

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

While doubting which course to pursue
In their predicament;
The parting clouds relieve the view
And clear the firmament;
Admitting the moon's feeble light,
A thing they welcomed with delight,
That helped to set their minds aright.
For now some monster they descry,
Uncouth, grottsque, with head awry,
And horns that seemed with rubbish smeared
Wide circling o'er a flowing beard.

At first poor Blake felt much abashed,
But soon the truth upon him flashed,
Crying with a comic air,
"If 'tis the devil, who cares a pin!
Bill saw with whiskers on his chin,
And eating such humble fare.
Oh many a tale he'll set afloat,
More than John Banim ever wrote,
About what's but a thieving goat;
You see him over there!"
"A goat, you're right," his comrade cried,
"I felt Quite sure the villian lied;
The laugh's on us, but wait until
We get back home, we'll settle Bill."
So each has something to propose,
He warns the other not to disclose.

By this time Bill had told his host
Of his adventure with the ghost,
Who gave him such an awful look,
That dazed with terror he fairly shook;
Seeing him jump through hedge and rocks,
With head far larger than an ox: