

**HOME AND HEARTH,**

**FIELD AND PLOW:**

**A Brief History of  
The Quechee Inn  
at Marshland Farm**

by

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**Forward:**

**The Quechee Inn at Marshland Farm**  
commissioned the author to write this history  
which was completed in December of 1992  
and which has been updated since that time by  
members of the Inn staff.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Portions of this text first appeared in an article which I wrote entitled "The House by the Side of the Road," published in the spring 1992 edition of the Quechee Times. That information is included here with the kind permission of the paper's editor, Ginnie Lane.

Although many scholarly sources have been consulted in researching this piece, a clear picture of Marshland's history could not have been developed without the input of those families whose members had once lived in the house.

I am grateful to Valerie Ackerman, Grace Ballou, Barbara Yaroschuk Boden, Betty Booth, Sara Burnham, Vera Gifford, and Charles Dempster Marsh for sharing their stories about the homestead, and to village residents Betsy Cameron and Pauline Cole for their contributions to this narrative.

Logan Dickie has been an inestimable resource. Words can not begin to express my appreciation of his unfailing memory, his attention to detail, his kind support, and his dry wit.

I am indebted to Curtis Johnson, of the Vermont Division for Historic Preservation, who has been invaluable helpful and unfailingly patient during the lengthy research process.

Finally, I would like to thank the staff at the Quechee Inn at Marshland Farm for their support, enthusiasm, and for the good humor they demonstrated throughout this project.

## **INTRODUCTION**

The stories of the people who built, worked, and preserved what is now The Quechee Inn at Marshland Farm echo through its hallways. The families who have honored this house with their presence for nearly two hundred years are as responsible for its character and charm as the architectural detail which adorns it.

This white clapboard structure, situated on a little roadside rise just east of Quechee village, has been the residence of politicians, writers, and farmers. Each has touched our lives and shaped our thinking through the fruits of their mental and physical labors.

Although the occupants' positions and personal circumstances have varied, the house itself has always reflected the Green Mountain state of affairs.

This narrative chronicles the history of Marshland Farm during the last two centuries, and celebrates the achievements of those who have called it home.

## THE STEWARDS OF MARSHLAND

Marshland has mirrored the farming trends and practices of Vermont agriculture from its conception in 1793 until its purchase by the Quechee Lakes Corporation in 1970. Its successes, and in some instances its failures, were due to the commitment and ingenuity of its owners.

### The Colonel

Joseph Marsh IV, arrived at the mouth of the White River in 1772, amidst the Land Grant controversies. He came to this area from Lebanon, Connecticut, with his brothers Able, Elishar and Elephant, his widowed mother Mercy Bill Marsh, two cousins, his wife Dorothy Mason Marsh, and ten of their twelve children. (His oldest daughter, Lydia, remained in Lebanon; his youngest, Betsy, was born in Vermont in 1776.)

Exactly where the family took-up residence in 1772 is not known. What is very apparent, however, is that Marsh, once settled, immediately involved himself in the issues of the day.

In 1776, Marsh received the commission of Colonel, a position which placed him in command of the Northern or Upper Regiment of Cumberland County. The following year he was a delegate to the convention in which the New Hampshire Land Grants west of the Connecticut River severed their ties with the Crown, and established themselves as an independent republic.

Marsh was also a member of the 1777 convention which reviewed and adopted the Vermont State Constitution. This document was the first of its kind to prohibit slavery and to grant universal manhood suffrage. In 1778, Marsh was appointed Vermont's first Lieutenant-Governor, and served under Governor Thomas Chittenden. He also held the post the following year, when the state motto, "Freedom and Unity," was assumed, and again in 1787, 1788 and 1789. The Colonel's political offices also included: Hartford Representative to the General Assembly, Chief Judge of Windsor County Court, Chairman for the Committee on Safety, Chairman of the Court of Confiscation for Eastern Vermont, and Council Censor.

In 1793, at the age of sixty-seven, Marsh built a home " ... opposite where the Quechee River breaks into little islands." Once completed, the Georgian-style house was referred to by the locals as the "Baronial Mansion."

The farm he operated was, at the very least, self sufficient. He grew wheat in his fields, and corn on the river islands. The Colonel also used the timber on the farm for lumber and potash. The latter, a granular substance produced from wood ash, was

used in making soap, and was in great demand. Vermonter Samuel Hopkins developed the manufacturing process, and was awarded the first American patent, signed by George Washington, in 1790. Marsh, a man with a keen business sense, included an area for potash production when he built the farm complex.

Colonel Joseph has been characterized as a very tall man. He was large boned, yet finely proportioned, and had great muscular power. Marsh was an active Christian, even tempered, and possessed a "close logical mind."

His wife, Dorothy Mason Marsh, was a descendent of Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Henry VIII, and approximately seven other sovereigns of Europe. Dorothy was said to have been a premiere hostess, as well as a woman of great physical beauty. Apparently, the latter was not a trait she passed on to her offspring, whom Chancellor Walworth of New York referred to rather curtly as" ... not at all handsome.."

Happily, comeliness was not a criteria used in measuring the lifetime accomplishments of the Marshs' twelve children. Two sons, Charles and William, are of particular interest because of their contributions to the formation of both the republic and the nation.

Charles studied law after graduating from Dartmouth College in 1786. Considered to be one of the best legal minds in the state, he was appointed District Attorney of Vermont in 1797 by President George Washington. Charles was also a member of the US Congress, a Trustee of Dartmouth College, and the founder and the president of both the Vermont Bible Society and the American Education Society. All that said, perhaps his greatest and most far-reaching achievement was the influence he had over his son George Perkins Marsh, "the father of the American ecological movement."

Charles Marsh lived with his family in Woodstock, Vermont. The house they occupied is part and parcel of the current Marsh-Billings-Rockefeller mansion, and is soon to become the site of Vermont's first National Park.

William Marsh, the Colonel's youngest son, resided in Pawlet, Vermont. He had neither a long list of credentials after his name, nor any offspring to immortalize him. What he did possess was the inherent sense of justice demonstrated by his father and brother. This attribute manifested itself when William became one of the pioneers in the anti-slavery movement. During his lifetime, he donated a reported \$25,000 to further the cause, and wrote many articles advocating Abolition.

Dorothy Mason Marsh died on April 14, 1810. Joseph is said to have passed on from a broken heart on February 9, 1811. The couple is buried in the old Quechee cemetery.

The farm was left to their son, Daniel Marsh, Esq.



## **From Father to Son**

Daniel married Marion Harper in 1792, one year before the Baronial Mansion was built. It is believed that the couple spent their entire married life in the grand old house along the banks of the Ottauquechee River.

Daniel was a well respected farmer, and his methods were regarded as exemplary. Sheep raising became popular in Vermont with the arrival of the first Merinos in 1811, and Marsh had a flock of considerable size during his tenure at Marshland. He also had an expansive apple orchard, and grew wheat, rye, and corn in his fields.

Marion Marsh raised silk worms, and the mulberry bushes to feed them, in "the gallery" on the second floor of the ell. It is not known whether she undertook this popular endeavor to satisfy the demands of a hungry textile market, or to collect the bounty Vermont offered for such production, or to enhance the cloth she made for family garments. The latter, however, is suspected to be true, because Marion continued nurturing the cocoons and spinning the silk long after her counterparts had given up the practice.

Daniel and Marion raised their eight children at Marshland. James, their second son, was an author and educator, and is credited with having introduced Transcendental thought to America. He married Lucia Wheelock, the grand-daughter of Eleazar Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth College, in 1824. Two years after his wedding, James Marsh became the fifth President of the University of Vermont.

Leonard Marsh was born five years after his famous brother. He followed in James' footsteps, graduating from Dartmouth College in 1827. He too was an author and scholar, penning several pieces which challenged the institution of slavery. Leonard was also a physician, and sat on the faculty of the University of Vermont from 1855 to 1870.

Marion took great delight in her children, and in general, society. Her youngest son, Daniel, described her in a letter to his nephew as "...of that wholehearted kind ready to give her last crust," and a grandniece states that, "her welcome was most hearty and her wit, even to the last, wonderful."

Daniel Marsh, Esq. was, as his father before him, not only a very religious man, but a community minded one as well. In 1807, he preached the Election Sermon before the General Assembly in Montpelier. He was appointed the Town Clerk of Hartford in 1808, and in 1812, Town Treasurer.

Daniel died at the farm on December 11, 1829. Prior to his death, he made arrangements for a trust fund. The interest on the principal was to provide for a minister's salary once a church for the Calvinists or Congregationalists was built in or

near Quechee village. (The building currently occupied by Meeting House Furniture Restoration, on Waterman Hill, was erected three years after Marsh's death, thus fulfilling the primary condition of his bequest.)

### **His Heirs or Assigns**

Marsh left the farm to his son, Daniel, Jr. and the islands in the river to his wife, Marion. The structure, not atypical in those days, became a house divided. Portions of it, along with one-half of the well and one-third of the woodshed, were deeded to daughters Percy and Emily, "so long as they may each remain unmarried." Marion was also allotted certain rooms, privileges and possessions. Daniel Jr. received half of his father's books, one bed and appropriate linens, the use of two-thirds of the apple orchard during his mother's lifetime, and that part of the house not deeded to either his mother or to his sisters.

A decade after his father's death, Daniel, Jr. mortgaged the property, less twenty-three acres previously sold to John Porter of Hartford. Their agreement stipulated that the \$3,000 mortgage would be repaid within five years of the signing. If not, Porter was at liberty to foreclose.

The conditions of the promissory note were never met, and the ownership of the farm transferred to Porter in or around 1845. In a letter to a nephew several years later, Daniel, Jr. wrote, "I try to forget our downfall at that beautiful place of merited reputation, caused by my miserable folly and that of your uncle Len's." The exact nature of the folly is unknown, but a failed business venture is suspected.

The Porters took possession of Marshland, complete with Widow Marsh in residence in 1846. Percy had died two years before, and Emily had married. Marion remained in the house, with the new owners, until her death in 1851.

### **The Porters**

John Porter was born in Hartford, Vermont, in 1778. Well educated, he became a school teacher at the age of eighteen. In May of 1831, he married Jane Frances Foster. They had six children, two of whom died in infancy.

Porter's credentials are nothing short of impressive. He was one of the original stockholders of the Bank of Woodstock, President of the Ottauquechee Savings Bank, Director of the Vermont/Canada Railroad, member of the State Legislature and member of the State Senate. His list of public offices also include: Director of the Vermont State Prison, Commissioner (along with George Perkins Marsh and Norman Williams) to prepare and erect the state capitol in Montpelier, Superintendent of the

state capitol's construction, and Probate Court Judge. The latter position he held for thirty-six years. Farming, however, had become his chief occupation, and he was very good at it.

When Porter acquired the Marsh family property, it consisted of approximately five hundred acres. He continued to grow corn and wheat on the premises, but made a drastic change in his choice of livestock. In the 1840's, the Vermont wool market began to decline. This condition was due in part to the lowering of the Protective Tariff, and to the competition from the West which the railroads fostered. Marshland, flanked as it was by two prosperous woolen mills, may have prospered with sheep during the early years of Porter's tenure, but the livestock was destined to change if the farm was to survive.

In 1868, the Vermont State Board of Agriculture began extolling the merits of dairy farming. The Judge, realizing that bovines were the wave of the future, began breeding cattle. With the help of farm manager, Charles F. Wood, son-in-law of handcuff inventor, Joseph S. Bean, the transition was successful.

The Porters celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at the homestead on June 2, 1881. *The Standard*, the Woodstock, Vermont, newspaper, deemed it an interesting event, particularly because of the Porter's community standing. This undated article in the Inn files reports that, "Several hundred invitations were extended to friends in all parts of New England, embracing many of the most noted families and most distinguished men..." Judges, former Governors, and Senators arrived, quite literally, by the train load. The Porter's children were also in attendance, including son Charles, who served as Vermont's Secretary of State from 1885-1890.

The Honorable John Porter died in 1886 of "general disability." He was eighty-eight years old. Jane died in 1900 of pneumonia. The Porters are also buried in the Old Quechee Cemetery.

As the Probate Court Judge died intestate, the property was put up for auction just after Jane's death to settle his affairs.

### **The Sawmill**

E.H. Carleton, acting as the agent for the Porter estate, sold the farm to Lyman and Caroline Leighton on July 2, 1901. The Leighton's, from Clinton, Massachusetts, purchased the property for \$14,000. They in turn, sold it two years later to Albert E. Leighton, also from Clinton, Massachusetts. The relationship between these Leightons is unknown.

The Leightons operated a sawmill on the property for approximately three years. The mill, located by the Stage Road, which once divided the eastern pasture, was driven by a steam engine. All the lumber processed here came from trees on the property.

Early photographs suggest that this was a large operation, employing as many as seventeen men. Spiked boot marks imbedded in the old kitchen staircase indicate that the work crew was housed in the upper levels of the ell and woodshed.

### **The Treasurer**

On December 20, 1903, Hartford, Vermont resident, John Lement Bacon, purchased the "Porter Farm" from the Leightons. He bought the property for a summer home, seeking a refuge from the demands of urban life in the nostalgic countryside, like so many of his generation. One writer summarized not only Mr. Bacon's intentions, but their impact on the state's perceptions by saying, "Only recently his inclination and love of rural economy led him to purchase, as a side issue, one of Hartford's best known estates to the development of which he has engaged in with all his wonted energy and zest. The estate is designed as a summer home and, under his direction, Vermont will likely find it in time a valued object lesson in all that pertains to the state's agriculture."

"Honest John Bacon", as the campaign speakers called him, was born in Chelsea, Vermont, on June 18, 1862. He began his banking career in 1881, immediately after graduating from St. Johnsbury Academy. Bacon came to White River Junction in 1886 to help organize the National Bank, and became its cashier once the financial institution was operational. In 1904, National Bank of White River Junction was the third largest establishment of its kind in the state.

The successful banker married Chicago native Lizzie Davis in 1888. They had three children, one of whom died at the age of twelve, the year the farm was purchased.

"Honest John" was a Trustee of St. Johnsbury Academy, Treasurer of Orange County from 1884-1885, Treasurer of the Town of Hartford in 1889, and the Treasurer of the State of Vermont from 1898-1904. He was also a member of many civic organizations, including the Masons and the Oddfellows.

Bacon and his family spent six happy summers at the farm he christened "Marshland" in honor of Colonel Joseph Marsh. John died of a cancerous tumor before they began their seventh. He, like John Porter before him, left no will.

## **No Sheep in the Meadow, No Cows in the Corn**

In 1909, William Russell, agent for Bacon's estate, listed the property in a White River Junction newspaper called *The Landmark*. The house was described as having nineteen rooms and six fireplaces. The compendium of outbuildings, the "ample and never failing supply of spring water," the five hundred acres of land, and the eleven miles of American Wire Fence all gave credence to the ad's claim that Marshland was indeed an "ideal farm."

The attractive notice caught the eye of New Jersey resident Malcom W. Niven. He purchased the splendacious property, minus a few acres, in May of 1910, for \$12,500. The Ottauquechee Savings Bank foreclosed on the farm five years later.

Hartford residents, Claude L. Alden and his wife Fanny, purchased the house and four hundred acres from the bank in June of 1915. They sold it to Nelson and Eliza Devins of Lebanon, New Hampshire, in 1922. The Devins sold it three years later to a couple from Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, Stewart and Flora George.

## **The Dairy Farm**

In 1925, when the Georges moved in with their four children, Marshland had no electricity, indoor plumbing, or central heating. The situation was quickly remedied, however, with the installation of a bathroom, a kitchen sink, and two wood-burning furnaces in the basement.

George ran a dairy farm, and worked a herd of almost 100 Jerseys. He delivered fresh milk throughout Quechee and Dewey's Mills by truck. Surplus went to the Buttrick Creamery in Lebanon, New Hampshire.

In 1933, the Georges purchased the two hundred and fifty acre Strack Farm at the foot of the Quechee Gorge. The Jersey herd grazed in the pastures at Marshland, and the fields of the Strack Farm, as well as the rented Gilson Meadow, were used for growing oats, corn, and hay.

## **Home Again**

While the Georges were busy farming, fate was playing its hand in Buffalo, New York. Charles Dempster Marsh, the great-great-great grandson of Colonel Joseph Marsh, was browsing through the public library one afternoon, when he happened across a book which immediately piqued his curiosity. The volume was entitled *John Marsh of Hartford*, and it contained, not surprisingly, the history of the Marsh family.

Charles Dempster Marsh was intrigued by the story. So much so, in fact, that he and his wife Rita began making weekend treks to Vermont to try and find the old homestead.

On April 4, 1942, after years of travel and months of negotiation, Charles and Rita purchased both Marshland and the Strack Farm from the Georges.

Marsh, then vice-president of McCreery's Department Store in New York City, divided his time between his Tarrytown, New York, home, his job, and the farm. Merle and Gladys Alderich kept things at Marshland going with the aid of three hired hands. They followed in George's footsteps, continuing the dairy operation, but eliminating the milk route. Marshland contributed to the WWII war effort by raising thirty head of Herefords, and a very large victory garden.

Shortly after the war, Marsh decided to go into the retail business for himself, and thus purchased a department store in Detroit called Demery's. Ultimately, this move required that he sell the family homestead and related properties.

Both Marshland and the Strack Farm were purchased by Clifton and Kathleen Goodwin of Lebanon, New Hampshire, in November of 1948. The Goodwins divorced not long after. The titles were transferred to Kathleen on July 13, 1953. In the fall of 1954, she married Logan Dickie.

### **The Tides of Change**

Logan and Kathleen Dickie kept a herd of approximately eighty-six Jerseys. The Dickies, like John Porter, were basically breeders, and, like Stewart George, they kept their cows close to home. The Strack Farm fields were used to produce almost four hundred tons of hay each year. The fifty pound mixed-bales were transported by truck, one hundred thirty at a time, along the path by the side of the Quechee Gorge, and finally over to Marshland.

In 1959, the Army Corps of Engineers condemned those properties along the Ottauquechee River which they felt would be negatively impacted by the impending Hartland Dam Project. Marshland and the Strack Farm were both on the Corps' acquisition list, and were purchased by the government.

The landowners whose properties had been confiscated were given the option of buying back their homes at a very nominal fee, if they chose to move the structures to higher ground.

Logan and Kay reclaimed not only the facilities, but the property itself, vowing to move the buildings out of the flood plain. To do this, they had to elevate the house,

and any out-buildings they intended to use, above the mandated high water mark. W.B. Hill of Tilton, New Hampshire, the company responsible for relocating the S.S. Ticonderoga and various edifices to the Shelburne Museum, in Shelburne, Vermont was put in charge of the project.

Twenty-two to twenty-five thousand yards of fill were brought down from the upper meadow to cover three acres with an additional nine feet of earth. The main house and ell were moved in two parts, using cut timbers to form the cribs which accommodated the jacks. The house was transported approximately ninety feet west of its original location, and fifteen feet north of it.

The one-story ell on the cow barn was demolished and buried. The horse barn (now the innkeeper's living quarters) was carried from its primary position and attached to the main section of the cow barn. The ice-house, erroneously rumored to have been a station on the Underground Railroad, was destroyed, as was the granary at the end of the horse barn.

One bulldozer and a pan were used to carry out the scheme, which took the entire summer of 1960 to complete. When the dust settled, the house and remaining outbuildings were four and one-half feet above the high-water mark, one and one-half feet more than the government required. The Strack Farm became part of the flood plain.

### **Becoming an Inn**

John Davidson came to Vermont with a vision, to build a vacation resort with an eye on the past. Marshland Farm fit perfectly into his concept.

The Delaware based Quechee Lakes Corporation which Davidson represented, purchased the farm, consisting of approximately four hundred acres, from the Dickies in October of 1968. The house became the first of many Q.L.C. office locations throughout the village.

In 1970, Davidson converted a portion of the barn into a stable for the subsequent use of Q.L.C. Landowners. In fact, horses were not truly introduced until 1972, when Robert Tuttle took over the management of the stable. Lawrence Hulburt, the first full-time hostler, lived in the house. Sleigh rides were instituted that year, and were run at the ski area on a regular basis.

Riding lessons were offered in 1973, and draft horses added to the livery in 1974. During the course of a typical year, more than eighteen hundred riders hired the stable horses, and twelve thousand free rides and tows were given.

By 1975, the demand for overnight accommodations in Quechee had drastically increased. To meet the need, the Corporation converted the farmhouse into a seventeen room inn which served a continental breakfast. The Quechee Inn at Marshland Farm opened with a gala celebration on March 31, 1975. Over 200 guests attended the reception, including Mrs. Frank Osmer, of Tenafly, New Jersey, the great-great-great granddaughter of Colonel Joseph Marsh.

In March of 1977, a TV crew of 27, along with model/actress Margo Hemingway, invaded the Inn. They used Marshland as their base of operations while filming a commercial for *Babe*, a Faberge fragrance. Although no interior shots were taken, one third of the segment took place on the mill pond, with the Inn in the background.

### **Give Praise**

Two years later, the wheels of fate were set in motion yet again, and the outcome proved to be a surprising one.

Michael Yaroschuk, a Washington lawyer, had performed some legal work for an individual who owned a large chain of dry cleaning stores. Unable to pay Michael's bill, the man offered one of his stores as settlement. It was accepted with a "Praise the Lord Anyway" attitude. Barbara Yaroschuk quit her teaching job to operate the new business. They called their family corporation, PTLA, for you guessed it, Praise the Lord Anyway. The Yaroschuks were a Christian-minded family, but in no way associated with the infamous Bakkers and the PTL Club.

The new enterprise was successful, and Mike's practice was going well, but the family wanted a change in their lives. They did not know what they wanted to do, but were entertaining the idea of moving back to Mike's native New England nonetheless.

One afternoon, while browsing through the *Wall Street Journal*, Mike ran across a United Farm Agency advertisement offering brochures on rural properties and country inns. He responded to it, asking to be put on their mailing list.

A few days before a scheduled visit to see Mike's mother in Boston, a United Farm Agency circular arrived in the post. Two country inns were listed. The pamphlet was placed in an overnight bag, just in case Barb and Mike decided to have a look at the Vermont real estate.

In short, they did. The properties they were shown, however, were in total disrepair, and nothing the young couple wanted to invest in. It was late by the time they returned to White River Junction. The agent, assuming the Yaroschuks would be spending the night, asked them where they were going to stay. They had no reservations, so the real estate agent heartily suggested the Quechee Inn.



At breakfast the following morning, Barbara and Michael learned that Q.L.C. President Jack Galloway, was preparing to put the Inn on the market. Seizing the moment, they opened negotiations.

Selling the dry cleaning store, originally considered a consolation prize, provided the Yaroschuks with a down payment for the Inn purchase, and some operating capital to boot. They changed the name of the family corporation to PTL (for this twist of fate pleased them), and purchased the five and one-half acre lot and Inn on March 31, 1978.

In 1980, the Yaroschuks invited Marty Banak and Larry Boymer to Marshland, offering them the use of an out-building for their newly established cross-country ski business. Four years later, Boymer left, and Banak expanded the enterprise to include mountain biking, canoeing, and fly fishing instruction.

The Inn flourished under the Yaroschuk's management. It gained a national reputation, due in part to articles on it which appeared in both the 1981 Winter issue of *Vermont Life* and the November-December 1983 issue of *Colonial Homes* magazines.

Marshland kept the family very busy, and thrust Michael into overdrive. He commuted to Montpelier, Vermont, daily, where he was the Executive Vice President of The Vermont Hospitality and Travel Association. He was also on a number of advisory councils, and founder of both the Quechee Chamber of Commerce, and of the Village's annual Hot Air Balloon Festival.

The Baron Group, from Avon, Connecticut approached the Yaroschuks with an offer to purchase the property two months before Mike was diagnosed with cancer. Not knowing that he was sick, and loving his role as innkeeper, Michael rejected their proposal. Once he became aware of his illness, however, Yaroschuk contacted the group to see if they were still interested in purchasing the property. They were, and arrangements were made to sell it after Michael's death. There was one contingency to the sale, and that was that Barbara stay on as innkeeper for one year.

Michael Yaroschuk died in March of 1985. Baron Properties II Limited Partnership obtained the Inn on April 29, 1985. In 1988, the Partnership sold the Inn to Baron Capital Corporation, a privately held company, which owned and operated country inns throughout New England.

On January 30, 1995, Rodger Perry and his family of Simsbury, Connecticut purchased the Inn. The Quechee Inn joins other fine inns, resorts and small hotels that are proud of their history and individuality as part of Rodger's Pinnacle Hospitality Group.

The day-to-day management of the Quechee Inn at Marshland Farm is carried out by a friendly staff of local individuals who are committed to providing personal service and

to making their guests comfortable. Many of this staff, have been with the Quechee Inn for ten years or more. The hospitality they provide is consistent in many ways with that of their forbears.

Colonel Joseph's Baronial mansion is still a place of luxury. The Honorable John Porter's farm continues to welcome guests from near and far. The sound of children's laughter in the hallways is as welcome now as it was when the Dickie's grandchildren blessed the house.

Isn't it funny how some things change and others never do?

## **FLOOR PLANS AND DOORYARDS:** **THE PARTICULARS**

The house and ell at Marshland provide some physical evidence of their collective past, but it is not readily apparent, as both structures have been significantly altered over the years. Photographs and conversations with previous residents have shed some light on the positioning of the outbuildings and interior floor plans, but there is a dearth of written documentation to consult. What is known about the configuration of the homestead is based, therefore, on solid detective work and a great deal of interpretation.

### **The Baronial Mansion**

It is a widely known and accepted fact that Colonel Joseph Marsh built a Georgian style house in 1793 "...opposite where the Quechee River breaks into little islands."

The two-story, two-room deep structure, with two intersecting chimneys, is of post and beam construction. The walls of the clapboard building contain brick nogging, an early attempt at insulation. The frames, windows and doors were imported from Windsor, Connecticut, and were transported to the area by raft. This journey up the Connecticut River took fifteen days to complete. It is assumed that the original door was paneled, and framed with decorative crown supports and pilasters.

The house sat on a fieldstone foundation with the stones in an upright position. The chimneys were made of fieldstone, as well, and packed with clay.

Little is known about the interior of the house. Modern-day renovations have revealed, however, the remnants of quality stencil work in the parlors and hallways. Jessica Bond, stenciling aficionado, attributes the detailing to an itinerant stenciler known simply as "The Borderman." His earliest work has been dated 1814, so it is likely that the adornments were commissioned by Marion Marsh, the wife of Daniel Marsh, Esq.

The hand-hewn rafters, wide plank floor boards, and the vestiges of roofing visible in the attic over the front part of the Inn, all suggest that this area was the original portion of the house, and the only one built by Colonel Joseph.

### **The Ell**

Due to the aforementioned physical evidence, it is believed that the ell was added sometime after 1793. Unfortunately, at this writing, there is no way of ascribing a fixed date to it.

The current theory is that Daniel Marsh, Esq. is responsible for the addition. This hypothesis is based upon the size of Daniel's family when he obtained the house in 1811, the size of the farm during his tenure, and the number of beds listed in his will. Although it was not common practice to give children their own room during that period, it would have been very difficult to fit fifteen bedsteads into the original eight room house his father had built.

One must also bear in mind that Daniel had a 500 acre farm to run, and Marion a large household to oversee. Hired help would have been a necessity under these circumstances. The Marshes, like other farmers of this era, would have undoubtedly provided their servants and field hands with lodging and board.

The original ell sat on fieldstone supports with a crawl space underneath. It contained three rooms on the first floor, each with access to the dooryard on the west side of the building. Two of the rooms were known to be kitchens. What the Inn now calls Room 2 was the family kitchen, and contained a fireplace with a Dutch-oven which is still visible today. The Inn's Room 1 was initially a kitchen with a beehive oven, and an eastern exterior door; both were used by the hired help. A small pantry occupied the current staff office which was next to, and originally a part of, Room 1.

The primary function of the present Inn's Room 3 (later used by Jane Porter as a parlor) is unknown. It is not believed to have been a dining room, however, as areas designated for such use were not in vogue until the late nineteenth century. Prior to that time, families ate primarily in their kitchens, which were often elaborately appointed.

The rooms of the ell were, as previously mentioned, accessible from the exterior on the western side, and in the interior through individual doorways. That is to say that kitchen 1 opened into kitchen 2, which opened into Room 3. These doors were located on the Northwestern end of each room. There was no singular passageway on the first floor.

The second floor of the ell did possess a very narrow hallway running through its center, which was flanked on either side by three tiny chambers. This floor was

accessible in one of three ways: through the main house, by the stairs which once led up from the first kitchen, and from a staircase in the woodshed.

The upper-floor also encompassed, on the west side, a glassed-in piazza. How one got out there is definitely a riddle, but Marion Marsh raised silkworms in that extension. For some unknown reason, the family referred to that area as "the gallery."

Finally, logic suggests that the eastern portico entrance was created when the ell was constructed.

### **The Woodshed**

Technically, the attached ridge roof woodshed is an ell, but to avoid confusion, it shall be referred to here, as simply the woodshed.

Daniel Marsh, Esq. is thought to have built the woodshed for three reasons: because the woodshed is attached to the ell, because he mentions the woodshed in his will, and because the structure contained valuable housing space.

The second floor of this building had a large open room, a good-sized finished room, and a privy. The big room could easily have held beds for the farm laborers, and the completed room would have offered more private quarters for the farm foreman. On the other hand, the open room could have been used as a granary.

The lower level of the woodshed had space for 18-20 cords of wood, an open carriage bay in its Northwestern corner, most likely a privy, an ash pit, and a storage space.

A portion of the Inn's Common Room occupies the old woodshed, and Room 16 is the suspected billet of the former farm foremen.

### **Ornamentation**

Photographs taken during the Honorable John Porter's ownership reveal two Italianate porticos, one on the front of the building and one just south of the ell on the eastern side. As such detailing dates 1840-1885, it is apparent that the Porters were responsible for "dressing-up" the formal entrances.

The erection of the picket fences, which dominate exterior photographs of the farmstead during that era, is also attributed to Porter.

Any changes the Porters made to the interior of the house are assumed to have been purely cosmetic. The basis for such a presumption is found in the following letter written by Jane Porter to Rev. Dwight W. Marsh in 1893.

Quechee, Vermont  
February 13, 1893

Mr. Marsh -

*Dear Sir: Your letter to our town clerk, Ex. Gov. Pingree of Hartford, Vermont is before me. He thought perhaps I might know something of the history of the Marsh family you mention. One volume of the town records of Hartford is lost, probably burned in some house where it had been borrowed, as was the habit in years past.*

*The reason Gov. Pingree referred to me for information is, that I live in the old Gov. Marsh place. He built the house which is a hundred years old this year. The rooms he lived in, have never been changed, even the cupboard where he had his rum (a very temperate man too,) is just as it was a hundred years ago. This is a fine old place now, on the banks of the Quechee, surrounded by meadows, and the upland crowned with forest "Primeval." Not an axe has been laid at the foot of a tree except those that have outlived their generation, or a pine that was not growing better with time, and towering fifty feet above its fellows. Mr. Porter, my husband, bought the Gov. Marsh place in 1846.*

*I have been looking over the Marsh "Deeds," and as I took up one after the other of these time worn documents what Longfellow thought, and expressed, came to me.*

*"We have no title deeds to house our lands;  
Owners and occupants of early date,  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still, their old estates."*

*I loved many younger members of the Marsh family, but the grave has closed over them, and I am walking the same floors, and looking on the same landscape. The name Elisha Marsh occurs often in the old deeds, and I think he and Abel sleep in our little cemetery. When warm weather comes I will go there, and look over the old headstones. I will try and find out more about those brothers. There is one man in town that is older than myself. I will see him. You probably never received so long a letter from an old woman (82).*

*Respectfully Yours,*

*Jane F. Porter*

## **The Twentieth Century**

The 1909 Landmark advertisement mentioned previously in this text describes Marshland as having nineteen rooms, which would support Jane Porter's assertion that she made no significant interior alterations during her tenure. In fact, one could argue that the house, ell, and woodshed remained basically intact until the early 1950's when Logan Dickie obtained the farm. According to Dickie, the only modifications he and his wife Kay made to the house prior to moving it involved refurbishing the ell's

second story. That area was converted by the Dickies Jr. into an apartment for the Dickies Sr.

The Quechee Lakes Corporation made few changes to the house during its first years of ownership. The apartment that Dickies created was used, with minor adaptations, for the corporate offices, and the house proper as a residence for staff.

Q.L.C. did, however, seal off the front and eastern entrances when they began the remodeling process for the inn. The upstairs of both the ell and woodshed were restructured as well.

The Yaroschuks made improvements of their own almost immediately after acquiring the property. Roger Shepherd, a local contractor, was responsible for the addition of a commercial dining room and kitchen, and the eight guest rooms above them.

Southface Design and Construction of Brownsville, Vermont, began rehabilitating a portion of the barn in the fall of 1981. Working with the Yaroschuks, they created an active and passive solar living space for the family. The plans took six months to execute.

After settling into their new quarters, the Yaroschuks continued making changes to the Inn. In 1984, Mike doubled the size of the Common Room, and began altering the western face of the building. Illness forced him to hand the general contractor's responsibilities over to Henry Sutton.

After Michael died, and under Baron's ownership, a gift shop was opened in a room off the lobby which eventually became a small conference room. In March, 1995 as part of a refurbishing of the Main Dining Room, the Library and the Kitchen, this conference room was converted into a third dining area by opening it up to the Common Room through double "French" doors. As an unanticipated benefit, the light from two large windows in this room now floods the hallway to the Common Room with abundant natural sunlight and provides a continuous sight line through the Main Dining Room into the Library.

The intent in opening the "Gallery" as part of the dining experience was to create additional capacity to serve the outside (non-Inn guest) public in the newly named restaurant, "The Meadows" at Marshland Farm.







## OUTBUILDINGS

As a rule, most New England farms had, at one time or another, four things in common: a house with a formal front yard, a dooryard, or area in front of the ell which was a center for much of the farm's domestic and agricultural activities, a barnyard, and outbuildings.

Common sense would dictate that Colonel Joseph Marsh had a barn, and that Daniel, Esq. had buildings to house his cows, horses, oxen, and substantial flock of sheep. Common sense is all there is, because no document has been found to substantiate the existence of such necessary structures between 1793 and the second half of the nineteenth century, and the physical proof necessary to justify this claim is buried under thousands of yards of fill.

A horse barn and the roof of another structure appear in one or two of the Porter photographs, but the first hard-core evidence delineating a complex of outbuildings is presented in the real estate advertisement mentioned previously. The 1909 ad lists the outbuildings as: "cattle barn 100' x 50', sheep barn 60' x 30', and horse barn 40' x 36' ... cart sheds, hen house, modern creamery, ice house, shop, corn barn and hog-house, "all of which" ...have been put in excellent condition by the lately deceased owner." The implication of that last statement is that the buildings did in fact exist when John L. Bacon acquired the property, and that they were not added by him.

The same types of buildings were still standing when the Dickies operated the farm, but whether they have been altered, rebuilt, moved, or had changed use during the thirty-odd year interim is unclear.

Dickie did demolish and bury some of the buildings (represented by an \*), during the massive re-organization of the complex in 1960, and he moved others. The use, location, and the ultimate fate of the outbuildings at Marshland are as follows:

### Ice House\*

It has been reported that the ice house at Marshland was a station on the Underground Railroad. Such an allegation is definitely suspect for a number of reasons.

Although there is no date available as to when the first ice house was erected on the farm, most scholars agree that such structures became popular after the Civil War. Furthermore, many respected academics maintain that the run-away slaves did not need to take the same precautions in Vermont as they did further south. This is not to say that run-away slaves were not cautious once here, or to imply that this area was not a part of the Underground system. The majority of Vermont stations, however, provided their clients with a room and a bed, or at the very least, the use of a hayloft. Why sleep in a cold, wet ice house in Quechee when there was a bed available in Norwich, or a hayloft in Hartland?

Daniel Marsh, Esq. may have offered refuge to the freedom seeking slaves, as might well his son, Daniel, or John Porter for that matter, but there is no proof that they did.

The ice house at Marshland was located to the west of the horse barn, behind the shop and in front of the corn crib.

### **The Horse Barn**

The horse barn, or carriage house, originally stood approximately 8' from the northern end of the woodshed. It was moved in 1960 and attached to the cow barn. The carriage house was renovated in 1981 and is now the innkeeper's residence.

### **The Cow Barn**

Barns with a door in the gable end were very popular throughout the nineteenth century, so it is possible that some portion of the existing barn, if only the design itself, was used by the Marshes and the Porters.

The cow barn was moved a short distance and elevated in 1960. The two ells attached to its lower level, were both dismantled and buried at that time.

### **Wagon Shed/Hen House**

The nine-bay wagon shed appears to be the only outbuilding in its original location. It housed wagons, and eventually heavy farm equipment. The southern gable end of this structure held the hen house.

### **Creamery\***

The Marshland creamery occupied the western most end of an outbuilding which was attached to the Northwestern side of the woodshed. Whether it was used solely for milk separation and storage, or for making cheese and butter as well, is left to speculation. During the Georges time at the farm, the shed contained an apparatus for cooling the milk with ice, a large bottling machine, and a motorized system for brush-cleaning and sterilizing the bottles.

### **Corn Barn**

This is another structure which became popular after the Civil War. Corn was always grown at the farm, so the crib may have replaced an existing one, or the Porters may have introduced it during their ownership. Corn and/or grain could have been stored by early occupants in the large open room on the second floor of the woodshed.

This building was moved in 1960. Wilderness Trails has been located in the old corn barn since 1980.

### **Granary\***

This small shed was attached to the western end of the horse barn and ran north and south. In some of the old photographs, one can see its southern tip protruding just beyond the horse barn.

### **Shop\***

The shop is believed to have been in the building attached to the northwest corner of the woodshed. There is no record of any tradesman providing a specialized service from the farm. It is therefore, assumed that the space was utilized as a tool shed, or a barn workshop. This building housed the creamery in its Northwestern end.

### **Sheep Barn\***

Although some farmers built a separate, freestanding shelter to harbor their flock, many simply attached an ell to their existing cow barn. The latter seemed to be the case at Marshland. Which of the two ells once connected to the lower level of the cow barn actually served this purpose is unknown, but the dimensions given in the 1909 advertisement, and photographs of the cow barn before it was moved, would suggest the ell which ran off the back end of the barn.

The sheep barn may have been converted to a hay barn in the 1870's, after the Vermont wool market collapsed.

### **Hog House/Pigsty\***

Generally speaking, pigs were kept in either an independent building or in the cellar of a barn or stable. The logical site for them at the homestead would have been the second ell off the lower floor of the cow barn.

In all, six buildings were destroyed, two were moved to higher ground and one remained stationary. The loss of these outbuildings and the reconfiguration of the farm complex is disturbing to some purists. It should be understood that the architectural make-up and configuration of working farms has always been dynamic. As technology and farm equipment advanced, and as the demands of the market place required new categories of crops or livestock be raised, the farmer conformed by rearranging the structures at hand. It is therefore, no surprise that the owners of the homestead adapted the farm to meet their immediate needs. Revamping the complex has successfully carried Marshland through the last two hundred years, and converting the house to an inn has ensured its existence into the twenty-first century.





## **THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT**

Many New England inns claim to have permanent guests, visitors who never register and who rarely check out. These purported habitués are commonly referred to as ghosts.

Non-believers often attribute such apparitions to over-active imaginations, or just plain tomfoolery, but for those individuals who have encountered shadowy figures in the night, or have been a victim of their shenanigans, the experience is very real.

Over the last seventeen years, assorted guests and staff members of The Quechee Inn at Marshland Farm have reported confrontations with spirits. They also recount, in detail, a variety of extraordinary experiences. When examined individually, some of these incidents can be explained logically, while others defy all reason.

Is the Quechee Inn haunted? Judge for yourself.

### **Unexpected Company**

According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, "The traditional visual manifestations of haunting include ghostly apparitions, the displacement of objects, or the appearance of strange lights; auditory signs include disembodied laughter and screams, footsteps, ringing bells, and the spontaneous emanation of sounds from musical instruments."

The stories told among the staff at the Inn include ghostly apparitions, displacement of objects, disembodied whistling, and footsteps, as well as eerie cold spots (felt on even the hottest summer day), and the mysterious depressions in coverlets made by unseen forms.

These phenomena seem to manifest during the Inn's slow periods, and usually take place in the early hours of the morning. Interestingly enough, none of the families who lived in the house have reported any phenomenal incidents. The unusual occurrences began only after the building was converted to an inn.

Unfortunately, none of the early encounters have been properly documented. What is to follow was obtained through conversations with the Inn staff (both past and present), and with those guests who were willing to openly share their tenebrous adventures.

### **Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary**

The first story involves a honeymoon couple staying in Room 6 during the early years of the Yaroschuk's ownership. It seems that the new bride, a self-proclaimed psychic, began to experience excruciating headaches shortly after she and her husband checked in. A few days later the young lady asked to be transferred to another room. The

woman calmly told Barbara that she had seen a ghost. She assured the innkeeper that her request for the change was not made out of fear, but was based entirely upon her desire to alleviate her unceasing physical discomfort.

Barbara was very accommodating, and understandably curious, especially when the young woman began describing the cloud-like image she had observed. She identified the earthbound spirit as Mary and said that she was from the 1830's or 1840's. Apparently Mary had, at one time, been locked in Room 6 and was now afraid to leave it. According to the bride, Mary showed no hostility, and was very sad. She was further described as a stubborn individual with eye problems, a woman "uptight" about sex, and someone who may have been an abandoned or abused wife.

The guest also stated that Mary experienced the lives of the people who stayed in her room.

Barbara said that the bride did offer to exorcise Mary from the premises once she and her husband were settled into their new quarters. To do so, they played music, and invoked Mary's father from the spirit world to encourage his daughter to leave the earth plane.

Were their efforts successful? It appears not.

The Yaroschuks called in a medium shortly after the honeymoon couple left. This individual claimed that two benevolent spirits haunted the inn, but no specific information has been documented which might identify them.

A former staff person said that she had seen Mary standing at the foot of the stairs outside of Room 6 on a few quiet fall nights during the early 1980's. This staff person was also quick to point out that, although she had only observed the ghost once or twice, her presence in that area was often perceived. The sensations were described as either a feeling of being watched, or of having someone pass in the hallway when there was no one else around.

A list of the "Marys" associated with the early years of Marshland gives no indication as to who the spirit might be. The vital statistics on the potential candidates do not correlate with the 1830-1840 time period.

Marion Marsh, wife of Daniel, Esq. was, however, mistress of the house during that era. Could Mary actually be Marion? If so, is it possible that she was feeling abandoned by her deceased husband, and bound to the area around Room 6 by the stipulations of his will? And are those spectacles she is wearing in her portrait simply an indication of an old age infirmity, or did they help eradicate a life-long eye affliction?

## **Jane**

Room 7, the room directly above Room 6, is the scene of the second tale. The chamber, at the time of this episode, contained two twin beds.

A couple in their thirties checked in, and a short time after re-arranged the twins to create a king-size bed.

They awoke early in the morning, while it was still dark outside and very cold. The unsuspecting pair was startled by the presence of an elderly man and woman standing at the foot of their bed. When the flabbergasted fellow went for the light switch, the visions disappeared.

The couple was shocked to find the portraits of their visitors staring down at them as they ate breakfast in the dining room the next morning. The intruders were positively identified as John and Jane Porter.

This is the only known instance of the Porters appearing together. There are in fact no other reports of John haunting the Inn, but there are several accounts involving Jane.

During the mid-1980's, a female guest, unable to sleep, decided to leave her room and to sit by the fireplace in the Common Room. As she paralleled the stairs in that vicinity, she caught a glimpse of someone, wearing an old fashioned skirt and period shoes, walking towards her from the dining room. The guest did a double take, and the woman vanished.

At breakfast the next morning, the guest was surprised to see the portrait of her nocturnal companion hanging on the wall. It was Jane Porter.

There is a recent story of a guest who is convinced that his experience in that same area of the Inn was nothing more than a prank. Unfortunately for him, he has been unable to extract a confession of deception from anyone.

This individual was traveling with a business associate. They occupied two of the four rooms the Inn rented on November 19, 1992. The gentleman in question was standing in the Common Room at about 10:30 p.m. when he was startled by a female voice which said, "Please help me." The plea seemed to be coming from a small closet in the wall behind him. As he turned in the direction of the alarming request, his friend came bounding through the fire door and into the lobby.

The bewildered guest immediately asked his companion if he had heard the eerie utterance, and was noticeably disappointed in the response, for his friend had not ascertained a sound. Yet, the episode alarmed both enough to check the entire



building. Their search turned up nothing, which led the guest to suspect that he had been the victim of a horrible joke.

The man's companion and the Inn staff flatly denied allegations of mischief, but the guest refused to accept their fervent renunciations.

Were one of the couples staying at the Inn that night responsible? Could someone have made the statement innocently enough and later been too embarrassed by their entreaty to acknowledge it? Had Mary overstepped her bounds? Or was Jane trying to convert an ardent non-believer?

### **A Bad Case of the Shivers**

Cold spots and mysterious happenings have long been associated with Room 3, Jane Porter's parlor.

In the fall of 1991, a very well respected business man, a frequent guest of the Inn whose character is beyond reproach, had an experience in that room which would make most people's hair stand on end.

It happened on an unseasonably cool September evening. The windows in Room 3 were shut to keep out the night air. The guest retired at 11:30 p.m., only to be awakened suddenly two and a half hours later. He distinctly heard a heavy exterior door open and close. The noise did not come from down the hallway or anywhere outside his room, it came from the direction of his bathroom. (That bathroom is in the old foyer of the eastern portico.) The guest insists that he heard someone walk from that area to the bureau which rests between the two windows on the east side of the chamber. He did not see what was going on as he was lying on his right side, on the left side of the king-size bed, facing the hallway.

After rustling through the bureau, the interloper sat on the bed, simultaneously making the box springs creak and a heavy indentation on the mattress. It was at that point that the guest reached for the light. When he did, the activity ceased.

As the guest did not see the apparition, he could not say with complete certainty whether it was a man or a woman. The next morning, however, he identified Jane Porter as a likely candidate. It was not her portrait that convinced him of her visit, but a photo revealing her girth. He knew from the impression that was made on the mattress that it was someone of her stature.

If you look closely at the photograph of Jane Porter sitting in her parlor, you will see the door leading to the eastern portico over her left shoulder, and to her right a desk standing between two windows. Did she enter the house through the doorway she must have used often? Could she, in the dark, have confused the bureau with her desk? If so, what was she looking for?

## **Let There Be Light**

Not all of the haunting stories are as intense as those just recounted. The staff has reported feelings of being watched when no one else was around, numerous encounters with unidentified forms in empty hallways, objects falling for no apparent reason, heavy doors opening and closing of their own accord, and unexplained footsteps. These occurrences have often been unsettling, but no one has ever been accosted or hurt in any of these situations.

Two examples of such relatively benign, yet inexplicable behavior stand out and bear repeating.

On a cold, snowy night in December of 1990, a young man, someone who had worked for the Inn and was about to return to college, invited his girlfriend to Marshland for dinner.

The dining room was virtually empty because of the weather. As the evening wore on, they became the sole occupants of the room, except of course for their waiter. The kitchen staff had gone home, along with the rest of the floor staff.

The waiter left the starry-eyed couple at their table in the southeast corner of the dining room section known at The Library. A few moments after he entered the kitchen, the waiter heard a loud crash. He ran out into the main portion of the dining room to see what had happened, expecting to find some minor mishap caused by the diners.

What he did see when he burst through the swinging kitchen door was the bewildered look on his fellow employee's face. The young man and his companion had been startled by the same noise, but were under the impression that it was the waiter who had dropped something in the kitchen.

Once everyone gained their composure, the waiter noticed two coffee cups lying right-side up about four feet from the breakfront. Logic would have the cups, originally positioned on a shelf above the sideboard, fall to the surface of the breakfront and then to the floor with enough momentum to make them roll. Following that line of thinking, such a process would produce two crashing sounds as well as some sort of clanking noise caused by the looping motion.

The waiter, upon discovering the cups, immediately went to the portrait of Jane Porter and turned on the light above it. It would not go on earlier in the evening, but the portrait was illuminated without a flicker when the waiter flipped the switch after this ominous episode.

It should be mentioned here that the dining room staff is very superstitious about the light over Jane's portrait. If it does not go on, it indicates to them that they are in for

a very weird night. In fact, there have been so many odd little incidents which have transpired when Jane has been sitting in the dark that the policy now is to leave her light on at all times.

The light still goes out on occasion. True, sometimes it's just a matter of replacing a bulb, but often times it simply goes out. The light, the switch, the socket and wiring have all been inspected, and there does not appear to be anything amiss.

Why should Jane haunt the dining room? It is, after all, a relatively new addition.

One theory is that it sits on the old site of the house. No one has taken exact measurements, but an educated guess would put the southern half of the current dining room on the former site of the first kitchen, particularly that area which encompasses the pantry.

Can the peculiar developments which have occurred in the dining room be attributed to nothing more complicated than her quest for a mid-night snack? Or is Jane, said to have been a consummate hostess, merely making sure there are enough provisions for a house full of guests?

### **Who Was Whistling While We Worked?**

Finally, there is an incident which occurred in the late spring of 1991. An incident which, when recounted, gives goose bumps to one of the staff members involved.

The assistant innkeeper and the maintenance person were in The Library by the Porter's portraits preparing to paint the wood trim in that area. It was around 11:00 p.m. They were chatting with the innkeeper as they laid their drop cloths and pulled out their brushes. During their conversation, the kitchen phone (one of the programmed varieties) gave off a steady ring. The ring did not stop until the innkeeper went into the kitchen to turn it off. What was odd about this is that it was a single phone emanating the weird noise. Apparently, if it was something as simple as a power surge causing the sound, all the phones in the Inn would have rung in unison, begging to be reprogrammed.

The innkeeper said good-night after he righted the phone; and the painters, illuminated in part by the light over Jane's portrait, began their task.

At approximately 2:30 a.m., the industrious pair began feeling agitated, or as one of them put it "like someone was watching us." A short time later the whistling began ... a tuneless refrain ascending from the vicinity of the bar. When the cacophony ceased, the maintenance person asked the assistant innkeeper if she had heard the disembodied sound. She was relieved to know that her companion had heard the strain too, and immediately began sharing her thoughts to that effect with him.

The dazed duo went back to their work, but the unexplained whistling interrupted their efforts several times before their objective was completed.

Who could it have been? Who would roam the Inn at such an hour and in such energetic form? More importantly, why?

### **Free As The Breeze**

No guest has ever left the Inn because of these events, or the others similar to them, and only one employee has quit. It was not the unexplained depressions found in made beds, or the toilet seats that were often found up when the housekeeping staff had left them down, or the missing objects, or the pump wires which were mysteriously unraveled that prompted her departure. It was the breeze a person creates when they walk by - a breeze generated in front of the reception desk in a lonely, empty lobby.



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