

He seem'd that scarce his drunken tongue could
drag

Meet words to match his ghastly fantasies,
Yet I remember some in Gaelic accents drawn like
these :

XXXVI.

" Last night, my friens, she dreampt she was a snake,
Prodigious as wass nefer seen before ;
Ha, ta Mae an Diaoul !—ta Peishita-Mor !
For when she moved she made ta mountains quake,
And all ta waters of ta oceans roll
In frightnet waves from Pole to frozen Pole ;
While efermore her starving body'd ache
So bitterly ta pain she couldna thole,
But twistit round and round, till she was curl'd
In endless coils of blastit flesh about ta blastit World.

XXXVII.

" For in those days she was ta only thing ;
There wass no man nor woman left at all ;
No fish to swim, no beast to run or crawl,
No bird nor butterfly to spread its wing ;
Around ta World herself wass all alone,
For all that efer lived to her had grown ;
And Winter, that would nefermore be Spring,
Now glowert silent ofer every zone :
Then liftit she her head into ta sky
To spit ta last great blasphemy into God's face—
and die.