

TRANSITION

of a Blinkensope's cuddlebathe at her proper mitts — if she then, the then that matters, — but, seigneur! she could never have forefelt, as she yet will fearfeel, when the lovenext breaks out, such a coolcold douche as him, the totterer, doubling back, in nowtime, O *alors!*, to mount miss (the woods of Foglott!) under the *chemise de fer* and a vartryproof name, Multalusi (would it wash?) with a cheek white peaceful as, we shall say, a single professed claire's and his washawash tubatub-tub and his diagonoser's lamblick to pure where they where hornest girls to buy her in, mon foie, il you plalt *nuncandtunc* and for simper and other duel mavour-neens in plurible numbers from Arklow Vikloe to Louth super Luck, come messes, come mams, and touch your spottprice (for twas he was 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, the One and Only, Unic bar None, of Saint Yves by Landsend cornwer, man — ship, me Silver!, it must have been, faw! a terrible mavrue mavrone, to synamite up the old Adam-he-used-to, such a finalley, and that's flat as Tut's fut, for whowhowho? the pour girl, a lonely peggy, given the bird, so isoladed as Crampton's peartree, (she shall eurn bitter bed by thirt sweet of her face!), and short wonder so many of the tomthick and tarry members in all there subsequions ages tipped to console with her at her mirrorable gracewindow'd hut till the ives of Man', the O'Kneels and the O'Prayins and the O'Hyens of Lochlaunstown and the O'Hollerins, of Stameybooter, hollyboys, all, burryripe who'll buy?, in jewelietry and kicky-choses and madornaments and that's not the finis of it (would it were!) — but to think of him foundling a nelliga the second also clipt-buss (the