James Joyce
FINNEGANS WAKE

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

Sir Tristram, violer d’amores, f’over the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North Armorica on this side the squaggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war; nor had topsawyer’s rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themself to Laurens County’s gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from affre bellowied mishe mishe to tautauff thouartpeatrick not yet, though venissoon after, had a kidshead buttended a bland old isaac: not yet, though all’s fair in vanessy, were sosie sesethers wretch with ivone nanthandoe. Rot a peck of pa’s malt had them or Shen brewed by arlight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquafice.

The fall (bababadalgharaghthikamminarronnknonrontronron-ntoonthuntoonvavioonawawnkawntooohhoordenenflur-nak!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retailed early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrelsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the ptwpscht of Finnigan, ere solid man, that the humpyhillhead of humself promptly sends an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumpytumoes; and their upturnpiquepointandplace is at the knockout in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since devlin’sfirst loved livvy.

What clashes here of wills gits wents, oysters and goggin fishygoods! Brêkkêk Kékkêk Kêkkêk Kékkek! Kêax Kêax Kêax! Ualu Ualu Ualu! Quaouau! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to mathmaster Malachus Micgranes and the Verpons catapulting the camarbalistics out of the Whoyneboyce of Hoodie Head. Amissed and boomerengstroms. Sod’s brood, be me fear! Sanglorians, save! Arms apec with
larms, appalling. Kittykillkilly: a toll, a toll. What chance caddeys, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidmeatloves sinduced by what tegotetabsolvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what straww voice of false jiecup! O here here how both sprawled met the dusk the father of fornictionists but, (O my shining stars and body!) how hath fanespassed most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But was iz? Isvat? Ere were sewers? The oaks of aln 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 pharece for the nunce come to a setdown secular phoenish.

Bygmeister Finnegan, of the Stuttering Hand, freemen's master, lived in the broadest way immarginable in his nudsilt toothfarback for messages before joshuins judges had given us numbers or Helvitic committed deutonomy (one year/day he steredly struck his sate in a tub far to watch the future of his fates but ere he swiftly stook it out again, by the might of moses, the very water was evaporated and all the guettesness had met their export so that ought to show you what a penticakeynley chap he was!) and during mighty odd years this man of hoed, cement and edifices in Toper's Thorn piled building supra building pon the banks for the bivers by the Soaugso. He addle fiddle piffie Annie agged the little craythur. Wither hayre in hands took up your part inhere. Offwhile balbulous, mirthre ahead, with goodly trowel in grasp and ivoryed overlakes which he habituacarly fondseed, like Hanou Childeric Eggeberth he would caligate by multicable and altitude and multitide until he seessaw by nealight of the liquor wherewith 'twas born, his roundside staple of other days to rise in undress massonin upstaded (joy-granitar!, a waawsworth of a skyescape of most eyeaf hoyth enterly, erigerating from next to nothing and celescalating the himals and all, hierarchiciptiptotenlotical, with a burning bush abob off its babbled-top and with larrons o' toolsiers cluttering up and tombles a bucketts clotterson deown.

Of the first was he to bare arms and a name: Wassally Booslaugh of Riesengeborg. His crest of huoldry, in vert with ancilla, troubant, argent, a hegnoak, pursuivant, horrid, horred. His scotschum fessed, with archers strong, helio, of the second. Hootch is for husbandman handling his hoe. Hohoho, Mister Finn, you're going to be Mister Finnagan! Comeday morn and, O, you're vire! Sendday's eve and, ah, you're vinegar! Hahahah, Mister Finn, you're going to be fined again!

What then agentlike brought about that tragedy thundersday this municipal sin business? Our cubehouse still rocks as earwitness to the thunders of his fartus but we hear also through successive ages that shelly chorasy of unqualified muzzlenimiisslehims that would blackguardise the whitestone ever hurtle-turtled 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 upon our leatherbed and in the night and at the fading of the stars! For a nod to the nabir is better than work to the wainsan.

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Heed! Heed! It may half been a missfire brick, as some say, or it mought have been due to a collapse of his back promises, as others looked at it.

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wan warming Phill flirt topping fall. His bowd feelo heavy, his boddit did shake. (There was a wall of course in erection) Dimb! He stotted from the latter. Dumb! he was dum. Dumb! Mastabatoom, mastabatoom, when a mon merries his late is all long. For whole the world to see.

Shize? I should shee! Macool, Macool, orra whyde deed ye die? of a trying thristay mounrin? Sohs they sighdod at Fillagain's chrissstormes wake, all the heolivans of the nation, prostrated in their consternation and their duodisimply profusive plethore of alulation. There was plumbs and grumes and cherilli and etherers and raiders and cinemen too. And the all glared in with the shontmost showliosity. Agog and magog and the round of them agrog. To the continuation of that celebration until Hanandhunigan's externation! Some in kinkin corass, more, kankan keenening. Bellin him up and filling him down. He's stilt but he's steady is Priaum Olim! 'Twas he the dacest gaylouring youth. Sharpen his pollowsecone, tap up his bier! Eeverywhere in this whortl would ye hear sich a din again? With their deepbrow fundings and the dusty fidelios. They laid him brawdawn alanglast bed. With a bockalips of finisxy fore his feet. And a barrelload of guenesis hoer his head. Tey the tootal of the fluid hang the twiddle of the fuddled, O!

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Yet may we not see still the brontochthyan form outlined ashumbered, even in our own nightide by the sedge of the twinkling stream that Bronto loved and Bruno has a lean on. Hic cabat editus. Apud libertinan purulam. Whatif she be in flags or flitters, reckiereys or sundyecheios, with a rint of manes or beggar a pinyweight. Arrah, sure, we saw love little Annny Ruiny, or, we mean to say, lovelifte Annny Rayin, when una her brelia, mid piddle med puddle, she nynnynoes nynnynoes naming by, Yoh! Brontolone slaps, yoh snores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeple Isout too. The cranie head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yuthner in yondist, Wwooth! His clay feet, swardled in verdgrass, stick up stake where he last fellonem, by the mund of the magazine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sisterin shawl.
Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a prudenceye view is enjoyable of our mounding’s mass, now Wallisdone national museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charining waterloose country and the two quētewte villagettes who hear show of themselves so giglesomes minx the follageyes, the pret-
tles! Penetrators are permitted into the museumound free. Welsh and the Paddy Puttkers, one shetlenk! Redismembers invalids of old guard find poussespouesse poussypram to sate the sort of their butt. For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.

This is the way to the museum room. Mind your hats goan in! Now yiz are in the Wallisdone Museum room. This is a Proshious gun. This is a firminch. Tip. This is the flag of the Proshious, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of the Proshious. This is the firminch that fire on the Ball that bang the flag of the Proshious. Saloo the Crossgun! Up with your pike and fork! Tip. (Bullshoof! Fine!) This is the tiplewone hat of Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleuhmat. This is the Willisdone on his same white horse, the Coken shape. This is the big Sraughtar Willisdone, grand and magentic in his goldin spurs and his ironed dux and his quarterbrass woodysshoes and his maginate’s quarters and his banglok’s best and goliar’s goloshes and his pulluponeaywet warrtwes. This is his big wide horse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boye grouchng down in the living detch. This is an iranshkeiling inslis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy, stooping. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. A Gallaghurhs argaunnat. This is the petty lipoleum boy that was manybar hor bug. Assaye, assayet.

This is the wixy old Willisdone picket up the half of the threfoil hat of lipoleums fromound of the buddle fith. This is the hinadoo wosses ranjymad for a bombshoo. This is the Willisdone hanging the half of the hat of lipoleums up the tail on the back of his big white horse. Tip. That was the last joke of Willisdone. Hit, hit, hit! This is the same white horse of the Willisdone, Culpenhelp, wuggling his tailscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insolunt on the hinadoo seeyow. Hney, hney, hney! (Bullsbrag! Foul!) This is the seeyow, madrasshutters, upjump and pumppim, cry to the Willisdone: Ap Pukka! Pukka Yuurap!

This is the dooforhim seeyow 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 horse. Tip (Bullseye! Game!) How Copenhagen ended. This way the musey-room. Mind your boots goan out.

Pllew!

What a warm time we were in there but how keling is here the airabuts! We nowhere she lives but you messsa tell annone for the lamp of Jig-a-Lantern!

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She river comes out when Thon’s on shower or when Thon’s flash with his Nixy girls or when Thon’s blowing toomernacks down the gaels of Thon.

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Fe fo fom! She jist does hopes till byes will be byes. Here, and it goes on to appear now, she comes, a peaceefugle, a parody’s bird, a peri potmother, a pringelik in the flandiskippy, with pewwee and powwows in beggybagy on her bickyback and a flick flask flickflinging its pixylighting pacts’ haemoramybews, picking here, pecking there, pussypussy planderpussy.

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How bootfull and how tractowife of her, when strongly forebiden, to steal our historic presents from the past postpropheticals so as to will make us all lordly heirs and ladymadeasses of a pretty nice kettle of fruit. She is living in our midst of debt and luffing through all pores for us (her birth is uncontrotable), with a naperon for her hand and her sabobes kickin arias (so san! so solly!) if you ask me and I saack you. Hou! Hou! Gricks may rise and Traymsirs fall (there being two-sights for ever a picture) for in the byways of high improvidence that’s what makes lifework leaving and the world’s a cell for citters to sit in. Let young wimmaw run away with the story and let young min talk smooth behind the buttlers’s back. She knows her knight’s duty while Lanuts sleep. Did ye save any tin? says he. Did I what! with a grin says she. And we all like a manuredam because she is mercenary. Though the length of the land lies under liquidation (flote!) and there’s nare a hairbrow nor an eyeshad on this ghabulous place of Herricksh Whatarweller she’ll loan a vesta and hire some peat and sacch the shores her cockles to leat and she’ll do all a turfwoman can to piff the business on. Paff. To puff the blaziness on. Poffpoff. And even if Humphry shell fall frumpity times as awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our grand remenstrancers there’ll be iggs for the breqkers to come to moomihn, sunny side up with care. So true is it that there’re 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.

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So This Is Dyuublong?
Hush! Caution! Echoland!
How charmingly exquisite! It reminds you of the outwashed engraving that we used to be blurring on the blotchwall of his incontinent house.

So, how idlers' wind turning pages on pages, >> the leaves of the living in the boke of the deeds, annals of themselves timing the cycles of events grand and national, bring fossilwise to pass how.

II32 A.D. Men like to ants or emmetts wander upon a grot hvide Whalffisk which lay in a Ruinel. Blubbys wares upat Ublamn.

566 A.D. On Baullfire's sight of this year after deluge a croone that hadde a wickeded Kish for to hale dead turves from the bog looket under the bly of her Kish as she ran for to sodistiege her cowricosity and be me sawl but she found herself sakkvulle of swart goody quickenshoon ant small illigant brogues, so rich in sweat. Blurry works at Hurddlesford.

(Silent.)

566 A.D. At this time it fell out that a brazenlockt damsel grieved (sobralosalas!) because that Puppette her minor was ravisit of her by the ogre Peperus Pious. Bloody wars in Bullyboughleegh billionaire.

II32. A.D. Two sons at an hour were born until a goodman and his hag. These sons called themselves Caddy and Primas. Primas was a santryman and drilled al decent people. Caddy went to Winehouse and wrote o peace a farce. Blotty words for Dublin.

Someware, pairely, in the ginnandgno gap between antediluvial and annadominant the copyist must have fled with his scroll.

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Now after all that farfach'd and peragrine or dignant or clerle lift we our ears, eyes of the darkness, from the tome of Liber Livides and, (toht!), how paibly cierntical, all dimmering dunes and glooming glades, selfstretches afoe us our fremeland's plain!

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Hop!
In the name of Anem this carl on the kopje in petled thongs a parth a lone who the joebiggar be he?

Forshapen his pigmaid heaghead, shronk his plodsfoot. He hath locktoes, this shortshins, and, Oheold that's pectoral, his manmamusules most musteries.

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What a qubhre soor of a mahan. It is evident the michindaddy. Let us overstep his fire defences and these kreal of sliotuckd marangbones. (Cave!) He can prospers the pillory way to Herculos pillor. Come on, fool poterfull, hosiered women blown monk sewer? Sense us, chorley guy? You tollerly donsk? N. You tolariff scowegan? Nu. You spigote anglice? Now. You phonio saxo? Nnn. Clear all so! 'Tis a Jute. Let us swop hats and exchek a few strong verbs weak each eater ypopazzard abast the bloyty creeks.

Jute.—Yutah!
Mutt.—Mukk's pleasurad.
Jute.—Are you jeff?
Mutt.—Somehards.
Jute.—But you are not jeffinatic?
Mutt.—Noho. Only an utterer.
Jute.—Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?
Mutt.—I became a stum a stummer.
Jute.—What a hauchaunhauddible thing, to be cause! How, Mutt?
Mutt.—Aput the buttle, sard.
Jute.—Whose piddle? Wherein?
Mutt.—The Inn of Dungturf where Used awe to be he.
Jute.—You that side your voice are almost irrele to me. Become a bitskin more wisaeble, as if I were you.
Mutt.—Has? Has at? Hasateney? Urp, Booohoour! Booru Usurp! I trample from rath in mine mines when I rimirimin !
Jute.—One eyegonblack. Bisons is bison. Let me fore all your hastancy cross your qualm with trink gilt. Here have sylvan coyne, a piece of oak. Ghines hies good for you.

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Mutt.—Quite aagree. Busssave a sec. Walk a dun blink roundward this albutisle and you shall see
how olde ye plane of my Eleres, hunfree and ours, where wone to wail whimbrel to peewe o’er the saltings, where wilby citie by law of isthmus, where by a droit of signory, icefloes was from his Inn the Bygning to whose Finisethere Punct. Let erethum rahvurhrurhvar Mearmerge two races, swee and brack. Morthering rue. Hither, craching eastwards, they are in surgence: hence, cool at ebb, they requiesce. Countlessness of livestories have netherfallen by this pluge, flick as flowflikes, litters from aloft, like a waast wizzard all of whirlwolds. Now are all tombed to the mound, isges to isges, ore from ore. Pride, O pride, thy prize!

Jute. — ’Stench!

Mutt.— Flashe! Hereinunder yetheye. Llarge by the smal an’ evyrnight life oho th’estrange, babylone the great grandhotelled with tit tit littlehouse, alp on earwig, drunk on ild, likes equal to unequal in this sound seceretry which iz leebezh luv.

Jute. — ’Zmorele!

Mutt.— Meldunldeize! By the fease wave behoughted. Des pond’s sung. And thanaccestross mound have swollup them all. This outrth 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’we’c’tle, tr’c’stle, crumbling! Sell me sooth the fare for Humblin! Hum blady Fair. But speak it alhoselty, mouldy! Be in your whish!

Jute. — Whysh!

Mutt.— The gyant Forficules with Ammi the fay.

Jute. — Howe?

Mutt.— Here is viceking’s gnab.

Jute. — Hwaaz !

Mutt.— Oor you astoncaged, jute you?

Jute. — Oye am thonaborstok, thing mud.

(Stoop) if you are abedminded, to this claybook, what curios of signs (please stoop), in this allphabet! 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 thing-

dome is given to the Mecades and Porsons. The meanderette, 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 entails the ensuance of existentiality.

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Cry not yet! There’s many a smile to Nondum, with sytty maids per man, sir, and the park’s so dark by kindlight. But look what you have in your hand!! The movibles are scrailing in motions, marching, all of them ago, in pitpat and zingzang for every busy eeries whigg’s a bit of a torly tale to tell. One’s upon a thyme and two’s behind their lettuce loop and three’s among the strubbly beds. And the chicks picked their teeths and the dobkeye he begay began. You can ask your ass if he believes it. And so caddy me only wallops have heels. That one of a wife with folty barnets. For then was the age when hoops ran high. Of a noarch and a chopwife: of a pomme full grave and a fanny of levity; or of golden youths that wanted gelding; or of what the mishievemiss made a man do. Malmarried he was reversedgessed by the frisque of her frasques and her pritty pyrrhique. Maye faye, she’s la gaye this snaky woman! From that spieroo toe expectungcick! Veil, volantime, valentine eyes. She’s the very besch Winnie blows Nay on good. Flou inn, flow ann. Hohone! So it’s sure it was her not we! But lay it easy, gentile men, we are in rearing of a norewhig. So weenybeensyweensy. Comsy see! Het wis if ec newt. Lisso! iissom! I am doing it. Hark, the corne entreats! And the larpotes pristle.

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He dug in and dug out by the skill of his thith for himself and all belonging to him and he sweated his crew beneath his auspice for the living and he urned his dred, that dragon volant, and he made louse for us and delivered us to boll weevils amain, that mighty liberator, Unfra-Chikda-Uru-Wukru and begad he did, our ancestor most worshipful, till he thought of a better one in his windowere’s house with that blush-mante upon him from ear send to earand. And would again could whispering grassies wake 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? Usguedbaugnaun!

Anam muck an dhou! Did ye drink me doomail?
Now be aisy, good Mr Finnimore, sir. And take your leisure like a god on pension and don't be walking abroad. Sure you'd only lose yourself in Healesipolis now the way your roads in Kepchavater are that winding there after the calvary, the North Umbrian and the Fivs Barrow and Waddings Raid and the Bower Moore and wet your feet maybe with the foggy dew's abroad.

Everything's going on the same or so it appeals to all of us, in the old holinsted here.

Aisy now, you decent man, with your knees and lie quiet and repose your honour's lordship! Hold him here, Ezekiel Irons, and may God strengthen you! It's our warm spirits, boys, he's spooring. Dimitrius O'Flagonan, cork that cure for the Clancartys! You swamped enough since Portobello to float the Pomeroy, Fetch neathere, Pat Koy! And fetch nowyou, Pam Yates! Be nayther angst of Wranawitch! Here's lumbos. Where misties swaddum, where missies lodge none, where mysteries 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 jugglewaggy with her war souvenier postcards to help to build me muriel, tippers! I'll try your traps! Assure a sure there! And we put on your clock again, sir, for you. Did or didn't we, sharstinterets? So you won't be up a stump entirely. Nor shed your remants. The sternwheel's crawling strong. I seen your missus in the hall. Like the queenoreire. Arrah, it's herself that's fine, too, don't be talking!

If you only were there to explain the meaning, best of men, and talk to her nice of guldenselver. The lips would moisten once again, as when you drove with her to Findrinnie Fair. What with reins here and ribbons there all your hands were employed as 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.

Her hair's as brown as ever it was. And wivy and wavy. Repose you now! Finn no more!

For, be that samesake subststitute of a hooky salmon, there's already a big rody ram lad at random on the premises of his haunt of the hungred bordles, as it is told me.

And aither he cursed and recursed and was everseen doing what your fourfooters saw or he was never done seeing what you coolpigeons know, weep the clouds abown for smillesdown witnesses, and that'll do now about the fairyheels and the fruitysheels.

But however 'twas 'tis sure for one thing, what sheriff Torough vouchers and Mapsiq makes put out, that the man, Homme the Cheaper, Fosc, overseen as we thought him, yet a worthy of the nayrn, came at this timecooled place where we live in our parasgial fermament one tide on another, with a burnrush in a hull of a wherry, the twin turban ehow, The Bey for Dobbilng, this archipelgo's first visiting schooner, with a wicklowpattern waxenwench at her prow for a figurehead, the deadsea dugung uppidripping from his depths, and has been reproaching himself like a fishnummer these sixties years ever since, his shebi by his shide, adi and aid, growing hoarish under his turban and changing cane sugar into setherose starch (Tuttuf's coes to him!) as also that, batin the bulkinghood he bleats about when imitated, our old offender was humilti, commone and ejectitious from his nature, which you may gauge after the bynames was put under him, in laudons of languages, (homone suit and praiers he!) and, ultilising him, even hamissim of homashim that he, sober serious, he is ee and no counter he who will be ultimendly respanciable for the hubbub caused in Edensborough.

Now (to forebear for ever solittle of Iris Trees and Lili O'Rangans), concerning the genesis of Harold or Humphrey Chimiplen's occupational agnomen (we are back in the presumanes prodromarith period, of course just when enos chalkeld halltraps) and discarding once for all those theories from older sources which would link him back with such pivotal ancestors as the Giues, the Gravyes, the Northeases, the Ankers and the Earwickers of Sidleham in the Hundred of Manhood or proclaim him offspring of vikings who had founded wapentake and settled him in Herrick or Eric, the best authenticated version, the Dumlaf, read the Reading of HofelbenEdar, 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 redwoodthree one sothry sabbath afternoon, Hag Chivychas Eve, in prefell paradise peace by following his plough for rootles in the rare 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 fealty 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) hastin to the forecourts of his public in tope, surcingle, salasceaf and plaid, plus furs, pattens 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 earlside hoist with care. On his majesty, who was, or often leigned to be, noticeably lightheaded from green youth and had been meaning to inquire what, in effect, had caused you 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 lobstrcatching honest blunt Haromphreyd answered in no uncertain tones very similarly with a fearless forehead: Naw, yer maggers, naw war jist a cojin in them bluggy earwaggers. Our sailor king, who was draining a gagglet of obvious adame, gift both and godan, upon this, ceasing to swallow, smiled most heartily beneath his warras mustaches and indulging that none too genial humour which William the Cook on the spindle side had inherited with the hereditary whitelock and some shortfingeredness from his greataunt Sophy, turned towards two of his retinue of galloglassps, Michael, etheling lord of Leix and Offaly and the jubilee mayor of Drogheda, Elocck, (the two scatterguas being Michael M. Manning, protosyncle of Waterford and an Italian excellency named Giubilei according to a later version cited by the learned scholarch Canavan of Cnamakenose), in either case a tripytchal religious family symbolising puritas of doctrina, business per usas and the purcpatch of hamlock where the paddish prettes grow and remarked diliudylidyly: Holybones of Saint Hubert how our red brother of Pouringraina would audibly hune did he know that we have for surstrasy barnwick a turnpike who is by turns a pikebaler no solether than an earwagger! For he kinned Jon Pitt with his court so gray and his haunts in his house in the mourning. (One still hears that pebble crowned laingha, japtiap cheerychery, among the roadside tree the lady Holmspatrick planted and still one feels the amusing silence of the cladestone allegbedelling: I've mises outside Borea.) Comes the question are these the facts of his nonmientilisation as recorded and accotated in both or either of the collateral andrewpawmurmurly narratives. Are those their fait which we read in silylline between the fas and its nefas? No dung on the road? And shall Neohamiah be our place like?

The great fact emerges that after that historic date all holographs so far exhumer initialled by Haromphrey bear the sigla H.C.E. and while he was only and long and always good Dook Umphrey for the hungerlean spaleeens of Localized and Chimmers to his crones it was equally certainly a pleasant turn of the populace which gave him as sense of those normative letters the nickname Here Comes Everybody.

A baser meaning has been read into these characters the literal sense of which decency can safely scarcely hint. It has been blantingly bruised by certain wiseacres (the sink's of Mohorat are in the nightplots of the morning), that he suffered from a vile disease. Ah! unman that! 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.

> > To anyone who knew and loved the christliness of the big cleanminded giant H. C. Earwicker through out his excellency long vicefreegal existence the mere suggestion of him as a lustful groan for trouble in a bootstrap rings particularly preposterous. Truth, beard on prophet, compels one to add that there is said to have been quodam (pfiuu! pfiiuu!) some case of the kind implicating, it is inerudum believed, a quidam (if he did not exist it would be necessary quomium to invent him) about that time stambuling harround Dambulding in leaky sneakers with his tark record who has remained copiously anxinos but (let us hue him Abdullah Gamelyarkaniky) was, it is stated, posted at Mallor's at the instance of watch warriors of the vigilance committee and years afterwards, cries one even greater. Ibid, a commadner of the frightful, seemingly, unto such as were salhan sated, tropped head (pfiiuu! pfiiuu!) waiting his first of the month froids turn for that chopp pah kabbakks allicabi on the old house for the chargehard. (Roche Haddock's off Hawkins Street. "Lowe, you blongy liar, Gob scene you in the narked place and she what's edith at home defledeth these bYLES!") There's a cabtul of bus indeed in the hoarn of that meal. Slandor, let it lie its flattest, has never been able to convict our good and great and no ordinary Southron Earwicker, that homogenous man, as pious author called him, of any graver improperity then that, advanced by some woodwards or regarders, who did not dare deny, the shomers, that they had, chin Ted, chin Tam, chinchin Taffy, that day consumed their soul of the corn, of having behaved with ongentilimsensky inmodus opposite a pair of dainty maidervants in the swooth of the russy hollow whither, or so the two gown and pinners pleaded, dame nature in all innocency had spontaneously and about the same hour of the eventide sent them both but whose published combinations of silikinae testimonies are, where not dubiousy pure, visibly divergent, as wapt from wept, on minor points touching the intimate nature of this, a first
offence in vert or venison which was admittedly an incautious but, at its wildest, a partial exposure with such attenuating circumstances (garrhein gaddeth green hwere sokeman brideth girlings) as an abnormal Saint Swithin’s summer and, (Jesse Rosadduron?) a ripe occasion to provoke it.

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6

'Twas two pisonorse Timecoves (the wetter is pest, the reins are overt and come and the vox of the turfur is hurled on our lande) of the nyme of Treacle Tom as was just out of pop following the theft of a leg of Kehoe, Donnelly and Packham’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 burnaround for an oofthgod game for a jimmy o’goblin or a small thick un as chanced, while the Seaforth was making the collecbowl, to ear the passion 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 bioke 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 cappeleanes for some time previous to that (he was, in fact, in the habit of frequenting common lodgings houses where he slept in a nude state, hailfellow with mthg, in strange men’s cots) but on racegin, bloote after divers tots of hell fire, red biddy, bull dog, blue run and creeping jenny, Eglantine’s choicest herbage, supplied by the Duck and Doggies, the Galloping Primrose, Brigt Brewster’s, the Cock, the Postboy’s Horn, the Little Old Man’s and All Swell That Ainswell, the Cup and the Stirrup, he sought his wellwarmed ledbabado in a housbinding in Aisle With Oneanother at Block W.W., (why didn’t he back it?) Pump Court, The Liberties, and, what with moltaupe on voltapuke, resined alchocho 1coherently to the burden of I come, my horse delayed, nom nun, the substance of the tale of the evangelical bussybozy and the resilinbean (the ‘girls’ he would keep calling them for the collarette and skirt, the sunbonnet and carnation) in parts (it seemed he was before the cotsys of martas or otherwise the thirds of fossykears, he having beham with katty when lavinas had her mens lease to sea in a pampusship dooldy show whereat he was looking for fight niggers with whilel roarses) off in the chilly night (the metagonistic! the echipthalmalormus!) during uneasy slumber in their hearings of a small and stonybroke cashdraper’s executive, Peter Cloran (discharged), O’Mara, an expivate secretary of no fixed abode (locally known as Miekew Lisa), who had passed several nights, fumish enough, in a doorway under the blankets of homelessness on the bords 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 beachhucker, who, sans rootie and sans scraip, suspicioning as how he was sitting on a woodstool on the verge of selfabyss, most starved, with melancholia over everything in general, (night birman, you served him with natigal’s nano!) had been towhead tossin on his shakedown, devising ways and manners of means, of what he loved to iifidilience somehow or other in the nation getting a hold of some chap’s parasolde in the hope of taking a wing sociable and lighting upon a sidewheel dive somewhere off the Dullkey Downairy and Bleaknook trameline where he could throw true and go and blow the sibiciul napper off himself for two bits to boldywell baftinde in the peace and quitybus of a one sure shot bottle, he after having being tryin all he knew with the lady’s help of Madam Grisile for upards of eighteen calandres to get out of Sir Patrick Don’s, through Sir Humphrey Jurris’s and into the Saint Kevin’s bed in the Adelaide’s hospitile (from these inurable wellesdays among those uncarable woldingdays through Saint Iago by his cocklehat, goot Lazar, deliver us!) without after having being able to jerrywangle it anysise. Lisa O’Deavis and Reoch Morgan (who had so much incommon, epipsychidically; if the phrase be permitted hostis et odor insuper petibirfractus) as an understood thing slept their sleep of the swimborne in the one sweet undulant mother of tumblerbunks with Hosty just how the shavers in the show the yokels in the yoats or, well, the westers in the wilde, and the hustling tveyndawnofallworks (need of anthems here we pant!) had not been many jiffies furishing pohtis, doorbasses, scholars’ applecheeks and linkboy’s metals when, ashoppermadened like no fella he go make bakenbeggfass longa white man, the rejuvenated busker (for after a goodnight’s rame and rumble and a shinkhams tomporning with his coxes he was not the same man) and his broadawake bedroom suite (our boys, as our Byron called them) were up and ashuffle from the hogshone they lowenaned The Barrel, cross Ebbblini’s chilled hamlet (thire routes and restings on their then superficies curiously correspondent with those linea and puneta where our tabebuy habbenny metro maniplums below the oberlak underrails and stations at this time of riding) to the thrawnings of a crowth friddle which, crenamoing and crowamoing, 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 lavander or foynebwayne
salmon alive, with their priggish mouths all open for the larger appraisati
On of this longwaited Messiah
gerontories, were only halfpast awseeeep and after a brisk pause at a pawnbroking establishment for
the prothetic purpose of redeeming the songsters 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
Coolaume 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 poutière),
where, the tale rambles along, the trio of whackobblediddlers was joined by a further—inventions—
apply—tomorrow casual and a decent sort of the hadbeen variety who had just been touching the weekly
insult, phewiit, and all fighlabbers (who saith of noun?) had stimulants in the shape of gee and geez stood
by the durn decent sort after which stag luncheon and a few ones more just to celebrate yesterday, flushed
with their firststuffedostered friendship, the rascals came out of the licensed premises, (Browne’s first, the
small p.s. exexecutive capahand in their sad rear like a lady’s postscript: I want money. Pleasend),
washing their laughleaking lipes on their sleeves, how the bockakeens shout their roscan generally (scorn
fion, seinn fion’s aram.) and the rymers’ 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
elomap his lay of the vilest boegyee but most attractionable avatar the world has ever had to explain for.

The wararrow went round, so it did, (a nation wants a gaza) and the ballad, in the felibrine trancoped metre
affectioned by Taiocebo in his Cassades de Poulichinello Artabat, stumpsntaped on to a slip of blancide
and headed by an excessively rough and red woodcut, privately printed at the rimpress of Delville.
soon fluttered its secret on white highway and brown byway to the rose of the winds and the baw of the
gael, 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 denies it, may his hairs be rubbed in
dirt!

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 fine the
refrains of, Some vote him Vike, some vote him Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail
him Lug Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Gunn. Some apit him Arth, some bapt him Barth, Coll, Noll,
Soll, Will, Weel, Wall but I parse him Pense 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 man to rhyme the rann, the rann, the rann,
the king of all rans. Have you here? (Some ha) Have we where? (Some hant) Have you hered? (Others
do) Have we whereal? (Others don’t) It’s cunning, it’s brumming! The clip, the clop! (All cla) Glass crash.
The (klikklakklakklaskaklopizklatschabattacrappycrotygraddaghsemmihsmihonistthapbuddyop-
pladdypkopkot!).

Ardite, ardit!
Music Cue
THE BALLAD OF PERSSE O’REILLY

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 Mountjoy!
Jail him and joy.

He was fafffather 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, Hasty, frosty Hasty, change that shirt
Jon ye,
Rhyme the rann, the king of all ranns!

It was during some fresh water garden pumping
Or, according to the Nursing Mirror, while admiring the monkeys
That our heavyweight heathen Humphrey
Made bold a maid to woo
(Chorus) Wooooo, what’ll she doo!
The general lost her maidenlou!
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 crox of the catalogue
Of our antediluvian zoo,
(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Coo.
Noah's larks, good as new.

He was jousting by Wellinton's monument
Our notorious hippopotamuses
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 misus legitimate!
When 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! Soduodanto! Anonymoses!

Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass meeting
For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavesy.
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 moneys, Bigamy Bob and his old Shavoich! The Blackfriars treacle plaster outrage be lillicked! 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 Caracacacitians as much no more as be they not yet nor ever had they then notever been. Canbe in some future we shall presently here amid these zouave players of Inkermann the mine numming the nick and his nick minning 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'Daly O'Doylys doublesixing the chorus in Fen Fas Carr and the Seven Ferries of Loch Nauch, Galloper Toppler and Hurleyquin the sinister of the past with his meemyen aif, zimzim, zimzim. Of the persins sin this Byrawyggia saga (which, thorough readable to int from and, is from tubb to bottom all falsetissues, anti-hellrous and nonactionable and this applies to its whole wholome) of poor OsiFosti, described as quite a musical genius in a small way and the owner of an exceedingly nice ear, with tenorist voice to match, not alone, but a very major poet of the poorly meritary order (he began Tusonsetian but worked his passage up as far as the wealhbangtogether Animadivites) 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.

Thus the unfacts, did we possess them, are too imprecisely few to warrant our certitude, the evidencierors by leggoll too untrustworthily irreperable where his adjugers are semmingly freak three but his judicandees plainly minus twos. Nevertheless Madam's Toshows waxes largely more lifelikd (entrance, one kudos; exit, free) and our notionul gallery is now completely complacent, an exeous monument, aery perennial. Oblige with your blackthorns; gumps, disgrace! And there many have passed before that exposure of him by old Tom Quad, a flashback in which he sits sated, gowndabout, in clericalcase habit, watching bland sol slithe dodgscely into the nethermare, a globule of mauglleness about to corroguate his mild dewed cheek and the tata of a tiny victorienne, Alyx, pressed by his limper loosser.

Yet certes one is. Eher the following winter had overed the pages of nature's book and till Ceadurbaratta-Cleath became Dablena Tertia, the shadow of the huge outlander, maladik, multvult, magnopperous,
had bulked at the bar of a rota of tribunals in minor hall as in thieves’ kitchen, mid pillow talk and chit-
house chat, on Marlborough Green as through Molesworth Fields, here sentenced pro tried with Jedburgh justice, there acquitted contextually with benefit of clergy. His Thing Mod have undone him; and his stabling 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: beheld, all we are his iissacres. As hollyday in his house so was he priest and king to that: uly came, envy saw, ivy conquered. Lou! Lou! They have wavered his green boughs o’er him as they have torn him limb from limb. For his muticification and expiration and dummation and annihilation. With schreis and grida, deprofused souspirs. Steady, sullivans! Mannequins pause! Longtong’s breech is fallen down but Grauni’s sprecht’s abroad. Ahdostay, feodalityones, and feel the Flucher’s baubles for the total of your foutls is not fit to fan his fettle.O! Have a ring and sing wohh! Chin, chin! Chin, chin! And of course all chimed din width the catmost biviality. Swiping runs and beaumes and sherries and eiders and negus and citronnades too. The strangers. Oho, oho, Mester Begge, you’re a be bagged in the bog again. Begge. But softies seinfished: Eheea, for gussies! But, lo! lo! by the threatening gods, human, erring and condorable, what the statues of our kus, who is the messchef be our kuung, aishu aher there, the unforgettable treehade looms up behind the jesting judgements of those, as all should owe, na repercussible days.

Tap and pat and tapatagain, (fire firstshot, Missiers the Refuseliers! Peegngpong! For saxonfootstie!) three tonnix, soldiers free, cockateak and cappacce, of the Coldstream. Guards were walking, in par-donnez-leur, je vous en pri, eh?7 Montgomery Street. One voiced an opinion in which on either side (pardonnes!), nodding, all the Finner Camps concurred (je vous en pri, eh?). It was the first woman, they said, souped him, that fatal wednesday, Lili Coningham, by suggesting him they go in a field.

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One of our coming Vauxhall ontheparts who is resting for the moment (she has been callit by a noted stagey elecutioner a wasterpaket Sittons) was interfied in a waistend pewty parlour. Looking perhaps even more pewТЬyfished in her cherryberry padoauays, girdle and brace by the hallemoon and Seven Stars, russets from the Blackamoor’s Head, amongst the climbing boys at his Eagle and Child and over the corn and hay emoters at their Black and All Black, Mrs P. . . . A . . . saidaside, half in stage of whisper to her confidante glass, while recoupering her cartwheel chaput (ahat! —and we now know what thimble a baquets on lallance a fells mean), she hoped Sid Arthur would get a Chrisman’s portrout of orange and lemonized orchids with bollegs and ether, from the theatre of the Invincibelen, as the woryyld had been uncenined. Then, while it is odous companioning to the sprigflowers of his bysdai day which was a vivible godininuty for the reinworms and the charlatanins and all branches of climatitiis, it has been such a woverfully myth entirely, added she, with many regards to Maha’s paniapunistics. (Turt! Prehistoric, obtietered to his dickaphone an entycologist: his propitomen is a procrismenon. A dustman nocknamed Sevenchurches in the emply of Messrs Ackburn, Soulpetce and Ashorebon, praimakers, Gingnook, was asked by the sisterhood the vexed question during his midday collation of leave and buckorn alternativa-ly with stenk and kittery phie in a bushhounsh and, thankeaven, responsed impulsively: We have just been propagandering his nullity suit and what they took out of his ear among my own crush. All our fellowes at O’Dea’s sages with Anatur Culman he is a cemented brick, buck it all! A more nor usually sober cardriver, who was jantingly hosings his runabout, Ginger Lac, took a strong view. Lorry hosed her as he talked and this is what he told revintecen: Irewaker is just a plain pink joint reformee in private life but folks all have it by brehemos laws he has parliamentary honours. Eiskaffier said (Loosi’s, you know that man’s, brillant Suvorain): Mon frie, you wish to see some hornette, yes, lady! Good,mein lebert! Your blegg he must break himself Seed crack, so, he sit in the posee, umblemsibut!}

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Brian Lynsky, the cub curator, was questioned at his shouting box, Bawlonbreggut, and gave a snappy comeback, when saying: Paw! Once more I’ll hellow! I am for cavenman chase and sahara sex, birk you! Then two bitches ought to be leased, canen! Up hog and howr hunt! Paw! A woublde martyr, who is attending on sanit Asitas where he is being taught to wear bracelets, when griled on the point, revealed the undoubted fact that the consequence would be that so long as Sankya Moony played his mango tricks under the mystrey, with shady aspanas sheltering in his leaves’ licence and his shadowers terrified by the potent bolts of irdindicution, there would be fights all over Cuxhaven. (Tod!) Missioner Ida Worthwell, the seventeencaoral rvivialist, said concerning the coincident of interfizing with grenades and other respectable and disgotted peersons using the park: That perpendicular person is a brat! But a magnificent chant! ‘Caligula’ (Mr Dami Magrath, bookmaker, wellknown to Eastralian poeumers of the Sydney Parade Baaltotin) was, as usual, antipodal with his striving todie, hopening toemfaw, Wore Splash, Cobler.
Sylvia Silence, the girl detective (Meminerva, but by now one hears urtling all over Dovedall!) when supplied with informations as to the several facets of the case in her avowalary bachelors' flat, quite over-looking John a' Dream's mews, leaned back in her really truly easy chair to query restfully through her voweled threadsy syllabubles: Have you even thought, weepowtew, that sheer greatness was his twaddledy? Nevertheless according to my considewed attitudes how this act he should pay the full penalty, pending puwutschen, as pew Subsec. 32, section H, of the C. L. A. act 1885, anything in this act to the contraway notwithstanding.

Be these meer marchant taylor's fableings 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 covensitter if it be true than any of those recorded ever took place for many, we traw, beyessed to and denied of, are given to us by some who use the truth but sparingly and we, on this side ought to sorrow for their prickings pens on that account.

But resuming inquiries. Will it ever be next morning the postal unionist's (officially called carrier's, Letters Scotch, Limited) strange fate (Fiercendedigdyed he's light, d.e., the losel that hucks around missiernands' gummibacks) to hand in a huge chain envelope, written in seven divers stages of ink, from blanceassance to lavandaitte, every potook and pancock bespaking the wisedughter, superscribed and subpencilled by yours A Laughable Party, with afterwise, S.A.G., to Hyde and Cheek, Edenberry, Dubbenn, WC? Will whatever will be written in lippish language with inborts of Maggyver always seem semposed, black looking white and white guarding black, in that stanned sweatalk, used (twist stern swift and jolly roger?) Will it bright upon us, nightide, and we plunging to our plight? Well, it might now, miracle, so it light. Always and ever till Cox's wife, twice Mrs Haln, pokes her beak into the matter with Owen K. after her, to see whawa smutter after, will this kiribis gouch filled with litterish fragments lurk dormant in the pouch of that halbrother of a berna, a pillbox? The coffin, a triumph of the illusionist's art, at first blesch naturally taken for a handarp (it is handarp to tristin such jabube from jabube or either from jabube when all three have just been invened) had been removed from the hardware premises of Oetzmann and Nephew, a noted house of the genmost 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 brishes or brise in their flyi boleros one comes with at the Nivynabes' 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 neak, me there nuket, made there nought the hour strikes, would bring them rightcome back in the flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes.

To proceed. We might leave that nitrience of oxagants to take its free of the air and just analatlyse that very chymerial combination, the gashog where the waderworks. And try to pour somour heitenscene up theamostes. In the botted helios case continuing, Long Lally Tobkids, the special, sporting a fine becast of medals, and a conscientious scriptureader to root in the brick and tin cheerch round the overper, swore like a Nonwherion tailler on the stand before the proper functionary that he was up against a right quernhizmo of a mand in the butcher of the blues who, he guntined, on last afternooc after delivering some carcasses matroncheps and meactures on behalf of Messrs Otto Sands and Eastman, Dernickler, Victuallers, went and, with his unmitigated astonisment, hicklicked 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, Phillips Captain. You did, as I apprestress before. You are deepthom in error, sir, Madam Tomkins, let me then tell you, replied with a genit-womanly salaam MackFartland, (the meatman's family, and the oldest in the world except nick, none.) And Phelps was playful with his peeler. But his phizz fell.

Earwicker, that patternmind, that paradigmmatic ear, reperatoire as his of Dionysius, longsuffering although whitening under restraint in the sititout corner of his conservatory, behind faninebuilt walls, his thermmos flask and rigidian flared by his side and a warbus whiskerbrise for a taskpicke, compiled, while he mourning 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 compiled for the rejection of foime loidies ind the humours of Miiltown ectetera by Josephine Brewster in the collision known as Contrastations with
Incarnate and so on and sonorward, lacies in loo water, fleece, celestial, one clean turvy: Firstnighter, Informer, Old Fruit, Whipped Whipspin, Wheatears, Goldy Gelt, Bogsie Beauty, Yass We're Had His Badam, York's Porker, Funnyface, At Baggsy's Bend He Bumped, Grease with the Butter, Outdooring Osiporce, Caimandalier, Ireland's Eightieth Wonderful Wonder, Beat My Price.

> Plump Goes his Whistle, Ruin of the Small Trailer, He——Milkingshoneybeaverhooker, Vee was a Vindic, Sower Ropes, Armenian Arrogance, Sickfish Bellyup, Edomite.—Man Despond of the Commoner Characteristics of an Irish Nature, Bad Humbug, Hreabhrath, Coochoohandler, Ditt, Mitching Daddy, Born Burst Feet Foremost, Woolworth's Worst, Easythesich Phalasaphist, Gutlepyg's Bastard, First in the Barrel, Bows in the Bed, Mister Faintmate, In Custody of the Poits, Bowwivell's alovenation, deposed, but anarchistically respectful of the liberties of the nonindividualive individual, did not respond a solitary wedge-word beyond such sedentariness, though it was as easy as kisssarywhere for the passive resistant in the bough he was in to reach for the hello giples and ring up Kinmughe Outer 17:67, because, as the fundamentalist explained, when at last shouted into speech, touchin his woundful feelins in the fuchsia the dominican mission for the sowsealistotty was on at the time and he thought the rownish devotions known as the howry rowary might reform him, Gonn.

> And thus, with this rochelly exscher of Bolly Acre, came to close that last stage in the siegeings round our architektded 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 Bangon-op-Zoom.

Yed he med leave to many a door beside of Osmanswold for so witness his chambered caimns a cloudlitter silent that are at browse up hill and down coombe and on colthobstrotun, at Howth or at Coolock or even at Eannkerry, a theorey none too rectime of the evolution of human society and a testament of the rocks from all the dead unto some the living. Oliver's hands we do call them, skatterlings of a stone, and they shall be gathered unto them, their herd and paladin, as nibblutes to cumin, in that day hwen, same the lightning lancer of Azava Arthurhonoured (some Finn, some Finn avant!), he shall wake from earthsleep, hautch crested elver, in his valle of briers of Greenman's Rise O, (lost leaders live! the heroes return!) and o'er dan and dale the Walverutverlord (protect us?) his mighty horn shall roll, o'land, roll.

For in those deyes his Deusys shall aski of Allprohome and call to himm: Allprohome! And he make answer: Add some. Nor wink nor winkle. Animadisbolum, mene credidist mortum? Silence was in thy fustive 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 Comestownarobble gets the pullower on his boots.

Liverpool? Sot a bit of it! His braynes cool parrich, his pelt nasty, his heart's adrone, his bluistrearms searow, his puf but a pil, his extremeneses extremly so: Fergless, Puwbimbro, Chiiblaimend and Tobidowl. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no no more to him then raindrops to Rethfernirrn. Which we all like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our sleeping. Drain. Sdops.

In the name of Annah the Allmuzifil, the Everriving, the Binger of Plurabilities, halted be her eye, her onetime sung, her rill be run, unhemned as it is uneven! Her untitled manefasta monumentalising the Idealismist has gone by many names at disjointed times. Thus we hear of, The Augusta Augustissimist or Old Seaheastius' Salvation, Rockabill Boozy in the Wave Trough, Here's to the Relics of All Dominances, Anna Stessa's Rise to Notice, Knuckle Down Duddy Gamine and Arise Sir Cannon, My Golden ONE and My Selvor Wedding, Amory Treestan and icy Siscede, Sathe a Sawyer til a Strane, Ik dit dopeupe et tu mihiniihi, Ray Birdplate for a Bite.

From the Manorhuid Hoved to the Misses O'Masses and from the Dames to their Sames, Manyfestoons for the Colleagues on the Green, An Outstanding Back and an Excellent Halfcentre if Called on, As Tree Quick and Stone is White So is My Washing Done by Night. First and Last Only True Account am about the Honorary Mirsa Earwicker, L.S.D., and the Snake (Nuggnet!) by a Woman of the World who only can tell Naked Truths about a Dear Man and all his Conspirators how they all Tried to Fall him Putting it all around Localized 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, sininned and presenting a strangely profound rainbow in his (or her) occupat.
Say, barous loujador, who in halhagal wrote the damn thing anyhow? Erect, besceated, mountback, against a partywall, below frezzigrade, by the use of quill or style, with turbid or pulsised mind, accompanied or the reverse by masication, interrupted by visit of seer to scribe or of scribe to site, atwixt two showers or atost of a trike, runned upon or blown around, by a rightdown regular ricer 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 business folk who may not have had many momenasters to master Kang’s doctrine of the meang or the propriety codsacrices of Carpinimustimus 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, Kiniboum or Kahanan, gardinner or mear measeamanerger, has got up for the darnall same purpose of reassuring us with all the barbare of the Carragehouse that our great ancestor 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 wicker local jargon for an ace’s patent (Hear! Calls! Everywhar!) then as to this radiooscillating epipistle to which, cotton, silk or satinite, kohol, gall or brickdust, we must ceaselessly return, whereabouts exactly at present in Siam, Heli or Tophet under that glorios which plays towhile with us in this Aliun’s Cove of our capacity is that bright sound such to slip us the dinkum oil?

Naysayers we know. To conclude purely negatively from the positive absence of political odia and monetary requests that its page cannot ever have been a peaprod of a man or woman of that period or those parts is only one more unlookedfor conclusion leaped at, being untamor to informing from the nonpresence of inveter comms (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 can to the quesy. Has any fellow, of the dume a dozen type, it might with some profit some dull evening quietly be hinted—has any usual sort of orsey jossier, flatchested fortyish, faintly flatulent and given to ratiocinatin by syncopation in the elucidation of complications, of his greatest Fung Yang dynadsedanceonly another the son of, in fact, ever looked sufficiently longly at a quite everyday looking 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-palid nudity or plague-purple nakedness may happen to succumb under its flag. Yet to concentrate solely on the literal sense or on the psychological content of any document to the sore neglect of the enveloping facts themselves circumstantiating it is just as harmful 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 later’s acquaintance, engaged in performing the elaborative antecultral ceremony of upshibolas, straightforward to run off and vision her plump and plain in her natural altogether, preferring to close his blinkhard’s eyes to the ethicalical fact that she was, after all, wearing for the space of the time being some definite articles of evolutionary clothing, inharmonic creation, a cautious 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 of an expert, don’t you know? Who in his heart doubts either that the facts of feminine clothing 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 rear? 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?

About that original hen. Midwinter (imu or kuur?) was in the offing and Pren aver a promise of a pril hen, as kishchabrigies sang life’s old sahatsong, an iceland shiverer, merest of bunting observed a cold behavioirisingly) strangely on that fatal midden or chip factory or comicalbottomed copysite (dump for lost) afterwards changed into the orangery when in the course of deeper demolition unexpectedly one ladman’s holiday its limen threw up a few spontaneous fragments of orangepeel, the last remains of an outdoor meal by some unknown sunseaker or placelader (Illico way back in his mistridden past. What child of a strandlooper but keepy little Kevin in the despondent surrounding of such sneezing cold would ever have trouped up on a strate that was called stree a motive for further sainity by echoing the finding of the Ardagh chalice by another helly innocent and beachwalker whilst trying with pious clamour to