

They crept off to bed about two,
Too frightened for playing or singing.

At three—such a hullabaloo
Was heard ! all the bells started ringing,
And visitors, servants, and terrified host
Emerged from their rooms wildly shouting, " The
Ghost ! "

They shot down the stairways pell-mell,
And—though she was stout and asthmatic—
The cook, with a horrible yell,
Came thundering down from the attic,
Exclaiming, with gasps in hysterical stages,
" A cab !—fetch—a—cab ! I will forfeit my wages ! "

And then awful tales were begun
By voices in frenzied outpouring ;
" He came down my chimney," cried one,
Cried two, " He rose up through the flooring ! "
" He leered and he gibbered." Their souls were all
daunted,
For every soul in that house had been haunted !

But Crooks was the worst of the crowd.
" It's my fault—I fain would have hid it,
But can't," he cried, sobbing aloud :
" I called him my grandpa. THAT DID IT !
He told me 'twould please him my weasand to sever,
And swore that he'd haunt me for ever and ever ! "