

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 themselfe to Laurens County's gorgios while they went doublin their mumper all the time: nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to tauffauf 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 arlight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen ringsome on the aquaface.

The fall (bababadalgharaghtakamminarronkonnbronntonneronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohooorderenthur-nuk!) 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 promptly 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! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Ualu Ualu Ualu! Quaouauh! Where the Baddelaries partisans are still out to mathmaster Malachus Micranes and the Verdons catapulting the camibalistics out of the Whoyteboyce of Hoodie Head. Assiegates and boomerangstroms. 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 both sprowled met the  
duskt the father of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and  
body!) how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of  
soft advertisement! But was iz? Iseut? Ere were sewers? The oaks  
of ald 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 stook it out again, by the might of mozes, the very wat-  
er was evisparated 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 bildung supra bildung pon the  
banks for the livers by the Soangso. He addle liddle phifie Annie  
ugged the little craythur. Wither hayre in honds 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 born, his roundhead staple of other days  
to rise in undress maisonry upstanded (joygrantit!), a waalworth  
of a skyscape 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 tombles a'buckets clotter-  
ing down.