

LITCHFIELD - MILEMARKER JACK


1745 Lost Fox Inn


Fog in the Rearview

Built in 1745, this colonial-era structure served travelers on the stagecoach route as the Captain William Bull Tavern. It later became a working farm (1867–1900), then a restaurant and inn by the 1930s—known as Tolgate Hill Inn and Old Tollgate Tavern. After being abandoned for a decade, it reemerged in 2024 as the boutique Lost Fox Inn. That's ten full years for wandering ghosts to settle in—definitely go say boo. And stay 'til closing for the creepiest walk to the parking lot.

Local legend suggests a cloaked phantom, nicknamed Milemarker Jack and carrying a flickering lantern, still patrols the wooded bend where tolls were once paid.

Drivers report spotting his light ahead—then watching him vanish as they approach. He's said to lift one arm, palm out, as if demanding payment... or warning you about swamp gas. Either way, you'll pay—with cash, with nausea, or with goosebumps.


 Some claim their car radio cuts out near the curve. And keys magically lose themselves, no spousal interference needed.

 A moss-covered stone just off the tree line is called “the last mile” by locals...the perfect spot to just *nope* the heck outta there.

But here's where it really gets weird:

Similar tales swirl across the pond in East Anglia, England, where 'Lantern Men' haunt the marshes of the Norfolk Broads, a wildlife refuge known for its mysterious beauty. There, creative empaths claim that glowing orbs lure travelers into the swamp—especially if they're whistling. British versions claim they kill victims and trap their souls to beef up their haunted horde. #PolterGoals

Did Connecticut import ghosts from the UK? We've got the accents, why not the phantoms. Twin apparitions, coincidence, psychopomp...or something else followed settlers to Litchfield. Most likely for the pie.

 **Ghost Name:** Milemarker Jack, aka The Lantern Man

 **Ghost Type:** Residual + Possibly Interactive (unconfirmed)

Travelers report a repeating loop—a flicker of light by the stone wall, steps that crunch where no one walks, and a shadowy figure watching from near the woods. But one couple claims he turned and *nodded*.



Status

Sip with a Shiver: The cocktail menu is a parade of dangerously smooth and potent potions—don't blame us if you start seeing things. Bartenders say the spirits sometimes leave tips...in ice cubes.

Snacks? Let's just say, whatever haunts you, it won't be hunger. Small plates will vanish faster than your willpower on a haunted night. Along with your Screaming Ghostini.

Ask for Table 7: Not possessed, just has the best view of the tree line...and whatever flickers within. Perfect spot to pretend you're not watching the shadows watching you.