

East Haddam Journal.

R. H. BLODGETT, Publisher.

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NO. 6.

East Haddam Journal,

R. H. BLODGETT, Publisher.

The JOURNAL is published every Saturday morning at East Haddam, Conn., and will be left at the residence of subscribers in both Upper and Lower Landings at \$1 25 per year in advance, or \$1 50 at the expiration of the year. Subscribers who receive their paper at the office or by mail, \$1 per year in advance, or \$1 25 at the end of the year.

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Poet's Corner.

For the Journal.

OUR TRYING PLACE.

I can never forget, till my life's sun has set,
That shy corner where we used to meet,
To sit hand in hand by the evening breeze fanned,
In those interviews stolen but sweet.

Do you not remember one sixth of December,
That we met in our favorite corner,
And there pledged anew that we'd ever be true,
And our vows we would never dishonor?

I'll remember it ever, and time shall not sever
The ties that bind me to that spot,
For our word was there pledged and our hearts
there united

In times that can ne'er be forgot.
Those scenes will be cherished when others have
perished

Which are fresh in our memories now;
Then fate do its worst, I shall not be the first
To forget or dishonor that vow.

And when the deep traces of age on our faces
Shall remind us our summer is past,
May that shady retreat where we once used to meet,
Be remembered by both to the last.

Bashan, May 13, 1859

Miscellany.

THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY GEORGINA S. PERDUE.

You will, perhaps, smile at an old woman's vanity, when I tell you that this face, now so wrinkled, was once fair; this white hair once golden; these sunken eyes once brilliant; that I was the beauty and the pride of the village through which you just now passed. In that village my father was a wealthy farmer, and I was his only child. His gold, and my fair face, brought me many suitors. I chose one whom, with a woman's penetration in love, I knew wooed me for myself; but unfortunately, was the one of all others that my father disapproved. My father was proud of his wealth; prouder still of the antiquity of his family. He loved to boast that the 'Flowers' had, for three generations held the farm on which he was born, and it was with rage and mortification he learned that Frank Stopford, the son of the gamekeeper at the hall, was the chosen lover of his daughter, Jessy.

The story of our love is brief—'tis but the history of a day. I, with many of my village friends, had started in the morning to visit a spot dear to every English heart, the birth-place of Shakespeare. We wandered through the time-worn rooms, and spent out many a minute upon the walls—some lowly and unknown, others noble and kingly. At length it was proposed that we should separate and seek amusement for ourselves. Frank Stopford begged permission to show me the churchyard and the tomb of the great poet. We soon reached the row of noble trees that overhung the Avon; under their shade we walked, while Frank, with eloquent words, pictured to me the life of England's noblest son, his wild youth, his love, his genius, his life in London, his end so sad and so inglorious. Then he proceeded to speak of himself, and to tell me that the solicitor in Warwick to whom he had articulated through the influence of the squire, had spoken favorably of his abilities; and that in two more days he would leave for London, to try his fortune in the great city, where so many hopes are blighted, so many hearts crushed.

My quivering lips and starting tears emboldened him. "Jessy," he said, "I go without fear, if I go with your love; it will be a beacon to guide me in trial, to cheer me in moments of despondency. Tell me, dearest, is it mine? I feel that I shall some day win a name worthy for you to share; we are both young; tell me, Jessy, can you love and wait? With a wildly throbbing heart, but clear, firm voice, I replied: "For you dear Frank, I will love and wait, and hope."—Taking my hand in his with a look from his blue eyes that sank into my heart, he spoke to me in faltering tones of his deep abounded love. I could not reply, for my heart was too full. There are moments into which the feelings of a life seem compressed, and this was such to me. I would have given worlds to have told him how long, how passionately I had loved him; but the words died upon my lips, and in silence we left the spot and rejoined our companions.

During the homeward ride, we conjured up bright visions of our future life; I spoke with hopeful confidence of his talents and success. He with a lover's enthusiasm, declared that possessing me he was already rich. At parting he pressed

upon my lips one long, close kiss; and full of hope, sprung across the fields to meet my father, and acquaint him with our mutual love.—That night, as I laid my head upon the pillow, the world seemed to me to overflow with joy, my path through life to be strewn with roses.

The following morning, when my father and I were seated at breakfast—I should have told you that my dear mother died when I was quite young—I noticed that a cloud rested on his brow. Presently he said: "Those Stopfords are unbearably presumptuous. Yesterday evening that young upstart lawyer's clerk asked me for you, Jessy, and when I flatly refused to hear him, he dared to hint that you loved him. I told him that my daughter Jessy Flower, was far too handsome and sensible a girl to marry a fellow like him, and that if you had given him any encouragement, it was because you were ignorant of his circumstances, which I would take care you should be acquainted with soon enough; so, Jessy, in future you take no more notice of the fellow."

"Father," I cried, "what have you done, driven him away, and insulted him, too?"

"With his sensitive mind and noble heart?"

"Trash about his noble heart," broke out my father, in a towering rage; "is it possible you are such a fool as to care anything about him?"

"Care for him," I answered, through passionate tears; "I love him dearly, better than any one, more than life."

In a cold, calm voice, as he left the room, my father said, "Mind, girl, if you have anything to say to Frank Stopford, you may die in a ditch before a shilling of me money shall save you."

All that day hung heavily upon my hands. I longed to see Frank, and wondered if he would write or send me some token of remembrance; but I was doomed to pass the week without a word of acknowledgement. At length, as time wore on, I concluded that pride with him had conquered love, and that I was forgotten; but I wronged him by these thoughts; for, the morning after my father's harsh refusal, he sent me a letter, which was delivered into my father's hands, who quietly locked it in his desk, where it lay undisturbed for years, until at length I discovered it.

The letter ran thus: "My Jessy, I have spoken to your father, and can hardly wonder that, proud of you, as he justly is, he should have scorned my humble suit. Assured of your love, I can trust to time to overcome his objections; but, dearest, he told me that which, if true, will grieve me to the heart. He said that his daughter, too, would scorn me did she know that her lover, unfriended and poor, trusted to his own ability and energy. Jessy, is it so? Have you already lost faith in me? If not, send me word before I go, that you will be true to your promise to love, and wait, and hope. I ask no more. It shall not be long before I come to claim my bride, and then, even your father shall not scorn for his son-in-law your fond, devoted lover, Frank Stopford."

This letter I never received, and Frank left our village, with sad and bitter thoughts in his heart, of the proud village beauty, who could so soon plight and break her troth.

The weeks I counted from our parting grew into months, the months into years, and I heard nothing from Frank. Two years after he left us, his aged father died, and his mother went to London to join her son; so all communication between him and our village ceased. Once a London newspaper fell into my hands, and I read of a trial in which the prisoner was eloquently defended by Mr. F. Stopford. Once, too, I saw a book, of which he was named the author, and the high terms in which the critic spoke both of the work and the writer, made me feel how far above me my former lover was placed, and how soon one so humble as myself, must have been by him forgotten.

Time passed on in our old farmhouse with quiet strides. My father wrapped up in his crops, noticed not the shadow his too proud fondness had cast over his daughter's life. It was one sultry evening in autumn that my father, and I rode over to the market town, to place in the bank there a sum of money which he had received for his corn. As we entered the town, we noticed that a strange excitement seemed to pervade it; well-dressed men were running to and fro with faces of anger or anxiety; and as we approached the bank we perceived a large crowd collected before it, noisy surging, and clamorous for the doors to be opened. As my father drove up, the throng made way, and, amid a silence that struck ominously

upon my heart, we alighted. One brawny fellow pressed forward, and with a look of sympathy, inquired "Hast' much in, mister?" Another said, "Farmer Flower, the bank's broke! they are all gone off to Meriky!" while others crowded round with tales of their own losses and consolation for ours. Consolation my father would none of; without a word he reentered the car, and it was not until he was in his accustomed seat by the fireside, that he seemed to realize the extent of our calamity. Then, with tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, he burst forth, "Oh, Jessy! Jessy! the money I've been so long saving for thee, and thy grandfather's savings too—all gone! and I thought it so safe, too! Fool that I was to trust them!"

It was in vain to seek to comfort him; from that day the old man drooped; his beloved gold he could not forget. By degrees he took less interest in the farm, and suffered many things to be neglected. The consequence was, that the land, badly cultivated, produced poor crops; this, of course, reduced the profits, so that, on the second half year after our loss, my father found himself unable as usual, to go to the hall with the rent in his hand. The new squire—a harsh, unfeeling man—vexed to see his best farm going to ruin for want of care, was only too glad to tell my father that a new tenant had offered a higher rent for it, and would take possession as soon as we could leave. This news came upon my poor father like a thunder-stroke; and he strode from the hall, vowing vengeance on the squire and all that was his.

When it became known in the village that farmer Flower had received notice to quit his farm, indignation ran high; and Squire Maxwell lost much of the popularity he had gained through erecting a new school-house and reading-room, by this exercise of arbitrary power. It was thus, sir, that we came to this cottage, which was my mother's early home. The change did my dear father good, but his spirit was broken, and he went about a moody and disappointed man; he never could forgive the injustice to which he had been subjected.

One dark night I was sitting alone, musing on our altered fortunes, when my attention was caught by a bright lurid light in the direction of the hall. More and more intensely vivid it grew, and I watched, long flakes of fire shot up into the air. A fearful suspicion crossed my mind: the hall must be in flames, and my father—where was he? I searched every corner, I called, he answered not—he came not at my cries. An hour of terrible suspense ensued. The flames had died away, and looking out into the still, dark night, I doubted whether all was not the delusion of a heated imagination. A step upon the gravel path made me fly to the door. "Father," I cried, but alas! my gaze rested not upon his face, but on that of a stranger, whom by his dress, I recognized as a constable, and behind him stood the steward and two farm servants from the hall.

"I want John Flower," said the constable.

"He is not here!" I gasped out. "I know not where is."

"Very fine," answered the man brutally, "but, by your leave, I must search." The steward, seeing my pale, affrighted look, said kindly: "Don't be alarmed, Miss Flower; if he can prove an *alibi* he is safe, and no one wishes him well out of it more than I do."

"Mr. Jepson," I cried, "O pray explain to me what has my father done—why does this man seek him?"

"Then," replied my father, with a bitter sigh, "I must go with you, for I neither know the gentleman's name, nor anything about him except that he was going to Warwick, and had lost his way." Then addressing me, he said, consolingly, "Jessy, don't be alarmed, my poor child; I shall get off, never fear, Mr. Jepson will take care of you until I return."

"That I will," said the kind-hearted steward; "she shall not want for anything that I can get her."

Gently removing the arms I still held round him, my father entered the cart that was waiting for him. The steward took a seat on one side; the constable occupied the other. They drove off, leaving me with an aching heart to pass my first solitary night in this cottage.

That long night was over at last; and the first gray dawn of morning saw me on the road to Warwick. My one desire was to seek out the nameless stranger on whose word hung my father's hope. I resolved to let nothing hinder me until I found him. The sun was high in the heavens, when hot, footsore, and weary, I passed under the archway of that ancient town; but my heart beat high with hope, and my sorrows seemed to sit less heavily upon me, now that the energy of my nature was aroused. From inn to inn I went. At only one had a gentleman arrived the previous night, and he had come from a direction contrary to our village. I inquired diligently if any one had been received into a private house during that evening without success. None to whom I applied had seen the stranger pass through the town, even. Broken down and crushed in spirit, I walked wearily back to my desolate home. Many of the neighbors come in during the evening hours; but their officious pity annoyed me, while the certainty with which they spoke of my poor father's guilt enraged me. I was but too glad to be left to pass another lonely night. Very often, during the long hours, did my thoughts turn to Frank, with a longing wish that he was near me. I thought, if he only knew our peril, that he could save us.

The following day I learned that my father, having appeared before the magistrates, had been committed for trial at the assizes, which were to be held the following week. How I passed the days until the time of the trial, I know not. Some few kind friends, out of pity for my condition, exerted themselves to trace the strange gentlemen, in whose existence, however, scarcely one of them, I fancy, believed, whether it was their want of faith made them lukewarm, I know not, but their efforts were unattended with the slightest success.—Half the village went over to hear the trial, in which many of the inhabitants took a deep interest; farmer Flower was much respected, and more than one person considered the burning of the ricks an act of merited retribution. Mr. Jepson drove me over, and he obtained for me a seat in court; there he left me, for he was one of the witnesses. The room filled rapidly; on every side were familiar faces; by and by the squire entered with a party of his friends, looking resolute and indignant. A half suppressed hiss greeted him, which he either did not hear, or else he scorned, for he took the seat allotted to him with the air of an injured but benevolent individual. At length the judge appeared, and, last of all, my dear father, with a firm step, stood before the bar.

The usual forms had been gone through; several witnesses were called, to prove the threat uttered by my father, and that he was seen on the evening of the fire hurrying away from the direction of the burning ricks. The steward and constable related the facts of his absence from home, and of his return and capture. The case was strong against the prisoner, when the judge called upon him for his defence.

At this moment a barrister, whose presence I had not before observed, rose and intimated that he appeared for the prisoner at the bar. Every eye was turned upon him, for it was well known that no advocate had been employed on my father's behalf. Youthful, slight, and pale, at a first glance he appeared but a feeble champion, but when his face was turned towards me and I marked the eyes so quick and piercing, the firm, indomitable energy of that noble countenance, joy, hope and wonder took possession of me. Was it, could it be?—so changed, and yet so like! The first syllable of his voice assured me it was Frank Stopford—my Frank—who pleaded for my father; and such pleading! At the glorious, eloquent words that flowed so easily

Concluded on Fourth Page.

East Haddam Journal.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 14.

WAR IN EUROPE.—By the arrivals from Europe during the past week, it would seem that war is inevitable, Austria having crossed the Ticino, and set her armies in array against the Sardinians. What the result will be, time alone will determine.

The ground for this war can be given in a few words. Austria claims that she owns Lombardy and Venice: and in order to maintain her power in Italy, she keeps up a partial military occupancy in the central Italian States, with the exception of Sardinia. This latter province claims the right to manage her own affairs and is ready to fight, if need be, to maintain her independence. France is in sympathy with Sardinia, and claims that the Austrian occupancy of Italy is in violation of the treaties of 1815. Sardinia and France demand the abandonment of this despotic power which Austria imposes on the Italian provinces. Austria, not willing to do this, is determined to force Sardinia into a compliance with her wishes. 'Might makes right' with despotic governments.

It is thought by some, who are wise in European affairs, that England will be able, with her money, to prevent hostilities of a serious nature; and that the matters in dispute will be settled by a Peace congress. Such a result would be pleasing to all christian philanthropists.

RELIGIOUS.—The religious anniversaries in New York commenced on Saturday last with the meeting of the American Baptist Free Mission Society. The New York branch of the American Tract Society held its meeting in the Academy of Music on Wednesday, and, as was expected, had a stormy time—groans and hisses and hisses and groans, with cries of "sit down" "out of order," being the order of the day. When doctors disagree, who shall decide?

Rev. D. H. A. Buckley has insisted on a dismission from the Congregational church at Winsted, Ct. not considering it worth while to try to conciliate the parish for six months, as advised by the council, and also having accepted a desirable call to Patterson, N. J.

Rev. E. J. Doolittle has been dismissed from the pastorate of the Congregational church at Chester, Ct., and Rev. W. S. Wright of Avon has been invited to succeed him.

Rev. Mr. Alexander of Kentucky, for 26 years a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, has returned with his family.

An independent society, in which several denominations are represented, has been organized at Boston, to support Rev. Henry Morgan as a preacher to a free congregation.

Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, for over 30 years a missionary among the Cherokees, died last month.

The last words of the late Bishop Doane were: "I die in the faith of the Son of God and the confidence of His One Catholic Church. I have no merits—no man has; but my trust is in the mercy of Jesus."

Senator Seward, on the 21st. entertained the members of the Oneida Conference in session at Auburn. Bishop Simpson and a large company of ministers were present. After his introduction to the Bishop, Mr. Seward jocosely remarked, that he was an Episcopalian, and that they, as a church, would permit the Methodists to enter their pale if they would assume a subordinate position and suffer the church to rule. The Bishop very pleasantly replied that he was afraid there was not room enough, and that they would probably break down the church bars.

It is told of a distinguished clergyman in New York, that a few Sundays since, seeing a poor woman tottering up one of the aisles of his church, waiting in vain for one of the congregation to offer her a seat, paused in his sermon, descended from the pulpit, showed her into his own pew, and quietly returned to his desk again. The rebuke was a severe one, and must have been felt.

In an old piece of furniture, sold at Salem, Mass., the other day, a secret drawer was discovered in which reposed a will, duly and legally made thirty-three years ago, and which had never been presented for probate. The testator died twenty-five years since, and in the absence of any known will, his property was administered upon and divided among the relatives, according to law. The discovery makes a splendid case for protracted law-suits.

Local Matters.

Those in want of Blank Books and Stationery of all kinds can be supplied on reasonable terms at this office.

Will the Hartford Daily Post be good enough to mail the JOURNAL their valuable paper. We had concluded you had cut us from your exchange list on account of our diminutive size; but happening to see your issue of Monday, we found nearly a column of local bits taken from our last issue. If a thing is worth stealing, its worth paying for, ain't it, friend Scofield.

LONGEVITY.—There are at the present time at the alms-house in this town, six persons whose aggregate ages are four hundred and fifty years. One lady, Mrs. Anna Maynard, has been an inn at for eighteen years, and who has been blind for over forty years, has reached the age of ninety-five years. Lucinda Willey, an inmate for the past nine years, is eighty-three years old. Capt. Chas. Brooks has been on the town over twenty years, and is rising eighty. Major Selden Jones, and Capt. Philo Tyler are about seventy years old. They are all healthy, and their reason remains unimpaired.

Our readers will do well to look over our advertising columns this week—they are decidedly interesting.

Wm. E. Baker & Co., Hartford, talk largely and can back up what they say. Carpet and Curtain goods together with Paper Hangings and Upholstery comprise their stock in trade, which they wholesale or retail. Try 'em.

Williams & Hall, Druggists, Hartford, ask our readers to drop in upon them, which advice they will do well to heed.

Ackley, of Middletown, wishes to be remembered to our citizens, and will be pleased to entertain them with an endless variety of dry goods at very low prices.

Last, but not least, comes Putnam—a name to be revered by every patriot—who wishes it to be distinctly understood that he can furnish everything in the book and stationery line cheaper than the cheapest, and he's more than half right.

Mr. Editor.—I was very glad to see in your paper of last week, a sketch of the history of the old bell of St. Stephen's Church in your pleasant town, together with your appeal to the public to provide a place of safety for it.

I have often while visiting your village, examined the bell with much interest, and have often wished that I could know more of its history.

I have observed that the bell has a bad reputation in your place, and that nearly everybody is disposed to cry away with it, on account of the flatness of its tone, and though I have always on account of its antiquity, preferred it to the more pleasant toned bells of modern times, I have sometimes wished that it's tone was more clear. But Sir, I am now satisfied that the old bell is the victim of circumstances, and that since it has been in "Yankee Land" it has never been properly heard in its own defense, and I sincerely hope that your proposition for a stone or brick bell-tower, detached from the church, may be carried into effect, not only for the safety of the bell from fire, but that it may have a re-hearing as well as a re-hanging.

I have noticed that when lightly struck its tone is very clear and pleasant, and have wondered why it should not be better sustained, and have lately examined it to find if possible the difficulty, and am now satisfied that it is principally owing to the miserable manner in which it is hung.

In the first place the tower of the church is a weak wooden structure which you will hasten from in double quick time should you visit it as I have done, in a windy day: then the yoke is of wood, an unwieldy awkward concern with its arch so deep and narrow that the wood comes within an eighth of an inch of the side of the bell when at rest, and the appearance of the wood plainly shows that the bell has often been in contact with it. No bell in the world, under such conditions could vibrate so as to give a clear and well sustained tone.

I now venture the assertion that your old bell if properly placed on a good iron yoke and substantial stone tower will call you to church with such a clear and pleasant tone that everybody who has been accustomed to hearing it, will be both surprised and delighted at the result.

In your notice of it you said it had two inscriptions but gave only one of them, would it not gratify many of your readers should you give copies of both.

Moodus, Ct. May 5th. 1859.

MR. ERROR.

Sometime during the month of October last, I was informed by a neighbor on whose veracity I rely with perfect confidence, that on several occasions during the night time, he had heard such singular noises and voices in the vicinity of the "Old Burying Ground" on Salmon River, that he was inclined to be a little superstitious, inasmuch as he had never been able to ascertain the cause, nor the exact location of the remarkable sounds referred to. Believing that these nocturnal disturbances existed only in his

imagination. I readily agreed to visit the place some night for the purpose of hearing for myself, if there really was anything to hear, and more particularly to convince him that I did not fear to go there at any time of day or night, by reason of the ghostly influences which usually surround a graveyard at midnight; as he had quietly intimated to me that I would not like to venture there alone for the purpose of making an investigation. Accordingly at about 11 o'clock on the night of Nov. 18th, having dressed myself in a large cloak and close fitting cap, by which my person was effectually disguised, I took my way to this very lonely graveyard by the way of Mr. Brainard's saw mill, secretly reproving myself that I should forgo the pleasure of a good night's rest, simply to gratify a foolish curiosity, or to test a useless courage. Seating myself on a reclining stone at the North Eastern extremity of the yard, I prepared myself to hold a pleasant conversation with whatever spirits should be hovering about the resting places of their buried and mouldering tenements.

If you have never visited this spot, Mr. Editor, I would advise you to do so at your earliest convenience, and however free you may be from any feelings of superstitious awe, and however strongly you may feel disposed to despise any credulity in the existence of apparitions, yet I think you will readily admit that this is no very desirable place for contemplation to those who are superstitious. The yard is situated in the midst of a thick wood, at a great distance from any sign of human life, and seems to have been originally selected as a very appropriate resting place for the dead, by reason of its gloom and solitude, and if indeed the spirits of the dead ever do walk this earth, I am sure they would require no more retired and secluded place than this, and seldom need fear any interruption in their orgies from human interference. I suppose I had remained in my seat about half an hour, and was about to start for my home in Moodus, when some sound struck upon my ear resembling, as I thought, the suppressed laugh of some person at no great distance from me. Of course, I was at once on the qui vive, and ready, like a sentinel, to call out, "who goes there?" Though it is quite possible that if at that moment there had been an occasion for me, thus to have challenged a passer by, my voice might have been a little tremulous and indistinct. So faint was the sound which I had heard that, though I was sure it was not far from me, yet I was unable to tell from what direction it had proceeded. But I was not left long to wait for its repetition, for now there came a loud, clear, ringing laugh of at least a dozen voices at once, evidently from the point of land below me, on which stood the old fish house. This time there was no mistaking the fact of the voices, nor the direction from which they came. But whose were they? What possible object could prompt any one at that dreary, midnight hour, in such a lonely and forsaken spot, where the silence of death is seldom broken, and where Goblins only would feel at home? And I was satisfied they were human voices, uttered in merriment and revelry, and not in the dismal, doleful wail, with which superstition has clothed the strains of spirits. Determined if possible to yield to no false alarm, but to learn who had chosen that deserted place for their inappropriate revelry. I made a circuitous route toward the old fish house, which I soon discovered to be brilliantly lighted and from which the strange sounds issued. There was no door or if there was, it was wide open, and around the table in the center, covered with several kinds of food, and tumblers filled with some kind of sparkling liquid, sat about half a dozen of the most frightful and fiendish looking objects that I ever saw in my life. If they were human beings, it was indicated only by their voices, and by occasional outbursts of boisterous and restrained hilarity. Anxious to obtain a nearer view, I crawled along, with the greatest caution and in the most stealthy manner toward the building which stands a few feet from the water's edge, when in spite of my prudence a dry stick suddenly cracked under my feet, and sounded distinctly through the woods. Instantly all was darkness and silence in the hut and for concealment I sprang into a small clump of low bushes behind the body of a large tree—whether I was seen or not, I have no certain means of knowing, but the report of several pistols he balls from which rattled through the bushes just over my head, led me to suspect at least that I was discovered, and that if so, my situation was one of extreme peril. Uncertain what to do, I lay thus for about five minutes, moving neither hand nor foot for fear of exposure and sudden death, when I saw five figures disguised in the most horrid and frightful habiliments, slowly emerge from the old fish house, and separating, creep

with stealthy and cat like movements in different directions among the trees. There was sufficient light to enable me to perceive the hideous exterior of the fiendish shapes around me, and from the nature of their weapons, I had no reason to suppose they were really no better than they appeared to be. Each of them was enveloped in a white garment, on which were painted in black, some strange and frightful devices—These garments were gathered at the waist by a broad black strap containing revolvers, and bowie knives and some other weapons such as I had never seen before, showed plainly that an attack upon them would be attended with the most fearful hazard, if they saw fit to use the means of defense which they had at hand. Their faces were concealed by the most diabolical looking masks, each one different from the rest, and their heads were covered with closely fitting black caps. By their appearance and gait it was utterly impossible to tell whether they were men or quadrupeds, for they went with a loping, springing motion, sometimes erect, and again crawling like hyenas along the ground. Their movements could only be discovered by the light, for not a breath of noise attended them, nor did the sound of a single broken twig or crushed leaf indicate that they touched the ground. Twice did one of these Satanic objects pass within a few feet of my retreat, but it is clear that their eyes were not as well trained as their feet, for I was not discovered, though once I gave myself up as lost, for one of the devils taking a pistol from his girdle, peered through the bushes where I lay, and again passed noiselessly on. I can never forget the terror of that moment, and why on earth they did not discover me, I do not know. In a short time I saw them returning one by one to their haunt and when I had counted as many enter as I had seen come out, I began to feel secure, though I dared not even then leave my hiding place. Soon again I heard their voices in a low suppressed murmur and was satisfied that they were completing the revelry which I had so incautiously interrupted—though there was no more boisterous outbreak, the door was tightly closed, no light became visible through the cracks in the building, and I would not have approached a rod nearer that den, than I would irritate an uncaged hungry lion. In about half an hour, as near as I can judge, I saw them again come forth from the house and pass silently to a boat, which till then I had not seen, as it lay moored to the bank, and rapidly disappear, boat and all through the darkness, toward the opposite shore. Of course I made no attempt to follow or hail them, being glad enough to see them pass beyond the reach of pistol shot, but crawling from my place of concealment, I made the best of my way home. To the earnest and anxious inquiries of my friend the next morning, at whose request I had consented to visit this lonely spot, I made only an evasive reply, both because I was afraid he would laugh at me for my apparent cowardice as I had laughed at him before, and because I was desirous of keeping the matter as secret as possible hoping to learn something more concerning this strange set of fellows whoever they may be, and in reading this article in your paper he will receive his first intimations in regard to my experience on that fearful night. But having waited nearly six months, I am to day as much at a loss as then to understand the explanation of that singular affair, and confidently hoping that some of your readers who may peruse this letter may be able and willing to furnish some key to that transaction, I have concluded to give you a brief history of it, with a request that it may be published in your very valuable and interesting paper. Every word of the above statement is strictly true, and I have no doubt that this will be read by some of the scamps who were actors in that midnight scene, and while reading they will laugh in their sleeves to think how terribly they frightened your humble servant. GHOST.

SUICIDE OF A LITTLE GIRL.—The Greenfield Gazette gives the following account of a touching case of suicide by a little girl eight years old, daughter of Warren Leonard, at Deerfield, on Saturday, April 30: "About 4 o'clock in the afternoon her mother had occasion to correct her for some little misdemeanor, when she became very much excited and shut herself in a room, where she remained about an hour, when her mother called her to the kitchen. Her little brother, aged six and a half years, then requested her to go out to play with him. She then left the house with him, saying she would go to the river and drown herself, and started across the meadows upon a run, her little brother following. When they came to the river, she said to him if he would take her clothes back to the house, she would take them off. He tried to prevent her, but she deliberately walked in and drowned herself. He watched her until she reached a sufficient depth for the current to

carry her out of his sight, when he ran home and gave the alarm. It is the opinion of both parents that she was insane.

Save your Doctor's Bills.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer Consumption, it does more than most Physicians can do.—A single trial will satisfy the incredulous.

MARRIED.

In Boston, May 9, by the Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, Mr. A. Clark to Miss Eveline R. Dickman, both of Middletown. In Middletown, May 4, by the Rev. J. C. Wightman, Mr. David Maitland and Miss Susan Tyler, both of Middletown. In Waterbury, April 31, by Rev. J. A. Bailey, Capt. Curtis P. Williams, of California, to Miss Sophia Parker, daughter of Capt. Gideon Parker of Essex.

DEATHS.

In New York, May 10, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Capt. Christopher Tyler, aged 84, formerly of Haddam. Her remains were brought to this town for burial. In Middletown, May 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, relict of the late Edmund Hughes, Esq., aged 48 years. In Middletown, on the 4th inst. Miss Mary Galpin, age 1 3/4 years. In Middletown, on the 7th inst. Martin Roberts, age 1 3/4 years. In Middletown, on the 6th inst. Mrs. D. Alonzo, wife of S. C. Dunham, and relict of the late Henry Stewart, aged 48 years. In Deep River, April 28, Teresa Shipman, wife of Capt. Justin Arnold, and daughter of Mr. Joseph Shipman of Chester, aged 40 years. In Chester, April 28, Sarah Way, age 1 3/4 years.

J. M. Peddinghaus,

DEALER IN WATCHES, JEWELRY, Gold and Silver Spectacles, Silver and Plated Ware. COLCHESTER, CONN.

CHESTER WATER CURE,

AND MEDICO-SURGICAL INFIRMARY. For terms and particulars, address, A. PRATT, Chester, Conn.

OLD STORE AND NEW GOODS, G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED.

HAVE renovated and painted up their old store so that it is now quite decent, and are receiving by Steamers City of Hartford, and Granite State, a new and large assortment of well selected and very desirable Goods just purchased in New York, all of which will be opened and ready for inspection by Saturday next. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine them and are assured that the Goods have been bought exceedingly low, and will be offered at a very small advance. Every article warranted as good as recommended. Farmers Produce taken in exchange. Short credit given to such as are deemed worthy of it, but Cash never refused for Goods, (or Accounts past due.) G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED. Goodspeed's Landing, April 14. 3w2

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

ARE YOU INSURED? IF not please give us a call. The subscribers are Agents for the Aetna Insurance Co. of Hartford. Phoenix Insurance Co. Fire and Marine Insurance Co. Springfield. These Companies have each and all of them a large Cash Capital and Surplus, and are honorable, prompt and liberal in adjusting losses. Insurance against loss or damage by Fire, on Dwellings, Stores, Factories, Vessels on the stocks, &c. &c. can be effected on the most favorable terms on application to G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED, Agents for East Haddam and vicinity. Goodspeed's Landing, April 23, 1859. 3f3

WANTED.

FIVE good Ship Carpenters. Also, Carpenters to Ceil and Plank the Barge we now have on the stocks. G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED. Goodspeed's Landing, April 24, 1859. 3

GUN NO. 3.

Citizens of Middlesex County. You have heard the POP-GUN from Hartford and Middletown—a little pent air and an explosion. Regular Air Pistols and nothing else, with which they intended to knock our little Country Stores higher than their inflated aspirations ever ascended. Gentlemen and Ladies, I will not detract from their good qualities. They are good gas works—but we manufacture our own, and we don't need much. Besides they have windy advertisements which do not amount to much except to the Printer.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

If you wish for Shoes, call at Arrwood's. He will sell to you the best article for the lowest price.

LADIES GAITERS FOR 50 CENTS.

And other things in proportion. Besides you need not run all over town for an outfit.

GENTLEMEN OF MIDDLESEX CO.

If you want Boots or Shoes, Arrwood has them, if you need Pants, Arrwood has them. If you need a Coat, Arrwood has it. If you need a Shirt, Arrwood can furnish you with that article. If you need a Hat or Cap, Arrwood's is the place to look for them.

And in fact if you need anything of GENTS WEARING APPAREL go to Arrwood's and you will find the article in question.

Citizens of the State at Large!!

Lectures in past and and as you have leisure call at ATTWOOD'S and get for once a good suit of clothes.

Citizens of Middletown!!!

Call at ATTWOOD'S and furnish yourselves with SCHOOL BOOKS—you need them.

The Afflicted Everywhere.

Call at Attwood's Medicine Store and find something to relieve you. I don't say "Remember the Place," for you can't forget it. ATTWOOD'S.

Middletown Advertisements

MORE NEW GOODS!!
H. ACKLEY,
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Has just received a very large assortment of DRY GOODS, which he will sell at very low prices.

NEW STORE, AND NEW GOODS
A. R. PARSHLEY,
has removed to the spacious store one door south of the City Hotel.

GREAT RUBBER
PARSHLEY'S
Hat, Cap Boot and Shoe Store,
Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats, Straw Hats, Leghorn Hats, Panama Hats, Palm-leaf Hats, Cloth Caps, Glasse Silk Caps, Cassimere Caps, Men and Boys Calf Skin Boots, Patent Leather Boots, Calf and Patent Leather Gaiters, Calf and Patent Leather Oxford Ties, Calf and Patent Leather Brogans, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Gaiters, Slippers, Congress Boots, Morocco and Leather Boots.

HUBBARD BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF LUMBER,
We have now on hand the best stock of SEASONED LUMBER ever offered in this county and as good as can be found in the State.

OUR STEAM MILL,
Fine, Spruce and Southern Yellow Flooring, Planed and Jointed Girders, of superior quality. Worked Baling, Rickets, Mower Puts, Balusters, Holes and Awning Posts, Fence Balusters and Caps, Turned Ornaments, Mouldings all kinds, Panel Sash, Serryl Work, Fancy Wood Boxes, Sewing Machine Tables, &c. &c.

The Peoples Boot and Shoe Store.
GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE DOWN THE RIVER!!!
This subscriber has just opened the store formerly occupied by Chas. Barber, corner Main and Court Street opposite the McDonough House, where he can sell you Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Umbrellas, and Parasols.

Middletown Advertisements

FERREE & STEARNS,
SUCCESSORS TO E. C. FERREE,
Dealers in GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUIT, NUTS;
Wood Willow and Stone Ware; House Furnishing Articles; Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars; Pickles, Preserves, Catsups; West India Goods.

ATTWOOD,
FURED off a Pop-Gun, No. 3, last week the discharge did not hurt any one, the powder being of poor quality; he advises the people of Middletown to come down to East Haddam and buy School Books of him, just as though they would.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
OF every description can be had of PUTNAM the Middletown Bookseller, cheap for cash or approved credit.

MUSIC! MUSIC!!
SEND your orders to PUTNAM for Music. He has the latest and best.

NEW WORK,
By Rev. J. H. Ingraham.
Just published THE PILLAR OF FIRE; or Israel in Bondage; by the Author of "The Prince of the House of David."

FOR SALE,
1 Yoke Extra Fine Cattle, (weigh 2400 lbs.)
1 good Family Horse.
1 good Business Horse, (will go 12 miles an hour with ease.)

COFFINS,
A large assortment of BLACK WALNUT and STAINED COFFINS, which will be trimmed to order in as good manner, and from 10 to 20 per cent less than city prices.

Hartford Advertisements

HARTFORD.
THE
New Carpet Warerooms!!!
CARPET GOODS, CURTAIN GOODS, UPHOLSTERING and PAPER HANGINGS.

The Only Establishment
THAT DEALS EXCLUSIVELY IN THE ABOVE BRANCHES OF TRADE,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL!!
Our RETAIL TRADE will find that their Carpets will be CUT AND MATCHED PROPERLY.

Our Prices are Satisfactory to all!
ESPECIAL ATTENTION given to Goods that are to be sent out of town.
UNIFORMITY OF PRICES

ALL GOODS THE SAME AS REPRESENTED.
All orders filled and Satisfaction guaranteed.
MERCHANTS SUPPLIED FROM OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT
At Agent's Prices.
WM. E. BAKER & CO.
220 Main St., Hartford.

WILLIAMS & HALL,
Wholesale Druggists,
304 & 306 State Street, Hartford, Ct.
We offer to Merchants, at the lowest figures, a full assortment of MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, of all kinds, DYE WOODS, ACIDS, GLUE, EMERY, &c.

Steam Coffe and Spice Mills.
W. BOARDMAN & SONS.
Wholesale and retail dealers in
TEA, COFFEE AND SPICES,
241 STATE STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

Hartford Advertisements

GREAT IMPORTATION OF
CARPETINGS,
TALCOTT & POST,
BEG leave to inform the public that great arrangements are now made for the Carpet Trade.

DRY GOODS,
TALCOTT & POST have completed their arrangements for the prosecution of the Dress Goods & Silk Goods Trade in Hartford. The Ladies can find every new Dress Fabric as soon as the Goods are landed in New York.

WEATHERBY'S OLD STAND.
474 MAIN cor. MORGAN ST.
HARTFORD.
F. H. WILLIAMS, JACOB KNOUS, C. S. WEATHERBY.
Dry Goods, and Paper Hangings.

C. H. NORTHAM & CO.,
No. 127 & 129 STATE ST.,
Hartford, Conn.
OFFER for sale on the most favorable terms 50 Hhds. Porto Rice and New Orleans Sugar.

HATS and CAPS,
WE have on hand at the present time the best assortment of goods in our line to be found in the State. We are receiving at all times the Latest and most fashionable styles of Hats and Caps.

Hartford Advertisements

CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS-WARE.
A splendid assortment of China, Glass and Earthen Ware, just received and for sale at the lowest prices at the Asylum Street Crockery Store.

Traveling.
STEAMERS FOR NEW YORK.
Change of Time!
THE STEAMERS CITY OF HARTFORD, Capt. Simpson, and GRANITE STATE, Capt. King, will until further notice, leave Hartford at 3 1-2 o'clock P. M., for New York and river landings, and Goodspeed's Landing at about 6 1-2 o'clock.

STEAMER L. BOARDMAN.
Change of Time.
THE STEAMER L. BOARDMAN, Capt. Geo. W. Bates, will until further notice, leave Hartford every morning (Sunday's excepted) at 7 1/2 o'clock; Middletown, 8 15; Goodspeed's, 10 30 and Essex, 12; connecting at Lyme at 12 30 with the Express Train going East for New London, Stonington, Watch Hill, Newport, Providence, Boston, New Bedford, Nantucket, Cape Cod and all-along-shore, and going West for Westbrook, Clinton, Madison, Guilford and New Haven.

CHANGE OF TIME.
Steamer Washington Irving.
THE Steamer WASHINGTON IRVING, Capt. H. A. Bates, will on and after this date leave Hartford daily, (Sunday's excepted) at 2 1/2 o'clock for Goodspeed's and intermediate Landings. Leaves Goodspeed's as usual at 7 o'clock A. M.

East Haddam and Colchester.
STEAMBOAT AND MAIL LINE OF STAGES.
LEAVES GELSTON HOUSE, Goodspeed's Landing daily (Sunday's excepted) for Moodus, Westchester and Colchester.

THE FERRY.
AT GOODSPEED'S LANDING.
THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he having just purchased an interest in the above named property, and furnished it with new and much improved Boats, is determined to make it the most desirable and popular ferry on the river.

Continued from First Page.

From his lips! the very breath of his hearers seemed suspended. All my years of patient waiting—of earnest, faithful love, were richly repaid me in the happiness of that hour!

Without leaving the court, the twelve jurymen, amid the tears of some, and the hearty cheers of others, declared John Flower "Not Guilty."

Five minutes afterwards, in a small back room, I was waiting for my father with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, when the door opened, and Frank Stopford entered.

"O, Frank!" I cried, with bitter tears, "you no longer love me—you are cold and changed!"

"Jessy," he answered, trembling from head to foot, "what means this? Had you loved me, you would have answered the letter I sent you the day after our parting."

"The letter you sent to me—what letter I received none."

"And have you for these seven years, kept the promise you made to me under the elms at Stratford—to love, and hope, and wait?"

"Yes Frank, I have never forgotten it, or ceased to love you."

With a look of unutterable anguish he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! to think that it is now too late! My poor Jessy, this heart, which should have been all yours, is now another's, and past recall. I am married."

When I recovered from the long death-swoon into which I sunk, the first words I heard were those of Mr. Jepson.

"Yes, Mr. Flower, the gentleman who defended you was the celebrated Mr. Stopford, the son of our old gamekeeper. It's wonderful how he has risen: they say his marriage helped him on, though. His wife was a daughter of General McKen-

"Ah, Jessy," said my father, "I judged wrong once: it was a bad day for thee, my poor child, when I refused Frank Stopford."

It was the last time the name ever passed his lips; and I grew in the course of years, to think without pain of the man to whom the best and brightest years of my life had been devoted.

We were escorted home by a band of rejoicing friends; in the evening the squire rode down to the cottage, and holding out his hand, said, "Come, Mr. Flower, let bygones be bygones: we have been mistaken in each other, but we shall understand one another better in future."

Once—a long while after—in the newspaper I saw the death of the beloved daughter of Frank Stopford, Esq. Poor little thing! her name was Jessy.

ENSIGN, THE GREATEST LIVING HUMBUG, AND PARKER & WARD,

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITES,

ARE altogether two different names. Ensign is noted for his loud pretensions. While PARKER & WARD are known by their really low prices on

BOOTS AND SHOES,

we defy Ensign or his tribe to compete with us in prices.

It is startling "but nevertheless true that we do sell Ladies Kid Slips at 25 cts. a pair, and Women's Cloth Congress Gaiters at 58 cts. a pair.

ENSIGN HAS HAD HIS DAY,

PARKER & WARD, NOW TAKE THE LEAD,

and will continue to do so. We have just received a large and magnificent stock of

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,

and we will sell them at prices which will astonish you.

CITIZENS OF EAST HADDAM,

ATTENTION,

YOUR LITTLE COUNTRY-SHOE STORES ARE NOWHERE!!!

And why? Simply because we sell more goods in one day than the small concerns sell in a month. They sell as cheap as they can but cannot compete with us in prices.

Give us a call, you shall be well treated and we guarantee that you can more than pay your expenses to Middletown by buying your Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes here.

Remember the place, PARKER & WARD, 298 Main Street, Middletown, Conn.

Middletown Gallery of Fine Arts.

THE subscriber has removed his Gallery of Paintings, Engravings, Looking Glasses, and other materials of the

Fine Arts,

from his late place of business to the store under the Universalist Church, and which he has fitted up in a manner he believes acceptable to his patrons.

NEW FRAMES FOR PAINTINGS, Daguerreotypes, Photographs and Engravings, or re-gilding Old Frames will be promptly attended to.

Frames for Photographs will be furnished at any moment upon order, cheaper and of better quality than ever before offered in Middletown.

Looking Glass Plates of the very best quality, and of all sizes, reset in any frames.

Call into the store and look around, whether you purchase or not, as the Gallery is freely open to the public. The Old Stock, comprising many interesting pictures, will be sold off at a low price to make room for new supplies.

EDWIN BREWER, Middletown, April 9, 1859.

Ferre & Stearns, DEALERS IN

Groceries and West India Goods.

Center Store under McDonough Hall, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

FURNITURE.

The subscriber has now on hand Common, Useful and Necessary

FURNITURE

of nearly all kinds to be found in any establishment in the state. His stock consists in part of

Sofas, Bureaus, Secretaries, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Tables, Looking Glasses, Lounges, Chairs, &c., &c., &c.

All of which will be sold for Cash at from 10 to 20 per cent less than city prices.

S. COOK, Goodspeed's Landing.

Wanted Immediately.

5000 feet 14 and 16 inch White Oak Treanails, 100 5 and 6 inch White Oak and Chestnut Ship Knees.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's REFRESHMENT SALOON, MAIN STREET, Between Goodspeed's and East Haddam Landings, EAST HADDAM, CONN.

FLOUR! FLOUR!! FRESH GROUND AND WARRANTED.

THE Subscribers are now receiving direct from the Mills, (at Cleveland Ohio,) a very superior article of FLOUR, made expressly for them from selected Wheat.

We will warrant the Flour to give perfect satisfaction. G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED, Goodspeed's Landing, April 22, 1859.

DRY GOODS, NEW GOODS!

Provisions, Flour, FINE, &c., &c., The largest Stock in Town.

And the best place to purchase them for CASH OR APPROVED CREDIT is at the old stand of

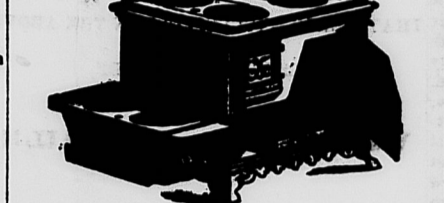
GOODSPEED'S, Goodspeed's Landing, April 22.

Farming Utensils.

- Plows, Cultivators, Ox Shovels, Hoes, Rakes, Manure Forks, Spades, Shovels, &c. &c.

for sale low by G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED, Goodspeed's Landing, April 22, 1859.

Stoves! Stoves!!



TIN, SHEET IRON, and COPPER MANUFACTURING, At the old stand of H. R. Hibbard & Co

You will find a large assortment of Cook, Parlor, and Parlor Cook Stoves, of the best kinds for either wood or coal.

Pumps! Pumps!! Chain and Brake Pumps, of all kinds, constantly on hand and put up at the shortest notice.

Roofing done at short notice.

A large assortment of Plumb and Japanned, Glass and Britannia Ware, for sale cheap. HARPER BROS. Moodus, April 2d.

TO LET.

THE House and Lot recently occupied by Capt. Stein, near the Ferry, opposite Goodspeed's Landing. Apply to G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED.

COLLINS' COLUMN.

GREAT ATTRACTIONS, Beautiful! Beautiful!!

New and elegant

PERFUMERY and EXTRACTS for the HAND. KERCHIEF.

- Musk, Pink, Upper Ten, Violet, West End, Rose, Patchouly, Verbena, Frangipanni, Heliotrope, New Mown Hay, Jockey Club, Airs of Heaven, Mill Flowers, Sweet Briar, Rose Geranium, Sweet Pea, Boquet de Caroline, Fleur DeOrange, Mother's Coming, Kiss me Quick, Sandal Wood, Kiss me Sweetly

For the Toilet, Florida Water, Rose Geranium Water, Citronella Rose Water, Musk Lavender Water, Burnett's Cocaine.

For the Hair, Phalon's Hair Invigorator, Lyen's Cathyon, Barrey Tricopheros, Boyle's Hyperion Fluid, Persian Oil of Kasia, Ruse Hair Oil, Barey Oil, highly Perfumed. Savage Unsira, Barney's Purified Marrow with Extract of Rosemary.

Colognes, Barney's superior Cologne, put up in Elegant Bottles, for the Toilet Table.

PAINTS AND OILS, FOR SPRING TRADE, 1859.

JEWETT'S PURE WHITE LEAD, ATLANTIC WHITE LEAD, SNOW WHITE ZINC.

LINSEED OIL, VARNISH, JAPAN TURPENTINE, LETHARGE, FRENCH YELLOW, VENETIAN RED, &c.

HAMPDEN PERMANENT GREEN, For Painting Window Blinds, direct from the MANUFACTURERS,

and for sale at the cheapest Depot, for goods in his line, in the State by C. F. COLLINS.

ACIDS, ACIDS.

- 100 Carboys Oil Vitriol, 50 do Aqua Fortis, 50 do Muriatic Acid, 50 do Nitric Acid, 300 lbs. Quicksilver, 25 lbs. Bounty Logwood and Fustic, 10 bbls. Chalk.

Just received and for sale by C. F. COLLINS, Druggist, Cor. Main and Wm. St. Middletown, Conn. 1

NEW GOODS!

THE CASH STORE, WHITBY M. SMITH.

THE subscriber has just received a large and well selected stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Grain, Crockery, &c., which he will take great pleasure in offering to all those who will favor him with a call, at a very small advance for

Cash or Barter.

A large assortment of Dry Goods, comprising the latest styles of Delains, Gingham, Silks, Calico's, Linens, Flannels, Cottons bleached and unbleached, Tickings, Cloths, Cassimeres, Velvets, Satins, Tweeds, Sateens, Shawls, Gloves, Hosiery, Paper Hangings, &c.

Particular attention is called to a large and splendid assortment of the latest style of Hoop Skirts, being the best as well as the cheapest ever offered in this place.

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Salted Provisions, &c., FLOUR BY THE BARREL OR SACK.

In a word all you wish. Come and examine for yourselves, the subscriber is bound

NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.

"Cash Down, Quick Sales, and Small Profits,"

is the Motto. P. S.—Goods will be delivered in Goodspeed's and East Haddam Landings, free of charge.

WHITBY M. SMITH.

GEORGE W. JONES,

WOULD inform his friends and the public generally that he has on hand a large and general assortment of

DRY GOODS, HARDWARE,

GLASS WARE, CROCKERY,

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

ALSO,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gloves and Hosiery,

Carpets and Paper Hangings, Patent Medicines,

Perfumery, Dye Woods, Willow Ware,

Brooms and Brushes, Pans and Tubs,

Ploughs and Farming Tools, Clover and Timothy Seed,

Paints and Oils, Flour and Meal, Burning Fluid, &c. &c.

All of which will be offered Cheap for Cash—Call and see. East Haddam Landing. 1

THE BELSTON HOUSE,

at Goodspeed's Landing

BY WILLIAM S. TYLER.

THIS well known, superbly furnished and elegant Hotel, is at all times open for the reception of company, and it is the determination of the Proprietor to please all that may favor the "Belston" with a call.

A large and well conducted Livery Stable is connected with the Hotel from which can be had at all hours first rate single and double teams at the lowest prices. Horses left on board will receive the best of care in every respect.

The Stage for Colchester, passing through Moodus, East Haddam and West Chester, and the Stage for Lyme, passing through Haddam, Pleasant Valley and Hamburgh, leaves the Hotel every morning at 7 o'clock, these Stages are driven by steady and experienced men who will do all in their power to please all that may favor them as passengers, or intrust them with business of any nature.

WM. S. TYLER, Goodspeed's Landing, April 2, 1859. 6w1

BOOTS AND SHOES.

GEO. SEUFERT, would respectfully inform the citizens of East Haddam and vicinity, that he has taken the room over Thompson's Hat and Shoe Shop, where he will be happy to make Boots and Shoes and do all kinds of repairing for all who may favor him with their patronage.

Goodspeed's Landing, April 2. 11f

Pine Lumber.

A LARGE assortment of our own manufacture at lower prices than at any other yard in Connecticut of equal quality, constantly on hand and for sale by E. S. DRINKINSON & CO. Goodspeed's Landing, April 2, 1859. 1f1

FOR SALE.

250,000 feet Oak and Chestnut Fitch Timber. 15000 feet 2 and 3 1/2 inch Oak Ship Plank. 3000 feet 3 1/2 inch Oak Ship Plank.

G. E. & W. H. GOODSPEED, Goodspeed's Landing, April 2d.

WHITBY'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

THE BEST REMEDY THE BEST REMEDY THE BEST REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds, and Influenza. For Coughs, Colds, and Influenza. For Coughs, Colds, and Influenza.

A CERTAIN REMEDY A CERTAIN REMEDY A CERTAIN REMEDY

FOR WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, AND ASTHMA. FOR WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, AND ASTHMA.

A SURE CURE A SURE CURE A SURE CURE

FOR BRONCHITIS AND SORE THROAT. FOR BRONCHITIS AND SORE THROAT. FOR BRONCHITIS AND SORE THROAT.

A SOVEREIGN BALM A SOVEREIGN BALM A SOVEREIGN BALM

For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs. For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs. For all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

IT RELIEVES AT ONCE IT RELIEVES AT ONCE IT RELIEVES AT ONCE

IT EFFECTS A PERMANENT CURE. A PERMANENT CURE. A PERMANENT CURE.

Beware of Counterfeits. Beware of Counterfeits. Beware of Counterfeits.

The only genuine has the written signature "I. Fowle," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, RICHARD S. PRATT, & CO., Boston, on the outside wrapper, therefore be not deceived.

FOR SALE by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines both in City and Country.

EVERYWHERE EVERYWHERE EVERYWHERE.

Agents—G. E. & W. H. Goodspeed, Goodspeed's Landing; Richard S. Pratt, East Haddam Landing.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS! THE OXYGENATED BITTERS! THE OXYGENATED BITTERS!

AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, OR INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, OR INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, OR INDIGESTION,

ACIDITY, FLATULENCY, HEADACHE, ACIDITY, FLATULENCY, HEADACHE, ACIDITY, FLATULENCY, HEADACHE,

WEAKNESS OF THE SYSTEM, WEAKNESS OF THE SYSTEM, WEAKNESS OF THE SYSTEM,

Water Brisk, Operation after Eating. Water Brisk, Operation after Eating. Water Brisk, Operation after Eating.

JAUNDICE, JAUNDICE, JAUNDICE.

Stomach Complaints, Loss of Appetite; Stomach Complaints, Loss of Appetite; Stomach Complaints, Loss of Appetite;

LIVER COMPLAINTS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, LIVER COMPLAINTS,

FEVER AND AGUE, FEVER AND AGUE, FEVER AND AGUE,

NEURALGIA, NEURALGIA, NEURALGIA,

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS; BILIOUS COMPLAINTS; BILIOUS COMPLAINTS;

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

AND all kinds having their origin in IMPERFECT DIGESTION, IMPERFECT DIGESTION, IMPERFECT DIGESTION.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS THE OXYGENATED BITTERS THE OXYGENATED BITTERS

AND PREPARED BY S. W. FOWLE & Co., 15 Tremont Street, Boston, And are Sold

by their Agents, and by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines, in all parts of the Country, EVERYWHERE EVERYWHERE.

Agents—Goodspeed's Landing, G. E. & W. H. Goodspeed; East Haddam Landing, Richard S. Pratt.