

**INCIDENTS AND EVENTS
IN THE LIFE OF GURDON
SALTONSTALL HUBBARD**

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Incidents and events in the life of Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard by Henry E. Hamilton

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HENRY E. HAMILTON

**INCIDENTS AND EVENTS
IN THE LIFE OF GURDON
SALTONSTALL HUBBARD**



G. S. Hubbard

INCIDENTS AND EVENTS

IN THE LIFE OF

GURDON SALTONSTALL HUBBARD.

COLLECTED FROM PERSONAL NARRATIONS AND OTHER SOURCES,
AND ARRANGED BY HIS NEPHEW,

HENRY E. HAMILTON.

1888.

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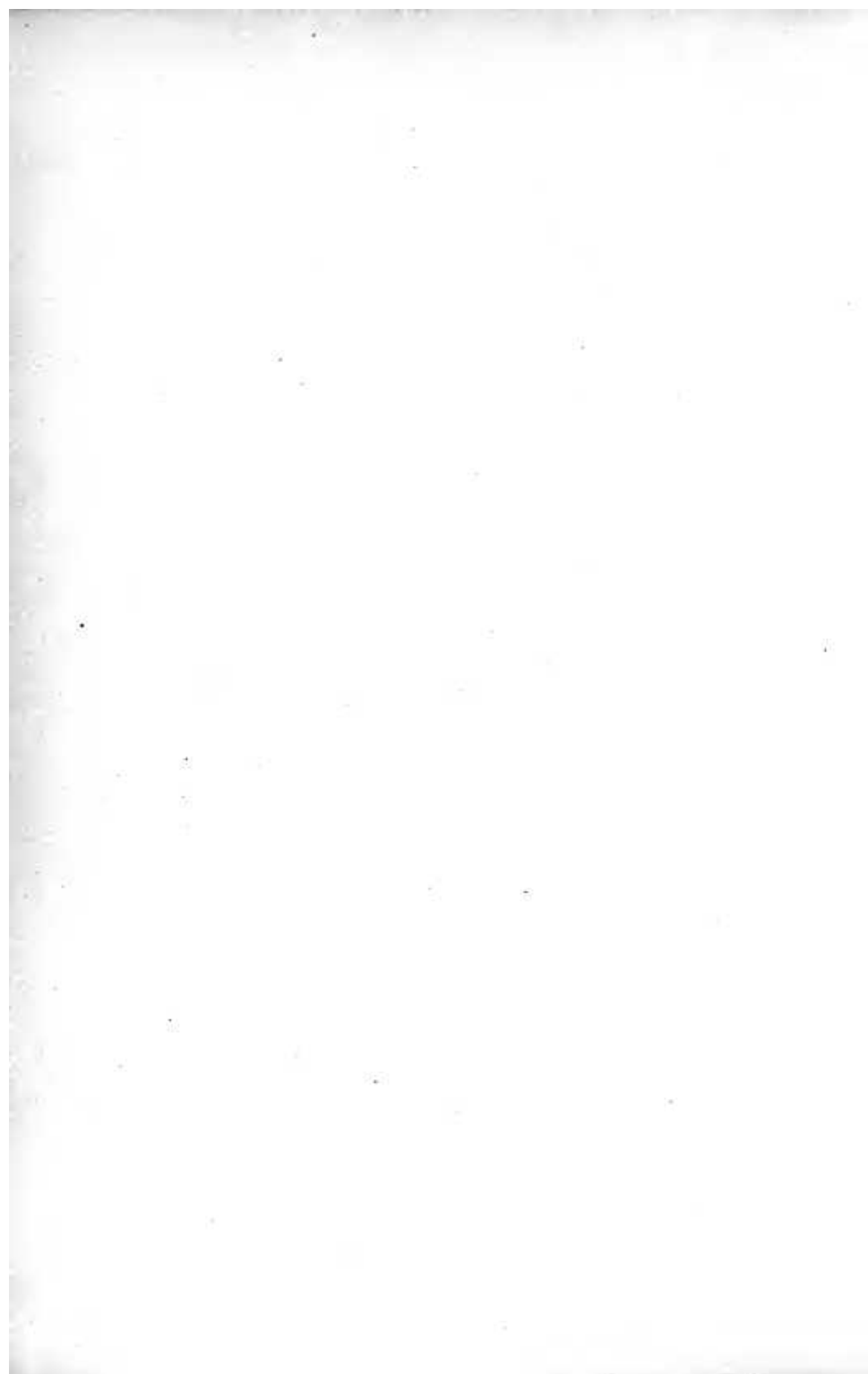
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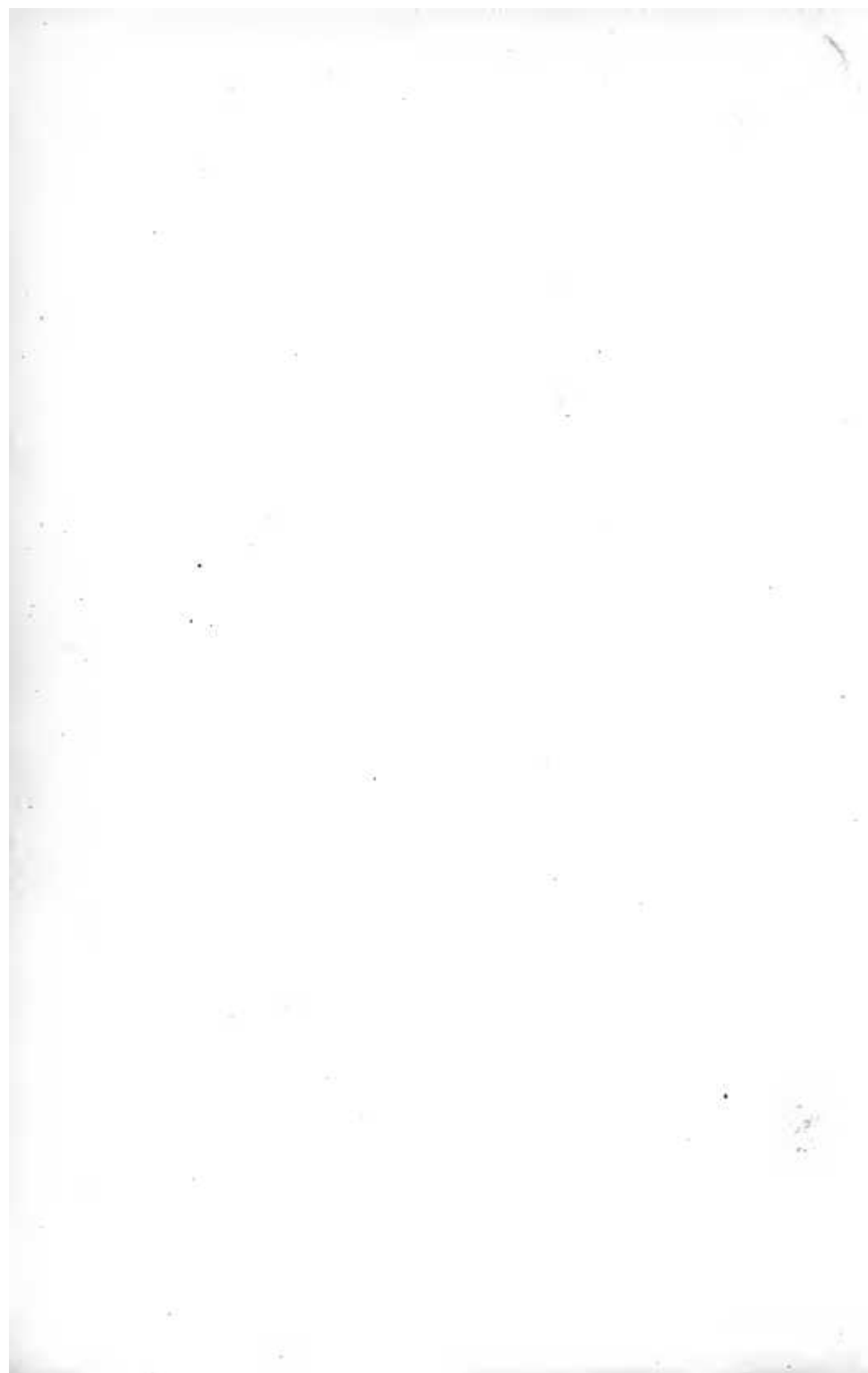
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THE following pages are partly autobiographical, and partly compiled from the narrations of Mr. Hubbard, and from letters and other documents written during the years of which they treat. They make no claim to literary merit; neither do romance nor imagination have any place in the story. It is the simple recital of some events in the early life of Mr. Hubbard, which show the many perils through which he passed and the various hardships which he endured.

That these events occurred where great centres of civilization now exist, and during the lifetime of one man, seems stranger than fiction.



SKETCH OF LIFE.

CHILDHOOD—ENGAGEMENT WITH AMERICAN FUR CO.— MACKINAW.

I was born in Windsor, Vermont, August 22, 1802. My father was Elizur Hubbard, the son of George Hubbard, an officer in the war of the Revolution, and Thankful Hatch. My mother was Abigail Sage, daughter of General Comfort Sage and Sarah Hamlin, of Middletown, Connecticut.

My first recollection of events was the great eclipse of the sun about the year 1806, while walking with my mother in the garden. The impression made upon my mind by the strange and unnatural appearance of things has lasted to the present time. The white stage horses that were passing, to my vision appeared yellow, and looking up to my mother I discovered that her face also appeared yellow, as did all the surroundings. I was so frightened I did not recover from it for some time.

I cannot remember at what age I commenced going to school, but the fact of a dislike for books, from that time up to the age of thirteen, I do not forget. I was always pleading to be excused, and my indulgent mother too often granted my request. I was often truant and escaped punishment.

My father was, by profession, a lawyer, but having entered into some speculations about the year 1810, in