

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUTON HOUSE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649433629

Recollections of Auton House by C. Auton (Augustus Hoppin)

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

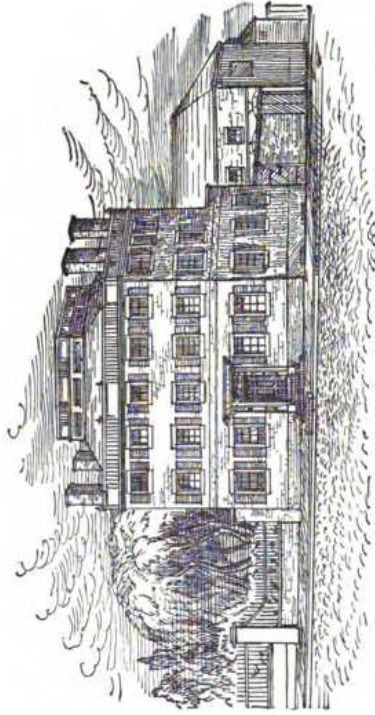
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

C. AUTON (AUGUSTUS HOPPIN)

**RECOLLECTIONS
OF AUTON HOUSE**



AUTON HOUSE.

"Olim meminisse juvat."

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUTON HOUSE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY
C. AUTON.
(AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.)



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

1892

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
927338A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
K 1987 L

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY LOUISE CLARK HOFFIN
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO MY NEPHEWS

FRANK AND JOE.

Transcribed from CD Dec 1936





PREFACE.

THESE reminiscences are written to satisfy the Autons who composed them, and to amuse the Autons who may read them. Grown-up people never cease to be young. They are only old boys with hats and whiskers, and old girls with frizettes and eye-glasses, that's all. There are many Auton houses in the land, and lots of Auton children wandering over it, but the original Auton House is gone forever, and we can only catch the echo of its revelry in our ear, and detect a smack of its good cheer lingering on our tongue.

As an old-fashioned dish, now and then, is not unpalatable, so perhaps a few chapters of reminiscences may be tolerated, provided they do not overtax our patience by their platitudes.

