

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Ha! now he feels a growing dread,
And thoughts of goblins fill his head.
He calls to mind their many tricks,
And witches riding on broomsticks.
Till passing by the pooka's rock;
Just fancy if you can the shock
He then received, as turning round,
A pooka by his side he found;
Who was no stranger to his name,
And quickly let him know that same.

"Come Bill repeat your sweeping boast—
That you don't care for any ghost!"
But Bill with terror overcome,
Could not for millions find his tongue.
"You're lucky that 'tis a fine night,
And such a one as must delight
Yourself to ride around;
For many a sight to you I'll show,
As skimming hill and dale we go;
So o'er my back your leg you'll throw,
While I lie on the ground.

Bill felt his courage all congeal,
As he surveyed from head to heel
This ugly looking beast:
Through fear he felt impelled to mount,
What then he felt—who can recount?
The pooka climbed up hill and mount
Nor was fatigued the least.
Naught cares he for the lovely scene,
But marks the flood in the ravine,
Jumping and prancing down they go
A rood at every bound:
Scarce a whole herd of buffalo
Descending on the vale below,
Mixed with the river's boisterous flow
Could make so loud a sound.