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FOR THE JOURNAL.

WINTER.

Brave winter and I shall ever agree;
He is wild in his humor and full of glee;
The silvery snow and the crinkling frost;
How merry we go when the earth seems lost.
Like spirits, that rise from the dust of time,
To live in a purer and holier clime.

The feath'ry snow comes floating down,
For autumn days have come and gone;
Bracing and pure is the clear, cold air,
Cozy and warm are the blankets we wear:
A blessing we breathe, and onward we speed,
Far in the track of the tireless steed.

The skies are fair, the stars are bright,
Hol for the joys of the winter's night;
And the trees, with their diamond branches, appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;
But ah, like the many fair hopes of our years,
It glitters awhile, then melts into tears.
Chester, Dec. 1, 1859. ANNIE G.

I SAT THINKING.

I sat thinking—idly dreaming
Of the friends my heart once knew
Till my fancy brought their beaming,
Laughing faces back to view.
Olden pleasures, scenes of childhood,
Passed before in shadowy train;
Till I roamed once more the wildwood,
And I was a boy again.

Back through years of sin and sorrow,
O'er bright hopes that could not last,
Till my heart did eager borrow
Sunlight from the buried past—
As these phantoms by me glided,
In the twilight dimly there,
I heard again the voice that guided
Mine so oft in infant prayer.

Quickly turning, to be grasping
Her pure hand within my own
Nought before me—nothing clasping
For the vision fair had flown.
O, my mother, years may vanish;
Disappear in Time's dark sea?
Nought of earthly grief can banish
Thy remembrance dear from me.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.—On one of the many bridges in Ghent stands two brazen images of father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of the admiration of their fellow-citizens by the following incident:

Both the father and son were, for some offence against the state, condemned to die. Some favorable circumstance appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his sentence under certain provisions; in short, he was offered a pardon on the most barbarous condition, namely: that he would become the executioner of his father. He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for, let us hope, for the honor of our nature, that there are very few sons who would not have spurned with abhorrence life on a condition so horrid and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him that, at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation for him, in his last moments, to think that, in his death, he was the instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty. He lifted the ax, but as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the ax dropped from his hand. Had he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them, one after another, rather than again conceive, much less perpetrate, such an act. Life, liberty, everything banished before the dearer interests of filial affection. He fell upon his father's neck, and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! my father! we die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfil the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be—bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity—who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended, and on a simple report of the transaction to the authorities, both were pardoned.—High rewards and honors were conferred on the son, and, finally, these two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature, and transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of letting fall the ax.

NEW HAVEN, Ct., Nov. 25, '59.

MR. EDITOR:—Chance has thrown a late number of your interesting Journal under my observation, and I cannot resist the temptation to relate to you an adventure which once befell me in company with an old friend of mine, whose card I notice at the head of your first column. Many years have passed since I have seen him, and I did not know whether he were still "in the land of the living," till my sight by mere accident fell upon his once familiar name as I was scanning the columns of your paper; but if he is still as full of glee and hilarity as he used to be when we were schoolmates together, I am sure I should very much like to see him again.

In Fairfield County, on the main road which leads from Westport to Wilton, there stands, or at least did stand at the time of which I am speaking, about midway between the two places, an old-fashioned two story house which has the appearance of having been built about forty years ago. About the year 1840, this place was owned and occupied by a young lady who had acquired the house and also a large amount of personal estate by inheritance, and who subsequently had the serious misfortune to be considered wealthy. She had neither brother or sister to share her property with her nor to give her the advantage of their counsel and influence. Under these circumstances it is not strange that she should be surrounded by suitors, some at least of whom sought her hand more for her estate than for herself. At length to one of these she unfortunately united her destiny and her unprincipled husband was not long in converting and appropriating her whole property.

It was known that they did not live pleasantly together, for she was a mild, quiet, virtuous woman, and her pure nature could not be congenial to the wretch who had won her heart and her money. A single year only had elapsed when she disappeared one night in a most mysterious and singular manner. Her husband said that she had gone away in the night without telling him where she was going and that he could give no further explanation of her absence. The neighborhood was aroused to search for her and for several days they sought her in every direction, but in vain, for she was never seen again. Her husband was accused of foul play, and finding that the suspicion against him was rapidly gaining ground, he disposed of his place and left. Some time after this the occupants of the house, while digging in the cellar found a female skeleton, which left no doubt in the minds of any that the unfortunate lady had been murdered and buried under her own house.

From this time the most frightful noises and sights were either perceived or imagined about the premises, and from that day to this the place has been known as the "haunted house." Night after night, when it was particularly dark and stormy, the ghosts were said to wander around the desolate and forsaken rooms in this old tenement, and make the night hideous with their horrible wailings and orgies. Family after family was compelled to leave the premises for a more quiet residence. The building slowly fell into disuse and dilapidation. Strange sounds issued from the broken windows and creaking doors. Blue lights flitted from room to room during the gloom of every midnight storm. The internal air was impregnated with sulphurous odors and nauseous stench. Mourning wails or piercing shrieks echoed in every corner, and frequently in the stillness of night, travelers saw, or thought they saw, pale and ghostly forms gliding about through the dimly lighted building. No doubt in this case, as in every other of a similar nature, the freaks and ingenuity of some graceless wasps, playing upon the imagination and superstition of people whose feelings had been shocked by the discovery of a brutal murder, had either created or greatly augmented the ghostly reputation of the "haunted house;" but no matter, it was for years really believed to be the meeting place of spirits, and even the grave, pious and fearless portion of the community invariably moved faster when passing this noted spot in the night time.

It was in this state of public feeling and excitement, that with my friend whose name appears in your paper every week, and two other daring and reckless fellows, I resolved to visit this house the next night, which seemed propitious for the appearance of ghosts. Accordingly one dark night, when a severe and violent thunder storm seemed to be approaching we, four of us, repaired to the

dreaded spot, which we reached about 11 o'clock. We were well provided with food and weapons, and everything which we thought would be needed. The outside doors were locked, the lower windows secured, and we gained an entrance through the outer cellar door. First we examined the spot whence the murdered lady had been exhumed, and then started for the upper portion of the old house in different directions, carefully examining the empty rooms and closets in our way to the attic. Our examination and progress were in perfect silence. We went from one corner to another on tip-toe; and nothing occurred to attract our attention save the deep and rumbling echoes which greeted us in every bare and desolate room. We reached the garret by a very dark and narrow stair-way and quietly located ourselves between it and the rear chimney. Of course we did not believe in the existence of any supernatural agency, but we thought if the public had been made the victims of any ingenious trickery, we should like to have an opportunity to examine the *modus operandi* and see how these human ghosts perpetrated their machinations.

It was nearly midnight, the dreaded hour that superstition has fixed for the appearance of ghosts, when we had completed our search and had ensconced ourselves in our silent vigil. Within the building not the faintest sound of any kind reached our ears, but without the storm was howling fearfully, the thunder roared in loud and almost constant peals, and the rain in big drops smote furiously on the clattering shingles above us. Silently and patiently we waited whatever demonstration was to be made and we neither spoke nor whispered a word to each other. It was dark as Erebus in that old garret, except when the lightning flashed through the narrow, begrimmed and cobwebbed windows. Expectation was on tip-toe—our eyes and ears were doing all that could be asked of them. We did not really anticipate any strange occurrence nor were we moved by any actual fear, but still a disagreeable and undefinable apprehension was stealing over us which we could not wholly repress. The extreme loneliness of our situation, the wild storm which was raging without, our apparent distances from any other human being, and the unearthly notoriety of this "haunted house" all combined to render us at least somewhat uneasy and apprehensive.

Twelve o'clock came and slowly, very slowly, passed. In each lull of the thunder we could hear distinctly the beating of each other's hearts and watches. The black, unbanistered stairway at our sides seemed to gape more gloomily than ever. Fancy surrounded us with strange shapes but still no whisper was uttered by either of us. Thus passed a half hour of breathless, intense vigilance, and as no apparition had made its appearance in its pale, sepulchral habiliments to frighten us, we began to think of moving, when a strange and never to be forgotten sound brought each of us to our feet like a shock of electricity. A wild, sudden, piercing shriek echoed and re-echoed through the old building and ended in a low, plaintive wail of extreme agony, and this was instantly followed by a dull, jarring, crashing sound beneath our feet which shook the house as though a mighty thunder bolt had dashed from roof to cellar; and immediately all was hushed and still as death. Waiting but a moment we lighted our candles with trembling hands, and as the glare flashed on our faces they seemed stamped with the utmost horror. Still nothing was said and we started with the utmost caution to descend the narrow passage. I was ahead, and as I reached the bottom stair and was about to step off on to the floor, to my extreme astonishment I found there was no floor there. Directly at the foot of the stairs, through boards, lath and plaster, was burnt a circular hole about three feet in diameter. Had I not discovered it just in time I should have been precipitated to the floor below at the risk of my life. With a jump we cleared the hole and then gazed down through the silent gloom with feelings most unpleasantly akin to dread. We went to the room below to examine the wreck and splinters of the broken boards. We saw no more and heard no more, and from that day to this the cause of that most singular occurrence has been shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery. It was possible, indeed, for the shriek to have issued from a human throat, but how any human agency could have caused that large opening without leaving any indications of the manner, was more than we could conceive. It could not have been there when we as-

ceded but an hour before for we must inevitably have fallen through it. Nor could it have been occasioned by lightning for the floor above, the floor below and the walls around were entirely uninjured. Whether the unearthly scream which started us had any connection with this except in point of time, we shall probably never know; but certain I am that none of us will ever forget the memorable and eventful night, nor our first and last visit to the "haunted house."

I do not know as you will wish to give your space to so long a letter, and indeed I do not know why I have been induced to write out the details of this singular adventure, but the correctness with which your paper circulates to some extent in Fairfield County, together with the use of my own signature, will convince you, I trust, that what I have written is no fiction.

Yours truly, A. HYATT.

INTEMPERANCE AMONG FASHIONABLE LADIES.—The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier says:

"There is a great and growing evil in this city, but one of such a delicate nature as to almost forbid being dragged into public print. I refer to the increasing and lamentable habit now so common of the indulgence by ladies in intoxicating drinks. I do not refer to those who do wrong almost from necessity, but to that other class who have rich husbands and homes that might be made happy. A large number of this class seem to be steadily diving deeper into dissipation every year, than many persons greatly interested in their welfare and happiness even imagine. I have heard recently of several distressing cases of this kind.—And to-day I learn that the wife of a well known citizen, reported to be very wealthy has been sent to the lunatic asylum, in the hope that she may with returning reason, be enabled to overcome the terrible temptations which intoxicating liquors have of late had for her. Her husband's name is almost as familiar to some parts of the South as it is here.

SHOCKING SUICIDE.—John George Bucher, a man about thirty-five years of age, committed suicide in Cincinnati on Friday, by blowing out his brains with a pistol. It was a singular case of unrequited affection. For some time past, until within the last few months, Bucher had been living in a state of extreme intimacy with a woman whose name does not appear. About six months ago he left her and went to Indiana. Whether or not the separation was the result of a disagreement is not known. At the time of his departure, his mistress was in a condition peculiar to maternity, and shortly after gave birth to a child. A few days ago he returned to Cincinnati, and ascertained that she had been married but a week or two previous. This intelligence seemed to affect him very much, and from that time he wandered about among his former acquaintances, as if seeking consolation, and apparently laboring under extreme mental depression.

On the afternoon of Friday he visited a friend named Michael Suchack, and while walking the room and talking to Mrs Suchack about his Mary and his child whom he would never see again, he suddenly drew a pistol, and placing the muzzle in his mouth shattered the upper portion of his head, and fell on the floor a corpse.

The following cure for a cold has been on record since 1430:

Putte your fettee in hot water,
As high as your thigges;
Wrappe your head up in flannelle,
As lowe as your eyes;
Take a quart of rum'd gruelle,
When in bedde, as a dose;
With a number four dippe
Well tallowe your nose.

Some Down East poet, since the cold snap set in has got to writing poetry. He says:

The weather is cold,
But if the truth may be told,
The ladies most gallantly bare it:
To stand in the street
Is indeed quite a treat—
They have "nothing to wear"—and they wear it.

The common opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to let 'em slide.

