

RAISING A GHOST.

True History of the Twenty-seventh-street Goblin.

How and by Whom the Sensation Was Created
—The Work of an Unscrupulous Re-
porter and a Half Dozen Police-
men—Full and Reliable De-
tails of the Scheme and
Its Operations.

Who of our readers does not remember the famous ghost of Twenty-seventh-street, and the intense excitement created by the publication of its marvelous doings? It is less than ten years ago when the goblin appeared, and for a while the Metropolis was fairly wild with interest. The details of the occurrence are doubtless fresh in the minds of every one who reads these lines, but the secret history of the affair has never been published before today. To tell the story of the fright truthfully and accurately is the design of the writer, and every word that he says may be relied upon implicitly. The narrative is a lengthy one, but it will repay a close perusal, showing as it does how much mischief may be created by an unscrupulous reporter, a half-dozen shirking policemen, and two frightened women.

To begin with: At the time the ghost was raised the block in Twenty-seventh-street, where it was finally located, was one of the most desirable in New-York for residences. It was not at any time a first-class nor aristocratic locality, but it was then quiet and respectable; the houses were comfortable, and were occupied by well-to-do people, the most of whom owned the premises in which they lived. It happened, however, that several houses in the block, from various causes, were put in the market for rent simultaneously, and it also happened, by some unlucky combination of circumstances, that they were all taken by disreputable persons and put to an infamous use. The remaining respectability in the street was greatly troubled by this proximity of disrepute, and anxiously inquired for the means of driving out the pest. Things in this world more often come by chance than elsewhere, and again it happened that one of these anxious residents met a needy and unscrupulous reporter, who had a quasi connection with the Press, and to whom the trouble was mentioned. He had some experience in disreputable matters, and suggested that the nuisance could be "glimmered" out. The business in the noisome houses, it was said, could never stand the light, and if a policeman were stationed at each door with lantern in hand to flash its light in the face of every comer, it was argued that customers would depart and occupants soon be found to follow the example. The hint was acted upon, and application made to Mr. JOHN A. KENNEDY, then Superintendent of Police, who readily cooperated by ordering the door of each of the houses to be made what came to be known as a "lantern post." There were eight of these houses, and the eight policemen stationed in front with flashing lanterns, of the style known as "bulls-eye," gave a lively and picturesque tinge to a locality that had before been merely prosa-

which by this time had adapted itself to the grossest forms of superstition, by assuming the shape of a bloody head, floating just beneath the ceiling, with the usual ghostly attributes of omnipresence.

This ghost excitement which, however, was a mere flicker in comparison with the tremendous blaze it was afterward to become, added to the troubles of the unfortunate residents of the block, who had succeeded in closing two disreputable houses at the cost of the deterioration of their own property at least one-half, and the distinction of mention in the newspapers as a striking proof of the uptown tendency to depravity. So entirely unenviable had the neighborhood become, that the two houses which had been closed could not be rented at any price, but remained empty for several months. At last, when Winter was verging into Spring, a Nassau-street auctioneer was tempted by the low rent to undertake to live in the midst of the very tangible disrepute and the intangible air of the supernatural which surrounded the place. His entrance into the house, and not the efforts of the Bohemian, who had not meantime become vested in fee of any property, real or personal, led to the final location of a ghost, which was to appal the Metropolis.

Late in the afternoon a van arrived with some furniture, consisting, however, only of the carpets, a lounge, and a few chairs. Two ladies of the family also came to superintend matters, and directed the carpets to be placed in one of the rooms, on the parlor floor, and the other articles below stairs in the front basement. They then went over the entire house, taking minute note of everything, with a view to determine the probable amount of cleaning required, and after locking all the doors went away, to return early the next morning, and be ready to receive their remaining household effects. They were early in their arrival the next day, and going in by the main entrance found the door locked as they had left it. Wandering through the upper part of the house, opening windows to let in air and light, nothing unusual struck the eye. Going then into the front basement and opening the blinds, they gazed about them in blank astonishment—the lounge and chairs had been removed! With beating hearts they next went into the rear basement, which was the kitchen, and their breath was almost stopped by reason of what they saw. There were the lounge and chairs in a semi-circle around the range, the latter almost red-hot with glowing anthracite, yet they were sure there was not a coal on the premises; the gas was burning at full head from the centre pendant, and they were certain that there was no meter in the house. They gazed around them but could see no sign of violent entrance or exit. They nerved themselves for the task and carefully examined all the windows and doors—all were fast as they had left them on the previous evening. It was evident that no human being had been in the house over night, yet a heavy lounge and a number of chairs had been removed from one room to another, a great fire had been made out of nothing and gas had been lighted in pipes that had no connection with the main. They looked, wondered, finally one said "the ghost!" both shivered and scampered upstairs, through the hall and out upon the stoop without a halt. In the street they saw a policeman, and wildly beckoned to him. He came up, and both in one breath told of the marvel they had seen, expressed their conviction that the house was the haunted dwelling, and, declaring they wouldn't sleep in it for all the world, demanded that he find them a van for the instant removal of their effects from the place. The policeman turned white as the snow in the street, but, nevertheless, expostulated with them, and was particularly incredulous as to the ghost. But they bade him see for himself, and fortified by his presence they tremblingly returned to the basement where they minutely explained how things had been, and there were the changes to show for themselves. The policeman was silenced, he could not fall back on the ordinary explanation under such circumstances of the cat or the wind, he was not prepared to prove that human agencies had been at work, and was therefore compelled to admit the supernatural. He called a van and assisted to put the movables into it, which being done, the ladies dropped the keys at his feet, saying they wouldn't set foot in that house again, nor touch anything belonging to it, "no, not for the whole world," and hurried away without locking it up. The policeman performed that duty, and with a singular expression of trouble and anxiety intermixed with a sense of the ludicrous