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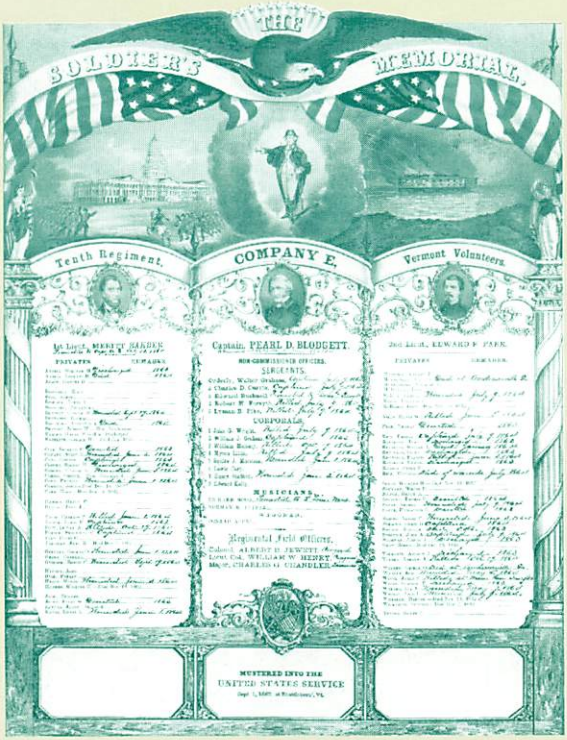
VERMONT HISTORY

VOLUME 80, NO. 2 SUMMER/FALL 2012



The Journal of the Vermont Historical Society

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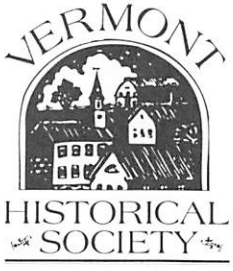

Explore many aspects of Vermont's rich heritage through the Vermont Historical Society, winner of two prestigious Leadership in History Awards in 2012 from the American Association for State and Local History. The library and museum's comprehensive collections of books, manuscripts, photos, maps, artifacts, and other historical materials are rich resources for learning about every period in the state's history. Visit the award-winning "Freedom & Unity" exhibit at the VHS museum, next to the State House in Montpelier, and the new Vermont Heritage Galleries at the Vermont History Center in Barre. Vermont's past will come alive for you at VHS presentations and programs throughout the state that change lives and build better communities.

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VERMONT HISTORY

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Book Reviews

More About Vermont History

Compiled by PAUL A. CARNAHAN

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About the Cover Illustrations

Civil War Registers

The 150th anniversary of the American Civil War has increased public interest in the history of that bloody conflict. Often forgotten in the research process are the decorative, flat paper pieces that were produced to commemorate each unit's service. The broadside collection at the Vermont Historical Society's Leahy Library contains illustrated lithographic registers of thirty-one different units of Vermont Volunteers who served during the Civil War. These large, handsome items, entitled either "Soldier's Memorial" or "Military Register," were produced in nine different designs by seven different companies. Represented in the collection are monochromatic and chromolithographs by Currier and Ives (two designs, 1862); Schroeder and Sanders (1862); H. Schroeder; Major & Knapp (1864); Sarony, Major & Knapp; A. Hoen & Co. (2 designs); and an unknown lithographer (the credit line has been trimmed off).

The lithographers printed large sheets with decorative borders, usually 18″ × 24″ in size, that were then used by enterprising printers to create unit rosters. None of the lithographers or printers that created these records were located in Vermont; they all seemed to be located in the Washington, D.C./Baltimore area. In most cases the rosters list all of the men who served in the unit in three columns with the officers in the center. The list was accompanied by smaller panels containing a chronological listing of the battles in which the unit fought and a panel giving the date and place of the unit's enlistment. Some of the rosters have been annotated in pen by an owner to indicate the fate of the various members of the unit. One includes actual photographs of the first and second lieutenants pasted into ovals at the top of the list of solders.

The rosters employ interesting iconography. Most include a large American eagle or Lady Liberty graced by American flags and military equipment. George Washington makes an appearance on one of the designs, as do the White House, Fort Sumter, and the Constitution. Almost all of them have vignettes that tell of the personal sacrifice of separation from family. Recruitment, departure, camp life, battles, and

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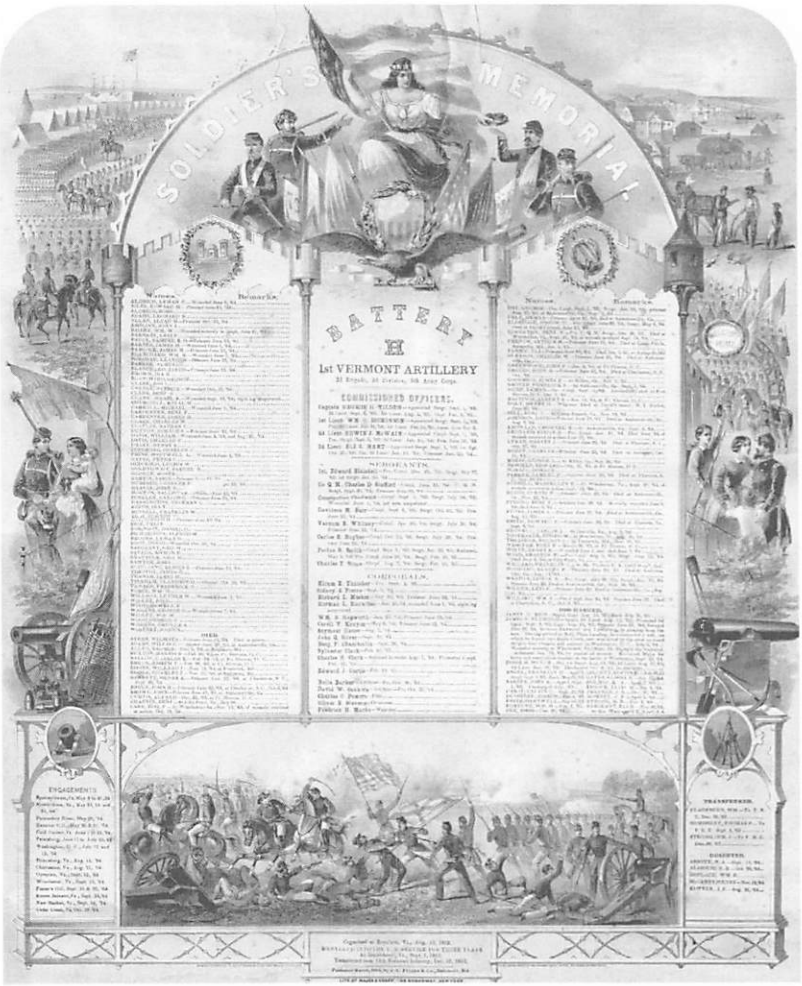


Soldiers Memorial, Battery H, 1st Vermont Artillery. Lithography by Major & Knapp. Published March, 1865, by J. C. Fuller & Co., Baltimore, Md.

homecoming are usually depicted on the rosters. Often generalized scenes from war are shown running down the left side of the lithograph and scenes from home are on the right side.

The roster by A. Hoen & Co. creates a balanced picture of the personal tensions of war in multiple vignettes. On one side of the roster a soldier lies dreaming of home while on the other side his wife dreams

of her husband in battle. Another illustration shows a soldier writing home, while in the matching vignette his wife hands a package to a postal carrier. Two small illustrations show them each longing for each other. The final display shows two representations of a homecoming scene at the bottom of the roster. A. Hoen & Co. produced two versions of this design, with the later version including people who are more animated than in the first.

An interesting example is that of Company C of the 9th Vermont. This is the only company for which we have two different rosters. The first contains a panel that shows the unit's activities only for the year 1862 and states matter-of-factly, "Sept. 15, 1862, Surrendered to Stonewall Jackson at Harper's Ferry." This entry is followed by five others placing the unit's location at Annapolis and then Chicago (where they were held in parole camp), recording that the unit was paid for the first time, and recording the death of two men. The second roster, using a design by H. Schroeder, carries the unit's history through 1864 and does not mention the surrender or internment at all.

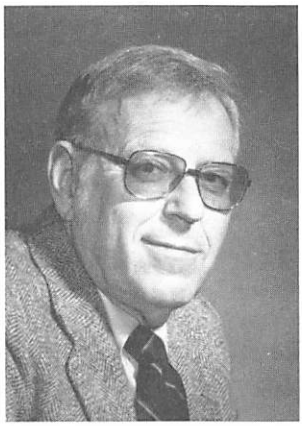
These rosters graphically represent the significance of the Civil War in the lives of its participants and their families. The decorative borders contain sentimental scenes that reflected the feelings of many who experienced the war. The prints were produced at an impressive size and contain striking designs, often in vivid colors. They would have been framed and hung on the walls in houses belonging to veterans and their families. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, these rosters were a way for citizens to remember the hardships of war and to memorialize the service of individual soldiers.

To see examples of all nine different designs in the collection of the Vermont Historical Society visit www.vermonthistory.org/cwregisters.

PAUL A. CARNAHAN, *Librarian*

Front cover: The Soldier's Memorial, Tenth Regiment, Company E, Vermont Volunteers. Published by Currier and Ives, 1862, with printed entries through January 1863 and handwritten entries through October 1864. The cameo portraits are (left to right): President Abraham Lincoln, General Winfield Scott, General George B. McClellan. This roster includes the names and notations for the regimental field officers William W. Henry and Charles G. Chandler. Their conflict and careers are discussed in an article in this issue by David R. Mayhew.

Back cover: Details from the two Civil War memorial registers published by A. Hoen & Co., showing the evolution of that company's iconography.



Samuel B. Hand
1931–2012

By the time he died this past June, Samuel B. Hand had three titles, used so often together that they seemed almost to be part of his name: professor emeritus of history at the University of Vermont; former president of the Vermont Historical Society; and dean of Vermont historians.

A member of the history faculty at UVM for thirty-three years, Sam was a fabled teacher, whose popular courses in American history and especially in Vermont history were the training ground for many of Vermont's scholars, teachers, writers, lawyers, and leaders in government and civic life. Honored by the university with the Graduate Faculty Teaching Award (1994) and the University Scholar Award (1989)—UVM's highest award for scholarship—Sam served as chairman of the history department during the 1970s and was one of the founders and the first director of the university's Center for Research on Vermont, which awarded him its Lifetime Achievement Award in 2003.

Sam's influence and activity ranged beyond UVM. He was president of the Oral History Association, was the founding editor of its journal, the *Oral History Review*, and was awarded the Harvey A. Kantor Memorial Award for Outstanding Achievement in Oral History in 1986. For many years he was a member and for several years chair of the Vermont Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights.

Sam's long service on the Vermont Historical Society's board of trustees culminated with his years as president of the Society from 1985

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to 1989. For countless audiences at the Society's annual meetings and special events, at public libraries, and at local historical society meetings throughout the state, Sam was the personification and voice (with his unmistakable New York City accent, admittedly not a typical voice) of the Society. His wit, his gift for storytelling, and his deep knowledge of Vermont political history made Sam a trusted and much sought after speaker and commentator on our shared past and its usefulness for understanding contemporary issues and events. In later years, Sam continued to contribute to the VHS by serving on the *Vermont History* editorial advisory board, offering his knowledge and experience to evaluate and improve manuscripts submitted for review and publication in this journal.

Most important, Sam shared much of his knowledge in print as well as at the podium; and it is here that Sam's work will have an enduring effect on our understanding of and approach to U.S. and Vermont political history. In addition to his book on Samuel I. Rosenman, a member of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's inner circle of advisors, Sam was the author, co-author, editor or co-editor, and contributor of an almost countless number of books, articles, book reviews, short commentaries, compilations of documents, and encyclopedia entries on Vermont history. Some of these, such as his book *The Star That Set: The Vermont Republican Party, 1865–1974*; his articles (one with Lyman Jay Gould) on the "Mountain Rule" in Vermont political history; his article with co-authors Jeffrey D. Marshall and D. Gregory Sanford on the "Little Republics" and the effect of town-centered local control on Vermont politics; and most recently, his book with Stephen Terry and Anthony Marro, *Philip Hoff: How Red Turned Blue in the Green Mountain State*, were the results of deep familiarity, close examination, and careful analysis of a dazzling array of primary and secondary resources: archives and public records, manuscripts, letters, election returns, newspapers, political ephemera, monographs, autobiographies, memoirs, oral history, and anecdotes. The hallmark of Sam's writing was his insistence on going beyond received wisdom and traditional interpretations of Vermont's history to find a more complex, more accurate, and ultimately, more useful way to understand Vermont's past. He studied and wrote political history because, as he once told me, that's where you see how what's important to a society gets played out in practice. Sam rarely hesitated to think about the impact of history on the present, but he refused to think about history simply as a key to the future. He often invoked his own cryptic aphorism: "Historians are not good at predicting the future; they are good predicting the past." This was his sly way of suggesting that, while we can have no certainty about the future,

if we can get a firm grasp on the past, we may better understand the present, and that might help us make at least informed choices about the direction we take as we move ahead.

Sam Hand was a good friend, a good colleague, a witty and engaging companion, as likely to burst into song from a Broadway musical or launch a long, convoluted story about his service in the army during the Korean War as to discourse on George Aiken's voting record in the U.S. Senate or the end of Kake Walk at the University of Vermont. His enduring gift to all of us, epitomized in those three titles that became permanent appendages to his name, was a deep commitment to thinking carefully and seriously about the past in order to be better informed and thoughtful participants in the present.

MICHAEL SHERMAN, *Editor*

The Narrative of the Captive, George Avery, 1780–1782

George Avery's wry humor, distinctive voice, and unique experience as a Revolutionary War captive provides an eyewitness account of the ways of Mohawk warfare and treatment of prisoners, British military medical practice, and Jews in Canada, and it sheds light on a little known facet of the American Revolution on the northern frontier.

By NEIL GOODWIN

In 1846, at the age of eighty-eight George Avery wrote an account of his experience as an eyewitness to a devastating surprise attack by a combined British, Mohawk, and Abenaki war party that descended on Royalton, Vermont, at dawn, October 16, 1780. He was one of thirty-two men and boys captured and marched off to imprisonment in Canada, and his extended narrative illuminates both his captivity experience and a much larger picture of the Revolutionary War on the northern frontier.

The Royalton Raid was one of the largest assaults on Vermont during the Revolution and the only one like it to strike east of the Green Mountains. Although by 1780 the war had moved south, Lake Champlain

NEIL GOODWIN is the author of *We Go As Captives: The Royalton Raid and the Shadow War on the Revolutionary Frontier* (2010). He has written two other works of non-fiction, *The Apache Diaries* and *Like A Brother.* Originally trained as an architect, he has been writer-producer-cinematographer of historical and wildlife documentary programs for public television since 1975.

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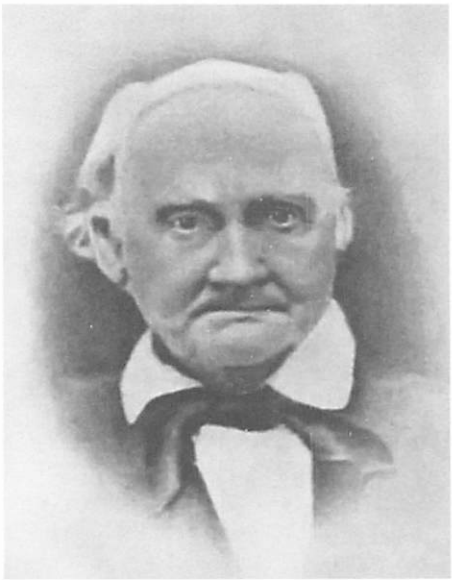
and the Connecticut River Valley remained strategic waterways for transport, travel, and communication. In particular, Lake Champlain was the crucial middle third of the Hudson-Champlain-St. Lawrence waterway that joined British headquarters in New York with British headquarters in Québec City. This made Vermont of particular interest to both the United States and Great Britain, though Royalton itself was of little strategic value.

In fact the attack on Royalton was a mistake, a last minute change of mission for a massive war party tasked with the destruction of Newbury, Vermont, a garrison town on the Connecticut River that was of legitimate military value. This change of plan was brought about by intelligence that Newbury was too heavily defended for the British to attack without sustaining serious losses. Thus warned en route, near present-day Montpelier, the war party set its sights on a new target, Royalton: a poorly defended town of some fifty families, where an attack could do a lot of damage.

This new objective, although less strategic, would serve the British purpose of terrorizing the frontier, and destroying housing and food supplies, thus driving inhabitants back toward the seaboard where they would depend on the scarce resources there. The action would give the British Indian allies an opportunity to take captives and plunder; and it would show that northern New England, a likely route for another U.S. invasion of Canada, was not safe from the British war machine, poised all along the northern border where it controlled the waters of Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, and the Great Lakes.

As Colin Calloway stated in *North Country Captives,* "The narratives recorded by redeemed captives represent one of the oldest genres of American literature, and they helped to establish enduring stereotypes of Indians as cruel and bloodthirsty. More recently, scholars have looked again at captivity narratives as sources of information on Indian societies and cultural interaction on the American frontier."[1]

There are scores of Revolutionary-era captivity narratives, but Avery's is one of a rare handful that is an eyewitness to a British and Indian frontier raid. What makes it even more unusual is his account of the Canadian captivity experience that inevitably followed for those hapless hundreds marched back to Indian villages and British detention in all its variety. Thousands of sailors and soldiers were taken prisoner by both sides in battles in the Revolution; but, like George Avery, those taken on the northern frontier were overwhelmingly non-combatant civilians, many of them women and children. Taken by Indian allies raiding as far away as the Ohio River Valley, these captives were herded north to Montréal and Québec, where they were often more trouble



George Avery, date unknown. From http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=5006186. Courtesy of Karen Avery Miller.

than they were worth. As long as the war was on, the British could not send them back, but had to improvise some way of confining and housing them until they could be sent home.

Avery's is one of three extended narratives written by captives taken in the Royalton Raid. The longest and first into print (1818) was written by Zadock Steele; the other was assembled and published in 1843 by K.M. Hutchinson, the grandson of the captive, Abijah Hutchinson. There were others, much briefer, that appeared in the *History of Royalton* (1911).[2] The Avery narrative appeared first in a shortened version in *Genealogical Record of the Dedham Branch of the Avery Family in America*, in 1893.[3] It appeared at full length in the *History of Royalton, 1911* and has since been republished in Calloway's *North Country Captives* (1992). What follows is very nearly Avery's entire text fleshed out with biographical and historical information. The Avery passages are indented and not attributed. Those not by Avery are so identified. I have retained Avery's spelling, but have taken some liberties with the original punctuation in the interest of comprehension. A second, unpublished version of the narrative, also written in 1846, is in the possession of Avery's descendants, and passages from that are so identified. This text is part of a manuscript addressed to his son Thatcher and contains not only Avery's account of his captivity, but, of much greater importance to Avery, a multi-page meditation on his deep religious faith.

The Second Great Awakening was sweeping the country and seems to have swept Avery along with it, away from his Congregationalist roots and into the Baptist church.

Avery's captivity was totally different from that of the other Royalton prisoners and accordingly, provides insights into such disparate items of experience as Canadian Jewish family life and British military medical practice. Avery's was a distinctive and colorful voice and the following attempts to bring his two years in Canada as fully to life as possible.

George Avery's Narrative

> I was 21 years old Jany 23rd day AD 1780. I had left my parents care and theire good rules and admonitions. I was an unsteady youth, and leaving strict discipline, seemed to be set more at liberty from its yoke. This was in the time of the Revolutionary war that separated the American provinces from Great Britan. I was a soldier stationed at Milford, Connecticut that winter. The next summer in august I was in Sharon Vt clearing land intending to be a farmer.[4]

OCTOBER 15, 1780. George Avery was, in a sense, free as a bird for the first time in his life. He had recently turned twenty-one and he had finished five years of military service in Revolutionary War units in both Massachusetts and Connecticut.[5] He had left his provincial Cape Cod hometown of Truro and the watchful eyes of his locally prominent family far behind.[6] He had recently moved out of his older sister's house in Windsor, Connecticut, where he had lived off and on in late 1779 and 1780, and in August he had gone north to stake a claim on the Vermont frontier and begin a new life.[7]

> A giddy youth with vain expectations to be something in the world. I comepare myself to the words of the poet. "Through all the follies of the mind, he smells [swells] and snuffs the empty wind."[8]

It was October 1780 and he had been living in a cabin in Sharon, Vermont, with a few other loosely tethered lads for about two months.

Since the Revolutionary War had moved south of New England, it felt relatively safe in Vermont, which had been a self-declared independent political unit since 1777. At that time it had unilaterally broken away from New York but was denied admission to the United States by the Continental Congress.

The British planned to overcome the rebellion through a war of attrition and victory in the south while harassing the northern frontier from military bases in Canada.

A force of 150 Vermonters had recently gathered at newly built forts in the Champlain Valley towns of Pittsford and Castleton, the most

likely area for the next British attack on Vermont.[9] The British had been using Lake Champlain to launch attacks on New York's Mohawk Valley already this year, and hit-and-run raids had kept Pittsford on edge. In the two previous years there had been devastating attacks on Onion (now Winooski) River and Otter Creek settlements. The British strategy, devised by General Frederick Haldimand, the British commander in chief in Canada, was to devastate the American backcountry from northern New England to the Ohio River Valley. This offensive was largely a war on civilians, but they were also producing the harvests and the livestock that fed the Continental Army.

The war had not been going well for the revolutionaries in 1780. In February, a joint British and Indian force had invaded Kentucky and taken many captives. The British had captured Charleston, South Carolina, on May 12. In mid-August the rebels suffered a disastrous defeat at Camden, South Carolina, and at the same time the village of Barnard, Vermont, was attacked by a small Tory and Indian raiding party from Canada.

How much of this Avery was aware of as he set out from the safety of his sister's house in Connecticut we do not know; but as soon as he arrived, he would have found the populace abuzz with alarm about the Barnard raid and news of a new fort being built there, to be called Fort Defiance. What's more, the alarm was such that the fort at Royalton was being dismantled and all the timbers taken to build a new one at Bethel, on the very edge of the frontier and more exposed to attack. It was to be called Fort Fortitude. There was a militia, but Avery makes no mention of joining it, though virtually all able-bodied men did so. The erection of this fort was to prove a vain effort, for on September 21 a raiding party from the Mohawk village of St. Regis on the St. Lawrence River struck Bethel, capturing two hapless farmers, David Stone and Silas Cleaveland.

Avery's narrative does not say whose land he was working, but since he arrived so late in the season it probably was not his. The land was on the south side of the White River just upstream of Broad Brook. One of those plots belonged to David Rowlands of Windsor, Connecticut, an absentee owner, and quite possibly a neighbor or friend of Avery's sister. Rowlands might have hired a crew of adventurous local lads to go north, clear, cultivate land, and build a cabin. Avery might simply have been hired as a late arrival.

October 15 was a Sunday. A group of bear hunters was camping with Avery and spent the nights prowling the cornfields where bears were ravaging the crop.[10] Avery and his chums had been picking corn themselves and were not in church.

> I was too regardless of the Sabbath, lived a careless loose life with other comerads of the same cast, which I resided with, occupied in the same way. One Sabbath forgitting the day of the week, we wear at work, at husking corn. An old lady passed by us with solemn countenance agoing to meeting.
>
> She never chid us, but I began to think there was something wrong, and told my mates, I guessed it was Sabbath day. Why they replied. My reply was, The old lady had on her Sabbath day mouth; It was my rudeness alltho I had strong convictions of our carelessness forgitting the Sabbath.

Even so, there they were: young men, scandalously at work on Sunday, as was not the custom in this or any other strict Congregationalist town along the Upper Connecticut River Valley in 1780. Nor would Avery have been caught like this at home in Truro where, from 1708 to 1754, his grandfather had been the town's first pastor and his father was a prominent citizen and church member. How often George went to meeting he never says, but in Royalton there was no meeting that day.[11] The grimly devout woman, if she was en route to meeting, would have been attending the one in Sharon, farther away than the Royalton meeting and across the river, up a long hill beside Quation Brook—perhaps explaining the lads' absence.[12] Whether or not George dwelt on this lapse during the day, it could have been what troubled his sleep that night.

> That night following I slept with my comerads on the floor of the shantee. I dreamed I was beset by serpents the most hideous and numerous that I ever saw, and awoke in the horrible fright; but my fears soon vanished, and I was soone asleep again, and dreamed of being besett by Indians and as frightfully awakened as before—But haveing no faith in dreams, my fears soone vanished, it was now broad daylight.
>
> That morning I went to a neighbor for our bread, while my mates cooked breakfast. When I returned I met my companions affrighted running to the woods, but I did not apprehend so much danger as they did from Indians. I thought of going to the camp and save my cloaths. I made light of it, and told them I would get my breakfast first.

OCTOBER 16, 1780. The closest George had ever been to actual combat was when, as a member of a company aiding a ship driven ashore by a British man of war at Truro in 1778 or '79, he came under sustained cannon fire.[13] The last thing he expected on this quiet October morning in remote Vermont was surprise attack by Indians and, unlike his thoroughly alarmed cabin mates, George was inclined to look after his belongings and his appetite rather than run for his life.

> I went and got my cloaths and hid them. I but tasted the breakfast. I saw others flying for safety, and spoke to one. He said some had

> turned to go and fight the Indians. I thought of going a very short distance from us, and I should know if they had. But turning a few rods I was surprised by the sight of two Indians very near me. The foremost one with tomohok in hand. We were face to face—suddenly both stopped. He waved his hand: Come Come. I answered the Indian: Come.
>
> And [I] took to my heeles and ran for escape, followed the road on the River bank but a little, Jumped into the bushes on its bank out of his sight and made for foarding the River. [T]he two followed me; the tommahok one caught me in the back of the collar of my cloaths and gave me a few blows with his instrument and a few greeting words How How (that is Run Run). Here I was as really affrighted as I was in my dreams but a few hours before (But the dreams did not here occur to my mind) The two Indians stripped me of my outside garments, I being lame at that time.

In the space of a few moments George's nightmares had proven all too true, but his attention was far too focused even to think of them or why he paid them no heed. His "lameness" was more than a case of sore joints and muscles; it was caused by an infection that would later affect the entire trajectory of his coming captivity.

His captors wasted no time with his companions. The warriors had been racing downstream, but once they captured Avery they turned around and hurried back the way they had come.

> They took me by each arm and I ran between them, to return to theire company which they left that were destroying Horses and cattle and had taken prisoners. They had killed two of the inhabitants in pursuing them viz Pember and Button.[14] They spent the chief part of the day in burning and killing property.

With Avery and other prisoners in tow, the raiders returned to a rendezvous at the mouth of the First Branch of the White River near the site of present-day South Royalton village. It was only then that the magnitude of the attack became apparent to George and the others. The raiders had put every dwelling, barn, and shed they found to the torch. The raid coincided with the completion of the fall harvest and all of the grain, corn, hay, fruit, vegetables, nuts, berries—all of it went up in flames.

Then the air crackled with gunfire. Shots echoed up and down the valley. The raiders had commenced a great slaughter—all the cattle, sheep, and pigs to be found, all were shot. That left a village of some fifty families with desperately little to eat for the coming five and a half months of winter.

As George would soon discover, this attack was part of a major offensive against the northern frontier that would strike settlements

stretching from Vermont across upper New York State, western Pennsylvania, and out the Ohio River Valley.

By two o'clock in the afternoon the raiding party was moving north. Avery was one of twenty-six men and boys, halters around their necks, being driven north at a rapid pace. They made camp that night not far from present-day East Randolph.

> The night they encamped near the place of theire distruction. This first encampment was in Randolph Woods the 16th of Octr 1780. About 350 Indians and 26 prisoners. The Indians made fiers and shelters of Hemlock boughs to encamp by for the night as many as 20 or more. The prisoners had different masters at different camps.
>
> The prisoners were striped of outer garments by their masters and collected at the chief officer's encampment. We stood huddled together (like sheepe shorne)[15] the fier between us and the officer.

The raiding party consisted of 265 Kahnawake Mohawk and Odanak Abenaki warriors under the command of Lt. Richard Houghton of His Majesty's 53rd Regiment of Foot. In addition there was a grenadier of the 21st Regiment and three French Canadian interpreters.[16] They had been marching for several days from the mouth of the Onion River and had camped in Tunbridge the night before in silence. The attack had come as a complete surprise. Not a shot had been fired nor a war cry uttered.

Once settled, Lt. Houghton summoned the prisoners to his campfire so he could get a head count and take their measure before the Indians assumed possession. He gave them instructions, warnings, and even a few words of reassurance. Each prisoner had a different Indian captor and each was subject to different treatment.

> An Indian came to a prisoner took him by the hand to lead him off. The head officer told the prisoner to go and bade fare well; A prisner nearby me whispers, I believe he will be in another world. I asked why. He replied He had contenental cloth and was a soldier when taken. By this I was frightened.

This was very probably David Waller, still just a lad, who had been a waiter, a sort of dogsbody, to Elias Stevens in the Royalton militia. He was wearing the only coat he owned, a regimental coat, part of the uniform of a Continental soldier, causing him to be viewed as more than an innocent settler.[17]

> Then others were led off in the same way. I think my turn might be about the 6th or 7th. I am not able to express [my feelings] in any other way but by confusion in thoughts, like one to die violently. I expect I became quite fantick. When I was led a short distance through woods to the camp where the Indians were cooking, all looked calm and peaceable to my view and astonishment.

> The silly phantick thought struck my mind They'l fat me before they kill me. Soone however they brought a strong belt to bind me, aimed It at my body to put it around me, then took me to a booth (or shelter) I was laid down under it feet to the fier, Stakes drove down in the ground each side of me, my belt tied to them stakes. Thus I was staked to the ground: To look up there was long Indian Knives fastned to the boughs. This condition looked frightful.
>
> Still here is no Safety. They gave me here of their supper but I cannot tell the relish of it that night. After supper 4 Indians lay on my belt that tied me to the stakes, two upon each side of me so that I could not move but that they all would feele the belt move. When I looked at the fier there was the guard, an Indian Smoking.

Reports of this method of staking a prisoner to the ground were repeated again and again by captives taken by Mohawks or other tribes during the Revolution. Avery's arms were free, but in other cases, prisoners were spread-eagled so that they could not so much as twitch. On this frigid October evening, they were all staked to the ground near a fire that was kept burning all night by the guard.

OCTOBER 17, 2:00 A.M., HOUGHTON'S FIRST CAMP. The war party knew that the trail they left would not be hard to follow and the glow of the campfires could be seen from a distance. They fully expected a spirited pursuit, so they set out a perimeter guard and settled in for the night, ready to pull out at dawn or sooner if need be.

At two in the morning, October 17th, some 364 men under the command of Col. House of Hanover, New Hampshire, closed on the raiders' encampment, but the militia didn't realize just how close they were.[18] George remembered the gunfire and the sudden ferocity of the Indians as they made ready to fight and retreat at a moment's notice.

> In the morning The Vermont Mellsha routed them. They fired on the Indian out guard. The Indians in confusion and rage onstaked theire prisoners.
>
> My belt was taken and put round my neck and tied to a sapplin; another I see bound to a tree while they packed up. Theire eyes looked like wildfier.
>
> One uttered to his prisoner bumby bumby (as tho death at hand).

Lt. Houghton wrote in a report filed a week and a half later: "[O]ne of my out Posts was attacked and a little after, our Camp. We were ready to receive them & had some brisk firing for a few minutes untill they retired a little."[19]

Col. House backed off after an initial exchange of musket fire. It was to be a controversial decision. Many would criticize him for not pressing the attack. The break in the firing gave the war party time to

get organized. There were captives to be made ready for a pell-mell retreat, and there was plunder, food, and other supplies and equipment to be gathered. In the confusion, Houghton made a simple calculation. He would release one elderly prisoner, Edward Kneeland, to deliver a message to Col. House.[20] Kneeland was to tell him that if there were to be any further attack or pursuit all the prisoners would be killed instantly. Kneeland's two sons were prisoners of the raiding party, so he had ample incentive to deliver the message faithfully.[21] Meanwhile, Houghton took stock of his position: "I had but one Indian wounded. What mischief we done them I cant say as they were too strong for us to look for scalps, but as they came on in great numbers & we had the advantage of the moon should suppose we killed a good many of them."[22]

In fact Houghton's gunners had killed none, though one militia man, Charles Tilden, was wounded.[23] On the other hand, the Indian Houghton reported as shot, though able to travel, would eventually succumb to his wound.[24] Avery recalled the extreme danger of the moment:

> After ready to march I was loosed from the Sapplin, loaded with a pack and led by the halter on my neck and my leader with tommahok in hand and to follow after my file leader.
>
> Each master of a prisoner (as I understood afterward) had orders to kill his prisoner if closely persued and then they could take their flight from their enemies in the woods. In this case no one could predict the result; life and death is set before us.

As the encampment emptied of 270 raiders, Col. House did not make a move to pursue. He considered the message brought by old Edward Kneeland, and waited with his men in the frigid darkness. At dawn, House entered the deserted camp, and found the bodies of two men, Joseph Kneeland and Giles Gibbs, bound to trees, tomahawked, and scalped: an object lesson in case Col. House doubted the threat that Edward Kneeland had delivered.

Kneeland was to provide the first eyewitness account of the withdrawal of the war party. It is a handwritten manuscript that inventories the body count: Edward's son Joseph and Gibbs, but also two others who were in fact quite alive—Experience Davis and none other than George Avery. The word spread fast and was widely published; so from this moment on, as far as friends and family were concerned, Avery was no more. It would be months before he knew of this report.[25]

Each of the captives became the property of a specific captor. Once the warriors saw that the prisoners were likely to be docile and cooperative, they became actually solicitous, and with good reason. They would be rewarded upon their return for captives who arrived in good health. The tribe considered suitable adoptees a precious commodity, and if not adopted, captives could be sold to the British for money. What was

more, the British had extracted promises from the Indians not to mistreat prisoners unnecessarily and to harm neither women nor children during the course of the raid. In exchange for these promises, the British pledged valued trade items: weapons and large quantities of rum. This lethal combination often made their Indian allies as dangerous to the British as to the Americans, and as General Burgoyne noted about the most assimilated of the Indians, especially the Mohawks:[26] "The most mischievous and treacherous nations are those nearest to European influence; they acquire only our vices and retain their ferocity."[27]

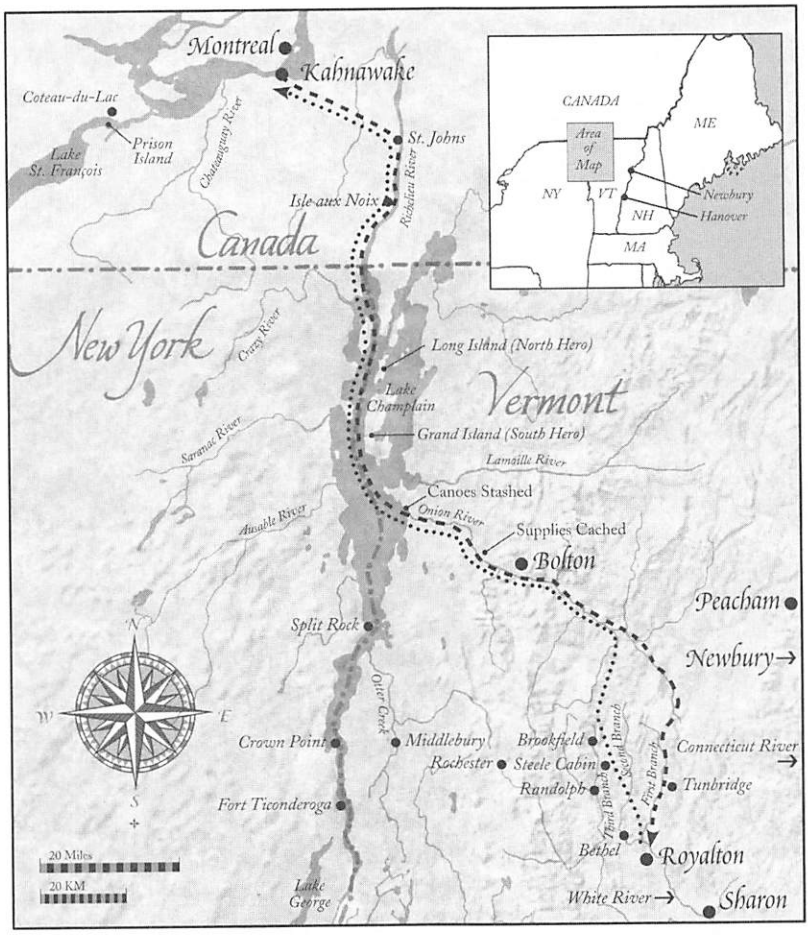
The prisoners, however, did not know that the Indians had been somewhat constrained. The deaths of Button, Pember, Kneeland, and Gibbs were chilling reminders of the brutal years of the French and Indian War, so George Avery turned to the source of salvation to which so many other prisoners fetched north had turned before him.

> Here must follow a multitude of thoughts which none can know but by experience. Such feelings I never had before in my life brought to my view; my sins roled over me like the waves of the sea.
>
> Here I am lord, do as thou pleasest. I saw and felt that myself and the Indians were in the hands of God to do his pleasure. I felt calm. These words came to mind "We was lead as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb dumb before his shearer". I felt the Indians could only do what [He] permitted them to do.[28]
>
> I had at this time the Holy Bible and Watts Hymn Book in my bosom, that we used to read and meditate, which I took from a house that the Indians burned. The Indians would take these from my bosom to see what I had, and return them. In one of our stops, reading the 88th psalm as applicable in part to our case.[29]
>
> We had no where to look but to God in our troubles.
>
> Why is it thus with me, was my enquery?[30]

The 88th Psalm echoes the old Puritan creed that misfortune is visited on the sinful by a wrathful God and that it is both penance and trial. If they are to be delivered from their current adversity, then it must come from a provident almighty. Throughout, the psalm is a Job-like cry of desperation and a plea for redemption and salvation:

> Let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry
> For my soul is full of troubles and my life draweth nigh unto the grave
> Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.

With the militia standing down, Houghton's war party made an orderly withdrawal with prisoners and plunder. The following day, five more captives were taken in Randolph, including Zadock Steele, who wrote his own extended narrative about the attack and his subsequent prison experience.[31] From Steele's hut on the Randolph-Brookfield



"Route of Raiders from Kahnawake to Royalton and back," from Neil Goodwin, We Go as Captives: The Royalton Raid and the Shadow War on the Revolutionary Frontier *(Barre: Vermont Historical Society, 2010).*

line, the party moved quickly to the Onion River, which it followed to Lake Champlain and the hidden armada of water craft.

> I traveled with them 5 days. Taken by them on monday Octr 16th we came to Lake Shamplan on friday 20th.
>
> They had killed two of the inhabitants in persuing them viz Button and Pember. Allso the camp the first night they killed two of theire prisoners viz Kneeland and Gibs.
>
> Nothing further transpired thus far that is very interesting to relate.

Though some of the Odanak Abenakis had come in their own twenty- to thirty-foot canoes, most traveled in *bateaux,* high-sided thirty-five-foot craft of French-Canadian invention, designed for carrying cargo on the rivers and lakes of the region.[32]

They left the mouth of the Onion River under the watchful eyes of the men aboard the *Carleton,* a British warship that had been anchored just off shore since October 19th. In the distance George might have seen the British ship *Liberty* and two gunboats going north far out on the lake. The vessels had left Crown Point on the 19th, loaded with other captives, loyalist families, and the wounded from the British attacks on Fort Edward and Fort George on October 12.[33] Houghton's war party made the crossing from the mouth of the Onion River to Grande Isle before a light breeze. Once on the water they had nothing to fear from pursuit or counterattack. Following the initial terror of the journey, and perhaps fortified by reading his Bible, George Avery had taken things in stride.

> We went down the Lake . . . to The Ile o Noix Saturday 21st tarried there that night for refreshment by victuals & rum.

The closer they got to home, the more alarming the Indians became, and their insistence on transporting so much plunder so far was now clear to George and the others. Although Isle aux Noix, twelve miles down the Richelieu River from Lake Champlain, was a British outpost under military control, it was also a place with enough private enterprise for the warriors to trade plunder for rum. It hosted a dense revolving population of French Canadian farmers, artisans, traders, Indians, Tories, and spies as well as British soldiers. The land not occupied by the military was intensively farmed for hay, cattle, and horses.

All the shipping moving into Lake Champlain had to pass this post, making it the only garrison on the lake equipped to handle such a large number of men. It was first fortified by the French prior to 1760, and now there were earthworks, two blockhouses, barracks for the men, and quarters where officers could enjoy a well-stocked wine cellar and superior cuisine—perquisites they could not imagine doing without for any length of time. Even captured rebels of the officer class were wined and dined in relative luxury, though none of the Royalton captives saw the inside of the fort or the officers' quarters. Lt. Houghton almost certainly did, leaving the captives outside with the inhabitant throng and the roistering warriors.[34]

By the time they reached St. Johns, George Avery had already been accepted, decorated, and reclothed by his captors. His "master" then assigned him to sit next to a pile of plunder. North-bound loyalists

shopping for items among the booty very nearly took him for a Mohawk, as he wryly remembered:

> Sabbath 22, we arrived at St. John's Cannada where was more Rum, that day and a market for theire plunder.
>
> I was dressed drolely. I had on an Indian blanket with my head poked through its middle, hanging over my body, with a high peaked cap on my head, my face painted with red streaks. Being smoked over their fires, [I] looked very much like an Indian, being sett at a parsell of thier plundered goods.
>
> The refugees [loyalists] at St. John's came to the parsel that I was sat at to buy. Looking at me one of them says to his mate is that an Indian? his mate replied no, his hair is not Indian.

When the Revolution began in 1775, perhaps 20 percent of Americans were loyal to the king and willing to fight against the rebels. The remaining portion of the population was split between revolutionaries and those not attached strongly to either side.[35] Thousands of loyalists from New York and New England made their way north to Canada. They were lucky to have escaped with their lives from persecution at the hands of the rebels who were once their friends, neighbors, or even relatives. Many had to abandon vast properties and in most cases they would never reclaim them. Slowly and furtively, loyalists like those mistaking George Avery's lineage had been making their way north to the shores of Lake Champlain, hoping to be rescued by British ships.

As George Avery was all too aware, the tableau that he described represented a painfully ironic reversal of fortune, a turning of the tables that was not fully appreciated by these loyalist refugees. There was a good chance these Tories had been driven from their homes in New York State or Vermont and that they had come north across Lake Champlain at about the same time Avery did. They were bargain hunting in St. Johns, where they were considering household goods plundered from rebel homes in Vermont, carried north by rebel captives, the erstwhile owners of these very goods.

OCTOBER 22, 1780, ST. JOHNS. Until their arrival at St. Johns, all the captives shared a more or less common fate; but this was a prisoner processing center, and from here they would be going in dramatically different directions. Of the thirty-two captives taken from Royalton and Randolph, most were marched overland to Kahnawake, a Mohawk village on the St. Lawrence River that had supplied over 200 warriors for the raiding party. Others would be going to Odanak, downstream on the St. Lawrence, and some directly to Montréal.

Even though an official British policy had been established in June 1780 to discourage the Indian practice of adoption, the officers at

St. Johns in charge of prisoners of war must have viewed the departing warriors with their scores of captives with some relief.[36] The British had virtually no place to put the captured rebels. General MacLean, the commander at Montréal wrote to General Haldimand's secretary, Robert Mathews on October 16: "Lt. Delgarno brought 48 prisoners from Detroit among them 23 women and children; as the provost was full I had to put them in tents on the isle St. Helena."

And again on the 23rd: "we have so many prisoners here that I don't know what to do with them."

And again on the 30th: "we are rather disagreeable situate here at present on account of the number of prisoners we have got, and more coming."[37]

The fate of the prisoners no concern of his, Lt. Richard Houghton took his leave of the war party at this point and left for Montréal. He and the three French Canadians had served together since early in the war on frontier raids and this one would not be the last for them.

Adorned in St. Johns for the humiliation and uncertainty of ceremonial entry into the Indian village, George Avery, like the other captives, was set by his master on the last leg of the journey. The road the Royalton prisoners followed led straight across the dead flat of the St. Lawrence valley and in an extended ragged procession they shared the rutted, muddy route with forty other mostly barefoot captives from New York and some two or three hundred warriors who were in a state of high excitement and advanced inebriation.

> The Indians this day (Sabbath) take up their march for thire Home Cahnawaga, many of them very drunk and often those loaded down with theire plundered goods would sowsed down in mud as road was much soaked by the snows melting of[f] at this time. Some of those loaded drunken Indians in this plight were three days traveling 25 milds.

What plunder they had not sold for money or traded for rum at St. Johns the warriors were by now carrying themselves, for a display of booty signified exploit, achievement, and stature that the villagers would recognize and celebrate. The hapless prisoners had been stripped of most of their outer clothes and had instead only blankets against the cold. Some were forced to trade shirts with the warriors and what they got in exchange were filthy and infested with lice.[38]

As the disorderly column approached the village, the dense forest began to thin and finally disappear, cut as fuel for the fires of the Kahnawake. Normally women would have been in the forest gathering firewood and packing it on horses, but that day the forest was deserted. Word had gone ahead that the war party was returning and all the people were gathered waiting for it.

Even before the village came into sight, George and the others would have heard the water. As the St. Lawrence River approaches Montréal it drops dramatically in a series of violent rapids, and the village takes its name from the raging water tumbling past: *Kahnawake,* the place of the rapids. When the French first saw it they named it *Sault St. Louis,* the Falls of St. Louis. Since settling here in 1670, the skill of the Kahnawakes as river men and runners of rapids had become legendary.

These people had not always lived here but had been attracted from upstate New York by Jesuit missionaries and converted to Christianity in the late seventeenth century. The monument to this conversion would have been what the prisoners first saw: a towering steeple on a magnificent stone church at least as grand as anything they had ever seen in New England. In form, this was a familiar sight that otherwise might have given them a sense of relief—the possibility that they might be within a circle of civilization once more. Except, of course, that this was a Catholic church, embodying everything that New Englanders reviled.

> I was taken by my Master Indian to Cahnawaga at his home. We arrived on monday or tuesday from St. John's. I tarried there at my keepers two or more days when all the party or the scout of Indians came in.
>
> Then the Sachem Fooumo came to my quarters, and took me to the centre of Village. Where the Indians and Squaws gathered around I was on a seat at the Chiefs feet . . . painted up and wampum over my shoulders.
>
> He stood on a raised step above me. The Indians gather around a short distance to hear. He spak to the audience with a stress at the end of sentences.[39]
>
> I sat in suspence, not knowing his language or designs, I had fears as might be to run the gauntlet or some evil.

Avery's memory for the man's name was not far off considering he was writing at a remove of sixty-six years from the event. The "Sachem" was Thomo or Thomas Orakrenton, an influential Kahnawake warrior. One of the leaders of the war party, he was identified by Zadock Steele as his personal captor. He had spent his boyhood hunting and fishing along the shores of Lake Champlain, and was likely to have been with Lt. Houghton in attacks along the Otter Creek in 1778 and 1779.[40]

Thomo was in fact announcing and enacting the process by which captives were adopted into the tribe, in spite of British disapproval. The process would, in the eyes of the Kahnawake people, utterly transform the identities of the captives. Once adopted into the tribe, a prisoner would no longer be who he once was; he would from then on inhabit the identity of a tribal member who had died, sometimes recently,

sometimes in the past. Thus, an adoptee would eventually assume the social position, rights, and responsibilities of the one whose place he was taking. If a prisoner replaced a person of influence, wisdom, and courage, great things were expected from him and he was treated with deference. On the other hand, from someone who was replacing a person of low esteem nothing of value would be expected and he would be used accordingly.[41]

There was a time among the Kahnawake when an adoptee would undergo an elaborate physical transformation as well. All the hair would be plucked from his head save for a small circular scalp lock; his nose and earlobes would be slit for rings or plugs; his face would be tattooed and painted; he would be treated to a sweat bath, baptized to wash out all his white blood; finally he would be given new clothes and jewels. But for the Royalton captives this had been a short-form ceremony.[42] Avery had no idea what was happening to him except that for the moment it would not be violence, and he was led away by a young boy.

> My suspence soone ended. I was led off by an Indian lad past the Spectators to the door of a house and meet by Squaws with a Blanket & hat, and Water and soap to wash; and found that was the place of my residence.

Now the paint and the grime and soot could come off. Avery was pleased with that and with a new blanket and a hat; but it was not until he met a fellow adoptee that he realized what his new status was.

> I found another young man a prisoner to them. I enquired of him if he understood the meaning of this last manover I had passed through. He said he did. He had experienced the same. We were both of us (by this Seremony) adopted into that family to fill the places of two Indians which had recently died there and we made up theire loss. I enquired of him how he knew. He answered the Indian interpreter Stacey told him.
>
> But what I saw afterward, which was more affecting, they displayed the Scalps of our prisoners (those they killed) in the same seremony.

The "Indian interpreter" John Stacey had been captured as a boy in 1759 in upstate New York and had elected to remain with his captors, while keeping a foot in both worlds like so many of his kind. By 1780 he was operating a trading post at the village and was at times on the British payroll as a commissary in the Québec Indian Department, so he would have been an important source of information for the British about prisoners and their treatment.[43] Since the British did not want the Indians to keep their prisoners indefinitely, one of Stacey's roles was to facilitate redemption, ransoming, and indenturing as much as possible.

In the meantime, life in Kahnawake was a far cry from the dreaded experience Avery expected.

> I had there my liberty to walk the village with other prisoners there. They were kind and treated us well with Indian fare. How long I was there I know not —not two months.[44]

Stacey led some of the Royalton captives to believe that their chances were reasonably good of being assigned as a servant on parole to a private household where they could live in relative comfort. On that basis, Zadock Steele and all the others opted for British custody and were sorely disappointed when they landed in a great stone prison called the Provost. What Steele did not understand was that parole was available almost exclusively to officers who could assert rights to privilege and who then had to give a solemn gentleman's oath not to escape.

George Avery was the only Royalton man not offered the chance to join the others in the Provost. He had been captured by a man who was somehow different from the others.

> I lived with them untill my owner belonging to another tribe came for me, and took me to Montreall to take his bounty for me. I was dressed decently by two old squaws.

Avery is not writing about Thomo, but rather a warrior who apparently chose to make a separate deal with the British. It is reasonable to assume that his captor was a resident of the Kahnawake village since he had a home there and Avery was adopted there, but if, as Avery says, he was a member of another tribe (but living at Kahnawake), that might well have given him an incentive and a right to act autonomously. In any case, by ancient custom, a captor could always do as he pleased with a captive.

> As soon as I was sold and Delivered to the Brittish a prisoner I was stripped to the shirt by my former Indian owner. I was taken thence to the guard house allmost naked. They covered me with an old thin blanket coat in the cold season of the last of Novr. keept under guard naught to eat for 2 or more days before I had orders for rations.
>
> From thence I was taken to Grant's land near the City. A Rany night followed. The prisoners was in tents then in cold winter weather.

Sir William Grant, who was a paymaster in the British Army, was building a mill on the island of St. Helena, which he owned as a result of his advantageous marriage to the wealthy French Canadian widow, Marie-Anne-Catherine Fleury Deschambault.[45] By sending prisoners to this island the British solved two problems at once. The mill was an important project for the war effort and the prisoners would provide

cheap labor, though not quite slave labor since Grant paid them a shilling a day.[46] Best of all, the British believed, prisoners were not likely to escape from an island in the middle of the frigid, roaring St. Lawrence River. When Avery arrived with a few other prisoners they were issued canvas with which to make tents, as had the other prisoners already there.

> We had no tent pitched for the night. we roled ourselves in the tent cloth for a cold wet night. I never drew rations on the Island.

With no way to erect them in the slashing rain that night, George and the other new arrivals did the best they could; but his health, already compromised by an unhealed leg injury, took another blow.

> I complained to the officer of prisners of lameness, and carried from thence to the Hospital half starved the next day, being shifted from place to place without provision. I was allmost starved. I was lame when I was taken with a scrofoulous humor in my legg. A surgeon and phisian tended the Hospital. They were kind to me, especially the Doctor.

Avery went to the hospital with a badly infected wound or ulcerated open sore on his leg, possibly an infection of a lymph gland. There were no effective treatments for bacterial infection, though wounds were frequently washed liberally with wine. People did survive, the good doctor assured Avery, but everyone knew that an infection could be fatal.[47]

WINTER, 1781, MONTRÉAL. Given the conditions in the Provost it was no wonder that prisoners made up a quarter to a third of the patients in the British hospitals.[48] At the end of the year ten out of thirty were prisoners, and one of those was George Avery. His condition was serious enough for both the surgeon and the physician to look after his infected leg, and the British physician was especially attentive.

His injury improved and the doctor then offered to take George on as a servant in his home instead of sending him back to prison where his health would continue to weaken. Discharged from the hospital, he was taken through the frigid streets of Montréal:

> When I got better of the sore leg the phicisian ment to take me to his House to serve him. I was both very dirty and naked. From thence I was conducted in such a plight in a cold winter day to the commesarys, (by the Orderly man of the hospital) for cloathing, and got none.
>
> From thence to the Doctor's, lef there for the night chilled with cold, fatigued and sick—hardly able to rise next morning. I was called upon by the Doctor, examined by Him, and sent back to the Hospital, a mile to travill in a cold N Wester.[49]

His release from the hospital was apparently premature. He was still weakened from the infection, and was now exhausted by exposure to the cold walking from the General Hospital, outside the city walls, to the commissary. When he got there, George was told there were no clothes for him, and he was sent to the doctor's offices where he spent a cold night. The next morning, he staggered back to the hospital, and by the time he had made the mile-long walk through the icy December streets of Montreal, George was as sick as he had ever been.

> I went directly there and took my place in the Bunk. I was soone senseless of all that passed. The time was lost to me, for a space and deranged views and thoughts followed. When I had come to reason or sense of feeling I had acute pain in the head, my eyes seemed as if theyd be thumpped out. In this case the Doctor ordered half of my head shaved—the left side.[50]

He had a pounding headache, was passing in and out of consciousness, and was delirious. He had probably been overcome by a combination of hypothermia, dehydration, malnutrition, and multiple vitamin deficiencies. The doctors shaved his head so that poultices could be applied to open the pores of the brain and "give free passage to the spirits," thus drawing the toxins to the surface.[51]

> Three blister plasters were applied on my head neck and back—that on head and neck never blistered—and the back one scarce a blister.

The poultices on George's shaven head may not have drawn out the spirits as intended, but neither did they kill him.

The two hospitals in Montréal were clean and well supplied. One was owned and staffed by the order of the Gray Nuns, and if the General Hospital (owned by and rented from the large landowner and entrepreneur, William Grant), where George was convalescing, was anything like the Nuns' Hospital, it was spotlessly clean with neat rows of beds separated by green curtains.[52] The mattresses were of straw and there were blankets and sheets and pillows. There were stoves in the wards for which some fifty cords of wood had been cut and hauled and stacked. Every day local suppliers delivered four gallons of milk and quantities of sweet oil, hog's lard, and cabbages.[53]

The hospital had people who did the washing and cooks who produced three meals a day for the patients, hardly sumptuous, but better than the Provost diet and probably not a great deal less nourishing than what George had been eating last summer as a bachelor back in Royalton. The official full hospital diet was: thin rice porridge with sugar or butter for breakfast; a pound of fresh beef, mutton, or veal with greens for dinner; and two ounces of butter or cheese for supper. Each patient

received a pound of bread every day, three pints of spruce beer in the summer, and a quart in the winter. Rice water was given as the common drink in case of the fluxes, or diarrhea, and barley water for fevers; wine and vinegar were also prescribed.[54]

On this regime of rest, care, comfort, and nourishment, George survived this close brush with death, but he was much reduced and his doctor was not about to let him return to the Provost.

> When I had got to know myself I was amasiated to a Skilleton. My nose and face peaked and dirty and lowsy as if one ded. I used to bake the rags of my shirt on the stove when I had got so much strength, better to kill lice off.

On the way to recovery, but still beset by lice, which prevailed against any measures the hospital might take, George had his own way of ridding his clothes of the universal pests. It was by now February 1781; he had been in the hospital for well over a month and his doctor, no longer needing him for a servant, made a proposal.

> The Doctor sought for places for my abode. One was to live with a Jewess in Montreal, the other, to live with a Jew at Barkey [Berthier, between Montréal and Québec]. I put it to the Doctor to choose for me. He thought it best to go to Barkey in the country away from the city. The refugees often complained of the prisoners at liberty in the city and got them into prison again.

It was well for George Avery to be out of Montréal. As rebel prisoners were brought in from remote outposts, loyalists, British soldiers, and pro-British Indians frequently taunted them as "damned rebels" and worse. Some even came directly to the Provost, where they took some satisfaction in the plight of the captives, some of whom had been their former persecutors in New York State.[55] Of course, any insults hurled at rebels in Montréal paled in comparison with the brutal and humiliating treatment of Tories in the colonies.[56]

Many rebels were in fact at large on parole or in service in the city, at least thirty as servants in private homes and at least another 125 on parole in the city and in the surrounding suburbs.[57] Even so, once the doctor had George safely out of prison and out of the hospital, he wanted him out of Montréal. Avery's health was clearly too fragile now for a stint in jail.

FEBRUARY, 1781. George Avery was more fortunate by far than any other Royalton prisoner. The nameless English doctor, who almost certainly saved his life, took a personal interest in Avery and used his considerable influence to remove him permanently from prison and place him on parole in a private home of a Jewish merchant in Berthier.

> The Jew was a country trader with but very little learning but of strong memory and head to cast up accounts without the use of figures or writing. He had and did employ frenchmen to make up his accounts. Very shortly after I went there I kept his accounts.
>
> When the Doctor chose this place for me to live I told him I should loose of being exchanged, being so far from other prisoners, or of writing to my parents; he answered that could be accomedated by writing to Mr Jones.

Reassured that the Montréal Provost Marshal William Jones could notify him if he was to be released, Avery went to Berthier.

Both of the doctor's choices for placing Avery were with Jewish families. There were almost certainly no Jews in Canada when it was French and Catholic, but when it became an English possession in 1760, English-speaking Jews immigrated in numbers. Aaron Hart arrived in Canada as a lieutenant under Lord Jeffrey Amherst in 1760 and later, as a protégé of Frederick Haldimand, became a dominant figure in the fur trade centered at Trois Rivières.[58] The British army had a long-standing relationship with the Jewish merchant community in Canada on whom they relied for a variety of supplies. Avery's doctor must have had business, personal, or professional connections with the Canadian Jewish community. Perhaps Jews were eager to have American prisoners on parole. In any case, a Jewish man named Barnett Lyons lived in the village of Berthier, forty miles downstream of Montréal, who was only too happy to take Avery.

Lyons had taken up business affairs in Berthier only recently, having spent several years as a fur trader in the backcountry, though he had apparently kept a *pied à terre* in Montréal since 1769.[59] As of 1779, Lyons was doing business with well-connected people who apparently were ignoring their debts to him and he needed to pay close attention to his paperwork. Only a little more than a year earlier, Lyons took one Ezéchiel Solomons to court over an unpaid note. Solomons was a wealthy, influential Jewish merchant who was represented by none other than William Grant, owner of the rain-swept island where Avery first became so ill, as well as the hospital in which Avery had recovered.[60]

Lyons already had a French accountant, but he gave more and more work to George. As of mid-February 1781, Lyons was going to court again, this time for a debt he himself had not paid.[61] He was going to need the best bookkeeper he could get, for he was moving into the real estate speculation business.[62] He was also going to have to do something about Avery's appearance.

> When I went to live with the Jew my clothing was but poor—an old blanket loose coat, the rag of a shirt that I burned the lice from,

> and overalls. And a prisoner died, and I had his old shoes when I went with the Jew to live.
>
> A shirt was the first I most needed, and the first thing I was supplied with from him, and that was made from ozinbrigs [coarse linen cloth] washed in cold water and dried for me to put on by an old matroon, the Jews housekeeper. When I put this shirt on, the meanest I ever wore except the old dirty lousy ragged one, it daunted my Spirits; otherwise I had better fare, and when better acquainted, he needed my assistance to keep his accounts and in his store.

George's diet had improved and as he and Lyons got to know each other, he was not only doing accounts, but he was also working in his employer's shop. Things were looking up for both of them.

> He married a wife soon after I went there to live; She was a Jewess. His family before was the old French woman & twin children he had by a squaw when a trader with the Indians which he was obliged to leave in Upper Cannada. But after he married I fared better for cloathing; by her means I was dressed descent.

Lyons had spent several years among the Indians of the interior or the Great Lakes—long enough at least to acquire and then abandon an Indian family. But Lyons was moving up in the world, something that could only be hindered by an Indian wife and *métis* children. In addition to his activities as a merchant, he was speculating in real estate and he was active in the local Jewish congregation, Shearith Israel.[63] He had married a Jewish woman, who paid more attention by far to Avery's wardrobe than the old French matroon.

In the late spring of 1781, just as Avery was settling in with the Lyons family, a prisoner exchange between Canada and Vermont was being negotiated. What only a select handful of people knew, however, was that, though genuine, the exchange negotiations constituted a cover for a series of top secret discussions between Ira Allen of Vermont and Justus Sherwood of the British Secret Service, designed to detach Vermont from the rebellion and entice it into allegiance with Great Britain. Vermont had been denied admission to the United States and was exploring its foreign policy options. While the negotiations continued, there was an effective cessation of hostilities between Vermont and British forces in Canada, which suited both sides and gave the Continental Congress great cause for concern. At the moment, however, the only settled matter was the prisoner exchange.

The terms were very clear. The British would accept from Vermont, in exchange for her people, only regular army British soldiers. Most important, since this was a transaction designed to benefit only Vermont, "no prisoners will be delivered who are in the Continental Army or are from any of the United States."[64]

Haldimand had a firm policy not to do business with the Continental Congress on prisoner exchange because of what he considered past breaches of faith in such matters on the part of the United States.[65] So a list of nineteen British soldiers held prisoner by Vermont was drawn up. In return a group of eighteen Vermont prisoners would be selected and presented by the British.[66]

> I tarried with them until the next August (1781). The Jew left home for Quebeck. While gone I wrote to Mr Jones informing him where I was, and to know if there was any exchange of prisoners, or that I could write to my parents. I wanted the benefit of it.
>
> Mr Jones wrote immediately to the Jew. This letter came when Mr Lions the Jew returned from Quebeck, and I was absent from home, on an errand. When I returned in the evening The Jew enquired of me what I had been about while he was gone to Quebeck.
>
> "Why?" I answered.
>
> He responded, "I have received a Letter from Mr Jones at Montreall and I dont know what they are going to do with you—it may [be] to put [you] to Jaile."

Lyons could not read, so he handed the letter to Avery, who ripped it open.

> He wanted me to read it to them. I took it and looked it through, and then read to them, gladly, that I was exchanged to go home and that he must send me directly to Montreall

George Avery was as overjoyed as Lyons was dismayed.

> Then says he what shall we do, for you have kept my books while here. You and Mrs. Lyons must sett up all night and she must write over the head of each man's account his name in Hebrew characters, for she did not know how to write english or french well enough, and we spent the night in this way.

At dawn George set out for Montréal and walked all day, resuming again the next morning. When he arrived, he went straight to Mr. Jones who told him he

> . . . might have been at home by this time, That I was exchanged by name and 17 others, and that they had gone in a carteele home and that I had to wait there untill another carteele of prisoners might go.
>
> He told me I could draw provisions (and have my liberty) and be bileted with prisoners that were on parole untill I could go.
>
> So I lived with others drew my provisions weakly and worke out as I pleased. I thus employed myself to gain something to cloathe and to spare to the poor sick prisoners in the hospital that I before suffered in.[67]

Instead of going back to Berthier and the risk of missing another boat, George was allowed by Jones to remain at large in Montréal on

parole with other prisoners: any captive's dream. While he waited for another party of prisoners to be drawn up, he would be a guest of the British government, drawing provisions as needed, free to come and go, earn a little money, and visit sick prisoners in the hospital with gifts of money, clothing, and food. During Avery's ten comfortable months that followed, Zadock Steele and a few other Royalton Raid prisoners languished in a ghastly prison camp on an island in the middle of the St. Lawrence River, forty miles upstream.

On May 13, 1782, Frederick Haldimand issued a directive to Richard Murray, the commissary of prisoners, to forward "all prisoners whatever belonging to that district [Vermont] without loss of time to Chambly where further orders will be given concerning them." Among these was George Avery.[68]

> The next June (1782) a carteele of prisoners came into the state and I with the rest and was landed at the head of Lake Shamplane, at what is now Whitehall N York.[69]

An easy passage the length of Lake Champlain landed them at Whitehall, New York. From there George made his way to his sister Elizabeth's house in Windsor, Connecticut, where, like so many others, he had long since been given up for dead:

> for they knew nothing but that I was dead and scalped untill they saw me. for by mistake my name had been returned, and published as dead.

The erroneous report of George's death originated with the written account attributed to Edward Kneeland, Sr. It then found its way into several newspapers, including the *Providence Gazette and Country Journal* of November 29, 1780, and the *Norwich Packet and Weekly Advertiser* of November 11, 1780.

> I tarried at Windsor through that summer, and wrote to my parents in Truro Mass. I worked and bought me horse to go Home; on the first of Sept (1782) following I sett out for Truro.
>
> When I arrived in the neighbourhood I sent a neighbor to notify my mother and sister that I had come. I was afraid to come sudden to see her.[70]

If only Avery had lingered in Windsor a month and a half longer, he might have heard of the return of two other Royalton prisoners to the neighboring town of Ellington. Zadock Steele and Simeon Belknap, having escaped from prison in Montréal, had made their way home together and, completely unexpected, burst through their families' doors on October 16.

Having learned from the jolt that his arrival had delivered to his Connecticut sister, George wasted no time in writing to his parents with the

news of his survival and safe return. Even so, when he arrived in Truro, he decided to go first to the house of one of his parents' neighbors. After they had recovered from the shock, they went next door to deliver the news of his arrival to the family.

> When I came in they were gathered in a room to see the unworthy son. My mother left the room at sight. I cannot write or express it now (this meeting) without flowing tears. My father was to work in the salt marsh a-haying at this meeting.
>
> He had heard of my arrival before he came home that evening with his mind more composed.[71]

This was a scene repeated hundreds of times throughout the country as captives, long given up for dead, materialized miraculously and without warning. By the same token there were plenty of families whose sons simply disappeared, never to be heard of—lost at sea, in battle, in ambush, and perhaps never even accounted for. The Averys had counted themselves among this number for two years. George's sudden appearance apparently unhinged his mother's customary emotional control. Not about to lose her grip in front of the family, not to mention the prodigal George, she fled to the next room to compose herself. Likewise, Avery's father seems to have kept his distance until confident his self-control would not fail him and that he would be able to give his son a stoic's welcome. Avery, not often at a loss for a wry or ironic turn of phrase, just gives us the bare, though vivid, outlines of a scene that still had the power to move him at the age of eighty-eight. But he cautioned his son, Thatcher, for whom he wrote a narrative, that his account was no more than "an old layman's repetitions . . . that is not sentiment nor substance, and to be put by." In other words: What he had written was hardly more than an entertainment.

For Avery, "Truth and Substance and good sentiments are not to be trifled with," and they are the lessons to be derived from his story. "These," he insists, "you must examine by the Holy Bible which is unerring." His recall of the 88th Psalm in the early days of his captivity was only one instance of the bedrock faith that underlay his captivity experience and in retrospect, was the agency of his survival. He calls himself a "careless youth" at the outset of his narrative and recalls his neglected faith and his devil-may-care disregard for his mates' prudent fright while he considered instead his unfinished breakfast. Even so, with his life in the balance, he was possessed of a reassuring sense of calm and a Puritan's trust in Providence. He even speaks of "the necessity of the new birth" and "a new heart," implying strongly that surviving captivity brought about a religious rebirth, entirely consistent with the Second Great Awakening and his apparent embrace, later in life, of the Baptist church.

Whether George Avery ever considered returning to Sharon, Vermont, or even passed that way again, we may never know, but he was not about to stay on Cape Cod in 1782 any more than he was in 1780, though four of his seven siblings lived out their lives in Truro. Instead, he made his way to Plainfield, New Hampshire, where he married Mary Sanborn of neighboring Danville on January 11, 1787, and where the first of their twelve children was born on June 17 of the same year. A member of the Baptist church, he spent much of his later years writing on religious subjects as well as his experience as a captive of the British during the Revolution. He died in 1857 at the age of ninety-eight.

Notes

[1] Colin Calloway, ed. *North Country Captives: Selected Narratives of Indian Captivity from Vermont and New Hampshire* (Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 1992), vii.

[2] Evelyn Lovejoy, *History of Royalton Vermont, With Family Genealogies, 1769–1911* (Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Printing Co., 1911), Garner Rix, 178; Joel Blackmer, 150.

[3] Jane Greenough, Avery Carter, and Susie Perry Holmes, *Genealogical Record of the Dedham Branch of the Avery Family in America* (Plymouth, Ma.: Avery & Doten, 1893).

[4] Unless otherwise noted, all quotations are from *George Avery's Narrative*, in Calloway, *North Country Captives*, 150ff.

[5] George Avery pension application, W. 23477, BLWT. 26129-160-55, frame start: 752, frame 754, United States National Archives (USNA).

[6] William Richard Cutter and William Frederick Adams, eds., *Genealogical and Personal Memoirs Relating to the Families of the State of Massachusetts*, Volume 2, (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Co., 1910).

[7] Avery's sister was Elizabeth McAlpine of Windsor, according to the Avery family Bible, a copy supplied by Avery descendant, Karen Miller.

[8] Isaac Watts, *The Psalms and Hymns of Isaac Watts*, Hymn 2:170. "God Incomprehensible and Sovereign," Hymns and Spiritual Songs; "Born like a wild young colt he flies Thro' all the follies of his mind, And swells and snuffs the empty wind."

[9] In reference to the planned attack on Vermont, the British cite intelligence from Bennington that Vermonters are prepared for an attack; Sir Frederick Haldimand to Gen. Powell, Haldimand Papers (HP) 21,796, reel 63, 208–209; A.M. Caverly, *History of the Town of Pittsford, Vt.* (Rutland: Tuttle & Co., 1872), 164.

[10] From an unpublished handwritten manuscript written by George Avery, addressed to his son, Thatcher, and currently in the possession of a descendant.

[11] Lovejoy, *History of Royalton*, 144; The minister was away: "Daniel Clark Diary," Daniel Clark folder, Document Box 37, Vermont Historical Society, Barre (VHS).

[12] Lewis Cass Aldrich and Frank R. Holmes, eds., *History of Windsor County* (Syracuse, N.Y.: D. Mason & Co., Publishers, 1891), chapter 26, "History of the Town of Sharon."

[13] George Avery pension application, USNA.

[14] Peter Button and Samuel Pember were the only two killed during the raid. Lovejoy, *History of Royalton*, 147.

[15] The phrase "like sheepe shorne" is from an unpublished version.

[16] Grenadier Richard Hamilton, identified in a British Secret Service intelligence report from St. John's, 23 September 1780, HP 21,741, reel 92, p. 130; the French Canadians were: la Magdaline, Verneuile Lorimier, and la Mothe, Campbell to Haldimand/Mathews, Montreal, 5 October 1780; HP 21,772, p. 223.

[17] David Waller pension application, roll 2481, frame 0331-0349, VT S14.793, USNA.

[18] Lovejoy, *History of Royalton*, 168; Elias Stevens pension application Vermont, roll 2284 frame 0157-0208 Conn. W.9314, BLWt.6022-160-55, USNA.

[19] Houghton to Haldimand, 26 October 1780, HP 21,772, reel 50, p. 249.

[20] Lovejoy Papers, Royalton Historical Society, Kneeland folder. There is a family tradition that, at 56, Edward Kneeland, Sr. was weakened by illness and hard work.

[21] Handwritten statement by Edward Kneeland, "The Destruction of Royalton, Oct 16, 1780," *Unpublished Papers of Jonathan Chase*, New Hampshire Historical Society (NHHS). Kneeland

states that he "interceded with Capt. Philips to be released." See Zadock Steele, *The Indian Captive; Or a Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Zadock Steele, Related by Himself* (Montpelier, Vt.: The author, 1818); and K.M. Hutchinson, *Memoir of Abijah Hutchinson, A Soldier of the Revolution* (Rochester [N.Y.]: William Alling, Printer, 1843). These narratives, as well as contemporaneous newspaper accounts and Vermont state and town histories, all agree that a message of warning not to pursue was delivered; contemporaneous account, "Daniel Clark Diary," VHS.

[22] Houghton to Haldimand, 26 October 1780.

[23] John Goodrich, *Rolls of the Soldiers in the Revolutionary War, 1775–1783,* Vermont State Archives and Records Administration (VSARA), contains a bill from Dr. Laban Gates for removing the ball from Phineas Parkhurst's abdomen and for attending to Tilden, who was "hurt in night attack on Indian camp at Brookfield."

[24] Steele, *Narrative,* 11.

[25] Houghton's report claims four scalps. After those of Pember and Button in Royalton, the only two other possibilities are Kneeland and Gibbs. Gibbs is described in the Royalton history as having been found with a tomahawk buried in his head. Lovejoy Papers, Royalton Historical Society, Kneeland folder: A family tradition that Joseph was killed for insisting on clothes for his brother, Edward, Jr.; Edward Kneeland statement, "An Account of the Persons Killed at Royalton by the Indians Ye 16th October, 1780," Jonathan Chase Papers, NHHS; *Providence Gazette and Country Journal,* 29 November 1780; *Norwich Packet and Weekly Advertiser,* 14 November 1780.

[26] Peters To Haldimand, 11 August 1778, Public Archives of Canada (PAC), states that he was having trouble with his Indians; Ida Washington and Paul Washington, *Carleton's Raid* (Canaan, N.H.: Phoenix Publishing, 1977), 10, 24; Campbell to Haldimand, 1 February 1779, HP 21,772, reel 49, p. 49.

[27] Richard Hadden, *Hadden's Journal and Orderly Books,* Horatio Rogers, ed. (Albany N.Y.: J. Munsell's Sons, 1884), 15.

[28] From an unpublished version, 4.

[29] In the published version it is the 38th Psalm, but that is probably a misreading of an original handwritten manuscript. In the unpublished handwritten version, it is clearly the 88th Psalm and the text is more applicable, so I will quote the 88th here.

[30] Phrase from an unpublished version, 4.

[31] Steele, *Narrative,* 44; Neil Goodwin, *We Go as Captives: The Royalton Raid and the Shadow War on the Revolutionary Frontier* (Barre: Vermont Historical Society, 2010).

[32] Russell P. Bellico, *Sails and Steam in the Mountains: A Maritime and Military History of Lake George and Lake Champlain* (Fleischmanns, N.Y.: Purple Mountain Press, 2001); picture and description of a bateau, 80; Abijah Hutchinson, *Memoir of Abijah Hutchinson,* reference to the canoes used to travel along the shore and descend the Sorel River.

[33] Capt. Chambers Journals, Returns, HP 21,802, reel 69, p. 268.

[34] Steele, *Narrative,* 60; "Journal of Thomas Johnson While a Captive," entry for 12 March 1781, in Frederick P. Wells, *History of Newbury, Vermont* (St. Johnsbury: The Caledonian Company, 1902), 385, and many others.

[35] Ray Raphael, *A People's History of the American Revolution* (New York: The New Press, 2001), 145, referring to Paul H. Smith, "The American Loyalists: Notes on Their Organization and Numerical Strength," *William and Mary Quarterly,* 25 (1968): 269.

[36] Haldimand to Claus, 5 June 1780, HP 21,774, reel 51, p. 116.

[37] MacLean to Mathews, Montreal, 16 October 1780, HP 21,789, reel 59, pp. 177, 183; 30 October, 1780, p. 185.

[38] Abner Barlow pension application, Number W. 3919, B.L.Wt. 19616-160-55, frame 508, USNA.

[39] Unpublished version, 6.

[40] Caverly, *History of the Town of Pittsford,* 170–174. In Carter and Holmes, *Genealogical Record of the Dedham Branch of the Avery Family in America,* "Fuuomo" is correctly identified as "Thomo" in a shorter, alternate version of the Avery captivity narrative.

[41] E.J. Devine, *Historic Kahnawake* (Montréal: Messenger Press, 1922), 244; Benjamin Peart and Thomas Peart's Narrative in *The Narrative of the Captivity of Benjamin Gilbert and His Family,* William Walton, ed. (New York: Garland Publishing, 1975); Josiah Priest, *Life and Adventures of Isaac Hubbell* (Albany, N.Y., J. Munsell, 1841; reprint, Garland Publishing, 1977), 31.

[42] Anna Dill Gamble, "Col. James Smith and the Kahnawake Indians," *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* (1938): 9, 28.

[43] HP 21,772 Reel 49, p. 49; State of Pay Due to the Officers, Interpreters and others in the Indian Dept. From Jul. 1 1778 to 24th Dec. 1778.

[44] Unpublished manuscript, 7.

[45] *The Dictionary of Canadian Biography Online*: www.biographi.ca/EN/.

[46] Josiah Hollister, *A Journal of Josiah Hollister, A Soldier of the American Revolution and a Prisoner of War in Canada* ([Chicago?]: Romanzo Norton Bunn, 1928), 24.

[47] The term "scrofulous" is often used to describe tubercular sores frequently affecting the lymph system, but in the eighteenth century this term could have applied to an open ulcerated sore of another kind.

[48] Microfilm reel B-2864, Return of Hospitals in Canada, War Office (WO) 28/6, PAC, p. 42.

[49] Lovejoy, *History of Royalton*, 154.

[50] Dr. Monington was an apothecary at the General Hospital, but according to Scudder he was the senior doctor, making him the most likely candidate: *The Journal of William Scudder, 1794* (New York: Garland Publishing, 1977).

[51] William Sloan, *Praxis Medica, The Practice of Physick*, 1716; personal communication, Dr. Norman Selverstone, MD. November 25, 2004.

[52] Scudder, *The Journal of William Scudder*, 61.

[53] Schedules of Expenses for Hospitals in Canada, 1780, 1781; HP 21,857, reel 92, pp. 115, 140, 181.

[54] Reel B-2864, WO 28/6, p. 52, PAC.

[55] Lemuel Roberts, *The Memoirs of Captain Lemuel Roberts* (1809; reprint, New York: Arno Press, 1969), 69, 83; Priest, *Life and Adventures of Isaac Hubbell*, 31; Hollister, *Journal of Josiah Hollister*, 22.

[56] *Andover Review* for May 1889, from the *Montreal Star* of June 1889 referenced in J. F. Pringle, *Lunenburgh, or the Old Eastern District* (Cornwall, Ont.: Standard Print House, 1890).

[57] Various Returns of Prisoners, HP 21,843, reel 93.

[58] Entries for Aaron Hart, William Grant, Lucius Solomons, *Dictionary of Canadian Biography On-line*, http://www.biographi.ca/index-e.html.

[59] Lyons Family History, http://www.sylvainbazinet.com/Genealogy/Articles/publications/lyon_lyons.pdf.

[60] Archives Judiciaires de la Cité de Montréal, Cour des plaidoyers communs, - civils- district de Montréal (1764–1791), 30 November 1779. Action on note in the cause Barnet Lyons, plaintiff, against Ezéchiel Solomons, of Montréal, défendeur (represented by William Grant and Robert Ellice).

[61] Ibid., 16 February 1781. Cour des plaidoyers communs, Action on draft in the cause William Bernett, plaintiff, against Barnet Lyons, of Berthier, defendant.

[62] Archives Judiciaires de la Cité de Montréal, Actes des Notaires, 20 July 1781, Faribault Barthélemy, notaire, (voir copie papier), Vente de terre.

[63] Jacob Raphael Cohen, *Dictionary of Canadian Biography online*: www.biographi.ca/EN/.

[64] Letter from Col. Dundas at Isle Aux Noix to Ira Allen, 21 May 1781, HP 21,835, reel 88, p. 70.

[65] Mathews to Capt. Wood, 9 August 1781, HP 21,843 reel 93, p. 187.

[66] Certifications Vermont prisoners for exchange, 19 September 1781, HP 21,836, reel 88, p. 229.

[67] He probably also had to report every day to the authorities, as did another prisoner, Stephen Hawkins, who boarded with John Sawes. See Stephen Hawkins pension application, series: M805 roll: 410 image: 544 file W19700, USNA.

[68] Mathews to Murray, 13 May 1782, HP 21,843, reel 93, p. 236.

[69] This might have been the sloop, *Victualler*, known to have brought released prisoners to Whitehall on May 22, 1782. See: Samuel Blowers pension application: roll 0274, frames 0756–0784, NY S.12245, USNA; see Samuel Swift, *History of the Town of Middlebury, in the County of Addison, Vermont* (Middlebury: A. H. Copeland, 1859), 93; Ben Stevens goes home to Whitehall, June 1782.

[70] Unpublished manuscript, 10.

[71] Ibid.

A Fire by the Pond: The British Raid in Derby, Vermont, December 27, 1813

Although secondary evidence exists to substantiate that the raid in Derby was a historical fact, the paucity of information related to it leaves many questions unanswered. What happened? Who were the key people involved? Why was the raid conducted? What, if any, were the long-term consequences from the raid?

By KENNETH LAWSON

Derby is not a famous town, an élite town, or a town with numerous famous citizens. But Derby can claim some distinctive historical events. Among them is the British raid of December 27, 1813. A small detachment of British soldiers from Stanstead, Québec, crossed the border into the United States and attacked a military supply depot in Derby. This complete British victory had no casualties, but was successful in destroying the supply depot of the Vermont Militia and carrying away plunder.

Unfortunately, except for a brief overstated report from a British officer, no other detailed contemporary account of the raid exists.

In the early 1800s there were two newspapers in northern Vermont. The *Northern Centinel* (sometimes spelled *Sentinel*), published weekly out of Burlington, contains no mention of the Derby raid in its January

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or February, 1814 issues. The second was the *North Star*, a weekly published in Danville. A search of every edition of the *North Star* for January and February, 1814, again uncovered no mention of the Derby raid. It appears that the contemporary newspapers of northern Vermont did not have any eyewitness or secondary information on the episode.

This lack of contemporary accounts could lead a researcher to speculate that perhaps the raid in fact never occurred; perhaps a British officer invented the whole scenario to make himself look good in his commanding officer's eyes.

However, a few brief accounts of the raid turn up in later histories. Volume 6 of *Records of the Governor and Council of the State of Vermont* (1878) gives a one-paragraph description of the raid:

> December 27, a detachment of British troops, under Capt. Barker of the frontier light infantry, crossed the line into Vermont and destroyed some public store-houses and barracks which had been erected at Derby.[1]

The account concludes by discussing the removal of troops, magazines, and provisions from French Mills near the Canadian border in New York to Lake Champlain, followed by what appears to be the only extant first-hand account of the action: the official report of the British officer who commanded it.

This brief entry and the accompanying "general order" constitute the only reliable evidence we have of the event and is doubtless the source for all subsequent descriptions of the raid. Rowland E. Robinson's book, *Vermont: A Study of Independence*, published in 1892, mentions the Derby raid in Chapter 19: "Vermont in the War of 1812." Departing slightly from the account in *Governor and Council*, Robinson wrote, "On the last of December a British force made a successful raid on a depot of supplies at Derby, Vermont, destroying barracks and storehouses, and carrying away a considerable amount of stores."[2] LaFayette Wilbur, in Volume three of his *Early History of Vermont* (1902), has the following brief note, which adheres more closely to the information in *Governor and Council*:

> On Dec. 27, a detachment of British troops, under Capt. Barker of the frontier light infantry, crossed the line into Vermont and destroyed some public store-houses and extensive barracks, for the accommodation of 1200 men, which had been erected at Derby.[3]

All subsequent accounts (see Appendix A) repeat with some variations the information provided in these earlier sources.

I concluded that there was enough secondary evidence to substantiate that the raid in Derby was a historical fact. But the paucity of

information related to the raid in Derby leaves many questions unanswered. What happened? Who were the key people involved? Why was the raid conducted? What, if any, were the long-term consequences from the raid?

Background: The War of 1812 in Northeastern Vermont

The Treaty of Paris in 1783 ended the American Revolution and established the border between Canada and the United States at 45 degrees north latitude. When Vermont joined the United States in 1791, this boundary became its northern border.[4]

In the early nineteenth century, the Vermont-Québec border was not much more than a line on a map. Specifically, Derby, Vermont, and Stanstead, Québec, enjoyed a close relationship through commerce, cultural activities, and intermarriage. The residents of these border communities could not have predicted that by 1812 their respective nations would be at war.

The United States declared war on Great Britain on June 18, 1812. Several factors led up to the war. First, trade restrictions introduced by Great Britain hindered United States trade with France, a country with which Britain was at war. Second, the impressment or forced recruitment of U.S. seamen into the British Navy was a major aggravation and insult for many Americans. Third, English military support of American Indians who were resisting the expansion of settlements on the American frontier in the Ohio Valley was terrifying to those growing frontier populations and intolerable to nearly everyone else. All of this added up to many Americans feeling dishonored by what appeared to be British arrogance toward the fledgling United States, specifically in the face of what was considered to be British insults to national pride.[5] However, for the residents of Derby and Stanstead, these political issues were a world away.

Along with other New England states, Vermont did not enthusiastically support the declaration of war against Great Britain. However, the residents of Vermont also had long memories. They remembered with terror how the British had used Indians as allies in the Revolutionary War only three decades earlier. They remembered how their parents and grandparents had fought the British in battles large and small. Nevertheless, the Stanstead-Derby border was merely a cartographical distinction largely ignored, as citizens on both sides continued to attend the same schools, churches, and markets. Despite a trade embargo imposed under the administration of President Thomas Jefferson in 1807, herds of cattle crossed freely over the international border. Yet both sides, through their respective federal government policies, were forced to prepare for war.

The border communities in the northern towns of Vermont were woefully unprepared for a war with Great Britain. Immediately after the declaration of war, the selectmen from the Vermont border towns furnished small numbers of armed men to patrol the Canadian border. The towns of Derby, Troy, and Canaan placed a makeshift militia of armed men along the Canadian line.[6] These first border guards had no military training, no uniforms, and were armed with their hunting rifles taken from home, although each town did provide supplies for these provisional or stopgap militia troops. Clearly this was an unacceptable response to what was developing as an international conflict. On November 9, 1812, the Vermont legislature directed the mode of detaching the militia for service in the war by which the selectmen from each town were required to furnish arms, equipment, knapsacks, blankets, camp utensils, and other items in addition to transportation.[7]

During the War of 1812, western Vermont was on the front lines of combat. Specifically, the coastal communities along Lake Champlain were often raided for food supplies. British troops bivouacked on the islands within Lake Champlain. Burlington was shelled by the British on August 2, 1813. Fort Cassin, a small wooden fort built into the dirt at the mouth of the Otter Creek near Vergennes, Vermont, was shelled by British ships on May 14, 1814. British ships of all sizes roamed Lake Champlain and were in frequent skirmishes and larger battles with the U.S. Navy. But for northeastern Vermont the war was still far away. Friends and neighbors in the Derby-Stanstead communities continued to trade with each other across the international boundary, a frequent problem for both sides in the war. Nevertheless, the Vermont *Records of the Governor and Council* indicated that northern Vermont was sparsely settled and greatly exposed to an attack of the British through Canada, and described measures taken by the state government to attempt some semblance of a border patrol, mentioning Derby by name.[8]

From the Canadian perspective, life along the Vermont border in 1812 remained essentially unchanged. Before the war, Stanstead had been settled by Vermonters and other New Englanders who were lured to Québec by the promise of good, cheap land. By the early 1800s, the main stage road between Boston and Québec City stopped in Stanstead, giving rise to hotels, shops, and other businesses catering to travelers. In 1803, saw mills and grist mills were thriving, while the granite quarry business was beginning to take hold and expand. Stanstead soon prospered above her neighbors in Derby, and the growing Canadian town boasted a number of wealthy families and prosperous businesses.[9] Later in the war, Stanstead would develop a ragtag militia with orders to

patrol the U.S. border. But for the first year or so of the War of 1812, life in Stanstead proceeded much as it had before the war.

The close family and commercial relationships between Stanstead and Derby meant that residents from both communities continued to trade during the war. These smuggling activities were rampant. The smugglers were decidedly not treasonous, but they viewed the war as someone else's fight, directed by misguided national policies that should not be allowed to affect their daily lives. As one source stated, "The smuggling and other trade with Canada was not a manifestation of disloyalty. It was regarded as good business."[10] Families, neighbors, siblings, and friends all continued to buy and sell across the international border in an attempt to feed their families and maintain their businesses and farms.[11] An example was the first white man to settle in Stanstead, the Vermonter Johnson Taplin, who was a friend of Timothy Hinman, the first white settler in Derby. Johnson Taplin lived a humble life as a farmer and trader in Stanstead until the outbreak of the War of 1812.

> Taplin at once joined the Militia and eventually became a Captain of Cavalry. Not much is known of his military service; instead of fighting he, along with most everyone else here, probably kept right on trading with our American relatives, leaving the fighting to some other places along the border although there is record of some minor skirmishes locally. Someone was even unkind enough to say that the mean old Canadians burned down the barracks at Derby.[12]

Throughout the War of 1812, the northern border of Vermont was a precarious and disturbed place to live. Untrained militia units often had uncertain orders, with only the general instructions to protect the border with Canada and prevent smuggling. Although the Vermont legislature, in compliance with federal prohibitions, passed anti-smuggling laws, they were largely ignored in the Derby and Stanstead communities. Some brigands in Vermont were disgusted with these illegal activities, which allowed a few to prosper and caused others hardship. There is an account of herds of cattle being gathered in Brownington, just south of Derby, to be crossed into Canada illegally and sold to Canadians. Here Vermonters fired gunshots against Vermonters engaged in smuggling.[13] Wilbur's *Early History of Vermont* states that specifically in the northeastern part of the state, resistance to smuggling by Vermonters against Vermonters "proceeded to fearful extremes," "bloodshed and violence" were common, and local Vermonters sometimes used excessive force in apprehending smugglers. One example is from early 1813, when a citizen of Canaan, Vermont, with a pass from the governor to enter Canada, was killed by a vigilante, who then fled into the Vermont wilderness only to be killed himself months later while he resisted arrest.[14]

Selectmen from the small communities in northeastern Vermont knew that something had to be done. Their extended border with Canada was vulnerable to attack, while illegal smuggling and the resulting bloodshed between Vermonters was increasing.

Shortly after the declaration of war in June 1812, the Vermont legislature authorized the raising of militia troops for border service and levied an additional tax to support and arm these citizen-soldiers. Local selectmen then petitioned their male citizens to see who could be available for militia service. The supply depot for this disparate and largely untrained Vermont militia was in Derby.

The Barracks and Supply Depot at Derby

Timothy Hinman (1762–1850) of Derby donated part of his land along Hinman Pond (later called Derby Pond; since 1933, Lake Derby) to be used for the storage of supplies and munitions for the local militia. This was a strategic location for several reasons. First, there was abundant fresh water for hydration and sanitation at Hinman Pond. Second, the depot was situated along the only major north-south route from Canada into northeastern Vermont, Main Street in Derby. Third, this location was north of the first suburban settlement in Derby, meaning a Canadian force heading south had to pass by the depot before arriving in Derby village. The commanding officer of the local militia that kept its supplies at the Derby depot was Rufus Stewart.

Rufus Stewart (1776–1846) came to Derby from Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1797, settling as a farmer. He married and began raising a family in Derby, until he moved to nearby Morgan around 1810. He served with the Vermont militia and then was given a regular army commission as a captain in the 31st U.S. Infantry. After the war he returned to Morgan and then resettled in Derby until his death in June 1846.

At the first Derby town meeting, in the home of Timothy Hinman on March 29, 1789, Rufus Stewart was elected constable. A constable at that time was the person responsible for keeping the peace, settling disputes, intervening in arguments, and generally keeping the town safe. It makes sense that Rufus Stewart, physically fit at thirty-six years old, and familiar with weapons as a constable, was made the militia captain for northeastern Vermont. He had additional leadership credentials because in either 1811 or 1812, when he moved to Morgan, Stewart became its first representative in the Vermont legislature.

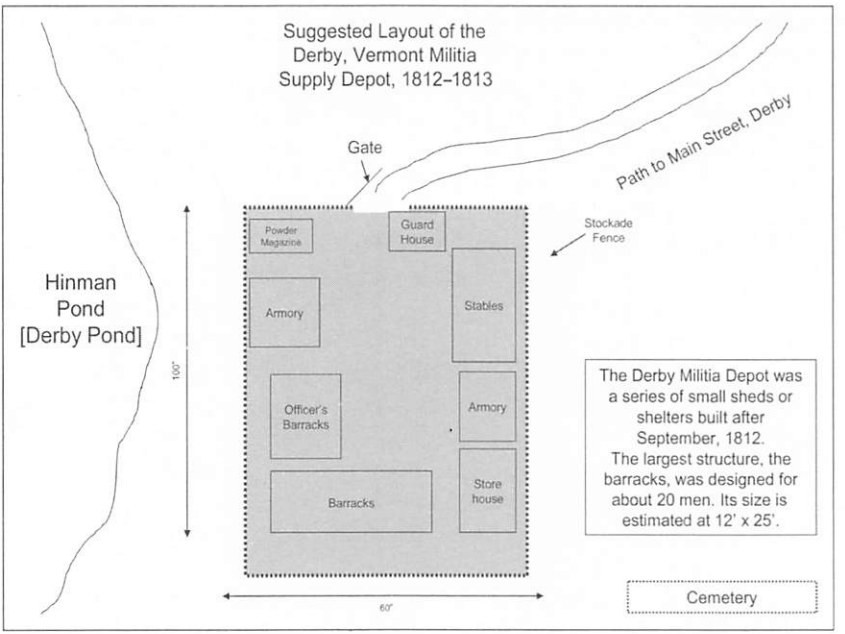
Captain Rufus Stewart supervised the construction of the supply depot at Derby. The physical description of this small bivouac area is uncertain, although the *Derby Land Records* for this period, written in pencil in the year 1812, are still legible. They contain numerous notations

related to land purchases but nothing is recorded about land sold, leased, or rented to the town of Derby for use as a supply depot and stables for the militia. Apparently, Timothy Hinman simply allowed the depot to be built on his land by Hinman Pond without any official transaction. Yet there is a notation related to building structures for the soldiers and their supplies. The book, *Derby Records,* located in the Derby Town Hall vault, includes handwritten notes about expenses paid by the town. The column for September 1812 states, "Decided to paying W. Childs for provision of barns for troops, $5.50."[15]

In the currency of that day, $5.50 was enough to employ two men for a few days and to pay for enough simple building supplies to construct a couple of non-winterized but weatherproof sheds and a small storage barn. We know that one of the buildings was used as a makeshift barracks, since the *History of Derby* states, "Men were recruited from Derby, Holland and Morgan and quartered in barracks built between the graveyard and Derby Pond." This same book tells of a "young wife who had spent lonely days and nights three miles from the barracks, which were situated near Derby Pond."[16]

Because settlements in northeastern Vermont along or near the Canadian border were all tiny villages, each community was able to provide only a few men for militia duty. Militia soldiers were recruited from Derby, Holland, and Morgan, although there may have been a few men from other nearby towns. According to the 1810 census, there were 116 free white males as heads of households in these three towns.[17] An estimate is that about twenty-five percent of these 116 men could be available for militia duty, accounting for age, infirmities, or other reasons. That means around thirty men were available to join Captain Stewart in the local militia. In addition, some of these 116 men had sons of military age. Therefore there may have been as many as sixty men and young men who could potentially serve under Stewart.

Not all the militiamen served at the same time. With men rotating duty and with only a few men sleeping at the Derby barracks at one time, the barracks was built to accommodate perhaps twenty men. That means it was about the size of a two-car garage today. The *History of Derby* states that three buildings were built on the property: a guard house, a barracks, and officer's quarters. An existing barn on the property was also used as barracks.[18] Other buildings constructed at the depot were necessary to supply and equip the citizen-soldiers. We know what structures were necessary at a regular army cantonment or depot area in Vermont during the War of 1812 from the U.S. Army cantonment in Burlington: barracks for soldiers, barracks for officers, stables, storehouses, an armory, and a powder magazine.[19]



This suggested layout of the Derby militia supply depot is based on typical militia cantonment areas of that period. No actual diagram of this supply depot and barracks area exists. The buildings were essentially shacks. Map created by Ken Lawson.

Compared to the Burlington cantonment area, it is impossible to state the actual configuration of the much smaller makeshift buildings at the Derby depot. As a general rule, we know that some buildings for protocol or for safety reasons were separate from other buildings. For example, regular Army officers were never quartered with the troops. For safety, Captain Stewart definitely placed the barracks away from the powder magazine. The storehouse was always kept away from the stables for sanitation reasons. A cistern was not necessary since the troops had all the fresh water they needed from Derby Pond. A fence was needed for the supply depot, in this case most likely a split rail fence designed more to keep wandering cattle and curious children away than to be a defensible fighting position.

The small supply and barracks compound on the west shore of Derby Pond was not an extensively fortified military depot. Rather, it was a strategically located cantonment area for a small number of rotating militia citizen-soldiers to resupply, feed horses, receive orders, wash and bathe in Derby Pond, and sleep. This humble facility was an

organization point for militia troops that patrolled the Canadian border from Lake Memphremagog to the New Hampshire line. Captain Stewart used his men as a deterrent to prevent Vermonters from smuggling goods and livestock into Canada, as well as a military force to defend Vermont against a Canadian invasion. As one source stated,

> [T]he smugglers became angry and unlawfully resistant and the Canadians very bitter. Stanstead, Québec, with many English troops in its midst, needed much more food than it could produce and offered high prices for beef, flour and other farm products delivered in Stanstead. The conditions greatly increased the amount of smuggling and troops under Rufus Stewart were ordered to patrol all of the Vermont border from the New Hampshire border to Lake Memphremagog.[20]

At times there was much activity at the depot, with small numbers of troops coming and going from various patrolling missions. At other times the depot was desolate, as the troops were either sleeping at home, out on missions, or temporarily not on militia duty. It was a fluid and transitory situation for a makeshift patrol base. These militiamen were poorly equipped, with civilian clothes and mostly squirrel rifles, often carrying a few days' supply of food their wives made for them at home. As a recent commentator observed, "The volunteers were spread so thin that the base had been left unguarded."[21] That is why the small British force was able to destroy it so easily.

The Canadian Perspective

The residents of Québec who settled near the border of Vermont were a mixed lot. The overwhelming majority of these families were former New Englanders, some who settled in Canada as Loyalists supporting the British in the American Revolutionary War. Others were patriotic United States citizens who settled in Canada, enticed by large amounts of inexpensive and fertile, level land. The majority of these southern Québec residents were poor farmers or tradesmen. Others acquired wealth through trading, mostly legal but also through illegal smuggling during the War of 1812. British veterans of the Revolutionary War received a half-pay wage to keep them in the army reserves, meaning that this wage plus their full-time occupation allowed some to achieve financial affluence. In February 1792, the Canadian government sought to develop more farms on the huge empty spaces in Québec by offering 200-acre farms for development and other lands for development by speculators. This lured many from the United States into Québec and allowed for economic advancement for local Canadians.[22] From the end of the American Revolutionary War in 1783 until the time of the War of 1812, the relationship between New England and Québec was excellent.

Everyone who settled anywhere in North America since the first European settlements understood and accepted the fact of a local militia. All physically fit males in Québec between the ages of sixteen and sixty belonged to a local militia company, with a few exceptions such as clergymen, British civil officials, and a few others. The Québec militia around the year 1810 was more of a social and political organization than a trained and well-equipped military force. Similar to their southern neighbors in New England, the militia was called out for service during a crisis and then quickly disbanded, the men typically more concerned about their own farms or businesses than any serious military threat. "The Canadian militia was a rabble. They were called when needed, and after engagements, they were sent back to their farms. Hastily trained, most were unprepared for conditions in the field and thought nothing of leaving a battle to prepare for the harvest."[23] Annual training days were not much more than a muster, speeches by the officers, and some parade drills on the town common. The men were expected to bring their own weapons and ammunition. Acquisition of an officer's commission in the militia was typically a fast way to prominence in a community or favor with British officials. In a genuine military emergency, the militia would be used to support professional British troops by acting as scouts, transporting supplies by cart or sleigh, or building roads or fortifications.[24]

In 1802, Sir John Johnson received his commission as lieutenant colonel of the Third Battalion Eastern Townships Militia. Three companies of about fifty men each formed in Stanstead. These able-bodied men were gathered and officers were appointed for their once or twice-a-year musters. At the beginning of the War of 1812, there were seven militia companies in Stanstead and the surrounding area.[25] These citizen-soldiers appeared upon the parade field in their everyday homespun clothing with picnic baskets packed by their wives. Some had old army guns, some had old fowling pieces, and some appeared with guns that did not fire but looked nice in a military formation. Some of the militia officers had prior military service in the British army, but most men were inexperienced and awkward in military drill and ceremony.[26]

Sometime after midnight, on the freezing cold morning of December 27, 1813, a small detachment of Stanstead militia, led by a few British officers, departed Stanstead for the less than four-mile ride in winter darkness to the Vermont militia supply depot in Derby. The officers involved in the raid were British Captain Oliver Barker, commanding officer, a few lower-ranking British officers, and several Stanstead militia officers.[27] The officers of the British Frontier Light Infantry wore tall black hats with a small visor and a regimental crest on the front. Their

winter overcoats were gray with a fur collar and silver-colored trim, warm jackets cut at the waist. Their clothing was wool, the shirts bright red and the pants gray. Each officer carried a sword and perhaps a sidearm.[28] In contrast, the perhaps two dozen or so Stanstead militiamen were clothed in assorted warm civilian clothes with weapons and ammunition from home. They carried with them boxes of wooden matches, similar to those used today. They also carried a bottle or a jar of a liquid incinerate, some type of oil used to pour on the torches that would be lit to set the Derby buildings ablaze.

A cross-border network of smugglers served as spies for the British, informing them when the barracks would be empty. This is a significant point, as one of the Stanstead militia leaders of the raid, Captain Johnson Taplin, was a personal friend of Timothy Hinman.[29] The Derby-Stanstead border towns had numerous interactions through commerce, marriage, and friendships, and nobody wanted to be responsible for shooting a relative or a friend.

In the early morning of December 27, the supply area and barracks at Derby were unguarded. The British and Canadians quietly rode their horses into Derby and tied them up near the Derby schoolhouse, which is today a private residence at the corner of Main Street and Wallace Road. The British Infantry then deployed as skirmishers for several hundred feet and slowly surrounded the small barracks and supply compound between Derby Pond and the cemetery. Realizing that the depot was unguarded and uninhabited, they quickly looted supplies, set fire to all the small buildings, and then sprinted through the snow to their horses to gallop back into Stanstead.

Remarks on the Official British Military Report of the Derby Raid

With proper military protocol, Captain Oliver Barker reported up the chain of command his interpretation of the raid he led against the militia supply depot in Derby. His immediate superior officer was Colonel Sir Sydney Beckwith, and above Beckwith was Edward Baynes, adjutant-general of British North America. The report in its entirety is as follows:

> Adjutant General's Office H.Q.
> Québec, 9th January 1814
> General Order,
>
> His Excellency the Governor in Chief and Commander of the Forces, has received from Col Sir Sydney Beckwith, a report of Captain Barker, of the Frontier Light Infantry, stating the complete success of an expedition committed to the charge of that officer, against the enemy's Post and Depots at Derby, in the State of Vermont, which were taken possession of at daybreak, on the 17th of December

(1813). An extensive barracks for 1200 men lately erected was destroyed, together with stables and storehouses, and a considerable quantity of valuable military stores, having been brought away.

Captain Barker mentioned captains Curtis and Taplin, Lieutenants Messa and Bodwell, and Ensign Boynton, of the Townships Battalion of Militia, as having been most active with the Volunteers of the Militia, in the execution of this judicious and spirited enterprise.

Edward Baynes
Adjutant General, North America[30]

The evidence suggests that this report by Captain Barker was not fully accurate. In fact, a detailed comparison of this report with the available facts reveals Captain Barker's report to be full of bravado, crowing his own accomplishments to his superior officers. As we have seen, the structures at the Derby Depot were few, small, and simple.

The claim that Captain Barker seized "a considerable quantity of valuable military stores" does not make sense. Supplies stored at the militia depot consisted of not much more than blankets and cooking utensils and perhaps a sack of dried meat or a few preserved vegetables. It is unlikely that the raid seized any American weapons, as all weapons and ammunition were carried for daily use by the militia. When the soldiers were in the barracks they carried their weapons and ammunition. When they went on patrol or returned home they brought their weapons, supplies, ammunition, and horses with them. Any warm clothing used by the militia in December 1813 was on their bodies and not in storage at the Derby barracks. No horses were taken, no saddles stolen, and no significant supplies of any kind were raided. Evidence of this fact is that not a single claim was made to the Town of Derby for compensation for any supplies, weapons, ammunition, horses, saddles, or anything else as a result of the British raid. The *Town of Derby Land Records*, the *Town of Derby Treasury Account Book, 1808–1833*, and the *Derby Town Meeting Records* give unanimous testimony to the bravado and exaggeration of the report of Captain Barker to his superior officers.

There is some inconsistency as to the exact date of the raid. Captain Barker, in his official report used the date of December 17.[31] However, the *Officers of the British Forces in Canada during the War of 1812* states that certain officers were thanked for their participation in the December 27th raid in Derby, and that Captain Barker led the December 27th expedition to Derby.[32] In Vermont, the *Records of the Governor and Council of the State of Vermont*, also state the date of the Derby raid as December 27.[33] The discrepancy may be a simple transcribing error.

Summary and Significance of the Derby Raid

The British raid in Derby had four significant results.

1. The impact of the raid within the town of Derby was noticeable. According to the *Derby Town Meeting Records* of March 22, 1813, violence related to smuggling and the threat of an invasion from Canada developed to the point that the selectmen determined "to see if the town will appoint a committee of safety for the year ensuing." On April 5, 1813, the town voted to appoint seven men from Derby as "a Committee of Safety." One of these men was Rufus Stewart. At the next town meeting after the December 1813 raid, on March 29, 1814, it was decided to hire additional constables for the town.[34] These developments were a direct result of the increasing tensions with smugglers and the ramifications of the Derby raid in December 1813. This is apparent from the complete absence of any mention in the *Derby Town Meeting Records* of any need for a Committee of Safety or additional constables before the War of 1812.

2. Tensions along the Vermont border were brought to the attention of federal officials in Washington. Shortly after the Derby raid, Vermont legislators in Washington, D.C., raised their concerns with Secretary of the Treasury George W. Campbell. Violence along the Vermont-Québec border was increasing from the audacity of smugglers and as a result of the raid in Derby. Revenue laws were being ignored; confusion about search and seizure procedures created lawsuits; and the volume of illegal transportation of goods by boat, snow sled, or wagon across the border was staggering. Secretary Campbell addressed the concerns of Vermonters to the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, John W. Epps. This interesting eight-page letter clarifies the growing tensions along the Vermont-Québec border and the confused legal status of international smugglers.[35] The role of the militia to curb smuggling and protect the border, as was done in northeastern Vermont under such men as Captain Rufus Stewart, was restated as follows:

> The militia and army of the Unites States on the frontier, should be authorized, under proper regulations, to co-operate with the civil magistrates, and officers of the customs, in seizing and securing persons engaged in an unlawful trade, or intercourse, with the enemy, together with the articles and vehicles employed in such trade, or intercourse.[36]

3. As a result of the Derby raid, federal troops were sent to northeastern Vermont. While U.S. Army soldiers had been stationed along Lake Champlain from the beginning of the war, this was not the case in the area that would later be called the Northeast Kingdom. Routinely,

regular army troops patrolled both sides of Lake Champlain and the Vermont-Canadian border from Lake Champlain toward Lake Memphremagog. But the area east of Lake Memphremagog to the New Hampshire border, extreme northeastern Vermont, was patrolled only by militia. This changed after the December 1813 Derby raid. The first account we have of federal soldiers in rural northeastern Vermont is in March 1814, when 250 regular army soldiers arrived in nearby Barton to continue the operations that had ceased with the destruction of the Derby depot a few months prior.[37]

4. The Derby raid instilled fear in American army leaders about their own vulnerability to British raids out of Canada. While British and American raids were common on the New York and Vermont sides of Lake Champlain, a raid approximately seventy miles east of the lake in rural Derby was a cause of concern for American military leaders. This was a direct attack from Canada into an entirely new area. If the British could successfully raid Derby, what would prevent them from raiding the larger U.S. facilities in Burlington, or Plattsburg, New York? The senior American commander in the area, General James Wilkerson, received additional requests for protection of U.S. troops and supplies as a result of the successful British raid in Derby, including from regular army officers in Plattsburg.[38]

The tiny supply and barracks depot in Derby, Vermont, was part of a larger attempt to hinder smuggling, to protect American sovereignty, and to prevent the advance of British troops into New England during the War of 1812. The depot existed for little more than a year. When the few ramshackle buildings along the western shore of Hinman Pond were burned by the British in December 1813, there was never an attempt to rebuild the depot. The war had moved west into New York and the Great Lakes region. In northeastern Vermont, some smuggling did persist throughout the entire war, but there was never another British raid. Today, the cemetery still exists that marked the militia site along the western shore of Lake Derby. But there is no remnant of the supply depot and barracks. There is no plaque to mark the location of this military skirmish. The Derby raid, though of no significance to the overall military history of the War of 1812, remains an interesting and underappreciated event in Vermont history.

Appendix A. Descriptions of the Vermont Militia Depot in Derby, 1812–1813

Source	*Location*	*Buildings*	*Description*	*Other*	*Date*
History of Derby, 88	Near Derby Pond	Barracks			
History of Derby, 81	Between cemetery and Derby Pond	Barracks		Built for the militia of Derby, Holland and Morgan	
History of Derby, 49	Derby	Barracks, guardhouse, and officers' quarters	Destroyed by fire	British took supplies to Canada	
Official British Report, *History of Derby*, 49	Posts and depots at Derby	Barracks for 1,200 men, stables, stores	Daybreak attack	Destroyed barracks and stables, stores taken to Canada	Dec. 17
Barton Chronicle, 1	Derby		Supply base	Destroyed base, took supplies	Dec. 17
Records of the Governor and Council of Vermont, 490	Derby	Public storehouses and barracks	Destroyed public storehouses and barracks		Dec. 27
Stanstead County Historical Society Journal, 27	Derby	Barracks	Burned down barracks		Dec. 17
Vermont: A Study of Independence, 277	Derby	Storehouses and barracks	Raided supplies and carried away stores		"the last of December"
A Distant Drum, 1	Derby	Barracks	Destroyed barracks built at Derby		
Vermont for Young Vermonters, 237	Derby	Barracks	Destroyed barracks built at Derby	Carried away supplies from American Army	
Early History of Vermont, 222	Derby	Storehouses and barracks for 1,200 men	Destroyed storehouses and barracks		Dec. 27
The Kingdom Historical, 9 (quoting from *History of Derby*)	Derby Center between cemetery and lake	Three buildings: guardhouse, barracks, and officers' quarters	Barracks poorly defended; buildings set afire	The militia officers took their meals in Timothy Hinman's home	

Note: All sources used for this chart are listed in the endnotes.

Notes

[1] E. P. Walton, ed., *Records of the Governor and Council of the State of Vermont* (Montpelier: J. & J. M. Poland, 1878), 6:490–491.

[2] Rowland E. Robinson, *Vermont: A Study of Independence* (1892; reprinted, Charleston, S.C.: Bibliolife Publishers, 2009), 277.

[3] LaFayette Wilbur, *Early History of Vermont* (Jericho, Vt.: Roscoe Printing House, 1902), 3: 222.

[4] Christopher M. Klyza and Stephen C. Trombulak, *The Story of Vermont: A Natural and Cultural History* (Middlebury College Press, 1990), 62.

[5] Many books have been written about the War of 1812. Two excellent surveys are John K. Mahon, *The War of 1812* (New York: DaCapo Press, 1972); and Walter R. Borneman, *1812: The War That Forged a Nation* (New York: Harper Collins Publishers, 2004). For a Canadian view of the war, see J. Mackay Hitsman, *The Incredible War of 1812: A Military History* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965). A good study of the Chesapeake Affair and the maritime war on Lake Champlain is by Theodore Roosevelt, *The Naval War of 1812* (1882; New York: The Modern Library Press, 1999).

[6] Wilbur, *Early History of Vermont*, 3:199.

[7] Ibid., 3:204.

[8] Walton, *Governor and Council*, 3:468.

[9] *Stanstead Heritage Tour* (Published by the Town of Stanstead, 2008).

[10] Peter H. Haraty, *Put the Vermonters Ahead: A History of the Vermont National Guard* (Burlington, Vt.: Queen City Printers, 1978), 59. While Vermonters and others did not support the war and did engage in illegal smuggling, it is naïve to simply dismiss this activity as "good business." The facts are that both the Americans and Canadians directly disobeyed their laws and worked against their national political and military strategies. These were clear violations of the military principle of denying the enemy in war any assistance, material or moral. Haraty makes note of this in *Put the Vermonters Ahead*, 58.

[11] Smuggling of Canadian goods into the United States, and U.S. goods into Canada, led to great profits for select individuals. After war was declared on June 18, 1812, the New England states remarked that they would continue trading with British Canada. Wartime smuggling stimulated economic development. The British were very dependent upon American goods smuggled north. See Jon Latimer, "Smuggling and Contraband in the War of 1812," *War of 1812 Magazine*, 8 (February 2008): 3–12.

[12] Joseph Maheux, "Taplin," *Stanstead County Historical Society Journal* 5 (1973): 27.

[13] Interview with Sarah Ames, Old Stonehouse Museum, Brownington, Vermont, June 26, 2009. See also Cecile Hay and Mildred Hay, *History of Derby* (Littleton, N.H.: 1967), 89, where it is stated that a trail existed in Derby during the war on which hundreds of cattle were smuggled into Canada.

[14] Wilbur, *Early History of Vermont*, 3:223.

[15] A photocopy of this ledger account in the *Derby Records* was provided to me by Bill Gardyne, Derby Historical Society, June 24, 2009.

[16] Hay and Hay, *History of Derby*, 81, 88.

[17] Vermont Census, Orleans County, 1810.

[18] Hay and Hay, *History of Derby*, 48.

[19] James P. Millard, "Burlington, Vermont during the War of 1812," www.historiclakes.org.

[20] Hay and Hay, *History of Derby*, 48.

[21] Jennifer Hersey, "A Surprise on Every Page," *The* [Barton] *Chronicle*, April 5, 2006.

[22] Hitsman, *The Incredible War of 1812*, 5–6.

[23] Heather Darch and Michel Racicot, "A Distant Drum: The War of 1812 in Missisquoi County," *Townships Heritage WebMagazine*, July 20, 2009, 1.

[24] Hitsman, *The Incredible War of 1812*, 7.

[25] William Melrose, *The Stanstead Cavalry: History, Opportunities and Possibilities* (Hatley, Québec: n.p., 1914), 8.

[26] B. F. Hubbard, comp., *Forests and Clearings: The History of Stanstead County, Province of Quebec, with Sketches of More than Five Hundred Families* (Bowie, Md.: Heritage Books: 2009), 11–12.

[27] L. Homfray Irving, *Officers of the British Forces in Canada during the War of 1812* (1908; Sligo, Ireland: Hardpress, 2008), 110, 199.

[28] Tim Pickles, *New Orleans, 1815: Andrew Jackson Crushes the British* (London and Oxford: Osprey Publishing, 1993), 31, 51.

[29] Maheux, "Taplin," 26.

[30] Hay and Hay, *History of Derby*, 49.

[31] Ibid.

[32] Irving, *Officers of the British Forces*, 110, 199.

[33] Walton, *Records of the Governor and Council of the State of Vermont*, 3:490.

[34] *Derby Town Meeting Records 1812–1847*, Vol. 2, un-numbered page.

[35] "Letter to the Secretary of the Treasury to the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, December 7, 1814," (Washington City, 1814), 7–8.

[36] Ibid.

[37] John Little, *Loyalties in Conflict: A Canadian Borderland in War and Rebellion, 1812–1840* (Toronto, Ont. and Buffalo, N.Y.: University of Toronto Press, 2008), 40–41.

[38] Allen S. Everest, *The War of 1812 in the Champlain Valley* (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1981), 139.

The General Court-Martial of Charles G. Chandler

Lieutenant Colonel Charles Guy Chandler was clearly guilty of insubordination in the Tenth Vermont Regiment during the Civil War, and his behavior was clearly detrimental to discipline and morale. His commanding officer clearly detested him, and was determined to get him out of the regiment by way of a general court-martial. What is not clear is the credibility of Chandler's conviction on a charge of "misbehavior before the enemy" (a euphemism for cowardice).

By DAVID R. MAYHEW

Confederate troops under Lieutenant General Jubal A. Early were in line of battle on the west side of the Monocacy River. The greatly outnumbered Union troops under Major General Lewis Wallace were aligned on the east side of the river, except for approximately 275 men in a skirmish line facing the enemy on the west bank. The skirmishers, consisting of men from the Tenth Vermont Regiment and the First Maryland Regiment, Potomac Home Brigade, were under the command of the lieutenant colonel of the Tenth Vermont, Charles G. Chandler. In a curious reversal of roles, the major of the

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Tenth Vermont, rather than the lieutenant colonel, acted as the second in command of the regiment at the Battle of Monocacy on July 9, 1864.[1]

Chandler, perhaps unwilling to relinquish his second in command status, decided to return to his regiment on the other side of the river, leaving the skirmish line in a precarious position without further instructions. First Lieutenant George E. Davis of the Tenth assumed command of the skirmishers, and when General Wallace ordered a turnpike bridge burned, evacuated his men over a railroad bridge as they were being flanked by Confederates. Lieutenant Davis, who was awarded the Medal of Honor for this action, described his predicament: "My orders in the morning were 'to hold the bridge over the railroad at all hazards.' I sent a soldier to wade or swim the river, and ask for instructions from Lieut. Colonel C. G. Chandler, in charge of the division skirmish detail. My soldier brought back no instructions, but the comforting intelligence that Lieut. Colonel Chandler supposed that we had retreated over the [turnpike] bridge before it was burned."[2]

A lieutenant colonel, the second in command of a regiment, would normally be in close proximity to the colonel of a regiment during a battle or when a battle was imminent, where he could quickly take command if the colonel was incapacitated. The fact that the regimental major was placed second in command and that Chandler was dispatched away from the regiment at Monocacy is an indication of the lack of confidence his colonel had in him.

Charles Guy Chandler was, if nothing else, a polarizing figure in the Tenth Vermont. On the one hand, officers such as Lieutenant Davis and the colonel of the regiment, William Wirt Henry, held him in disdain, while other officers willingly went along with his "town meetings" (as characterized by Colonel Henry) and petitions undermining Henry's authority.[3] Even when Chandler was singled out for commendation by Brigadier General W. H. Morris for "courage and efficiency" during the Mine Run campaign in November 1863, the praise was not well received in the regiment, where the feeling was that other officers should have been mentioned also. Regimental historian E. M. Haynes commented, "the adverse current of conversation in the command regarding the omission of their names is distinctly remembered."[4]

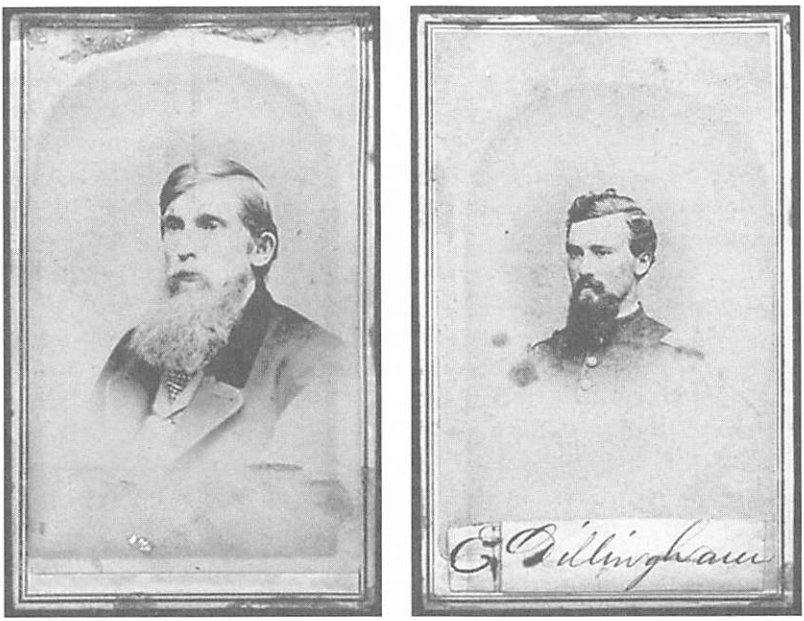
Colonel Henry's problem with Chandler was compounded by Chandler's intemperate use of alcohol. Oscar Wait, a soldier in the Tenth, mentioned incidences of Chandler's drinking in his narrative, including the following passage: "Major Chandler is promoted again; he is now Lieutenant-Colonel. Well, let him climb. The higher he gets, the further he will drop, and drop he will, sooner or later. This promotion, like the other, is an automatic one. He is an excellent horseman, a fine-looking

officer, and can handle a regiment; but alas! His courage—the little he has—seems rather erratic; it goes in streaks, very much like the kind that comes in black bottles marked Bourbon."[5] Writing several years after the war, Lieutenant Thomas H. White blamed Chandler (perhaps unfairly) for the heavy casualties at the Battle of Cold Harbor: "Had the regiment been moved back from twenty to thirty feet, the loss would not have been one-fourth what it was, but Chandler was drunk or incompetent and allowed the regiment to remain where it was."[6] Colonel Henry's attitude toward Chandler's drinking habit may have been influenced by his own father, who was active in the temperance movement and preached "total abstinence."[7] In a letter to his wife in May 1864, Henry made the following promise: "I will bet something that I shall not be troubled with Major Chandler much longer for the very first time he gets drunk again (and that will be as soon as he can get whiskey enough) I shall prefer charges against him and get him out of the service."[8] The vow would prove prophetic.

The Politics of Promotion

A controversy over officer promotions in the Tenth Vermont first surfaced with the resignation of Lieutenant Colonel John H. Edson on October 16, 1862. Major William W. Henry was then promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy of the regiment, creating a vacancy for regimental major. Edwin B. Frost was senior captain in the Tenth, with a date of commission of July 7, 1862. Captain Charles G. Chandler had a date of commission of August 11, 1862, in the Tenth, but had previously served as a captain in the Fifth Vermont.[9] Chandler was selected for promotion to major, and according to Haynes, "Captain Frost should have been raised to a field officer's rank at the time of Lieutenant Colonel Edson's resignation. He and his friends expected it, and were sore under the disappointment." Haynes then wrote, "There was something said at the time about unredeemed pledges made to Chandler before he joined the regiment—that he should be appointed to the first vacancy of this kind that should occur, and this may have been true."[10]

If lingering hard feelings had subsided a year and a half later, they were inflamed anew when Colonel Albert B. Jewett resigned on April 25, 1864. Lieutenant Colonel Henry was then promoted to colonel of the regiment and Chandler was made lieutenant colonel. (The date of the commissions was April 26, but the promotions were not issued until May 30.[11]) Captain Frost again seemed in line for promotion to major. Indeed, Lemuel A. Abbott noted in his diary on April 29 that Captain Frost was acting major of the regiment. Frost is again identified as acting major on June 1 at Cold Harbor.[12] Although Colonel



Caught in the middle of the controversy over promotion to major in the Tenth Vermont: Edwin B. Frost (left) and Edwin Dillingham. VHS Civil War Officers Gallery.

Henry favored the more senior Frost for regimental major, Chandler favored Edwin Dillingham, and had several officers sign a petition recommending his promotion. Dillingham, whose father and brother would both serve as governors of Vermont, had a date of rank of August 4, 1862, as captain. He had been taken prisoner in the battle of Locust Grove in November 1863, was paroled in March 1864, and after being exchanged, rejoined the regiment at Cold Harbor on June 3.[13]

Colonel Henry wrote to the Adjutant and Inspector General of the State of Vermont, Peter T. Washburn, on April 27. He protested that Chandler, by actively promoting his own choice for major, undermined Henry's authority over other officers in the regiment. Bitterly denouncing Chandler, Henry wrote, "Major Chandler is at the bottom of this and means mischief . . . for God's sake do not allow me to be overruled in this matter . . . my command of this regiment would not be worth a straw. Major Chandler and myself never did agree very well and this is only the beginning of the end—one of us will have to leave this regiment before long, and I do not propose to be the one, so long as I am

backed at home—he is a cousin of Gov Smith I know, but I believe Gov Smith to be an honest man."[14]

About this time, Chandler wrote to his cousin, Vermont Governor J. Gregory Smith, with his own recommendation for promotion to major, Captain Dillingham, and his opposition to Colonel Henry's choice, Captain Frost. Apparently, Governor Smith became alarmed at what he perceived as a lack of discipline in the regiment, and on May 4 wrote a letter to Colonel Henry, declaring that the discipline of the regiment was not what it ought to be.[15] In a letter to his wife on May 17, Colonel Henry wrote that Governor Smith had turned down all promotions because of Chandler's objection to Captain Frost. "I do not think any of us will get a promotion," he complained, declaring that it was "unjust of Governor Smith."[16]

Colonel Henry wrote a reply to Governor Smith's letter on May 20, in which he denounced Chandler for opposing his recommendation, for getting up a petition favoring Captain Dillingham, and for writing to the governor behind his back. Henry was smarting under a perceived censure by the governor, and his belief that the governor had upheld Chandler's choice for promotion to major over his own.[17] Captain Dillingham's father was lieutenant governor at the time, and the ties to the governor's office may have put additional pressure on Colonel Henry.

Captain Frost was killed on June 3, at the Battle of Cold Harbor. According to Haynes, Frost "endured five hours of extreme agony" before dying. Henry and Frost had been tent mates, and Henry would write of him, "In a two years' acquaintance, I have found him the fast friend, the courteous gentleman, and I had come to love him as a brother." In letters to his wife, Henry obviously missed Frost, describing him as his "noble friend." Dillingham was promoted to major on June 20, and in a final tragic twist, Major Dillingham was killed at the Battle of Winchester on September 19.[18]

"He Has Not Got a Friend in the Regiment"

Colonel Henry wrote frequently to his wife, and between June 1864 and the Battle of Cedar Creek on October 19, his letters reveal not only a lack of confidence in Chandler, but an almost pathological hatred of him. He obviously wanted his men to share his lack of confidence and trust. Henry suffered a wound in the hand at Cold Harbor and was out of action for over two weeks, during which Chandler assumed command of the regiment. Writing to his wife on June 20, Henry gloated, "Lieutenant Colonel Chandler has got most all the officers down on him since he has been in command by the way he has managed. I am glad to see that some of them have got enough of him." While recuperating in

the hospital from an injury, the colonel wrote, on June 28, "Lieutenant Colonel Chandler has got everybody down on him while he has been in command, and I am glad of it for I wanted them to know just what kind of a man he was." A letter on October 2 showed Henry still rejoicing over Chandler's unpopularity in the regiment: "Surgeon Childe came to see me today and asked my pardon for all he had ever said or done against me and talked the worst I ever heard anyone talk against Chandler. Says he has not got a friend in the regiment. All this as you know is very satisfactory to me."[19]

By the fall of 1864, Colonel Henry was determined to remove his insubordinate lieutenant colonel from the regiment. It was no longer sufficient to isolate him by detailing him to take command of a skirmish line, as he had done at Monocacy. From letters to his wife, it is evident that Henry held Chandler in open contempt, and that he allowed and even encouraged his officers to ostracize Chandler, thereby compromising his ability to lead. All that was needed was a precipitating incident to bring on a court-martial.

Cedar Creek

At 5 A.M. on the 19th of October, Confederate forces under General Jubal Early launched a surprise attack on a totally unprepared Army of the Shenandoah near Cedar Creek, just south of Middletown in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Approaching from the south and east, the Confederates first hit the Union VIII Corps, which fled disorganized to the rear. The XIX Corps, with a little more warning, mustered a defense but was soon overwhelmed and routed. The VI Corps, which included the Tenth Vermont in the First Brigade of the Third Division, was encamped farther to the north and had more time to organize a line of defense. They too were driven back, but maintained an orderly retreat. The unexpected attack resulted in a chaotic situation on the battlefield, which was shrouded in a heavy morning fog. The divisions and brigades of the VI Corps were further thrown into confusion by troops of the VIII and XIX Corps fleeing through their lines.

Although he had been sick, Colonel Henry initially commanded the Tenth Vermont at Cedar Creek, but was "hardly convalescent from his fever."[20] One of the more notable accomplishments by the Tenth on that day, while the Third Division was retreating, was a successful counter charge to rescue the guns of McKnight's Battery, which had been abandoned and were in imminent danger of being captured by the advancing Confederate troops. It was an extremely hazardous mission, and the Tenth took casualties. It was generally acknowledged that Lieutenant Colonel Chandler took part in the rescue.[21] Colonel Henry

also took part, and was later awarded a Medal of Honor for his action. His "strength gave out" and he had to be helped off the field as the regiment fell back, shortly after the guns had been drawn off by hand. Henry later resumed command, but again "yielded to fatigue and exhaustion."[22]

Lieutenant Colonel Chandler, by his later testimony, retreated with the regiment after the rescue of the McKnight's Battery guns to a new defensive line about one-half mile north of the original position before the attack. It was here, he claimed, that he injured an ankle while leaping a ditch. He then took himself out of action, and commandeering a horse, eventually ended up at a field hospital a few miles to the rear in Newtown.[23]

The VI Corps continued a somewhat orderly retreat and finally formed a defensive line about one and one-half miles north of Middletown. Major General Philip H. Sheridan, commanding the Army of the Shenandoah, arrived on the scene about 10:30 A.M. and, after repositioning his cavalry and rounding up scattered forces of the VIII and XIX Corps, mounted a counterattack around 4 P.M. The Confederate lines broke and fled in confusion to the rear. By nightfall, the Union forces had regained their old camps and had crushed General Early's army. With both Henry and Chandler out of action, Captain Henry H. Dewey commanded the Tenth Vermont in the counterattack.[24]

The Court-Martial

In the weeks following Cedar Creek, although he wrote frequently, there is no mention of Chandler or any suspected malfeasance in Colonel Henry's letters to his wife. Nor is there any mention of misconduct by Chandler in Henry's after-action report to Adjutant and Inspector General Washburn.[25] What does become apparent in letters to his wife is that Henry was becoming increasingly ill, having suffered throughout the summer and fall from bouts of sunstroke, complications from a wound to the hand, "billious fever," diarrhea, and colds. Much of August and September had found him either in hospital or recuperating back in Vermont. With Lieutenant Colonel Chandler also on sick leave, Major Dillingham commanded the regiment from August 21 until his death on September 19.[26]

Henry wrote to his wife on November 14, and contemplated the possibility of leaving the service for medical reasons. He wanted to wait and see if Chandler "will not get sick and want to leave. The boys will make a big fuss if I go and leave the command in his hands." On the next day, November 15, Chandler unwittingly provided the pretext Henry needed to get rid of him when he became intoxicated at an officer's social

function. On November 30, Henry brought general court-martial charges against Chandler. Although Chandler had served honorably for over three years with three different regiments, and in the six months preceding Cedar Creek had participated in some of the bloodiest and most intense fighting of the war in battles such as Wilderness, Spotsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, and Monocacy, Henry charged him with "misbehavior before the enemy" at Cedar Creek. Prior to the intoxication incident on November 15, there is no evidence that Chandler would be tried for misbehavior. In fact, as Chandler pointed out in his defense, he was given command of a battalion after Cedar Creek.[27] Henry also wrote to his wife on November 30, announcing that he had sent in his papers requesting a medical discharge. He then informed her, "This morning I preferred charges against Lt. Col. Chandler and probably the trial will come on tomorrow or next day and I think there is no doubt but he will be dismissed the service, so that will make that case alright with the Regiment. The officers refused to let me go until this was done."[28]

The court-martial convened at 11 A.M. on December 1, leaving Chandler just one day to prepare a defense. The first order of business after the swearing-in was to deny Chandler a postponement to prepare a defense. He was then arraigned on the following charges and specifications.[29]

Charge 1st

Misbehavior before the enemy.

Specification,

In this, that the said Charles G. Chandler, Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th Regiment Vermont Volunteers, did on the forenoon of the 19th day of October 1864, near Cedar Creek, (so called) in the State of Virginia, his said Regiment being then and there engaged in battle with the enemy, without permission, and to avoid the dangers of said engagement, leave and abandon his said Regiment and did go to the rear and beyond the field of battle, and did so remain at the rear, away from his said Regiment, until night, and until the said engagement was over.

Charge 2nd

Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Specification,

In this, that the said Charles G. Chandler, Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th Regiment Vermont Volunteers, near Kernstown, Virginia, on or about the 15th day of November 1864, and just after an Inspection and Review of the 1st Brigade, 3rd Division, 6th Army Corps, was grossly intoxicated, and did, in the presence of several officers, say "I was ashamed to have the General see me with such a damned lousy scurvy set as the 184th New York: damn them, they don't know anything", or words to that effect, the said Lieut. Colonel Chandler

being then in command of a battalion of said 184th Regiment New York Volunteers.

Charge 3d

Conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline.

Specification,

In this, that Charles G. Chandler, Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th Regiment Vermont Volunteers, near Kernstown, Virginia, on or about the 15th day of November 1864, was grossly intoxicated, the said Lieut. Col. Chandler being then in command of a battalion of the 184th Regiment New York Volunteers.

Chandler pleaded not guilty to all charges and specifications. He essentially offered no defense to accusations of drunkenness, apart from establishing that the alleged offense occurred at a sanctioned social event, where alcoholic beverages were provided. He also offered the weak excuse that no officers or men from the 184th New York were present during his drunken tirade.[30] It seems unlikely that he would have known this for sure, and in any event, word would have gotten back to the 184th, and the result would probably have been "prejudicial to good order and discipline."

The evidence for the charge of misbehavior proved to be more ambiguous. Witnesses for both the prosecution and defense generally acknowledged that Chandler behaved well during the charge on McKnight's Battery. Of the witnesses who saw him after he allegedly hurt his ankle, most did not notice that he walked with difficulty, or that there was any change in his gait. In fact, assistant surgeon Almon Clark, testifying for the prosecution, stated that he was "amused" at one point that Chandler seemed to be favoring the wrong ankle at the field hospital in Newtown. Under questioning by the defense, Dr. Clark conceded that Chandler had a pre-existing condition in his ankle, brought on by a "severe attack of inflamatory rheumatism," and that he had "frequently heard [Chandler] complain of weakness in that ankle." The regimental surgeon, Willard A. Childe, also testified that Chandler was subject to recurring severe attacks of rheumatic gout which rendered him "entirely disabled from duty." The attacks, he said, left the ankle "weak and ready to take on inflamation from any injury." Dr. Childe prescribed liniment for Chandler on October 19, but neither doctor examined the ankle on that day.[31]

Despite only having one day to prepare a defense, some officers and men did testify in Chandler's behalf. Captain John A. Salsbury testified that Chandler's conduct in the morning of the fighting at Cedar Creek was that of a "brave and efficient officer." He further testified, "I have seen him in several engagements before, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and other places, and never noticed anything different in his conduct

from that on the 19th of October last. He commanded the Regiment in most of the [e]ngagements during the summer, and particularly distinguished himself in my opinion at Cold Harbor on the 3d of June."[32]

The court adjourned at 8 P.M. on December 1, all testimony having been heard. It reconvened on the morning of the 2nd, and after deliberation, the court found Chandler guilty of all charges and specifications, sentencing him to be "dishonorably discharged the service of the United States." The discharge became effective on December 24, and Chandler became the only field grade officer of a Vermont regiment in the Civil War to be dishonorably discharged from the service for cowardice.[33]

Colonel J. Warren Keifer commanded the Third Division (including the Tenth Vermont) at Cedar Creek, and presided over the court-martial board. Officers in Keifer's command constituted the board membership.[34] Keifer was undoubtedly aware of Henry's impending resignation, and his desire to remove Chandler from the regiment. The objectivity of the board, under the circumstances, appears suspect. Colonel Keifer wrote an after-action report on Cedar Creek, and described Chandler's conduct as follows: "It is painful to mention the bad conduct of Lieut. Col. Charles G. Chandler, Tenth Vermont . . . [who] shamefully deserted [his] comrades in arms, and went to the rear without authority or good cause." The after-action report was dated December 15, two weeks after the court-martial, and nearly two months after the Battle of Cedar Creek.[35] The timing of the report makes it appear to be an after-the-fact attempt to memorialize Chandler's "bad conduct" and to further validate the controversial verdict of the court-martial.

Insubordination in the Volunteer Regiments

On January 1, 1861, the United States Army consisted of barely 16,000 men, of whom less than 1,000 were officers. More than one-quarter of the officers would join the Confederacy. After the attack on Fort Sumter in April, the Union Army underwent rapid growth. By the end of the year, the regular army had expanded to 20,000 troops, but more than 600,000 men filled the new volunteer regiments. By the end of the war, over 2,000,000 men would serve in more than 2,500 state regiments in the Union Army.[36]

The officer complement for the newly raised volunteer regiments came primarily from three sources: men who had on their own initiative raised companies and regiments, those who had received gubernatorial appointments, and those who had been elected by the men they commanded. At best, these men were educated leaders in their communities, and

had been wisely selected. At worst, they were glory-seeking beneficiaries of political patronage and popularity contests. In any event, officers and men alike shared the disadvantage of a lack of military training. Most officers in the new regiments had little or no previous military experience, yet they were rapidly promoted to fill vacancies in the field grade ranks.[37]

Several authors have commented on the character of the American public at the time of the Civil War. Thomas Lowry writes of the "traditional disregard for central authority, discipline, and unwarranted restrictions." James McPherson describes American white males as "the most individualistic, democratic people on the face of the earth in 1861. They did not take kindly to authority, discipline, obedience." Elsewhere, he describes the volunteer soldier: "They came from a society that prized individualism, self-reliance, and freedom from coercive authority." Frederick Shannon writes of volunteers having the "traditional American attitude of ingrained opposition to the army type of discipline."[38]

It would be remiss not to point out that in spite of the rapid expansion, inexperience, and relaxed discipline in an army of citizen-soldiers, the Union Army emerged in less than four years as one of the most powerful armies in the world. Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan, whose Civil War command included eight Vermont regiments in the Army of the Shenandoah, would serve as an observer of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870–71. He couldn't resist a comparison of the Prussian Army, generally regarded as Europe's premier professional fighting force at the time, with the troops he had commanded: "I think that under the same circumstances our troops would have done as well as the Germans, marched as admirably, made combinations as quickly and accurately, and fought with as much success. I can but leave to conjecture how the Germans would have got along on bottomless roads—often none at all—through the swamps and quicksands of northern Virginia, from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta and the sea."[39]

In his book *Tarnished Eagles,* Lowry notes the disproportionately high number of general court-martial cases involving colonels and lieutenant colonels in the Civil War. Most of these cases involved inexperienced volunteer officers, and a common charge was insubordination. These officers would have been very aware of the experience, or lack of experience, of other officers in their regiments. They were also aware of their relative social standing as civilians in their prewar communities. Lowry comments, "Obedience was a bitter medicine for them and many colonels could never choke it down." Too often, according to Lowry,

there were "jealous majors and lieutenant colonels, anxious to displace their leader and see silver eagles upon their own shoulders."[40]

The Chandler case appears to fit the insubordination model identified by Lowry. Chandler may have felt he was more qualified to be colonel of the Tenth Vermont than Colonel Henry, based on his prewar service in the Ransom Guard militia in St. Albans, and his service as a captain in the First Vermont and Fifth Vermont Regiments. By contrast, the younger Colonel Henry's military experience before his commission as major in the Tenth Vermont was limited to being a first lieutenant in the Second Vermont for less than six months in 1861.[41]

Lieutenant Henry resigned from the Second Vermont in November 1861 because of illness, but by the following summer he was seeking a gubernatorial appointment as major in one of the Vermont regiments that were forming in response to President Lincoln's call for 300,000 more volunteer troops in July 1862. His appointment by Governor Frederick Holbrook did not come through until the last week of August 1862. Chandler, meanwhile, had recruited a company from St. Albans, and had been captain of his company since August 11.[42] Chandler was the only captain in the Tenth at its formation with previous experience in that rank, and was one of the very few company officers with military experience of any kind. If he had coveted the major's slot in the regiment, he would have been unpleasantly surprised to find Henry in that position when the Tenth Vermont was mustered into United States service on September 1.[43] The cryptic "unredeemed pledges" mentioned by Haynes may have been promises made to placate a disgruntled Chandler.[44]

Chandler may also have felt a sense of entitlement by virtue of being a cousin on his mother's side to Governor J. Gregory Smith, who was elected in 1863 and 1864. The Smith family of St. Albans was one of the foremost families in Vermont at the time, and included among its members several military, political, business, and civic leaders.[45]

Insubordination cannot be tolerated in a military organization, especially in time of war. At the level of a general officer, serving at the pleasure of the president, an insubordinate officer is expected to submit his or her resignation from the service, or be relieved by executive order. Insubordination at the level of a field grade officer of a regiment in the Civil War usually could not be dealt with as expeditiously. A commanding officer desiring to rid his regiment of an insubordinate officer had recourse to bring the officer up on charges in a general court-martial. From the courts-martial examined by Lowry, it appears that more egregious cases of insubordination than that of Chandler, even when augmented by charges of drunkenness, often resulted in little

more than a reprimand for the offender.[46] Colonel Henry was not interested in correcting Chandler's behavior, and had no interest in seeing him reprimanded. From letters to his wife, it is clear that Henry wanted him dismissed from the service.

Cowardice, or "misbehavior before the enemy," was one of the most serious breaches of discipline that could be committed by a Civil War soldier. Punishment for enlisted men could range from humiliation before the regiment to, in extreme cases, execution. For officers, the standard was even higher, and if an officer was convicted of a charge of misbehavior before the enemy, he received an immediate dishonorable discharge. Even the threat of a court-martial could prompt the resignation of an accused officer.[47] Colonel Henry may have been motivated to find an excuse to bring a charge of cowardice against Chandler and to embellish the specifications to achieve the desired end result.

Aftermath

Charles G. Chandler lived only another ten years after his discharge, most of that time in Keene, New Hampshire, where he was employed as master of transportation on the Cheshire Railroad. He left a wife and a fifteen-year-old daughter at his passing. During much of his postwar life, he suffered from a "severe and long continued rheumatic [affliction]."[48]

The officers of the Tenth Vermont underwent a change of heart after the war. The Reunion Society of the Tenth Vermont Regiment passed a resolution in 1868, as follows: "Resolved—That the regimental association do hereby request that [the dishonorable discharge] be removed, and he receive an honorable discharge from the service of the United States." The resolution was referred to the judge advocate general, who decided, "In the absence of any evidence of his general character for courage and fidelity, that the testimony would not warrant an acquittal."[49]

The Reunion Society of Vermont Officers (comprising officers of all regiments) passed a resolution to have the court verdict overturned in Congress, at their annual reunion held on October 19, 1875, on the anniversary of the Battle of Cedar Creek and eight months after the death of Chandler. Colonel Henry, now addressed as "general," a brevet rank conferred on him at his retirement, headed a committee to examine Chandler's record and the proceedings of the general court-martial. General Henry's committee concluded that Colonel Chandler "bore an excellent reputation for bravery, and had on several occasions distinguished himself" and was in all actions "prominent in courage and intelligence." The committee also concluded that the court was "too

precipitate" in not allowing Chandler sufficient time to prepare a defense, and not allowing facts about Chandler's previous record to come out. In a patronizing gesture, the committee pointed out that military tribunals were liable "in midst of active military operations to honestly err in judgment."[50] The reunion proceedings describe Henry recounting, in what must have been an emotional moment at the reunion, that he "was glad shortly before Chandler's death, to have Chandler grasp his hand and assure him that he had lately become satisfied from what others had told him that he had been all this while laboring under a misapprehension, and was now convinced that he, General Henry, was his friend."[51]

The irony of a committee headed by General Henry essentially exonerating Chandler is inescapable. From the content of his wartime letters to his wife, Henry comes across as disingenuous. He knew that the court-martial would be "tomorrow or next day" after he preferred charges. His goal was to have Chandler removed from the service before his own retirement, which was imminent (his resignation was effective December 17),[52] and he may have been in collusion with Colonel Keifer to expedite a finding of guilty on all charges and specifications. Congress never acted on the Reunion Society's resolution.[53]

Doctor Childe's Deposition

Louisa Gregory Chandler filed an application for a widow's pension in 1878. The pension file includes several affidavits from doctors (including Charles Chandler's eighty-five-year-old physician father). The gist of the doctors' testimony was that Chandler was in good health prior to joining the army, that he first contracted rheumatic gout while assigned to Fort Marcy with the Fifth Vermont in the fall of 1861, and that the disease became progressively worse, finally leading to his premature death. Louisa Chandler was granted a widow's pension, and continued to receive it until her own death in 1906.[54]

The deposition of Dr. Willard A. Childe is particularly revealing. It was prepared in 1875, perhaps for another purpose, but is included in the Louisa Chandler pension file. Dr. Childe first knew Chandler when they served together in the First Vermont Regiment in 1861. He renewed the acquaintance when Chandler was a captain in the Fifth Vermont, at Fort Marcy on the Virginia side of the Chain Bridge over the Potomac River, in the fall of 1861. Dr. Childe was then a surgeon in the Fourth Vermont, in charge of the brigade hospital. He treated Chandler at that time for rheumatic gout in both ankles, Chandler claiming that he had contracted the disease as a result of exposure and insufficient shelter. Dr. Childe stated that Chandler would be "completely

Charles G. Chandler's nemesis, Col. William Wirt Henry (left), and his defender, Surgeon Willard A. Childe. There is no known photograph of Charles G. Chandler. VHS Civil War Officers Gallery.

prostrated with the disease." Treatment for the condition would bring "temporary relief, to such an extent as to enable him to perform duty," but the disease was never "eradicated from his system." Dr. Childe "frequently prescribed for him," the ankles being weak "ever after the first attack." Dr. Childe went on to state that "any unusual exertion, mental excitement, exposure, or any general constitutional disturbance, would be very liable to bring on a lameness, which would unfit him for duty."[55]

Dr. Childe would serve with Lieutenant Colonel Chandler again in the Tenth Vermont. He stated in his deposition that during that time, he had "been a frequent eye-witness of Col Chandler's bravery, courage and intelligent action in the face of the enemy, I never knew him to do any act, or neglect to do any act which he ought to have done, from which any one could charge him rightly with shirking his duty, on the contrary, I have at times kept him from his regiment against his will." Dr. Childe was too busy with wounded at the field hospital during the Battle of Cedar Creek to examine Chandler's ankle, but had his hospital steward "prescribe for him with the accustomed formulary used for Col Chandler."

Dr. Childe had some choice words regarding Chandler's court-martial. He claimed that the "minutes are not a correct transcript of the proceedings so far as my testimony is concerned." He claimed that his testimony regarding his encounter with Chandler at the field hospital was incompletely transcribed, and that furthermore, the court did not permit him to "give such an explanation as I thought his case demanded. I believe Col Keifer, president of the court martial, to have been unduly prejudiced against Col Chandler, and I form this opinion from what I heard Col Keifer say prior to the time of trial, and from his conduct toward Col Chandler, in fact I am thoroughly under the impression that Col Keifer had previously preferred charges against him but nothing came of them." Dr. Childe went on to say, "There was in the Tenth Vermont Regiment, two factions of which Col Henry was the acknowledged leader of one, and Col Chandler the acknowledged leader of the other, at the trial the animosities and jealousies of the Regiment were all brought to bear upon him, the trial was conducted in extreme haste . . . the exigencies of the service did not require such immediate action, and I cannot but believe, that had the trial been conducted . . . with greater deliberation, and without the interference of the jealousies which had existed in the Regiment . . . the result . . . would have been favorable to the accused."

Dr. Childe concluded his deposition as follows: "Whatever may be the decision of the proper authorities I desire to say that, there is but one opinion among Vermont officers and soldiers, and that is that Col Chandler was a brave man and deserving of the highest honors at the hands of his government, he did so much to sustain."

Notes

[1] E. M. Haynes, *A History of the Tenth Regiment, Vermont Volunteers,* Second ed., revised (Rutland, Vt.: The Tuttle Co. Printers, 1894), 192, 194, 270; Lemuel A. Abbott, *Personal Recollections and Civil War Diary, 1864* (Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Printing Co., 1908), 98–100, 105.

[2] George G. Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War: A History of the Part Taken by the Vermont Soldiers and Sailors in the War for the Union, 1861–1865* (Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Association, 1888), 2:315.

[3] Kelly Nolin, "The Vermont Military Records Project: The Civil War Records," *Vermont History* 70 (Summer /Fall 2002): 161.

[4] Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment,* 56.

[5] Oscar E. Wait, *Three Years with the Tenth Vermont,* Don Wickman, ed. (Newport, Vt.: Tony O'Connor Civil War Enterprises, 2006), 95. The manuscript was developed around 1912 as an expansion of a wartime diary.

[6] Lieutenant T. H. White, "Tenting on The Old Camp Ground," Bradford (Vermont) *United Opinion,* 27 May 1892. This article was installment number 19 in a series of more than thirty installments published over a two-year period from 1891 to 1893. They provide candid insights not only into battles and troop movements, but more importantly into personalities and interpersonal relationships in the Tenth Vermont. Some back issues of the *United Opinion* exist on State of Vermont Public Records Division microfilm. Only about half of the "Tenting on The Old Camp Ground" installments are found on microfilm. Unfortunately, for purposes of this research, the missing installments include the critical period from the Battle of Cedar Creek to the Chandler

discharge. The articles are not known to exist in any other venue, and may be irretrievably lost to history.

[7] Hiram Carleton, *Genealogical and Family History of the State of Vermont* [1906] (Baltimore, Md.: Reprinted for Clearfield Company by Genealogical Publishing Co., 2003) 1:387.

[8] Col. Henry letter to wife, 17 May 1864, William Wirt Henry Papers, Doc 527, Vermont Historical Society, Barre. Hereafter referenced as VHS.

[9] Theodore S. Peck, comp., *Revised Roster of Vermont Volunteers and Lists of Vermonters Who Served in the Army and Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion, 1861–1866* (Montpelier, Vt.: Watchman Publishing Company, 1892), 382, 384, 403.

[10] Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment*, 147–148.

[11] Peck, *Revised Roster*, 382.

[12] Abbott, *Personal Recollections*, 41, 42.

[13] Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment*, 269; Peck, *Revised Roster*, 386; Carleton, *Genealogical and Family History of the State of Vermont*, 1:10, 13; Col. Henry letter to wife, 29 April 1864, 17 May 1864, Henry Papers, VHS.

[14] Letter of W. Henry, 27 April 1864, 10th Regiment Vermont Volunteer Infantry, correspondence, reel F26006, Vermont State Archives and Records Administration (VSARA).

[15] Letter from Chandler to Governor Smith and May 4 letter from Governor Smith to Henry have not been examined. They are described and paraphrased in letter from Henry to Smith, 20 May 1864, Henry Papers, VHS.

[16] Col. Henry letter to wife, 17 May 1864, Henry Papers, VHS.

[17] Col. Henry to Governor Smith, 20 May 1864, Henry Papers, VHS. The letter found in the Henry Papers is presumed to be a copy of the letter actually sent to Governor Smith.

[18] Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment*, 148, 255; Peck, *Revised Roster*, 382; Col. Henry letter to wife, 4 June 1864, Henry Papers, VHS.

[19] Col. Henry letter to wife, 20 June 1864, 28 June 1864, 2 October 1864, Henry Papers, VHS.

[20] Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War*, 2:323.

[21] *Proceedings of the Reunion Society of Vermont Officers* (Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Association, 1885) 1:249; *Proceedings of the General Court Martial of Lieutenant Colonel C. G. Chandler, 10th Vermont Infantry*, File #LL-2868 (12/1864), RG153: Records of the Judge Advocate General's Office (Army), Entry 15: Court Martial Case Files, 1809–94, 7E3: 13/28/01, Box #812 (U.S. National Archives and Records Administration), 11, 27, 30, 31. Hereafter referenced as "Chandler Court Martial Proceedings."

[22] Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War*, 2:323–325.

[23] Chandler Court Martial Proceedings, Appendix B.

[24] Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War*, 2:235.

[25] Henry's after-action report is quoted in Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment*, 305–306.

[26] Col. Henry letter to wife, 9 May 1864, 21 June 1864, 22 October 1864, Henry Papers, VHS; Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War*, 2:320; Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment*, 271.

[27] Chandler Court Martial Proceedings, Appendix B.

[28] Col. Henry letter to wife, 14 November 1864, 30 November 1864, Henry Papers, VHS; Chandler Court Martial Proceedings, 10. One interpretation of Henry's "the officers refused to let me go until this was done" might be that it was an attempt to share responsibility for bringing what he knew to be trumped up charges against Chandler.

[29] Chandler Court Martial Proceedings, 2–4.

[30] Ibid., Appendix B.

[31] Ibid., 22–27.

[32] Ibid., 27–28.

[33] Ibid., 31–33; Wait, *Three Years with the Tenth Vermont*, 136.

[34] Chandler Court Martial Proceedings, 1.

[35] United States War Department, *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, 128 vols. (Washington, D.C., 1880–1901), ser. 1, vol. 43, part 1: chap. LV #49, 225.

[36] James M. McPherson, *Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1988), 313; Thomas P. Lowry, *Tarnished Eagles: The Courts-Martial of Fifty Union Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels* (Mechanicsburg, Pa.: Stackpole Books, 1997), 1; James M. McPherson, *For Cause and Comrades: Why Men Fought in the Civil War* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997), 46; Frederick A. Shannon, *The Organization and Administration of the Union Army, 1861–1865* (Gloucester, Ma.: Peter Smith, 1965), 1:46, 158–161.

[37] Lowry, *Tarnished Eagles*, 1, 219–220, 234; Bell Irvin Wiley, *The Life of Billy Yank: The Common Soldier of the Union* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1952), 20, 24; Shannon, *Organization and Administration of the Union Army*, 1:46, 158–161, 169–170.

[38] Lowry, *Tarnished Eagles*, 6, McPherson, *For Cause and Comrades*, 47, 61; Shannon *Organization and Administration of the Union Army*, 1:166.

[39] Philip H. Sheridan, *Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan* (New York: Charles L. Webster & Co., 1888), 2:451.

[40] Lowry, *Tarnished Eagles*, 220–223, 1, 8.

[41] *St. Albans* (Vermont) *Messenger*, 8 February 1875, Chandler obituary. Peck, *Revised Roster*, 14, 147, 43.

[42] Carleton, *Genealogical and Family History of the State of Vermont*, 1:387; Henry letter to wife, 13 August 1862, Henry Papers, VHS; Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment*, 1, 2.

[43] The company officers in the Tenth Vermont at its formation are found in Peck, *Revised Roster*. Their prior military service, if any, can also be looked up in Peck. The search is facilitated by the "Search for a Soldier!" feature of the website vermontcivilwar.org.

[44] Haynes, *History of the Tenth Regiment*, 148.

[45] Carleton, *Genealogical and Family History of the State of Vermont*, 2:52–56.

[46] Lowry, *Tarnished Eagles*, 11–73.

[47] McPherson, *For Cause and Comrades*, 51, 78–83; Wiley, *Life of Billy Yank*, 205.

[48] *St. Alban's* (Vermont) *Messenger*, 8 February 1875, Chandler obituary. Also see the obituary in the St. Albans *Weekly Advertiser*, 19 February 1875, The *Weekly Advertiser* obituary states, "We believe he was always a sufferer from rheumatism and probably he died of this disease."

[49] *Proceedings of the Reunion Society*, 1:250.

[50] Ibid., 248–249.

[51] Ibid., 250–251.

[52] Peck, *Revised Roster*, 382.

[53] Benedict, *Vermont in the Civil War*, 2:329.

[54] Widow's pension file for Louisa Gregory Chandler, file no 236693, National Archives, Washington, D.C.

[55] Ibid., Doctor Willard A. Childe deposition. Applies to this and all following quotations.

Book Reviews

A Landscape History of New England

Edited by Blake Harrison and Richard W. Judd, *afterword by* John Elder (Cambridge, Ma., and London: The MIT Press, 2011), pp. xii, 413, $34.95).

This finely crafted collection of essays presents a wide range of impressive recent scholarship on the landscape, geography, and environmental history of New England. The twenty-one clear, focused, brief, insightful, and well-written chapters take the reader on an informative tour of the region. Drawing from multiple disciplines, they offer a sophisticated but entirely accessible picture of how beloved, familiar, and ever-dynamic landscapes have come to take the forms we see every day. This is a significant work of scholarship on New England, but also will make a fine gift for any non-academic reader interested in a deeper understanding of the region's landscape. In addition, it will serve beautifully in college and even advanced high school classrooms as a guide to decoding the human landscape as a document of social, economic, and cultural change.

The authors and editors represent a range of academic fields and methodological approaches. They include geographers, historians, literary scholars, sociologists, natural resource consultants, and planners. Together, they define landscapes as "tangible, visual spaces manipulated by human action and imbued with a variety of meanings across social categories that include class, gender, ethnicity, and race" (pp. 2–3). The book is divided into five sections, starting with concise and impressive overviews of "Landscape, Nature, and Regional Identity," from Joseph Conforti and Kent Ryden. Other sections follow on "Forests and Mountains," "Rural Landscapes," "Coasts," and "Villages, Towns, and Cities."

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Five themes unify the essays: social memory, leisure, conservation, work, and diversity.

Of these, social memory, leisure, and conservation represent the more established themes of previous landscape histories, but this work reveals new angles on each, and also shows that each has overlapped with the others in interesting ways. James Lindgren, Scott Roper, Mark Lapping, and Joseph S. Wood, among others, describe the ways in which New Englanders defined themselves by literally constructing ideal landscapes intended to draw on equally constructed shared memories or perceptions of the past. Kent Ryden's analysis of how nature and culture came together to create New England's fall foliage season, and Lindgren's story of the reconstruction of Paul Revere's house in Boston's North End, both capture this process beautifully. All authors demonstrate, in Wood's eloquent words on the New England village, the necessity "not to see only what we are taught by tradition to see" (p. 252).

Leisure, recreation, and conservation as themes connect essays on topics as diverse as back-to-the landers in 1930s Vermont, Cape Cod's transition to a tourist economy, women's roles in protecting Franconia Notch in the White Mountains, and Frederick Law Olmsted's Emerald Necklace in Boston. Conservationists succeeded in protecting working and leisure landscapes from the heights of the Green Mountains to the floor of Boston Harbor, where silt threatened ship channels and thus commercial activity. The theme of productive work plays a role in all of these stories as well, including the labor of innkeepers, farmers, oystermen, and ship navigators. Long Island Sound's environmental history, in Elizabeth Pillsbury's concise account, reflects centuries of labor on land and sea. Catching runoff from a broad swath of New England, the Sound accumulated industrial waste and sewage, which, with overfishing, decimated oyster harvests and fisheries.

Diversity of race, class, and gender, along with labor, constitute newer themes in New England's landscape history. Here authors explore Native American labor and landscape in Maine's lakes region, Irish influence in shaping Peterborough, New Hampshire's public architecture, sardine canning on the Maine coast, the erasure of racial diversity through historic preservation, displacement of poor New Englanders for leisure parks and urban renewal, working-class voices at Lowell's historic sites, and the toxic legacy of metropolitan Boston's postwar technology boom, which disproportionately affects poorer communities.

As the editors gracefully note in their conclusion, no single collection could cover all corners of New England or do justice to every topic. The work here points to opportunities for further research. Readers with particular affection for the Berkshires, New Hampshire's lakes, or Maine's

mountains may be inspired to begin their own investigations. As noted in the editors' conclusion, late-twentieth-century landscapes and labor need further research in particular, from second-home vacation enclaves, to interstate highways, to inner city neighborhoods transformed by waves of immigrants and migrants over successive generations. James C. O'Connell's tracing of Boston's suburban expansion to the I-495 beltway provides thoughtful analysis of the city's twentieth-century transformations; however, the stories of interstate travel to and through Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont await further work. Overall the coverage here is impressive, allowing the reader a new level of understanding of daily New England sights from Route 128 in Massachusetts to the blueberry barrens of Maine. With this book in hand, such landscapes take on deeper and richer meanings, providing the reader with new perspectives on New England's diverse communities and cultures, and the dynamic landscapes they have shaped over time.

KATHRYN MORSE

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When the French Were Here . . . . and They're Still Here. Proceedings of the Samuel de Champlain Quadricentennial Symposium

Edited by Nancy Nahra (Burlington, Vt.: Champlain College, 2010, pp. 348, paper, $27.85).

The editor has collected twenty-four texts delivered at a symposium at Champlain College in Burlington to mark the quadricentennial of Champlain's 1609 incursion. Ten presentations focus on Champlain and another three deal with some aspects of the age of exploration. Three authors address questions related to the presence of native peoples, while a few (five) underline the implantation of New France in the Champlain Valley or other aspects of the French heritage of North America (the writings of Lahontan; the time-worn old chestnut of les Filles du—not de—Roi; the French civil code of Québec). Only two papers deal with the Franco-American heritage, hardly enough to explain the terminal emphasis of the title: . . . *and They're Still Here.* The presentation of Frances Sikola Chevalier on the Rodin effigy of Camille Claudel

as the personification of "La France" on the Champlain Memorial Lighthouse at Crown Point, New York, acts as a modern hors d'oeuvre among this laid-out colonial table. A great many of the papers contain reprocessed or reclaimed material; and not necessarily of findings, facts, or interpretations associated with the presenter. Tempted by this panoply that incorporates several warmed-up dishes, what should the reader scoop up on his buffet plate?

David Hackett Fisher's *pièce de circonstance* is informed by his recent work. It underlines a new appreciation of Champlain, which presents him as a humanist rather than a Roman Catholic visionary (the traditional French view) or the Pizarro of Vermont (the traditional and persistent Anglo-American reading). Fisher distills essentials from his biography, *Champlain's Dream: The European Founding of North America* (2008), and some key essays published in *Champlain: The Birth of French America* (2004), the volume co-edited by Raymonde Litalien and Denis Vaugeois. In his definition of the humanism of Champlain, Fisher introduces us to a true explorer, curious and alive to the beauty of new worlds, respectful of other cultures. He also offers tantalizing views of the humanist circles animating the court of Henri IV. These connections are conjectural if plausible; their influence on the mind and behavior of Champlain has yet to be demonstrated.

The piece by Michael Lange, "Naming Places, Claiming Spaces," leaves us begging for more. His emphasis on "meaning" (What does it mean to name a place?) would have been more complete if he had investigated what it meant to Champlain to name the lake after himself. And more importantly, the reader desperately needs the second (and third) dimensions here. We know when we finish reading this interesting text what the Abenaki "Bittawbagok" means. But what about the Iroquoian "Gateway to the Country"? How does it interplay with "The Lake in Between" and "Lac Champlain"?

The contribution of Lange provides a perfect introduction for a series of texts on the indigenous context, in particular the *mise au point* of Eric Thierry on the relations between Champlain and the Five Nations, a topic often misinterpreted in American scholarship, and Jon Parmenter's erudite, authoritative, and perfectly balanced review of the indigenous context from 1550 to 1635. This last contribution, resting on a command of the scholarship written in both English and French, reminds us of how much we lost when we began allowing scholars who have no working knowledge of another language to become "experts" in a given field with multilingual documentation.

The study by Richard I. Hunt on the commemoration of the French settlements in Acadia (St. Croix Island and Port-Royal) is notable for its

detailed review of the evolution of what the French call the construction of memory ("la construction de la mémoire"), a development of the last hundred years or so, which began as a search for the actual sites, led to ambitious recreations at Port-Royal, and finally ended with the contemporary compromises at Dochet Island that give free rein to the inventions of modern art. In contrast, the three-dimensional replica near Annapolis Royal tells us a great deal about the romantic revival and enshrinement of the past, of Jamestown, Plymouth, and Williamsburg, where one can hear the trailing echoes of Pugin or Viollet-le-Duc.

Raymonde Litalien's text, "Historical Antecedents of the Exploration of Lake Champlain's Exploration [*sic*]: What Stake for France?" promises more than it delivers. The focus is primarily a review of what is known about the European explorations and claims to lands north of Virginia: the stretch of the Atlantic coast known then as Acadia or Norumbega. The analysis does not tie Champlain's exploration of the Atlantic coast to his discovery of the Champlain-Hudson axis or the fluvial connections to the Great Lakes or Hudson Bay and the North. This is truly Champlain's greatest achievement and claim to fame. On this geographical Eureka! rests the French gradual penetration of the continent and the outflanking of the British colonies past the western slopes of the Appalachians.

As with most such enterprises, the morsels found in these proceedings vary in importance, if one reads for new facts or trailblazing interpretations. Overall, the symposium contributes primarily to our understanding of the contacts between Champlain and the indigenous populations who frequented the Lake Champlain watershed.

JOSEPH-ANDRÉ SENÉCAL

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Meetinghouses of Early New England

By Peter Benes (Amherst and Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2012, pp. viii, 447, $49.95).

This is an important book—for its subject, for its scholarship, and for its comprehensiveness. The meetinghouse is perhaps New England's most emblematic building type. Of the more than 2,189 houses of worship that the author has documented as built in the region between 1622

and 1830, however, only a fraction survive and, of those, very few have escaped significant alteration. Many were rebuilt because of fire or deterioration, but also because of demands for space, of changing liturgy, and of changing fashion. They gained lean-tos, were cut in half and stretched, changed roofs, added towers, reoriented their entrances, changed their internal configurations, or were sold, moved, and altered for new uses. In documenting the evolving history of these buildings, Benes synthesizes a vast body of scholarship, from nineteenth-century historic accounts through early formal surveys based on rare survivors, to more recent studies of parish documentation, visual records, and framing—much of the more recent material published through his Dublin Seminar for New England Folklife. To assemble his overview, he draws on anecdotes, fragmentary descriptions, facts, and quotations about many particular (often lost) structures. The result can be overwhelming for the sheer number of examples invoked but, like an image built of pixels, a rich and comprehensible picture emerges.

Benes explores the origins and evolution of the form, but not in isolation. He considers Anglican structures as well, to clarify the conceptual differences between the two genres and the process by which the meetinghouse evolved to become more like its churchy counterpart. For the Puritans a church was a covenanted body of people, not a building, and their service was a meeting. Their meeting place, like its models in Huguenot temples and Calvinist preaching houses on the Continent, was intended to gather its community around the preacher for the instructive prayers and sermons that were the focus of the service. It stressed the centrality of the raised pulpit and avoided the church-like longitudinal ceremonial alley from main door to sacramental altar. Unlike the Anglican church, which was deemed a place of God and permanent, the meetinghouse in itself was considered more utilitarian, temporary, and multi-use, serving for the likes of secular meetings and court proceedings.

Benes follows the type from its emergence about 1639–40 through three stages. The "first-period" form was essentially square or broadsided with a high pyramidal roof topped by a turret. It had doors in multiple facades, box pews, one or two ranks of galleries wrapping three sides, and a raised pulpit beneath a sounding board set centrally against a window (for illuminating sermon notes) in one broad side. The establishment of Anglican parishes in New England beginning in the late seventeenth century introduced an alternative, churchly, format—a gabled roof, round arched (compass-headed) windows, a tower above the entry in one gable end, and a longitudinal plan with a central alley—that influenced the "second-period" meetinghouses of the eighteenth century. These combined a broadside massing under a gabled roof, a main

entrance (perhaps with a porch) in the center of one long face, twin gable-end porches with stairs to access the galleries, often a compass window behind the pulpit, and in very fashionable cases a tower rising over one end porch. By mid-century these buildings were being considered "Houses of God" and becoming more highly embellished in their detailing. By the eve of the Revolution a few congregations began the move to a longitudinal format with a gable end entry tower, signaling the "third-period" type that would dominate the Federal era. Generally shed of their multi-purpose nature, with the disestablishment of church and state in New England (1807–1832), meetinghouses became more exclusively places of worship. Outside of the maintenance of a focal pulpit and a tendency to avoid a single central alley, there was less and less to distinguish them from their Anglican counterparts.

Along with the loss or alteration of the original building forms, there were changes to interior arrangements and finishes. Seating assignments drawn up by committees of elders originally stressed rank in community, separation of men and women, and even exiting priority. Over time, with altered patterns of membership, changing means of financing, changing services, and growing inclusion of music, box pews became a means of showing off patronage and then were replaced by more egalitarian slips, arena-like arrangements became frontal, "promiscuous" seating replaced the separation of the sexes , pulpits were lowered, and sounding boards disappeared in favor of acoustically more favorable coved and domed ceilings. The original forms are now preserved only in a few artifacts—here a canopy hanger, there a pulpit frontal or a pew partition—and in the precious seating diagrams so carefully drawn up.

The changes did not occur uniformly. As Benes stresses, beyond a history of changing fashion, meetinghouse forms and finishes were highly dependent on the history and involvement of their communities or parishes. The social history is made evident in topics he pursues—community, builders, seating, theoretical models, ecclesiology—beyond that of formal architecture. Different communities contemporaneously would build in very different modes, reflecting conservative or progressive decisions ruling liturgy and membership as well as patterns of influence based on geographic propinquities or relationships, which Benes maps. He provides important material for ongoing study and analysis in a rich set of appendices (ninety-three pages) that he has compiled to compare styles and dates, liturgical and singing practices, bell towers, relationship to specific models, enlargements, painting and, perhaps most enlightening, a chronological checklist of all the religious buildings in the region he has been able to document between 1622 and 1830 (noting which are still extant). Of added value to scholars is a link provided

to a website with supplemental annotation and bibliography for all the information on his checklist.

From a Vermont point of view, Benes' text and checklist seem strongest for coastal and lower New England. This is not surprising, for he and his scholarly sources deal most richly with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and Vermont was settled toward the end of his time period. The checklist includes 121 examples from the state. It cites what appears to have been an anachronistic first-period example: Windsor, 1779, nearly square with a pointed roof. Among second-period examples are Bennington (1763), Rockingham (1787, extant), and Townshend (1790). Third-period citations include the transitional Strafford Town House (1799) and famous examples by Asher Benjamin (Old South, Windsor, 1798), William Sprats (Georgia, 1800, burned 1952), Lavius Fillmore (Bennington, 1804–05; Middlebury, 1806–09), and Peter Banner (Burlington, 1809). But the list is not complete by any means. Much valuable information is still locked within our nineteenth-century community histories waiting for a scholar to compile the story of Vermont's meetinghouses. West Wardsboro (1795), the state's second extant and readable side-entry, second-period meetinghouse, is not cited. Nor is that from Shoreham (1801) with two porches, one rising into an end tower, that in 1846 was moved to Larabee's Point and converted into a wool warehouse. Nor Newbury's similar 1788 second-period meetinghouse with end tower that was sold in 1848 for use as a depot on the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad, broke loose while being moved downhill to its new location, and smashed. Examples like these resonate with stories documented by Benes from lower New England. The value of his book is hardly diminished by such lacunae. His exhaustive research and broad insights establish the tools and context for understanding the history of our meetinghouses. It will be up to others to fill in the story for Vermont.

GLENN M. ANDRES

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The Battle of Bennington: Soldiers & Civilians

By Michael P. Gabriel; Foreword by Tyler Resch (Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2012, pp. 128, paper, $19.99).

Mount Independence: The Enduring Legacy of a Unique Historic Place

By Stephen Zeoli (Hubbardton, Vt.: Self-Published, 2011, pp. 62, paper, $10).

The history of Vermont during the American Revolution has long been under the shadow of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, which took place when the war was young and glorious. The Battle of Bennington has its towering monument and an annual state holiday. Mount Independence in Orwell, once an enormous fortification that was key to the defense of the new nation, is a State Historic Site with a fine museum. But neither the battle nor the fort seems to get the attention it deserves. So it is encouraging to read these two short books, which in different ways illuminate their subjects.

The Battle of Bennington is a compilation of firsthand accounts, drawn from military orders and reports, pension applications, and the diligence of nineteenth-century historians. Many of these documents are not readily available, and Michael P. Gabriel, a professor of history at Kutztown University in Pennsylvania, has performed a service by bringing them together in one place. He includes a solid overview of the battle that gives context to sources that can at times be disjointed. The book is illustrated, although somewhat disappointingly, with a mix of contemporary and historic photographs and artwork that relate to the battle and the war. A clear modern map would have furthered understanding. As a result of a technological glitch in the printing process, transcribed fractions are rendered as small squares, and a reader must keep the errata slip handy to know whether ½ or ¾ was originally intended (pp. 45, 46, twice on 63, 64, 65, twice on 67, and 70).

But in the best of these documents, moments from the battle and the days surrounding August 16, 1777, come to life again.

"Our People behaved with the greatest Spirit and Bravery imaginable," General John Stark told the New Hampshire Council. "Had they been Alexanders, or Charles's of Sweden, they could not have behaved better" (p. 35). One old-timer remembered shooting from a side hill at the advancing Germans: "It was like firing into a flock of sheep" (p. 60). Another old man's clearest memory was the loss of his horse, worth £18

Massachusetts currency, for which he had never been compensated (p. 75). After the battle, an exhausted company slept in a cornfield near where they had fought, using the hills as pillows. "When I waked next morning, I was so beaten out that I could not get up till I rolled about a good while," remembered Thomas Mellen, a private in Stickney's Regiment (p. 62).

Revolutionary War accounts from women are rare, and they add much to the story. Hannah Wheeler of Lanesborough, Massachusetts, was ninety-two when she told of her husband's return from the battle. "It was rumoured that he was killed and when he returned I cryed, and he asked if I was sorry but I told him I was crying for joy." David Wheeler had brought several "Hessian" officers home with him. "I declined shaking hands with them," Hannah remembered, "but got them victuals" (p. 90).

Mount Independence is a personal account of the Mount, its history, and what the site means to one man. Two times, author Steve Zeoli asserts, "I am not a historian" (pp. 11, 59) and then proves himself wrong. Although the book is far from a complete history of Mount Independence, the material it covers is thoughtful, accurate, and enlivened by quotes from Washington, John Adams, Anthony Wayne, and doctors and soldiers who served on Lake Champlain. Zeoli writes in his introduction, "You won't find any original research here, merely an earnest effort to share a deep enthusiasm for one of Vermont's—even one of America's—great treasures" (p. 11).

Zeoli began his association with the Mount in 1979 as a caretaker and interpreter, at a time when the land was still pasture for cows. After two summers, he continued as a volunteer and frequent visitor. Today he is president of the Mount Independence Coalition, the friends' group that supports the historic site. (Disclosure: This reviewer is also on the Coalition board and believes Vermonters ought to take great pride in Mount Independence.)

In his historical account, Zeoli focuses on the work of engineer Jedu-than Baldwin, who designed the fortifications and kept a journal that is a gem of Revolutionary War writing. Today, the most popular walk on the Mount is named the Baldwin Trail in his honor.

Photos of the terrain and the rocky remains of huts and fortifications support the text. The book includes a heartfelt plea against looting.

Visiting the Mount—where the wooden buildings and the large fort have rotted to nothing and only stones remain—can be a challenge to tourists accustomed to historical reconstructions. Zeoli writes, "I often tell people they need to bring their imaginations along with their other

gear when they visit the Mount" (p. 55). By means of this little book, he has helped stimulate those imaginations.

ENNIS DULING

Ennis Duling, recently retired communications director at Castleton State College, is a historian and writer, who lives in East Poultney.

In Times Past: Essays from the Upper Valley. Book II

By Larry Coffin. (Bradford, Vt.: Larry Coffin, 2012, pp. 140, paper, $20 donation to Bradford Public Library, $24 from author, P.O. Box 490, Bradford, VT 05033).

As the title indicates, this book contains a selection of chapters about bygone life and times in the northern part of the region called the Upper Valley. Geographically, this is the area bisected by the Connecticut River that includes the towns of Bradford, Topsham, Newbury, Fairlee, West Fairlee, Vershire, Corinth, and Thetford in Vermont, and Haverhill, Orford, and Piermont in New Hampshire.

These essays are updated columns that have appeared in recent years in the weekly *Bradford Opinion* written by Larry Coffin, a teacher and town moderator who clearly enjoys and reveres the subjects he explores. Collections of newspaper columns do not always make a coherent book, but this one succeeds in the sense that it offers intelligent descriptions of "times past" that will surprise many members of today's younger generations while offering lively nostalgia for their elders.

For example, an especially enlightening and well-written chapter, "Women's Suffrage: A Radical Notion," covers the long and unjust era when only men could vote, and it records that change came only gradually and grudgingly. By 1900, to cite an appalling example, "women were allowed to serve as town clerks even though they could not vote for candidates for that office" (p. 109). Coffin cites *The Star That Set,* the history of the state Republican Party written by the late Samuel B. Hand, who recalled that Governor Percival W. Clement, elected in 1918, vetoed the bill to permit women's suffrage for "fear that suffrage proponents sought the vote as a weapon to reimpose prohibition" (p. 111). But Coffin neglects to mention that it was Clement who with his vigorous "local option" campaign in 1902 lost his race for governor that year but succeeded in 1903 when the legislature ended a half century of statewide temperance.

On the subject of national Prohibition (1920–33), a key sentence explains much of Vermont's heritage of lawless rum running that characterized Prohibition and helped spell its demise: "Alcohol sales were legal in Canada and as a result Vermont and New Hampshire were on the frontline of smuggling" (p. 105). So roads in the Upper Valley towns became throughways for the transportation of illicit and often unsafe "hooch."

A carefully detailed essay on the nineteenth-century outmigration from Vermont analyzes specific local reasons for the often sharp fluctuation in decennial populations of Upper Valley towns ("Upper Valley Exodus," pp. 44–50) as industries alternately flourished and failed. Statewide, Vermont lost a tiny bit of population during World War One and the Great Depression, that is, in the decades 1910–20 and 1930–40. By contrast, today's Upper Valley economy virtually glows with health because of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock medical community, Dartmouth College itself, and the transportation linkage provided by Interstates 89 and 91.

The important but mundane subject of Vermont barns is explored (pp. 69–74), including an intriguing description of their diverse architectural configurations, depending on whether they were designed for piggeries, sheep, horses, dairy cows, haylofts, wheat threshing, or silage. Barns have been known also, the author notes, to serve temporarily for funerals, schools, weddings, church services, town meetings, and dances, and of course they were often constructed during community "raisings."

The mining of the earth's varied resources forms an important part of the heritage of these Upper Valley towns: soapstone, limestone, granite, whetstones, slate, mica, iron ore, copper, gravel, sand, and crushed rocks, with occasional excitement when small deposits of gold, lead, silver, or zinc were uncovered. The extensive but short-lived copper mining industry in Vershire, Strafford, and Fairlee's village of Ely may surprise some younger or newer Vermonters. Instead of using footnotes, the author helpfully incorporates many suggestions for further reading into his text, such as the mention in this case of Collamer Abbot's classic study *Green Mountain Copper* (1973).

My quibbles with this book pertain mostly to its physical and design aspects. Pictures are unnecessarily tiny, many almost postage-stamp size, and often darkly reproduced. There is no problem with the discerning selection of pictures, which must have entailed substantial research, but it seems a shame not to show them to full advantage. The binding has problems because pages tend to fall out. Proofreading could have been improved, and as an editor I wince at every hyphened adverb. Yet, if this book were to be redesigned with some typographical flair, larger

pictures, good reproduction, a cloth cover, and solid binding, it might qualify for coffee-table status.

Nonetheless, those with an interest in Vermont's colorful past will find in this little volume a great variety of fascinating subject matter and a nostalgic and accurate description of life in northern New England towns well before the twenty-first century.

TYLER RESCH

Tyler Resch is the research librarian of the Bennington Museum and co-editor of the museum's journal, the Walloomsack Review.

A Vermont Hill Town in the Civil War: Peacham's Story

Compiled and edited by Jutta R. Scott and Michelle Arnosky Sherburne, with an essay by Lynn R. Bonfield (Peacham, Vt.: Peacham Historical Association, 2012, pp. 218, paper $25.00).

This new book from the Peacham Historical Association is a masterful and meticulous narrative of Peacham's role during the Civil War, told primarily through letters from the battlefield, supplemented by a brief coda on the nurturing role of the women back on the bucolic home front. The work is illuminated by the love, longing, and fears of those at war, and by the love and anxiety of those who awaited their return.

The harrowing centerpiece of *A Vermont Hill Town in the Civil War* is the memoir of Mark M. Wheeler, who enlisted in 1861 at the age of twenty-two and served in the First Vermont Cavalry until the war's end. In July 1864 Wheeler was incarcerated in the infamous Confederate prison at Andersonville, Georgia, where nearly 13,000 Union soldiers died from starvation, disease, or exposure to the elements.

Built in 1864 to hold 10,000 prisoners, Andersonville Prison might at first glance, if seen from high above, have been mistaken for a huge, crowded sports arena; but three fifteen-foot-high stockades encircled the grounds. By August 1864, the prison housed 30,000 captured Union soldiers. As you drew nearer, you would have caught the stench of the human exudates that clotted the stream running across its 26.5 acres. On July 27 and 28, Wheeler wrote of seeing

> men lying on the ground alive with mggets [maggots] craling out and in thair mouths and ears and eyes . . . you could see the whole 4 acres in mothing [motion] with magets . . . we would avrage from 100 to 150 a day of the dead that use to be carried to the gait . . . the nigroes would take them buy thair legs and arms and swing them into the cart as may [many] as they could get on (p. 131).

Death at Andersonville, although as palpable as the fetid air, was not a certainty. Of the 45,000 Union soldiers who slept on the sodden Georgia soil during the camp's fourteen-month existence, nearly one third died in prison. When Mark Wheeler enlisted, he weighed a hefty 180 pounds. On his return, his wife Lizzie greeted a ninety-pound animate skeleton. Yet he survived his incarceration, recuperated in the Sloan Military Hospital in Montpelier, and settled on a farm in Peacham's East Hill.

Young Turrell Elkins Harriman ran away from home, enlisted at the age of fifteen as a private in the Eighth Regiment, and fought for the Union in Louisiana and Virginia. On August 31, 1862, he wrote to his mother of witnessing a trainload of Union soldiers, wounded and dead, being unloaded at Boute Station, Louisiana. Some sixty combatants lay side by side, the wounded moaning aloud alongside the silent dead. Mortality was much on young Harriman's mind: "[P]erhaps your dear son will never write to you again but . . . know that I die as a hero only should die, for I will never die the death of a coward" (p. 36). Happily, Harriman survived the war, and although disabled in combat and suffering from his wounds for the remainder of his life, he later became the postmaster at nearby St. Johnsbury Center.

Despite its litany of grief and gore, *A Vermont Hill Town in the Civil War* is ennobled by acts of heroism and lightened by moments of humor. Late in the war the Confederates arranged an exchange of Union prisoners in Andersonville for Confederates held by the North. William West was the last Union soldier chosen for release. But West pushed his fellow prisoner, Horace Rowe, ahead of him in the line: "Say your name is West and keep going, I can stand it much longer than you can" (p. 20). In later years, their neighbors back in Peacham called them David and Jonathan.

Humor, understandably, is harder to come by than heroism in these letters written under the stress of battle. But wit unmistakably surfaces in these reassuring words from handsome young Hazen Blanchard Hooker, whose Peacham Academy education may be detected in his prose. He wrote to his anxious family:

> [D]o not pitch you[r] letters all on the key of A minor. The majer key is what we Soldiers want[:] lively and full of bright hopes of the future. Why need you be so down hearted? . . . *Job was surely afflicted, but he was patient,* and came out all right. So it will be with your son Hazen (pp. 47–48).

Hazen added in a postscript that he would be happy to hear from the folks back in Peacham. But their letters went unopened and unanswered. Hazen Hooker was the first native of Peacham to be killed in action, on May 5, 1864, in the Battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, where he lies beneath an unmarked grave.

A Vermont Hill Town in the Civil War is conspicuously enhanced by many finely produced illustrations. The frontispiece depicts an

adolescent Turrell Elkins Harriman, whose middle name is preserved in a historic tavern in Peacham Corner, now a handsome private residence. Turrell stares forlornly at the studio photographer, dressed in a uniform several sizes too large for his slight frame (young as he was, few uniforms would have fit him). A jagged, gaping hole just behind his right hand seems to portend the wounds to come.

The back cover of the volume—a striking panorama of the encampment of the Sixth Regiment at Camp Griffin, Virginia, photographed in 1862 by George Houghton—is itself a remarkable elegy to the Civil War. The regiment fought bravely in several battles and suffered severe casualties. Here we see them huddled in their tepee-like tents, ranged in rows beneath a threatening, preternaturally glowering sky. Just to the right of the encampment, a lone tree, resembling a crucifix, rises above the tents. A scattering of fallen tree limbs litters the foreground and suggests a tangle of bones extruded from the earth. The regiment lies at rest; the camp appears utterly still and all but depopulated. But the storm poised to burst over the regiment was to rage across the nation for four years. Before the war's end, forty-three of those from the tiny hill town of Peacham who fought to save the Union found their resting place beneath such hallowed ground.

Today, rising from a knoll that overlooks Peacham Cemetery and one of the most idyllic villages in all of Vermont, the Civil War monument mutely proclaims the names of those who gave the last full measure of their devotion to preserve the Union.

JOHN D. ROSENBERG

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Philip Hoff: How Red Turned Blue in the Green Mountain State

By Samuel B. Hand, Anthony Marro, and Stephen C. Terry. (Castleton, Vt., and Lebanon, N.H.: Castleton State College in association with University Press of New England, 2011, pp. xi, 197, $29.95; Ebook, $18.99).

Nearly fifty years after Philip H. Hoff was elected the first Democratic governor in more than 100 years of Vermont's history, Samuel Hand, Anthony Marro, and Stephen Terry have provided us

with an account of Hoff's political career that combines contemporaneous journalistic coverage with historical perspective.

Terry, a long-time observer of and participant in Vermont politics, was a reporter at the Vermont Press Bureau during much of Hoff's governorship. The book has its origins in a series of articles Terry wrote for the *Rutland Herald* in 1968, when Hoff's governorship was coming to an end. Terry's articles were fleshed out with subsequent reporting, while Hand, professor emeritus of history at UVM and the dean of Vermont political historians, helped set the Hoff era in a larger context of political change in Vermont and the nation. Marro, a former student of Hand's and a former colleague of Terry's, helped edit the volume and added the fruits of his own reporting.

Books written by multiple authors over an extended period of time can sometimes be disjointed affairs. This book has none of those faults, but is rather a very thorough account of Hoff's political career, the political dynamics of a rapidly changing Vermont in the 1960s, and the implications of Hoff's governorship for Vermont politics and policy after he left office. Castleton State College and its president, David Wolk, deserve credit for helping support this project and bringing the book to publication.

When Hoff was first elected governor in 1962, Vermont was a very different place from what it became later in the twentieth century. The state's economy still depended heavily on dairy farming, logging, granite, marble, and slate. The legislature included a house of representatives of 246 members, one for every city and town. The governor had little control over the executive branch, since most department heads were responsible to boards and commissions whose terms were much longer than the two years for which the governor was elected. Public welfare was provided not by the state, but by overseers of the poor in each town. The interstate highway system had not yet been completed, and Vermont was still seen as somewhat remote by people living in the metropolitan areas of the Northeast.

By the time Hoff left office six years later, almost all of these features of Vermont had been changed, or were well on their way to being changed. Under pressure from the federal courts, the House reapportioned itself into a 150-member body allocated according to the one-person, one-vote standard. The overseers of the poor were replaced by state provision of public welfare services, some of which were substantially funded by federal programs that were part of Lyndon B. Johnson's "Great Society." The interstate highways connected Vermont with the rest of the Northeast. By making it easier for ski areas to attract visitors from outside the state, and for Vermont manufacturers to ship their

products elsewhere, the interstates had a substantial impact on the state's economic development.

While Hoff was not single-handedly responsible for all of these developments in Vermont state government, he created an environment in Montpelier that was conducive to dynamic change, and in so doing, attracted a new generation of people into state government service. Hoff also set in motion some changes that came to fruition under his successors. He recognized the need to control the growth and development that the interstate roads were facilitating, and he put planning issues on state government's agenda that were later fleshed out by Act 250. He urged the legislature to consolidate the myriad state departments, boards, and commissions into agencies responsible to the governor, a reform that the Republican legislature resisted during Hoff's governorship, but enacted soon after his Republican successor, Deane Davis, took office. Some issues that Hoff advocated in the 1960s, such as school district consolidation, are still on the agenda of state government today.

Hoff will be remembered as much for his role in bringing two-party competition to Vermont politics as for his policies and structural reforms as governor. When Hoff was elected in 1962, the Vermont Democratic Party was in moribund shape, content to elect a few legislators and local officials and to receive patronage appointments when a Democratic administration was in power in Washington. Even though Hoff himself was not elected to the U.S. Senate in 1970 (he lost to incumbent Republican Winston Prouty), he left behind a Democratic Party that was strong enough—and had the voting support of enough new residents who had moved to the state in the 1960s—to elect another Democratic governor, Thomas Salmon, in 1972, and Vermont's first Democratic U.S. senator, Patrick Leahy, in 1974. Hoff, who became visible on the statewide scene when he was elected Burlington's lone member of the Vermont House of Representatives in 1960, also helped develop a strong Democratic base in that city, out of which emerged two other Burlington Democrats, Madeleine Kunin and Howard Dean, who also went on to become governors of Vermont.

Terry, Hand, and Marro are to be commended for offering us this fact-filled and analytically rich account of how Vermont politics and policy changed during the six eventful years during which Philip H. Hoff served as governor.

ERIC L. DAVIS

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2011: The Year of the Floods

Grab Your Toothbrush and a Flashlight! We're Headed to the Neighbors! Stories of Irene, the Great Vermont Flood of August, 2011

Told by Seventh Graders of Whitcomb High School, Bethel, Vermont (Bethel, Vt.: Spaulding Press, 2011, pp. 79, paper, no price).

A Mighty Storm: Stories of Resilience after Irene

By Yvonne Daley (Manchester Center, Vt.: Shires Press, 2011, pp. 144, paper, $34.95).

Voices from the Flood

By Jeanne Weston Cook (Montpelier, Vt.: Leahy Press, 2012, pp. 80, paper, $14.95).

When the River Rose: Stories of a Vermont Town's Flood, Recovery, and Rebirth

Edited by David Goodman; Photographs by Gordon Miller (Waterbury, Vt.: Children's Literacy Foundation, n.d. [2012], pp. 52, paper, $20.00).

The Wrath of Irene: Vermont's Imperfect Storm of 2011

By M. Dickey Drysdale, et al. (Randolph, Vt.: The Public Press, 2012, pp. 220, paper, $39.95).

The Year of the Storms: Vermont's Remarkable Experiences in 2011

Presented by the Burlington Free Press (Battle Ground, Wash.: Pediment Publishing, 2011, pp. 134, $37.95).

Looking at a community, or society, or nation in crisis, can be one way of trying to discover how it works, by focusing our attention on immediate issues that suddenly cannot be ignored, papered over, or put off, as we see how responses to disaster are formulated. To put it another way, let's paraphrase Tolstoy, and say that while flood stories are all alike, whether they take place in Vermont or North Dakota or Mississippi or Bangladesh, each recovery story is different in its own way,

and helps to show us why Vermont (for instance) is not North Dakota, nor Mississippi, nor Bangladesh. Not necessarily better or worse, but different.

Or, for that matter, why Vermont in 2011 is not Vermont in 1927, the year of the Great Flood. Within a few months of its coming in early November 1927, the first books about that disaster had already begun to appear. Among them were three by Luther B. Johnson, editor of the *Herald of Randolph,* whose remarkably complete *The '27 Flood* remains available today, and another by Lloyd Squier of the *Waterbury Record.* Others followed, and in 1928–29, the *Vermonter* (ancestor of *Vermont Life*) published several issues giving, if not a county-by-county description, at least regional accounts of the flood.

The books considered here—among them accounts of Randolph and Waterbury, hard hit both in 1927 and 2011—have appeared quickly, and no doubt others are on the way. Of the six, that of Yvonne Daley, written with reporters for the *Rutland Herald,* has the broadest geographical coverage, reaching from southern towns such as Wilmington, which, with its roughly $13 million in damage, was the worst sufferer in the state, up as far north as Waterbury and Montpelier. The broadest chronological coverage comes from *The Year of the Storms,* published by the *Burlington Free Press,* which starts with the massive snowfall of mid-March 2011, carries on with the serious spring flooding around Lake Champlain, and ends with Irene sweeping through the state. Though that particular book consists mainly of photographs, with little text other than captions, the others combine pictures with text by journalists, witnesses, victims, rescuers, and others. Two of the books deal with regions that were particularly hard hit both in 1927 and in 2011. *When the River Rose* looks primarily at Waterbury and its nearby towns, while Drysdale's *Wrath of Irene* concentrates on the ill-behaved White River and its branches in central Vermont. Cook's *Voices from the Flood* covers Northfield and Roxbury, and stands out, among other reasons, by its omission of color pictures, though (to this reader, at any rate) the sobriety of the black and white photographs adds weight to a somber subject. Finally, in another class entirely is *Grab Your Toothbrush and a Flashlight!* While some of the other books include pieces by schoolchildren and other younger writers, this comes entirely from the seventh-graders of Whitcomb Junior/Senior High School in Bethel, set down with the encouragement of their teachers as a book that (like most of the others here) is being sold to raise funds for disaster relief.

Irene was the seventh costliest hurricane in the history of the United States, and though hurricane-force winds did not reach the state, its rainfall turned it into Vermont's worst natural disaster since 1927. Inevitably

there have been comparisons between the two storms, but though the full extent of Irene's damage remains to be seen, it will almost certainly be well below that of 1927. A much larger storm, Irene took roughly fifty lives—six of them in Vermont—as it traveled from the Bahamas up through the Carolinas and the East Coast as far north as Québec and New Brunswick. Yet in 1927 probably some eighty-four people died in Vermont alone, and perhaps twenty or thirty more outside the state. The flood that year came in early November, as Vermonters were preparing for the oncoming winter, and was followed by periods of ice and snow, while Irene struck in midsummer. Irene left roughly 300 Vermont bridges damaged, some of which were closed for weeks; in 1927 the waters brought down 1,278 bridges. In 2011, the Winooski River rose to nineteen feet at Montpelier, its highest level since 1927; but that year it had reached twenty-seven feet, badly flooding much of the capital. Finally, Irene for the most part spared northern Vermont its worst blows, leaving towns such as Johnson, Morristown, Newport, and St. Johnsbury, all victims of 1927, sodden but not seriously hurt.

And so on, and so on. However accurate aggregate statistics might be, they are cold comfort to those who saw houses, stores, fields, and other properties washed away in August 2011. There are other major differences as well—about which more later. What was similar in the two floods, as these books all show, was the swiftness with which damaged towns set about rescue and recovery, and the ingenuity and courage of the many who turned out to help, from the National Guard and the Red Cross to the local fire and rescue services, and the volunteers, some of whom came from well beyond Vermont. "Over and over," writes Daley, "Vermonters compared the local response to negotiations in Washington, where elected officials seemed unable to get anything done, remarking how quickly decisions on road reconstruction, distribution of goods, communication, health and human services—all the services normally associated with government—were made with little contention and no adverse impacts, at least as yet" (*Mighty Storm,* p. 90). Or, as an eleventh grader in Northfield wrote later, "we will look back on this storm and remember coming together and making a difference in a way that perhaps Northfield, and even Vermont, never thought would be possible" (*Voices,* p. 43).

In 1927 town emergency committees were quickly established, often with the help of the Red Cross, and again in 2011 no time was wasted before emergency shelters were set up in churches, schools, and municipal office buildings. Volunteers were organized, including, as in 1927, many from schools and colleges, such as Norwich University, Middlebury College, and the University of Vermont. Meals were prepared for

both victims and workers, and tracks improvised to bypass shattered roads to bring in help, often with ATVs, or bicycles, or simply by foot. "Flatlanders may require illumination about the word 'road'," writes Tom Hill of the Randolph *Herald.* "Here's the rule of thumb: if no trees are growing in it that can't be flattened by a half-ton vehicle moving at 20 miles per hour, it's a road" (*Wrath,* p. 148). As many as a thousand people a day hiked along a private trail from Killington through Mendon to Rutland and back, when Route 4, which joins those towns to the east, lay in ruins—"the I-95 of wooded paths," the *New York Times* called it (*Mighty Storm,* p. 95). In 1927, food and medicine were dropped into beleaguered towns by air; in 2011, helicopters often performed the task, and also rescued those needing medical care, taking them to hospitals in towns like Randolph and Hanover. Local ingenuity triumphed over adversity. In 1927, Lloyd Squier of the *Waterbury Record* hitched a belt from his Model-T to the paper's printing press, to put out news when the power failed; in 2011, as the waters rose around the studios of WDEV, its owner—Lloyd's son, Kenley Squier—pumped up the power of the station as far as possible. Generators kept the signal alive when electricity failed, and with no email, the news director gave out his cell number, encouraging people to call in about where help was needed and how people were coping. "Like an old-fashioned party line, the whole neighborhood of northern Vermont listened, learned and responded to what came over the airwaves" (*When the River Rose,* p. 17).

Published so soon after the storm, these are not yet the kinds of books to which a reader should go searching for statistics, damage estimates, costs, and the like, although some figures, drawn from newspapers, do appear. Nor, save for those about Northfield and Waterbury, can one go looking in them for accounts of what happened to particular places. Both Daley's and Dickey's books do have something of a geographical orientation, but neither has a table of contents or an index that would allow you quickly to find, say, Jamaica, Woodstock, or Rochester, all of which had severe damage. And, of course, it's far too early for the kind of reflective look back that enables authors (or readers) to know what ramifications there might be for the future. *When the River Rose,* for example, came out when the prospects for Waterbury's State Hospital and of its flooded state office complex were still highly uncertain, and the months since the emergency have brought worries that the rapid dredging of Irene's overflowing streams might even have increased the severity of future floods. Today we can see how the recovery from the 1927 flood helped, for example, to alter the state's political landscape, how it changed the relationship of individual towns to Montpelier, how it helped to modernize Vermont's primitive highway network (to the great

benefit of the tourist industry, just as the ski craze was about to begin), and so forth. It is not easy yet to tell what will be the lasting effects of Irene.

Finally, any future comparative study of Irene with the Great Flood of 1927 will probably conclude that the greatest single difference lay in the role played by the federal government in recovery and reconstruction. In 1927 there was little machinery in Washington to help in such work, and regions hit by disaster generally had to look to themselves and to the American Red Cross (which spent somewhat over a million dollars in Vermont). In 1928, after some vigorous politicking by the Vermont congressional delegation (and after calls for federal assistance in the great Mississippi floods of the prior spring) President Coolidge authorized an emergency grant of $2,654,000 to help rebuild the state's shattered highways and bridges, making clear that this was not to be taken as a precedent. In 2011 and 2012, however, millions upon millions of dollars poured forth from federal agencies such as the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), the Federal Highway Administration, Housing and Urban Development, and so forth, much of it going to repair the ravages of the spring flooding as well as Irene.

The books considered here, therefore, are not so much history as the invaluable raw materials of history, the sorts of books to which future historians will turn with gratitude, mining them for the immediacy of their pictures, their accounts of different communities, and their people, both refugees and rescuers. Two examples of this kind of immediacy will suffice. Though Irene had been predicted for days, the sudden swerve that took it near the Green Mountains was unexpected. A Bethel seventh grader no doubt spoke for many when she said that, though she heard the warnings, "normally, I don't believe in this kind of talk because when I do, the disaster never hits Vermont." Her house was later isolated (*Toothbrush,* pp. 67–68). And when David Goodman saw the waves of the Winooski rising over downtown Waterbury, he turned on the television news, only to be assured that Irene, now downgraded to a tropical storm, had missed New York, and therefore all danger was past. "To the outside world, Vermont didn't exist. We were on our own" (*When the River Rose,* p. 3).

NICHOLAS CLIFFORD

Nicholas Clifford is the author, with Deborah Clifford, of "The Troubled Roar of the Waters": Vermont in Flood and Reconstruction, 1927–1931 *(2007).*

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Recent Additions to the Vermont Historical Society Library

Books

*Bittinger, Cynthia D., *Vermont Women, Native Americans and African Americans: Out of the Shadows of History.* Charleston, S.C.: History Press, 2012. 159p. List: $19.99 (paper).

*Brown, Dona, *Back to the Land: The Enduring Dream of Self-Sufficiency in Modern America.* Madison, Wis.: University of Wisconsin Press, 2011. 290p. List: $24.95 (paper).

*Clifford, Cameron, *Farms, Flatlanders, and Fords: A Story of People and Place in Rural Vermont, 1890–2010.* West Hartford, Vt.: Clifford Archive, 2011. 258p. List: $20.00 (paper).

*Cook, Jeanne Weston, *Voices from the Flood.* Montpelier, Vt.: Leahy Press, 2012. 80p. List: $14.95 (paper). Tropical Storm Irene.

*Davis, James A., ed., *"Bully for the Band!": The Civil War Letters and Diary of Four Brothers in the 10th Vermont Infantry Band.* Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Co., 2012. 290p. List: $49.95 (paper). Includes Charles, Herbert, Jere, and Osman George of Newbury.

A Discerning Eye: Selections from the J. Brooks Buxton Collection. Burlington, Vt.: Fleming Museum of Art, 2012. 90p. Source: The publisher, 61 Colchester Ave., Burlington, VT 05405. List: $12.00. Exhibit catalog; includes many Vermont paintings and pieces.

*Indicates books available through the Vermont Historical Society Museum Store, www.vermonthistory.org/store.

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Douglas, James H., *The Douglas Years: Dedicated to the People of Vermont.* South Burlington, Vt.: Fourteenth Star Press, 2011. 214p. Source: Amazon.com. List: $15.95.

*Drysdale, M. Dickey; Stephen Morris and Sandy Levesque, co-editors, *The Wrath of Irene: Vermont's Imperfect Storm of 2011.* Randolph, Vt.: The Herald of Randolph, 2012. 220p. List: $24.95 (paper, black and white photographs); $39.95 (paper, color photographs).

*Finn, Rosalind, *Love among the Lambs (And Other Animals Too).* No publisher, 2011. 143p. List: $23.95 (paper). Stories from a South Strafford farm.

*Gabriel, Michael P., *The Battle of Bennington: Soldiers and Civilians.* Charleston, S.C.: History Press, 2012. 127p. List: $19.99 (paper).

Goodman, David, ed., *When the River Rose: Stories of a Vermont Town's Flood, Recovery, and Rebirth.* Waterbury, Vt.: Children's Literacy Foundation, 2012. 52p. Source: The publisher, 1536 Loomis Hill Rd., Waterbury Center, VT 05677. List: $20.00 (paper). Tropical Storm Irene in Waterbury.

*Heller, Paul, *Granite City Tales: Writings on the History of Barre, Vermont.* Barre, Vt.: Paul Heller, 2012. 194p. List: $15.00 (paper).

Page, H. Brooke, *Song of the Vermonters, 1779, Spirit of the Green Mountains: A Vermont Mystery, Resolved!* Washington, Vt.: The author, 2012. 8p. Source: The author, Town Road #17, Box #41, Washington, VT 05675. List: $5.00 (paper). History of a poem distributed at an 1843 meeting of the Vermont Historical Society.

Pizzagalli Construction Company, 1958–2008. South Burlington, Vt.: Pizzagalli Construction Co., 2008. 132p. Privately published.

*Pliss, Todd Colby, *The Only Living Man with a Hole in his Head: Based on the Amazing True Story of Phineas Gage.* Niles, Ohio: SB Addison, 2011. 303p. List: $14.95 (paper).

Ransom, Louise, *A Town in Transition: Tales Told in Newsprint.* Williston, Vt.: Williston Whistle, 2011. Unpaginated. Privately published.

*Ross, Liz, *Windsor.* Charleston, S.C.: Arcadia Publishing, 2012. 127p. List: $21.99. Chiefly photographs.

*Scott, Jutta R., *A Vermont Hill Town in the Civil War: Peacham's Story.* Peacham, Vt.: Peacham Historical Association, 2012. 218p. List: $25.00 (paper).

*Turner, Richard W., *From Barre-Montpelier to E. F. Knapp: The Story of a Small Airport in Berlin, Vermont.* Berlin, Vt.: Berlin Historical Society, 2011. 142p. List: $19.95 (paper).

Walsh, Robert L., *Brooks of Montpelier.* Bloomington, Indiana: Xlibris Corporation, 2012. 93p. Source: Xlibris.com. List: $15.95 (paper). Biography of Sergeant-at-Arms Francis Brooks.

Watts, Richard, *Public Meltdown: The Story of the Vermont Yankee Nuclear Power Plant.* Burlington, Vt.: University of Vermont, Center for Research on Vermont, 2012. 159p. Source: The publisher, Nolin House, 589 Main St., Burlington, VT 05401. List: $15.00 (paper).

GENEALOGY

Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, *Baptism Repertoire, St. Mary Star of the Sea Catholic Church, Newport, Vermont, 1874–1930.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2012. 300p. Source: Publisher. List: $40.00.

_____, *Marriage & Baptism Repertoire, St. Elizabeth Catholic Church, Lyndonville, Vermont, 1874–1950.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2012. 148p. Source: The publisher, P.O. Box 65128, Burlington, VT 05406-5128. List: $40.00.

Errata

Footnote 19 of Kari Winter's article on Benjamin Franklin Prentiss (vol. 79, no. 2 [Summer/Fall, 2011]) says that Heman Allen of Colchester was Ira and Ethan's brother; in fact, he was their nephew. Their brother Heman died in 1778, supposedly as a lingering result of heatstroke at the Battle of Bennington.

[Thanks to J. Kevin Graffagnino for this correction.]

In the review of Greenburg, Buddy Truax CD (vol. 80, no 1 [Winter/Spring 2012]: 100–102) the full publishing information was not included, as it is with books. Here is the missing information: Multicultural Media/Rootstock Recordings, MCM 4016.

[From Mark Greenburg, www.upstreetproductions.com]

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