

## A RED-HAIRED, BLUE-EYED GHOST.

THE STOUTEST-HEARTED CITIZENS OF BLISSVILLE FILLED WITH TERROR.

All the hair in Blissville, Long Island, is on end with terror and excitement, and even the stoutest-hearted citizens feared to sleep until they got to church yesterday, because the ghost cries "Oh, ho!" and "Ah, ha!" and likewise "Humph, humph!" still haunts the sepulchres of Calvary Cemetery, and all Saturday night gave vent to weird and mysterious moans and sighs. The hideous mystery that shrouds the case was yesterday made blacker and more frightful by the story of John Powers, the proprietor of a hotel directly opposite St. Raphael's Church. Mr. Powers says that while he was on his way home from the City Hall, which has a liquor-saloon in the basement, about 11 o'clock on Friday night, he met a little woman in the road just back of the DeBevoise homestead. She passed him just as the clouds parted sufficiently for him to notice that she was dressed completely in black, and she moved along in a strange manner, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Mr. Powers is a brave man, but he confesses that there seemed something so weird and unearthly about the mysterious traveler that his knees quaked and his heart came up into his throat. However, he swallowed it, and managed to falter "good night," but the black figure neither paused nor answered, but passed straight along. Mr. Powers turned to go on his way, his mind filled with strange forebodings, but something prompted him to turn and look back again. He had looked away but one brief moment, but in that moment the black figure had vanished utterly. There were no houses, trees, nor fences near, nothing that even a cat could have concealed itself behind, and yet the weird apparition had disappeared and left not the slightest indication of its presence. Mr. Powers by a mighty effort collected his faculties and started homeward sadly but not slowly.

Thomas Culvert, Jr., of Blissville, met the same black spectre on Saturday night. She was not more than three feet tall, and had red hair, he said, and long curls hung down her back. She seemed to be about 25 or 30 years of age, and the expression of her countenance, as he caught a glimpse of her face, was one of deep melancholy, while her eyes were of a stony blue that chilled his very blood, as she fixed them upon him for a single instant. So soon as she took her glance from his face Culvert bolted for the paternal roof, without a look behind him, and never slackened his pace until he burst hatless and breathless into the house, and slammed and bolted the door behind him. The same night the residents of the houses in the locality of the frame structure whence the ghostly cries have proceeded distinctly heard the fearful sounds at intervals, and trembled and muttered exorcisms. Numbers of persons, made brave by the daylight, visited the haunted house and locality yesterday afternoon, but shrank away when the shadows began to deepen.

Many lay the authorship of the mysterious sounds to Rollins Johnson, the village barber, and Supervisor McLaughlin insists that it is either an owl or that artist. Barber Johnson, however, insists that he knows nothing about the matter and swears that he himself is afraid to stir out of his house after dark. It was intended to form a party of bold and fearless men on Saturday night to solve the mystery, but was so stormy and unpleasant that the project was postponed. August Heffner, a barber from Hunter's Point, visited Laurel Hill and Blissville yesterday to join the searching party. He was disappointed when he learned that it had been abandoned, and said that he had laid many a ghost in Germany and was confident of his ability to deal with the spook that was disturbing the peace of Blissville. The Blissvilleites are confident that the cries are from no earthly voice, and there will be no peace until the grisly secret is explained. No one stays out late at night now; husbands and sons remain at home in the evenings, and the young men who call upon the young ladies go home early and do not stop on the way.

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