

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

The horse began to shy and prance,
But not a step would he advance,
And Andy greatly feared,
Although he lashed him with the rein,
That all his blows would be in vain.

The moon was hidden in a cloud
The night was growing cold and breezy,
The wintry storm was howling loud,
The carman getting more uneasy.
For often an unearthly sound
Would break upon his ear,
Uncanny shadows hovered round
That seemed this rustic to confound
And fill his heart with fear.
For though it was a chilly night,
His horse with foam was almost white,
And Andy sought to find a cause
To thus upset plain nature's laws.
As in amaze he then looked back,
To see what held them thus in check,
Behind him sat a ghost in black,
And he fell fainting on the neck
Of the half-jaded hack.

Quickly recovering from his fright,
He blamed at once the starless night,
That caused this strange hallucination,
Which filled his soul with consternation
And left him in a painful trance,
He means to solve with steady glance
If ghost it chanced to be:
But little comfort that glance brought,
It met the object that he sought,
But hoped he would not see.
For now the fiend revealed his form;
Shook over him his mighty arm,
Clad in a Danish coat of mail,
Ready the driver to assail.