

Oh, mercy, I am goin to shake hands wid Davie Jones in less than no time! And I tuck a thought of the widdy of my bosom, and iv the prophet Jona, quite sincible as if it wor rale airnist and no draemin. Then I begin to hear a rush, rushin, as if the sae wor rinnin through a grate hole, and a blow, blowin, like the wind of a furnace; and I tuck a look round when the wather bore me up. Mercy, sis I, there is the fish that swallo'd the holie Profit; and too threw for my misfortunate self a grate whale looked at me from the bottom of the vally, wid the eyes iv it! Then I wint down into the vally and the grate whale wint up; and it stared down at me as if I wor a herrin or an ould prophet. Your glory, sis I, it is the prophet may be that yer lookin for, and it is only me, and my wife is a widdy, savin yer presince, sis I, mighty saivil. But shure he didn't heer me, for I cud'nt see the ears iv him; but he opened his blow-wathers, and set up a grate catirack. Misery, for you, sis I, and yer sick by rasin of the rolin iv the sae; oh, for a can of the crathur to heat the stomach iv ye! and he looked as if he heard the tongue of me, and shook his hid and tail and kim down, as if he'd thank me for the thought iv my hid, and 'ud be peacable by rasin iv the widdy and childer; and I was bould. Sure now! sis I, and you 'ont swallie me entirely, on the faith of St Pat, sis I, it is me and not Jona, and I'll sing you a song, sis I, in the language of ould Erin—for the prophet was a Haybrew—then I twiged him the 'Sprig of Shelala,' and he looked quare, but it convinced him that it was me, and