

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Bill thought my father quite uncivil,  
To order him to face the devil;  
Which put the good man in a plight,  
To keep from laughing at his fright.  
Still he maintained a serious face,  
Told Bill his steps he must retrace;  
They might take each a trusty blade,  
No need therefore, to be afraid.  
Cowards! to stand and whine and snivel  
When three to one against the devil.

Bill fearing he would not relent,  
With a bad grace gave his consent;  
And so they hasten on all three,  
In hopes the specter they might see;  
But soon their fears did on them gain,  
As they heard something drag a chain.

"Keep still" said Bill, now listen, hell!  
The devil is there I know full well;  
I saw him eating up a tree,  
And shake his horns excitedly;  
And then he stood upon his head—  
Do you suppose the devil is dead?  
If so stay here and see what's in it;  
But I am off this blessed minute.  
And turning round upon his track,  
Lo! Bill was gone nor once looked back,

Too long he waited here;  
The others thought 'twould be a shame,  
Were they in turn to do the same,  
Although not free from fear.  
So long and earnestly they gaze  
To penetrate the murky haze;  
Till there beside the stack of corn,  
Thy felt quite sure they saw a horn;  
Which caused them to be very civil,  
Lest it should prove to be the devil.