns of a blitzh call the tuone tuone and thonder alout makes the thurd. Let there be. Due.

— That’s all murtagh purtagh but whad ababs his dopter? sissed they who were onetime ungkerls themselves, (when the youthel of his yom shook the bouchal in his bed) twilled along-side in wiping the rice assatiated with their wetting. The lappel of his size? His ros in sola velnere and he sicckumed of homnis terrars. She wends to scoulas in her slalpers. There were no pea-nats in her famalgia so no wumble she tumbled for his faraas

roalls davors. Don’t him forget! A butcheler artsed out of Cullege Trainity. Diddled he daddle a drop of the cradler on delight mebold laddy was stetched? Knit wear? And they addled, (or ere the cry of their tongues would be uptied dead) Shufflebotham asidled, plus his ducks fore his drills, an inlay of a liddle more lining maught be licensed all at ones, be these same tokens, for-giving a brass rap, sneither a whole length nor a short shift so full as all were concerned.

Burniface, shiply efter, shoply after, at an angle of lag, let flow, brabble brabble and brabble, and so hostily, heavyside breathing, came up with them and, check me joule, shot the three tailors, butting back to Moyle herring, bump as beam and buttend, roller and reiter, after the diluv’s own deluge, the seasant samped as skibber breezed in, tripping, dripping, threw the sheets in the wind, the tights of his trunks at tickle to tackle and his rubmelucky truss rehorsing the pouffed skirts of his overhawl. He’d left his stickup in his hand to show them none ill feeling. Whatthough for all appentices it had a mushroom on it. While he faced them front to back. Then paraseuls round, quite taken atack, sclaiming, Howe cools Eavybrollyl

— Good marrams, sagd he, freshwatties and boasterdes all, as he put into bierhiven, nogeysokey first, cabootle segund, jilling to windwards, as he made straks for that oerasound the snarsty weg for Publin, so was his horenpipe lug in the lee off their mouths organs, with his tilt too taut for his tammy all a slaunter and his wigger on a wagger with its tag tucked. Up. With a good easter-ing and a good westering. And he asked from him how the hitch did do this my fand sulkers that mone met the Kidballacks which

he suttonly remembered also where the hatch was he endnew strandweys he’s that fond sutchenson, a penincular fraimd of mind, fordeed he was langseling to talka holt of hems, clown toff, tye hug fliorten. Cablen: Clifftop. Shelvling tobay oppe-long tomeadow. Ware cobbles. Posh.

— Skibbereen has common inn, by pounautique, with poke-way paw, and sadder raven evermore, telled shinshanks lauwering frankish for his kicker who, through the medium of gallic

— Pukkelsen, tilltold.

That with some our prowed invisors how their ulstravoliance led them infroraids, striking down and landing alow, against our aerian insulation resistance, two boards that beached ast one, wid-ness thane and tysk and hanry. Prepatrickularly all, they summed. Kish met. Bound to. And for landlord, noting, nodding, a coast to moor was cause to mear. Besides proof plenty, over proof. While they either took a heft. Or the other swore his eric. Heaved two, spluiced the menbrace. Heirs at you, Brewinbaroon! Weth a whistle for methanks.

— Good marrams and good merrymills, sayd good mothers gossip, bobbing his bowing both ways with the bents and skerries, when they were all in the old walled of Kjnkincaraborg (and that they did overlive the hot air of Montybunkum upon the coal blasts of Mitropolitos let there meeds be the hourihom), hiberniating cifter seven oak ages, fearsome where they were he had gone dump in the doomering this tide where the peixies would pickle him down to the button of his seat and his sess old soss Erinly into the boelgein with the help of Divy and Jorum’s locquor and shut the door after him to make a rarely fine Ran’s cattle of fish. Morya Mortimor! Ailapalla overus! Howoft had the ballshee tried! And they laying low for his home gang in that eeriebleak mead, with fireball feast and turkeys tumult and paupers patch to provide his bum end. The foe things your niggerhead needs to be fitten for the Big Water. He made the sign of the hammer. God’s drought, he sayd, after a few daze, thinking of all those bliakings, how leif pauses ! Here you are back on your hawkins, from Blasil the Brast to our povotogesus portocall, the furt on the turn of the hurdies, slave to trade, vassal of spices and a dragon-the-market, and be turbot, lurch a stripe, as were you soused methought out of the mackerel. Eldsfells! sayd he. A kumpavin on iceslant! Here’s open handlegs for one old faulker from the hame folk here in you’s booth I So sell me gundy, sagd the now waging cappon, with a warry posthumour’s expletion, shoots ogos shootsle him or where’s diat slob.^ A bit bite of keesens, he sagd, til Dennis, for this jantar (and let the dobblins

roast perus,) or a stinger, he sagd, t. d., on a doroughbread kennedy’s for Patriki San Saki on svo fro or my old relogion’s out of tiempor and when I’m soured to the tipple you can sink me lead, he sagd, and, if I get can, sagd he, a pusspull of tomtartarum. Thirst because homing hand give. Allkey dallkey, sayd the shop’s housebound, for he was as deep as the north star (and could tolk sealer’s solder into tankar’s tolder) as might have sayd

every man to his beast, and a treat for the trading scow, my cater million falls to you and crop feed a stall! Afram. And he got and gave the ekspedient for Hombreyhambrey wilcomer what’s the good word. He made the sign on the feaster. Cloth be laid! And a disk of osturs for the swanker! Allahballah! He was the carelessest man I ever see but he sure had the most sand. One fishball with fixings ! For a dan of a ven of a fin of a son of a gun of a gombolier. Ekspedient, sayd he, sonnur mine, Shackleton Sulten! Opvarts and at ham, or this ogry Osier will oxmaul us all, sayd he, like one familiar to the house, while Waldemar was heeling it and Maldemaer was toeing it, soe syg he was walking from the bowl at his food and the meer crank he was waiting for the tow of his turn. Till they plied him behaste on the fare. Say wehm!

— Nohow did he kersse or hoot alike the suit and solder skins, minded first breachesmaker with considerable way on and

— Humpsea dumpsea, the munchantman, secondsnipped cutter the curter.

— A ninth for a ninth. T ake my worth from it. And no mistaenk, they thricetold the taler and they knew the whyed for too. The because of his sosuch. Uglymand fit himshemp but throats fill us all! And three’s here’s for repeat of the unium! Place the scaurs wore on your groot big bailey bill, he apullajibed, the O’Colonel Power, latterly distented from the O’Conner Dan, so promonitory himself that he was obliffious of the headth of hosA that rosed before him, from Sheeroskouro, under its zembliance of mardal mansk, like a dun darting dullemitter, with his moultain haares stuck in plostures upon it, (do you kend yon peak with its coast so green?) still trystfully acape for her his gragh knew well in pre-

cious memory and that proud grace to her, in gait a movely water, of smile a coolsome cup, with that rarefied air of a Montmalency and her qmck little breaths and her climbing colour. Take thee live will save thee wive.^ I’ll think uplon, lilady. Should anerous enthroproise call homovirtue, duinnafear! The ghem’s to the ghoom be she nere zo zma. Obsit nemon! Floodlift, her ancient of rights regaining, so yester yidd, even remembrance. And greater grown then in the trifle of her days, a mouse, a mere tittle, trots off with the whole panoromacron picture. Her youngfree yoke stilling his wandercursus, jilt the spin of a curl and jolt the broadth of a buoy. The Annexandreian captive conquest. Ethna Prettyplume, Hooghly Spaight. Him her first lap, her his fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport. While this glowworld’s lump is gloaming off" and han in hende will grow. Through simpling years where the lowcasts have aten of amilikan honey and datish fruits and a bannock of barley on Tham the Thatcher’s palm. O wandemess be wondemest and now! Listeneath to me, veils of Mina! He would withsay, nepertheloss, that is too me mean. I oldways did me walsh and preechup ere we set to sope and fash. Now eats the vintner over these contents oft with his sad slow munch for backonham. Yet never shet it the brood of aurowoch, not for legions of donours of Gamuels. I have performed the law in trudi for the lord of the law, Taif Alif. I have held out my hand for the holder of my heart in Annapolis, my youthrib city. Be ye then my protectors tonto Mussabotomia before the guards of the city. Theirs theres is a gentlemeants agreement. Womensch plodge. To slope through heather

till the foot. Join Andersoon and Co. If the flowers of speech valed the springs of me rising the hiker I hilltapped the murk I mist my blezzard way. Not a knocker on his head nor a nick-number on the manyoumeant. With that coldtbrundt natteldster wefting stinks from Alpyssinia, wooving nihilnulls from Memo-land and wolving the ulvertones of the voice. But his spectrem onlymergeant crested from the irised sea in plight, calvitousness, loss, nngnr, gliddinyss, unwill and snorth. It might have been what you call your change of my life but there’s the chance of a

night for my lifting, Hillyhollow, valleylow! With the soimds and the scents in the morning,

— I shot be shoddied, throttle me, fine me cowheel for ever, usquebauched the ersewild aleconner, for bringing briars to Bem-bracken and ringing rinbus round Demetrius for, as you wrinkle wryghtiy, bully bluedomer, it’s a suirsite’s stircus haunting hes-teries round old volcanoes. We gin too gnir and thus plinary indulgence makes collemullas of us all. But Time is for talerman tasting his tap. Tiptoptap, Mister Maut.

He made one summery (Cholk and murble in lonestime) of his the three swallows like he was muzzling Moselems and torched up as the faery pangeant fluwed down the hisophenguts, a slake for the quicklining, to the tickle of his tube and the twobble of his fable, O, fibbing once upon a spray what a queer and queasy spree it was. Plumped.

Which both did. Prompt. Eh, chrystal holder.^ Save Ampster-dampster that had rheumaniscences in his netherlumbs.

— By the drope in his groin, Ali Slupa, thinks the cappon, plumbing his liners, we were heretofore.

— And be the coop of his gobbos, Reacher the Thaurd, thinks your girth fatter, apopo of his buckseaseilers, but where’s Horace’s courtin troopsers?

— I put hem behind the oasthouse, sagd Pukkelsen, tuning wound on the teller, appeased to the cue, that double dyode dealered, and he’s wallowing awash swill of the Tarra water. And it marinned down his gargantast trombsathletic like the marousers of the gulpstroom. The kersse of W olafs on him, shitateyar, he sagd in the fornicular, and, at weare or not at weare, I’m sigen no stretcher, for I carsed his murhersson goat in trotthers with them newbuckle-noosers behigh in the fire behame in the oasthouse. Hops I sagd he-

— Smoke and coke choke 1 lauffed till the tear trickled drown a thigh the loafers all but a sheep’s whosepants that swished to the lord he hadn’t and the starer his story was tailed to who felt that, the fierifornax being thurst on him motophosically, as Omar sometime notes, such a satuation, debauchly to be watched for, would empty dempty him down to the ground.

— And hopy dope! sagd he, anded the enderer, now dyply hypnotised or hopeseys doper himself. And kersse him, sagd he,

after inunder tarrapoulling, and the shines he cuts, shinar, the screeder, the stitchimesnider, adepted to nosestorsioms in his budinholder, cummanisht, sagd he, (fouyoufoukoul) which goes in the ways smooking publics, sagd he, bomboosting to be in thelitest civille row faction for a dubblebrasterd navvygaiterd, (flick off that hvide aske, big head!) sagd he, the big bag of my hamd till hem, tollerloon, sagd he, with his pudny bun brofkost when he waits meet the bangd. I will put his fleas of wood in the flour, and he sagd, behunt on the oatshus, the not wellmade one, sagd he, the kersse of my armsore appal this most unmentionablest of men (mundering eeriesk, if he didn't scalded him all the shimps names in his gitter!) a coathemmed gusset sewer, sagd he, his first cudgin is an innvalet in the unitred stables which is not feed tonights a kirtle offal fisk and he is that woe worstered wastended shootmaker whatever poked a noodle in a clouth!

So for the second tryon all the meeting of the acarras had it. How he hised his bungle oar his shourter and cut the pinter off his pourer and lay off for Fellagulphia in the farning. From his dhruimadhreamdhrue back to Brighten-pon-the-Baltic, from our lund's rund turs bag til threathy hoeres a wuke. Ugh!

— Stuff, Taaffe, stuff! interjoked it his wife's hopesend to the boath of them consistently. Come back to May Aileen.

— Ild luck to it ! blastfumed the nowraging scamptail, in flating furies outs trews his cammelskins, the flashlight of his ire wacker-ing from the eyewinker on his masttop. And aye far he fared from Afferik Arena and yea near he night till Blawland Bearring, baken be the brazen stm, buttered be the snows. And the sea shoaled and the saw squalled. And, soaking scupper, didn't he drain

A pause.

Infernal machinery (serial number; Bullysacre, dig care a dig) having thus passed the buck to billy back from jack (finder the keeper) as the baffling yam sailed in circles it was now high tide for the reminding pair of snipers to be suitably punished till they

had, like the pervious oelkenner done, liquorally no more powers to their elbow. Ignorinsers' bliss, therefore, their not to say rifle butt target, none too wisefolly, poor fish, (he is eating, he is spun, is milked, he dives) upholding a lampthome of lawstift as wand of welcome to all men in bonafay, (and the corollas he so has saved gainsts the virus he has thus injected!) discoastedself to that kipsie point of its Dublin bar there, breaking and entering, from the outback's dead heart, Glasthule Bourne or Boehemapark Nolagh, by wattsismade or bianconi, astraylians in island, a wellknown tall hat blown in between houses by a nightcap of that silk or it might be a black velvet and a kiber galler dragging his hunker, were signalling gael warnings towards Wazwollenzee Haven to give them their beerings, east circular route or elegant central highway. Open, 'tis luck will have it! Lifeboat Alloe, Noeman's Woe, Hircups Emptybolly! With winkles whelks and cocklesent jelks. Let be buttercup eve lit by night in the Phoenix! Music. And old lotts have funn at Flammagen's ball. Till Irinwakes from Slumber Deep. How they succeeded by courting daylight in saving darkness he who loves will see.

Business. His bestness. Copeman helpen.

Contrescene.

He cupped his years to catch me’s to you in what’s yours as minest to hissent, giel as gail, geil as gaul, Odorozone, now our-menial servent, blsinding rum, milk and toddy with I hand it to you. Saying whiches, see his bow on the hapence, with a pat-tedyr but digit here, he scooped the hens, hounds and horses biddy by bunny, with an arc of his covethand, saved from the drohnings they might oncounter, untill his cubid long, to hide in dry. Aside. Your sows tin the topple, dodgers, trink me dregs! Zoot!

And ydth the gust of a spring alice the fossickers and swaggelers with him on the hoof from down under piked forth desert roses in that mulligar scrub.

Reenter Ashe Junior. Peiwei top tip, nankeen pontdelounges. Gives fair day. Cheroot. Cheevio!

Off.

X

— Take off thatch whitehat (lo, Kersse come in back bespoking of loungeon off the Boildawl stuumplecheats for rushirishis Irush-Irish, dangieling his old Conan over his top gallant shouldier so was, lao yiu shao, he’s like more look a novicer on the nevay).

— Tick off that whilehot, you scum of a botch, (of Kersse who, as he turned out, alas, hwen ching hwan chang, had been mocking his hollaballoon a sample of the costume of the country).

— Tape oaf that saw foull and sew wrong, welsher, you suck of a jhick, stock and the udder, and confiteor yourself (for bekersse he had cuttered up and misfutthered in the most multiplest manner for that poor old bridge’s masthard slouch a shook of cloakses the wise, hou he pouly hung hoang tseu, his own fitther couldn’t nose him).

Chorus: With his coate so graye. And his potinds that he pawned from the burning.

— And, haikon or hurlin, who did you do at doyle today, my horsey dorksey gentryman. Serge Mee, suit! sazd he, tersey ker-sey. And when Tersse had sazd this Kersse stood them the whole koursse of training how the whole blazy raze acurraghed, from lambkinsback to sliving board and from spark to phoenish. And he tassed him tartly and he sassed him smartly, tig for tager, strop for stripe, as long as there’s a lyasher on a kyat. And they peered him beheld on the pyre.

And it was so. Behold.

— Same capman no nothing horces two feller he feller go where. Isn’t that effect.^ gig for gag, asked there three newcom-raers till knockingshop at the ones upon a topers who, while in

admittance to that impedance, as three as they were there, they had been malttreating themselves to their health’s contempt.

— That’s fag for fig, metinkus, confessed, mhos for mhos, those who, would it not be for that dielectrick, were upon the point of obsoletion, and at the brink of from the pillary of the Nilsens and from the statutes of the Kongbullies and from the millestones of Oviergroamlius libitate nos, Domnial!

And so culp me goose, he sazd, szed the ham muncipated of die first course, recoursing, all cholers and coughs with his beauw

on the bummell, the bugganeering wanderducken, he sazd, (that his pumps may ship awhoyle shandymound of the dussard), the coarsehair highsaydighsayman, there’s nice tugs he looks, (how you was. Ship Alouset?) he sazd, the bloedaxe bloodooth baltxe-bec, that is crupping into our raw lenguage navel through the lumbsmall of his hawsehole, he sazd, donconfounder him, voyag-ing after maidens, belly jonah hunting the polly joans, and the hurss of all portnoysers befaddle him, he sazd, till I split in his fiags, he sazd, one to one, the landslewder, after Donnerbruch fire. Reefer was a wenchman. One can smell olF his wetsments how he is coming from a beach of promisck. Where is that old muttiny, shall I ask? Free kicks he will have from me, turncoats, in Bar Bartley if I wars a fewd years ago. Meistr Capteen Gaascooker, a salestrirnmer! As he was soampling me ledder, like pulp, and as I was trailing his fumbelums, like hulp, he’ll fell the fall of me faus, he sazd, likeyulp! The goragorridgorballyed pushkalsson, he sazd, with his bellows pockets fulled of potchtatos and his fox in a stomach, a disagrees to his ramskew coddlelecherskithers’ zirkuvs, drop down dead and deaf, and there is never a teilwrmans in the feof fife of Iseland or in the wholeabelongd of Skunkinabory from Drumadunderry till the rumnants of Mecckrass, could milk a colt in thrushes foran furrow follower width that a hole in his tale and that hell of a hull of a hill of a camelump bakk. Fadgest-fudgist!

Upon this dry call of selenium cell (that horn of lunghalloon, Riland’s in peril!) with its doomed crack of the old damn ukonnen power insound in it the lord of the saloom, as if for a Hash sala-magunnded himself, listed his tummelumpsk pack and hearinat presently returned him, ambilaterally alleyeoneyesed, from their uppletoned layir to his beforetime guests, that bunch of palers on their round, timemarching and petrolling how, who if they were abound to loose a laugh (Toni Lampi, you booraascall) they were abooned to let it as the leashed they might do when they felt (O, the wolf he’s on the walk, sees his sham cram bokk!) their joke was coming home to them, the steerage way for stabling, ghus-torily spoeking, gen and gang, dane and dare, like the dud spuk

of his first foetotype (Trolldedroll, how vary and likely!), the filli-bustered, the fully bellied. With the old sit in his shoulders, and the new satin atlas onder his uxter, erning his breadth to the swelt of his proud and, picking up the emberose of the lizod lights, his tail toiled of spume and spawn, and the bulk of him, and hulk of him as whenever it was he reddled a ruad to riddle a rede from the

sphinxish pairc while Ede was a guardin, ere love a side issue. They hailed him cheeringly, their encient, the murrainer, and wallruse, the merman, ye seal that lubs you lassers, Thallasee or Tullafilmagh, when come of uniform age.

— Heave, coves, emptybloddy!

And ere he could catch or hook or line to suit their saussyskins, the lumpenpack. Underbund was overraskelled. As

— Sot! sod the tailors opsits from their gabbalots, change all that whole set. Shut down and shet up. Our set, our set’s allohn.

And they poured em behoiled on the fire. Scaald!

Rowdiose wodhalooing. Theirs is one lessonless missage for good and truesirs. Will any persen bereaved to be passent bring-back or rumpart to the Hoved politymester. Clontarf, one love, one fear. Ellers for the greeter glossary of code, callen hom: Finucane-Lee, Finucane-Law.

Am. Dg.

Welter focussed.

Wind from the nordth. Warmer towards muffinbell. Lull.

As our revelant Colunnfiller predicted in last mount’s chattiry sermon, the allexpected depression over Schiumdinebbia, a bygger muster of veirying precipitation and haralded by faugh sicknells, (hear kokkenhovens ekstras!) and umwalloped in an unusuable suite of clouds, having filthered through the middelhav of the same gorgers’ kennel on its wage wealthwards and incursioned a sotten retch of low pleasure, missed in some parts but with lucal drizzles, the outlook for tomarry (Streamstress Mandig) beamed brider, his ability good.

What hopends to they?

Giant crash in Aden. Birdfiights confirm abbroaching nub-

tials. Burial of Lifetenant-Groevener Hatchett, R.I.D. Devine’s Previdence.

Ls. De.

Art thou gainous sense uncompetite! Limited. Anna Lynchya Pourable! One and eleven. United We Stand, even many offered. Don’t forget. I wish auspicable thievesdayte for the stork dyrby. It will be a thousand’s a won paddies. And soon to bet. On drums of bliss. With hapsalap troth, hipsalewd prudity, hopesalot hon-nessy, hoopsaloop luck. After when from midnights imwards the fourposter harp quartetto. (Kiskiviikko, Kalastus. Torstaj, tanssia. Perjantaj, peleja. Lavantaj ja Sunnuntaj, christianismus kirjallisuus, kirjalHsuus christianismus.) Whilesd this pellover his hnnisch.

— Comither, ahorace, thou mighty man of valour, elderman adaptive of Capel Ysnod, and tsay-fong tsei-foun a laun bricks-number till I’ve fined you a faulter-in-law, to become your son-

to-be, gentlemens tealer, generalman seelord, gosse and bosse, hunguest and horasa, jonjemsums both, in sailsmanship, szed the head marines talebearer, then sayd the ships gospfather in the scat story to the husband’s capture and either you does or he musts and this moment same, sayd he, so let laid pacts be being betving ye, he sayd, by my main makeshift, he sayd, one fisk and one flesk, as flat as, Aestmand Addmimdson you, you’re iron slides and so hompety domp as Paddley Mac Namara here he’s a hardy canooter, for the two breasts of Banba are her soilers and her toilers, if thou wilt serve Idyall as thou hast sayld. Brothers Boathes, brothers Coathes, ye have swallen blooders’ oathes. And Gophar sayd unto Glideon and sayd he to the nowedding captain, the rude himnerable Humphrey, who was praying god of clothildies by the seven bosses of his trunktarge he would save bucklesome when she wooed belove on him, comeether, sayd he, my merrytime marelupe, you wutan whaal, sayd he, into the shipfolds of our quadrupede island, bless madhugh, mardyk, luusk and congl Blass Neddos bray! And no more of your maimed acts after this with your kowtoros and criados to every tome, thick and heavy, and our onliness of his revelance to your ultimde. The illfollowable staying in wait for you with the winning word put into his mouth

or be the hooley tabell, as Horrocks Toler hath most cares to call it. I’ll rehearse your comeundermends and first mardhyr you entirely. As puck as that Paddeus picked the pun and left the lollies off the foiled. A Trinity judge will crux your boom. Pat is the man for thy. Ay ay! And he pured him beheild of the ouishguss, mingling a sign of the cruisk. I popetithes thee, Ocean, sayd he, Oscarvaughther, sayd he, Erievikkingr, sayd he, intra trifum triforium trifoliorum, sayd he, oncondirionally, forfor furst of gielgaulgalls and hero chief explunderer of the clansakiltic, sayd he, the streameress mastress to the sea aase cuddycoalman’s and let this douche for you as a wholly apuzzler’s and for all the pukkaleens to the wakes of you, sayd he, out of the hellsinky of the howtheners and be danned to ye, sayd he, into our roomyo connellic relation, sayd he, from which our this pledge is given, Tera truly ternatrine if not son towards thousand like expect chrisan athems to which I osker your godhsbattaring, saelir, for as you gott kvold whereafter a gooden diggin and with gooder enscure from osion buck fared agen fairioes feuded hailsohame til Edar in that the loyd mave hercy on your sael! Anomyn and awer. Spickinusand.

— Nansense, you snorsted.^ he was haltid considerable agenst all religions overtrow so hworefore the thokkurs pokker the bigbug miklamanded storstore exploder would he be whulesalesolde daadooped by Priest Gudfodren of the sacredhaunt suit in Diaeblen-Balkley at Domnkirk Saint Petricksburg? But ear this:

— And here,aaherra, my rere admirable peadar poulsen, sayd he, consistently, to the secondnamed sutor, my lately lamented sponsorship, comesend round that wine and lift your horn, sayd he, to show you’re a skolar for, winter you likes or not, we brought your summer with us and, tomkin about your lief eurekason and his undishcovery of amende, be the rolling forties, he sayd, and on my sopper crappidamn, as Harris himself says, to let you in on some crismion dottrin, here is the ninethest pork of a man whisk swimmies in Dybblin water from Ballscodden easthmost till Thyrston’s Lickslip and, sayd he, (whiles the heart of Lukky Swayn slaughed in his icebox for to think of all the soorts of

smukklers he would behave in juteyfrieze being forelooper to her) praties peel to our goodsend Brandonius, of a Cara, spouse to Fynlogue, he has the nicesth pert of a nittlewoman in the house, la chito, la chato, la Charmadouiro, Tina-bat-Talur, cif for your fob and a tesura astore for you, eslucylamp aswhen the surge seas sombren, that he daughts upon of anny liwing plusquebelle, to child and foster, that’s the lippeyear’s wonder of Totty go, Newschool, two titty too at win winnie won, tramity trimming and funnity fare, with a grit as hard as the trent of the thiraes but a touch as saft eis the dee in flooing and never a Hyderow Jenny the like of her lightness at look and you leap, rheadoromanscing long evmans invairn, about little Anny Roners and all the Lavinias of ester yours and pleding for them to herself in the periglus glatsch hangs over her trickle bed, it’s a piz of fortune if it never fells from the stuffel, and, when that mallaura’s over till next time and all the prim rossies are out dressparading and the tubas tout tout for the glowru of their god, making every Dinny dingle after her down the Dargul dale and (wait awhile, blusterbuss, you’re marchadant too forte and don’t start furlan your ladins till you’ ve learned the lie of her landuage!), when it’s summwer calding and she can hear the pianutunar beyant the bayondes in Combria sleepytalking to the Wiltsh muntons, titting out through her droemer window for the flyend of a touchman over the wishtas of English Strand, when Kilbarrack bell pings saksalaisance that Concessas with Sinbads may (pong!), where our dollimonde sees the phantom shape of Mr Fortunatus Wright since winksome Miss Bulkeley made loe to her wrecker and he took her to be a rover, O, and playing house of ivary dower of gould and gift you soil me peepat my prize, which its a blue loogoont for her in a bleakeyed seusan if she can’t work her mireiclles and give Norgeyborgey good airish timers, while her fresh racy turf is kindly kindling up the lower with the flu, with a roaryboaryellas would set an Eri-weddyng on fire, let aloon an old Humpopolamos with the boomar-poorter on his brain, aiden bay scye and dye, aasbukividdy, twentynine to her dozen and coocoo him didulceydovely to his old cawcaws huggin and munin for his strict privatear which

there’s no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar beer turns out Bruin O’Luinn and beat his barge into a battering pram with her wattling way for cubblin and, be me fairy fay, sayd he, the marriage mixter, to Kersse, Son of Joe Ashe, her coax-fonder, wiry eyes and winky hair, timkin abeat your Andraws Meltons and his lovsang of the short and shifty, I will turn my thinks to things alove and I will speak but threes ones, sayd he, my truest patrions good founter, poles a port and zones asunder, tie up in hates and repeat at luxure, you can better your tooblue prodestind arson, tyler bach, after roundsabouts and donochs and the volumed smoke, though the clonk in his stumble strikes warn, and were he laid out on that counter there like a Slavocrates amongst his skippies, when it comes to the ride onerable, sayd he, that’s to make plain Nanny Ni Sheeres a full Dinamarqueza, and all needed for the lay, from the hursey on the montey with the room in herberge down to forkpiece and bucklecatch, (Elding, my elding! and Lif, my lif!) in the pravacy of the pirma nocturne, hap, sayd he, at that meet hour of night, and hop, sayd he, and the

fyrsty annas everso thried (whiles the breath of Huppy Hulles-
pond swumped in his seachest for to renumber all the mallyme-
dears' long roll and call of sweetheart emmas that every had a
port in from Coxenhagen till the brottels on the Nile), while
taylight is yet slipping under their pillow, (ill omens on Kitty
Cole if she's spilling laddy's measure!) and before Sing Mattins in
the Fields, ringsengd ringsengd, bings Heri the Concorant Erho,
and the Referinn Fuchs Gutmann gives us I'll Bell the Welled or
The Steeplepqy's Revanger and all Thingavalley knows for its
never dawn in the dark but the deed comes to life, and raptist bride
is aptist breed (tha lassy! tha lassy!), and, to buoy the hoop
within us springing, 'tis no timbertar she'll have then in her arms-
brace to doll the dallydandle, our fiery quean, upon the night of
the things of the night of the making to stand up the double
tet of the oversear of the seize who cometh from the mighty
deep and on the night of making Horuse to crihumph over his
enemy, be the help of me cope as so pluse the riches of the roed-
shields, with Elizabeliza blessing the bedpain, at the willbedone

of Yinko Jinko Randy, come Bastabasco and hippychip eggs, she
will make a suomease pair and singlette, jodhpur smalls and tailor-
less, a copener's cribful, leaf, bud and berry, the divlin's own little
mimmykin puss, (hip, hip, horatia!) for my old comrhade salty-
mar here, Briganteen — General Sir A. I. Magnus, the flapper-
nooser, master of the good lifebark Ulivengrem of Onslought,
and the homespund of her hearth, (Fuss his farther was the norse
norse east and Muss his mother was a gluepot) and, gravydock or
groovy anker, and a hulldread pursunk manowhood, who (with
a chenchen for his delight time and a bonzeye nappin through his
doze) he is the bettest bluffy blondblubber of an olewidgeon what
overspat a skettle in a skib.

Cawcaught. Coocaged.

And Dub did glow that night. In Fingal of victories. Cann-
matha and Cathlin sang together. And the three shouters of
glory. Yelling halfviewed their harps. Surly Tuhal smiled upon
drear Darthoola; and Roscranna's bolgaboyo begirliiied the
daughter of Cormac. The soul of everyelsesbody rolled into its
olesoleself. A doublemonth's licence, lease on mirth, while hooney-
moon and her flame went huneysuckling. Holyryssia, what boom
of bells! What battle of bragues on Sandgate where met the bobby
mobbed liis bibby mabbing through the ryce. Even Tombs left
doss and dunnage down in Demidoff's tomb and drew on the
dournailed clogs that Morty Manning left him and legged in by
Ghoststown Gate, like Pompei up to date, with a sprig of White-
boys heather on his late Luke Elcock's heirloom. And some say
they seen old dummydeaf with a leaf of bronze on his cloak
so grey, trooping his colour a pace to the reire. And as owfally
posh with his halfcrown jool as if he was the Granjook Meckl or
Paster de Grace on the Route de I'Epee. It was joobileejeu that
All Sorts' Jour. Freestouters and publicranks, hafts on glaives.
You could hear them swearing threaties on the Cymylaya
Mountciins, man. And giving it out to the Quid Fathach and louth-
mouthing after the Healy Mealy with an enfysis to bring down
the rain of Tatar. Nevertoletta! Evertomind! The grandest
bethehailey seen or heard on earth's conspectrum since Scape

the Goat, that gafr, ate the Suenders bible. Hadn’t we heaven’s lamps to hide us? Yet every lane had its lively spark and every spark had its several spurtles and each spitfire spurtle had some trick of her trade, a tease for Ned, nook’s nestle for Fred and a peep at me mow for Peer Pol. So that Father Matt Hughes looked taytotally threbled. But Danno the Dane grimmed. Dune. ’Twere yeg will elsecare doatty lanv meet they dewscent hyemn to cannons’ roar and rifles’ peal vill shantey soloweys sang! For there were no more Tyrrhanees and for Laxembraghs was pass-thecupper to Our Lader’s- And it was dim upon the floods only and there was day on all the ground.

Thus street spins legends while wharves woves tales but some family fewd felt a nick in their name. Old Vickers sate down on their airs and straightened the points of their lace. Red Rowleys popped out of their lairs and asked what was wrong with the race. Mick na Murrough used dripping in layers to shave all the furze off his face. The Burke-Lees and Coyle-Finns paid full feines for their sinns when the Cap and Miss Coolie were roped.

Rolloraped.

With her banbax hoist from holder, zig for zag through pool and polder, cheap, cheap, cheap and Laughing Jack, all augurs scorenning, see the Bolche your pictures motion and Kitzy Kleinsuessmein eloping for that holm in Finn’s Hotel Fiord, Nova Norening. Where they pulled down the kuddle and they made fray and if thee don’t look homey, well,that Dock can eye Mae.

He goat a berth. And she cot a manege. And wohl’s gorse mundom ganna wedst.

Knock knock. War’s where! Which war? The Twwinns. Knock knock. Woos without! Without what? An apple. Knock knock.

The kilder massed, one then and uhindred, (barefoot, birdy-hands, herringabone, beesknees), and they barneydansked a kathareen round to know the who and to show the howsome. Why was you hiding, moder of moders? And where was hunty,

poppa the gun? Pointing up to skyless heaven like the spoon out of sergeantmajor’s tay. Which was the worst of them phaymix cupplerts? He’s herd of hoarding and her faiths is altared. Becom-ing ungoing, their seeming sames for though that liamstone deaf do his part there’s a windtreetop whipples the damp off the mourning. But tellusit allasif wellasits end. And the lunger it takes the swooner they tumble two. He knows he’s just thrilling and she’s stire she’d squeam. The threelegged man and the tulip-pied dewydress. Lludd hillmythey, we’re brimming to hear! The durst he did and the first she ever? Peganeen Bushe, this isn’t the polkar, catch as you cancan when high land fling! And you Tim Tommy Melooney, I’ll tittle your Barents if you stick that pigpin upinto mehl

So in the names of the balder and of the sol and of the holli-

chrost, ogsowearit, trisexnone, and by way of letting the aandt out of her grosskropper and leading the mokes home by their gribes, whoopsabout a plabbaside of plobbicides, alamam alemon, poison kerls, on this mounden of Delude, and in the high places of Delude of Isreal, which is Haraharem and the diublin's owld mounden over against Vikens, from your tarns, thwaites and thorpes, withes, tofts and fosses, fells, haughs and shaws, lunds, garths and dales, mensuring the megnominous as so will is the littleyest, the myrioheartzed with toroidal coil, eira area round wantanajocky, fin above wave after duckydowndiwy, trader arm aslung beauty belt, the formor velican and nana karlikeevna, sommerlad and cinderenda, Valtivar and Viv, how Big Bil Brine Borumoter first took his gage at HI lolly lavvander waader since when capriole legs covets limbs of a crane and was it the twylyd or the mounth of the yare or the feint of her smell made the seo-men assalt of her (in imageascene all: whimwhim whimwhim). To the laetification of disgeneration by neuhumorisation of our kristianiasation. As the last Kar in the earth begeylywayled the first lady of the forest. Though Toot's pardoosled sauve I'hum-mourl For the joy of the dew on the flower of the fleets on the fields of the foam of the waves of the seas of the wild main from Borneholm has jest come to crown.

Snip snap snoody. Noo err historyend goody. Of a HI trip trap and a big treeskooner for he put off the ketyl and they made three (for fie!) and if hec dont love alpy then lad you annoy me. For hanigen with hunigen still haunt ahunt to finnd their hinnigen where Pappappapparrassannuaragheallachnatull-aghmonganmacmacmacwhackfalltherdebblenonthedubblandadd-ydoodled and anruly person creeked a jest. Gestapose to parry off cheekars or frankfurters on the odor. Fine again, Cuoholson ! Peace, O wiley!

Such was the act of goth stepping the tolk of Doolin, drain and plantage, wattle and daub, with you'll peel as I'll pale and we'll pull the boath toground togutter, testies touchwood and shenstone unto pop and puma, calf and condor, under all the gaauspices (incorporated), the chal and his chi, their roammerin over, gribgrobgrab reining trippetytrappety (so fore shalt thou flow, else thy cavern hair!) to whom she (anit likenand please-thee!). Till sealump becamedump to bumpslump a lifHebed, (altol^, allamarsch! O gue, O gue!). Kaemper Daemper to Jetty de Waarft, all the weight of that mons on his little ribbeunuch! Him that gronde old mand to be that haard of heaering (afore said) and her the petty tondur with the fix in her changeable eye (which see). Lord, me lad, he goes with blowbierd, leedy, plasheous stream. But before that his loudship was converted to a landshop there was a little theogamyjig incidence that hoppy-go-jumpy Junuary mom when he colluded ■wdth the cad out on the beg amudst the fiounaregal gaames of those oathmassed fenians for whome he's forcecaused a bridge of the piers, at Inverleffy, mating pontine of their engagement, synnbildising graters and things, eke ysendt? O nilly, not all, here's the first cataraction! As if ever she cared an assuan damm about her harpoons stickii^ all out of him whet between phoenix his caUpers and that psourdonome sheath. Sdrats ye, Gus Paudheen! Kenny's thought ye, Dinny Oozle! While the cit was leaking asphalt like a suburbiaurealis in his rure was tucking to him like old booths, booths, booths, booths.

Enterniption. Check or slowback. Dvershen.

332

Why, wonder of wenchalows, what o szeszame open, v doer s t doing? V door s being. But how theng thingajarry miens but this being becoming n z doer? K? An o. It is ne not him what foots like a glove, shoehandschiner Pad Podomkin. Sooftly, anni slavey, szszuszchee is slowjaneska.

The aged crafty nummifeed confusiotiary overinsured ever-lapsing accentuated katekattershin clopped, clopped, clop|Jed, darsey dobrey, back and along the danzing corridor, as she was going to pimpim.him, way boy wally, not without her comple-ment of cavaman men, between the two deathdealing allied divisions and the lines of readj^resent fire of the corkedagains up-stored, taken in giving the saloot, band your hands going in, bind your heads coming out, and remoltked to herselp in her serf's alown, a weerpovy willowy dreevy drawly and the patter of so familiars, farabroads and behomeans, as she shure sknows, boof for a booby, boo: new uses in their mewseyfume. The jammesons is a cook in his hair. And the juinnesses is a rapin his hind. And the Bullingdong caught the wind up. Dip.

And the message she braught belaw from the missus she bragged abouve that had her agony stays outsize her sari chemise, blanching her shifts for to keep up the fascion since the king of all dronnings kissed her beeswixed hand, fang (pierce me, hunky, I'm full of meunders!), her fize like a tubtail of mondayne clothes, fed to the chaps with working medicals and her birthright pang that would split an atam like the forty pins in her hood, was to fader huncher a howdydowdy, to mountainy mots in her amnest plein language, from his fain a wan, his hot and tot lass, to pierce his ropeloop ear, how, Podushka be prayhasd, now the sowns of his loins were awinking and waking and his dorter of the hush lillabilla lullaby (lead us not into reformication with the poors in your thingdom of gory, O moan!), once after males, nonce at a time, with them Murphy's puffs she dursted with gnockmeggs and the bramborry cake for dour dorty dompling obayre Mattom Beetom and epsut the pfot and if he was whishtful to licture her caudal with chesty chach from his dauberg den and noviny news from Naul or toplots talks from morrienbaths

333

or a parrotsprate's cure for ensevelised lethurgies, spick's my spoon and the veriblest spoon, 'twas her hour for the chamber's ensallycopodiuni with love to melost Panny Kostello from X.Y. Zid for to folly billybobbis gibits porzy punzy and she was a wanton for De Marera to take her genial glow to bed.

— This is time for my nibble, reflected Mr 'Gladstone Browne' in the toll hut (it was choractoristic from that 'man of Delgany'), Dip.

— This is me vulcanite smoking, profused Mr 'Bonaparte Nolan' under the natecup (one feels how one may hereby reekig-nites the 'ground old mahonagyan'). Dip.

— And this is defender of defeater of defaulter of deformer

of the funst man in Danelagh, willingtoned in with this glance dowon his browen and that bom appalled noodlum the panellite pair’s cummal delimitator, odding: Oliver White, he’s as tiff as she’s tight. And thisens his speak quite hoarse. Dip.

In reverence to her midgetsy the lady of the comeallyous as madgestoo our own one’s goff stature. Prosim, prosit, to the krk n yr nek!

O rum it is the chomicalest thing how it pickles up the punchey and the jude. If you’ll gimmy your thing to me I will gamey a sing to thee. Stay where you’re dummy! To get her to go ther. He banged the scoop and she bagged the sugar while the whole pub’s pobbel done a stare. On the mizzatint wall. With its chromo for alljcrimm crimms. Showing holdmenag’s asses sat by Allme-neck’s men, canins to ride with em, canins that lept at em, woollied and flundered.

So the katey’s came and the katey’s game. As so gangs sludge-nose. And that henchwench what hopped it dunneth there duft the. Duras.

(Silents)

Yes, we’ve conned thon print in its gloss so gay how it came from Finndlader’s Yule to the day and it’s Hey Tallaght Hoe on the king’s highway with his hounds on the home at a turning. To Donnicoombe Fairing. Millikin’s Pass. When visiting at Izd-la-Chapelle taste the lipe of the waters from Carlowman’s Cup.

It tellyhows its story to their six of hearts, a twelve-eyed man; for whom has madjestky who since is dyed drown reign before the izba.

Au! Au! Aue! Ha! Heish!

As stage to set by ritual rote for the grimm grimm tale of the four of hyacinths, the deafeeled carp and the bugler’s dozen of leagues-in-amour or how Holispolis went to Parkland with mabby and sammy and sonny and sissy and mop’s varlet de shambles and all to find the right place for it by peep o’skirt or pipe a skirl when the hundt called a halt on the chivvychace of the ground sloper at that ligtning lovemaker’s thender apeal till, between wandering weather and stable wind, vastelend hosteil-end, neuziel and oltrigger some, Bullyclubber burgherly shut the rush in general.

Let us propel us for the frey of the fray! Us, us, beraddyl

Ko Niutirenis hauru leishi A lalal Ko Niutirenis haururu laleish! Ala lala! The Wullingthund sturm is breaking. The sound of maormaoring. The Wellingthund sturm waxes fuer-cilier. The whackawhacks of the sturm. Katu te ihis ihis ! Katu te wana wana! The strength of the rawshom generand is known throughout the world. Let us say if we may what a weeny wukeleen can do.

Au! Aul Aue! Ha! Heish! A lala!

— Paud the roosky, weren’t they all of them then each in his

different way of saying calling on the one in the same time hibemian knights underthaner that was having, half for the laugh of the bliss it sint barbaras another doesend end once tale of a tublin wished on to him with its olives ocolombs and its hills owns ravings and Tutty his tour in his Nowhare’s yarcht. It tvas before when Aimee stood for Arthurduke for the figger in pro-
fane and fell from grace so madlley for fill the flatter fellows. (They were saying). And it was the lang in the shirt in the green of the wood, where obelisk rises when odalisks fall, major threft on the make and jollyjacques spindthrift on the merry (O Mr Mathurin, they were calling, what a topheavy hat you’re in ! And there aramny maeud, then they were saying, these so piou-

pious!). And it was cyclums cyclorums after he made design on the corse and he want to mess on him (enterellbo add all taller Danis), back, seater and sides, and he applied (I’m amazingly sorracer!) the wholed bould shoulderedboy’s width for fullness, measures for messieurs, messer’s massed, (they were saycalling again and agone and all over agun, the louthly meathers, the loudly meaders, the lously measlers, six to one, bar ones).

And they pled him heheighten the firing. Dope.

Maltomeetim, alltomatetam, when a tale tarries shome shunter shove on. Fore auld they wauld to pree.

Pray.

Of this Mr A (tillalaric) and these wasch woman (dapple-
hued), fhronehflord and feeofeeds, who had insue keen and able and a spindlesong aside, nothing more is told until now, his awebrume hour, her sere Sahara of sad oakleaves. And then. Be old. The next thing is. We are once amore as babes awondering in a wold made fresh where with the hen in the storyaboot we start from scratch.

So the truce, the old truce and nattonbuff the truce, boys. Drouth is stronger than faction. Slant. Shinshin. Shinshin.

— It was of The Grant, old gartener, qua golden meddlist, Publius Manlius, fuderal private, (his place is his poster, sure, they said, and we’re going to mark it, sore, they said, with a carbon caustick manner) bequother the liberaloider at his petty corpore-
lezzo that hung caughtnapping from his baited breath, it was of him, my wife and I thinks, to feel to every of the younging fruits, tenderosed like an atalantic’s breastswells or, on a second wreath-
ing, a bright tauth bight shimmeryshaking for the welt of his plow. And where the peckadillies at his wristsends meetings be loving so lightly dovessoild the candidacy, me wipin eye sinks, of his softboiled bosom should be apparient even to our illicterate of nullatinenties.

All to which not a lot snapped The Nolan of the Calabashes at his whilom eweheart photognomist who by this sum taken was as much incensed by Saint Bruno as that what he had con-
summed was his own panegoric, and wot a lout about it if it was

only a pippappofF pigeon shoot that gracesold getrunner, the man of centviries, was bowled out by judge, jury and umpire at batman’s biff like a witchbefooled legate. Dupe.

His almonence being alaterelly in dispensation with his three oldher patrons’ aid, providencer’s divine cow to milkfeeding mleckman, bonafacies to solafides, what matter what all his freudzay or who holds his hat to harm him, let hutch just keep on under at being a vanished consinent and let annapal livibel prettily prattle a lude all her own. And be that semeliminal salmon solemonly angled, ingate and outgate. A truce to lovecalls, dulled in warclothes, maleybags, things and bleakhusen. Leave the letter that never begins to go find the latter that ever comes to end, written in smoke and blurred by mist and signed of solitude, sealed at night.

Simply. As says the mug in the middle, nay brian nay noel, ney billy ney boney. Imagine twee cweamy wosen. Suppwose you get a beautiful thought and cull them sylvias sub silence. Then inmaggin a stotterer. Suppoutre him to been one bigger-master Omnibil. Then lustily (tutu the font and tritt on the boks-woods like gay feeters’s dance) immengine up to three longly lurking iPbstarts. Fair instents the Will Woolsley Wellaslayers. Pet her, pink him, play pranks with them. She will nod ampro-perly smile. He may seem to appraisiate it. They are as piractical jukersmen sure to paltipsypote. Feel the wollies drippeling out of your fingathumbs. Says to youssilves (floweers have ears, heahear!) solowly: So these ease Budlim! How do, dainty dau-limbs? So peached to pick on you in this way, prue and simple, pritt and spry! Heyday too, Malster Faunagon, and hopes your hahidtahiti licks the mankey nuts! And oodlum hoodlum dood-lum to yes, Donn, Teague and Hurleg, who the bullocks brought you here and how the hillocks are ye.^

We want Bud. We want Bud Budderly. We want Bud Budderly boddily. There he is in his Borrisalooner. The man that shunned the rucks on Gereland. The man thut won the bettlle of the bawll. Order, order, order, order! And tough. We call on Tan-cred Artaxerxes Flavin to compeer with Barnabas Ulick Dunne.

337

y

Order, order, order! Milster Malster in the chair. We’ve heard it sinse sung thousandtimes. How Burghley shuck the rackushant

Germanon. For Ehren, boys, gobrawl!

A public plouse. Citizen soldiers.

TAFF (a smart Boy, of the peat freers^ thirty two eleven, looking through the roof towards a relevution of the karmalife order privious to his hoisting of an emergency umberoliun in lyway of paraguastical solation to ihe rhyttel in his hedd'). All was flashing and krashning blurty moriartsky blutcherudd.^ What see, buttywalch.^ Tell ever so often

BUTT {mottledged youth, clergical appealance, who, as his pied friar, is supposing to motto the sorry dejester in tifftafj toffiness or

to be digarced from ever and a daye in his accounts'). But da. But dada, mwilshsuni. Till even so aften. Sea vaast a pool!

TAFF (porumptly helping himself out by the cesspull with a yellup yurrup, puts up his furry furled hare). Butly bitly! Humme to our mounthings. Conscribe him tillusk, unt, in his jubalant tubalence, the groundsapper, with his soilday site out on his moulday side in. The gubemier-gerenal in laut-lievtonant of Baltiskeeamore, amaltheouse for leporty hole! Endues paramilintary langdwage. The saillils of the yellavs nocadont palignol urdlesh. Shelltoss and welltass and telltuss aghom! Sling Stranaslang, how Malo-razzias spikes her, coining a speak a sptike! Not the Setanik stuff that slimed soft Siranouche! The good old gunshop monowards for manosymples. Tincurs tammit! They did oak hay doe fou Chang-li-meng when that man d’airain was big top tom saw tip side bum boss pageantfiller. Ajaculate! All lea light! Rassamble the glowrings of Bruyant the Bref when the Mollies Makehal-pence took his leg for his thumb. And may he be too an intrepida-tion of our dreams which we foregot at wiking when the morn hath razed out limpalove and the bleakfrost chilled our ravery! Pook. Sing ching lew mang! Upgo, bobbycop! Lets hear in remember the braise of. Hold!

BUTT {drawling forth from his blousom whereis meditabound of his minkerstary, switches on his gorsecopper’ s fling weitoheito lang-thom, fed up the grain oils of Aerin, while his laugh neighs banck as

that flasher mind’ s rays and his lipponease longuewedge wamhles), Ullahbluh! Sehyoh narar, pokehole sann! Manhead very dirty by am anoyato. Like old Dolldy Icon when he cooked up his iggs in bicon. He gatovit and me gotafit and Oalgoak’s Cheloven gut a fudden. Povar old pitschobed! Molodeztious of metchennacht belaburt that pentschmyaso ! Bog carsse and dam neat, sar, gam cant ! Limbers affront of him, lumbers behund. While the bucks bite his dos his hart bides the ros till the bounds of his bays bell the warning. Sobaiter sobarkar. He was enmivallupped. Chro-mean fastion. With all his cannoball wappents. In his raglanrock and his malakoiffed bulbsbyg and his varnashed roscians and his cardigans blousejagged and his scarlett manchokuffs and his tree-coloured camiflag and his perikopendolous gaelstorms. Here weeks hire pulchers! Obriania’s beromst! From Karrs and Polikoff’s, the men’s confessioners. Seval shimars pleasant time payings. Mousoumeselles buckwoulds look. Tenter and likelings.

TAFF {all Perssiasterssias shookatnaratatattar at his waggon-horchers^ his hulgeglarying star gapers ragfledat^flingly full of eyes, full of balls, full of holes, full of buttons, full of stains, full of medals, full of blickblackblobs). Grozarktic! Toadlebens! Some garment-guy! Insects appalling, low hum clang sin! A cheap decoy! Too deep destroy! Say mangraphique, may say nay por daguerre!

BUTT {if that he hids foregodden has nate of glo\ery farused ameet the florahs of the foUest, his spent fish’s livid smile giving aUasundery the bianfit of the doped'). Come alleyou jupes of Wymmingtown that graze the calves of Man! A bear raigning in his heavenspawn consomation robes. Rent, outraged, yewleaved, grained, bal-looned, liindergored and voluant! Erminia’s capecloaked hoo-doodman! First he s s st steppes. Then he st stoo stoopt. Lookt.

TAFF {strick struck strangling like aleal lusky Lubliner to merumber by the cycl of the cruise who stntngled Attahilloupa with what empoisoned El Monte de 24 uma and failing wilnaynilruiy that he was pallups barn in the minkst of the Krumlin befodt he was popsoused into the monkst of the vatercan, makes the holypolygon of the emt on the greaseshaper, a little farther, a little soon, a lettera-

cettera^ oukraydouhray). Scutterer of guld, he is retourious on every roudery! The lyewdsky so so sewn of a fitchid! With his walshbrushup. And his honey bogey braggs.

BUTT (after his tongues in his cheeks^ with ptnkpoker pointing out in rutene to impassible objects b^ond the mistomist towards Lissnaluhy such as the Djuilian Alps and the Hoofd Riheiro as where he and his trulock may ever make a game). The field of karhags and that bloasted tree. Forget not the felled! For the lomondations of Oghrem! Warful doon’s bothem. Here furry glunn. Nye.^ Their feery pass. Tak! With guerillaman aspear aspoor to prink the pranks of primkissies. And the buddies behide in the byre. Allahblah!

TAFF (a blackseer^ he stroves to regulect all the straggles for wife in the rut of the past through the widnows in ejfgies keening after the blank sheets in their faminy to the relix of old decency from over draught). Oh day of rath! Ah, murther of mines! Eh, selo moy! Uh, Zulu luy! Bernesson Mac Mahahon from Osro bearing nose easger for sweeth prolettas on his swooth prowl!

Binr (back to his peatrol and paump: swee Gee*s wee rest: no more applehooley: dodewodedook). Bruinoboroff, the hooneymoonger, and the grizzliest manmichal in Meideveide! Whose annal livves the hoiest! For he devoused the lelias on the fined and he conforted samp, tramp and marchint out of the drumbume of a narse. Guards, serf Finnland, serve we all!

TAFF (whatwidth the psychophannies at the front and whetwadth the psuckofumbers beholden the fairy illcertainy between his bulchrichudes and the roshashanaraly where he sees Bishop Bxbboncake plus his pollex priced going forth on his visitations of mlrrage or Miss Hori^ony justso all our fannacies daintied hery on the curve of the camber y unsheating a showlaced limbaloft to the great consternations). Divulge! Hyededye, kittyls, and howdeddoh, pan! Poshbott and pulbuties. See that we soil or let dargman be luna as strait a way as your ant’s folly me line while ye post is goang from Piping Pubwirth to Haunted Hillborough on his Mujiksy’s Zaravence, the Riss, the Ross, the sur of all Russers,as my farst is near to hear and my sackend is meet to sedon while my whole’s a peer’s

aureolies. We should say you dones the polecad. Bang on the booche, gurg in the gorge, rap on the roof and your flup is unbu...

BUTT {at the signal of his act which seems to sharpnel his tnnermals menody, playing the spool of the little hr own jog round the wheel of her whang goes the millner'). Buckily buckily, blodestained boynel Bimbambombunab. His snapper was shot in the Rumjar Joumaral. Why the gigls he lubbed beeyed him.

TAFF {obliges with a two stopyogacoga sumphotyon the bones far ivory girl and ebony boy'). The balacleivka! Trovatarovitch! I trumble!

BUTT {jvith the sickle of a scygthe but the humour of a hummer^ O, koworodies through his cholaroguled^ famfing to a fuUfrength with this wallowing olfact). Mortar martar tartar wartar! May his boules grow wider so his skittles gets worse! The aged monad making a venture out of the murder of investment. I seen him acting surgent what betwinks the scimitar star and the ashen moon. By their lights shalthow throw him! Piff paff for pufFpuff and my pife for his cgar! The mlachy way for gambling.

\Up to this curkscraw bind an admirable verbivocovisual pre-sentment of the worldrenowrvced Caerholme Event has been being given by The Irish Race and W orld. The huddled and aliven stable-crashers have shared fleetfooted enthusiasm with the paddocks dare and ditches tare while the mews was combing ground. Hippo-hopparray helioscope flashed winsor places as the gates might see. Meusdeus! That was {with burning briar) Mr Twomass Noho-holan for their common contribe satisfunction in the purports of amusedment telling the Verily Rjoverend Father Epiphanes shrineshriver of Saint Dhorougfis {in browne bonder) how {ossuary as there's a bonum in your osstheologyl) Backlegs shirked the racing kenneldar. The saintly scholarist's roastering guffalawd of nupersaturals holler at this metanoic excomologosis tells of the chestnut's {once again^ JFittyngtoml) absolutiorudly romptyhompty successfulness. A lot of lasses and lads without damas or dads^ but fresh and blued with collecting boxes. One aught spare ones triflets^ to be shut: it is Coppingers far the children. Slippery Sam hard bv them, physically present how-

somedever morally absent^ was slooching about in his knavish diamonds asking GmaXy Knox and the Dmuggies (a pinnance for your toughts^ turjfers/) to deck the ace of duds. Tomtinker Tim^ howbeity his unremitting retainer^ (the seers are the seers of Samael but the hears are the heers of TimotK) is in Boomer s Gloomy soalken steady in his sulken tents. Baldawl the curscy baledale the day! And the frocks of shick sheeples in their shum-mering insamples! You see: a chiefsmithy semperal scandal stinkmakers^ a middinest from the Casablanca and^ of course^ Mr Fry. Bar ass! Pardon the inquisition., causas es quostas? It is Da Valoretris Dominical Brayers. Why coif that weird hood? Because among nosoever circusdances is to be apprehended the dustungwashed poltronage of the lost Gabbarnaur-J aggar-nath. Pamjab! Gross Jumpitery whud was thud? Luckluckluck-luckluckluckluck! It is the Thousand to One Guinea-Gooseberry* s Lipperfull Slipver Cup. Hold hardy ridesiddle titelittle Pitsy Riley! Gurragrunchy gurragrimch! They are at the turn of the fourth of the hurdles. By the hross of Xristos^ Holophullopopu-lace is a shote of excramation! Bumchub! Emancipatory the Creman hunter (Major Hermyn C. Entwhistle) with dramatic effect reproducing the form of famous sires on the scene of the formers triumphsy is showing the eaglets way to Mr Whayte-haytes three buy geldings Homo Made Inky Bailey Beacon and Ratatuohy while Furstin II and The Other Girl (Mrs *Boss* WaterSy Leavybrinh) too early spring dabbleSy are showing a clean pairofhids to Immensipater. Sinkatkinks to oppen here! To this virgin* s tufty on this golden of evens! I never sought of sinkatkink. Our lorkmakor he is proformly annuysed. He is

shinkly thinkly shaking in his schayns. Sat will be off follteedee. This eeridreme has being effered you by Bett and Tipp. Tipp and Betty our swapstick quackchancersy in From Topphole to Bottom <9/The Irish Race and World.]

TAFF (awary that the first sports report of Lo^jndin Reginald has now been afterthoughtfully colliberated by a saggind spurts flashy takes the dipperend direction andy for tasing the tiomor of

342

malaise after the. pognenjcy of orangultonia, orients by way of Sagittarius towards Draco on the Lour'). And you collier carsst on him, the corsar, with Boyle, Burke and Campbell, I'll gogemble on strangbones tomb. You had just been cerberating a camp camp camp to Saint Sepulchre's march through the armeemonds retreat with the boys all marshalled, scattering giant's hail over the curseway, fellowed along the rout by the stenchions of the corpse. Tell the coldspell's terroth! If you please, commeylad! Perfedes Albionias! Think some ingain think, as Teakortairer sate over the Galwegian caftan forewhen Crops and Aasas were chooldrengs and micramacrees ! A forward movement. Miles na Bogaleen, and despatch!

BUTT {slinking his coatsleeves surdout over his squad mutton shoulder so as to loop more life the jauntlyman as he scents the anggreget yup behotuid their whole scoopchinds desperate rioy' s totalage and explaining aposteriorly how awstooloo was valdesomhre belowes hero and he was in a greak esthate phophiar an erixtton on the soseptuple side of him made spoil apriori his popoporportiums). Yass, zotnyzor, I don't think I did not, pojr. Never you brother me for I scout it, think you! Ichts nichts onnichts! Creates Schtschuptar! Me fol the rawlawdy in the schpirrt of a schkrepz. Of all the quirasses and all the qwehrmin in the tragedoes of those antiants their grandoper, that soun of a gunnong, with his sabaothsopolettes, smooking his scandleloose at botthends of him! Foinn duhans! I grandthinked after his obras after another time about the itch in his egondoom he was legging boldylugged from some pulversporochs and lyoking for a stooleazy for to nemesisplotsch allafranka and for to salubrate himself with an ultradungs heavenly mass at his base by a suprime pompship chorams the perished popes, the reverend and allaverred cromlecks,and when I heard his lewdbrogue reaping his cheap cheateary gospeds to sintry and santry and sentry and suntry I thought he was only haftara having afterhis brokeforths but be the homely Churopodvas I no sooner seen aghist of his frighteousness then I was bibbering with vear a few versets off fooling for f jorg for my fifth foot. Of manifest 'tis obedience and the. Flute !

343

TAFF {though the wiglucksarsoon is giming for to git him, jotning in, hoghly ligious, hapagodlap, like a soldierry sap, with a pique at his cue and a tyr in his eye and a bond of his back and a croak in his cry as did jolly well harm lean o'er him) Is not athug who would. Weepon, weeponder, song of sorrowmon! Which goatheye and sheepskeer they damnty well know. Papaist! Gambanman! Take the cawraidd's blow! Yia! Your partridge's last!

BUTT (giving his scimmianised twinge in acknuckledownedgment

of this cumulikick, strafe from the firetrench, studenly drobs led, satoniseels ouchyotchy, he changecors induniforms as he is lefting the gat out of the big: his face glows green, his hair greys white, his bleyes bcome broon to suite his cultic twalette). But when I seeing him in his oneship fetch along within hail that tourrible tall with his nitshnykopfgoknob and attempting like a brandylogged rudeman cathargic, lugging up and laiding down his livepelts so cruschinly like Mebbuck at Messar and expousing his old skinful self tailtottom by manurevring in open ordure to renewmurature with the cowruads in their airish pleasantry I thanked he was recovering breadth from some herdsquatters beyond the carcasses and I couldn't erver nerver to tell a Hard story not of I knew the prize if from lead or aHmoney. But when I got inoccupation of a full new of his old basemiddelism, in ackshan, pagne pogne, by the veereyed lights of the stormtrooping clouds and in the sheenflare of the battleaxes of the heroim and mid the shieldfails awail of the bitteraccents of the sorafim and caught the pfierce tsmell of his aurals, orankastank, a suphead setrapped, Uke Peder the Greste, aldpaltar, my bill it forsooks allegiance (gut bull it!) and, no He is this, I was babbeing and yetaghain bubbering, bibbelboy, me marrues me shkewers me gnaas me fiet, tob tob tob beat it, solongopatom. Clummensy if ever misused, must used you's now! But, meac Coolp, Arram of Eirzerum, as I love our Deer Dirouchy, I confesses withould pridejealice when I looked upon the Saur of all the Haurousians with the weight of his arge fullin upon him from the travaillings of his tommuck and rueckenased the fates of a bosser there was fear on me the sons of Nuad for him and it was heavy he was for me

then the way I immingled my Irmenial hairmaierians ammongled his Gospolis fomiliours till, achaura moucreas, I adn't the arts to.

TAFF (oj a marrer off act, prepensing how stick waldmanns from Bumias seduced country clowns, he is preposing harangaparang after going knowing what he is doing after to see him pluggy well moidered as a murder effect, you bet your blowie knife, before ho do\e sole, sopprused though he is) Grot Zot! You hidn't the hurts? Vott Fonn!

BUTT (fearing somrother sudly give tworthree peevish sniff snuf snoores like gavallse falseleep he waitawhishts to see might he stirs and then goes on kuldrum like without asking for pepeace or anysing a soul). Merzmard! I met with whom it was too late. My fate! O hate! Fairwail! Fearwealing of the groan! And think of that when you smugs to bagot.

TAFF (who meanwhilome at yarns ler^th so as to put a nodje in the poestcher, by wile of stocccm his hand and of rooma makin ber getting umpiyums gatherumed off the skattert^had been lavishing, lagan on lighthouse, words of silent power, susu gloughu biribiri gongos, upon the repleted speechsalver' s tnnkeeping right which, thanks giveme and naperied norms nonobslaclant, there can be little doubt, have residted in a momstchance mmistring of another guidness, my good, to see) Bompromifazzio! Shumpum for Pa-li-di and oukosouso for the nipper dandy! Trink off this scup and be bladdy orafferteed! To bug at?

BUTT (he whipedoff's his chimbley phot, as lips lovecurling to the wngueopener, he takecups the communion of sense at the hands of

the Jbregiver of trosstpassers and thereinafter centelinnates that podfex miximhost with haruspical hospedariaty proferring into his pauses somewhat salt bacon). Theres scares knud in this gnarld warld a fully so svend as dilates for the improvement of our foerses of nature by your very ample solvent of referacting upon me like is boesen fiennd.

(The other fbregotthened abbosed in the Mtdlingaria are

during this swishingsight teilweisioned. How the Jictionable world

in Frtv(ian Creamtartery is loading off heavy furses and affubling themselves with mttckinslushes. The neatschknee Novgolosh. How the spinach ruddocks are being tatoovatted up for the second comings of antigreenst. Hebeneros for Aromal Peace. Haw Alibey Ibrahim wisheths Bella Suora to a holy cryptmahs while the Arumbian Knives Riders axecutes devilcmces round the jehumispheure. Learn the Nunsturk. How Old Yales boys is making rebolutions for the cunning New Yirls, never elding, still begidding, never to mate to lend, never to ate selleries and never to add soldieries and never to ant sulleries and never to aid cilleries with sucharow with sotchyouroff as Burkeley' s Show’s a ructiongetherall. Phone for Phineal toomellow aftermorn and your phumeraV s a roselixioni\

TAFF (itow as he has been past the buckthurnstock from Peadhar Piper of CoUiguchuna, whiles they all are bealting pots to duhr 'm din for old daddam dombstom to tomb and wamb humbs lumbs agamb, glimpse ogam, glance agen, rise up road and hive up hill, and find your pollyvordley foncey pitchin ingles in the parler'). Since you are on for versingrhetorish say your piece! How Buccleuch shocked the rosing girnirilles. A ballet of Gasty Power. A hov and az ov and off like a gow! And don’t live out the sad of tearfs, piddyawhick! Not offgott affsang is you, buthbach.^ Ath yet-heredayth noth endeth, hay.^ Vaersegood! Buckle to! Sayyessik, Ballygarry, The fourscore soculums are watchyoumaycodding to cooll the skoopgoods blooff. Harkabuddy, feign! Thingman placeyear howed wholst somwom shirawhir tinkledinkledelled. Shinfine deed in the myrtle of the bog tway fainmain stod op to slog, free bond men lay lurkin on. Tuan about whattingbim! Fore sneezturmdrappen! ’Twill be a rpnice pschange, arrah, sir.^ Can you come it, budd?

BUTT {y>ho in the cushlows of his goodsforseeking hoarth, ever fondlinger of his pimple spurk, is a niaUist of the ninth homestages, the babybell in his baggutstract upper going off allatwanst, begad, lest he should challenge himself, heygoad, till angusK). Horrasure, toff! As said as would. It was Colporal Phailinx first. Hittit was

of another time, a white horsday where the midril met the bulg, sbogom, roughnow along about the first equinarx in the cholon-der, on the plain of Khorason as thou goest from the mount of Bekel, Steep Nemorn, elve hundred and therety and to years how the krow flees end in deed, after a power of skimiskes, blodidens and godinats of them, when we sight the beasts, (heg-heg whatlk of wraimy wetter!), moist moonful date man aver

held dimsdzey death with, and higheye was in the Reilly Oirish Krzerszonese Milesia asundurst Sirdarthar Woolwichleagues, good tomkeys years somewhile in Crimealian wall samewhere in Ayerland, during me weeping stillstumms over the freshprosts of Eastchept and the dangling garters of Marrowbone and daring my wapping stiltstunts on Bostion Moss, old stile and new style and heave a lep onwards. And winn again, blaguadargoos, or lues the day, plays goat, the banshee pealer, if moskats knows whoss whizz, the great day and the druidful day come San Patrisky and the grand day, the excellent fine splendorous long agreeable toastworthy cylindrical day, go Sixt of the Ninth, the heptahundread annam dammias that Hajizfijjiz ells me is and will and was be till the timelag is in it that’s told in the Bok of Alam to columnkill all the prefacies of Erin gone brugk. But Icantenue. And incommixtion. We was lowsome like till we’d took out after the dead beats. So I begin to study and I soon show them day’s reasons how to give the cold shake to they blighty perishers and lay one over the beats. All feller he look he call all feller come longa villa finish. Toumbalo, how was I acclapadadl From them banjopeddlars on the raid. Gidding up me anti vanillas and getting off the stissas me aunties. Boxerising and coxerusing. And swiping a johnny dann sweept for to exercitise myself neverwithstanding the topkats and his roaming cartridges, orussheying and patronning, out all over Crummwiliam wall. Be the why it was me who haw haw.

TAFF (aU for letting his tinder and lighting be put to beheiss in the feuer and^ while durblinly obasiant to the felidas of the skivis^ still smoVdng his fidvurite turfkish in the rooJdng pressance of

laddtos). Yaa hoo how how, col? Whom battles joined no bottles sever! Worn’t you aid a comp?

BUTT (i« his difficoltoiis tresdobremient^ he feels a bitvalike a baddlefall of staot but falls a batforlake a borrlefuU of bare). And me awlphul omegrims! Between me rassociations in the postlea-deny past and me disconnections with aplompervious futules I’ve a boodle full of maimeries in me buzzim and medears runs sloze, bleime, as I now with platoonic leave recoil in (how the thickens they come back to one to rust!) me misenary post for all them old boyars that’s now boomaringing in waulholler, me alma marthyrs. I dring to them, bycorn spirits fuselaiding, and you cullies adjutant, even where its contentsed wody, with absents wehrmuth. Junglemen in agleement, I give thee our greatly swooren, Theoccupant that Rueandredful, the thrown-fullvner and all our royal devours with the arrest of the whole inhibitance of Neuilands ! One brief mouth. And a velligoolap-now! Meould attashees the currgans, (if they could get a kick at this time for all that’s hapenced to us!) Cedric said Gormleyson and Danno O’Dunnochoo and Conno O’Cannochar it is this were their names for we were all under that manner barracksers on Kong Gores Wood together, thurkmen three, with those khakireinettes, our miladies in their toileries, the twum plum-yumnietcies, Vjeras Vjenaskayas, of old Djadja Uncken who was a great mark for jinking and junking, up the palposes of womth and wamth, we war, and the charme of their lyse brocade. For lispias harth a burm in eye but whem it bames fire norone screened!. Hulp, hulp, huzzars! Raise ras tryracy! Freetime’s free! Up Lancesters! Anathem!

TAFF (tvAo still senses that heavinscent houroines that enter-
trained him who they were sinuorivals from the sunny Espionia but
plied wopsy with his wallets in thatthack of the bustle Bakerloo,
(11.32), passing the iminational truthbosh in smoothing irony over
the multinotcheralled infructuosities of his grinner set). The rib,
the rib, the quean of oldbyrdes, Sinya Sonyavitches ! Your
Rhoda Cockardes that are raday to embrace our ruddy inflamtry
world! In their ohosililesvienne biribarbebeway. Till they've

kinks in their ^ringers and boils on their taws. Whor dor the pene
lie, Mer Pencho? 1st dramhead countmortial or gonorrhal stab?
Mind your pughs and keaoghs, if you piggots, marsh! Do the
nut, dingbut! Be a dag! For zahur and zimmerminnes ! Sing in
the chorias to the ethur:

\In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of trans-
formed Tuff and^ pending its viseversion^ a metenergic reglow
of beaming Batt^ the bairdboard bombardment screen^ if taste-
fully taut guranium satin^ tends to teleframe and step up to
the charge of a light barricade. Down the photoslope in syncopanc
pulses^ with the bins bugtwug their teffs^ the missledhropes ^
glitteraglatteraglutt^ borne by their camier waive. Spraygun
rakes and splits them from a double focus: grenadite^ damny-
mite^ alextronite^ nichilite: and the scanning firespot of the
sgunners traverses the rutilanced illustred sunksundered lines.
ShlosshJ A gospel truce leaks out over the caeseine coatings.
Amid a fluorescence of spectracular mephiticism there caocidates
through the inconoscope stealdily a stilly the figure of a fellow-
chap in the wohly ghast^ Popey G* Donoshough^ the jesuneral
of the russuates. The idolon exhibisces the seals of his orders:
the starre of the Son of Heaven^ the girtel of I^odella the Calot-
tica^ the cross of Michelides Apaleogos^ the latcket of Jan of
Nepomuky the puffpuff and pompom of Powther and Pall^ the
great belt^ band and bucklings of the Martyrology of Gorman.
It is for the castomercies mudwake surveice. The victar. Pleace
to notnoys speach above your dreadthsy please to doughboys. Hll^
smthngs gnwrng wthth sprsnwtchl He blanks his oggles because
he confesses to all his tellavicious nieces. He blocks his nosocs be-
cause that he confesses to everywheres he was always putting up his
latest faengers. He wollops his mouther with a sword of tusk in as
because that he confesses how opten he used be obening her howonton
he used be undering her. He boxmdles alltogotter his manucupes
with his pedarrests in asmuch as because that he confesses before
all his handcomplishies and behind all his comfoderacies. And
(Jiereis cant came back saying he codant steal no lunger , yessis.

come buck, beques he caudant stail awake) he touched upon
this tree of livings in the middenst of the garerden for inasmuch
as because that he confessed to it on HUlel and down Dalem and
in the places which the lepers inhabit in the place of the stones
and in pontofert jusfuggading amoret now he come to think of it
jolly well ruttengenerously olyovyover the ole blucky shop. Pugger
old Pttmpey O' Dungaschiffl There will be a hen collection of him
after avensung on the field of Hanar. Dumble down^ looties and
gengstermen! Dtin, dtin, dtin^ dtin/^

BUTT (with a gisture expansive of Mr Lhugewhite CadderpoUard with sunflawered beautonhole pulled up point blanck by mailbag mundaynism at Oldbally Court though the hissindensity buck far of his melovelance tells how when he was fast marking his first lord for cremation the whyfe of his bothem was the very lad’s thing to elter his mehind). Prostatates, pujealousties ! Dovolnoisers, prayshyous! Defense in every circumstancias of deboutcheries no the chaste daffsl Pack pickets, pioghs and kughs to be palsey-putred! Be at the peme, prease, of not forgetting or mere betoken yourself to bother prace! Correct me, pleatze commando, for cossakes but I abjure of it. No more basquibezigues for this pole aprican! With askormiles’ eskermillas. I had my billyfell of duckish delights the whole pukny time on rawmeots and juliannes with their lambstoels in my kiddeneys and my ramsbutter in their sassenacher ribs, knee her, do her and trey her, when th’osirian cumb dumb like the whalf on the fiord and we prey-ing players and pinching peacesmokes, troupkers tomiatskyns all, for Father Petrie Spence of Parishmoslattary to go and leave us and the crimsend daun to shellalite on the darkumen (scene as signed, Slobabogue), feeding and sleeping on the huguenottes (the snuggest spalniel’s where the lieon’s tame!) and raiding revelations over the allbegeneses (sand us and saint us and sound as agun!). Yet still in all, spit for spat, like we chantied on Sunda schoon, every warson wearrier kaddies a komnate in his schnapsack and unlist I am getting foegutfulls of the rugi-ments of savaliged wildfire I was gamefellow willmate and send

US victorias with nowells and brownings, dumm, sneak and curry, and all the fun I had in that fanagan’s week. A strange man wearing abarrel. And here’s a gift of meggs and teggs. And as I live by chipping nortons. And ’tis iron fits the farmer, ay. Arcdesedo! Renboruniba! Then were the hellscyown days for our fellows, the loyal leibsters, and we was the redugout raw-recruitioners, praddies three and prettish too, a wheeze we has in our waynward islands, wee engrish, one long blue streak, jisty and pithy af durck rosolun, with hand to hand as Homard Kayenne was always jiggilyjugging about in his wendowed courage when our woos with the wenches went wined for a song, tsingirillies’ zyngarettes, while Woodbine Willie, so popiular with the popp3n:ossies, our Chomey Choplain, blued the air. Sczlanthas! Banzaine! Bissbasses! S. Pivorandbowl. And we all tuned in to hear the topmast noviality. Up the revels drown the rinks and almistips allround! Paddy Bonhamme he vives! En-core! And tig for tag. Togatogtug. My droomodose days Y loved you abover all the strest. Blowhole brasshat and boy with his boots off and the butch of our bunch and all. It was buckoo bonzer, beleeme, I was a bare prive without my doglegs but I did not give to one humpenny dump, wingh or wangh, touching those thusengaged slavey generales of Tanah Kornalls, the meelisha’s deelishas, pronouncing their very flank movemens in sunpictorsbosk. Baghus the whatwar! I could always take good cover of myself and, eyedulls or earwakers, preyers for rain or cominations, I did not care three tanker’s hoots, (’sham! hem! or chaffit!) for any feelings from my lifeprivates on their reptro-grad leanins because I have Their Honours booth my respectables soeurs assistershood off Lyndhurst Terrace, the puttih Misses Celana Dalems, and she in vinting her angurr can belle the troth on her alliance and I know His Heriness, my respeaktoble me-dams culonelle on Mellay Street, Lightnints Gundhur Sawabs,

and they would never as the aimees of servation let me down.
Not on your bludger life, touters! No peeping, pimpadoors!
And, by Jova, I never went wrong nor let him doom till, risky
wark rasky wolk, at the head of the wake, up come stumblebum

351

(ye olde cottemptable!), his urssian gemenal, in his scutt’s rudes
unreformed and he went before him in that nemcon enchelonce
with the same old domstoole story and his upleave the fallener
as is greatly to be petted (whitesides do his beard !) and I seen his
brichashert offensive and his boortholomas vadnhammaggs vise
a vise them scharlot runners and how they gave love to him
and how he took the ward from us (odious the fly fly flurtation
of his him and hers! Just mairmaid maddeling it was it he was!)
and, my oreland for a rolvever, sord, by the splunthers of colt
and bung goes the enemay the Percy rally got me, messger, (as
true as theirs an Almagnian Gothabobus !) to blow the grand off
his aceupper. Thistake it ’s meest! And after meath the dulwich.
We insurrectioned and, be the procuratress of the hory synnotts,
before he could tell pullyirragun to parrylewis, I shuttm, missus,
like a wide sleever! Hump to dump! Tumbleheaver!

TAFF (^camelsensing that sonce they have given bron a nuhlan
the volkar Boastsung is heading to sea vermelhion but too wellbred
not to ignore the umi^emlicmess of his rifaVs preceedings^ in an effort
towards autosotorisauon, effaces himself in favour of the idiology
alwise behounding Ms lumpy hump off homosodalism which means
that if he has lain amain to lolly his liking-cabronne/ -he may pops
ally a young one to his herth - combrune -) Oholy rasher, I’m be-
liever! And Oho bullyclaver of ye, bragadore-gunneral! The
grand ohold spider! It is a name to call to him Umsturdum Vonn!
Ah, you were shutter reshottus and sieger besieged. Aha race of
fiercemarchands counterination oho of shorpshoopers-

BUTT {miracidising into the Dann Deafir warcry, his bigotes
bristling, as, jitdnju triggity sMttery pet, he shouts his thump and
feeh fauh foul firmgures up the heighohs of their ahsl") Bluddy-
muddymuzzle! The buckbeshottered! He’ll umbozzle no more
graves nor home nor haunder, lou garou, for gayl geselles in
dead men’s hills! Kaptan (backsights to his bared!). His Cum-
bulent Embulence, the frustate fourstar Russkakruscam, Dom
Allaf O’Khorwan, connundurumchuff.

TAFF (who, asbestos can, wij the healps of gosh and his blu:{ftd
maikar , has been sulphuring to Mmsalves all the pungataries

352

of sin praktice in failing to furrow theogonies of the dammed').
Trisseme, the mangoatl And the name of the Most Marsiful,
the Aweghost, the Gragious One! In sobber sooth and in souber
civiles? And to the dirtiment of the curtailment of his all of man?
Notshoh?

BUTT (jnaomant scojffin, but apoxyomenously deturbaned but
thems bleachin banes will be after making a bashman's haloday out
of the euphorious hagiohygiecynidsm of Ms die and be diademmed).
Yastsar! In sabre tooth and sobre saviles! Senonnevero! That
he leaves nyet is my grafe. He deared me to it and he dared me

do it, and bedatde I didaredonit as Cocksnark of Killtork can tell and Ussur Ursussen of the viktaurious onrush with all the rattles in his arctic! As bold and as madhouse a bull in a meadows. Knout Knittrick Kinkypeard! Olefoh, the sourd of foemoe times! Unknun! For when meseemim, and tolfoklokken rolland allover ourloud’s lande, beheaving up that sob of tunf for to claimhis, for to wollpimsolff, puddywhuck. Ay, and untuoning his culothone in an exitous erseroyal Deo Jupto. At that instullt to Igorladns! Prronto! I gave one dobblenotch and I ups with my crozzier. Mirrdo! With my how on armer and hits leg an arrow cockshock rockrogn. Sparro!

\The abnihilisation of the etym by the grisning of the grosning of the grinder of the grander of ike first lord of Hurtreford ex-polodotonates through Parsuralia with an ivanmorinthorrorumble fragoromboassity amidwhiches general uttermosts confiission are perceivable moletons shaping with mulictdes while Coventry plumphins fairlygosmotherthemselves in the Landaunelegants of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from Hidlulullu, SawlawayOy emjyyreal Raum and mordem Atems. They were precisely the twelves of clocks, noon minutes, none seconds. At someseat of Oldanelang' s Konguerrig, by dawnybreak in Airai\

TAFF (skimperskamper, his wools gatherings all over cromlin what with the birstol boys arth^ynes and is it her tour and the crockery of the fuUfour fivefirearms and the crockery of their dam-

dam domdom chambers). Wharall thubulbs uptheaires! Shatta-movick?

BXJTT {gulling alast stark daniel with alest doog at doorak whale too greater than pardon painfully the issue of his mouth diminuen-doing, vility of vilities, he becomes, aUasvitaUy, faint), Shurenoff! Like Faun MacGhoul!

BUTT and TAFF (desprot slave wager and foeman feodal un-sheckled, now one and the same person, their fight upheld to right for a wee while being baffled and tottered, umbraged by the shadow of Old Erssia’s magisquammythical mulattomilitiaman, the living by owning over the surfers of the glebe whose sway craven minnions had caused to revile, as, too foul for hell, under boiling Mouses' burning brand, he falls ly GolVs gillie, but keenheartened by the circuminsistence of the Parkes O'Rarelys in a hardly gurdly Cicilian concertone of their fonngeena barney brawl, shaken everybothy's hands, while S. E. Morehampton makes leave to E. N. Sheil-martin after Meetinghouse Lanigan has embaraced P'ergemout Hall, and, without falter or mormor or blathrehoot of sophsterliness, pugnate the pledge of fiannaship, dook to dook, with a commontum oudchd of fist man and best man astoutsalliesemoutioun palms it off like commodity tokens against a cococancancacacanotioun). When old the wormd was a gadden and Anthea first unfoiled her limbs wanderloot was the way the wood wagged where opter and apter were samuraised twimbs. They had their mutthering ivies and their murdhering idies and their mouldhering iries in that muskat grove but there’ll be bright plinnyflowers in Calo-mella’s cool bowers when the magpyre’s babble towers scorching and screeching from the ravenindove. If thees lobed the sex of his head and mees ates the seep of his traublers he’s dancing figgies to the spittle side and shoving outs the soord. And he’ll

be buying buys and go gulling gells with his flossim and jessim of carm, silk and honey while myandthys playing lancifer lucifug and what’s duff as a bettle for usses makes coy cosyn corollanes’ moues weeter to wee. So till butagain budly shoots thon rising germinal let bodley chow the fatt of his anger and badley bide the toil of his tubb.

354

\The pump and pipe pingers are ideally reconstituted. The puttker and bowls are peterpctched up. All the presents are determining as regards for the future the howabouts of their past absences which they might see on at hearing could they once smell of tastes from touch. To ought find a values for. The must overlistingness. When ex what is ungiven. As ad where. Stillhead. Bltmkl\

Shutmup. And bud did down well right. And if he sung dumb in his glass darkly speech lit face to face on allaround.

Vociferagitant. Viceversounding. Namely, Abdul Abulbul Amir or Ivan Slavansky Slavar. In alldconfusalem. As to whom the major guiltfeather pertained it was Hercushiccups’ care to educe. Beauty’s bath she’s bound to bind beholders and pride, his purge, has place appoint in penance and the law’s own libel lifts and lames the low with the lofty. Be of the housed ! While the Hersy Hunt they harrow the hill for to rout them rollicking rogues from, rule those racketeer romps from, rein their rockery rides from. Rambling.

Nightclothesed, arooned, the conquerods sway. After their battle thy fair bosom.

— That is too tootrue enough in Solidan’s Island as in Moltem Giaourmany and from the Amelakins off to date back to land of engined Egypsians, assented from his opening before his inlookers of where an oxmanstongue stalled stabled the wellnourished one, lord of the seven days, overlord of sats and suns, the sat of all the suns which are in the ring of his system of the sats of his sun, god of the scuffeldfallen skillfilledfelon, who (he contaimns) hangsters, who (he constrains) hersirrs, a gain changful, a mintage vaster, heavy on shirts, lucky with shifts, the topside humpup stummock atween his showdows fellah, Misto Teewiley Spillitshops, who keepeth watch in Khummer-Phett, whose spouse is An-Lyph, the dog’s bladder, warmer of his couch in fore. We all, for whole men is lepers, have been nobbut wonterers in that chill childemess which is our true name after the allfaulters (mug’s luck to em!) and, bespeaking of love and lie detectors in venuvarities, whateither the drugs truth of it, was

355

there an iota of from the faust to the lost. And that is at most redoubtedly an overthrew of each and ilkermzinn of us, I persuade myself, before Gow, gentlemen, so true as this are my kopfinpot astrode on these is my boardsoldereds.

It soUecited, grobbling hummley, his roundhouse of seven orofaces, of all, guiltshouters or crimemummers, to be sayd by,

codnops, advices for, free of grades, scamps encloded, corn-petitioning them, if they had steadied Jura or when they had raced Messafissi, husband of your wifebetter or bestman botcha-lover of you yourself, how comes ever a body in our taylorised world to selve out thishis, whither it gives a primeum nobilees for our notomise or naught, the farst wriggle from the ubivence, whereom is man, that old offender, nother man, wheile he is asame. And fullexampling. The pints in question. With some by-spills. And sicsecs to provim hurtig. Soup’s on!

— A time. And a find time. Whenin aye was a kiddling. And the tarikies held sowansopper. Let there beam a frishfrey. And they sodhe gudhe rudhe brodhe wedhe swedhe medhe in the kanddledrum. I have just (let us suppraise) been reading in a (suppressed) book — it is notwithstempting by meassures long and limited — the latterpress is eminently legligible and the paper, so he eagerly seized upon, has scarsely been buttered in works of previous publicity wholebeit in keener notcase would I turf aside for pastureuration. Packen paper paineth whomto is sacred scriptured sign. Who straps it scraps it that might, if ashed, have healped. Enough, however, have I read of it, like my good bedst friend, to augur in the hurry of the times that it will cocommend the widest circulation and a reputation coextensive with its merits when inthrusted into safe and pious hands upon so edifying a mission as it, I can see, as is his. It his ambullished with expurga-tive plates, replete in information and accampaigning the action passiom, slopbang, whizzcrash, boomarattling from burst to past, as I have just been seeing, with my warmest venerections, of a timmersome townside upthecountrylifer, (Guard place the town!) allthose everwhalmed upon that preposterous blank seat, before the wordcraft of this early woodcutter, a master of vignett-

iennes and our findest grobsmid among all their orefices, (and, shukar in chowdar, so splunderdly English!) Mr Aubeyron Birdslay. Chubgoodchob, arsoncheep and wellwillworth a triatl Bismillafoulties. But the hasard you asks is justly ever behind his meddle throw! Those sad pour sad forengistanters, dastychappy dustyrust! Chaichairs. It is that something, awe, aurorbean in that fellow, hamid and damid, (did he have but Hugh de Brassey’s beardslie his wear mine of ancient guised) which comequeers this anywhat perssian which we, owe, realisinus with purups a dard of pene. There is among others pleasons whom I love and which are favourests to mind, one which I have pushed my finker in for the movement and, but for my sealring is none to hand I swear, she is highly catatheristic and there is another which I have fombly fongered freequuntly and, when my signet is on sign again I swear, she is deeply sangnificant. Culpo de Dido\ Ars we say in the classies. Kunstfid, we others said- What ravening shadow ! What dovely line! Not the king of this age could richlier eyefeast in oreillental longuardness with alternate nightjoys of a thousand kinds but one kind. A shahrryar cobbler on me when I am lying! And whilst (when I doot my sliding panel and I hear cawcaw) I have been idylly turmbing over the loose looves leaflefts jaggled casuallty on the lamatory, as is my this is, as I must commit my lips to make misface for misfortune, often, so far as I can chance to recollect from the some famights ago, (so dimsweet is that selvischdischdienence of to not to be able to be obliged to have to hold further anything than a stone his throw’s fruit’s fall!) when I, if you wil excuse for me this informal leading down of inexpressibles, enlivened toward the Author of Nature by the

natural sins liggen gobelimned theirs before me, (how differen-
ded with the manmade Eonochs Cunstuntonopolies!), weather-
ed they be of a general golf stature, assasserted, or blossomly
emblushing thems elves undemeed of some howthem folleys,
am entrenched up contemplating of myself, wiz my naked I, for
relieving purposes in our trurally virvir vergitabale (garden) I
sometimes, maybe, what has justly said of old Flannagan, a wake
from this or huntsfurwards, with some shock (shell I so render

it?) have (when I ope my shylight window and I see coocoo) a
notion quiet involuptary of that I am cadging hapsnots as at
murmurrandoms of distend renations from ficsimilar phases or
dugouts in the behindscenes of our earthwork (what rovining
shudder! what deadly loom!) as this is, at no spatial time pro-
cessly which regards to concrude chronology about which in
fact, at spite of I having belittled myself to my gay giftname of
insectarian, happy burgages abeyance would make homesweets-
town hopeygoalucrey, my mottu propprior, as I claim, cad's
truck, I coined, I am highly pelaged and deeply gluttened to
mind hindmost hearts to see by their loudest reports from my
threespawn bottery parts (shsh!) that, colorabophile and corvino-
phobe alike, when I have remassed me, my travellingself, as from
Magellanic clouds, after my contractual expenditures, through
the perofficies of merelimb, I, my good grief, I am, I am big
altoogooder.

He beached the bark of his tale; and set to husband and vine:
and the harpermaster told all the living conservancy, know
Meschiameschianah, how that win a gain was in again. Flying
the Perseoroyal. Withal aboarder, padar and madar, hal ''nd sal,
the sens of Ere with the duchtars of Iran. Amick amack amock in
a mucktub. Qith the tou loulous and the gryffygryffygryffs, at
Fenegans Wick, the Wildemanns. Washed up whight and de-
li veried rhight. Loud lauds to his luckhump and bejetties on jo-
nahs! And they winxed and wanxed like baillybeacons. Till we
woksed up oldermen.

From whose plultibust preaggravated, by baskatchairch theo-
logies (there werenighn on thaurity herouns in that alraschil
arthouducks draken), they were whoalike placed to say, in the
matters off ducomans nonbar one, with bears' respects to liim and
btJls' acknowledgments (come on now, girls! lead off, O cara,
whichever won of you wins ! The two Gemuas and Jane Agrah
and Judy Tombuys!) disassembling and taking him apart, the
slammocks, with discrimination for his maypole -and a rub in
passing over his hump, drogueries inaddendance, frons, fesces
and frithstool: i) he hade to die it, the beetle, 2) he didhithim self,

hod's fush, 3) all ever the pelican huntered with truly fond bull-
pen backthought since liis toork human life where his personal
low outhired his taratoryism, the orenore under the self hide of his
bessermettle, was forsake in his chiltem and lumbojumbo, 4) he
was like Fintan fore flood and after sometimes too damned
merely often on the saved side, saw he was, 5) regarding to
prussyattes or quazzyverzing he wassand no better than he would
have been before he could have been better than what he warrant

after, 6) blood, musk or haschish, as coked, diamoned or pence-loid, and bleaching him naclenude from all cohlorine matter, down to a boneash bittstoff, he’s, tink fors tank, the same old dustamount on the same old tincoverdull baubleclass, totstitty-winktosser and bogusbagwindburster, whether fitting tyres onto Danelope boys or fluttering flaus for laurettas, whatever the bucket brigade and the plug party says, touchant Arser of the Rum Tipple and his camelottery and lyonesslooting but with a layaman’s brutstrenth, by Jacohob and Esaliur and the all saults or all sallies, what we warn to hear, jeff, is the woods of chirpsies cries to singaloo sweecheeriode and sock him up, the oldcant rogue.

Group A.

You have jest (a ham) beamed listening through (a ham pig) his haulted excerpt from John Whiston’s fiveaxled production. The Coach With The Six Insides., from the Tales of Yore of the times gone by before there was a hofdking or a hoovthing or a pinginapoke in Oreland, all sould. Goes Tory by Eerie Whigs is To Become Tintinued in FearsorCs Nightly in the Lets All Wake Brickfaced In Lucan. Lhirondella, jaunty Ihirondella! With tirra lirra rondinelles, atantivy we go!

Attention! Stand at!! Ease!!!

We are now difiusing among our lovers of this sequence (to you! to you!) the dewfolded song of the naughtingels (Alys! Alysaloe!) from their sheltered positions, in rosescenery hay-dyng, on the heather side of waldalure, Mount Saint John’s, Jinnyland, whither our allies winged by duskfoil from Moore-parque, swift sanctuary seeking, after Sunsink gang (Oiboe!

Hitherzither! Almost dotty! I must dash!) to pour their peace in partial (floflo floreflorence), sweetishsad lightandgayle, twittwin twosingwoolow. Let everie sound of a pitch keep still in reson-ance, jemcrow, jackdaw, prime and secund with their terce that whoe betwides them, now full theorbe, now dulcifair, and when we press of pedal (sof!) pick out and vowelise your name. A mum. You pere Golazy, you mere Bare and you Bill Heeny, and you Smirky Dainty and, more beethoken, you wheckfoolthe-nairyans with all your badchthumpered peanas! We are gluck-glucky in our being so far fortunate that, bark and bay duol with Man Goodfox inchimings having ceased to the moment, so allow the clinkars of our noctumefield, night’s sweetmoztheart, their Carmen Sylvae, my quest, my queen. Lou must wail to cool me airly! Coil me curly, warbler dear! May song it flourish (in the underwood), in chorush, long make it flourish (in the Nut, in the Nutsky) till thorush! Secret Hookup.

— Roguenaar Loudbrags, that soddy old samph! How high is vuile, var?

To which yes he did, capt, that was the answer.

— And his shartshort trooping its colours ! We knows his ventruquulence.

Which that that rang rippripprippplying.

— Bulbul, bulbulone ! I will shally. Thou shalt willy. Y ou wouldnt should as youd remesmer. I hypnot. ’Tis golden sickle’s hour. Holy moon priestess, we’d love our grappes of mistellose 1 Moths the matter.^ Pschtt! Tabarins comes. To fell our fairest. O gui, O gui! Salam, salms, salaum! Carolus! O indeed and we ware! And hoody crow was ere. I soared from the peach and Missmolly showed her pear too, onto three and away. Whet the bee as to deflowret greendy grassies yellowhorse. Kematitis, cele our er-dours! Did you aye, did you eye, did you everysee suchaway, suchawhy, eetiewhigg airywhugger.^ Even to the extremity of the world Dingoldell! The enormanous his, our littlest little! Wee wee, that long alancey one! Let sit on this anthill for our frilldress talk after this day of making blithe inveiled the heart before our groatsupper serves to us Panchomaster and let har-

leqwind play peeptomine up all our colombinations! Wins won is nought, twigs too is nil, tricks trees makes nix, fairs fears stoops at nothing. And till Arthur comes againus and sen pea-trick’s he’s reformed we’ll pose him together a piece, a pace. Shares in guineases! There’s lovely the sight! Surey me, man weepfull Big Seat, you did hear.'' And teach him twisters in tongue irish. Pat lad may goh too. Quicken, aspen; ash and yew; willow, broom with oak for you. And move your tellabout. Not nice is that, limpet lady! Spose we try it promissly. Love all. Naytellmeknot tennis! Taunt me treattening! But do now say to Mr Eustache! Ingean mingen has to hear. Whose joint is out of jealousy now? Why, heavilybody’s evillyboldy’s. Hopping Gra-cius, onthy ovful! O belessk mie, what a nerve! How a mans in his armor we nurses know. Wingwong welly, pitty pretty Nelly! Some Poddy pitted in, will anny petty pullet out? Call Kitty Kelly! Kissykitty Killykelly ! What a nossowl buzzard! But what a neats ung gels!

Here all the leaves alift aloft, full o’liefing, fell alaughing over Ombrellone and his parasollieras with their black thronguards from the County Shillelagh. Ignorant invincibles, innocents im-mutant! Onzel grootvatter Lodewijk is onangonamed before the bridge of primerose and his twy Isas Boldmans is met the bluey-bells near Dandeliond. We think its a gorsedd shame, these go-doms. A lark of limonladies! A lurk of orangetawneymen! You’re backleg wounted, budkley mister, bester of the boyne!

And they leaved the most leavely of leaftimes and the most folliagenous till there came the marrer of mirth and the jangthe-rapper of all jocolarinas and they were as were they never ere. Yet had they laughtered, one on other, undo the end and enjoyed their laughings merry was the times when so grant it High HUa-rion us may too !

Cease, prayce, storywalkering around with gestare romano-verum he swinking about is they think and plan unrawil what.

Back to Droughty! The water of the face has flowed.

The all of them, the sowriegueuxers, blottyeyed boys, in that

pig’s village smoke, a sixdigitarian legion on druid circle, the Clandibblon clam cartel, then pulled out and came off and rally agreed them, roasted malts with toasted hurleys, in condomnation of his totomptation and for the duration till his repepulation, upon old nollcromforemost ironsides, as camnabel chieftain, since, as Sammon trowed to explain to summon, seeing that, as he had contracted out of islands empire, he might as coolly have rolled to school call, tarponturboy, a grampurpoise, the manyfathom brinegroom with the fortyinch bride, out of the cuptin klanclord kettle auction like the soldr of a britsh he was bound to be and become till the sea got him whilask, from maker to misses and what he gave was as a pattern, he, that hun of a horde, is a firm as she, his tent wife, is a lap, at home on a steed, abroad by the fire (to say nothing of him having done whatyouknow howyou-saw whenyouheard whereyouwot, the kenspeckled souckar, generose as cocke, greediguss with garzelle, uprighter of age and most umbrasive of yews all, under heaviest corpsus exemption) and whoasever spit her in howsoever’s fondling saving her keepers that mould the bould she sould to hould the wine that wakes the barley, the peg in his pantry to hold the heavyache off his heart. The droll delight of deemsterhood, a win from the wood to bond. Like the bright lamps, Thamamahalla, yearin out yearin. Auspicably suspectable but in expectancy of respectable-ness. From dirty flock bedding, drip dropping through the ceil-ing, with two sisters of charities on the front steps and three eva-cucui cleansers at the back gaze, single box and pair of chairs (suspectable), occasionally and alternatively used by husband when having writing to do in connection wath equitable druids and friendly or other societies through periods of dire want with comparative plenty (thunderburst, ravishment, dissolution and providentiality) to a sofa allbeit of hoarsehaar with Amodicum cloth, hired payono, still playing off, used by the youngsters for czurnying out oldstrums, three bedrooms upastairs, of which one with fireplace (aspectable), with greenhouse in prospect (par-ticularly perspectable).

And you, when you kept at Dulby, were you always (for that

time only) what we knew how when we (from that point solely) were you know where? There you are! And why? Why, hitch a cock eye, he was snapped on the sly upsadaisying coras pearls out of the pie when all the perts in princer street set up their tinker’s humn, (the rann, the rann, that keen of old bards), with them newnesboys pearcin screaming off their armsworths. The boss made dovesandraves out of his bucknesst while herself wears the bowler’s hat in her bath. Deductive Almayne Rogers disguides his voice, shetters behind hoax chestnote from exexive. Heat wives rasing. They jest keeps rosing. He jumps leaps rizing. Howlongl

You known that tom? I certainly know. Is their batm boths-tiesed? Saddenly now. Has they bane reneemed? Soothinly low. Does they ought to buy the papelboy when he footles up their suit? He’s their mark to foil the flouter and they certainty owe.

He sprit in his phiz (bacconl). He salt to their bis (pudden!). He toockled her palam (so calam is soloml). And he suked their friends’ leave (bonnick lass, fair weal!)

— Guilty but fellows culpows! It was felt by me sindeade, that submerged doughdoughty doubleface told waterside labourers. But since we for athome's health have chanced all that, the wild whips, the wind ships, the wonderlost for world hips, unto their foursquare trust prayed in aid its plumptylump piteousness which, when it turtled around seeking a thud of surf, spake to approach from inherdoff trisspass through minxmingled hair. Though I may have hawked it, said, and selled my how hot peas after theactrisscalls from my imprecurious position and though achance I could have emptied a pan of backslop down drain by whiles of dodging a rere from the middenprivet appurtenant thereof, salving the presents of the board of wumps and pumps,

I am ever incalpable, where release of prisonals properly is concerned, of unlifting upfallen girls wherein dangered from them in thereopen out of unadulteratous bowery, with those hintering influences from an angelsexonism. It was merely my barely till their oh offs. Missaunderstaid. Meggy Guggy's giggag. The

code's proof! The rebald danger with they who would bare whiteness against me I dismissem from the mind of good. He can tell such as story to the Twelfth Maligns that my first was a nurssmaid and her fellower's a willbe perambulatrix. There are twingty to twangty too thews and leathermail coatschemes penparing to hostpost for it valinnteerily with my valued fofavour to the post puzzles deparkment with larch parchels' of presents for future branch offercings. The green approve the raid! Shaum Baum's bode he is amustering in the groves while his shool comes merging along! Want I put myself in their kirtlies I were ayeam to leap with them and show me too bisextine. Dear and lest I forget mergers and bow to you low, marchers! Attemption! What a mazing month of budsome misses they are making, so wingtywish to flit beflore their kin! Attonsure! Ears to hears! The skall of a gall (for every dime he yawpens that momouth you could park your ford in it) who has papertreated him into captivities with his inside man by a hocksheat of starvision for an avrageto-peace of parchment, cooking up his lenses to be my apoclogypst, the recreuter of conscraptions, let him be asservent to Kinahaun! For (peace peace perfectpeace!) I have abwaited me in a water of Elin and I have placed my reeds intectis before the Registower of the perception of tribute in the hall of the city of Analbe. How concerns any merryaunt and hworsoever gravesobbers it is perensempry sex of fun to help a dazzle off the othour. What for Mucias and Gracias may the duvlin rape the handsomst! And the whole mad knightmayers' nest! Tunpother, prison and plotch! If Y shoulden somewhat, well, I am able to owe it, hearth and chemney easy. They seeker for vannflaum all worldins merkins. I'll eager make lyst turpidump undher arkens. Basast! And if my litigimate was well to wrenn tigtag cackling about it, like the sally herd she is, to abery ham in the Cutey Strict, (I shall call upon my first among my lost of lyrars beyond a jingoobangoist, to overcast her) dismissing mundamanu all the riflings of her victuum gleaner (my old chuck! she drakes me druck! turning out, gay at ninety !) and well shoving off a boastonmess like lots wives does over her handpicked hunsbend, as she would be calling, well,

for further oil mircles upon <ill herwayferer gods and reanounc-
ing my deviltries as was I a locally person of caves until I got my
purchase on her firmforhold I am, I like to think, by their sacre-
ligion of daimond cap daimond, confessedly in my baron gentil-
homme to the manhor bourne till ladiest day as panthoposopher,
to have splet for groont a peer of bellows like Bacchulus shakes a
rousing guttural at any old cerpaintime by peaching (allsole we
are not amusical) the warry warst against myself in the defile as
a lieberretter sebaiscopal of these mispeschyites of the first virgi-
nial water who, without an auction of biasement from my part,
with gladyst tone ahquickyessed in it, overhowe and under-
where, the totty lolly poppy flossy conny dollymaukins Though
I heave a coaid on my bauck and am could up to my eres hoven
sametimes I used alltides to be aswarmer for the meekst and the
graced. You are not going to not. You might be threeabreasted
wholenosing at a whallhoarding from our Don Amir anent villa-
yets prostatution precisingly kuschkars tarafs and it could be
double densed uncounthest hour of allbleakest age with a bad of
wind and a barran of rain, nompos mentis like Novus Elector, what
with his Marx and their Groups, yet did a doubt, should a dare,
were to you, you would do and dhamnk me, shenker, dhumnk you.
Skunk. And fare with me to share with me. Hinther and thonther,
hant by hont. By where dauvening shedders down whose rovely
lanes. As yose were and as yese is. Sure and you would, Mr Mac
Gurkl Be sure and you would, Mr O’Duane! To be sure and you
would so, Mr MacElligut! Wod you nods.^ Mom mom. No mum
has the rod to pud a stub to the lurch of amotion. My little love
apprencisses, my dears, the estelles, van Nessies von Nixies voon
der pool, which I had a reyal devouts for yet was it marly lowease
or just a feel with these which olderman K.K. Alwayswelly he
is showing ot the fullnights for my palmspread was gav to a
parsleysprig, the curliest weedeen old ocean coils around, so spruce
a spice for salthorse, sonnies, and as tear to the thrusty as Tay-
lor’s Spring, when aftaboumes, when she was look like a little
cheayat chilled (Oh sard! ah Mah!) by my tide impracing, as
Beacher seath, and all the colories fair fled from my folced cheeks!

3<55

Popottes, where you canceal me you mayst forced guage my
bribes. Wickedgapers, I appeal against the light! A nexistence of
vividence! Panto, boys, is on a looser inlossjballet, girls, suppline
thrown tights. I have wanted to thank you such a long time so
much now. Thank you. Sir, kindest of bottleholders and very dear
friend, among our hearts of steel, froutiknow, it will befor you,
me dare beautiful young soldier, winninger nor anyour of rudi-
mental moskats, before you go to mats, you who have watched
your share with yotu: sockboule sodalists on your buntad nogs at
our love tennis squats regatts, suckpump, when on with the balls
did disserve the fain, my goldrush gainst her silvemetss, to say,
biguidd, for the love of goddess and perthanow as you reveres
your one mothers, mitsch for matsch, and while I reveal thus my
deepseep daughter which was bourne up pridely out of meds-
dreams unclouthed when I was pillowing in my brime (of Satur-
nay Eve, how now, weren’t we’ t?), to see, I say, whoahoa, in stay
of execution in re Milcho Melekmans, increaminated, what you
feel, oddrabbit, upon every stroi^ grovmd you have ever taken
up, by bitterstiff work or battonstaff play, with assault of turk
against a barrakraval of grakeshoots, e’en tho’ Jambuwel’s defe-
calties is Terry Shimmyrag’s uppertumity, if that is grace for the
grass what is balm for the bramblers, as it is as it is, that I am the

catasthmatic old ruffin sippahsedly improctor to be seducint tro-
vatellas, the dire daffy damedeaconesses, like (why sighs the
sootheesinger) the lilliths oft I feldt, and, when booboob brutals
and cautiouses only aims at the oggog hogs in the humand, then,
(Houtes, Blymey and Torrenation, upkurts and scotchem!) I'll
tall tale tell croon paysecurers, sowill nuggets and nippers, that
thash on me stumpen blows the gaff off mombition and thit thides
or marse makes a good dayle to be shattat. Fall stuff.

His rote in ere, afstef, was.

And dong wonged Magongty till the bombtomb of the warr,
thrusshed in his whole soort of cloose.

Whisht who wooed in Weald, bays of Bawshaw binding. The
desire of Miriam is the despair of Marian as Joh Joseph's beauty
is Jacq Jacob's grief. Brow, tell nun; eye, feign sad; mouth, sing

mim. Look at Lokman! Whatbetween the cupgirls and the
platterboys. And he grew back into his grossery baseness: and
for all his grand remonstrance: and there you are.

Here endeth chinchinatibus with have speak finish. With a
haygue for a halt on a pouncefoot panse. Pink, pleas pink, two
pleas pink, how to pleas pink.

Punk.

Mask one. Mask two. Mask three. Mask four.

Up.

— Look about you, Tutty Comyn!

— Remember and recall, Kullykeg!

— When visiting Dan Leary try the comer house for thee.

— I'll gie ye credit for simmence more if ye'll be lymphing.

Our four avunculusts.

And, since threestory sorratelling was much too many, they
maddened and they morgued and they lungd and they jowld.
S3mopticked on the word.

Till the Juke done it.

Down.

Like Jukoleon, the seagoer, when he bore down in his perry
boat he had raised a slide and shipped his orders and seized his
pullets and primed their plumages, the fionnling and dubhlet, the
dun and the fire, and, sending them one by other to fare fore fom,
he had behold the residuance of a delugion: the foggy doze still
going strong, the old thalassocrats of invinsible empores, maskers
of the waterworld, facing one way to another way and this way
on that way, from severalled their fourdimmansions. Where the
lighning leaps from the numbulous; where coold by cawld breide
lieth langwid; the bounds whereinboume our soiled bodies all

attorned attaim arrest: appoint, that’s all. But see what follows. Wringlings upon wronglings among incomputables about an uncomeoutable (an angel prophetethis? kingconier of beheasts.^ the calif in his halifskin.^ that e3a'iewinging one.^) and the voids bubbily vode’s dodos across the which the boomomouths from their dupest dupes were in envery and anononously blowing great.

Guns.

Keep backwards, please, because there was no good to gundy running up again. Guns. And it was written up in big capital. Guns. Sa3dng never underrupt greatgrandgosterfosters! Guns. And whatever one did they said, the fourlings, that on no acounts you were not to. Guns.

Not to pad them behaunt in the fear. Not to go, tonnerwatter, and bungley well chute the rising gianerant. Not to wandly be voking around jerumsalemdo at small hours aboutthe murketplots, smelling okey boney, this little figgy and arraky belloky this little pink into porker but, porkodirto, to let the gentlemen pedesta-rolies out of the Monabella culculpuration live his own left leave, cullebuone, by perperusual of the petpubblicities without inwok-ing his also’s between (sic) the arraky bone and (sue) the okey bellock. And not to not be always, hemmer and hummer, treeing unselves up with one exite but not to never be caving nicely, pre-cisely, quicely, rebustly, tendrolly, unremarkably, forsakenly,hal-tedly, reputedly, firstly, somewhatly, yesayenolly about the back excits. Never to weaken up in place of the broths. Never to vvol-lusslleepp in the pleece of the poots. And, allerthings, never to ate the sour deans if they weren’t having any sin on their consients. And, when in Zumschloss, to never, narks, cease till the finely ending was consummated by the completion of accomplishment.

And thus within the tavern’s secret booth The wisehight ones who sip the tested sooth Bestir them as the Just has bid to jab The punch of quaram on the mug of truth.

K.C. jowls, they’re sodden in the secret. K.C. jowls, they sure are wise. K.C. jowls, the justicest jobbers, for they’ll find another feller if their ruse won’t rise. Whooley the Whooper.

There is to see. Squarish large face with the atlas jacket. Brights, brownie eyes in bluesackin shoeings. Peaky booky nose over a lousiany shirt. Ruddy stackle hair besides a strawcamel belt. Namely. Gregorovitch, Leonocopolosj Tarpinacci and Duggel-duggel. And was theys stare all atime? Yea but they was. Andor-ing the games, induring the smdies, undaring the stories, end all. Ned.^ Only snugged then and cosied after one percepted nought

while tufFbettle outraged the wayw'^ords and meansigns of their hinterhand suppliesdemands. And be they gone to splane splica-tion? That host that hast one on the hoose when backturns when he facefronts none none in the house his geust has guest. You bet they is. And nose well down.

With however what sublation of compensation in the radification of interpretation by the byeboys? Being they. Mr G. B. W. Ashbumer, S. Bruno’s Toboggan Drive, Mr Faixgood, Bellchimbers, Carolan Crescent, Mr I. I. Chattaway, Hilly Gape, Poplar Park, Mr Q. P. Dieudonney, The View, Gazey Peer, Mr T. T. Erchdeakin, Multiple Lodge, Jiff Exby Rode, Mr W. K. Ferris-Fender, Fert Fort, Woovil Doon Botham ontowhom adding the tout that pumped the stout that linked the lank that cold the sandy that nextdoored the rotter that rooked the rhymer that lapped at the hoose that Joax pilled.

They had heard or had heard said or had heard said written.

Fidelisat.

That there first a rudrik kingcomed to an inn court; and the seight of that yard was a perchypole with a loovahgloovah on it; last mannarks maketh man when wandshift winneth womans: so how would it hum, whoson of a which, if someof aswas to start to stunt the story on?

So many needles to ponk out to as many noodles as are company, they noddling all about it tutti to tempo, decumans numbered too, (a) well, that the secretary bird, better known as Pandoria Paullabucca, whom they thought was more like a solicitor general, indiscriminatingly made belief mid authorsagastions from Schelm the Pelman to write somewords to Senders about her chilikin puck, laughing that Poulebec would be the death of her, (^) that, well, that Madges Tighe, the postulate auditressee, when her daremood’s a grownian, is always on the who goes where, hoping to Michal for the latter to turn up with a cupital tea before her ephumeral comes off without any much father which is parting parcel of the same goumeral’s postoppage, it being lookwhyse on the whence blows weather helping mickle so that the loiter end of that leader may twaddle out after a cubital lull with a hopes soon

to ear, comprong? (c) becakes the goatsman on question, or whatever the hen the bumbler was, feeling not up to scratch bekicks of whatever the biddings Payne Inge and Popper meant for him, thoughy onced at a throughlove, true grievingfrue danger, as a nirshe persent to his minstress, devourced the pair of them Mather Garay’s chucklings,^a»re blanche^ and skittered his litters like the cavaliery man in Cobra Park for ungebom yenkelmen, Jeremy Trouvas or Kepin O’Keepers, any old howe and any old then and when around Dix Dearthy Dungbin, remarking scenically with laddylike lassitude upon what he finally postscrapped, QT) after it’s so long till I thanked you about I do so much now thank you so very much as you introduced me to fourks, (e) will, these remind to be sane? (/*) Fool step! Aletheometry? Or just zoot doon floon?

Nut it out, peeby eye! Onamassofmancynaves.

But. Top.

You were in the same boat of yourselves too, Getobodoff or Treamplasurin; and you receptionated the most diliskious of milisk; which it all fiowowered your drooplin dunlearies: but dribble a drob went down your rothole. Meaning, Kelly, Grimes,

Phelan, Mollanny, O’Brien, MacAlister, Sealy, Coyle, Hynes-Joynes, Naylar-Traynor, Courcy de Courcy and Gilligan-Goll.

Stunner of oddstodds on bluebleeding boarhorse! What soresen’s head subrises thus tous out of rumpumplikun oak with, well, we cannot say whom we are looking like through his now-face? It is of Noggens whilk dusts the bothsides of the seats of the bigslaps of the bogchaps of the porlarbaar of the marringaar of the Lochlunn gonlannludder of the feof of the foef of forfummed Ship-le-Zoyd.

Boumce! It is polisignsmnter. The Sockerson boy. To pump tlie fire of the lewd into those soulths of bauchees, havsouse-dovers, tillfellthey deadwar knootvindict. An whele time he was rancing there smutsy floskons nodunder ycholerd for their poopishers, ahull onem Fyre maynoother endnow! Shatten up ship! Bouououmce! Nomo clandoilskins cheakinlevers! All ashored for Capolic Gizzards! Stowlaway there, glutany of

stainks! Porterfillyers and spirituous suncksters, oooom oooom!

As these vitupetards in his boasum he did strongleholder, bushbrows, nobblynape, swinglyswanglers, sunkentrunk, that from tin of this clucken hadded runced slapotdeslup. For him had hord from fard a piping. As.^ 0 £?

Dour douchy was a sieguldson. He cooed that loud nor he was young. He cud bad caw nor he was gray Like wather parted from the say.

Ostia, lift it! Lift at it, Ostia! From the say! Away from the say!

Himhim. Himhim.

Hearhasting he, himmed,reromembered all the chubbs, chipps, chaffs, chuckinpucks and chayney chimebells That he had mistri-buted in port, pub, park, pantry and poultryhouse. While they, thered, the others, that are, were most emulously concerned to cupturing the last dropes of summour down through their grooves of blarneying. Ere the sockson locked at the dure. Which he would, shuttinshure. And lave them to sture.

For be all rules of sport ’tis right That youth bedower’d to charm the night Whilst age is dumped to mind the day When wather parted from the say.

The humming, it’s coming. Insway onsway.

Fingool MacKishgmard Obesume Burgearse Benefice, He was bowen hem and scrapin him in recolcitrantament to the right-about And these probenopubblicoes clamatising for an extinsion on his hostillery With his chargehand bombing their eres. Tids, genmen, plays, she been goin shoother off almaynoother on-awares.

You here nort farwellens rouster? AshifBe ashuffle the wayve they.

From Dancingtree till Suttonstone There’s lads no lie would filch a crown To mull their sack and brew their tay With wather

parted from the say.

Lelong Awaindhoo’s a selverboume enrouted to Rochelle Lane and liberties those Mullinguard minstrelsers are marshalsing, par tunepiped road, under where, perked on hollowy hill, that poor man of Lyones, good Dook Weltington, hugon come er-

rindwards, had hircomed to the belles bows and been cutattrapped by the mausers. Now is it town again, londmear of Dublin! And off coursse the toller, pies the dotter of his eyes with her: Moke the Wanst, whye doe we aime alike a pose of poeter peaced? While the dumb he shoots the shopper rope. And they all pour forth. Sans butly Tuppeter Sowyer, the rouged engenerand, a barttler of the beauyne, still our benjamin liefest, sometime frankling to thise citye, whereas bigrented him a piers half subporters for his arms, Josiah Pipkin, Amos Love, Raoul Le Febber, Blaize Taboutot, Jeremy Yopp, Francist de Loomis, Hardy Smith and Sequin Pettit followed by the snug saloon seanad of our Cafi B4ranger. The scenictutors.

Because they wonted to get out by the goatweigh afore the sheep was looset for to wish the Wobbleton Whiteleg Welshers kaillykailly kellykekkle and savebeck to Brownhazelwood from all the dinnasdoolins on the labious banks of their swensewn snewwesner, turned again weastinghome, by Danesbury Common, and they onely, duoly, thruely, fairly after rainydraining founty-buckets (chalkem up, hemptyempty!) till they caught the wind abroad (alley loafers passinggeering!) all the rockers on the roads and all the boots in the stretes.

Oh dere! Ah hoy!

Last ye, lundsmin, hasty hosty! For an anondation of mirification and the lutification of our paludination.

His bludgeon’s bruk, his drum is tore. For spuds we’ll keep the hat he wore And roll in clover on his clay By wather parted from the say.

Hray ! Free rogue Mountone till Dew Mild Well to corry awen and glowry ! Are now met by Brownaboy Fuinnninuinn’s former for a lyncheon partyng of his burgherbooh. The Shanavan Wacht. Rantinroarin Batteries Dorans. And that whistling thief, O’ Ryne O’Rann. With a catch of her cunning like and nowhere a keener.

The for eolders were aspoolootly at their wetsend in the mailing ■w'aters, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! Because number one lived at Bothersby North and he was trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide!

Seek! And number two digged up Poors Coort, Soother, trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And nomber three he sleeped with Lilly Tekkles at The Eats and he was trying to. Hide! Seek! Hide! Seek! And the last with the sailalloyd donggie he was berthed on the Moherboher to the Washte and they were all trying to and baffling with the waiters of, hoompsydoompsy waiters

of. High! Sink! High! Sink! Highohigh! Sinkasink!

Waves.

The gangstairs strain and anger’s up As Hoisty rares the can and cup To speed the bogre’s barque away O’er wather parted from the say.

Horkus chiefest ebblynuncies!

— He shook be ashaped of hempshelves, hiding that shepe in his goat. And for rassembling so bearfellsed the magreedy prince of Roger. Thuthud. Heigh hohse, heigh hohse, our kindom from an orse! Bruni Lanno’s woollies on Brani Lonni’s hairyparts. And the hunk in his trunk it would be an insalt foul the matter of that cellaring to a pigstrough. Stop his laysense. Ink him ! You would think him Alddaublin staking his lordsure like a gourd on puncheon. Deblinity devined. Wholehunting the pairk on a methylogical mission whenever theres imberillas! And calling Rina Roner Reinette Ronayne. To what mine answer is a lemans. Arderleys, beedles and postbillers heard him. Three points to one. Ericus Vericus corrupted into ware eggs. Dummy up, distillery! Broree aboo! Run him a johnsgate down jamesleslane. Begetting a wife which begame his niece by pounng her youngthings into skintighs. That was when he had dizzy spells. Till Gladstools Pillools made him ride as the mall. Thanks to his huedobrass beerd. Lodenbroke the Longman, now he canseels under veerious persons but is always that Rorke relly! On consideration for the musickers he ought to have down it. Pass out your cheeks, why daunt you! Penalty, please! There you’ll know how warder barded the bollhead that parssed our alley. We just are upsidedown singing what ever the dimkims mummur allalilty she pulls inner out heads. This is not the end of this by no manners means. When you’ve bled till you’re bone it crops out

in your flesh. To tell how your mead of, mard, is made of. All old Dadgerson’s dodges one conning one’s copying and that’s what wonderland’s wanderlad’ll flaunt to the fair. A trancedone boyscript with tittivits by. Ahem. You’ll read it tomorrow, mam, when the curds on the table. A nigg for a nogg and a thrate for a throte. The auditor learns. Still pumping on Torkenwhite Radlumps, Lencs. In preplays to Anonymay’s left hinted palinode obviously inspiterebbed by a sibspecious connexion. Note the notes of admiration! See the signs of suspicion! Count the hemisemidemicolons ! Screamer caps cind invented gommas, quoites puntlost, forced to farce ! The pipette will say anything at all for a change. And you know what aglove means in the Murdrus dueluct! Fewer to feud and rompant culotticism, a fugle for the gleemen and save, sit and sew. And a pants outsizinned on the Doughertys’ duckboard pointing to peace at home. In some, lawanorder on lovinardor. Wait till we hear the Boy of Biskop reeling around your postoral lector! Epistlemadethemology for deep dorfy doubtlings. As we’ll lay till break of day in the bunk of basky, O ! Our island, Rome and duty I Well tried, buckstiff! Batt in, boot! Sell him a breach contact, the vendoror, the buylawyer! One hyde, sack, hie! Two stick hoist. Lucky! Finnish Make Goal! First you were Nomad, next you were Namar, now you’re Numah and it’s soon you’ll be Nomon. Hence counsels Ecclesiast. There’s every resumption. The forgein ofEls is on the shove to lay you out dossier. Darby’s in the yard, planning it on you, plot

and edgings, the whispering peeler after cooks wearing an information. The find of his kind! An artist, sir! And dirt cheap at a sovereign a skull! He knows his Finsbury Follies backwoods so you batter see to your regent refutation. Ascare winde is rifing again about nice boys going native. You know who wzis wrote about in the Orange Book of Estchapel.^ Basil and the two other men from King’s Avenance. Just press this cold brand against your brow for a mow. Gainfully! The sinus the curse. That’s it. Hung Chung Egglyfella now speak he tell numpt3rwumpty top-sawys belongahim pidgin. Secret things other persons place there covered not. How you fell from story to story like a sagasand

to lie. EnfUmung infirmity. On the because alleging to having a finger a fudding in pudding and pie. And here’s the witnesses. Glue on to him, Greevy! Bottom anker, Noordeece! And kick kick killykick for the house that juke built! Wait till they send you to sleep, scowpowl By jurors’ cruces! Then old Hunphy-dunphyville’ll be blasted to bumboards by the youthful herald who would once you were. He’d be our chosen one in the matter of Brittas more than anarthur. But we’ll wake and see. The wholes poors riches of ours hundreds of manhoods and womhoods. Two cents, two mills and two myrds. And it’s all us rangers you’ll be facing in the box before the twelfth correctional. Like one man, gell. Between all tlie Misses Mountsackvilles in their halfmoon haemicycles, gasping to giddies to dye for the shame. Just hold hard till the one we leapt out gets her yearingl Hired in cameras, extra! With His Honour Surpacker on the binge. So yelp your guilt and kitz the buck. You’ll have loss of fame from Wimme-game’s fake. Forwards! One bully son growing the goff and his twinger read out by the Nazi Friers. You fought as how they’d never woxen up, did you, crucket.^ It will wecker your earse, that it will! When hives the court to exchequer ’tis the child which gives the sire away. Good for you, Richmond Rover! Scrum around, our side! Let him have another between the spindlers! A grand game! Dalymount’s decisive. Don Gouverneur Buckley’s in the Tara Tribune, sporting the insides of a Rhutian Jhanaral and little Mrs Ex-Skaerer-Sissers is bribing the halfpricers to pray for her widower in his gravest embazzlement. You on her, hosy jigses, that’ll be some nonstop marrimont! You in your stolen mace and anvil, Magnes, and her burrowed in Berkness cirrchus clouthses. Fummuccumul with a graneen aveiled. Playing down the slavey touch. Much as she was when the fancy cutter out collecting milestones espied her aseesaw on a fern. So nimb, he said, a dat of dew. Between Furr-y-Benn and Ferr-y-Bree. In this tear Vikloe vich he lofed. The smiling ever. If you pulls me over pay me, prhyse ! A talor would adapt his caulking trudgers on to any shape at see. Address deceitfold of wovens weard. The wonder of the women of the world together, moya! And the lovablest

Lima since Ineen MacCormick MacCoort MacConn O’Puckins MacKundred. Only but she is a little width wider got. Be moving abog. You cannot make a limousine lady out of a hillman minx. Listun till you’ll hear the Mudquirt accent. This is a bulgen horesies, this is wollan indulgencies, this is a flemsh. Tik. Scapulars, beads and a stiunp of a candle, Hubert was a Hunter, chemins de la croixes and Rosairette’s egg, all the trimmings off the tree

that she picked up after the Clontarf voterloost when O’Bryan MacBruiser bet Norris Nobnut. Becracking his cucconut between his kknneess- Umpthump, Here Inkeeper, it’s the doatereen’s wednessmom! Delphin dringingl Grusham undergang! And the Real Hymemians strenging strong at knocker knocker! Holy and massalltolled. You ought to tak a dos of frut. Jik. Sauss. You’re getting hoovier, a twelve stone hoovier, fullends a twelve stone hoovier, in your corpus entis and it scurves you right, demnye! Aunt as unclish ams they make oom. ButNichtia you bound not to loose’s gone on Neffin since she clapped her charmer on him at Gormagareen. At the Gunting Hunting Hunting Punting. The eitch is in her blood, arrah! For a frecklesome freshcheeky sweetworded lupsqueezer. And he shows how he’ll pick him the lock of her fancy. Poghue! Poghue! Poghue! And a good jump, Powell! Clean over all their heads. We could kiss him for that one, couddled we, Huggins? Sparkes is the footer to hance off nancies. Scaldhead, pursue! Before you bunkledoodle down upon your birchentop again after them three blows from time, drink and hurry. The same three that nursed you. Skerry, Badbols and the Grey One. All of your own club too. With the fistful of burryberries were for the massus for to feed you living in dying. Buy bran biscuits and you’ll never say dog. And be in the finest of companies. Morialtay and Kniferope Walker and Rowley the Barrel. With Longbow of the lie. Slick of the trick and Blennercassel of the brogue. Clanruckard for ever! The Fenn, the Fenn, the kinn of all Fenns ! Deaf to the winds when for Croonacreena. Fisht! And it’s not now saying how we are where who’s softing what rushes. Merrjrvirgin forbed! But of they never eat soullfriede they’re ating it now- With easter

greeding. Angus ! Angus ! Angus ! The keykeeper of the keys of the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the house of the household of Hecech saysaith. Whitmore, whatmore? Give it over, give it up ! Mawgraw ! Head of a helo, chesth of champgnon, eye of a gull ! What you’d if he’d. The groom is in the greenhouse, gattling out his. Gun! That lad’s the style for. Lannigan’s ball! Now a drive on the naval! The Shallbum Shock. Never mind your gibbous. Slip on your ropen collar and draw the noosebag on your head. Nobody will know or heed you, Postumus, if you skip round schlymartin by the back and come front sloomutren to beg in one of the shavers’ sailorsuits. Three climbs threequickenthrees in the garb of nine. We’ll split to see you mouldem imparvious. A wing for oldboy Weisey Wandrer! Well spat, witty wagtail! Now piawn to bishop’s forthe! Moove. There’s Mumblesome Wadding Murch cranking up to the hornemooni-um. Drawg us out Ivy Eve in the Hall of Alum\ The finnecies of poetry wed music. Feeling the jitters.^ You’ll be as tight as Trivett when the knot’s knutted on. Now’s your never! Peena and Queena are duetting a giggle-for-giggle and the brideen Alannali is lost in her diamindwaiting. What a magnificent gesture you will show us this gallus day. Clean and easy, be the hooker ! And a free for croaks after. Dovlen are out for it. So is Rathfinn. And, hike, here’s the hearse and four horses with the interprovincial crucifixioners throwing lots inside to know whose to be their gosson and whereas to brake the news to morhor. How our myterbilder his fallen aslip. And who will wager but he’ll Shonny Bhoy be, the fleshlumpfleeter from Poshtapengha and all he bares sobsconcious inklings shadowed on soulskin. Its segnet yores, the strake of a hin. Nup. Laying the cloth, to fore of them. And thanking the fish, in core of them. To pass the grace for

Gard sake! Ahmohn. Mr Justician Matthews and Mr Justician Marks and Mr Justician Luk de Luc and Mr Justinian Johnston-Johnson. And the aaskart, see, behind! Help, help, hurray! All-sup, allsop! Four ghools to nail! Cut it down, mates, look slippy! They've got a dathe with a swimminpull. Dang! Ding! Dong! Dung! Dinnin. Isn't it great he is swaying above us for his good

and ours. Fly your balloons, dannies and dennises! He's door-knobs dead! And Ajxnie Delap is free! Ones more. We could ate you, par Buccas, and imbabe through you, reassuranced in the wild lac of gotliness. One fledge, one brood till hulm culms evurdyburdy. Huh the throman! Huh the traidor. Huh the truh. Arrorsure, he's the mannork of Arraliland over-sense he horrhorrd his name in thuthunder. Rrrwwwkkkrrr! And seen it rudden up in fusefiressence on the flashmurket. P.R.C.R.L.L. Royloy. Of the rollorrish rattillary. The lewd-ningbluebolteredallucktruckalltraumconductor! The unnamed nonirishblooder that becomes a Greenislender overnight! But we're molting superstituettes out of his fulse thortin guts. Tried mark, Easterlings. Sign, Soideric O'Cunnuc, Rix. Adversed ord, Magtmorken, Kovenhow. There's a great conversion, myn! Cou-cous! Find his causcaus! From Motometusolum through Bulky and Cowlie and Diggerydiggerydock down to bazeness's usual.^ He's alight there still, by Mike! Loose afore! Bung! Bring forth your deed! Bang! Till is the right time. Bang! Partick Thistle agen S. Megan's versus Brystal Palace agus the Walsall! Putsch! Tiemore moretis tisturb badday! The playgue will be soon over, rats! Let sin! Geh tont! All we wants is to get peace for posses-sion. We dinned unnerstunned why you sassad about thurteen to aloafen, sor, kindly repeat! Or ledn us alones of your lungorge, parsonifier propounde of our edelweissed idol worts! Shaw and Shea are loming obsen so hurgle up, gandfarder, and gurgle me gurk. You can't impose on frayshouters like os. Every tub here spucks his own fat. Hang coersion everyhow! And smotther-mock Gramm's laws! But we're a drippindhrue gayleague all at ones. In the buginning is the woid, in the muddle is the sound-dance and thereinofter you're in the unbewised again, vund vulsyvolsy. You talker dunsker's brogue men we our souls speech obstruct hosiery. Silence in thought! Spreach! Wear anartful of outer nocense! Pawpaw, wowow! Momerry twelfths, noebroed 1 That was a good one, ha! So it will be quite a material what May farther be unvuloped for you, old Mighty, when it's aped to foul a delfian in the Mahnung. Ha ha! Talk of Paddy-

barke's echo! Kick nuck, Knockcastle! Muck! And you'll nose it, O you'll nose it, without warnward from we. We don't know the sendor to whome. But you'll find Chiggenchugger's taking the Treaclyshortcake with Bugle and the Bitch pairsadrawsing and Horssmayres Prosession tyghting up under the threes. Stop. Press stop. To press stop. All to press stop. And be the seem talkin wharabahts hosetanzies, dat sure is sullibrated word! Bing bong! Saxolooter, for congesters are salders' prey. Snap it up in the loose, patchy the blank! Anyone can see you're the son of a gunnell. Fellow him up too, Carlow! Woes to the worm-quashed, aye, and wor to the winner! Think of Aerian's Wall and

the Fall of Toss. Give him another for to volleyholleydoodlem!
His lights not all out yet, the liverpooser! Boohoohoo it oose!
With seven hores always in the home of his thinkingthings, his
nodsloddledome of his noiselisslesoughts. Two Idas, two Evas,
two Nessies and Rubyjuby. Phook! No wonder, pipes as kirles,
that he sthings like a rheinbok- One bed night he had the dely-
siums that they were all queens mobbing him. Fell stiff. Oh,
ho, ho, ho, ah, he, he! Abedicate yourself. It just gegs our goad.
He'll be the deaf of us, pappappoppopcuddle, samblind daiy-
rudder. Yus, sord, fathe, you woll, putty our wraughther!
What we waits be after.^ Whyfore we come agooding? None of
you, cock icy! You keep that henayeam and her fortycantle glim
lookbehinder. We might do with rubiny leeses. But of all your
wanings send us out your peppydecked ales and you'll not be
such a bad lot. The rye is well for whose amind but the wheateny
one is proper lovely- B E N K! We sincerestly trust that Missus
with the kiddies of sweet Gorteen has not B I N K to their very
least tittles deranged if in BUNK and we greesiously augur for
your Meggers a BENK BANK BONK to sloop in with
all sorts of adceterus and adsaturas. It's our last fight, Megantic,
fear you will! The refergee's took to hailing to time the pass.
There goes the blackwatchwomen, all in white, flaxed up, pur-
gad! Right toe, Armitage! Tern for Tam at Timmotty Hall!
We're been carried away. Beyond bournes and bowers. So we'll
leave it to Keyhoe, Danelly and Pykemhyme, the three muskrat-

eers, at the end of this age that had it from Variants' Katey
Sherratt that had it from Variants' Katey Sherratt's man for the
bonnefacies of Blashwhite and Blushred of the Aquasancta Liffey
Patrol to wind up and to tells of all befells after that to Mocked
Majesty in the Malincurred Mansion.

So you were saying, boys.^ Anyhow he what.^

So anyhow, melumps and mumpos of the hoose uncommons,
after that to wind up that longtobechronickled gettogether
thanksbetogiving day at Glenfinnisk-en-la-Valle, the anniver-
sary of his finst homy commulion, after that same barbecue bean-
feast was all over poor old hospitable com and eggfactor. King
Roderick O' Conor, the paramount chief polemarch and last pre-
electric king of Ireland, who was anything you say yourself be-
tween fiftyodd and fiftyeven years of age at the time after the
socalled last supper he greatly gave in his umbrageous house of
the hundred bottles with the radio beamer tower and its hangars,
chimbneys and equilines or, at least, he was'nt actually the then
last king of all Ireland for the time being for the jolly good
reason that he was still such as he was the eminent king of all
Ireland himself after the last preeminent king of all Ireland, the
whilom joky old top that went before him in the Taharan dy-
nasty, King Arth Mockmorrow Koughenough of the leathered
leggions, now of parts unknown, (God guard his generous
comicsongbook soul!) that put a poached fowl in the poor man's
pot before he took to his pallyass with the weeping eczema for
better and worse until he went under the grass quilt on us, never-
theless, the year the sugar was scarce, and we to lather and shave
and frizzle him, like a bald surging buoy and himself down
to three cows that was meat and drink and dogs and washing
to him, 'tis good cause we have to remember it, going through
summersultryngs of snow and sleet witht the widow Nolan's
goats and the Brownes girls neats anyhow, wait till I tell you,

what did he do, poor old Roderick O’Conor Rex, the aus-
picious waterproof monarch of all Ireland, when he found him-
self ail alone by himself in his grand old handwedown pile after
all of them had all gone off with themselves to their castles of

mud, as best they cud, on footback, owing to the leak of the
McCarthy’s mare, in extended order, a tree’s length from the
longest way out, down the switchbackward slidder of the land-
sown route of Hauburnea’s liveliest vinnage on the brain, the
unimportant Parthalonians with the mouldy Firbolgs and the
Tuatha de Danaan googs and the ramblers from Clane and all
the rest of the notmuchers that he did not care the royal spit out
of his ostensible mouth about, well, what do you think he did,
sir, but, faix, he just went heeltapping through the winespilth
and weevily popcorks that were kneedeep round his own right
royal round rollicking toper’s table, with his old Roderick Ran-
dom pullon hat at a Lanty Leary cant on him and Mike Brady’s
shirt and Greene’s linnet collarbow and his Ghenter’s gatmts and
his Macclefield’s swash and his readymade Reillys and his pan-
prestuberian poncho, the body you’d pity him, the way the world
is, poor he, the heart of Midleinster and the supereminent lord of
them all, overwhelmed as he was with black ruin like a sponge
out of water, allocutioning in bellcantos to his own oliverian
society MacGuiney’s Dreans of Ergen Adams and thruming
through all to himself with diversed tonguesed through his old
tears and his ould plaised drawl, starkened by the most regal of
belches, like a blumey Cashelmagh crooner that lerking Clare
air, the blackberd’s ballad Pve a terrible errible lot todue todie
todue tootorribleday, well, what did he go and do at all, His Most
Exuberant Majesty Eang Roderick O’Conor but, arrah bedamnbut,
he finalised by lowering his woolly throat with the wonderful
midnight thirst was on him, as keen as mustard, he could not tell
what he did ale, that bothered he was from head to tail, and,
wishawishawish, leave it, what the Irish, boys, can do, if he did’nt
go, sliggymaglooral reemyround and suck up, sure enough, like
a Trojan, in some particular cases with the assistance of his vene-
rated tongue, whatever surplus rotgut, sorra much, was left by the
lazy lousers of maltknights and beerchurls in the different bot-
toms of the various different replenquished drinking utensils left
there behind them on the premisses by that whole hogsheaded
firkin family, the departed honourable homegoers and other sly-

grogging suburbanites, such as it was, fall and fall about, to the
brindishing of his charmed life, as toastified by his cheeriubi-
cundenances,no matter whether it was chateaubottled Guiness’s
or Phoenix brewery stout it was or John Jameson and Sons or
Roob Coccola or, for the matter of that, O’Connell’s famous old
Dubhn ale that he wanted like hell, more that halibut oil or
Jesuits tea, as a fall back, of several different quantities and quali-
ties amounting in all to, I should say, considerably more than the
better part of a gill or naggin of imperial dry and liquid measure
till, welcome be from us here, till the rising of the mom, till that
hen of Kaven’s shows her beaconegg, and Chapwellswendows
stain our horyhistoricold and Father MacMichael stamps for
aitch o’clerk mess and the Litvian Newestlatter is seen, sold and
delivered and all’s set for restart after the silence, like his ancestors

to this day after him (that the blazings of their ouldmouldy gods may attend to them we pray !), overopposides the cowery lad in the comer and forenenst the staregaze of the cathering candled, that adornment of his album and folkenfather of familyans, he came acrash a crupper sort of a sate on accomondation and the very boxst in all his composs, whereuponce, behome the fore for cove and trawlers, heave hone, leave lone, Larry’s on the focse and Faugh MacHugh O’Bawlar at the wheel, one to do and one to dare, par by par, a peerless pair, ever here and over there, with his fol the dee oil the doo on the flure of his feats and the feels of the fumes in the wakes of his ears our wineman from Barleyhome he just slumped to throne.

So sailed the stout ship Nansy Hans. From Liff away. For Nattenlaender. As who has come returns. Farvel, farerne! Good-bark, goodbye!

Now follow we out by Starloe!

— Three quarks for Muster Mark!

Sure he hasn’t got much of a bark

And sure any he has it’s all beside the mark.

But Of Wreneagle Almighty, wouldn’t un be a sky of a lark
To see that old buq^ard whooping about for uns shirt in the dark
And he hunting round for uns speckled trousers around by Palmer-stown Park?

Hohohohof moulty Mark/

You’re the rummest old rooster ever flopped out of a Noah’s ark
And you think you re cock of the wark.

Fowls, up/ Tristy’s the spry young spark

That’ll tread her and wed her and bed her and red her

Without ever winking the tail of a feather

And that’s how that chap’s going to make his money and mark/
Overhoved, shrillgleescreaming. That song sang seaswans.
The winging ones. Seahawk, seagull, curlew and plover, kestrel and capercailzie. All the birds of the sea they trolled out rightbold when they smacked the big kuss of Trustan with Usolde.

And there they were too, when it was dark, whilest the wild-caps was circling, as slow their ship, the winds aslight, upborne the fates, the wardorse moved, by courtesy of Mr Deaubaleau Downbellow Kaempersally, listening in, as hard as they could, in Dubbeldorp, the donker, by the toumeyold of the wattarfalls, with their vuoxens and they kemin in so hattajocky (only a

quartebuck askull for the last acts) to the solans and the sycamores

and the wild geese and the gannets and the migratories and the mistlethrushes and the auspices and all the birds of the rockby-suckerassousyoceanal sea, all four of them, all sighing and sobbing, and listening. Moykle ahoykling!

They were the big four, the four maaster waves of Erin, all listening, four- There was old Matt Gregory and then besides old Matt there was old Marcus Lyons, the four waves, and oftentimes they used to be saying grace together, right enough, bausnabeatha, in Miracle Squeer: here now we are the four of us: old Matt Gregory and old Marcus and old Luke Tarpey: the four of us and sure, thank God, there are no more of us: and, sure now, you wouldn't go and forget and leave out the other fellow and old Johnny MacDougall: the four of us and no more of us and so now pass the fish for Christ sake. Amen: the way they used to be saying their grace before fish, repeating itself, after the interims of Augusburgh for auld lang syne. And so there they were, with their palms in their hands, like the pulchrum's proculs, spraining their ears, luistening and listening to the oceans of kissening, with their eyes glistening, all the four, when he was kiddling and cuddling and bunnyhugging scrumptious his colleen bawn and dinkum belle, an oscar sister, on the fifteen inch loveseat, behind the chieftaness stewardesses cubin, the hero, of Gaelic champion, the onliest one of her choice, her bleaueyedeal of a girl's friend, neither bigugly nor smallnice, meaning pretty much everything to her then, with his sinister dexterity, light and rufthandling, vicemversem her ragbags et assaucyetiams, fore and aft, on and offsides, the brueburnt sexfutter, handson and huntsem, that was palpably wrong and bulbubly improper, and cuddling her and kissing her, tootyfay charmaunt, in her ensemble of maidenna blue, with an overdress of net, tickled with goldies, Isolamisola, and whisping and lisping her about Trisolanisans, how one was whips for one was two and two was lips for one was three, and dissimulating themself, with his poghue like Arrah-na-poghue, the dear dear annual, they all four remembored who made the world and how they used to be at that time in the vulgar ear

cuddling and kiddling her, after an oyster supper in Cullen's bam, from under her mistlethrush and kissing and listening, in the good old bygone days of Dion Boucicault, the elder, in Arrah-na-pogue, in the otherworld of the passing of the key of Two-tongue Common, with Nush, the carrier of the word, and with Mesh, the cutter of the reed, in one of the farback, pitchblack centuries when who made the world, when they knew O'Clery, the man on the door, when they were all four collegians on the nod, neer the Nodderlands Nurskery, whiteboys and oakboys, peep of tim boys and piping tom boys, raising hell while the sin was shining, wdth their slates and satchels, playing Florian's fables and communic suctions and vellicar frictions with mixum members, in the Queen's Ultonian colleges, along with another fellow, a prime number, Totius Quotius, and paying a pot of tribluts to Boris O'Brien, the buttler of Clumpthump, two looves, two turnovers plus (one) crown, to see the mad dane adng his vitals. Wulf ! Wulf ! And throwing his tongue in the snakepit. Ah ho! The ladies have mercias! It brought the dear prehistoric scenes all back again, as fresh as of yore. Matt and Marcus, natural bom lovers of nature, in all her moves and senses, and after that now there he was, that mouth of mandibles, vowed to pure beauty, and his Arrah-na-poghue, when she murmurously, after she let a cough, gave her firm order, if he wouldn't please mind,

for a sings to one hope a dozen of the best favourite lyrical national blooms in Luvillicit, though not too much, reflecting on the situation, drinking in draughts of piurest air serene and revelling in the great outdoors, before the four of them, in the fair fine night, whilst the stars shine bright, by she light of he moon, we longed to be spoon, before her honeyoldloom, the plaint effect being in point of fact there beii^ in the whole, a seatuition so shocking and scandalous and now, thank God, there were no more of them and he poghuing and poghuing like the Moreigner bowed his cmsted hoed and Tilly the Tailor’s Tugged a Tar in the Arctic Newses Dagsdogs number and there they were, like a foremasters in the rolls, listening, to Rolando’s deepen darblun Ossian roll, (Lady, it was just too gorgeous, that expense of a

lovely tint, embellished by the charms of art and very well conducted and nicely mannered and all the horrid rudy noisies locked up in nasty cubbyhole!) as tired as they were, the three jolly topers, with their mouths watering, all the four, the old connubial men of the sea, yambing around with their old pantometer, in duckasaloppics, Luke and Johnny MacDougall and all wishening for anything at all of the bygone times, the wald times and the fald times and the hempty times and the dempty times, for a cup of kindness yet, for four farback tumblerfuls of woman squash, with them, all four, listening and spraining their ears for the millennium and all their mouths making water.

Johnny. Ah well, sure, that’s the way (up) and it so happened there was poor Matt Gregory (up), their pater familias, and (up) the others and now really and (up) truly they were four dear old heladies and really they looked awfully pretty and so nice and bespectable and after that they had their fathomglasses to find out all the fathoms and their half a tall hat, just now like the old Merquus of Pawerschoof, the old determined despot, (^qtdescents in hragef) only for the extrusion of the saltwater or the auctioneer there dormont, in front of the place near O’Clery’s, at the darkumoxmd numbur wan, beside that ancient Dame street, where the stame of Mrs Dana O’Connell, prostituent behind the Trinity College, that arranges all the auctions of the valuable colleges, Bootersbay Sisters, like the auctioneer Battersby Sisters, the prumisceous creators, that sells all the emancipated statues and flowersports, James H. Tickell, the jaypee, off Hoggin Green, after he made the centuries, going to the tailturn horseshow, before the angler nomads flood, along with another fellow, active impalsive, and the shoeblacks and the redshanks and plebeians and the barrancos and the cappunchers childerun, Jules, everyone, Gotopoxy, with the houghers on them, highstepping ;he fissure and fracture lines, seven five threes up, three five sevens down, to get out of his way, onasmuck as their withers conditions cordd not possibly have been improved upon, (praisers be to deeseesee !) like hopolopocattls, crumping oround their Judgity Yaman, and all the tercentenary horses and priest-

hunters, from the Curragh, and confusionaries and the authorities, Noord Amrikaans and Suid Aferican cattleraiders (so they say) all over like a tiara dullfuoco, in his grey half a tall hat and his amber necklace and his crimson harness and his leathern jib

and his cheapshein hairshirt and his scotobrit sash and his para-
pilagian gallowglasses (how do you do, jaypee, Elevato !) to find
out all the improper colleges (and how do you do, Mr Dame
James? Get out of my way!), forkbearded and bluetoothed and
bellied and boneless, from Strathlyffe and Aylesburg and North-
umberland Anglesey, the whole yaghoodurt sweepstakings and
all the horsepowers. But now, talking of hayastdanars and
wolkingology and how our seaborn isle came into exestuance,
(the explutor, his three andesiters and the two pantellarias) that
reminds me about the manausteriums of the poor Marcus of Lyons
and poor Johnny, the patrician, and what do you think of the four
of us and there they were now, listening right enough, the four
saltwater widowers, and all they could remembore, long long ago
in the olden times Momonian, throw darker hour sorrows, the
princest day, when Fair Margrate waited Swede Villem, and Lally
in the rain, with the blank prints, now extincts, after the wreak
of Wormans' Noe, the barmaisigheds, when my heart knew no
care, and after that then there was the official landing of Lady
Jales Casemate, in the year of the flood 1132 S.O.S., and the
christening of Queen Baltersby, the Fourth Buzzersbee, accord-
ing to Her Grace the bishop Senior, off the whate shape, and
then there was the drowning of Pharocih and all his pedestrians
and they were all completely drowmed into the sea, the red sea,
and then poor Merkin Comyngwham, the official out of the
castle on pension, when he was completely drowned off Erin
Isles, at that time, suir knows, in the red sea aind a lo\ely
mourning paper and thank God, as Saman said, there were no
more of him. And that now was how it was. The arzurian deeps
o'er his humbodumbones sweeps. And his widdy the giddy is
wreathing her murmoirs as her gracest triput to the Grocery
Trader's Manthly. Mind mand gunfree by Gladeys Rayburn!
Runtable's Reincorporated. The new world presses. Where the

old conk cruised now croons the yunk. Exeunc throw a darras
Kram of Llawnroc, ye gink guy, kirked into yord. Enterest at-
tawonder Wehpen, luftcat revol, fairescapading in his natsirt.
Tuesy tumbles* And mild aunt Liza is as loose as her neese. Ful-
fest withim inbrace behent. As gent would deem oncontinent.
So mulct per wenche is Elsker woed. Ne hath his thrysting. Fin.
Like the newcasters in their old plyable of A Royenne Devours.
Jazzaphoney and Mirillovis and Nippy she nets best* Fing. Ay,
ay! Sobbos. And so he was. Sabbus.

Marcus. And after that, not forgetting, there was the Flemish
armada, all scattered, and all officially drowned, there and then, on
a lovely morning, after the universal flood, at about aleven thirty-
two was it? off the coast of Cominghome and Saint Patrick, the
anabaptist, and Saint Kevin, the lacustrian, with toomuch of tolls
and lottance of beggars, after converting Porterscout and Dona,
our first marents, and Lapoleon, the equestrian, on his whuite
bourse of Hunover, rising Clunkthurf over Cabinhogan and all
they remembered and then there was the Frankish floot of Noahs-
dobahs, from Hedalgoland, round about the freebutter year of
Notre Dame 1132. P.P.O. or so, disumbunking from under
Motham General Bonaboche, (noo poopery!) in his half a grey
traditional hat, alevoila come alevilla, and after that there he was,
so terrestrial, like a Nailscissor, poghuing her scandalous and very
wrong, the maid, in single combat, under the sycamores, amid
the bludderings from the boom and all the gallowsbirds in Arrah-
na-Poghue, so silvestrious, neer the Queen's Colleges, in 1132

Brian or Bride street, behind the century man on the door. And then again they used to give the grandest gloriaspanquost universal howldmoutherhibbert lectures on anarxaquy out of doxarchology (hello, Hibernia!) from sea to sea (Matt speaking!) according to the pictures postcard, with sexon grimmacticals, in the Latimer Roman history, of Latimer repeating himself, from the vicerine of Lord Hugh, the Lacytynant, till Bockleyshuts the rahjahn gerachknell and regnumrockery roundup, (Marcus Lyons speaking!) to the oceanfuls of collegians green and high classes and the poor scholars and all the old trinitarian senate and saints and

sages and the Plymouth brethren, droning along, peanzanzangan, and nodding and sleeping away there, like forgetmenots, in her abijance service, round their twelve tables, per pioja at pulga bollas, in the four trinity colleges, for earnasyoulearning Eringrowback, of Ulcer, Moonster, Leanstare and Cannought, the four grandest colleges supper the matther of Erryn, of Killorcure and Killthemall and Killeachother and Killkelly-on-the-Flure, where their role was to rule the round roll that Rollo and Rullo rolled round. Those were the grandest gynecollege histories (Lucas calling, hold the line!) in the Janesdanes Lady Andersdaughter Universary, for auld acquaintance sake (this Unitarian lady, breathtaking beauty, Bambam’s bonniest, lived to a great age at or in or about the late No. 1132 or No. 1169, bis, Fitzmary Round where she was seen by many and widely liked) for teaching the Fatima Woman history of Fatimiliafamilias, repeating herself, on which purposeth of the spirit of namre as difinely developed in time by psadatepholomy, the past and present (Johnny MacDougall speaking, give me trunks, miss!) and present and absent and past and present and perfect arma virumque romano. Ah, dearo, dear! O weep for the hower when eve aleaves bower! How it did but all come eddaying back to them, if they did but get gaze, gagagniagnian, to hear him there, kiddling and cuddling her, after the gouty old galahat, with his peer of quinnyfears and his troad of thirstuns, so nefarious, from his elevation of one yard one handard and thartytwo lines, before the four of us, in his Roman Catholic arms, while his deepseepeepers gazed and sazed and dazecrazemazed into her dullokbloon rodolling olosheen eyenbowls by the Cornelius Nepos, Mnepos. Anumque, umque. Napoo.

Queh? Quos.^

Ah, dearo dearo dear! Bozun braceth brythe hwen gooses gandered gamen. Mahazar ag Dod! It was so scalding sorry for all the whole twice two four of us, with their familiar, making the toten, and Lally when he lost part of his half a hat and all belongings to him, in his old futile manner, cape, towel and drawbreeches, and repeating himself and telling him now, for the seek of Senders

Newslaters and the mossacre of Saint Brices, to forget the past, when the burglar he shoved the wretch in chumeroil, and contradicting all about Lally, the ballest master of Gosterstown, and his old fellow, the Lagener, in the Locklane Lighthouse, earing his wick with a pierce of railing, and liggen hig with his ladder up, and that oldtime turner and his sadderday erely cloudsing, the old

croniony, Skelly, with the lether belly, full of neltts, full of keltts, full of lightweight beltts and all the bald drakes or ever he had up in the bohereen,offArtsichekes Road, with Moels and Mahmullagh Mullarty, the man in the Oran mosque, and the old folks at home and Duignan and Lapole and the grand confarreation, as per the cabbangers richestore, of the filest archives, and he couldn’t stop laughing oyer Tom Tim Tarpey, the Welshman, and the four middleaged widowers, all nangles, sangles, angles and warbles. And now, that reminds me, not to forget the four of the Welsh waves, leaping laughing, in their Lumbag Walk, over old Battle-shore andDeaddleconche, in their half a Roman hat, with an an-cient Greek gloss on it, in Chichester College auction and, thank God, they were all summarily divorced, four years before, or so they say, by their dear poor shehusbands, in dear byword days, and never brought to mind, to see no more the rainwater on the floor but still they parted, raining water laughing, per Nupiter Privius, only terpary, on the best of terms and be forgot, whilk was plainly foretolk by their old pilgrim cocklesong or they were sing-ing through the wettest indies As I was going to Burrymecarott we fell in with a lout by the name of Peebles as also in another place by their orthodox proverb so there was said thus That old fellow knows milk though he’s not used to it latterly. And so they parted. In Dalkymont nember to. Ay, ay. The good go and the wicked is left over. As evil flows so Ivel flows. Ay, ay. Ah, well sure, that’s the way. As the holymaid of Kunut said to the haryman of Koombe. For his humple pesition in odvices. Woman. Squash. Part. Ay, ay. By decree absolute.

Lucas. And, O so well they could remembore at that time, when Carpery of the Goold Fins "was in the king ship of Poolland, Mrs Dowager Justice Squalchman, foorsitter, in her fullbottom wig

and beard, (Erminia Reginia!) in or aring or around about the year of buy in disgrace 1132 or 1169 or 1768 Y-W.C-A., at the Married Male Familyman’s Auctioneer’s court in Arrahnacuddle. Poor Johnny of the clan of the Dougals, the poor Scuitsman, (Hohannes !) nothing if not amorous, dinna forget, so frightened (Zweep! Zweep!) on account of her full bottom, (undullable attraxity!) that put the yearl of mercies on him, and the four maasters, in chors, with a hing behangd them, because he was so slow to borstel her schoon for her, when he was grooming her ladyship, instead of backscratching her materfamilias proper, like any old methodist, and all divorced and innasense interdict, in the middle of the temple, according to their dear faithful. Ah, now, it was too bad, too bad and stout entirely, all the missoccurs; and poor Mark or Marcus Bowandcoat, from the brownesberrow in nolandsland, the poor old chronometer, all persecuted with ally croaker by everybody, by decree absolute, through Herrinsilde, because he forgot himself, making wind and water, and made a Neptune’s mess of all of himself, sculling over the giamond’s courseway, and because he forgot to remember to sign an old morning proxy paper, a writing in request to hersute herself, on stamped bronnanoleum, from Roneo to Gillette, before saying his grace before fish and then and there and too there was poor Dion Cassius Poosycomb, all drowned too, before the world and her husband, because it was most improper and most wrong, when he attempted to (well, he was shocking poor in his health, he said, with the shingles falling off him), because he (ah, well now, peaces pea to Wedmore and let not the song go dumb upon your Ire, as we say in the Spasms of Davies, and we

won’t be too hard on him as an old Manx presbyterian) and after that, as red as a Rosse is, he made his last will and went to confession, like the general of the Berkelejdtes, at the rim of the rom, on his two bare marrowbones, to Her Worship his Mother and Sister Evangelist Sweainey, on Cailcainnin widnight and he was so sorry, he was really, because he left the bootybutton in the handsome cab and now, tell the truth, unfriends never, (she was his first messes dogess and it was a very pretty peltry and there

were faults on both sides) well, he attempted (or so they say) ah, now, forget and forgive (don’t we all?) and, sure, he was only funning with his andrewmartins and his old age coming over him, well, he attempted or, the Coimachy, he was tempted to attempt some hunnish femiliarities, after eten a bad carmp in the rude ocean and, hevantonoze sure, he was dead seasickabed (it was really too bad!) her poor old divorced male, in the housepays for the daying at the Martyr Mrs MacCawley’s, where at the time he was taying and toying, to hold the nursetendered hand, (ah, the poor old coax!) and count the buttons and her hand and frown on a bad crab and doying to remembore what doed they were byom and who made a who a snore. Ah dearo dearo dear!

And where do you leave Matt Emeritus? The laychief of Abbotabishop? And exchullard of ffrench and gherman. Achoch! They were all so sorgy for poorboir Matt in his saltwater hat, with the Aran crown, or she grew that out of, too big for him, of or Mnepos and his overalls, all falling over her in folds — sure he hadn’t the heart in her to pull them up — ^poor Matt, the old perigiime matriarch, and a queenly man, (the porple blussing upon them!) sitting there, the sole of the settlement, below ground, for an expiatory rite, in postulation of his cause, (who shall say?) in her beaver bonnet, the king of the Caucuses, a family all to himself, under geasa, Themistletocles, on his multilingual tombstone, like Navellicky Kamen, and she due to kid by sweetpea time, with her face to the wall, in view of the poorhouse, and taking his rust in the oxsight of Iren, under all the auspices, amid the rattle of hailstorms, kalospintheochromatokreening, wdth her ivyclad hood, and gripping an old pair of curling tongs, belonging to Mrs Duna O’Cannell, to blow his brains with, till the heights of Newhigherland heard the Bristolhut, with his can of tea and a purse of alfred cakes from Anne Lynch and two cuts of Shackleton’s brown loaf and dUisk, waiting for the end to come. Gordon Heighland, when you think of it! The merthe dirther! Ah ho! It was too bad entirely! All devoured by active parlourmen, laudabiliter, of woman squelch and all on account of the

smell of Shakeletin and scratchman and his mouth watering, acid and alkolic; signs on the salt, and so now pass the loaf for Christ sake. Amen. And so. And all.

Matt. And loaf. So that was the end. And it can’t be helped. Ah, God be good to us! Poor Andrew Martin Cunningham! Take breath! Ay! Ay!

And still and all at that time of the dynast days of old konning

Soteric Sulkinbored and Bargomuster Bart, when they struck coil and shock haunts, in old Hungerford-on-Mudway, where first I met thee oldpoetryck filed from may, and the Finnan baddies and the Noal Sharks and the muckstails turties like an acoustic pot-tish and the griesouper bullyum and how he poled him up his boccat of vuotar and got big buzz for his name in the airweek's honours from home, colonies and empire, they were always with assisting grace, thinking (up) and not forgetting about shims and shawls week, in auld land syne (up) their four hosenbands, that were four (up) beautiful sister misters, now happily married, unto old Gallstonebelly, and there they were always counting and con-tradicting every night 'tis early the lovely mother of periwinkle buttons, according to the lapper part of their anachronism (up one up two up one up four) and after that there now she was, in the end, the dea^, soldpowder and all, the beautfoiur sisters, and that was her mudhen republican name, right enough, from alum and oves, and they used to be getting up from under, in their tape and straw garlands, with all the worries awake in their hair, at the kookaburra bell ringring all wrong inside of them (come in, come on, you lazy loafs!) all inside their poor old Shan-don bellbox (come out to hell, you lousy louts!) so frightened, for the dthclangavore, like knockneeghs bumpsed by the fister-man's straights, (ys! ys!), at all hours every night, on their mistle-toes, the four old oldsters, to see was the Transton Postscript come, with their oerkussens under their armsaxters, all puddled and mythified, the way the wdnd wheeled the schooler round, when nobody wouldn't even let them rusten, from playing their gastspiels, crossing their sleep by the shocking silence, when they were in dreams of yore, standing behind the

door, or leaning out of the chair, or kneeling under the sofa-cover and setting on the souptureen, getting into their way something barbarous, changing the one wet underdown convi-brational bed or they used to slumper under, when hope was there no more, and putting on their half a hat and falling over all synop-dcals and a panegyric and repeating themselves, like svvollovv-ing, like the time they were dadging the talkeycook that chased them, look look all round the stool, walk everywhere for a jool, to break fyre to all the rancers, to collect all and bits of brown, the rathure's evelopment in spirits of time in all fathom of space and slooping around in a bawneen and bath slippers and go away to Oldpatrick and see a doctor Walker. And after that so glad they had their night tentacles and there they used to be, flapping and cycling, and a dooing a doonloop, panementically, around the waists of the ships, in the wake of their good old Foehn again, as tyred as they were, at their windswidths in the waveslength, the clipperbuilt and the five fourmasters and Lally of the cleftoft bagoderts and Roe of the fair cheats, ex-changing fleas from host to host, with arthroposophia, and he selling him before he forgot, issle issle, after having prealably dephlegmatised his gutterful of throatyfrogs, with a lungible fong in his suckmouth ear, while the dear invoked to the coolun dare by a palpabrows lift left no doubt in his minder, till he was in-stant and he was trustin, sister soul in brother hand, the subjects being their passion grand, that one fresh from the cow about Aithne Meithne married a mailde and that one too from Engr-vakon saga abooth a gooth a gev a gotheny egg and the park-side pranks of quality queens, katte efter kinne, for Earl Hooved-soon's choosing and Huber and Harmein orhowwhen theeupon-thus (chchch!) eysolt of binnoculises memostinmust egotura

sabcunsciously senses upers the deprofundity of multimathema-
tical immaterialities wherebejubers in the pancosmic urge the
allimmanence of that which Itself is Itself Alone (hear, O hear,
Caller Errin !) exteriorises on this ourherenow plane in disunited
solod, likeward and gushious bodies with (science, say!) peril-
whitened passionpanting pugnoplangent intuitions of reunited

selfdom (murky whey, abstrew adim!) in the higherdimissional
selfless Allself, theemeeng Narsty meetheeng Idoless, and telling
Jolly MacGolly, dear mester John, the belated dishevelled, hack-
ing at^-ay at a parchment pied, and all the other analist, the
steamships ant the ladies'foursome, ovenfor, nedenfor, dinkety,
duk, downalupping, (how long tandem !) like a foreretyred schoon-
masters, and their pair of green eyes and peering in, so they say, like
the narcolepts on the lakes of Coma, through the steamy win-
dows, into the honeymoon cabins, on board the big steamadories,
made by Fumadory, and the saloon ladies' madom toilet chambers
lined over prawn silk and rub off the salty catara off a windows
and, hee hee, listening, qua committe, the poor old quakers, oben
the dure, to see all the hunnishmooners and the firstclass ladies,
serious me, a lass spring as you fancy, and sheets far from the lad,
courting in blankets, enfamillias, and, shee shee, all improper, in a
lovely mourning toilet, for the rosecrumpler, the thrilldriver, the
sighinspirer, with that olive throb in his nude neck, and, swayin
and thayin, thanks ever so much for the tiny quote, which sought
of maid everythingling again so very much more delightafellay,
and the perfidly suite of her, bootyfilly yours, under all their
familiarities, by preventing grace, forgetting to say their grace be-
fore chambadory, before going to boat with the verges of the
chaptel of the opering of the month of Nema Knatut, so pass the
poghue for grace sake. Amen. And all, hee hee hee, quaking, so
fright, and, shee shee, shaking. Aching. Ay, ay.

For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion
mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the justright moment, like
perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of
porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love,
(ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance's fade-
less wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on
her even unto date!) -wath a queeleedecree of joysis crisis she
renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear
o'dears!) and the golden importunity of aloofer's leavetime,
when,as quick,is greased pigskin, Amoricas Champius, with one
aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtoury flshpst the

both lines of forwards (Ebumea's down, boys !) rightjingbangshot
into the goal of her gullet.

Airis!

And now, upright and add them! And plays be honest! And
pullit into yourself, as on manowoman do another ! Candidately,
everybody! A mot for amot. Comong, meng, and douh! There
was this, wellyoumaycallher, a strapping modern old ancient
Irish prisscess, so and so hands high, such and such paddock
weight, in her madapolam smock, nothing under her hat but

red hair and solid ivory (now you know it’s true in your hardup hearts!) and a firstclass pair of bedroom eyes, of most unhomy blue, (how weak we are, one and all!) the charm of favour’s fond consent! Could you blame her, we’re saying, for one psocoldlogical moment? What would Ewe do? With that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairyg orangogran beaver, in his tiresome old twennysixandsixpenny sheopards plods drowsers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus toop! Hagakhroustioun! It were too exceeding really if one woulds to offer at sulk an oldivirdual a pinge of hinge hit. The mainest thing ever ! Since Edem was in the boags noavy. No, no, the dear heaven knows, and the farther the from it, if the whole stole stale mis betold, whoever the gulpable, and whatever the pulpous was, the twooned togethered, and giving the mhost phassionable wheathers, they were doing a lally a lolly a dither a duther one lelly two dather three lilly four dother. And it was a fiveful moment for the poor old timetetters, ticktacking, in tenk the count. Till the spark that plugged spared the chokee he gripped and (volatile volupty, how brieved are thy lunguings!) they could and they could hear like of a lisp lapsing, that was her knight of the truths thong plipping out of her chapell-ledeosy, after where he had gone and polped the questioned. Plop.

Ah now, it was tootwoly torrific, the mummurrlubejubes ! And then after that diey used to be so forgetful, counting mother-peributts (up one up four) to membore her beaufu mouldern

maiden name, for overflauwing, by the dream of woman the owneirist, in forty lands. From Greg and Doug on poor Greg and Mat and Mar and Lu and Jo, now happily buried, our four! And there she was right enough, that lovely sight enough, the girleen bawn asthore, as for days galore, of planxty Gregory. Egory. O bunket not Orwin! Ay, ay.

But, sure, that reminds me now, like another tellmastory re-peating yourself, how they used to be in lethargy’s love, at the end of it all, at that time (up) always, tired and all, after doing the mousework and making it up, over their community singing (up) the top loft of the voicebox, of Mamalujo like the senior follies at murther magrees, squatting round,two by two, the four confederates, with Caxons the Coswam, up the wet air register in Old Man’s House, Millenium Road, crowning themselves in lauraly branches, with their cold knees and their poor (up) quad rupeds, ovasleep, and all dolled up, for their blankets and matemy mufflers and plimsoles and their bowl of brown shackle and milky and boterham clots, a potion a peace, a piece aportion, a lepel alip, alup a lap, for a cup of kindest yet, with hold take hand and nurse and only touch of ate, a lovely munkybown and for xmell and wait the pinch and prompt poor Marcus Lyons to be not beheeding the skillet on for the live of ghosses but to pass the teeth for choke sake, Amensch, when it so happen they were all syca-more and by the world forgot, since the phlegmish hoopicough, for all a possabled, after ete a bad cramp and johnny magories, and backscrat the poor bedsores and the farthing dip, their caschal pandle of magnegnousioixm, and read a letter or two every night, before going to dodo sleep atrance, with their catkins coifs, in the twilight, a capitaletter, for further auspices, on their old one page codex book of old year’s eve 1 132, M.M.L.J. old style, their

Senchus Mor, by his fellow girl, the Mrs Shemans, in her summer seal houseonsample, with the caracul broadtail, her totam in tutu, final buff noonmeal edition, in the regatta covers, uptenable from the orther, for to regul their reves by incubation, and Lally, through their gangrene spentacles, and all the. good or they did in their time, the rigorists, for Roe and O'Mulcnory a

397

Conry ap Mul or Lap ap Morion and Buffler ap Matty Mac Gregory for Marcus on Podex by Daddy de Wyer, old baga-broth, beeves and scullogues, churls and vassals, in same, sept and severalty and one by one and sing a mamalujo. To the heroest champion of Eren and his braceoelanders and Gowan, Gawin and Gonne.

And after that now in the future, please God, after nonpenal start, all repeating ourselves, in medios loquos, from where he got a useful arm busy on the touchline, due south of her western shoulder, down to death and the love embrace, with an interesting tallow complexion and all now united, sansfamillias, let us ran on to say oremus prayer and homeysweet homely, after fully realis-ing the gratifying experiences of highly continental evenements, for meter and peter to temple an eslaap, for auld acquaintance, to Peregrine and Michael and Farfassa and Peregrine, for navigants et peregrinantibus, in all the old imperial and Fionnachan sea and for vogue awallow to a Miss Yiss, you fascinator, you, sing a lovasteamadorion to Ladyseyes, here's Tricks and Doelsy, de-lightfully ours, in her doaty ducky little blue and roll his hoop and how she ran, when wit won free, the dimply blissed and aw-fully bucked, right glad we never shall forget, thoh the dayses gone still they loves young dreams and old Luke with his kingly leer, so wellworth watching, and Senchus Mor, possessed of evident notoriety, and another more of the bigtimers, to name no others, of whom great things were expected in the fulmfilming department, for the lives of Lazarus and auld luke syne and she haihaihail her kobbor kohinor sehehet on the praze savohole shanghai.

Hear, O hear, Iseult la belle ! T ristan, sad hero, hear ! The Lambeg drum, the Lombog reed, the Lumbag fiferer, the Limibig brazenaze.

Anno Domini nostri sancti Jesu Christi

Nine httndred and ninetynine million pound sterling in the blueblack bowels of the bank of Ulster.

Braw bawbees and good gold pounds^ galore, my girleen, a Sunday' ll prank thee finely.

398

^nd no damn loutll come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy Ghost therein he murder I

O5 come all ye sweet nymphs of Dingle beach to cheer Brinabride queen from Sybil surfriding

In her curragh of shells of daughter of pearl and her silverymonnblue

mantle round her.

Crown of the waters^ brine on her brow^ shdll dance them a fig and flit them fairly.

Yerra^ why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the grogram grey barnacle gander?

You won t need be lonesome^ ^y love^ when your beau gets his

glut of cold meat and hot soldiering

Nor wake in winter^ window machree^ hut snore sung in my old Balbriggan surtout.

IVisha^ won t you agree now to take me from the middle^ say^ of next week on^ for the balance of my days ^ for nothing (what?^ as your own nursetender?

A power of highsteppers died game right enough — but who^ cucushla^ *ll beg coppers for you?

I tossed that one long before anyone.

It was of a wet good Friday too she was ironing andy as Pm given now to understand^ she was always mad gone on me.

Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed picnic to follow.

By the cross of Congy says she^ rising up Saturday in the twilight from under me^ Micky Nick the Maggot or whatever your name is ^ you re the mose likable lad thads come my ways yet from the barony of Bohermore.

Mattheehew, Markeehew, Lukeehew, Johnheehewheehew!

Haw!

And still a light moves long the river. And stiller the mermen ply their keg.

Its pith is full. The way is free. Their lot is cast.

So, to John for a john, johnajeams, led it be!

Ill

Hark!

Tolv two elf kater ten (it can't be) sax.

Hork!

Pedwar pemp foify tray (it must be) twelve.

And low stole o’er the stillness the heartbeats of sleep.

White fogbow spans. The arch embattled. Mark as capsules. The nose of the man who was nought like the nasoes. It is self-tinted, wrinkling, ruddled. His kep is a gorsecone. He am Gascon Titubante of Tegmine — sub — Fagi whose fixtures are mobiling so wobiling befear my remembrandts. She, exhibit next, his Anastashie. She has prayings in lowdelph. Zeehere green eggbrooms. What named blautoothdmand is yon who stares.^ Gugurthal Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath hornhide! And hvis now is for you. Pensee! The most beautiful of woman of the veilch veilchen veilde. She would kidds to my voult of my palace, with obscidian luppas, her aal in her dhove’s suckling. Apagemonitel Come not nerel Black! Switch out!

Methought as I was dropping asleep somepart in nonland of where’s please (and it was when you and they were we) I heard at zero hour as ’twere the peal of vixen’s laughter among midnight’s chimes from out the belfry of the cute old speckled church tolling so faint a goodmantrue as nighthood’s unseen violet rendered all animated greatbritish and Irish objects nonviewable to human watchers save ’twere perchance anon some glistery

gleam darkling adown surface of affluvial flowandflow as again might seem garments of laundry reposing a leasward close at hand in full expectation. And as I was jogging along in a dream as dozing I was dawdling, arrah, methought broadtone was heard and the creepers and the gliders and flivvers of the earth breath and the dancetongues of the woodfires and the hummers in their ground all vociferated echoating: Shaun! Shaun! Post the post! with a high voice and O, the higher on high the deeper and low, I heard him so! And lo, mescemed somewhat came of the noise and somewho might amove allmurk. Now, ’twas as clump, now mayhap. When look, was light and now’twas as flasher, now moren as the glaow. Ah, in unlitness ’twas in very similitude, bless me, ’twas his belted lamp! Whom we dreamt was a shaddo, sure, he’s lightseyes, the laddo! Blessed momence, O romence, he’s growing to stay! Ay, he who so swayed a will of a wisp before me, hand prop to hand, prompt side to the pros, dressed like an earl in just the correct wear, in a classy mac Frieze o’coat of far suparior ruggedness, indigo braw, tracked and tramped, and an Irish ferrier collar, freeswinging with mereswin lacers from his shoulthern and thick welted brogues on him hammered to suit the scotsmost public and climate, iron heels and sparable soles, and his jacket of providence wellprovided woolies with a softrolling lisp of a lapel to it and great sealingwax buttons, a good helping bigger than the slots for them, of twentytwo carrot krasnapoppsky red and his invulnerable burlap whiskcoat and his popular choker, Tamagnum sette-and-forte and his loud boheem toy and the damasker’s overshirt he sported inside, a starspangled zephyr with a decidedly surpliced crinklydoodle front with his motto through dear life embrothred over it in peas, rice, and yeggyyolk. Or for royal. Am for Mail, R.M.D. hard cash on the nail and the most successfully carried gigot turnups now you ever, (what a pairfact crease! how amsolookly kersse!) breaking over the ankle and hugging the shoeheel, everything the best — none other from (Ah, then may the turtle’s blessings of God and Mary and Haggispatrick and Huggisbrigid be souptumbling all over him !) other than (and may his hundred thousand welcome stewed

letters, relayed wand postchased, multiply, ay faith, and plultiply !)
Shaun himself.

What a picture primitive!

Had I the concordant wiseheads of Messrs Gregory and Lyons
alongside of Dr Tarpey’s and I dorsay the reverend Mr Mac
Dougall’s, but I, poor ass, am but as their fourpart tinckler’s dun-
key. Yet methought Shaun (holy messonger angels be uninter-
ruptedly nudging him among and along the winding ways of
random ever!) Shaun in proper person (now may all the blue-
blacksliding constellations continue to shape his changeable time-
table!) stood before me. And I pledge you my agricultural word
by the hundred and sixty odds rods and cones of this even’s
vision that young fellow looked the stuff, the Bel of Beaus’
Walk, a prime card if ever was! Pep.^^ Now without deceit it is
hardly too much to say he was looking grand, so fired smart, in
much more than his usual health. No mistaking that beamish
brow ! There was one for you that ne’er would nunch with good
Duke Humphrey but would aight through the months without a
sign of an err in hem and then, otherwise rounding, fourale to the
lees of Traroe. Those jehovial oyeglances! The heart of the rool!
And hit the hencoop. He was immense, topping swell for he was
after having a great time of it, a twentyfour hours every moment
matters maltsight, in a porterhouse , scutfrank, if you want to
know. Saint Lawzenge of Toole’s, the Wheel of Fortune, leave
your clubs in the hall and wait on yourself, no chucks for wal-
nut ketchups, Lazenby’s and Chutney graspis (the house the once
queen of Bristol and Balrothery twice admired because her
frumped door looked up Dacent Street) where in the sighed of
lovely eyes while his knives of hearts made havoc he had re-
cruited his strength by meals of spadefuls of mounded food, in
anticipation of the faste of tablenapkins, constituting his three-
partite pranzipal meals plus a collation, his breakfast of first, a bless
us O blood and thirsthy orange, next, the half of a pint of becon
with newled googs and a segment of riceplummy padding, met
of sunder suigar and some cold forsoaken steak peatrefired from
the batblack night o’erflown then, without prejuice to evectuals,

came along merendally his stockpot dinner of a half a pound or
round steak,very rare, Blong’s best from Portarlington’s Butchery,
with a side of riceypeasy and Corkshire alia mellonge and bacon
with (a little mar pliche!) a pair of chops and thrown in from the
silver grid by the proprietoress of the roastery who lives on the
hill and gaulusch gravy and pumpernickel to wolp up and a
gorger’s bulby onion (Margareter, Margaretar Margarastican-
deatar) and as well with second course and then finally, after
his avalunch oclock snack at' Appelredt’s or Kitzy Braten’s of
saddlebag steak and a Botherhim with her old phoenix portar,
jistr to gwen his gwistel and praties sweet and Irish too and mock
gurgle to whistle his way through for the swallying, swp by swp,
and he getting his tongue arount it and Boland’s broth broken
into the bargain, to his regret his soupay avic nightcap, vitellusit,
a carusal consistent with second course eyer and becon (the rich
of) with broad beans, hig, steak, hag, pepper the diamond bone
hotted up timmtomm and while’ twas after that he scoffed a drake-

ling snuggily stuffed following cold loin of veal more cabbage and in their green free state a clister of peas, soppositorily petty, last. P.S. but a fingerhot of rheingenever to give the Pax cum Spiritututu. Drily thankful. Burud and dulse and typureely jam, all free of charge, aman, and. And the best of wine avec. For his heart was as big as himself, so it was, ay, and bigger! While the loaves are aflowering and the nachtingale jugs. All St Jilian’s of Berry, hurrah there for tobies! Mabhrodaphne, brown pride of our custard house quay, amiable with repastful, cheerus graciously, cheer us! Ever of thee, Anne Lynch,he’s deeply draiming! Houseanna! Tea is the Highest! For auld lang Aytemitay! Thus thicker will he grow now, grew new. And better and better on butter and butter. At the sign of Mesthress Vanhungrig. However! Mind you, nuckling down to nourritures, were they menuly some ham and jaffas, and I don’t mean to make the ingestion for the moment that he was guilbey of gulpable gluttony as regards chewable boltaballs, but, biestings be biestings, and upon the whole, when not off his oats, given prelove appetite and postlove pricing good coup, goodcheap, were it thermidor oogst or floreal may

while the whistling prairial rojrsters play, between gormandising and gourmeteering, he grubbed his tuck all right, deah smorregos, every time he was for doing dirt to a meal or felt like a bottle of ardilaun arongwith a smag of a lecker biss of a welldressed taart or. Though his net intrants wight weighed nought but a flyblow to his gross and ganz afterduepoise. And he was so jarvey jaunty with a romp of a schoolgirl’s completion sitting pretty over his Oyster Monday print face and he was plainly out on the ramp and mash, as you might say, for he sproke.

Overture and beginners!

When lo (whish, O whish!) mesaw mestreamed, as the green to the gred was flew, was flown, through deafths of durkness greengrown deeper I heard a voice, the voce of Shaun, vote of the Irish, voise from afar (and cert no purer puer palestrine e’er chanted panangelical mid the clouds of Tu es Petrus, not Michaeleen Kelly, not Mara O’Mario, and sure, what more numerose Italicuss ever rawsucked frish uov in urinal?), a brieze to Yverzone o’er the brozaozaozing sea, from Inchigeela call the way how it suspired (moreporkl morepork!) to scented nightlife as softly as the loftly marconimasts from Clifden sough open tireless secrets (mauveport! mauveport!) to Nova Scotia’s listing sisterwands. Tubetube!

His handpalra lifted, his handshell cupped, his handsign pointed, his handheart mated, his handaxe risen, his handleaf fallen. Helpsome hand that holemost heals ! What is het holy ! It gested.

And it said:

— Alo, alass, aIaddin,amobusI Does she lag soft fall means rest down? Shaun yawned, as his general address rehearsal, (that was antepropreviousday’s pigeons-in-a-pie with rough dough for the carrier and the hash-say-ugh of overgestern pluzz the ’stuesday’s shampain in his head, with the memories of the past and the hicnuncs of the present embelliching the musics of the futures from Miccheruni’s band) addressing himself ex alto and complaining with vocal discontent it was so close as of the fact the rag was up and of the briefs and billpasses, a houseful

of deadheads, of him to dye his paddycoats to mom his hestem-

most earning, his board in the swealth of his fate as, having moistened his manducators upon the quiet and scooping molars and grinders clean with his two fore fingers, he sank his hunk, dowanouet to resk at once, exhaust as winded hare, utterly spent, it was all he could do (disgusted with himself that the combined weight of his tons of iosals was a hundred men’s massed too much for him), upon the native heath he loved covered kneehigh with virgin bush, for who who e’er trod sod of Erin could ever sleep off the turf! Well, I’m liberally dished seeing myself in this trim! How all too unwordy am I, a mere mailman of peace, a poor loust hastehater of the first degree, the principot of Candia, no legs and a title, for such eminence, or unpro promenade rather, to be much more exact, as to be the bearer extraordinary of these postoomany missive on his majesty’s service while me and yous and them we’re extending us after the pattern of reposiveness! Weh is me, yeh is ye ! I, the mightif beam maircanny, which bit his mirth too early or met his birth too late! It should of been my other with his leickname for he’s the head and I’m an everdevoting fiend of his. I can seeze tomirror in tosdays of yer when we lofobsed os so ker. Those sembal simon pumpkel pieman yers! We shared the twin chamber and we winked on the one wench and what Sim sobs todie I’ll reeve tomorry, for ’twill be, I have hopes of, Sam Dizzier’s feedst. Tune in, tune on, old Tighe, high, high, high. I’m thine owelglass. Be old! He looks rather thin, imitating me. I’m very fond of that other of mine. Fish hands Macsorley! Elien! Obsequies! Bonzeye! Isaac Egari’s Ass! We’re the music-hall pair that won the swimmyease bladdhers at the Guinness gala in Badeniveagh. I ought not to laugh with him on this stage. But he’ such a game loser! I lift my disk to him. Brass and reeds, brace and ready! How is your napper. Handy, and hownow does she stand? First he was living to feel what the eldest daughter she was panseying and last he was dying to know what old Madre Patriack does be up to. Take this John’s Lane in your toastingfourch. Shaun-ti and shaunti and shaunti again! And twelve coolinder moons! I am no helotwashipper but I revere her! For my own coant! She has studied! Piscisvendolor! You’re grace! Futs dronk of

Wouldadom! But, Gemini, he’s looking frightfully thin! I heard the man Shee shinging in the pantry bay. Down among the dust-bins let him lie! Ear ! Ear! Not ay! Eye! Eye! For Fm at the heart of it. Yet I cannot on my solemn merits as a redtativer recollect ever having done of anything of the kind to deserve of such. Not the phost of a nation! Nor by a long trollop! I just didn’t have the time to. Saint Anthony Guide!

— But have we until now ever besought you, dear Shaun, we remembered, who it was, good boy, to begin with, who out of symphony gave you the permit?

— Goodbye now, Shaun replied, with a voice pure as a church-mode, in echo rightdainty, with a good catlick tug at his coco-moss candylock, a foretaste in time of his cabbageous brain’s curlyflower. Athiacaro ! Comb his tar odd gee sing your mower

0 meeow? Greet thee Good? How are them Columbuses! Lard have mustard on them! Fatiguing, very fatiguing. Hobos hom-knees and the corveeture of my spine. Poumeerme! My heaviest crux and dairy lot it is, with a bed as hard as the thinkamuddles of the Greeks and a board as bare as a Roman altar. Fm oS rabbited kitchens and relief porridgers. No later than a very few fortnichts since I was meeting on the Thinker’s Dam with a pair of men out of glasshouse whom I shuffled hands with named MacBlacks — I think their names is MacBlakes — from the Headfire Clump — and they were improving me and making me beliek no five hour factory life with insufficient emollient <md industrial disabled for them that day o’gratises. I have the highest grati-fication by ammcing how I have it from whowho but Hagios Colleenkiller’s prophecies. After suns and moons, dews and wettings, thunders and fires, comes sabotag. Solvitur palum-ballando! Tilvido! Adie!

— Then, we explained, salve a tour, ambly andy, you possibly might be so by order?

— Forgive me, Shaun repeated from his liquid lipes, not what

1 wants to do a strike of work but it was condemned on me pre-mitially by Hireark Books and Chiefoverseer Cooks in their Eusebian Concordant Homilies and there does be a power com-

ing over me that is put upon me from on high out of the book of breedings and so as it is becoming hairydittary I have of coerce nothing in view to look forward at unless it is Swann and beat-ing the blindquarters out of my oldfellow’s orologium oloss olo-rium. A bad attack of maggot it feels like. ’Tis trope, custodian said. Almost might I say of myself, while keeping out of crime,

I am now becoming about fed up be going circulating about them new hikler’s highways like them nameless souls, erckedandskomed and grizzild all over, till it’s rusty October in this bleak forest and was veribally complussed by thinking of the crater of some noted volcano or the Dublin river or the catchalot trouth subsi-dity as away out or to isolate i from my multiple Mes on the spits of Lumbage Island or bury meself, clogs, coolcellar and all, deep in my wineupon ponteen unless Morrissey’s colt could help me or the gander maybe at 49 as it is a tithe fish so it is, this pig’s stomach business, and where on dearth or in the miraculous meddle of this expending umniver§e to turn since it came into my hands I am hopeless off course to be doing anything con-cerning.

— We expect you are, honest Shaun, we agreed, but from franking machines, limricked, that in the end it may well turn out, we hear to be you, our belated, who will bear these open letter. Speak to us of Emailia.

— As, Shaun replied patly, with tootlepick tact too and a down of his dampers, to that I have the gumpower and, by the benison of Barbe, that is a lock to say with everything, my be-loved.

— Would you mind telling us, Shaun honey, beg little big moreboy, we proposed to such a dear youth, where mostly are you able to work. Ah, you might! Whimper and we shall.

— Here! Shaun replied, while he was fondling one of his cowheel cuffs. There’s no sabbath for nomads and I mostly was able to walk, being too soft for work proper, sixty odd eilish mires a week between three masses a mom and two chaplets at eve. I am always telling those pedestriasts, my answerers. Top, Sid and Hucky, now (and it is a veriest throth as the thieves’ re-

scension) how it was forstold for me by brevet for my vacation in life while possessing stout legs to be disbarred after holy orders from unnecessary servile work of reckless walking of all sorts for the relics of my time for otherwise by my so douching I would get into a blame there where sieves fall out, Excelsior tips the best. Weak stop work stop walk stop whoak. Go thou this island, one housesleep there, then go thou other island, two housesleep there, then catch one nightmaze, then home to dearies. Never back a woman you defend, never get quit of a friend on whom you depend, never make face to a foe till he’s rife and never get stuck to another man’s pfife. Amenj ptah! His hungry will be done! On the continent as in Eironesia. But believe me in my simplicity I am awful good, I believe, so I am, at the root of me, praised be right cheek Discipline! And I can now truthfully declaret before my Geity’s Pantokreator with my fleshfettered palms on the epizzles of the apossels that I do my reasonabler’s best to recite my grocery beans for mummy mit dummy mot muthar mat bonzar regular, genuflections enclosed. Hek domov muy, there thou beest on the hummock, ghee up, ye dog, for your daggily broth, etc.. Happy Maria and Glorious Patrick, etc., etc. In fact, always, have I believe. Greedo! Her’s me hongue!

— And it is the fullsoot of a tarabred. Yet one minute’s observation, dear dogmestic Shaun, as we point out how you have while away painted our town a wearing greenridinghued.

— O murder mere, how did you hear.^ Shaun replied, smoiling the ily way up his lampsleeve (it just seemed the natural thing to do), so shy of light was he then. Well, so be it! The gloom hath rays, her lump is love. And I will confess to have, yes. Your diogneses is anonest man’s. Thrubedore I did! Inditty I did. All lay I did. Down with the Saozon ruze! And I am afraid it wouldn’t be my first coat’s wasting after striding on the vampire and blazing on the focoal. See! blazing on the focoal. As see! blazing upon the foe. Like the regular redshank I am. Impregnable as the mule himself. Somebody may perhaps hint at an aughter impression of 1 was wrong. No such a thing! You never made a more freudful mistake, excuse yourself! Wliat’s pork to you means meat to

me while you behold how I be eld. But it is grandiose by my ways of thinking from the prophecies. New worlds for all! And they were scotographically arranged for gentlemen only by a scripchewer in whofoundland who finds he is a relative. And it was with my extravert davy. Like glue. Be through. Moyhard’s daynoight, tomthumb. Phwum!

— How mielodorous is thy bel chant, O songbird, and how exqueezit thine after draught! Buccinate in Emenia tuba insigni

volumnitatis tuae. But do you mean, O phausdheen phewn, from Pontoffbellek till the Kisslemerched our ledan triz will be.^ we gathered substantively whether furniture would or verdure varnish.^

— It is a confoundyous injective so to say, Shaun the fiery boy shouted, naturally incensed, as he shook the red pepper out of his auricles. And another time please confine your glaring intinuations to some other mordant body. What on the physiog of this fumaced planet would I be doing besides your verjuice.^ That is more than I can fix, for the teom bihan, anyway. So let I and you now kindly drop that, angryman! That's not French pastry. You can take it from me. Understand me when I tell you (and I will ask you not to whisple, cry golden or quoth mecback) that under the past purcell's office, so deeply deplored by my erstwhile elder friend, Miss Enders, poachmistress and gay receiver ever for in particular to the Scotic Poor Men's Thousand Gallon Cow Society (I was thinking of her in sthore) allbethey blessed with twentytwo thousand sorters out of a biggest poss of twentytwo thousand, mine's won, too much privet stationery and safty quipu "was ate up larchly by those nettlesome goats out of pension greed. Colpa di BeccOy buon apartita/ Proceding, I will say it is also one of my avowal's intentions, at some time pease Pod pluse murthers of gout (when I am not prepared to say) so apt as my pen is upt to scratch, to compound quite the makings of a verdigrease savingsbook in the form of a pair of capri sheep boxing gloves surrounding this matter of ffie Welsfusel mascoteers and their sindybuck that saved a city for my publickers, Nolaner and Browmo, Nickil Hopstout, Christcross, so long as,

4IZ

thanks to force of destiny, my selary as a paykelt is propaired, and there is a peg under me and there is a turn till me.

To the Very Honourable The Memory of Disgrace, the Most Noble, Sometime S-weepyard at the Service of the Writer. Salutem dicint. The just defunct Mrs Sanders who (the Loyd insure her!) I was shift and shuft too, with her shester Mrs Shunders, both mudical dauctors from highschoolhorse and aslyke as Easther's leggs. She was the niceliest person of a wellteached non-party woman that I ever acquired her letters, only too fat, used to babies and tottydean verbish this is her entertermentdags for she shuk the bottle and tuk the medascene all times a day. She was well under ninety, poor late Mrs, and had tastes of the poetics, me having stood the pilgarlick a fresh at sea when the moon also was standing in a comer of sweet Standerson my ski. P.L.M, Mevrouw von Andersen was her whogave me a muttonbrooch, stakkers for her begfirst party. Honour thy farmer and my litters. This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or perhaps any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour to had upon their polite sophykussens in the real presence of devoured Mrs Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies worth twenty thousand quad herewitdnessed with both's maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly beloved Roggers, M.D.D. O.D. May doubling drop of drooght! Writing.

— Hopsoloosely kidding you are totether with your cadenus and goat along nose how we shall complete that white paper.

Two venusstas! Biggerstiff! Qweer but gaon! Be trouz and wholetrouz! Otherwise, frank Shaun, we pursued, what would be the autobiography of your softbodied fumiform.^

— Hooraymost! None whomsoever, Shaun replied, Heavenly blank ! (he had intentended and was peering now rather close to the paste of his rubiny winklering) though it ought to be more or less rawcawcaw romantical. By the wag, how is Mr Fry.^ All of it, I might say, in ex-voto, pay and perks and wooden halt-

pence, some rhino, rhine, O joyoust rhine, was handled over spon-daneously by me (and bundle end to my illwishers' Miss Anders! she woor her wraith of ruins the night she lost Ileft!)in the ligname of Mr van Howten of Tredcastles, Clowntalkin, timbreman, among my prodigits nabobs and navious of every subscription entitled the Bois in the Boscoor, our evicted tenemants. What I say is (and I am noen roehorn or culkilt permit me to tell you, if uninformed), I never spont it. Nor have I the ghuest of innation on me the way to- It is my rule so. It went anyway like hot pottagebake. And this brings me to my fresh point. Quoniam, I am as plain as portable enveloped, inhowmuch, you will now parably receive, care of one of Mooseyeare Goonness's registered andouterthus barrels. Quick take um whiffat andrainit. Now!

— So vi eti we responded. Song! Shaun, song! Have mood! Hold forth!

— I apologuise, Shaun began, but I would rather spinooze you one from the grimm gests of Jacko and Esaup, fable one, feeble too. Let us here consider the casus, my dear little cousis (husstenhasstencaffincoffintussemtossemdamandamnacosaghcusa-ghhobixhatouxpeswchbechoscashlcarcarcaract) of the Ondt and the Gracehoper.

The Gracehoper was always jigging ajog, hoppy on akkant of his joyicity, (he had a partner pair of findlestilts to supplant him), or, if not, he was always making ungraceful overtures to Floh and Luse and Bienie and Vespatilla to play pupa-pupa and pulicy-pulicy and langtennas and pushpygyddyum and to com-mence insects with him, there mouthparts to his orefice and his gambills to there airy processes, even if only in chaste, ameng the everlistings, behold a waspering pot. He would of curse melissciously, by his fore feelhers, flexors, contractors, depres-sors and extensors, lamely, harry me, marry me, bury me, bind me, till she was puce for shame and allso fourmish her in Spin-ner's housery at the earthsbest schoppinhour so summery as his cottage, which was cald fourmillierly Tingsomingenting, groped up. Or, if he was always striking up funny funereels with Bester-farther Zeuts, the Aged One, witli all his wigeared corollas, albe-

dinous and oldbuoyant, inscythe his elytrical wormcasket and Dehlia and Peonia, his druping nymphs, bewheedling him, com-pound eyes on hornitosehead, and Auld Letty Plussiboots to scratch his cacumen and cackle his tramsitus, diva deborah (seven bolls of sapo, a lick of lime, two spurts of fussfor, threefurts of sulph, a shake o'shouker, doze grains of migniss and a mesfull of

midcap pitchies. The whool of the whaal in the wheel of the whorl of the Boubou from Boumeum has thus come to taon!), and with tambarins and cantoridettes soturning around his eggs-hill rockcoach their dance McCaper in retrophoebia, beck from bulk, like fantastic disossed and jenny aprils, to the ra, the ra, the ra, the ra, langsome heels and langsome toesis, attended to by a mutter and doffer duffmatt baxingmotch and a myrmidins of pszozlers pszinging Satyr s Caudledayed Nice and Homhly^ Domhly Sod We Awhile but Ho, Time Timeagen, Wahel For if sciencium (what's what) can mute uns nought, 'a thought, abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss, perhops an artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtim abutt the Little Newbuddies that ring his panch. A high old tide for the bar-heated publics and the whole day as gratiis! Fudder and lighting for ally looty, any filly in a fog, for O'Cronione lags acrumbling in his sands but his sunsunsuns still tumble on. Erething above ground, as his Book of Breathings bed him, so as everwhy, sham or shunner, zeemliangly to kick time.

Grouscious me and scarab my sahul! What a bagateller it is! Libelulous! Inzanzarityl Pou! Pschla! Ptuhl WTiat a zeit for the goths! vented the Ondt, who, not being a sommerfool, was thothfiolly making chilly spaces at hisphex affront of the icinglass of his windhame, which was cold antitopically NLxnixundnix. We shall not come to party at that lopp's, he decided possibly, for he is not on our social list. Nor to Ba's berial nether, thon sloghard, this oldeborre's yaar ablong as there's a khul on a khat. Nefersenless, when he had safely looked up his ovipository, he loftet hails and prayed: May he me no voida water! Seekit Ha-tup! May no he me tile pig shed on! Suckit Hotup! As broad as Beppy's realm shall flourish my reign shall flourish! As high as

Heppy's hevn shall flurrish my haine shall hurrish! Shall grow, shall flourish! Shall hurrish! Hummum.

The Ondt was a weltall fellow, raumybult and abelboobied, bynear saw altitudinous wee a schelling in kopfers. He was sair sair suUemn and chairmanlooking when he was not making spaces in his psyche, but, laus ! when he wore making spaces on his ikey, he ware mouche mothst seared and muravyingly wisechairman-looking. Now whim the sillybilly of a Gracehoper had jingled through a jimgle of love and debts and jangled through a jumble of life in doubts afterworse, wetting with the bimblebeaks, drik-king with nautonects, bilking with durrydunglecks and horing after ladybirdies (jchnehmon cHagelegenaitoikon) he fell joust as sieck as a sexton and tantoo pooveroo quant a churchprince, and wheer the midges to wend hemsylph or vosch to sirch for grub for his corapusse or to find a hospes, alick, he wist gnit! Bruko dry! fuko spint! Sultamont osa bare! And volomundo osi vide-vide! Nichtsnichtsundnichts! Not one pickopeck of muscow-money to bag a tittlebits of beebread! lomio! lomio! Crick's corbicule, which a plight! O moy Bog, he contrited with melan-ctholy. Meblizzered, him sluggered! I am heartily hungry!

He had eaten all the whilepaper, swallowed the lustres, de-voured forty flights of styearcases, chewed up all the mensas and seccles, ronged the records, made mundballs of the ephemerids and vorasioused most glutinously with the very timeplace in the temitary — not too dusty a cicada of neutriment for a chittinous chip so mitey. But when Chrysalmas was on the bare branches,

off he went from Tingsomingenting. He took a round stroll and he took a stroll round and he took a round strollagain till the grillies in his head and the leivnits in his hair made him thought he had the Tossmania. Had he twicycled the sees of the deed and trestraversed their revermer? Was he come to hevre with his engiles or gone to hull with the poop? The June snows was flocking in thuckflues on the hegelstomes, milUpeeds of it and myriopoods, and a lugly whizzling tournedos, the Boraborayellers, blohablasting tegolhuts up to tetties and ruching sleets off the coppeehouses, playing ragnowrock rignewreck, with an irri-

tant, penetrant, siphonopterous spuk. Grausssssss! Opr! Grausssssss! Opr!

The Gracehoper who, though blind as batflea, yet knew, not a leetle beetle, his good smetterling of entymology asped nissunitimost lous nor liceens but promptly tossed himself in the vico, phthin and phthir, on top of his buzzer, tezzily wondering wheer would his aluck alight or boss of both appease and the next time he makes the aquinatance of the Ondt after this they have met themselves, these mouschical umsummables, it shall be motylucky if he will beheld not a world of differents. Behailed His Gross the Ondt, prostrandvorous upon his dhrone, in his Papylonian babooshkees, smolking a spatial bnmt of Hosana cigals, with unshrinkables farfalling from his unthinkables, swarming of himself in his sunnyroom, sated before his comfortumble phullupsuppy of a plate o'monkynous and a confucion of minthe (for he was a conformed aceticist and aristotaller), as appi as a oneysucker or a baskerboy on the Libido, with Floh biting his leg thigh and Luse lugging his luff leg and Bieni bussing him under his bonnet and Vespatilla blowing cosy fond tutties up the allabroad length of the large of his smalls. As entomate as intimate could pinchably be. Emmet and demmet and be jiltses crazed and be jadeses whipt! schneezed the Gracehoper, aguepe with ptchjelasys and at his wittol's indts, what have eyeforsight!

The Ondt, that true and perfect host, a spiter aspinne, was making the greatest spass a body could with his queens laceswinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsumanything in formicolation, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and marypose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse, I hope too, and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, after his thrice ephemeral joumeeys, sans mantis ne shooshooe, featherweighed animule, actually and presumptuably sinctifying chronic's despair, was sufficiently and probably coocoo much for his chorous

of gravitates. Let him be Artalone the Weeps with his parishes peeling off him I'll be Highfee the Crackasider. Flunkey Footle furloughed foul, writing oifFhis phoney, but Conte Carme makes the melody that mints the money. Ad majorem Ls.dJ Divigloriam. A darkener of the threshold. Haru.^ Orimis, capsizer of his antboat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded.

Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindhrift,
impfang thee of mine wideheight. Haru !

The thing pleased him andt^ and andt^

He larved ond he larved on he merd such a nauses
The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.

I forgive you^ grondt Ondt^ said the Gracehoper^ weepings
For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose keeping.

Teach Floh and Lose polkas^ show Bienie where s sweet
And he sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.

As I once played the piper I must now pay the count
So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaha to your Mount/

Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full *un^

I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.

I pick up your reproof the horsegift of a friend y
For the pri^e of your save is the price of my spend.

Can castwhores pulladeftkiss if oldpollocks forsake *em
Or Culex feel etchy if Pulex don t wake him?

A locus to louey a term it dembarassy

These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris,

Has Aquileone nort winged to go syf

Since the Gwyfm we were in his farrest drewbryf

And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends

Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience?

We are Wastenot with Wanty precondamnedy two and truCy
Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.

Etc those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes
An extense must impully an elapse must elopesy
Of my tectucs takestocky tinktacty and aiT s weal^

As I view by your farlook. hale yourself to my heal.

Partiprise my thinwhins whiles my blink points unbroken on
Your whole s whercabroads with Tout’s trightyright token on.

My in risible universe youxUy haud find
Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.

Your feats end enormous , your volumes immense,

(fitay the Graces I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense/).
Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!

But, Holy Saltmartin, why can t you beat time?

In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen.

— Now? How good you are in explosition! How farflung is your fokloire and how vfelktingeling your volupkabularyl Qui vive sparanto qua muore contanto. O foibler, O flip, you've that wandervogl wail withyin ! It falls easily upon the earopen and goes down the friskly shortiest like treacling tumtim with its tingting-taggle. The blarneyest blather in all Corneywall! But could you, of course, decent Lettrechaun, we knew (to change your name of not your nation) while still in the barrel, read the strangewrote anaglyptics of those shemletters patent for His Christian's Em?

— Greek! Hand it to me! Shaun replied, plosively pointing to the cinnamon quistoquill behind his acoustrolobe. I'm as after-dusk nobly Roman as pope and water could christen me. Look at that for a ridingpin! I am, thing Sing Larynx, letter potent to play the sem backwards like Oscan wild or in shunt Persse transluding from the Otherman or off the Toptic or anything off the types of my tinklers in the draught or with buttles, with my oyes thickshut and all. But, hellas, it is harrobrew bad on the corns and callouses. As far as that goes I associate myself with your remark just now from theodicy re'furloined notepaper and quite agree in your prescriptions for indeed I am, pay Gay, in juxtaposition to say it is not a nice production. It is a pinch of scribble, not wortha bottle of cabbis. Overdrawn! Puffedly offal tosh! Besides its auctionable, all about crime and libel! Nothing beyond clerical horrors et omnibus to be entered for the foreign as second-class matter. The fuellest filth ever fired since Charley Lucan's.

Flummery is what I would call it if you were to ask me to put it on a single dimension what pronounced opinion I might possibly orally have about them bagses of trash which the mother and Mr Unmentionable (O breed not his same !) has reduced to writing without making news out of my sootynemm. When she slipped under her couchman. And where he made a cat with a peep. How they wore two madges on the makewater. And why there were treefellers in the shrubrubs. Then he hawks his hand-mud figgers from Francie to Fritzie down in the kookin. Phiz is me mother and Hair's me father. Bauv Betty Famm and Pig Pig Pike. Their livetree (may it flourish!) by their ecotaph (let it staynel). With balsinbal bimbies swarming tiltop. Comme bien, Comme bien! Feefeel! Feefeel! And the Dutches dyin loffin at his pon peck de Barec. And all the mound reared. Till he wot not wot to begin he should. An infant sailing eggshells on the floor of a wet day would have more sabby.

Letter, carried of Shaun, son of Hek, written of Shem, brother of Shaun, uttered for Alp, mother of Shem, for Hek, father of Shaun. Initialled. Gee. Gone. 29 Hardware Saint. Lendet till Laonum. Baile-Atha-Cliath. 31 Jan. 1132 a.d. Here Commerces Enville. Tried Apposite House. 13 Fitzgibbets. Loco. Dangerous. Tax 9d. B.L. Guineys, esqueer. L.B. Not known at 1132 a. 12 Norse Richmound. Nave unlodgeable. Loved noa's dress. Sinned, Jetty Pierrse. Noon sick parson. 92 Windsewer. Ave. No such no. Vale. Finn's Hot. Exbelled from 1014 d. Pull-down. Fearview. Opened by Miss Take. 965 nighumpledan sextiffits. Shout at Site. Roofloss. Fit Dunlop and Be Satisfied. Mr. Domnall O'Domnally. Q.V. 8 Royal Terrors. None so strait.

Shutter up. Dining with the Danes. Removed to Philip’s Burke. At sea. D.E.D. Place scent on. Clontalk. Father Jacob, Rice Factor. 3 Castlewoos. P.V. Arrusted. J.P. Converted to Hospitalism. Ere the March past of Civilisation. Once Bank of Ireland’s. Return to City Arms. 2 Milchbroke. Wrongly spilled. Traumcondraws. Now Bunk of England’s. Drowned in the Laffey. Here. The Reverest Adam Foundlitter. Shown geshotten. 7 Streetpetres. Since Cabranke. Seized of the Crownd. Well, Sir Arthur. Buy

Patersen’s Matches. Unto his promisk hands. Blown up last Lemmas by Orchid Lodge. Search Unclaimed Male. House Condamned by Ediles. Back in Few Minutes. Closet for Repeers. 6o Shellburn. Key at Kate’s. Kiss. Isaac’s Butt, Poor Man. Dalicious arson. Caught. Missing. Justiciated. Kainly forewarred, Abraham Badly’s King, Park Bogey. Salved. All reddy berried. Hollow and eavy. Desert it. Overwayed. Understrumped. Back to the P.O. Kaer of. Ownes owe M.O. Too Let. To Be Soiled. Cohabited by Unfortunates. Lost all Licence. His Bouf Toe is Frozen Over. X, Y and Z, Ltd, Destinied Tears. A.B, ab. Sender. Boston (Mass). 31 Jun. 13, iz. P.D. Razed. Lawyered. Vacant. Mined. Here’s the Bayleaffs. Step out to Hall out of that, Ereweaker, with your Bloody Big Bristol. Bung. Stop. Bung. Stop. Cumm Bumm. Stop. Came Baked to Auld Aireen. Stop.

— Ednd Shaun, we all requested, much as we hate to say it, but since you rose to the use of money have you not, without suggesting for an instant, millions of moods used up slanguage tun times as words as the penmarks used out in sinscript with such hesitancy by your cerebrated brother — excuse me not mentioningahem?

— CelebrAted! Shaim replied under the sheltar of his broguish, vigorously rubbing his magic lantern to a glow of fullconsciousness. HeCitEncy! Your words grates on my ares. Notorious I rather would feel inclined to myself in the first place to describe Mr O’Shem the Draper with before letter as should I be accentually called upon for a dieoguinnsis to pass my opinions, properly spewing, into impulsory irelitz. But I would not care to be so unfruitful to my own part as to swear for the moment positively as to the views of Denmark. No, sah ! But let me say my every belief before my high Gee is that I much doubt of it. I’ve no room for that fellow on my fagroaster, I just can’t. As I hourly learn from Rooters and Havers through Gilligan’s maypoles in a nice pathetic notice he, the pixillated doodler, is on his last with illegible clergimanths boasting always of his ruddy complexious! She, the mammy far, was put up to it by him, the iniquity that ought to be depraved of his libertins to be silenced, sackclothed

and suspended, and placed in irons into some drapyery institution off the antipopees for wordsharping only if he was klanver enough to pass the panel fleischcurers and the fieldpost censor. Gach! For that is a fullblown fact and well celibated before the four divorce courts and all the King’s paunches, how he has the solitary from seeing Scotch snakes and has a lowsense for the production of consumption and dalickey cyphalos on his brach premises where he can purge his contempt and dejeunerate into a

skilly ton be thinking himself to death. Rot him ! Flannelfeet ! Flatty-
ro! I will describe you in a word. Thou. (I beg your pardon.)
Homo I Then putting his bedfellow on me! (like into mike and
nick onto post). The criniman: I'll give it to him for that! Making
the lobbard change hisstops, as we say in the long book! Is he
on whosekeeping or are my! Obnoximost posthumust! With his
unique hornbook and his prince of the apauper's pride, blunder-
ing all over the two worlds ! If he waits till I buy him a mossel-
man's present! Ho's nos halfcousin of mine, pigdish! Nor wants
to! I'd famish with the cuistha first. Aham!

— May we petition you, Shaun illustrious, then, to put his
prentis' pride in your aproper's purse and to unravel in your own
sweet way with words of style to your very and most obse-
quient, we suggested, with yet an esiop's foible, as to how.^

— Well it is partly my own, isn't it.^ and you may, ought and
welcome, Shaun replied, taking at the same time, as his hunger
got the bitter of him, a hearty bite out of the honeycomb of his
Braham and Melosedible hat, tryone, tryon and triune. Ann wun-
kum. Sure, I thunkum you knew all about that, honorey causes,
through thelemontary channels long agum. Sure, that is as olo as
the Baden bees of Saint Dominoc's and as commonpleas now to
alius pueblows and bunkum as Nelson his trifulgurayous pillar.
However. Let me see, do. Beerraan's bluff was what begun it. Old
Knoll and his borrowing! And then the liliens of the veldt, Nancy
Nickies and Folletta Lajambe! Then mem and hem and the jaque-
jack. All about Wucherer and righting his name for him. I regret
to announce, after laying out his litterery bed, for two days she
kept squealing down for noisy priors and bawling out to her

jameymock farceson in Shemish like a mouther of the inc^ with
a garcielasso huw Ananymus pinched her tights and about the
Balt with the markshaire parawag and his loyal divorces, when he
feraxiously shed ovas in Alemaney, tse tse, all the tell of the tud
with the bourighevisien backclack, and him, the cribibber like an
ambitrickster, aspiring like the decan's, fast aslooped in the in-
trance to his polthronechair with his sixth finger between his cats-
eye and the index, making his pillgrimace of Childe Horrid, en-
grossing to his ganderpan what the idioglossary he invented under
hicks hyssop! Hock! Ickick gav him that toock, imitator! And it
was entirely theck latter to blame. Does he drink because I am sorely
there shall be no more Kates and Nells. If you see him it took
place there. It was given meeck, thank the Bench, to assist at the
whole thing byck special chancery licence. As often as I think of
that unbloody housewarmer, Shem Skrivenitch, always cutting
my prhose to please his phrase, bogorror, I declare I get the
jawache! Be me punting his reflection he'd begin his beogre-
fright in muddyass ribalds. Digteter! Grundtsagar! Swop beef!
You know he's peculiar, that eggschicker, with the smell of old
woman off him, to suck nothing of his switchedupes. M.D. made
his ante mortem for him. He was grey at three, like sygnus the
swan, when he made his boo to the public and barnacled up to the
eyes when he repented after seven. The alum that winters on his
top is the stale of the staun that will soar when he stambles till
that hag of the coorabe rapes the pad off his lock. He was down
with the whooping laugh at the age of the loss of reason the
whopping first time he prediseased me. He's weird, I tell you, and
middayevil down to his vegetable soul. Never mind his falls
feet and his tanbark complexion. That's why he was forbidden

tomate and was warmed off the ricecourse of marrimoney, under the Helpless Corpses Enactment. I’m not at all surprised the saint kicked him whereby the sum taken Berkeley showed the reason genrously. Negas^ negasti — negertop, negertoe, negertoby, negrunter! Then he was pusched out of Thingamuddy’s school by Miss Garterd, for itching. Then he caught the europicolas and went into the society of jewses. With Bro Cahlls and Fran Czeschs

and Bruda Pszths and Brat Slaves. One temp when he foiled to be killed, the freak wanted to put his bilingual head intentionally through the Ikxsh Tames and go and join the clericy as a demonican skyterrier. Throwing dust in the eyes of the Hooley Fermers! He used to be avowdeed as he ought to be vitandist. For onced I squeaked by twyst I’ll squelch him. Then he went to Cecilia’s treat on his solo to pick up Galen. Asbestopoulos! Inkupot ! He has encaust in the blood. Shim ! I have the outmost contempt for. Prost bitten! Conshyl Tiberia is waiting on you, arestocrank! Chaka a seagull ticket at Gattabuia and Gabbiano’s! Go o’er the sea, haythen, from me and leave your libber to TCD, Your puddin is cooked! You’re served, cram ye! Fatefully yaourth . . . Ex. Ex. Ex. Ex.

— But for what, thrice truthful teller, Shaun of grace? weakly we went on to ask now of the gracious one. Vouchsafe to say. You will now, goodness, won’t you? Why?

— For his root language, if you ask me whys, Shaun replied, as he blessed himself devotionally like a crawsbomb, making act of oblivion, footinmouther! (what the thickuns else?) which he picksticked into his lettruce invrention. Ullhodturdenweirmudgaardgringnirurdrmolnirfenrirlukkilokkibaugimandodrrerinsurtkrinmgemrackinarockar! Thor’s for yo!

— The hundredlettered name again, last word of perfect language. But you could come near it, we do suppose, strong Shaun O’, we foresupposed. How?

— Peax! Peax! Shaun replied in vealar penultimatum. ’Tis pebils before Sweeney’s as he swigged a slug of Jon Jacobsen from his treestem sucker cane. Mildbut likesome! I might as well be talking to the four waves till tibbes grey eves and the rests asleep. Frost! Nope! No one in his seven senses could as I have before said, only you missed my drift, for it’s being incendiary. Every dimmed letter in it is a copy and not a few of the silbils and wholly words I can show you in my Kingdom of Heaven. The lowquacity of him! With his threestar monothong! Thaw! The last word in stolentelling! And what’s more rightdown lowbrown schisthematic robblemint! Yes. As he was rising

my lather. Like you. And as I was plucking his goosybone. Like yea. He store the tale of me shur. Like yup. How’s that for Shemese.^

— Still in a way, not to flatter you, we fancy you that you are so strikingly brainy and well letterread in yourshelves as ever were the Shamous Shamonous, Limited, could use worse of yourself, in-

genious Shaun, we still so fancied, if only you would take your time so and the trouble of so doing it. Upu now!

— Undoubtedly but that is show, Shaun replied, the mutter-melk of his blood donor beginning to work, and while innocent of disseminating the foul emanation, it would be a fall day I could not, sole, so you can keep your space and by the power of blurry wards I am loyable to do it (I am convicted of it!) any time ever I liked (bet ye fippence off me boot allowance!) with the allergrossest transfusiasm as, you see, while I can soroquise the Siamanish better than most, it is an openear secret, be it said, how I am extremely ingenuous at the clerking even with my badily left and, arrah go braz, I'd pinsel it with immenuensoes as easy as I'd perorate a chickerow of beans for the price of two maricles and my trifolium librotto, the authordux Book of Lief, would, if given to daylight, (I hold a most incredible faith about it) far exceed what that bogus bolshy of a shame, my soamheis brother, Gaoy Fecks, is conversant with in audible black and prink. Outragedy of poetscalds! Acomedy of letters! I have them all, tame, deep and harried, in my mine's I. And one of these fine days, man dear, when the mood is on me, that I may willhap cut my throat with my tongue tonight but I will be ormuzd moved to take potlood and introvent it Paatryk just like a work of merit, mark my words and append to my mark twang, that will open your pucktricker's ops for you, broather brooher, only for, as a papst and an immature and a nayophight and a spaciaman spaciosum and a hundred and eleven other things, I would never for anything take so much trouble of such doing. And why so? Because I am altogether a chap too fly and hairyman for to infradig the like of that ultravirulence. And by all I hold sacred on earth clouds and in heaven I swear to you on my piop

and oath by the awe ofShatm (and that's a howl of a name!) that I will commission to the flames any incendiarist whosoever or ahriman howsoclever who would endeavour to set ever annyma roner moother of mine on fire. Rock me julie but I will soho!

And, with that crickcrackcruck of his threelungged squool from which grief had usupped every smile, big hottempered husky fusky krenfy strenfy pugiliser, such as he was, he virtually broke down on the mooherhead, getting quite jerry over her, overpowered by himself with the love of the tearsilver that he twined through her hair for, sure, he was the soft semplgawn slob of the world with a heart like Montgomery's in his showchest and harvey loads of feeling in him and as innocent and undesign-ful as the freshfallen calef. Still, grossly unselfish in sickself, he dished allarmes away and laughed it off with a wipe at his pud-gies and a gulp apologetic, healing his tare be the smeyle of his oye, oogling around. Him belly no belong sollow mole pigeon. Ally bully. Fu Li's gulpa. Mind you, now, that he was in the dumpest of earnest orthough him jawr war hoo hleepy hor halk urthing hurther. Moe like that only he stopped short in looking up up upfrom his tide shackled wrists through the ghost of an ocean's, the wieds of pansiful heathvens of joepeter's gaseytotum as they are telling not but were and will be, all told, scruting fore-back into the fargoneahead to feel out what age in years tropical, ecclesiastic, civil or sidereal he might find by the sirious pointstand of Charley's Wain (what betune the spheres sledding along the lacteal and the mansions of the blest turning on old times) as ere-while had he craved of thus, the dreamskhwindel necklassoed him,

his thumbs fell into his fists and, lusosing the harmonical balance of his ballbearing extremities, by the holy kettle, like a flask of lightning over he careened (O the sons of the fathers!) by the mightjdine weight of his barrel (all that prevented the happering of who if not the asterisks betwink themselves shall ever.^) and, as the wisest posdude course he could playact, coUaspsed in ensemble and rolled buoyantly backwards in less than a twinkling via Rattigan’s comer out of farther earshot with his highly curious mode of slipashod motion, surefoot, sorefoot, slickfoot,

slackfoot, linkman laizurely, lampman loungey, and by Killesther’s lapes and falls, with corks, staves and treeleaves and more bubbles to his keelrow a fairish and easy way enough as the town cow cries behind the times in the direction of Mac Auliffe’s, the crucethouse. Open the Door Softly^ down in the valley before he was really uprighted ere in a dip of the downs (uila!) he spoorlessly disappaled and vanesshed, like a popo down a papa, from circular circulatio- Ah, mean!

Gaogaogaone! Tapaa!

And the Stellas were shinings. And the earthnight strewed aromatose. His pibrook creppt mong the donkness. A reek was waft on the luftstream. He was ours, all fragrance. And we were his for a lifetime. O dulcid dreamings languidous! Taboccoo!

It was sharming! But sharmeng!

And the lamp went out as it couldn’t glow on burning, yep, the Imp wnt out for it couldn’t stay alight.

Well, (how dire do we thee hours when thylike fades!) all’s dall and youllow and it is to bedowem that thou art passing hence, mine bruder, able Shaun, with a twhisking of the robe, ere the morning of light calms our hardest throes, beyond cods’ cradle and porpoise plain, from carnal relations undfamiliar faces, to the inds of Tuskland where the oliphants scrum from orw till the ousts of Amiracles where the toll stories grow proudest, more is the pity, but for all your deeds of goodness you were soo ooft and for ever doing, manomano and myriamilia even to mulimuli, as our humbler classes, whose virtue is humility, can tell, it is hardly we in the country of the old, Sean Moy, can part you for, oleypoe, you were the walking saint, you were, tootoo too stayer, the graced of gods and pittites and the salus of the wake. Countenance whose disparition afflictedly fond Fuinn feels. Winner of the gamings, primed at the studience, propredicted from the storybouts, the choice of ages wise! Spickspookspokesman of our specturesque silentiousness ! Musha, beminded of us out there in Cockpit, poor twelve o’clock scholars, sometime or other anywhen you think the time. Wisha, becoming back to us way home in Biddyhouse one way or either anywhere we miss your smile.

Palmwine breadfruit sweetmeat milksoup! Suasusupo! However! Our people here m Samoanesia will not be after forgetting you and the elders luking and marking the jornies, chalkin up drizzle in drizzle out on the four bare mats. How you would be thinking

in your thoughts how the deepings did it all begin and how you would be scrimmaging through your scruples to collar a hold of an imperfection being committled. Sireland calls you. Mery Loye is saling moonlike. And Slyly mamourneen’s ladymaid at Glads-house Lodge. Turn your coat, strong character, and tarry among us down the vale, yougander, only once more! And may themosse of prosperousness gather you rolling home ! May foggy dews be-diamondise your hooprings ! May the fireplug of filiality reinsure your bunghole! May the barleywind behind glow luck to your bathershins! ’Tis well we know you were loth to leave us, winding your hobbledehom, right royal post, but, aruah sure, pulse of our slumber, dreambookpage, by the grace of Votre Dame, when the natural morning of your nocturne blankmerges into the national morning of golden sunup and Don Leary gets his own back from old grog Georges Quartos as that goodship the Jonnyjoys takes the wind from waterloogged Erin’s king, you will shifF across the Moylendsea and round up in your own escapology some canonisator’s day or other, sack on back, alack! digging snow, (not so?) like the good man you are, with your picture pockets turned knockside out in the rake of the rain for fresh remittances and from that till this in any case, timus tenant, may the tussocks grow quickly under yoiu: trampthickets and the daisies trip lightly over your battercops.

428

Jaunty Jaun, as I was shortly before that made aware, next halted to fetch a breath, the first cothurminous leg of his night-stride being pulled through, and to loosen (let God’s son now be looking down on the poor preambler!) both of his bruised brogues that were plainly made a good bit before his hosen were, at the weir by Lazar’s Walk (for far and wide, as large as he was lively, was he noted for his humane treatment of any kind of abused footgear), a matter of maybe nine score or so barrelhours distance off as truly he merited to do. He was there, you could planemetrically see, when I took a closer look at him, that was to say, (gracious helpings, at this rate of growing our cotted child of yestereve will soon fill space and burst in systems, so speeds the instant!) amply altered for the brighter, though still the graven image of his squarer self as he was used to be, perspiring but happy notwithstanding his foot was still asleep on him, the way he thought, by the holy januarious, he had a hillock’s hoof in his buskin, with his halluxes so splendid, through Ireland untran-scended, bigmouthed poesther, propped up, restant, against a butterblond warden of the peace, one comestabulish Sigurdsen, (and where a better than such exsearfaceman to rest from roving the laddyown he bootblacked?) who, buried upright like the Osbornes, kozydozy, had tumbled slumbersomely on sleep at night duty behind the curing station, equilebriated amid the embracings of a monopolized bottle.

429

Now, there were as many as twentynine hedge daughters out of Benent Saint Berched’s national nightschool (for they seemed to remember how it was still a once-upon-a-four year) learning their antemeridian lesson of life, under its tree, against its warn-ing, beseated, as they were, upon the brinkspondy, a'ttracted to the rarerust sight of the first human yellowstone landmark (the

bear, the boer, the king of all boors, sir Humphrey his knave we met on the moors!) while they paddled away, keeping time magnetically with their eight and fifty pedalettes, playing foolu-fool jouay alio misto posto, O so jaonickally, all barely in their typtap teens, describing a charming dactylogram of nocturnes though repelled by the snores of the log who looked stuck to the sod as ever and oft, when liquefied, (vil!) he murmoaned abasourdly in his Dutchener's native, visibly unmoved, over his treasure trove for the crown: Doner dead bedstead mean diggy smuggy fiasky!

Jaun (after he had in the first place doffed a hat with a rein-forced crown and bowed to all the others in that chorus of praise of goodwill girls on their best beehiviour who all they were girls all rushing sowarmly for the post as buzzy as sie could bie to read his kisshands, kittering all about, rushing and making a tremen-dous girlsfuss over him pellmale, their premier and his rosy-posy smile, mussing his frizzy hair and the golliwog curls of him, all, but that one; Finfria's fairest, done in loveletters like a trayful of cloudberry tartlets (ain't they fine, mighty, mighty fine and honoured?) and smilingly smelling, pair and pair about, broad by bread and slender to slimmer, the nice perfumios that came cunvy peeling off him (nice!) which was angelic simply, savouring of wild thyme and parsley jumbled with breadcrumbs (O nice!) and feeling his full fat pouch for him so tactily and jingaling his jellybags for, though he looked a young chapplie of sixtine, they could frole by his manhood that he was just the killingest ladykiller all by kindness, now you, Jaun, asking kindlily (hillo, missies !) after their howareyous at all with those of their dolly-begs (and where's Agatha's lamb? and how are Bernadetta's columbillas? and Juliennaw's tubberbunnies? and Eulalina's

tuggerfunnies?) he next went on (finefeelingfit!) to drop a few stray remarks anent their personal appearances and the contrary tastes displayed in their tight kittycasques and their smart fricky-frockies, asking coy one after sloy one had she read Irish legginds and gently reproving one that the ham of her horn could be seen below her hem and whispering another aside, as lavariant, that the hook of her hum was open a bittock at her back to have a sideeye to that, hom, (and all of course just to fill up a form out of pure human kindness and in a sprite of fun) for Jaun, by the way, was by the way of becoming (I think, I hope he was) the most purely human being that ever was called man, loving all up and down the whole creation from Sampson's tyke to Jones's sprat and from the King of all Wrenns down to infuseries) Jaun, after those few prelimbs made out through his eroscope the apparition of his fond sister Izzy for he knowed his love by her waves of splabashing and she showed him proof by her way of blabushing nor could he forget her so tamelly easy as all that since he was brotherbesides her benedict godfather and heaven knows he thought the world and his life of her sweet heart could buy, (braol) poor, good, true, Jaun!

— Sister dearest, Jaun delivered himself with express cordia-lity, marked by clearance of diction and general delivery, as he began to take leave of his scolastica at once so as to gain time with deep affection, we honestly believe you sorely will miss us the moment we exit yet we feel as a martyr to the dischurch of all duty that it is about time, by Great Harry, we would shove off to stray on our long last jotuney and not be the load on ye.

This is the gross proceeds of your teachings in which we were raised, you, sis, that used to write to us the exceeding nice letters for presentation and would be telling us anun (full well do we wont to recall to mind) thy oldworld tales of homespinning and derringdo and dieobscure and daddyho, these tales which reliter-ately whisked off our heart so narrated by thou, gesweest, to perfection, our pet pupil of the whole rhythmetic class and the mainsay of our erigenal house, the time we younkers twain were fairly tossing ourselves (O Phoebus! O Pollux!) in bed, having

been laid up with Castor’s oil on the Parrish’s syrup (the night we will remember) for to share our hard suite of affections with thee.

I rise, O fair assemblage! Andcommincio. Now then, after this introit of exordium, my galaxy girls, quiproquo of directions to henservants I was asking his advice on the strict T.T. from Father Mike, P.P., my orational dominican and confessor doctor, C.C.D.D. (buy the birds, he was saying as he yerked me under the ribs sermon in an offrand way and confidence petween peas like ourselves in soandso many nuncupiscent words about how he had been confarreating teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas about what an awful life he led, poorish priced, uttering mass for a coppall of geldings and what a lawful day it was, there and then, for a consommation wdth an effusion and how, by all the manny larries ate pignatties, how, hell in tunnels, he’d marry me any old buckling time as flying quick as he’d look at me) and I am giving youth now again in words of style byaway of offertory hisand mikeadvice, an it place the person, as ere he retook him to his cure, those verbs he said to me. From above. The most eminent bishop titular of Dubloonik to all his purtybusses in Dellabelliney. Comeallyedimseldamsels, siddle down and lissle all! Follow me close! Keep me in view! Understeady me saries! Which is to all practising massoeurses from a preaching freer and be a gentleman without a duster before a parlourmade with-out a spitch. Now. During our brief apsence from this furtive feugtig season adhere to as many as probable of the ten com-mandments touching purgations and indulgences and in the long run they will prove for your better guidance along your path of right of w^y. Where the lisieuse are we and what’s the first sing to be sung.?* Is it rubrics, mandarimus, pasqualines, or verdidads is in it, or the bruiselivid indecores of estreme voyoulence and, for the lover of lithurgy, bekant or besant, where’s the fate’s to be wished for? Several sindays after whatsintime. I’ll sack that sick server the minute I bless him. That’s the mokst I can do for his grapce. Economy of movement, axe why said. I’ve a hopesome’s choice if I chouse of all the sinkts in the colander. From the com-

mon for ignitiousPurpalume to the proper of Francisco Ultramare, last of scorchers, third of snows, in terrorgammons howdydos. Here she’s, is a bell, that’s wares in heaven, virginwhite, Undetri-gesima, vikissy manonna. Doremon’s! The same or similar to be kindly observed within the affianced dietcess of Gay O’Toole and Gloamy Gwenn du Lake (Danish spoken!) from Manducare Monday up till farrier’s siesta in china dominos. Words taken in triumph, my sweet assistance, from the sufferant pen of our joco-

sus inkerman militant of the reed behind the ear.

Never miss your lostsoraewhere mass for the couple in Myles you butrose to brideworship. Never hate mere pork which is bad for your knife of a good friday. Never let a hog of the howth trample underfoot your linen of Killiney. Never play lady's game for the Lord's stake. Never lose your heart away till you win his diamond back. Make a strong point of never kicking up your rumpus over the scroll end of sofas in the Dar Bey Coll Cafeteria by tootling risky apropos songs at commercial travellers' smokers for their Columbian nights entertainments the like of W^hite limbs th^ never stop teasing or Minxy was a Manxmaid when Murry wor a Man. And, by the bun, is it you goes bisbuiting His Esaus and Cos and then throws them bag in the box.^ Why the tin's nearly empty. First thou shalt not smile. Twice thou shalt not love. Lust, thou shalt not commix idolatry. Hip confiners help compunction. Never park your brief stays in the men's convenience. Never clean your buttoncups with your dirty pair of sassers. Never ask his first person where's your quickest cut to our last place. Never let the promising hand usemake free of your oncemaid sacral. The soft side of the axe! A coil of cord, a colleen coy, a blush on a bush turned first mar's laughter into wailful moither. O foolish cuppled! Ah, dice's error! Never dip in the ern while you've browsers on your suite. Never slip the silver key through your gate of golden age. Collide with man, collude with money. Ere you sail foreget my prize. Where you truss be circumspicious and look before you leak, dears. Never christen medlard apples till a swithin is in sight. Wet your thistle where a weed is and you'll rue it,despyneedis. Especially beware

please of being at a party to any demoralizing home life. That saps a chap. Keep cool faith in the firm, have warm hoep in the house and begin frem athome to be chary of charity. Where it is nobler in the main to supper than the boys and errors of outrager's virtue. Give back those stolen kisses; restaure those allcotten glooves. Recollect the yella perals that all too often beset green gerils, Rhidarhoda and Daradora, once they gethobbyhorsical, playing breeches parts for Bessy Sudlow in fleshcoloured pantos instead of earthing down in the coalhole trying to boil the big gun's dinner. Leg-before-Wicked lags-behind-Wall where here Mr Whicker whacked a great fall. Femorafamilla feeled it a candleliked but Hayes, Conyngham and Erobinson sware it's an egg. Forglim mick aye! Stay, forestand and tillgive it! Remember the biter's bitters I shed the vigil I buried our Harlotte Quai from poor Mrs Mangain's of Britain Court on the feast of Marie Maudlin. Ah, who would wipe her weeper dry and lead her to the halter? Sold in her heyday, laid in the straw, bought for one puny petunia. Moral: if you can't point a lily get to henna out of here ! Put your swell foot foremost on foulardy pneumonia shertwaists, irriconcilible with true fiminin risirvition and ribbons of lace, limenick's disgrace. Sure, what is it on the whole only holes tied together,the merest and transparent washingtones to make Languid Lola's lingery longer? Scenta Clauthes stifistufFs your hose and heartsies full of temptiness. Vanity flee and Verity fear! Diobell! Whalebones and buskbutts may hurt you (thwackaway thwuck!) but never lay bare your breast secret (dickette's place!) to joy a Jonas in the Dolphin's Barncar with your meetual fan, Doveyed Covetfilles, comepulsing paynattention spasms between the averthisment for Ulikah's wine and a pair of pulldoors of the old cupiosity shape. There you'll fix your eyes darkled on the autocart of the bringfast cable but here till youre martimorphysed please sit still face to face. For if the

shorth of your skorth falls down to his knees pray how wrong will he look till he rises? Not before Gravesend is commuted. But now reappears Autist Algy, the pulcherman and would-do performer, oleas Mr Smuth, stated by the vice crusaders to be well

known to all the dallytaunties in and near the ciudad of Buellas Arias, taking you to the playguehouse to see the Smirching of Venus and asking with whispered offers in a very low bearded voice, with a nice little tiny manner and in a very nice little tony way, won't you be an artist's moral and pose in your nudies as a local esthetic before voluble old masters, introducing you, left to right the party comprises, to hogarths like Bottisilly and Titteretto and Vergognese and Coraggio with their extrahand Mazzaccio, plus the usual bilker's dozen of dowdycameramen. And the volses of lewd Buylan, for innocence! And the phyllisophies of Bussup Bulkeley. O, the frecklessness of the giddies nom eautays ! There's many's the icepolled globetopper is haunted by the hottest spot under his equator like Ramrod, the meaty hxmter, always jaeger for a thrust. The back beautiful, the undraped divine! And Suzy's Moedl's with their Blue Danuboyes! All blah! Viper's vapid vilest! Put off the old man at the very font and get right on with the nutty sparker round the back. Slip your oval out of touch and let the paravis be your goal. Up leather. Prunella, convert your try! Stick wicks in your earshells when you hear the prompter's voice. Look on a boa in his beauty and you'll never more wear your strawberry leaves. Rely on the relic. What bondman ever you bind on earth I'll be bound 'twas combined in hemel. Keep airly hores and the worm is yores. Dress the pussy for her nighty and follow her piggytails up their way to Winkyland. See little poupeep she's firsht ashleep. After having sat your poetries and you know what happens when chine throws over jupan. Go to doss with the poulterer, you understand, and shake up with the milchmand. The Sully van vultures are on the prowl. And the hailies fingringmaries. Tobaccos tabu and toboggan's a back seat. Secret satieties and onanymous letters make the great unwatched as bad as their betters. Don't on any account acquire a paunchon for that alltoocommon fagbutt habit of frequenting and chiomming together with the braces of couples in Mr Tunnelly's hallways (smash it) wriggling with lowcusses and cockchafers and vamps and rodants, with the end to commit acts of

interstipital indecency as between twineties and tapegarters. fingerpats on fondlepets, under the couvrefeu act. It's the thin end; wedge your steps! Your high powered hefty hoyden thinks nothing of ramping through a w^hole suite of smokeless husbands. Three minutes Fm counting you. Wooooooon. No triching now! Give me that when I tell you! Ragana ladraJ And is that any place to be smuggling his madam's apples up.^ Deceitful jade. Gee wedge! Begor, I like the way they're half cooked. Hold, flay, grill, fire that laney feeling for kosenkissing disgenically within the proscribed limits like Population Peg on a hint or twim clandestinely does be doing to Temptation Tom, atkings questions in barely and snakking svarewords like a nursemagd. While there's men-a'war on the say there'll be loves-o'women on the do. Love through the usual channels, cistembrothelly,

when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or other respectable relative of an apposite sex, not love that leads by the nose as I foresmellt but canalised lo'''’e, you understand, does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger’s liver but I cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessions of experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me daughter' At the Cat and Coney or the Spotted Dog. Ajid at ibis Lot’s Road. When parties get tight for each other they lose all respect together. By the stench of her fizzle and the glib of her gab know the drunken draggletail Dublin drab. You’ll pay for each bally sorraday night every billing sumday morning. When the night is in May and the moon shines might. We won’t meeth in Navan till you try to give the Kellsfrieclub the goby. Hill or hollow, Hull or Hague ! And beware how you dare of wet cock-tails m Kildare or the same may see your wedding driving home from your wake. Mades of ashens when you flirt spoil the lad but spare his shirt! Lay your lilylike long his shoulder but buck back if he buts bolder and just hep your homely hop and heed no homing but if you’ve got some brainy notion to raise cancan and rouse commotion I’ll be apt to flail that tail for you till it’s

horning. Let the love ladleliked at the eye girde your gastricks in the gym. Nor must you omit to screw the lid firmly on that jazz jiggery and kick starts. Bumping races on the flat and point to point over obstacles. Ridewheeling that acclivisciously up windy Rutland Rise and insighting rebellious northers before the saunter of the city of Dimlob. Then breretonbiking on the free with your airs of go-be-dee and your heels upon the handlebars. Berrboel brazenness! No, before your corselage rib is decartilaged, that is to mean if you have visceral ptossis, my point is, making allowances for the fads of your weak abdominal wall and your liver asprewl, vinvin, vinvin, or should you feel, in shorts, as though you needed healthy physicking exorcise to flush your kidneys, you understand, and move that twelffinger bowel and threadworm inhibitating it, lassy, and perspire freely, lict your lector in the lobby and why out you go by the ostiary on to the dirt track and skip ! Be a sportive. Deal with Nature the great greengrocer and pay regularly the monthlies. Your Punt’s Per-fume’s only in the hatpinny shop beside the reek of the rawny. It’s more important than air — mean than eats — ^air (Oop, I never open momouth but I pack mefood in it) and promotes that natural emotion. Stamp out bad eggs. Why so many puddings prove disappointing, as Dietician says, in Creature Comforts Causeries, and why so much soup is so muck slop. If we could fatten on the elizabeetons we wouldn’t have teeth like the hippopotamians. However. Likewise if I were in your envelope shirt I’d keep my weathereye well cocked open for your furnished lodgers paying for their feed on tally with company and piano tunes. Only stuprifying yourself! The too friendly friend sort, Mazourikawitch or some other sukinsin of a vitch, who he’s kommen from olt Pannonia on this porpoise whom sue stooderin about the maul and femurl artickles and who mix himself so at home mid the musik and spanks the ivory that lovely for this your Mistro Melosiosus MacShine MacShane may soon prove your undoing and bane through the succeeding years of rain should you, whilst Jaun is from home, get used to basking in his loverslowlap, inordinately clad, moustacheteasing,

when closehended together behind locked doors, kissing steadily, (malbongusta, it’s not the thing you know!) with the calfloving selfseeker, under the influence of woman, inching up to you, dis-arranging your modesties and fumblingwith his forte paws in your bodice after your billy doos twy as a first go oflf (take care, would you stray and split on me!) and going on doing his idiot every time you gave him his chance to get thick and play piggly wiggly , making much of you, bilgetalking like a ditherer, gougouzoug, about your glad neck and the round globe and the white milk and the red raspberries (O horrifier 1) and prying down furthermore to chance his lucky arm with his pregnant questions up to our past lives. What has that caught to sing with him.^ The next fling you’ll be squitting on the Tubber Nakel, pouring pitchers to the well for old Gloatsdane’s glorification and the postequities of the Black Watch, peeping private from the Bush and Rangers. And our local busybody, talker-go-bragk. Worse again! Off of that praying fan on to them priars! It would be a whorable state of afffiirs altogether for the redcolumnists of presswritten epics, Peter Paragraph and Paulus Puff, (I’m keepsoaking them to cover my concerts) to get ahold of for their balloons and shoot you private by surprise, considering the marriage slump that’s on this oil age and pulexes three shillings a pint and wives at six and seven when domestic calamities belame par and newlaids bellow mar for the twenty twotoosent time thwealthy took thousands in the slack march of civilisation were you, becoming guilty of unleckylike intoxication to have and to hold, to pig and to pay direct connection,^Ma intervenerjwith a prominent married member of the vicereeking squad and, in consequence of the therinunder subpenaSjbe flummoxed to the second degree by becoming a detestificated companykeeper on the dammymonde of Luca-lamplight. Anything but that, for the fear and love of gold! Once and for all. I’ll have no college swankies (you see, I am well voiced in love’s arsenal and all its overtures from collion boys to colleen bawns so I have every reason to know that rogues’ gallery of nightbirds and bitchfanders, lucky duffs and light lindsays, haughty hamiltons and gay gordons, dosed, doctored

and otherwise, messing around skirts and what their fickling in-tentions look like, you make up your mind to that) trespassing on your danger zone in the dancer years. If ever I catch you at it, mind, it’s you that will cocottch it! I’ll tackle you to feel if you have a few devils in you. Holy gun. I’ll give it to you, hot, high and heavy before you can say sedro! Or may the maledictions of Lousyfear fall like nettlerash on the white friar’s father that converted from moonshine the fostermother of the first nancy-free that ran ojEF after the trumpadour that mangled Moore’s melo-dies and so upturned the tubshead of the stardaft journalwriter to inspire the prime finisher to fellhim the firtree out of which Cooper Funnymore planed the flat of the beerbarrel on which my grandydad’s lustiest sat his seat of unwisdom with my tante’s petted sister for the cause of his joy! Amene.

Poof! There’s puff for ye, begor, and planxty of it, all abound me breadth! Glor galore and glory be! As broad as its lung and as long as a line! The valiantine vaux of Venerable Val Vous-dem. If my jaws must brass away like the due drops on my lay.

And the topnoted delivery you’d expected be me invoice! Theo Dunnohoo’s warning from Daddy O’Dowd. Whoo? What I’m wondering to myselfwhose for there’s a strong tendency, to put it mildly, by making me the medium. I feel spirts of itchery outching out from all over me and only for the sludgehummer’s force in my hand to hold them the darkens alone knows what’ll who’ll be saying of next. However. Now, before my upper otic register, something nice. Now.^ Dear Sister, in perfect leave again I say take a brokerly advice and keep it to yourself that we, Jaun, first of our name here now make all receptacles of, free of price. Easy, my dear, if they tingle you either say nothing or nod. No cheekacheek with chipperchapper, you and your last mashboy and the padre in the pulpbox enumerating you his nostrums. Be vacillant over those vigilant who would leave you to belave black on white. Close in for psychical hijiniks as well but fight shy of mugpunters. I’d bum the books that grieve you and light an allassundrian bompyre that would suffragate Tome Plyfire or Zolfanerole. Perousse instate your Weekly Standerd, our verile organ that is ethelred by all

pressdom. Apply your five wits to the four verilatest. The Arsdiken’s An Traitey on Miracida or V^iewed to Death ly a Priest Hunter is still first in the field despite the castle bar, William Archer’s a rompan good cathalogue and he’ll give you a riser on the route to our nazional labronry. Skim over Through Hell with the Papes (mostly boys) by the divine comic Denti Alligator (exsponging your index) and find a quip in a quire arisus aream from bastardtitle to fatherjohnson. Swear aloud by pious fiction the like of Lentil Lore by Carnival Cullen or that Percy Wynns of our S. J. Finn’s or Pease in Pleny by the Curer of Wars, licensed and censered by our most picturesque prelates, Their Graces of Linzen and Petitbois, bishops of Hibemites, licet ut lehanus^ for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the market this luckiest year, set up by Gill the father, put out by Gill the son and circulating disimally at Gillydehooly’s Cost. Strike up a nodding acquaintance for our doctrine with the works of old Mrs Trot, senior, and Manoel Canter, junior, and Loper de Figas, nates maximum. I used to follow Mary Liddlelambe’s flitsy tales, espicially with the scentaminted sauce. Sifted science will do your arts good. Egg Laid hy Former Cock and With Flageolettes in Send Fanciesland. Chiefly girls. Trip over sacramental tea into the long lives of our saints and saucerdotes, with vignettes, cut short into instructual primers by those in authority for the bittermint of your soughts. Forfet not the palsied. Light a match for poor old Contrabally and send some balmoil for the schizmatics. A hemd in need is aye a friendly deed. Remember, maid, thou dust art powder but Cinderella thou must return (what are you robbing her sleeve for. Ruby? And pull in your tongue, Polly!). Cog that out of your teen times, everyone. The lad who brooks no breaches lifts the lass that toffs a tailor. How dare ye be laughing out of your mouthshine at the lack of that? Keep cool your fresh chastity which is far better far. Sooner than part with that vestalite emerald of the first importance, descended to me by far from our family, which you treasure up so closely where extremes meet, nay, mozzed lesmended, rather let the whole ekumene universe belong to merry Hal and do whatever his Mary well

likes. When the gong goes for hornets-two-nest marriage step into your harness and strip off that nullity suit. Faminy, hold back! For the race is to the rashest of, the romping, jomping rushes of. Haul Seton’s down, black, green and grey, and hoist Mikealy’s whey and sawdust. What’s overdressed if underclothed.^ Poposht forstake me knot where there’s white lets ope. Whisht! Blesht she that walked with good Jook Humprey for he made her happy tight. Go! You can down all the dripping you can dumple to, and buffkid scouse too ad libidinum, in these lassitudes if you’ve parents and things to look after. That was what stuck to the Comtesse Cantilene while she was sticking out Mavis TofFeelips to feed her soprannated huspals, and it is henceforth associated with her names. La Dreeping! Die Droopink! The inimitable in puresuet of the inevitable! There’s nothing to touch it, we are taucht, unless she’d care for a mouthpull of white pudding for the wish is on her rose marine and the lunchlight in her eye, so when you pet the rollingpin write my name on the pie. Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, ses he. In this cold old worold who’ll feel it.^ Hum! The jewel you’re all so cracked about there’s flitty few of them gets it for there’s nothing now but the sable stoles and a runabout to match it. Sing him a ring. Touch me low. And I’ll lech ye so, my soandso. Show and show. Show on show. She. Shoe. Shone.

Divulge, sjuddenly jouted out hardworking Jaun, kicking the console to his double and braying aloud like Brahaam’s ass, and, as his voixehumanar swelled to great, clenching his manlies, so highly strong was he, man, and gradually quite warming to her (there must have been a power of kinantics in that buel of gruel he gobed at bedgo) divorce into me and say the curname in undress (if you get into trouble with a party you are not likely to forget his appearance either) of any lapwhelp or sleevemongrel who talks to you upon the road where he tuck you to be a roller, O, (the goattanned saxopeeler upshotdown chigs peel of him!) and volunteers to trifle with your roundlings for profferred glass and dough, the marrying hand that his leisure repents of, without taking out his proper password

from the eKgible ministriss for affairs with the black fremdling, that enemy of our country, in a cleanlooking light and I don’t care a tongser’s tammany hang who the mucky is nor twoo hoots in the comer nor three shouts on a hill (were he even a constandneal namesuch of my very own, Attaboy Knowling, and like enoch to my townmajor ancestors, the two that are taking out their divorces in the Spooksbury courts circuits, Rere Uncle Remus, the Baas of Eboracum and Old Father Ulissabon Knickerbocker, the lanky sire of Wolverhcimpton, about their bristelings), but as true as there’s a soke for sakes in Twoways Peterborough and sure as home we come to newsky prospect from west the wave on schedule time (if I came any quicker I’ll be right back before I left) from the land of breach of promise with Brendan’s mantle whitening the Kerribrasilian sea and March’s pebbles spinning from beneath our footslips to carry fire and sword, rest insured that as we value the very name in sister that as soon as we do possibly it will be a poor lookout for that insister. He’s a markt man from that hour. And why do we say that, you may query me.^ Quary.^ Guess! Call’st thou.^ Think and think and think, I urge on you. Muffed! The wrong porridge. You are an ignoratis! Because then probably we’ll dtimb well soon show him what the Shaun way is like how we’ll

go a long way towards breaking his outsider’s face for him for making up to you with his bringthee balm of Gaylad and his singthee songs of Arupee, chancetrying my ward’s head into sanctuary before feeling with his two dimensions for your nuptial dito. Ohibow, if I was Blonderboss I’d gooandfrighthisdualman! Now, we’ll tell you what we’ll do to be sicker instead of compensation. We’ll he’ll burst our his mouth like Leary to the Leinsterface and reduce he’ll we’ll oumhisn liniments to a poolp. Open the door softly, somebody wants you, dear! You’l hear him calling you, bump, like a blizz, in the muezzin of tl . turkest night. Come on now, pillarbox! I’ll stiffen your scribeall, broken reed! That’ll be it, grand operoar style, even should I, with my sleuts of hogpew and cheekas, have to coomb the brash of the libs round Close Saint Patrice to lay my louseboob on his

behaitch like solitar. We are all eyes. I have his quoram of images all on my retinue, Mohomadhawn Mike. Brassup ! Moreover after that, bad manners to me, if I don’t think strongly about giving the brotherkeeper into custody to the first police bubby cunstabless of Dora’s Diehards in the field I might chance to follopon. Or for that matter, for your information, if I get the wind up what do you bet in the buckets of my wrath I mightn’t even take it into my progromme, as sweet course, to do a rash act and pitch in and swing for your perfect stranger in the meadow of heppiness and then wipe the street up with the clonmellian, pending my bringing proceedings verses the joyboy before a bunch of magistrafes and twelve good and gleeful men.^ Filius rwUius per fas et nefas. It should prove more or less of an event and show the widest federal in my cup. He’ll have pansements then for his pensamientos, howling for peace. Pretty knocks, I promise him with plenty burkes for his shins. Dumnlimn wimn humn. In which case I’ll not be complete in fighting lust until I contrive to half kill your Charley you’re my darling for you and send him to Home Surgeon Hume, the algebrist, before his appointed time, particularly should he turn out to be a man in brown about town, Rollo the Gunger, son of a wants a flurewaltzer to Amolff’s, picking up ideas, of well over or about fiftysix or so, pithecoid proportions, with perhops five foot eight, the usual X Y Z type, R.C. Toe H, nothing but claret, not in the studbook by a long stortch, with a toothbrush moustache and jawcrockeries, alias grinner through collar, and of course no beard, meat and colmans suit, with tar’s baggy slacks, obviously too roomy for him and springside boots, washing tie. Father Mathew’s bridge pin, sipping some Wheatley’s at Rhoss’s on a barstool, ■with some pubpal of the Olaf Stout kidney, al-ways trying to poorchase movables by hebomedaries for to putt in a new house to loot, cigarette in his holder, with a good job and pension in Buinness’s, what about our trip to Normandy style conversation, wdth an occasional they say that filmacoulored featured at the Mothrapurl skrene about Michan and his lost angeleens is corkyshows do morvaloos, blueygreen eyes a bit scummy developing a series of

angry boils with certain references to the Deity, seeking relief in alcohol and so on, general omnibus character with a dash of railwaybrain, stale cough and an occasional twinge of claudication, having his favourite fecundclass family of upwards of a decade,

both barefoot and loadenbrogued, to boot and buy-off, Imean.

So let it be a knuckle or an elbow, I hereby admonish you! It may all be topping fun but it’s tip and run and touch and flow for every whack when Marie stopes Phil fluther’s game to go. Arms arome, side aside, face into the wall. To the tumble of the toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O. And lest there be no misconception. Miss Forstowelsy, over who to fasten the plight-forlifer on (threehundred and thirty three to one on Rue the Day!) when the nice little smellar squalls in his cry die what the dirty old bigger’ll be squealing through his coughin you better keep in the gunbarrel straight around vokseburst as I recommence you to (you gypseyeyed baggage, do you hear what I’m praying?) or. Gash, without butthering my head to assortail whose stroke forced or which struck hackly. I’ll be all over you myselx horizontally, as the straphanger said, for knocking me with my name and yourself and your babybag down at such a greet sacrifice with a rap of the gavel to a third price cowhandler as cheap as the niggerd’s dirt (for sale !) or I’ll smack your fruitflavoured jujube lips well for you, so I will well for you,if you don’t keep a civil tongue in your pigeonhouse. The pleasures of love lasts but a fleeting but the pledges of life outlusts a lieftime. I’ll have it in for you. I’ll teach you bed minners, tip for tap, to be playing your oddaugghter tangotricks with micky dazzlers if I find corsehairs on your river-frock and the squirmside of your burberry lupitally covered with chiffchaff and shavings. Up Rosemiry Lean and Potanasty Rod you wos, wos you? I overstand you, you understand. Asking Annybettyelsas to carry your parcels and you dreaming of net glory. You’ll ging naemaer wi’Wolf the Ganger. Cutting chapel, were you? and had dates with slickers in particular hotels, had we? Lonely went to play your mother, isod? You was wiffriends? Hay, dot’s a doll yarn! Mark mean then! I’ll homeseek you, Luperca as sure as there’s a palatine in Limerick and in

striped conference here’s how. Nerbu de Bios ! If you twos goes to walk upon the railway. Card, and I’ll goad to beat behind the bushl See to it! Snip! It’s up to you. I’ll be hatsnatching harrier to hiding huries hinder hedge. Snap! I’ll tear up your limpshades and lock all your trotters in the closet, I will, and cut your silk-skin into garters. You’ll give up your ask unbrodhel ways when I make you reely smart. So skelp your budd and kiss the hurt! I’ll have plenary sadisfaction, plays the bishop, for your partial’s indulgences if your my rodeo gell. Fair man and foul suggestion. There’s a lot of lecit pleasure coming bangslanging your way, Miss Pinpemelly satin. For your own good, you understand, for the man who lifts his pud to a woman is saving the way for kindness. You’ll rebmemer your mottob Aveh Tiger Roma mikely smarter the nickst time. For I’ll just draw my prancer and give you one splitpuck in the crupper, you understand, that will bring the poppy blush of shame to your peony hindmost till you yelp papapardon and radden your rhodatantarums to the beat of calorrubordolor, I am, I do and I suffer, (do you hear me now, lickspoon, and stop looking at your bussycat bow in the slate.^) that you won’t obliterate for the bulkier part of a running year, failing tq give a good account of yourself, if you think I’m so tan cupid as all that. Lights out now (bouf!), tight and sleep on it. And that’s how I’ll bottle your greedypuss beautibus for ye, me bullin heifer, for ’tis I that have the peer of arrams that carry a wallop. Between them.

Unbeknownst to you would ire turn o’er see, a nuncio would
I return here. How (from the sublime to the ridiculous) times
out of oft, my future, shall we think with deepest of love and
recollection by rintrospection of thee but me far away on the
pillow, breathing foundly o’er my names all through the empties,
whilst moidhered by the rattle of the doppeldoorknockers. Our
homerole poet to Ostelinda, Fred Wetherly, puts it somewhys
better. You’re sitting on me style, maybe, whereoft I helped
your ore. Littlegame rumilie from Liffalidebankum, (Toobli-
queme !) but a big corner fill you do in this unadulterated seat of
affections. Aerwenger’s my breed so may we uncreepingly

our

multipede like the sands on Amberhann ! Sevenheavens, O heaven!
ly waonnt yiou! yore ways to melittleme were wonderful so
Ickam purseproud in sending uym loveliest pansiful thoughts
touching me dash in-you through wee dots Hyphen, the so
pretty arched godkin of beddingnights. If I’ve proved to your
sallysfashion how I’m a man of Armor let me so, let me sue, let
me see your isabellis. How I shall, should I survive, as, please the
uniter of U.M.I. hearts, I am living in hopes to do, replacing
mig wandering handsup in yawers so yeager for mitch, positively
cover the two pure chicks of your comely plumpchake with
zuccherikissings, hong, kong, and so gong, that I’d scare the bats
out of the ivfry one of those puggy mornings, honestly, by my
rantandog and daddyoak I will, become come coming when,
upon the mingling of our meeting waters, wish to wisher, like
massive mountains to part no more, you will there and then, in
those happy moments of ouryour soft accord, rainkiss on me
back, for full marks with shouldered arms, and in that united
I.R.U. stade, when I come (touf! touf!) wdldflier’s fox into my
own greengeese again, swap sweetened smugs, six of one for half
a dozen of the other, till they’ll bet we’re the cuckoo derby
when cherries next come back to Ealing as come they must, as
they musted in their past, as they must for my pressing season,
as hereinafter must they chirrywill immediately suant on my
safe return to ignorance and bliss in my horseless Coppal Poor,
through suirland and noreland,kings country and queens, with
my ropes of pearls for gamey girls the way ye’ll hardly. Knowme.

Slim ye, come slum with me and rally rats’ roundup! ’Tis
post purification we will, sales of work and social service,
missus, completing our Abelite union by the adoptation of
fosterlings. Embark for Euphonia! Up Murphy, Henson and
O’Dwyer, the Warchester Warders! I’ll put in a shirt time
if you’ll get through your shift and between us in our shared
slaves, brace to brassiere and shouter to shunter, we’ll pull off our
working programme. Come into the garden guild and be free
of the gape athomc! We’ll circumcivicise all Dublin country.
Let us, the real Us, all ignite in our prepurgatory grade as apos-

cals and be instrumental to utensilise, help our Jakeline sisters
clean out the hogshole and generally ginger things up. Meliorism
in massquantities, raffling receipts and sharing sweepstakes till

navel, spokes and felloes hum like hymn. Bum only what’s Irish, accepting their coals. You will soothe the cokeblack bile that’s Anglia’s and touch Armourican’s iron core. Write me your essayes, my vocational scholars, but corsorily, dipping your nose in it, for Henrietta’s sake, on mortinatality in the life of Jewries and the sludge of iCing Haarington’s at its height, running boulevards over the whole of it. I’d write it all by mownself if I only had here of my jolly young watermen. Bear in mind, by Michael, all the provincial’s bananas peels and elacock eggs making drawadust jubilee along Henry, Moore, Earl and Talbot Streets. Luke at all the memmer manning he’s dung for the pray of birds, our priest-mayor-king-merchant, strewing the Castleknock Road and drawing manure upon it till the first glimpse of Wales and from Ballses Breach Harshoe up to Dumping’s Comer with the Mirist fathers’ brothers eleven versus White Friars out on a rogation stag party. Compare them caponchin trowlers with the Bridge of Belches in Fairview, noreast Dublin’s favourite souwest wateringplatz and ump as you lump it. What do you mean by Jno Citizen and how do you think of Jas Pagan.^ Compost liffe in Dufblin by Pierce Egan with the baugh in Baughkley of Fino Ralli. Explain why there is such a number of orders of religion in Asea! Why such an order number in preference to any other number.^ Why any number in any order at all? Now? Where is the greenest island off the black coats of Spaign? Overset into universal: I am perdrix and upon my pet ridge. Oralmus! Way, O way for the autointaxication of our town of the Fords in a huddle! Hailfellow some wellmet boneshaker or, to ascertain the facts for herself, run up your showeryweather once and trust and take the Drumgondola tram and, wearing the midlimb and vestee endorsed by the hierarchy fitted with ecclastics, bending your steps, pick a trail and stand on, say, Aston’s, I advise you strongly, along quaith a copy of the Seeds and Weeds Act when you have procured one for your-

self and take a good longing gaze into any nearby shopswindow you may select at suppose, let us say, the hoyth of number eleven, Klane or Keogh’s, and in the course of about thirtytwo minutes’ time proceed to turn aroundabout on your heehills towards the previous causeway and I shall be very cruelly mistaken indeed if you will not be jushed astunshed to see how you will be meanwhile dum weel topcoated with kakes of slush occasioned by the mush jam of the cross and blackwalls traffic in transit. See Capels and then fly. Show me that complaint book here. Where’s Cowtends Kateclean, the woman with the muckrake When will the W.D. face of our sow muckloved d’lin, the Troia of towns and Carmen of cities, crawling with mendiants in perforated clothing, get its wellbelavered white like I’pool and m’chester.^ When’s that grandnational goldcapped dupsydurby houspill coming with its vomitives for our mothers-in-load and stretchers for their devitalised males I am all of me for freedom of speed but who’ll disasperaguss Pope’s Avegnue or who’ll uproose the Opian Way.'' Who’ll brighton Brayhowth and bait the Bull Bailey and never despair of Lorcansby.^ The rampant royal commissioners! ’Tis an ill weed blows no poppy good. And this labour’s worthy of my higher. Oil for meed and toil for feed and a walk with the band for Job Loos. If I hope not charity what profiteers me? Nothing! My tippers of flags are knobs of hardshape for it isagrim tale, keeping the father of curls from the sport of oak. Do you know what, liddle giddies? One of those days I am advised by the smiling voteseeker who’s now snoring

elued to positively strike off hiking for good and all as I bldy well bdly ought until such temse as some mood is made under privy-sealed orders to get me an increase of automoboil and footwear for these poor discalced and a bourse from bon Somewind for a cure at Badanuweir (though where it’s going to come from this time —) as I sartunly think now, honest to John, for an income plexus that that’s about the sanguine boundary limit, Amean, Sis dearest, Jaun added, with voise somewhit murky, what though still high fa luting, as he turned his dorse to her to pay court to it, and ouverleaved his booseys to give the note and

score, phonoscopically incuriosited and melancholic this time whiles, as on the fulmament he gaped in wulderment, his onsatumcast eyes in stellar attraction followed swift to an imaginary swellaw, O, the vanity of Vanissy! All ends vanishing! Pvirsonally. Grog help me, I am in no violent hurry. If time enough lost the ducks walking easy found them. I’ll nose a blue fonx with any tristys blinking upon this earthlight of all them that pass by the way of the deerdrive, conconey’s run or Wilfrid’s walk, but I’d turn back as lief as not if I could only spoonfind the nippy girl of my heart’s appointment, Mona Vera Toutou Ipostila, my lady of Lyons, to guide me by gastronomy under her safe conduct. That’s more in my line. I’d ask no kinder of fates than to stay where I am, with my tinny of brownie’s tea, under the invocation of Saint Jamas Hanway, servant of Gamp, lapidated, and Jacobus a Pershawm, intercissous, for my thurifex, with Peter Roche, that frind of my boozum, leaning on my cubits, at this passing moment by localoption in the birds’ lodging, me pheasants among, where I’ll dreamt that I’ll dwealth mid warblers* walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh hiehied, with me hares standing up well and me longlugs dittoes, where a maurdering row, the fox! has broken at the coward sight till well on into the beausome of the exhaling night, pinching stopandgo jewels out of the hedges and catching dimtop brilliants on the tip of my wagger but for that owledclock (fast cease to it!) has just gone twoohoo the hour and that yen breezes zipping round by Drumsally do be devils to play fleurt. I could sit on safe side till the bark of Saint Grouseus for hoopoe’s hours, till heoll’s hoerrisings, laughing lazy at the sheep’s lighming and turn a widamost ear dreamily to the drummling of snipers, hearing the wireless harps of sweet old Aerial and the mails across the nightrives (peepet! peepet!) and whippoor willy in the woody (moor park! moor park!) as peacefed as a philopotamus, and crekking jugs at the grenoulls, leaving tealeaves for the trout and belleeks for the wary till I’d followed through my upfielded neviewscope the rugaby moon cumuliously godrolling himself westasleep amuckst the cloudscrums for to watch how carefully my nocturnal goose-

mother would lay her new golden sheegg for me down under in the shy orient. What wouldn’t I poach — the rent in my riverside, my otther shoes, my beavery, honest ! — ay, and melt my belt for a dace feast of grannom with the finny ones, those happy greppies in their minnowahaw, flashing down the swansway, leaps ahead of the swift MacEels, the big Gillaroo redfellows and the pursewinded carpers, rearin antis rood perches astench of me, or, when I’d like own company best, with the help of a

norange and bear, to be reclined by the lasher on my logansome, my g.b.d. in my f.a.c.e., solfanelly in my shellyholders and lov’d latakia, the benuvolent, for my nosethrills, with the jealosomines wilting away to their heart’s deelight and the king of saptimber letting down his humely odours for my consternation, dapping my griffeen, burning water in the spearlight or catching trophies of the king’s royal college of sturgeone by the armful for to bake pike and pie while, O twined me abower in L’Alouette’s Tower, all Adelaide’s naughtingerls juckjucking benighth me, I’d ga-mut my twittynice Dorian blackbudds chthonic solphia off my singasongapiccolo to pipe musicall airs on numberous fairy-aciodes. I give, a king, to me, she does, alone, up there, yes see, I double give, till the spinney all eclosed asong with them. Isn’t that lovely though.^ I give to me alone I trouble give! I may have no mind to lamagnage the forte bits like the pianage but you can’t cadge me off the key. I’ve a voicical lilt too true. Nomario ! And bemolly and jiesis! For I sport a whatyoumacormack in the latcher part of my throughers. And the lark that I let fly (olala!) is as cockful of funantics as it’s tune to my fork. Naturale you might lower register me as diserecordant, but I’m athlone in the lillabilling of killamies. That’s flat. Yet ware the wold, you! What’s good for the gorse is a goad for the garden. Lethals lurk heimlocked in logans. Loathe l^urnums. Dash the gaudy death-cup! Bryony O’Bryony, thy name is Belladama! But enough of greenwood’s gossip. Birdsnests is birdsnests. Thine to wait but mine to wage. And now play sharp to me. Doublefirst I’ll head foremost through all my examhoops. And what sensitive coin I’d be possessed of at Latouche’s, begor, I’d sink it sumtotal, every

dolly farting, in vestments of subdominal poteen at prime cost and I bait you my chancey oldcoat against the whole ounce you half on your backboard (if madamaud strips mesdamines may cold strafe illglands!) that I’m the gogetter that’d make it pay like cash registers as sure as there’s a pot on a pole. And, what with one man’s fish and a dozen men’s poissons, sowing my wild plums to reap ripe plentihoms mead, lashings of erbole and hydromel and bragget, I’d come out with my magic fluke in close time, fair, free and frolicky, zooming tophole on the mart as a factor. And I tell you the Bective’s wouldn’t hold me. By the unsleeping Solman Annadromus, ye god of litde pesdes, nothing would stop me for mony makes multimony like the brogues and the kishes. Not the Ulster Rifles and the Cork Milice and the Dublin Fusees and Connacht Rangers ensembledi I’d axe the channon and leip a liffey and drink annyblack water that rann onme way. Yip! How’s thats for scats, mine shatz, for a lovebird.^ To funk is only peternatural its daring feers divine. Bebold! Like Varian’s balaying all behind me. And before you knew where you weren’t, I stake my ignitial’s divy, cash-and-cash-can-again, I’d be staggering humanity and loyally rolling you over, my sow-white sponse, in my tons of red clover, nighty nigh to the metro-nome, fiehigh and fiehigher and fiehighest of all. Holy petter and pal. I’d spoil you altogether, my sumptuous Sheila! Mumm all to do brut frull up fizz and unpop a few shortusians or shake a pale of sparkling ice, hear it swirl, happy girl! Not a spot of my hide but you’d love to seek and scanagaini There’d be no stand-ing me, I tell you. And, as gameboy as my pagan name K.C. is what it is, I’d never say let fly till we shot that blissup and swtunped each other, manawife, into our sever nevers where I’d plant you, my Gizzygay, on the electric ottoman in the lap of lechery, simpringly stitchless with admiracion, among the most

uxuriously furnished compartments, with sybarate chambers,|ust as I’d run my shoestring into near a million or so of them as a firstclass dealer and everything. Only for one thing that, how-over famiksed I would become, I’d be awful anxious, you under-stand, about shoepisser pluvious and in assideration of the terrible

luftsucks woabling around with the hedrolics in the coold amstop-here till the borting that would perish the Dane and his chapter of accidents to be atramental to the better half of my alltoolyrical health, not considering my capsflap, and that’s the truth now out of the cackling bag for truly sure, for another thing, I never could tell the leest falsehood that would truthfully give sotisfiction. I’m not talking apple sauce eithou. Or up in my hat. I eamst. Schue!

Sissibis dearest, as I was reading to myself not very long ago in Tennis Flonnels Mac Courther, his correspondance, besated upon my tripos, and just thinking like thauthor how long I’d like myself -to be continued at Hothelizod, peeking into the focus and pecking at thumbnail reveries, pricking up ears to my phono on the ground and picking up airs from th’other over th’ether, ’tis tramsported with grief I am this night sublime, as you may see by my size and my brow that’s all forehead, to go forth, frank and hoppy, to the tune the old plow tied off, from our nostorey house, upon this benedictine errand but it is historically the most glorious mission, secret or profund, through all the annals of our — as you so often term her — efferfreshpainted livy, in beautihc repose, upon the silence of the dead, from pharoph the nextfirst down to ramescheckles the last bust thing. The Vico road goes round and round to meet where terms begin. Still onappealed to by the cycles and unappalled by the recoursers we feel all serene, never you fret, as regards our dutyful cask. Full of my breadth from pride I am (breezed be the healthy same !) for ’tis a grand thing (superb!) to be going to meet a king, not an e very-night king, nenni, by gannies, but the overking of Hither-on-Thither Erin himself, pardee, I’m saying. Before there was patch at all on Ireland there lived a lord at Lucan. We only wish everyone was as sure of anything in this- watery world as we are of everything in the newlywet fellow that’s bound to follow. I’ll lay you a guinea for a hayseed now. Tell mother that. And tell her tell her old one. ’Twill amuse her.

Well, to the figends of Annanmeses with the wholeabuelish business! For I declare to Jeshuam I’m beginning to get sunsick! I’m not half Norawain for nothing. The fine ice so temperate

of our, alas, those times are not so far off as you might wish to be congealed. So now. I’ll ask of you, let ye create no scenes in my poor primmafore’s wake. I don’t want yous to be billow-fighting your biddy moriarty duels, gobble gabble, over me till you spit stout, you understand, after soused mackerel, sniffling clambake to hering and impudent barney, braggart of blarney, nor you ugly lemoncholic gobs o’er the hobs in a sewing circle, stopping oddments in maids’ costumes at sweeping reductions, wearing out your ohs by sitting around your ahs, making areek-eransy round where I last put it, with the painters in too, curse luck, with your rags up, exciting your mucuses, turning

breakfarts into lost soupirs and salon thay nor you flabbies on your groaning chairs over Bollivar’s troubles of a bluemoondag, steamin your damp ossicles, praying Holy Prohibition and Jaun Dyspeptist while Ole Clo goes through the wood with Shep togather, touting in the chesnut burrs for Goodboy Sommers and Mistral Blownowse hugs his kindlings when voiceyversy it’s my gala bene fit, robbing leaves out of my taletold book. May my tunc fester if ever I see such a miry lot of maggalenes! Once upon a drunk and a fairly good drunk it was and the rest of your blatherumskite ! Just a plain shays by the fire for absenter Sh the Po and I’ll make ye all an eastern hummingsphere of myself the moment jhat you name the way. Look in the slag scuttle and you’ll see me sailspread over the singing, and what do ye want trippings for when you’ve Paris inspire your hat.^ Sussumcordials all round, let ye alloyiss and ominies, while I stray and let ye not be getting grief out of it, though blighted troth be all bereft, on my poor headsake, even should we forfeit our life. Lo, improving ages wait ye! In the orchard of the bones. Some time very presently now when yon clouds are dissipated after their forty years shower, the odds are, we shall all be hooked and happy, communionistically, among the fieldnights eliceam, ilite of the elect,in the land of lost of time. Johannisburg’s a revelation! Deck the diamants that never die! So cut out the lonesome stuff! Drink it up, ladies, please, as smart as you can lower it! Out with lent! Clap hands postilium! Fastintide is by. Your

sole and myopper must hereupon part company. So for e’er fare thee welt! Parting’s fun. Take thou, the wringle’s thine, love. This dime doth trost thee from mine alms. Goodbye, swisstart, goodbye! Haugh! Haugh! Sure, treasures, a letterman does be often thought reading ye between lines that do have no sense at all. I sign myself. With much leg. Inflexibly yours. Ann Posht the Shorn. To be continued. Huck!

Something of a sidesplitting nature must have occurred to westminstrel Jaunathaun for a grand big blossy hearty stenorious laugh (even Drudge that lay doggo thought feathers fell) hopped out of his woolly’s throat like a ball lifted over the head of a deep field, at the bare thought of how jolly they’d like to be trolling his whoop and all of them truetotypes in missammen massness were just starting to spladher splodher with the jolly magorios, hicky hecky hock, huges huges huges, hughy hughy hughy, O Jaun, so jokable and so geepy, O, (Thou pure! Our virgin! Thou holy! Our health! Thou strong! Our victory! O salutary! Sustain our firm solitude, thou who thou well strokest! Hear, hairy ones! We have sued thee but late. Beauty parlous!) when suddenly (how like a woman!), swifter as mercury he wheels right round stamly on the Rizzies suddenly, with his gimlets blazing rather sternish (how black like thunder!), to see what’s loose. So they stood still and wondered. Till first he sighed (and how ill soufered!) and they nearly cried (the salt of the earth!) after which he pondered and finally he replied:

— There is some thing more. A word apparting and shall the heart’s tone be silent. Engagements, I’ll beseal you! Fare thee well, fairy well! All I can tell you is this, my sorellies. It’s prayers in layers all the thumping time, begor, the yotmg gloria’s gang voices the old doxologers, in the suburrs of the heavenly gardens, once we shall have passed, after surceases, all serene through neck and necklike Derby and June to our snug eternal retribu-

tion’s reward (the scorchhouse). Shunt us! shunt us! shunt us!
If you want to be felixed come and be parked. Sacred ease there!
The seanad and pobbel queue’s remainder. To it, to it! Seekit
headup! No petty family squabbles Up There nor homemade

hurricanes in our Cohortyard, no cupahurling nor apuckalips
nor no puncheon jodelling nor no nothing. With the Byms
which is far better and eve for ever your idle be. You will hardly
reconnoitre the old wife in the new bustle and the fermer shinner
in his latterday paint. It’s the fulldress Toussaint’s wakeswalks
experdition after a bail motion from the chamber of horrus.
Saffron buns or sovran bonhams whichever you’r avider to like
it and lump it, but give it a name. lereny allover irelands. And
there’s food for refection when the whole flock’s at home. Hog-
manny di’yegut.^ Hogmanny di’yesmellygut.^ And hogmanny
di’yesmellyspatterygut.^ You take Joe Hanny’s tip for it! Post-
martem is the goods. With Jollification a tight second. Toborrow
and toburrow and tobarrow! That’s our crass, hairy and ever-
grim life, till one finel howdiedow Bouncer Naster raps on the
bell with a bone and his stinkers stank behind him with the
sceptre and the hourglass. We may come, touch and go, from
atoms and ifs but we’re presurely destined to be odd’s without
ends. Here we moult in Moy Kain and flop on the seemy side,
living sure of hardly a doorstep for a stopgap, with Whogoes-
there and a live sandbag roimd the comer. But upmeyant, Pro-
spector, you sprout all your abel and woof your wings dead
certain however of neuthing whatever to aye forever while
Hyam Hyam’s in the chair. Ah, sure, pleasantries aside, in the tail
of the cow what a humpty daum earth looks our miseryme here-
today as compared beside the Herewearеagain Gaieties of die
Afterpiece when the Royal Revolver of these real globoes lets
regally fire of his mio colpo for the chrisman’s pandemon to give
over and the Harlequinade to begin properly SPQueaRking
Mark Time’s Finist Joke. Putting Allspace in a Notshall.

Well, the slice and veg joint’s well in its way, and so is a
ribroast and jackknife as sporten dish, but home cooking every-
time. Mountains good mustard and, with the helpings of ladies’
lickfings and gentlemen’s relish. I’ve eaten a griddle. But I fill
twice as stewhard what I felt before when I’m after eating a few
natives. The crisp of the crackling is in the chawing. Give us an-
other cup of your scald. Santos Mozos! That wras a damn good

cup of scald I You could trot a mouse on it. I ingoyed your pick
of hissing hot luncheon fine, I did, thanks awfully, (sublime!).
Tenderest bully ever I ate with the boiled protestants (allinoilia
allinoilia!) only for your peas again was a taste tooth psalty to
carry flavour with my godown and hereby return with my best
savioury condiments and a penny in the plate for the jemes,
O.K. Oh Kosmos! Ah Ireland! A.I. And for kailkannonkabbis
gimme Cincinnatis with Italian (but ci vuol poco !) ciccalick cheese.
Haggis good, haggis strong, haggis never say die! For quid we
have recipimus, recipe, O lout ! And save that, Oliviero, for thy
sunny day ! Soupmeagre ! Couldn’t look at it ! But if you’ll buy me
yon coat of the vairy furry best. I’ll try and pullll it awn mee. It’s in
fairly good order and no doubt ’twill sarve to turn. Remove this

boardcloth! Next stage, tell the tabler, for a variety of Hugue-
not ligooms I’ll try my set on edges grapeling an aigrydoucks,
grilled over birchenrods, with a few bloomancowls in albies.
I want to get outside monasticism. Mass and meat mar no man’s
journey. Eat a missal lest. Nuts for the nerves, a flitch for the flue
and for to rejoice the chambers of the heart the spirits of the
spice isles, curry and cinnamon,chutney and cloves. All the vital-
mines is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the hormonies to
clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and caps and naboc and erics and
oinnos on kingclud and xoxxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxoxxx till
I’m fustfed like fungstif and very presently from now posthaste
it’s off yourll see me ryuoll on my usual rounds again to draw
Terminus Lower and Killadown and Lettemoosh, Letterspeak,
Lettermuck to Littorananima and the roomiest house even in
Ireland, if you can understcimp that, and my next item’s platform
it’s how I’ll try and collect my extraprofessional postages owing
to me by Thaddeus Kellyesque Squire, dr, for nondesirable
printed matter. The Jooks and the Kelly-Cooks have been
milking turnkeys and sucking the blood out of the marshakea
since the act of First Oflenders. But I know what I’ll do. Great
pains off him I’ll take and that’ll be your redletterday calendar,
window machree ! I’ll knock it out of him ! I’ll stump it out of
him! I’ll rattattatter it out of him before I’ll quit the doorstep of

old Con Connolly’s residence! By the horn of twenty of both of
the two Saint Collopys, blackmail him I will in arrears or my
name’s not penitent Ferdinand! And it’s daily and hourly I’ll
nurse him till he pays me fine fee. Ameal.

Well, here’s looking at ye! If I never leave you biddies till
my stave is a bar I’d be tempted rigidly to become a passionate
father. Me hunger’s weighed. Hungkung! Me anger’s suaged!
Hangkang! Ye can stop as ye are, little lay mothers, and wait in
wish and wish in vain till the grame reaper draws nigh, with
the sickle of the sickles, as a blessing in disguise. Devil a curly
hair I care! If any lightfoot Clod Dewvale was to hold me up,
dicksturping me and marauding me of my rights to my onus, yan,
tyan, tethera, methera, pimp, I’d let him have my best pair of
galloper’s heels in the creamsourer. He will have better manners,
I’m dished if he won’t! Console yourself, drawhure deelish!
There’s a refond of eggsized coming to you out of me so mind
you do me duty on me! Bruise your bulge below the belt till I
blewblack beside you. And you’ll miss me more as the narrowing
weeks wing by. Someday duly, oneday truly, twosday newly,
till whensday. Look for me always at my west and I will think
to dine. A tear or two in time is all there’s toot. And then in a
click of the clock, toot toot, and doff doff we pop with sinnerettes
in silkettes lining longroutes for His Diligence Majesty, our
longdistance laird that likes creation. To whoosh!

— Meesh, meesh, yes, pet. We were too happy. I knew some-
, thing would happen. I understand but listen, drawher nearest.
Tizzy intercepted, flushing but flashing from her dove and dart
eyes as she tactilifully graphed her male corrispondee to flusther
sweet nunsongs in his quicktumed ear, I know, benjamin brother,
but listen, I want, girls palmassing, to whisper my whish. (She
like them like us, me and you, had thoud he n’er it would haltin so
lithe when leased is tacitempust tongue). Of course, engine dear,
I’m ashamed for my life (I must clear my throttle) over this lost
moment’s gift of memento nosepaper which I’m sorry, my

precious, is allathome I with grief can call my own but all the same, listen, Jaunick, accept this witwee’s mite, though a jenny-

teeny witween piece torn in one place from my hands in second place of a linenhall valentino with my fondest and much left to tutor. X.X.X.X. It was heavily bulledicted for young Fr Ml, my pettest parriage priest, and you know who between us by your friend the pope, forty ways in forty nights, that’s the beauty of it, look, scene it, ratty. Too perfectly priceless for words. And, listen, now do enhance me, oblige my fiancy and bear it with you mom till life’s e’en and, of course, when never you make usage of it, listen, please kindly think galways again or again, never forget, of one absendee not sester Maggy. Ahim. That’s the stupidest little cough. Only be sure you don’t catch your cold and pass it on to us. And, since levret bounds and larks is sociring, don’t be all the night. And this. Joke, a sprig of blue speedwell just a spell of floralora so you’ll mind your veronique. Of course, Jer, I know you know who sends it, presents that please, mercy, on the face of the waters like that film obote, awfly charmig of course, but it doesn’t do her justice, apart from her cattiness, in the magginbottle. Of course, please too write, won’t you, and leave your little bag of doubts, inquisitive, be-hind you unto your utterly thine, and, thank you, forward it back by return pigeon’s pneu to the loving in case I couldn’t think who it was or any funforall happens I’ll be so curiose to see in the Homesworth breakfast tablotts as I’ll know etherways by pity bleu if it’s good for my system, what exquisite buttons, gorgiose, in case I don’t hope to soon hear from you. And thanks ever so many for the ten and the one with nothing at all on. I will tie a knot in my stringamejip to letter you wdth my silky paper, as I am given now to understand it will be worth my price in money one day so don’t trouble to ans unless sentby special as I am getting his pay and wants for nothing so I can live simply and solely for my wonderful kinkless and its loops of loveliness. When I throw away my rollets there’s rings for all. Flee a girl, says it is her colour. So does B and L and as for V! And listen to it! Cheveluir! So distant you’re always. Bow your boche! Absolutely perfect! I will pack my comb and mirror to praxis oval owes and artless awes and it will follow you pulpicly

as far as come back under all my eyes like my sapphire chap-lets of ringarosary I will say for you to the Allmichael and solve qui pu while the dovedoves pick my mouthbuds (msch! msch!) with nurse Madge, my linkingclass girl, she’s a fright, poor old dutch, in her sleeptalking when I paint the measles on her and mudstuskers to make her a man. We. We. Issy done that, I confesh! But you’ll love her for her hessians and sickly black stockies, clerjmg’s jumbles, salvadged from the wash, isn’t it the cat’s tonsils! Simply killing, how she tidies her hair! I call her Sosy because she’s sosiety for me and she says sossy while I say sassy and she says will you have some more scorns while I say won’t you take a few more schools and she talks about ithel dear while I simply never talk about athel darling; she’s but nice for enticing my friends and she loves your style considering she breaksin me shoes for me when I’ve arch trouble and she would kiss my

white arms for me so gratefully but apart from that she’s terribly nice really, my sister, round the elbow of Erne street Lower and I’ll be strictly forbidden always and true in my own way and private where I will long long to betrue you along with one who will so betrue you that not once while I betreu him not once well he be betray himself. Can’t you understand.^ O bother, I must tell the trouth! My latest lad’s loveliletter I am sore I done something with. I like him lots coss he never cusses. Pity bon-hom. Pip pet. I shouldn’t say he’s pretty but I’m cocksure he’s shy. Why I love taking him out when I unletched his cordon gate. Ope, Jack, and atem! Obealbe myodorers and he dote so. He fell for my lips, for my lisp, for my lewd speaker. I felt for his strength, his manhood, his do you mind.^ There can be no candle to hold to it, can there? And, of course, dear professor, I understand. You can trust me that though I change thy name though not the letter never while I become engaged with my first horsepower, masterthief of hearts, I will give your lovely face of mine away, my boyish bob, not for tons of donkeys, to my second mate, with the twirlers the engineer of the passio-flower (O the wicked untruth! whot a tell! thar he has bought

me in his wellingtons what you haven’t got!), in one of those pure clean lupstucks of yours thankfully, Arrah of the passkeys, no matter what. You may be certain of that, fluff, now I know how to tackle. Lock my mearest next myself. So don’t keep me now for a good boy for the love of my fragrant saint, you villain, peppering with fear, my goodless graceless, or I’ll first murder you but, hvisper, meet me after by next appointment near you know Ships just there beside the Ship at the future poor fool’s circuts of lovemountjoy square to show my disrespects now, let me just your Caroline for you, I must really so late. Sweet pig, he’ll be furious! How he stalks to simself louther and lover, immutating aperybally. My prince of the courts who’ll beat me to love! And I’ll be there when who knows where with the objects of which I’ll knowor forget. We say. Trust us. Our game. (For fun!) The Dargle shall run dry the sooner I you deny. Whoevery heard of such a think.?* Till the ulmost of all elmoes shall stele our harts asthone! And Mrs A’Mara makes it up and befriends with Mrs O’Morum! I will write down all your names in my gold pen and ink. Everyday, precious, while m’m’ry’s leaves are falling deeply on my Jungfraud’s Messonge-book I will dream telepath posts dulcets on this isinglass stream (but don’t tell him or I’ll be the mort of him !) under the libans and the sickamours, the cyprissis and babilonias, where the ffondoak rushes to the ask and the yewleaves too kisskiss them-selves and ’twill carry on my hearz’waves my still waters reflec-tions in words over Margrate von Hungaria, her Quaidy ways and her Flavin hair, to thee. Jack, ahoy, beyond the boysforus. Splesh of hiss splash springs your salmon. Twick twick, twinkle twings my twilight as Sarterday afternoon lex leap will smile on my fourinhanced twelvemonthsmind. And what’s this I was going to say, dean.^ O, I understand. Listen, here I’ll wait on thee till Thingavalla with beautiful do be careful teacakes, more stues-ser flavoured than Vanilla and blackcurrant there’s a cure in, like a bom gentleman till you’ll resemble me, all the time you’re awhile way, I swear to you, I will, by Candlemas! And listen, joey, don’t be ennoyed with me, my old evemew, when, by the

end of your chapter, you citch water on the wagon for me being turned a star I’ll dubeurry my two fesces under Pouts Vanisha Creme, their way for spilling cream, and, accent, umto extend my personnalitey to the latents, I’ll boy me for myself only of expensive rainproof of pinked elephant’s breath grey of the loveliest sheerest dearest widowshood over airforce blue I am so wild for, my precious once, Hope Bros., Faith Street, Charity Comer, as the bee loves her skyhighdeed, for I always had a cmsh on heliotrope since the dusess of yore cycled round the Finest Park, and listen. And never mind me laughing at what’s atever! I was in the nerves but it’s my last day. Always about this hour, I’m sorry, when our gamings for Bruin and Noselong is all oh you tease and afterdoon my lickle pussiness I stheal heimlick in my russians from the attraction part with my terri-blitall boots calvescatcher Pinchapoppapoff, who is going to be a jennyroll, at my nape, drenched, love, with dripping to affec-tionate slapmamma but last at night, look, after my golden vio-lents wetting in my upperstairs splendidly welluminated with such lidlylac curtains wallpapered to match the cat and a fire-please keep looking of priceless pearlogs I just want to see will he or are all Michales like that. I’ll strip straight after devotions before his fondstare — and I mean it too, (thy gape to my gazing I’ll bind and makeleash) and poke stiff under my isonbound with my soiedisante chineknees cheeckchubby chambermate for the night’s foreign males and your name of Shane will come forth between my shamefaced whesen with other lipth I nakest open my thight when just woken by his toccatootletoo my first morn-ing. So now, to thalk thildish, thome, theated with Mag at the oilthan we are doing to thay one little player before doing to deed. An a tiss to the tassie for lu and for tu! Coach me how to tumble, Jaime, and listen, with supreme regards, Juan, in haste, warn me which to ah ah ah ah. . . .

— MEN! Juan responded fullchantedly to her sororal sono-rity, imitating himself capitally with his bubbleblown in his patapet and his chalished drink now well in hand. (A spilt, see, for a split, see see!) Ever gloriously kind! And I truly am

eucherised to yous. Also sacre pire and maitre d’autel. Well, ladies upon gentlermen and toastmaster general, let us, brindising brandisong, woo and win womenlong with health to rich vine-yards, Erin go Dry! Amingst the living waters of, the living in giving waters of. Tight! Loose! A stiff one for Staffetta mullified with creams of hourmony, the coupe that’s chilifor jackless jill and a filiform dhouche on Doris! Esterelles, be not on your weeping what though Shaunathaun is in his fail! To stir up love’s young fizz I tilt with this bridle’s cup champagne, dimming douce from her peepair of hideseeks, tightsqueezed on my snowybrusted and while my pearlies in their sparkling wisdom are nippling her bubblets I swear (and let you swear!) by the bumper round of my poor old snaggletooth’s solidbowel I ne’er will prove I’m untrue to your liking (theare !) so long as my hole looks. Down.

So guUaby, me poor Isley! But I’m not for forgetting me innerman monophone for I’m leaving my darling proxy behind for your consolering, lost Dave the Dancekerl, a squamous run-away and a dear old man pal of mine too. He will arrive inces-santly in the fraction of a crust, who, could he quit doubling and

stop tippling, he would be the unicorn of his kind. He’s the mightiest penumbrella I ever flourished on behond the shadow of a post! Be sure and link him, me O treasauro, as often as you learn provided there’s nothing between you but a plain deal table only don’t encourage him to cry lessontimes over Lepers-town. But .-soft! Can’t be? Do mailstanes mumble? Lumtum lumtum! Now! The froubadour! I fremble! Talk of wolf in a stomach by all that’s verminous! Eccolo me! The return of th’athlate! Who can secede to his success! Isn’t Jaunstown, Ousterrike, the small place after all? I knew I smelt the garlic leek! Why, bless me swits, here he its, darling Dave, like the catoninelives just in time as if he fell out of space, all draped in mufti, coming home to mourn mountains from his old continence and not on one foot either or on two feet aether but on quinquisecular cycles after his French evolution and a blindfold passage by the 4.32 with the pork’s pate in his suicide paw and the gulls laughing lime on his natural skunk,

blushing like Pat’s pig, begob ! He’s not too timtom well ashamed to carry out onaglibtograbakelly in his showman’s sinister the testymonicals he gave his twenty annis orf, showing the three white feathers, as a home cured emigrant in Paddyouare far be-low on our sealevel. Bearer may leave the church, signed, Figura Porca, Lictor Magnaffica. He’s the sneaking likeness of us, faith, me altar’s ego in miniature and every Auxonian aimer’s ace as nasal a Romeo as I am, for ever cracking quips on himself, that merry, the jeenjakes, he’d soon arise mother’s roses mid bedew-ing tears under those wild wet lashes onto anny living girl’s laftercheeks. That’s his little veiniality. And his unpeppeppedi-ment. He has novel ideas I know and he’s a jarry queer fish be-times, I grant you, and cantanberous, the poisoner of his word, but Kce and all and semicoloured stainedglasses, I’m enormously full of that foreigner. I’ll say I am ! Got by the one goat, suckled by the same nanna, one twitch, one nature makes us oldworld kin. We’re as thick and thin now as two tubular jawballs. I hate him about his patent henesy, plasfh it, yet am I amorist. I love him. I love his old Portugal’s nose. There’s the nasturtium for ye now that saved manny a poor sinker from water on the grave. The diasporation of all pirates and quinconcentrum of a fake like Basilius O’Cormacan MacArty? To camiflag he turned his shirt. Isn’t he after borrowing all before him, making friends with everybody red in Rossya, white in Alba and touching every dis-tinguished Ourishman he could ever distinguish before or be-hind from a Yourishman for the customary halp of a crown and peace.^ He is looking aged with his pebbled eyes, and johnnythin too, from livicking on pidgins’ ifs with puffins’ ands, he’s been slanderising himself, but I pass no remark. Hope he hasn’t the cholera. Give him an eyot in the farout. Moseses and Noasies, how are you.^ He’d be as snug as Columbsisle Jonas wrocked in the belly of the whaves, as quotad before. Bravo, senior chief! Famose! Sure there’s nobody else in touch anysides to hold a chef’s cankle to the darling at all for sheer dare with that prison-potstill of Spanish breans on him like the knave of trifles! A jolly-tan fine demented brick and the prince of goodfilips! Dave

knows I have the highest of respect of annyone in my oweand

smooth way for that intellectual debtor (Obbligado!) Mushure David R. Crozier. And we’re the closest of chems. Mark my use of you, cog! Take notice how I yemploy, crib! Be ware as you,

I foil, coppy! It’s a pity he can’t see it for I’m terribly nice about him- Canwyll y Cymry, the marmade’s flamme! A leal of the O’Looniys, a Brazel aboo! The most omportent man! Skervos! Ho, be the holy snakes, someone has shaved his rough diamond skull for him as clean as Nuntius’ piedish! The burnt out mesh and the matting and all! Thunderweather, khyber schinker escapa sansa pagar! He’s the spatton spit, so he is, scaly skin and all, with his blackguarded eye and the goatsbeard in his buttinghole of Shemuel Tulliver, me grandsourd, the old cruxader, when he off with his paudeen! That was to let the crowd of the Flu Flux Fans behind him see me proper. Ah, he’s very thoughtful and sympatrico that way is Brother Intelligentius, when he’s not absintheminded, with his Paris addresse! He is, really. Holdhard till you’ll ear him clicking his bull’s bones! Some toad klakkin! You’re welcome back, Wilkins, to red berries in the frost! And here’s the butter exchange to pfeife and dramn ye with a bawlful of the Moulsaybaysse and yunker doodler wanked to wall awriting off his phoney. I’m tired hairing of you. Hat yourself! Give us your dyed dextremity here, frother, the Claddagh clasp! I met with dapper dandy and he shocked me big the hamd. Where’s your watch keeper.^ You’ve seen all sorts in shapes and sizes, marauding about the moppamound. How’s the cock and the bullfight? And old Auster and Hungrig? And the Beer and Belly and the Boot and Ball? Not forgetting the oils of greas under that turkey in julep and Father Freeshots Feilbogen in his rockery garden with the costard? And did you meet widi Peadhar the Grab at all? And did you call on Tower Geesyhus? Was Mona, my own love, no bigger than she should be, making up to you in her bestbehaved manor when you made your breastlaw and made her, tell me? And did you like the landskip from Lambay? I’m better pleased than ten guidneys! You rejoice me! Faith, I’m proud of you, french davit!

You’ve surpassed yourself! Be introduced to yes! This is me aunt Julia Bride, your honour, dying to have you languish to scandal in her bosky old delltangle. You don’t reckoneyes him? He’s Jackot the Horner who boxed in his corner, jilting no fewer than three female bribes. That’s his penals. Shervoruml You haven’t seen her since she stepped into her drawoffs. Come on, spinister, do your stuff! Don’t be shoy, husbandman vir! Weih, what’s on you, wip? Up the shamewaugh! She has plenty of woom in the smallclothes for the bothsforus, nephews push! Hatch yourself well! Enjomby ourselves thurily! Would you wait biss she buds till you bite on her? Embrace her bashfully by almeans at my frank incensive and tell her in your semiological agglutinative yez, how Idos be asking after her. Let us be holy and evil and let her be peace on the bough. Sure, she fell in line with our tripertight photos as the lyonised mails when we were stablelads together like the corks again brothers, hungry and angry, cavileer grace by roundhered force, or like boyrun to sibster, me and you, shinners true and pinchme, our tertius quiddus, that never talked or listened. Always raving how we had the wrinkles of a snailcharmer and the slits and sniffers of a fellow that fell foul of the county de Loona and the meattrap of the first vegetarian. To be had for the asking. Have a hug! Take her out of poor tuppeny luck before she goes off in pure treple licquidance. I’d

give three shillings a pullet to the canon for the conjugation to shadow you kissing her from me leberally all over as if she was a crucifix. It’s good for her bilabials, you understand. There’s nothing like the mistletouch for finding a queen’s earring false. Chink chink. As the curly bard said after kitchin the womn in his hym to the hum of her garments. You try a little rich to the tissle of his tail. The racist to the racy, rossy. The soil is for the self alone. Be ownkind. Be kithkinish. Be bloodysibby. Be irish. Be inish. Be offalia. Be hamlet. Be the property plot. Be Yorick and Lankystare. Be cool. Be mackinamucks of yourselves. Be finish. No martyr where the preature is there’s no plagues like rome. It gives up the gripes. Watch the swansway. Take your tiger over it. The leady on the lake and the convict of the forest.

465 iG

Why, they might be Babau and Momie! Yipyip! To pan! To pan! To tinpinnypan. All folly me yap to Curlew! Give us a pin for her and we’ll call it a tossup. Can you reverse positions? Lets have a fuchu all round, courting cousins! Quuck, the duck of a woman for quack, the drake of a man, her little live apples for Leas and love potients for Leos, the next beast king. Put me down for all ringside seats. I can feel you being corrupted. Recoil. I can see you sprouting scruples. Get back. And as he’s boiling with water I’ll light your pyre. Turn about, skeezy Sammy, out of metaphor, till we feel are you still tropeful of popetry. Told you so. If you doubt of his love of darearing his feelings you’ll very much hurt for mishmash mastufractured on europe you can read off the tail of his. Rip ripper rippest and jac jac jac. Dwell on that, my hero and lander! That’s the side that appeals to em, the wring wrong way to wright woman. Shuck her! Let him! What he’s good for. Shuck her more! Let him again! All she wants! Could you wheedle a staveling encore out of your imitationer’s jubalharp, hey, Mr Jinglejoys.^ Congregational singing. Rota rota ran the pagoda con dio in capo ed il diavolo in coda. Many a diva devoucha saw her Dauber Dan at the priesty pagoda Rota ran. Uck! He’s so sedulous to singe always if prumpted, the mirthprovoker ! Grunt unto us, I pray, your foreboden article in our own deas dockandoilish introducing the death of Nelson with coloraturas ! Coraio, fra! And I’ll string second to harmanize. My loaf and pottage neaheaheahear Rochelle. With your dumpsey diddely dumpsey die, fiddeley fa. Diavoloh! Or come on, schoolcolours, and we’ll scrap, rug and mat and then be as chummy as two bashed spuds- Bitrial bay holmgang or betrayal buy jury. Attaboy! Fee gate has Heenan hoity, mind uncle Hare.^ What, sir.^ Poss, myster? Acheve! Thou, thou! What say ye? Taurus periculosusy morbus pedeiculosus. Miserere mei in miseribilibus! There’s uval lavguage for you ! The tower is precluded, the mob’s in her petticoats; Mr R. E. Meehan is in misery with his billyboots. Begob, there’s not so much green in his Ireland’s eye ! Sweet fellow ovocal, he stones out of stune. But he could be near a colonel with a voice like that. The

466

bark is still there but the molars are gone. The misery billyboots I used to lend him before we split and, be the hole in the year, they were laking like heaven’s reflexes. But I told him make your will be done and go to a general and I’d pray confessions for him. Areesh! Areesh! And I’ll be your intrepider. Ambras!

Rufile her! Bussing was before the blood and hissing will behind the curtain. Triss! Did you note -that worrid expressionism on his megalogue.^ A full octavium below me! And did you hear his browrings rattlemaking when he was preaching to himself.^ And, whoa! do you twig the schamlooking leaf greeping ghastly down his blousyfrock.^ Our national umbloom! Areesh! He won't. He's shoy. Those worthies, my old faher's onkel that was garotted, Caius Cocoa Codinhand, that I lost in a crowd, used to chop that tongue of his, japlatin, with my yuonkle's owlseller, Woowoolfe Woodenbeard, that went stomebathred, in the Tower of Balbus, as brisk, man, as I'd scoff up muttan chepps and lobscouse. But it's all deafman's duff to me, begob. Sam knows miles bettern me how to work the miracle. And I see by his diarrhio he's dropping the stammer out of his silenced bladder since I bonded him off more as a friend and as a brother to try and grow a muff and canonise his dead feet down on the river airy by thinking himself into the fourth dimension and place the ocean between his and ours, the churchyard in the cloister of the depths, after he was capped out of beurlads scoel for the sin against the past participle and earned the factitation of codding chaplan and being as homely gauche as swift B.A.A. Who gets twickly fullgets twice as alle-manden huskers. But the whacker his word the weaker our ears for auracles who paries parses orileys. Illstarred punster, lipster-ing cowknucks. 'Twas the quadra sent him and Trinity too. And he can cantab as chipper as any oxon ever I mood with, a tiptoe singer! He'll prisckly soon hand tune your Erin's ear for you. p.p. a mimograph at a time, numan bitter, with his ancomartins to read the road roman with false steps ad Pernicious from rhearsilvar ormolus to torquinions superbers while I'm far away from wherever thou art serving my tallyhos and tullying

my hostilious by going in by the most holy Tecita.ta.n6as ffff iot my varsatile examinations in the ologies, to be a coach on the Fukien mission. P? F.^ How used you leam me, brather soboostius, in my augustan days.^ With cesarella looking on. In the beginning was the gest he jousstly says, for the end is with woman, flesh-without-word, while the man to be is in a worse case after than before since she on the supine satisfies the verg to him I Toughtough, tootoological. Thou the first person shingeller. Art, an imperfect subjunctive. Paltry, flappent, had serious. Miss Smith onamatterpoetic. Hammis-andivis axes colies waxes warmas like sodullas. So pick your stops with fondnes snow. And mind you twine the twos noods of your nicenames. And pull up your furbelovs as far-above as you're farthingales. That'll hint him how to click the trigger. Show you shall and won't he will! His hearing is in-doubting just as my seeing is onbelieving. So dactylise him up to blankpoint and let him blink for himself where you speak the best ticklish. You'll feel what I mean. Fond namer, let me never see thee blame a kiss for shame a knee !

Echo, read ending! Siparioramoci ! But from the stress of their sunder enlivening, ay clasp, deciduously, a nikrokosmikon must come to mike.

— Well, my positively last at any stage ! I hate to look at alarms but, however they put on my watchcraft,must now close as I hereby hear by ear from by seeless socks 'tis time to be up and ambling, Mymiddle toe's mitching, so mizzle I must else 'twill

sarve me out. Gulp a bulper at parting and the moore the melodesti Farewell but whenever, as Tisdall told Toole. Tempos fidgets. Let flee me fiacckles, says the grand old mano-ark, stormcrested crowcock zmd undulant hair, hoodies tway! Yes, faith, I am as mew let freer, beneath me corthage, bound. I’m as bored now bawling beersgrace at sorepaws there as Andrew Clays was sharing sawdust with Daniel’s old collie. This shack’s not big enough for me now. I’m dreaming of ye, azores. And, re-member this, a chorines, there’s the witch on the heath, sistra! ’Bansheeba peeling hourihaared while her Orcotron is hoaring

ho. And whinn muinnuit Bittsbit twinn her ttittshe cries tallmidy! Daughters of the heavens, be lucks in turnabouts to the wandering sons of red loam! The earth’s atrot! The sun’s a scream! The air’s a jig. The water’s great! Seven oldy oldy hills and the one blue beamer. I’m going. I know I am. I could bet I am. Somewhere I must get far away from Banba-shore, wherever I am. No saddle, no staffet, but spur on the moment! So I think I’ll take freeboots’ advise. Psk! I’ll borrow a path to lend me wings, quickquack, and from Jehusalem’s wall, clickclack, me courser’s clear, to Cheerup street I’ll travel the void world over. It’s Winland for moyne, bickbuck! Jee-jakers! I hurt meself netdy that time! Come, my good frog-marchers! We felt the fall but we’ll front the defile. Was not my olty mutther, Sereth Maritza, a Runningwater.^ And the bould one that quickened her the seaborne Fingale.^ I feel like that hill of a whaler went yulding round Groenmund’s Circus with his tree full of seaweeds and Dinky Doll asleep in her shell. Hazelridge has seen me. Jeme valing is. Squall aboard for Kew, hop! Farewell awhile to her and thee! The brine’s my bride to be. Lead on. Macadam, and danked be he who first sights Halt Linduff! Solo, solone, solong! Lood Erynnana, ware thee wail! With me singame soarem o’erem! Here’s me take off. Now’s nunc or nimmer, siskinder! Here goes the enemy! Bennydick hotfoots onimpudent stayers! Sorry! I bless alls to the whished with this panromain apological which Watllwewhistlem sang to the kerrycoys. Break ranks! After wage-of-battle bother I am thinking most. Fik yew! I’m through. Won. Toe. Adry. You watch my smoke.

After poor Jaun the Boast’s last fireless words of postludium of his soapbox speech ending in’sheaven, twentyaid add one with a flirt of wings were pouring to his bysistance (could they snip that curl of curls to lay with their gloves and keep the kids bright!) prepared to cheer him should he leap or to curse him should he fall, but, with their biga triga rheda rodeo, the cherubs in the charabang, set down here and sedan chair, don’t you wish you’d a yoke or a bit in your mouth, repulsing all attempts

at first hands on, as no es nada, our greatly misunderstood one we perceived to give himself some sort of a hermetic prod or kick to sit up and take notice, W'hich acted like magic, while the phalanx of daughters of February Filldyke, embushed and climbing, ramblers and weeps, voiced approval in their customary manner by dropping kneedeep in tears over their concelebrated meednight sunflower, piopadey boy, their solase in dorckaness,

and splattering together joyously the plaps of their tappyhands as, with a cry of genuine distress, so prettly prattly pollylogue, they viewed him, the just one, their darling, away.

A dream of favours, a favourable dream. They know how they believe that they believe that they know. Wherefore they wail.

Ehjourd'weh! Ohjourd'woe! dosiriously it psalmodied. Guesturn's lothlied answring to-maronite's wail.

Oasis, cedarous esaltarshoming Leafboughnoon!

Oisis, coolpressus onmountof Sighing !

Oasis, palmost esaltarshoming Gladdays !

Oisis, phantastichal roseway anjerichol !

Oasis, newleavos spaciosing encampness!

Oisis, plantainous dewstuckacqmirage play tennis!

Pipetto, Pipetta has misery unnoticed!

But the strangest thing happened. Backscuttling for the hop oflF with the odds altogether in favour of his tumbling into the river, Jaun just then I saw to collect from the gentlest weaner among the weiners, (who by this were in half droopleaflong mourning for the passing of the last post) the familiar yellow label into which he let fall a drop, smothered a curse, choked a guffaw, spat expectoratiously and blew his own trumpet. And next thing was he gummalicked the stickyback side and stamped the oval badge of belief to his agnelows brow with a genuine dash of irrepressible piety that readily turned his ladylike t3q)manzelles capsy curvy (the holy scamp !), with half a glance of Irish frisky (a Juan Jaimesan hastaluego) from under the shag of his parallel brows. It was then he made as if be but waved instead a handacross the sea as notice to quit while the pacifettes made their armpacts widdershins (Frida! Freda!

Paza! Paisy! Irine! Areinette! Bridomay! Bentamai! Sososopky! Bebebekka! Bababadkessy! Ghugugoothoyou ! Dama! Damadomina! Takiya! Tokaya! Scioccara! Siuccherillina! Peocchia! Peucchia! Ho Mi Hoping! Ha Me Happinice! Mirra! Myrha! Solyma! Salemita! Sainta! Sianta! O Peace!), but in self-righting the balance of his corporeity to reexchange widerembrace with the pillarbosom of the Dizzier he loved prettier, between estellos and venoussas, bad luck to the lie but when next to nobody expected, their star and gartergazer at the summit of his climax, he toppled a lipple on to the off and, making a brand-new start for himself to run down his easting, by blessing hes sthers with the sign of the southern cross, his bungaloid borsaline with the hedgygreen bound blew off in a loveblast (award for trover!) and Jawjon Redhead, bucketing after, meccamaniac, (the headless shall have legs !), kingscouriered round with an easy rush and ready relays by the bridge a stadion beyond Ladycastle (and what herm but he narrowly missed fouling her buttress for her but for he acqueducked) and then, cocking a snook at the stock of his sermons, so meat and yet so fahr from that region's general, away with him at the double, the hulk of a garron,

pelting after the road, on Shanks’s mare, let off like a wind hound loose (the bouchal! you’d think it was that moment they gave him the jambos!) with a posse of tossing hankerwaves to his windward like seraph’s summonses on the air and a tempest of good things in packetshape teeming from all accounts into the funnel of his fanmail shrimpnet, along the highroad of the nation. Traitor’s Track, following which fond floral fray he was quickly lost to sight through the statuemen though without a doubt he was all the more on that same head to memory dear while Sickerson, that borne of bjoeme, la garde auxUiaire she murmured, hellyg Ursulinka, full of woe (and how fitlier should goodboy’s hand be shook than by the waimin of her besom that wrung his swaddles?): Where maggot Harv^ kneeled till bags? Ate Andrew coos hogdam farvell

Wethen, now, may the good people speed you, rural Haun, export stout fellow that you are, the crooner bom with sweet

wail of evoker, healing music, ay, and heart in hand of Sham-rogueshire! The googoos of the suckabolly in the rockabeddy are become the copiosity of wiseableness of the friarylayman in the pulpitbarrel. May your bawny hair grow rarer and fairer, our own only wideheaded boy! Rest your voice! Feed your mind! Mint your peas! Coax your qyous! Come to disdoon blarmey and walk our groves so charming and see again the sweet rockelose where first you hymned O Ciesa Mea! and touch the light the-orbo! Songster, angler, choreographer! Piper to prisoned! Musi-cianship made Embrassador-at-Large! Good by nature and natural by design, had you but been spared to us, Hauneen lad, but sure where’s the use my talking quicker when I know you’ll hear me all astray? My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My grief, my ruin ! Our Joss-el-J ovan ! Our Chris-na-Murty ! ’Tis well you’ll be looked after from last" to first as yon beam of light we follow receding on your photophoric pilgrimage to your anti-podes in the past, you who so often consigned your distributory tidings of great joy into our nevertoolatetolove box, mansuetudi-nous manipulator, victimisedly victorihoarse, dearest Haun of all, you of the boots, true as adie, stepwalker, pennyatimer, lampaddyfair, postanulengro, our rommanychiel! Thy now pal-ing light lucerne we ne’er may see again. But could it speak how nicely would it splutter to the four cantons praises be to thee, our pattern sent! For you had — may I, in our, your and their names, d«ire to say it? — the nucleus of a glow of a zeal of soul of service such as rarely, if ever, have I met with single men. Numerous are those who, nay, there are a dozen of folks still unclaimed by the death angel in this country of ours today, humble indivisibles in this grand continuum, overlorded by fate and interlarded with accidence, who, while there are hours and days, will fervently pray to the spirit above that they may never depart this earth of theirs till in his long run from that place where the day begins, ere he retoumeys postexilic, on that day that belongs to joyful Ireland, the people that is of all time, the old old oldest, the young young youngest, after decades of

longsufFering and decennia of brief glory, to mind us of what

was when and to matter us of the withering of our ways, their Janyouare Fibyouare wins true from Sylvester (only Walker himself is like Waltzer, whimsicalissimo they go murmurand) comes marching ahome on the summer crust of the flagway. Life, it is true, will be a blank without you because avicuum’s not there at all, to nomore cares from nomad knows, ere Molochy wars bring the devil era, a slip of the time between a date and a ghostmark, rived by darby’s chilldays embers, spatched fun Juhn that dandyforth, from the night we are and feel and fade with to the yesterselves we tread to turnupon.

But, boy, you did your strong nine furlong mile in slick and slapstick record time and a farfetched deed it was in troth, champion docile, with your high bouncing gait of going and your feat of passage will be contested with you and through you, for centuries to come. The phaynix rose a sun before Erebia sank his smother! Shoot up on that, bright Bennu bird! Va faotref Eftsoon so too will our own sphoenix spark spirt his spyre and sunward stride the rampante flambe. Ay, already the sombrer opacities of the gloom are sphanished! Brave footsore Haun! Work your progress! Hold to! Now! Win out, ye divil ye! The silent cock shall crow at last- The west shall shake the east awake. Walk while ye have the night for morn, lightbreakfast-bringer, morroweth whereon every past shall full fost sleep. Amain.

473

Lowly, longly, a wail went forth. Pure Yawn lay low. On the mead of the hillock lay, heartsoul dormant mid shadowed land-shape, brief wallet to his side, and arm loose, by his staff of citron briar, tradition stick-pass-on. His dream monologue was over, of cause, but his drama parapolylogic had yet to be, affact. Most distressfully (but, my dear, how successfully!) to wail he did, his locks of a lucan tinge, quickrich, ripely rippling, unfilleted, those lashbetasselled lids on the verge of closing time, whiles ouze of his sidewiseopen mouth the breath of him, evenso languishing as the princeliest treble treacle or lichee chewchow purse could buy. Yawn in a semiswoon lay awailing and (hooh!) what helpings of honeyful swoothead (phew!), which ear-piercing dulcitude! As were you suppose to go and push with your bluntblank pin in hand upinto his fleshasplush cushionettes of some chubby boybold love of an angel. Hwoah!

When, as the buzzer brings the light brigade, keeping the home fires burning, so on the churring call themselves came at him, from the westborders of the eastmidlands, three kings of three suits and a crowner, from all their cardinal parts, along the amber way where Brosna’s furzy. To lift them they did, senators four, by the first quaint skreek of the gloaming and they hopped it up the mountainy molehill, traversing climes of old times gone by of the days not worth remembering; inventing some excusethems, any sort, having a sevenply

474

sweat of night blues moist upon them. Feefee! phopho!! foorchtha ! ! ! aggala ! ! ! ! jeeshee ! ! ! ! ! paloola !!!!!!

ooridiminy !!!!!!!
Afeared themselves were to wonder at the class of a crossroads puzzler he would likely be, length by breadth nonplussing his thickness, ells upon ells of him, making so many square yards of him, one half of him in Conn’s half but the whole of him nevertheless in Owenmore’s five quarters. There would he lay till they would him descry, spancelled down upon a blossomy bed, at one foule stretch, amongst the daffydowndillies, the flowers of narcosis fourfettering his footlights, a halohedge of wild spuds hovering over him, epicures waltzing with gardenfillers, puritan shoots advancing to Aran chiefs. Phopho!! The meteor pulp of him, the seamless rainbowpeel. Aggala!!!! His bell3rvoid of nebulose with his neverstop navel. Paloola!!!!!! And his veins shooting melanite phosphor, his cream tocustard cometshair and his asteroid knuckles, ribs and members. Ooridiminy!!!!!!! His electrolatiginous twisted entrails belt.

Those four daymen clomb together to hold their sworn star-chamber quiry on him. For he was ever their quarrel, the way they would see themselves, everybug his bodiment atop of annywom her notion, and the meet of their noght was worth two of his morning. Up to the esker ridge it was, Mallinger parish, to a mead that was not far, the son’s rest. First klettered Shanator Gregory, seeking spoor through the deep timefield, Shanator Lyons, trailing the wavy line of his partition footsteps (something in his blisters was telling him all along how he had been in that place one time), then his Recordership, Dr Shunadure Tarpey, caperchasing after honourable sleep, hot on to the aniseed and, up out of his prompt corner, old Shunny MacShunny, MacDougal the hiker, in the rere of them on the run, to make a quorum. Roping their ass he was, their skygrey globetrotter, by way of an afterthought and by no means legless either for such sprouts on him they were that much oneven it was tumbling he was by four lengths, within the bawl of a mascot, kuss yuss, kuss cley, patsy watsy, like the kapr in the kabisses, the big ass, to hear with his unaided ears the htirp in the air, the bugle

dianablowing, wild as> wild, the mockingbird whose word is misfortune, so ’tis said, the bulbul down the wind.

The proto was traipsing through the tangle then, Mathew Walker, godsons’ goddestfar, deputising for gossipocracy, and his station was a few perch to the weatherside of the knoll Asnoch and it was from no other place unless there, how and ever, that he proxtended aloof upon the ether Mesmer’s Manuum, the hand making silence. The buckos beyond on the lea, then stopped wheresoever they found their standings and that way they set ward about him, doing obedience, nod, bend, bow and curtsey, like the watchers of Prospect, upholding their broad-awake prober’s hats on their firrum heads, the travelling court on its findings circuiting that personer in his fallen. And a crack quat-youare of stenoggers they made of themselves, solons and psychomorers, all told, with their hurts and daimons, spites and clops, not even to the seclusion of their beast by them that was the odd trick of the pack, trump and no friend of carrots. And, what do you think, who should be laying there above all other persons forenenst them only Yawn! All of asprawl he was laying too amengst the poppies and, I can tell you something more than that, drear writer, profoundly as you may bedeave to it, he was oscasleep asleep. And it was far more similar to a satrap he lay there

with unctuous beauty all surrounded, the poser, or for whatall I know like Lord Lumen, coaching his preferred constellations in faith and doctrine, for old Matt Gregory, ’tis he had the starmenagerie, Marcus Lyons and Lucas Metcalfe Tarpey and the mack that never forgave the ass that lurked behind him, Jonny na Hossaleen.

More than their good share of their five senses ensorcelled you would say themselves were, fuming censor, the way they could not rightly tell their heels from their stools as they cooched down a mamalujo by his cubical crib, as question time drew nighing and the map of the souls* groupography rose in relief within their quarterings, to play tops or kites or hoops or marbles, curchycurchy, gawking on him, for the issuance of his pnum and softnoising one of them to another one, the boguaqueesthers.

476

And it is what they began to say to him tetrahedrally then, the masters, what way was he.

— He’s giving, the wee bairn. Yun has lived.

— Yerra, why dat, my leader.^

— Wisha, is he boosed or what, alannah.^

— Or his wind’s from the wrong cut, says Ned of the Hill.

— Lesten!

— Why so and speak up, do you hear me, you sir.^

— Or he’s rehearsing somewan’s funeral.

— Whisht outathat! Hubba’s up!

And as they were spreading abroad on their octopuds their drifter nets, the chromous gleamy seiners’ nets and,no lie, there was word of assonance being softspoken among those quartermasters.

— Get busy, kid!

— Chirpy, come now!

— The present hospices is a good time.

— I’ll take on that chap.

For it was in the back of their mind’s ear, temptive lissomer, how they would be spreading in quadriliberal their azurespotted fine attractable nets, their nansen nets, from Matt Senior to the thurrible mystagogue after him and from thence to the neighbour and that way to the puisny donkeyman and his crucifer’s cauda. And in their minds years backslibris, so it was, slipping beauty, how they would be meshing that way, when he rose to it, with the planckton at play about him, the quivers of scaly silver and their clutches of chromes of the highly lucid spanishing gold whilst, as hour gave way to mazing hour, with Yawn himself keeping time with his thripthongue, to ope his blurbeous lips he would, a let out classy, the way myrrh of the moor and molten moonmist would be melding mellifond indo his mouth.

— Y?

— Before You!

— Eckol How sweet thee answer makes! Afterwheres.^ In the land of lions’ odor.^

— Friends! First if yu don’t mind. Name yur historical grouns.

— This same prehistoric barrow ’tis, the orangery.

— I see. Very good now. It is in your orangery, I take it, you have your letters. Can you hear here me, you sir.^

— Throsends. For my darling. Typette!

— So long aforetime? Can you hear better?

— Millions. For godsends. For my darling dearling one.

— Now, to come nearer zone; I would like to raise my deuterous point audibly touching this. There is this maggers.

I am told by our interpreter. Manner Esellus, that there are fully six hundred and six ragwords in your malherbal Magis lande-guage in which wald wand rimes alpman and there is resin in all roots for monarch but yav hace not one pronouncable teerm that blows in all the valiums of tartallaght to signify majestate, even provisionally, nor no rheda rhoda or torpentine path or hallucinian via nor aurellian gape nor sunkin rut nor grossgrown trek nor crimeslaved cruxway and no moorhens cry or mooner’s plankgang there to lead us to hopenhaven. Is such the unde derivatur casematter messio! Frankly. Magis megis enerretur mynus hoc intelligow.

— How? C’est mal prononsable, tartagliano, perfrances. Vous n’arvez pas d’o dans votre boche provenciale, mousoo. Je m’incline mais Mqy jay trouvay la dee dang les champs. Hay sham nap poddy velour, come on!

— Hep there! Commong, sa na pa de valure? Whu’s teit dans yur jambs? Whur’s that inclining and talkin about the messiah so cloover? A true’s to your trefiing! Whure yu!

— Trinathan partnick dieudonnay. Have you seen her? T3^ette, my tactile O!

— Are you in your fatherick, lonely one?

— The same. Three persons. Have you seen my darling only one? I am sohohold !

— What are yu shevering about, ultramontane, like a houn? Is there cold on ye, doraphobian? Or do yu want yur primafairy schoolmam?

— The woods of foglootl O mis padredges!

— Whisht awhile, greyleg! The duck is rising and you’ll wake

that stand of plover. I know that place better than anyone. Sure,

I used to be always overthere on the fourth day at my grandmother’s place, Tear-nan-Ogre, my little grey home in the west, in or about Mayo when the long dog gave tongue and they coursing the marches and they straining at the leash. Tortoiseshell for a guineagould! Burb! Burb! Burb! Follow me up Tucurlugh! That’s the place for the claire oysters, Polldoody, County Conway, I never knew how rich I was like another story in the zoedone of the zephyros, strolling and strolling, carrying my dragoman. Meads Marvel, thass withumpronouceable tail, along the shore. Do you know my cousin, Mr Jasper Dougal that keeps the Anchor on the Mountain, the parson’s son, Jasper of the Tuns, Pat Whateveryournameis.^

— Dood and I dood. The wolves of Fochlut! By Whydoyoucallme.^ Do not flingamejig to the twolves!

— Turcafiera amd that’s a good wan right enough! Wooluvs no less!

— One moment now, if I foreshorten the bloss on your bleather. Encroachement spells erosion. Dunlin and turnstone augur us where, how and when best as to burial of carcass, fuselage of dump and committal of noisance. But, since you invocate austers for the trailing of vixens, I would like to send a cormorant around this blue lagoon. Tell me now this. You told my lamed friend rather previously, a moment since, about this mound or barrow. Now I suggest to you that ere there was this plagueburrow, as you seem to call it, there was a burialbattell, the boat of millions of years. Would you bear me out in that, relatively speaking, with her jackstaff jerking at her pennyladders, why not, and sizing a fair sail, knowest thout the kind.^ The Pourquot Pas^ bound for Weissduwasland, that fourmaster barquentine, Webster says, our ship that ne’re returned. The Frenchman, I say, was an orangeboat. He is a boat. You see him. The both how you see is they! Draken af Danemork! Sacked it or ate it.^ What! Hennu! Spake ab laut!

— Couch, cortege, ringbarrow, dungcaim. Beseek the runes and see the longurn! Allmaun away when you hear the ganghorn. And meet Nautsen. Ess Ess, O ess. Warum night! Con-

ning two lay payees. Norsker. Her raven flag was out, the slaver. I trow pon good, Jordan’s scaper, good’s barnet and trustyman. Crouch low, you pigeons three ! Say, call that girl with the tan tress awn! Call Wolfhound! Wolf of the sea. Folchu! Folchu!

— Very good now. That folklore’s straight from the ass his mouth. I will crusade on with the parent ship, weather prophetting, far away from those green hills, a station, Ireton tells me, bonofide for keeltappers, now to come to the midnight middy on this levantine ponenter. From Daneland sailed the oxeyed man, now mark well what I say.

— Magnus Spadebeard, korsets krosser, welsher perfyddye. A destroyer in our port. Signed to me with his baling scoop. Laid bare his breastpaps to give suck, to suckle me. Ecce Hagios Chrisman!

— Oh, Jeyses, fluid! says the poisoned well. Futtfishy the First. Hootchcopper’s enkel at the navel manuvres!

— Hep! Hello there. Bill of old Bailey! Whu’s he? Whu’s this lad, why the pups.^

— Hunkalus Childared Easterheld. It’s his lost chance, Emania. Ware him well.

— Hey! Did you dream you were ating your own tripe, acushla, that you tied yourself up that wrynecky fix.^

— I see now. We move in the beast circuls. Grimbarb and pancetcrucer! You took the words out of my mouth. A child’s dread for a dragon vicefather. Hillcloud encompass us! You mean you lived as milky at their lyceum, couard, while you learned, volp volp, to howl yourself wolfwise. Dyb! Dyb! Do your best.

— I am dob dob dobbling like old Booth’s, courteous. The cubs are after me, it zeebs, the whole totem pack, vuk vuk and vuk vuk to them, for Robinson’s shield.

— Scents and gouspils! The animal jangs again! Find the flngall hcirriers! Here howl me wiseacre’s hat till I die of the milkman’s lupus!

— What? Wolfgang? Whoah! Talk very slowe!

— Hail him heathen^ heal him holystone!

Courser, Recourser, Changechild ?

Eld as endall, earth ?

— A cataleptic mithyphallici Was this Totem Fulcrum Est Ancestor yu hald in Dies Eircte where no spider webbeth or Anno Mundi ere bawds plied in SkifFstrait? Be fair, Chris!

— Dream. Ona nonday I sleep. I dreamt of a somday. Of a wonday I shall wake. Ah! May he have now of here fearfilled me! Sinflowed, O sinflowed! Fia! Fia! Befurcht christ!

— I have your tristich now; it recurs in three times the same differently (there is such a fui fui story which obtains of him): comming nown from the asphalt to the concrete, from the human historic brute, Finnsen Faynean, occeanyclived, to this same vulganized hillsir from yours, Mr Tupling Toun of Morning de Heights, with his lavast flow and his rambling undergroands, would he reoccur Ad Horam, as old Romeo Rogers, in city or county, and your sure ob, or by, with or from an urb, of you know the differenciabus, as brauchbarred in apabhramsa, sierrahl We speak of Gun, the farther. And in the locative. Bap! Bap!

— Ouer Tad, Hellig Babbau, whom certayn orbits assertant

re humeplace of Chivitats Ei, Smithwick, Rhonnda, Kaledon, Salem (Mass), Childers, Argos and Duthless. Well, I am advised he might in a sense be both nevertheless, every at man like myself, su£5x it to say, Abrahamsk and Brookbear! By him it was done bapka, by me it was gone into, to whom it will beblive, Mushame, Mushame! I am afraid you could not heave ahore one of your own old stepstones, barnabamabam, over a stumble-down wall here in Huddlestown to this classic Noctuber night but itandthey woule binge, much as vecious, off the dosshouse back of a racerider in his truetoflesh colours, either handicapped on her flat or barely repeating himself. That is a tiptip tim oldy faher now the man I go in fear of. Tommy Terracotta, and he could be all your and my das, the brodar of the founder of the father of the finder of the pfander of the pfunder of the furst man in Ranelagh, fue! fue! Petries and violet ice (I am yam, as Me and T am Tower used to jagger pemmer it, over at the house of

Eddy’s Christy, meaning Dodgfather, Dodgson and Coo) and spiriduous sanction!

— Breeze softly. Aures are aureas. Hau’s his naun.^

— Me das has or oreils. Piercey, piercey, piercey, piercey!

— White eyelusdous and muddyhorsebroth! Pig Pursyriley! But where do we get off, chiseller.^

— Haltstille, Lucas and Dublinn! Vulval Vulva! Vulva! Vulva!

— Macdougal, Atlantic City, or his onagrass that is, chuam and coughan! I would go near identifying you from your stavrotides, Jong of Maho, and the weslarias round your yokohahat. And that O’mulanchonry plucher you have from the worst curst of Ireland, Glwlwd of the Mghtwg Grwpp, is no use to you either, Johimy my donkeyschott. Number four, fix up your spreadeagle and pull your weight!

— Hooshin horn to our regional’s hin and the gander of Hayden. Would ye ken a young stepschuler of psychical chirography, the name of Keven, or (let outers pray) Evan Vaughan, of his Posthom in the High Street, that was shooing a Guiney gagag, Poulepinter, that found the dogumen number one, I would suggest, an illegible downfumbed by an unelgible?

— If I do know sinted sageness.^ Sometimes he would keep silent for a few minutes as if in prayer and clasp his forehead and during the time he would be thinking to himself and he would not mind anybody who would be talking to him or crying stinking fish. But I no way need ^'^ou, stroke oar nor your quick handles. Your too farfar a cock of the north there, Matty Armagh, and your due south so.

— South I see. You’re up-in-Leal-Ulster and I’m-free-Down-in-Easia, this is much better. He is cured by faith who is sick of fate. The prouts who will invent a writing there ultimately is the poeta, still more learned, who discovered the raiding there originally. That’s the point of eschatology our book of kills reaches for now in soandso many counterpoint words. What can’t be coded can be decorded if an ear aye sieze what no eye ere grieved

for. Now, the doctrine obtains, we have occasioning cause caus-

ing effects and affects occasionally recausing altereffects. Or I will let Tie take it upon myself to suggest to twist the penman’s tale posterwise. The gist is the gist of Shaum but the hand is the hand of Sameas. Shan - Shim - Schung. There is a strong suspicion on counterfeit Kevin and we all remember ye in child-hood’s reverye. ’Tis the bells of scandal that gave tune to grumble over him and someone between me and thee. He would preach to the two turkies and dipdip all the dindians, this master the abbey, and give gold tidings to all that are in the bonze age of anteproresurrectionism to entrust their easter neappearance to Borsaiolini’s house of hatcraft. He is our sent on the firm. Now, have you reasonable hesitancy in your mind about him after fourpriest redmass or are you in your post.^ Tell me andat sans dismay. Leap, pard!

— Fierappel putting years on me! Nwo, nwo! This bolt in hand be my worder! I’ll see you moved farther, blarneying Marcantonio ! What cans such wretch to say to I or how have My to doom with himi* We were wombful of mischief and initium-wise, everliking a liked, hairytop on heeltipper, alpybecca’s un-wachsibles, an ikeson am ikeson, that babe, imprincipially, my leperd brethem, the Puer, ens innocens of but fifteen primes. Ya all in your kalblionized so trilustriously standing the real school, to be upright as his match, healtheous as is egg, saviour so the salt and good wee braod, parallaUng buttyr, did I alter-mobile him to a flare insiding hogsfat. Been ike hins kinder-gardien.^ I know not, O cashla, I am sure offed habitand this undered heaven, meis enfins, contrasting the first mover, that father I ascend fromming knows, as I think, caused whom I, a self the sign, came remaining being dwelling ayr, plage and watford as to I was eltered impostulance possessing my future state falling towards thrice myself resting the childhide when I received the habit following Mezienius connecting Mezosius including was verted embracing a palegrim, circumcised my hairs. Oh laud, and removed my clothes from patristic motives, meas minimas culpadsi Permitting this ick (ickle coon icoocoon) crouched low entering humble down, dead thrue mean scato-

logical past, making so smell partaking myself to confess abiding clean tumbluponing yous octopods, mouthspeech allno finger-force, owning my mansuetude before him attaching Audeon’s prostratingwards mine sore accompanying my thrain tropps offering meye eyesalt, what I (the person whomin I now am) did not do, how he to say essied anding how he was making errand andanding how he all locutey sunt, why did you, my sexth best friend, blabber always you would be so delated to back me, then ersed irredent, toppling Humphrey hugging Nephew, old begge-laut, designing such post sitting his night office? Annexing then, producing Saint Momuluius, you snub around enclosing your moving motion touching the other catachumens continuing say providing append of signature quoniam you will celebrand my dirthdags quoniam, concealed a concealer, I am twosides uppish, a mockbelief insulant, ending none meer hyber irish. Well, chunk your dimned chink, before avtokinatown, forasmuch as many

have tooken in hand to, I may as well humbly correct that vespian now in case of temporalities- I’ve my pockets full comeplay of you laycreated cardonals, ap rince, ap rowler, ap rancer, ap rowdey! Improperial! I saved you fore of the Hekkites and you loosed me hind bland Harry to the burghmote of Aud Dub. I teachet you in fair time, my elders, the W.X.Y.Z. and P.Q.R.S. of legatine powers and you, Ailbey and Ciardeclan, I learn, episcoping me altogether, circumdeditioned me. I brought you from the loups of Lazary and you have remembered my lapsus langways. Washywatchywataywatashy! Oirasesheorebukujibun! Watacooshy lot! Mind of poison is. That time thing think! Honorific remembrance to spit humble makes. My ruridecanal caste is a cut above you peregrines. Aye vouchu to rumanescu. See the leabhour of my generations ! Has not my master, Theophrastius Spheropneumaticus, written that the spirit is from the upper circle? I’m of the ochlocracy with Prestopher Palumbus and Porvus Parrio. Soa koa Kelly Terry per Chelly Derry lepossette. Ho look at my jailbrand Exquovis and sequencias High marked on me fakesimilar in the foreign by Pappagallus and Pumpusmugnus: ahem! Anglicey: Eggs squawfish lean yoe mm feed marecuriotis.

Sagart can self laud nilobstant to Lowman Catlick’s patrician morning coat of arms with my High tripenniferry cresta and caudal mottams: Itch dean: which Gaspey, Otto and Sauer, he renders: echo stay so! Addressing eat or not eat body Yours am. And, Mind, praisegad, is the first praisonal Egoname Yod heard boissboissy in Moy Bog’s domesday. Hastan the vista! Or in alleman: Suck at!

— Suck it yourself, sugarstick! Misha, Yid think whose was asking to luckat your sore toe or to taste your gaspy, hot and sour! Ichthyan! Hegvat tosser! Gags be plebsed! Between his voyous and her consinnantes ! Thugg, Dirke and Hacker with Rose Lankester and Blanche Yorke! Are we speachin d’anglas landadge or are you sprakin sea Djoytsch.^ Oy soy, Bleseyblasey, where to go is knowing remain.^ Become quantity that discourse bothersome when what do.^ Knowing remain.^ Come back, baddy wrily, to Bullydamestough! Cum him, buddy rowly, with me! What about your thruppenny croucher of an old fellow, me boy, through the ages, tell us, eh? What about Brian’s the Vauntandonlieme. Master Monk, eh, eh, Spira in Me Domino, spear me Doyne! Fat prize the bonafide peachumpidgeonlover, eh, eh, eh, esquire earwugs, escusado, of Jenkins’ Area, with his I’ve Ivy under his tangue and the hohallo to his dullaphone, before there was a sound in the world? How big was his boost friend and be shanghaied to him? The swaaber! The twicer, trifoaled in Wanstable! Loud’s curse to him! If you hored him outerly as we harum lubberintly, from morning rice till nightmale, with his drums and bones and hums in drones your innereer’d heerdly heer he. Ho ha hi he hung! Tsing tsing!

— Me no angly mo, me speakee YeUman’s lingas. Nicey Doc Mistel Lu, please! Me no pigey ludiments all same numpa one Topside Tellmastoly fella. Me pigey savvy a singasong anothel time. Pleasie, Mista Lukie Walkie! Josadam cowbelly maam belongame shepullamealahmalong, begolla, Jackinaboss belongashe; plentymuch boohoomeo.

— Hell’s Confucium and the Elements! Tootoo moohootch! Thot’s never the postal cleric, checking chinchin chat with nip-

ponnippers! Halt there sob story to your lambdad’s tale! Are you roman cawthrick 432?

— Quadrigue my yoke.

Triple my tryst.

Tandem my sire.

— History as her is harped. Too the toone your owldfrow lied of. Tantris, hattrick, tryst and parting, by vowelglide! I feel your thrilljoy mouths overtspeaking, O dragoman, hands understudium. Plunger words what paddle verbed. Mere man’s mime: God has jest. The old order changeth and lasts like the first. Every third man has a chink in his conscience and every other woman has a jape in her mind. Now, fix on the little fellow in my eye, Minucius Mandrake, and follow my little psychosinology, poor armer in slingslang. Now I, the lord of Tuttu, am placing that inital T square of burial jade upright to your temple a moment. Do you see anything, templar?

— I see a blackfrinch pliestrycook . . . who is carrying on his brainpan ... a cathedral of lovejelly for his . . . Tiens, how he is like somebodies!

— Pious, a pious person. What sound of tistress isoles my ear? I horizont the same, this serpe with ramshead, and lay it lightly to your lip a little. What do you feel, liplove?

— I feel a fine lady . . . floating on a stillstream of isisglass . . . with gold hair to the bed . . . and white arms to the twinklers ... O la la!

— Purely, in a pure manner. O, sey but swift and still a vain essa3dng! Trothed today, trenned tomorrow. I invert the initial of your tripartite and sign it sternly, and adze to girdle, on your breast. What do you hear, breastplate^

— I ahear of a hopper behidin the door slappin his feet in a pool of bran.

— Bellax, acting like a bellax. And so the triptych vision passes. Out of a hillside into a hillside. Fairshee fading. Again am I deliciated by the picaresqueness of your irmages. Now, the oneir urge iterimpellant, I feel called upon to ask did it ever occur to you, qua you, prior to this, by a stretch of

your iberborealic imagination, when it’s quicker than this quacking that you might, bar accidens, be very largely substituted in potential secession from your next life by a complementary character, voices apart? Upjack! I shudder for your thought! Think! Put from your mind that and take on trust this. The next word depends on your answer.

— I’m thinking to, thogged be thenked! I was just trying to

think when I thought I felt a flea. I might have. I cannot say for it is of no sigmflcance at all. Once or twice when I was in odinburgh with my addlefoes, Jake Jones, the handscabby, when I thinkled I wore trying on my garden substisuit, boy’s apert, at my nexword nighboor’s, and maybe more largely nor you quosh yet you, messmate, realise. A few times, so to shape, I chanced to be stretching, in the shadow as I thought, the liferight out of myself in my ericulous imaginating. I felt feeling a half Scotch cind pottage like roung my middle ageing like Bewley in the baste so that I indicate out to myself and I swear my gots how that I’m not meself at all, no jolly fear, when I realise bimiselves how becomingly I to be going to become.

— O, is that the way with you, you craythur? In the becoming was the weared, wontnat! Hood maketh not frere. The voice is the voice of jokeup, I fear. Are you imitation Roma now or Amor now. You have all our empathies, eh, Mr Trickpat, if you don’t mind, that is, aside from sings and mush, answering to my straight question?

— God save the monk! I won’t mind this is, answering to your strict crossqueets, whereas it would be as unethical for me now to answer as it would have been nonsensical for you then not to have asked. Same no can, home no will, gangin I am. Gangang is Mine and I will return. Out of my name you call me, Leelander. But in my shelter you’ll miss me. When Lapac walks backwords he’s darkest horse in Capalisoot. You knew me once but you won’t know me twice. I am simpliciter arduus, ars of the schoo, Freeday’s child in loving and thieving.

— My child, know this! Some portion of that answer appears to have been token by you from the writings of Saint Synodius,

that first liar. Let us hear, therefore, as you honour and obey the queen, whither the indwellingness of that which shamefieth be entwined of one or atoned of two. Let us hear. Art simplicissime!

— Dearly beloved brethren: Bruno and Nola, leymon bogholders and stationary lifepartners off orangey Saint Nessau Street, were explaining it avicendas all round each other ere yesterweek out of Ibn Sen and Ipanzussch. When himupon Nola Bruno monopolises his egobruno most unwillingly seses by the mortal powers alionola equal and opposite brunoipso, id est, eternally provoking alio opposite equally as provoked as Bruno at being eternally opposed by Nola. Poor omniboose, singalow singelearum: so is he!

— One might hear in their beyond that lionroar in the air again, the zoohoohoom of Felin make Call. Bruin goes to Noble, aver who is.^ If is itsen.^ Or you mean Nolans but Volans, an alibi, do you Mutemalice, suffering unegoistically from the singular but positively enjoying on the plural.^ Dustify of that sole, you breather! Ruemember, blither, thou must lie!

— Oj'^essoyess! I never dramped of prebeing a postman but I mean in ostralian someplace, mults deeply belubdead; my allaboy brother, Negoist Cabler, of this city, whom 'tis better ne’er to name, my said brother, the skipgod, expulled for looking at churches from behind, who is sender of the Hullo Eve Cenograph in prose and worse every Allso’s night. High

Brazil Brandan’s Deferred, midden Erse dare language, Nought-noughtnought nein. Assass. Dublire, per Neuropaths. Punk. Starving today plays punk opening tomorrow two plays punk wire splosh how two plays punk Cabler. Have you forgotten poor Alby Sobrinos, Geoff, you blighter, identifiable by the necessary white patch on his rear.^ How he went to his swilters-land after his lungs, my sad late brother, before his coglionial expancian.^ Won’t you join me in a small halemerry, a bottle of the best, for wellmet Capeler, united Irishmen, what though pre-ferring the stranger, the coughs and the itches and the minnies and the ratties the opulose and bilgenses, for of his was the patriots mistaken. The heart that wast our Graw McGree!

488

Yet be there some who mourn him, concluding him dead, and more there be that wait astand. His fuchs up the staires and the ladgers in his haires, he ought to win that V.V.C. Fullgrapce for an endupper, half muxy on his whole! Would he were even among the lost! From ours bereft beyond be-longs. Oremus poor fratemibus that he may yet escape the gallews and still remain ours faithfully departed. I wronged you. I never want to see more of bad men but I want to learn from any on the airse, like Tass with much thanks, here’s ditto, if he lives sameplace in the antipathies of austrasia or anywhere with my fawngest on his hooshmoney, safe and damned, or has hopped it or who can throw any lime on the sopjack, my fond fosther, E. Obiit Nolan, The Workings, N.S.W., his condition off the Venerable Jerrybuilt, not belonging to these parts, who, I remember ham to me, when we were like bro and sis over our castor and porridge, with his roamin I suppose, expecting for his clarenx negus, a teetotum abstainer. He feels he ought to be as asamed of me as me to be ashunned of him. We were in one class of age like to two clots of egg. I am most beholding to him, my namesick, as we sayed it in our Am-harican, through the Doubly Telewisher. Outpassed hearts wag short pertimes. Womdown shoes upon his feet, to whose re-dress no tongue can tell! In his hands a boot! Spare me, do, a copper or two and happy I’ll hope you’ll be! It will pleased me behind with thanks from before and love to self and all I remain here your truly friend. I am no scholar but I loved that man who has africot lupps with the moonshane in his profile, my shemblable! My freer! I call you my halfbrother because you in your soberer otiumic moments remind me deeply of my natural saywhen brothel in feed, hop and jollity, S. H. Devitt, that benighted irismaimed, who is tearly belaboured by Sydney and Alibany.

— As you sing it it’s a study. That letter selfpenned to one’s other, that neverperfect everplanned.^

— This nonday diary, this allnights newseryreel.

— My dear sir! In this wireless age any owl rooster can peck

489

up bostoons. But whoewaxed he so anquished? Was he vector victored of victim vexed?

— Mighty sure! Way way for his wehicul! A parambolator ram into his bagsmall when he was reading alawd, with two eco-lites and he’s been failing of that kink in his arts over sense.

— Madonagh and Chiel, idealist leading a double life! But who, for the brilliance of brothers,is the Nolan as appearant nominally?

— Mr Nolan is pronuminally Mr Gottgab.

— I get it. By hearing his thing about a person one begins to place him for a certain in true. You reeker, he stands pat for you before a direct object in the feminine, I see. By maiden sname. Now, I am earnestly asking you, and putting it as between this yohou and that houmonymh, will just you search through your gabgut memoirs for all of two minutes for this impersonating pronolan, fairhead on foulshoulders. Would it be in twofold truth an untaken mispatriate, too fullfully true and rereally a doblinganger much about your owm medium with a sandy whiskers? Poke me nabs in the ribs and pick the erstwort out of his mouth.

— Treble Stauter of Holy Baggot Street, formerly Sword-meat, who I surpassed him lately for four and six bringing home the Christmas, as heavy as music, hand to eyes on the peer for Noel’s Arch, in blessed foster’s place is doing the dirty on me with his tantrums and all these godforgiven kilowatts I’d be better off without. She’s write to him she’s levt by me, Jenny Rediviva! Toot! Detter for you, Mr Nobru. Toot toot! Better for you, Mr Anol! This is the way we. Of a redtettetterday morning.

— When your contraman from Tuwarceathay is looking for righting that is not a good sign? Not?

— I speak truly, it’s a shower sign that it’s not.

— What though it be for the sow of his heart? If even she were a good pool Pegeen?

— If she ate your windowsill you wouldn’t say sow.

— Would you be surprised after that my asking have you a bull, a bosbully, with a whistle in his tail to scare other birds?

— I would.

— Were you with Sindy and Sandy attending Goliath, a bull?

— You’d make me sag what you like to. I was intending a funeral. Simply and samply.

— They are too wise of solbing their silbings?

— And both croon to the same theme.

— Tugbag is Baggut’s, when a Crispin sokolist besoops juts kamps or clapperclaws an irvingite offthedocks. A luckchange, I see. Thinking young through the muddleage spread, the moral fat his mental leans on. We can cop that with our straat that is called corkscrewed. It would be the finest boulevard billy for a

mile in every direction, from Lismore to Cape Bi;endan, Patrick’s, if they took the bint out of the mittle of it. You told of a tryst too, two a tutu. I wonder now, without releasing seeklets of the alcove, turturs orraabraabs, have I heard mention of whose name anywhere? Mallowlane or Demaasch? Strike us up either end Have You Erred off Han Hamper or Ehell Teresa Kane.

— MarakJ MarakJ Marcdd

He drapped has draraks an Mansianhase parak

And he had ta barraw tha watarcrass shartclaths off tha ark-hashap of YarakJ

— Braudribnob’s on the hummel?

— And lillypets on the lea.

— A being again in becomings again. From the sallies to the allies through their central power?

— Pirce! Perce! Quick! Queck!

— O Tara’s thrush, the sharepusher! And he said he was only taking the average grass temperature for green Thurdsday, the blutchy ocaliger! Who you know the musselman, his muscle-mum and mistlemam? Maomi, Mamie, My Mo Mum! He loves a drary lane. Feel Phylliscitations to daff Mr Hairwigger who has just hadded twinned litde curls! He was resting betw'een horrockses’ sheets, wailing for white warfare, prooboor welsht-breton, and unbiassed by the embarrassment of disposal but, the first woking day,by Thunder, he stepped into the breach and put on his recriution trousers and riding apron in Baltic Bygrad, the old soggy, was when the bold bhuoys of Iran wouldn’t join up.

— How voice you that, nice Sandy man? Not large goodman is he, Sandy nice. Ask him this one minute upthrow inner lotus of his burly ear womit he dropped his Bass’s to P flat. And for that he was allaughed? And then baited? The whole gammat?

— Loonacied! Marterdyed!! Madwakemiherculossed!!! Ju-dascessed!!!! Pairaskivvymenassed ! ! ! ! ! Luredogged ! ! ! ! ! ! And, needatellye, faulscrescendied !!!!!!!

— Dias domnas! Dolled to dolthood? And Annie Delittle, his daintree diva, in deltic dwilights, singing him henpecked rusish through the bars? My Wolossay’s wild as the Crasnian Sea! Grabashag, groogy, scoop and I’ll cure yei Mother of emeralds, ara poog neighbours 1

— Capilla, Rubrilla and Melcamomilla! Dauby, dauby, with-out dulay! Well, I beg to traverse same above statement by saxy luters in their back haul of Coalcutter what reflects upon my administrants of slow poisoning as my dodear devere revered mainhirr was confined to guardroom, I hindustand, by my pint of his Filthered pikens bottle due to Zenaphiah Holwell, H and J. C. S, Which I was bringing up my quee parapotacarry’s orders in my sedown chair with my mudfacepacket from my cash chemist and family drugger, Surager Dowling, V.S. to our aural surgeon, Afamado Hairductor Achmed Borumborad, M.A.C.A,

Sahib, of a looi Ombrilla Street, Syringa padham, Alleypulley, to see what was my watergood, my mesical wasserguss, for repairs done by boUworm in the rere of pilch knickers, seven yerds to his galandhar pole on perch, together with his for me unfillable slopper, property of my deeply forfear revebereared, who is costing us mostfortunes which I am writing in mepetition to Kavanagh Djanaral, when he was sitting him humpbacked in dry dryfilthy-heat to his trinidads pinslers at their orpentings, entailing a laxative tendency to mary, especially with him being forbidden fruit and certified by his sexular clergy to have as badazmy emotional volvular, with a basketful of priesters crossing the singorgeous to aroint him with tummy moor’s maladies, and thereinafter liable to succumb when served with letters potent below the belch, if my rupee repute riputed husbandship H.R.R.

took a brief one in his shirtsails out of the alleged given mineral, telling me see his in Foraignghistan sambat papers Sunday feac-tures of a welcomed aperrytiff with vallad of Erill Pearcey O he never battered one eagle’s before paying me his duty on my annaversary to the parroteyes list in my nil ensemble, in his lazy-chair but he hidded up my hemifaces in all my mayarannies and he locked plum into my minymouth like Ysamasy morning in the end of time, with the so light’s hope on his ruddycheeks and rawjaws and, my charmer, whom I dipped my hand in, he simply showed me his propendiculous loadpoker, Seaserpents hisses sissastones, which was as then is produced in his mansway by this wisest of the Vikramadityationists, with the remere remind remure remark, in his gulughurutty: Yran for parasites with rum for the turkeycockeys so Lithia, M.D., as this is for Snooker, bort!

— Which was said by whem to whom?

— It wham. But whim I can’t whumember.

— Fantasy! funtasy on fantasy, amnaes fintasies! And there is nihil nuder under the clothing moon. When Ota, weewahrwificle of Torquells, bumpsed her dumpsydiddle down in her woolsark she mode our heuteyleutey girlery of peerlesses to set up in all their bombossities of feudal fiertey, fanned, flounced and frangi-panned, while the massstab whereby Ephialtes has exceeded is the measure, simplex mendaciis, by which our Outis cuts his thruth. Axkaway now!

— Yerds and nudes say ayes and noes! Vide! Vide!

— Let Eivin bemember for Gates of Gold for their fadeless suns berayed her. Irise, Osirises! Be thy mouth given unto thee! For why do you lack a link of luck to poise a pont of perfect, peace? On the vignetto is a ragingoos. The overseer of the house of the oversire of the seas, Nu-Men, triumphant, sayeth: Fly as the hawk, cry as the corncrake, Ani Latch of the postern is thy name; shout!

— My heart, my mother! My heart, my coming forth of darkness! They know not my heart, O coolun dearast! Mon gloomerie ! Mon glamourie ! What a surpraise, dear Mr Preacher,

I to hear from your strawnummical modesty! Yes, there was that skew arch of chrome sweet home, floodlit up above the flabberghosted farmament and bump where the camel got the needle. Talk about iridecencies! Ruby and beryl and chrysolite, jade, sapphire, jasper and lazul.

— Orca Bellona! Heavencry at earthcall, etnat athos.^ Extinct your vulcanology for the lava of Moltens!

— It’s you not me’s in erupting, hecklar!

— Ophiuchus being visible above thorizon, muliercula occluded by Satarn’s serpent ring system, the pisciolinnies Nova Ardonis and Prisca Parthenopea, are a bonnies feature in the northern sky. Ers, Mores and Merkery are surgents below the rim of the Zenith Part while Arctura, Anatolia, Hesper and Mesembria weep in their mansions over Notli, Haste, Soot and Waste.

— Apep and Uachet! Holy snakes, chase me charley, Eva’s got barley under her fluencies! The Ural Mount he’s on the move and he’ll quiwy her with his strombolo! Waddlewurst, the bag of tow, as broad above as he is below! Creeping through the liongrass and bullsrusshius, the obesendean, before the Emfang de Maurya’s class, in Bill Shasser’s Shotshrift writing academy, camouflaged as a blancmange and maple syrop ! Obeisance so their sitinins is the follicity of this Orp! Her sheik to Slave, his dick to Dave and the fat of the land to Guygas. The treadmill pebbledropper haha halfahead overground and she’d only chitschats in her spanking bee bonetry, Allapolloosa ! Up the slanger! Three cheers and a heva heva for the name Dan Magraw!

The giant sun is in his emanence but which is chief of those white dwarfees of which he ever is surabanded.^ And do you think I might have being his seventh ! He will kitssle me on melbaw. What about his age.^ says you. What about it.^ says I. I will confess to his sins and blush me further. I would misdemean to rebuke to the libels of snots from the fleshambles, the canalles. Synamite is too good for them. Two overthirties in shore shorties. She’s askapot at Nile Lodge cind she’s citchincarry at the left Mrs Hamazum’s. Will you warn your old habasund, barking at baggermen, his chokefull chewing his chain.^ Responsif you

plais. The said Sully, a barracker associated with tinkers, the blackhand, Shovellyvans, wreuter of annoyimgmost letters and skirriless ballets in Parsee Franch who is Magrath’s thug and smells cheaply of Power’s spirits, like a deepsea dibbler, and he is not fit enough to throw guts down to a bear. Sylphling me when is a maid nought a maid he would go to anyposs length for her! So long, Sulleyman! If they cut his nose on the stitcher they had their siven good reasons. Here’s to the leglift of my snuff and trout stockangt henkerchoff, orange fin with a mosaic of dispensations and a froren black patata, from my church milliner. When Lynch Brother, Withworkers, Friends and Company with T. C. King and the Warden of Galway is prepared to stretch him sacred by the powers to the starlight, L.B.W. Hemp, hemp, hurray! says the captain in the moonlight. I could put him under my pallyass and slepp on him all nights as I would roll myself for holy poly over his borrowing places. How we will

make laugh over him together, me and my Riley in the Vickar’s bed! Quink! says I. He cawls to me Granny-stream- Aubome when I am hiding under my hair from him and I cool him my Finnyking he’s so joyant a bounder. Plunk! said he. Inasmuch as I am delightful to be able to state, with the joy of lifing in my forty winkers, that a handsome sovereign was freely pledged in their pennis in the sluts maschine, alonging wath a cherry-wickerkishabrack of maryfruit under Shadow La Rose, to both the legintimate lady performers of display unquestionable, Elsebett and Marryetta Gunning, H 2 O, by that noblesse of leechers at his Saxontannery with motto in Wwalshe’s f&enchllatin: O’Neill saw Queen Molly’s pants: and much admired engraving, meaning complet manly parts during alleged recent act of our chief mergey mturgey magistrades, five itches tibove the kneecap, as required by statues. V.I.C.5.6. If you won’t release me stop to please me up the leg of me. Now you see! Respect. S.V.P. Your wife. Amn. Anm. Amm. Ann.

— You wish to take us, Frui Mria, by degrees, as artis litter arum-que patrona but I am afraid, my poor woman of that same name, what with your silvanes and your salvines, you are misled.

— Alas for livings’ pledjures!

— Lordy Daw and Lady Don! Uncle Foozle and Aunty Jack! Sure, that old humbugger was boycotted and girlcutted in debt and doom, on hill and haven, even by the show-the-flag flotilla, as I’m given now to understand, illscribed in all the gratuitouses and conspued in the takeyourhandaways. Bumbty, tumbty, Sot on a Wall, Mute art for the Million. There wasn’t an Archimandrite of Dane’s Island and the townlands nor a minx from the Isle of Woman nor a one of the four cantins nor any on the whole wheel of his ecunemical conciliabulum nor nogent ingen meid on allad the hold scurface of the jorth would come next or nigh him, Mr Eelwhipper, seed and nursery man, or his allgas bumgalowre, Auxilium Meum Solo A Domino (Amsad), for rime or ration, from piles or faces, after that.

— All ears did wag, old Eire wake as Piers Aurell was flapper-gangsted.

— Recount!

— I have it here to my fingall’s ends. This liggy piggy wanted to go to the jampot. And this leggy peggy spelt pea. And theese lucky puckers played at pooping tooletom. Ma’s da. Da’s ma. Madas. Sadam.

— Pater patrimm cum filiahus familiarum. Or, but, now, and, ariring out of her mirgery margery watersheads and, to change that subjunct from the traumaturgid for once in a while and dart-ing back to stuf^if so be you may identify yourself with the him in you, that fluctuous neck merchamtur, bloodfadder and milk-mudder, since then our too many of her, Abha na Life, and getting on to dadaddy again, as them we’re ne’er free of, was he in tea e’er he went on the bier or didn’t he ontime do something seemly heavy in sugar.^ Hef sent out Christy Columb and he came back with a jailbird’s unbespokables in his beak and then he sent out Le Caron Crow and the peacies are still looking for him. The seeker from the swayed, the beesabouties from the parent swarm.

Speak to the right! Rotacist ca canny! He caun ne’er be bothered but maun e’er be waked. If there is a future in every past that is present Quis est qui non novit quinnigan and Qui quae quot at

Quinmgan’s QuakeJ Stump! His producers are they not his consumers? Your exagmination round his factification for incamination of a warping process. Declaim!

— Arra irrara hirrara man, weren’t they arriving in clansdestinies for the Imbandiment of Ad Regias Agni Dapes^ fogabawlers and pcinhibernskers, after the crack and the lean years, scalpj aggers and houthhunters, like the messicals of the great god, a scarlet trainful, the Twoedged Petrard, totalling, leggats and prelaps, in their aggregate ages two and thirty plus undecimmed centries of them with insiders, extraomnes and tuttifrutties allcunct, from Rathgar, Rathanga, Rountown and Rush, from America Avenue and Asia Place and the Affrian Way and Europa Parade and besogar the wallies of Noo Soch Wilds and from Vico, Mespil Rock and Sorrento, for the lure of his weal and the fear of his oppidumic, to his salon de espera in the keel of his kraal, like lodes of ores flocking fast to Mount Maximagnetic, afeerd he was a gunner but affaird to stay away, Merrionites, Dumstdumbdrummers, Luccanicans, Ashtoumers, Batterysby Parkes and Krumlin Boj^rds, Phillipsburgs, Cabraists and Finglossies, Ballymunites, Raheniacs and the bettlers of Clontarf, for to contemplate in manifest and pay their firstrate duties before the both of him, twelve stone a side, with their Thieve le Roui! and their Shvr yr Thrst! and their Uisgye ad Inferos/ and their Usque ad Ebbraios/ at and in the licensed boosiness primises of his delhightful bazar and reunited magazine hall, by the magazine wall, Hosty’s and Co, Exports, for his five hundredth and sixtysixth borthday, the grand old Magennis Mor, Persee and Rahli, taker of the tributes, their Rinseky Poppakork and Piowtor the Grape, holding Dunker’s durbar, boot kings and indiarubber umpires and shawhs from paisley and muftis in muslim and sultana reiseines and jordan almonders and a row of jam sahibs and a odd principeza in her pettedcoat and the queen of knight’s clubs and the claddagh ringleaders and the two salaames and the Haifa Ham and the Hanzas Khan with two fat Maharashers and the German selver geyser and he polished up, protemptible, tintanambulating to himsilf so silfrich, and there was J. B. Dunlop, the

best t3Tent of ourish times, and a swanks of French wine stuarts and Tudor keepsakes and the Cesarevitch for the current counter Leodegarius Sant Legerleger riding lapsaddlelonglegs up the oakses staircase on muleback like Amaxodias Isteroprotos, hindquarters to the fore and kick to the lift, and he handygrabbed on to his trulley natural anthem: Horsibus, keep your tailyup, and as much as the halle of the vacant fhroneroom, Oldloafs Buttery, could safely accomodate of the houses of Orange and Betters M.P, permeated by Druids D.P, Brehons B.P, and Flawhoolags F.P, and Agiapommenites A.P, and Antepummelites P.P, and Ulster Kong and Munster’s Herald with Athclee Ensigning and Athlone Poursuivant and his Imperial Catchering, his fain awan, and his gemmynosed sanctsons in epheud and ordilawn and his diamondskulled granddaucher,

Adamantaya Liubokovskva, all murdering Irish, amok and amak, out of their boom companions in paunchjab and dogril and pammel and gougerotty, tifter plenty of his fresh stout and his good balls of malt, not to forget his oels a'mona nor his beers o'ryely, sopped down by his pani's annagolorum, (at Kennedy's kiln she kned her dough, back of her bake for me, buns!) socializing and communicanting in the deification of his members, for to nobble or salvage their herobit of him, the poohpooher old bolssloose, with his arthurious clayroses, Dodderick Ogonoch Wrack, busted to the wmrld at large, on the table round, wdth the floodlight switched back, as true as the Vernons have Brian's sword, and a dozen and one by one tilly tallows round in ringcampf, circumassembled by his daughters in the foregiftness of his sons, lying high as he lay in all dimensions, in court dress and ludmers chain, wdth a hogo, fluorescent of his swathings, round him, like the cummulium of scents in an kalian warehouse, erica's clustered on his hayir, the spectrem of his prisent mocking the candiedights of his dadtid, bagpuddingpodded to the deafspot, bewept of his chilidrin and serafim, poors and personalities, venturous, drones and dominators, ancients and auldancients, with his buttend up, expositoed for sale after referee's inspection, bulgy and blowrious, bunged to ignorious, healed cured and

embalsemate, pending a rouseruction of his bogey, most highly astounded, as it turned up, after his life overlasting, at thus being reduced to nothing-

— Bappy-go-gully and gaff for us all! And all his morties calisenic, tripping a trepas, neniatwantyng: Mulo Mulelo I Homo Humilo! Dauncy a deady O! Dood dood dood! O Bawsel O Boese! O Muerther! O Mord! Mahmato! Moutmaro! O Smirtsch! O Smertz! Woh Hillill! Woe Hallalll Thou Thuoni! Thou Thaunaton! Umartir! Udamnor! Tschitt! Mergue! Eulumu! Huam Khuam! Malawinga! Malawungal Ser Oh Ser! See ah See! Hamovs! Hemoves! Mamor! Rockquiem etemuel give donal aye in dolmeny ! Bad luck's perpepperpot loosen his eyis ! (Psich !).

— But there's leps of flam in Funnycoon's Wick. The keyn has passed. Lung lift the keying!

— God save you king! Muster of the Hidden Life!

— God serf yous kingly, adipose rex! I had four in the morning and a couple of the lunch and three later on, but your saouls to the dhaoul, do ye. Finnk. Fime. Fudd.^

— Impassable tissue of improbable liyers! D'yu mean to sett there where y'are now, coddlin your supernumerary leg, wi'that bizar tongue in jnir tolkshap, and your hindies and shindies, like a muck in a market, Sorley boy, repeating yurself, and tell me that.^

— I mean to sit here on this altknoll where you are now. Surly guy, replete in myself, as long as I live, in my homespins, like a sleepingtop, with all that's buried ofsins insince insensed insidesofme. If I can't upset this pound of pressed ollaves I can sit up zounds of sounds upon him.

— Oliver! He may be an earthpresence. Was that a groan or did I hear the Dingle bagpipes Wasting war and.^ Watch!

— Tris tris a ni ma meaJ Prisoner of Love! Bleating Hart! Lowlaid Herd! Aubain Hand! Wonted Foot! Usque! Usque! Usque! Lignum in .. .

— Rawth of Gar and Donnerbruck Fire? Is the strays world moving mound or what static babel is this, tell us?

— Whoishe whoishe whoishe whoishe linking in? Whoishe whoishe whoishe?

— The snare drum! Lay yer lug till the groun. The dead giant manalivel They’re playing thimbles and bodkins. Clan of the Gael! Hop! Whu’s within.^

— Dovegall and finshark, they are ring to the rescune !

— Zinzin. Zinzin.

— Crum abu! Cromwell to victory!

— We’ll gore them and gash them and gun them and gloat on them.

— Zinzin.

— O, widows and orphans, it’s the yeomen! Redshanks for ever! Up Lancs!

— The cry of the roedeer it is ! The white hind. Their slots, linklink, the hound hunthorning! Send us and peace! Title! Title!

— Christ in our irish times! Christ on the airs independence! Christ hold the freedman’s chareman! Christ light the dully expressed !

— Slog slagt and sluaghter! Rape the daughter! Choke the pope!

— Aure! Cloudy father! Unsure! Nongood!

— Zinzin.

— Sold! I am sold! Brinabride! My ersther! My sidster! Brinabride, goodbye! Brinabride! I sold!

— Pipette dear! Us! Us! Me! Me!

— Fort! Fort! Bayroyt! March!

— Me! I’m true. True! Isolde. Pipette. My precious!

— Zinzin.

— Brinabride, bet my price! Brinabride!

— My price, my precious?

— Zin.

— Brinabiide, my price! When you sell get my price!

— Zin.

— Pipette! Pipette, my priceless one!

— O! Mother of my tears! Believe for me! Fold thy son!

— Zinzin. Zinzin.

— Now we’re gettin it. Tune in and pick up the forain counties! Hello!

— Zinzin.

— Hello! Tittit! Tell your title?

— Abride!

— Hellohello! Ballymacarettl Am I thru’ Iss? Miss? True?

— Tit! What is the ti . . ?

SILENCE.

Act drop. Stand by! Blinders! Curtain up. Juice, please! Foots!

— Hello! Are you Cigar shank and Wheat?

— I gotye. Gobble Ann’s Carrot Cans.

— Parfey. Now, after that justajiff siesta, just permit me a moment. Challenger’s Deep is childsplay to this but, by our soundings in the swish channels, land is due. A truce to demobbed swarwords. Clear the line, priority call! Sybil! Better that or this? Sybil Head this end! Better that way? Follow the baby spot. Yes. Very good now. We are again in the magnetic field. Do you remember on a particular lukesummer night, following a crying fair day? Moisten your lips for a lightning strike and begin again. Mind the flickers and dimmers! Better?

— Well. The isles is Thymes. The ales is Penzance. Vehement Genral. Delhi expulsed.

— Still calling of somewhave from its specific? Not more? Lesscontinuous. There were fires on every bald hill in holy Ireland that night. Better so?

— You may say they were, son of a cove!

— Were they bonfires? That clear?

— No other name would at all befit them unless that. Bona-fieries! With their blue beards streaming to the heavens.

— Was it a high white night now?

— Whitest night mortal ever saw.

— Was our lord of the heights nigh our lady of the valley?

— He was hosting himself up and flosting himself around and ghosting himself to merry her murmur like an andeanupper balkan.

— Lewd’s carol! Was there rain by any chance, mistandew?

— Plenty. If you wend farranoch.

— There fell some fall of littlewinter snow, holy-as-ivory,

I gather, jesse?

— By snaachtha clocka. The nicest at all. In hilly-and-even zimalayars.

— Did it not blow some gales, westnass or ostscent, rather strongly to less, allin humours out of turn, jusse as they rose and sprungen.^

— Out of all jokes it did. Pipepl Icecold. Brr na brr, ny prr! Lieto galumphantes!

— Sdl cling! Nmr ! Peace, Pacific! Do you happen to recollect whether Muna, that highlucky nackt, was shining at all?

— Sure she was, my midday darling! And not one but a pair of pritty geallachers.

— Quando? Quonda? Go datey!

— Latearly! Latearly! Latearly! Latearly!

— That was latterlig certainly. And was there frostwork about and thick weather and hice, soon calid, soon frozen, cold on ■warm but moistly dry, and a boatshaped blanket of bruma air-sighs and hellstohns and flammballs and vodashouts and every-thing to please everybody?

— Hail many fell of greats! Horey morey smother of fog! There •was, so plays your ahrtides. Absolutely boiled. Obsoletely cowled. Julie and Lulie at their parkiest.

— The amenities, the amenities of the amenities "with all their amenities. And the firmness of the formous of the famous of the famous of the first fog in Maidanvale?

— Catchecatche and couchamed!

— From Miss Somer’s nice dream back to Mad Winthrop’s delugium stramens. One expects that kind of rimey feeling in the sire season?

— One certainly does. Desire, for hire, would tire a shire, phone, phunkel, or ■wire. And mares.

— Of whitecaps any?

— Foartiflakes flockfuyant from Foxrock to Finglas.

— A lambskip for the marines! Paronama! The entire hori-

zon cloth! All effects in their joints caused ways. Raindrum, windmachine, snowbox. But thundersheet.^

— No here. Under the blunkets.

— This common or garden is now in stilller realithy the starey sphere of an oleotorium for broken pottery and ancient vegetables?

— Simply awful the dirt. An evernasty ashtray.

— I see. Now do you know the wellknown kikkinmidden where the illassorted first couple first met with each other? The place where Ealdermann Fanagan? The time when Junkermenn Funagin?

— Deed then I do, W.K.

— In Fingal too they met at Littlepeace aneath the bidetree, Yellowhouse of Snugsborough, Westreeve-Astagob and Sluts-end with Stockins of Winning’s Folly Merryfalls, all of a two, skidoo and skephumble?

— Godamedy, you’re a delville of a tolkarl

— Is it a place fairly exspoused to the four last winds?

— Well, I faithly sincerely believe so indeed if all what I hope to charity is half true.

— This stow on the wolds, is it Woful Dane Bottom?

— It is woful in need whatever about anything or allselse under the grianblachk sun of gan greyne Eireann.

— A tricolour ribbon that spells a caution. The old flag, the cold flag.

— The flagstone. By tombs, deep and heavy. To the unaveiling memory of. Peacer the grave.

— And what sigeth Woodin Wameung thereof?

— Trickspissers vill be pairsecluded.

— There used to be a tree stuck up? An overlisting eshtree?

— There used, sure enough. Beside the Annar. At the ford of Slivenamond. Oakley Ashe’s elm. With a snoodrift from one beerchen bough. And the grawndest crowndest consecrated may-pole in all the reignladen history of Wilds. Browne’s Thesaurus Plantantm from Nolan’s, The Prittlewell Press, has nothing alike it. For we are fed of its forest, clad in its wood, burqued by its

bark and our lecture is its leave. The cran, the cran , the king of all crans . Squiremade and damesman of plantagenets, high and holy.

— Now, no hiding your wren under a bushlel What was it doing there, for instance?

— Standing foreninst us.

— In Summerian sunshine?

— And in Cimmerian shudders.

— You saw it visibly from your hidingplace?

— No. From my invisibly lyingplace.

— And you then took down in stereo what took place being tunc committed?

— I then tuk my takenplace lying down, I thunk I told you. Solve it!

— Remounting aliftle towards the ouragan of spaces. Just how grand in cardinal rounders is this preeminent giant, sir Arber? Your bard’s highview, avis on valley! I would like to hear you burble to us in strict conclave, purpurando, and without too much italiote interfairance, what you know in petto about our sovereign beingstalk, Tonans Tomazeus. O dite!

— Corcor Andy, Udi^ Udite! Your Ominence, Your Immi-
nence and delicted fratemitreesl There’s tuodore queensmaids and Idahore shopgirls and they woody babies growing upon her and bird flamingans sweenyswinging fuglewards on the tipmast and Orania epples playing hopptociel bommptaterre and Ty-
burn fenians snoring in his quickenbole and crossbones strewing its holy floor and culprines of Erasmus Smith’s burstall boys with their underhand leadpencils climbing to her crotch for the origin of spices and charlotte darlings with silk blue askmes chattering in dissent to them, gibbonses and gobbenses, guelfing and ghiberring profening praydews to their anatolies and blight-
ing flndblasts on their catastripes and the killmaimthem pen-
sioners chucking overthrown milestones up to her to fall her cranberries and her pommes annettes for their unnahiral refection and handpainted hoydens plucking husbands of him and cock robins muchmore hatching most out of his missado eggdrazzles for him, the sun and moon pegging honeysuckle and white

heather down and timtits tapping resin there and tomahawks watching tar elsewhere, creatures of the wold approaching him, hollow mid ivy, for to claw and rub, hermits of the desert barking their infernal shins over her triliteral roots and his acorns and pinecorns shooting wide all sides out of him, plantitude outsends of plenty to thousands, after the truants of the utmost-
fear and her downslyder in that snakedst-tu-naughsy whimmering woman’ t seeleib such a fashionaping sathinous dress out of that exquisitive creation and her leaves, my darling dearest, sinsin-
sinning since the night of time and each and all of their branches meeting and shaking twisty hands all over again in their new world through the germination of its gemination from Ond’s

outset till Odd’s end. And encircle him circuly. Evovae!

— Is it so exaltated, eximious, extraoldandairy and excels-
siorising.^

— Amengst menlike trees walking or trees like angels weep-
ing nobirdy aviar soar any wing to eagle it! But rocked of agues,
cliffed for aye!

— Telleth that eke the treeth.^

— Mushe, mushe of a mixness.

— A shrub of libertine, indeed! But that steyne of law indead
what stiles its neming.^

— Tod, tod, too hard parted!

— I’ve got that now. Dr Melamanessy. Finight mens mid-
infinite true. The form masculine. The gender feminine. I see.
Now, are you derevatov of it yourself in any way? The true
tree I mean? Let’s hear what science has to say, pundit-the-
next-best-king. Splanck !

— Upfellbowm.

— It reminds of the weeping of the daughters?

— And remounts to the sense arrest.

— The wittold, the frausch and the dibble! How this loose-
affair brimsts of fussforus! And was this treemanangel on his
soredbohmend because Knockout, the knickknaver, knacked
him in the knechtschaft?

— Well, he was ever himself for the presention of crudities to

animals for he had put his own nickelname on every toad, duck
and herring before the climber clomb aloft, doing the midhill of
the park, flattering his bitter hoolft with her conconundrums.
He would let us have the three barrels. Such was a bitte too thikke
for the Muster of the hoose so as he called down on the Grand
Precursor who coiled him a crawler of the dupest dye and
thundered at him to flatch down off that erection and be aslimed
of himself for the bellance of hissch leif.

— Oh Finlay’s coldpalled!

— Ahday’s begatem!

— Were you there, eh Hehr.^ Were you there when they
lagged um through the coombe?

— Wo wo ! Who who ! Psalmtimes it grauws on me to ramble,
ramble, ramble.

— Woe! Woe! So that was how he became the foerst of our
treefellers.^

— Yesche and, in the absence of any soberiquiet, the fanest

of our truefalluses. Bapsbaps Bomslinger!

— How near do you feel to this capocapo promontory, sir.^

— There do be days of dry coldness between us when he does

be like a lidging house far far astray and there do be nights of wet windwhistling when he does be making me onions woup all kinds of ways.

— Now you are mehrer the murk, Lansdowne Road. She’s threwed her pippin’s thereabouts and they’ve cropped up tooth oneydge with hates to leaven this socried isle. Now, thornybom, follow the spotlight,please! Concerning a boy. Are you acquainted with a pagany, vicariously known as Toucher ‘Thom’ who is. I su gg est Finoglam as his habitat. Consider yourself on the stand now and watch your words, take my advice. Let your motto be: Inter ruthila raimbum,

— Never you mind about my mother or her hopitout. I consider if I did, I would feel frightfully ashamed of admired vice.

— He is a man of around fifty, struck on Anna Lynsha’s Pekoe with milk and whisky, who does messuages and has more dirt on him than an old dog has fleas, kicking stones and knocking

snow off walls. Have you ever heard of this old boy “Thom” or “Thim” of the fishy stare who belongs to Kimmage, a crofting district, and is not all there, and is all the more himself since he is not so, being most of his time down at the Green Man where he steals, pawns, belches and is a curse, drinking gaily two hours after closing time, with the coat on him skinside out against rappari-tions, with his socks outsewed his springsides, clapping his hands in a feeble sort of way and systematically mixing with the public going for groceries, slapping greats and littlegets soimdly with his cattegut belts, flapping baresides and waltzywembling about in his accountrements always in font of the tubbernuckles, like a longarmed lugh, when he would be finished with his tea?

— Is it that fellow? As mad as the brambles he is. Touch him. With the lawyers sticking to his trewsershins and the swatme-notting on the basque of his beret. He has kissed me more than once, I am sorry to say and if I did commit gladrolleries may the loone forgive it! O wait till I tell you!

— We are not going yet.

— And look here! Here’s, my dear, what he done, as snooks as I am saying so !

— Get out, you dirt! A strangely striking part of speech for the hottest worked word of ur sprogue. You’re not! Unhindered and odd times? Mere thumbshow? Lately?

— How do I know? Such my billet. Buy a barrack pass. Ask the horneys. Tell the robbers.

— You are alluding to the picking pockets in Lower O’Connell Street?

— I am illuding to the Pekin packet but I am eluding from Laura Connor’s treat.

— Now, just wash and brush up your memoirias a little bit. So I find, referring to the pater of the present man, an erely demented brick thrower, I am wondering to myself in my mind, qua our arc of the covenant, was Toucher, a methodist, whose name, as others say, is not really ‘Thom*, was this salt son of a century from Boaterstown, Shivering William, the sealiest old forker ever hawked crannock, who is always with him at the Big Elm

and the Arch after his teeth were shaken out of their suckets by the wrang dog, for having 5 pints 73 of none Eryen blood in him abaft the seam level, the scattering, wearing his cowbeamer and false clothes of a brewer’s grains pattern with back buckons with his motto on. Yule Remember, ostensibly for that occasion onl) of the twelfth day Pax and Quantum wedding, I’m wondering.

— I bet you are. Well, he was wandering, you bet, whatever was his matter, in his mind too, give him his due, for I am sorry to have to tell you, hullo and evoe, they were coming down from off him.

— How culious an epiphany!

— Hodie casus esohhrakonton?

— It looked very like it.

— Needer knows necess and neither garments. Man is minded of the Meagher, wat? Wooly.^ Walty.'^

— Ay, another good button gone wrong.

— Blondman’s blaff! Like a skib leaked lintel the arbour leidend with . ,

— Pamelas, peggylees, pollywollies, questuants, quaint-aquilties, quickamerries.

— Concaving now convexly to the semidemihemispheres and, from the female angle, music minnestirring, were the subligate sisters, P. and Q., Clopatrick’s cherierapest, mutatis mutandis, in pretty much the same pickle, the peach of all piedom, the quest of all quicks?

— Peequeen ourselves, the prettiest pickles of unmatchemable mute antes I ever bopeeped at, seesaw shallshee, since the town go went gonning on Pranksome Quaine.

— Silks apeel and sulks alusty?

— Boy and giddle, gape and bore.

— I hear these two goddesses are liable to sue him?

— Well, I hope the two Collinses don’t leg a bail to shoot him.

— Both were white in black arpists at cloever spilling, knickt?

— Gels bach, I, languised, liszted. Etoudies for the right hand.

— Were they now? And were they watching you as watcher as well?

— Where do you get that wash? This representation does not accord with my experience. They were watching the watched watching. Vechers all.

— Good. Hold that watching brief and keep this witching longuer. Now, retouching friend Tomsky, the enemy, did you gather much from what he let drop? We are sitting here for that.

— I was rooshian mad, no lie. About his shapeless hat.

— I suspect you must have been.

— You are making your thunderous mistake. But I was dung sorry for him too.

— O Schaum! Not really? Were you sorry you were mad with him then?

— When I tell you I was rooshiamarodnimad with myself altogether, so I was, for being sorry for him.

— So?

— Absolutely.

— Would you blame him at all stages?

— I believe in many an old stager. But what seemed sooth to a Greek summed nooth to a giantle. Who kills the cat in Cairo coaxes cocks in Gaul.

— I put it to you that this was solely in his sunflower state and that his haliodraping het was why maids all sighed for him, ventured and vied for him. Hm?

— After Putawayo, Kansas, Liburnum and New Aimstir-dames, it wouldn’t surprise me in the very least,

— That tare and this mole, your tear and our smile. ’Tis life that lies if woman’s eyes have been our old undoing. Lid efter lid. Reform in mine size his deformation. TiffpufF up my nostril, would you puff the earthworm outer my ear,

— He could claud boose his eyes to the birth of his garce, he could lump all his lot through the half of her play, but he jest couldn’t laugh through the whole of her farce becorpse he warn’t billed that way. So he outandouts his volimetangere and has a lightning consultation and he downadowns his pantoloogions and made a piece of first perpersonal puetry that staystale re-mains to be. Cleaned.

— Booms of bombs and heavy rethudders?

— This aim to you!

— The tail, so mastrodantic, as you tell it nearly takes your own mummouth’s breath away. Your troppers are so unrelieved because his troopers were in difficulties. Still let stultitiam done in veino condone ineptias made of veritues. How many were married on that top of all strapping mornings, after the midnight turkay drive, my good watcher?

— Puppaps. That’d be telling. With a hoh frohim and heh fraher. But, as regards to Tammy Thornycraft, Idefyne the lawn mare and the laney moweress and all the prentisses of wildes to massage him.

— Now from Gunner Shetland to Guinness Scenography. Come to the ballay at the Tailors’ Hall. We mean to be mellay on the Mailers’ Mall. And leap, rink and make follay till the Gaelers’ Gall. Awake 1 Come, a wake 1 Every old skin in the leather world, infect the whole stock company of the old house of the Leaking Barrel, was thomistically drunk, two by two, lairking o’ tootlers with tombours a’beggars, the blog and turfs and the brandywine bankrompers, trou Normend fashion, I have been told, down to the bank lean dorks? Some nasty blunt clubs were being operated after the tradition of a wellesleyan bottle riot act and a few plates were being shied about and tumblers bearing traces of fresh porter rolling around, independent of that, for the ehren of Fyn’s Insul, and then followed that wapping breakfast at the Heaven and Covenant, with Rodey O’echolowing how his breadcost on the voters would be a comeback for e’er a one, like the depre-dations of Scandalknivery, in and on usedtowobble sloops off cloasts, eh? Would that be a talltale too? This w^s the grandsire Orther. This was his innwhite horse. Sip?

— Well, naturally he was, louties also genderymen. Being Kerssfesstiydt. They came from all lands beyond the wave for songs of Inishfeel. Whiskway and mortem! No pusejrporcious either, invitem kappines all round. But the right reverend priest, Mr Hopsinbond, and the reverent bride eleft. Frizzy Fraufrau, were sober enough. I think they were sober.

— I think you’re widdershins there about the right reverence. Magraw for the Northwhiggern cupteam was wedding beastman, papers before us carry. You saw him hurriedly, or did you if thatseme’s not irrelevant? With Slater’s hammer perhaps? Or he was in serge?

— I horridly did. On the stroke of the dozen. I’m sure I’m wrong but I heard the irreverend Mr Magraw, in search of a stammer, kuckkuck kicking the bedding out of the old sexton, red-Fox Good-man around the sacristy, till they were bullbeadle black and bufeteer blue, while I and Flood and the other men, jazzlike brollies and sesuos, was gickling his missus to gackles in the hall, the divileen, (she’s a lamp in her throth) with her cygncygn leckle and her twelve pound lach.

— A loyal wifish woman cacchinic wheepingcaugh! While she laylylaw was all their rage. But you did establish personal

contact? In epexegesis or on a point of order?

— That perkumiary pond is beyawnd my pinnigay pre-
tensions. I am resting on a pigs of cheesus but I’ve a big
suggestion it was about the pint of porter.

— You are a suckersome! But this all, as airs said to oska,
was only that childbearer might blogas well sidesplit? Where
letties hereditate a dark mien swart hairy?

— Only. ’Twas womans’ too woman with mans’ throw man.

— Bully hurley yet hardly hurley. The saloon bulkhead, did
you say, or the tweendecks?

— Between drinks, I deeply painfully repeat it.

— Was she wearing shubladey’s tiroirs in humour of her
hubbishobbis, Massa’s star stellar?

— Mrs Tan-Taylour? Just a floating panel, secretairslid-
ingdraws, a budge of klees on her schalter, a siderbrass sehdass
on her anulas findring and forty crocelips in her curlingthongues.

— So this was the dope that woolied the cad that kinked the
ruck that noised the rape that tried the sap that hugged the mort?

— That legged in the hoax that joke bilked.

— The jest of junk the jungular?

— Jacked up in a jock the wrapper.

5 "

— Lollgoll! You don’t soye so! All upsydown her whole
creation? So there was nothing serical between you? And Dry-
salter, father of Izod, how was he now?

— To the pink, man, like an allmanox in his shirt and stickup,
brustall to the bear, the Megalomagellan of our winevatswater-
way, squeezing the life out of the liffey.

— Crestofer Carambas! Such is zodisfaction. You punk me!
He came, he kished, he conquered. Vulturuvarnar! The must of
his glancefull coaxing the beam in her eye? That musked bell of
this masked ball! Annabella, Lovabella, Pullabella, yep?

— Yup! Titentung Tollertone in S. Sabina’s. Aye aye, she
was lithe and pleasable. Wilt thou the lee? Wilt thou the hee?
Wilt thou the hussif?

— The quicker the deef the safter the sapstaff, but the main
the mightier the Strieker the strait. To the vast go the game! It
is the circumconversioning of antelithual paganelles by a hugger-
knut cramwell energuman, or the caecodedition of an absque-
litteris puttagonnianne to the herreraism of a cabotinesque ex-
ploser?

— I believe you. Taiptope reelly, O reelly!

— Nautaey, nautaey, we’re nowhere without ye ! In steam of

kavos now arbatos above our hearths doth hum. And Malkos crackles logs of fun while Anglys cheers our ingles. So lent she him ear to burrow his manhood (or so it appierce) and borrow his namas? Suilful eyes and sallowfoul hairweed and the sickly sigh from her gingering mouth like a Dublin bar in the moarning.

— Primus aurijorasti me.

— The park is gracer than the hole, says she, but shekleton’s my fortune?

— Eversought of being artained? You’ve soft a say with ye. Flatter O’Ford, that, honey, I hurdley chew you.

— Is that answers?

— It am queery!

— The house was Toot and Come-Inn by the bridge called Tiltass, but are you solarly salemly sure, beyond the shatter of the canicular year? Nascitur ordo seculi numfit.

— Siriusly and selenely sure behind the shutter. Secufius indicat umbris t»Hurem.

— Date as.^ Your time of immersion.'' We are still in drought of. . . ?

— Amnis Dominae, Marcus of Corrig. A laughin hunter and Purty Sue.

— And crazyheaded Jom, the bul-weh born.^

— Fluteful as his orkan. Ex ugola lenonem.

— And Jambs, of Delphin’s Bourne or (as olders lay) of Tophat.^

— Dawncing the kniejinksky choreopiscopally like an easter sun round the colander, the vice! Taranta boontoday! You should pree him prance the polcat, you whould sniff him wops around, you should hear his piedigrotts schraying as his skimpies skirp a . . .

— Crashedafar Corumbas! A Czardanser indeed! Dervilish glad too. Ortovito semi ricordo. The pantaglionic affection through his blood like a bad influenza in a leap at bounding point.^

— Out of Frisky Poppagenua, the palsied old priamite, home from Edwin Hamilton’s Christmas pantaloonade, Oropos Roxy and Pantharhea at the Gaiety, trippudiating round the aria, with his fiftytwo heirs of age! They may reel at his likes but it’s Noeh Bonum’s shin do.

— And whit what was Lillabil Issabil maideve, maid at.^

— T rists and thranes and trinies and traines.

— A take back to the virgin page, darm it!

— Ay, graunt ye.

— The quobus quartet were there too, if I mistake not, as a sideline but, pace the contempt of senate, well to the fore, in an amenessy meeting, metandmorefussed to decide whereagainwhen to meet themselves, flopsome and jerksome, lubber and deliric, drinking unsteadily through the Kerry quadrilles and Listowel lancers and mastersinging always with that consecutive fifth of the.rs, eh.^* Like four wise elephants inandouting under a twelve-podestalled table?

513

2 K

— They were simple scandalmongers, that familiar, and all! Normand, Desmond, Osmund and Kenneth. Making mejical history all over the show!

— In sum, some hum.^ And other marrage feats?

— All our stakes they were astumbling round the ranky roars assumbling when Big Arthur flugged the field at Annie’s courting.

— Suddenly some wellfired clay was cast out through the schappsteckers of hoy’s house?

— Schottenly there was a hellfire club kicked out through the wasistas of Thereswhere.

— Like Heavystost’s envil catacalami tumbling. Three days three times into the Vulcuum?

— Punch!

— Or Noe et Ecclesiastes, nonne?

— Ninny, there is no hay in Eccles’s hostel.

— Yet an I saw a sign of him, if you could scrape out his acquinntence? Name or redress him and we’ll call it a night!

. 1 . . . . o . . 1 .

— You are sure it was not a shuler’s shakeup or a plighter’s palming or a winker’s wake etcaetera etcaeterorum you were at?

— Precisely.

— Mayhap. Hora pro Nubis, Thundersday, at A Little Bit Of Heaven Howth, the wife of Deimetuus (D’amn), Earl Adam Fitz-adam, of a Tartar (Birtha) or Sackville-Lawry and Morland-West, at the Auspice for the Living, Bonnybrook, by the river and A. Briggs Carlisle, guardian of the birdsmaids and deputil-iser for groom- Pontifical mess. Or (soddenly) Schott, furtivfired by the riots. No flies. Agreest?

— Mayhem. Also loans through the post. With or without security. Everywhere. Any amount. Mofsovitz, swampstakers,

purely providential.

— Flood’s. The pinkraan, the squeeze, the pint with the kick. Gaa. And then the punch to Gaelicise it. Fox. The lady with the lamp. The boy in tlie barleybag. The old man on his ars. Great Scrapp ! ’Tis we and you and ye and me and hymns and hurts and heels and shields. The eirest race, the ourest nation, the airest place

that erestationed. He was culping for penance while you were ringing his belle. Did the kickee, goodman rued fox, say anything important.^ Clam or cram, spick or spat.^

— No more than Richman’s periwhelker.

— Nnn ttt wrd.^

— Dmn ttt thg.

— A gael galled by scheme of scorn? Nock?

— Sangnifying nothing. Mock!

— Fortitudo eins rhodammum tenuit?

— Five maim 1 Or something very similar.

— I should like to euphonise that. It sounds an isochronism. Secret speech Hazelton and obviously disemvowelled. But it is good laylaw too. We may take those wellmeant kicks for free granted, though ultra vires, void and, in fact, unnecessarily so. Happily you were not quite so successful in the process verbal whereby you would sublimate your blepharospasmockical sup-pressions, it seems?

— What was that? First I heard about it.

— Were you or were you not? Ask yourself the answer, Fm not giving you a short question. Now, not to mix up, cast your eyes around Capel Court. I want you, witness of this epic struggle, as yours so mine, to reconstruct for us, as briefly as you can, in-exactly the same as a mind’s eye view, how these funeral games, which have been poring over us through homer’s kerryer pid-geons, massacreedoed as the holiname rally round took place.

— Which? Sure I told you that afoul. I was drunk all lost life.

— Well, tell it to me befair, the whole plan of campaign, in that bamboozelem mincethrill voice of yours. Let’s have it, Christie! The Dublin own, the thrice familiar.

— Ah, sure, I eyewitless foggus. ’Tis all around me bebatters-bid hat.

— Ah, go on now, Masta Bones, a gig for a gag, with your impendements and your perroqtriques ! Blank memory of hatless darky in blued suit. You were ever the gentle poet, dove from Haywarden. Pitcher cup, patcher cap, pratey man? Be nice about it. Bones Minor! Look chairful! Come, delicacy! Go to the end,

thou slackerd ! Once upon a grass and a hopping high grass it was.

— Faith, then, Meesta Cheery man, first he come up, a gag as a gig, badgeler’s rake to the town’s major from the wesz, MacSmashall Swingy of the Cattelaxes, got up regardless, with a cock on the Kildare side of his Tattersull, in his riddlesneek’s ragamufHers and the horrid contrivance as seen above, whisklyng into a bone tolerably delicately, the Wearing of the Blue, and taking off his plushkwadded bugsby in his perusual flea and loisy manner, saying good mrowkas to weevilybolly and dragging his feet in the usual course and was ever so terribly naas, really, telling him clean his nagles and fex himself up, Miles, and so on and so fort, and to take the coocoomb to his grizzlies and who done that foxy frezik on his bear’s hairs like fire bursting out of the Ump pyre and, half hang me, sirr, if he wasn’t wanting his calicub body back before he’d to take his life or so save his life. Then, begor, counting as many as eleven to thritytwo seconds with his pocket browning, like I said, wann swanns wann, this is my awethorrorty, he kept forecursing hascupth’s foul Fanden, Cogan, for coaccoackey the key of John Dunn’s field fore it was for sent and the way Montague was robbed and wolfling to know all what went off and who burned the hay, perchance wilt thoult say, before he’d kill all the kanes and the price of Patsch Purcell’s faketotem, which the man, his plantagonist, up from the bog of the depths who was raging with the thirst of the sacred sponge and who, as a mashter of pasht, so far as him was concerned, was otily stcinding there nonplush to the comer of Turbot Street, perplexing about a paumpshop and pupparing to spit, wanting to know whelp the henconvention’s compuss memphis he wanted with him new nothing about.

— A sarsencruxer, like the Nap O’ Farrell Patter Tandy moor and burgess medley. In other words, was that how in the annusual curse of things, as complement to compliment though, after a manner of men which I must and will say seems extraordinary, their celicolar subtler angelic warfare or photoplay finister started.^

— Truly. That I may never!

— Did one scum then in the auradrama, the defF, after some clever play in the mud, mention to the other undesirable, a dumm, during diverse intentional instants, that upon the resume after the angerus, how for his deal he was a pigheaded Swede and to wend himself to a medicis.^

— To be sore he did, the huggomut! Only it was tumip-hudded dunce, I beg your pardon, and he would jokes bowlder-blow the betholder with his black masket off the bawling green.

— Sublime was the warning!

— The author, in fact, was mardred.

— Did he, the first spikesman, do anything to him, the last

spokesman, when, after heaving some more smutt and chaff between them, they rolled togutter into the ditch together? Black Pig’s Dyke?

— No, he had his teeth in the back of his head.

— Did Box then try to shine his puss?

— No but Cox did to shin the punman.

— The worsted crying that if never he looked on Leaverholma’s again and the bester huing that he might ever save sunlife?

— Trulytruly Asbestos he ever. And sowasso I never.

— That forte carlysle touch breaking the campdens pianoback.

— Pansh!

— Are you of my meaning that would be going on to about half noon, click o’clock, pip emma, Grinwicker time, by your querqcut quadrant?

— You will be asking me and I wish to higgins you wouldn’t. Would it?

— Let it be twelve thirty after a somersautch of the tardest!

— And itwas eleven thirsty too befour in soandsuch,reloyonit!

— Tick up on time. Howday you doom? That rising day sinks rosing in a night of nine week’s wonder.

— Amties, marcy buckup ! The uneven day of the unleventh month of the unevented year. At mart in mass.

— A triduum before Our Larry’s own day. By which of your chronos, my man of four watches, larboard, starboard, dog or dath?

— Dunsink, rugby, ballast and ball. You can imagine.

— Language this allsfare for the loathe of Marses ambiviolent about it. Will you swear all the same you saw their shadows a hundred foot later, struggling diabolically over this, that and the other, their virtues pro and his principality coriy near the Ruins, Drogheda Street, and kicking up the devil’s own dust for the Milesian wind?

— I will. I did. They were. I swear. Like the heavenly militia. So wreck me Ghyllygully ! With my tongue through my toecap on the headlong stone of kismet if so ’tis the will of Whose B. Dunn.

— Weepin Lorcans! They must have put in some wonderful work, ecad, on the quiet like, during this arms’ parley, meatierities forces vegateareans. Dost thou not think so?

— Ay.

— The illegallooking range or fender, alias turfing iron, a product of Hostages and Co, Engineers, changed feet several

times as briars revalvered during the weaponswap? Piff?

— Puff! Excuse yourself. It was an ersatz lottheringcan.

— They did not know the war was over and were only bere-
belling or bereppelling one another by chance or necessity with
sham bottles, mere and woiney, as betwinst Picturshirts and
Scutticules, like their caractacurs in an Irish Ruman to sorowbrate
the expeltsion of the Danos? What sayest thou, scusascmerul?

— That’s all. For he -was heavily upright man, Limba romena
in Bucclis tucsada. Farcing gutterish.

— I mean the Morgans and the Dorans, in finnish?

— I know you don’t, in Feeney’s.

— The mujic of the footure on the barbarihams of the bashed?
Co Canniley?

— Da Donnuley.

— Yet this war has meed peace? In voina viritas. Ab chaos lex,
neat wehr?

— O bella! O pia! O pura! Amem. Handwalled amokst us.
Thanksbeer to Balbus!

— All the same you sound it twould clang houlish like Hull
hopen for christmians?

— But twill cling hellish like engels opened to neuropeans, if
you’ve sensed, whole the sum. So be vigil!

— And this pattern pootsch punnermine of concoon and
proprey went on, hog and minne, a whole whake, your night after
larry’s night, spittinspite on Dora O’Huggins, ortnonde caught
butler, the artillery of the O’Hefiferns answering the cavalry of the
MacClouds, fortey and more fortey, a thousand and one times,
according to your cock and a biddy story? Lludillongi, for years
and years perhaps?

— That’s ri. This is his largos life, this is me timtomtum and
this is her two peekweeny ones. From the last finger on the
second foot of the fourth man to the first one on the last one of
the first. That’s right.

— Finny. Vary vary finny!

— It may look funny but fere it is.

— This is not guid enough, Mr Brasslattin. Finging and tong-
ing and winging and ponging! And all your rally and ramp and
rant! Didget think I was asleep at the wheel? D’yii mean to tall
grand jurors of thathens of tharctic on your oath, me lad, and
ask us to believe you, for all you’re enduring long terms, with
yur last foot foremouthst, that yur moon was shining on the
tors and on the cresties and winblowdng night after night, for
years and years perhaps, after you swearing to it a while back

before’ your Corth examiner, Markwalther, that there was reen in planty all the teem?

— Perhaps so, as you grand duly affirm, Robman Calvinic, I never thought over it, faith. I most certainly think so about it. I hope. Unless it is actionable. It would be a charity for me to think about something which I must on no caste accounts omit, if you ask to me. It was told me as an inspired statement by a friend of myself, in reply to salute, Tarpey, after three o’clock mass, with forty ducks indulgent, that some rain was promised to Mrs Lyons, the invalid of Aunt Tarty Villa, 'with lots gulp and sousers and likewise he told me, the recusant, after telling mass, with two himdred genuflexions, at the split hour of blight when bars are keeping so sly, as was what’s follows. He

is doing a walk, says she, in the feelmick's park, says he, 1iVf» a tarrable Turk, says she, letting loose on his nursery and, begalla, he meet himself with Mr Michael Clery of a Tuesday who said Father MacGregor was desperate to the bad place about thassbawls and ejaculating about all the stairrods and the cats-pew swashing his earwanker and thinconvenience being locked up for months, owing to being putrenised by stragglers abusing the apparatus, and for Tarpey to pull himself into his soup and fish and to push on his borrowsaloaner and to go to the tumple like greased lining and see Father MacGregor and, be Cad, sir, he was to pipe up and saluate that clergyman and to tell his holiness the whole goat’s throat about the three shillings in the confusional and to say how Mrs Lyons, the cuptosser, was the infidel who prophessised to pose three shielings Peter’s pelf off her tocher from paraguais and albs by the yard to Mr Martin Clery for Father Mathew to put up a midnight mask saints withins of a Thrushday for African man and to let Brown child do and to leave he Anlone and all the nuisances committed by soldats and non-behavers and missbelovers for N.D. de I’Ecluse to send more heehaw hell’s flutes, my prodder again! And I never brought my cads in togs blanket! Foueh!

— Angly as arrows, but you have right, my celtslinger! Nils, Mugn and Cannut. Should brothers be for awe then?

— So let use off be octo while oil bike the bil and wheel whang till wabblin befoul you but mere and mire trullopes will knaver mate a game on the bibby bobby burns of.

— Quatsch! What hill ar yu fluking about, ye lamelookond fyats! I’ll discipline ye! Will you swear or affirm the day to yur second sight noo and recant that all yu affirmed to profetised at first sight for his southerly accent was all paddyflaherty? Will ye, ay or nay?

— Ay say aye. I affirmly swear to it that it rooly and cooly boolyhooly was with my holyhagionous lips continuously poised upon the rubricated annuals of saint ulstar.

— That’s very guid of ye, R.C.! Maybe yu wouldn’t mind tailing us, my labrose lad, how very much bright cabbage or

paperming comfirts d’yu draw for all yur swearin? The spanglers, kiddy?

— Rootha prootha. There you have me! Vurry nothing, O potators, I call it for I might as well tell yous Essexelcy, and I am not swallowing my air, the Golden Bridge’s truth. It amounts to nada in pounds or pence. Not a glass of Lucan nor as much as the cost price of a highlandman’s trousertree or the three crowns round your draphole (isn’t it dram disgusting?) for the whole dumb plodding thing!

— Come now, Johnny! We weren’t bom yesterday. Pro tanto quid retribuamus? I ask you to say on your scotty pictail you were promised fines times with some staggerjuice or deadhorse, on strip or in larges, at the Raven and Sugarloaf, either Jones’s lame or Jamesy’s gait, anyhow?

— Bushmillah! Do you think for a moment? Yes, by the way. How very necessarily true! Give me fair play. When?

— At the Dove and Raven tavern, no, ah? To wit your wiz-zend?

— Water, water, darty water! Up Jubilee sod! Beet peat wheat treat!

— What harm wants but demands it! How would you like to hear yur right name now, Ghazi Power, my tristy minstrel, if yur not freckened of frank comment?

— Not afrightened of Frank Annybody’s gaspower or ill-conditioned ulcers neither.

— Your uncles!

— Your gullet!

— Will you repeat that to me outside, leinconnmims?

— After you’ve shouted a few? I will when it suits me, hulstler.

— Guid! We make fight! Three to one! Raddy?

— But no, from exemple, Emania Raffaroo! What do you have? What mean you, august one? Fairplay for Finnians! I will have my humours. Sure, you would not do the cowardly thing and moll me roon? Tell Queen’s road I am seilling. Farewell, but whenever! Buy!

— Ef I chuse to put a bullet like yu through the grill for heckling what business is that of yours, yu bullock?

— I don’t know, sir- Don’t ask me, your honour!

— Gently, gently Northern Ire! Love that red hand! Let me once more. There are sordidly tales within tales, you clearly understand that? Now my other point. Did you know, whether

by melanodactylism or purely libationally, that one of these two Crimeans with the fender, the taller man, was accused of a certain offence or of a choice of two serious charges, as skirts were divided on the subject, if you like it better that way? You did, you rogue, you?

— You hear things. Besides (and serially now) bushes have eyes, don’t forget. Hah!

— "Which moral turpitude would you select of the two, for choice, if you had your way? Playing bull before shebears or the hindlegs off a clotheshorse? Did any orangepeelers or greengoaters appear periodically up your sylvan family tree?

— Buggered if I know! It all depends on how much family silver you want for a nass-and-pair. Hah !

— What do you mean, sir, behind your hah! You don’t hah to do tliah, you know, snapograph.

— Nothing, sir. Only a bone moving into place. Blotogaff. Hahah!

— Whahat?

— Are you to have all the pleasure quizzing on me? I didn’t say it aloud, sir. I have something inside of me talking to myself.

— You’re a nice third degree witness, faith! But this is no laughing matter. Do you think we are tonedeafs in our noses to boot? Can you not distinguish the sense, prain, from the sound, bray? You have homosexual catheis of empathy between narcissism of the expert and steatopygic invertedness. Get yourself psychoanolised !

— O, begor, I want no expert nursis symaphy from yours broons quadroons and I can psoakoonaloose myself any time I want (the fog follow you all !) without your interferences or any other pigeonstealer.

— Sample! Sample!

— Have you ever weflected, -wepowtew, that the evil what though it was willed might nevewtheless lead somehow on to good towawd the genewality?

— A pwopwo of haster meets waster and talking of plebiscites by a show of hands, whether declaratory or effective, in all seriousness, has it become to dawn in you yet that the deponent, the man from Saint Yves, may have been (one is reluctant to use the passive voiced) may be been as much sinned against as sinning, for if we look at it verbally perhaps there is no true noun in active nature where every bally being — please read this mufto — is becoming in its owntown eyeballs. Now the long form and the strong form and reform alltogether!

— Hotchkiss Culthur’s Everready, one brother to never-reached, well over countless hands, sieur of many winners and losers, groomed by S. Samson and son, bred by dilalahs, will

stand at Bay (Dublin) from nun till dan and vites inversion and at Miss or Mrs’s MacMannigan’s Yard.

— Perhaps you can explain, sagobean.^ The Mod needs a rebus.

— Pro general continuation and in particular explication to your singular interrogation our asseveralation. Ladiegent, pals will smile but me and Frisky Shorty, my inmate friend, as is uncommon struck on poplar poetry, and a few fleabesides round at West Pauper Bosquet, was glad to be back again with the chaps and just arguing friendlylike at the Doddercan Easehouse having a wee chatty with our hosty in his comfy estably over the old middlesex party and his moral turps, meaning flu, pock, pox and mizzles, grip, gripe, gleet and sprue, caries, rabies, numps and dumps. What me and Frisky in our concensus and the whole double gigscrew of suscribers, notto say the burman, having successfully concluded our tour of bibel, wants to know is thisahere. Supposing, for an ethical fict, him, which the findings showed, to have taken his epscene licence before the norsect’s divisional respectively as regards them male privates and or concomitantly with all common or neuter respects to them

public exess females, whereas allbeit really sweet fillies, as was very properly held by the metropolitan in connection with this regrettable nuisance, touching arbitrary conduct, being in strict contravention of schedule in board of forests and works bylaws regulationing sparkers’ and succers’ amusements section of our beloved naturpark in pursuance of which police agence me and Shorty have approached a reverend gentlman of the name of Mr Coppinger with reference to a piece of fire fittings as was most obliging, ’pon my sam, in this matter of his explanations affirmative, negative and limitative, given to me and Shorty, touching what the good book says of toooldaisymen, concerning the merits of early bisectualism, besides him citing from approved lectionary example given by a valued friend of the name of Mr J. P. Cockshott, reticent of England, as owns a pretty maisonette, Quis ut Deus, fronting on to the Soussex Bluffs as was telling us categoric how Mr Cockshott, as he had his assignation with, present holder by deedpoll and indenture of the swearing belt, he tells him hypothetic, the reverend Mr Coppinger, hereckons himself disjunctively with his windwarrd eye up to a dozen miles of a cunifarm school of herring, passing themselves supernatently by the Bloater Naze from twelve and them mayridinghim by the silent hour. Butting, charging, bracing, backing, springing, shrinking, swaying, darting, shooting, bucking and sprinkling their dossies sodouscheock with the twinx of their taylz. And, reverend, he says, summat problematical, by yon socialist sun, gut me, but them errings was as gladful as Wissixy kippers could be considering, flipping their little coppingers, pot em, the fresh little flirties, the dirty little gillybrighteners, pickle their spratties, the little smolty gallockers, and, reverend, says he, more assertitoff, zwelf me Zeus, says he, lettin olfac be the extench of the supperfishies, lamme the curves of their scaligerance and pesk the everurge flossity of their pectoralium, them little salty populators, says he, most apodictic, as sure as my briam eggs is on cockshot under noose, all them little upandown dippies they was all of a libidous pickpuckparty and raid on a wriggolo finsky doodah in testimonials to their early bisectualism. Such, he says,

is how the reverend Coppinger, he visualises the hidebound homelies of creed crux ethics. Watsch yourself tillicately every morkning in your bracksullied twilette. The use of cold water, testifjcates Dr Rutty, may be warmly recommended for the sug-jugation of cungunitals loosed. Tolloll, schools!

— Tallhell and Barbados wi ye and your Errian coprulation! Pelagiarist! Remonstrant Montgomery! tel Short lives to your relatives! Y’are absexed, so y’are, with mackerglosia and mick-roocyphyllicks.

— Wait now, leixlep! I scent eggoarchicism. I will take you to task. I don’t follow you that far in your otherwise accurate account. Was it esox lucius or salmo ferax^ You are taxing us into the driven future, are you not, with this ruttymaid fishery?

— Lalia Lelia Lilia Lulia and lively lovely Lola Montez.

— Gubbemathor! That they say is a fenian on the secret. Named Parasol Irelly. Spawning ova and fry like a marrye monach all amanygoround his seven parish churches! And peopling the ribald baronies with dans, oges and conals !

— Lift it now, Hosty! Hump’s your mark! For a runnymede landing! A dondhering vesh wish.,JM[agnam Carpam,€& hit neat zoo?

— Therms an old psalmsobhing lax salmoner fogeyboren Herrin Pbmdehowse.

Who went floimdering with his boatloads of spermin spunk about. Leaping freck after every long tom and wet Ussy between Howth and Humbermoutk.

Our Human Conger Eel!

— Hep! I can see him in the fishnoo! Up wi’yer whippy! Hold that lad! Play him, Markandeyn! Bullhead!

— Pull you, sir! Olive quill does it. Longeal of Malin, he’ll cry before he’s flayed. And his tear make newisland. Did a rise? Way, lungfush! The great fin may cumule! Three threeth o’er the wild! Manu ware!

— He missed her mouth and stood into Dee, Romunculus Remus, plying the rape, so as now any bompriss’s boimd to get up her if he pool her leg and bunk on her butt. No, he skid like a skate and berthed on her bymie and never a fear but they’ll

land him yet, slitheryscales on liffeybank, times and times and halve a time with a pillow of sand to polster him.

— Do you say they will.^

— I bet you they will.

— Among the shivering sedges so? Weedy waving.

— Or tulipbeds of Rush below.

— Where you take your mugs to wash after dark?

— To my lead, Toomey lout. Tommy lad.

— Besides the bubblye waters of, babblyebubblye waters of?

— Right.

— Grenadiers. And tell me now. Were these anglers or angelers coexistent and compresent with or 'tidthout their tertium quid?

— Three in one, one and three.

Shem and Shaun and the shame that sunders em.

JVisdorris son, folly’ s brother.

— God bless your ginger, wigglewaggle! That’s three slots and no burners. You’re forgetting the jinnyjos for the fayboys. What, Walker John Referent? Play us your patmost! And unpackyoulloups !

— Naif Cruachanl Woe on w'oe, says Wardeb Daly. Woman will water the wild world over. And the maid of the folley will go where glory. Sure I thought it was larking in the trefoil of the furry glans with two stripping baremaids, Stilla Underwood and Moth MacGarry, he was, hand to dagger, that time and their mother, a rawkneepudsfrowse, I was given to understand, with superflowvius heirs, begum. There was that one that was always mad gone on him, her first king of cloves and the most broadcussed man in Corrack-on-Sharon, County Rosecarmon. Sure she was near drowned in pondest coldstreams of admiration forherself, as bad as my Tarpeyan cousin, Vesta Tully, making faces at her bachspilled likeness in the brook after and cooling herself in the element, she pleasing it, she praising it, with salices and weidowwehls, all tossed, as she was, the playactrix. Lough Shieling’s love!

— O, add shielsome bridelittle! All of her own! Nircississies are as the doaters of inversion. Secilas through their laughing classes becoming poolermates in laker life.

— It seems to same with Iscappellas? Ys? Gotellus! A tickey for tie taughts!

— Listenest, meme mearest! They were harrowd, those finweeds! Come, rest in this bosom! So sorry you lost him, poor lamb! Of course I know you are a viry vikid girl to go in the dreemplace and at that time of the draym and it was a very wrong thing to do, even under the dark flush of night, dare all grandpassia! He’s gone on his bombashaw. Through geesing and so pleasing at Strip Teasy up the stairs. The boys on the comer were talking too. And your soreful miseries first come on you. Still to forgive it, divine my lickle wiffey, and everybody knows you do look lovely in your invinsibles, Eulogia, a perfect apposition with the coldcream, Assoluta, from Boileau’s I always use in the wards after I am burned a rich egg and derive the greatest benefit, sign of the cause. My, you do! Simply adorable! Could I but

pass my hands some, my hands through, thine hair! So vicky-vicky veritiny! O Fronces, say howdyedo. Dotty! Chic hands. The way they curve there under nue charmeen cuffs! I am more divine like that when I've two of everything up to boyproof knicks. Winning in a way, only my arms are whiter, dear. Blanchemain, idler. Fairhair, frail one. Listen, meme sweety! O be joyfold! Mirror do justice, taper of ivory, heart of the cona-vent, hoops of gold! My veil will save it undyeing from his ether-nal fire ! It's meemly us two, meme idoll. Of course it was down-right verry wickred of him, reely meeting me disguised, Bortolo mio, peerfectly appealling, D.V., with my lovebirds, my colom-binas. Their sinsitives shrinked. Even Netta and Linda, our seeyu tities and they've sin sumtim, tankus ! My rillies were liebeneaus, my aftscents embre. How me adores eatsother simply (Mon ishe-beau! Ma reinebelle!), in his storm collar, as I leaned yestreen from his muskished labs, even my little pom got excited, when I turned his head on his same manly bust and kissed him more. Only he might speak to a person, lord so picious, taking up my worths ill wrong! May I introduce! This is my futuous, lips and looks lovelast. Still me with you, you poor chilled! Will make it up with mother Concepcion and a glorious lie between us,

sweetness, so as not a novene in all the convent loretos, not my littlest one of all, for mercy's sake need ever know, what passed our lips or. Yes sir, we'll will! Clothea wind! Fee o fie! Covey us hiced! Bansh the dread! Alitten's looking. Low himlovly! Make me feel good in the moontime. It will all take bloss as ©ranged at St Audiens rosan chocolate chapelry with my diamants blickfeast after at minne owned hos for all the catclub to go cryzy and Father Blesius Mindelsinn will be beminding hand. Kyrielle ela-tion! Crystal elation! Kyrielle elation! Elation immanse! Sing to us, sing to us, sing to us! Amam! So meme nearest, languished hister, be free to me! (I'm fading!) And listen, you, you beauty, esster. I'll be clue to who knows you, pray Magda, Marthe with Luz and Joan, while I lie with warm lisp on the Tolka. (I'm fay!)

— Eusapia! Fais-le, tout-tait! Languishing hysteria.^ The clou historique? How is this at all? Is dads the thing in such or are tits the that? Hear we here her first poseproem of suora unto suora? Alicious, twinstreams twinestraines, through alluring glass or alas in jumboland? Ding dong! Where's your pal in silks alustre? Think of a maiden, Presentacion. Double her, An-nupciacion. Take your first thoughts away from her, Immacola-cion. Knock and it shall appall unto you ! WTio shone yet shim-mers will be e'er scheining. Cluse her, voil her, hild her hindly. After liryc and themodius soft agio iris of the vals. This young barlady, what, euphemiasly? Is she having an ambidual act her-self in apparition with herself as Consuelas to Sonias may?

— Dang! And tether, a loguy O !

— Dis and dat and dese and dose! Your crackling out of your turn, my Moonster firefly, like always. And 2 R.N. and Long-horns Connacht, stay off my air! You've grabbed the capital and you've had the lion's shire since 1542 but there's all the difference in Ireland between your borderation, my chatty cove, and me. The leinstrel boy to the wall is gone and there's moreen astoreen for Monn and Conn. With the tyke's named moke. Doggymens' nimmer win! You last led the first when we last but we'll first trump your last with a lasting. Jump the railchairs or take them,

as you please, but and, sir, my queskins first, foxyjack! Ye’ve as much skullabogue cheek on you now as would boil a caldron of

528

kalebrose. Did the market missioners Hayden Wombwell, when given the raspberry, fine more than sandsteen per cent of chalk in the purity, promptitude and perfection flour of this raw materialist and less than a seventh pro mile in his meal? We bright young chaps of the brandnew braintrust are briefed here and with maternal sanction compellably empanelled at quarter sessions under the six disqualifications for the uniformication of young persons (Nodding Neutrals) removal act by Committal-man Number Underfifteen to know had the peeress of generals, who have been getting nose money cheap and stirring up the public opinion about private balls with their legs. Misses Mirtha and Merry, the two dreeper’s assistents, had they their service books in order and duly signed J. H. North and Company when discharged from their last situations? Will ye gup and tell the board in the anterim how, in the name of the three tailors on Tooley Street, did O’Bejorumsen or Mockmacmahonitch, ex of Butt and Hocksett’s, violating the bushel standard, come into awful position of the barrel of bellywash? And why, is it any harm to ask, was this hackney msin in the coombe, a papersalor with a whiteluke to him, Fauxfitzhuorson, collected from Manofisle, carrying his ark, of eggshaped fuselage and made in Fredborg into the bullgine, across his back when he might have been setting on his jonass inside like a Glassthure cabman? Where were the doughboys, three by nombres, won in ziel, cavehill exers or hearts of steel, Hansen, Morfydd and O’Dyar, V.D., with their glenagearries directing their steps according to the R.U.C’s liaison officer, with their trench ulcers open and their hands in their pockets, contrary to military rules, when confronted with his lifesize obstruction? When did he live off rooking the pooro and how did start pfuffpfaffing at his Paterson and Hellicott’s? Is 't a factual fact, proved up to scabs teethshilt, that this fancydress nordic in shaved lamb breeches, child’s kilts, bibby buntings and wellingtons, witli club, tore and headdress, preholder of the Bar Ptolomei, is coowner of a hengster’s circus near North Great Denmark Street (incidentally, it’s the most unjoyable show going the province and I’m taking the youngsters

529 2 L

there Saturday first when it’s halfprice naturals night to see the fallensickners aping the buckleybackers and the blind to two worlds taking off the deffydowndummies) and the shamshem-showman has been complaining to the police barracks and applying for an order of certiorari and crying out something vile about him being molested, after him having triplets, by offers of vacancies from females in this city, neighing after tlie man and his outstanding attraction ever since they seen his X ray picture turned out in wealthy red in the sabbath sheets? Was it him that suborned that surdumutual son of his, a litterydistributer in Saint Patrick’s Lavatory, to turn a Roman and leave the chayr and gout in his bare balbriggans, the sweep, and buy the usual jar of porter at the Morgue and Cruses and set it down before the wife with her fireman’s hairnet on her, bidding her mine the hoose, the strum-pet, while him and his lagenloves were rampaging the roads in all their paroply under the noses of the Heliopolitan constabu-

lary? Can you beat it? Prepare the way! Where’s that gendarm auxiliar, arianautic sappertillery, that reported on the whole hoodlum, relying on his morse-erse wordybook and the trunchein up his tail? Roof Seckesign van der Deckel and get her story from him! Recall Sickerson, the lizzyboy ! Seckersen, magnon of Errick. Sackerson! Hookup!

— Day shirker four vanfloats he verdants market.

High liquor made lust torpid dough htait her orchid.

— Hunt her orchid! Gob and he found it on her right enough! With her shoes upon his shoulders, ’twas most trying to beholders when he upped their frullatullepleats with our warning. A disgrace to the homely protestant religion! Bloody old preadamite with his twohandled umberella! Trust me to spy on me own spewl

— W allpurgies ! And it’s this’s your deified city? Norganson? And it’s we’s to pray for Bigmesser’s conversions? Call Kitty the Beads, the Mandame of Tipknock Castle ! Let succuba succumb, the improvable his wealth made possible! He’s cookinghagar that rest her prayer to him upon the top of the stairs. She’s deep, that one.

— A farternoiser for his tuckish armenities. Ouhr Former

who erred in having down to gibbous disdag our darling breed- And then tlie confisieur for the boob’s indulligence. As sunctioned for his salmenbog by the Councillors-om-Trent. Pave Pannem at his gaiter’s bronze! Nummer half dreads Log Laughty. Master’s gunne he warrs the bedst- I messaged his dilltoyds sausepander mussels on the kisschen table. With my ironing duck through his rollpins of gansyfett, do dodo doughdy dough, till he was braising red in the toastface with lovensoft eyebulbs and his kiddledrum steeming and ratding like the roasties in my mockamill. I awed to have scourched his Abarm’s brack for him. For the loaf of Obadiah, take your pastryart’s noas out of me flouer bouckuet! Of the strainger scene you given squeezers to me skillet! As cream of the hearth thou reinethst alhome. His lapper and libbers was glue goulewed as he sizzled there watching me lautterick’s pitcher by Wexford-Atelier as Katty and Lanner, the refined souprette, with my bust alia brooche and the padbun under my matelote, showing my jigotty sleeves and all my new toulong touloosies. Whisk! There’s me shims and here’s me hams and this is me juppettes, gause be the meter! Whisk! What’s this? Whisk! And that? He never cotched finer, balay me, at Romiolo Frullini’s flea pantamine out of Griddle-the-Sink or Shusies-with-her-Soles-Up or La Sauzerelly, the puciebоots, when I started so hobmop ladlelike, highty tighty, to kick the time off the cluckclock lucklock quamquam camcam potapot panapan kickakickkack. Hairhorehounds, shake up pfortner. Fuddling fun for Fullacan’s sake!

— All halt! Sponsor programme and close down- That’s enough, genial, of finicking about Finnegan and fiddling with his faddles- A final ballot, guvnor, to remove all doubt. By sylph and salamander and all the trolls and tritons, I mean to top her drive and to tip the tap of this, at last. His thoughts that wouldbe words, his livings that havebeen deeds. And will too, by the holy child of Coole, primapatriock of the archsee, if I have at first

to down every mask in Trancenania from Terreterry’s Hole to Stutterers’ Comer to find that Yokeoff his letter, this Yokan his dahet. Pass the j ousters of the king, the Kovnor- Journal and

eirenarch’s custos himself no less, the meg of megs, with the Garrison old gang! Off with your persians! Search ye the Finn! The sinder’s under shriving sheet. Fa Fe Fi Fo Fum! Ho, croak, evildoer ! Arise, sir ghostus ! As long as you’ve lived there’ll be no other. Doff!

— Amtsadam, sir, to you! Eternest cittas, heil! Here we are again! I am bubub brought up under a camel act of dynasties long out of print, the first of Shitric Shilkanbeard (or is it Owllaugh MacAuscullpth the Thord.^), but, in pontofacts massimust, I am known throughout the world wherever my good Allenglisches Angleslachsen is spoken by Sail and Will from Augustanus to Ergastulus, as this is, whether in Farnum’s rath or Condra’s ridge or the meadows of Dalkin or Monkish tunshep, by saints and sinners eyeeye alike as a cleanliving man and, as a matter of fict, by my halfwife, I think how our public at large appreciates it most highly from me that I am as cleanliving as could be and that my game was a fair average since I perpetually kept my ouija ouija wicket up. On my verawife I never was nor can afford to be guilty of crim crig con of malfeasance trespass against parson with the person of a youthful gigirl frifrif friend chirped Apples, acted by Miss Dashe, and with Any of my cousines in Kissilov’s Slutsgartem or Gigglotte’s Hill, when I would touch to her dot and feel most greenily of her unripe ones as it should prove most anniece and far too bahad, nieceless to say, to my reputation on Babbyl Malket for daughters-in-trade being lightly clad. Yet, as my acquainters do me the complaisance of apprising me, I should her have awristed under my duskguise of whippets through toombs and deempeys, lagmen, was she but tinkling of such a tink. And, as a mere matter of ficfect, I tell of myself how I popo possess the ripest littlums wifukie around the globelettes globes upon which she was romping off on Floss Mundai out of haram’s way round Skinner’s circusalley first with her consolation prize in my serial dreams of faire women. Mannequins Passe, with awards in figure and smile subsections, handicapped by two breasts in operatops, a remarkable little endowment garment. Fastened at various places. What spurt! I kickkick keenly love

such, particularly while savouring of their flavours at their most perfect best when served with heliotrope ayelips, as this is, where I do drench my jolly soul on the pu pure beauty of hers past.

She is my bestpreserved wholewife, sowell her as herafter, in Evans’s eye, with incompatibly the smallest shoenumber outside chinatins. They are jolly dainty, spekin duly. May we not recommend them.^ It was my proofpiece from my prenticeserving. And, alas, our private chaplain of Lambeyth and Dolekey, bishopregionary, an always sadfaced man, in his lutestring pewcape with tabinet band, who has visited our various hard hearts and reins by imposition of fufuf fingers, olso haddock’s fumb, in that Upper Room can speak loud to you some quite complimentary things about my clean charactering, even when detected in the

dark, distressful though such recital prove to me, as this is, when I introduced her (Frankfurters, numborines, why drive fear.^) to our fourposter tunies chantreying under Castrucci Sinior and De Mellos, those whapping oldsteirs, with sycamode euphonium in either notation in our altogether cagehaused duckyheim on Goosna Greene, that cabinteeny homesweetened through affection’s hoardpayns (First Murkiss, or so they sankeyed. Dodo! O Clearly! And Gregorio at front with Johannes far in back. Aw, awl), gleeglom there’s gnome sweepplaces like theresweep Nowhergs. By whom, as my Kerk Findlater’s, ye litel chuch rond ye coner, and K. K. Katakasm enjoineth in the Belief and, as you all know, of a child, dear Humans, one of my life’s ambitions of my youngend from an early peepee period while still to hedjeskool, intended for broadchurch, I, being fully alive to it, was parruchially confirmed in Caulofet’s bed by our bujibuji beloved curate-author. Michael Engels is your man. Let Michael relay Sutton and tell you people here who have the phoney habit (it was remarketable) in his clairaudience, as this is, as only our own Michael can, when reicherout at superstation, to bring ruptures to our roars how I am amp amp amplify. Hiemlancollin. Pimpim’s Ornery fominehalf- Shaun Shemsen saywhen saywhen. Holmstock unsteaden. Livpoomark Iloyrge hoggs one four tupps noying. Big Butter Boost! Sorry! Thnkyou! ThatU beall for-

tody. Cal it off. Godnotch, vryboily. End a muddy crushmess! Abbreciadcs anew York gustoms. Kyow! Tak.

— Tiktak. Tikkak.

— Awind abuzz awater falling.

— Poor a cowe his jew placator.

— It’s the damp damp damp.

— Calm has entered. Big big Calm, announcer. It is most emst terooly a moresome intartenment. Colt’s tooth! I will give tandsel to it. I protest there is luttrelly not one teaspoonspill of evidence at bottomlie to my babad, as you shall see, as this is. Keemun Lapsang of first pickings. And I contango can take off my dudud dirtynine articles of quoting here in Pynix Park before those in heaven to provost myself, by gramercy of justness,

I mean veryman and moremon, stiff and staunch for ever, and enter under the advicies from Misrs Norris, Southby, Yates and Weston, Inc, to their favoured client, into my preprotestant caveat against the pupup publication of libel by any tixtim tipsyloon or tobtomtowley of Keisserse Lean (a bloweyed lanejoymt, waring lowbelt suit, with knockbrecky kenees and bullfist rings round him and a fallse roude axehand (he is cunvesser to Saunter’s Nocelettres and the Poe’s Toffee’s Directory in his pisness), the best begrudged man in Belgradia who doth not belease to our paviour) to my nonesuch, that highest personage at moments holding down the throne. So to speak of beauty scouts in elegant pursuit of flowers, searchers for tabernacles and the celluloid art! Happen seen sore eynes belived? The caca cad! He walked by North Strand with his Thom’s towel in hand. Snakeeye! Strangler of soffiacated green parrots! I protest it that he is, by my wtipehalf. He was leaving out of my double inns while he was all teppling over my single ixits. So was keshaned on for his recent

behavioiur. Sherlook is lorking for him. Allare beltspanners. Get your air curt! Shame upon Private M! Shames on his fulsomeness! Shamus on his atkinscum’s lulul lying suulen for an outcast mastiff littered in blood currish! Eristocras till Hanging Tower! Steck a javelin through his advowtried heart! Instauunton! Flap, my Larrybird! Dangle, my highflyer! Jiggety jig my

jackadandyline! Let me never see his waddphez again! And mine it was, Barktholed von Hunarig, Soesown of Furrows (hourspringlike his joussture, immitiate my chry! as urs now, so yous then!), when to our lot it fell on my poplar Sexsex, ray Sexencentaurnary, whenby Gate of Hal, before his hostel of the Wodin Man, I hestened to freeholdit op to his Mam his Maman, Majuscules, His Magnus Maggerstick, first city’s leasekuays of this Nova Tara, our most noble, when hrossbucked on his pricelist charger, Pferdinamd Allibuster (yeddonot need light oar till Noreway for you fanned one o’er every doorway) with my allbum’s greethims through this whole of my promises, handshakey congrandyoulikethems, ecclesency.

Whosaw the jackery dares at handgripper thisa breast? Dose makkers ginger. Some one we was with us all fours. Adversarian! The spiking Duyvil ! First liar in Londsend ! Wulv ! See you scargore on that skeepsbrow! And those meisies! Sulken taarts! Man sicker at I ere bluffet konservative? Shucks ! Such ratshause bugsmess so I cannot barely conceive of! Lowest basemeant in hystry ! Ibscenest nansence! Noksagt! Per Peeler and Pawr! The brokerheartened shugon! Hole affair is rotten muckswinish porcupig’s draff. Enouch!

— Is that yu, Whitehed?

— Have you headnoise now?

— Give us your mespilt reception, will yous?

— Pass the fish for Christ’s sake!

— Old "Whitehowth he is speaking again. Ope Eustace tube! Pity poor whiteoath! Dear gone mummeries, goby! Tell the woyld I have lived true thousand hells. Pity, please, lady, for poor O.W. in this profundust snobbing I have caught. Nine dirty years mine age, hairs hoar, mummery failend, snowdrift to my ellpow, deff as Adder. I askt you, dear lady, to judge on my tree by our fruits. I gave you of the tree. I gave two smells, three eats. My freeandies, my celeberrimates: my happy bossoms, my allfalling fruits of my boom. Pity poor Haveth Childers Everywhere with Mudder!

That was Communicator, a former colonel. A disincamated

spirit, called Sebastion, from the Rivera in Januero, (he is not all hear) may fernspreak shortly with messuages from my deadported. Let us cheer him up a little and make an appunkment for a future date. Hello, Commudicate! How’s the buttes? Everscepistic! He does not believe in our psychous of the Real Ab-

sence, neither miracle wheat nor soulsurgery of P. P. Quemby.
He has had some indiejestings, poor thing, for quite a little while,
confused by his tonguer of baubble. A way with him! Poor Felix
Culapert! Ring his mind, ye staples, (bonze!) in my ould reeke-
ries' ballyheart and in my krumlin and in aroundisements and
stremmis! Sacks eleathury! Sacks eleathury! Bam! I deplore over
him ruely. Mongrieff! O Hone! Guestermed with the nobelities,
to die bronxitic in achershous! So enjoying of old thick whiles,
in haute white toff's hoyt of our formed reflections, with stock
of eisen all his prop, so buckely hosiered from the Royal Leg,
and his puertos mugnum, he would puffout a dhymful bock.
And the how he would husband her that verikerfully, his cigare
divane! (He would redden her with his vestas, but 'tis naught.)
With us his nephos and his neberls, mest incensed and befogged
by him and his smoke thereof. But he shall have his glad stein of
our zober beerbest in Oscarshal's winetavern. Buen retiro! The
boyce voyce is still flautish and his mounth still wears that
soldier's scarlet though the flaxafloyeds are peppered with salse-
dine. It is bycause of what he was ascend into his prisonce on
account off. I whit it wel. Hence his deepraised words. Some day
I may tell of his second storey. Mood! Mood! It looks like some-
one other bearing my burdens. I cannot let it. Kanes nought.

Well, yeamen, I have bared my whole past, I flatter myself,
on both sides. Give me even two months by laxlaw in second
division and my first broadcloth is business will be to protest to
Recorder at Thing of all Things, or court of Skivinis, with mar-
chants grey, antient and credibel, Zerobubble Barrentone, Jonah
Whalley, Determined Codde or Cucumber Upright, my jurats,
if it does not occur again. O rhyme us! Haar Faagher, wild heart
in Homelan; Harrod's be the naun. Mine kinder come, mine
wohl be won. There is nothing like leuther. O Shee ! And nosty

mens in gladshouses they shad not peggot stones. The elephant's
house is his castle. I am here to tell you, indeed to goodness, that,
allbe I discountenanced beallpersuasions, in rinunciniation of
pomps of heretofore, with a wax too held in hand, I am thorgt-
fulldt to do dope me of her miscisprinks and by virchow of those
filthered Ovocnas presently like Browne umbracing Christina
Anya, after the Irishers, to convert me into a sell (but first I must
proxy babetise my old antenaughties), when, as Sigismond Stol-
terforth, with Rabbin Robroost for my auspicer and Leecher
Rutty for my lifearst and Lorencz Pattom {Ehren til viktraef)^
when I wdll westemeyes those poor sunuppers and outbreighten
their land's eng. A man should stump up and I will pay my
pretty decent trade price for my glueglue gluecose, peebles,
were it even, as this is, the legal eric for infelicitous conduict (here
incloths placefined my pocketanchoredcheck) and, as a matter of
fact, I undertake to discontinue entyrely all practices and I deny
wholeswiping in toto at my own request in all stoytness to have
confermentated and confoederated and agreed in times prebellic,
when here were waders for the trainsfolk, as it is now nuggently
laid to me, with a friend from mine, Mr Billups, pulleter, my
quarterbrother, who sometimes he is doing my locum for me
on a grubstake and whom I have cleped constoutuent, for so it
was felt by me, at goodbuy cootcoops byusucapiture a mouth-
less niggeress, Blanchette Bre'wster from Chema Djamja, Blaw-
lawnd-via-Brigstow, or to illsell my fourth part in her, which al-
though allowed of in Deuterogamy as in several places of Scrip-
ture (copyright) and excluded books (they should quite rightly

verbanned be), would seem eggseggs excessively haroween to my feelimbs for two punt scotch, one pollard and a crockard or three pipples on the bitch. Thou, Frick’s Flame, Uden Sulfer, who strikest only on the marryd bokks, enquick me if so be I did cophetuise milady’s maid ! In spect of her beavers she is a womanly and sacret. Such wear a frillick for my comic strip, Mons Meg’s Monthly, comes out aich Fanagan’s Week, to bray at by clownsillies in Donkeybrook Fair. It would lackin mackin Hodder’s and Cocker’s eriAmatic. The vmpurdonable preemp-

son of all of her of yourn, by Juno Moneta! If she, irished Marry-onn Teheresiann, has been disposed of for her consideration, I, Ledwidge Salvatorious, am tradefully unintiristid. And if she is still further talc slopping over her cocoa contours, I hwat mick angars, am strongly of opinion why I should not be. Inprobable!

I do not credit one word of it from such and suchess mistra-versers. Just feathers! Nanenities! Or to have ochtroyed to resolde or borrough by exchange same super melkkaart, means help; best Brixton high yellow, no outings: cent for cent on Auction’s Bridge. ’Twere a honnibel crudelty wert so tente-ment to their naktlives and scatab orgias we devour about in the mightyevil roohms of encient cartage. Utterly improperable! Not for old Crusos or white soul of gold! A pipple on the panis, two claps on the cansill, or three pock pocks cassey knocked on the postern! Not for one testey tickey culprik’s coynds ore for all ecus in cunziehowffse! So hemp me Cash! I meanit.

My herrings! The surdity of it! Amean to say. Her bare idears, it is choochoo chucklesome. Absurd bargain, mum, will call. One line with! One line, with with! Will ate everadayde sau-mone like a boyne alive O. The tew cherripickers, with their Catheringnettes, Lizzy and Lissy Mycock, from Street Flesh-shambles, were they moon at aube with hespermun and I their covin guardient, I would not know to contact such gretched youngsteys in my ways from Haddem or any suistersees or heiresses of theim, claiming by, through, or under them. Ous of their freiung pfann into myne foyer. Her is one which rassembled to mein enormally. The man what shocked his shanks at contey Carlow’s. He is Deucollion. Each habe goheerd, uptaking you are innersence, but we sen you meet sose infance. Deucollion! Odor. Evilling chimbes is smutsick rivulverblott but thee hard casted thereass pigstenes upann Congan’s shootsmen in Schot-tenhof, ekeascent.^ Igen Deucollion! I liked his Gothamm chic! Stuttertub! What a shrubbery trick to play! I will put my oath-head unner my whitepot for ransom of beeves and will stand me where I stood mine in all free heat between Pelagios and little

Chistay^s by Roderick’s our mostmonolith, after ray both ears-toear and brebreeches buybibles and, minhatton, testify to my unclothed virtue by the longstone erectheion of our allfirst man-here. I should tell you that honestly, on my honour of a Near-wicked, I always think in a wordworth’s of that primed favou-rite continental poet, Daunty, Gouty and Shopkeeper, A. G., whom the generality admoyers in this that is and that this is to

come. Like as my palmer’s past policy I have had my best master’s lessons, as the public he knows, and do you know, homesters, I honestly think, if I have failed lamentably by accident benefits though shintoed, spitefired, perplagued and cramkrieged, I am doing my dids bits and have made of my prudentials good. I have been told I own stolemines or something of that sorth in the sooth of Spainien. Hohohoho ! Have I said ogso how I abhor myself vastly (truth to tell) and do repent to my netherheart of suntry clothing.^ The amusin part is, I will say, hotelmen, that since I, over the deep drowner Athacleeath to seek again Irrlanding, shamed in mind, with three plunges of my ruddertail, yet not a bottlenim, vanced imperial standard by weaponright and platzed mine residenze, taking bourd and burgage under starrjrmisty and ran and operated my brixtol selection here at thollstall, for mean straits male with evorage fimmel, in commune soccage among strange and enemy, among these plotlets, in Poplinstown, alore Fort Dimlip, then-on-sea, hole of Serbonian bog, now city of magnificent distances, goodwalldabout, with talus and counterscarp and pale of palisades, upon martiell siegewin, with Abbot Warre to blesse, on yon slauchterday of cleantarriffs, in that year which I have called myriabellous, and overdrave these marken (the soord on Whencehislaws was mine and mine the prusshing stock of AUbrecht the Bearn), under patroonshaap of our good kingsinnturns, T. R. H. Urban First and Champaign Choll5nnan and Hungry the Loaved and Hangry the Hathed, here where my tenenure of office and my toils of domestication first began, with weight of woman my skat and skuld but Flukie of the Ravens as my sure piloter, famine with Englisch sweat and oppedemics, the two-

toothed dragon worms with allsort serpents, has compolitely seceded from this landleague of many nations and open and notorious naughty livers are found not on our rolls. This seat of our city it is of all sides pleasant, comfortable and wholesome. If you would traverse hills, they are not far off. If champain land, it lieth of all parts. If you would be delited with fresh water, the famous river, called of Ptolemy the Libnia Labia, runneth fast by. If you will take the view of the sea, it is at hand. Give heed!

— Do Drumcollogher whatever you do I

— Vtsite^ DrumcoUogher-la-Bellel

— Be suke and sie so ersed Drumcollogher!

— Vedi Drumcollogher e poi Moonis.

— Things are not as they were. Let me briefly survey. Pro clam a shun! Pip! Peep! Pipitch! Ubipop jay piped, ibipep goes the whistle. Here Tyeburn throttled, massed murmars march: where the bus stops there shop I: here which ye see, yea reste. On me, your sleeping giant. Estoesto! Estote sunto! From the hold of my capt in altitude till the mortification that’s my fate. The end of aldest mosest ist the beginning of all thisorder so the last of their hansbailis shall the first in our sheriffsby. New highs for all! Redu Negru may be black in tawn but under them lintels are staying my horneymen meet each his mansiemagd. For peers and gints, quaysirs and galleyliers, fresk letties from the say and stale headygabblers, gaingangers and dudder wagoners, pullars off societies and pushers on rothmere’s homes. Obeyance from

the townsmen spills felixity by the toun. Our bourse and politico-
ecomedy are in safe with good Jock Shepherd, our lives are on
sure in sorting with Jonathans, wild and great. Been so free!
Thank you, besters! Hattentats have mindered. Blaublaze devil-
bobs have gone from the mode and hairtrigger nicks are quite
out of time now. Thuggeries are reere as glovars' metins, lepers
lack, ignerants show beneath suspicion like the bitterhalves of
esculapuloids. In midday's mallsight let Miledd discurverself.
Me ludd in her hide park seek Minuinette. All is waldy bonums.
Blownose aerioswelufft to you! Firebugs, good blazes! Lubbers,
kepp your poudies drier! Seamen, we segn your skivs and wives!

Seven ills so barely as centripunts havd I habt, seaventy seavens
for circumference inkeptive are your hill prospect. Braid Black-
fordrock, the Calton, the Liberton, Craig and Lockhart's, A.
Costofino, R. Thursitt. The chort of Nicholas Within was my
guide and I raised a dome on the wherewithouts of Michan: by
awful tors my wellworth building sprang sky spearing spires,
cloud cupoled campaniles; further this. By fineounce and im-
posts I got and grew and by grossscruple gat I grown outreaches-
ly: murage and lestage were my mains for Ouerlord's tithing
and my drains for render and prender the doles and the tribute:
I was merely out of my mint with all the percussors on my
braincap till I struck for myself and muched morely by token: to
Sirrherr of Gambleden ruddy money, to Madame of Pitymount
I loue yous. Paybads fioriners moved in hugheknots against us and
I matt them, pepst to papst, barthelemew: milreys (mark!) on-
fell, and (LucI) I arose Daniel in Leonden. Bulafests onvied me,
Corkcuttas graatched. Atabey! I braved Brien Berueme to berow
him against the Loughlins, all her tolkies shraking; Fugabollagsl
Lusqu'au bout! If they had ire back of eyeball they got danage
on front tooth: theres were revelries at ridottos, here was rivalry
in redoubt: I wegschicked Duke Wellinghof to reshockle Roy
Shackleton: Walhalloo, Walhalloo, Walhalloo, mourn in plein!
Under law's marshall and warschouw did I thole till lead's
plumbate, ping on pang, reliefed me. I made praharfeast upon
acorpolous and fastbroke down in Neederthorpe. I let faireviews
in on slobodens but ranked rothgardes round wrathmindsers: I
bathandbaddend on mendicity and I corocured off the unoculated.
Who can tell their tale whom I filled ad Upturn on the plain of
Soulsbury.^ With three hunkered peepers and twa and twasl
For sleeking beauties I spinned their nightinveils, to slumbred
beast I tummed the thief air. Round the musky moved a mur-
mel but mewses whinninaird and belluas zoomed: tendulcis
tunes like water parted fluted up from the westinders while from
gorges in the east came the strife of ourangoontangues. All in
my thicville Escuterre ofen was thorough fear but in the meck-
ling of my burgh Belvaros was the site forbed: tuberclerosies I

reized spudfully from the murphyplantz Hawkinsonia and berri-
berries from the pletoras of the Irish shou. I heard my liberti-
lands making free through their curraghcoombs, my trueblues
hurusalaming before Wailingtone's Wall: I richmounded the
rainelag in my bathtub of roundwood and conveyed it with
cheers and cables, roaring mighty shouts, through my longer-
tubes of elm: out of fundness for the outozone I carried them

amd curried them in my Putzemdown cars to my Kommeandine hotels: I made sprouts fontaneously from Philuppe Sobriety in the coupe that’s cheyned for noon inebriates: when they weaned weary of that bibbing I made infusion more infused: sowerpacers of the vinegarth, obtemperate unto me! When you think me in my coppeecuffs look in ware would you meckamockame, as you pay in caabman’s sheltar tot the ites like you corss the tees. Wherefore watch ye well! For, while I oplooked the first of Janus’s straight, I downsaw the last of Christmas steps: syndic podestril and on the rates, I for indigent and intendente: in Forum Foster I demosthrenated my folksfiendship, enmy pupuls felt my burk was no worse than their brite: Sapphrageta and Consciencia were undecidedly attached to me but the maugher machrees and the auntieparthenopes my schwalby words with litted spongelets set their soakye pokeys and botchbons afume: Fletcher-Flemmings, elisaboth, how interquackeringly they rogated me, their golden one, I inhesitant made replique: Mesdememdes to leursieuresponsor: and who in hillsaide, don’t you let flyfire till you see their whites of the bunkers’ eyes ! Mr Answers: Brimgem young, bringem young, bringem young!: in my bethel of Solyman’s I accouched their rotundaties and I turnkeyed most insultantly over raped lutetias in the lock: I gave bax of biscums to the jacobeaters and pottage bakes to the esausted; I dehlivered them with freakandesias by the constant droppings from my smalls instalmonths while I titfortotalled up their farinadays for them on my slataper’s slate with my chandner’s chauk: I jaunted on my jingelbrett rapt in neckloth and sashes, and I beggered about the amnibushes like belly in a bowle. In the humanity of my heart I sent out heyweywomen to refresh

the ballwearied and then, doubling megalopolitan poleetness, my great great greatest of these charities, devaleurised the base fellows for the curtailment of their lower man: with a slog to square leg I sent my boundary to Botany Bay and I ran up a score and four of mes while the Yanks were buckling the Empire: I have been reciping om omominous letters and widely-signed petitions full of pieces of pottery about my monumentalness as a thingabolls and I have been inchanting causeries to the feshest cheoilboys so that they are allcalling on me for the song of a birtch: the more secretely bi built, the more openly palastered. Attent! Couch hear! I have becket my vonderbilt hutch in sunsmidnought and at momingrise was encampassed of mushroofs. Rest and bethinkful, with licence, thanks. I considered the lilies on the veldt and unto Balkis did I disclothe mine glory. And this. This missy, my taughters, and these man, my son, from my fief of the villa of the Ostmanorum to Thorstan’s, recte Thomars Sraid, and from Huggin Pleaze to William Inglis his house, that man de Loundres, in all their barony of Saltus, bonders and foeburghers, helots and zelots, strutting oges and swaggering macks, the darsy jeamses, the drury joneses, redmaids and bleucotts, in hommage all and felony, all who have received tickets, fair home overcrowded, tidy but very little furniture, respectable, whole family attends daily mass and is dead sick of bread and butter, sometime in the militia, mentally strained from reading work on German physics, shares closet with eight other dwellings, more than respectable, getting comfortable parish relief, wageeamer freshly shaven from prison, highly respectable, planning new departure in Mountgomery cyclefinishing, eldest son will not serve but peruses Big-man-up-in-the-Sky scraps, anoopanadoon lacking backway, quasi respec-

table, pays ragman in bones for faded windowcurtains, staircase continually lit up with guests, particularly respectable, house lost in dirt and blocked with refuse, getting on like Roe’s distillery on fire, slovenly wife active with the jug, in business for himself, has a tenth illegitimate coming, partly respectable, following correspondence courses, chucked work over row, both

cheeks kissed at levee by late marquess of Zetland, sharing closet which is profusely written over with eleven other subscribers, once respectcible, open hallway pungent of Baltic dishes, bangs kept woman’s head against wall thereby disturbing neighbours, private chapel occupies return landing, removal every other quarter day, case one of peculiar hopelessness, most respectable, nightsoil has to be removed through snoring household, eccentric naval officer not quite steady enjoys weekly churchwarden and laugh while reading foreign pictorials on clumpstump before door, known as the trap, widow rheumatic and chars, haunted, condemned and execrated, of dubious respectability, tools too costly pledged or uninsured, reformed philanthropist whenever feasible takes advantage of unfortunates against dilapidating ashpits, serious student is eating his last dinners, floor dangerous for unaccompanied old clergymen, thoroughly respectable, many uncut pious books in evidence, nearest watertap two hundred yards’ run away, fowl and bottled gooseberry frequently on table, man has not had boots off for twelve months, infant being taught to hammer flat piano, outwardly respectable, sometimes hears from titled connection, one foot of dust between banister and cracked wall, wife cleans stools, eminently respectable, ottawark and regular loafer, should be operated would she consent, deplorable rent in roof, claret cellar cobwebbed since the pontificate of Leo, wears drill trousers and collects rare buddhas, underages very treacly and verminous have to be separated, sits up with fevercases for one and threepence, owns two terraces (back to back breeze), respectable in every way, harmless imbecile supposingly weakminded, a sausage every Sunday, has a staff of eight servants, outlook marred by ne’er-do-wells using the lanew^ay, lieabed sons go out with sisters immediately after dark, has never seen the sea, travels always with her eleven trunks of clothing, starving cat left in disgust, the pink of respectability, resting after colonial service, labours at plant, the despair of his many benefactresses, calories exclusively from Rowntrees and dumplings, one bar of sunlight does them all January and half february, the V. de V’s (animal diet) live in five-

storied semidetached but rarely pay tradesmen, went security for friend who absconded, shares same closet with fourteen similar cottages and an illfamed lodginghouse, more respectable than some, teawidow pension but held to purchase, inherited silk hat from father-in-law, head of domestic economy never mentioned, queery how they live, reputed to procure, last four occupants carried out, mental companionship with mates only, respectability unsuccessfully aimed at, copious holes emitting mice, decoration from Uganda chief in locked ivory casket, grandmother has advanced alcoholic amblyopia, the terror of Goodmen’s Field, and respected and respectable, as respectable as respectable can respectably be, though their orable amission were the

herrors I could have expected, all, let them all come, they are my villeins, with chartularies I have talledged them. Wherfor I will and firmly command, as I willed and firmly commanded, upon my royal word and cause the great seal now to be affixed, that from the farthest of the farther of their fathers to their children’s children’s children they do inhabit it and hold it for me unencumbered and my heirs, firmly and quietly, amply and honestly, and with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Tolbris, a city of Tolbris, have at Tolbris, in the county of their city and through whole my land. Hereto my vouchers, knive and snuffbuchs. Fee for farm. Enwreak us wrecks.

Struggling forlongs I have livramentoed, milles on milles of meincipelles. Lo, I have looked upon my pumpadears in their easancies and my drummers have tattled n 11 tales of me in the land: in morgenattics litt I hope, in seralcellars louched I bleakmealers: on my siege of my mighty I was parciful of my subject but in street wauks that are darkest I debelledem superb: I deemed the drugtails in my pettycourts and domstered dustyfeets in my husinclose: at Guy’s they were swathed, at Foulke’s slashed, the game for a Gomez, the loyfor a lynch:if I was magmonimoss as staidylavgiver I revolucanized by my eructions: the hye and bye wayseeds I scattered em, in my graben fields sew sowage I gathered em: in Sheridan’s Circle my wits repose, in black pitts of the pestered Lenfant he is dummed. (Hearts of Oak, may ye root to piece!

2 M

Rechabites obstain! Clayed sheets, pineshrouded, wake not, walk not! Sigh lento, Morgh!) Quo warranto has his greats my soliven and puissant lord V. king regards for me and he has given to me my necknamesh (flister it!) which is second fiddler to nomen. These be my genteelician arms. At the crest, two young frish, etoiled, fiappant, devoiled of their habiliments, vested sable, withdrewers argent. For the boss a coleopter, pondant, partifesswise, blazoned sinister, at the slough, proper. In the lower field a terce of landers, shaking unsheathed shafts, their arms crossed in saltire, embusked, sinople. Motto, in letters portent: Hery Crass Evohodie. Idle were it, repassing from elserground to the elder disposition, to inquire whether I, draggedasunder, be the forced generation of group marriage, holocryptogam, of my essenes, or carried of cloud from land of locust, in ouzel galley borne, I, huddled til summone be the massproduct of teamwork, three surtouts wripped up in itchother’s, two twin pritticoaxes lived as one, troubled in trine or dubildin too, for abram nude be I or roberoyed with the faineans, of Feejeean grafted ape on merfish, surrounded by obscurity, by my virtus of creation and by boon of promise, by my natural bom freeman’s joumeymanright and my otherchurch’s inher light, in so and such a manner as me it so besitteth, most surely I pretend and reclam to opt for simultaneous. Till daybowbreak and showshadows flee. Thus be hek. Verily! Verily! Time, place!

— What is your numb.^ Bun!

— Who gave you that numb.^ Poo!

— Have you put in all your sparepennies.^ I’m listening. Sree!

— Keep clear of propennies! Fore!

— Mr Televox, Mrs Taubiestimm and invisible friends ! I may-may mean to say. Annoyin part of it was, had faithful Fulvia, following the wiening courses of this world, turned her back on her ways to gon on uphills upon search of louvers, brunette men of Earalend, Chief North Paw and Chief Goes in Black Water and Chief Brown Pool and Chief Night Cloud by the Deeps, or again had Fluvia, amber whitch she was, left her chivily crookcrook crocus bed at the bare suggestions of some prolling bywaymen

54<5

from Moabit who could have abused of her, the foxrogues, there might accrue advantage to ask wher in pellmell her deceivers sinned. Yet know it was vastly otherwise wliich I have heard it by mmummy goods waif, as I, chiefly endmost hartyly aver, for Fulvia Fluvia, iddle woman to the piusneeborn, ever did ensue tillstead the things that pertained unto fairnesse, this wharom I am fawned on, that which was loost. Even so, for I waged love on her: and spoiled her undines. And she wept: O my lors !

— Till we meet!

— Ere we part!

— Tollollall!

— This time a hundred years!

— But I was firm with her. And I did take the reached of my delights, my jealousy, ymashkt, beyashmakt, earswathed, snout-snooded, and did raft her flumingworthily and did leftlead her overland the pace, from lacksleap up to liffsloup, tiding down, as portreeve should, whimpering by Kevin’s creek and Hurdlesford and Gardener’s Mall, long rivierside drive, embankment large, to Ringsend Flott and Ferry, where she began to bump a little bit, my dart to throw: and there, by wavebrink, on strond of south, with mace to masthigh, taillas Cowhowling, quailless Highjakes, did I upreized my magicianer’s puntpole, the tridont sired a tritan stock, farruler, and I bade those polyfizzyboisterous seas to retire with hemselves from os (rookwards, thou seasea stamoror!) and I abridged with domfine norsemanship till I had done abate her maidan race, my baresark bride, and knew her fleshly when with all my bawdy did I her whorship, min bryllupswibe: Heaven, he hallthundered; Heydays, he flung blissforhers. And I cast my tenspan joys on her, arsched over-tupped, from bank of call to echobank, by dint of strongbow (Galata! Galata!) so streng we were in one, malestream in shegulf: and to ringstresse I thumbed her with iem of Erin and tradesmanmarked her lieflang mine for all and singular, iday, igone, imorgans, and for ervigheds: base your peak, you! you, strike your flag!: (what screech of shippings! what low of dampf-

547

bulls!): from Livland, hoks zivios, from Lettland, skall vives! With Impress of Asias and Queen Columbia for her pairanymphs and the singing sands for herbrides’ music: goosegaze annoynted uns, canailles canzoned and me to she her shyblumes lifted: and

I pudd a name and wedlock boltoned round her the which to carry till her grave, my durdin dearly, Appia Lippia Pluviabilla, whiles I herr lifer amstell and been: I chained her chastemate to grippe fiuming snugglers, her chambrett I bestank so to spunish furiosos: I was her hochsized, her cleavunto, her everest, she was my annie, my lauralad, my pisoved: who cut her ribbons when nought my prowes? who expoused that havenliness to beacha-lured ankerrides when not I, freipforter?: in trinity huts they met my dame, pick of their poke for me: when I foregather ’twas my sumbad, if I farseeker itch my list: had I not workit in my cattagut with dogshunds’ crotts to dene and had I not gifted of my coataways, constantonoble’s aim: and, fortiffed by my right as man of capitol, I did umgyrdle her about, my vermin-celly vinagerette, with all loving kindness as far as in man’s might it lay and enfranchised her to liberties of fringes: and I gave until my lilienyounger turkeythighs soft goods and hard-ware (catalogue, passim) and ladderproof hosiery lines (see stockinger’s raiment), cocquette coiffs (see Agnes’ hats) <ind peningsworths of the best taste of knaggs of jets and silvered waterroses and geegaws of my pretty novelties and wispywaspy frocks of redferns and lauralworths, trancepearances such as women cattle bare and peltries piled, the peak of Pirn’s and Slyne’s and Sparrow’s, loomends day lumineused luxories on looks. La Primamhre, Pyrrha Pyrrhine, Or de Reinebeau, Sourire d'Hiver and a crinoline, wide a shire, and pattens for her trilibies that know she might the tortuours of the boots and bedes of wampun with to toy and a murcery glaze of shard to mirrow, for all daintiness by me and theetime, the cupandnaggin hour: and I wound around my swanchen’s neckplace a school of shells of moyles marine to swing their saysangs in her silents: and, upping her at king’s count, her aldritch cry oloss unheading, what though exceeding bitter, I pierced her beak with order of the

Danabrog (Cunnig’s great! Soil level Soil level): with mare’s greese cressets at Leonard’s and Dunphy’s and Madonna lan-thorns before quintacasas and tallonkindles spearhead syngeing nickendbookers and mhutton lightburnes dipdippingdownes in blackholes, the tapers of the topers and his buntingpall at hoist: for days there was no night for nights were days and our folk had rest from Blackheathen and the pagans from the prince of pacis: what was trembling sod quaked no more, what were frozen loins were stirred and lived: gone the septuor, dark deadly dismal dole-ful desolate dreadful desperate, no more the tolvmaans, bloody gloomy hideous fearful furious alarming terrible mournful sorrowful frightful appalling: peace, perfect peace: and I hung up at Yule my duindleeng lunas, helphelped of Kettil Flashnose, for the souperhore of my frigid one, coloumba mea, frimosa mea^ in Wastev/indy tarred strate and Elgin’s marble halles lamping limp from black to block, through all Livania’s volted ampire, from anodes to cathodes and from the topazolites of Moume, Wykinloeflare, by Arklow’s sapphire siomen’s lure and Wexter-ford’s hook and crook lights to the polders of Hy Kinsella: avenyue ceen my peurls ahumming, the crown to my estuarine munipicence?: three firths of the sea I swept with draughtness and all ennempties I bottled em up in bellomport: when I stab-marooned jack and maturin I was a bad boy’s bogey but it was when I went on to sankt piotersbarq that they gave my devil his dues: what is seizer can hack in the old wold a sawyer may hew in the green: on the island of Breasil the wildth of me perished and I took my plowshure sadly, feeling pity for me sored: where

bold O’Connee weds on Alta Mahar, the tawny sprawling beside that silver burn, I sate me and settled with the little crither of my hearth: her intellects I charmed with I calle them utile thoughts, her turlyhyde I plumped with potatums for amiens pease in plenty: my biblous beadells shewed her triumphs of craftygild pageantries, loftust Adam, duffed our cousterclother. Conn and Owel with cortoppled baskib. Sire Noeh Guinnass, exposant of his bargeness and Lord Joe Starr to hump the body of the camell: I screwed the Emperor down with ninepins gaelic with sixpenny-

549

hapennies for his hanger on: my worthies were hissed and trissed from Joshua to Godfrey but my processus prophetarum they would have plauded to perpetuation. Moral: book to besure, see press.

— He’s not all buum and bully.

— But his members handly food him.

— Steving’s grain for’s greet collegtium.

— The S. S- Paudraic’s in the harbour.

— And after these things, I fed her, my carlen, my barelean lin-steer, upon spiceries for her garbage breath, italics of knobby lauch and the rich morsel of the marrolebone and shains of gar-leeks and swinespepper and gothakrauts and pinkee dillisks, primes of meshallehs and subleties in jellywork, come the feast of Saint Pancreas, and shortcake nutrients for Paas and Pingster’s pudding, bready and nutalled and potted ileshmeats from store dampkookin, and the drugs of Kafa and Jelupa and shallots out of Ascalon, feeding her food convenient herfor, to pass them into earth: and to my safFronbreathing mongoloid, the skinsyg, I gave Biorwik’s powlver and Uliv’s oils, unguents of cuticure, for the swarthy searchall’s face on her, with handewers and groinscrubbers and a carrycam to teaze her tussy out, the brown but combly, a mopsa’s broom to duist her sate, and clubmoss and wolves-foot for her more moister wards (amazing efficiencies !): and, my shopsoiled doveling, when weeks of kindness kinly civicised, in our saloons esquirial, with fineglas bowbays, draped embrasures and giltedged librariums, I did devise my telltale sports at even-bread to wring her withers limberly, wheatears, slapbang, drapier-cut-dean, bray, nap, spinado and ranter-go-round: we had our lewd mayers and our lairdie meiresses kiotowing and smuling fullface on us out of their framous latenesses, oilclothed over for cohabitation and allpointed by Hind: Tamlane the Cus-sacke, Dirk Wettingstone, Pieter Stuyvesant, Outlawrie O’Niell, Mrs Currens, Mrs Reyson-Figgis, Mrs Dattery, and Mrs Pruny-Quetch: in hym we trust, footwash and sects principles, apply to overseer, Amos five six: she had dabblingtime for exhibiting her grace of aljambras and duncingk the bloodanoobs in her vaux-halls while 1, dizzed and dazed by the lumpty thumpty of our

550

interloopings, fell clocksure off my ballast: in our windtor palast it vampared for elenders, we lubded Sur Gudd for the sleep and the ghoasts: she chaufFed her fuesies at my Wigan’s jewels while she skalded her mermeries on my Snorryson’s Sagos: in pay-

cook’s thronsaale she domineered, leaking icies off the dormer panes all admired her in camises: on Rideau Row Duanna dwells, you merk well what you see: let wellth were I our pantocreator would theirs be tights for the gods: in littleritt reddinghats and cindery yellows and tinsel and glitter and bibs under hoods: I made nusance of many well pressed champdamors and peddled freely in the scrub: I foredreamed for thee and more than full-maked: I prevened for thee in the haunts that joybelled frail light-a-leaves for sturdy traemen: pelves ad hombres sumtis: I said to the shiftless prostitute; let me be your fodder; and to rodies and prater brothers; Chau, Cameradel; evangel of good tidings, om-nient as the Healer’s word, for the lost, loathsome and whomso-ever will: who, in regimentation through liberal donation in co-ordination for organisation of their installation and augmenta-tion plus some annexation and amplification without precipita-tion towards the culmination in latification of what was formerly their utter privation, competence, cheerfulness, usefulness and the meed, shall, in their second adams, all be made alive: my tow tugs steered down canal grand, my lighters lay longside on Regalia Water. And I built in Urbs in Rure, for minne elskede, my shiny brows, under astrolobe from my upservatory, an erd-closet with showne ejector wherewithin to be squatquit in most covenience from her sabbath needs, when open noise should stilled be: did not I festfix with mortarboard my unniversiries, wholly rational and gottalike, sophister agen sorefister, life sizars all?: was I not rosetted on two Stellas of little egjq)t? had not I rockcut readers, hieros, gregos and democriticos?: triscastellated, bimedallised: and by my sevendialled changing charties Hiberns-ka Ulitzas made not I to pass through twelve Threadneedles and Newgade and Vicus Veneris to cooinsight?: my camels’ walk, kolossa kolossa! no porte sublimer benared my ghates: Oi polled ye many but my fews were chousen (Voter, voter, early voter.

he was never too oft for old Sarum): terminals four my statics were, the Geenar, the Greasouwea, the Debwickweck, the Mif-greawis. And I sept up twdnminsters, the pro and the con, mv stavekirks wove so norcely of peeled wands and attachatouchv floodmud, now all loosebrick and stonefest, freely masoned, arked for covennanters and shinners’ rifuge: descent from above on us, Hagiasofia of Astralia, our orisons thy nave and absedes, our aeone tone aeones thy studvaast vault; Hams, circuitise! Shemites, retrace!: horns, hush! no barkeys! hereround is’t holied!: all truanttrulls made I comepull, all rubbeling gnomes I pushed, gowgow: Cassels, Redmond, Gandon, Deane, Shep-perd, Smyth, Neville, Heaton, Stoney, Foley, Farrell, Vnost with Thorneycroft and Hogan too: sprids serve me! gobelins guard!: tect my tileries (O tribes! O gentes!), keep my keep, the peace of my four great ways: oathiose infernals to Booth Salvation, arcane celestials to Sweatenburgs Welhell! My seven wynds I trailed to maze her and ever a wynd had saving closes and all these closes flagged with the gust, hoops for her, hatsoff for him and ruffles through Neeblow’s garding: and that was why Blabus was razing his wall and eltering the suzannes of his nighboors: and thirdly, for ewigs, I did reform and restore for my smuggy piggiesknees, my sweet coolocked, my auburn coyquailing one, her paddypalace on the crossknoll with massgo bell, sixton clashcloshant, duominous and muezzatinties to commind the fit-ful: doom adimdim adoom adimadim: and the oragel of the lauds to tellforth’s glory: and added thereunto a shallow laver to slub out her hellfire and posied windows for her oriel house: gospelly pewmillieu, christous pewmillieu: zackbutts babazounded, ollguns tararulled: and she sass her nach, chillybombom and forty bon-

nets, upon the altarstane. May all have mossyhonours !

— Hoke!

— Hoke!

— Hoke!

— Hoke!

— Andwholehail,snaefFell,dreardrizzle or sleetshowers of blessing, where it froze in chalix eller swum in the vestry, with fairskin

book and ruling rod, vein of my vergin page, her chastener ever I did leam my little ana countrymouse in alphabeater cameltemper, from alderbirk to tannenyou, with myraw rattan atter dundrum; ooah, oyir, oyir, oyir: and I did spread before my Livvy, where Lord street lolls and ladies linger and Cammomile Pass cuts Primrose Rise and Coney Bend bounds Mulbreys Island but never a blid had bledded or bludded since long agore when the whole blighty acre was bladey well pessovered, my selvage mats of lecheworked lawn, my carpet gardens of Guerdon City, with chopes pyramidous and mousselimes and beaconphires and colossets and pensilled turisses for the busspleaches of the summiramies and esplanadas and statuesques and templeogues, the Pardonell of Maynooth, Fra Teobaldo, Nielsen, rare admirable, Jean de Porteleau, Conall Gretecloke, Guglielmus Caulis and the eiligh ediculous Passivucant (glorietta’s inexcellsiored !): for irkdays and for folliedays till the comple anniums of calendarias, gregoromaios and gypsyjuliennes as such are pleased of theirs to walk: and I planted for my own hot lisbing lass a quickset vineyard and I fenced it about with huge Chesterfield elms and Kentish hops and rigs of barlow and bowery nooks and greenwished villas and pampos animos and (N.L) necessitades iglesias and pons for aguaducks: a hawthomdene, a feyrieglenn, the hallaw vail, the dyrchace, Finmark’s Howe, against lickybudmonth and gleanermonth with a magicscene wall (rimrim! rimrim!) for a Queen’s garden of her phoenix: and (hush! hush!) I brewed for my alpine plurabelle, wigwarming wench, (speakeasy!) my granvilled brandold Dublin lindub, the free, the froh, the frothy freshener, puss, puss, pussyfoot, to split the spleen of her maw: and I laid down before the trotters to my eblanite my stony battered waggon - ways, my nordsoud circulums, my eastmoreland and westlandmore, running boullowards and syddenly parading, (hearsemen, opslo! nuptiallers, get storting!): whereon, in mantram of truemen like yahoomen (expect till dutc cundoctor summoneth him all fahrts to pay, velkommen all hankinhunkn in this vongn of Hoseyeh!), claudesdales withe arabinstreeds, Roamer Reich’s rickyshaws with Hispain’s King’s trompateers, madridden mus-

tangs, buckarestive bronchos, poster shays and turnintaxis, and tall tall tilburys and nod nod noddies, others gigging gaily, some sedated in sedans: my priccoping gents, aroger, aroger, my damsells softsidesaddled, coverdy, covertly, and Lawdy Dawe a perch behind: the mule and the hinny and the jennet and the mustard nag and piebald shjelties and skewbald awknees steppit lively

(lift ye the left and rink ye the right!) for her pleashadure: and she ltdaughed in her diddydid domino to the switcheries of the whip. Down with them! Kick! Playup!

Mattahah! Marahah! Luahah! Joahanahanahana!

554

What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let sleepth.

But really now whenabouts? Expatiate then how much times we live in. Yes.^

So,nat by night by naught by naket, in those good old lousy days gone by, the days, shall we say? of Whom shall we say.^ while kinderwardens minded their twinsbed, therenow they-stood, the sycomores, all four of them, in their quartan agues, the majorchy, the minorchy, the everso and the fermentarian with their ballyhooric blowreaper, titranicht by tetranoxst, at their pussycomers, and that old time pallyollogass, playing copers fear-some, with Gus Walker, the cuddy, and his poor old dying boosy cough, esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin, dell me, donk, the way to wumblin. Follow me beeline and you’re bumblin, esker, newcsle, saggard, crumlin. And listening. So gladdied up when nicechild Kevin Mary (who was going to be comman-deering chief of the choirboys’ brigade the moment he grew up under all the auspices) irishsmiled in his milky way of cream dwibble and onage tustard and dessed tabbage, frighted out when badbrat Jerry Godolphing (who was hurr3dng to be cardinal scullion in a night refuge as bald as he was cured enough unerr all the hospitals) furrinfrowned down his wrinkly waste of methylated spirits, ick,and lemoncholy lees, ick,and pulverised rhubarbarorum, icky;

555

night by silentsailing night while infantina Isobel (who will be blushing all day to be, when she growed up one Sunday, Saint Holy and Saint Ivory, when she took the veil, the beautiful presentation nun, so bcirely twenty, in her pure coif, sister Isobel, and next Sunday, Mistlemas, when she looked a peach, the beautiful Samaritan, still as beautiful and still in her teens, nurse Saintette Isabelle, with stiffstarched cuffs but on Holiday, Christmas, Easter mornings when she wore a wreath, the wonderful widow of eighteen springs, Madame Isa Veuve La Belle, so sad but lucksome in her boyblue’s long black with orange blossoming weeper’s veil) for she was the only girl they loved, as she is the queenly pearl you prize, because of the way the night that first we met she is bound to be, methinks, and not in vain, the darling of my heart, sleeping in her april cot, within her singachamer, with her greengageflavoured candywhistle duetted to the crazyquilt, Isobel, she is so pretty, truth to tell, Wildwood’s eyes and primarose hair, quietly, all the woods so wild, in mauves of moss and daphnedews, how all so still she lay, neath of the whitethorn, child of tree, like some losthappy leaf, like blowing flower stilled, as fain would she anon, for soon again ’twill be, win me, woo me, wed me, ah weary me! deeply, now

evencalm lay sleeping;

nowth upon nacht, while in his tumbril Wachtman Havelook seequeerscenes, from yonsides of the choppy, punkt by his curserbog, went long the grassgross bumpinstrass that henders the pubbel to pass, stowing his bottle in a hole for at whet his whuskle to stretch ecrooksman, sequestering for lovers' lost propertied offices the leavethings from allpurgers' night, og gneiss ogas gnasty, kikkers, brillers, knappers and bands, handsboon and strumpets, sminkysticks and eddiketsflaskers;

wan fine night and the next fine night and last find night while Kothereen the Slop in her native's chambercushy, with dreamings of simmering my veal astore, was basqmng to her pillasleep how she thawght a knogg came to the dowanstairs dour at that howr to peirce the yare and dowandshe went, schritt be schratt, to see was it Schweeps's mingerals or Shuhorn the posth with a tilly-

cramp for Hemself and Co, Esquara, or them four hoarsemen on their apolkaloops, Norreys, Soothbys, Yates and Welks, and, galorybit of the sanes in hevel, there was a crick up the stirkiss and when she ruz the cankle to see, galohery, dowmand she went on her knees to blessersef that were knogging together like milk-juggles as if it was the wrake of the hapspurus or old Kong Gander O'Toole of the Mountains or his googoo goosth she seein, sliving off over the sawdust lobby out of the backroom, wan ter, that was everywans in turruns, in his honeymoon trim, holding up his fingerhals, with the clookey in his fisstball, tocher of davy's, tocher of ivileagh, for her to w'^hisht, you sowbelly, and the whites of his pious eyebulbs swering her to silence and coort;

each and every juridical sessions night, whenas goodmen twelve and true at fox and geese in their numbered habitations tried old wireless over boord in their juremembers, whereas by reverendum they found him guilty of their and those imputations of fornicolopulation with two of his albowcrural correlations on whom he was said to have enjoyed by anticipation when schooling them in amown, mid grass, she sat, when man was, amazingly frank, for their first conjugation whose colours at standing up from the above were of a pretty carnation but, if really 'twere not so, of some deretane denudation with intent to excitation, caused by his retrogradation, among firearmed forces proper to this nation but apart from all titillation which, he said, was under heat pressufe and a good mitigation wdthout which in any case he insists upon being worthy of continued alimentation for him having displayed, he says, such grand toleration, reprobate so noted and all, as he was, with his washleather sweeds and his smokingstump, for denying transubstantiation nevertheless in respect of his highpowered station, whereof more especially as probably he was meantime suffering genteel tortures from the best medical attestation, as he oftentimes did, having only strength enough, by way of festination, to implore (or I believe you have might have said better) to complore, with complete obsecration, on everybody connected with him the curse of coagulation for, he tells me outside Sammon's in King Street, after

two or three hours of close confabulation, by this pewterpint of Gilbey’s goats whey which is his prime consolation, albeit involving upon the same no uncertain amount of esophagous regurgitation, he being personally unpreoccupied to the extent of a flea’s gizzard anent eructation, if he was still extremely ofiensive to a score and four nostrils’ dilatation, still he was likewise, on the other side of him, for some nepmen’s eyes a delectation, as he asserts without the least alienation, so prays of his faullt you would make obliteration but for our friend behind the bars, though like Adam Findlater, a man of estimation, summing him up to be done, be what will of excess his exaltation, still we think with Sully there can be no right extinuation for contravention of common and statute legislation for which the fit remedy resides, for Mr Sully, in corporal amputation: so three months for Gubbs Jeroboam, the frothwhiskered pest of the park, as per act one, section two, schedule three, clause four of the fifth of King Jark, this sentence to be carried out tomorrowmorn by Nolans Volans at six o’clock shark, and may the yeastwind and the hoppinghail malt mercy on his seven honeymeads and his hurlyburlygrowth. Amen, says the Clarke;

niece by nice by neat by natty, whilst amongst revery’s happy gardens nine with twenty Leixlip yearlings, darters all, had such a ripping time with gleeful cries of what is nice toppingshaun made of made for and weeping like fun, him to be gone, for they were never happier, huhu, than when they were miserable, haha;

in their bed of trial, on the bolster of hardship, by the glimmer of memory, under coverlets of cowardice, Albatrus Nyanzer with Victa Nyanza, his mace of might mortified, her beautifell hung up on a nail, he, Mr of our fathers, she, our moddereen ru arue rue, they, ay, by the hodypoker and blazier, they are, as sure as dinny drops into the dyke . . .

A cry off.

Where are we at all? and whenabouts in the name of space?

I don’t understand. I fail to say, I dearsee you too.

House of the cederbalm of mead. Garth of Fyon. Scene and property plot. Stagemanager’s prompt. Interior of dwelling on out-

skirts of city. Groove two. Chamber scene. Boxed. Ordinary bedroom set. Salmonpapered walls. Back, empty Irish grate, Adam’s mantel, with wilting elopement fan, soot and tinsel, condemned. North, wall with window practicable. Argentine in casement. Vamp. Pelmit above. No curtains. Blind drawn. South, party wall. Bed for two with strawberry bedspread, wickerworker clubsessel and caneseated millikinstool. Bookshrine without, facetowel upon. Chair for one. Woman’s garments on chair. Man’s trousers with crossbelt braces, collar on bedknob. Man’s corduroy surcoat with tabrets and taces, seapan nacre buttons on nail. Woman’s gown on ditto. Over mantelpiece picture of Michael, lance, slaying Satan, dragon with smoke. Small table near bed, front. Bed with bedding. Spare. Flagpatch quilt. Yverdown design. Limes. Lighted lamp without globe, scarf, gazette, tumbler, quantity of water, julepot, ticker, side props, eventuals, man’s gummy article, pink.

A time.

Act; dumbshow.

Closeup. Leads.

Man with nightcap, in bed, fore. Woman, with curlpins, hind. Discovered. Side point of view. First position of harmony. Say! Eh.-* Ha! Check action. Matt. Male partly masking female. Man looking round, beastly expression, fishy eyes, paralleliped homoplatts, ghazometron pondus, exhibits rage. Business. Ruddy blond, Armenian bole, black patch, beer wig, gross build, episcopalian, any age. Woman, sitting, looks at ceiling, haggish expression, peaky nose, trekant mouth, fithery wight, exhibits fear. Welshrabbit teint, Nubian shine, nasal fossette, turfy tuft, undersized, free kirk, no age. Closeup. Play!

Callboy. Cry off. Tabler. Her move.

Footage.

By the sinewy forequarters of the mare Pocahontas and by the white shoulders of Finnuala you should have seen how that smart sallowlass just hopped a nanny’s gambit out of bunk like old mother Mesopotomac and in eight and eight sixtyfour she was off, door, knightlamp with her, billy’s largelimbs prodgering

after to queen’s lead. Promiscuous Omebound to Fiammelle la Diva. Hu£F! His move. Blackout.

Circus. Corridor.

Shifting scene. Wall flats: sink and fly. Spotlight working wall cloths. Spill playing rake and bridges. Room to sink: stairs to sink behind room. Two pieces. Haying after queue. Replay.

The old humburgh looks a thing incomplete so. It is so. On its dead. But it will pawm up a fine head of porter when it is finished. In the quicktime. The castle arkwright put in a chequered staircase certainly. It has only one square step, to be steady, yet notwith-stumbling are they stalemating backgammoner supstairs by skips and trestles tiltop double corner. Whist while and game.

What scenic artist! It is ideal residence for realtar. By hims ingang tilt tinkt a tunning bell that Limen Mr, that Boggey Godde, be airwaked. Tingling, lingling. Be their maggies in all. Chump, do your ephort. Shop! Please shop! Shop ado please! O ado please shop! How hominous his house, haunt it.^ Yesses indead it be! Nogen, of imperial measure, is begraved beneadher. Here are his naggins poured, his alladim lamps. Around the bloombiered, booty with the bedst. For them whom he have fordone make we newly thankful!

Tell me something. The Porters, so to speak, after their shadowstealers in the newsbaggers, are very nice people, are they not.^ Very, all fourlike tellt. And on this wise, Mr Porter (Bar-tholomew, heavy man, astern, mackerel shirt, hayamatt peruke) is an excellent forefather and Mrs Porter (leading lady, a poopahead, gaffneysaffron nightdress, iszoppy chepelure) is a most kindhearted messmother. A so united family pateramater

is not more existing on papel or off of it. As keymaster fits the lock it weds so this bally builder to his streamline secret. They care for nothing except everything that is allporterous. Porto da Broiio/ Isn’t that terribly nice of them.^ You can ken that they come of a rzirely old family by their costumance and one must togive that one supped of it in all tonearts from awe to zest. I think I begin to divine so much. Only snakkest me truesome ! I stone us I’m hable.

560

To reachy a skeer do! Still hoyhra, till venstra! Here are two rooms on the upstairs, at forkflank and at knifekanter. Whom in the wood are they for? Why, for little Porter babes,to be saved 1 The coeds, boytom thwackers and timbuy teaser. Here is one-thing you owed two noe. This one once upon awhile was the other but this is the other one nighadays. Ah so? The Corsicos? They are numerable. Guest them. Major bed, minor bickhive. Halosobuth, sov us! Who sleeps in now number one, for ex-ample? A pussy, purr esimple. Cunina, Statulina and Edulia, but how sweet of her! Has your pussy a pessname? Yes, indeed, you will hear it passim in all the noveletta and she is named Buttercup. Her bare name will tellt it, a monitress. How very sweet of her and what an excessively lovecharming missyuame to forsake, now that I come to drink of it filtred, a gracecup fulled of bitterness. She is dadad’s lottiest daughterpearl and brooder’s cissiest auntybride. Her shellback thimblecasket mirror only can show her dearest friendeen. To speak well her grace it would ask of Grecian language, of her goodness, that legend golden. Biryina Saindua! Loreas with lillias flocaflake arrosas! Here’s newyearspray, the posquiflor, a windaborne and helio-trope; there miriamsweet and amaranth and marygold to crown. Add lightest knot unto tiptition. O Charis! O Charissima! A more intriguant bambolina could one not colour up out ofBoccuccia’sEnameron. Would one but to do apart a lilybit her virginelles and, so, to breath, so, therebetween, behold, she had instantt with her handmade as to graps the myth inmid the air. Mother of moth ! I will to show herword in flesh. Approach not for ghost sake! It is dormition! She may think, what though little doth she realise, as morning fresheth, it hath happened her, you know what, as they too what two dare not utter. Silvoo plush, if scolded she draws a face. Petticoat’s asleep but in the gentlenest of her thoughts apoo is a nursepin. To be presented, Babs for Bim-bushi? Of courts and with enticers. Up, girls, and at him! Alone? Alone what? I mean, our strifestirrer, does she do fleurty winkies with herself. Pussy is never alone, as records her chambrette, for she can always look at Biddles and talk petnames with her little

561 2 N

playfilly when she is sitting downy on the ploshmat. O, she talks, does she? Marry, how? Rosepetalletted sounds. Ah Biddles es ma plikplak. Ah plikplak wed ma Biddles. A nice jezebel bary-tinette she will gift but I much prefer her missnomer in maidenly golden lasslike gladsome wenchful flowery girlish beautycapes. So do I, much. Dulce delicatissima! Doth Dolly weeps she is bastings. Will Dally bumpsetty it is tubtime. Allaliefest, she who pities very pebbles, dare we not wish on her our thrice onsk? A lovely fear! That she seventip toe her chrysming, that she spin

blue to scarlad till her temple’s veil, that the Mount of Whoam it open it her to shelterer! She will blow ever so much more promisefuller, blee me, than all the other common marygales that romp round brigidschool, charming Carry Whambers or saucy Susy Maucepan of Merry Anna Patchbox or silly Polly Flinders. Platsch! A plikaplak.

And since we are talking amnessly of brukasloop crazedledaze, who doez in sleeproom number twobis? The twobirds. Holy policeman, O, I see! Of what age are your birdies? They are to come of twinning age so soon as they may be born to be eldering like those olders while they are living under chairs. They are and they seem to be so tightly tattached as two maggots to touch other, I think I notice, do I not? You do. Our bright bull babe Frank Kevin is on heartsleeveside. Do not you waken him! Our farheard bode. He is happily to sleep, limb of the Lord, with his lifted in blessing, his buchel losa, like the blissed angel he looks so like and his mou is semiope as though he were blowdelling on a bugigle. Whene’er I see those smiles in eyes ’tis Father Quinn again. Very shortly he will smell sweetly when he will hear a weird to wean. By gorgeous, that boy will blare some knight when he will take his dane’s pledges and quit our ingletears, spite of undesirable parents, to wend him to Amorica to quest a cashy job. That keen dean with his veen nonsolance! O, I adore the profeen music! Dollarmighty! He is too audorable really, eunique! I guess to have seen somekid like him in the story book, guess I met somewhere somelam to whom he will be becoming liker. But hush! How unpardonable of me ! I beg for your venials, sincerely I do.

Hush! The other, twined on codliverside, has been crying in his sleep, making sharpshape his inscissors on some first choice sweets fished out of the muck. A stake in our mead. What a teething wretch! How his book of craven images! Here are posthumious tears on his intimelle. And he has pipettishly bespilled himself from his foundingpen as illspent from inkinghorn. He is jem job joy pip poo pat (jot um for a sobrat!) Jerry Jehu. You will know him by name in the capers but you cannot see whose heel he sheepfolds in his wrought hand because I have not told it to you. O, foetal sleep! Ah, fatal slip! the one loved, the other left, the bride of pride leased to the stranger ! He will be quite within the pale when with lordbeeron brow he vows him so tosset to be of the sir Blake tribes bleak while through life’s unblest he rodes backs of bannars. Are you not somewhat bulgar with your bowels.^ Whatever do you mean with bleak.^ With pale blake I write tintingface. O, you do.^ And with steelwhite and blackmail I ha’scint for my sweet an anemone’s letter with a gold of my bridest hair betied. Donatus his mark, address as follows. So you did.^ From the Cat and Cage. O, I see and see! In the ink of his sweat he will find it yet. What Gipsy Devereux vowed to Lylian and why the elm and how the stone. You never may know in the preterite all perhaps that you would not believe that you ever even saw to be about to. Perhaps. But they are two very blizky little portereens after their bredscrums, Jerkoff and Eatsup, as for my part opinion indeed. They would be bom so, costarred, puck and prig, the maryboy at Donnybrook Fair, the godolphinglad in the Hoy’s Court. How frilled one shall be as at taledold of Formio and Cigalette! What folly innocents! Theirs whet pep of puppyhood! Both barmhearts shall become yeastcake by their bracl^est. I will to leave a my copperwise blessing between the pair of them, for rosengorge, for greenafang. Blech and tin soldies,

weals in a sniffbox. Som’s wholed, all’s parted. Weeping shouldst not thou be when man falls but that divine scheming ever adoring be. So you be either man or mouse and you be neither fish nor flesh. Take. And take. Vellicate nyche! Be ones as wes for gives for gives now the hour of passings sembles quick with quelled. Adieu, soft adieu, for these nice presents, kerryjevin. Still tosorrow!

563

Jeminy, what is the view which now takes up a second position of discordance, tell it please? Mark! You notice it in that rereway because the male entail partially eclipses the femecovert. It is so called for its discord the meseedo. Do you ever heard the story about Helius Croesus, that white and gold elephant in our zoopark? You astonish me by it. Is it not that we are commanding from fullback, woman permitting, a profusely fine birdseye view from beauhind this park? Finn his park has been much the admiration of all the stranger ones, grekish and romanos, who arrive to here. The straight road down the centre (see relief map) bisexes the park which is said to be the largest of his kind in the world. On the right prominence confronts you the handsome vinesregent’s lodge while, turning to the other supreme piece of cheeks, exactly opposite, you are confounded by the equally handsome chief sacristary’s residence. Around is a little amiably tufted and man is cheered when he bewonders through the boskage how the nature in all frisko is enlivened by gentlemen’s seats. Here are heavysuppers — ’tis for daddies housings for hundredaires of our super thin thousand. By gum, but you have resin! Of these tallworts are yielded out juices for jointoils and pappasses for paynims. Listeneth! ’Tis a tree story. How olave, that firile, was aplantad in her liveside. How tannoboom held tonobloom. How rood in norlandes. The black and blue marks athwart the weald, which now barely is so stripped, indicate the presence of sylvious beltings. Therewithal shady rides lend themselves out to rustic cavalries. In yonder valley, too, stays mountain sprite. Any pretty dears are to be caught inside but it is a bad pities of the plain. A scarlet pimparnell now mules the mound where anciently first murders were wanted to take root. By feud fionghalian. Talkingtree and sinningstone stay on either hand. Hystorical leavesdroppings may also be garnered up with sir Shamus Swiftpatrick, Archfieldchaplain of Saint Lucan’s. How familiar it is to see all these interesting advenements with one snaked’s eyes ! Is all? Yet not. Hear one’s. At the bodom fundus of this royal park, which, with tvigate shyasian gardeenen, is open to the public till night at late, so well the sissastrides so will

564

the pederestians, do not fail to point to yourself a depression called Holl Hollow. It is often quite guttergloomering in our duol and gives wankyrious thoughts to the head but the banders of the pentapolitan poleetsfurcers bassoons into it on windy woodensdays their wellbooming wolvertones. Ulvos! Ulvos!

Whervolk dorst ttou begin to tremble by our moving pictures at this moment when I am to place my hand of our true friendshapes upon thee knee to mark well what I say.^ Throu shayest who? In Amsterdam there lived a . . . But how? You are tremblotting, you retchad, like a verry jerry! Niet? Will you a guineeser? Gaij beutel of staub? To feel, you? Yes, how it trembles,

the timid! Vortigern, ah Gortigern! Overlord of Mercia! Or doth brainskin fiinchgreef? Stemming! What boyazhness! Sole shadow shows. Tis jest jibberweek’s joke. It must have stole. O, keve silence, both! Putshameyu! I have heard her voice somewhere else’s before me in these ears still that now are for mine.

Let op. Slew musics. Thunner in the eire.

You were dreamend, dear. The pawdrag? The fawthrig? Shoe! Hear are no phanthares in the room at all, avikkeen. No bad bold faathern, dear one. Opop opop capallo, muy malinchily malchick! Gothgorod father godown folioway tomollow the lucky load to Lublin for make his thoroughbass grossman’s bigness. Take that two piece big slap slap bold honty bottomsside pap pap pappa.

— Li ne dormis?

— S/ Malhone dormas.

— Kia li krias nikte?

— Parolas infanetes. S!

Sonly all in your imagination, dim. Poor little brittle magic nation, dim of mind! Shoe to me now, dear! Shoom of me! While elvery stream winds seling on for to keep this barrel of bounty rolling and the nightmail afarfrom morning nears.

When you’re coaching through Lucalised, on the sulphur spa to visit, it’s safer to hit than miss it, stop at his inn! The hammers are telling the cobbles, the pickts are hacking the saxums, it’s snugger to burrow abed than ballet on broad way. Tuck in your

blank! For it’s race pound race the hosties rear all roads to ruin and layers by lifetimes laid down riches from poormen. Cried unions to chip, saltpetre to strew, gallpitch to drink, stonebread to break but it’s bully to gulp good blueberry pudding. Doze in your warmth! While the elves in the moonbeams, feeling why, will keep my lilygem gently gleaming.

In the sleepingchambers. The court to go into half morning. The four seneschals with their palfrey to be there now, all balaaming in their sellaboutes and sharping up their penisills. The boufeither Soakersoon at holdup tent sticker. The swabsister Katya to have duntalking and to keep shakenin dowan her droghedars. Those twelve chief barons to stand by duedesmally with their folded arums and put down all excursions and false alarums and after that to go back now to their runameat farums and recompile their magnum chartarums with the width of the road between them and all harrums. The maidbrides all, in favours gay, to strew sleety cinders on their falling hair and for wouldbe joybells to ring sadly ringless hands. The dame dowager to stay kneeled how she is, as first mutherer with cord in coil. The two princes of the tower royal, daulphin and deevlin, to lie how they are without to see. The dame dowager’s duffgerent to present wappon, blade drawn to the full and about wheel without to be seen of them. The infant Isabella from her coign to do obeisance toward the duffgerent, as first futherer with drawn brand. Then the court to come in to full morning. Herein see ye fail not!

— Vuiu, porkego! Hi vi rigardas. ReturnUy porkego. Maldeli-
kato/

Gauze off heaven ! Vision. Then. O, pluxty suddly, the sight entrancing! Hummels! That crag! Those bullocks! O Sire! So be accident occur is not going to commence! What have you therefore? Fear you the donkers? Of roovers? I fear lest we have lost ours (non grant it!) respecting these wildy parts. How is hit finister! How shagsome all and beastful! What do you show on? I show because I must see before my misfortune so a stark pointing pole. Lord of ladders, what for lungitubel Can you read the verst legend hereon? I am hather of the missed. AreedI To the dun-

leary obelisk via the rock vhat myles knox furlongs; to the general’s postoffice howsands of patience; to the Wellington memorial half a league wrongwards; to Sara’s bridge good hunter and nine to meet her: to the point, one yeoman’s yard. He, he, he! At that do you leer, a setting up? With a such unfettered belly? Two cascades? I leer (O my big, O my bog, O my bagbone!) because I must see a buntingcap of so a pinky on the point. It is for a true glover’s greetings and many burgesses by us, greats and grosses, uses to pink it in this way at tet-at-tet. For long has it been effigy of standard royal when broken on roofstaff which to the gunnings shall cast welcome from Courtmilits’ Fortress, umptydum dumptydum. Bemark you these hangovers, those streamer fields, his influx. Do you not have heard that, the queen lying abroad from fury of the gales, (meekname mocktitles her Nan Nan Nanetta) her liege of lateenth dignisties shall come on their bay tomorrow, Michalsmas, mellems the third and fourth of the clock, there to all the king’s aussies and all their king’s men, knechts tramplers and cavalcaders, led of herald graycloak, Ulaf Goldarskield? Dog! Dog! Her lofts will be loosed for her and their tumblers broodcast. A progress shall be made in walk, ney? I trow it well, and uge by uge. He shall come, sidesmen accostant, by aryan jubilarian and on brigadier-general Nolan or and buccaneer-admiral Browne, with — who can doubt it? — his golden beagles and his white elkox terriers for a hunting on our littlego illcome faxes. In blue and buff of Beaufort the hunt shall make. It is poblesse noblige. Ommes will grin through collars when each riders other’s ass. Me Eccls! What cats’ killings overall! What popping out of guillotened widows! Quick time! Beware of waiting! Squintina plies favours on us from her rushfrail and Zosimus, the crowder, in his surcoat, sues us with souftwister. Apart we! Here are gantlets. I believe, by Plentifolks Mixymost! Yet if I durst to express the hope how I might be able to be present. All these peeplers entrammed and detrained on bikeygels and troykakyls and those puny farting little soli tires! ToUacre, tollacre! Polo north will beseem Sibernian and Plein Pelouta will behowl ne yerking at lawncastrum ne ghimbelling on guelfiinks.

Mauser Misma shall cease to stretch her and come abroad for what the blinkins is to be seen. A ruber, a rancher, a fullvide, a veridust and as crerdulous behind as he was before behind a damson of a sloe cooch. Mbv! The annamation of evabusies, the livliness of her laughings, such as a plurity of bells ! Have peacience,

pray you! Place to dames! E\en the Lady Victoria Landauner will leave to loll and parasol, all giddied into gushgasps with her dickey standing. Britus and Gothius shall no more joustle for that sonneplace but mark one autonement when, with si so silent, Cloudia Aiduolcis, good and dewed up, shall let fall, yes, no, yet, now, a rain. Muchsias grapcias! It is how sweet from her, the wispful, and they are soon seen swopsib so a sautril as a meise. Its ist not the tear on this movent sped. Tix sixponce! Poum! Hool poll the bull.^ Fool pay the bill. Becups a can full. Peal, pull the bell! Still sayeme of ceremonies, much much more! So please-your! It stands in Instopressible how Meynhir Mayour, our boorgomaister, thon staunch Thorsman, (our Nancy’s fancy, our own Nanny’s Big Billy), his hod hoisted, in best bib and tucker, with Woolington bottes over buckram babbishkis and his clouded cane and necknoose aureal, surrounded of his full cooperation with fixed baronets and meng our pueblos, restrained by chain of hands from pinchgut, hoghill, darklane, gibbetmeade and beaux and laddes and bumbellye, shall receive Dom King at broadstone barrow meet a keys of goodmorrow on to his pompey cushion. Me amble dooty to your grace’s majers! Arise, sir Pompkey Dompkey! Earl Ear! Weakear! An allness eversides! We but miss that horse elder yet cherchant of the wise graveleek in cabbuchin garden. That his be foison, old Caubeenhauben! ’Twill be tropic of all days. By the splendour of Sole! Perfect weatherest prevailing. Thisafter, swift’s mightmace deposing, he shall aidress to His Serenemost by a speechreading from his miniated vellum, alfi byrni gamman dealter etcera zezera eacla treacla youghta kaptor lomdom noo, who meaningwhile that illuminatured one, Papyroy of Pepinregn, my Sire, great, big King, (his scaffold is there set up, as to edify, by Rex Ingram, pageant-master) will be poking out with his canule into the arras of

what brilliant bridgecloths and joking up with his tonguespitz to the crimosing balkonladies, here’s a help undo their modest stays with a fullbelow may the funnyfeelbelong. Oddsbones, that may it! Carilloners will ring their gluckspeels. Rng rng! Rng rng! S. Presbutt-in-the-North, S. Mark Underloop, S. Lorenz-by-the-Toolechest, S. Nicholas Myre. You shall hark to anune S. Gardener, S. George-le-Greek, S. Barclay Moitered, S. Phibb, lona-in-the-Fields with Paull-the-Aposteln. And audialterand: S. Jude-at-Gate, Bruno Friars, S. Weslen-on-the-Row, S. Molyneux Without, S. Mary Stillamaries with Bride-and-Audeons-behind-Wardborg. How chimant in effect! Alla tingaling pealabells! So a many of churches one cannot pray own’s prayers. ’Tis holyyear’s day! Juin jully we may! Agithetta and Tranquilla shall demure umclaused but Marl-borough-the-Less, Greatchrist and Holy Protector shall have open virgilances. Beata Basilica! But will be not pontifi-cation? Dock, dock, agamel Primatially. At wateredge. Can-taberra and Neweryork may supprecate when, by vepers, for towned and travailed, his goldwhite swaystick aloft ylifted, umbrilla-parasoul, Monsigneur of Deublan shall impart to all. Benedictus benedicat! To board! And mealsight! Unjoint him this bittern, frust me this chicken, display yon crane, thigh her her pigeon, unlace allay rabbit and pheasant! Sing: Old Finncoole, he’s a mellow old saoul when he swills with his fuddlers free! Poppop array! For we’re all jollygame fellhellows which no-bottle can deny! Here be trouts culponed for ye and salmons chined and sturgeons tranched, sanced capons, lobsters barbed. Call halton eatwords! Mumm me moe mummers! What, no

Ithalians.^ How, not one Moll Pamelas.^ Accordingly! Play actors by us ever have crash to their gate. Mr Messop and Mr Borry will produce of themselves, as they're two genitalmen of Veruno, Senior Nowno and Senior Brolano (finaly! finaly!), all for love of a fair penitent that, a she be broughton, rhoda's a rosy she. Their two big skins! How they strave to gat her! Such a boyplay! Their bouchicaulture ! What tyronte power! Buy our fays! My name is novel and on the Granby in hills. Bravose! Thou traitor slave!

569

Mine name's Apnorval and o'er the Grandbeyond Mountains. Bravossimost ! The royal nusick their show shall shut with song-slide to nature's solemn silence. Deep Dalchi Dolando! Might gentle harp addurge ! It will give piketurns on the tummlipplads and forain dances and crosshurdles and dollmanovers and viceuv-ious pyrolyphics, a snow of dawnflakes, at darkfall for Grace's Mamnesty and our fancy ladies, all assombred. Some wholetime in hot town tonight! You do not have heard It stays in book of that which is. I have heard anyone tell it jesterday (master currier with brassard was't) how one should come on morrow here but it is never here that one today. Well but remind to think, you where yestoday Ys Morganas war and that it is always to-morrow in toth's tother's place. Amen.

True! True! Vouchsafe me more soundpicture! It gives furi-ously to think. Is rich Mr Pornter, a squire, not always in his such strong health.^ I thank you for the best, he is in taken deal ex-ceedingly herculeneous. One sees how he is lot stoutlier than of formerly. One would say him to hold whole a litteringture of kidlings under his aproham. Has handsome Sir Poumter always been so long married? O yes. Lord Pournterfamilias has been marryingman ever since so long time in Hurtleforth, where he appeersas our oily the active, and, yes indeed, he has his mic son and his two fine mac sons and a superfine mick want they mack metween them. She, she, she ! But on what do you again leer? I am not leering, I pink you pardons, I am highly sheshe sherious.

Do you not must want to go somewhere on the present?
Yes, O pity! At earliest moment! That prickly heat feeling! For-think not me spill it's at always so guey. Here we shall do a far walk (O pity) anygo khaibits till the number one of sairey's place. Is, is. I want you to admire her sceneries illustrationing our national first rout, one ought ought one. We shall too downlook on that ford where Sylvanus Sanctus washed but hurdley those tips of his anointeds. Do not show ever retrorsehim, crookodeyled, till that you become quite crimstone in the face! Beware! guardafew! It is Stealer of the Heart! I am anxious in regard you should everthrown your sillarsalt. I will dui sui, tef-

570

nute ! These brilling waveleaplights ! Please say me how sing you them. Seekhem seckhem! They arise from a clear springwell in the near of our park which makes the daft to hear all blend. This place of endearment! How it is clear! And how they cast their spells upon, the fronds that thereup float, the bookstaff branch-ings! The druggeted stems, the leaves incut on trees! Do you can their tantrist spellings.^ I can lese, skillmistress aiding. Elm, bay, this way, cull dare, take a message, tawny runes ilex sallow,

meet me at the pine. Yes, they shall have brought us to the water trysting, by hedjes of maiden ferm, then here in another place is their chapelofeases, sold for song, of which you have thought my praise too much my price. O ma ma! Yes, sad one of Ziod.^ Sell me, my soul dear! Ah, my sorrowful, his cloister dreeping of his monkshood, how it is triste to death, all his dark ivytod! Where cold in dearth. Yet see, my blanching kissabelle, in the under close she is allso gay, her kittles green, her curtsies white, her peony pears, her nistlingsloes! I, pipette, I must also quick-lingly to tryst myself softly into this littleeasechapel. I would rather than Ireland! But I pray, make! Do your easiness! O, peace, this is heaven ! O, Mr Prince of Pouringtoher, whatever shall I pppease to do? Why do you so lifesighs, my precious, as I hear from you, with limmenings lemantitions, after that swollen one? I am not sighing, I assure, but only I am soso sorry about all in my saarasplace. Listen, listen! I am doing it. Hear more to those voices! Always I am hearing them. Horsehem coughs enough. Annshee lispes privily.

— He is quieter now.

— Legalentitled. Accesstopartnuzz. Notwildebeestsch. By-rightofoaptz. Twainbeonerflsh. Haveandholdpp.

— S! Let us go. Make a noise. Slee . . .

— Qui . . . The gir . . .

— Huesofrichunfoldingmorn. Wakenupriseandprove. Pro-videforsacrifice.

— Wait! Hist! Let us list!

For our netherworld’s bosomfoes are working tooth and nail overtime: in earthveins, toadcavites, chessganglions, saltkles-

ters, underfed: nagging firenibblers knocklmg aterman up out of his hinterclutch. Tomb be their tools! When the youngdammers will be soon heartpocking on their betters’ doornoggers: and the youngfries will be backfrisking diamondcuts over their lyingin underlayers, spick and spat trowelling a gravetrench for their fourinhand forebears. Vote for vour club!

— Wait!

— What!

— Her door!

— Ope?

— See!

— What?

— Careful.

— Who?

Live well! Iniivdluaritzas ! Tone!

Cant ear! Her dorters ofe? Whofe? Her eskmeno daughters hope? Whope? Ellme, elmme, elskmestoon! Soon!

Let us consider.

The procurator Interrogarius Mealterum presends us this proposer.

Honuphrius is a concupiscent exservicemajor who makes dishonest propositions to all. He is considered to have committed, invoking droit d'oreiller, simple infidelities with Felicia, a virgin, and to be practising for unnatural coits with Eugenius and Jeremias, two or three philadelphians. Honophrius, Felicia, Eugenius and Jeremias are consanguineous to the lowest degree. Anita the wife of Honophrius, has been told by her tirewoman, Fortissa, that Honuphrius has blasphemously confessed under voluntary chastisement that he has instructed his slave, Mauritius, to urge Magravius, a commercial, emulous of Honuphrius, to solicit the chastity of Anita. Anita is informed by some illegitimate children of Fortissa with Mauritius (the supposition is Ware's) that Gillia, the schismatical wife of Magravius, is visited clandestinely by Barnabas, the advocate of Honuphrius, an immoral person who has been corrupted by Jeremias. Gillia, (a cooler blend, D' Alton insists) ex equo with Poppea, Arancita, Clara,

Marinuzza, Indra and lodina, has been tenderly debauched (in Halliday's view), by Honuphrius, and Magravius knows from spies that Anita has formerly committed double sacrilege with Michael, vtdgo Cerularius, a perpetual curate, who wishes to seduce Eugenius. Magravius threatens to have Anita molested by Sulla, an orthodox savage (and leader of a band of twelve mercenaries, the Sullivani), who desires to procure Felicia for Gregorius, Leo, Vitellius and Macdugalius, four excavators, if she will not yield to him and also deceive Honuphrius by rendering conjugal duty when demanded. Anita who claims to have discovered incestuous temptations from Jeremias and Eugenius would yield to the lewdness of Honuphrius to appease the savagery of Sulla and the mercemariness of the twelve Sullivani, and (as Gilbert at first suggested), to save the virginity of Felicia for Magravius when converted by Michael after the death of Gillia, but she fears that, by allowing his marital rights she may cause reprehensible conduct between Eugenius and Jeremias. Michael, who has formerly debauched Anita, dispenses her from yielding to Honuphrius who pretends publicly to possess his conjunct in thirtynine several manners {turpiter/ affirm ex cathedris Gerontes Cambronses) for carnal hygiene whenever he has rendered himself impotent to consummate by subdolence. Anita is disturbed but Michael comminates that he will reserve her case tomorrow for the ordinary Guglielmus even if she should practise a pious fraud during affrication which, from experience, she knows (according to Wadding), to be leading to nullity. Fortissa, however, is encouraged by Gregorius, Leo, Viteilius, and Magdugalius, reunitedly, to warn Anita by describing the strong chastisements of Honuphrius and the depravities (turpissimasJ') of Canicula, the deceased wife of Mauritius, with Sulla, the simoniac, who is abnegand and repents. Has he hegemony and shall she submit.^

Translate a lax, you breed a bradaun. In the goods of Cape and

Chattertone, deceased.

This, lay readers and gentilemen, is perhaps the commonest of all cases arising out of umbrella history in connection with

573

the wood industries in our courts of litigation, D’Oyly Owens holds (though Finn Magnusson of himself holds also) that so long as there is a joint deposit account in the two names a mutual obligation is posited. Owens cites Brerfuchs and Warren, a foreign firm, since disseized, registered as Tangos, Limited, for the sale of certain proprietary articles. The action which was at the instance of the trustee of the heathen church emergency fund, suing by its trustee, a resigned civil servant, for the payment of tithes due was heard by Judge Doyle and also by a common jury. No question arose as to the debt for which vouchers spoke volumes. The defence alleged that payment had been made effective. The fund trustee, one Jucundus Fecundus Xero Pecundus Coppercheap, counterclaimed that payment was invalid having been tendered to creditor under cover of a crossed cheque, signed in the ordinary course, in the name of Wieldhelm, Hurls Cross, voucher copy provided, and drawn by the senior partner only by whom the lodgment of the species had been effected but in their joint names. The bank particularised, the national misery (now almost entirely in the hands of the four chief bondholders for value in Tangos), declined to pay the draft, though there were ample reserves to meet the liability, whereupon the trusty Coppercheap negociated it for and on behalf of the fund of the thing to a client of his, a notary, from whom, on consideration, he received in exchange legal relief as between trusthee and bethrust, with thanks. Since then the cheque, a good washable pink, embossed D you D No 1 1 hundred and thirty 2, good for the figure and face, had been circulating in the country for over thirtynine years among holders of Pango stock, a rival concern, though not one demonetised farthing had ever spun or fluctuated across the counter in the semblance of hard coin or liquid cash. The jury (a sour dozen of stout fellows all of whom were curiously named after doyles) naturally disagreed jointly and severally, and the belligerent judge, disagreeing with the allied jurors’ disagreement, went outside his jurisfiction altogether and ordered a garnishee attachment to the neutral firm. No mandamus could locate the depleted whilom Breyfawkes as he had entered into an

574

ancient moratorium, dating back to the times of the early barters, and only the junior partner Barren could be found, who entered an appearance and turned up, upon a notice of motion and after service of the motion by interlocutory injunction, among the male jurors to be an absolete turfwoman, originally from the proletarian class, with still a good title to her sexname of Ann Doyle, 2 Coppinger’s Cottages, the Doyle’s country. Doyle (Ann), add woman in, having regretfully left the juryboxers, protested cheerfully on the stand in a long jurymiad in re corset checks, delivered in doylish, that she had often, in supply to brusk demands rising almost to bollion point, discounted Mr Brakeforth’s first of all in exchange at nine months from date without issue and, to be strictly literal, unbottled in corrubberation a current account of how she had been made at sight for services rendered the payee-

drawee of unwashable blank assignations, sometimes pinkwilliams (laughter) but more often of the crime-de-citron, vair email paon-coque or marshmallow series, which she, as bearer, used to en-dorse, adhesively, to her various payers-drawers who in most cases were identified by the timber papers as wellknown tetigists of the city and suburban. The witness, at her own request, asked if she might and wrought something between the sheets of music paper which she had accompanied herself with for the occasion and this having been handed up for the bench to look at in camera, Coppinger’s doll, as she was called, (annias. Mack Erse’s Dar, the adopted child) then proposed to jerrykin and jureens and every jim, jock and jarry in that little green courtinghousie for her satis-faction and as a whole act of settlement to reamalgamate herself, tomorrow perforce, in pardonership with the permanent suing fond trustee. Monsignore Pepigi, under the new style of Will Break-fast and Sparrem, as, when all his cognisances had been estreated, he seemed to proffer the steadiest interest towards her, but this prepoposal was ruled out on appeal by Judge JeremyDoyler, who, reserving judgment in a matter of courts and reversing the find-ings of the lower correctional, found, beyond doubt of treuson, fending the dissassents of the pickpackpanel, twelve as upright judaces as ever let down their thorns, and, occupante extremum

scahie^ handed down to the jury of the Liffey that, as a matter of tact, the woman they gave as free was born into contractual in-capacity (the Calif of Man v the Eaudelusk Company) when, how and where mamy’s mancipium act did not apply and therefore held supremely that, as no property in law can exist in a corpse, (Hal Kilbride v Una Beilina) Pepigi’s pact was pure piffle (loud laughter) and Wharrem would whistle for the rhino. Will you, won’t you, pango with Pepigi.^ Not for Nancy, how dare you do! And whew whewwhew whew.

— He sighed in sleep,

— Let us go back.

— Lest he forewaken.

— Hide ourselves.

While hovering dreamwings, folding around, will hide from fears my wee mee mannikin, keep my big wig long strong mano-men, guard my bairn, mon beau.

— To bed.

Prospector projector and boomooster giant builder of all causeways woesoever, hopping offpoint and true terminus of straxstraightcuts and corkscrewn perambulaups, zeal whence to goal whither, wonderlust, in sequence to which every muckle must make its mickle, as different as York from Leeds, being the only wise in a muck’s world to look on itself from beforehand; mirrorminded curiositease and would-to-the-large which bring hills to molehunter, home through first husband, perils behind swine and horsepow'er down to hungerford, prick this man and tittup this woman, our forced payrents. Bogy Bobow with his cunnyngnest couchmare. Big Maester Finnykin with Phenicia Parkes, lame of his ear and gape of her leg, most correctingly, we beseach of you, down their laddercase of nightwatch service

and bring them at suntime flush witlrthe nethermost gangrung of their stepchildren, guide them through the labyrinth of their samilikes and the alteregoases of their pseudoselves, hedge them bothways from all roamers whose names are ligious, from loss of bearings deliver them; so they keep to their rights and be ware of duty frees, neoliffic smith and magdalenian jinnyjones,

mandragon mor and weak wiffeyducky, Morionmale and Thry-dacianmad, basilisk glorious with his weeniequeenie, tigemack and swansgrace, he as hale as his ardouries, she as verve as her veines; this prime white arsenic with bissemate alloyed, martial sin with peccadilly, free to lease hold with first mortgage, dow-ser dour and dipper douce, stop-that-war and feel-this-feather, norsebloodheartened and landsmoolwashable, great gas with fun-in-the-corner, grand slam with fall-of-the-trick, solomn one and shebby, cod and coney, cash and carry, in all we dreamed the part we dreaded, corsair coupled with his dame, royal biber but constant lymph, boniface and bonn3deatures, nazil hose and river mouth, bang-the-change and batter-the-bolster, big smoke and lickley roesthy, humanity’s fahrman by society leader, voguener and trulley, bumpered and elf, Urloughmoor with Miryburrow, leaks and awfully, basal curse yet grace abunda. Regies Producer with screendoll Vedette, peg of his claim and pride of her heart, clifFscaur grisly but rockdove cooing, hodinstag on fryggabet, baron and feme: that he may dishcover her that she may uncouple him, that one may come and crumple them, that they may soon recoup themselves: now and then, time on time again, as per periodicity; from Neaves to Willses, from Bushmills to Enos; to Goerz from Harleem, to Hearths of Oak from Skittish Widdas; via mala, hyber pass, heckhisway per alptrack: through lands-vague and vain, after many mandelays: in their first case, to the next place, till their cozenkerries: the high and the by, both pent and plain: cross cowslips yillow, yellow, yallow, past pumpkins pinguind, purplesome: be they whacked to the wide other tied to hustings, long sizzleroads neath arthruseat, him to the derby, her to toun, til sengentide do coddlam; in the grounds or unter-linnen: rue to lose and ca canny: at shipside, by convent garden: monk cind sempstress, in sackcloth silkily: curious dreamers, curious dramas, curious deman, plagiast dayman, playajest dearest, plaguiest dourest: for the strangfort planters are pro-desting, and the karkery felons dryflooring it and the leperties’ laddos railing the way, blump for slogo slee!

Stop ! Did a stir? No, is fast. On to bed ! So he is. It’s only the

wind on the road outside for to wake all shivering shanks from snorting.

But. Oom Godd his villen, who will he be, this mitryman, some king of the yeast, in his chrismy greyed brunzewig, with the snow in his mouth and the Caspian asthma, so bulk of build Relics of pharrer and livite! Dik Gill, Turn Lung or Macfinnan’s cool Harryng.^ He has only his hedcosycasket on and his wollsey shirtplisse with peascod doublet, also his feet wear doubled width socks for he always must to insure warm sleep between a pair of fullyfleeced bankers like a finnoc in a cauwl. Can thus be Misthra Norkmann that keeps our hotel.^ Begor, Mr O’Sorgmann, you’re looking right well 1 Hecklar’s champion ethnicist. How deft as a

fuchser schouws daft as a fish! He’s the dibble’s own doges for doublin existents! But a jolly fine daysent form of one word. He’s rounding up on his family.

And who is the bodikin by him, sir.^ So voulzievalsshie.^ With ybbs and zabs.^ Her trixiestrail is tripping her, vopi Luck at the way for the lucre of smoke she’s looping the lamp! Why, that’s old missness wipethemdry! Well, well, wellso wells! Donau-watter! Ardechious me! With her halfbend as proud as a peahen, allabalmy, and her troutbeck quiverlipe, ninyananya. And her steptojazyma’s culunder buzztle. Happy tea area, naughtygay frew! Selling sunlit sopes to washtout winches and rhaincold draughts to the props of his pubs. She tired lipping the swells at Pont Delisle till she jumped the boom at Brounemouth. Now she’s horrid his head under Hatesbury’s Hatch and loamed his fate to old Love Lane. And she’s just the same old haporth of dripping. She’s even brennt her hair.

Which route are they going? Why? Angell sitter or Amen Comer, Norwood’s South walk or Euston Waste? The solvent man in his upper gambeson withnot a breth against him and the wee wiping womanahoussy. They’re coming terug their dia-mond wedding tour, giant’s inchly elfkin’s ell, vesting their char-acters vixendevolment, andens aller, athors err, our first day man and your dresser and mine, that Luxuumburgher evec cettehis Alzette, konyglik shire with his queensh countess. Stepney’s

shipchild with the waif of his bosun, Dunmow’s flitcher with duck-on-the-rock, down the scales, the way they went up, under tails and threading tormentors, shunning the startraps and slipping in sliders, risking a runway, ruing reveals, from Elder Arbor to La Puiree, eskipping the clockback, crystal in carbon, sweetheartedly. Hot and cold and electrickery with attendance and lounge and promenade free. In spite of all that science could boot or art could eke. Bolt the grinden. Cave and can em. Single wrecks for the weak, double axe for the mail, and quick queck quack for the radiose. Renove that bible. You will never have post in your pocket unless you have brasse on your plate. Beggards outdoor. Goat to the Endth, thou slowguard! Mind the Monks and their Grasps. Scrape your souls. Commit no miracles. Postpone no bills. Respect the uniform. Hold the raa-bers for the kunning his plethoron. Let leash the dooves to the cooin her coynth. Hatenot havenots. Share the wealth and spoil the weal. Peg the pound to tom the devil. My time is on draught. Bottle your own. Love my label like myself. Earn before eating. Drudge after drink. Credit tomorrow. Follow my dealing. Fetch my price. Buy not from dives. Sell not to freund. Herenow chuck english and learn to pray plain. Lean on your lunch. No cods before Me. Practise preaching. Think in your stomach. Import through the nose. By faith alone. Season’s weather. Gomorrha. Salong. Lots feed from my tidetable. Oil’s wells in our lands. Let earwigger’s wivable teach you the dance !

Now their laws assist them and ease their fall!

For they met and mated and bedded and buckled and got and gave and reared and raised and brought Thawland within Har danger, and turned them, tarrying to the sea and planted and plundered and pawned our souls and pillaged the pounds of the extramurals and fought and feigned with strained relations and

bequeathed us their ills and recrutched cripples gait and under-
mined lungachers, manplanting seven sisters while wan warm-
wooed woman scrubbs, and turned out coats and removed their
origins and never learned the first day’s lesson and tried to
mingle and managed to save and feathered foes’ nests and fouled

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their own and wayleft the arenotts and ponted \ oda\'allb for the
zollgebordened and escaped from liquidation by the heirs of their
death and were responsible for congested districts and rolled
oiled logs into Peter’s sawyery and werfed new woodcuts on
Paoli’s wharf and ewesed Rachel’s lea and rammed Dominic’s
gap and looked haggards after lazatables and rode fourscore odd-
winters and struck rock oil and forced a policeman and col-
laughsed at their phizes in Toobiassed and Zachary and left off
leaving off and kept on keeping on and roused up drink and
poured balm down and were cuffed by their customers and bit
the dust at the foot of the poll w hen in her deergarth he gave up
his goat after the battle of Multaferry. Pharoah with fairy, two
lie, let them! Yet they wend it back, qual his leif, himmertality,
bullseaboob and rivishy divil, light in hand, helm on high, to
peekaboo durk the thicket of slumbwhere, till their hour vith
their scene be struck for ever and the book of the dates he close,
he clasp and she and she seegn her tour d’adieu, Pervinca calling,
Soloscar hears. (O Sheem! O Shaaml), and gentle Isad Ysut gag,
flispering in the nightleaves flattery, dinsiduously, to Finnegan,
to sin again and to make grim grandma grunt and grin again
while the first grey streaks steal silvering by for to mock their
quarrels in dollymount tumbling.

They near the base of the chill stair, that large incorporate
licensed vintner, such as he is, from former times, nine hosts in
himself, in his hydrocomic establishment and his ambling limfy
peepingpartner, the slave of the ring that worries the hand that
sways the lamp that shadows the walk that bends to his bane the
busynext man that came on the cop with the fenian’s bark that
pickled his widow that primed the pope that passed it round on
the volunteers’ plate till it croppied the ears of Purses Relle that
kneed O’Connell up out of his doss that shouldered Burke that
butted O’Hara that woke the busker that grattaned his crovd
that bucked the jiggers to rhyme the rann that flooded the routes
in Eryan’s isles from Malin to Clear and Carnsore Point to Slyna-
gollow and cleaned the pockets and ransomed the ribs of all the
listeners, leud and lay, that bought tlie ballad that Hosty made.

580

Anyhow (the matter is a troublous and a peniloose) have they
not called him at many’s their mock indignation meeting, veh-
men’s vengeance vective volleying, inwader and uitlander, the
notables, crashing libels in their Sullivan’s mounted beards about
him, their right renownsable patriarch? Heinz cans everywhere
and the swanee her ainsell and Eyrewaker’s family sock that they
smuggled to life betune them, roaring (Big Reilly was the worst):
free boose for the man from the nark, sure, he never was worth
a cornerwall fark, and his banishee’s bedpan she’s a quareold bite
of a tark: as they wendelled their zingaway wivewards from his
find me cool’s moist opulent vinery, highjacking through the

nagginneck pass, as they hauled home with their hogsheads,
axpoxtelating, and claiming cowled consollation, sursumcordial,
from the bluefunkfires of the dipper and the martian’s frost?

Use they not, our noesmall termtraders, to abhors ofirom
him, the yet unregendered thunderslog, whose sbrogue cunneth
none lordmade undersiding, how betwixt wifely rule and mens
conscia recti, then hemale man all unbracing to omniwomen, but
now shedropping his hitches like any maidavale oppersite orse-
riders in an idinhole? Ah, dearo! Dearo, dear! And her illian!
And his willyum ! When they were all there now, matinmarked
for lookin on. At the carryfour with awlus plawshus, their happy-
ass cloudious 1 And then and too the trivials 1 And their bivouac !
And his monomyth! Ah ho! Say no more about it! I’m sorry!
I saw. I’m sorry! I’m sorry to say I saw!

Gives there not too amongst us after all events (or so grunts
a leading hebdromadary) some togethergush of stillandbutall-
youknow that, insofarforth as, all up and down the whole con-
creation say, efficient first gets there finally every time, as a com-
plex matter of pure form, for those excess and that pasphault
hardhearingness from their eldfar, in grippes and rumblions,
through fresh taint and old treason, another like that alter but
not quite such anander and stillandbut one not all the selfsame
and butstillone just the maim and encore emmerhim may always,
with a little difference, till the latest up to date so early in the
morning, have evertheless been allmade amenable?

Yet he begottom.

Let us wherefore, tearing ages, presently preposterose a
snatchvote of thanksalot to the huskiest coaxing experimenter
that ever gave his best hand into chancerisk, wishing him with
his famblings no end of slow poison and a mighty broad venue
for themselves between the devil’s punchbowl and the deep
angleseaboard, that they may gratefully turn a deaf ear clooshed
upon the desperanto of willynully, their shareholders from Taaffe
to Auliffe, that will curse them below par and mar with their
descendants, shame, humbug and profit, to greenmould upon
mildew over jaundice as long as ever there’s wagtail surtaxed to
a testcase on enver a man.

We have to had them whether we’ll like it or not. They’ll have
to have us now then we’re here on theirspot. Scant hope theirs
or ours to escape life’s high carnage of semperidentity by sub-
sisting peasemeal upon variables. Bloody certainly have we got
to see to it ere smellful demise surprends us on this concrete that
down the gullies of the eras we may catch ourselves looking
forward to what will in no time be staring you larrikins on the
postface in that multimirror megaron of returningties, whirled
without end to end. So there was a raughty . . . who in Dyfflins-
borg did . . . With his soddering iron, spadeaway, hammerlegs
and . . . Where there was a fair young . . . Who was playing her
game of . . . And said she you rockaby . . . Will you peddle in
my bog . . . And he sod her in larland, paved her way from
Maizenhead to Youghal. And that’s how Humpfrey, champion
emir, holds his own. Shysweet, she rests.

Or show pon him now, will you! Derg rudd face should take
Patrick’s purge. Hokoway, in his hiphigh bearserk! Third posi-

tion of concord! Excellent view from front. Sidome. Female imperfectly masking male. Redspot his browbrand. Woman’s the prey I Thon’s the dullakeykongsbyogblagroggerswagginline (private judgers, change here for Lootherstown! Onlyromans, keep your seats!) that drew all ladies please to our great mettroll-ops. Leary, leary, twentytun nearly, he’s plotting kings down for his villa’s extension! Gaze at him now in momentum! As his

bridges are blown to babbyrags, by the lee of his hulk upright on her orbits, and the heave of his juniper arx in action, he’s naval I see. Poor little tartanelle, her dinties are chattering, the strait’s she’s in, the bulloge she bears! Her smirk is smeeching behind for her hills. By the queer quick twist of her mobcap and the lift of her shift at random and the rate of her gate of going the pace, two thinks at a time, her country I’m proud of. The field is down, the race is their own. The galleonman jovial on his bucky brown nightmare. Bigrob dignagging his lylyputtana. One to one bore one! The datter, io, io, sleeps in peace, in peace. And the twillingsons, ganymede, garrymore, turn in trot and trot. But old pairamere goes it a gallop, a gallop. Bossford and phospherine. One to one on!

O, O, her fairy setalite! Casting such shadows to Persia’s blind! The man in the street can see the coming event. Photo-flashing it far too wide. It will be known through all Urania soon. Like jealousjoy titaning fear; like rumour rhean round the planets; like china’s dragon snapping japets; like rhodagrey up the east. Satyrdaysboost besets Phoebe’s nearest. Here’s the flood and the flaxen flood that’s to come over helpless Irryland. Is there no-one to malahide Liv and her bettyship.^ Or who’ll buy her rosebuds, jettyblack rosebuds, ninsloes of nivia, nonpaps of nan.^ From the fall of the fig to doom’s last post every ephemeral anniversary while the park’s police peels peering by for to weight down morrals from county bubblin. That trainer’s trundling! Quick, pay up!

Kickakick. She had to kick a laugh. At her old stick-in-the-block. The way he was slogging his paunch about, elbiduubled, meet oft mate on, like hale King Willow, the robberer. Cain-maker’s mace and waxened capapee. But the tarrant’s brand on his hottoweyt brow. At half past quick in the morning. And her lamp was all askew and a trumbly wick-in-her, ringeysingey. She had to spofForth, she had to kicker, too thick of the wick of her pixy’s loomph, wide lickering jessup the smooky shiminey. And her duffed coverpoint of a wickedy batter, whenever she druv behind her stumps for a tyddlesly wink through his tunnil-clefft bagslops after the rising bounder’s yorkers, as he studd and

Stoddard and trutted and trumpered, to see had lordherry’s blackham’s red bobby abbels, it tickled her innings to consort pitch at kicksolock in the morm. Tipatonguing him on in her pigeony linguish, with a flick at the bails for lubrication, to scorch her faster, faster. Ye hek, ye hok, ye hucky hiremonger! Magrath he’s my pegger, he is, for bricking up all my old kent road. He’ll win your toss, flog your old tom’s bowling and I darr ye, barrackybuller, to break his duck! He’s posh. I lob him. We’re parting all Oogster till the empsyseas run googlie. Declare to

ashes and teste his metch! Three for two will do for me and he for thee and she for you. Goeasyosey, for the grace of the fields, or hooley pooley, cuppy, we'll both be bye and by caught in the slips for fear he'd tyre and burst his dunlops and waken her bornybarnies making his boobybabies. The game old merri-mynn, square to leg, with his lolleywide towelhat and his hobbsy socks and his wisden's bosse and his norsery pinafore and his gentleman's grip and his playaboy's plunge and his flannelly feelyfooling, treading her hump and hambledown like a maiden wellheld, ovalled over, with her crease where the pads of her punishments ought to be by womanish rights when, keek, the hen in the doran's shantyqueer began in a kikkery key to laugh it off, yeigh, yeigh, neigh, neigh, the way she was wuck to doodle-doo by her gallows bird (how's that.^ Noball, he carries his bat!) nine hundred and dirty too not out, at all times long past con-quering cock of the morgans.

How blame us.^

Cocorico !

Armigerend everfasting horde. Rico ! So the bill to the bowe. As the belle to the beau. We herewitli pleased returned auditors' thanks for those and their favours since safely enjoined. Coco-ree! Tellaman tillamie. Tubbernacul in tipherairy, sons, travel-lers in company and their carriageable tochters, tanks tight anne thynne for her contractations tugowards his personeel. Echo, choree chorecho! O I you O you me! Well, we all unite thought-fully in rendering gratias, well, between loves repassed, begging your honour's pardon for, well, exclusive pigtorial rights of here-

hear fond tiplady his weekreations, appearing in next eon's issue of the Neptune's Centinel and Tritonville Lightowler with well the widest circulation round the whole universe. Echolo choree choroh choree chorico 1 How me O my youhou my I youtou to I O.^ Thanks furthermore to modest Miss Glimglow and neat Master Mettresson who so kindly profiteered their serwishes as demysell of honour and, well, as strainbearer respectively. And a cordiallest brief nod of chinchin dankyshin to, well, patient ringasend as prevenient (by your leave), to all such occasions, detachably replaceable (thanks too! twos intact!). As well as his auricular of Malthus, the promethean paratonnerwetter which first (Pray go! pray go!) taught love's lightning the way (pity shown) to, well, conduct itself (mercy, good shot! only please don't mention it!). Come all ye goatfathers and groanmothers, come all ye markmakers and piledrivers, come all ye labour-saving devisers and chargeleyden dividends, firefinders, water-workers, deeply condeal with him! All that is still life with death inyeborn, all verbumsaps yet bound to be, to do and to suffer, every creature, everywhere, if you please, kindly feel for her! While the dapplegray dawn drags nearing nigh for to wake all droners that drowse in Dublin.

Humperfeldt and Anunska, wedded now evermore in annas-tomoses by a ground plan of the placehimter, whiskered beau and donahbella. Totumvir and esquimeena, who so shall sepa-rate fetters to new desire, repeals an act of union to unite in bonds of schismacy. O yes! O yes! Withdraw your member! Closure. This chamber stands abjourned. Such precedent is largely a cause to lack of collective continencies among Don-

nelly’s orchard as lifelong the shadyside to Fairbrother’s field. Humbo, lock your kekkle up! Anny, blow your wickle out! Tuck away the tablesheet! You never wet the tea! And you may go rightoway back to your Aunty Dilluvia, Humprey, after that!

Retire to rest without first misturbing your nighboor, mankind of baffling descriptions. Others are as tired of themselves as you are. Let each one learn to bore himself. It is strictly re-

quested that no cobsmoking, spitting, pubchat, wrastle rounds, coarse courting, smut, etc, will take place amongst those hours so devoted to repose. Look before behind before you strip you. Disrobe clothed in the strictest secrecy which privacy can afford. Water non to be discharged coram. grate or ex window. Never divorce in the bedding the glove that will give you away. Maid Maud ninnies nay but blabs to Omama (for your life, would you!) she to her bosom friend who does all chores (and what do you think my Madeleine saw.^): this ignorant mostly sweeps it out along with all the rather old corporators (have you heard of one humbledown jungleman how he bet byrn-and-bushe playing peg and pom.^): the maudlin river then gets its dues (adding a din a ding or do): thence those laundresses (O, muddle me more about the maggiesl I mean bawnee Madge Ellis and brownie Mag Dillon). Attention at all! Every ditcher’s dastard in Dupling will let us know about it if you have paid the mulctman by whether your rent is open to be foreclosed or aback in your arrears. This is seriously meant. Here is a homelet not a hothel.

That’s right, old oldun!

All in fact is soon as all of old right as anywas ever in very old place. Were he, hwen scalded of that couverfowl, to beat the bounds by here at such a point of time as this is for at sammel up all wood’s haypence and riviers argent (half back from three gangs multaplussed on a twentylot add allto a fiver with the deuce or roamer’s numbers ell a fee and do little ones) with the caboosh on him opheld for thrushes’ mistiles yet singing oud his parasangs in cornish token: mean fawthery eastend appullcelery, old laddy he high hole: pollysigh patrolman Seekersenn, towney’s tanquam, crumlin quiet down from his hoonger, he would mac siccar of inket goodsforetombed ereshiningem of light turkling eitheranny of thuncle’s windopes. More, unless we were neverso wrongtaken, if he brought his boots to pause in peace, the one beside the other one, right on the road, he would seize no sound from cache or cave beyond the flow of wand was gypsing water, telling him now, telling him all, all about ham and livery, stay and toast ham in livery, and buttermore with murmurladen, to

waker oats for him on livery. Faurore! Fearhoure! At last it past! Loab at cod then herrin or wind thin mong them treen.

Hiss! Which we had only our hazelight to see with, cert, in our point of view, me and my auxy, Jimmy d’Arcy, hadn’t we, Jimmy.^ — Who to seen with.^ Kiss! No kidd, captn, which he stood us, three jolly postboys, first a couple of Mountjoys and

nutty woodbines with his cadbully’s choculars, pepped from our Theoatre Regtil’s drolleries puntomine, in the snug at the Cambridge Arms of Teddy Ales while we was lajdng, crown jewels to a peanut, was he stepmarm, old noseheavy, or a wouldower, which he said, lads, a taking low his Whitby hat, lopping off the froth and whishing, with all respectfulness to the old country, tomorow comrades, we, his long life’s strength and cuirscrween loan to our allhallowed king, the pitchur that he’s turned to weld the wall, (Lawd lengthen him!) his standpoint was, to belt and blucher him afore the hole pleading churchal and submarine bar yonder but he made no class at all in port and cemented palships between our trucers, being a refugee, didn’t he, Jimmy. ^ — Who true to me.^ Sish ! Honeysuckler, that’s what my young lady here, Fred Watkins, bugler Fred, all the ways from Melmoth in Natal, she calls him, dip the colours, pet, when he commit his certain questions vivaviz the secret empire of the snake which it was on a point of our sutton down, how was it, Jimmy. ^ — Who has sinnerettes to declare.^ Phiss! Touching our Phoenix Rangers’ nuisance at the meeting of the waitresses, the daintylines, Elsies from Chelsies, the two leggle-gels in blooms, and those pest of parkies, twitch, thistle and charlock, were they for giving up their fogging trespasses by order which we foregathered he must be raw in cane sugar, the party, no, Jimmy MacCawthelock? Who trespass against me.^ Briss! That’s him wiv his wig on, achewing of his maple gum, that’s our grainpopaw. Mister Beardall, an accompliced burgomaster, a great one among the very greatest, which he told us privates out of his own scented mouf he used to was, my lads, afore this wineact come, what say, our Jimmy the chapelgoer.^ — Who fears all masters! Hi, Jocko Nowlong, my

own sweet boosy love, which he puts his feeler to me behind the beggar’s bush, does Freda, don’t you be an emugee! Carry-one, he says, though we marooned through tliis woylde. We must spy a half a hind on honeysuckler now his old face’s hardalone wiv his defences down during his wappin stillstand, says my Fred, and Jamessime here which, pip it, she simply must, she says, our pet, she’ll do a retroussy from her point of view (Way you fly! Like a frush!) to keep her flouncies off the grass while paying the wetmenots a musichall visit and pair her fiefighs fore him with just one curl after the cad came back which we fought he wars a gunner and his corkiness lay up two bottles of joy with a shandy had by Fred and a jino oloroso which he was warming to, my right, Jimmy, my old brown freer? — Whose dolour, O so mine!

Following idly up to seepoint, neath kingmount shadow the ilk for eke of us, whose nathem’s banned, whose hofd a-hooded, welkim warsail, how di’ you dew? Hollymerry, ivysad, whicher and whoer, Mr Black Atkins and you tanapanny troopertwos, were you there? Was truce of snow, moonmounded snow? Or did wolken hang o’er earth in umber hue his fulmenbomb? Number two coming! Full inside! Was glimpsed the mean amount of cloud? Or did pitter rain fall in a sprinkling? If the waters could speak as they flow! Timgle Tom, pall the bell! Izzy’s busy down the dell! Mizpah low, youyou, number one, in deep humidity! Listen, misled peerless, please! You are of course. You miss him so, to listleto! Of course, my pledge between us, there’s no-one Noel like him here to hear. Esch so eschess, douls a doulse! Since Allan Rogue

loved Arrah Pogue it’s all Killdoughall fair. Triss! Only trees such as these such were those, waving there, the barketree, the o’briertree, the rowantree, the o’corneltree, the behanshrub near windy arbour, the magill o’dendron more. Trem! All the trees in the wood they trembold, humbild, when they heard the stop-press from domday’s erewold.

Tiss! Two pretty mistletots, ribboned to a tree, up rose libe-rator and, fancy, they were free! Four witty missy wives, wink-

ing under hoods, made lasses like lads love maypoleriding and dotted our green with tricksome couples, fiftyfifty, their chil-tren’s hundred. So childish pence took care of parents’ pounds and many made money the way in the world where rushroads to riches crossed slums of lice and, the cause of it all, he forged himself ahead like a blazing urbanorb, brewing treble to drown grief, giving and taking mayom and tuam, playing milliards with his three golden balls, making party capital out of landed self-interest, light on a slavey but weighty on the bourse, our hugest commercial emporialist, with his sons booing home from afar and his daughters bridling up at his side. Finner!

How did he bank it up, swank it up, the whaler in the punt, a guinea by a groat, his index on the balance and such wealth into the bargain, with the boguey which he snatched in the baggage coach ahead? Going forth on the prowl, master jackill, under night and creeping back, dog to hide, over morning. Humbly to fall and cheaply to rise, exposition of failures. Through Duffy’s blunders and MacKenna’s insurance for upper ten and lower five the band played on. As one generation tells another. Ofter the fall. First for a change of a seven days license he wandered out of his farmer’s health and so lost his early parishlife. Then (’twas in fenland) occidentally of a sudden, six junelooking flamefaces straggled wild out of their turns through his parsonfired wicket, showing all shapes of striplings in sleepless tights. Promptly whomafter in undated times, very properly a dozen generations anterior to themselves, a main chanced to burst and misflooded his fortunes, wrothing foulplay over his fives’ court and his fine poultryyard wherein were spared a just two of a feather in wading room only. Next, upon due reflotation, up started four hurrigan gales to smithereen his plateglass house-walls and the slate for accounts his keeper was cooking. Then came three boy buglehorners who counterbezzled and cross-bugled him. Later on in the same evening two hussites ab-sconded through a breach in his bylaws and left him, the infidels, to pay himself off in kind remembrances. Till, ultimatehim, fell the crowning barleystraw, when an explosium of his distilleries

deafadumped all his dry goods to his most favoured sinflute and dropped him, what remains of a heptark, leareyed and letterish, weeping worrybound on his bankrump.

Pepep. Pay bearer, sure and sorry, at foot of ohoho honest policist. On never again, by Phoenis, swore on him Lloyd’s, not for beaten wheat, not after Sir Joe Meade’s father, thanks! They know him, the covenanter, by rote at least, for a chameleon

at last, in his true falseheaven colours from ultraviolent to subred tissues. That’s his last tryon to march through the grand tryomphal arch. His reignbolt’s shot. Never again ! How you do that like, Mista Chimepiece? You got nice yum plemyums. Pray-paid my promishles !

Agreed, Wu Welsher, he was chogfulled to beacsate on earn as in hiving, of foxold conningnesses but who, hey honey, for all values of his latters, integer integerrimost, was the formast of the firm? At folkmood hailed, at part farwailed, accwmwladed concloud, Nuah-Nuah, Nebob of Nephilim ! After all what followed for apprentice sake? Since the now nighs nearing as the yetst hies hin. Jeebies, ugh, kek, ptah, that was an ill man ! Jaw-boose, puddigood, this is for true a sweetish mand! But Jum-bluffer, bagdad, sir, yond would be for a once over our all honoured christmastyde easteredman. Fourth position of solution. How johnny! Finest view from horizon. Tableau final. Two me see. Male and female unmask we hem. Begum by gunne! Who now broothes oldbrawn. Dawn! The nape of his name-shielder’s scalp. Halp! After having drummed all he dun. Hun! Worked out to an inch of his core. More! Ring down. While the queenbee he staggerhorned blesses her bliss for to feel her funnyman’s functions Tag. Rumbling.

Tiers, tiers and tiers. Rounds.

590

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IV

I

Sandhyas! Sandhyas! Sandhyas!

Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array! Surrection! Eireweeker to the wohld bludyn world. O rally, O rally, O rally! Phlenxty, O rally! To what lifelike thyne of the bird can be. Seek you somany matters. Haze sea east to Osseania. Here! Here! Tass, Patt, Staff, Woff, Haw, Bluvv and Rutter. The smog is lofting. And already the olduman’s olduman has godden up on othertimes to litanate the bonnamours. Sonne feine, somme feehn avaunt! Guld modning, have yous viewsed Piers’ aube.^ Thane yaars agon we have used yoors up since when we have fused now ortlier. Calling all daynes. Calling all daynes to dawn. The old breeding bradsted culminwillth of natures to Foyn Mac-Hooligan. The leader, the leader! Securest jubilends albas Temoram. Clogan slogan. Quake up, dim dusky, wook doom for husky! And let Billey Feghin be baallad out of his humuluation. Confindention to churchen. We have highest gratifications in announcing to pewtewr publikumst of pratician pratyusers, genghis is ghoon for you.

A hand from tlae cloud emerges, holding a chart expanded.

The eversower of the seeds of light to the cowld owld sowls that are in the domnatory of Defmut after the night of the carrying of the word of Nuahs and the night of making Mehs to cuddle up in a coddlepot, Pu Nuseht, lord of risings in the yonderworld of Ntamplin, tohp triumphant, speaketh.

593

Vah! Suvarn Sur! Scatter brand to the reneweller of the sky, thou who agnitest! Dah! Arcthuris comeing! Be! Verb umprincipiant through the trancitive spaces ! Kilt by kelt shell kithagain with kinagain. We elect for thee, Tirtangel. Svadesia salve! We Durbalanars, theeadjure. A way, the Margan, from our astamite, through dimdom done till light kindling light has led we hopas but hunt me the journeyon, iteritinerant, the kal his course, amid the semitary of Somnionia. Even unto Heliotropolis, the castellated, the enchanting. Now if soomone felched a twoel and soomonelses warmet watter we could, while you was saying Morkret Miry or Smud, Brunt and Rubbinsen, make sunlike sylp om this warful dune’s battam. Yet clarify begins at. Whither the spot for.^ Whence the hour by? See but! Lever hulme! Take in. Respassers should be pursaccoutred. Qui stabat Meins quantum qui stabat Peins. As of yours. We annew. Our shades of minglings mengle them and help help horizons. A flasch and, rasch, it shall come to pasch, as hearth by hearth leaps live. For the tanderest stock with the rosinost top Ahlen Hill’s, clubpubber, in general stores and. Atriathroughwards, Lugh the Brathwacker will be the listened after and he larruping sparks out of his teiney ones. The spearspid of dawnfire totouches ain the tablestoane ath the centre of the great circle of the raacroliths of Helusbelus in the boshiman brush on this our peneplain by Fangaluvu Bight whence the homed caims erge, stanserstanded, to floran frohn, idols of isthmians. Overwhere. Gaunt grey ghostly gossips growing gmbber in the glow. Past now pulls. Cur one beast, even Dane the Great, may treadspath with sniffer he snout impursuant to byelegs. Edar’s chuckal humuristic. But why pit the cur afore the noxe? Let shrill their duan Gallus, han, and she, hou the Sassqueehenna, makes ducksruns at crooked. Once for the chantermale, twoce for the pother and once twoce threece for the waither. So an inedible yellowmeat turns out the invasable blackth. Kwhat serves to rob with Alliman, saelior, a tumkeyed trot to Seapoint, pierrotettes, means Noel’s Bar and Julepunsch, by Joge, if you’\e tippertaps in your head or starting kursses, tailour, you’re silenced at Henge Ceol-

594

leges, Exmooth, Ostbys for ost, boys, each and one? Death banes and the quick quoke. But life wends and the dombs spake! Whake? Hill of Hafid, knock and knock, nachasach, gives relief to the langscape as he strauches his lamusong untoupon gazelle channel and the bride of the Bryne, shin high shake, is dotter than evar for a damse wed her farther. Lambel on the up! We may plesently heal Geoglyphy’s twentynine ways to say goodbett an wassing seoosoon liv. With the forty wonks winking please me your much as to. With her tup. It’s a long long ray to Newirgland’s premier. For korps, for streamfish, for confects, for bullyoungs, for smearsassage, for patates, for steaked pig, for men, for limericks, for waterfowls, for wagsfools, for louts, for cold airs, for late trams, for curries, for curlews, for leekses, for

orphalings, for tunnygulls, for clear goldways, for lungfortes, for moonyhaunts, for fairmoneys, for coffins, for tantrums, for armaurs, for waglugs, for rogues comings, for sly goings, for larksmathes, for homdsmeethes, for quailsmeathes, kilalooly. Tep! Come lead, crom lech! Fop. Wisely for us Old Bruton has withdrawn his theory. You are alpsulumply wroght! Amsulummmm. But this is perporteroguing youpoorapps? Nameintanai. Sure it’s not revieng your? Amslu! Good all so. We seem to understand apad vellumtomes muniment, Arans Duhkha, among hoseshoes, cheriotiers and etceterogenious bargainboutbarrows, ofver and umnder, since, evenif or although, in double preposition as in triple conjunction, how the mudden research in the topaia that was Mankaylands has gone to prove from the picalava present in the maramara melma that while a successive generation has been in the deep deep deeps of Deepereras. Buried hearts. Rest here.

Conk a dook he’ll doo. Svap.

So let him slap, the sap! Till they take down his shatter from his shap. He canease. Fill stap.

Thus faraclacks the friarbird. Listening, Syd!

The child, a natural child, thenown by the ranames of, (aya! aya!), wouldbewas kidnapped at an age of recent probably, possibly remoter; or he conjured himself from seight by slide

at hand; for which thetheatron is a lemoronage; at milchgoat fairmesse; in full dogdhis; sod on a fall; pat; the hundering blundering dunderfunder of plundersundered manhood; behold, he returns; renascenent; fincamate; still foretold around the hearthside; at matin a fact; hailed chimers’ ersekind; foe purmanant, fum in his mow; awike in wave risurging into chrest; vktis poenis hesternis', fostfath of solas; fram choicest of wiles with warmen and sogns til Banba, burial aranging; under articles thirtynine of the reconstitution; by the lord’s order of the canon consecrandable; earthlost that we thought him; pestemost, the noneknown worrier; from Tumbarumba mountain; in persence of whole landslots; forebe all the rassias; sire of leery subs of dub; the Diggins, Woodenhenge, as to hang out at; with spawnish oel full his angalach; the sousenugh; gnomeosulphidosalamermauderman; the big brucer, fert in fort; Gunnar, of The Gunnings, Gund; one of the two or three forefivest fellows a bloke could in holiday crowd encounter; benedicted be the barirel; kilderkins, lids off; a roache, an oxmaster, a sort of heaps, a pamphilius, a vintivat niviceny, a hygiennic contrivance socalled from the editor; the thick of your thigh; you knox; quite; talking to the vicar’s joy and ruth; the gren, woid and glue been broking by the maybole gards; he; when no crane in Elga is heard; upout to speak this lay; without links, without impediments, with gygantogyres, with freeflawforms;parasama to himself; atman as evars; whom otherwise becauses; no puler as of old but as of young a palatin; whitelock not lacked nor temperasoleon; though he appears a funny colour;stoatters some; but a quite a big bug after the dahlias; place inspectorum sarchent; also the hullow chyst excavement; astronomically fabulafigured; as Jambudvispa Vipra foresaw of him; the last h<df versicle repurchasing his pawned word; sorensplit and paddypatched; and pfor to pfinish our pfun of a pfan coaiding the keddle mickwhite; sure, straight, slim,

sturdy, serene, synthetical, swift.

By the antar of Yasas! Ruse made him worthily achieve inherited wish. The drops upon that mantle rained never around Fingal. Goute! Loughlin’s Salts, Will, make a newman if any-

worn. Soe? La! Lamfadar’s arm it has cocoincidences. You mean to see we have been hadding a sound night’s sleep You may so. It is just, it is just about to, it is just about to rolywholyover. Svapnasvap. Of all the stranger things that ever not even in the hundrund and badst pageans of unthowsent and wonst nice or in eddas and oddes bokes of tomb, dyke and hollow to be have happened! The untireties of livesliving being the one substrance of a streamsbecoming. Totalled in toldteld and teldtold in tittle-tell tattle. Why? Because, graced be Gad and all giddy gadgets, in whose words were the beginnings, there are two signs to turn to, the yest and the ist, the wright side and the wronged side, feeling aslip and wauking up, so an, so farth. Why? On the sourdsite we have the Moskiosk Djinpalast with its twin adjacencies, the bathouse and the bazaar, allahallahallah, and on the sponthesite it is the alcovan and the rosegarden, boony noughty, all puraputhry. Why? One’s apurr apuss a story about brid and breakfedes and parricombating and coushcouch but others is of tholes and oubwom buyings, dolings and chafferings in heat, contest and enmity. Why? Every talk has his stay, vidnis Shavarsanjivana, and all-a-dreams perhapsing under lucksloop at last are through. Why? It is a sot of a swigswag, systomy dystomy, which everabody you ever anywhere at all doze. Why? Such me.

And howpsadrowsay.

Lok! A shaft of shivery in the act, anilancinant. Cold’s sleuth! Vayuns! Where did thots come from? It is infinitesimally fevers, resty fever, risy fever, a coranto of aria, sleeper awakening, in the smalls of one’s back presentiment, gip, and again, geip, a flash from a future of maybe mahamayability through the windr of a wondr in a wildr is a weltr as a wirbl of a warbl is a world.

Tom.

It is perfect degrees excelsius. A jaladaew still stilleth. Cloud lay but mackrel are. Anemone activescent,the torporature is returning to momal. Humid nature is feeling itself freely at ease with the all fresco. The vervain is to herald as the grass administers. They say, they say in effect, they really say. You have eaden fruit. Say whuit. You have snakked mid a fish. Telle whish.

Every those personal place objects if nonthings where soevers and they just done been doing being in a dromo of todos withouten a bound to be your trowers. Forswundled. You hald him by the tap of the tang. Not a salutary sellable sound is since. Insteed for asteer, adrift with adraft. Nuctumbulumbumus wanderwards the Nil. Victorias neanzas. Alberths neantas. It was a long, very long, a dark, very dark, an allburt unend, scarce endurable, and we could add mostly quite various and somenwhat stumbletumbling night. Endee he sendee. Diu! The has goning at gone,

the is coining to come. Greets to ghastern, hie to morgning. Dormidy, destady. Doom is the faste. Well down, good other! Now day, slow day, from delicate to divine, divases. Padma, brighter and sweetster, this flower that bells, it is our hour or risings. Tickle, tickle. Lotus spray. Till herenext. Adya.

Take thanks, thankstum, thamas. In that earopean end meets Ind.

There is something supernoctural about whatever you called him it. Panpan and vinvin are not alonety vanvan and pinpin in your Tamal without tares but simplysoley they are they. Thisutter followis that odder fellow. Himkim kimkim. Old yeasterloaves may be a stale as a stub and the pitcher go to aftoms on the wall. Mildew, murk, leak and yarn now want the bad that they lied on. And your last words todate in camparative accoustomology are going to tell stretch of a fancy through strength towards jo3iance, adyatants, where he gets up. Allay for allay, a threat for a throat.

Tim!

To them in Ysat Loka. Hearing. The urb it orbs. Then’s now with now’s then in tense continuant. Heard. Who having has he shall have had. Hear! Upon the thuds trokes truck, chim, it will be exactlyso fewer hours by so many minutes of the ope of the dium of the sennight of the maaned of the yere of the age of the madamanvantora of Grossguy and Littleylady, our hugibus hugibum and our weewee mother, actaman housetruewith, and their childer and their napirs and their napirs’ childers napirs and their chattels and their servance and their

cognance and their ilks and their orts and their everythings that is be will was theirs.

Much obliged. Time-o’-Thay! But wherth, O clerk?

Whithr a clonk? Vartman! See you not soo the pfath they pfunded, oura vatars that arred in Himmal, harruad bathar namas, the gow, the stiar, the tigara, the liofant, when even thurst was athar vetals, mid trefoils slipped the sable rampant, hoof, hoof, hoof, hoof, padapodopudupedding on fattafottafutt. Ere we are! Signifying, if tungs may tolkan, that, primeval conditions having gradually receded but nevertheless the emplacement of solid and fluid having to a great extent persisted through intermittences of sullemn fulminance, sollemn nuptialism, sallemn sepulture and providential divining, making possible and even inevitable, after his a time has a tense haves and havenots hesitency, at the place and period under consideration a socially organic entity of a millenary military maritory monetary morphological circumformation in a more or less settled state of equonomic ecolxibe equalobe equilab equilibbrium. Gam on, Geargel Nomomorphemy for me! Lessnatbe angardsmanlake! You jast gat a tache of army on the stumuk. To the Angar at Anker. Aecquotincts. Seeworthy. Lots thankyouful, polite pointsins! There’s a tavam in the tarn.

Tip. Take Tamotimo’s topical. Tip. Browne yet Noland. Tip. Advert.

"Where. Cumulonubulocirrhonimbant heaven electing, the dart of desire has gored the heart of secret waters and the poplarest wood in the entire district is being grown at present, eminently adapted for the requirements of pacnincstricken humanity and, between all the goings up and the whole of the comings down and the fog of the cloud in which we toil and the cloud of the fog under which we labour, bomb the thing’s to be domb about it so that, beyond indicating the locality, it is felt that one cannot with advantage add a very great deal to the aforegoing by what, such as it is to be, follows, just mentioning however that the old man of the sea and the old woman in the sky if they don’t say nothings about it they don’t tell us lie, the gist of the pantomime, from

599

cannibal king to the property horse, being,slumply and slopely,to remind us how, in this drury world of ours. Father Times and Mother Spades boil their kettle with their crutch. Wliich every lad and lass in the lane knows. Hence.

Polycarp pool, the pool of Innalavia, Saras the saft as, of meadewy marge, atween Deltas Piscium and Sagittariastrion, whereinn once we lave ’tis alve and vale, minnyhahing here from hiarwather, a poddlebridges in a passabed, the river of lives, the regenerations of the incarnations of the emanations of the apparentations of Funn and Nin in Cleethabala, the kongdomain of the Alieni, an accorsaired race, infester of Libnud Ocean, Moylamore, let it be! Where Allbroggt Neandser tracking Viggynette Neeinsee gladsighted her Linfian Fall and a teamdiggingharrow turned the first sod. Sluce! Caughterect! Goodspeed tlie blow! (Inddentally ’tis believed that his harpened before Gage’s Fane for it has to be over this booty spotch, though some hours to the wester, that ex-Colonel House’s preterpost heiress is to return unto the outstretcheds of Dweyr O’Michael’s loinsprung the blunterbusted pikehead which his had hewn in hers, prolonged laughter words). There an alomdree begins to green, soreen seen for loveseat, as we know that should she, for by essentience his law, so it make all. It is scainted to Vitalba. And her little white bloomkins, twittersky trimmed, are hobdoblins’ hankypanks. Saxenslyke our anscessers tliought so darely on now they’re going soever to Anglesen, free of juties, dyrt chapes. There too a slab slobs, immermemorial, the only in all swamp. But so bare, so boulder, brag sagging such a brr bll bmm show that, of Barindens, the white alfred, it owed to have at leased some butchup’s upperon. Homos Circas ElochlannensisX His showplace at Leeambye. Old Wommany Wyes. Pfif! But, while gleam with gloom swan here and there, this shame rock and that whispy planter tell Paudheen Steel-the-Poghue and his perty Molly Vardant, in goodbroomirish, arrah, this place is a proper and his feist a ferial for curdnal communial, so be who would celibrate tlie holy mystery upon or that the pirigrim from Mainylands beatend, the calmleaved hutcaged by that look whose glaum

600

is sure he means bisnisgels to empalmover. A naked yogpriest, clothed of sundust, his oakey doaked with frondest leoves, offrand to the ewon of her owen. Tasyam kuru salilakriyamu! Pfaf!

Bring about it to be brought about and it will be, loke, our lake

lemanted, that greyt lack, the citye of Is is issuant (atlanst!), urban and orbal, through seep froms umber under wasseres of Erie.

Lough !

Hwo! Hwy, dairmaidens.^ Asthoreths, assay! Earthsigh to is heavened.

Hillsengals, the daughters of the cliffs, responsen. Longsome the samphire coast. From thee to thee, thoo art it thoo, that thouest there. The like the near, the liker nearer. O sosay! A family, a band, a school, a clanagirls. Fiftines andbut fortines by novanas andor vantads by octettes ayand decadendecads by a lunary with last a lone. Whose every has herdifferent from the similies with her site. Sicut campamdae petalliferentes they coroll in caroll round Botany Bay. A dweam of dose innocent dirly dirls. Keavn! KeavnI And they all setton voicies about singsing music was Keavn! He. Only he. Ittle he. Ah! The whole clangalied. Oh!

S. Wilhelmina’s, S. Gardenia’s, S. Phibia's, S. Veslandrua’s, S. Clarinda’s, S. Immecula’s, S. Dolores Delphin’s, S. Perlan-throa’s, S. Errands Gay’s, S. Eddaminiva’s, S. Rhodamena’s, S. Ruadagara’s, S. Drimicvuntra’s, S. Una Vestity’s, S. Mintargisia’s, S. Misha-La-Valse’s, S. Churstry’s, S. Clouonaskieym’s, S. Bella-visttira’s, S. Santamonta’s, S. Ringsingsund’s, S. Heddadin Drade’s, S. Glacianivia’s, S. Waidafrira’s, S. Thomassabbess’s and (trema! unloud!! pepet!!!) S. Loellisotoelles!

Prayfulness! Prayfulness!

Euh! Thaet is seu whaet shaell one naeme it!

The meidinogues have tingued togethering. Ascend out of your bed, cavern of a trunk, and shrine! Kathlins is kitchin. Soros cast, ma brone! You must exterra acquarate to interirigate all the arky pelicans. The austrologer Wallaby by Tolan, who farshook our showrs from Newer Aland, has signed the you and the now our mandate. Milenesia waits. Be smark.

6oi

One seekings. Not the litlie slender, not the broad roundish near the lithe slender, not the fairsized fullfeatured to the leeward of the broad roundish but, indeed and inneed, the curling, perfect-portioned, flowerfleckled, shapely highhued, delicate features swaying to the windward of the fairsized fullfeatured.

Was that in the air about when something is to be said for it or is it someone imparticular who will somew'herise for the whole anyhow.^

What does Coemghen.^ Tell his hidings clearly! A woodtoo-gooder. Is his moraltack still his best of weapons.^ How about a little more goaling goold.^ Rowlin’s tun he gadder no must. It is the voice of Roga. His face is the face of a son. Be thine the silent hall, O Jarama! A virgin, the one, shall mourn thee. Roga’s stream is solence. But Croona is in adestance. The ass of the O’Dwyer of Greyglens is abrowtobayse afeald in his terroirs of the Potter-ton’s forecoroners, the reeks around the burleyhearthed. When visited by an independant reporter, “Mike” Portlund, to burrow burning the latterman’s Resterant so is called the gortan in ques-

ture he mikes the fallowing for the Durban Gazette, firstcoming issue. From a collispendent. Any were. Deemsday. Bosse of Upper and Lower Byggotstrade, Ciwareke, may he live for river ! The Games funeral at Valley temple. Satumights pomps, exhabiting that corricatore of a harss, revealled by Oscur Camerad. The last of Dutch Schulds,perhumps. Pipe in Dream Cluse. Uncovers Pub History. The Outrage, at Length. Affected Mob Follows in Religious Sullivence. Rinvention of vestiges by which they drugged the buddhy. Moviefigure on in scenic section. By Patathicus. And there, from out of the scuity, misty Londan, along the canavan route, that is with the years gone, mild beam of the wave his polar bearing, steerner among stars, trust touthena and you tread true turf, comes the sorter, Mr Hurr Hansen, talking allthe-ways in himself of his hopes to fall in among a merryfoule of maidens happ;/nghome from the dance, his knyckle allaready in his knackskey fob, a passable compatriate proparly of the Grimstad galleon, old pairs frieze, feed up to the noxer with their geese and peeas and oats upon a trencher and the toyms

he’d lust in Wooming but with that smeoil like a grace of backoning over his egglips of the sunsoonshine- Here’s heering you in a guessmasque, latterman! And such an improofment! As royt as the mail and as fat as a fuddle! Schoen! Shoan! Shoon the Puzt! A penny for your thought abouts! Tay, tibby, tanny, tummy, tasty, tosty, tay. Batch is for Baker who Baxters our bread. O, what an ovenly odour! Butter butter! Bring us this days our maily bag! But receive me, my frensheets, from the emerald dark winterlong! For diss is the doss for Eilder Downes and dass is it duss,as singen sengers, what the hardworking straightwalking stoutstamping securelysealing officials who trow to form our G.M.P.’s pass muster generally shay for shee and sloo for slee when butting their headd to the pillow for a night-shared nakeshift with the alter girl they tuck in for sweepsake. Dutiful wealker for his hydes of march. Haves you the time. Hans ahike.^ Heard you the crime, senny boy? The man was giddy on letties on the dewry of the duary, be pursueded, whethered with entrenous, midgreys, dagos, teatimes, shadows, nocturnes or samoans, if wellstocked fillerouters plushfeverfraus with dopy chonks, and this, that and the other pigskin or muffle kinkles, taking a pipe course or doing an anguish, seen to his fleece in after his foull, when Dr Chart of Greet Chorsles street he changed his backbone at a citting. He had not the declaination, as what with the foos as whet with the fays, but so far as hanging a goobes on the precedings, wherethen the lag allows, it mights be anything after darks. Which the deers alones they sees and the darkies they is snuffing of the wind up. Debbling. Greanteawents! Hyacinssies with heliotrollops! Not once fullvixen freakings and but dubbledecoys ! It is a lable iction on the porte of the cuthulic church and summum most atole for it. Where is that blinketey blanketer, that quound of a pealer, the sunt of a hunt whant foxes good men! Where or he, our loved among many.^

But what does Coemghem, the fostard.^ Tyro a tora. The novened iconostase of his blueygreyned vitroils but begins in feint to light his legend. Let Phosphoron proclaim! Peechy

peechy. Say he that saw him tliat saw! Man shall sharp run do a get him. Ask no more, Jerry mine, Roga’s voice! No pice soorkabatcha. The bog which puckerooed the posy. The \inebranch of Heremonheber on Bregia’s plane where Teffia lies is leaved invert and fructed proper but the cublic hatches endnot open yet for hourly rincers’ mess. Read Higgins, Cairns and Egen. Mai thus is yet lukked in close. Withun. How swathed there-answer alcove makes theirinn! Besoakers loiter on. And primi-libatory solicates of limon sodias will be absorbable. It is not even yet the engine of the load with haled morries full of crates, you mattinmummur, for dombell dumbs.^ Sure and ’tis not then. The greek Sideral Reulthway, as it hav vents, will soon be starting a smooth with its first single hastencraft. Danny buz-zers instead of the vialact coloured milk train on the fartykket plan run with its endless gallaxion of rotatorattlers and the smool-troon our elderens rememberem as the scream of the service, Strubry Bess. Also the waggonwobblers are still yet everdue to precipitate after night’s combustion. Aspect, Shamus Rogua or! Taceate and! Hagiographice canat Ecclesia. Which aubrey our first shall show. Inattendance who is who is will play that’s what’s that to what’s that, what.

Oyes! Oyeses! Oyesesyeses! The primace of the Gaulls, pro-tonotorious, I yam as I yam, mitrogenerand in the free state on the air, is now aboil to blow a Gael warning. Inoperation Eyr-lands Eyot, Meganesia, Habitant and the onebut thousand insels. Western and Osthem Approaches.

Of Kevin, of increate God the servant, of the Lord Creator a filial fearer, who, given to the growing grass, took to the tall tim-ber, slippery dick the springy heeler, as we have seen, so we have heard, what we have received, that we have transmitted, thus we shall hope, this we shall pray till, in the search for love of knowledge through the comprehension of the unity in altruism through stupefaction, it may again how it may again, shearing aside the four wethers and passing over the dainty daily dairy and dropping by the way the lapful of live coals and smoothing out Nelly Nettle and her lad of mettle, full of stings,

fond of stones, friend of gnewgnawns bones and leaving all the messy messy to look after our douche douche, the miracles, death and life are these.

Yad. Procreated on the ultimate ysland of Yreland in the en-cyclical yrish archipelago, come their feast of precreated holy whiteclad angels, whomamong the christener of his, volimtarily poor Kevin, having been graunted the praviloge of a priest’s postcreated portable altare cum halneo^ when espousing the one true cross, invented and exalted, in celibate matrimony at matin chime arose and westfrom went and came in alb of cloth of gold to our own midmost Glendalough-le-vert by archangelical guid-ance where amiddle of meeting waters of river Yssia and Essia river on this one of cithers lone navigable lake piously Kevin, lawding the triune trishagion, amidships of his conducible altar super bath, rafted centripetally, diaconal servent of orders hiber-nian, midway across the subject lake surface to its supreem epi-centric lake Ysle, whereof its lake is the ventrifugal principality, whereon by prime, powerful in knowledge, Kevin came to where its centre is among the circumfluent watercourses of Yshgafiena

and Yshgafiuna, an enysled lakelet yslanding a lacustrine yslet, whereupon with beached raft subdiaconal bath propter altar, with oil extremely anointed, accompanied by prayer, holy Kevin bided till the third morn hour but to build a rubric penitential honeybeehivehut in whose enclosure to live in fortitude, acolyte of cardinal virtues, whereof the arenary floor, most holy Kevin excavated as deep as to the depth of a seventh part of one full fathom, which excavated, venerable Kevin, anchorite, taking counsel, proceded towards the lakeside of the ysletshore whereat seven several times he, eastward genuflecting, in entire ubidience at sextnoon collected gregorian water sevenfold and with ambrosian eucharistic joy of heart as many times receded, carrying that privileged altar unacumque bath, which severally seven times into the cavity excavated, a lector of water levels, most venerable Kevin, then effused thereby letting there be water where was theretofore dry land, by him so concreated, who now, confirmed a strong and perfect Christian, blessed Kevin, exorcised his holy sister

water, perpetually chaste, so that, well understanding, she should fill to midheight his tubbathaltar, which hanbathtub, most blessed Kevin, ninthly enthroned, in the concentric centre of the translated water, whereamid, when violet vesper vailed. Saint Kevin, Hydrophilos, having girded his sable cappa magna as high as to his cherubical loins, at solemn compline sat in his sate of wisdom, that handbathtub, whereverafter, recreated doctor insularis of the universal church, keeper of the door of meditation, memory extempore proposing and intellect formally considering, recluse, he meditated continuously with seraphic ardour the primal sacrament of baptism or the regeneration of all man by affusion of water- Yee.

Bisships, bevel to rock’s rite! Sarver buoy, extinguish! Nuotabene. The rare view from the three Benns under the bald heaven is on the other end, askan your blixom on dimmen and bias tun, something to right hume about. They were erected in a purvious century, as a hen fine coops and, if you know your Bristol and have trudged the trolly ways and elventums of that old cobbold city, you will sortofficially scribble a mental Peny-Knox-Gore. Whether they were franklings by name also has not been fully probed. Their design is a whosold word and the charming details of light in dark are freshed from the feminiairity which breathes content. O ferax cuplal Ah, fairypair! The first exploder to make his ablations in these parks was indeed that lucky mortal which the monster trial showed on its first day out. What will not arky paper, anticidingly inked with penmark, push, per sample prof, kuvertly faked, when style, stink and stigmataphoron are of one sum in the same person.^ He comes out of the soil very well after all just where Old Toffler is to come shuffling alongsoons Panniquanne starts showing of her peequuliar talonts. Awaywrong wandler surking to a rightrare rute for his plain utterrock sukes, appelled to by her fancy claddaghs. You plied that pokar, garaesy, swell as aye did, while there were flickars to the flores. He may be humpy, nay, he may be dumpy but there is always something racey about, say, a sailor on a horse. As soon as we sale him geen we gates a sprise ! He brings up tofatufa and

that is how we get to Missas in Massas. The old Marino tale. We veriters verity notefew demmed lustres priorly magistrite maximollient in ludubility learned. Facst. Teak oiF that wise head! Great sinner, good sonner, is in effect the motto of the MacCowell family. The gloved fist (skrimmhandsker) was intraduced into their socerdatal tree before the fourth of the twelfth and it is even a little odd all four horolodgeries still gonging restage Jakob van der Bethel, smolking behing his pipe, with Essav of Messagepostumia, lending out his borrowed chafingdish, before cymbaloosing the apostles at every hours of changeover. The first and last rittleratde of the anniverse; when is a nam nought a nam whenas it is a. Watch ! Heroes' Highway where our fleshers leave their honings and every bob and joan to fill the bumper fair. It is their segnall for old Champelysied to seek the shades of his retirement and for young Chappielassies to tear a round and tease their partners lovesoftfun at Finnegan's Wake.

And it's high tigh tigh. Tidey hi ti ti. That my dig pressed in your dag si. Gnug of old Gnig. Ni, gnid mig brawly! I bag your burden. Mees is thees knees. Thi is Mi. We have caught oneselves, Sveasmeas, in somes incontigruity coumplegs of heoponhurrish marrage from whose I most sublumbunate. A polog, my engl 1 Excutes. Om still so sovvy. Whyle om till ti ti.

Ha!

Dayagreening gains in schlimninging. A summerwint springfalls, abated. Hail, regn of durknass, snowly receassing, thund lightening thund, into the dimbelowstard departamenty whitherout, soon hist, soon mist, to the hothehill from the hollow, Solsking the Frist (attempted by the admirable Captive Bunting and Loftonant-Comel Blaire) will processingly show up above Tumplen Bar -whereupont he was much jubilated by Boergemester "Dyk" ffogg of Isoles, now Eisold, looking most plussed with (exhib 39) a clout capped sunbubble anaccanponied from his bequined torse. Up.

Blanchardstown mewspeppers pleads coppyl. Gracest goodness, heave mensy upponnus! Grand old Manbutton, give your bowlers a rest!

It is a mere mienerism of this vague of visibilities, mark you, as accorded to by moisturologist of the Brehons Assorceration for the advatmcement of scayence because, my dear, mentioning of it under the breath, as in pure (what bunkum !) essenesse, there have been disselving forenenst you just the draeper, the two drawpers assisters and the three droopers assessors confratemitisers. Who are, of course, Uncle Arth, your two cozes from Niece and (kunject a bit now !) our own familiars, Billyhealy, Ballyhooly and Bullyhowley, surprised in an indecorous position by the Sigurd Sigerson Sphygmomanometer Society for bledprusshers.

Knightsmore. Haventyne?

Ha ha!

This Mister Ireland? And a live?

Ay, ay. Aye, aye, baas.

The cry of Stena chills the vitals of slumbring off the motther has been pleased into the harms of old salaciters, meassurers soon and soon, but the voice of Alina gladdens the cockly-hearted dreamerish for that magic moning with its ching chang chap sugay kaow laow miUcee muchee bringing becker-brose, the brew with the foochoor in it. Sawyest? Nodt? Nyets, I dhink I sawn to remumb or sumbsuch. A kind of a thinglike all traylogged then pubably it resymbles a pelvic or some kvind then props an acutebacked quadrangle with aslant off ohahn-thenth a wenchyoumaycuddler, lying with her royalirish upper-shoes among the theeckleaves. Signs are on of a mere by token that wills still to be becoming upon this there once a here was world. As the dayelejwes unfolden them. In the wake of the blackshape, Nattenden Sorter whenat, hindled firth and bundled furtli, the week of wakes is out and over; as a wick weak woking from ennemberable Ashias unto fierce force fuming, temtem tamtam, the Phoenican wakes.

Passing. One. We are passing. Two. From sleep we are pass-ing. Three. Into the wikeawades warld from sleep we are passing. Four. Come, hours, be ours!

But still. Ah diar, ah diar! And stay.

It was allso agreenable in our sinegear clutchless, touring the no placelike no timelike absolent, mixing up pettyvaughan popu-lose with the magnumoore genstries, Iloydhaired mersscenary blookers with boydskinned pigttetails and goochlipped gwendo-lenes with dufFyeyed dolores; like so many unprobables in their poor suit of the improssable. With Mata and after please with Matamaru and after please stop with Matamaruluka and after stop do please with Matamarulukajoni.

And anotherum. Ah ess, dapple assl He will be longing after the Grogram Grays. And, Weisingchetaoli, he will levellaut ministel Trampleasure be. Sheflower Rosina, younger Sheflower fruit Amaryllis, youngest flowerfruityfrond Sallysill or Sillysall. And house with heaven roof occupanters they are continuatingly attraverse of its milletestudinous windows, ricocotirsing them-selves, as staneglass on stonegloss, inplayn unglish Wynn’s Hotel. Brancherds at: Bullbeck, Oldboof, Sassondale, Jorsey Uppygard, Mundelonde, Abbeytotte, Bracqueytuitte with Hoc-keyvilla, Fockeyvilla, Hillewille and Wallhall. Hoojahoo mana-gers the thingaviking. Obning shotly. When the messanger of the risen sun, (see other oriel) shall give to every seeable a hue and to every hearable a cry and to each spectacle his spot and to each happening her houram. The while we, we are waiting, we are waiting for. Hymn.

Muta: Quodestnunc fumusiste volhvuns ex Domoyno?

Juva: It is Old Head of Kettle puffing off the top of the momin.

Muta: He odda be thorly well ashamed of himself for smoking before the high host.

Juva: Dies is Dorminus master and commandant illy tono-brass.

Muta: Diminussed aster! An I could peecieve amonkst the gatherings who ever they wolk in process.^

Juva: Khubadah! It is the Chrystanthemlander with his porters of bonzos, pompommy plonkyplonk, the ghariwallahs, moveyovering the cabrattlefield of slaine.

Muta: Pongo da Banza! An I would uscertain in druidful scatterings one piece tall chap he stand one piece same place?

609 2 Q

Java: Sulkily: and he is fundementially theosophagusted over the whorse proceedings.

Muta: Petrificationibus ! O horild haraflare! Who his dickhuns now rearrexes from underneartli the memorialorum?

Juva: Beleave filmly, beleave! Fing Fing! King King!

Muta: Ulloverum.^ Fulgitudo ejus Rhedonum teneat!

Juva: Rolantlossly! Till the tipp of his ziff. And the ubideintia of the savium is our ervics fenicitas.

Muta: Why soly smiles the supremest with such for a leary on his rugular lips?

Juva: Bitchorbotchum 1 Eebrydime! He has help his crewn on the burkeley buy but he has hplf his crown on the Eurasian Generalissimo.

Muta: Skulkasloot! The twyly velleid is thus then paridi-cynical?

Juva: Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pouradosus !

Muta: Haven money on stablecert?

Juva: Tempt to worn Outsider !

Muta: Sue? He quoffs. Wutt?

Juva: Sec! Wartar wartar! Wett.

Muta: Ad Piabelle et Purabelle?

Juva: At Winne, Woermann og Sengs.

Muta: So that when we shall have acquired unification we shall pass on to diversity and when we shall have passed on to diversity we shall have acquired the instinct of combat and when we shall have acquired the instinct of combat we shall pass back to the spirit of appeasement?

Juva: By the light of the bright reason which daysends to us from the high.

Muta: May I borrow that hordwanderbaffle from you, old rubberskin?

Juva: Here it is and I hope it’s your wormingpen, Erinmonker !

Shoot.

Rhythm and Colour at Park Mooting. Peredos Last in the Grand Natural. Velivision victor. Dubs newstage oldtime turf-tussle, recalling W^inny Willy Widger. Two draws. Heliotrope

6io

leads from Harem. Three ties. Jockey the Ropper jerks Jake the Rape, Paddrock and bookley chat.

And here are the details.

Tunc. Bymeby, bullocky vampas tappany bobs topside joss pidgin fella Balkelly, archdruid of islish chinchinjoss in the his heptachromatic sevenhued septicoloured roranyellgreenlindigan mantle finish he show along the his mister guest Patholic with alb belongahim the whose throat hum with of sametime all the his cassock groaner fellas of greysfriaryfamily he fast all time what time all him monkafellas with Same Patholic, quoniam, speeching, yeh not speeching noh man liberty is, he drink up words, scilicet, tomorrow till recover will not, all too many much illusiones through photoprismic velamina of hueful panepiphanal world spectacurum of Lord Joss, the of which zoantholitic furniture, from mineral through vegetal to animal, not appear to full up together fallen man than under but one photoreflection of the several iridals gradationes of solar light, that one which that part of it (furnit of heupanepi world) had shown itself (part of fur of huepanwor) unable to absorbere, whereas for numpa one puraduxed seer in seventh degree of wisdom of Entis-Onton he savvy inside true inwardness of reality, the Ding hvad in idself id est, all objects (of panepiwor) allside showed themselves in trues coloribus resplendent with sextuple gloria of light actually retained, untisintus, inside them (obs of epiwo). Rumnant Patholic, stareotypopticus, no catch all that preachybook, utpiam, tomorrow recover thing even is not, bymeby vampsybobsy tappanasbullocks topside joss pidginfella Bilkilly-Belkelly say patfella, ontesantes, twotime hemhaltshealing, with other words verbigratiagrading from murmurulentous till stridulocelerious in a hunghoranghoangoly tsinglontseng while his comprehendurient, with diminishing claractinism, augumentationed himself in caloripeia to vision so throughsighty, you anxioust melancholic, High Thats Hight Uberking Leary his fiery grassbelonghead all show colour of sorrelwood herbgreen, again, niggerblonker, of the his essixcoloured holmgrewnworsteds costume the his fellow saffron pettikilt look same hue of boiled spinasses,

6ll 2Q2

other thing, voluntary mutismuser, he not compyhandy the his golden twobreasttorc look justsamelike curlicabbis, moreafter, to pace negativisticists, verdant readyrainroof belongahim Exuber High Ober King Leary very dead, what he wish to say, spit of superexuberabundancy plenty laurel leaves, after that commander bulopent eyes of Most Highest Ardreetsar King same thin g like thyme choppy upon parsley, alongsidethat, if pleasesir, nos displace tauttung, sowlofabishospastored, enamel Indian gem in maledictive fingerfondler of High High Siresultan Em-

peror all same like one fellow olive lentil, onthelongsidethat, by undesendas, kirikirikiring, violaceous warwon contusiones of facebuts of Highup Big Cockywocky Sublissimime Autocrat, for that with pure hueglut intensely saturated one, tinged uniformly, allaroundside upinandoutdown, very like you seecut chowchow of plentymuch sennacassia. Hump cumps Ebblybally! Sukkot?

Pune. Bigseer, refrects the petty padre, whackling it out, a tumble to take, tripeness to call thing and to call if say is good while, you pore shiroskuro blackinwhitepaddynger, by thiswis aposterioprismically apatstrophied and paralogically periparo-lysed, celestial from principalest of Iro’s Irismans ruinboon pot before, (for beingtime monkblinkers timeblinged completamen-tarily murkblankered in their neutrolysis between the possible viriditude of the sager and the probable eruberuption of the sciint), as My tappropinquish to Me wipenmeselps gnosegates a handcaughtscheaf of synthetic shammyrag to hims hers, seeming-such four three two agreement cause heart to be might, saving to Balenoarch (he kneeleths), to Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down) to Greatest Great Balenoarch (he kneeleths down quite-somely), the sound sense sympol in a weedwayedwold of the firethere the sun in his halo cast. Onmen.

That was thing, bygotter, the thing, bogcotton, the very thing, begad! Even to uptoputty Bilkilly-Belkelly-Balkally. Who was for shouting down the shatton on the lamp of Jeeshees. Sweating on to stonker and throw his seven. As he shuck his thumping fore features apt the hoyhop of His Ards.

Thud.

612

Good safe firelamp! hailed the heliots. Goldselforelump ! Hailed they. Awed. Where thereon the skyfold high, trampa-trampatramp. Adie. Per ye comdoom doominoom noonstroom. Yeasome priestomes. Fullyhum toowhoom.

Taawhaar.^

Sants and sogs, cabs and cobs, kings and karls, tentes and taunts.

’Tis gone infarover. So fore now, dayleash. Pour deday. To trancefixureashone. Feist of Tabomeccles, scenopegia, come! Shamwork, be in our scheming! And let every crisscouple be so crosscomplimentary, little eggons, youlk and meelk, in a farbiger pancosmos- With a hottyhammyum all round. Gudstruce!

Yet is no body present here which was not there before. Only is order othered. Nought is nulled. Ftd^atf

Lo, the laud of laurens now orielising benedictively when saint and sage have said their say.

A spathe of calyptrous glume involucrumines the perinanthean Amenta: fungoalgaceous muscafilicial graminopalmular plan-teon^ of increasing, livivorous, feelful thinkamalinks; luxuriotia-ting everywhencewithersoever among skullhullows and charnel-cysts of a veed waste woldwevild when Ralph the Retriever ranges to jawrode his knuts knuckles and her theas thighs; one-

gugulp down of the nauseous forere brarkfarsts oboboomaround and you’re as paint and spickspan as a rainbow; wreathe the bowl to rid the bowel; no runcure, no rank heat, sir; amess in amullium; chlorid cup.

Health, chalce, endnessnessessity! Arrive, likkypuggers, in a poke! The folgor of the frightfools is olympically optimominous; there is bound to be a lovleg day for mirrages in the open; Humane and Aveling are imdertoken to berry that ortchert: provided that. You got to make good that breachsuit, seamer. You going to haulm port houlm, toilermaster. You yet must get up to kill (nonparticular). You still stand by and do as hit (private). While for yous, Jasminia Aruna and all your likers, affinitatively must it be by you elected if Monogynes his is or hers Diander, the tubous, limbersome and nectarial. Owned or

grazeheifer, ethel or bonding. Mopsus or Gracchus, all your horodities will incessantlament be coming back from the Annone Wish wash whose 5 Ormepierre Lodge, Doone of the Drumes, blanches bountifully and nightsend made up, every article lathering leaving several rinsings so as each rinse results with a dapperent rolle, cuffs for meek and chokers for sheek and a kink in the pacts for namby. Forbeer, forbear! For nought that is has bane. In moumenslaund. Themes have thimes and habit rebums. To flame in you. Ardor vigor forders order. Since ancient was our living is in possible to be. Delivered as. Caffirs and culls and onceagain overalls, the fittest surviva lives that blued, iorn and storridge can make them. Whichus all claims. Clean. Whenastcleeps. Close. And the mannormillor clipperclappers. Noxt. Doze.

Fennsense, finnsonse, awomi Tuck upp those wide shorts. The pink of the busket for sheer give. Peeps. Stand up to hard ware and step into style. If you soil may, puett, guett me prives. For newmanmaun set a marge to the merge of unnotions. Innition wons agame.

What has gone? How it ends?

Begin to forget it. It will remember itself from every sides, with all gestures, in each our word. Today’s truth, tomorrow’s trend.

Forget, remember!

Have we cherished expectations? Are we for liberty of perusiveness? Whyafter what forewhere? A plainplanned liffeyism assemblements Eblania’s conglomerate horde. By dim deity Deva.

Forget!

Our wholemole millwheeling vicociclometer, a tetradomational gazebocroticon (the “Mamma Lujah” known to every schoolboy scandaller,be he Matty, Marky, Lukey or John-a-Donk), autokinatonetically preprovided with a clappercoupling smeltingworks exprogressive process, (for the farmer, his son and their homely codes, known as eggburst, eggblend, eggburial and hatch-as-hatch can) receives through a portal vein the dialytically separated elements of precedent decomposition for the verypetpurpose of subsequent recombination so that the heroticisms, catastrophes and eccentricities transmitted by the ancient legacy

of the past, type by tope, letter from litter, word at ward, with sendence of sundance, since the days of Plooney and Columcellas when Giacinta, Pervenche and Margaret swayed over the all-too-ghoulish and illyrical and innumantic in our mutter nation, all, anastomosically assimilated and preteridentified paraidiotically, in fact, the sameold gamebold adomic structure of our Finnius the old One, as highly charged with electrons as hophazards can effective it, may be there for you, Cockalooralooraloomenos, when cup, platter and pot come piping hot, as sure as herself pits hen to paper and there’s scribings scrawled on eggs.

Of cause, so! And in effect, as?

Dear. And we go on to Dirtdump. Reverend. May we add majesty? Well, we have frankly enjoyed more than anything these secret workings of natures (thanks ever for it, we humbly pray) and, well, was really so denighted of this lights time. Mucksrats which bring up about uhrweckers they will come to know good. Yon clouds will soon disappear looking forwards at a fine day. The honourable Master Sarmon they should be first bom like he was with a twohangled warpon and it was between Williamstown and the Mairrion Ailesbury on the top of the longcar, as merrily we rolled along, we think of nim looking at us yet as if to pass away in a cloud. When he woke up in a sweat besidus it was to pardon him, goldylocks, me having an airth, but he daydreamsed we had a lovelyt face for a pulltomine. Back we were by the jerk of a beamstark, backed in paladays last, on the brinks of the wobblish, the man what never put a dramn in the swags but milk from a national cowse. That was the prick of the spindle to me that gave me the keys to dreamland. Sneakers in the grass, keep off! If we were to tick off all that cafHers head, whisperers for his accomodation, the me craws, namely, and their bacon what harmed butter! It’s margarseen oil. Thinthin thinthin. Stringstly is it forbidden by the honorary tenth commendmant to shall not bare full sweetness against a nighboor’s wiles. What those slimes up the cavern door around you, keenin, (the lies is coming out on them frecklefully) had the shames to suggest can we ever? Never! So may the low forget him their trespasses

against Molloyd O’Reilly, that hugglebeddy fann, now about to get up, the hartiest that Coolock ever! A nought in nought Eirinishmhan, called Ervigsen by his first mate. May all similar douters of our oldhame story have that fancied widming! For a pipe of twist or a slug of Hibernia metal we could let out and, by)ings, someone would make a carpus of somebody with the greatest of pleasure by private shootings. And in contravention to the constancy of chemical combinations not enough of all the slatters ot him left for Peeter the Picker to make their threi sevelty filfths of a man out of. Good wheat! How delirious for the three Sulvans of Dulkey and what a sellpriceget the two Peris of Monacheena! Sugars of lead for the chloras ashpots! Peace! He possessing from a child of highest valency for our privileged beholdings ever complete hairy of chest, hamps and eyebags in pursuance to salesladies’ affectionate company. His real devotes. Wriggling reptiles, take notice! Whereas we exgust all such sprinkling snigs. They are pesrituring the whole rime never with

standing we simply agree upon the committee of amusance! Or could above bring under same notice for it to be able to be seen.

About that coerogenal hun and his knowing the size of an egg-cup. First he was a skulksman at one rime and then Cloon’s fired him through guff. Be sage about sausages! Stutturisrics shows with he’s heacups of teatables the oldfirm’sfatspitters are most eatenly appreciated by metropolonians. While we should like to drag attentions to our Wolkmans Cumsensarion Act. The magnets of our midst being foisted upon by a plethorace of parachutes. Did speece permit the bad example of setting before the military to the best of our belief in the earliest wish of the one in mind was the mitigation of the king’s evils. And how he staired up the step after it’s the power of the gait. His giantstand of manun-known. No brad wishy washy wathy wanted neither! Once you are balladproof you are unperceable to haily, icy and missile-throes. Order now before we reach Ruggers’ Rush ! As we now must close hoping to Saint Laurans all in the best. Moral. Mrs Stores Humphreys: So you are expecting trouble, Pondups, from the domestic service questioned.^ Mr Stores Humphreys: Just as

there is a good in even, Levia, my cheek is a compleet bleenk. Plumb. Meaning: one two four. Finckers. Up the hind hose of hizzars. Whereapon our best again to a hundred and eleven ploose one thousand and one other blessings will now concloose thoose epoostles to your great kindest, well, for all at trouble to took. We are all at home in old Fintona, thank Danis, for ourselfsake, that direst of housebonds, whool wheel be true unto lovesend so long as we has a pockle full of brass. Impossible to remember persons in improbable to forget position places. Who would pellow his head off to conjure up a, well, particularly mean stinker like funn make called Foon MacCrawl brothers, mystery man of the pork martyrs? Force in giddersh! Tomothy and Lorcan, the bucket Toolers, both are Timsons now they’ve changed their characticuls during their blackout. Conan Boyles will pudge the daylives out through him, if they are correcdy informed. Music, me ouldstrow, please! We’ll have a brand rehearsal. Fing! One must simply laugh. Fing him aging ! Good licks ! Well, this ought to weke him to make up. He’ll want all his fury gutmurdherers to redress him. Gilly in the gap. The big bad old sprowly all uttering foon I Has now stuffed last podding. His fooneral will sneak pleace by creeps o’clock toosday. Kingen will commen. AUso brewbeer. Pens picture at Manchem House Horsegardens shown in Morn-ing post as from Boston transciipped. Femelles will be preadam-inant as from tv'^entyeight to twelve. To hear that lovelade parson, of case, of a bawl gentlemale, pour forther moracles. Don’t forget! The grand fooneral will now shortly occur. Remember. The remains must be removed before eaght hours shorp. With earnestly conceived hopes. So help us to witness to this day to hand in sleep. From of Mayasdaysed most duteoused.

Well, here’s lettering you erronymously anent other clerical fands allieged herewith. I wisht I wast be that dumb tyke and he’d wish it was me yonther heel. How about it? The sweetest song in the world! Our shape as a juvenile being much admired from the first with native copper locks. Referring to the Married Woman’s Improperty Act a correspondent paints out that the Swees Aubumn vogue is hanging down straith fitting to her

innocenth eyes. O, felicious coolpose! If all theMacCrawls would only handle virgils like Annsworks, Limited! That’s handsel for gertles! Never mind Mickleraans! Chat us instead! The cad with the pope’s wife, Lily Kinsella, who became the wife of Mr Sneakers for her good name in the hands of the kissing solicitor, will now engage in attentions. Just a prinche for to-night! Pale bellies our mild cure, back and streaky ninepace. The thicks off Bully’s Acre was got up by Sully. The Boot lane brigade. And she had a certain medicine brought her in a licenced victualler’s bottle. Shame! Thrice shame! We are advised the waxy is at the present in the Sweeps hospital and that he may never come out! Only look through your leather-box one day with P.C.Q. about 4.32 or at 8 and 22.5 with the quart of scissions masters and clerk and the bevyhum of Marie Reparatrices for a good allround sympowdhericks purge, full view, to be surprised to see under the grand piano Lily on the sofa (and a lady!) pulling a low and then he’d begin to jump a little bit to find out what goes on when love walks in besides the solicitous bussness by kissing and looking into a mirror.

That we were treated not very grand when the police and everybody is all bowing to us when we go out in all directions on Wanterlond Road with my cubarola glide.^ And, personably speaking, they c«in make their beaux to my alee, as Hillary Allen sang to the opennine knighters. Item, we never were chained to a chair, and, bitem, no widower whother soever followed us about with a fork on Yankskilling Day. Meet a great civilian (proud lives to him !) who is gentle as a mushroom and a very affectable when he always sits forenenst us for his wet while to all whom it may concern Sully is a thug from all he drunk though he is a rattling fine bootmaker in his profession. Would we were here-arther to lodge our complaint on sergeant Laraseny in consequence of which in such steps taken his health would be constably broken into potter’s pance which would be the change of his life by a Nollwelshian which has been oxbelled out of crispianity.

Well, our talks are coming to be resumed by more polite con-versation with a huntered persent human over the natural bestness

of pleisure after his good few mugs of humbedumb and shag. While for whoever likes that urogynal pan of cakes one apiece it is thanks, beloved, to Adam, our former first Finnlatter and our grocerest churcher, as per Grippiths’ varuarions, for his beautiful crossmess parzel.

Well, we simply like their demb cheeks, the Rathgarries, wagging here about around the rhythms in me amphybed and he being as bothered that he pausably could by the fallth of hampty damp. Certified reformed peoples, we may add to this stage, are proptably saying to quite agreeable deef. Here gives your answer, pigs and scuts ! Hence we’ve lived in two worlds. He is another he what stays under the himp of holth. The herewaker of our hamefame is his real namesame who will get himself up and erect, confident and heroic when but, young as of old, for my daily comfreshenall, a wee one woos.

Alma Luvia, Pollabella.

P.S. Soldier Rollo’s sweetheart. And she’s about fetted up now with nonsery reams- And rigs out in regal rooms wdth the ritzies. Rags! Worns out. But she’s still her deckhuman amber too.

Soft morning, city! Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf! Folty and folty all the nights have failed on to long my hair. Not a sound, falling. Lispn! No wind no word. Only a leaf, just a leaf and then leaves. The woods are fond always. As were we their babes in. And robins in crews so. It is for me goolden wending. Unless? Away! Rise up, man of the booths, you have slept so long! Or is it only so mesleems? On your pondered palm. Reclined from cape to pede. With pipe on bowl. Terce for a fiddler, sixt for makmerriers, none for a Cole- Rise up now and aruse! Norvena’s over. I am leafy, your goolden, so you called me, may me life, yea your goolden, silve me solve, exsogerraider! You did so drool. I was so sharm. But there’s a great poet in you too. Stout Stokes would take you offly. So has he as bored me to slump. But am good and rested. Taks to you, toddy, tan yel Yawhawaw. Helpunto min, helpas vin. Here is your shirt, the day one, come back. The stock, your collar. Also your double brogues. A comforter as well. And here your iverol and everthelest your

umbr. And stand up tall! Straight. I want to see you looking fine for me. With your brandnew big green belt and all. Blooming in the very lotust and second to nill, Budd! When you’re in the buckly shuit Rosensharonals near did for you. Fiftyseven and three, cosh, with the bulge. Proudpurse Alby with his pooraroon Eireen, they’ll. Pride, comfy tousness, enevy ! You make me think of a wonderdecker I once. Or somebalt thet sailder, the man me-gallant, with the bangled ears. Or an earl was he, at Lucan.^ Or, no, it’s the Iren duke’s I mean. Or somebrey erse from the Dark Countries. Come and let us! We always said we’d. And go abroad. Rathgreany way perhaps. The childher are still fast. There is no school today. Them boys is so contrairy. The Head does be worrying himself. Heel trouble and heal travel. Galliver and Gellover. Unless they changes by mistake. I seen the likes in the twinngling of an aye. Som. So oft. Sim. Time after time. The sehm asnuh. Two bredder as doffered as nors in soun. When one of him sighs or one of him cries ’tis you all over. No peace at all. Maybe it’s those two old crony aunts held them out to the water front. Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss D odd-pebble. And when them two has had a good few there isn’t much more dirty clothes to publish. From the Laundersdale Minssions. One chap googling the holyboy’s thingabib and this lad wetting his widdle. You were pleased as Punch, recitating war exploits and pearse orations to them jackeen gapers. But that night after, all you were wanton! Bidding me do this and that and the other. And blowing off to me, hugly Judsys, what wouldn’t you give to have a girl! Your wish was mewill. And, lo, out of a sky! The way I too. But her, you wait. Eager to choose is left to her shade. If she had only more matcher’s wit. Findlings makes runaways, runaways a stray. She’s as merry as the gricks still. ’Twould be sore should ledden sorrow. I’ll wait. And I’ll wait. And then if all goes. What will be is. Is is. But let them. Slops hospodch and the slusky slut too. He’s for thee what she’s for me. Dogging you round cove and haven and teaching me the perts of speech. If you spun your yarns to him on the swishbarque waves I was spelling my yearns to her over cottage cake. We’ll not disturb their sleep-

ing duties. Let besoms be bosuns. It’s Phoenix, dear. And the flame is, hear! Let’s our joornee saintomichael make it. Since the lausafire has lost and the book of the depth is. Closed. Come! Step out of your shell! Hold up you free fing! Yes. We’ve light enough. I won’t take our laddy’s lampern. For them four old windbags of Gustsofairy to be blowing at. Nor you your ruck-sunck. To bring ail the dannymans out after you on the hike. Send Arctur guiddus! Isma! Sft! It is the softest morning that ever I can ever remember me. But she won’t rain showerly, our lima. Yet. Until it’s the time. And me and you have made our. The sons of bursters won in the games. Still I’ll take me owld Finvara for my shawlders. The trout will be so fine at brookfisht. With a taste of roly polony from Blugpuddels after. To bring out the tang of the tay. Is’t you fain for a roost brood.^ Oaxmealtum, all out of the woolpalls! And then all the chippy young cuppinjars clutter-ing round us, clottering for their creams. Crying, me, grownup sister! Are me not truly Lst! Only but, theres a but, you must buy me a fine new girdle too, nolly. When next you go to Market Norwall. They’re all saying I need it since the one from Isaacsen’s slooped its line. Mrknrk.^ Fy arthou! Come! Give me your great bearspaw, padder avilky, fol a miny tiny. Dola. Mineninecy-handsy, in the languo of flows. That’s Jorgen Jargonsen. But you understood, nodst.^ I always know by your brights and shades. Reach down. A HI mo. So. Draw back your glave. Hot and hairy, hugon, is your hand ! Here’s where the falskin begins. Smoos as an infams. One time you told you’d been burnt in ice. And one time it was chemicalled after you taking a lifeness. Maybe that’s why you hold your hodd as if. And people thinks you missed the scaffold. Of fell design. I’ll close me eyes. So not to see. Or see only a youth in his florizel, a boy in innocence, peeUng a twig, a child be-side a weenywhite steed. The child we all love to place our hope in for ever. AU men has done something. Be the time they’ve come to the weight of old fletch. We’ll lave it. So. We will take our walk before in the timpul they ring the earthly bells. In the church by the hearseyard. Pax Goodmens will. Or the birds start their treestirm shindy. Look, there are yours off, high on high! And

cooshes, sweet good luck they’re cawing you, Coole! You see, they’re as white as the riven snae. For us. Next peaters poll you will be dieted or I’m not your elicitous bribe. The Kinsella woman’s man will never reduce me. A MacGarath O’Cullagh O’Muirk MacFewney sookadoodling and sweepacheeping round the lodge of Fjorn na Galla of the Trumpets! It’s like potting the po to shambe on the dresser or tamming Uncle Tim’s Caubeen on to the brows of a Viker Eagle. Not such big strides, buddy foddy! You’ll crush me antilopes I saved so long for. They’re Penisole’s. And the two goodiest shoeshoes. It is hardly a Knut’s mile or seven, possumbotts. It is very good for the health of a morning. With Buahbuah. A gentle motion all aiound. As leisure paces. And the helpyourselftoastrool cure’s easy. It seems so long since, ages since. As if you had been long far away. Afartodays, afeartonights, and me as with you in thadark. You will tell me some time if I can believe its all. You know where I am bringing you.^ You remember.^ When I ran berrying after bucks and haws. With you drawing out great aims to hazel me from the hummock with your sling. Our cries. I could lead you

there and I still by you in bed, Les go dutc to Danegreven, nos? Not a soul but ourselves. Time? We have loads on our hangs. Till Gilligan and Halligan call again to hooligan. And the rest of the guns. Sullygan eight, from left to right. Olobobo, ye foxy theagues! The moskors thought to ball you out. Or the Wald Unicorns Master, Bugley Captain, from the Naul, drawls up by the door with the Honourable Whilp and the Reverend Poynter and the two Lady Pagets of Tallyhaugh, Ballyhimtus, in their riddletight raiding hats for to lift a hereshealth to their robost, the Stag, evers the Carlton hart. And you needn’t host out with your duck and your duty, capapole, while they reach him the glass he never starts to finish. Clap this wis on your poll and stick this in your ear, wigglyl Beauties don’t answer and the rich never pays. If you were the enlarged they’d hue in cry you, Heathtown, Harbourstown, Snowtown, Four Knocks, Fleming-town, Bodingtown to the Ford of Fyne on Delvin. How they housed to house you after the Platonic garlens! And all because,

6z2

loosed in her reflexes, she seem she seen Ericoricori coricome huntsome with his three poach dogs aleashing him. But you came safe through. Enough of that homer comer! And old mutther-goosip! We might call on the Old Lord, what do you say.^ There’s something tells me. He is a fine sport. Like the score and a moighty went before him. And a proper old promnentory. His door always open. For a newera’s day. Much as your own is. You invoiced him last Eatster so he ought to give us hockockles and everything. Remember to take off your white hat, ech.^ When we come in the presence. And say hoothoothoo, ithmuthisthy! His is house of laws. And I’ll drop my graciast kertssey too. If the Ming Tung no go bo to me homage me hamage kow bow tow to the Mong Tang. Ceremonialness to stand lowest place be! Saying; What’ll you take to link to light a pike on porpoise, plaise.^ He might knight you an Armor elsor daub you the first cheap magyerstrape. Remember Bomthomanew vim vam vom Hungerig. Hoteform, chain and epolettes, botherbumbose. And I’U be youi." aural eyeness. But we vain. Plain fancies. It’s in the castles air. My currant bread’s full of sillymottocraft. Aloof is anoof. We can take or leave. He’s reading his ruffs. You’ll know our way from there surely. Flura’s way. Where once we led so many car couples have follied since. Clatchka! Giving Shaugh-nessy’s mare the hillymount of her life. With her stmlldeburg-ghers! Hnmn hnmn! The rollcky road adondering. We can sit us down on the heathery benn, me on you, in quolm uncon-sciounce. To scand the arising. Out from Dmmleek. It was there Evora told me I had best. If I ever. When the moon of mourning is set and gone. Over Glinaduna. Lonu nula. Ourselves, oursouls alone. At Ae site of salvocean. And watch would the letter you’re wanting be coming may be. And cast ashore. That I prays for be mains of me draims. Scratching it and patching at with a prompt from a primer. And what scrips of nutsnolleges I pecked up me meself. Every letter is a hard but yours sure is the hardest crux ever. Hack an axe, hook an oxe, hath an an, heth hith ences. But once done, dealt and delivered, tattat, you’re on the map. Rased on traumscrapt from Maston, Boss. After rounding his

623

world of ancient days. Carried in a caddy or screwed and corked.

On his mugisstosst surface. With a bob, bob, bottledby. Blob. When the waves give up yours the soil may for me. Sometime then, somewhere there, I wrote me hopes and buried the page when I heard Thy voice, ruddery dunner, so loud that none but, and left it to lie till a kissmiss coming. So content me now. Lss. Unbuild and be buildn our bankaloan cottage there and we'll cohabit respectable. The Gowans, ser, for Medem, me. With acute bubel runtoer for to pippup and gopeep where the sterres be. Just to see would we hear how Jove and the peers talk. Amid the soleness. Tilltop, bigmasterl Scale the summit! You're not so giddy any more. All your graundplotting and the little it brought! Humps, when you hised us and dumps, when you doused usi But sarra one of me cares a brambling ram, pomp porteiyark! On limpidy marge I've made me hoom. Park and a pub for me. Only don't start your stunts of Donachie's yeards agoad again. I could guessp to her name who tuckt you that one, tuf-nut! Bold bet backwords. For the loves of sinfintins! Before the naked universe. And the bailby pleasemarm rincing his eye! One of these fine days, lewdy culler, you must redoform again. Blessed shield Martin! Softly so. I am so exquisitely pleased about the loveleavest dress I have. You will always call me Leafiest, won't you, dowling.^ Wordherfhull Ohldhbhoy! And you won't urbjunk to me parafume, oiled of kolooney, with a spot of mara-shy. Sm! It's Alpine Smile from Yesthers late Yhesters. I'm in everywince nasturtls. Even in Houlth's nose. Medeurscodeignus! Astale of astoun. Grand owld marauder! If I knew who you are! When that hark from the air said it was Captain Fin sen makes cum-hulments and was mayit pressing for his suit I said are you there here's nobody here only me. But I near fell off the pile of samples. As if yom: tinger -winged ting to me hear. Is that right what your brothermilk in Bray bes telling the district you were bragged up by Brostal because your parents would be al-ways tumbling into his foulplace and losing her pentacosts after drinking their pledges.^ Howsomendeavour, you done me fine! The only man was ever known could eat the crushts of lobsters. Our native

night when you twicetook me for some Marienne Sherry and then your Jermyn cousin who signs hers with exes and the beard-wig I found in your darksome bag. Pharaops you'll play you're the king of Aeships. You certainly make the most royal of noises. I will tell you all sorts of makeup things, strangerous. And show you to every simple storyplace we pass. Cadmillersjolly, Bellevenue, IVellcrom, Quid Superabit, villities valleties. Change the plates for the next course of murphies ! Spendlove's still there and the canon going strong and so is Claffey's habits endurtaking and our parish pomp's a great warrent. But you'll have to ask that same four that named them is always snugging in your bar-salooner, saying they're the best relicts of Conal O'Daniel and writing Finglas since the Flood. That'll be some kingly w'ork in pro-gress. But it's by this route he'll come some morrow. And I can signal you all flint and fern are rasstling as we go by. And you'll sing thumb a bit and then wise your selmon on it. It is all so often and still the same to me. Snf.^ Only turf, wick dear ! Clane turf. You've never forgodden batt on tarf, have you, at broin burroow, what.^ Mch.^ Why, them's the muchrooms, come up during the night. Look, agres of roofs in parshes. Dom on dam, dim in dym. And a capital part for Olympics to ply at. Steadyon, Cooloosus ! Mind your stride or you'll knock. While I'm dodging the dustbins. Look what I found! A Until pea. And look at here! This cara weeseed. Pretty mites, my sweetthings, was they poor-

loves abandoned by wholawidey world Neighboulotts for new-
town. The Eblanamagna you behazyheld loomening up out of the
dumblynass. But tlie still sama sitta. I've lapped so long. As you
said. It fair takes. If I lose my breath for a minute or two don't
speak, remembei ! Once it happened, so it may again. Why I'm
all these years within years in soffran, allbeleaved. To hide away
the tear, tlie parted. It's thinking of all. The brave that gave their.
The fair that wore. All them that's gunne. I'll begin again in a
jiffey. The nik of a nad. How glad you'll be I waked you ! My !
How well you'll feel! For ever after. First we turn by the vagurin
here and then it's gooder. So side by side, turn agate, wedding-
town, laud men of Londub! I only hope whole the heavens sees

US. For I feel I could near to faint away. Into the deeps. Anna-
mores leep. Let me lean, just a lea, if you le, bowldstrong big-
tider. Allgearls is wea. At times. So. While you're adamant evar.
Wrhps, that wind as if out of norewere ! As on the night of the
Apophanypes. Jumpst shootst throbbst into me mouth like a
bogue and arrohs! Ludegude of the Lashlanns, how he whips
me cheeks! Sea, sea! Here, weir, reach, island, bridge. Where you
meet 1. The day. Remember! Why there that moment and us
two only.^ I was but teen, a tiler's dot. The swankysuits was
boosting always, sure him, he was like to me fad. But the swag-
gerest swell off Shackvulle Strutt. And the fiercest freaky ever
followed a pining child round the sluppery table with a forkful
of fat. But a king of whistlers. Scieoula! When he'd prop me atlas
against his goose and light our two candles for our singers duohs
on the sewingmachine. I'm sure he squirted juice in his eyes to
make them flash for flightening me. Still and all he was awful
fond to me. Who'll search for Find Me Colours now on the hilly-
droops of Vikloefells.^ But I read in Tobecontinued's tale that while
blubles blows there'll still be sealskers. There'll be others but non
so for me. Yed he never knew' we seen us before. Night after
night. So that I longed to go to. And still with all. One time you'd
stand fomenst me, fairly laughing, in your bark and tan billows of
branches for to fan me coolly. And I'd lie as quiet as a moss. And
one time you'd rush upon me, darkly roaring, like a great black
shadow with a sheeny stare to perce me rawly. And I'd frozen
up and pray for thawe. Three times in all. I was the pet of everyone
then. A princeable girl. And you were the pantymammy's Vulking
Corsergoth. The invision of Indelond. And, by Thorror, you
looked it! My lips went livid for from the joy of fear. Like almost
now. How? How you said how you'd give me the keys of me
heart. And we'd be married till delth to uspart. And though dev
do espart. O mine ! Only, no, now it's me who's got to give. As
duv herself div. Inn this linn. And can it be it's nnow fforvell?
Illas ! I isht I had better glances to peer to you through this bay-
light's growing. But you're changing, acoolsha, you're changing
from me, I can feel. Or is it me is? I'm getting mixed. Brightening

up and tightening down. Yes, you're changing, sonhusband, and
you're turning, I can feel you, for a daughterwife from the hills
again. Imlamaya. And she is coming. Swimming in my hindmoist.
Diveltaking on me tail. Just a whisk brisk sly spry spink spank
sprint of a thing theresomere, saultering. Saltarella come to her
own. I pity your oldself I was used to. Now a younger's there.

Try not to part! Be happy, dear ones! May I be wrong! For she’ll be sweet for you as I was sweet when I came down out of me mother. My great blue bedroom, the air so quiet, scarce a cloud. In peace and silence. I could have stayed up there for always only. It’s something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain now if she likes. Gently or strongly as she likes. Anyway let her rain for my time is come. I done me best when I was let. Think-ing always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and is there one who understands me.^ One in a thousand of years of the nights? All me life I have been lived among them but now they are becoming lothed to me. And I am lothing their little warm tricks. And lothing their mean cosy turns. And all the greedy gushes out through their small souls. And all the lazy leaks down over their brash bodies. How small it’s all! And me letting on to meself always. And lilting on all the time. I thought you were all glittering with the noblest of carriage. You’re only a bumpkin. I thought you the great in all things, in guilt and in glory. You’re but a puny. Home! My people were not their sort out beyond there so far as I can. For all the bold and bad and bleary they are blamed, the seahags. No! Nor for all our wild dances in all their wild din. I can seen meself among them, alla-niuvia puIchrabeUed, How she w^ handsome, the wdld Amazia, when she would seize to my other breast ! And what is she weird, haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair! For ’tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never heed of your name! But I’m loothing them that’s here and all I lothe. Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O bitter ending ! I’ll slip away before they’re up. They’ll never see. Nor know. Nor miss me. And it’s old and old it's sad and old it’s

sad and weary I go back to you, ray cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them rising! Save me from those tlierrble prongs! Two more. Onelwo moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I’ll bear it on me. To remind me of, Lif! So soft this moming,ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair! If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he’d come from Arkangels, I sink I’d die down over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. There’s where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming, far! End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thous-endsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the

Paris,

1922-1939.

Corrections of Misprints in
FINNEGANS WAKE

Page

6 line 6 from top for ‘aufroos’ read ‘aufroofs’

1 5 lines 35/36 from top for ‘febre-wery ’ read ‘febrew-ery’

20 lines 8/9 from top for ‘rub-rickredd’ read ‘ru-brickredd’

34 line 14 from top for ‘as pious’ read ‘as a pious’

34 lines 25/26 from top both lines to be reversed
37 line 14 from top for ‘ildiot’ read ‘ildiot repeated’

45 line 28 from top ‘Balbaccio, balbuccio !’ in italics

66 line 27 from top after ‘pillarbox?’ start new paragraph

72 line 16 from top for ‘alocutionist’ read ‘Alocutionist’

72 line 1 6 from top for ‘deposed’ read ‘Deposed’

74 line 8 from top ‘Animadiabolum, mene credidisti mor-

tuum?’ in italics

78 lines 3 & 4 from top (‘hypnos chilia eonion !’) italics

79 line 13 from top for ‘feeing’ read ‘feeding’

82 line 22 from top delete ‘laying all’

82 line 23 from top for ‘aside’ read ‘all aside laying,’

93 line 8 from top for ‘as would’ read ‘as would turn’

96 line 7 from top for ‘armoury’ and ‘sir rumoury’ read

‘Armoury’ and ‘Sir Rumoury’

96 line 19 from top for ‘of peace’ read ‘of the peace’

loi line 16 from top for ‘know’ read ‘knows’

1 16 line 25 from top for ‘gentleman’ read ‘gentleman is (?).’

135 line 17 from top for ‘and burialplot’ read ‘and his

burialplot’

174 line 26 from top for ‘82’ read ‘81 bis’

176 line 2 from top iox'Holy Baba and the Fourty Thieves'

read ' Prissonyour Pritchards and Play
JVithers Team^

224 line 4 from top for ‘thinker,’ read ‘thinker’s’

224 line 24 from top for ‘guardia’ read ‘guardian’

Page

229 lines 2/3 from top ‘Nom de plume’ in italics

229 line 13 from top for ‘leave. Nemo’ read ‘leave. Had Days.

Nemo’

251 line 29 from top ‘in omnibus moribus et temporibus’ 1 1

italics

256 line 3 from top for ‘wreglias’ read ‘owreglias’

261 foomote No. 4 for ‘the burglar’s’ read ‘her burglar’s’

and delete last word of note

262 footnote No. i for ‘yussive’ read ‘Yussive*

266 note on left side place ‘anythesious’ between commas

269 text line 6 from top ‘haec genua omnia’ in italics

271 line 20 of text ‘nolens volens’ in italics

272 footnote No. i for ‘that ma’am’ read ‘that, ma’am.'^’

278 footnote No. 3 for ‘Essatessa’ read ‘Essastessa’

282 footnote No. 2 for ‘simpers’ read ‘Simpers’

285 footnote No. 2 for ‘Barneycarroll’ read ‘Barneycorrall’

285 footnote No. 2 for ‘curiositu’ read ‘curiosity’

338 line 3 from top no paragraph at third line

340 line 30 from top for ‘unsheating’ read ‘unsheathing’

346 line 2 from top for ‘muddnslushes’ read ‘muckinstushes’

3<57 line 18 from top to be indented

399 line 12 from top for ‘hos’ read ‘hot’

418 line 9 from top to be printed in ordinary type and made

part of preceding paragraph but indent

427 line 22 from top delete the words ‘from orw’

443 line 3 1 from top for ‘hebomedaries’ read ‘hebdomedaries’

494 line 27 from top begin line with dash and indent

496 line 13 from top ‘Auxilium Meum Solo A Domino’ in

italics

547 lines 12/13 from top no gap between the lines

567 line 6 from top for ‘bagbone’ read ‘bigbagbone’

594 lines 19/20 from top try and put the word ‘Brathwacker’ on

one and the same line

617 line 15 from top for ‘correctlyinformed’ read ‘correctly

informed’