

The Woman in Black.

THE ghosts—long ago—used to dress in pure white,
Now they're got on a different track,—
For the Hamilton Ghost seems to take a delight
To stroll 'round the city in black.

Pat Duffy, who saw her in Corktown last night,
Has been heard to-day telling his friend
That she stood seven feet and nine inches in height,
And wore a large Grecian Bend.

A "Peeler," who met her, turned blue with affright,
And in terror he clung to a post ;
His hair (once a carrot red) has turned white,
Since the moment he looked on the ghost.

Her appearance was frightful to gaze on, he said,—
It filled him with horror complete ;
For she looked unlike anything, living or dead,
That ever he'd seen on his beat.

Her breath seemed as hot as a furnace ; besides,
It smelt strongly of sulphur and gin,
Two horns (a yard long) stuck straight out of her head,
And her hoofs made great clatter and din.

Her air was majestic, and terribly grand,
As she passed, muffled up in her veil ;