

VERNON, VERMONT HISTORY

Topo: <http://docs.unh.edu/MA/nfld46nw.jpg>

<http://www.virtualvermont.com/towns/vernon.html>

Windham County

Chartered: 1672 (Massachusetts Grant)

Area: 12,869 Acres = 20.11 Square Miles [Size Rank: 227*]

Coordinates (Geographic Center): N 42° 46' W 72°31'

Altitude: 280 feet ASL

Population (US Census, 2010): 2,206 [Population Rank: 79*]

Population Density (persons per square mile): 109.7 [Density Rank: 34*]

Full Census Info: [Town](#) [County](#) [State](#)

*Area, Population and Density rankings refer to Vernon's relative position among Vermont's 255 civic entities (9 cities, 242 towns, 4 gores and grants). Complete rankings are [here](#).

Vernon has one of the most involved histories of any town in Vermont. Originally the area was included in the Massachusetts grant for Northfield, which was made in 1672, and some Vernon land titles actually derive from that grant. The area was later part of the Equivalent Lands (given by Massachusetts in exchange for land that colony had mistakenly sold). Later still, in 1736, Massachusetts granted Fall Town (sometimes Fallstown), and that grant also covered part of Vernon. In 1753 New Hampshire had granted Hinsdale, on both sides of the Connecticut River, including part of modern Vernon. When the river was established as the boundary between New Hampshire and Vermont, there were established separate but neighboring towns in separate states, both named Hinsdale. By the beginning of the 19th Century, the people of Hinsdale, Vermont were tired of having the same name as their neighbors across the river, and in October, 1802 the Vermont legislature changed the town's name to Vernon.

Soon after Massachusetts made the 1736 grant, two forts were built by men who had received lands under that grant. Josiah Sartwell built his fortified residence within the present town of Vernon. Fort Sartwell, as it became known, was the site of several Indian raids and attacks. During one of the raids, Sartwell's daughter, Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe, was taken captive, along with her seven children, and Howe was killed. She eventually was returned home and lived to marry again, her last husband, being Amos Tute, who died in 1790. The epitaph on his gravestone has often been cited as one of the most high-minded in the area:

*Were I so Tall to Reach the Pole
Or grasp the Ocean with my Span
I must be mesuer'd by my Soul
The Mind's the Standard of the Man.*

Fort Sartwell stood until 1837, at which time it was torn down and some of the timbers were used in a new building.

About the same time that Josiah Sartwell built his fort, Orlando Bridgman built another fortified home, also in Vernon. However, his fort fared less well than Sartwell's. Fort Bridgman was burned and rebuilt in 1747, and then it was captured and destroyed for the last time in 1755.

When New Hampshire granted an area on both sides of the Connecticut River in 1753, it named the town for one of the valley's most illustrious pioneers: Ebenezer Hinsdale came from a Deerfield, Massachusetts family. His mother was one of the people taken captive in the famed Deerfield Raid in 1704. Hinsdale graduated from Harvard and later was ordained in Boston's Old South Church in order to become a missionary to the Indians in the Connecticut valley; he was also chaplain of Fort Dummer, then the biggest trading post in the area. Very shortly, he became a colonel in the army and a trader instead of a missionary. He subsequently received land in many different New Hampshire grants, including Hinsdale.

According to a story told in Hemenway's *Gazetteer*, Vernon got its name through the intervention of a woman. The townspeople had decided that they wanted the name changed to Huntstown after Arad Hunt, one of the town's most prominent citizens: justice of the peace for many years, the town's first representative to the Legislature, and earlier a member of the Council of Safety. As the story (perhaps apocryphal) goes, the townspeople charged their town representative to ask the legislature for the Huntstown name, but the legislator's wife thought that name was too ordinary and told him to ask for Vernon instead. That he did, and the the town was renamed Vernon in October 1802. It is thought that the wife had Mount Vernon (George Washington's home) in mind; Washington had died in 1799 and was buried in a tomb on that estate (named by Washington's half-brother, Lawrence, who had served under Admiral Edward Vernon, the British naval hero).

Vernon, Vermont

Town Clerk

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<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~vtwindha/vhg5/vernon.htm> Excerpts:

Volume V
THE TOWNS OF WINDHAM COUNTY,
WITH HISTORIES OF
SUTTON IN CALEDONIA COUNTY, AND BENNINGTON IN
BENNINGTON COUNTY.

COLLATED BY
ABBY MARIA HEMENWAY.

Published by
MRS. CARRIE E. H. PAGE,
BRANDON, VT.

1891

Pages 271 - 336

VERNON

BY A. H. WASHBURN, ESQ.
AND HIS WIFE
LUCINDA W. B. WASHBURN.

The Town that Claims the Oldest Charter in the State
Whose Second Centennial Anniversary was Aug. 13, 1872.

VERNON.

SQUAKHEAG PROVINCE

A township, including a part of Vernon named Squakheag, Province of Massachusetts Bay, was granted in the year 1672. A deed was given (see Barber's Historical Collections, p. 265.) by four Indians of the place to William Clark and John King, agents for the proprietors of Northfield, Aug. 13, 1687.

FALL TOWN,

was granted (see Centennial Addresses by Lt. Gov. Henry W. Cushman at Barnardston, Mass.), June, 1736, by the Provincial Legislature of Massachusetts, on petition of Samuel Hunt (son of Samuel Hunt who was in the Falls fight) and others of Billerica, Mass., for services rendered at the battle and sixty years after the battle of Turner's Falls.

On surveying the north line of Massachusetts in 1763, it was found, about half a mile in width belonged to New Hampshire, now Vernon, taking about 3 miles from the owners of Fall Town Township.

VERNON INCLUDED IN HINSDALE.

Hinsdale, Cheshire Co. was chartered Sept. 3, 1753, by Benning Wentworth, Provincial Governor, which included a part of Vernon. The charter was altered, or another issued, Sept. 26, 1753. The inhabitants manifested their disapprobation and the King, on the 19th of March, 1768, re-established the County of Cumberland by letters patent, under the great seal of the Province of New York, again changing its limits. By act of Legislature of New York, passed Mar 24, 1772, the boundaries were again changed.

UNITY COUNTY - CUMBERLAND.

April 1, 1775, other alterations were made. At the first session of the General Assembly of Vermont, Mar. 4, 1778, divided into two counties, that on the east side of the Green Mountains called Unity county, being Gloucester and Cumberland counties. This latter name was changed on the 21st of the same month, and that of Cumberland was substituted.

FOUR CLAIMS BEFORE CONGRESS

In 1779, four different claims were before Congress, to the same tract of country (now Vernon) Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and New York. Sept. 27, 1780, Congress took under consideration the settlement of the New Hampshire grants. The inhabitants residing in the western portion of New Hampshire expressed a wish to be received into Vermont. Another proposition was at the same time received from them which made the land into towns, rendering this Hinsdale, Cumberland Co., Vermont, although still claimed by New York.

Vermont (Hall's *History of Vermont.*) was claimed, anciently, both by the Province of New Hampshire and that of New York. The Governor of New Hampshire began to make grants in 1749. A violent contest ensued between the two Provinces, which was not settled till 1764, when it was decided by the King of England in favor of New York. Connecticut River west bank to be the western boundary of New Hampshire (Thompson's *Vermont.*), Decree of George the III, July 20, 1764. So Hinsdale west part was Hinsdale, Vermont, and so remained until 1802, when it was Vernon.

By act of Legislature (See Hall's *History of Eastern Vermont.*) of New York, the boundaries of Cumberland Co. were established July 3, 1766, including a part of Vernon. June 26, 1767, the King disallowed and declared void, the previously established boundaries, and the Governor of New York was ordered to act in accordance with the decision; New York adherents, residing in Cumberland and Gloucester Counties. Oct. 1, 1780, a union was effected, and again dissolved, Feb. 23, 1782.

WINDHAM COUNTY FORMED.

By act of General Assembly of Vermont, Feb. 1781, the county of Cumberland was subdivided into counties of Windham, Windsor and Orange. Feb. 19, 1781, by act of General Assembly, Windham County was divided into half shires called Westminster and Marlborough, and the courts were held alternately in the shire towns of the same name. Vernon is situated in the southeast corner of the state.

PHINEAS MUNNS' SURVEY

The boundary of the town from Phineas Munn's survey, 1777, Fall Town Gore being on parchment: Beginning at the northeast corner on the west bank of Connecticut river at the mouth of a small brook, called Venter's brook, near the south end of Dummer meadow, about one-half mile south of Mr. Brooks' house, the site of old Fort Dummer; thence, W. 10 deg. N. on Brattleboro' south line, 224 4-10 rods to the northwest corner: thence S. 10 deg. W. on Guilford east line 1972 3-10 rods to the southwest corner: thence E. 10 deg. S. on Massachusetts state line and N. line of Bernardston and Northfield 1692 rods to the southeast corner on the west bank of Connecticut river : thence northerly following the west hank of the river and west line of Hinsdale, N. H., to the place of beginning.

The average width of the town is about three miles and it contains 18 square miles and 1.08 acres.

It joins Bernardston 792 rods and Northfield 900 rods. A straight line drawn from the southeast to the northeast corner, is 2404 rods or 7 1-2 miles; 4 rods in length, and crosses the river 4 times and divides the land into two nearly equal parts between the two towns, giving to Vernon all south of Stebbins (formerly Carey's) island and nearly all north to Hinsdale. Richard Hazen's survey in February and March, 1741, cut it off after remaining a part of Northfield 69 or 81 years, till chartered by New Hampshire, Sept. 5, 1753.

It was called Northfield 69 years; Bridgman's Fort 12 years; Hinsdale 49 years; then Vernon to the present time.

By diversity of claims and lines, Vernon has successively been in Northfield, Hampshire Co., Mass., Hinsdale, Cheshire Co., N. H., Hinsdale, Cumberland Co., N. Y., Hinsdale, Windham Co., VT, and since 1802, it has been called Vernon, Windham Co., Vt. In that year the voters in town instructed their representative, Jonathan Hunt, to name this town Huntstown; but at the suggestion of his wife it was incorporated by the name of Vernon (A pleasant change to a very fair name; and the only town in the State, we now remember, named by a lady.-Ed.).

PYNCHON - SQUAKHEAG.

In 1672, a township was granted to John Pynchon, a Mr. Pearson and other associates at Squakheag, now Northfield, Mass., and the following year a few people from Northampton, Hadley and Hatfield commenced a plantation at that place.

The township was laid out on both sides of the river and included an area of 6 miles by 12, extending several miles into the present States of New Hampshire and Vermont, including a valuable tract of interval land. The northern boundary of Massachusetts was then unknown, but the grant was supposed to be within the limits of the Province. A deed to William Clark and John King of Northampton, agents for the proprietors of Northfield, covering the grant, was made Aug. 13, 1687, by Nawelet Gongegua, Aspiambelet, Addarawanset and Meganichcha - Indians of the place, in consideration of 200 fathoms of Wampum and £57 value of trading goods. It was signed with the marks of the grantors and witnessed by Jonathan Hunt (Grandfather of Lieut. Gov. Hunt of Vermont) Preserved Clap, William Clark, Jr., Peter Jethro, Joseph Atherton and Israel Chauncy (See Barber's Historical collections.).

In June, 1736, the General Court of Massachusetts, J. Belcher, Governor, granted Fall Town to the soldiers and their descendants, who fought the Indians May 18, 1676, at Turner's Falls, Gill, Mass.; hence its name. It extended north into Vernon as far as Northfield did.

The name of Fall Town was changed to Bernardstown, Mass., in 1764. The part in Vernon, west of Northfield old line, was called Fall Town Gore, and north of this was called Hinsdale Gore. Fall Town, Fall Town Gore and Hinsdale Gore were all allotted and surveyed by Phineas Munn.

ORIGINAL PROPRIETORS OF THE WEST PART OF VERNON.

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Orlando Bridgman of Hinsdale in the County of Cumberland and State of New York, Gent'm, for and in consideration of the sum of five pounds current money of said New York to me in hand paid before the delivery hereof, by Jonathan Hunt and Arad Hunt both of Hinsdale aforesaid Husbandmen, have remised released and forever quit claim and hereby remise release and forever quit claim unto the said Jonathan and Arad their heirs and assigns forever, all my right, title claim, interest, property, estate and demand of in and unto the said Jonathan and Arad their heirs and assigns forever all my right title claim interest property estate and demand of in and unto all that tract or parcel of land lying in said Hinsdale (now Vernon) on the west side of Connecticut river which was granted by the charter of said Hinsdale Sept. 5, 1753, under the seal of the Province of New Hampshire to Fourteen Proprietors who lived within the Province of New Hampshire at the time said charter was given, viz: Ebenezer Hinsdale, Orlando Bridgman, Benoni Wright, Robert Cooper, Caleb Howe, Daniel Shattuck (now deceased) John Sargent's Heirs, Peter Evans, Samuel Burr, John Evans, Hezekiah Elmore, Joseph Stebbins and Moses Belding, which land has since been surveyed and allotted and planned by Phineas Munn, Surveyor. To have and to hold the said remised and released premises with all the appurtenances to them the said Jonathan Hunt and Arad Hunt their Heirs and assigns forever to their sole use, benefit and behoof, so that I the said Orlando Bridgman from my right, title, interest reclaims, challenge or demand of or unto the premises shall hereby forever be excluded, precluded and debarred. And I the said Orlando Bridgman do covenant to and with the said Jonathan and Arad Hunt, their heirs and assigns, against the lawful claims of any person or persons, claiming under me, my heirs, or Samuel Burr, one of the

fourteen Proprietors before mentioned. In witness whereof, I the said Orlando Bridgman have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven.

ORLANDO BRIDGMAN, [L. S.]

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of DAN'L JONES, CALEB LYMAN.

Windham Co., ss. - June 16, 1795.

Personally appeared Orlando Bridgman, subscribed to the within written instrument and acknowledged the same to be his free act and deed, before me.

JOHN BRIDGMAN, Justice Peace.

The above is a true copy taken from the original and recorded December ye 25, 1795.

Attest, JOHN BRIDGMAN, Town Clerk.

(Copy from Vernon Town Records.)

This township contains some good alluvial meadows, a proportion of pine, plain land, and some rough and rocky mountains. Some of the hillsides are susceptible of high cultivation and upon them are some fine farms. There was originally, a heavy growth of timber, a large part of which has been cut down, and in many places a second growth has sprung up.

FORTS.

Sartwell's Fort was built, in 1737, by Josiah Sartwell. It was situated nearly opposite Fort Hinsdale in Hinsdale, N. H, about two miles south of Fort Dummer in the southeast part of Brattleboro, and about three miles north of the present centre of the town of Vernon. Its walls were of hewn timber with a hewn plank outside door (the door is still preserved). It covered an area of almost 38x20 feet and was a story and a half high. At the top of the first story, the timbers projected about three-fourths of their thickness, so that port-holes, over the door and elsewhere, were conveniently made from which those within were enabled to fire down upon their assailants.

The public road ran east of it. It was taken down in 1837, having stood 99 years. Some of the timbers, being sound, were put into a new house, erected on the site of the old fort, and occupied by the late Hon. Ebenezer Howe, (a great, great, grandson of Josiah Sartwell and a great grandson of Caleb Howe who was killed by the Indians in 1755,) and which is still occupied by descendants of Mrs. Jemima Howe and owned by two young men, George Ebenezer (son of George) and Warren Maynard (son of Arad) grandsons of Hon. Ebenezer Howe, and great, great, great, great, grandsons of Josiah Sartwell, or the 7th generation.

Bridgman's Fort was of similar construction and was probably built the same year by Orlando Bridgman. It was situated on the east side of the road, one-half mile south of Sartwell's Fort, and with the exception of Fort Dummer was the only place picketed and considered secure in that vicinity. June 24, 1746, a party of 20 Indians burned the fort and killed (See Hoyt's Indian Wars, page 236.) William Robbins and James Parker while working in a meadow near Bridgman's Fort; wounded Michael Gilson and Patrick Roy and took John Beeman, and Daniel Howe prisoners, but not until the latter had killed one of his captors. It was soon afterward rebuilt and strongly picketed.

In 1755 another attack was made by the Indians, who killed several, and captured three families, viz: Mrs. Jemima Howe and her 7 children, Mrs. Submit Grout and her 3 children and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield and her daughter, 14 persons in all. After plundering and firing the place, they proceeded north with their captives.

Aug. 20, 1756, Capt. Joseph Stebbins of Hinsdale (now Vernon) and two children, Tabitha and Elijah, were harvesting wheat upon his farm on the plain above the meadow, when they were surprised by the Indians and would have been taken, had not his brother Zebediah and Reuben Wright come along and discovered the savages. The Indians fired upon the two men, wounding Wright, and the party at work fled. An Indian skeleton was found, Aug. 1869, buried near the side of the old Stebbins road on the border of the brook on land of Geo. M. Lee, and from its near proximity to the place where the Indian fell, and at the time as they tracked the Indian by blood a short distance, it is probably the one shot by Zebediah Stebbins. The bones immediately crumbled on exposure to the air, having been buried 115 years. Several bushels of stones were used in walling the sides of the resting place where the skeleton was found deposited.

In July, 1698, a small party of Indians killed a man and a boy in Hatfield meadow on Connecticut River, and captured two lads, Samuel Dickinson and Charley. They put them on board of canoes and proceeded up the river. The intelligence thereof being received at Deerfield, 13 miles above, 12 men were detached from that place to intercept them. Advancing about 20 miles, they chose a favorable spot on the west hank of the river, within the present town of Vernon. Here they lay until morning when they discovered the Indians coming up the river near the opposite bank with the captured lads in two canoes. The whole party gave the Indians an unexpected fire, by which one was wounded. The others with one of the lads leaped from the canoes and gained the shore. The Indians then attempted to kill the lads, but receiving another well-directed fire, they fell back, and the lad on the shore joined his companion in the canoe and both escaped across the river to their deliverers. Five or six of the party then embarked with the design of seizing the other canoe which had lodged on an island a little below. Two Indians, who lay secreted below, fired and killed Nathaniel Pomeroy, one of the party. The Indians then retired into the woods and the English returned to Deerfield. The island was called Pomeroy's Island.

The first settlers of Vernon were from Northampton and Northfield, Mass. They suffered all the discouragements and horrors incident to frontier location and Indian wars and barbarities. For many years the inhabitants resided in forts and labored in armed companies from farm to farm. But with all their care and prudence they were subject to frequent incursions of the Indians and were several times driven back with the settlers of Hinsdale and Northfield, alarmed by the fight at Beers Plain, in the destruction at Deerfield, and Turner's contest with the Indians at the Falls which bear his name.

EBENEZER WASHBURN,

<> the father of the Doctor, married Dorothy Newhall, daughter of Jonathan Newhall, Esq., of Leicester, Mass., in 1757; lived for a short time in Spencer, and then moved to Hardwick. He was a teacher for more than forty years.

He served in the expedition to Crown Point, and, subsequently, in the army of the Revolution. He died in 1795, and his wife in 1807.

CYRUS WASHBURN, the subject of this memoir, remained at home, assisting his parents till he was 16 or 17 years of age, and was trained to habits of industry and economy. He enjoyed the advantages of the common schools of those days. He was fond of books and study, and eagerly sought for knowledge.

His parents being in limited circumstances, he immediately engaged in school-teaching, to procure the means of prosecuting his studies. He taught in several places in Massachusetts and pursued his academic studies at Leicester Academy in the same state.

Dr. Washburn studied medicine three years with Dr. Spencer Field, of Oakham, Mass. Medical schools were rare in those days, and he received his Medical Diploma in Vermont.

He was thrice married. His first wife was Electa Stratton, daughter of John Stratton, of Hinsdale, Vt., whom he married in 1800. She was a niece of Dr. Field, with whom he was pursuing his medical studies. By her he had two children, who died young. She died suddenly in Vernon. His second wife was Rhoda Field, daughter of Henry Field, of Northfield, Mass., with whom he lived 20 years. She died in 1826. They had six children, four are now living. His third wife was Lucy Hathaway, daughter of Timothy Hathaway, of Hardwick, Mass. She died in 1837.

But he was not left alone; an affectionate and self-forgetting daughter was ready and willing to devote the best years of her life to the comfort and happiness of his old age.

He did not forget his obligations to society, but met and performed every duty, professional, or otherwise.

After completing his medical studies, he settled in Hardwick his native town, in 1800, and practiced medicine successfully for about three years.

In 1803, yielding to the solicitation of the people of Vernon, he removed to that town, and a cordial reception greeted his coming.

When he removed to Vernon a church edifice had just been erected, but there was no settled minister, and no organized society of church members. At the time of the Doctor's death, March 2, 1860, there were living in the town only a few (32) persons who were residents when he came there 57 years before. And it is a fact worthy of notice that Dr. Washburn performed professional business in five generations in five families, and in one other family of six generations.

As a physician he had a long and successful career. He was fond of his profession, and pursued it with energy and untiring industry. In a few years, he became the leading physician of the town. He practiced not only in Vernon, but more or less in all the adjoining towns; his practice extended many miles in all directions. He was frequently called to advise with other physicians in dangerous and difficult cases.

Dr. Washburn was for several years President and a censor of the Medical Society of Vermont. He was also appointed, by that society, a delegate to the American Medical Association, whose first meeting was held at Boston.

Dr. Washburn continued in the full and successful practice of his profession till age and infirmities compelled him to resign the field to younger hands.

In addition to his labors as a physician, he took a lively interest in the affairs of the town, and bore an active and prominent part in town offices. The office of town clerk he held 28 years; and with but few exceptions, he was superintendent of schools, or one of the school trustees, for a period of over 50 years.

In 1810 he was elected to the following town offices: town clerk; first selectman; lister; overseer of the poor; and one of a committee to report on the subject of establishing a House of Correction.

In 1812, in 1831, and in 1840, he was elected representative to the General Assembly of Vermont.

In 1814, he was chosen delegate to the Convention at Montpelier, for revising the State Constitution.

In 1824, he was chosen delegate to the Convention at Newfane, for locating the shire town of the county. In addition to these offices and trusts, the Doctor held a commission as justice of the peace every year but one from 1805 to 1861.

"THE GRETNA GREEN OF VERMONT."

Among the duties which he performed as justice of the peace, there was none more agreeable to him, and we may also, presume, to the other parties concerned, than that of performing the marriage ceremony. He joined in marriage 853 couples, a larger number than any other man in that part of the country.

His manner of performing the ceremony was characteristic and somewhat peculiar. It was almost as varied as the appearance of the candidates for marriage. Of the many forms of ceremony used by the Doctor the following may serve as a specimen:

MARRIAGE CEREMONY BY DR. CYRUS WASHBURN, Esq.

Parties and relatives, being agreed, To solemn joyous rites we will proceed. Worthy and much respected Groom and Bride,

That you by nuptial ties may be allied, In preparation for the endearing bands, In token of united hearts; join hands.

Considering this union of hands expressive of a reciprocal interchange of heart and affection, do you mutually espouse and avouch, each the other, to be your betrothed, your married companion for life, solemnly promising, covenanting and engaging that you will, forever hereafter, according to the best of your powers and abilities, whether in the pleasing scenes of health and prosperity, or the more trying ones of sickness and adversity, provide for, support, comfort, nourish, and sustain each other, as a kind, provident, indulgent husband and as a loving, prudent,

submissive wife ought to conduct toward each other in the marriage relation; and that you will ever with trust and fidelity demean yourself each to the other, and to all else in reference to this your marriage covenant, by the known strict rules of duty, law, and love to each other so long as you shall both live ? Do you thus promise and engage?

Then by authority as law requires,
And in accordance with your just desires,
I pronounce you married - Husband and wife.
Be each to each a loyal spouse through life:
May smiles from Heaven and men on you await,
And may your joys be numerous, pure and great.
While these fond subjects through your bosoms move,
And you resolve to please and live in love.
Your friend will now in simple verse draw near
And wish you joy through many a happy year.
Let no discordant jars your bliss destroy,
But virtue, peace and love your lives employ.
May Gospel faith and works be well combined,
Adorn your lives and regulate your mind.
Where'er you dwell, let virtue be your guide,
And God, above, will bless both Groom and Bride.
To good old age may Heaven protract your span,
The kind assuagers of each other's pain.
Remember, too, all earthly joys must end,
And each be severed from your dearest friend;
But death, itself which earthly joys removes
Still heightens virtue and true love improves.
Then keep the goal of happiness in mind,
And what you lack on earth in Heaven you'll find;
Where none are married, none in marriage given,
But are, as are the angels, pure in Heaven.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES.

In addition to his professional and official duties, the Doctor was frequently summoned to other labors. He was invited to give orations on the 4th of July, lectures before lyceums, and addresses on various occasions.

During his long practice, riding by day and by night, he was exposed to accidents, and experienced many hair-breadth escapes. In 1817, while riding in a chaise, his horse became unmanageable and ran off a steep embankment. His escape was considered as almost miraculous; but he crept from the wreck with only slight bruises, and with a new outfit, was soon on his way to visit his patient.

In 1818, during a severe rain storm he mounted his horse, and suddenly raising his umbrella, his horse reared and fell over backwards upon him, severely injuring one of his legs, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

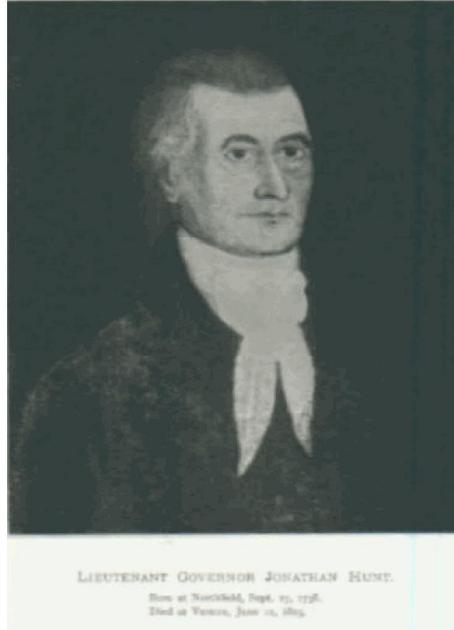
In February, 1826, while he was rapidly driving, the king-bolt to his carriage broke, and he was thrown violently to the ground, breaking his left shoulder, which confined him to his house for several weeks.

In 1841, after visiting a patient, he stepped into his gig, when his horse, a high spirited animal, started off upon a run. The horse took the road to Brattleboro, and after running about a mile the Doctor was thrown from his gig a distance of about twenty feet, striking upon the right side of his head and shoulder. He was taken up insensible. He immediately received medical aid from Doctors Dickerman, Hyde and Rockwell of Brattleboro, and Dr. Twichell of Keene, N. H. The deltoid muscle of his right shoulder was severed from the bone, and he never recovered the free use of his right arm.

In all relations of life, private and public, Dr. Washburn had the confidence and respect of those who knew him. A prominent trait of his character was hospitality. He received his friends, and also strangers, with frank cordiality. His power of interesting his visitors by wit and anecdote was quite uncommon.

He was not wanting in the higher sentiments of religion. His seat at church was never vacant except at the call of duty, and he contributed cheerfully, his full share to the support of public worship.

Dr. Washburn was not wanting in a clear and earnest faith; faith in God, in duty, in immortality, in the great truths of religion, and the vital truths of Christianity. This faith was vividly portrayed in the last days of his earthly existence. He died in 1859, aged 85.



**Lieutenant Governor Jonathan Hunt
 HUNT GENEALOGY.**

Jonathan Hunt, born 1637, married Sept. 3, 1662, Clemence Hosmer. Jonathan, (3d son of Jonathan,) born June 20, 1639, died July 1, 1738. He married Martha Williams, then 5th child, born 1703, was Samuel, who died Feb. 1770; he married Ann Ellsworth. Their children were: Samuel, Anne, Jonathan, Elisha, Arad, Sarah, Martha.

Jonathan, 3d child of Samuel and Lieut. Gov. of Vermont, was born Sept. 12, 1738; married July 15, 1779, Lavinia Swan of Boston. Their children were: Anne (who married Dr. Marsh), Jonathan, Helen, Fanny, Jonathan 2d, and Arad.

OBITUARY OF ARAD HUNT.

Arad, Gen. (son of Samuel) born July 31, 1743, died Feb. 18, 1825. He was the youngest of four brothers, all men of superior abilities. He took a prominent position in any business pertaining to the welfare of his neighbors and the early settlers, gradually accelerating the growth of the southern part of Vermont to what it has now become. The enhanced value of 5000 acres of land in Albany, Vt., which he donated to Middlebury College, has proved a substantial testimonial of his wisdom and liberality.

General Hunt was courier from a convention in Vermont to the General Assembly in New York in 1775, also was a delegate from Hinsdale to a Convention called at Westminster, June, 1776.

At his death, he was buried in the Hunt cemetery in this town.

Arab, (son of Jonathan) born Sept. 22, 1790, married Sally Newell; children: Arab, Frances, Levinah, Martha, Sarah N., Roswell, John, John 2d, and Rowland. Mrs. Hunt, born at Coleraine, Mass., died Sept. 15, 1846, aged 52. 1st daughter married Goveneur Morris ; 2nd daughter m. Henry Seymour of Litchfield, Conn.; 3d daughter m. George Seymour, M. D., of Litchfield, Conn.; Roswell, died at Elmira, unmarried ; Rowland died at Brattleboro, unmarried ; John 2d m. Leonora Johnson, Mar. 10, 1851.

DEATH OF MR. HUNT.

OBITUARY BY CYRUS WASHBURN, M. D.

Died at Vernon, Vt., Aug. 30, 1833, Arad Hunt, Esq., aged 43. While in the first bloom of manhood, he was assailed by a disease, which neither admitted of cure, nor scarcely the hope of mitigation. During the last 8 years of his life he was confined almost exclusively to his bed. He possessed intellectual power which, if developed under happy auspices, would probably have led to distinction in any congenial walk of life. A love of books solaced him in the tranquil hours of his confinement. His reading was various, and in some departments of knowledge, his information was extensive and accurate. In the education and welfare of his family, his abundant means was liberally and judiciously dispersed.

Upon the final settlement of his estate, his residence, with a large share of his lands, passed into the possession of his son. This place, situated a short distance north of Vernon depot, was long famed for its good cheer and the antique domicile was always welcome to the wayfarer and its many visitors. Col. Hunt retained possession of the place until 1871, when he sold it to Hon. E. L. Norton of Boston, Mass., and Mr. Hunt removed to Brattleboro and finally bought the Dummer farm (so called) where he now lives his children : Ellen Morris married C. W. Hubbard of Vernon; Arad; Leonora, married C. M. C. Richardson, Brattleboro.

HON. JONATHAN HUNT, M. C.

HON. JONATHAN HUNT, (son of Gov. Jonathan) born Aug. 12, 1780, married Jane Maria Leavitt; his children were: Jane, William Morris, Jonathan, Richard, and Leavitt. He graduated at Dartmouth College, 1807, studied law and engaged extensively in practice at Brattleboro, was member of Congress 1827-32. He died at Washington, D. C., May 15, 1832.

OBITUARY.

House of Representatives. Mr. Everett, of Vermont, addressed the House as follows:

"Mr. Speaker: It has become my painful duty on behalf of my colleagues to announce to this House the death of one of their number, the Hon. Jonathan Hunt. On this occasion I may be permitted to say that he has long been a member of this House and that the talents and assiduity with which he executed his duties in this place were alike honorable to himself, to this House and to his constituents. I have known him long, I have known him well, and a purer spirit never inhabited mortality. His place in this House may indeed be filled, but the void in the affections of his family and friends can never be filled."

Mr. Everett then submitted the, following resolution:

" Resolved, That the members of this House will testify their respect for the memory of Jonathan Hunt, deceased, late a member of this House from the State of Vermont, by wearing crape on the left arm for the remainder of the present session of Congress."

A resolution was subsequently adopted by which Messrs. H. Everett, Choon, Slade, E. Everett, Taylor, Choate and Candish were appointed to superintend the ceremonies at the funeral, which should be attended on Wednesday by the Speaker, officers and members, according to usage.

The House then adjourned to Thursday.

"The news of the death of the Hon. Jonathan Hunt, which took place in Washington City, on the morning of the 15th inst., will probably have been generally known among the readers, ere the reception of this paper. By this sudden and unlooked for event the state has been deprived of an able and faithful representative in the National Legislature, and our community of a member who was very generally and very highly esteemed in all the relations of social life. We speak to those who knew him well, when we say that the character of Mr. Hunt for professional uprightness, political independence and unsullied integrity in his private affairs was not surpassed by that of

any man in the community. Attended from early youth by all the allurements which wealth can furnish, few men have arrived at the meridian of life through a course of more uniform industry and perseverance.

LIEUT. GOV. JONATHAN HUNT.

BY CYRUS WASHBURN, D.

Lieut. Gov. Jonathan Hunt was born at Northfield, Mass., Sept. 12, 1738, died in Vernon Vt., June 1, 1823, in his 85th year. In early life he shared in the fatigues and anxieties incident to the perilous state of those who plant themselves in the wilderness, liable to the depredations, of savages. Persevering industry, and well deserved promotion to many honorable offices, civil and military, to that of Lieut. Governor of the state, rendered him a distinguished character during the struggle of the New Hampshire Grantees and the New York claimants, during the Revolutionary war, the formation of this State, its union with the United States, and the foundation of our State Government.

LOVINA SWAN HUNT,

widow of Lieut. Gov. Hunt, was born at Boston, Mass., Aug. 12, 1749 ; died at Vernon, June 29, 1834, aged 85 years. In her youth she attended school at Worcester, under the tuition of the late President John Adams. She early attained, and through life possessed superior intellectual endowments. June 1, 1823, after a happy union of 50 years, her husband died, and since, both of her sons, the Hon. Jonathan Hunt, M. C., at Washington, and Arad Hunt, Esq., at Vernon. Both were gentlemen of superior attainments and great mental powers, often promoted to posts of public trust.

Gov. Hunt and his lady, with ample pecuniary means, with social and cordial manners, animated and sweetened with pleasantry, were entertaining and delightful companions with their numerous friends and acquaintances, among whom I should name Rev. Bunker Gay, the philanthropic Wells, the devout Hubbard, the Hon. Messrs. Bridgman, Jones, Knowlton, Bradley, and their ladies, with hosts of other worthies from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and young Vermont. As a wife, mother, friend and Christian, she was a pattern worthy of commendation, illustrating the happy effects even in this life, of that gospel which she long ago professed.

EPITAPH

*Of Mrs. Abigail P., wife of Rev. Bunker Gay,
who died July 15, 1792, AE. 52 years.*

*To rise again the sun goes down,
And in the furrows grain is sown,
Beauties that sleep through winter's reign,
When spring returns revive again.
Shall then the friend for whom we mourn.
Never again to life return?*

*Great source of light, life, love and joy,
Let no such thought our hope destroy;
Our lively hope that sometime hence
Through the Redeemer's influence,
Shall burst the tomb in sweet surprise,
And in our Saviour's image rise,
Ascend to where God holds his throne
And immortality put on.*

NARRATIVE
BY REV. BUNKER GAY,
OF THE
CAPTIVITY of MRS. JEMIMA HOWE,
TAKEN BY THE INDIANS AT HINSDALE,
N. H. JULY 1775.

As Caleb Howe, Hilkiiah Grout and Benjamin Gaffield, who had been hoeing corn in the meadow, west of the river, were returning home a little before sunset, to a place called Bridgman's Fort, they were fired upon by 12 Indians who had ambushed their path. Howe was on horseback with two young lads, his children, behind him. A ball which broke his thigh, brought him to the ground; his horse ran a few rods and fell likewise, and both the lads were taken. The Indians in their savage manner, coming up to Howe, pierced his body with a spear, tore off his scalp and left him in this forlorn condition. He was found alive the next morning, by a party of men from Fort Hindsdale and being asked by one of the party if he knew him, he answered, yes I know you all." These were his last words, though he did not expire until his friends had arrived with him at Fort Hindsdale. Grout was so fortunate as to escape unhurt. But Gaffield in attempting to wade through the river at a place which was indeed fordable at that time, was unfortunately drowned. Flushed with the success they had met with here, the savages went directly to Bridgman's Fort. There was no man in it and only three women and some children - Mrs. Jemima Howe, Mrs. Submit Grout and Mrs. Eunice Gaffield, - their husbands I need not mention again; and their feelings at this junction I will not attempt to describe. They had heard the guns of the enemy but knew not what had happened to their friends. Extremely anxious for their safety they stood longing to embrace them, until at length, concluding from the noise they heard without, that some of them were come, they unbarred the gate in a hurry to receive them, when lo! to their inexpressible disappointment and surprise, instead of their husbands, in rushed a number of hideous Indians to whom, they and their tender offspring became an easy prey, and from whom they had nothing to expect but either an immediate death or a long and doleful captivity. The latter of these, by the favor of Providence, turned out to be the lot of these unhappy women, and their still more unhappy, because more helpless, children. Mrs. Gaffield had but one, Mrs. Grout three, and Mrs. Howe seven. The eldest of Mrs. Howe's was 11 yrs. old and the youngest but six months. The two eldest were daughters which she had by her first husband, Mr. William Phipps, who was also slain by the Indians, an account of which is given in Mr. Doolittle's history.

It was from this woman that I lately received the foregoing account. She also gave me, I doubt not, a true, though to be sure a very brief and imperfect history of her captivity, which I here insert for your perusal: The Indians, she says, having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched, as near as I could judge a mile and a half into the woods where we encamped that night. When the morning came and we had advanced as much further, six Indians were sent back to the place of our abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind, but they did not return until the day was so far spent that it was judged best to continue where we were through the night. Early the next morning, we set off for Canada, and continued our march 8 days successively until we reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes, about 15 miles from Crown Point. This was a long and tedious march, but the captives, by divine assistance were enabled to endure it with less trouble and difficulty than they had reason to expect. From such savage masters in such indigent circumstances, we could not rationally hope for kinder treatment than we received. Some of us, it is true, had a harder lot than

others, and among the children, I thought my son, Squire, had the hardest of any. He was then only 4 years old and when we stopped to rest our weary limbs, and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off, and sometimes with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians, at that tender age, are still plainly to be seen. At length we arrived at Crown Point and took up our quarters there for the space of near a week. In the meantime some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took some of the weary captives along with them with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed, however, in finding a market for any of them. They gave my youngest daughter to the Governor DeVandreuil; had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown Point with the rest of the prisoners. From hence we set off for St. Johns in four or five canoes, just as night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness. A heavy storm hung over us, the sound of the rolling thunder was very terrible upon the waters, which at every flash of lightning seemed to be all in a blaze. Yet to this we were indebted for all the light we enjoyed. No object could we discern any longer than the flashes lasted. In this posture we sailed in our open tottering canoes almost the whole of that dreary night. The morning indeed had not yet begun to dawn when we all went ashore, and having collected a heap of sand and gravel for a pillow, I laid myself down, with my tender infant by my side, not knowing where any of my other children were, or what a miserable condition they might be in. The next day, however, under the wing of that ever present and all powerful Providence which had preserved us through the darkness and imminent dangers of the preceding night, we all arrived in safety at St. Johns. Our next movement was to St. Francois, the metropolis, if I may call it, to which the Indians who led us captive, belonged. Soon after our arrival at that wretched capital, a council consisting of the chief Sachem and some principal warriors of the St. Francois tribe was convened, and after the ceremonies usual on such occasions were over, I was conducted and delivered to an old squaw whom the Indians told me I must call my mother. My infant still continued to be the property of its original Indian owners. I was nevertheless permitted to keep it with me a while longer for the sake of saving them the trouble of looking after it. When the weather began to grow cold, shuddering at the prospect of approaching winter, I told my new mother that I did not think it would be possible for me to endure it, if I must spend it with her, and fare as the Indians did. Listening to my repeated and earnest solicitations, that I might be disposed of among some of the French inhabitants of Canada, she at length set off with me and my infant, attended by some male Indians, to Montreal, in hopes of finding a market for me there. But the attempt proved unsuccessful, and the journey tedious indeed. Our provision was so scanty as well as insipid and unsavory, the weather so cold, and the traveling so very bad that it often seemed as if I must have perished on the way. While we were at Montreal, we went into the house of a certain French gentleman, whose lady being sent for and coming into the room, where I was, to examine me, seeing that I had an infant, exclaimed with an oath, I will not buy a woman with a child to look after. There was a swill pail standing near me in which I observed some crusts and crumbs of bread swimming on the surface of the greasy liquor it contained. Sorely pinched with hunger I skimmed them off with my hands and ate them and this was all the refreshment which the house afforded me. Somewhere in the course of this visit to Montreal my Indian mother was so unfortunate as to catch the small pox, of which distemper she died soon after our return, which was by water to St. Francois. And now came on the season when the Indians began to prepare for a winter's hunt. I was ordered to return my poor child to those who still claimed it as their property. This was a severe trial. The babe clung to my bosom with all its might, but I was obliged to pluck it thence, and deliver it shrieking and screaming enough to penetrate a heart of stone, into the hands of those

unfeeling wretches whose tender mercies may be termed cruel. It was soon carried off by a hunting party of those Indians to a place called Messiskon (Missisquoi, probably. There was an Indian village by that name on both sides of the river and small bay of Missisquoi, in Swanton at the foot of Canada, next north of St. Albans. See in Vol. iv, this work, page 960. Mr. Perry who gives the Indian History of this vicinity states that one of the children of Mrs. Howe lived here.), at the lower end of Lake Champlain, whither, in about a month after, it was my fortune to follow them, and here I found it, it is true, but in a condition that afforded me no great satisfaction, it being greatly emaciated and almost starved. I took it in my arms, put its face to mine, and it instantly bit me with such violence that it seemed as if I must have parted with a piece of my cheek. I was permitted to lodge with it, that and the two following nights, but every morning that intervened, the Indians, I suppose on purpose to torment me, sent me away to another wigwam which stood at a little distance, though not so far from the one in which my distressed infant was confined but that I could plainly hear its incessant cries and heartrending lamentations. In this deplorable condition I was obliged to take my leave of it, on the morning of the third day after my arrival at the place. We moved down the lake several miles the same day, and the night following was remarkable on account of the great earthquake which terribly shook that howling wilderness. Among the islands hereabouts we spent the winter season, often shifting our quarters, and roving about from one place to another, our family consisting of three persons only beside myself, viz : my late mother's daughter, her sanhop and a papoose.

They once left me alone two dismal nights and when they returned to me again, perceiving them smile to each other, I asked them what is the matter? They replied that two of my children were no more, one of which, they said, died a natural death and the other was knocked on the head. I did not utter many words, but my heart was sorely pained within me, and my mind exceedingly troubled with strange and awful ideas. I often imagined, for instance, that I plainly saw the naked bodies of my deceased children hanging upon the limbs of the trees, as the Indians are wont to hang the rawhides of those beasts which they take in hunting. It was not long, however, before it was so ordered by kind Providence that I should be relieved in a good measure from those horrid imaginations, for as I was walking one day upon the ice, observing a smoke at some distance upon the land, it must proceed, thought I, from the fire of some Indian hut, and who knows but that some of my poor children may be there. My curiosity thus excited, led me to the place, and there I found my son Caleb, a little boy between two and three years old, whom I had lately buried in sentiment, at least, or rather imagined to have been deprived of life and perhaps denied a decent grave. I found him likewise in tolerable health and circumstances, under the protection of a fond Indian mother, and moreover had the happiness of lodging with him in my arms one joyful night.

Again we shipped our quarters, and when we had traveled 8 or 10 miles upon the snow and ice, came to a place where the Indians manufactured sugar, which they extracted from maple trees. Here an Indian came to visit us whom I knew and who could speak English, He asked me why I did not go to visit my son Squire. I replied that I had lately been informed that he was dead. He assured me that he was yet alive and but two or three miles off, on the opposite side of the lake. At my request, he gave me the best directions he could to the place of his abode. I resolved to embrace the first opportunity that offered, of endeavoring to search it out. While I was busy in contemplating this affair the Indians obtained a little bread, of which they gave me a small share. I did not take a morsel of it myself, but saved it all for my poor child, if I should be so lucky as to find him.

At length, having obtained of my keepers leave to be absent for one day, I set off early in the morning, and steering as well as I could according to the directions the Indian gave me, I soon found the place he had so accurately marked out.

I beheld, as I drew nigh, my little son without the camp, but he looked, thought I, like a starved and mangy puppy, that had been wallowing in the ashes. I took him in my arms, and he, spoke to me these words: "Mother are you come!" I took him into the wigwam with me, and observing a number of Indian children in it, I distributed all the bread, which I had reserved for my own child, among them all, otherwise I should have given them great offence.

My little boy appeared to be not very fond of his new mother; kept as near me as possible while I stayed, and when I told him I must go he fell as though he had been knocked with a club. But having recommended him to the care of Him who made him, when the day was far spent, and the time would permit me to stay no longer, I departed, you may well suppose, with a heavy load at my heart.

The tidings I had received of the death of my youngest child had a little before been confirmed beyond a doubt, but I could not mourn so heartily for the deceased as for the living child.

When the winter broke up we removed to St. Johns, and through the ensuing summer our principal residence was at no great distance from the fort at that place. In the mean time, however, my sister's husband, having gone with a scouting party to some of the English settlements, had a drunken frolic at the fort. When he returned his wife who never got drunk, but had often experienced the ill effects of her husband's intemperance, fearing what the consequences might be if he should come home in a morose and turbulent humor, to avoid his insolence proposed that we should both retire and keep out the reach of it, until the storm abated. We absconded accordingly, but it so happened that I returned and ventured into his presence before his wife had presumed to come nigh him. I found him in his wigwam, and in a surly mood, and not being able to revenge upon his wife because she was not at home, he laid hold of me and hurried me to the fort, and for a trifling consideration sold me to a French gentleman whose name was Saccabee. It is an ill wind certainly that blows nobody any good.

I had been with the Indians a year lacking 14 days, and if not for my sister, yet for me it was a lucky circumstance indeed which thus at last snatched, in an unexpected moment, out of their hands and placed me beyond the reach of their insolent power.

After my Indian master had disposed of me in this manner, and the moment of sober reflection had arrived, perceiving that the man who bought me had taken the advantage of him in an unguarded hour, his resentment began to kindle, and his indignation rose so high that he threatened to kill me if he should meet me alone, or if he could not revenge himself thus that he would set fire to the fort. I was therefore secreted in an upper chamber and the fort carefully guarded until his wrath had time to cool.

My service in the family to which I was advanced was perfect freedom in comparison with what it had been among the barbarous Indians. My new master and mistress were both as kind and generous toward me as I could reasonably expect. I seldom asked a favor of either of them but that it was readily granted. In consequence of which I had it in my power in many instances to administer aid and refreshment to the poor prisoners of my own nation, who were brought into St. Johns during my abode in the family of the benevolent and hospitable Saccabee. Yet even in this family difficulties awaited me I had little reason to expect, and I stood in need of a large stock of prudence to enable me to encounter them. In this I was greatly assisted by the governor and Col. Schuyler, who was then a prisoner. I was moreover under unspeakable obligations to the governor on another account; I had received intelligence from my daughter Mary, the purport

of which was that there was a prospect of her being shortly married to a young Indian of the tribe of St. Francois, with which tribe she had continued from the beginning of her captivity. These were heavy tidings and added greatly to the poignancy of my other afflictions. However, not long after I had heard this melancholy news, an opportunity presented of acquainting that humane and generous gentleman, the commander-in-chief and my illustrious benefactor, with this affair also, who, in compassion for my sufferings and to mitigate my sorrows, issued his orders in good time and had my daughter taken away from the Indians and conveyed to the same nunnery where her sister was then lodged, with his express injunction that they should both be well looked after and carefully educated as his adopted children. In this school they continued, while the war, in those days between France and Great Britain, lasted.

At the conclusion of which war, the Governor went home to France, took my oldest daughter along with him and married her there to a French gentleman whose name was Cron Lewis. He was at Boston with the fleet under Count de Estang (1778) and was one of his clerks.

My other daughter continuing in the nunnery. A considerable time after my return from captivity had elapsed, when I made a journey to Canada, resolving to use my best endeavors not to return without her. I arrived just in time to prevent her being sent to France. She was to have gone in the next vessel that sailed for that place. And I found it extremely difficult to prevail with her to quit the nunnery and go home with me. Yea, she absolutely refused, and all the persuasions and arguments I could use with her were to no effect, until after I had been to the Governor and obtained a letter from him to the superintendent of the nuns, in which he threatened, if my daughter should not be delivered immediately into my hands, or could not be prevailed with to submit to my parental authority, that he would send a band of soldiers to assist me in bringing her away. But so extremely bigoted was she to the customs and religion of the place, that, after all, she left it with the greatest reluctance, and the most bitter lamentation, which she continued as we passed the streets and wholly refused to be comforted. My good friend, Major Small, whom we met with on the way, tried all he could to console her, and was so very kind and obliging as to bear us company and carry my daughter behind him on horseback. But I have run on a little before my story, for I have not yet informed you of the means and manner of my own redemption, to the accomplishing of which, the recovery of my daughter, just mentioned, and the ransoming of some of my other children, several gentlemen of note contributed not a little, to whose goodness therefore I am greatly indebted, and sincerely hope I shall never be so ungrateful as to forget it. Col. Schuyler, in particular, was so very kind and generous as to advance 2700 livres to procure a ransom for myself and three of my children. He accompanied and conducted us from Montreal to Albany and entertained us in the most friendly and hospitable manner a considerable time, at his own house, and I believe entirely at his own expense.

EBENEZER SCOTT.

The first white male child born in Bernardston (now Vernon) Sept. 18, 1742, was taken by the Indians when 3 years old, together with his mother and three brothers (one an infant), carried to Montreal and sold to the French, and was taken from there to Quebec jail, where his mother and brothers died, prisoners of the French.

He returned to his father in Bernardston when 8 years old and had lost our language and spoke French. He married Miss Love Fairman, from Conn., Mar. 12, 1772 ; served in the War of the Revolution, and drew a pension therefore. He settled, lived, and died Mar. 4, 1826, on the place now occupied by his grandson.

AMASA WRIGHT,

one of the early settlers, lived in the west part of Vernon. He was a tall, athletic man. The Indians had many times chased him, with the hope of getting him alive, to torture, according to their custom. While men were picketing Fort Hinsdale in 1755, they were attacked by the Indians, one man was captured, two killed and scalped, and two reached the fort, and Mr. Wright and his companion saved themselves by flight. At another time, Mr. Wright was surprised by Indians while at work in Pe Chague meadow; both running at full speed, the foremost Indian said, "me got you this time." Mr. Wright, reaching the gate of the fort, placed his hand on the top, and cleared it at one leap, but the Indians could not do it. Abishai, his son, died in 1860, aged 88 years.

JOHN JACOB PEELER

died Mar. 24, 1815, in his 70th year. He enlisted in the British army for 5 years. He and two others left the fort commanded by Gen. Campbell, without receiving their discharge; were pursued by John Hare, captured, brought back, tried by court martial, and sentenced, each, to receive 999 lashes upon the naked back, with a cat-o-nine tails, and after a blow the lashes were straightened before another was given.

One of the three died before he had received the complement and the rest were inflicted afterward; the other died three days after his chastisement.

Mr. Peeler said he should have died, if he had not crawled from his bunk around the floor. His comrade said he could not do it. Mr. Peeler told them he should desert when he recovered, and when he was sent to a swamp with a boghoe, he left again and was not again found. He then enlisted in the American army in the Revolutionary War. At the battle of Bunker Hill, he took a powder-horn from a British soldier, which is now in the possession of A. H. Washburn. His daughter said his back was one solid scar.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A few years previous to the running of the Vt. and Mass. R. R. through Vernon, Marshall Whithed, merchant of this place, in company with a Hartford, Conn., man and another at White River, Vt., did most of the boating upon the Connecticut river for several years. The proprietor at Hartford furnished one Quin, a skipper of one of the company boats, money sufficient to bear the expenses, lockage, etc., to Vernon. When he was crossing the fishing-ground near Suffield, Conn., he reported to his comrade that he had lost his pocket-book overboard, money and bills of goods. When Mr. Whithed settled with him, he paid him minus the amount paid him at Hartford. Quin then sued Whithed, and the court was in session when a messenger brought into court the identical pocket book tied with a string and a stone tied to the end of the string. It was discovered by fishermen, attached to their seine while fishing for shad, having lain in the river through the winter. The bills were all correct, but no money was found. Quin immediately disappeared and absented himself for many years.

THE WOLF.

In May, 1808, a wolf was discovered in Vernon, by the havoc he made among sheep. One Saturday night he killed and wounded 14 sheep. Sunday morning he was seen by Wm. Newhall in the edge of a forest two or three miles from where he killed the sheep. Newhall gave the alarm, and by two o'clock he was surrounded by the people of Vernon and vicinity. Dr. Washburn and Gen. Hunt rode around the ring and gave the orders to march and each man to keep his right and left comrades in view. The circle grew rapidly smaller and three shots hit him.

John Chase and Jonathan Parks of Gill, secured the skin and it was made into two drum heads. After the hunt, the people gathered at Dr. Washburn's and partook of a substantial collation.

A HEMLOCK TREE.

In 1809 or 1810, Eli Lee cut a hemlock tree and in felling it discovered within three or four inches of the heart that the bark had been hewed off and the wound closed over it. Outside of the wound he counted 190 rings.

THE VERNON CANNON

was a twenty four cylinder revolver invented by Cyrus Dodge of Dummerston. The proprietors were Col. J. F. Burrows of Vernon, Col. Geo. B. Kellogg and Col. S. M. Wait of Brattleboro. It was cast by Cyrus Alger of Boston, Mass., and made at the machine shop of Geo. Newman and son of Brattleboro, under the supervision of Jacob Marsh, and put together at Vernon in 1859. It was tested by a committee of investigation, (sent by Congress under the direction of Jefferson Davis, chairman of the Military, Committee of the Senate of the U. S. and Gov. Floyd, Secretary of War), consisting of Maj. Thornton, Capt. Manerlin, and Lieutenant Balch. It cost \$6,000 and weighed over twenty tons.

WINDHAM COUNTY REFORMER.

DIED : In Hartford, Conn. Mar. 18, 1884, George Bell Washburn, aged 26 years.

A TERRIBLE FALL.

George B. Washburn, son of A. H. Washburn, of Vernon, for the past two years employed by the Southern New England Telephone Co., at Hartford, Conn., fell Monday morning, receiving fatal injuries. In opening the scuttle the ladder broke, and he fell from the fourth story of the building to the first floor. The building was in process of repair and the hatchways were open from ground to roof. Mr. Washburn struck on a timber, receiving the blow between his shoulders, injuring the spinal column. The lower portion of his body and limbs were paralyzed, but he was conscious and asked to be taken to the hospital.

All that physicians could do, was done. But he died at one o'clock, a. m., Tuesday. Two friends, representatives of the Telephone company, came from Hartford to Vernon to accompany the remains to his home. The funeral was held at the Union church in Vernon, Thursday, Rev. Mr.

Whitney officiating. Mr. Washburn was unmarried.