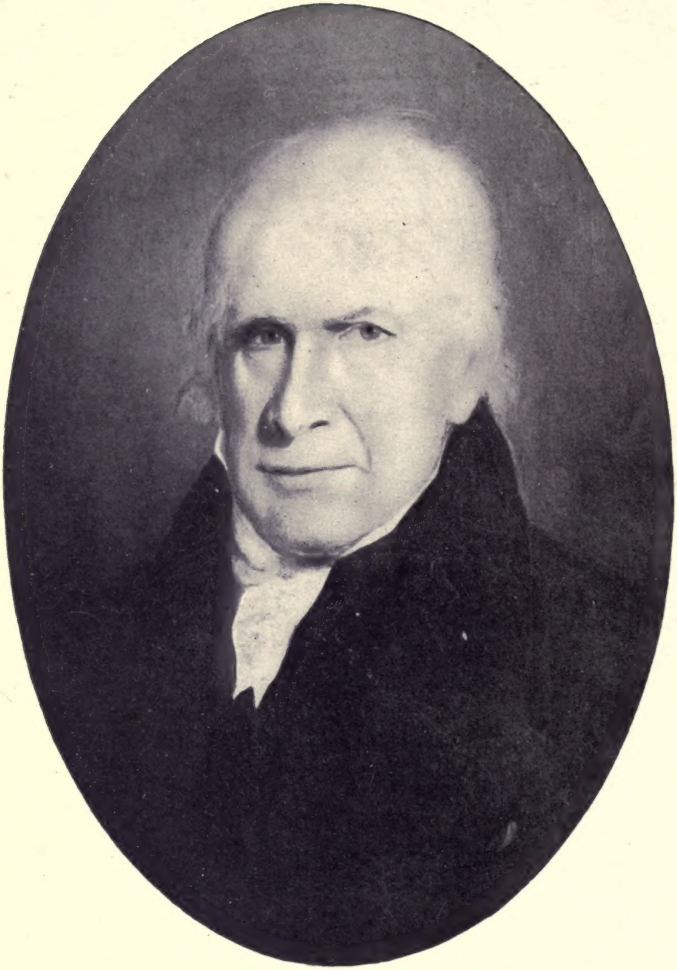
# The Burning of Royalton Vermont

## By Indians



ZADOCK STEELE.

*Reproduced from an oil painting done in* 1835.

# Burning of Royalton, Vermont By Indians

A careful research of all that pertains to the subject, including a reprint of Zadock Steele's Narrative, also a complete account of the various anniversaries and the placing of a monument commemorating the event, has herein been made

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, 272 CONGRESS STREET
1906

Memorial Edition Published in May, 1906

## PREFACE.

This work has been arranged according to the passing of time which brought about the historic sequence of events. First, a glimpse of Royalton to-day is given, then in Zadock Steele's graphic description we see the pioneer settlement as it was when the Indians surprised it, and in natural order the happenings of the years thereafter are recorded down to the unveiling of the monument commemorating the event.

The task has been made a pleasure because of the enthusiastic co-operation of the townspeople, who have not tired in rendering every aid possible in telling the story, which covers a period of 125 years.

No one was more interested in this work than that very big-hearted, public spirited woman, the late Mrs. Katherine Fletcher Kendall Rix, who generously loaned me her cherished copy of Zadock Steele's narrative. I owe much to Mrs. George Allen Laird, who has unstintedly given her assistance, and thanks are due the town clerk, William Skinner, and Dr. D. L. Burnett.

The illustrations used in Dr. Burnett's article were kindly loaned by M. J. Sargent and Son, South Royalton, those in the Phineas Parkhurst story by Byron N. Clark, and the others by G. A. Cheney.

I. D.

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## APPENDIX.

## ROYALTON AS IT IS TO-DAY.

In all the White River Valley there is no more picturesque town than Royalton, Vt., and its lustily flourishing offspring, South Royalton. Snug to the river lie the hearts of the towns, but the outlying farms and summer houses are scattered among the hills, that are in reality mountains, shutting in the river-winding valley. This region is famous for its echoes. Even the engine blasts are taken up and tossed from height to height until the blatant tones are transformed into "the horns of Elfland sweetly blowing." It is a wonderful land under high cultivation now, and a popular resort for summer travellers, who are unanimous in calling this the Switzerland of America.

It is, however, the sterling worth of the people that makes the region remarkable. A few facts show the place as it is to-day. The population at the last census in 1900 was 1427. There are 23,292 acres of town, and real estate for taxation stands at $537,845, personal real estate at $166,876. There were 347 polls, and the grand list for town in 1905 was $7,741.21. The expense of the new steel bridge was $12,281.96.

This farming town is without industries, but it has several large water powers which need capital for development. The two creameries absorb the dairy products and are satisfactory to the farmers. Its public buildings number a town house, a town clerk's office at Royalton, with extensive grounds annexed, and there is a large and well-furnished building and farm for the poor.

The town has ever been renowned for its academy, which was chartered in 1807. From here have gone forth many men and women who have made their mark, and to-day it is the Central School in the town system. There are graded schools, and besides the Congregational and Episcopal churches at

Royalton there are the Congregational, Methodist, and Catholic churches in South Royalton. The stores of both places are excellent, there are two hotels, a Woman's Club, and able physicians and lawyers.

In sight of all this prosperity it is difficult to realize that the only serious raid made by the British and Indians upon the northern frontier during the Revolutionary War was right at this point, and that Oct. 16, 1780, the little settlement of Royalton, numbering 300 souls, was practically wiped off the face of the earth.

An account of that day of horrors comes down to us in a quaint little leather-bound volume of which there exist but a few copies, of these only two or three are in good condition, and because of their rarity there is a great price upon them. This book, entitled "The Indian Captive," is in two parts, and only the first, which tells of the burning of Royalton, is here given.

Zadock Steele, the grandson of the first-settled Congregational minister of old Tolland in Connecticut, was then a young man of twenty-one. According to his account he spent the day helping families escape to the woods with whatever of their effects they could carry, and passed the night in a log house upon his father's lot near the Brookfield line. Early in the morning, while he was asleep, the house was surrounded by Indians, who made him captive, and then set fire to the house.

One of the Indians bore away on his shoulder a bag of Steele's grass seed. A rent in the sacking let fall the seed, and behold in the spring, and for many years after, the exit of the red men was marked by a trail of rankly growing grass that led into the wilderness toward Canada where Steele was kept in captivity for two years. He finally made his escape, and, after enduring great sufferings, found his way back to the old familiar valley. In time he married, and no stories ever held his children spell-bound like those their father told them of that never-to-be-forgotten day when Indians made him captive. He was nearly sixty years old when, at the exhortation of family

and friends, he chronicled the story of "The Burning of Royalton." With his son Horace as amanuensis, he narrated in words quaintly graphic and deeply religious the happenings of that day as he knew them by personal experience and the testimony of neighbors.

It has been a matter of pride to the loyal-hearted people of the valley to treasure every word, incident, and relic that centres around that historic date, Oct. 16, 1780. The anniversaries have been marked with a pronounced demonstration of public spirit. Sometimes they have taken the form of simple gatherings on the village green; in Civil War time the tragedy was retold in dramatic form and the proceeds sent to the boys in blue; then there was the outdoor spectacular re-living of the memorable day; again the assembly of the people to select a suitable spot for the erection of a monument commemorating the event, and finally the unveiling of the monument in 1906.

In these glimpses into the life of the valley is seen the progress of a strong, able people—the kind who make America the power it is in the world today.

[A Reprint of the Narrative by Zadock Steele is here given]

# BURNING OF ROYALTON BY THE INDIANS

AS RELATED BY

## ZADOCK STEELE

(WHO WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE ON THAT DAY)

Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.—*Joel.*

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MONTPELIER, VT.
*Published by the Author*
E. P. WALTON, PRINTER
1818

District of Vermont, to wit:—(L.S.) Be it remembered, that on the twenty-fifth day of January, in the forty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, Horace Steele, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof, he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Indian Captive, or a Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Zadock Steele, Related by Himself." To which is prefixed an account of the burning of Royalton. "Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation," Joel.

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned."

JESSE GOVE,
*Clerk of the District of Vermont.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The author of this work neither seeks nor expects praise. To preserve in memory the sufferings of our fathers, is the principal object of its publication. As no particular account of the burning of Royalton had ever before been published, it was thought advisable that it should be prefixed to the "narrative" which was about to be printed.

The great confusion which prevailed on that dreadful day; the long lapse of time since the event; the disadvantages resulting from the frailty of human recollection, and the writer's inexperience, is the only apology he offers for the imperfections of the work.

For the information respecting this tragical scene, he is indebted to the goodness of General Stevens, Colonel Edson and others who were eye witnesses.

# THE BURNING OF ROYALTON

## BURNING OF ROYALTON.

As an union of interest always strengthens the bonds of affection; so a participation in extreme sufferings will never fail to produce a mutual sensibility. Prompted by a generous glow of filial love and affection, we generally take delight in surveying whatever gave our forefathers joy, and are ready to drop a sympathetic tear when we review the sufferings which they have undergone. But contrary to the laws of sympathy and justice, the attention of the public is often engrossed with accounts of the more dreadful conflagrations of populous cities in foreign countries, or the defeat of armies in the field of carnage, while the destruction of small frontier settlements by the Indian tribes in our own country, is at the same time little known, if not entirely forgotten. Thus the miseries of our neighbors and friends around us, whose bitter cries have been heard in our streets, are too often suffered to pass unnoticed down the current of time into the tomb of oblivion.

The burning of Royalton was an event most inauspicious and distressing to the first settlers of that town. Nor is it a little strange that, among the numerous authors who have recorded the events of the American Revolution, some of them have not given place in their works to a more full detail of that afflictive scene.

Laboring under all the difficulties and hardships to which our infant settlements were generally subject, and striving by persevering industry to soar above every obstacle which might present itself to obstruct their progress; they had filled their barns with the fruits of the land; their storehouses were crowded with the comforts of life, and all nature seemed to wear a propitious smile. All around them promised prosperity. They were far removed from the noise of war and

though conscious of their danger, fondly hoped they should escape the ravages of a savage foe.

Royalton was chartered in the year 1779. A considerable settlement, however, had taken place previous to that time, and the town was in a thriving condition. Large stocks of cattle, which would confer honor upon the enterprise of farmers in old countries, were here seen grazing in their fields.

United by common interest, living on terms of friendship, and manifesting that each one in a good degree "loved his neighbor as himself," harmony prevailed in their borders; social happiness was spread around their firesides and plenty crowned their labors. But, alas! the dreadful reverse remains to be told! While joys possessed were turned to sorrows, their hopes for joys to come were blasted; and, as the former strongly marked the grievous contrast between a state of prosperity and affliction; the latter only showed the fallacy of promising ourselves the future.

On the morning of the 16th of October, A. D., 1780, before the dawn of day, the inhabitants of this town were surprised by the approach of about three hundred Indians, of various tribes. They were led by the Caghnewaga tribe and had left Canada, intending to destroy Newbury, a town in the eastern part of Vermont on Connecticut river. A British lieutenant by the name of Horton was their chief commander, and one LeMott, a Frenchman, was his second. Their pilot, or leader, was a despicable villain by the name of Hamilton, who had been made prisoner by the Americans at the taking of Burgoyne in 1777. He had been at Newbury and Royalton the preceding summer, on parole of honor, left the latter place with several others under pretense of going to survey lands in the northern part of this state, and went directly to the enemy. He was doubtless the first instigator of those awful depredations which were the bitter fruits of this expedition, and ought to stamp his name with infamy and disgrace.

On their way thither, 'tis said, they came across several

men from Newbury who were engaged in hunting near the place where Montpelier village now stands, and made them prisoners. They made known their object to these hunters and inquired of them whether an armed force was stationed at Newbury. Knowing the defenceless state of that town and hoping they should be able to induce the Indians to relinquish their object and return to Canada, they told them that such an armed garrison was kept at Newbury as would render it extremely dangerous for them to approach; thus artfully dissembling by ambiguity of expression the true condition of their fellow townsmen, and like Rahab the harlot, saved their fathers' house from destruction.

Unwilling, however, that their expedition should prove wholly fruitless, they turned their course to Royalton. No arguments which the prisoners could adduce, were sufficient to turn them from that determination.

Following up Onion River as far as the mouth of Stevens Branch, which empties into the river at Montpelier, they steered their course through Barre, at that time called Wildersburgh, proceeded up Gaol branch which forms a part of Stevens' branch and traveled over the mountains through Orange and Washington; thence down the first branch of White River through Chelsea and Tunbridge to Royalton. They laid in their encampment at Tunbridge, not far distant from Royalton, during the Sabbath, the day preceding their attack upon the latter place, for the purpose of concerting measures to carry into effect their atrocious and malignant designs. Here were matured those diabolical seeds of depredation and cruelty, from which sprang bitterness, sorrow and death!

As they entered the town before daylight appeared, darkness covered their approach and they were not discovered till Monday morning at dawn of day when they entered the house of Mr. John Hutchinson, who resided not far from the line separating Royalton from Tunbridge. He was totally ignorant of their approach and wholly unsuspicious of danger till they burst the door upon him.

Here they took Mr. John Hutchinson and Abijah Hutchinson, his brother, prisoners and plundered the house; crossed the first branch and went to the house of Mr. Robert Havens, who lived at a small distance from Mr. Hutchinson's. Mr. Havens had gone out into his pasture in pursuit of his sheep, and having ascended a hill about forty rods from his house, hearing his neighbor Hutchinson's dog bark, halted, and stood in pensive silence. Here he listened with deep anxiety to know the extent of the evil he feared. But alas! he little expected to find a herd of savage men. It was his only fear that some voracious animal was among his sheep, which so disturbed the watchful dog. While he listened in silence, with his thoughts suspended, he heard a noise as of sheep or cattle running with full speed through the water. Casting his eye to the west toward his own dwelling he beheld a company of Indians just entering the door! Seeing his own danger he immediately laid down under a log and hid himself from their sight. But he could not hide sorrow from his mind. Here he wept. Tears trickling down his withered cheeks bespoke the anguish of his soul while he thought upon the distress of his family. With groanings unutterable he lay awhile; heard the piercing shrieks of his beloved wife and saw his sons escaping for their lives.

> Bath'd in tears the hoary sage
> In sorrow lay conceal'd; while death
> In frightful form stood thick around him.
> With bow-bent readiness and arrows dip'd
> In venom, promiscuous flying.
> Vigilance with his years had fled
> And hope was almost out of sight;
> Safety quite gone and far beyond his reach.

Laden with the weight of years, decrepit and infirm, he was sensible if he appeared in sight it would prove his death. He therefore resolved not to move until a favorable opportunity presented. His son, Daniel Havens, and Thomas Pem-

ber, were in the house and made their appearance at the door a little before the Indians came up. Beholding the foe but a few rods distant, they run for their lives. Daniel Havens made his escape by throwing himself over a hedge fence down the bank of the branch and crawling under a log; although a large number of Indians passed directly over it in pursuit of him. Who can tell the fears that agitated his bosom while these savage pursuers stepped upon the log under which he lay. And who can tell the joys he felt when he saw them pass off, leaving him in safety! A quick transition from painful fear and imminent danger, to joyful peace and calm retirement. They pursued Thomas Pember till they came so near as to throw a spear at him which pierced his body and put an end to his existence. He run some time, however, after he was wounded, till by loss of blood he fainted, fell and was unable to proceed farther. The savage monsters came up, several times thrust a spear through his body, took off his scalp and left him, food for worms! While they were tearing his scalp from his head, how did his dying groans pierce the skies and call on Him who holds the scales of justice to mark their cruelty and avenge his blood!

He had spent the night previous at the house of Mr. Havens engaged in amorous conversation with a daughter of Mr. Havens, who was his choice companion, the intended partner of his life.

> " . . , what jealous cares
> Hang on his parting soul to think his love
> Exposed to wild oppression and a herd
> Of savage men"; while himself lay
> With his eyes uplifted, fainting, doomed
> To wait and feel the vital blow.

By imagination we view the fair survivor surrounded by the savage tribe, whose frightful aspect threatened ruin; her soul overwhelmed with fear and stung with grief, bereft of her dearest friend. Hear her exclaiming with sorrowful accents, in the language of the poet:

"You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Burn for a friend whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt the parting stroke; 'tis you must feel,
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel;
This soul of mine, that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn."

They made the house of Mr. Havens their rallying point, or post of observation, and stationed a part of their company there to guard their baggage and make preparations for retreat, when they had completed their work of destruction. Like the messenger of death, silent and merciless, they were scarcely seen till felt. Or if seen, filled the mind with terror, nor often afforded opportunity for escape. Moving with violent steps, they proceeded down the first branch to its mouth, while a number armed with spears led the van, and were followed by others, armed with muskets and scalping knives.

The former they called runners, who were directed to kill all those who should be overtaken in an attempt to escape, while the latter were dominated gunners, took charge of the prisoners and scalped those who were killed.

They had not proceeded far before a young man by the name of Elias Button, being ignorant of their approach, made his appearance in the road but a few rods from them. Espying his danger, he turned and ran with the greatest possible speed in his power to escape their cruel hands. The savage tribe pursued him with their usual agility; soon overtook the trembling youth; pierced his body with their spears, took off his scalp and left him weltering in his gore! Young, vigorous and healthy, and blest with the brightest hopes of long life and good days, he was overtaken by the merciless stroke of death, without having a minute's warning. Innocence and bravery were no shield, nor did activity secure him a safe retreat. That they might be enabled to fall upon the inhabitants

unawares and thereby secure a greater number of prisoners, as well as procure a greater quantity of plunder, they kept profound silence till they had arrived at the mouth of the branch.

After killing Pember and Button and taking such plunder as most pleased their fancy, they proceeded to the house of Joseph Kneeland, who resided about half a mile distant from the house of Mr. Havens. Here they found Messrs. Simeon Belknap, Giles Gibbs and Jonathan Brown, together with Joseph Kneeland and his aged father, all of whom they made prisoners. They then went to the house of Mr. Elias Curtis, where they took Mr. Curtis, John Kent and Peter Mason. Mrs. Curtis had just waked from the slumbers of the night, and was about dressing herself as she sat upon her bed, when the savage monsters entered the door and one of them instantly flew at her with a large knife in his hand and seized her by the neck, apparently intending to cut her throat. While in the very attitude of inflicting the fatal wound, the murderous wretch discovered a string of gold beads around her neck, which attracted his attention and prevented the dreadful stroke of death. Thus his avidity for gold allayed his thirst for human blood. His raging passions were suddenly cooled; curiosity restrained his vengeance and spared the life of the frightened object of his cruelty. He had put the knife to her throat and eternity seemed open to her view, but instead of taking her life, he only took her beads and left her rejoicing at her deliverance. The barbarous looks of the wicked crew bespoke their malignant designs and caused horror and dismay to fill the minds of all who beheld them. But alas! who can tell what horror thrilled the bosom of this trembling woman! What dreadful pangs were made to pierce her soul! Behold the tawney wretch, with countenance wild, and awful grimaces, standing by her bedside, holding her by the throat with one hand and the weapon of death in the other! See, standing around her a crowd of brutal savages, the sons of violence; foul tormentors. In vain do I attempt to paint the scene.

Nor will I pretend to describe the feelings of a kind and tender mother, who, reposing in the arms of sleep, with her infant at her bosom, is roused from her slumbers by the approach of a tribe of savage Indians at her bedside.

"No dangers seen; no fear to raise a sigh;
No dangers fear'd; and yet was ruin nigh.
Dark was the night, and scarce a trembling breeze
Was heard to whisper thro' the neighboring trees,
When to sleep's arms the household was withdrawn,
To rest in safety till the morrow's dawn;
The morrow dawns and blushes at the sight
Of bloody scenes, that shun detecting light;
Urg'd by a nameless thirst for human prey,
A savage hand approach'd where beauty lay;
Where innocence, and youth, and age reclin'd
In sleep, refreshing as the Southern wind.
The sire, though bending with a load of years,
To save his daughter—every danger dares;
By some rough hand this ancient hero dies—
The trembling mother for her husband sighs;
Sighs and entreats to spare her infant's life,
Her sighs they hear, and spare him—with the knife.
Pleas'd with the charm of beauty drenched in tears,
The savage tribe to gloomy desarts hears
The weeping mother void of all defence,
Save what she hoped from Heav'n and innocence."

To prevent an alarm from being sounded abroad, they commanded the prisoners to keep silence on pain of death. While the afflicted inhabitants beheld their property wasted, and their lives exposed to swell with grief. But they were debarred the privilege of making known their sufferings to their nearest friends, or even to pour out their cries of distress, while surrounded by the savage band whose malevolent appearance could not fail to spread fear and distress in every bosom. They plundered every house they found till they arrived at the mouth of the branch. Here the commander, a British officer, took his stand with a small party of Indians, while some went up, and others down, on each side of the

river, to complete the work of destruction. They had already taken several horses, which some of them rode, to facilitate their march and enable them to overtake those who attempted to make their escape. Frightened at the horrible appearance of their riders, who were in no way qualified to manage them, the horses served rather to impede than hasten their progress.

Instigated by "the powers of darkness"; fired with rage; eager to obtain that booty which they acquired by the pillage of houses; and fearful at the same time, that they should themselves fall a prey to the American forces, they pursued their ravages with infuriated zeal and violence and horror attended their movement.

> "Uproar, revenge and rage, and hate appear
> In all their murderous forms; and flame and blood
> And sweat and dust array the broad campaign
> In horror; hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
> And all the savage passions of the soul,
> Engage in the warm business of the day."

Gen. Elias Stevens, who resided in the first house on the river above the mouth of the branch, had gone down the river about two miles, and was engaged at work with his oxen and cart. While busily employed in loading his cart, casting his eye up the river he beheld a man approaching, bareheaded, with his horse upon the run, who, seeing Gen. Stevens, cried out: "For God's sake, turn out your oxen, for the Indians are at the mill." * Gen. Stevens hastened to unyoke his oxen, turned them out, and immediately mounted his horse and started to return to his family, filled with fearful apprehensions for the fate of his beloved wife, and tender offspring! He had left them in apparent safety, reposing in the arms of sleep. Having proceeded on his return, about half way home, he met Capt. Joseph Parkhurst, who informed him that the

*The Mills, to which he referred, owned by a Mr. Morgan, were situated on the first branch near its mouth.

Indians were but a few rods distant, in swift pursuit down the river and that unless he returned immediately he would inevitably fall into their hands.

Apprized of his danger he turned and accompanied the captain down the river. Conjugal and paternal affection alone can suggest to the imagination of the reader what were the feelings of Gen. Stevens, when compelled for his own safety, to leave the wife of his bosom, and their little ones, to the mercy of a savage foe!

What pains did he feel when he found himself deprived of all possible means to afford them relief! Nor could he expect a more favorable event than to find them all sacrificed at the shrine of savage barbarity! Who, not totally devoid of sympathy, can refrain to drop a tear as he reflects upon those painful emotions which agitated the General's breast, when he was forced to turn his back upon his beloved family, while thus exposed to danger! Indeed, it was his only source of consolation that he might be able to afford assistance to his defenceless neighbors, and as they soon came to the house of Deacon Daniel Rix, he there found opportunity to lend the hand of pity. Gen. Stevens took Mrs. Rix and two or three children with him, and they all rode off as fast as possible accompanied by Deacon Rix and several others on foot, till they arrived at the place where the General first received the alarm. Filled with anxiety for his family, and not having seen any Indians, Gen. Stevens, here concluded again to return, hoping he should be able to reach home in time to secure his household from danger, before the Indians arrived. Leaving Mrs. Rix and children in the care of a Mr. Burroughs he started for home and had proceeded about half a mile when he discovered the Indians in the road ahead of him but a few rods distant. He quickly turned about, hastened his retreat, soon overtook the company he had left and entreated them immediately to leave the road and take to the woods to prevent being overtaken. Those who were on foot jumped over the fence, hastened to the woods out of sight of the Indians, where

they remained in safety undiscovered by the savage foe, who kept the road in pursuit of General Stevens. He passed down the road about half a mile, and came to the house of Mr. Tilly Parkhurst, his father-in-law. Seeing his sister engaged in milking by the barn, he told her "to leave her cow immediately or the Indians would have her," and left her to secure her own retreat. They were now in plain sight, not more than eighty or a hundred rods off. The road was full of them, running like bloodhounds. The General rode to the house, told them to run for their lives, and proceeded to warn others who lived contiguous. By this time the way was filled with men, women and children and a large body of Indians in open view but just behind them. The savage tribe now began to make the surrounding wilderness re-echo with their frightful yells. Frightened and alarmed for their safety, children clung to their parents, and half distracted mothers, filled with fearful apprehensions of approaching destruction, were heard to make the air resound with their cries of distress! General Stevens endeavored to get them into the woods out of sight of the Indians. Fear had usurped the power of reason and wisdom's voice was drowned in the torrent of distraction. All was at stake. The enemy hard by, and fast approaching. Defenceless mothers with helpless infants in their arms fleeing for their lives. Despair was spread before them, while the roaring flood of destruction seemed rolling behind them. Few could be persuaded to go into the woods and most of them kept the road till they arrived at the house of Capt. E. Parkhurst in Sharon. Here they halted a moment to take breath, hoping they should not be pursued any farther. The Indians being taken up in plundering the houses, had now fallen considerably in the rear. But the unhappy victims of distress had not long been here when the cruel pursuers again appeared in sight.

Screaming and crying, now witnessed the horrors of that dreadful scene. Groans and tears bespoke the feelings of a heart agitated with fear and swollen with grief. There was

no time to be lost. While they waited they waited for destruction. Children hanging to their mothers' clothes; mothers inquiring what they should do and calling for assistance; floods of tears and piercing shrieks all presented to view a most painful scene. Seeing the Indians approaching with hideous yells that thrilled the heart of everyone, Gen. Stevens put his mother and sister upon his own horse; Capt. Joseph Parkhurst put Mrs. Rix and three of her children upon another horse, without a bridle, and ordered them to hasten their flight. There yet remained the wife of Capt. E. Parkhurst, who stood in the most critical situation in which a woman can be placed; begging and crying for help; surrounded by six small children, clinging to her clothes, and pleading with her for protection. Alas! how awful was the spectacle, how affecting the scene! To see a woman in this deplorable condition, pleading for succor when none could help; when safety and support had fled; and dangers rushed upon her! A heart not devoid of sympathy could not fail to weep. Conscious of her wretched situation, feeling for her dear children, being told there was no probability of her escape, gathering her little ones around her she wept in bitterness of soul; tears of pity ran down her cheeks while she waited the approach of the savage tribe to inflict upon her whatever malice could invent, or inhumanity devise.

Her husband, to whom she fain would have looked for protection, was gone from home when all her woes fell upon her. Well might she say, "Therefore are my loins filled with pain; pangs have taken hold upon me, as the pangs of a woman that travaileth, my heart panted, fearfulness affrighted me; the night of my pleasure hath he turned into fear unto me." While Mrs. Parkhurst saw her friends and neighbors fleeing from her and beheld the Indians approaching with impetuous step, her bosom throbbed with anguish; horror seized her soul, and death, immediate death! both to her and her children, "stood thick about her," threatening to thrust his dagger into her aching heart. There was no time

to decide on the priority of claims to pity, or the demands of justice. Those who were nearest at hand first received assistance; not, however, without regard to that affection which arises from consanguinity or matrimonial connection. And these relations not only unite the hearts but connect the hands in scenes of distress.

At the time Gen. Stevens put his mother and his sister upon his horse the Indians were not eight rods from him. They, in company with Mrs. Rix and her children, rode off as fast as possible. The general followed with several others on foot. Part of the Indians pursued them, while others entered the house and plundered it of its furniture. They took her eldest son from her, then ordered her, with the rest of her children, to leave the house. She accordingly repaired into the fields back of the house with five of her children and remained in safety till they had left the place. Soon after Gen. Stevens started, his dog came in his way and caused him to stumble and fall, which so retarded his progress that he was obliged to flee to the woods for safety, leaving the women and children to make the best of their retreat. The Indians pursued down the road after them with frightful yells, and soon overtook those who were on foot. They took Garner Rix, son of Deacon Rix, a boy about fourteen years old, just at the heels of his mother's horse, while she was compelled to witness the painful sight. Alas! What distress and horror filled her bosom, when she, with three of her children, no less dear than herself, fleeing from the savage foe, mounted upon a horse snorting with fear, having nothing but a pocket handkerchief in his mouth for a bridle, saw her wearied son faint for want of breath, fall a captive to this barbarous crew. Cruel fate! The trembling youth, overwhelmed with fear and bathed in tears was now torn from his tender parents and compelled to roam the wilderness to unknown regions. Nor was the disconsolate mother with her other little ones left in a much more safe condition.

Exposed and expecting every moment to fall to the ground,

which, if it proved not their death, would leave them a prey to the savage monsters. No tongue can tell the pains she felt nor pen describe the horrors of her soul to behold her little son while fleeing for his life fall into the hands of these sons of cruelty; what kind and tender mother would not feel her heart to bleed?

May we not listen to the voice of imagination and hear her say:

> "Oh, infinite distress! such raging grief
> Should command pity, and despair relief.
> Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
> Give sense to rocks and sympathy to stones."

The Indians pursued the women and children as far as the house of Mr. Benedict, the distance of about a mile. They effected their escape though surrounded with dangers and pursued with impetuous and clamorous steps. Here they discovered Mr. Benedict on the opposite side of a stream called Broad Brook, which ran near the house. They beckoned to have him come over to them. Choosing, however, not to hazard the consequences of yielding to their request, he turned and ran a short distance and hid himself under a log. He had not long been in this situation when these bloodthirsty wretches came and stood upon the log and were heard by him to exclaim in angry tone "if they could find him he should feel the tomahawk."

After standing upon the log some time and endeavoring to espy the concealed trembling object of their pursuit, they left him and returned to the house. Ah! What joy filled his bosom when he saw these messengers of death pass away leaving him in safety! How must his heart have glowed with gratitude towards the "Great Preserver of men," at this unexpected deliverance from the most imminent danger. His joys were not unmingled with sorrow as the fell destroyers were still at his house, committing ravages and wasting his property. But no man can be supposed to put his property in competition with his life.

The Indians pursued down the river about forty rods farther, where they made a young man by the name of Avery, prisoner and then concluded to return.

While they were at the house of Tilly Parkhurst, aforementioned, which was about six miles from the place they entered Royalton, his son, Phineas Parkhurst, who had been to alarm the people on the east side of the river, just as he entered the stream on his return, discovered the Indians in his father's door. Finding himself in danger, he immediately turned to go back and the Indians just at this time happened to see him and fired upon him. This was the first gun they fired after they entered the town. The ball entered his back, went through his body, came out under his ribs and lodged in the skin. Notwithstanding the wound he was, however, able to ride, and continued his retreat to Lebanon in the state of New Hampshire, the distance of about sixteen miles with very little stop, supporting the ball between his fingers. He now resides in that town and sustains the character of a useful physician and an industrious, independent farmer.

That party of Indians which went down on the east side of the river extended their ravages as far as the house of Capt. Gilbert in Sharon, where a public house is now kept by Capt. Dana. Here they took a nephew of Capt. Gilbert, by the name of Nathaniel Gilbert, a boy about fifteen years of age. They now resolved to return and commenced that waste of property which tracked their progress. As they retraced their steps they set fire to all the buildings they found of every description. They spread desolation and distress wherever they went. Houses filled with furniture and family supplies for the winter; barns stored with the fruits of industry and fields stocked with herds of cattle, were all laid waste.

They shot and killed fourteen fat oxen in one yard, which, in consequence of the inhabitants being dispersed, were wholly lost. Cows, sheep and hogs, and indeed every creature designed by the God of nature to supply the wants of man which came within their sight, fell a prey to these dreadful spoilers.

Parents torn from their children; husbands separated from their wives; and children snatched from their parents, presented to view an indescribable scene of wretchedness and distress. Some were driven from their once peaceful habitations into the adjacent wilderness for safety, there to wait the destruction of their property stung with the painful reflection that their friends, perhaps a kind father and affectionate brother, were made captives and compelled to travel with a tawney herd of savage men into the wild regions of the north to be delivered into the hands of enemies and undergo the fatigues and dangers of a wretched captivity; or, what was scarcely more to be deplored, learn with pain, that they had fallen the unhappy victims to the relentless fury of the savage tribe and were weltering in their gore, where there was no eye to pity or friendly hand to administer relief!

The third party of Indians, who went up the river, first came to the house of Gen. Stevens. Daniel Havens, whose escape I have mentioned, went directly there and warned the family of their danger. Trembling with fear he only stepped into the house, told them that "the Indians were as thick as the D——l at their house," and turned and went directly out, leaving the family to secure their own retreat.

Mrs. Stevens and the family were in bed, excepting her husband, who, as before stated, had gone down the river, about two miles from home. She immediately arose from her bed, flung some loose clothes over her, took up her child, and had scarcely got to the fire when a large body of Indians rushed in at the door. They immediately ransacked the house in search of men and then took the beds and bedding, carried them out of doors, cut open the bedticks and threw the feathers into the air. This made them sport enough. Nor did they fail to manifest their infernal gratification by their tartarian shouts and disingenuous conduct.

Mrs. Stevens entreated them to let her have some clothes for herself and child, but her entreaties were in vain. They were deaf to the calls of the needy, and disregarded the demands

of justice. Her cries reached their ears, but nothing could excite one single glow of sympathy. Her destitute and suffering condition was plain before their eyes, but they were blind to objects of compassion. Alas! What bitterness of soul; what anguish; what heart rending pangs of fear, distressed her tender bosom. Surrounded by these pitiless, terrific monsters in human shape, with her little offspring in her arms, whose compassion, exposed to the raging fire of savage jealousy, unquenchable by a mother's tears, anxious for the safety and mourning the absence of her bosom friend, the husband of her youth; it is beyond the powers of imagination to conceive or language to express the sorrows of her heart

At one moment securely reposing in the arms of sleep, with her darling infant at her breast, the next amid a savage crew, whose wicked hands were employed in spreading desolation and mischief; whose mortal rage, exposed her to the arrows of death, after plundering the house, they told Mrs. Stevens to "begone or they would burn." She had been afraid to make any attempt to escape, but now gladly embraced the opportunity. She hastened into the adjacent wilderness, carrying her child, where she tarried till the Indians had left the town.

"Strangers to want! Can ye, presumptuous say,
No cloud shall arise to overcast your day?
Time past hath prov'd how fleeting riches are,
Time future to this truth may witness bear;
By means no human wisdom can foresee,
Or power prevent, a sudden change may be,
War in its route may plunder all your store
And leave you friendless, desolate and poor."

A boy by the name of Daniel Waller Noyes, about fourteen years old, who lived with Gen. Stevens, hearing the alarm given by Mr. Havens, set out immediately to go to the General and give him the information. He had proceeded about a half mile when he met the Indians, was taken prisoner and carried to Canada.

They left the house and barn of Gen. Stevens in flames and proceeded up the river as far as Mr. Durkee's, where they took two of his boys prisoners, Adam and Andrew, and carried the former to Canada, who died there in prison. Seeing the smoke arise above the trees in the woods adjacent, the invaders directed their course to the spot, where they found a young man by the name of Prince Haskell busily engaged in chopping for the commencement of a settlement. Haskell heard a rustling among the leaves behind him, and turning around beheld two Indians but a few feet from him. One stood with his gun pointed directly at him and the other in the attitude of throwing a tomahawk. Finding he had no chance to escape, he delivered himself up as prisoner and was also carried to Canada. He returned in about one year after enduring the most extreme sufferings in his wanderings through the wilderness on his way home.

A Mr. Chafee, who lived at the house of Mr. Hendee, started early in the morning to go to the house of Mr. Elias Curtis to get his horse shod. On his way he saw Mr. John Kent ahead of him who was upon the same business, wishing to put in his claim before Mr. Chafee, he rode very fast and arrived at the house first. He had scarcely dismounted from his horse when the Indians came out of the house, took him by the hair of his head and pulled him over backwards. Seeing this, Mr. Chafee immediately dismounted, jumped behind the shop, hastened away, keeping such a direction as would cause the shop to hide his retreat. Thus he kept out of sight of the Indians, effected his escape and returned to the house of Mr. Hendee. On receiving the alarm given by Mr. Chafee, Mr. Hendee directed his wife to take her little boy about seven years old and her little daughter, who was still younger, and hastened to one of their neighbors for safety, while he should go to Bethel, the town west of Royalton and give the alarm at the fort.

Mrs. Hendee had not proceeded far when she was met by several Indians upon the run, who took her little boy from her. Feeling anxious for the fate of her child she inquired what

they were going to do with him. They replied that they should make a soldier of him; and then hastened away, pulling him along by the hand, leaving the weeping mother with her little daughter, to witness the scene and hear the piercing shrieks of her darling son.

This leads me to notice one instance of female heroism, blended with benevolence, displayed by Mrs. Hendee, whose name deserves ever to be held in remembrance by every friend of humanity.

She was now separated from her husband and placed in the midst of a savage crew who were committing the most horrid depredations and destroying every kind of property that fell within their grasp. Defenceless and exposed to the shafts of envy or the rage of a company of despicable tories and brutal savages, the afflicted mother, robbed of her only son, proceeded down the river with her tender little daughter hanging to her clothes, screaming with fear, pleading with her mother to keep away the Indians!

In this condition, possessing uncommon resolution and great presence of mind, she determined again to get possession of her son. As she passed down the river she met several tories who were with the Indians of whom she continued to inquire what they intended to do with the children they had taken and received an answer that they should kill them. Still determined not to part with her son, she passed on and soon discovered a large body of Indians stationed on the opposite side of the river. Wishing to find the commanding officer and supposing him to be there, she set out to cross the river, and just as she arrived at the bank an old Indian stepped ashore. He could not talk English, but requested by signs to know where she was going. She signified that she was going to cross, when he, supposing she intended to deliver herself up to them as a prisoner, kindly offered to carry her and her child across on his back, but she refused to be carried. He then insisted upon carrying her child to which she consented. The little girl cried and said, "She didn't want to ride the old Indian."

She was, however, persuaded to ride the old Indian and they all set out to ford the river.

Having proceeded about half way across they came to deeper and swifter water and the old Indian, patting the mother upon the shoulder, gave her to understand that if she would tarry upon a rock near them which was not covered with water, till he had carried her child over, he would return and carry her also. She therefore stopped and sat upon the rock till he had carried her daughter and set her upon the opposite shore; when he returned and took her upon his back, lugged her over and safely landed her with her child.

Supported by a consciousness of the justice of her cause, braving every danger and hazarding the most dreadful consequences, not excepting her own life and that of her children, she now sat out to accomplish her object.

She hastened to the commanding officer and boldly inquired of him what he intended to do with her child. He told her that it was contrary to orders to injure women and children. "Such boys as should be taken," he said, "would be trained for soldiers, and would not be hurt."

"You know," said she, in reply, "that these little ones cannot endure the fatigues of a march through the vast wilderness, which you are calculated to pass. And when their trembling limbs shall fail to support their feeble bodies and they can no longer go, the tomahawk and the scalping knife will be the only relief you will afford them! Instead of falling into a mother's arms, and receiving a mother's tender care, you will yield them into the arms of death, and earth must be their pillow, where the howling wilderness shall be their only shelter—truly a shelter from a mother's tears, but not from the jaws of wild beasts, nor a parent's grief. And give me leave to tell you," added she, "were you possessed of a parent's love—could you feel the anguish of a mother's heart, at the loss of her 'first born,' her darling son, torn from her bosom, by the wicked hands of savage men, no entreaties would be required to obtain the release of my dear child!"

Horton replied that the Indians were an ungovernable race, and would not be persuaded to give up anything they should see fit to take.

"You are their commander," continued she, "and they must and will obey you. The curse will fall upon you for whatever crime they may commit, and all the innocent blood they shall here shed, will be found on your skirts 'when the secrets of men's hearts shall be made known,' and it will then cry for vengeance on your head!"

Melted into tears at this generous display of maternal affection, the infamous destroyer felt a relenting in his bosom, bowed his head under the weight of this powerful eloquence and simple boldness of the brave heroine, and assured her that he would deliver her child up, when the Indians arrived with him. The party who took him had not yet returned. When he arrived, Horton, with much difficulty, prevailed on the Indians to deliver him up. After she had gained possession of him she set out, leading him and her little girl by the hand, and hastened away with speed, while the mingled sensations of fear, joy and gratitude, filled her bosom. She had not gone more than ten rods, when Horton followed and told her to go back and stay till the scouting parties had returned, lest they should again take her boy from her. She accordingly returned and tarried with the Indians till they all arrived and started for Canada. While she was there, several of her neighbors' children about the same age of her own, were brought there as captives. Possessing benevolence equal to her courage, she now made suit for them and, by her warm and affectionate entreaties, succeeded in procuring their release. While she waited for their departure, sitting upon a pile of boards, with the little objects of charity around her, holding fast to her clothes, with their cheeks wet with tears an old Indian came and took her son by the hand and endeavored to get him away. She refused to let him go and held him fast by the other hand till the savage monster violently waved his cutlass over her head, and the piercing shrieks of her beloved child filled the

air. This excited the rage of the barbarous crew, so much so as to endanger her own and the life of the children around her, and compelled her to yield him into his hands. She again made known her grievance to Horton, when, after considerable altercation with the Indians, he obtained her son and delivered him to her a second time; though he might be said to "fear not God nor regard man."

Thus like the unfortunate widow who "troubled the unjust judge" this young woman obtained the release of nine small boys from a wretched captivity, which doubtless would have proved their death. She led eight of them away, together with her daughter, all hanging to her own clothes, and to each other, mutually rejoicing at their deliverance. The other whose name was Andrew Durkee, whom the Indians had carried to the house of Mr. Havens, was there released according to the agreement of Horton with Mrs. Hendee, and sent back, on account of his lameness.

Being told that the great bone in his leg had been taken out, in consequence of a fever sore, an old Indian examined it and cried out, "No boon! no go!" and giving him a blanket and a hatchet, sent him back.

* Mrs. Hendee carried two of the children across the river on her back, one at a time, and the others waded through the water with their arms around each others' neck. After crossing the river she traveled about three miles with them and encamped for the night, "Gathering them around her as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

The names of the children who were indebted to her for their release from the savage tribe, were Michael Hendee, Roswell Parkhurst, son of Capt. Ebenezer Parkhurst, Andrew and Sheldon Durkee, Joseph Rix, Rufus and —— Fish, Nathaniel Evans and Daniel Downer. The latter received such an affright from the horrid crew that he was ever afterwards unable to take care of himself, wholly unfit for business and lived for many years wandering from place to place, a solemn, though

*Mrs. Hendee was at this time 27 years of age.

silent witness of the distress and horror of that dreadful scene.

Mrs. Hendee, now (1818) lives in Sharon, where the author visited her and received the foregoing statement of this noble exploit from her own mouth. It is also corroborated by several gentlemen now living, who were eye witnesses.

She has buried her first and second husband, and now lives a widow, by the name of Moshier. Her days are almost gone. May her declining years be crowned with the reward due her youthful deeds of benevolence. She has faced the most awful dangers for the good of mankind and rescued many from the jaws of death!

In view of the exceeding riches of that mercy which has protected her through such scenes of danger, may she devote her life to the service of the Mighty God, and, at last, find a happy seat at the right hand of Him, "who gave Himself a ransom for all." And thus let the children who are endebted to her bravery and benevolence for their lives, "rise up and call her blessed." Gratitude forbids their silence. For, to maternal affection and female heroism alone, under God, they owe their deliverance from savage cruelty. The boldest hero of the other sex could never have effected what she accomplished. His approach to the savage tribe to intercede in behalf of those defenceless children, most surely would have brought upon himself a long and wretched captivity, and perhaps even death itself.

The Indians having accomplished their nefarious designs, returned to the house of Mr. Havens with their prisoners, and the plunder of houses which they had devoted to destruction. Here was the place where they had commenced their ravages. The old man, as before observed, having concealed himself under a log at the time he espied the Indians in the morning while hunting his sheep, still remained in sorrowful silence undiscovered. He had considered it unsafe to move, as a party of the crew had continued there during the day, and had

twice come and stood upon the log under which he lay without finding him.

After collecting their plunder together and distributing it among them they burned the house and barn of Mr. Havens and started for Canada. It was now about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They carried off twenty-six prisoners from Royalton who were all delivered up to the British as prisoners of war.

They all obtained their release and returned in about one year, excepting Adan Durkee, who died in camp at Montreal.

Twenty-one dwelling houses and sixteen good new barns were filled with hay and grain, the hard earnings of industrious young farmers, were here laid in ashes by the impious crew. They killed about one hundred and fifty head of neat cattle and all the sheep and swine they found. Hogs in their pens and cattle tied in their stalls, were burnt alive. They destroyed all the household furniture except what they carried with them. They burnt the house of Mr. John Hutchinson, and giving his wife a hatchet and a flint together with a quarter of mutton, told her to "go and cook for her men." This they said, to aggravate her feelings and remind her of her forlorn condition.

Women and children were left entirely destitute of food and every kind of article necessary for the comforts of life; almost naked and without a shelter, wandering from place to place, they beheld their cattle rolling in their blood, groaning in the agonies of death and saw their houses laid in ruins. Disconsolate mothers and weeping orphans were left to wander through the dreadful waste and lament the loss of their nearest friends, comfortless and forlorn.

The Indians took away about thirty horses, which were, however, of little use to them, but rather served to hinder their progress. Their baggage was composed of almost every article commonly found among farmers: such as axes and hoes, pots, kettles, shovels and tongs, sickles, scythes and chains, old side saddles and bed-ticks emptied of their feathers, warm-

ing pans, plates and looking-glasses, and indeed nearly all kinds of articles necessary for the various avocations of life.

On their return they crossed the hills in Tunbridge, lying west of first branch, and proceeded to Randolph, where they encamped for the first night near the second branch, a distance of about ten miles. They had, however, previously dispatched old Mr. Kneeland, a prisoner whom they considered would be of the least service to them, with letters to the militia, stating that, "if they were not followed, the prisoners should be used well—but should they be pursued every one of them would be put to death."

The alarm had by this time spread through the adjacent towns and the scattering, undisciplined militia shouldered their muskets and hastened to pursue them. They collected at the house of Mr. Evans in Randolph, about two miles south of the encampment of the Indians. Here they formed a company consisting of about three hundred in number and made choice of Col. John House of Hanover, N. H., for their commander. They supposed the Indians had gone to Brookfield, about ten miles from that place, up the second branch. With this expectation they took up their march about 12 o'clock at night, hoping they should be able to reach Brookfield before light and make them prisoners. They had scarcely started when the American front guard, to their utter surprise were fired upon by the rear guard of the enemy. Several fires were exchanged and one of the Americans wounded, when Col. House, through cowardice or want of skill, commanded them to halt and cease firing. He then ordered them to make a stand and kept them in suspense till the Indians had made their escape. To hasten their flight the savage tribe were compelled to leave at their encampment a considerable quantity of their plunder, nearly all of the horses, and made good their retreat.

Here they killed two of the prisoners by the name of Joseph Kneeland and Giles Gibbs. The former was found dead with his scalp taken off and the latter with a tomahawk in his head.

At daylight Col. House courageously entered the deserted

camp and took possession of the spoil, but alas, the enemy were gone, he knew not where! Urged by his brave soldiers, who were disgusted at his conduct, he proceeded up the second branch as far as Brookfield in pursuit of the enemy and not finding them, disbanded his men and returned.

Had Col. House possessed courage and skill adequate to the duties of his station he might have defeated the enemy, it is thought, without the least difficulty and made them all prisoners. His number was equal to that of the enemy, well armed with muskets and furnished with ammunition. The enemy, though furnished with muskets, had little ammunition, and were encumbered with the weight of much guilt and a load of plunder. They had encamped upon a spot of ground which gave the Americans all the advantage, and their only safety rested in their flight. The American force consisted of undisciplined militia, who promiscuously assembled from different quarters, but were full of courage, animated by the principles of justice and determined to obtain redress for the injuries they had received from the barbarous crew.

Many of them likewise had friends and connections then in possession of the Indians, to obtain whose freedom, they were stimulated to action. But alas! Their determination failed, their hopes were blasted; They were forced to relinquish their object, and suffer their friends to pass on and endure a wretched captivity. They, however, forced the Indians to leave the stream and take their course over the hills between the second and third branch, which brought them directly and unexpectedly to the house of Zadock Steele, whom they made prisoner and took to Canada.

Names of a part of the persons killed and taken at the burning of Royalton:

Zadock Steele taken at Randolph, Experience Davis, Elias Curtis, J. Parks, Moses Parsons, Simeon Belknap, now living in Randolph, Samuel Pember, Thomas Pember, killed at Royalton, Garner Rix, now living in Royalton; Daniel Downer, Joseph Kneeland, killed at the encampment at Randolph;

Jonathan Brown, now residing in Williamstown; Adan Durkee, died at Montreal; Joseph Havens, Abijah Hutchinson, John Hutchinson, now living in Bethel, George Avery, John Kent, Peter Mason, Giles Gibbs, killed at Randolph, Peter Button, killed at Royalton; Nathaniel Gilbert.

The following persons were released by the intercession of Mrs. Hendee:

Daniel Downer, Jr., Andrew Durkee, Michael Hendee, Roswel Parkhurst, Sheldon Durkee, Joseph Rix, Rufus Fish, —— Fish, Nathaniel Evans.

CASCADNAC HOUSE.

## THE ROYALTON LAFAYETTE SAW IN 1825

Fifty years after the peaceful valley had been laid waste by Indians and the inhabitants scattered far and wide, a very different picture was presented. In place of the once sparsely inhabited settlement of isolated farm houses scattered among the hills and along the river there had arisen a busy little town centering around its mill, stores, academy and church.

Its development is realized when one recalls that five years previous to the fiftieth anniversary Royalton had been one of the six towns in the state honored by a visit from Lafayette. What the popular hero saw that day has been recorded, and so we too have a glimpse into the happy valley. His coming was by invitation from the legislature of 1824. On the morning of June 25, 1825, the brilliant retinue entering the state at Windsor, Vt., was met by Governor Van Ness and staff. Royalton was thronged with people. The Cascadnac house was the centre of activity, and landlord Col. Smith, famed for his geniality, felt the importance of the responsibility when he marshalled his forces in the kitchen, dining room and entire house in preparation for the entertainment of the distinguished guest, and that he might know just when to have all in readiness, well-mounted youths of the town were sent out along the way toward Windsor and stationed horn blasts apart. At the first sight of the oncoming cavalcade the signal blast was to be given and caught up by the next and the next until the valley itself re-echoed with tidings that Lafayette had come.

The town was brilliantly astir that morning. From Tunbridge came a full company of cavalry in new uniforms—blue trousers, white vests, bright red coats and a peculiar shaped cap with stiff plumes of blue and white—no expense had been

spared on these uniforms; even coat buttons had been ordered in Boston at the expense of $37 each.

Every building in town was dedicated this day to hospitality. Between the church and academy, where now runs the railroad, was a long one-story wooden building without windows, but with numerous openings provided with heavy wooden shutters. One end was partitioned off for a woodshed, kitchen and store-room, and the remainder with its three long tables and benches built in the hall had been dedicated to feasts on training and other great days.

Here the women of the town were assembled ready to cater to all those not entertained at the hotel, and in front of this building was formed a long procession of school children and townspeople led by two five-year-old boys—Horatio Nelson Smith and Dudley Chase Denison. Oel Billings, father of Frederick Billings, was marshal of the day.

Finally all was in readiness. Landlord Smith stood on the piazza listening, when suddenly a horn blast broke the spell of waiting. All the echoes of the valley were set flying, and Lafayette's coming was more triumphantly announced than it could have been by telephone message or telegram.

Over the Woodstock and Royalton turnpike the procession came, making but one stop at the toll bridge, where Lafayette accepted a glass of wine.

At the bridge the turnpike veered across the flat in front of the house at present occupied by Mr. Nathan Hale, so the village was entered by what is now known as Bridge street.

It was a fair sight that met Lafayette's eyes—the singing children advancing to meet him, the people delighting to honor him, and then the setting of the scene, the river-winding-valley and the hills climbing up and up to the sky.

To the children it seemed like a wonderful fairy tale. There was the dazzling retinue set to the sound of martial music coming gayly through the bridge and up into the heart of the town. All eyes centered on the quaint carriage drawn by six cream colored horses and the man within, who bowed and

smiled with courtly grace. Directly following came ten carriages bearing distinguished people, then the cavalry and the eager outriders who had proclaimed on their horns the coming of the hero.

From the balcony opposite the hotel Judge Collamer delivered the address of welcome. After dinner Gen. Lafayette reviewed the Revolutionary soldiers in town and endeared himself to all by calling those whom he had met by name.

In a happy speech he congratulated the people on the beautiful location of the town. He noted the energy and thrift and indomitable spirit of the people and saw ample evidences everywhere that the Indians would at that day have found the devastation of Royalton a very different matter from what they had forty-five years before.

(Authority for account of Lafayette's visit, a paper read before the Woman's Club, Nov. 18, 1905, by Mrs. Charles W. Joiner.)

## THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY.

It was five years after the coming of Lafayette, Oct. 16, 1830, that the people of the valley met on the village green and in a spirit of joyful gratitude for all the blessings that had since been vouchsafed celebrated the fiftieth anniversary. The sentiments of all were voiced in an original hymn sung by Eliza Skinner Denison.

Where our fathers dwelt midst dangers,
  Now their children dwell secure;
War and fear to them are strangers,
  Hardships they no more endure.

Where the Indian warwhoop sounded,
  Childhood shouts ring o'er the plain;
Where the wild deer fearless bounded,
  Wave the fields of ripened grain.

War from our bright land is banished,
  By our fathers' valiant hands;
All our enemies are vanished,
  Peace presides o'er all our land.

God be praised, by whose rich blessing,
  Peace and plenty we enjoy!
May His mercy never ceasing,
  Still our hearts and tongues employ!

Grant us, O our Great Creator,
  Hearts of gratitude to Thee;
And through Christ, our Mediator
  Set our sin-bound spirits free!

## DRAMATIZATION OF ZADOCK STEELE'S ACCOUNT BY SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY IN CIVIL WAR TIME.

During the Civil War the women of the town were anxious to make money to send to the "Boys in Blue."

Zadock Steele's narrative was therefore staged by the Soldiers' Aid Society, April 1, 1863, in the form of tableaux and dialogues. The band gave its services and the people gathered in the town hall in such numbers that a well filled purse was sent to the front. The eight scenes devoted to "The Burning of Royalton" were graphically portrayed by the actors; for then, as now, the traditions and history of Oct. 16, 1780, were so ingrained in the hearts of the people that it seemed part of their very blood.

The curtain went up on an early morning scene in a kitchen where the mother was preparing breakfast. Suddenly a man appeared at the door and shouted, "The Indians are coming!" and then pandemonium reigned. Indians swarmed over the stage, seizing valuables and dragging the boys away. One of the chief characters was "Mrs. Hendee," of course, and the lines spoken by her are full of spirit and eloquence. The ride of Phineas Parkhurst was cleverly suggested. "Miss Downer" rushed in to tell "Mrs. Belknap" and "Mrs. Brown" that she had seen the Indians shoot at Phineas Parkhurst, but that he did not fall, only pressed his hand to his side and rode away for his life.

At the close of the sixth scene the curtain falls on "Mrs. Rix" bewailing the seizure of her son Garner by the Indians.

Not a cent of money was spent on printing and so far as is known the only program of that evening in existence today is in the possession of Miss Gertrude Denison. It is written in pencil on a sheet of writing paper and is evidently intended for the use of the stage manager. Besides the program there are three written scenes, the 1st, 4th and 6th.

## THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.

In one hundred years the growth of the township had been such that the Centennial Anniversary, Oct. 16, 1880, was held at South Royalton, a flourishing branch of the town, situated farther down the White River near the point where the highway to Tunbridge crosses the river.

This day was the greatest in the history of the place, and the presence of people from the surrounding towns made the attendance rival the great conventions at county fairs.

The celebration was distinctive from all others in that it was spectacular. On the heights above where the railroad station now is there had been erected a temporary settlement and more than a hundred boys and men of the town, masquerading as Indians, decked with warpaint and feathers and brandishing tomahawks and battle axes, swooped down from the still higher heights and surrounded the dwellings. Women and children realistically rushed out and made their escape as best they could, while the invading Indians drew out the feather beds, tossed the feathers in air, wrecked all the furniture, set fire to the dwellings and then made merry in a war dance.

A temporary museum containing relics that had survived the Indian raid, was an interesting feature of the day. Among the curios was the bullet extracted from Phineas Parkhurst, and there were fragments of a table just as the Indians left it after smashing things generally in the home of John Hutchinson. This table descended to Mrs. Wm. Bliss of Royalton, whose mother was Mrs. Hutchinson's infant daughter.

Honorable D. C. Denison, the orator of the day, made an able recapitulation of historic events. Nothing tells the spirit of this anniversary better than the experience of one small boy, Fred D. Galup, who took part as an Indian. As he left

SOUTH ROYALTON.

the house early in the morning he said: "Mother, may I 'holler' and make all the noise I want to today?" "Yes," answered the smiling mother, and it's family tradition that the boy came back at night too tired to make any more noise for a week.

## THE 123RD ANNIVERSARY.

Interest in the history of the Indian raid upon the Vermont frontier was again stimulated at the 123rd anniversary by an article written by Daniel L. Burnett, M. D., South Royalton, Vt., and published in the October number, 1903, of the Inter-State Journal.

This article is particularly interesting in that it not only gives a resumé of the Zadock Steele narrative, but careful research had brought forth new facts, and the location of many of the historic old farms, once pillaged and burned, as well as various scenes of action on that dramatic day, were identified by photographs and in many instances by the names of the present day residents.

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## PLACES OF INTEREST

LOCATED BY DANIEL L. BURNETT, M. D.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. ADA L. MILLER AND W. E. GRAHAM.

In the cemetery at South Tunbridge, Vt., close beside the country road with its passersby, stands an old fashioned headstone with this inscription:

PETER BUTTON

WAS KILLED BY

THE INDIANS

IN ROYALTON, OCT. 16,

1780.

AGED 30 YEARS.

Not far from this cemetery did the hardy pioneer receive his death wound from the savages and on the farm adjoining his descendants live to this day.

The 16th of October, 1780, is a date which will always be a landmark in Royalton town history.

Early on that Monday morning the settlers were surprised by a mixed band of Indian, French and Tories, numbering about 300 men. This body of invaders left Canada with the intention of falling upon Newbury, Vt. The leader was a Lieut. Horton of the British Army, and a Frenchman by the name of LeMott was second in command. Their guide was one Hamilton, who was taken prisoner by the Americans at the time of General Burgoyne's surrender to General Gates at Saratoga. Hamilton had been at Newbury and Royalton on parole, and had left the latter place the preceding summer on pretence of surveying lands in the northern part of the state.

He, however, went directly to Canada and was, probably, the chief instigator of the raid. It is also a tradition that he had had trouble with certain ones of the Royalton settlers and wished for revenge. However this may be, the primary intention was to fall upon and destroy Newbury as was before stated.

Their course from Canada was up Lake Champlain by boat to near the mouth of the Winooski river, thence following the course of this river to about the site of Montpelier, where the party fell in with some hunters, who, learning that Newbury was in danger, told them that that place was well fortified and a body of soldiers was stationed there. Thus, by a false report, was Newbury saved the horrors that visited Royalton. The invaders were unwilling to lose their journey, so determined to fall upon Royalton.

"Following up Onion River as far as the mouth of Steven's branch, which empties into the river at Montpelier, they steered their course through Barre, at that time called Wildersburgh; proceeded up Goal branch which forms a part of Steven's branch and traveled over the mountains through Orange and Washington; thence down the first branch of White River through Chelsea and Tunbridge to Royalton. They laid in their encampment at Tunbridge, not far distant from Royalton, during the Sabbath."—(Zadock Steele's narrative.)

The site of this old Sabbath Day encampment is on the farm known by the name of the Adams Rowell farm and is easily seen from the main highway from South Royalton to Chelsea. It may be identified as being about one mile nearly directly west from the highway at Lester Corwin's near by the foundation of an old barn on the top of the hill.

Before day-break on this Monday, Oct. 16, 1780, the Indians surprised the settlers. The first place visited was that of Mr. John Hutchinson on the farm now occupied by Fred Smith, where John Hutchinson and his brother, Abijah Hutchinson, were taken prisoners, and the buildings were plundered. Crossing the branch they came to the home of Robert Havens, which

THE GULLY ON HILL-SIDE, THE SCENE OF PEMBER'S PLACE OF DEATH.

The immediate foreground shows part of the Havens meadow; the open space in the trees is where Pember crossed the branch to reach the foot of the gully (which is in the center of the picture). The river, or "branch," does not show, as the water was too low.

stood on the little eminence in the meadow on the farm now occupied by Lester Corwin. Bricks and stones from the old house are still to be found on this site. Mr. Havens, hearing some disturbance early in the morning and thinking there was trouble with his sheep, arose early, went upon the hill to the east of his house and so was gone when the Indians came. Mrs. Havens, being sick in bed at this time, was taken out of doors upon a feather bed and left in the yard, unharmed. A young man by the name of Thomas Pember, the accepted lover of Lorenza Havens, one of Robert Havens' daughters, attempted to escape by running,—was overtaken, speared, and scalped. Pember had often said that he could outrun any Indian, but he received a tomahawk wound in his arm, was tracked by means of the blood and weakened by the loss of the blood and therefore was no match for his savage pursuers.* Daniel Havens, a son of Robert, made his escape by secreting himself in the bushes on the bank of the stream.

Making the Hutchinson and Havens Meadows the base of operations, the savages scoured the adjacent country.

At this date the course of the highways was different than at present. No bridge then spanned the stream as there now does at South Tunbridge. The highway passed along the west banks of the branch to the farmhouse now occupied by George W. Ward. On the easterly side no road was yet built in the valley, but the hill road passed as high as it now does, and finally bore down to the stream at the Joseph Dearborn place, thus meeting the road of the westerly side of the branch by means of a bridge across the stream. Peter Button was passing along this hill road from his home near the cemetery and was surprised by the savages. He attempted to make his escape by flight but was soon overtaken, speared and scalped. Button was killed in the woods back of Joseph Dearborn's

*Pember was buried in the Hutchinson meadow but later his remains were removed to the old cemetery at Randolph Center.

place. Near this savage death scene Robert Havens was hidden and it is supposed that the Indians mistook Button for Havens for whom they were searching.

After killing Pember and Button, and leaving a squad on the Havens meadow to guard the prisoners and plunder, the savages proceeded down the branch to its mouth. The home of Joseph Kneeland, the site of which is now occupied by George W. Ward's house was the first to suffer. Here Simeon Belknap, Giles Gibbs, Jonathan Brown, Joseph Kneeland and his aged father were captured. From the Kneeland place the foe went to the home of Mr. Elias Curtis, who was taken prisoner, together with John Kent and Peter Mason. Tradition says that Mrs. Curtis was awakened by their entrance to the house and one of the savages approached the bed, seized her by the throat and apparently was about to kill her with a large knife, when, seeing her gold beads about her neck, he hastily tore them off, and thus was his attention diverted from taking her life.

The Indians made a stand on the meadows near the mouth of the branch, and from there sent a party up the White River and two parties down the river—one on either side.

The squad going up the river went as far as the mouth of the second branch of the White River, plundering and taking prisoners. Bethel was provided with a fort with, probably, a militia company at this time, and consequently the savages dared go no farther in that direction. There is now standing an outbuilding on the Edward Rix farm that was standing on that eventful day. The timbers were then green, and, although it was set on fire, it did not burn. Mr. Rix has taken up the original floor, the boards of which were charred by this attempt to burn the building. Adan and Andrew Durkee were taken prisoners at this place. The former was taken to Canada, where he afterwards died in prison, and Andrew, being lame, was rescued by Mrs. Hendee.

The party of Indians, who went down the east side of White River, proceeded as far as Sharon village, where a nephew

THE BARN WHICH THE INDIANS TRIED TO BURN.

(The smaller building.) The timbers were then green, and, although set on fire, it did not burn. Now standing on the Edward Rix farm, about three miles north-west from South Royalton, on the direct road to Bethel.

OLD KETTLES FOUND WHERE THE INDIANS CAMPED.

The property of Mrs. Hannah Benson, a grand-daughter of Lorenza Havens.

LORENZA HAVENS.

*(From a photograph taken when past ninety years old.)*

Lorenza Havens was a daughter of Robert Havens, whose farm was made the rendezvous of the savages, and whose buildings were burned by them. Her lover, Thomas Pember, was speared and scalped within sight of the house. She afterwards became Mrs. Lovejoy, and has many descendants in Royalton and vicinity.

of Capt. Gilbert, Nathaniel Gilbert, by name, a boy about fifteen years of age, was taken prisoner.

The settlers on the east side of the river were fortunate in being warned of the approach of the foe by Phineas Parkhurst, son of Tilly Parkhurst. Tilly Parkhurst lived about one and one-half miles down the river from the present site of South Royalton village. Phineas Parkhurst was returning to his father's house, after warning the settlers on the east side of the river, and, stepping out into the river, was seen by the Indians, who immediately shot at him. The ball struck him in one side of the abdomen, and coursed between the muscles, and lodged just under the skin. Parkhurst grasped the ball between his fingers and rode his horse to Lebanon, N. H. He afterwards became a practitioner of medicine and surgery.

The party of Indians who went to the west side of the river found many settlers. The first house plundered in this vicinity was that of Deacon Daniel Rix which stood near the site of Don Blake's present home. Mrs. Rix and two or three children were taken by Gen. Elias Stevens on his horse, and a Mrs. Benton and several children were taken by Capt. Joseph Parkhurst, and, accompanied by Deacon Rix and several others on foot hastened down the road for some distance, when, not having seen any Indians, Gen. Stevens decided to return up the river. He had gone only a short distance when he saw the Indians approaching. He hastily retraced his steps and warned the party. Those who were on foot hastened over the fence and escaped into the woods in safety. Gen. Stevens fled, pursued by the Indians, who, however, were hindered by taking time to plunder and burn buildings. At Tilly Parkhurst's, who was the father-in-law of Gen. Stevens, he found his sister engaged in milking and told her to leave the cow immediately or the Indians would have her.

The road was now full of men, women, and children, fleeing for their lives, and the savages were close behind plundering, burning, and taking prisoners. The Indians went as far as the mouth of Broad Brook, and then returned to the

mouth of the Chelsea Branch, where their companions were stationed.

Among the individual deeds of heroism in connection with this day of horrors, the bravery and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Hendee is pre-eminent.

* * * * * *

The exact place where she crossed the river with the children is not positively known, and several locations are given. It seems very probable, however, that there might have been several such crossing places. *There is excellent authority that one of the places was just above the head of the island in South Royalton village in the rear of the present home of Erwin Doubleday, straight across to the Charles Southworth meadow.

After the return of the various scouting parties to the mouth of the branch, they, with their prisoners and plunder, returned to the Robert Havens house which they burned, and then started for Canada at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

* * * * * *

The prisoners were taken to Montreal and its vicinity, and most of them returned in about two years, with the exception of Adan Durkee, who died, a prisoner, in Montreal.

*Mr. Edward Rix, now living in Royalton, whose father was one of the rescued children, says his father had often taken him, when a boy, to this place and told him that there was where Mrs. Hendee had crossed with the children.

THE HAVENS MEADOW, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS BY THE INDIANS, WHILE IN ROYALTON.

This corn-field is on the meadow of the farm formerly owned by James Kenworthy, and is just beyond the buildings on the direct road to Tunbridge. The Havens house was exactly on the place at the left of the picture where the corn shows a little rise and a bit darker color.

THE SOLITARY TREE ON THE DISTANT (X) HILL-TOP SHOWS THE SITE OF THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT IN TUNBRIDGE THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO THE BURNING.

## THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary was marked by a celebration out of the ordinary. A former resident of Royalton, Daniel G. Wild, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had given $200 to the Royalton Woman's Club to erect a monument to commemorate the historic event. On October 16, 1905, therefore, the whole town devoted itself to the fitting observance of the day. At an early morning hour the Selectmen, Elmer Doyle, Hiram Benson and Charles Black, accompanied by Representative R. B. Galusha, convened in the town clerk's office and formally granted the right to erect the proposed monument. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the members of the club, together with the teachers and pupils of the Central School, and a large gathering of citizens from Royalton and surrounding towns, gathered on the park at the head of Bridge street to unite in the simple service that marked the day.

Mrs. Charles W. Joiner, chairman of the Monument Committee, had charge of the program. After the prayer by Rev. Joel F. Whitney, Mrs. Joiner gave a brief recital of the tragic history which was of particular interest on this occasion, as there were a number present who were descended from captives that were taken by Indians to Canada. Mr. Wild, the donor of the $200 for the monument, is a direct descendant of the brave Mrs. Hendee, who forded the river and was instrumental in rescuing so many children. In closing, Mrs. Joiner made an eloquent appeal to the school children to acquaint themselves with the history and heroism of the first settlers and to care for and protect the monument which was to be erected.

Miss Fannie Eastman, the acting president of the club, turned the first sod on the green in front of the town clerk's office, the site selected for the monument. As she did this, she recited the following lines which she had written:

Dear old Royalton, thee we love
All our other thoughts above,
And the spot we mark today
Shall be dear to us alway.
They who plant the trees plant hopes,
But they who put to granite strokes
Mark that which ever shall endure
And through the ages standeth sure.

Mrs. Seymour Culver then planted the staff of the stars and stripes where the sod had been turned, and the entire assembly joined in singing "America."

William Skinner, the Town Clerk, accepted the gift for the town and voiced the gratitude of the people to Mr. Wild for making possible this memorial of an event so important historically.

One of the most interested observers of this ceremony was Mrs. Katherine Fletcher Kendall Rix (widow of the late William Rix), who watched from her window. This was her last participation in any public event, as only a few weeks later her life, so rich in public interests, came to a close in the 92d year of her age.

## ROYALTON WOMAN'S CLUB.

And what has the Royalton Woman's Club done to entitle it to the honor of placing the memorial tablet?

From the organization in 1896 it has been progressive. In 1898 admittance was gained to the Vermont Federation of Women's Clubs, and one of the first achievements by the club out of the ordinary was the lighting of the village streets. In these kerosene lamps, now replaced by electric lights, the women took especial delight, as many of them came from Boston, where they had long done service in illuminating Boston Common.

The members next gave their attention to the condition of the original grant of the town. This parchment was granted by New York (Thomas Chittenden, governor) to George Banyar, William Smith, Whitehead Hicks and John Kelley and was surveyed and allotted by them in 1770. The first settlement was made in 1771 by Robert Havens, who moved there with his family from Sharon, Vt. The grant was accompanied by a map which is one of the best of this vicinity ever made. Time and the desire of many a man to trace the boundaries with his fore finger threatened the record with dissolution, had not the women of the club come to the rescue and sent the much worn and in places almost illegible parchment away to Massachusetts to be restored by experts.

In the entire state of Vermont there are less than a half dozen of the original parchment grants in existence and Royalton is justly proud of her possession.

The establishment of the Penny Savings System in the schools of the town system was the next work that appealed to the women.

At the time of the erection of the memorial, the officers of the club were:

*President*, Mrs. C. W. Joiner; *Vice-President*, Miss Gertrude M. Denison; *Recording Secretary*, Mrs. H. W. Dutton; *Corresponding Secretary*, Mrs. George Allen Laird; *Treasurer*, Miss Ida C. Lyman. *Members:* Mrs. P. S. Belknap, South Royalton; Miss Mattie Buck, Mrs. Seymour Culver, Mrs. H. W. Dutton, Miss Alice Chase Denison, Miss Gertrude M. Denison, Miss Fanny Eastman, Mrs. R. B. Galusha, Miss Alice Denison Grant, Mrs. M. L. Hinckley, Mrs. C. W. Joiner, Mrs. A. W. Lyman, Miss Ada C. Lyman, Mrs. George Allen Laird, Mrs. F. F. Russel, Mrs. D. C. Stearns, W. Concord, N. H.; Mrs. William Skinner, Miss C. S. Stickney, Mrs. Levi Wild, Mrs. J. F. Whitney, Miss Mary Whitney.

*Presidential List*—Mrs. George Allen Laird, the first president, served four years. In 1903 she was elected for a fifth time, but refused to serve. Mrs. C. W. Joiner is now serving her second term. Mrs. D. C. Stearns, on account of illness, did not serve her first term, but was elected the third time and resigned the honor because of her removal from town. Others who have served are Miss Doubleday and Miss Gertrude Denison.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

THE ACADEMY.

## THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT.

May 23rd, 1906, was dedicated to the unveiling of the monument. There was a large and representative gathering of townspeople on the village green and in the Congregational church. Former residents of Royalton and descendants of captives came from far and near, and a band set patriotic echoes a-flying. The president of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Charles W. Joiner, was in charge of the ceremonies. The participants of the program were nearly all descendants of captives. After the invocation by Rev. J. F. Whitney, Katherine Dewey recited the following poem written by C. W. Scarff, of Burlington, Vt.:

### THE STORY OF ROYALTON.

My song relates to Royalton
When settlement had just begun;
To the stalwart men of the wild frontier;
Their noble wives, and their children dear.
And hark ye all who are gathered round,
Behold, you are standing on sacred ground.
For in this vale long years ago
They fell a prey to the red skinned foe:
Their homes laid waste, and the fire-brand
Spread desolation throughout the land.
But the Martyr blood of sacrifice
Cried out from earth to the angry skies,
And the answer came as the lightning flash,
And the onward sweep of the whirlwind crash,
Arousing the settlers throughout the state
To rise in arms ere it be too late,
And when the clouds of war rolled by
And the sun appeared in the peaceful sky,
It shone on a land forever free
And consecrated to liberty.

You doubtless know the story well
That dear old grandsire used to tell,
Of how the hardy Pioneer
Encamped within the forest here:
Hewed out a cabin all by hand:
Set up a home and cleared the land:
How year by year their numbers grew
As thrifty families used to do,
And how they coaxed abundant yield
From meadow lot and cultured field,
Nor dreamed that they had aught to fear
From straggling Indians camping near.
And so they toiled in sweet content
Within this wild environment.
But hark! what mystic sounds I hear
In rhythmic cadence soft and clear!
'Tis but the tread of phantom feet:
Of spectral travelers down the street.
In thought I see them on their way
To the house of God on that Sabbath Day.
Their hearts aglow with joy and song
As peacefully they move along.
How beautiful the hills of green:
The river winding down between:
Reflecting silvery clouds on high
As they wing their way athwart the sky.
Was ever a scene on earth more fair
Than the congregation gathered there?
But the vision passes from my sight
And the forms are lost in the shades of night.

But O! what a change the morrow brings,
For at break of day the Tocsin rings.
To Arms! to meet in mortal strife
With fiends of the torch and scalping knife.
A British captain in command
As onward rush that hostile band.
They took the settlers unaware
Without a warning to prepare.
No time their household goods to save:
No time to flee to sheltering cave:

Husbands were torn from their wives' embrace
And families scattered from place to place.
And thus they fell an easy prey
And were safely bound and led away.
Nor did the savages retreat
'Till their stroke of vengeance was complete.
Scarce a home in town escaped the fate
Of devouring torch and fiendish hate,
And clouds of smoke in the stifling air
Completed the scene of black despair.

But let us turn from history's page
And legend of departed age;
For transient was that hapless time
Of war and waste and nameless crime,
And view the town in peaceful mood,
A modern, thrifty neighborhood.
The handiwork of God remains
Redeemed from wounds and free from stains.
Behold the brooks, the sparkling rills,
The rocks, the everlasting hills!
The same old sod they used to tread:
The same vast firmament o'er head,
Are parts of God's eternal plan
That forms the heritage of man.

And now we come to the final scene,
Assembled here on the village green,
This Monument to dedicate,
A fit memorial of the fate
That once befell the pioneers,
Lest we forget in coming years.
Grow green, O grass, o'er crumbled grave
Of dusky foe and hero brave:
Blow softly, O ye winds of time,
And cool the rancor of this crime:
Shine brightly, O ye orb of day,
And melt the mists of hate away!
Then all may live as all men should,
By the golden rule of brotherhood.

The flags veiling the monument were drawn away by Helen Dewey, Gertrude Dewey, David Wild (all descendants of Garner Rix) and Max Bliss, a descendant of John Hutchinson. Then the assembly gathered in the church. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. E. Wells, South Royalton; a quartette rendered the hymn which was sung at the Centennial Anniversary; Rev. Sherman Goodwin, of South Royalton, read the Scripture; and Mrs. P. G. Belknap sang a solo.

A very able address was given by Rev. William Skinner Hazen, D.D., of Beverly, Mass., a grandson of Rev. Azel Washburn, an early minister of the Congregational church. He began by a brief notice of some of the salient points in the early history of Vermont, and then passed to that of Royalton.

## ADDRESS BY REV. WILLIAM SKINNER HAZEN, D.D.

Royalton! It is a name which was a household word in my boyhood home; the residence of my maternal grandparents, and the early home of my sainted mother; Royalton, of which in my earliest days I never tired of hearing and from one of whose honored citizens I received my name; Royalton, of which I cherished so high regard that to my childish imagination it seemed most like heaven of any place on earth.

It was originally granted by New York to George Banyan, William Smith, Whitehead Hicks and John Kelley, and was surveyed and allotted by them in 1770. Robert Havens and his family made the first permanent settlement in 1771. He was joined by Elisha Kent and family the next year. The settlers had purchased under the New York charter. On learning that the Vermont legislature was about to treat this township as vacant land, and grant it to Eliakim Spooner and others, they obtained a grant of the same. This second charter was issued to Comfort Seaver and sixty others Dec. 20, 1791. The town was probably organized about the year 1774 or 1775. The early records are missing so that the exact date cannot be determined.

In 1780 the population of the town was about three hundred, and it was in a prosperous condition. The harvest of that year was hardly secured, when a party of hostile Indians visited it, and the settlement was laid in ashes. It happened this way. While one force swept through the western border of the state, doing little damage, an expedition set out against Newbury with the ostensible purpose of capturing Lieutenant Whitcomb, who, some years before, while scouting on the Richelieu, had mortally wounded and robbed the British General Gordon. Lieutenant Horton of the British army commanded this force. The second in command was La-

Motte, a Canadian, aided by a man named Hamilton, an escaped prisoner, who, during the previous summer, had been in Newbury and Royalton. The force consisted of three hundred men, all but seven of whom were Indians. Leaving the lake they followed up the Winooski, guided by old warriors who were familiar with this ancient war path of their people in the days when their attacks were the constant dread of the New England frontiers. Reaching the place now the capital of the state, they captured two hunters from Newbury among the tall pines that then covered the narrow valley. By these they were told that Newbury was expecting an attack, and the people were prepared for it. Upon learning this, they changed their plans, and turned their attention toward Royalton.

There had been a small fort and garrison at this place, both of which had been moved to Bethel only a short time before. The enemy went on, passing through what is now Barre and over the mountains through Orange and Washington till they came to a stream which empties into White River. Following the course of this stream, they advanced till they came near some settlements. Here they halted, and sent out reconnoitering parties, who reported that all was quiet among the inhabitants. They left a strong guard at this place, and went on down the stream. Reaching Tunbridge Saturday evening, they lay in camp during the Sabbath. Early Monday morning, the 16th of October, 1780, while it was yet dark, they surprised the settlers and began their destructive work. They first entered the house of Mr. John Hutchinson, taking him and his brother Abijah prisoners. They then went to the home of Mr. Robert Havens, where they killed Thomas Pember and Elias Button. From here they proceeded to the house of Joseph Kneeland, captured him and his father, and Simeon Belknap, Giles Gibbs and Jonathan Brown. They then invaded the house of Elias Curtis, making him, John Kent and Peter Mason prisoners. So far the business was conducted with the greatest silence, and prisoners were forbidden upon pain of death making any outcry which would arouse the people.

Reaching the mouth of the branch, they made a stand, and sent out small parties in different directions to plunder the dwellings and bring in prisoners. One party went down White River about a mile to Sharon, burned two houses and barns, did much damage and took a number of prisoners. Another party went up the river, captured David Waller, a young boy who lived with Gen. Stevens, plundered and set fire to the General's house. They then proceeded in that direction about three miles, killing the cattle, and plundering and setting fire to the buildings as they passed along. Reaching another stream that empties into White River, seeing a number of men on the opposite shore, and being within three miles of the fort they did not cross the stream, but retreated to the place where in the early morning they made their first attack.

By this time the people were thoroughly aroused, and "the infernal clamor of the war-whoop resounded among the hills that had so long been strangers to its echoes, giving to the panic another terror." Reaching the place of their first attack about two o'clock with their plunder and prisoners, they filed off to the left, passed up another branch of White River, where there were some small settlements. They took a number of prisoners, plundered and burnt the houses and property, and proceeded about three miles into Randolph. They encamped in a very secure place, easily defended, having the bank of the river on their left, and a ridge of hills in their front, right and rear. Having secured their prisoners and stationed their sentries, they kindled their fires, prepared and ate their food, and lay down to sleep. During the day, "burning, pillaging," says the historian, "and making prisoners as they swooped with the celerity of falcons upon one and another isolated homestead or defenseless hamlet, they killed four persons, captured twenty-five and destroyed quantities of provisions and garnered harvests." Mr. Conant says, "By two in the afternoon they had killed two men, taken twenty-six prisoners, burned twenty-one houses and twenty barns with their contents, and killed all the cattle, sheep and swine they could find. They

captured and took with them about thirty horses." It is said that two small buildings, a woodshed and corn barn were the only ones which escaped the flames, so thorough was the work of destruction of these savages.

Before starting on their retreat Mrs. Hendee, the young wife of one of the settlers, with great courage and determination, approached them. She pleaded so earnestly and persistently for the release of her little boy that he was restored to her. Encouraged by her success she continued her entreaty till nine other small boys were set free. One of the Indians then in a fit of good humor offered to carry her over the river on his back. She accepted the offer, and her savage gallant carried her safely over, although the water was half his depth, and she soon reached home with her little band of boys to the no small surprise of their parents.

I have gathered these other facts of interest. In one of the houses first attacked two women, suddenly awakened by the rushing in of the savages, were so frightened as to lose self-control. They went out of doors, *dishabille*, and stood motionless till the Indians brought their clothes. This act of kindness restored their senses. They dressed, took their children and fled to the woods, while the savages were plundering the house. At another place one of the women had the boldness to approach the Indians for distressing helpless women and children, saying that, if they had the courage of warriors, they would cross the river and go and fight men at the fort. The Indians bore her remarks patiently, and only replied, "Squaw shouldn't say too much." At still another place a woman having her gown carried out of the house with other plunder resolved to recover it. Seeing it in a heap of articles at the door which the savages were dividing among themselves, she seized it. One of the Indians knocked her down with his gun. But she was not discouraged. Patiently waiting her opportunity when the savages were collecting more plunder, she again seized her gown, and walked off, having one child in her arms and leading another by the hand.

But to return to our narrative. The inhabitants surprised, frightened, and scattered were unable to do anything in their own defense. However, the report of the invasion soon spread among the adjacent settlements, and aroused those on the Connecticut River and adjoining towns. By evening several hundreds—two hundred and fifty men, one authority says—had collected at the place where the attack commenced. They organized by choosing Captain House, who had served several campaigns in the Continental army, as their commander. By this time the enemy were encamped seven or eight miles ahead. Captain House and his undisciplined, but brave, corps, with great enthusiasm, began a vigorous pursuit of the savage army in a dark night in an almost trackless wilderness, guided by a few marked trees amidst the logs, rocks and hills with which the country abounded. In spite of all obstacles they pushed on till they reached the place where the last houses had been burnt. Being now evidently near the enemy, they advanced with great caution. The sentries of the marauders were stationed nearly half a mile in the rear. Near the place where they had crossed the last stream there was a large log which served as a foot bridge. Not far from the river was a gentle rise of the land with a number of large trees near the path. The Indian sentries were posted behind these trees. Some of Captain House's men were on horseback and some on foot. The front guard had passed the log, and the enemy's sentries and about one-third the main body had crossed the stream. The van, arriving within a few yards of the Indian sentries, were fired upon, and one man was wounded. Returning the fire the Vermonters killed one and wounded one or two more. The Indian guards then fled to their camp. Captain House's army, advancing a little farther, formed within three hundred yards of the Indian camp, and waited for daylight. The savages were now greatly agitated. Fatigued, and in a profound slumber after one of their ravenous suppers, they were filled with fear and confusion. However, they were soon sufficiently quieted to form plans for their safety, which gave ample

evidence that they were not lacking in the arts of policy. They sent one of their prisoners, an old man, informing the Vermonters that, if they attacked them, they would instantly put every one of the prisoners to death. The expectation of an attack had already proved fatal to two of them. Thinking the Vermonters would certainly relieve them, one of the prisoners refused to march, and another was doomed on account of the Indian that had been slain. As they lay bound on the ground the savages tomahawked and scalped them.

While the Vermonters were considering the message from the Indians, the warriors formed to cover their retreat. Immediately crossing the stream they moved through Randolph, where they captured Zadock Steele, thence through the west part of Brookfield to the valley of the Dog River in Northfield and on to the Onion River. Following that river to its mouth, they embarked for Canada, reaching St. John and Montreal without being molested. House and his men, waiting for the dawn, and deliberating on the message brought them by the prisoner till the enemy had left their camp, went about five miles further into Brookfield. Thinking pursuit vain, they returned to their homes. By caution and delay they lost the opportunity of attacking the enemy to advantage.

Some blame Captain House for this failure and charge him with gross negligence and incompetence, and say the enemy shrewdly outwitted him. But, after all, it is a question whether it was not wiser to return as he did. Had he pursued, precious lives might have been sacrificed and such enmity of the Indians aroused as would have proved fatal to the settlers. On reaching Montreal, "the prisoners were sold," according to the narrative of Zadock Steele, "for half a Joe each, or eight dollars a head." Most of them were afterwards exchanged, and the following summer returned to their homes. But Steele did not escape till two years later.

My first knowledge of this appalling incident in the history of the town which meant so much to the early settlers, is associated with a venerable, gray headed old man with a group

of school children around him listening with intense interest to the narrative of his capture, when only thirteen years old, the long and wearisome journey through the wilderness to Canada, his experience with the Indians, his ransom by a French lady who bought him, treated him like a mother her child and when the war was over sent him back to his parents, who could not regard him other than as one risen from the dead. They had not heard from him since the day of his capture. Though it was never my privilege to hear the story from his own lips, yet I distinctly remember the highly revered old man, and no one could meet him without feeling that the divine direction, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man," applied to him.

From different sources I have gathered the following facts which I will give mostly in the language of Grandpa Rix in his talks with the children. "As we hurried on," he says, "we encountered dozens of men, women and children who had fled from their homes terror stricken, seeking some place of safety. Some fled to the mountains, others to the woods, while larger numbers kept the road, following down the River road towards the Fort, some four or five miles distant. We travelled on with all possible speed, but were not within a mile of the Fort when the terrible war whoop of the savages resounded in our ears. On they came yelling and shouting and hideous in their fantastic dress and war paint. In a few minutes they have overtaken and surrounded us, a little company of defenseless men, women and children. My little brother Joe and myself were torn from mother notwithstanding her piteous pleadings and entreaties. I had a stout club in my hand with which I tried to defend myself, determined to sell my liberty as dearly as possible, but that was quickly wrested from me. We were securely bound and marched back to the place where the captain of the band awaited the coming of the raiding party. Oh, the scenes of that terrible day, dear children, seem burned on my memory, and even today, I can hardly think of them with any degree of composure." Then describing the

efforts of Mrs. Hendee to secure the release of the boys of which we have already spoken, Mr. Rix says, "I could never describe to you the utter despair which took possession of me when I found Mrs. Hendee's efforts for my release were in vain. My disappointment and grief were too deep for tears and to be torn from my parents in this cruel manner seemed worse than death. It was a long march through the wilderness and with the other prisoners I was taken to Montreal." He was loaded with heavy packs which he carried as long as he could and then fell under them. He said if he had been told that he would be killed he could not have carried the burden farther. When his Indian keeper took in the situation, the boy was relieved of part of his burden. But to continue the narrative in Mr. Rix's own words, "A kind-hearted French lady saw me and became interested in my behalf, and, at length, succeeded in obtaining my release from the Indians. She took me to her home and treated me with the utmost kindness, and at last was instrumental in sending me home. In parting she made me a present of a gold guinea." "Did you spend it on the way home, Grandpa?" "No, but I will tell you, children, how I did spend that guinea. A few Sabbaths after I reached home, a young minister came to preach for us. The price for his services was a guinea a Sunday. As father was Treasurer of the Society, the duty of paying the minister devolved upon him, but there was no money in the treasury. I went to the little box in which I kept my small treasures and brought the guinea to father to pay the minister." "That is a noble-hearted boy," said my father, "but you shall never lose anything by this, my son." Mr. Rix describes his reception on reaching home in this interesting manner. "One Sabbath morning early in October, the family were at breakfast, when suddenly the door opened and I bounded into the room and was clasped in my parents' arms. 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul!' exclaimed my father. 'We have trusted in Thee and Thou hast brought it to pass, that Thou hast restored to us our dear son, blessed be Thy holy name!' My dear little

brothers and sisters crowded around me almost wild with joy, as my mother said, 'I think that was the happiest day of all our lives.'"

But to turn our thoughts again to the sorely afflicted Royalton. The day after the raid, "a deep snow covered the smoking ruins and desolated fields. It was a sad beginning of Winter for the afflicted and homeless women and children, the men prisoners or killed, their houses and provisions burned, their horses carried off." It is difficult for us with our peaceful, even luxurious homes and abundant provisions to picture even in imagination their trying, desolate, suffering condition. They faced hardships such as would have utterly discouraged persons of less courage and resolution. With genuine "Vermont pluck" they gathered what remained of their scattered effects and set themselves in the spirit of real heroism to the work of repairing what seemed ruined fortunes.

To call to mind such experiences in the life of our forbears and dedicate a monument made possible by the patriotic efforts of the Woman's Club, encouraged by the generous gift of a distinguished grandson of one of the captives, a monument as enduring as the granite of which it is constructed, a silent, yet eloquent witness to the passerby of the trials, the hardships, the losses, the sufferings, and yet the heroic bearing of the early settlers of this historic town is the purpose of the hour. We read of an ancient people whose leader directed them to build a monument of unhewn stones to commemorate an important event in their history, and said by way of explanation, "That this may be a sign among you that when your children ask their fathers in time to come saying, What mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them, That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, when it passed over Jordan: and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever." So when the children of Royalton shall stand with their fathers by this beautiful monument, not of rough stones from the river, but of finely wrought granite from the eternal hills of

their native State, and ask, "What mean ye by this stone?" the reply shall be, "This stone is for a memorial unto the children of Royalton of the heroic bearing and intense suffering of the fathers and mothers in the early settlement of the town, especially when visited by a savage foe, their homes were in ashes, their property was taken or ruthlessly destroyed and many of their number were carried into captivity."

But to be more specific in regard to the things for which these distinguished people stood in the midst of malignant foes, hardship, suffering, loss of all earthly goods, in some instances the loss of life which every one holds most dear. They stood for principle. With the courage of their convictions, they were true to the highest type of manhood. They could not be bribed or swerved one iota from what they regarded right, and hence duty. In that spirit they came into this then uninhabited wilderness to make homes for themselves and children, to create a healthy atmosphere in which to live, to establish a government in which the rights of all the people should be respected, for they "are not only the governed but the governors." They had the spirit of President Roosevelt. A friend congratulated him on his brilliant success. He replied, "I put myself in the way of things happening, and they happened." So these early settlers in the face of fearful odds, even at the risk of life, without hesitation put themselves in the way of things happening and they happened, sometimes with great loss, but never with loss of self-respect, of character. Firmly grounded in principle, no thought of loss or gain could shake them in the least. "Graft" was unknown to them. It stands for something entirely foreign to the motives which actuated them, to the purposes they would accomplish. The self-seeking, ambitious politician was not found in their company. If by chance one strayed within their borders he felt at once like a stranger among a foreign people,—out of place and lonesome in the extreme. Office sought them, rather than they the office. "Boss" and "bossism" are plants of modern discovery and growth. They had

no place in their social or political life. They could not flourish in their soil. Their ideals were lofty and noble, entire strangers to the modern inventions of the twentieth century. They lived and wrought, whether for the State or the individual, in blissful ignorance of "bossism in politics" or "graft in high finance." Who will deny that they are to be highly commended for such ignorance, even if they are now pronounced "behind the times." Their word was as good as a bond. They daily stood before their fellows, in their intercourse with them as the embodiment of all that is truly honorable, honest, just and of good report.

Coupled with this devotion to principle and integrity of character, and in some sense the inspiration of it, were intelligence and religion, enlightenment of mind and intelligent service of God. Very soon after the town was organized, in 1774 or 1775, or as some say in 1777, the Congregational Church was formed and about a score of years later Royalton Academy was incorporated. Thus the Church and the School join hands in advancing the highest interests of the people. As some one has recently said, "The Church and the Schoolhouse are our only standing army." They have made an indelible impression upon the succeeding generations for all that is most desirable in this life and pointed them to the attainment of the enduring riches. To some in this progressive age with modern views and methods it may seem that they were too severe in their ideas, narrow-minded and bigoted. It may be said that they might have liberalized their doctrinal views and principles of practice to advantage. But however that may be, it must be acknowledged that with all their sternness and so-called narrow-mindedness, they produced strong characters, developed men and women of power and commanding influence in the various vocations they chose. It is questionable if any later generation with all the boasted improvements, the superior advantages and open doors of opportunity have developed men and women of more sterling integrity of character or better equipped for the stern duties of life,

or who have risen to higher eminence or achieved greater success in life. All honor, then, to the fathers and mothers of those times which tried men's souls, who in the face of fearful odds, of privation, hardship, suffering, laid the foundation of institutions as enduring as the eternal hills by which they were surrounded, under whose benign influence their children and their children's children to the latest generation have been and are to be trained for efficient service in Church and State as well as in the more quiet walks of private life. However those of this advanced age may be disposed to criticise and even ridicule the ideas and practices of the early fathers, they can hardly estimate the worth of the invaluable blessings they have received, all unconsciously, perhaps, from the very practices and their results they are disposed to criticise and even ridicule.

In this time of commercialism and modern thought, when men are "hurrying to and fro,"

> "Seeking for some great thing to do,
> Or secret thing to know,"

there is great danger of drifting away from the ideals of the fathers, of lowering the standard of manhood and the plane of action of men in their dealings with one another and management of the affairs of State. Indeed, it sometimes seems as though the standard were already lowered and that there was a tendency downward in all those things that make for the noblest character, the strictest integrity, the realizing the highest ideals in public as well as private life. If this is not the drift what mean the frequent defalcations, the stain on the character of prominent men who have stood well before the people and seemed worthy the positions to which they have been elevated and the trust reposed in them. What mean this talk of "tainted money," these startling revelations in the realm of Insurance in the East and land grabbing and robbing of the government in the West? To check this downward tendency, this apparent drift away from the lofty prin-

ciples and high ideals of the fathers, it is well to pause and recall the foundations laid by the fathers, the principles that actuated them, the character they developed and the work they accomplished, their vital service to freedom and the State, when they fought valiantly and with singleness of aim for the truth and would not compromise or equivocate or in the slightest degree tone down their righteous indignation at evil, no matter what the consequences might be. Poets may sing most beautifully and orators may declaim most eloquently of the heroism, the devotion to principle, the integrity of character, the hardships, the sufferings, the extremely trying experiences of the fathers, but the voice of the poet and the tongue of the orator will soon be silenced while the message of this monument will continue to be presented most impressively to each succeeding generation so long as time shall last. Heeding this message, following its instructions as in the past so in the future, each succeeding generation shall continue to make history of which the people may well be proud. But, friends, after all that is said and done, the most worthy tribute we can pay those whose virtues and labors we commemorate this day is by dedicating ourselves anew to the principles for which they stood, and by fidelity to the sacred trust committed to us pass the goodly heritage they left us to the next generation untainted, but increased in value by high-minded living and honorable service.

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After a prayer written by Professor William Rix, Utica, N.Y., and delivered by Rev. Levi Wild, there followed an original poem by Rev. J. Newton Perrin, Jr., great-grandson of Garner Rix, captive.

THE BURNING OF ROYALTON.

The cabins of the pioneer,
  Dotting White River lands, had come
To where, with mingled hope and fear,
  Was christened soon fair Royalton.

O Royalton, our Royalton,
  Mother of loving children thou:
Of whom the many have passed on;
  While these thy wings are nesting now;
Others claim heritage in thee
  From where'er winds of heaven blow,
Still cherishing the dear roof-tree
  Though by strange waters they may sow.

The settlers, beating measures true
  Against the woody giants, clear
The virgin soil till not a few
  Wide farms and tillages appear.
Sleek sheep and cattle graze the slopes
  Of rounded hills; and oft are found
Barns that are tested to their copes,
  For peace and plenty here abound.
Sounds of blithe industry and cheer
  Float from the dwellings. At the mill
The old stone swirls to noisy gear,
  Led by the streamlet from the hill.
The calm-eyed oxen press the yoke,
  Their burdens slowly gaining ground,
While hoof of horse with rapid stroke
  Awakes betimes the echoes round.
And children play about the home,
  Nor share their guardians' alarms.
The maiden deftly plies the loom.
  The mother holds the babe in arms.—

Dread war! The crimes done in thy name
  Pierce to the skies, nor die away!
And blood and woe have cried, "For shame!"
  Since men first fought in ancient day.
A Briton's blood "the border" stains;
  Revenge no golden rule may know;
England her red men, fierce, retains;
  And settlements must be laid low!
Yet all is fair in war forsooth?
  Then is much foul which men call fair,
As when on happy hearths the sleuth
  Steals suddenly and unaware!

Filing primeval water-ways
  Down from the wigwams of the north,
A cruel, sullen horde forays
  To ruin homes of noble worth!

October as a glad surprise
  Floods the far-famed Green Mountain state.
Then hills bouquets toss to the skies,
  With autumn's coloring replete.
A peaceful Sabbath day, begun
  In rest and worship, had its fill.
And at the night-fall dropped the sun
  Behind his well-accustomed hill.
The sturdy farm folk are awake
  By the first glint the dawn affords,
And some the morning meal partake,
  And some have gone to fields and woods,—
When, as a herd let loose from hell,
  The Redcoats' troop of Copperskins,
With knife and noose and torch and yell
  And gun and tomahawk, begins
Wild havoc homestead haunts among!
  Falls the forged bolt as from clear sky!
Who stays behind meets captive thong;
  Who turns to flee, if seen, must die.
And those there were of tender years,
  And women left alone that morn,
Who rose to weep most bitter tears,
  And find their loved ones from them torn!

Alas the day! Around the hearth
  When grandsires told it to the young,
All hushed would be the cry of mirth,
  And children to their mothers clung.
The dreadful scourge had passed full soon:
  But on those dimly burning pyres
Hopes of the desolate consume;
  While hapless husbands, lovers, sires,
Sons, brothers, in captivity
  Or death are held. "O Lord, how long?"
Vengeance belongeth unto Thee!
  And mercy doth to Thee belong!

Oh, silence, smoke and sacrifice!
  Yet suffering captives shall retrace
The trail, homes on these ruins rise,
  And industry here throb apace.
But never will the dead return!
  Nor life be as it was before,
For howe'er much may memory spurn
  Her tragic guest, he's at the door!

Vicarious fathers, in those days
  Ye dared life for the race unborn!
And heartily we speak your praise;
  The cup of eulogy we turn.
Fadeless exemplars! Hero band!
  Strong and unconquerable were ye,
Upspringing to possess the land
  When crushed by sad adversity!
And, daughters of this vicinage,
  By whose good auspices we meet,
What high ideals, in that age,
  Of womanhood both brave and sweet
Adown the vista we can see!
  Those annals never shall be told
Without a meed to Dame Hendee
  And heroines of dauntless mold!

Ah, Royalton, old Royalton,
  The stately centuries glide by!
Yet hearts will never cease to turn
  Back to the dire calamity
Which tried thee as the gold is tried,
  Nor in the furnace found thee dross,
But of true worth and purified—
  That crucible thy lustrous cross!

The congregation joined in the singing of "America," and Rev. C. E. Beals pronounced the benediction. Miss C. Stickney was the pianist.

At the close of the exercises in the church Mrs. Clara Denison McClellan gave a reception in her spacious colonial house.


ERECTED BY THE
ROYALTON
WOMAN'S CLUB
OCTOBER 16TH 1905

A significant mile-stone in the passing of time is the monument on the village green which marks the 125th Anniversary. The inscription on one side reads:—

ERECTED BY
ROYALTON
WOMAN'S CLUB,
OCT. 16, 1905.

And on the other:—

COMMEMORATING
THE BURNING OF
ROYALTON
BY
INDIANS,
OCT. 16, 1780.

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# APPENDIX.


DR. PHINEAS PARKHURST'S TOMBSTONE.

PAINTING OF DR. PHINEAS PARKHURST.

## STORY OF PHINEAS PARKHURST.

Phineas Parkhurst was the Paul Revere of Oct. 16, and this is his story as now known:—He had called on the evening of Oct. 15 at a neighbor's house in the north part of the town, and had been persuaded to spend the night there. The name of the host is unknown, but while the family sat at breakfast the alarm was given and Phineas escaped on horseback accompanied by his hostess and her daughter. They forded the river, probably screened by the fog, and as they fled he warned the inhabitants on the east side of the main stream. After leaving the two in a place of safety, he returned to spread the alarm and assist others in escaping. He attempted to cross the river opposite his father's house, but seeing the Indians in possession turned back. The Indians fired, and the ball, passing through his body, lodged under the skin. Grasping it between his thumb and fingers he forced his horse up the bank and galloped down stream still giving the alarm, though bent on his own escape and eager to find a surgeon. A few miles further on a young girl gave stimulant to the half fainting rider and water to the horse in exchange for the half-whispered warning, "Indians at Royalton." As he passed Stephen Tilden's tavern in Hartford he could only motion to the alarm gun standing in the doorway; a mile further on, the jaded horse and suffering rider crossed White River to its south side, then on to Robinson's ferry over the Connecticut River, and at Dr. Hall's door, on the opposite bank, the faithful horse bearing the nearly exhausted youth halted, and the ride was done. But what a change had been wrought! His passing through the land had awakened the alarm guns, gathered the men to arms, and hurried the women and chil-

dren to the woods. At his word the militia marched that afternoon to Royalton, and the whole valley, and all the adjacent land, was a-quiver with excitement. That famous ride ended the first chapter in Phineas Parkhurst's history.

The house is yet standing in West Lebanon on the road to Butmanville where Dr. Laban Gates extracted "a ball from the abdomen of Phineas Parkhurst of Royalton," and the room is still pointed out where he lay during his convalescence. On his recovery he studied and practised medicine, under the direction of Dr. Nathaniel Hall, Lebanon's first doctor, and one of her soldiers in the Revolution. During this time Phineas was often seen in Royalton, as he owned land there, and the record of his intended marriage gives the information that "both were of Royalton." In March, 1784, he was married by Rev. John Searle to his cousin, Lucy Pierce, and they took their wedding journey over the same road which Phineas had ridden when giving the alarm.

They settled not far from Dr. Hall's, and "the bride's dowry consisted of a cow, a pig, three plates, three knives and forks, and three cups and saucers. In six months her cow and pig went to pay her husband's debts, and she had cut up her wedding dress, a linen gown dyed with copperas, which she spun and wove herself, to make him shirts. His white cravat, of which he had but one, she washed overnight. Yet in these narrow circumstances the foundation of Phineas Parkhurst's reputation as a physician was laid, and much of the experience won which placed him among the first of his profession in the two States in which he practised."

A word picture tells us, "He was short of stature, thickset, carried his head a little forward when considering a case." A proof of his loyalty is in the record that he attended free of charge the family of the young woman who refreshed him on his ride from Royalton. A privilege that he enjoyed with the minister of the town was his life-long exemption from paying toll over the Lyman toll-bridge built in 1800. As family physician to Elias Lyman this honor was accorded.

His life as a doctor was not an easy one, as his field of practice covered many miles in Vermont and New Hampshire; the roads were primitive, there were few bridges and the greater part of the population scattered among the hilltops. The record runs, "He went always on horseback, with his physic stowed in saddle-bags; in heat and cold, ploughing through snowdrifts, wallowing in spring mud, wet with rain and streams in flood, yet never refusing a call however distant or unprofitable."

In those days according to the Day Book of Dr. Dan Wright, Hartford, Vt., 1805, the charge for an ordinary visit was a shilling, and yet at the end of ten years' practice Dr. Parkhurst was able to buy a property two miles from West Lebanon on the Mascoma River, which included a dam and mill, small farm, and house which stood near Lebanon's first church and opposite Pine Cemetery. Here he began breeding mules for market, and through this venture alone he acquired wealth and much renown. The mules were sold South, and for the Pennsylvania coal-fields, and were also shipped from Boston, New London, and New Haven to the West Indies. In his visits to Boston and other cities Dr. Parkhurst came into touch with the best thought of the day, and he lived in keeping with his position as one of the ablest men of New England. After 14 years in the square, story and a half house he enlarged it to its present proportions and even today it bespeaks taste and elegance. At that time it was said to be one of the finest establishments in the country. Here the children grew up; the eldest, Phineas, studied medicine with his father after graduating from Dartmouth College, married Persis Kendall of Templeton, Mass., and in 1811 settled in Hartford, Vt., where a son, Kendall, was born. In the library at Keene, N. H., there hangs "The first Landing of Columbus," done in embroidery by Harriet Parkhurst, in 1814. Besides the eldest daughter, Lucy, there were Susan and Nancy.

After 1810 Dr. Parkhurst made so many real estate purchases

that he was reported to own nearly the whole town of Lebanon. Over sixty deeds recorded his possessions.

In the spring of 1817 he sold his big house to the Rev. John Ford and his English wife, and he himself removed to Lebanon village, where he lived in a great house on Carter's Corner which had been used as a tavern, but which he transformed into an up-to-date residence. At this time he was 57 years of age. It was soon after this that his house became one of mourning. In a few years six of his children died with consumption. Only Harriet who married George Goldthwaite Ingersoll, a Unitarian minister of Burlington and Keene, lived to old age. Horace died at the age of 16. Phineas left a wife and son, Susan had married John Wright of Norwich and left an infant daughter; Lucy, wife of Jason Allen, left a son; Nancy, wife of Asa Francis, a daughter, and Sarah was engaged to marry Colby Benton, who walked as chief mourner at her funeral, and years after married Susan's infant daughter.

After the death of his children, Dr. Parkhurst became still more absolutely devoted to his profession. An epigrammatic reply of his when invited to make a speech at Dr. Muzzy's Medical Society at Hanover shows the man. He said, "I can't talk, but, by Judas! I can practise with the best of ye."

In a quaint picture (which was used as a fire board in the Lafayette hotel) now in the village library at Lebanon he is represented, as the townspeople familiarly saw him, riding in his sulky drawn by a little horse, wearing the famous tall hat and with whip in hand. Mules are in front of his house.

In his last years his granddaughter, Mrs. Colby Benton, took care of him. Over and over again he related stories of his early life; told how he enlisted when sixteen on Aug. 13, 1776, at Windsor, Vt., in Captain Joseph Hatch's Company of Rangers, and again Sept. 20, 1777, as a fifer in Captain William Heaton's Company, Colonel Peter Olcott's Regiment, Northern Department, and he reckoned it as one of the most important events in his history that he was present at the sur-

render of Burgoyne. He is said to have lost his mind, and the pain of his old wound led him to think the Indians were coming and that he must mount his horse and away. The end came for him on the anniversary of that memorable day in his life, Oct. 16.

The inscription on his tombstone epitomizes his history.

"DR. PHINEAS PARKHURST,
BORN
IN PLAINFIELD, CONN.,—
IN THE REVOLUTION,
WAS AT THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE:
AND BEING WOUNDED AT THE BURNING
OF ROYALTON, VT., REMOVED TO THIS
TOWN WHERE HE RESIDED OVER 60 YEARS
DIED
16, OCT., 1844,
Æ. 85.

The skilful physician, the upright man."

(Authority. Article on Dr. Phineas Parkhurst in the Vermont Antiquarian, December, 1904, by Kate M. Cone, Hartford, Vt.)

## NOTES.

At the time of the raid Royalton had been settled ten years.

"Royalton, after one winter of desolation, arose from its ashes and as a first step toward rehabilitation went valiantly to work to get its land difficulties settled and itself recognized as a township by the State of Vermont."

(Authority. Kate M. Cone, in the Vermont Antiquarian, December, 1904.)

"The object of this raid was to capture Lieutenant Whitcomb, an American officer, who, while out with a scouting party on the Sorel River, had mortally wounded General Gordon, a British officer, as he was riding between Chambly and St. John, and had taken from him his watch and sword. Expecting to find Lieutenant Whitcomb at Newbury, an expedition was planned against that town, and in the beginning of October, a party of 210 men, all but 7 of them Indians, started on their mission of plunder and revenge, under the command of Horton, a British Lieutenant, and one Le Mott, his assistant. Their guide was a man named Hamilton, who had been made a prisoner by the Americans at the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777, and had been at Royalton and Newbury on a parole of honor during the preceding summer."

WILLIAM RIX,
In St. Albans Weekly Messenger.

Oct. 18, 1880.

"About a mile above the present village of Royalton was a farm well known to the Indians. There was on it a large Indian clearing, where they planted corn in their spring migrations to the Connecticut to be used on their return in the fall. On this farm the well-known Durkee family lived, and

two of the boys were taken by the Indians from a corn barn, in process of building. One of them died in captivity. That rude old barn, indestructible by the fire set to it because of the green timber, still stands there with the fire marks on it."

WILLIAM RIX,
In St. Albans Weekly Messenger.

OCT. 18, 1880.

"The family of Mr. Daniel Rix had just come into the settlement from Connecticut. Mr. Rix had returned to Connecticut on business, and his wife, with five or six children, was warned by the valiant Gen. Elias Stevens, as he rode swiftly by telling the people that Indians, 'Hell hounds,' as he called them, were coming. Mrs. Rix caught an old horse, improvised a bridle from a skein of yarn, managed to get all the children on the horse but one, Garner, a boy 13 years old, and started with the Indians in full cry behind. Garner was picked up by the Indians, and Jo, five years old, slipped off the horse and was gathered in with other captives. The father of William Rix, Esq., now living in Royalton, was one of these children, an infant two years old. Among the children which Mrs. Hendee succeeded in rescuing was little Jo Rix, who lately died in Michigan at the age of 96 years. Garner Rix was ransomed by a French lady in Montreal, treated as her son and sent home by her when the war was over. He had not been heard from since he was taken captive till he appeared in his father's cabin one Sunday morning a year after. He died in Royalton at the age of 85."

(By William Rix in his account of the Centennial Anniversary published in St. Albans Weekly Messenger, Oct. 18, 1880.)

## A REFUGE CELLAR.

At the present time there is still an old cellar, near Arthur Eaton's, that was depended upon as a retreat in those days when the fear of the Indians was in the air. It was like the

castles on the Rhine, ready to shelter the inhabitants of the valley whenever the alarm should be given, but on that one great occasion when the savage hordes crept upon the little settlement like a thief in the night, there was no time to seek this retreat, although it is probable that after the sacking of the town when almost all shelter had been destroyed that a number did congregate here. This supposition is substantiated by the finding of domestic utensils, pots and kettles, in and near the cellar.

## EVEN LOVE PAID THE PENALTY.

Even love has been foiled because of the treachery that led the attack on Royalton. Fully one hundred years after the depredations of the enemy, a Royalton man while in Canada met a young woman whom he greatly admired. On his return home they corresponded, and when he next visited the British province he was her avowed lover. It seems that the heart of the maiden also inclined strongly toward him, but yet no eloquence of his could induce her to go to Royalton as his bride. His business would not admit of his taking up his residence in Canada. The maiden confessed that her reluctance was due to the fact that she was the granddaughter of Lieutenant Horton who led the attack on the peaceful valley, and she did not feel that she wanted to become an inhabitant of the place he had so wronged.

## HORTON IN OLD AGE.

In 1857 two young men from Royalton visited Canada and were entertained by the Reids of De Ramsay, Joliet County, P.Q. De Ramsay is situated on the L'Assumption River between 75 to 100 miles north of Montreal. Mrs. Reid was a Horton, and her father, an English soldier, was at that time living with her. It was common repute that he was held in

very high esteem by the English government, and that he was accorded much distinction; as, for instance, he was granted the privilege of ordering what he would from England, and the package would be forwarded to him free of charge. At the time of this visit Horton was 97, and, as it is thought that he was none other than the one who led the attack on Royalton, this would make his age at that time about 21.

## MORE ABOUT THE CAPTIVES.

Among the captives who escaped from the Indians within two years were Zadock Steele, Pember and Miles. It was exactly two years to a day that Davis returned to Dresden, and found and claimed his old horse. Nearly three years passed before Simeon Belknap returned. His experience in getting away from the Indians was thrilling, an account of which was written by his grandson, Levi Belknap, more than 25 years ago for the history of Barnard, which has never been printed. The MSS. is now in the possession of a grandson, Franklin Belknap, of Chicago.

## DESCENDANTS OF ZADOCK STEELE.

Zadock Steele was the grandson of the first settled Congregational minister of Tolland, Conn., Rev. Stephen Steele, who was born in Hartford in 1696, and was graduated at Yale in 1718. Zadock was also the great-grandson of George Steele, whose will is a part of the Hartford Probate Records of 1663, and who accompanied the colony which came from New Town, Mass. (now Cambridge), and formed the first settlement at Hartford, Conn. So far as known, there are four grandchildren of Zadock Steele surviving: Dr. J. A. Steele, of Minneapolis, a son of Zadock Steele's son, Solomon; and the three children of Sanford Steele, namely: Lydia M. Pingree,

wife of ex-Governor Pingree, of Vermont, and now resident of Hartford, Vt.; Hiram R. Steele; and Sanford H. Steele. The two latter are practising law in New York City. Their eldest brother, Benjamin H. Steele, who died in 1873, was a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Vermont from 1865 to 1870, having been appointed at the age of 28 years.

FINIS.

*1780*

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— EUGENE N. FOSS.

## HOW TO MAKE VERMONT A PARADISE.

A MAN has bought this space simply to help the work, and, as he has nothing to advertise, it occurs to him to fill it by giving a little good advice on all sorts of subjects. Line all the roads with maple-trees. Compel every voter to vote unless he is too ill or too far from home, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and even disfranchisement, according to persistence. If a brass band organizes in town, don't organize another. Do away with water bars on hill roads. Drain, shape, and surface the road so that it will not need them. Keep more sheep; they will pay. If bears become troublesome, make hunts and invite the cities. Put bath-rooms into your houses, unless they are there already; this applies to farmers as well as villagers. Let judges shorten the time of trials at least one half; this means better preparation by lawyers and the exclusion of all testimony that is not essential to the salient points. Go to church once every Sunday. Let weak churches consolidate. Develop vocal music; make it high class; it will be attractive and refining. Turn the cold shoulder to candidates who run bureaus or make money campaigns or work fraternities. Discuss principles more and candidates less. Consolidate all the taxes in town into one bill to each tax-payer, Require the railroads to maintain sanitary comforts and cleanliness at all stations. Don't ask too high prices for summer board; better draw more people. The opportunities out West are not what they once were, and life in large cities is a grind. The opportunities in Vermont are better and greater than ever before, and in the long run no other occupation affords so much satisfaction as farming. If any man commits waste in forests, make him feel popular displeasure. Going around without coats in villages is bad form; so is wearing barnyard boots at town meetings. Sometimes cases of immorality occur in remote regions, followed by crime. They hurt the reputation of the whole community, and impair the value of property. Watch out for them, and head them off by the good advice of a friendly committee, and by sterner measures, if necessary. Every town in Vermont should present a high type of civilization. Give more heed to town records, church records, and local history. It isn't necessary to drink or to use tobacco in order to have a good time. Try to persuade the Central Vermont Railroad to build a passenger subway under the tracks on the west side of the station at White River Junction. Grub up the roadsides, destroy caterpillar tents, and generally cultivate a trig appearance. Now all these things are easy, and they will make Vermont a Paradise. It is fashionable now to go clean shaven.

T. R.

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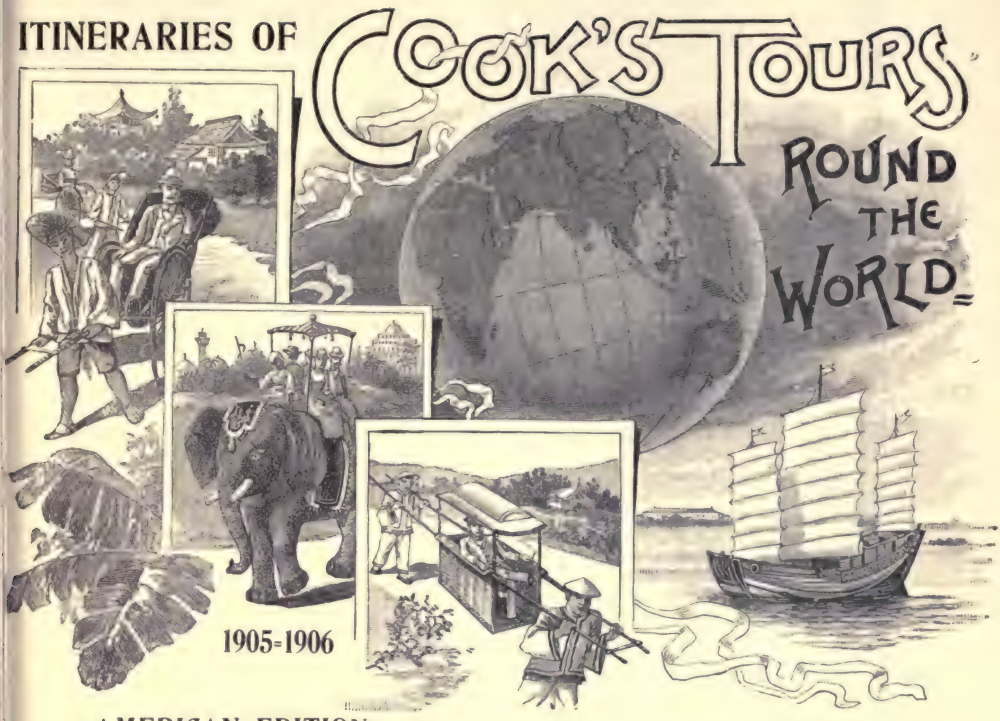


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