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EARLY HISTORY

OF

LAKE BOMOSEEN,

ITS FISHING, HUNTING,
Resorts, Islands, & the Names,



LAKE HOUSE,

LAKE BOMOSEEN, CASTLETON, VT.,

R. H. WALKER, Proprietor.



Four miles from depot; one mile from Taghkannuc isle. Hotel and picnic house combined. Picnic rooms, boats, groves, barn, everything for comfort. Ferry to Taghkannuc isle. Sandy beach. Fine scenery. Permanent and transient boarders accommodated with good rooms, and board at reasonable prices.

Coffey's

PICNIC HOUSE,

On the eastern shore of Lake Bomoseen.

One mile from Taghkannuc isle; four miles from depot.

Ferry to the isle; picnic house, boats, barns, groves. All needed conveniences for visitors.

Boarders can be accommodated at his house near the water.

Prices reasonable.

Fish Bannerman

ITS EARLY HISTORY, CONVEYANCES,

FISHING, HUNTING,

RESORTS, ISLANDS—THEIR NAMES.

— COMPILED BY —

✓
G. D. SPENCER,

*First Appointed Agent of Virgil & Co.'s, now National Express ;
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Cor. Secretary of Y. M. C. A., Fairhaven ; Cor-
respondent of various Newspapers ; Secretary
of the Rutland County Merino Sheep Pro-
ducers' Association ; Lover of Right
and Hater of Meanness.*



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The report of what purported to be the acts and doings of the Rutland County Historical Society at its celebration on Lake Bomoseen in 1881, and the pretended naming the Island, demands the appearing of this pamphlet, to let posterity know the Historical Society, as a body, were not responsible for the name of that day; it was furnished by an individual. But the name agreed upon by the owner of the Island and society is an appropriate one. May it cling to the lovely spot as long as Bomoseen washes its shores, or a creeping thing inhabits the earth.

G. D. S.

LAKE BOMOSEEN.

Lake Bomoseen is a beautiful lake, situated in Hubbardton and Castleton, about nine miles in length, and from one-fourth to three miles in width, the northern extremity of which is rather narrow and forms in Hubbardton what is called the Marsh; this extends south some two miles, where for the next mile until the bridge is reached it varies from one-fourth to one-half mile wide; at the bridge it narrows to some forty rods, and immediately widens until Cedar Point is reached, when we come to the bay upon which West Castleton is located. From here to "Smith's" landing the distance is three miles; there are various bays and points which increase or lessen the width of the lake for about five miles, when what is termed the Creek is reached, when it narrows down to about twenty-five to thirty rods until Hydeville is reached, where the waters are utilized for various manufacturing industries. From the bridge to the mouth of the creek the shores of the lake are bold. Most of the way the shores are either slate or gravel. Its waters are pure and clear. It was originally surrounded by a heavy growth of pine. The land on the western shore was originally covered by a heavy growth of pine, and was owned by the Castleton Land Company, which was composed of D. B. Fuller of New York, G. T. Hodges of Rutland, and Willis S. Hodges of Clarendon, who had three saw mills at Hydeville. The logs were cut in the winter, drawn upon the ice and made into a raft; after the ice left the lake the rafts were floated to Hydeville, converted into market plank, and found their way to Troy and Albany. A. W. and P. W. Hyde purchased a two-third's interest of the Castleton Land Company; a new firm named Hyde, Fuller & Hyde were the controllers of the property.

In early days the Indians loved to camp near these waters. The name, Bomoseen, "Beautiful waters," indicates the appreciation the savages had for one of the loveliest sheets of water on the earth. It ever presents new attractions and new beauties. On the east side of the creek there is what to-day is termed the "Indian fields," a place where the Indians camped. Hardly a year passes, even at this late day, but some relic is unearthed that proves the grounds were once the habitation of the wild man. The tributaries to the lake once afforded fine sport for the sportsman. "Williams'" brook, that enters the lake between Cedar Point and West Castleton, was once alive with trout; even at the present day the angler is rewarded in speckled beauties for his time and trouble. "Johnson's" brook was once a great place for suckers. Tons would be taken from it each year; of late years they have removed further south. The lake once afforded large quantities of salmon trout. Some very large ones were taken. In the summer of 1837 the last large one was taken from its waters by S. H. Langdon, David Wilkinson, James and Julius Drake, which weighed eighteen pounds; it was cooked for these men and their invited guests, such men as Horace and Orson Clark, I. T. Wright, E. L. Ormsbee, Thomas Ormsbee, P. W. Hyde, and many others, at the "Mansion" House, kept by Chester Spencer. Occasionally a small trout has been taken from the waters since. Many old fishermen still think that at the present day in the deep waters west of Tagh-kannuc island there are many salmon trout. In 1839, Julius T. Buel (him of spoon notoriety) conceived the idea of placing pickerel and Swago bass in the lake, without having the fear of God before his eyes, or the sport of posterity at heart; he did place within the waters of "Beautiful Bomoseen" the aforesaid pickerel and bass. Pickerel are now taken from the lake that weigh thirty pounds; from 18 to 25 is the usual weight for large pickerel. Swago bass are a gamey fish to take; when taken the angler is well repaid, for they are a fine fish; some have been taken that weighed nine pounds, five to six though is the average weight. Rock bass are found under old stumps and logs. They

are fine fish to eat as a change from salt pork. Perch are a very pretty fish to look at, pleasant to take; we will say no more in their favor. The bull head or pout are taken in large numbers, mostly in the night when taken from clear water, and when correctly cooked are second to no fish that swims in fresh water, for the table. White fish are taken in the fall only, with a net; then they go to the shores in large quantities; they seldom weigh over ten or twelve ounces, and are said to be fine, salted. Sun fish occasionally take the hook for the bait, and to torment the angler.

In the fall of the year the hunter is amply rewarded for his industry in shooting the wood and black duck which live upon the shores of the lake, and propagate their species. The blue, green and gray teal, whistle wing and canvass back ducks are found around these waters, and snipe and wood cock are found in the marsh in their season. A few years ago very few people visited the lake for pleasure; there was no means of conveyance. A few skiffs for private use constituted the navy of the lake. Deacon Endearing Johnson had a large scow, made of sufficient size to convey a team to the west shore of the lake. Julius Drake had three skiffs and a boat house near his house, north of the Indian fields. Chauncey Ingleson had a large freight boat constructed. Merrill and Buel, Charles Merrill, now cashier of the Malden National Bank, Malden, and Gustavus Buel, late of Castleton, constructed a fine sail boat and placed it upon the lake. One day the boom swung around and knocked a man into the lake; he was drowned. Prejudice against the boat entered the breast of visitors, when the boat was in no way to blame. S. H. Langdon, for his own use, built a large boat house a little south of Drake's, had several skiffs and one small sail boat. After a few years the boat house was sold to Jarvis Larnard, and on the ice was removed to a point near the picnic house of Coffee, and converted into a hotel. It was afterwards burned. A. W. Hyde, who ever had a passionate fondness for the beauties of the lake, had a steamboat made for the waters. The boat was a nice one; the engine and boiler were also nice;

but they would not work together ; the engine was too small for the boat. It rotted at its wharf. The West Castleton Railroad & Slate Company constructed a large "horse" boat, to convey their slate from the quarry to Hydeville, where it was shipped, but was used only a short time. A. W. Hyde thought he had gained knowledge from experience, and built the second steamboat, but met with no better success. J. H. Wiswell and W. A. Clark purchased in Worcester, Mass., a very nice steamboat, named "Naomi," and placed her upon the waters. She made regular trips from Hydeville to Taghkannuc Isle, Coffee's, Johnson's and return ; was used for parties and evening excursions. She was a beautiful little boat, capable of carrying sixty persons. She would glide swiftly through the waves, would ride them as easily as a duck, and take in no more water. A large barge, decked over all, was put upon the lake, capable of carrying two hundred and fifty persons. One person who lived upon the shore of the lake, out of pure cussedness or meanness, started the story and put it slyly in the ear of visitors, that the Naomi was unsafe. The story spread with the same velocity as does small pox, and the owners concluded not to put her upon the waters for the season of 1882, although she was as safe for Bomoseen as the Great Eastern was for the Atlantic. It would be safe to say that at the present time there are upon the waters one hundred skiffs or dories, capable of carrying six hundred people.

Year by year, one by one, have the resorts increased, until at the present time there are many resorts for visitors, from the picnic house to finely furnished hotels, that furnish for the guests the daintiest game, gotten up in the most approved style, from frogs, turtle soup, turtle pot pie, to ox tail soup, and fish cooked to a charm. A. W. Barker, at the Taghkannuc House, Taghkannuc Island, has everything in fine shape for the accommodation of guests, whether they visit the island simply as a lovely resort, to drink in the charms of nature where it is presented in all its beauty, or for the purpose of rowing or fishing. The island contains some nine acres ; at the southerly end a ravine some ten rods wide makes its way up a gradual elevation some

thirty rods until the summit is reached. Upon either side of the ravine an elevation or ridge divides the ravine from the lake, until it reaches the summit, when a plateau is reached, and gently declines to the water's edge upon either side and the north end of the island. There are many stately trees, hickory, maples, elms, oak, ash and birch, upon the island, which were left when the island was cleared and the fire did not ruin. Aside from this, there is the growth of the past forty years, consisting of cedars, white birch, bass wood, pine, and other woods. The underbrush has been cleared away; a fine view is to be had of the island. He is continually beautifying the place, but in so doing he is studiously preserving all the ancient landmarks. Thousands of chowders have been compounded by Hart, David, Jim, Tom and Midd., and hosts of others; besides the mixtures made by Bill, Gabriel, Steve, Sandy, Charlie, and a host of others, who, as they grew from boyhood to manhood, loved to visit this lovely retreat, preserved in its old position. Yes, lovely as nature left it, with its rocks, crags and knolls. Even the cellar is to be preserved and fenced in to mark the place where once stood Hart's ice house; he and a few of his friends were so kind as to fill it with ice in the winter for the free use of those who visited the island in the summer, and which Jim and Chan burnt; we will be charitable enough to believe it was accidental, not intentional. He also has a nice cottage, capable of accommodating a family of from six to eight. Already there is a fine lawn from the hotel south to the water. From it the broad lake opens to your vision until the lake narrows into the creek. From the ridge, on the western shore of the island, a fine view is obtained of the slate works of the Lakeside Slate Company, at West Castleton; also of the Billings' quarry, and quarry and mill at Cookeville. Between these the finest scenery of hill and mountain may be seen. On the easterly ridge may be seen nearly all the resorts on the lake. From the summit may be seen Cedar mountain, a point of slate rock that makes into the lake, and makes one point of the bay in which is situated West Castleton. This mountain with more propriety could be called "Echo"

mountain, for in the evening it returns the most natural echoes. Often have I sat in a boat with others on a lovely moonlight eve and sang. The words we sang came wafted back to our ears as though an angel voice returned them as we sang "Great is the Lord." Were this lovely isle under Italian skies and a trip across the Atlantic was necessary to reach it, many would visit it who now think there is no beauty there because it is so near home. He also has a fine barn for the use of those who use the congealed water for winter sports, one other attractive feature to the lake, it is so hemmed in by mountains the waters are ever smooth, scarcely ever a ripple even upon its surface. There can be found bays, and they are always smooth, it makes no difference from which direction the wind comes; therefore, it is one of the best sheets of water in the country, it being so smooth, for regattas, and so easy of access, it being only a few rods from the depot at Hydeville to the creek, which is navigable for the steamboat. Another, and the greatest feature of the Island as a place of resort, the culinary department, under the watchful eye of Mrs. Barker, than whom there are few better cooks in the country. The fried frogs she gave me were equal if not superior to any I ever obtained at Delmonico's. Mr. Barker contemplates putting a large addition to the house the coming fall, and continuing the work of improvement until stopped by the frost. For the season of 1883 he has engaged a steamboat capable of carrying one hundred people with safety, and tow the barge with two hundred and fifty. The season of 1883 will have boats enough on the lake to, at one time, move an army of a thousand.

At the bridge on the west side we find Johnson's Club House, so named by parties from Albany, Troy and Hoosac, who yearly visit this resort. Johnson would be easier recognized did we call him Deacon; all the claim he can lay to the title is his grandfather was a very good deacon; but I regret to say the present Johnson takes more pride in accommodating his guests than in worshipping his "elder brother;" but he has a nice comfortable place where his guests can get away from everything

but their sins, and these will stick to them even if they go to Washington. His house is sufficiently large to accommodate many guests; his wife is a fine cook; he has one or two cottages, and the best of all a fine camping ground. The Club have their tents and all paraphernalia for fishing and cooking. Here one is certainly away from bank notices, protests, and statements. The finest fishing grounds on the lake are in this vicinity. Any one who wishes to "drive dull cares away" will find when he reaches the Deacon's he has found just the spot.

The first house after we cross the bridge is Theron Goodwin's. If we are looking for a comfortable place of resort, and have tarried at Theron's, we will not be so anxious to find a better place that we will run the risk of trying it. Theron, like Deacon Johnson, is a whole-souled Yankee; neither of them have corns on their feet because of wearing tight boots, but when you are seated in one of their boats, the wind blows, you will be thankful they have such brawny arms, and are not afraid to use them. He accommodates many in his house; has some fine camping grounds; his wife also well understands the first and last principles of cooking. In fact all the men but one who keep resorts on the lake are blest with wives who well understand the art of making food palatable, and he will have just such a wife; all the arrangements are made when the minister makes one out of two. If you never laughed, hear Theron laugh, and you will join in the refrain, *soto voce*.

As you go down the lake some mile and a half from Theron's you will come to Ponds', who have erected a large, commodious house for the accommodation of families; they are a pleasant family; have a fine farm; keep one or two boats for the accommodation of their guests. They do not pretend to entertain transient guests, but kindly and comfortably care for those who seek a retreat to recuperate their wasted energies; they do not pretend to be fishermen, but care for their farm, and offer a fine retreat for families of children or those worn out by excessive toil.

A half mile more we come to Coffee's Picnic House, the first

one we mention designed especially for transient guests. His picnic house is large ; on the ground floor is a large room for a dining hall for parties, tables and benches in primitive style. At the south end is the kitchen with a good cook stove. At the northern end is the ladies' dressing room, with every needed appliance for their comfort and convenience. On the second floor we find a fine dancing hall, for dancing of course. In the dining hall is a tank of ice water, free to all, also a soda fountain, free for five cents. He has some fourteen boats, which he takes pride in keeping neat and clean, and so well caulked they will not leak. His house is of sufficient size to accommodate twenty-five guests ; had he sufficient room he could usually have from fifty to one hundred ; he has ample barn room, and careful assistants. He is a quiet, pleasant, accommodating man ; does all in his power that his guests may have a good time ; no one, when he knows his pleasant retreat, regrets having called upon him. This was the first place started, about 1855, by Commodore Fordyce S. Heath, but the accommodations he then erected, though large enough then for all who visited the lake, have given way to larger and better arrayed buildings.

We say good-bye to Coffee, receive a pleasant smile, paddle another half mile and we reach Walker's, a new, large, neat house, situated upon a bank of gravel. The house has twenty-one rooms, three stories and a basement, which is used for a picnic house. A current of air most always passes through this room, making it very comfortable for picnickers. The stove in the kitchen of the hotel can be used. A fine office, dining hall, parlor, supplied with a piano, and kitchen on the first floor ; on the second and third floors are sixteen sleeping rooms. The house stands upon the very shore of the lake, so an attractive place is offered those who wish for fun, water and retirement ; will soon have some bathing houses ; he too has a fine barn, a pleasant wife, and is winning his way into the hearts of his guests by his pleasant, genial ways and accommodating spirit.

We now take a good row, pass Walker's bay, Birch point, round Mason's point, are almost tempted to steer for Taghkannuc

isle to see if we cannot get another dish of Mrs. Barker's ice cream, but we pull on, soon pass Drake's old boat house, and are soon in the creek. We see a neat little dock and dock house, not large enough for the Great Eastern, but sufficiently large for the "Naomi," and Commodore Clark. We alight, pass through a pretty grove of pines, soon reach the Russell House, kept by C. M. Hawkins. The house is capable of accommodating seventy-five persons, and for many years has been liberally patronized by the public. Mr. Hawkins keeps a fine hotel, is very attentive and accommodating. When his wife arrives he will not be obliged to devote so much of his time entertaining his guests, for she will help. He is but a short distance from the depot. In 1883, when the new steam boat makes its appearance, it will make from two to three daily trips to the Island and the bridge.

Thus it will be seen the lake presents attractions to all those who wish a jolly good time in roughing it at Johnson's or Goodwin's; those who wish a quiet home, pure air, with pleasant host and hostess at Pond's; those who go for the day to picnic, or the week to fish and frolic, at Coffee's and Walker's; or those who love the beautiful, to eat and see, at Barker's, on Taghkannuc isle; or those who seek more for a place where silks and satins are worn, and one is afraid to eat onions and raw pork, at the Russell house. Truly, all can be accommodated around the shores of this beautiful lake.

At the northern extremity of the lake is a second island, which puts its bald head out of the water, as much as to say to navigators, "Keep away from me." Most of the surface of this island is rock; still upon the northern portion of the island some vegetation is found. This island is known as "Rabbit" island, and was appropriately so named. Tradition says, in times long since past in the winter rabbits would gather upon the island; instinct would direct them to leave for the main land before the ice went out. An early thaw of thin ice, it left the lake suddenly, thus the rabbits' bridge was gone; inhuman humanity went upon the island with sticks and killed the little innocents, who have con-

siderable Yankee blood in their veins; when trouble nears they find death, thus made themselves an easy prey to the hunter. "The Island" is the only name that would readily stick to the other island. There is something peculiar about it; man is the only animal that loved to stay upon this piece of real estate. It was once attempted to keep swine on the island, but they attempted to swim ashore, and, like the young lady trolling for a husband, cut their own throats. Cattle left upon the island will swim to the main land, unless prevented from so doing by a high fence.

When parties wished to visit this lovely retreat they would always go to "the island." Here we may ask, "What is in a name?" About the year 1839, Alfred Houghton, then, or afterwards, captain of the steamer Knickerbocker, on the North river, who once kept a grocery under the saddler's shop of Geo. W. Ellis, on the spot now occupied by B. W. Burt, and was familiarly known as "Pug," who, like all Castleton boys, loved "the island, left his boat for a trip, in company with another North river captain, came to Castleton. Of course they took a trip to "the island." Ellis, Hart, Stave, Ed. and Pitt had all necessaries packed for a trip to "the island" for "Pug." Dave could not go; the company started for Julius; on the way they stopped for Jim. The lake was reached; they entered the boats; catching the fish was quick work. Hart of course did his best on the chowder; with good appetites it was disposed of. The fragrant Habannas were lit. "Pug" arose, and his voice commanded attention; he says, "Boys, did this island ever have a name?" "No," burst from every voice. "Suppose we give her a name?" "All right," says Hart, (who owned the island, and spoke as one having authority.) "What name do you propose?" Pug says, "Chowder Island." "All right," says Hart; "All right," said they all. Then Pug took in his hands a bottle of champagne, and said, "As long as time shall last, let this lovely spot be known by the name of 'Chowder Island.'" The bottle came in contact with a rock. The juice of the grape, or Jersey lightning, went tripping down the rock, in honor of the name, and to seal it to the latest posterity.

The first time the island was deeded separately was in 1794. In 1836 it was deeded to S. H. Langdon from John Meacham. In 1860 the island came into possession of Thomas J. Ormsbee, as administrator of J. O. Drake, as "Chowder Island." This is the first time it left the possession of S. H. Langdon. After it was named by "Pug" Houghton it went as Chowder Island. It was owned by various parties until 1877; was deeded to John A. Leggett, who erected the Cruso House. Mr. Leggett became financially embarrassed; John W. Cramton, assignee in bankruptcy, sold to G. W. Chaplain, Jr.; subsequently, Chaplain sold one-half interest to John W. Cramton. On September 11, 1880, John W. Cramton and George W. Chaplain, Jr., gave a quit claim deed to Jane Barker, the present owner, who has purchased the same for a life home for her son, A. W. Barker, who now keeps the hotel, and is assisting nature with art to make Taghkannuc island one of the loveliest spots on this lovely earth. R. R. Drake claimed to have a title to "Chowder island." Mrs. Barker was sued for possession. She placed the case in the hands of John Howe, who always investigates a case before he advises his clients. He said this time to his client: "The island is your property; no court on earth will dispossess you of it." At the county court he was successful. The plaintiffs, the vanquished party, appealed to the supreme court. The case was handsomely argued before that body. When they handed down their decision it was sustaining Mrs. Jane Barker in her ownership of "the island." Thus, nearly two years had been lost in bringing the island to that state of perfection it is susceptible of reaching, and Mrs. Barker is determined it shall attain. Her whole soul is wrapped up in the island.

Rutland county has a historical society, organized for the avowed purpose of gathering the stray threads of history and weaving them into one compact whole. When the deed was given Mrs. Barker it was simply for the island, describing the same; the words "Chowder island" were not used; had they been Mrs. Barker had that respect for the acts of those who have passed away from our midst, and acknowledging the right of one who

owns a piece of real estate the same right as the father has to name his child. S. H. Langdon owned "the island;" he accepted the name, "Chowder island." This name should have clung to it as long as the waters of Bomoseen washes its shores, or the sun looks down from its heights to cheer the earth. Where lives the vandal who would attempt to give another name to "Sunnyside," the late home of Washington Irving, and named by him? The name is half the attractions of the place. I can imagine Commander Woodward, of the U. S. navy, after leaving "Neptune's salt wash" for a furlough, that again his foot is planted upon "his native heath," how he would again love to visit "Chowder island." When looking at the old chowder stone he would say: "'Pug' Houghton named this lovely spot 'Chowder island' after eating a chowder, and my father was with him. There are associations even in the naming of real estate the despoiler has no authority to eradicate. 'You have no right to do evil that good may come.'"

It was proposed by the Historical Society to, on the fourth of July, 1881, hold a celebration on the island, on our nation's birthday, and give the island a name. Any person who had examined the records for the history of the island must have known it had been named "Chowder island." By what authority did a man who had not one grain of interest in the island, either pecuniarily or from association, dare change the name? Mrs. Barker readily consented to what seemed the wishes of the Historical Society, who appointed a committee consisting of Henry Hall, A. N. Adams and J. M. Currier to search for and find a name appropriate for the island. The two former are natives of Rutland county, are as good historians as there are in the State, ripe scholars and perfect gentlemen, above a mean thing. J. M. Currier is from Troy, Vt.; has been in the county but a few years, knows nothing of its history except what has been written and what he gets from the older inhabitants. I allege that the committee of the Historical Society and Mrs. Jane Barker did agree upon the name "Taghkannuc" for the island. The celebration was to be held on the island. To be ready, the boats of the

island and lanterns were painted "Taghkannuc," also a sign with that name placed upon poles out on one dock. Trouble arose between Currier and Barker. The celebration was held upon the eastern shore of the lake. Another name from the one agreed upon or presented by the committee and accepted by Mrs. Barker was given. Had the fact leaked out that this thing was to have been done, the old frequenters and lovers of the island would have been there *en masse*, to have entered their protest. Now the island is owned by Mrs. Barker; she has absolute control over it. If she wishes to call it Sleepy Hollow she has a perfect right to do so. Even a historical society has no right to fix a name obnoxious to her or against her wishes. In this case it was one individual, upon his own responsibility, against the expressed wish of the Society, as expressed by its committee. I am aware I have made a severe charge. It becomes my duty to substantiate my position, which I shall do by quoting from correspondence relating to the name now in the hands of A. W. Barker. The first quotation shall be from a letter from Henry Hall, one of the committee of the Historical Society on the name for the island, who writes:

Mr. A. W. BARKER,—

Dear Sir:—The name "Bomoseen" is, it seems to me, a very undesirable one for your Castleton lake. I want to have it changed. I also want a good name for your island in the lake. But I want others to like the new name. I think of no one more interested in the matter at present than you. How do you like for a new name, this, "Taghkannuc?" The first syllable is pronounced as if spelt *Tur*. Write me how you like it. It will look nice and Indian-like written. How do you like it as spoken? * * * * Think of this matter; don't talk with other folks much about it at present, unless you think it the best way. I have for years contemplated something of this kind. Yesterday I attended the meeting of the county Historical Society at Castleton, and mentioned the subject to several. I think all are in favor of a change in a name. * * * * This effort to give a better name to your lake and island is a missionary labor, and I want help in the business, as we don't get any lawyers fees for the work. * * * * Think it over; talk with your wife, and such others as you think best, and write me what you learn from others, and what you think yourself about the matter. In the future your lake and island will be famous. They can be made so soon. A good name will help materially.

Yours, etc.,

HENRY HALL.

Now, if language means anything, the only conclusion that can be drawn from this letter is, the Historical Society wished to change and furnish a name for lake and island. Henry Hall, a historical expert, was commissioned to perform this duty. His first business appears to be to get the consent and approbation of the owner of the island to the name he had selected. His second object was to see if the name suited the public.

Upon the receipt of this letter, Mr. Barker wrote his mother, then in Brooklyn, conveying to her the proposition of the Historical Society, as presented to him by their agent or committee, Henry Hall. Mrs. Barker at first did not like the name; but another son, with whom she was stopping in Brooklyn, says: "Mother, the Historical Society of Rutland county have, by their committees, been searching history for an appropriate name for your property. They have found an Indian name, one, doubtless, connected with the days when the red man inhabited the spot. I think you better write Alonzo you like the name, and will accept it." She immediately wrote A. W. Barker that the name was pretty and acceptable, and she would accept it for the island. Mr. Barker met J. M. Currier, secretary of the Society, and said to him: "Mother says she likes the name selected by Mr. Hall for the island, and will accept of the same. You please inform Mr. Hall of her decision." He promised to do so.

In the latter part of May the project of having a Fourth-of-July celebration upon the island was agitated in Castleton and surrounding towns. Several meetings were held at the Bomoseen House. The compiler of this wrote to various newspapers in and out of the State, expecting to gather a large crowd. H. Howard Billings of Hydeville, T. S. Sherman and C. S. Proctor of Castleton, F. W. Redfield and Walter E. Howard of Fairhaven, were elected an executive committee, J. M. Currier, secretary, and D. D. Cole, treasurer, to arrange for a celebration of our nation's birthday upon the island, when the Rutland county Historical Society would give it a name, baptize it the second time. The committee worked hard and earnestly. At all celebrations there must be a dinner. Mr. Barker receives this postal:

What will you furnish (100) one hundred dinners on the coming Fourth to guests and managers of the celebration? D. D. COLE.

To this letter Mr. Barker replied, one dollar each. No man that has had any experience in catering for the public, especially in furnishing warm dinners in a grove, where the tables and seats must be erected for one meal, stoves put up, crockery liable to be broken, will say this price would have more than have paid the first cost of dinner. Coffee and Bixby, on the east shore of the lake, had each subscribed \$25. Several were fearful they would not like it if the dinner was on the island. Mr. Barker proposed to give for the celebration fifty dollars, by furnishing the Historical Society one hundred dinners for fifty dollars. For a time this seemed to satisfy; but the secretary, not the treasurer, was looking after the financial part of the celebration. He wished Mr. Barker to take pledges for his pay. Thus did L. W. Reddington of Rutland or A. T. Woodward, M. D., of Brandon, agree to pay for two dinners each; they were eaten by four men from Pittsford. Mr. Barker must go to Brandon and Rutland to get his two dollars. On June 24, 1881, Mr. Barker received the following epistle:

A. W. BARKER,—

Dear Sir:—I send you with this letter pledges for fourteen dinners from this place. It is not final, for I have another paper started for the same purpose, and I send you this one to let you know what I am doing for our historical dinner. I have sent off several of these to different towns, and requested them to forward them to you on Monday next. When we have our dinner, WE ALL WANT IT AT ONCE, so we can hear the after-dinner speeches. * * * *
Don't consider that this paper is all I am going to do. * * * *

Respectfully,

JOHN M. CURRIER.

Mr. Barker replied to this letter he did not propose to go about the county to collect subscriptions to pay for a dinner, and must, under the circumstances, withdraw from any participation in the celebration. To Mr. Barker's reply, under date of July 18, he receives the following:

Mr. BARKER,—

Dear Sir:—I was sorry that you came to the conclusion that you did, for we intended to do a good thing for the lake, and all its friends. * * * *
If the day was rainy all were willing to pay for a dinner whether they had it or

not. How do you know? * * * * We shall do nothing to your injury. Thank you for your kind invitation to myself and family. I remain as ever a great admirer of Lake Bomoseen and all its scenery.

JOHN M. CURRIER.

Als) a postal saying :

The Society's committee will visit your isle this week or the first of next, to arrange for the day's celebration, and confer with you about a name. What would you think of KELLOWANDA for a name? * * * *

JOHN M. CURRIER.

A. T. Woodward, M. D., of Brandon, writes: "I have no time to look after subscription papers, but will want two dinners."

Mr. Barker has the following :

THE HIGHLANDS, RUTLAND, VT., 7th July, 1881.

Mr. A. W. BARKER,—

Dear Sir:—I suppose it is about as well to laugh, even better than to fret our gizzards, at any of the untoward events of this wicked world, for it is sorter wicked. except so far as our friends are concerned. Last winter, or some months ago, I wrote you in reference to a name for Castleton lake or island or both, and never heard a whisper in response until your letter of June 30th arrived. * * * I went over to Castleton the Fourth of July, in the cars with H. Clark and Reddington, expecting to have a good visit with you; but the lake somehow had become suddenly so dangerous a highway for commerce and travel that the Historical Society was to hold its special meeting on the continent of America. Soon after the forenoon exercises closed we held onto the table and chairs, and I succeeded in getting something to eat. I footed it most of the way to Castleton village. * * * The principal object in writing you is to thank you for your card and invitation to dinner, and ask, what is to be done about a name, etc? * * * What do you say to another project? * * *

Yours truly,

HENRY HALL

What other conclusion can be arrived at from the evidence presented than that "Taghkannuc" was the name agreed upon between the committee of the Historical Society and the owner for its name? That J. M. Currier, secretary of the society, failed to convey to Mr. Hall, as it was his duty to do, the assent of Mrs. Barker to the name he proposed. The secretary rode to and from the village and lake in a fine carriage; Henry Hall walked. The whole trouble arose from the fact that the secretary of the Historical Society usurped the functions of treasurer of the citizens. He could not control all things; hence all this trouble and perplexity has arisen. The committee never visited

the island to confer with Mr. Barker. The secretary, upon his own responsibility, changed all the plans and arrangements of both the society and citizens, put a new name to the island of his own. He must have known Alfred Houghton and S. H. Langdon, who owned the island, once named it; they had that right. Who gave J. M. Currier, from Essex county, authority to change it? If he is individually and alone, the Rutland county Historical Society, furnishes food and drink for them, then Hon. Barnes Frisbie, H. Hall, H. Clark, A. N. Adams, and others, may as well retire. At every meeting of the society since he has attempted to have something relative to Neshobe. At a meeting at Fairhaven, E. H. Phelps read a beautiful poem dedicated to Neshobe. A picnic was gotten up on Mason's point; two poems to lovely Neshobe were read. He is smart enough to get good men to do his work. He sent to Delaware for one poem, and to Benson for another, when a fine poem was read, which suggests:

E. L. Barber of Benson
Had just partaken ven'son,
Imagination was wild,
He talked like a child.

Neshobe, say, who was he?
No one his face e'er did see;
A myth and perhaps a ghost,
But never on earth a host.

The name 'twas from fancy came;
It was never known to fame:
This name the isle shall not bear,
While its friends shall watch with care.

Taghkannuc bold was the chief,
Not afraid of wave or reef;
His good name the isle shall bear:
Before 'tis changed have a care.

Mr. Barber is one of Rutland county's best men, and thought he was only doing right. Ask anyone if Mrs. Barker has not a right, if Henry Hall has not a right, if the citizens of Castleton and the frequenters of this lovely island, scattered as they are over the inhabitable globe, have not a right to question the acts and results of the acts of John M. Currier? The associations are sacred to the many who have whiled away many social hours upon the lake's crystal waters, or its lovely isles. While they

all are willing to concede the right to the owner of the island to bestow upon it such name as she wishes, they can but esteem Mrs. Barker that she had the respect for the name given by Capt. Houghton that she would not have consented to the changing the name had she known of it; but being in ignorance of the fact, and the Historical Society wishing to furnish a name and having chosen a historian to select it, a man ripe in years, knowledge and experience, whose first wish was to find a name that would be satisfactory to the owner, and after that was done and had been accepted by the owner, the knowledge of the acceptance being kept from Mr. Hall by one whose duty it was to convey it, is it a wonder that Mrs. Barker and all old friends of the island are dissatisfied?

If we look for a history of the word Neshobe, we find it to be the name by which the town of Brandon was once distinguished from its sister towns. The name was then given to a stock horse in Addison county. Thompson, in his "Green Mountain Boys," applies the name to a scout; a fictitious name in a fictitious book. All the history of this imaginative "brave" given at the pretended naming of the island, was mere bosh and imagination. No trace of history can be found narrating the name. The question naturally arises, was the name intended as a direct insult to the owner of the island because of trouble about collecting pay for the dinners?

The name "Taghkannuc" was appropriate, as an Indian chief by that name did once inhabit the island. Henry Hall loves history. His life has been spent in searching the pages of ancient and modern history. In his researches he found this name. The Historical Society asked him with others to present a name. He presented to the owner of the island "Taghkannuc." It was accepted. The Historical Society and the owner of the island are in harmony concerning the name. The trouble has arisen from the fact that one who had the power did apply a name of his own choosing, upon his own authority, vested in him by his own will, not by the acts of the Historical Society. Jim, Julius, Pitt, Ed, Cull, Pug, and a host of others who loved

to frequent the island, have passed from our midst. Hart and Dave still linger upon the "shores of time." May they, ere they visit for the last time the old island, know it has a name affixed to it that shall be handed down to the latest posterity. The intentions of the Rutland county Historical Society were noble and beneficial, and were it rightly conducted, would result in good to posterity. But they must be exceedingly cautious, and not have the society converted into a mutual admiration society, and make truth bow to fiction, or make all its acts yield to the peculiarities of one man.

Upon the eastern shore of the lake, near Coffee's picnic house, may be seen a marble monument, sacred to the memory of Sancho Panza, who was a dog, not a very handsome, winsome one, but a family pet. One day he died. He was owned by one Charles H. Slawson of West Rutland, who crossed the river of life in 1882, as noble-hearted, generous man as ever trod God's earth. He had this monument erected.

Tradition says that at the foot of a large pine tree on "Taghkannuc" isle lie mouldering the remains of the daughter of "Taghkannuc," an Indian brave and chief, who with his tribe, used to visit the Indian fields, spoken of in the preceding pages. She was taken sick and died; her remains were taken to the island, a favorite resort for the tribe, and left in charge of the great spirit.

Was not the name selected by Mr. Hall an appropriate one? Did it not show his researches had been to some purpose? and did he not deserve better treatment than was meted to him? If the secretary of the Historical Society had intended to have a name of his own selection, why the formality of asking Mr. Hall to spend the time to search, unless it was the intention of said secretary to snub all connected?

On Lookout point, "Taghkannuc" isle, is a broken tablet, which the following letter will explain :

SHEFFIELD, Mass., June 19, 1881.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 16th instant came duly to hand, and in reply would say that during the Centennial there was a Legion formed called the Centennial

Legion, composed of one military company from each of the original Thirteen States, to make a parade on the Fourth of July, at Philadelphia. The Old Guard, of which I was a member, represented New York, and I went with them. We, the old guards, entertained the southern companies in New York, and Mr. William Emerson Barker, of Boston, had arranged for our Southern brethren an encampment at his country place near that city (Welesley), and his committee came to New York to receive them, insisted that a delegation of our committee should go with them to Boston. About six of the old guards went. It was a royal affair and lasted one week, after which we all returned home. At the last dinner, at each plate on the table lay a glass bottle, shaped like a pig, filled with brandy; there was none at mine, but during speech-making after dinner, I was presented with a beautiful basket boquet, apparently, but upon opening it, was found to contain two live pigs. Pigs were a great hobby with Mr. Barker; his piggery alone costing some five thousand dollars; where he kept all kinds, and this breed of which he presented me a pair, was given to him by the Queen of England a few years previous, and was of the famous Berkshire breed. I had these pigs sent by express to Castleton; one was smothered and the other was kept at friend Langdon's. One day W. F. Bixby photographed it for me, after which it died; what was the cause none of us knew. I had it buried upon the Island in the lake; on the tombstone was put: FRATERNAL WELCOME——A PIG DIED——BERKSHIRE. The name "Fraternal Welcome" was from Mr. Barker's fete, which was called that. It was my intention to have raised here and sent during the fall following a young Pig to each of the companies who were present at the fete, so have a sort of a barbecue or reunion, but like many other plans, it failed.

I would say here that the fete of Mr. Barker's was a "big thing." It cost him some \$25,000, and was heralded all over the south (the affair, not the cost), and was, I believe, the means of doing a great deal of good towards "healing the breach," as this was the first instance of southern military visiting the north since the war.

The Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, represented South Carolina; Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, of Fayetteville, North Carolina; Norfolk Blues, Virginia, and others I cannot think of just now. * * *

Hastily Yours Respectfully,

CHAS. G. CHILD.

"The remains of the pig were put into a casket and taken to the island for burial. John Doolan, John P. Ryan, James J. Sweeney and William H. Burke acted as bearers. Their services were paid for in cigars and whiskey. The marble monument was furnished by T. Smith Sherman. Mr. Langdon, referred to by Mr. Child, was at the Centennial in Philadelphia when the

pig died ; when he returned, as his old cronies framed the story, he took his prayer book and a bottle of lager, went over to the island and read the Episcopal burial service over the pig's grave." But we have grave doubts as to the correctness of this report. Mr. Langdon loved his wife too much to do such a thing.

In view of all facts presented, can Mrs. Barker or the old friends of the island, who have spent many happy days of youth on its greensward, eating the chowder, or fry, singing songs, dreaming of the future, be blamed because they do not feel like accepting a name for the island, a name furnished in opposition to their wishes, and those of the owner of the island, and the Historical Society? If there was any doubt of Mrs. Barker's right to fix the name upon her own property, that doubt would vanish in the minds of most reasonable people, when it was known Mrs. Barker was from the stock that made us a nation. Most Americans have heard of General Lafayette, a Frenchman, of the position he took in our struggles for freedom. He brought with him from France men who entered the contest as Americans, fought as Americans, and with Americans secured the peace that brought the liberty we now enjoy. That an American should fight for self is one thing, that a Frenchman should cross the broad Atlantic to fight for another is still another thing. With General Lafayette there came, in the ship Brandywine, a man named Pier Appell, one thoroughly versed in naval warfare and naval tactics. He entered our navy, and became a mark for British gunners. He was in the employ of our government, extending to our natives the knowledge in his possession. He remained in the services or employ of the American government until he was eighty-six years of age. Because of age and infirmities, he retired from his loved employment, for the country of his adoption. Pier Appell was the father of Mrs. Jane Barker, who now is the owner of "Taghkannuc" isle, by which name she wishes it known as ; the name furnished by Henry Hall of Rutland, and accepted by her. This controversy is not pleasant for Mrs. Barker, or the compiler, but it has been forced upon her by the acts of one person, and she desires to assert her rights.

and that of the compiler's, because of his respect for the memory of Captain Houghton, and the remembrance of the many happy youthful days he has spent upon the waters and its island, with many who have crossed the stream of life, and others who are scattered around the earth.

The following poem was not written by E. H. Phelps, Esq., of Fairhaven, but by one who has great respect for Mr. Phelps and his poetical genius, and has taken the liberty of making copious extracts from one of Mr. Phelps' poems for this work, without giving quotation marks. The best you may call Mr. Phelps', the poorest the compiler's:

TAGHKANNUC.

Taghkannuc! Pray tell me who was he?
 What was his family pedigree?
 An Indian brave, I am simply told,
 A painted savage, saucy and bold,
 Who roamed the forest in days of old,
 And hunted for scalps and glory;
 Whose name to us has been handed down
 As an Indian scout of great renown,
 The hero of song and story.

But though he was as an Indian scout,
 He lived like other braves no doubt,
 Whom all the children have read about,
 A sort of a savage wonder;
 A free and easy child of the woods,
 Who had but little of this world's goods,
 But lived to scalp and plunder.

His cares were light and his wants were few;
 He had no bank notes falling due,
 And his wife and daughters never knew
 About the styles and fashions;
 He loved to hunt as he loved to eat,
 And it was simply fun to get the meat,
 That furnished his daily rations.

His house or wigwam was rude indeed,
 But perfectly answered every need;
 When the glad earth smiled and the sky was fair,
 He lived and slept in the open air,
 And cared not a cent for a cover;
 But when the weather grew cold and bleak,
 He built a house that was quite unique,
 A dozen poles run up to a peak,
 With deer-skin covered over.

His dress was arranged with simple taste;
 A wampum belt encircled his waist,
 And his feet and ankles were well encased

In moccasins made of leather,
 And trimmed with heads in the neatest style,
 While on his head he wore no tile,
 But simply a turkey's feather.

His frock and leggins were deer-skin, tanned,
 And trimmed in a style that was simply grand;
 And his manly cheek, by the breezes fanned,
 Was painted red and yellow;
 And when he walked out to meet the foe,
 With his knife and tomahawk, arrows and bow,
 He was really a killing fellow.

Long years ago, ere the pale face came,
 He roamed these hills and valleys for game;
 He hunted the fox, the deer, and the bear,
 Or anything else that was covered with hair;
 And when these grew scarce he didn't care,
 But turned to hunting his brother;
 Natural hunters these Indians were,
 And this is the reason, I infer,
 Why, next to hunting for food and fur,
 They loved to hunt one another.

And when returned from war or chase,
 As the shadows of night came down apace,
 These noble sons of the Indian race,
 Encamped by brook or river,
 Joined in the dance, and the songs they sang
 Down through the shadowy valleys rang,
 And the hills re-echoed their savage slang:
 The thought of it makes one shiver.

But though trained to the arts of war and strife,
 His heart could respond to a gentler life;
 And oft as the day began to fade,
 He was wont to emerge from the forest shade,
 With the choice of his heart, a dusky maid,
 The fairest of Indian daughters,
 To seek the lake and the birchen boat,
 And bathed in the moonlight silently float
 O'er Bomoseen's silvery waters.

Long years have flown since maiden and brave
 Floated and wooed on the sparkling wave;
 Their dust lies under the earth's green face,
 And no man knoweth their resting place;
 But Taghkannuc dieth never;
 His name still lives in the island green,
 That rests on the bosom of Bomoseen,
 And thus it shall live forever.

Thus have I presented facts, and only facts. The name Neshobe is simply temporal, imaginative. No human being ever bore the name. It was created in a vivid imagination. Like the rose it may be beautiful in its day, but when that passes

all is gone. "Taghkannuc" is the name of an Indian chief, who once trod the island. The bones of his daughter are mingled with the dust of the island. The name is spiritual, eternal; will last when the things imaginary have passed away.

On September 26th, Josh Billings gave the Historical Society a lecture, out of which the society should have netted fifty dollars. The details of the lecture were conducted by the secretary of the society, upon the one man power principle; that changed the name furnished by the society for the island to one suiting himself. There were nearly three hundred present at the lecture; still, receipts were not enough to meet the expenses. The *status* of the animal may be plainly seen.

Mrs. Barker desires to give names to three unnamed prominent points on Taghkannuc isle. She makes the request that posterity will have that respect for her wishes that they will respect in time to come the names given, out of respect to the early frequenters of the island. She desires to name the north-east point of the island, "Hart's" point, and the north-west point, "David's" point; the south-west point, "Cottage" point. The old name for the south-east point of the island is "Look-out" point. She will have signs painted so designating these points. These points are so appropriately named no one can fail to concede to her wishes. Thus, S. H. Langdon's and David Wilkinson's names will be handed down to the latest posterity.

Mrs. Barker wishes it distinctly understood that she finds no fault with the Historical Society. Her relations with the society have been pleasant. She hopes they will succeed in every laudable means employed to learn for and hand down to posterity the early history of our State. The trouble is a personal one which the society have had nothing to do with, and they can do no less than to disavow on their part any part in misnaming the island.

Now, let our watchword be,

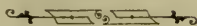
Old "Taghkannuc" dieth never,
His name shall live on the island green
That rests on the bosom of Bomoseen,
And thus it shall live forever.

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This House is situated near Lake Bomoseen, separated from it by a beautiful grove.

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Situated in the midst of the loveliest scenery in Vermont.

The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, some nine miles in length.

Three miles from the hotel is Taghkannuc isle, of nine acres, with a fine hotel.

The water is clear and cold. Fishing fine.

The season of 1883 will find upon the waters a fine steamboat.

A quiet retreat to recuperate from exhaustion.

TAGHKANNUC HOUSE,

Taghkannuc Isle, Lake Bomoseen, Castleton, Vt.,

A. W. BARKER, PROPRIETOR.



Three miles from Hydeville depot; five miles from Castleton depot; three miles from Johnson's bridge.

A steam boat decked over all, four water tight compartments, capable of carrying one hundred, will be upon the lake in 1883; make three daily trips from Hydeville to the island, Walker's, Coffee's and the bridge.

No lovelier resort can be found in America.

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Fine air; no dust or heat. Charges reasonable. New York papers, one o'clock P. M., publication day.

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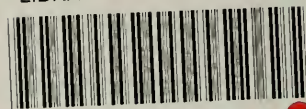
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