

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, fir' over the short sea, had passen-
core rearived from North Armoria on this side the scraggy
isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor
had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselfe
to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their numper
all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowed mishe mishe to
tauftrauf thuartpatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, had a
kidscad buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all's fair in
vanessy, were sosie sethers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a
peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and roty
end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.

The fall (bababadalgharaghtarakaminarionkonbrontonner-
ronntuonnthuntrovartrounawnskawntooohooordenenthur-
nuk j) 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 pffschute of Finnegan,
erse solid man, that the humpyhillhead of humself prumptly sends
an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumpytumtoes:
and their upturnpikepointandplace is ar the knock out in the park
where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since dev-
lin's first loved livvy.

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oyster-gods gaggin fishy-gods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Ualu Ualu Ualu! Quóuauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to mathmaster Malachus Micranes and the Verdons catapulting the cannibalistics out of the Whytreboyce of Hoodie Head. Assigates and boomingstroms. Sod's brood, be me fear! Sanglorians, save! Arms appeal with larms, appalling. Kill-kill-kill: a toll, a toll. What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegoretabsolvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how both sprowled met the dusk the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and body!) how hath fanespanded most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But waz iz! Iseut! Ere were sewers! The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where asks lay. Phall if you but will, rise you must: and none so soon either shall the phrace for the nunc come to a setdown secular phoenix.

Bygmaster Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's man-ner, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his rushlit toofar-back for messages before joshuan judges had given us numbers or Helviticus committed deuteronomy (one yeastyday he sternely struck his tete in a tub for to watsch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly strook it out again, by the might of moses, the very water was eviparated and all the guenesses had met their exodus so that ought to show you what a penschanjenuchy chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this man of hod, cement and edifices in Topet's Thorp piled building supra building pon the banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phife Annie ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds truck up your part in her. Of fwhile balbulous, mithre ahead, with goodly trowel in grasp and ivorooled overalls which he habitracularly fondseed, like Haroun Childeric Eggeberth he would caligulate by multiplicables the altitude and mallitude until he seesaw by neatlight of the liquor wherewin 'twas born, his roundhead staple of other days to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygraniti!), a waalworth of a skyerscape of most eyeful hoyth entowrly, erigenating from

next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchie-titupitloftical, with a burning bush abob off its baublerop and with larrons o'oolers clittering up and tomlles a'buckets clottering down.

Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassaily Boos-laugh of Riesengborg. His crest of huroldry, in vert with ancillars, troublant, argent, a hegoak, poursurivant, horrid, horned. His scutschum fessed, with archers strung, helio, of the second. Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohohoho, Mister Finn, you're going to be Mister Finnagain! Comeday morn 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 muzzenimissilehims that would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurtleturled out of heaven. Stay us wherefore in our search for tighceousness, O Sustainer, what time we rise and when we take up to toothnick 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 bedoneen the jebel and the jypsian sea. Cropherb the crunch-bracken shall decide. Then we'll know it the feast is a flyday. She has a gift of seek on site and she allcasually ansars helpers, the dreamydeary. Heed! Heed! It may half been a missfired 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 the ivvy's holired abbles, (what with the wallhall's horrors of roll-rights, carhacks, stonengens, kissstranes, tramtrees, fargobawlers, autokinotons, hippohobilies, streetfeets, tourminaxes, megaphoggs, circuses and wardsmoats and basilikerks and aeropogods and the hoyse and the jollybrool and the peeler in the coat and the mecklenburk bitch bite at his ear and the merlinburrow bur-rocks and his fore old porecourts, the bore the more, and his