

# The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



AT THE ANNUAL MEETING



January 1964

# The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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THE QUARTERLY is published in January, April, July and October each year by the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, editorial, advertising and publication office 40-42 Clinton street, Gouverneur, N. Y.

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COVER--The Watertown Daily Times supplied top photo of our officers elected at annual meeting in Heuvelton October 19. Left to right, Mrs. Doris Planty, program chairman; Miles Greene, 1st vice president; Edward Heim, president; Mrs. Edward Biondi, recording secretary; Mrs. W.B. Fleetham, financial secretary; David Cleland, treasurer. The oldtime fiddlers in the lower left photo (courtesy Ogdensburg Journal) are, seated, Roy Jones, Ogdensburg, with valuable violin; standing, left to right, Willis Kittle and Albert Tully, Macomb, Truman Cray, DeKalb. The lower right picture shows Mrs. Hazel Tyrell of Pierrepont and some of her bird carvings.

# CHRISTMAS 1903



By MARY H. BIONDI

Christmas, 1903

Dear Grandma,

Thank you so much for the lovely jointed doll for Christmas. I named her Dorothy. It is a good thing too, because my Ruthy doll is pretty old -- even though I still love her most -- and her leather body is full of pin holes and her hair is mostly combed off.

Papa made a harness for Bib with thills and tugs to hitch him to my sled. I wish I could get him to bring me up to your house, but Papa says it is too far for a dog to pull a sled.

We went to Grandma Jones' for dinner and ate and ate. Started with oyster stew and then two roasted ducks. The squash was so big we could only have part of it, but Grandpa says if I come again soon we'll have some pie made with the rest. Dessert I like best at their house is figs with whip cream all piled up on top. Mamma always says she wishes she could make figs taste like that.

Papa has a camera now and he took some pictures of the tree in the parlor and the presents and pop corn strings and bells on it. He took the camera apart after and we put the papers from inside it out in the sun on the porch and at first they looked funny, but then they looked just like the tree. This picture is one papa took of our tree.

We had a program at school and I sang a song. Come down to Bigelow and see me sometime. We will have pop corn and milk tonight.

Your granddaughter, Dorris  
P.S. Grandma, papa corrected my spelling.

(Picture from original 60-year-old negative, developed as described in the letter)

# Old Time Butchering

By KATIE PERRY

In the 80's and 90's farmers and village people had better living by keeping pigs which were slaughtered for food near the age of nine months. They were kept in a small area and with proper food produced a good quality of tender meat.

There was a multiple birth of nine or ten (sometimes as many as fourteen!) who were soon on their feet and eating. They were left with the mother sow six weeks when they were removed and some were sold and others were fed what was their natural food, sour milk, skimmed. Later a bit of grain was added, later on vegetables, parings, ground oats or wheat bran and even a live stray chicken. Thus they earned the title of hogs.

After the September harvest of field corn, followed the drying, husking and shelling, then grinding between stones in early days. Later years it was ground between huge rollers, using water power, and this corn meal was fed for fat and other foods, along with whey from the neighboring cheese factory, vegetables and table scraps aiding in their growth.

The litter dined from a long V-shaped trough. Feeding time was a test on who could get the most. They shoved, grunted and smacked until the trough was clean. Then they would take a nap. This was the fattening period. The yard was shut off and they were confined to the pen with plenty of dry straw.

Around December 10 preparations were begun for butchering. Indoors the barrel for salt pork was washed and scalded, as well as the covers, stone weight and cutting board, buckets and jars for lard. Bags were made for the sausage. Wood and kindling made ready for the cook stove in the summer kitchen and a supply of cookies, pies and doughnuts for the week ahead were made.

Outside, the large kettle was set up over a rim of stones, knives were sharpened, a sled was an improvised work table, tripods were arranged to hang the slaughtered animals, wood piled nearby to keep the water in the big kettle hot.

Although New Year's Day was a traditional date for "butcherin'," any time after it was cold enough to keep the meat and the pigs were old enough, would do. Two efficient neighbors came to help. One of the animals was caught, taken outside and the throat slit lengthwise. It was allowed to walk around and bleed until it died, then it was dunked many times in a barrel of hot water. This cleansed the skin and softened the bristles. Next it was laid on the sled and the bristles removed with a sharp knife and the cut in the throat extended to the tail and all internal organs removed.

The heart, tongue and liver were removed to the house where they were soaked in cold salted water to remove blood, the liver being sliced for dinner.

The most loathsome job of all was "cleaning the guts" a smelly, disagreeable task of removing the fat from the intestines.

The slaughtered animals were stripped of fat, spread open and hung on the tripods for several hours until thoroughly cooled. Then came the social hour when the helping neighbors stayed for dinner and the delightfully fresh liver was fried, served along with potatoes, home made bread, raw sauerkraut, apple pie and doughnuts. The hard work of the forenoon was forgotten and all enjoyed the meal.

Later the fat from the intestines was washed, cooked until all water evaporated, then placed in a cloth bag and drained while hot. It was pressed until dry and the scraps fed to the hens. The lard was stored in jars or tin buckets.

Now the hams or hind legs were shaped for curing and smoking, likewise the shoulders or front legs which were inferior to the hams.

The leaner meat was left for sausage. The fat slabs called side pork were cut into pieces about twelve inches long and over three inches thick, skin or rind was left

on and it all went into the pork barrel.

A brine was made of coarse salt and water, enough salt added to make it dense enough to float an egg. The pieces of pork were packed into the barrel, each layer covered with the brine until all was used. A fitted board was laid over the meat and brine and held down by a stone weighing over five pounds.

The sausage grinder was brought out, a larger edition of the present day food chopper. Lean and fat pieces of meat were used, the mass was weighed and the right amount of salt, pepper, and home raised sage was well mixed into it. Some was made into patties for present use. The rest was packed into muslin bags which were coated with grease, then frozen and stored. The hams and shoulders were sugar cured or put into a special brine, but I thought the dry sugar cured were more tender.

At that time freezers were unknown. Sometimes fresh meat frozen was put into paper flour sacks and buried in the oat bin. Another preservative was frying lean meat and covering it with the grease in glass canning jars.

The heart and tongue were boiled and eaten sliced cold. The legs below ham cuts were boiled and put into a vinegar solution -- these were known as pickled pigs feet. The head was cut up, ears, eyes, brain and teeth discarded. The remainder was carefully washed and boiled, the rind removed, fat and lean chopped or ground, warmed and seasoned and put into a cloth bag. It was then put into a sieve for grease to drain. This pressed delicacy was called head cheese.

That night the housewife set buckwheat pancakes. These were started with home made yeast begun the night before. The flour was a light gray, the cakes were made on a hot griddle browned on the outside with a light gray bubbly interior. They were eaten hot from the griddle with fresh savory sausage and maple syrup, all home products. Then the summer kitchen was made clean for the rest of the winter.

Many feasts were built around home cured pork. The holiday dinners of spareribs, breakfasts of ham and eggs, salt pork gravy over boiled potatoes, boiled dinners from a bit of lean pork together with cabbage and other garden vegetables are fare fit for the epicure. Saturday night baked beans cooked for hours in a large dish, browned with a sliced square of pork in the center with a loaf of coarse brown bread to aid digestion.

The pig pen and smoke house, the milk pans and churn are all outmoded. The State Board of Health does not allow pigs kept near the farm dairy, which is well. But the flavor of the old time home-cured pork remains in our memories, teasing our nostalgic tastebuds as we consume our frozen, prepared meals of today.

## MEMBERSHIP UP TO DATE?

Mr. David Cleland, Treasurer,  
St. Lawrence County Historical Association  
Canton, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Cleland:

Enclosed find \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to cover my dues.

Please send The Quarterly to me at this address:

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or RURAL ROUTE .....

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# CANTON'S AMERICAN HOUSE

By HOWARD GUYETT

The Old American House was opened to the public January 1, 1825. The first landlords were the Prentices; Sartell, Ezra P., Nathaniel S. and John. It was known as the Prentice House. Silas Hickock became the owner about ten years later and conducted it for about four years, when he sold it to Henry Warner, who conducted it for six years, selling it to Henry Foote in 1845. There was no railroad at that time and the Old Tavern was on the stage route between Ogdensburg and Plattsburgh. Jack Fuller and John Farnsworth held the reins over the big four horse teams which drew the old Concord coach carrying passengers over the route. It was in those days that Martin Van Buren, then President of the United States, came on the stage to visit Silas Wright, who at the time was a young lawyer in Canton. While in Canton, President Van Buren stayed at the American House. Another frequent guest at the hotel was the late George Parish, who lived in the style of an English nobleman in Ogdensburg, and made frequent trips through town enroute to his estate in Parishville.

Mr. Foote died about 1856 and left the tavern to his children. His executors conveyed the property to Stephen P. Jackman and a year later Rasselas Bridge (a stage driver) and his brother, Simeon (Dick) Bridge became the owners. They conducted the property for nine years disposing of it in 1867 to David W. Roulston, who died three years later. The property was sold to settle the estate,

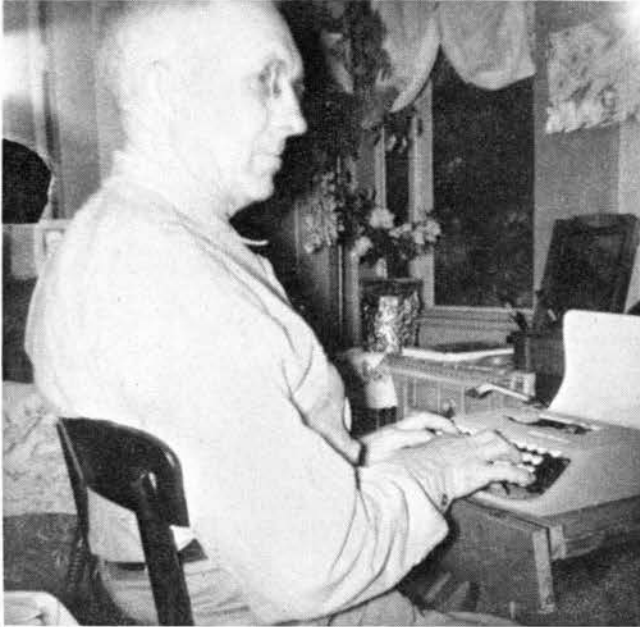
and it went to Barzillai Hodskin in 1877, then the owner of the rival hotel, the big brick structure, which the latter had built in 1862. Hodskin sold the hotel in 1880 to Dick Bridge, and it entered upon a period of great popularity which lasted for fourteen years, when he sold it to Kate Prescott in 1894. In 1897 it was acquired by Edgar, Edward, and Edson Getman, who owned the Getman House in Theresa, and operated it until 1904. In that year it was sold to Fred Sargent and Eugene M. Larue, who operated it unsuccessfully for about two years when James E. Johnson of Canton acquired the property and soon after conveyed it to Joseph J. Flanagan, a well known hotel man from Malone. It was then purchased by Thomas and Mary L. Burke who ran the hotel for a few years. They sold it to Wriley N. Beard, who planned to demolish the wood portion of the building. Mr. Beard obtained the title in 1909.

The Getman's built a new brick addition on the west end (now the block where Billy's Restaurant is located) and this was not disturbed. On April 4, 1916 landlord Burke to the Hodskin House, took possession and changed the name to "American House". Thomas Burke purchased the Hodskin House from John Maybee -- price \$16,000.

As a boy I worked at the American House and went to school, working evenings and weekends. I will try to tell you a few things about the inside of the hotel. At the

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# Lindon Riggs



BY HAZEL CHAPMAN  
(Historian, Town of Stockholm)

Lindon Riggs, former Town of Stockholm historian, is now part of the history he so carefully recorded for our town over the past 11 years. I have known him for upwards of 40 years, as a brother-in-law.

Lindon grew up in the town of Stockholm. He had only one brother, Leland who was five years older. His folks were farmers on a small farm -- there he learned to work and be thrifty.

He went to the little red school at Steam Mills. As a young man, he took a course at Cornell University where he learned to test milk and make cheese. For a number of years he worked for Mr. Bullard who owned a cheese factory about two miles from his home, on the Brookdale road.

He married Ruth Chapman in 1917. She was a Brookdale farmer's daughter, who made him a wonderful wife. They had one son, who died at birth.

Lindon and Ruth bought his grandfather's farm, known as the Graves place, just a short distance from his father's in Steam Mills.

All their married life they worked hard, repairing and expanding their farm. Growing with the times, they shifted from the oldtime horsepower -- the farm supported two horses -- to modern tractor and milking machines. Lindon Riggs was, all his life, a truly progressive farmer.

But because they lived on a cross road where no milk trucks stopped by to pick up milk, the Riggs raised pigs and calves. Lindon served as butcher for all their neighbors; in fact, he also helped in many other ways, particularly with the threshing, going from farm to farm in the fall with his gasoline rig.

Their fuel was wood. Lindon cut thousands of cords for himself and to sell. He was happy to have a chain saw -- it made wood cutting a pleasure. He was a great worker.

Lindon owned one of the first Ford cars, as well as a motorcycle. Mechanically minded, he could repair anything. An inventor at heart, he liked to find the easier way of doing things and he worked out many different inventions for

the purpose.

He and Ruth made maple syrup for years from his father's big sugar bush. They raised many bushels of potatoes and garden produce for sale. In selling his excellent products he gained many friends.

Lindon loved to tell jokes or hear them -- he had a wonderful sense of humor. Truthful and upright in his thinking, he was also outspoken; if he thought someone was wrong or needed reproof he told him so.

For the last 11 years he was very interested in clocks. In almost every house around Stockholm and in neighboring towns, an old clock he repaired is ticking away. He loved to go to auctions and usually came away with an old clock to repair. The Riggs must have 25 clocks on their walls. He loved antiques and when he was appointed town historian in 1952 he became even more interested in them.

The Town of Stockholm appointed him to make a record of our history, people and events of years gone by until the present.

He began by drawing maps of the 10 cemeteries in our town, and recording the names of all the dead. Many long days were spent at this work. Then he listed all the G.A.R. soldiers. In 1963 he suggested that the town board furnish markers for all G.A.R. graves. The sum of \$75 was voted to purchase part of them. Lindon personally placed them on the graves.

During his years as historian, he received many letters from people in various parts of the country who were interested in learning more about their family histories. This last year he had a letter from Mrs. H.N. Bergeson, Redlands, Calif., asking for information on the Tilden family. He always did his best to answer such letters, sometimes spending days searching county and town records. He kept copies of such letters and answers for future reference.

Each year he and Ruth cut out all deaths and events from the newspapers that pertained to Stockholm and preserved this information in scrap books.

Lindon enjoyed people and had a good time at the historical society meetings. He always attended if it was possible. He recorded of the last meeting in 1962 that it was the best he ever attended.

He and his wife retired and moved to DeKalb Junction July 1, 1963, having sold their farm to Bernard Lavair. On July 4 he was called to meet his Maker, while in apparently good health.

The town board at their last meeting had decided to have a plaque made to send him in appreciation of his work as historian. They were to mail it when they heard of his death, so they put it in with the beautiful bouquet as tribute to his memory.

## RIVER WRECK

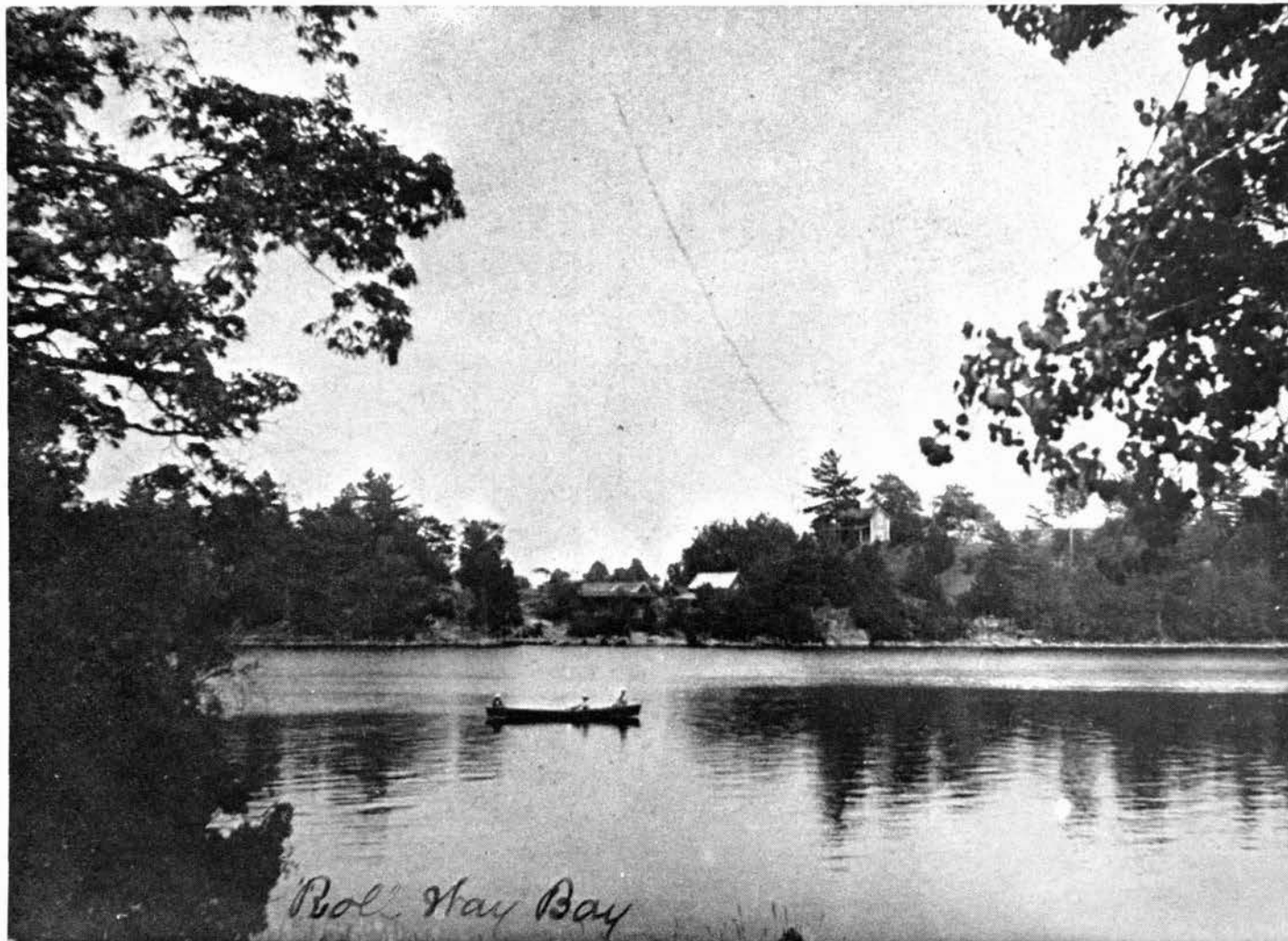
By MILDRED JENKINS

Mrs. Alida Sutherland, West Stockholm, who was 90 years of age on July 13 of this year, recalls an exciting experience of an 1889 boat accident. Following is the account in Mrs. Sutherland's own words:

"On a bright sunny morning Aug. 1, 1889, a friend, Henry Wood and I (then Alida Wolcott) boarded a train at Norwood enroute to Clayton where we boarded the steamship St. Lawrence for a trip through the Thousand Islands.

"We were a part of the 9th annual excursion organized and managed each season by Byron H. Rodgers of Canton; and there were about 850 persons aboard from Potsdam, Canton, Massena, Norwood, Gouverneur, Richville, Heu-

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Some time before her death, the late Mrs. India Murton, historian for the Town of Macomb, forwarded this interesting article to Mrs. Bette Mayhew -- who found it recently among her papers and sent it on to the Quarterly.

## ROLLWAY BAY

By INDIA MURTON  
(Late Macomb Historian)

Rollway Bay, on the south side of Black Lake, received its name from the "Rollway", a place between high rocks on one side and a ledge of rocks on the other, this being the only place near this section where it was possible for the early pioneer to roll the logs (cut to clear his land) into Black Lake, to be floated to the mouth of Fish Creek, thence to Pope's sawmill.

The bay is formed by a projecting point of land, mostly rocks, called "Mineral Point", after lead was discovered there in 1836. These mines were very productive and caused a small settlement to grow up there until they closed down in 1869.

Around the shore of the Bay was a favorite place for the early settler to fish for bullheads. He would build a huge pile of brush and logs, and when these were fired and burning brightly, the light attracted the fish, in the spring and fall when the water was cold. They were extra good eating then as now.

In 1895, 10 or 12 members of Barnes Post, G.A.R. in Gouverneur built a clubhouse on Mineral Point, and as they were all veterans and members of the G.A.R., it was in courtesy called "The G.A.R. Club House". In 1898, a postoffice was established there with Elmer Gray as

postmaster. This was run for three months of two summers, the mail being brought by rowboat from the Cedars postoffice on the north or Morristown side of the lake, then by rowboat to Fish Creek and on to Pope Mills post office. Victor E. Woodworth was postmaster there and the postoffice was in his general store.

In 1912 the late Dr. Fredrick F. Drury, of Gouverneur, purchased the clubhouse for a summer home for his family. It has been so used ever since, being owned by two of his children, Dr. Foster T. Drury, Gouverneur, and Mrs. C. Rexford Holmes, Saginaw, Mich. Adjacent camps are owned by other Drury children -- Col. Frederick F. Drury, Jr. and Mrs. Lincoln B. Cathers, both of Gouverneur. At about the same time that Dr. Drury acquired the clubhouse, two brothers, Levi and Lorenzo Smith, also of Gouverneur, each had a cottage near the roadway that had once been used as a rollway for the logs. Erwin Cox later had a cottage on a small island near High Rocks.

In 1901, John Gaddis, who served as game protector for a while, built a hotel on the road from the main road to the Rollway. It was known as "Rollway House". As it was about halfway between Brasie Corners and Pope Mills, it was used as a halfway house by the traveling men and the public, a good place to rest and feed their horses, as well as themselves. Mrs. Gaddis was the former Sarah Peck, a

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## ROLLWAY

(Continued from Page 7)

daughter of a Black Lake pioneer. The couple soon sold out to Mr. and Mrs. Abner Whalen -- Ab and his wife Etta were jovial and well liked by their many friends.

They in turn sold to Mr. and Mrs. Tunis Wainwright of Gouverneur, who built on a much needed addition for use in serving the public. Nellie Wainwright was noted for the wonderful food she served. The next and last owners were Mr. and Mrs. William Stanton; their son Loren and his wife Jennie lived with them, and there were two other children, Bula and Ellis. The Stantons had not lived here long, when in 1908 fire destroyed the small hotel which for the few years of its existence was so well known in the community.

In the early 1920's, three men from Gouverneur bought 20 acres of land which included the shore line known as 'High Rocks', and extended from the Lake to the road, now known as Route 58. They had planned a resort, but when the plans failed, part of the land was planted to white, red and scotch seedling pine. Gouverneur high school students, under supervision, helped with the planting, and about this time the name was changed to "Sunset Bluff", as it has since been known.

The place had different owners until 1949, Mr. and Mrs. William Sullivan purchased it and came there to make it their home. They converted it into a modern, up-to-date place, a fine road circling around in a splendid entrance to the beautiful grounds. The many fine cottages nearby during the season are booked far in advance. Meanwhile the Sullivans built for themselves a handsome split level modern home, with steps leading down the high rocks to a dock and boat landing, and lockers for the use of the fisherman who makes the really big catch. There is also a fine sand bottom bathing beach with clear water -- almost unheard of on Black Lake.

It is many years since Florence Earle Payne, inspired by a sunset across the Lake, wrote her beautiful song, "Down on Lonesome Bay". I wonder what she and some of the old Black Lakers would think if they could see the many fine cottages that line the shore of the "Rugged and once wild Black Lake".

## AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 5)

time I was working there it was owned by the Getman brothers of Theresa. The manager was Emmet Green, son-in-law of one of the owners. Mr. Green was a very distinguished looking gentleman. In addition to being manager of the hotel, he was in partnership with Homer McGary of Potsdam, in the horse business. They travelled this North Country and bought promising colts and trained them for the exclusive New York city trade. I can remember several very fine teams being shipped to the city. One case that comes to my mind was a pair of colts that were purchased from a Mr. Enslow of Clare. They were perfectly matched and very high steppers. I think they were one of the best teams that ever went to New York city.

A veranda (two story) went around the barroom along Park Street down Main Street to the end of the hotel. Steps leading from the street were on the Main Street end. There were three entrances, and in winter, there was a storm house at each door; these were taken down in the spring. I can remember the doors of the storm house closed with a rope and a weight. This veranda was a very popular place for the old timers to sit and watch the world go by. In those days, we had many characters and this was a place where they could sit and talk and visit the bar occasionally. The lower veranda on the Main Street side was very high and a railing was on that end.

Nearby was the Williams Bros. Livery. The stable was owned by two brothers, Arthur, who lived on Jay Street and George Williams who lived with two sisters, Hattie (postal clerk for many years), and Jennie who resided in their home on Railroad Avenue.

The main barn was very large and the front part was used for the storage of buggies, sleighs, etc. In the back there were about ten stalls on each side and these were

always filled with horses for rent to anyone who wanted a drive. Of course, Sundays were busy days as people drove around town. Some ventured to drive to Potsdam or Ogdensburg. A smaller building was attached to the main barn. This was the tack room, a place where they kept the harnesses, blankets, etc., also two cot beds for the help who were on duty day and night. The aroma of leather in a room like this with its big box stove going cannot be found today. Everytime a buggy went out the axles were greased. Ask anyone today, if they ever saw a can of axle grease.

In between the American House barn and the Williams Bros. Livery was a small building used by William Wellwood, a clerk at the American House for many years, who kept his game cocks here. He had a man come there and train them for him. This was always kept very secret as cock fighting was unlawful, then as now.

In the livery with all the buggies and sleighs were two or three hacks. These were drawn by a team of horses and were used at social occasions such as the Alpha Ball, Beta Ball and Eastern Star Ball.

Now the inside of the hotel -- the first door opened opposite the dining room door. On the right, as you entered was the public sitting room, where ladies who had come by stage or other transportation to shop, waited here until time to make the trip home. Straight ahead was the dining room. On the right as you entered was the head table used only by special guests. This table seated six people. The waitress for this table for many years was Anna Donovan. There were four or five more tables, the second being served by Julia Donovan (sister of Anna) and two more waitresses for the other tables.

On entering the first door turning left was the office and lobby. On the right as you entered was a long writing desk where the traveling salesmen wrote up their orders. The office was equipped with a long counter or desk and a large cigar case. Many in those days smoked cigars or a pipe. Cigarettes were mostly homemade from tobacco such as Bull Durham. On top of the desk was the registration book. If a person signed up after breakfast time the letter "D" and room number was placed before his name. Symbols used were: B-breakfast, D-dinner, S-supper and L-lodging, each page being dated. The rates at that time were \$2 per day including meals.

In the lobby were several straight arm chairs alongside the walls. These were occupied by customers and town folks alike. At the lower end of the lobby next to the barroom the chairs were mostly used by men who patronized the bar and sat in these chairs to doze. I remember of several occasions what happened to those who drank a little too heavy. One was a character (a painter and paper hanger) who came in one day and ended up fast asleep in one of the chairs. He had a half watermelon wrapped in a paper sack lying on the floor beside his chair. Eddie Rathburn (a clerk) and I took the melon and dug the meat out of the center and then filled it with oyster crackers. We then wrapped it up and put it back beside him. We never heard of the results.

A door at the lower end of the lobby went into the barroom. This room was quite large and a bar ran across the lower end. Over in one corner was a trap door that led to the wine cellar, where all the liquors were stored. Whiskey in those days came mostly in large barrels, some of the better brands came by the case (12 qt. bottles). Barrel whiskey was put in quart bottles bearing different names but all came from the same barrel. As I remember all whiskey was syphoned out of the barrels into one gallon jugs. This chore was always done by the bartender who kept his bottles on the back bar filled. Whiskey sold at that time for ten cents per glass. Some of the bartenders I remember were: Elon LaPoint (tended bar all his life but never drank), Jack Hawley and Jack McDonald. Beer came in kegs and was brought to the hotel by Henry Smith from a cold storage down back and adjoining the old Broeffle store on Hodskin Street. Mr. Smith was a one armed man but he could handle barrels, kegs, etc. very easily. Bottle beer came packed in large sugar barrels, each bottle wrapped in corrugated wrappers.

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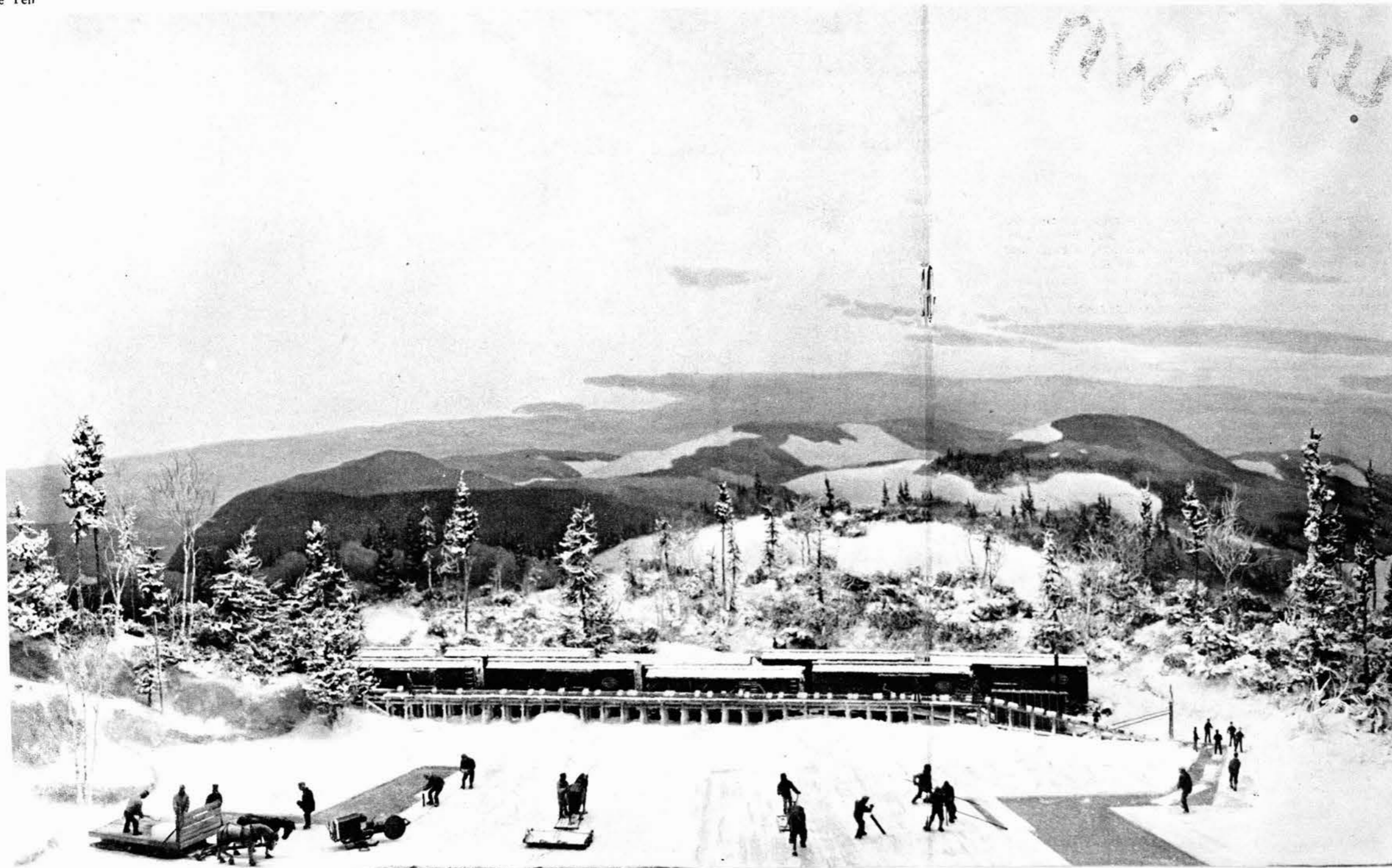
- To help build or buy a home.
- For improvements and repairs.
- For farm equipment, dairy stock, supplies, buildings, etc.
- To business men, for merchandise, equipment, etc.
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(Photo of diorama at Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, courtesy of the Museum.)

# ANCIENT INDUSTRY

By DORIS PLANTY

The winter season in St. Lawrence county: All the countryside white with snow, the sun glittering upon it like diamonds; evergreen trees standing out like sentinels in the still white; a clear blue sky with temperatures 'way below the zero mark -- that's good weather to make ice in all the lakes, rivers and streams.

On cold nights toward the last of January or in early February, the air under thick ice will snap and boom and send long cracks running from shore to shore. This is one

of the wonders the winter brings.

In 1799 ice was cut from Canal street in New York City and sent to Charleston, South Carolina by boat. It was welcomed with fife and drum and chopped up in drinks for city officials. It had melted somewhat, but the project was a success, and the idea of exporting ice was born.

As an indication of the size of the American natural ice business, as early as 1874 we find Boston records showing 51,887 tons sent to coastal ports.

By 1830 ice houses were standard farm equipment. These

were actually two separate houses, one built inside the other, with enough room in the vacant space for a man to walk. The sides and roof of both "houses" were thatched, and the ice was placed in the inner house on successive beds of sawdust or hay, row on row packed to the roof.

Soon all the farmers had built ice houses, to provide ice to cool their milk. They also had wooden ice boxes in their homes to keep the food in summer. The milk plants and factories, summer resorts with the many hotels and cottages located on rivers or lakes had ice houses.

Then there were years when ice was shipped from this county by railroad car to the big cities for ice frozen in this part of the country was so clear and blue that it could be used in drinking water.

They were familiar sights in villages and cities, the horse-drawn ice cart and the iceman, carrying the cakes of ice into all the houses to be placed in wooden ice boxes. Ice was sold by the pound.

When the weather was thought to be right, the men went out on the ice field to test the ice. They usually blocked out the "field" and placed small cedar trees around the edge. Then a team of horses drew a wooden scraper across the field both ways to clear off the snow and clean it right down to the blue ice.

This season of the year when many men usually otherwise employed were out of work for the winter, they would go to the places where the ice crop was to be harvested. They were all dressed in heavy winter woollens, rubber footwear with felt inside, mackinaws, mufflers and toques or caps. All had leather mittens with wool mittens inside; each man usually had several pairs of these to keep his hands dry and warm.

Once the field was plowed and ready, a horse drew a marker across both ways making the cakes of ice 32x22 inches. Sometimes, the ice was 12 inches or 16 inches -- even 36 inches -- thick. Men with hand ice saws would cut out a row to make a channel to float the cakes up to a ramp or ice slide where the ice was pushed up on sleighs by pike poles.

Loads of ice usually two tiers high were drawn by the nice farm teams of those days.

Sometimes the cakes would be kept floating all night to keep the channels open and ready for next day. It was 1915 when power saws were first used to cut ice.

The ice and snow of yesteryears, one might think, should have inconvenienced the farmer, yet actually winter was a season to which he looked forward. Every hauling job waited for the first snow or ice because only then were the soft and uneven roads of yesterday really usable.

Snow rollers packed down the snow and everyone traveled on top. One of the town's most important jobs was that of snow warden, the man who supervised "road packing". Oddly enough he was responsible for covering the bare spots with snow.

The whole North Country moved on sleds in the winter. For every wagon a farmer owned, he once had about three sleds. In fact, all heavy hauling was postponed until winter and moved over ice and snow.

Whenever ice could be cut beside the railroad, that was a big help, since if it was cut several miles away it had to be hauled on sleighs, unloaded on a ramp and pushed up with pike poles into the railroad box cars. The work usually proceeded night and day while the weather was right to fill as many cars as possible.

Lanterns had to be placed advantageously, for a mistep could give the worker a cold swim -- help had to be immediately available to get a man out if he fell in. This was an industry by itself for several years.

Now when we hear our refrigerators run we seldom think of the ice cutting days of the generation just ahead of us.

The only remaining evidence of early ice cutting are the tools which were sometimes made in the farmer's own forge. Even the manufactured tools of later years are beginning to disappear now. The once common ice tongs, ice saws, spuds, slides, pike poles and ice picks are now to be found only in antique shops. Natural ice for anything except skating will soon be ancient Americana.

Different types of days occur: Some are the rare, clear, white, golden days, following a spell of intense cold at night, with the temperature at 25 below. The snow crackles and the cold prickles like needles in the nostrils, but people call them "real winter days", the more precious for being rare. They end with a majestic sunset, a blend of magenta and turquoise against the mother of pearl on the eastern hill and gold and purple in the western sky.

These were the days for ice cutting, that served in so many ways before we got artificial ice.



# one of our own

By G. ATWOOD MANLEY

No other county historical group in this state grieves more deeply and personally over the loss this state and the nation have suffered in the death of Dr. Albert B. Corey, our State Historian-Archivist. In a very definite sense the St. Lawrence County Historical Society was his "baby". It was in correspondence and conference with him that the late Otto Hamel, our founding father, laid the ground work and went about organizing our Society, only three years after Dr. Corey had gone from our midst to undertake his great work at Albany.

From him we received, first, our Temporary Five-Year Charter, and then our Permanent Charter. Time and time again he came back to us for our meetings, our historical tours, our anniversary events, or if he could not be present sent Dr. Tyrrell or another of his right-hand assistants. With great satisfaction he saw our Society grow to become one of the largest membership county groups in the entire state, encouraged us in launching our Quarterly, was constantly advising and abetting us in our efforts. Many of us well remember how he joined the late Watson Berry in that memorable celebration at Hopkinton; how he later made a special trip to confer with us on the matters of county and local museums. He came north repeatedly to take part in our Historical Workshop Programs, a project dear to his heart and initiated under his leadership.

For nineteen vigorously effective years the entire state benefited by his leadership in directing and molding our whole state and county historical program. Historical markers now dot the state, thanks largely to his foresight and determination.

He was personally instrumental in the restoration and preservation of many notable historical sites in this state, and in better developing and implementing those already established. The First State House at Newburgh, Walt Whitman's home; the VanCortland and the PhilipsManors; the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake, Ticonderoga, the Sir William Johnson Home at Johnstown and other sites bear enduring testimony to his persistent, dynamic, wise leadership. He was among the founders of American Heritage Magazine, in the development of the Yorker Group. Indeed, all about this state remain evidence of his remarkable handiwork and influence, his unselfish dedication to a task which he loved and for which he literally gave his life. Never once did any person see him "lie back in the traces". In state cars he drove countless thousands of miles in the cause of history hereabouts and in one of them he rode that last final mile.

To us in St. Lawrence County there is a personal loss. He was one of us. It was up here in 1927 that he came with his wife and first child, when he took over as head of the Department of Government and History at St. Lawrence University. He was the son of Baptist missionary parents, born in India, educated in the Dominion of Canada, graduated from Acadia University in Nova Scotia, and then crossed over into the States to become a U.S. citizen and educator. While at Canton he completed work on his doctorate degree. The year prior to answering the call from Albany, nineteen years ago, he served as dean at the Canton institution. Many of us so well remember those famous biennial conferences on Canadian-American affairs which he and Professor Trotter of Queens University, Kingston, Ontario, launched, notable and international in scope.

Some of us played tennis, went swimming, skating and skiing with him and his lovely wife, Inez, and the four Corey children for Dr. Corey was a man's man as well as an accomplished scholar. It was he who brought his co-worker, Dr. Harry Rieff, to Canton and a distinguished career. One of his students became his own ever-able staff worker at Albany, "Bill" Crocker. In countless ways, we here in the North Country were favored by this more intimate friendship for the man we respected, knew and loved.

As a student and historian he had no use for "hedge-hopping", especially in writing. "Get the facts," he relentlessly admonished, "get the facts first, my boy, all of them, well documented and positive, before you put pen to paper. Keep going until you get them. History without them is meaningless."

## ST. LAWRENCE MASTER

The Painter painted its sunsets  
In brilliant hues of red  
He painted the little and big ships  
That steam full speed ahead.  
He painted the patient fishermen  
Who waited for a catch  
Along the shore, the trees and farms  
He placed within his sketch.  
If I were a chosen artist  
I'd paint the pictures, too  
But they would only be copies  
For He was a Painter divine  
And they would be almost holy  
Placed there side of mine.

A sculptor fashioned the islands  
And the evergreens and the gulls  
Then the old stone castles  
With their old stone walls  
If I were a chosen Sculptor  
I'd make these wonders, too  
But they would only be copies  
For He is a Sculptor divine  
And they would be almost holy  
Placed there beside mine.

A Musician composed the music  
Of the Waves against the stones  
And the cry of the gulls and the farm calls  
That you hear by the lonely shore  
If I were a chosen music master  
I'd write the music, too  
But the sounds would be only copies  
For He is a Composer divine  
And the sounds would be almost holy  
Placed there side of mine.

--Marguerite Hadlock



## Hammond Advertiser.

Compiled by MARY H. BIONDI  
(Parenthetical remarks are hers)

Our curiosity as historians is sometimes piqued by small items we find in old newspapers. Here are some which are Complete items as found in old Hammond Advertisers. (In some cases the person's name has been abbreviated -- otherwise all items are as they stand, complete.)

Sept. 25, 1911.

Tom Fox went to Hammond yesterday to have Dr. Lewis dress his wounds. (How was he wounded?)

Repairs on the (Chippewa Bay) school house are about finished and the cracked bell has been replaced by a new one of very sweet tone. (How did the bell get cracked?)

A band of gypsies are coming down the new road near the Old Lime Kilm. (sic.)

Feb. 26, 1917.

The donation held at Peter Slate's last Friday night was a success both socially and financially. (Who gave the "social" donation?)

Mar. 2, 1933.

The snow plow went through the Rodger road Saturday night and again last night and around the Cook Road. (Was this unusual?)

Dec. 24, 1900.

Our correspondent misinformed you. Miss Tenant returned to Brockville yesterday. (What did the correspondent say?)

June 13, 1905.

Miss Kitts has one more week to teach. (Why?)

Horace Allen is busy on the river. (Doing what?)

Bertha Yerden has been sewing in this vicinity.

July 1917.

Charles Robinson and Nell Donald motored to Gouverneur Wednesday. (A-hah!)

Oct. 12, 1922

A large airplane passed over here Monday afternoon on its way to Ogdensburg. (Almost as many as they have going to Ogdensburg now!)

Oct. 23, 1916.

Mr. James Miller remains about the same. (This is the complete story.)

Nov. 20, 1916.

Miss D-- is in town wielding the needle for some of the ladies. (Ouch!)

Dec. 30, 1918.

Mike Edgar is home entertaining boils. (Such entertainment)

Jan. 21, 1918.

George Grant has a sick cow.

May 16, 1933.

A large drove of TB cattle was shipped from this neighborhood Tuesday morning. (This was in South Hammond news)

Nov. 6, 1916.

It usually takes ten mills to make a cent, but these days one or two Mills on the road once a week will make a scent. (Sounds scandalous!)

Sept. 24, 1917.

The latest fad is sending (a) child home from school in order to punish them.

May 12, 1917 (two items)

Mrs. G.H. passed away at her home Thursday evening,

etc.

Mrs. J.E. of Morristown spent the weekend at the home of G.H. (our imagination can run wild,)

July 24, 1916

Wm. Simons and Miss Bess Scott of Gouverneur were in town (Rossie) Sunday evening. W.B. was operating a new Ford runabout.

Sept. 25, 1911

The Rev. Mr. P-- was entertained at Mrs. Chas. C--'s last evening. Mrs. C. served refreshments. (What were they?)

### RIVER WRECK

(Continued from Page 6)

velton, Keenes, Antwerp, and DeKalb.

"Captain Milo D. Estes was in command of the steamship, and first Mate A. Charlebois was at the wheel.

"Scores of excursion parties took the St. Lawrence for a day trip among the islands and every week moonlight and searchlight tours were arranged.

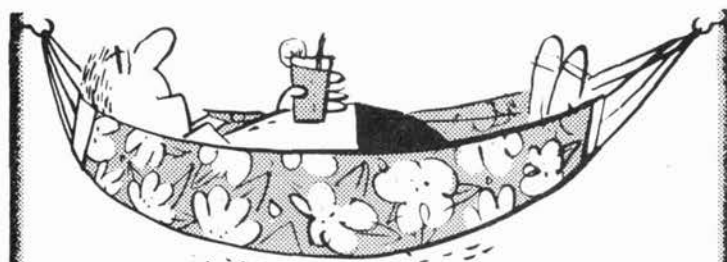
"One thousand people were booked for this particular excursion, so the captain took 850 aboard and another smaller boat followed with the remaining 150.

"When the captain realized that the St. Lawrence had sprung a leak, he ran the boat onto the rocks near Hogg Island. The boat stuck fast and was quickly fastened with strong ropes from bow to stern, after which he let off the steam to prevent an explosion.

"The boat listed a little to the right and was 40 feet deep in the water on that side, but on the left, I doubt if it was that deep. The smaller boat which was following us returned to Clayton and discharged her passengers, returning to the St. Lawrence to rescue as many as possible of the 850 persons marooned there.

"Another boat from Clayton also assisted with rescue operations, making trip after trip until the entire 850 passengers had been safely returned to Clayton.

"We did not return to Stockholm until about 2 a.m. but my folks had not even heard that there had been an accident. We later learned that the St. Lawrence was badly damaged and had had to be taken to dry dock for repairs by the George Hall company in Ogdensburg."



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## AMERICAN (Continued from Page 8)

Just back of the barroom was a small room called the card room. Here the old timers spent their afternoons playing pedro. Some I remember as regular patrons were: Doc Heckles, John Cheatham, Delos Jones, Bill Heckles Sr., Vin Nickerson.

In back of this room along the front was a sample room. This was equipped with long tables where salesmen had their trunks and sample cases brought down from the depot by different truckmen and displayed their samples to the merchants of Canton and surrounding villages, where they selected their stock. Some of the truckmen were: Henry Smith, Oscar Brown (also one armed), Dick Fobare, Charles Rogers, L.E. Moore.

In back of this room and to the rear were the wash rooms.

The only connection between Williams Bros. Livery and the hotel was the horse drawn bus furnished by the livery to meet all the trains. About fifteen minutes before each train time the bus left the hotel and went to the depot where it was backed up in a row near where the train stopped. There were three buses, for the American House, Hodskin House and the Erwin House. Mr. Wellwood, the clerk at the American House, went to meet all these trains and since he knew most every salesman was able to get most of them in his bus. They even met the midnight trains. Sunday night was always very busy as the fruit, produce and grocery salesmen wanted to be on the job in Canton early Monday morning. All merchandise was ordered and came by freight or express. All perishables came by express -- and there were no trucks or autos in those days.

The kitchens were at the back and faced on Main Street. Here were large ranges and at the end of the range was a large broiler. (All steaks served at the hotel were broiled.) At the head of the first table in the dining room were glass doors leading out on the porch on Main Street. (I saw these doors smashed once at a freshman banquet). I think this takes care of the first floor.

As you entered the first door you saw a heavily carpeted stairway that went up to the second floor. Turning right and following the bannister you came to the most famous room in the hotel -- "Room No. 12". Before any description of this room and the second floor, I will mention the supervisors. They met here in Canton officially once a year, the session lasting from five to seven weeks. They arrived on Monday and stayed here in Canton until Friday night. Room No. 12 was a very popular place for the supervisors and their friends, who met each evening for their card game. This room was always assigned to Charlie Walker, Supervisor from Richville. Mr. Walker did not play cards nor drink to any extent, but he loved this room and everyone in it. When he got tired he went to bed and nothing bothered him, not even the smoke or noise of the ivory chips. I will say more on Room No. 12 later.

The room on the front corner upstairs was the family living room. Going down the hall on the Main Street side were rooms occupied by the family. This hall led to what we called the "new part". It occupied the second and third floors of the block now occupied by Billy's Restaurant. This block was built by the Getman brothers around 1900. These rooms were saved for special guests as they were the only rooms in the hotel with private baths. The first floor of this block was occupied by the Magee Shoe Store and later by Ed Eggleston as a grocery store. I can remember two very distinguished gentlemen who occupied rooms in the new part - Harry Furman of Schenectady, who was buying the water power rights of the Racquette River, and his lawyer, Frank Cooper (who married Mabel Gannon, a Canton girl). He later became a federal judge.

As you went down the hall at the left of the stairs there were rooms on each side of the hall, those in the rear being occupied by the employees. The dormer window on the roof -- see photo -- was a room three or four steps above the hall.

Some of the men who lived in the hotel were: Joseph Ellsworth, Sr., (grandfather of Mrs. Manning and Joseph Jr.), M.D. Packard, John Cunningham (a cattle buyer, who later married Bridget Mahoney, a history teacher in the

Canton high school for many years), Professor Mills (who was at St. Lawrence University), E.D. Van Brocklin and G.W. Lewis.

Some of the supervisors who were regular visitors in Room No. 12 were: Charles Walker, Richville; Walter Wilson, Massena; Charles Olmstead, Nicholville; Royal Newton, Parishville; W.N. Beard, Canton; Walter Perrin, Gouverneur; Levi Gedbow, Ogdensburg; and James Robinson, Hermon. Mr. Burke has sad remembrances of the hotel as one of his daughters was thrown from a horse and shortly afterwards passed away.

In 1916 the hotel was razed by Archie Gibson, who later became sheriff of St. Lawrence County. In April 1916 the old American House gave its last "feed" on a Friday evening, when about 28 or 30 "disciples of good fellowship" took off their wraps in old Room No. 12 and gazed for the last time at the old carpet trod by the county supervisors. They tapped on the stove pipe and pressed on the button to no avail. They sat around the old table and gazed with fondness at the bed where for years the late Charlie Walker had slept (for Charlie went to bed when he wanted to, whether the room was empty or crowded with men listening to Will Lewis' stories.) They went down the stairs and caught their heels in the same old holes in the stair carpet. They viewed the old hat rack, lounged over the old desk, then went into the old dining room and were waited on by the same old girls, who had been there for years. They sat down to a very fine banquet and were entertained by the famous John O'Conner of Ogdensburg in a side splitting impromptu farce dialect address.

The following is a list of the entertainers or "plaintiffs" in the "sociability court": W.N. Beard, E.D. Van Brocklin, James E. Johnson, W. A. McPhee, J. Stanley Ellsworth, Herbert M. Farmer, J. Fred Hammond, G.W. Lewis, Ceylon Chaney, Thomas Peggs, Rowland Safford, George M. Holmes, Harlow A. Olmstead, Welby W. Haile.

The "guest defendants" were: Walter F. Wilson, Henry T. Kellogg, Ledyard P. Hale, James E. Robinson, Charles I. Olmstead, James C. Dolan, Wm. D. Ingram, Kimball Snell, Royal Newton, John C. Crasper, Fred A. Sweet, Frank L. Seaker, John L. O'Conner, R. Porter Johnson, George E. Van Delinder.

Following is the menu for that last "feed": Oyster Cocktails, Tomato Bisque, Croutons, Baked Lake Trout, Saratoga Chips, Queen Olives, Celery Branches, Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing, Cold Boiled Ham, Ox Tongue, Mashed Potatoes, French Peas, Fruit Salad, Parker House Rolls, Wafers, Strawberries with whipped cream, Vanilla Ice Cream, Sponge Cake, Tea, Coffee, Cigars.

## Letters

To the Editor

Sir:

In THE QUARTERLY I am finding much to stir memories of long ago in "The North Country". In the October issue I was particularly interested in the article by R.E. Kerr -- "The Coming of the Automobile". It called to mind my first ride in one of those "horseless carriages".

My home was about half a mile up route 72 from where it begins at Nicholville. My uncle, George N. Gibson, of West Stockholm had one of the early cars, and I believe it was the first to appear in the vicinity of Nicholville -- at least I am sure it was the first on route 72.

I will remember the day that Uncle George appeared at our house in his car, and asked if we wanted to go for a ride.

"Let your mother get in first," ordered Uncle George. So I had to sit in the middle, on the back seat, with Papa on my right. Uncle George sat on the front seat with the chauffeur.

When we got to Goodenough Hill it was raining and we stopped short at sight of the rutted, stony, steep grade ahead of us.

"We might make it down," said the chauffeur, "but I am

(Continued on Page Seventeen)



# 1812-15, WAR OF MILITARY MISCHANCES

By EUGENE HATCH

Scattered through the pages of our county's histories, some of the incidents of the Second War with Great Britain, especially in the earlier stages, though doubtless serious enough at the time, seem at this late date to have comic opera overtones.

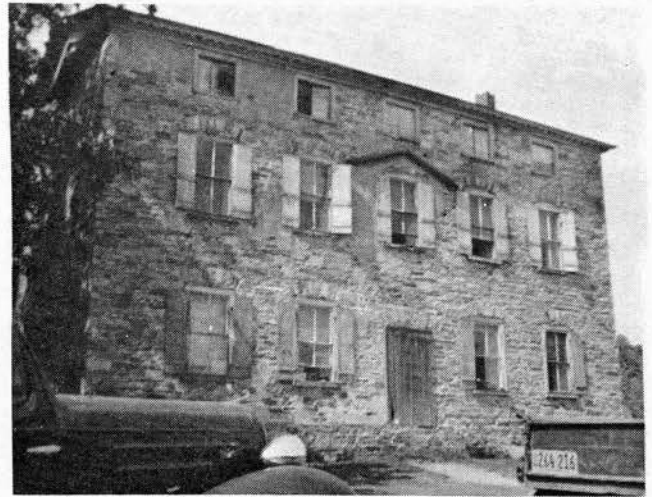
For instance, there was the naval battle in the St. Lawrence river off Morrystown in early 1812, fought between the United States schooner "Julia" and the British "Earl of Moira". The two ships ran alongside each other and began a steady and furious cannonade which raged for three hours. There were no casualties and no serious damage to either and at nightfall each vessel retired to her own shore, leaving the situation quite unchanged.

On land, too, there was the action at St. Regis. In direct violation of an agreement made with the United States in 1812, a small company of British troops took post there. Major Young, head of the American force at French Mills (later Fort Covington) made a surprise attack on St. Regis before dawn on Oct. 21, 1812. The British soon surrendered, losing five men. The victorious Americans took forty prisoners back to French Mills, and captured a stand of colors. This flag was taken in triumph to Albany, as the first British colors captured in the war and received at the capitol with elaborate ceremonies. But if a British historian may be believed, this same flag was found in a citizen's house during the St. Regis raid.

The sequel to the victory at St. Regis was a British raid on French Mills and the capture of forty-four Americans. These were exchanged for the British prisoners captured at St. Regis again leaving affairs much as they had been before.

It should be remembered that northern New York was predominately Federalist in politics, from the great land holders to the settlers. They had seen their chosen candidate John Adams beaten by Jefferson in the 1800 election, a great catastrophe to them, in those days of bitter politics. Ogdensburg had been evacuated by the British only about 20 years before and the owners of great tracts of land were absorbed in selling land to settlers, building mills and making roads to develop their interests.

The only products, besides furs, that brought in cash money were potash and lumber floated down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Our settlers had found the Canadians fair to deal with; each held the other in mutual respect. In river towns like Louisville it is recorded that families exchanged visits to friends across the St. Lawrence "as if the river was but a common street," and during the war



When war threatened with Great Britain, the state legislature passed an act in 1809 to build several arsenals in the state. Governor Thompson selected for one site a commanding hill above Russell village and presumably the building was erected soon after.

The walls were constructed of native stone 30 feet by 50 feet in size. Originally it was surrounded by a high stone wall, bristling with iron spikes. During the War of 1812, Corporal Horace Dickinson, with a small company of soldiers was stationed there.

In 1850 the arsenal was sold by the state together with 400 stand of arms. The building became the village schoolhouse in 1860. It was ruined by fire in March 1945 and torn down.

these visits, held now at night, were common.

In 1807 Jefferson's Embargo Act legally stopped all this busy trade with Canada, and a brisk smuggling business began. News travelled slowly to our frontier and mail took four weeks to come from Philadelphia, Pa. The British seizure of American sailors, one of the war's chief causes, seemed to make only a faint impression on this inland region. The Federalist party lost again in 1810. Their candidate, Pinckney, was overcome by the Democrat, James Madison, and many northern New Yorkers gave a cool response to "Mr. Madison's War".

The first United States troops, records state, were sent to Ogdensburg under Captain Anderson to check the smuggling. They were charged with being overly officious in searching persons crossing the river, and they were accused of being adept foragers of the citizen's chickens and garden stuff. Some of the dislike for these troops, however, may have been caused from the curtailment of the dearly held right of some of the people to carry on smuggling. The embargo was removed and the troops left. In early 1812, scarlet coated British officers might be seen on the streets of Ogdensburg, shopping or going to be entertained at Mr. Parish's elegant mansion. In a recently published letter giving instructions to Lieutenant Ingram, General Pike writes, "British officers of rank are frequently seen at Ogdensburg. Conceal your march (to that place) and you may seize them."

Strangely, on the eve of the war, there was a great fear, not of troops from Canada, but of Indians. Many of the settlers had come north by way of the Mohawk valley, and had heard of the Indian raids, of homes burned and settlers scalped through the valley and at Cherry Valley only 30 years before. It was firmly believed by many that the British would incite the St. Regis Indians to wipe out our settlements.

The sight of a single Indian was enough to cause alarm and they dared not travel without a pass signed by some well known citizen. This paper they would hold in sight when still at a distance.

In the river towns many settlers fled. In Lawrence only five families remained and the panic spread as far

(Continued on Page 16)



inland as Fowler. Judge Ford wrote in 1807 to his employer, Samuel Ogden, that fear of the Indians, starting with the women, "puts the devil into some of the men and some are becoming as old womanish as the women themselves." The growth of Parishville was augmented by refugees from Ogdensburg and other towns.

But the Laurentians who remained were not going to be massacred without a struggle. At Gouverneur, Rossie and Massena formidable block houses were erected, surrounded by a stout palisade of logs. The Gouverneur fort was manned day and night until Isaac Austin, noticing how guard duties were causing settlers to neglect their crops, dryly observed that they might be faced by a worse enemy than Indians, and that, starvation. The Stockholmers erected a double line of pickets around Dr. Pettibone's house and another a mile east of the village. These fortifications were of timbers sixteen feet tall, sharpened at the top. Muskets were hastily obtained by pack horses from the stone arsenal which Governor Thompson had built at Russell shortly before the war started.

The Indian panic tempted a young jokester to gallop on horseback through the DePeyster settlement, shouting to the alarmed inhabitants that the Indians were coming. The people hurriedly fled to the woods. No Indians came and after an uncomfortable wait they returned to their homes. They were not amused. A year later the author of the prank was caught and severely flogged.

Dr. Hough narrates the story of an American who lived on a point of land by the St. Lawrence in Louisville. He decided to hearten his timid neighbors, so one clear night, with the help of some accomplices, he built a great number of fires along the river bank, then shouted loud military orders for an imaginary army to take positions. They were answered by his aides at suitable distances, and could be clearly heard across the water. A rattling of wagons was heard, indicating that the Canadian settlers were fleeing to the woods, where it was later revealed, they spent a night of terror.

The next year, a detachment of thirty British troops appeared at Hopkinton. An American spy had informed them that the United States army had stored a large amount of flour there. They found 300 barrels in Judge Hopkins' barn. Finding they could not carry away more than half this amount they began to destroy the rest but the settlers persuaded them to divide the rest of the flour among themselves. During this raid the soldiers searched the homes. They found and carried away twenty stands of muskets, probably the ones brought from the Russell arsenal.

Captain Forsythe arrived in Ogdensburg with two companies of troops late in 1812. There the militia joined him. On October 2, British gun boats took up positions and began bombarding the village. The scattered houses were but little damaged. Two days later a naval assault by the British was beaten off by our troops.

A severe winter arrived early, and the river iced over firmly. A horse patrol of four started up river on the ice one eve. Returning, they were met in the darkness by a body of fifteen men. These called out, "Who comes there?" "Friends," the horsemen answered. "Friends of whom?" pursued the challengers. The horsemen afraid the mysterious troops might be British answered, "Friends of King George." It was the wrong answer. There was a prompt volley of musketry from the challengers, killing two of the horses and wounding a horseman. A quick shouted explanation by one of the horse patrol satisfied the attackers and the firing ceased. This redoubtable company was of volunteer Revolutionary veterans and they considered themselves, by reason of their superior war experiences, to be independent of military rules.

The enterprising Captain Forsythe, hearing that a number of Americans were lodged in the Brockville jail, on Feb. 6, 1813 led his force on foot across the ice bound St. Lawrence and released fifty-two prisoners. This action brought down the vengeance of the British on Ogdensburg and two weeks later they crossed and made a two-pronged attack on the town.

One British column of 300 men were repulsed, but the other of 500 successfully got past the eight cannon Forsythe had posted in strategic spots -- except for one piece which forced them to run to cover. There they began such a galling fire on the Americans that the Captain was forced to retreat. Eighty Indians are said to have joined the British in this battle, but evidently they were no more atrocious than their allies. After Forsythe's withdrawal from the town British soldiers and civilians began looting the houses, except three, it was later noted. The British officers afterward claimed the looters had gotten out of hand. With the exception of the sacking of Ogdensburg, the British were generally scrupulous in paying for the provisions which they greatly needed.

The battle of Ogdensburg was the major action of the war within the bounds of our county. Fort Oswegatchie, which Gen. Brown had ordered built at Ogdensburg from plans by M. Ramee, who had been an engineer in Napoleon's army, was never finished and both sides abandoned the town for the rest of the war. The forty-five prisoners captured by the British were exchanged for the prisoners Captain Forsythe had taken in his raid on Brockville.

A letter has come down to us, written by a Mrs. York, an Ogdensburg lady. She was at her home when the British took the town and she states she snatched her money and her tablespoons and ran as fast as she could, retreating fifteen miles. Next day, the lady returned to find her house plundered. Undaunted, she got permission to cross the river and confronted the British commander. He courteously told her she could have her plundered clothing if she could find it. That proved impossible and she had to leave without it, but she did succeed in bring back her husband, who had been taken prisoner.

Another spirited woman was Mrs. Stevens of Rossie. When the British Col. Frazer's party took the village, searching for horse thieves, he called the settlers together and told them if his men had taken anything it would be returned. She later found that a set of silver teaspoons were missing. Table silver was prized and handed down through generations of a family. She took prompt measures. A man of her acquaintance was sent to Kingston. He told the Colonel of her loss. The Colonel located the silver and he brought it back in triumph.

In the summer of 1814, British agents were openly buying cattle from farmers. This was a little too much for some of the Americans, however apathetic they might be. The cattle were seized and scattered among the farmers. Later however British soldiers returned and got back their cattle.

There were troubles with American troops, too. Young Daniel Hoard, the Parrish agent, was having supplies hauled with teams of horses for the building of Parishville, a pet project of the proprietors, over the same road, probably the Russell turnpike, that the American troops were traveling. The troops frequently "pressed" the horses and wagons into service, dumping the loads by the roadside.

In war time Canton, the "Great Vendue", was long remembered. There Dr. Campbell who was also the owner of the tavern, received secretly a sloop load of goods captured from the British. The British heard of this hidden loot and planned to recover it, but a furious snow storm providentially foiled their plans. The goods, said to be valued at \$50,000, were sold at auction. The chance to make a dollar and at the same time frustrate the British was not to be missed.

## Part II

In early November 1813, the few settlers along the American shore of the St. Lawrence saw a great flotilla of three hundred small craft coming down the river. It carried Gen. Wilkinson's army on their way to Montreal. He had arrived at Sackets Harbor late in August to take command, but the expedition had not got underway until Oct. 29. But at last here it was and no American, Federalist or Jeffersonian, could doubt that his country meant business, and that serious times were ahead.

That night 1800 weary soldiers disembarked and camped at Morristown. The next day the fleet arrived near Ogdensburg and the army landed on shore. The battery at the

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1812-15

(Continued from Page 16)

British fort at Prescott was a threat, so the army was to march past it on the American side under cover of night while the fleet was to attempt to sail by. The fleet was discovered, but the British bombardment was without effect.

Gen. MacComb's 1200 troops were assigned to cross the river and engage the British shore batteries and disperse British troops, and he did good work there.

On November 7 a thousand troops from Kingston began to harass Wilkinson's army's rear. Gen. John Armstrong, the Secretary of War, had strongly urged that the Kingston fort be taken as the first step in the campaign, but Wilkinson had finally decided against it, and now the results of his bad judgment were becoming apparent.

On November 8 our cavalry and more troops crossed over. The enemy's forces continued to dog our troops, then eight British gun boats appeared in the river and began a cannonade. On the 10th the Americans came to Chrysler's Farm and there were numerous skirmishes with the enemy. On the next morning, the army found itself facing 1600 British. An engagement began and the British fell back about a mile into position. There they stood fast, and delivered a heavy fire for two and a half hours. The American dragoons attempted a flanking attack but that failed under a withering fire. The army had lost 339 killed and wounded by nightfall.

Next day the flotilla embarked. It passed through the Sault rapids and joined General Brown on Barnhart Island.

In the plan for the Canadian invasion, Gen. Wade Hampton's forces were to join Gen. Wilkinson. A dispatch from Hampton was received that day. He blandly stated that his troops were marching east to Lake Champlain. This blow decided the council of officers to select French Mills (Fort Covington) for the army's winter quarters.

General Wilkinson had been seriously ill during the battle, as was General Lewis Lewis, his second in command.

The winter of 1813-14 began with intense cold. Most of the soldiers had lost their blankets and the many sick could only be put in tents. Provisions were scarce and poor, and most of the medicines and hospital stores had been lost. The bitter cold continued and on Feb. 9, 1814 orders were given to leave. Gen. Brown led one division of troops to Sackets Harbor. The other division was to go to Plattsburgh. The march to Sackets probably passed over the Russell Turnpike and the troops with the many wounded or sick must have excited the pity of the settlers along the way.

Certainly thoughtful people began to believe Canada could not be invaded. Their people, instead of joining us, seemed to want no part in a single American country.

In Europe Napoleon surrendered on April 4, 1814 and he was exiled to Elba. Now England was free to turn all her armed might against America. The victorious Duke of Wellington was offered the command of a British expedition. However, he had his government withdraw the offer. He stated that Britain would have to gain a decisive victory if he took the field and he did not think that would be possible.

Gen. Packenham, Wellington's brother-in-law, was placed in charge of 12,000 seasoned veterans of the Napoleonic wars with orders to land at New Orleans.

A treaty was signed on December 24, 1814 with the British. The same boundaries were agreed upon as were held before the war. Nothing was said about the seizure of sailors or goods. With Napoleon's defeat the great blockade of Europe was over, and the British had no further shortage of sailors.

The battle of New Orleans was a smashing victory for the Americans and under Gen. Andrew Jackson. It was fought, unknown to both sides two weeks after the treaty was signed. That circumstance might be said to be characteristic of this war of military mischance.

LETTERS

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

sure we could never make it up."

Papa told them - "It is quite a piece around to another road, and much deep sand on that road."

So the chauffeur managed to get us turned around in Mr. Goodenough's yard, and we went back home.

I made up my mind that day that "Someday I am going to own a car - AND DRIVE IT MYSELF!" I had been driving a horse for a little while and I was sure this would be a great improvement. In 1925 that dream came true - when my husband and I purchased our first car.

Last May 24 was my 75th birthday and on May 28 I started in my car - alone - for northern Vermont. Of the three weeks away from home I spent a few days in Potsdam.

Another of my girlhood dreams was to go to Malone, but 20 miles, Papa said, was too far to go in a day with a horse. We went every month to see Grandma Gibson in West Stockholm - 14 miles - but the extra 6 miles (12 miles round trip) - the difference between 28 and 40 miles, was just too much.

I find in a hand-written notebook, ambitiously entitled "Original Poems" an account of that first ride.

Best wishes for continued success.

Mrs. Abigail S. Cole (John M.)

23 Highview Ave.,  
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Oct. 31, 1963

## AN AUTO RIDE

I had an invitation  
The other day to take a ride  
And surely now I tell you  
My pleasure I could not hide.

For I knew that of all fast riding  
This surely would top the list  
And without any extra exertion  
Not even so much as a twist.

So I stepped quickly into the auto  
And leaned back on the cushioned seat  
Prepared to enjoy the experience  
Which all previous ride would beat.

So off we went in a hurry  
As though we were on business sent  
Right straight out into the country  
To surprise the natives we went.

As past houses we did go spinning  
People peeked out at window and door  
And judging at least by their actions  
'Twas a sight they'd not seen before.

One woman seemed intently working  
In a chair by the open door  
But when she heard us coming  
The chair fell back on the floor.

And she stood there like a statue  
With her mouth open wide in wonder  
'Till I almost feared her brain  
With excitement might crack asunder.

Her husband up the road a bit farther  
Ran up a bank in affright  
And stood there staring, staring  
His eyes sticking out round and bright.

Still on we went in our hurry  
Till we ran right into a shower  
That had passed before us  
With a start of nearly an hour.

So we then turned 'round in a twinkling  
Retracing our backward way  
And thus completing our journey  
That we took on this summer's day.

July 8, 1907

--Abigail Smith Cole



FROM THE COUNTY'S  
**Cracker Barrel**

(Including the names of all Town and Village Historians together with a continuing report of their activities). BRASHER: (Mrs. John Gray) CANTON: (Ed Heim) This quarter has been a very busy one. Fay Peters of Canton recovered a number of old-time school books from a barn being torn down and presented them to your historian for preservation. After Judge Ceylon Chaney passed away his daughter, Marian Chancey Nestor, phoned and gave us a number of copies of Supervisor reports, an 1858 Wall map of St. Lawrence county, an 1865 book of maps of Towns of St. Lawrence county, a typewritten history of Canton in W.W. I, a Schriener's Fez, and a number of other small items. The writer attended the Ottawa Tour and the Potsdam-Colton tour with the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. When the members of the A.X.O. Sorority of the State University, Canton Agricultural and Technical institute returned to school in September they phoned and offered to continue clipping newspapers and for this work we are grateful. The Canton historian was nominated and elected president of the County Historical association at the annual meeting at Heuvelton in October and is grateful for this honor. The year 1963 has been a very busy and successful one. Many old and new items have been accepted for preservation in our new museum to be set up in our new Community building. CLARE: (Mrs. Myron Fry) CLIFTON: (Mrs. Clara McKenny) COLTON: (Mrs. Lorena Reed) DEKALB: (F.F.E. Walrath) DEPEYSTER: (Mrs. Emery Smithers) is preparing annual reports. EDWARDS: (Miss Leah Noble) has been cleaning house in the museum in Edwards, working on family trees, service cards and mounting photographs of property in town and writing a bit. FINE: (Mrs. Rowland Brownell) is working on service records as well as trying to complete some cemetery records. FOWLER: (Mrs. Robert Yerdon) GOUVERNEUR: (Harold Storie) has helped several with information on the geneology of their families. GOUVERNEUR VILLAGE: (Julius Bartlett) hopes to complete a story on very old landmark building. HAMMOND: (Mrs. Edward Biondi) has been photocopying borrowed and early records which could not be replaced. The copies of Alex Allen's early history of Hammond are being copied for files in town and county. Completed move to office in Town Hall, answered inquiries from descendants of early family. Attended historian's workshop and board of directors meetings. Was asked to assist county historian as deputy county historian. Have recorded and photographed only monument in town for State Historian's office. Wrote an editorial for local newspaper on the late Dr. Albert Corey. HERMON: (Mrs. Rebecca Brunet) HOPKINTON: (Mrs. Vaughn Day) sent a poem and article re-Roswell Hopkins. LAWRENCE: (Mrs. Gordon Cole) LISBON: (Lee Martin) LOUISVILLE: (Mrs. Lorraine Bandy) has filed annual report with Town, County and State. A new local paper "The Louisville Lamp" is published monthly. In it I have a column called "The Rear View Mirror", listing important dates and information on Louisville from its beginning. MACOMB: (Willis Kittle) MADRID: (Mrs. Arthur Thompson) is working on a history of Scotch Presbyterian Church. A great many boys have joined the military forces and their records are on file. MASSENA: (Anthony Romeo) MORRISTOWN: (Mrs. Doris Planty) NORFOLK: (Mrs. Edith Van Kennan) OSWEGATCHIE: (Mrs. Jennie Smithers) PARISHVILLE: Mrs. Elsie Bresee attended the workshop meeting held in Canton on Oct. 26, working on cemeteries and scrap books and getting information for town workers. PIERCEFIELD: (Mrs. Beulah Dorothy) PIERREPONT: (Frank Olmstead) PITCAIRN: has no historian. POTSDAM: (Dr. Charles Lahey) continues his articles in the Potsdam Courier-Freeman. ROSSIE: (Mrs. Virgie Simons) RUSSELL: (Mrs. Jeanette Barnes) STOCKHOLM: We extend a hearty welcome to the new historian Hazel Chapman and wish her much success and happiness in this new endeavor. This new historian reports that double sessions in our St. Lawrence Central school will soon be eliminated

as the school bond vote of \$1,900,000 was passed Dec. 9. A new 25-room elementary school and bus garage will be built and alterations to existing buildings will be done. The First Chestnut trees to withstand cold and blight were three seedling trees set out in an orchard with apple trees that were imported from Russia in 1885 by one of the early settlers of Stockholm. Today there are 21 trees in Nicholville that are very hardy and immune to blight. WADDINGTON: (Mrs. Carlton B. Olds) RENNELLAER FALLS VILLAGE: (Mrs. Nina Wilson) HEUVELTON: (Mrs. Ida Downing).

## Yorker Cracker Barrel

CANTON: Footes Followers--Mrs. Carl Ayers, 7th and 8th grade sponsor--reports the Junior Yorkers have six members and are making a scrapbook. Bethany Hubbard is president, Steven Spandorf, secretary; and Carolyn Squair, treasurer. No report was received from the senior high school group. GOUVERNEUR: Marble Village group has an active chapter this year with Elaine Merritt, president; Jane Thompson, vice president; JoAnn McAllaster, treasurer and Beverly Gass, secretary. This chapter of Yorkers has taken several trips -- one to the history center in Canton and one to Ogdensburg to the Remington Art Museum. We have had a food sale to raise money for various projects. Reference books have been bought from Cooperstown bookstore and a set of Remington prints purchased. Several interesting bulletin boards have been arranged with historical information. Individual members and committees are working on projects. LISBON: The Lisbon Yorkers and St. Lawrence Chapter Yorkers are trying to compile a list of all who have been Yorkers at Lisbon Central school since the organization of the Lisbon chapter in September 1944. It will keep us busy for some time. The St. Lawrence chapter displayed tools of blacksmith, cobbler, cooper and kitchen utensils at open house during American Education week. Several of the girls dressed in costumes of by-gone day. A detailed record of all articles brought in and returned is being kept. The models of log cabin and frontier have been renovated again this fall.--Rachel Dandy sponsor. David Wallace is president of the High School Yorkers. MADRID-WADDINGTON--Grasse River Chapter. MASSENA: Andre Massena Chapter has had a film on Massena and is now awaiting New York State film strip, plus candy shipment for a money-making project. A dance was held on December 27.--Barbara Calipari sponsor. POTSDAM: Benjamin Raymond chapter.

### MUSEUM NEWS

POTSDAM PUBLIC MUSEUM: October 9 Helen Keller and Mrs. William Chapman were program hostesses for DAR, taking them for a tour as we do with classes. October 14, the annual meeting of the Museum, Ruth Cradall, a member of the National & State Button club prepared a paper on buttons which Mrs. Chapman read in her absence. Mrs. McCarthy, who died this past summer, left the Museum her valuable button collection. The North Country Button club mounted our buttons which are on display in a new button case built according to Miss Cradall's specifications. On October 26 this was without doubt one of the most outstanding events ever put on in Potsdam. The Women's Republican club assisted by Helen Keller, Curator of the Potsdam Museum, put on a fashion show featuring 27 gowns owned by the Museum dating from 1811 to 1963. Each Republican woman on the committee sponsored a model (adults and children). Mrs. Keller prepared the running story in local, state and national history. The arrangement from the Revolution to our present 50-star flag served as background. Clarence Premo took a picture of all the models under the flags. This was a gift of a board member of the Museum. The affair was held in the dining room of the Arlington Inn. During November several classes from Potsdam Central and Campus school were given tours by Mrs. Keller assisted by Mrs. Chapman or Mrs. Rufus Sisson.--Marguerite Gurley Chapman.



## LOCAL HISTORICAL

## Associations

## LOCAL HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

CANTON: The Grasse River Historical association met November 9 to hear Dr. Dan Spencer tell about St. Lawrence County apples and December 13 Professor Robert Bloomer spoke on "Geology of St. Lawrence county.-- Frank Crary. GOUVERNEUR: The Gouverneur Historical association's regular meeting was held at President Harold Storie's home Dec. 5 so that members could see the numerous articles, photos and books given the association in the past year. Coffee and donuts were served.-- Harold Storie. MASSENA, NORWOOD, PARISHVILLE: The Parishville Historical association held its final meeting of 1963 on November 29. Meetings will resume in April, when preparations will be made for an exhibit and supper in the summer. Work will also start on preparing the "Clark" house for occupancy by our Historical Museum.--Mrs. Everett Bassett.

# The President's Message

Membership is the life blood of any organization. Let every member bring in at least one new member or more. For your friends who have everything, how about a membership in our County Historical Organization? They will receive the Quarterly regularly and remember you as the friend who arranged to have it sent to them. We will mail anywhere if you will send in the application and dues.

Yours for more and better history records,

*Edward F. Heim*

## Annual Meeting

Edward F. Heim, Canton Town Historian, was elected president of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association at its annual meeting, Oct. 19, succeeding Lawrence Bovard. The gathering was featured by a display of birds hand-carved from wood by Mrs. Hazel Tyrell, of Pierrepont, and by old time fiddlers and the Barbershop Quartet from Massena.

Elected for the year, along with Heim, were the following officers:

1st Vice President, Miles Greene; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. Edward Biondi; Financial Secretary, Mrs. W.B. Fleetham; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edward Biondi, and Treasurer, David Cleland. Editor of Quarterly, Mason Ros-siter Smith; County Historian, Mrs. Nina Smithers; program committee, Mrs. Doris Planty, Mrs. Nina Smithers and Lawrence Bovard.

Committee chairmen are: Historic Sites, Frank Crary and Floyd Walrath; Museums, Mrs. M. Chapman, Mrs. Elsie Brazee and Mrs. Royal Lyman; Nominations, Carlton Olds, Bert Rogers and Mrs. Nina Smithers; Yorker Clubs, Mrs. George Little, Mrs. Rachael Dandy and Carl Knauerhase, and Promotion, Mrs. Edward Biondi, Mrs. George Little and Lawrence Bovard.

Trustees 1964, Mrs. Doris Planty, Kenneth Burston and Cecil Graham; Trustees 1965, Fred J. Johnson, Mrs. Marguerite Chapman, Harold Storie and Howard M. Smith; Trustees 1966, Mrs. George Little, Willis Kittle and Millard Hundley.

County Fair 1964, Harold Storie, Willis Kittle and Eugene Hatch; Editors Committee, Mrs. Bette Mayhew, Nelson Winters, Leonard Prince, Mrs. Doris Planty, Harold Storie and William Davies.

## did you know?

By DORIS PLANTY

In 1840, a barrel stave factory was opened at Pope Mills.

The old arsenal building in Ogdensburg was built in 1858, as a New York State Armory. The names of the State National Guard, under whose direction the two-story, fort-like structure was built, are engraved in a plaque at the rear entrance.

One of the elected Town officers of the past was fence-viewer. When he was on duty, the fence viewer usually had two chainmen who carried the "Gunter's chain" for measuring land distances.

In 1888, the Storie family of Gouverneur, built a steamer, "The Evening Star" at Lee bridge, near Pope Mills. It made runs every day from Heuvelton to Rossie and return.

The Hayward was the man who impounded stray cattle and fined the owner.

The first hunting licenses were required in New York state in 1908.

Ogdensburg's beautiful opera house and town hall was destroyed by fire caused by a boiler explosion in January 1926.

Instead of plowing the snow away as we do today, in earlier times snow rollers packed it down and everyone traveled on top. One of the town's most important jobs was that of snow warden.

Lumber, spars of vessels, and straight trees, once sold for \$5.00 and \$6.00 per thousand feet. In 1830-1840, cord wood in St. Lawrence county sold for 75 cents per cord.

The first barber in America dates back to 1702. The first street signs advertised blood-letting. The red barber pole with a spiralled white line represents a bleeding arm wrapped with white gauze.

# SEAWAY OFFICE



OGDENSBURG RIVER VIEW

## SERVING THE SEAWAY AREA

We cordially invite you to visit our new modern office in the Seaway Shopping Center at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

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