EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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[From Cruikshank's Omnibus.]

A GHOST STORY.

We remember two of papa's friends who were "regular story tellers." Mr. O'Brien had a store of Irish legends; Mr. T. Smith had a variety of ghost stories. Of one of these a haunted house was the scene—a whole family of ghosts the dramatis personæ. We must premise that at the time referred to, it was the fashion to wear 'pig-tails,' and Mr. Smith, who had eschewed 'pig tail' and patronized 'short cut' or crop, used to say when asked what he had done with his pig-tail that 'thereby hangs a tale,' which joke he retailed at every opportunity—We may also intimate that a good 'ghost story' was in those days a valuable little property. Mr. Smith seldom dined at home, and always passed his evenings at other people's firesides. In truth for more than three parts of the year, his 'ghost-story' procured him 'bed, board and lodging,' gratis including 'coals and candles.' Now then, let the reader imagine a familys mall party seated round the fire, on a winter's evening, and, let Mr Smith tell his own story in his own way.

I was staying (he began) some years back at Squire Calf's, at Danglewitch Hall, near Nantwitch, in Chesire, my friend O'Brien here was also a visitor.—('Sure I was,' says Mr O'B with a grin—he was a merry fellow that O B) One evening the conversation turned upon Clay-Hall, an old deserted mansion, that was reported to be haunted. Strange sights, strange sounds, and strange stories filled the neighborhood with alarm; and what surprised me at that time was that all the Danglewith people seemed firmly to believe in them. Being a little elevated, I bantered the family upon their ridiculous fears—I have since learned to pay more a tention to other people's opinions—and so enraged the squire, that he offered to bet fifty guineas to one, that I would not dare to sleep in that house for one night. No sooner said than "done" cried I, and proposed to go immediately. The squire instantly ordered the servant to get the key from the old woman at Clay-park lodge, to light a fire in the blue room, and to provide besides a pipe & tobacco, a good bottle of brandy. The whole party, in a merry mood, sallied forth to conduct me to my quarters Soon after I wished them all good night, and fastened the door. I had a brace of pistols and a good sword stick. I drew my sword and went over the house at once, to see that the fastenings were secure—for though not afraid of ghosts, I objected to being surprised by robbers.

Everything was in a dilapidated state, but I ascertained that the locks and bolts, although rusty, were sufficiently strong to resist an intruder. I was also on the first floor at the back of the house. I slowly ascended the large staircase.—The sound of my footsteps echoed through the empty mansion. As I approached the landing I was startled by a sudden noise, like the slamming of a door, and recollected that one of the upper rooms was without a fastening. All was silent again. I could hear myself breathe. I then held up the light, and looked first up, and then down, the well staircase, and began to feel that I had done a rather foolish thing—there might be after all a secret door, I might be robbed, murdered. But it was too late to recede; and the fear of being laughed at overcame every other fear.

I now entered my chamber and secured the door. The bright light of the candles gave a cheering look to a room otherwise dreary enough, it was of large dimensions, and its colour was a deep dingy blue. At one end, was a huge four post bed stead, hung with dark-blue tattered damask curtains edged with black; the head of each post was ornamented with a plume of dark blue feathers which gave to it rather a funeral appearance, I examined every part, and beneath the bed perceived a large chest which I found to be firmly locked.—Pushing it aside, I proceeded to explore the rubbish that flanked the fire place.—Amongst a quantity of loose lumber consisting of hat boxes; and odd slippers, I discovered an old black letter volume (a good deal nibbled,) but, as Sir Walter Scott says, 'worth its weight in gold for all that,' it was 'God's Revenge against Murther.' I just gave a bang upon the table to knock out the dust. The blow produced a most tremendous noise that nearly stunned me, and was echoed apparently from every corner of the building, followed by the rattling of falling mortar behind the wainscot, and a scampering as if ten thousand rats were flying in all directions. The cloud of dust almost stifled me; but not quite overcome, I applied myself to my brandy, and filled my pipe, stirred the fire, snuffed the candles, opened my book, and began to read. I read on in silence, broken only by the regular puffing of smoke, the ticking of my watch, and the singing, or rather sighing, of the kettle. The book absorbed my whole attention. I was insensibly moved by its revelations. I was so worked upon by it that I felt a kind of lifting of the chair beneath me, and a peeping shadow appeared evermore between the candle and the page. Suddenly, at a most exciting point, I heard a gentle rustling of the bed curtains. On looking round—horror! never to be forgotten!

I distinctly saw a tall figure enveloped in a long night-dress, which touched the ground. It was standing sideways towards me, so that the face was hidden by a large feminine cap which, however it removed and threw upon the bed, discovering a most fearful and ghastly profile. It went through the operation of making its toilet before a small glass, then looked towards the trunk, and then to the bed. After a moment's hesitation, the trunk was opened, and it proceeded to put on an old fashioned brocade dress. The figure then, after surveying itself in the mirror, slowly turned round, and moved towards me. I felt my blood curdle, my flesh crawl. It passed the foot of the bed, and advanced towards the door. The eyes were cast down; the hand was upon the fastenings. At this instant the village clock struck or rather tolled out twelve—and as the last stroke of the bell floated on the breeze, the figure gradually raised its head, and fixed upon me a pair of horrible glaring eyes that turned my heart to ice A sharp sliding noise on the wall opposite made me turn to look, and the two portraits a lady, and an officer in a blue uniform, appeared to be leaning out of their frames, and watching me intently. The figure then hastily passed out of the room, uttering a screaming note wilder than the moaning wind. This was answered seemingly from the cellars by a most hideous long drawn howl, followed by the rattling of locks, bolts, and chains and a confusion of of strange unearthly sounds. I sprang up and seized my pistols. There was a dead silence. I could distinctly hear a whispering, not only on the stairs, but in the closets, the doors of which were slowly pushed open, and more than one pair of eyes flashed upon me from the dark; in an instant the door of the room creaked slowly, and I beheld two or three parchment faces, with fiery eyes, gazing at me. I made now a desperate effort, and levelling a pistol either way, uttered a fierce menace, threatening to fire, if they advanced. This threat was answered by a queer sort of tittering and snuffling; in desperation I pulled the triggers; the result was a double flash in the pan, which overspread the room like a sheet of blue lightning. Then broke forth—a laugh—ten times more horrible than the laughter of a herd of hyenas—I could endure no longer, and sank into the chair, the pistols dropping from my hands.

There was a dead pause, and I heard something like the mewing of a cat, yet seemed it like the voice of a child in distress; and my attention was attracted by the appearance of a black skeleton of a cat, who was setting up its back growling and spitting. It then slowly advanced and prowled round the fireplace, and sitting down opposite to the fire with its back towards me; turned its head, and its fearful green eyes met mine. I next heard the whelping of a cur, and the distant, hollow, wolf-like baying of a watch-dog. The sounds approached, the dog-chain rattled up stairs. I tried to seize my sword, but was paralysed. I could just glance towards the door, whence came a strange, shuffling sound, and the next moment I saw an extraordinary figure enter, with a large carving-knife in his hand. He was dressed in blue livery, with tags—a round paunch—high bony shoulders, and spindle-shanks—he wore a blue Welsh wig—and his nose, which was of enormous size and hooked, was of a deep blue also: it was like burning brimstone. He was followed by a skeleton-like figure; also in livery, and armed like his fellow. These stood and stared at me. They were followed by a figure, marching into the room with an air of consequence. He was not prepossessing; dimly-glarring saucer-eyes with a decided cast in them; a small pinched bit of blue nose; a spacious mouth with a tooth or two exposed, and a look of age diffused over all. He was wrapped in a blue dressing gown, and wore a large curled blue wig. As *he* entered, all appeared blue—the candles, and the fire, whose flames, curled themselves into the likeness of some ghastly thing. The whole company, for there were now many intruders, seemed covered with blue mould; they were the children of Mildew and Decay; they looked damp and slippery. The veteran in the dressing-gown advanced to the fireside with dignity, and looked at me with a withering scowl. I guessed at once that he was, or *had been*, the master of the mansion, and politeness prompted me to rise. He motioned me to be seated, and then took a chair. A little boy was at his side, and the stately figure of a lady also stood near him—other faces peered over his chair. My venerable host then bent forwards, and placing his hands upon his knees, looked sternly in my face and said, in sepulchral tones.—"*Pray, sir, did you ever hear that this house is haunted?*"

I was thunderstruck! What answer could I make? Not a moment was allowed me for reflection, for I instantly felt a violent tug at my pigtail behind, and the brimstoned-nose butler, leering in my upturned face, exclaimed, "And you don't believe in ghosts!" My terror was at its height. I heard no more; but I *saw*—I saw the knife flashing, and felt that, though my head was not off, my pigtail was gone! Shouts of exulting malice rent the air——"

But here Mr. Smith was interrupted by a shout of exulting laughter from one of his listeners. It was Mr. O'Brien—"Oh, ho!" screamed that gentleman, "I'll be kilt intirely. A mighty ingenious tale you've made of it, Mr. Smith. And sure I must tell the truth, if you bate me for it. Sure and wasn't it the day after we had the stag-hunt, and did'nt you get so overhead and ears in liquor that you went sleep walking about the house all night, disturbing the people that were fast asleep; and the night after, sure did'nt we tie your pigtail to the bell-rope at the head of the bed, to keep you still, or give us notice of your rambles—and a pretty good notice we got, by the powers! for what wid the bell ringing and your brawling, we thought the house was on fire. I'll never forget seeing you pulling one way and the bell-pull pulling the other—and all we could do, we could not keep you aisy, till we undid your tail; so faith it was Betty, the cook, I remember, who whipt out her scissors, and cut the knot. Oh! oh! och!—aud that's the *thrue* way you lost your pigtail, Mr. Smith."

From the Baltimore Sun.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

A Vapor Man.—The subjoined communication, from a highly respectable gentleman, will shew that "Jack" has made his appearance in Queen Ann's county, without his "lantern," or "Will" without his "wisp," just as the reader may please to have it. That vapor should arise from swamps is quite natural; but why it should take the shape of a man, instead of being "like a camel," or "backed like a weasel," or "very like a whale," passeth our humble comprehension yet there must be some reason for it and so we submit it to the especially scientific, that they may try whether or not their philosophy can find it out.

CHURCH HILL. Nov. 12th, 1841.

To the Editors of the Baltimore Sun:

Gentlemen,—Brown's woods, in Queen Anne's county, a mile or two above this place, are famed for the many strange sights to be seen there after night-fall, and many are the marvellous stories related in the neighborhood of the "things" which have been seen in those woods.—The woods are dense, with many wet swampy, places, and the luminous vapor, commonly known as the *ignus fatuus*, is frequently to be seen there, which no doubt gives rise to those stories, which are told and religiously believed, by the ignorant and superstitious of the neighborhood. But what I am now about to relate has no connexion with these idle tales, as I am no believer in supernatural appearances.

A remarkable phenomenon was observed on the night of the 10th inst., by myself and one of my neighbors, who had stepped over to see me in the afternoon, and who, after supper, I accompanied on his way home which lay through the woods. It was about 9 o'clock at night. The atmosphere was damp, and somewhat chilling, and the sky was overcast with clouds, which threated rain. A light mist prevailed at the time, and the evening was just light enough to afford us an indistinct view of the object near us We pursued our journey, talking upon various subjects as we went along, when near the woods our conversation was interrupted, and we were compelled to stop in consequence of the gross darkness which suddenly enveloped us. Casting my eyes around me, as I stood motionless, being unable to see the path, I found that the darkness was slowly receding. My companion, who was in a few paces in advance of me, in a tone of voice expressive of agitation, called my attention to the cause of the darkness that had momentarily surrounded us.—Looking in a southwest direction (the wind being light at the northeast,) I saw what I supposed to be a dense column of vapor, fifteen or twenty feet high, in form like a man of colossal proportions, slowly passing away to the southwest, walted along, as I supposed, by the wind which set in that direction. We gazed at this remarkable appearance until we could no longer see it, in consequence of the distance it was removed from us, and the intervening darkness which obstructed our vision, and after a few minutes conversation with my friend, upon this extraordinary apparition, or whatever it may be termed, I returned to my home, resolving to make it public, through the medium of the press, hoping that scientific men may be able to account satisfactorily for so extraordinary a phenomenon. I have thought, as those woods are remarkable for the luminous vapor mentioned in the beginning of this article, that the phenomenon observed on the night of the 10th inst., owes it origin to a somewhat similar cause; but why it should assume the form of a man, must, I apprehend forever remain a mystery. If you or any of your correspondents can throw any light on this subject, you will oblige yours most respectfully.

THE THREE JOLLY HUSBANDS.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until, being pretty well corned they agreed that each one on returning home should do the thing that his wife told him, in defiance of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then seperated for the night, engaging to meet again the next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill.

The next morning Walker and Brown were early at the post; but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began:

"You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimering light, I came near walking accidently into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so late, said to me sarcastically:

"*Bill, don't put your foot in the batter.*"

"Just as you say, Maggy," said I, and without the least hesitation, I put my foot into the pot of batter, and then went to bed.

Next Joe Brown told his story:

"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate perfectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife in no very pleasant tone, bawled out:

"*Don't break the porridge pot.*"

No sooner said than done: I seized hold the pot, and, striking it against the door jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, but got a *curtain lecture* all night for my pains."

It was Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face as follows:

"My wife commanded me the most unlucky time before we were married; for I was blundering up stairs in the dark; when she cried out:

"*Don't break the pot, do Tim*"

"I'll be hanged if I do, Kate, 'said I, as I g thered up the pieces. "I'll sooner pay the bill." "Landlord, here's the cash for you; this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife.

From the New York Express.

WASHINGTON, 15th Nov. 1841

To the Editors of the New York Express, the same paper my old friend Mr. Dwight printed a spell ago.

MR. EDITORS:—

I tell'd you in my last letter that Capting Tyler had gone to Virginny—and that whilst he was gone, I was to put all the Bank plans into my FANNING MILL and blow the CHAFF off the CLEAR CORN. Well, this has been no tool of a job I can tell you, for out of more than a two bushel basket of PLANS there aint more than about a good double handful of solid clear corn left

Captain Tyler has now got back from Virginny, and when I showed him my SIFTINGS—"well" says he "Major your mill has made a small matter on't any how—but there is enuf left for seed."

"Jest exactly," says I, "and if we can't raise enuf upon this small parcel for all our purposes then I'm mistaken." "Now Major," says Capting Tyler, "I should like to know your notions about this matter, for we have got all other things in a good train except this plagy money matter—if we can only get that going right then we can say to all creation—ALL the fields are planted and if Providence smiles on us—we shall have good crops."—"That is a fact," says I, "and if you'll listen I'll tell you a story in as short order as I can." The Capting took his seat and pinted his nose right at me, and there is one thing I have particularly noticed in the Capting, which is not the case with most folks—and that is whichever way his NOSE pints it is a sartin sign that he LOOKS that way, so there is no mistake about it.

"Well, in the first place, we settled the business about the origin of MONEY—how and why it was invented—first iron money, next brass and copper money—next silver and gold money, and how in the process of time and digging and mining, iron money got out of fashion, next brass and copper money, and now in England, even silver money, as a 'legal tender;' but upon the whole as yet, that silver and gold are at the present day MONEY—but there is no telling how soon, by science and digging that even one or both these metals may not be found so abundant as to make them too common for constitutional money, or what folks call MEASURES OF VALUE—just as iron, or brass, or copper have become. Well, that being settled, we next examined into paper money, how that was invented—being a REPRESENTATIVE of money—that is, a kind of money—that not only represents gold and silver, but houses and farms, and wheat, and pork, and beef, and ships and merchandise, and every thing else in creation, called PROPERTY.

"Now," says I, Capting Tyler keep your nose to this pint (for as I said afore, the Capting's nose carries both his eyes and ears along with it, and the Capting's nose is an ALMIGHTY nose, and the Duke of Wellington's is but a PUG to it,) "now," says I, "eversince paper money was invented by the great DEMOCRATIC PARTY of creation, who insisted that industry and property was as good, and should be represented as well, as mere gold and silver—they begun a NEW war between money on one side, and property and industry on the other—that is money wanted to get hold of as much property and industry as possible, and property, and industry wanted to get hold of as much money as possible—each of course trying to depreciate the other."

"In this state of things," says I, "what was and is the true duty of Government, whose duty it is to protect alike the owners of money and the owners of property and industry—(property and industry being one and the same thing for industry creates property.")

Here we broke off, as it was getting late and went to sleep upon it, and I would advise folks generally to do the same thing, providing they THINK well over the matter, and understand it well before reading further.

Well the next day we turned to agin and went over the whole matter. As history and facts tell us how at one time when all was snug and all branches of industry was working along smoothly, GOVERNMENT took a notion to let folks manage their own paper money, and broke up the old balance wheel—and then how STATE BANKS, and States themselves all went to work making an extra batch of Bills and Bonds and all kinds of 'PROMISE to pay—and all considered as money—and then of course how HIGH PROPERTY got—for land and wheat and pork and wages and all, will and must rise in price just so far as you cheapen money by making it too plenty—and then how Government got alarmed and issued SPECIE CIRCULARS, and would'nt take any kind of money but HARD MONEY, and smashed away against all banks and paper money makers, bills, bonds, notes and mortgages, and brought a bushel measure right down to a quart pot—calling every man a *rascally speculator* who got caught on the wrong side of the fence. So that a good many folks who did not keep the run of things were like a man who borrowed ice in January and agreed to pay it back in August—but government folks who held fat offices didn't feel this as much—their pay was *the same in gold*—and of course the more valuable gold became the better for them. Why, says I, Capting Tyler, if you bring all kind of property down to gold and silver, and measure it by that standard alone, and have no other kind of money, then I say, giving all the property in the Union its fair chance, you could with one year of your wages (which you have a right to take in gold) buy more *property* than you could shake a stick at. Now is that fair and reasonable? Is it right and just that this war of *money* against *property* should go on till it gets to scalping, or shall the whole People by the GOVERNMENT put a stop to it, and so adjust matters that "PROPERTY OWNERS" and "MONEY OWNERS" shall both have a fair chance?

If a man buys a farm and pays down half in cash, and mortgages the balance, and Government adopts measures that changes money matters suddenly, and when pay day comes he finds what was worth a dollar is not worth ten cents in "Consututional money," away goes his farm and he is a beggar,—and just so it is with every body except the shaver and the fat office holder. This aught not to be so and must not be so. It is the duty of the Government to prevent it—and if THE CONSTITUTION don't say so in so many words it only shows that the wise folks who made it did not think it necessary to add to what it does say—that it was the object and end of the People by their Government to make themselves as happy and prosperous as they could. That is what I call an honest and fair construction of all doubtful pints.

The country says I, is now in trouble. Some of the States can't pay their just debts because the people of those States are *jam'd*—there is *property* enuf and *industry* enuf all ready to make a flea bite of the *debts*, and instead of being the scum of the world, or that part on't we own, we are able to put the boot on the other foot just as easy as to say so. And with that I handed over to the Capting that part of clean corn I had been fanning the chaff from, and I tell'd him it was his business and Mr. Forward's business to see to the planting on't. I had done my work in fanning off the chaff and now they must do theirs, and if they did not know how, then to let "*the Peoples Congress*" do it—that the evil upon the country had past off from the "rascally and *unpopular* Banks" and got down among the "*popularity*" itself—and this made a new question on't, and had nothing to do with *Vetoes* as it once had—for it had reach'd a pint that a *Veto* could not cure or remedy. And here I left the matter—and now if you wan't to know more about it, I refer you to Capting Tyler's next message and Mr. Forward's Treasury report, and if you don't find it there then look to Congress. And in the meantime if you want to trade safely, borrow ice in August and agree to return the *same quantity* in January, for every other bargain is unsartain till Government does something to settle this money question.

Your friend and fellow citizen,
J. DOWNING, Major, &c. &c. &c.

With the Editor of the Boston Courier though we do not belong to the Peace Society, we profess to be lovers of peace. In that character, we could not be otherwise than pleased with the humane and rational spirit of the following article, which we find in the Courier of Saturday last, and transfer to our columns for the gratification of our readers.—Nat. Int.

From the Boston Courier, October 23.

To the Editors of the Courier:—The trial of McLeod, it seems, is at last concluded; it has resulted in his acquittal, and the troublesome apprehension of war, with which we have been lately visited on account of it, has in a great measure been removed. War is an evil great beyond the possibility of conception. The apprehension of it is an evil; and it might be devoutly wished that we could now live without the fear of being called upon to defend our lives, our property, our wives and children from the attacks of unbridled violence. How long shall we remain before the rumor of expected war will again arise? How many years I may rather say how many months pass in succession, that the mind of the calmly reflecting of the friends of humanity are not called upon to survey in the prospect the terrible devastations, the corruptions and degradations of war.

Certainly as a nation, we pass few months in perfect peace. Causes are constantly recurring by which, ere we are aware, the vision of war is made to pass before our eyes. If we look into the future from the present moment, the prospect is by no means clear before us. It is not beyond the bounds probability that we shall be hurried into war this coming winter, by marauders, pretended patriots, on our Nothern border. The capture of our vessels on the coast of Africa, the question of our Notheastern boundary, may add their difficulties in the way of harmonious relationship between us and foreign nations.

Some say it is useless to fear war: the brave never fear they add. But it is one thing to fear men, it is quite another to deprecate war. As a nation, we doubtless partake as largely of the elements of manhood, we possess as much moral courage and physical strength, as any nation on the globe. As a nation, we do not lie open to the charge of weakness. And I do not know of a greater folly of which men could be guilty, than that we should sometimes suffer ourselves to be hurried into a war, in the fear of being reproached with cowardice or weakness. Such an excuse for fighting belongs to the code of honor which rules the actions of the duelist. No brave man fights on account alone of his fear of being reproached. The brave man can endure reproach; and when justice forbids fighting, he will not unjustly fight, in order to vindicate a character which he is inwardly conscious does not deserve reproach.

Few individuals in our country really bring up before their minds the horrors of war. We suppose, in some instances, that we are wronged we are insulted; our passions are kindled in a moment, and we burn to avenge the wrong. But do we count the cost? Do we consider the folly? Let the reader of this paragraph quietly imagine the devestations of war in his own household, the death, the ruin of his children, the prostration of his business; or extend his view to similar scenes throughout his country, the moral depravity which one year's war would cause, the miseries of the poor thrown out of employment, the awful quiet of our streets, the brutalized passions of a portion of the population taught to love rapine and murder and sent forth to prey upon the community for years after the war should be concluded. And for what should we encounter such evils?—for a word spoken in haste by some unskilful diplomatist?—for the conduct of men whose crimes have made them objects of detestation wherever their names are known? I ask, why should we as a nation be hurried into a war by causes so frivolous? Why, I ask, should we ever engage in war at all?

It is replied that war is a condition of national existence. Our shores must be bristling with bayonets; they must swell with fortifications. We must be armed at all points to repel invasion. If this be true, then we can only come to this sad conclusion: nations are robbers, thieves, and pirates; for, is it not against Christians that we are ever called upon to defend ourselves. It is only from the wicked that we ever fear the attacks of violence. If Great Britan arms her shores against us, she fears that we, as a nation, are robbers and murderers; if it is against her that we are armed, we may *call* her a Christian nation, but we do not believe her to be such. Sad condition of national existence! A fort, a castle, should be viewed as the tombstone of Christianity and reason. "Here they lie buried"—as a nation, we have nothing to do with them.

But wars would not be viewed as a condition of national existence, if the minds of the People were turned to consider the causes of war and its remedies.

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