



Aug. 17, 2016

### **TOURING SULLIVAN COUNTY'S MUSEUM . . . while dusting**

With the Dushore Founder's Day having just passed, an interesting write-up was recently discovered that was hand written in the late 1800's by a David Craft. The piece has the title of "Du-petit Thouars, Du-petii Twar – Du-Shore – DuTwar". At the year of inception for the creation of what we now call Dushore, 1859, many of the English- and German-speaking peoples of this area had a great deal of trouble pronouncing the Frenchman's name, hence the anglicizing of the man's name.

"Aristide Aubert Dupetit Thouras, a post captain in the French navy, was born in the year 1760, at the Chateau of Boumais ...." His early school days are then reviewed and his initial service to his country, then during peace time. Setting sail in 1792 he had just left the Isle St. Nicholas when "a fatal malady carried off a third of his crew in a few days, upon which he determined to put into the nearest harbor which was the island of Ferdinand do Noronha" which the Portugese "rendered suspicious by the events then transpiring in France, arrested him, seized his vessel, which was run aground." Following lengthy imprisonment he "set out for the United States, after having distributed among his crew 6000 francs which the Portugese government had remitted to him as the proceed of the sale of the wreck of his vessel." Arriving on this continent in Philadelphia, he began his work of the establishment of the French Asylum Company. "He arrived at the colony in the spring of 1794 entirely destitute of every thing but an indomitable spirit and a genial temper which no reverses could sour." Because he wanted to subsequently make his own way, the French gave to him a 400-acre tract of land that was eventually to become the John Mosier farm in what is now Dushore Borough.

The saga of this man's time here and then his accomplishments back into the French Navy, those battles and the ending of his life are reviewed in the article. "Returning to his ship he nailed his colors to the mast and fought heavily until having lost the other arm and a leg, he was killed by a third shot while being carried off the deck, August 1, 1798, at the age of 38."

This is really only the story of one man's life but his initial start was the beginning of the settlement that was to become Dushore and for that we owe a debt of gratitude and perhaps apology for the bastardization of his oh, so proud a name.

The photo featured with this article had much discrepancy over the year it was taken but on the back of an original photo given to the museum it is clearly stated as 1856, whereas in a 1954 Sullivan Review article it is identified as 1865. What we think may have happened is a transposition of the numbers because photos of Dushore in the 1860's show the town streets advancing and more growth in and around the town.