

Second Knight loquitur.

His Trumpeter sounds another flourish.

And if Thule becomes Tooley, then Thyme should be Thym-ey,
Or your reason's inferior far to your Rhym-ey.

Britannia Loquitur. Superbe'.

Sounds Lord Nelson's Trumpet and crushes the Pundit.

My Nelson was christened at victory's font,
By a title which some people call *Duke of Bront* :—
Would you, my good Pundit, have ventured, I wonder,
To call my great Hero, *My Lord Dook of Tunder* ?

An Oaten Pipe is heard playing a classic strain.

*The Schoolmaster being abroad in the neighbourhood and hearing a row
among the boys, thus addresses them :*

Young folks let me teach you analogy fails
In matters of language and custom prevails :
So tho' Thulè be Thulè, yet Thyme may be Thyme ;
And tho' Brontè be Brontè, yet Rhyme may be Rhyme.

Poor Pundit, you're hit on all sides, I may say ;
But comfort your grief with this saying of Gay,
" The men who in other men's frays interpose,
" Will oft have to wipe a sanguineous nose."

to be read

*Sir Caledon Gilder, a splendid Knight in Gold Armour, takes part in the
fray, and runs a-till wildly, trumpeting thus,—*

If dealing in concrete objective reality,
I fear that Britannia's bump of locality
For once is creative and includes 'neath her rule,
A region fictitious, the " Kingdom of Thule."

True " Mainland " of Scotland to the title laid claim,
But 'twas only in fancy and never by name.
And Borva, where Black has enthroned his King.
Is of Hebridò, eastward of Scotland's west wing.

We'll deem her in error and, not like her " Leader "
In greed territorial, that titular feeder,