gipsylike chinkaminx pulshandjupey jade and her petsybluse indecked o’ voylets. When who was wist was ware. En elv, et fjæll. 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 be finding 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 Hymian Glattstoneburg, denary, danery, donnery, domm, who, entiringly as he continues highly-fictional, tumulous under his chthonic exterior but plain Mr Tumulty in muftilife, in his antisipiences 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 bridable. 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

As we there are where are we there from tomtitto to teetooto totalitarian. Tea tea too oo.

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.1

Whence. Quick lunch by our left, wheel, to where. Long Livius Lane, mid Mezzofanti Mall, diagonising Lavatery Square, up Tycho Brache Crescent,2 shouldering Berkeley Alley, querfixing 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 hoyden3 in her rougey

1 Rawmearsh, quoshe with her girlic teangue. If old Herod with the Cormwell’s eczema was to go for me like he does Snuffer whatever about his blue canaries I’d do nine months for his beaver beard.
2 Mater Mary Mercerycordial of the Dripping Nipples, milk’s a queer arrangement.
3 Real life behind the floodlights as shown by the best exponents of a royal divorce.

Swiney Took, ye Daimon Barbar!

Dig him in the rubbish!

Ungodly old Ardrey, Cornwall beaxwaxing the convulsion box.

constitu-tion of the constitu-tionable as constitu-tional.

1 When we play dress grownup at alla ludo poker you’ll be happn essizd to feel how fetching I can look in clingrounds.
3 Groupname for grape juice.
4 Bhing, said her burglar’s head, soto.
anyway, the decent man? Easy, calm your haste! Approach to lead our passage!

This bridge is upper.

Cross.

Thus come to castle.

Knock.¹

A password, thanks.

Yes, pearse.

Well, all be dumbed!

O really?²

Hoo cavedin earthwight

At furscht kracht of thunder.¹

When shoo, his flutterby,

Was netted and named.³

Erdnacrusha, requestress, wake em!

And let luck’s puresplitterall lucy at ease!⁵

To house as wise fool ages builded.

Sow byg eat.⁶

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?⁷ Burials be hally-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

¹ Yussive smirte and ye mermon answeth from his beelyingplace below the tightmark, Gotahelv!
² O Evol, kool in the salg and ees how Dozi pits what a drows er.
³ A goodrid croven in a tynwalled tub.
⁴ Agis amat aram. Luna legit librum. Pulla petit pascua.
⁵ And after dinn to shoot the shades.
⁶ Says blistered Mary Achinhead to beautified Tummy Tullbutt.
⁷ Begge. To go to Begge. To go to Begge and to be sure to reminder Begge. Goodbeg, buggey Begge.

PRIMA-POSSIBLE PROLEGOMENA TO IDEAREAL HISTORY.

Swing the banjo, bantams, bounce-the-baller’s blown to fook.

Thought near left me eyes when I seen her put thounce otey ikpot.

Quartandwds.

Tickets for the Tailwaggers Terrierpuppy Raffle.

Mars speaking.

Smith, no home.

Non quod sed quiet.

Hearsay in paradox lust.

Huntler and Pumar’s animal alphabites, the first in the world from aab to zoo.

¹ We dont hear the booming cursowarries, we wont fear the fletches of lightening, we float the meditarenias and come bakk to the isle we love in spice. Punt.
² And this once golden bee a cimadoro.
³ And he was a gay Lutharius anyway, Sinobilied. You can tell by their extraordinary clothes.
Honour commercio’s energy yet aid the linkless proud, the plurable with everybody and ech with pal, this ernst of Allsap’s ale halliday of roaring month with its two lunar eclipses and its three saturnine settings! Horn of Heathen, highbrowed! Brook of Life, backfrish! Amnios amnium, fluminiculum flaminulinorum! 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 sojournemus, where Eblinn water, leased of carr and fen, leaving among her shoals and salmon browsers, whom inshore breezes woo with freshets, windeth to her broads. A phantom city, 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 Rosal! A field of May, the very vale of Spring. Orchards here are lodged; sainted lawrels evreemberried. You have a hoig view ashwald, a glen of marrons and of thorns. Gleannaulinn, 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
ZELOTYPIA
AND THE ODIOUM TEL-EOLOGICUM.
boxomeness of the bedelias\textsuperscript{1} makes hobby-hodge happy in his hole.\textsuperscript{2} The store and charter, Treetown Castle under Lynne.-Rivappool? 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 assoors us from the murk of the mythe-lated in the barrabelowther, bedevere butlered table round, past Morningrop’s necessity and Harington’s invention, to the clarence 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.\textsuperscript{3} After sound, light and heat, memory, will and understanding.

Here (the memories framed from walls are minding) till wranglers for wingrowly wready are, F I, (at gaze, respecting, fourteenth baronet, meet, altrettanth bancorot, chaff) and ere commence commencement catalanic when Aetius check chokewill Atil’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,\textsuperscript{4} ondrawer of our uncon-scionable, flickerflapper fore our unter-

\textsuperscript{1} I believe in Dublin and the Sultan of Turkey.
\textsuperscript{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 Swords.
\textsuperscript{3} Ravens may rive so can dove delish.
\textsuperscript{4} A question of pull.
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 chap around 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 wilkling 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 Ganymede like zealous Zeus, the O’Meghisthest of all. To me or not to me. Satis thy quest on. Werbungsap! 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 Murrey’s never braught the participle of a present to a desponent hortatrixy, vindicatively I say it,

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1 One must sell it to some one, the sacred name of love.
2 Making it up as we goes along.
3 The law of the jungerl.
4 Let me blush to think of all those halfwayhoist pullovers.
5 I’d like his pink’s cheek.
6 Frech devil in red hairing! So that’s why you ran away to sea, Mrs Lappy. Leap me, Locklaun, for you have sensed!
7 A washable lovable floatable doll.
from her postconditional future. Lumpsome is who lumpsum pays. Quantity counts though accents falter. Yoking apart and oblique orations parsed to one side, a brat, alanna, can choose from so many, be he a solicitor's appendix, a pipe clerk or free functionist flyswatter, that perfect little cad, from the languors and weakness of limberlimbed lassitude till the head, back and heartaches of wadded up womanage and heaps on heaps of other things too. Note the Respectable Irish Distressed Ladies and the Merry Mustard Frothblowers of Humphreystown Associations. Atac first, queckqueck quicks after. Beware how in that hist subraile of schlanger lies liaison to tease oreilles! To vert embowed set proper penchant. But learn from that ancient tongue to be middle old modern to the minute. A spitter that can be depended on. Though Wonderlawn's lost us for ever. Alis, alas, she broke the glass! Liddell lokker through the leafery, ours is mistery of pain. You may spin on youthlit's bike and multiple your Mike and Nike with your kickshoes on the algebra but, volve the virgil page and view, the O of woman is long when burly those two muters sequent her so from Nebob see you never stray who'll immn 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, Ulster, Verschwindibus.

1 The goggles all out.
2 He's just bug nuts on white mate he hasn't the teeth nor the grins to choo and that's what's wrong with Lang Wang Wurm, old worbling goesbelly.
3 Dear and I trust in all frivolity I may be pardoned for trespassing but I think I may add hell.
4 He is my all menkind of every deception.

The O'Connor, The Mac Loughlin and The Mac Namara with summed their appendage, da, da, of Sire Jeallyous Seizer, that gamely torskmester, with his duo of druidesses in ready money rompers and the tryonforit of Oxthievious, Lapidous and Malthouse Anthemy. You may fail to see the lie of that layout, Suetonia, but the reflections which recur to me are that so long as beauty life is body love and so bright 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? Cruff Gunne may blow, Gam Gonna flow, the gossans eye the jennings aye. From the butts of Heber and Heremon, nolens volens, brood our pansies, brune in brume. There 's a split in the infinitive 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 glider that gladdened the girl that list to the wind that lifted the leaves that folded the fruit that hung on the tree that grew in the garden Gough gave. Wide hiss, we 're wizen-

1 All his teeths back to the front, then the moon and then the moon with a hole behind it.
2 Skip one, flop fore, jennies in the cabbage store.
3 None of your cumpohlstery English here!
4 Understudy my understandings, Sostituda, and meek thine compliment, gymnufleshed.
5 Tho' I have one just like that to home, deadleaf brown with quicksilver appliques, would whollymost applassiate a nice shiny sleekysilk out of that slippering snake charmeuse.
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. Impovement 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 downfall 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 gracias 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-

Pige pas.

Seidlitz powder for slogan plumpers.

Hoploits and athems.

1 Shake eternity and lick creation.
2 What’s that, ma’am? says I.
3 That’s the lethemuse but it washes off.
4 Where he fought the shesock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.
5 What’s that, ma’am? says I.
6 As you say yourself.
7 That’s the lethemuse but it washes off.
8 Where he fought the shesock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.

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8 Where he fought the shesock of his stimmstammer and we caught the pepettes of our lovelives.
Murdoch.

Pas d’action, peu de sauce.

From the seven tents of Joseph till the calends of Mary Marian, oliveshanked and thorny too.

As Shakefork might pitch it.

Puzzly, puzzly, I smell a cat.

Two makes a wing at the microscope telluspeep.

From the Buffalo Times of bysone days.

Quick quake quakes the parrotbook of dates.

from Bryan Awlining! Erin’s hircohaird culoteer.

And as, these things being so or ere those things having done, way back home in Pacata Auburnia, (untilably holy gammel Eire) one world burrowing on another, (if you’ve got me, neighbour, in any large lumps, geek?, ant got the strong of it) Standfest, our topiocal sagon hero, or any otther macotther, signs is on the bellyguds bastille back, bucket up with fullness, ant silvering to her jubilee, birch-leaves her jointure, our lavy in waving, visage full of flesh ant fat as a hen’s i’ forehead, Airyanna ant Blowhart topsirturvy, that royal pair in their palace of quicken boughs hight The Goat ant Compasses ('phone number 17:69, if you want to know) his sea-arm strongsround her, her velivole eyne aship-wrecked, have disccust 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

1 Go up quick, stay so long, come down slow!
2 If I gnows me gnesgnobs the both of him is gnatives of Genuas.
3 A glass of peel and pip for Mr Potter of Texas, please.
4 All the world loves a big gleaming jelly.

1 From ceno- genetic dichotomy through diagnostic conciliation to dynastic continuity.
other’s weariness waiting to headroll 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 blast to him, dove without gall. And she, of the jilldaw’s nest who tears up letteer she never apposed a pen upon. Yet sung of love and the monster man. What’s Hiccupper to him or her to Hagaba? Ough, ough, briefe kindli!

Dogs’ vespers are anending. Vespertili-bitur. Goteshoppard quits his gabbhard cloke to sate with Becchus. Zumbock! Achevre! Yet wind will be ere fadervor and the hour of fruminy and bergoo bell if Nippet have pearls or opals Eldorado, the daindy dish, the lecking out! Gipoo, good oil! For (hushmagandy!) long ‘tis till gets bright that all cocks waken and birds Diana with dawnsong hail. Aught darks flou a duskness. Bats that? There peep-striilling. 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 fluffy feeling. Larges loomy wheelhouse to bodgbox lumber up with hoodie hearsemen carrawain we keep is peace who follow his law, Sunday

THE MONGREL UNDER THE DUNGMOUND. SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INFRALIMINAL INTELLIGENCE. OFFRANCES.

King. His sevencoloured’s soot (Ochone! Ochonal!) and his imponence one heap lump-block (Mogoul!). And rivers burst out like weeming racesround joydrinks for the fewrally, where every feaster’s a foster’s other, fia-
nians all. The wellingbreast, he willing giant, the mountain mourning his duggedy dew. To obedient of civicity in urbanious at felicity what’ll yet meek Mike our diputy mimber 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 Dromhie as showery 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 Sein 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 being ever yet. So shuttle the pipers done.

Eric aboy!

And it’s time that all paid tribute to this massive mort-
ality, the pink of punk perfection as photography in mud. Some may seek to dodge the

1 He gives me pulpititions with his Castlecowards never in these twowers and ever in those twowers and then babetasing us out of our hodydenname.
2 My goldfashioned boder near drave me roven mad and I dying to keep my linefree face like readymaid varyang for jollycomes smashing Holmes.
3 What I would like is a jade louistone to go with the moon’s increscent.
5 I was so snug off in my apholster’s credle but at long leash I’ll stretch more capritious in his dappleped bed.
6 Pipette. I can almost feed their sweetness at my lispips.

By lines in pondus overthepoise.

1 I wonder if I put the old buzzered 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.
2 And a ripping rude rape in his lucreious togery.
3 Will ye nought would wet your weapons, warriors hard?
4 Roe, Williams, Bewey, Greene, Gorham, McEndicoth and Vyler, the lays of ancient homes.
5 The stamidglass effect, you could surely swear buttermilt would not melt down his dripping ducks.
6 Thickathigh and Thinathews with sant their dam.
7 Oh, could we do with this waddled of ours like that redbanked profanian with his bakser of yosters.
goblet for its quantity of quality but who wants to cheat the choker's got to learn to chew the cud. Allwhichole scratchs on scroll circumcuminationinuminatedhave encuoniam here and improperites 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, ten 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, Daganasavanitch? Empire, your outmost. A posy cord. Piece.

We have wounded our way on foe tris prince till that force in the gill is faint afarred and the face in the treebark feigns afeare. This is rainstones ringing. Strangely cult for this ceasing of the yore. But Erigureen is ever. Pot price pon patrilinear plop, if the osseleation of the onkring gives omen nome? Since alls war that end war let sports be leisure and bring and buy fair. Ah ah athclete, bles your bally bathfeet! Townoutquest, forestry, the hour that hies is hurley. A halt for hearseake.

1 Come, smooth of my slate, to the heat of my blossh! With all these gilded 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 melody, 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 undevelopmed. This is the proper way to say that, Sr. If it's me chews to swallow all you saidend 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 tolosoeher tomaster tomoss 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 lifstuck, a newlyli 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 launt on the flimsyfilmies for to grag my collar junecree who, though they flush fuchsia, are they octette and virginity 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 pipp and pamper my. Impending marriage. Nature tells everybody about but I learned all the runes of the gamest ever from my old nourse Asa. A most adventuring trot is her and she vicking well knowed them all heartwaise and fourwords. How Olive d'Oyly and Winnie Carr, bejupers, they reized the dressing of a salamandmon and how a peep costs and a salt sailor med a mustied poet atwaimen. It most have bean Mad Mullans planted him. Bina de Bisre and Trestrine von Terrefin. Sago sound, rite go round, kill kackle, kook kettle and (remember all should

1 Come, smooth of my slate, to the heat of my blossh! With all these gilded  

2 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

3 When I am Enastella and am taken for Essastessa I'll do that droop on the

4 Heavenly twinges, if it's one of his I'll fearly feint as swoon as he enter rooms.

5 To be slipped on, to be slept by, to be conned to, to be kept up. And when you're done push the chain.

6 With her modesties office.

7 Strutting as proud as a great turquin weggin that cuckhold on his Eddems and Clay's hat.
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.

Aujourd'hui comme aux temps de Pline et de Columelle la jacinthe se plaît dans les Gaules, la pervenche en Illyrie, la marguerite sur les ruines de Numance et pendant qu'autour d'elles les villes ont changé de maîtres et de noms, que plusieurs sont entrées dans le néant, que les civilisations se sont choquées et brisées, leurs paisibles générations ont traversé les âges et sont arrivées jusqu'à nous, fraîches et riantes comme aux jours des batailles.

Margaritomancy! Hyacinthinous pervenchi-veness! Flowers. A cloud. But Bruto and Cassio are ware only of trifid tongues the whispered wilfulness, ('tis demonal!) and shadows multiplicating (il folsoletto nel falsoletto col fazzolotto dal fuzzolezzo), to-tients quotients, they tackle their quarrel. Sickamoor'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 oxygents has gotten ahold of half their world. Moving about in the free of the air and mixing with the ruck. Enten eller, either or. And!

Nay, rather!

The nasal foss of our natal folkfarthers so much now for Valsing-giddryes and his grand arks day triumph. The part played by belletri-pax-bel-lum. Mutuomorphomutation. Sortes vir-ginianae.

1 The nasal foss of our natal folkfarthers so much now for Valsing-giddryes and his grand arks day triumph.

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 bottom pulper.

3 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.

4 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.

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 singingising tomorrows gone and yesters outcome as Satandas afternoon lex leap smiles on the twelvemonthsminding? Such is. Dear (name of desired subject, A.N.), well, and I 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 maggy). A lovely (introduce to domestic circles) pershan of cates. Shrubsher. Those pothooks mostly she hawks from Poppa Vere Foster but these curly mequeues are of Mippa's moulding. Shrubsheruthr. (Wave gently in the ere turning 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, pethrolio or Get my Prize, using her flower or perfume or, if veryveryvery chumming, 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 lifetrees leaves whose silence hitherto has shone as sphere of silver fastalbarstone, that fount Bandusian shall play liquick music and after odours sigh of musk. Blotsblishblothe, 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
With sobs for his job, with tears for his toil, with horror for his squalor but with pep for his perdition,\(^1\) lo, the boor plieth as the laird hireth him.

Boon on byegyndelse.

At maturing daily gloryaims!\(^2\)

A flink dab for a freck dive and a stern poise for a swift pounce was frankly at the manual arith sure enough which was the bekase he knowned 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, pickpocketpoint, pickpocketprod, pickpocketpromise and upwithem. Holy Joe in lay Eden.\(^3\) And anyhows always after them the dimpler he weighed the fonder fell he of his null four lovedroyd cardinals, his element cardinal numen and his enement cardinal marrying and his epulent cardinal weisswassh and his eminent cardinal 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 and aldays, strues yerthere, would he wile arecreating em om lumerous ways, caiscounting in the scale of pin puff pive piff, piff puff pive poo, poo puff pive pree, pree puff pive pfloor, pfloor puff pive pippive, poopive,\(^4\) Niall Dhu,

\(^1\) While I’ll wind the wildwoods’ bluckbells among my window’s weeds.

\(^2\) Lawdy Dawdy Simpers.

\(^3\) But where, O where, is me lickle dig done?

\(^4\) That’s his whisper waltz I like from Pigott’s with that Lancydancy step.

\(282\)
median, hce che ech, intersecting at royde angles the parileges of a given obtuse one bis-
cuts both the arcs that are in curveachord behind. Brickbaths. The family umbroglia. A Tullagrove pole\(^1\) to the Height of County Fearmanagh has a septain inclination\(^2\) and the graphplot for all the functions in Lower County Monachan, whereat somthing is rivi-
sible by nighttim, may be involted into the zeroic couplet, palls pell inhis heventh glike noughty times \(\infty\), find, if you are not literally cooefficient, how minney combinainsies and per-
mutandies can be played on the international surd! pthwndxrclap!, kids cubid rute being extracted, taking anan illlettertes, iifif at a tom. Answers, (for teasers only).\(^3\) Ten, twenty, thirt, see, ex and three icky tochty ones. From solotion to solution. Imagine the twelve deafferend dumbbaws of the whohl above-
beugled to be the contontuation through regeneration of the urutteration of the word
in pregross. It follows that, if the two ante-
sedents be bissyclittties and the three see-
sewrenchers trundletrikes, then, Aysha Lalipat behidden on the footplate, Big Whigglers\(^4\) restant upsittuponable, the \(nCr\)\(^5\) presents to us (tandem year at lasted length!) an ottom-
antic turquo-indaco of pictorial shine by pictorial shimmer so long as, gad of the gidday,
pictorial summer, viridorefulvid, lits asheen,
but (lenz alack lends a lot), if this habby cyclic erdor be outraciously enviolated by a mierelin roundtableturning, like knuts in maze, the zitas runnind hare and dart\(^1\) 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 himulteemiously to beem (he wins her hend! he falls to tail!) the ersed ladest mand\(^3\) and (uhu and uhud!) the losed farce on erro-
roots, twalegged poneys and threehandled dorkeys (madahoy, morahoy, lugahoy, jog-
ahoyaway) \(\text{PM}\) brings us a rainborne pam-
tomomiom, aqualavant to (cat my dogs, if I baint dingbushed like everything!) kaksitoista volts yksitoista volts kymmenen volts yhdek-
san volts kahdeksan volts kuusi volts yksi! allahthallacamellated, caravan series to the finish of helve’s fractures.\(^3\) 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 twes fives fives of bully clavers. For a surview over all the factionables see Iris in the Evenine’s World. Binomeans to be comprendered. Inexessible as thy by
god ways. The aximones. And their prosta-

1 Didenev, Dadenev, Dudeney, O, I’d know that putch on your poll.
2 That is tottinghim in his boots.
3 Come all ye hapney coachers and support the richview press.
4 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.
5 A gee is just a jay on the jaunts cowsway.

Finnfinnotus of
Cincinnati.

Arthurgink’s
husties and
Everygin’s men.

Nom de nombres!
The balbearians.

1 Talking about trilbits.
2 Barnecorall, a precedent for the production of curiosity from children
3 A pfurty pscore of ruderic rossies haremhorde for his divelson.
4 Look at your mad father on his boneshaker fraywhuling round Myriom
square.
5 Try Asia for the asphalt body with the concreke soul and the forequarters of
the moon behinding out of his phase.
6 Tomatoes malmalaid with De Quinceys salade can be tastily served with
Indiana Blues on the violens.
the virtuoser prays, ororum! 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.
Anny liffle mud which cometh out of Mam
will doob, I guess. A.
i
Amnium instar
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.
Bene!

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,—
venite, preteriti,
sine mora dumque de entibus nascituris decentius in
lingua romana mortuorum parva chartula liviana ostenditur, seden-
tes in letitiae super ollas carnium, spectantes immo situm lutetiae unde
auspiciis secundis tantae consurgent humanae stirpes, antiquissimam
flaminum amborium Jordani et Jambaptistae mentibus revolvamus
sapientiam: totum tute fluvii modo mundo fluere, eadem quae ex
aggere futura fuere iterum inter alveum fore futura, quodlibet sese
ipsum per alludiapm agnoscere contrarium, omnum dem ammem
rips rivalibus amplexa?—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-

1 As Rhombulus and Rhebus went building rhomes one day.
2 The trouveller.
3 Of the disorded visage.
4 Singlebarrelled names for doubleparalleled twixtytwins.
5 Like pudging a spoon fist of sugans into a sotspot of choucolout.

Wolsherwomen
at their weirdest.

Vive Paco
Hunter!

The hoisted in
red and the lower-
ced in black.

The boss’s bass
bass is the broud
of Mullingar.

The ailments of
jumeantry.

lutes. For his neuralgiabrown.
Equal to =aosch.

Pt.I.o.a.t.o.
So, bagdad, after those initials falls and that
primary tainture, 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 torn 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
trump adieu atout atous to those cardinhand
he a big deal missed, radmachrees and rosse-
cullins 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 aquillitoral
dryankle Probe lo.om! With his primal hand-
stoe in his sole salivarium. Concoct an equa-
angular trillitter. 1 On the name of the tizzer
and off the tongs and off the mythametical
tripods. Beatsoon.

Can you ney do her, numb? asks Dolph, 2
suspecting the answer know. Oikkont, ken
you, ninny? asks Kev, 3 expecting the answer
guess. 4 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. 5 Oglores,
ford to their healing and b yeleave in the old weights downupon the Swanny, innovated by him, the prence di Propagandi, the chrift 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 allfines of 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 underlacking of her twentynine shifts or his continental’s curses, pemmel, apostrophised Byrne’s and Flamming’s and Furniss’s and Bill Hayses’s and Ellishly Haught’s, hoc, they (t.a.W.), sick or whole, stiff or sober, let drop as a doombody drops, without another ostrovgods word eitherways, in their own lineal descendance, as priesto as puddywhack, and, as we gang along to gigglehouse, talking of molniacs’ manias and missions for mades to scotch the schlang 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 judgments whenso to put it, disparito, duspurudo, desterrado, despertieu, 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 Ainée Rivière!) 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, uncrowned, That is to sight, when cleared of factions, vulgure and decimating.

1 An ounceworth of onions for a pennaywealth of sobs.
2 Who brought us into the yellow world!
3 Because it’s run on the mountain and river system.
4 When all them allied sloopers was ventilatted in their poppos and, sliding down by creek and veek, stole snaking out to sea.
5 They were plummed and plumed and jerried and citizens and racers, and cinnamondhued.
6 Creeping Crawleys petery parley, banished to his native Ireland from erring under Ryan.
7 Had our retrospectable fearfurther gatch mutchatches

1 They just spirits a body away.
2 Patapatadadaback.
3 Dump her (the missuse).
4 Fox him! The leggy colt!
5 Do he not know that walleds had wars. Harring man, is neow king. This is modeln times.
deceptered, in what niche of time\(^1\) 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,\(^2\) 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 MacBeth and poor MacGhimley to the tickleticks, of the synchronisms, all lauschening, a time also confirmed seven sincuries later by the quartan medical johnny, poor old MacAdoo MacDollett, with notary,\(^3\) whose presence was required by law of Devine Fore-syght and decreetal of the Douge) who after the first compliments\(^4\) med darkist day light, gave him then that vantage of a Blinkens-ope’s cuddlebath at her proper mitts—if she then, the then that matters,—but, seigneur! she could never haveeforefelt, as she yet will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold douche as him, the totterer, the four-flights-the-charmer, doubling back, in nowtime,\(^5\) bymbly when saltwater he wush him these islands, O alor!, to mount miss (the woeds of Fogloot!) under that chemise de fer and a varttryproof name, Multalusi (would it wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, wen shall say, a single pro-fessed claire’s\(^6\) and his washawash tubatubub and his diagnostover’s lampblick, to pure where they where hornest girls, to buy her in par jure, il you plait, nuncandtunc and for simper, and other duel mavourneens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your spotprice (for ‘twas he was the born 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,\(^7\) the

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\(^1\) Muckross Abbey with the creepers taken off.
\(^2\) Joke and Jilt will have their tilt.
\(^3\) Old Mamalujoorum and Rawrogerorum.
\(^4\) Why have these puerile blonds those large flexible ears?
\(^5\) No wonder Miss Dotsh took to veils and she descended from that obloquohy.
\(^6\) The bookley with the rusin’s hat is Patomkin but I’m blowed if I knewed who the slave is doing behind the curtain.
\(^7\) Charles de Simples had an infirmiery complexe before he died a natural death.
granyou and *Vae Vinctis*, 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 displaced diorems in the Saint Lubbock’s Day number of that most improving of roundshows, *Spice and Westend Woman* (utterly exhausted before publication, indiapepper edition shortly), are for our indices, it agins to peer like it, par my fay, and there is no use for your pastripreaching for to cheesee it either or praying fresh fleshblood claspers of young cathlick throats on Huggin Green¹ to take warning by the prispast, why?, by cows ∴ man, in shirt, is how he is *più la gonna è mobile* and ∴, they wonet do ut; and, an you could peep inside the cerebralised saucepan of this eer illwinded goodfornobody, 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 à la Mer pharaehed into faturity, your own convolvulis picknininig capman would real to jazzzfancy the novo takin place of what stale words whilom were woven with and fitted fairly fealty for, so; and equally so, the crame of the whole faustian fustian, whether your launer’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 symbilically that, though a day be as dense as a decade, no mouth has the might to set a mearbound to the march of a landsmaul,² in half a sylb, helf a solb, holf a salb onward³ the beast of boredom, common sense, lurking gyrographically 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)

¹ Where Buickly of the Glass and Bellows pumped the Rudge engineral.
² Matter of Bretaine and brut fierce.
³ Bussmullah, cried Lord Wolsley, how me Aunty Mag’ll row!

Coss? Cossist? Your pars! 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 stabiles—lost himself or himself some somnione scupiones, soswhitchoverswetch had he or he gazet, murphy come, murphy go, murphy plant, murphy grow, a maryamyria-meliamurphies, in the lazily eye of his lapis,

Vius Von DvhLIn, ‘twas one of dozedeams a darkies ding in dewood) the Turnpike under the Great Ulm (with Mearingstone in Fore ground).⁴ Given now ann linch you take enn all. Allow me! And, heaving alljawbreakical expressions out of old Sare Isaac’s⁵ 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! Aiaiaiai, Antiann, we’re last to the lost, Loulou! Tis perfect. Now (lens your

¹ Draumcondra’s Dreamcountry where the betterlies blow.
² O, Laughing Sally, are we going to be toadhauntered by that old Pantifox Sir Somebody Something, Burtt, for the rest of our secret stripture!
dappled yeve here, mine’s presbyoperian, shill and wall) we see the copygink strayed-line AL (in Fig., the forest) from being continued, stops ait Lambday: Modder ilond there too. Allow me anchor! I bring down noth and carry awee. Now, then, take this in! One of the most murmurable loose carollaries ever Ellis threw his cookinglass. With Olaf as centrum and Olaf’s lambtail for his spokesman circumscrip a cyclone. Allow ter! Hoop! As round as the calf of an egg! O, dear me! O, dear me now! Another grand discobely! After Makefearsome’s Ocean. You’ve actuarcy 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 boudivelle song, Gorkovsky Gollovar’s Troubles, raucking his favourite 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 papacocopot, Abraham Bradley King? (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 consisnously over her possetpot in her quer.

1 Ex jup pep off Carpenger Strate. The kids’ and dolls’ home. Makeacake- ache.
2 A vagrant need is a flagrant weed.
3 Grand for blowing off steam when you walk up in the morning.
4 At the foot of Bajnabun Barbasday was lost on one
5 We’re all found of our animal matter.

Sarga, or the path of outgoing.

The Vegetable Cell and its Private Properties.

The haves and the havenots: a distinction.

homolocous humminbass hesterdie and istherdie forivor.1 Vanissas Vanistatums! And for a night of thoughtsendyures and a day. As Great Shapeshere puns it. In effect, I reembble, from the yules gone by, purr lil murrof myhind, so she used indeed. When she give me the Sundacsloths she hung up for Tate and Comyng and snuffed out the ghost in the candle at his old game of haunt the sleepper. Faithful departed. When I’m dreaming 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 thump in thudderdown. Rest in peace! But to return. What a wonderfull memory you have too! Twonderful mornowy! 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-turn 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 accomplassies! You, allus 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-metly in their suite poi and poi, dunloop into eath the ocher. Lucihere! I fee where you

1 Sewing up the beillybursts in their buckskin shiorts for big Kapitayn Killykook and the Jukes of Kelleiney.
2 Say where! A timbrelfill of twinkleinkle.
mea. The doubleviewed seeds. Nun, lemmas quatsch, vide pervoys akstiom, and I think as I’m suqeez in the limon, stickme punctum, but for seminal rations I’d likelong, by Araxes, to mack a capital Pee for Pride down there on the batom¹ where Hoddum and Heave, our monsterbilker, balked his bawd of parodies. And let you go, Airmienious, and mick your modest mock Pie out of Humbles up your end. Where your apexojesus will be a point of order. With a going groan grunt and a croak click cluck.² And my faceage kink and kurkle trying to make keek peep.³ 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 dangerous. Ay, I’m right here, Nickel, and I’ll write. Singing the top line why it suits me mikey fine. But, yaghags hogwarts and arrahquinonthiante, it’s the muddiest thick that was ever heard dump since Eggsmather got smothered in the plap of the pfan. Now, to compleat anglers, beloved bironthiarn and hushtokan hishtaksch, join alfa pea and pull loose by dotties and, to be more sparematically logical, eelpie and paleale by trunkles. Alow me align while I encloud especious! The Nike done it. Like pah,⁴ I peh. Innate little bondery. And as plane as a poke stiff.⁵ Now, aqua in buccat. I’ll make you to see figuratleavely the whome of your eternal

¹ Parses french for the upholsterster would be delightered.
² I’ll pass out if the screw spiss his strut.
³ Thargam then goelgum? If you sink I can, swimford. Suksumkale!
⁴ Hasitatense?
⁵ The impedence of that in girl’s things!
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 I’m glad you dimentioned it! My Lourde! My Lourde! If that aint just the beatenest lay I ever see! And a superpbosition! Quoint a quincidence! O.K. Omnius Kollidimus. As Ollover Krumwall said 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 loiternan’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, neighbour topsower, 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?

Paa lickam laa lickam, apl lpa! This it is an her. You see her it. Which it whom you see it is her. And if you could goaneggghetter we’d soon see some raffant scrumala riffa. Quicks herit fossyending. Quef! So post that to your pape and smarket! And you can haul up that languil pennant, mate. I’ve read your tune’s dimissage. For, let it be taken that her littlenest is of no magnerude or again let it be granted that Doll the laziest can be dissimulant with all respects from Doll the fiercest, thence must any what-youlike in the power of empthood be either greater THAN or less than the unitate we have in one or hence shall the vectorious ready-eyes of everytwo circumflickrsent searchers never film in the elipsis of their gyribouts those fickers which are returnally reproductive of themselves. Which is unpassible. 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 Frivuliteeny Sexuagesima to expense her-selts as sphere as possible, paradismic perimutter, in all directions on the bend of the unbridalled, the infinisissimalls of her facets becoming manier and manier as the calcilum of her undescribables (one has thoughts of that eternal Rome) shrinks from schurtiness.

1 I enjoy as good as anyone.
2 Neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked.
3 The boast of the town.
4 The Doodles family, \(\mathbb{F}, \mathbb{A}, \mathbb{I}, \mathbb{X}, \mathbb{O}, \mathbb{\Lambda}, \mathbb{C}\). Hoodle doodle, fam?
quam taughtropes. (Spry him! call a blood-lekar! 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 any 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 born, 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 é 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 gouvernament 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 siege 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-

1 Picking on Nickagain, Pikey Mikey?
2 Early morning, sir Dav Stephens, said the First Gentleman in youreups.
3 Bag bag blockcheap, have you any will?
4 What a lubberly white elephant for the men-in-the-straits!

1 And she had to seek a pond’s apace to salve her suiterkins. Sueed!
2 Excuse theyre christianbrothers irish!
3 When she tripped against the briery bush he profused her allover with curtsey flowers.
4 A nastillow disigrable game.
5 Dear old Erosmas. Very glad you are going to Penmark. Write to the corner. Grunny Grant.
Enoeuling Female Sustains Agonising Ovemian.

Ensoiling Female Sustains Agonising Overman.

Sesama to the Rescues. The Key Signature.

Sesama to the Rescues. The Key Signature.

Force Centre of the Fire Serpent: heart, throat, navel, spleen, sacral, fontanella, inter-temporal eye.

Conception of the Compromise and Finding of a Formula.

Ideal Present Alone Produces Real Future.

When the Answerer Is a Leman.

All Square and

1 I loved to see the Macbeths Jerseys knocking spots of the Plumpduff's Pants.
2 Lifp year fends you all and moe, souvenir soft as summer snow, sweet willings and forget-uf-knots.
3 Gag his tubes yourself.

poly pools. And this, pardonsky! is the way Romeopullupullpears.¹ Pose the pen, man, way me does. Way ole missa vellatooth fust show me how. Fourth power to 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 Doublillnnbbay-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 parparaparnelligoes between brave Danny boy and the Connolly. Upanishadem! Top. Spoken hath L'arty Magory. Eregobragh. Prouf!

And Kev was wreathed with his pother. But, (that Jacoby feeling again for forbidden fruit and, my Georgeous, Kevvy too he just loves his puppadums, I judge!) after all his autocratic writings of paraboles of famelicurbs and meddled muddlingisms, thee faroots hof cullchaw end ate citrawn woodint wun able rep of the triperforator awlrite blast through his pergaman hit him where he lived and do for the blessted selfchuruls, 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 measured his earth anyway? 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

¹ He, angel that I thought him, and he not aebel to speel eelyotripes., Mr Tellibly Divicul!
² When the dander rattles how the peacocks prance!
³ The Brownes de Browne-Browne of Castlehacknolan.

ACCORDING TO COCKER.

FIG AND THISTLE PLOT A PIG AND WHISTLE.

TROTHBLOWERS.

TROTHBLOVERS.

TROTHBLOVERS.
wan’s won! Rip! And his countinghands rose.

Formalisa. Loves deathhow simple!

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 bug-aboo ride and play funfer 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 mailly 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 coiffure, 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 EBRONISER.

IN PIX.

EUCHRE
RISK, MERCI
BUCKUP, AND
MIND WHO
YOU’RE
PUCKING,
FLEBBY.

Trishagion.

The Twofold Truth and the Conjunctive Appetites of Oppositional Oreeses.

1 A bybye bingbang boys! See you Nutcracker Sunday!
2 Chinchin Childaman! Chaphophchup!
3 Wipe your glosses with what you know.
4 If I’d more in the cups that peeves thee you could cracksmith your rows tureens.
5 Alls Sings and Alls Howls.

The rotary processus and its reestablishment of reciprocities.

Catastrophe and Anabasis.

Service superseding self.

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. I’m only out for celebridging over the guilt of the gap in your hiscitendency. You are a hundred thousand times welcome, old wortsampler, 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.

1 From three shellings. A bluedye sacrifice.
2 Not Kilty. But the manajar was. He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho!
3 Giglamps, Soapy Geyser, The Smell and Gory Mac Gusty.
Visit to Guinness’ Brewery, Clubs, Advantages 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, Why 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.

Abnegation is Adaptation.

staff, scarf and blessed wallet and our aureoles round our neckkandcrops where as and when Heavysciusgardaddy, parent who offers sweetmeats, 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 dawdling over the mugs and the grubs? Oikey, Impostolopulos? Steady steady steady steady steady studiavimus. 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, humanity, &c. Dury, the daughter of discipline, the Great Fire at the South City Markets, Belief in Giants and the Banshee, A Place for Everything 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, Describe in Homely Anglian Monosyllables the Wreck of the Hesperus, What Morals, if any, can be drawn from Diarmuid and Grania? Do you Approve of our Existing Parliamentary System? The Uses and Abuses of Insects, A

1 The divvy wants that babbling brook. Dear Auntie Emma Emma Eates.
2 Strike the day off, the nightcap’s on nigh. Goney, goney gone!
3 B.C., disengaged, good character, would help, no salary.
4 Where Lily is a Lady found the nettle rash.
5 Bubabipibambuli, I can do as I like with what’s me own. Nyamnyam.
6 Able seaman’s caution.
7 Rarely equal and distinct in all things.

Abnegation is Adaptation.
It may not or maybe a no concern of the Guinneses but.
That the fright of his light in tribalhalbience 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 mountain barring his distance wades a lymph that plays the lazy winning 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 Finn-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 Ibdullin what of Himana, that their tolvtubular high fidelity daildialler, as modern as tomorrow afternoon and in appearance up to the minute, (hearing that anybody in that ruad duchy of Wollinstown schemed to halve the wrong type of date) equipped with supershielded umbrella antennas for distancegetting 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 melegoturny marygoraumd, electrically filtered for allirish earths and

### NIGHTLETTER

With our best youlldied greedings to Pep and Memmy and the old folkers below and beyant, wishing them all very merry Incarnations in this land of the livvey and plenty of preprosperousness through their coming new yonks

from

jake, jack and little sousoucie
(the babes that mean too)

1 Kish is for anticheirst, and the free of my hand to him!

2 And gags for skool, and crossbuns and whopes he’ll enjoyimsoll’ over our drawings on the line!