

[On *The Thing in the Woods* by Harper Williams]

BELKNAP, accept from Theobald's spectral Claw  
These haunting Chapters of daemoniack Awe;  
Such nightmare Yarns we both have often writ,  
With goblin Whispers, and an Hint of IT,  
Till sure, we're like to think all Terror's grown  
A sort of private Product of our own!  
Lest, then, our Pride our sober Sense mislead,  
And make us copyright each hellish Deed,  
'Tis ours to see what ghastly Flames can blaze  
From Spooks and Ghouls that other Wizards raise!

5

10