

Rutland County Herald.

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For the Rutland Herald.
I AM DYING.

I AM DYING.
I have written a story, and I am dying.

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lets which were flying in every direction
all round the house. After the
bath was over she left, and with her
children went on foot to Castleton.

Benjamin Hickok, who was taken prisoner
by Sherwood, was a very small
man, and very spry, and while being
conducted through the thick woods, gave

him the slip, made his escape, and returned
home. On the following night,
he, with his own and his brother Uriah's
family, left their homes, the women
and children on foot in order to escape

from danger. When they arrived at the
deserted house of J. Hickok in Castleton,
they stopped for the remainder
of the night, expecting to pursue their
journey in company with Col. Bellows's
regiment, which was encamped there.

The 3d had just commenced his march,
and hearing firing at Hubbardton, he
marched back, hoping to relieve his
comrades by joining them. His assistants
leaving these unfortunate families
pursue their flight unopposed.

But not arriving until the
battle was decided, he marched back to
Castleton. The other families who
were South of where the battle was
fought fled the next day.

On the morning of the 7th of July,
Wagner sent a detachment of men to
Mr. Samuel Churchill (who was
Nona of his emancipation) of his danger
and to assist them to escape.

On receiving the information they fixed off
as fast as possible. The women and
children were mounted on three horses,
and the men on foot. They had got
but a little on their way when the firing
commenced. They all pushed on as
fast as possible, until they were among
the slaughtering balls, and two of the
horses, on which the women rode, were
wounded.

The old lady, when she
saw her horse was wounded, jumped
from his back, exclaiming, "I wish I had
a gun I would give them what they
want!" They all retreated back to their
homes, except John and Silas, who had
their guns and entered into the engagement
and fought bravely. Silas was
taken prisoner, but John made his
escape, and went back to the house.

On his way he hid his gun, cartridge-box
and bayonet in a ledge of rocks, and could
never find them afterwards. (More than
60 years after they were found, by a
boy, very much decayed.) At the
house they were all surprised and taken
prisoners by Sherwood and his party,
who had been lurking on the hills east
of the settlement during the battle, who,
after plundering the house of all the
provisions he could find, most of the
clothing, and everything else that he
could use, the barbarous wretch ordered
the women and children to leave it
or he would turn the whole together,
at any rate the house should be burnt.

One of the young women, taking her
bed in her arms, with a heavy heart,
proceeded to the door, then let it fall,
saying, "You have taken all our provisions,
all our men prisoners, and now
how can you be so cruel as to burn our
house?" Saying this she faintcd, and
fell to the floor. This, with the cries
and entreaties of the others, so softened
his savage heart, that he left them their
shelter, but deprived them of all their
provisions and much of their clothing.

Samuel Churchill, the head of the family,
was taken some distance from the
house into the woods by the Indians, and
tied to a tree, and dry brush piled up
around him; they often saying, "Tell
us when your flour is, you old rebel!"
Sherwood suspecting that he had some
concealed which they had not yet found.

After keeping him bound to the tree
three or four hours, questioning him
about his flour, threatening and taunting
him; and he constantly asserting that
he had none, &c. And while in the
act of setting fire to the brush, Sherwood
came forward and ordered them
to stand, being thoroughly convinced
that he had none. His cattle and hogs
were killed, and such parts as they could
use were taken, and each one of them
was ordered to take as much as they
could carry. William was lame, having
cut his foot a few days before, and
could not travel. Him they released, and
sent him back. Ezekiel being a small boy
he went. The others they marched
off to Tl. The prisoners, inhabitants
of Hubbardton, were Samuel Churchill,
the father John and Silas, his sons, Uriah
Hickok, Henry Keeler and Elijah
Kellogg. The women and children
left destitute of provisions, could not
remain there. The British, Tories
and Indians being south, they feared to take
a southern direction. No one of their
acquaintances and friends left to consult
with, and not knowing but to consult
with the Indian youth was full of savages,
they concluded to take an eastern direction.
One of their horses being lame from his
wound, could not travel. They, with
what clothing was left them and some
blankets, piled off as well as they could
with the horses. The company consisted
of 4 women; 2 boys, one lame, 13
years old and the other 11; two small
children, one 3 years old, the other but
a few months. Those who could not
walk, were mounted on the two horses
with what baggage they had. Thus
equipped this dissolute family started
off on their dreary and wearisome journey
through the wilderness, for the place
of their former residence in Sheffield,
Mass. But instead of taking the most
direct way, they took a round-about
way, harder to avoid the enemy, and
traversed the wilderness across the
Green Mountain to Connecticut river
at No. 4, near Castleton, N. H. They
again ascended the mountain to Sheffield,

the place of their former residence, a
distance, as they traveled, of not less
than 350 miles. Much of the way
there was not much road, and but few
inhabitants. Their progress was slow
and distressing. But the old lady, being
a resolute, persevering character,
led the expedition with much fortitude,
perseverance and economy.

The first night they put up at Capt.
Benjamin Cooley's in Pittsford, who was
very kind, and comforted them with
the best their log-house afforded.
The second day they arrived at the fort
in Rutland. Here they were furnished
with some provisions to help them along.
The third night they encamped in the
woods on the mountain. The fourth
day they arrived at Capt. Coffin's in
Cavendish. Here they stayed two
days, and were the recipients of his
hospitality. And so, from place to place,
until, in about three weeks, they arrived
safe among their friends at the place
of their destination, in Sheffield.

The men, who were prisoners at Tl,
were set to work in the day time where
they could be with safety, and at night
they were confined in cells. Mr.
Churchill and Hickok were set beating
wood across the lake. At first, for a
while a number of British soldiers would
go with them; but they, working faithfully
and manifesting no discontent, were
at length sent off with but one soldier;
him they persuaded to go with them,
and so fastening the boat on the eastern
shore of the lake, they all left. Mr.
Churchill and Hickok left for their
places of residence in Hubbardton. Here
they found nothing but desolation,
carnage and putrefaction. Not a live
human being was to be found to gain
any intelligence from or console with.

In Mr. Hickok's house lay the putrid
body of a dead man; this they buried,
and then proceeded over the battle-ground.
Here they could discover nothing
but a promiscuous mass of scattered
fragments of putrid carcases, clothing,
fire-arms and direful desolation! Proceeding
on, still to the place of Mr.
Churchill's house, where he had left his
family and all he held most dear on
earth. What a heart-sickening scene
presented itself; nothing could be
held but death, desolation and destruction!
Here, where a few weeks before,
was a happy family, all in health
and prosperity; each one attending to his
own domestic duties, and striving to
render each other cheerful and happy, now
nothing to comfort or console! no living
creature to be found! The carcasses
and racks of his animals lay here and
there, in a state of putrefaction! There
was the tree to which he had been
bound, the brush lying round, and the
fire-brand among it! His harvest had
ripened and was perishing. Nothing
was left but what was heart-sickening
and disgusting to the sensitive feelings
of the two escaped, hungry, weary,
desponding searchers for consolation,
but finding none. They left these dreary,
heart-sickening scenes, for the whole
town was deserted, and not a solitary
being left to enquire of, and proceeded
to Castleton. Here Mr. Hickok was
so fortunate as to find his family in
health and safety. But Mr. Churchill,
not finding his family, nor gaining any
intelligence concerning them, wended
his weary way, on foot and alone, to the
place from which he had formerly moved.
Here, with a grateful heart, he
found his family, which arrived some
days before and in good health. The
other prisoners remained such, until
Oct. when they were released by
Col. Brown. In the fall, after the capture
of Burgoyne, Mr. Churchill moved
his family back to Castleton, 10 miles
from his home. He with his boys went
to his place and worked. He saved
some of his corn and potatoes; cut and
laid up some poor hay for his horses,
and in the winter moved his family into
his house in Hubbardton. Mr.
Spaulding and Uriah Hickok returned
the next Spring. No more of the inhabitants
returned until the year 1789;
and not many until 1793, when a number
of families moved into the town. In
the Spring of 1784 the inhabitants
turned out and made a general search
over the battle ground and woods
adjacent, gathering up what bones they
could find, which had lain bleaching
in the sun, wind and rain, for seven years,
(of which they found many bushels)
and buried them. Since that time there
has been many found. But, occasionally,
when they have been discovered they
have been carefully taken care of
and buried. Here they had lain neglected,
and almost forgotten, until July
30th, 1840, for more than 63 years after
the event, the citizens of the town
turned out and erected a pole on the
battle-ground, on which was a board
fastened, with this inscription painted
in large letters and figures: "Hubbardton
Battle was fought July 7th, 1777, on
this ground."

The next morning early a large number
of citizens of the adjoining towns
assembled and listened to an address
on American Duties, &c. It is hoped that
there may yet be reared a durable monument
to the memory of those 340 worthy
patriots who shed their blood, and
yielded up their valuable lives in defense
of the liberties of their country.—
Hubbardton battle was the only considerable
battle that was fought in the
State of Vermont in the time of the war
of the revolution.

—Why is a lady's hair like the latest
news? Because in the morning we
always find it in papers.

The European War.
The Battle of Inkermann.

The following thrilling account of the
battle of Nov. 5th, is given by a correspondent
of the London Morning Herald:

A little after three, on the morning
of Sunday the 5th, when a heavy fog
shrouded every thing from view, the
various garrisons of the redoubts of
Balaklava were roused out by the noise
of large masses of troops approaching.
At about four o'clock, a cloud of skirmishers
advanced to the brow of the hills
on which the rear of our camp lines
rest.

Suddenly, and near five o'clock, to
the surprise and I think also a little
to the consternation of all in the camp,
a most tremendous cannonade was opened
from the heights near Inkermann, fall
upon the right of our position. The
two-gun battery on the hill over the
Tchernaya was held by a strong party
of the 56th.

No one suspected or believed it possible
that the enemy could get guns up
this in a single night; so the place had
been but little regarded. Yet it was
from this spot that the Russians opened
the two-gun battery and the light and
half second divisions, which lay about
a mile in the rear. The instant
the cannonade began, and the first
moment of utter astonishment and surprise
were passed, the 56th picked kept close
under the earthwork of the battery, and
the shot flew over them, doing but little
injury. The cannonade in the rear
commenced. All the forts, redoubts,
and batteries round Sebastopol opened
with a tremendous roar, which seemed
to shake the earth. The scene at this
moment was awful. The whole camp,
except to the sea, seemed encircled
by fire, as flash after flash lit up the foggy
air in all directions. The uproar was
deafening, for our batteries began to
reply, and both sides firing shell
increased the din ten fold. The shower
of three terrible explosives, which rained
into the camp like hail, baffled description.
No place was safe from them. They
killed men and tore the tents to
pieces on places which we hitherto
considered as utterly out of range.

The horror of the scene was increased
by the obscurity of the morning. It
was not six o'clock, the darkness and
fog were still thick, and through the
heavy air the broad red flashes of the
guns, and their tremendous reports
seemed ten times louder than ever.
For all that could be seen or told to
the contrary, the Russian batteries seemed
within fifty yards of you on all sides.
Of course the troops remained under
arms, but did not attempt to move;
every one knew that before the real
attack commenced, the artillery would
cease, and the sharp, crackling fire
of musketry begin.

The men still lay under cover, when
the guns ceased. The noise of an
immense body of men advancing was
close upon the batteries. The fog prevented
our fellows seeing far, but the noise told
too plainly that some 5000 or 6000
Russians were already close at hand.
The instant the Russians caught sight
of our battery, though they seemed
utterly spent by their exertions in climbing
the hill, they rushed forward with
a dash we hardly gave them credit
for. Nothing daunted by the immense
disparity of numbers, the fifty-fifth
waited till they closed within ten feet,
and then gave one tremendous volley
which stretched two hundred of the
enemy in the dust; and then each man
loading and firing as fast as he could,
kept up an incessant discharge of
musketry upon each Russian as he
approached. The Russians halted for a
moment, and then, with a wonderful
courage, rallied up and returned a close
and deadly fire. In less than five
minutes they again attempted to storm
the battery. In an instant they rushed
on and poured over its banks and through
its embrasures in overpowering numbers.
There was a moment of desperate
struggle, during which our gallant 56th
fought hand to hand and foot to foot
with their numerous assailants. It was
but a moment, and in the next they
had repulsed the attack and preserved
the battery. But it was in vain our fellows
displayed all this courage—the enemy
already outnumbered them at the rate
of forty to one, and fresh masses were
coming up every minute. Our men fell
by dozens.

Their numbers diminished every instant,
while those of the enemy increased.
Suddenly the Russians made more effort,
and this time with more effect.
From every point the enemy poured
into the battery like lava, in truly
irresistible numbers, and the 56th, after
more than two-thirds of the picket lay
dead around, retired from the battery.
The Russians had now got between
8,000 and 10,000 men up their heights
on our right, and their battery on the
hill threw shot and shell among our
men with terrible effect. The pickets
were preparing to retire from the wall,
when fortunately two regiments of the
23 division of the 41st and 49th came
into action, and passing the wall opened
a destructive fire on the Russians on
our right near the two-gun battery.—
The enemy returned it quite as vigorously
but their small inefficient weapons
stood no chance against our Minie
rifles.

The 41st and 49th then charged;
into line and prepared to deploy; and

the instant they did so the enemy fell
back in disorder. The 41st and 49th
charged up the hill to the right, and in
the course of five minutes recaptured
the two-gun battery.

All this time the second, fourth, and
light divisions were ranged inside the
wall on the old post road, firing ever
into the bodies of Russian infantry, with
most terrible effect. The rattle of musketry
was deafening. The incessant
volleys and effects of the fire firing
dispersed the fog, but replaced it with
the thick, white smoke of gunpowder,
which hid everything equally well. At
this time the enemy who were losing ten
men to our one, showed no signs of giving
way. On the contrary, they advanced
towards the wall, firing volleys with as
much coolness and regularity as if on
parade. I am bound to say no troops
could have behaved more splendidly
to the Russians. They appeared utterly
insensible to the fear of anything but
a charge.

About this time our batteries of
artillery came into the fight against
the enemy's battery on the hill, which
was doing us considerable amount of
mischief. Under the splendid management
of General Strangways, they soon
so far turned the fortune of the day as
to leave their infantry, attacking ours
beyond the wall, entirely without support.
Advantage was instantly taken of
the chance to advance the 20th and 47th
Regiments to the right for the purpose
of re-taking the two-gun battery. In
spite of a tremendous cross fire, they
advanced at the point of the bayonet,
and as they neared the battery poured
in one tremendous volley and then
charged.

In less than a minute the Russians
were driven out with fearful loss.
Yet hardly were they clear of the battery,
when the Russians rallied again,
and returning round the spot poured
in volley after volley into the columns
of the gallant 20th and 47th, and at
the same time the Russian artillery re-opened
upon the battery in such a manner
that neither friend nor foe could hold
under these circumstances, the 20th and
47th were compelled to fall back, and
the enemy again occupied the two-gun
battery for a moment. This turn
of possession was, however, but brief;
our fellows again dashed up at it, and
again they literally massacred all in the
place. The battery itself and all its
approach, were now covered with English
and Russian corpses and wounded. The
latter were few in the extreme, as when
ever the enemy occupied the contested
post, they bayoneted all our fellows who
gave the least sign of life.

The Russian skirmishers and strong
supporting bodies of infantry were again
thrown on our right, and under cover
of a tremendous fire of artillery crawled
to the hill top. Two-gun battery. As
their men breasted the hill, they were
encountered with showers of grape from
our field batteries, which mowed them
down by hundreds. Yet still they came
on with perfect coolness, and apparently
with perfect courage. To favor their
advance, the enemy's artillery was turned
full upon ours, and from their commanding
position and advantage in
weight of metal, did much execution.—
It was at this moment, as the two-gun
battery was again taken by the enemy,
that a cannon shot struck Major-General
Strangways, and carried away his
right thigh, while he was giving some orders
relative to a fresh position which our
batteries were to take up. Poor Strangways
was carried to the rear, when the
mangled limb was immediately amputated;
but the brave old general only
survived the operation a few minutes.—
Hardly had we sustained this loss when
several other leading officers of our
artillery were cut down, either killed or
mortally wounded, while superintending
the working of their guns. The 20th
and 47th had in the meantime recaptured
and lost the Two-gun Battery once
more.

As the enemy's reinforcements came
up, our Guards also came into action.
Upon this occasion, the whole three
battalions were but a little over 1,200 men.
Constant sickness, and the victory of
Alma, to which they so largely contributed,
have done much to diminish the
force of the corps. On the morning of the 5th,
also, but even four or five companies of
the Coldstreams were out on picket in
the rear. Yet it was the Coldstreams
which bore the thick of it. While the
Fusiliers and Grenadiers defended the
wall, the Coldstreams, turning to the
right, again recaptured the Two-gun
Battery, as it was the most vital
importance that the enemy should not
establish themselves in this position.

The number of the enemy, it is said,
around the battery, was at least 6,500,
yet the Coldstreams charged and broke
their way, through all opposition, and
got to the work. The instant they had
done so, the enemy seemed to rebound
their efforts to take and keep the place.
Fresh regiments came up the hill and
threw themselves into the battery from
all points; but the Coldstreams held
their ground, fighting with perfect
determination. The battery was now
completely encircled, in front, flank,
and rear, and as the Coldstreams say,
every man gave himself up for lost, and
determined to sell his life dearly. Three
times did the Russians throw themselves
upon the battery, and by the sheer
weight of their masses surmount and
cross the walls, yet each time they were
driven back again. The noise was
rightful! So close were the antagonists

that after once firing the musket there
was no time in loading. The men then
stood up and charged with the bayonet,
or beat each other down with the butts
of their muskets. Each time the Russians
were repulsed they left heaps of
dead behind, and it was over the corpses
of their comrades that they advanced
each time to a fresh attack.

After the last repulse the Russians
for some time did not renew the contest.
Observing that the height of the walls
prevented our men from