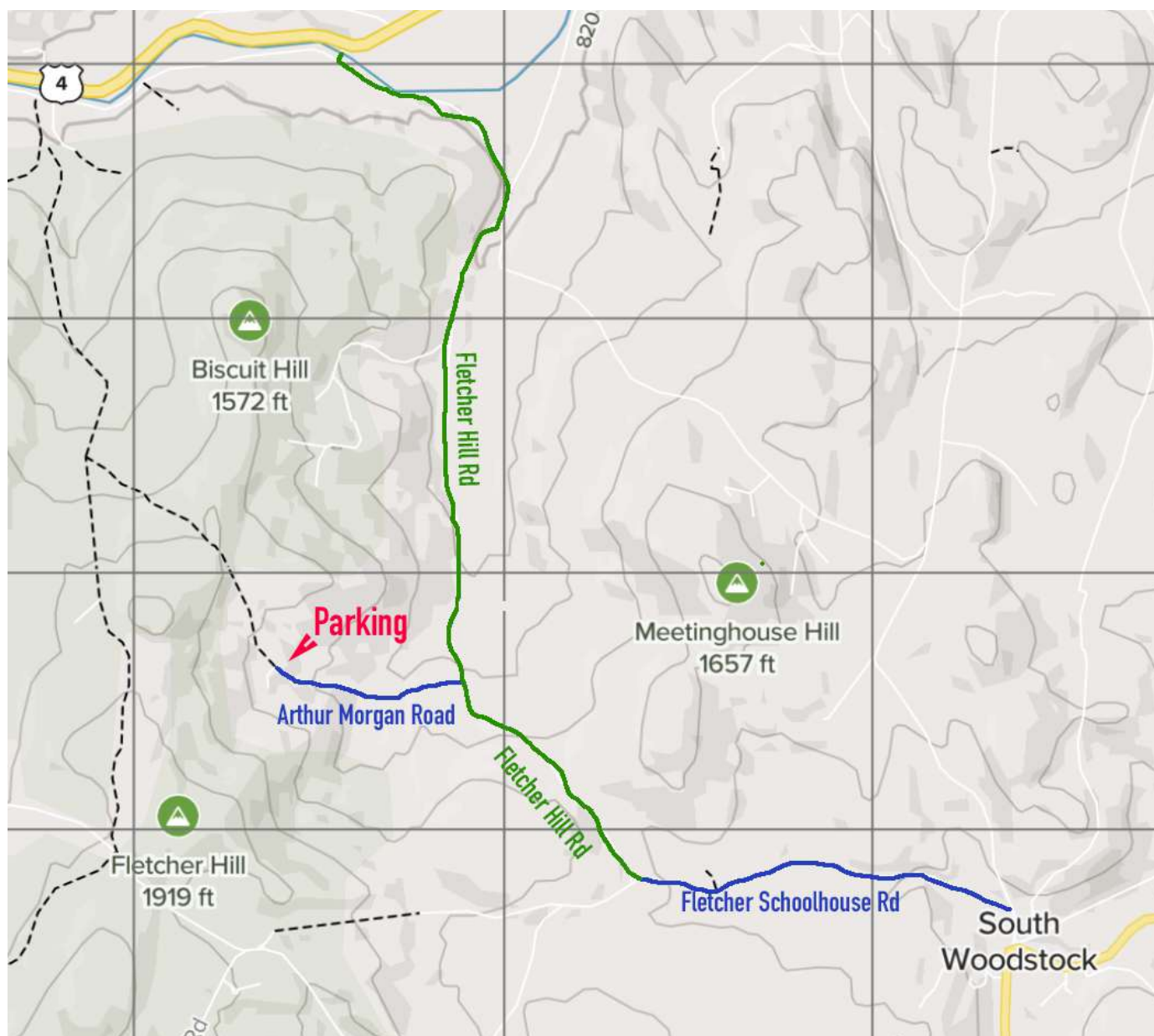


Lover's Lament & the Stratton Adams Cellar Holes

Revised August 2026

The total distance of this hike is around 2.5 miles, 1¼ in and 1¼ out.

Park at the end of Arthur Morgan Road, which is located off Fletcher Hill Road about halfway between the Village of South Woodstock and the Lincoln Covered Bridge on Route 4. It is ½ mile from the start to the end of Arthur Morgan Road





1

0.0 miles Park at the end of Arthur Morgan Road. At the end the road splits with a driveway going up to a house, on the left. The right-hand branch is a jeep road bordered by stone walls. This is your trail.

2

0.4 miles Continue 4/10ths of a mile (600 yards) uphill to the summit, past fields and a cellar hole to your right.

3

0.75 miles Continue downhill through rough terrain and past the snowmobile trail that crosses the footpath diagonally. Look for the cellar holes of the Stratton Farm on your left

4

0.82 miles Continue on a short distance until the trail reaches a T. Turn left here and continue on an increasingly uphill grade.

5

1.15 miles When the trail levels off you will cross the snowmobile trail again and you'll see the VT125 snowmobile signpost. A short distance farther look for a random wooden fence on the right

6

1.25 miles Continue on the trail another 100 yards looking for a beaten path into the woods on your right. There are stones on either side of the path, and a standing post beyond. Follow the path into the woods about 50 yards to the northwest to find the two engraved stones which are about 15 yards apart

2) Arthur Morgan Farm -

The first farm on the walk was purchased by 16 year old Arthur Morgan, in 1935. He kept sheep, hens and heifers but did not milk cows. He also worked out on a neighbor's farm. You will notice fields on both sides, still mowed by his son John Morgan. On the right, you may also notice a stone wall sheep lane. Commonly put in during the sheep craze in the early 1800s. Arthur's house and barn stood over the wall and back from the road by 100 feet or so. The cellar hole is all that remains. He eventually moved their his farmstead down the road and closer to town.

3) The Stratton Place (Old Adams Farm) Cellar hole complex -

At one time was a thriving farm with sheep, cattle, apple orchards and a large sugarbush where over 2500 taps were set out. The deep cellar hole was for the house and the long stone retaining wall for the barn. Evidence also shows there were outbuildings. Some of the land would have been open with a pasture across the road. We know that Carlos Adams moved there as a 6 year old boy with his sister and parents, Lucinda and Albert Adams in 1846. Carlos attended the **Green Mountain Perkins Academy** and later was a farmer and violin maker who owned several other homes in the area. We know that Lucinda and Albert ran the farm until at least 1870. It has been told that Lucinda was a teacher and at times taught school in the cellar of the house as well as down the road in the schoolhouse.

Luna Caswell Adams (1837 - 1923)

- Born in Melbourne, Quebec
- Moved to Vermont to live with her aunt, Rhoda Hopkins, who lived at the Lottery Hill Farm
- Married Carlos Adams in 1868, lived at the 'Stratton Place' with his family for one year
- Purchased and moved into the Royce home (the Fullerton's Hill Pasture.) Lived there for 11 years
- Moved back to Lottery Hill Farm after purchasing it from her aunt Rhoda
- After her daughter Ada's husband died, she moved in with her at Top Acres Farm, currently owned and inhabited by Fullerton descendants.

6) Lovers Lament -

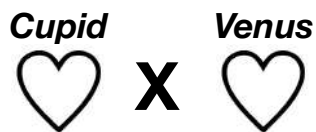
You will find 2 stones with inscriptions on them about 40 feet apart. One reads "In Memory of SPT". The other large stone reads "In Memory of Stephen P. Truesdell"

The first time we did this hike, all we knew was the story as told in the 1910 book: ***The Lure of Vermont's Silent Places*** which appears below. The oral history had it that Truedale was a Confederate soldier who was in love with a Yankee girl. Unrequited, he killed himself. This is the story that people who knew about the stones told.

The Lures of Vermont's Silent Places 1910

In the hills about Woodstock one finds records of many amusing and interesting incidents. Five miles west of Woodstock is Long Hill with an altitude of over 2000 feet. Just east of the summit on a once well travelled road, there was a group of prosperous farms many years ago. In the clearing, sheltered by overhanging branches, is an ordinary field stone with a flat surface, perhaps 6 feet long and three feet high. Carved upon the face of this stone is the following inscription:

***In memory of Stephen P. Truesdale
When such sad scenes the bosom doth pain
What eye from weeping can refrain***



The story is that Stephen was disappointed in love, and because his fair lady spurned him, he laboriously carved the above epitaph on his tombstone to be, and then committed suicide. Surely romance and tragedy were present even in the early days of Vermont.

Stone number 1:



The confusion may have arisen because there actually was a Stephen P. Truesdell who fought in the Civil War. A Confederate, private Truesdell served in the 1st Regiment of the South Carolina Infantry, McCreary's 1st Provisional Army. But he lived a long life and actually raised a family.

Stone number 2:



On a subsequent visit to the site, after receiving a clue from a resident of Arthur Morgan Road we learned of a third stone!

Stone #3:



And this is where it became clear that history had the story muddled. This stone shows the date 1806, or is it 1809? And if it is a birthdate, that would make SPT over 52 years old at the start of the Civil War.

And then came the discovery of another war veteran, a Stephen P. Truesdell born in Braintree, Vermont!

Descriptive and Historical Register										
NAME	DESCRIPTION					WHERE BORN			ENLISTED	
	Age	Sex	Hair	Complexion	Height	State, Empire, or Kingdom	Town, County, or Precinct	Trade, or Occupation	When	Where
32 Townes Simon	22	blue	sandy	light	5 9	Massachusetts	Andover	Labourer	May 1861	Boston
33 Thompson Henry W	29	blue	brn	fair	5 7 1/2	New York	Heartland	Carpenter	" 7	Rochester
34 Truesdell Stephen P	22	dark	"	dark	5 9	Vermont	Braintree	Labourer	" 28	" " "
25 Taylor William	21	blue	sandy	light	5 7	Massachusetts	Westfield	"	" 27	New Orleans
26 Thomas William	21	"	brn	dark	5 0	Ohio	Rolls	Farmer	" 27	Newport

According to this document, on May 23, 1831 Stephen P. Truesdell, age 22, enlisted with the 5th Infantry Regiment in Rochester, New York for 5 years service. He was from Braintree VT. 5' 9 1/2 " tall of dark complexion and hazel eyes, he was a laborer. He was mustered out exactly 5 years later at Fort Winnebago, Michigan.

The Fifth Infantry Regiment, later known as the Bobcats, is the third oldest active duty unit in the US army, dating from 1808.

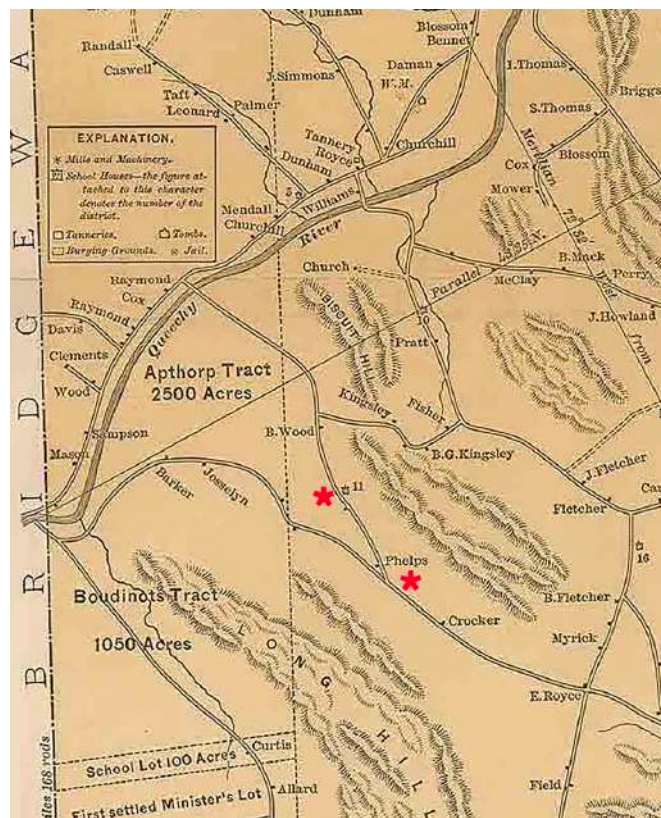
After the war, the Fifth Infantry was sent to the northwest frontier to help explore and protect the massive new territory acquired before and after the War of 1812. It built Fort Snelling in 1825 at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, later the site of Minneapolis and St. Paul. The regiment suffered through the cold of twenty-six Michigan winters. In 1845, it was ordered to march south to Corpus Christi, Texas to join Zachary Taylor's "Army of Observation." It figured prominently in the Civil War at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. It met and repulsed Pickett's Charge with the Vermont Brigade. The Regiment still exists today: <https://bobcat.ws/>



But the period Stephen P. Truesdell served included the year 1832 which encompassed Black Hawk's War. A short conflict that anticipated the Removal Policy of Native Americans by the US government, it had several notable participants: Winfield Scott, Zachary Taylor, Jefferson Davis and though he saw no combat, Abraham Lincoln.

And probably SPT. So that's where the story stands. We don't know how he died or when. We don't know who carved the three stones and why. We don't know why they were at this spot, once on a town road now deep in the woods.

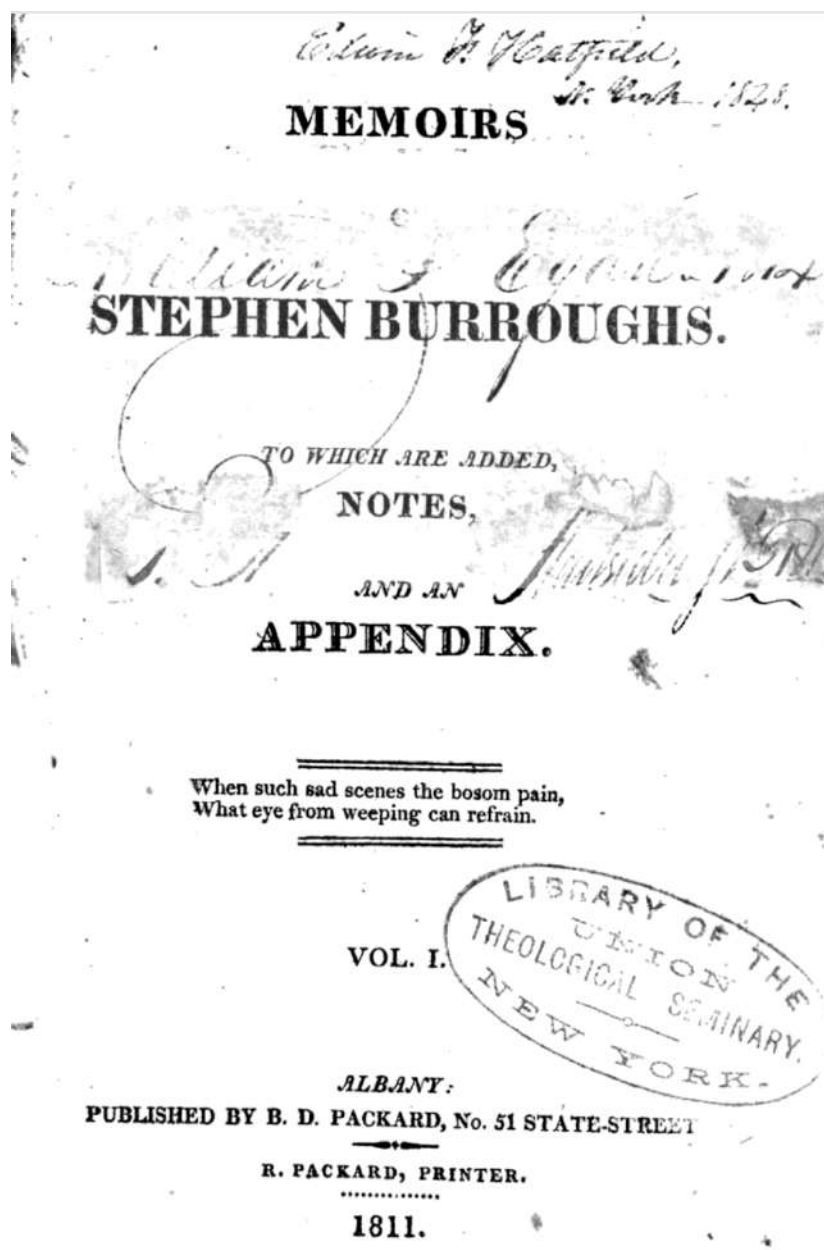
A map of 1832 shows the stones located between the B. Wood and the Phelps properties, maybe near schoolhouse Number 11.



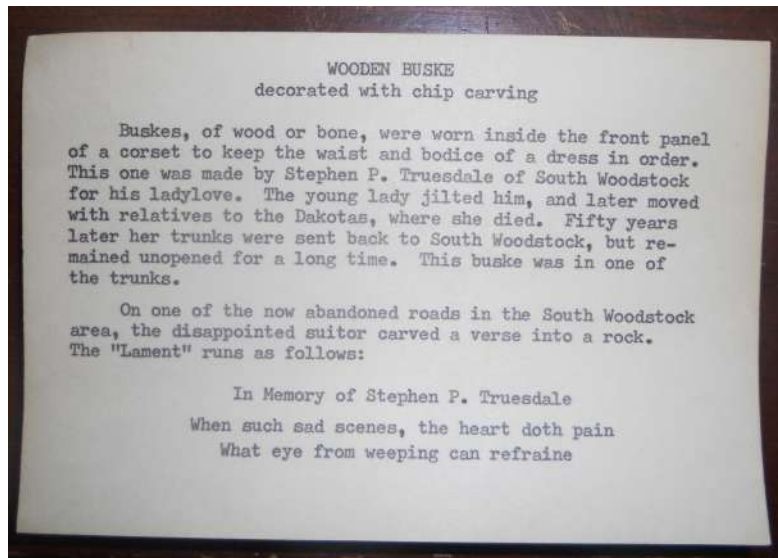
Kudos to Nancy Sevcenko for providing the following info on the poem on the stone. Turns out the words appeared in a popular book printed in 1811:

... an image of the title page of the *Memoirs* of the notorious 19th-century scoundrel and counterfeiter, Stephen Burroughs. I had googled the words of the poem on the first stone, and found that the verse had been used on the title page of the 1811 edition of Burroughs' *Memoirs*. This doesn't mean there is any direct connection, only that the verse was known at the time: his *Memoirs* were extremely popular, it seems, in the 19th century and well into the 20th and even the 21st! (a reprint from 2019 is available on Amazon).

Nancy Sevcenko



Bob Holt shared with us dramatic new info, he uncovered this at the Woodstock Historical Center:



Here is Bob's description:

So I went to the History Center and got a copy of the inventory sheet for the buske (attached). Since the provenance states "Found in Collection", nobody knows how it ended up there or who the young lady might have been. For some reason, the date of the item is given as 1830, which fits with a jilted lover leaving Vermont to join the Army in 1831. Towards the end of the description is the line: "Stephen Truesdale moved to Illinois, where he married and raised a daughter with his wife." ***This is exactly what happened with the SPT from Braintree, VT!*** Discharged in 1836 after being wounded with poisoned arrows at Montrose, Iowa in the Black Hawk War, Stephen P. Truesdell stayed in the Chicago area, founded the town of Lamont, and that same year married Miss Clarissa Southard. At one time, he owned 300 acres where the city of Chicago now stands. He let it go because it was too boggy. Clarissa was born in Lewiston, NY in 1806, lived to almost 105, and claimed to have danced with the Marquis de LaFayette in her youth!

On July 16, 1874, in the second great Chicago fire, a young girl named Mary Ishman was orphaned when her mother perished in the flames. Mary was taken in to be fostered by Stephen & Clarissa Truesdell in 1875. Stephen died in 1886. Clarissa died in 1911. Mary died in 1947. One of her many children is named Martin Truesdell White. (Mary's bio attached) So it would seem that the tale of SPT hanging himself in South Woodstock is a romantic fabrication, but we still don't know who carved the stones or when, or why in Memory of someone who was not dead, or indeed - why in that particular location?

The Cairo Citizen – Thursday 4 March 1886 Obituary

Editor Citizen:—I have been requested to furnish you a brief statement of the life of **Mr. S. P. Truesdell**, who died at Hodges Park in this county last Saturday afternoon, Feb. 27th, 1886. He was born in Orange Co., Vt., Jan. 7th, 1809, hence he was a little over 77 years of age. When a young man he came West and settled in this state when it was still the home of the Indian. He was one of the early settlers of Chicago, having lived there when it had a population of less than 300 persons. HE was a soldier of the Black Hawk War and in a skirmish at Montrose, Iowa, was wounded with poisoned arrows, from the effects of which he suffered for 55 years, or until his death. He was one of the founders of the town of Lamont, near Chicago, and was at the time possessed of considerable wealth, but reverses came and at the time of his death he was dependent for a support from the government. In 1836 he married Miss Clarissa **Southard**, who still survives. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church for 54 years.

In 1872 he was daily expected to die. Before he became so reduced thinking that his end was near, he wrote a letter, unknown to his wife, addressed, "To some servant of the Lord who shall preach my funeral sermon," and sealed it up—That letter I opened and read at his funeral services on last Monday, March 1st.

It was dated March 1st, 1872—exactly 14 years before. It continued the text which he desired to have used at his funeral, which was John xi.25, "I am the resurrection and the life—He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live," also several facts concerning his life, particularly that he had been a Christian then for over 40 years; that though he had often fallen, yet he felt he was not forsaken of the Lord, that he plead no self righteousness but relied wholly on the finished work of Him who is able to save all who come to him.

The following written by himself, some years before his death has been sent me with the request that it be published. He died in full faith of a blessed and immortal life beyond the grave, as revealed in the Gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life—the open door, the Way, the Truth and the Life.

“Thus another and another
They are going one by one
As the golden bowl is broken
And life’s silver thread is spun.
The Christian home in glory
With a smile upon his brow
He has gone to join his Savior.
And we can but humbly bow
To that higher will of Him
Who hath taken him away
To dwell forever with the ransomed
In the realms of endless day.”

Respectfully yours,
E. A. Hoyt