

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; Thomas and James, and Peters and Paul. Ridley and Latimer, and another Martyr, lie buried in our tomes. Jordan runs through one of our books, together with the Kingdom of the Heavens and the Hope to get there. We are not without a Kirk, Church, Font and Churchyard, with a Parish on a Churchill. These, of course, presuppose a Bishop, Dean and Parsons, one who is almost a Devine, a Sexton and Proctor; a Chapel and a Chaplin; a Moody and a Holdforth. And, to show that we are without prejudice, we entertain the Pope himself, an Abbott, a Prior, a Priest, a Bald Monk and a Fryer, with (Saints) Patrick and Dominick in person.

And among curious names which tax our memory and orthography, we might cite a few, such as: Fragle and Fann, Antwistle and Atherton, Cripps and Cuttress, Dagg and Jaggars, Foster and Fuggles, Grinway and Gambrial, Allum and Ariss, Willings and Weatherhead, Munday and Weeks, Wash and Why, Double and Askew, Farrow and Barrow, Gogus and Robus, Strugnell and Snusher, Golightly and Gotobed, Hanks and Bancks. The last-named boy goes Samuel Percy Stanley Sykes one better, for he has a name which has overflowed its Bancks, our books and this article, and formed a cascade which runs to this effect:

### ARTHUR RUNDLE BILLINGS BLUNDELL BANCKS.

Though Barnum boasted on his flaring bill  
Colossal freaks, his circus tent to fill,  
Ne'er had he such, that now adorns our ranks,  
As Arthur Rundle Billings Blundell Bancks!

Nay, deem it not a fiction; of a truth,  
Baptized as such (and still alive!), this youth  
Narrates his name as one who tells a tale,  
And (pass the salt!) pays double for his mail

Say, Arthur Rundle Billings Blundell Bancks,  
What moved thy sire to such poetic pranks?  
Why thus distinguish by so long a name  
Thine infant self? Ah, yes to bring thee fame!

And fame thou hast; for who like thee can boast  
The sounding nomenclature of a host?  
Utilitarian, what might be made  
With A. R. B. B. B. in Barnum's trade!

"Walk up, good people! Do not miss the show!  
Great A. R. B. B. B. from Mexico,  
The only living being on the earth  
Named with a pocket lexicon at birth!

"Walk up, I say! Hi! hi there! Be in time!  
A human verse in metre minus rhyme!  
Recites his name from mem'ry! Hustle in,  
And hear the wordy wonder now begin!"

No paltry Jones, true Brown or myrrad Smith,  
But one commemorative of his kith,  
He stands unique, conspicuous on our books,  
That he who runs may read with sundry looks  
And, chuckling, ask (he also slaps our flanks!):  
Who's Arthur Rundle Billings Blundell Bancks?"

DICK WHITTINGTON.