

The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

S. R. Stoddard, Photo.

April 1966

The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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The stories of folk cures in our county as collected by local historians in a year's project.

KILL OR KURE

COMPILED BY MARY BIONDI

A bottle of skunk oil, homemade stickin' salve and soft salves, bunches of drying herbs and roots prove that folk cures still have a place in St. Lawrence County. Stories told by historians and their townspeople, believed by many, of consistent cures helped back up the collections.

But those who were not "kured" are no longer able to tell their tales. Self-medication or herbs from the local "yarb woman" were no laughing matter. They either miraculously or luckily cured, or they killed.

Once ginseng roots provided folks with extra income -- and not so long ago. But that's a story of a cure used elsewhere, and a story for another issue.

Indians, in the days of early settlement here, informed many of the wives of local healing plants. Some treatments were administered themselves in the story of the baby of Cross Over Island in the St. Lawrence River. The infant was born to the family keeping the lighthouse in the early days and was not well from birth. One day an Indian woman who came every year by canoe, peddling baskets, stopped at the Island. When she saw the stricken look of the exhausted and discouraged mother and the sick baby, she said, "Baby sick, very sick. I go. I come back." Unloading her canoe, she paddled back up-river and shortly returned with some herbs. She cooked these up and then taking the baby in her lap as she sat cross-legged on the floor, she said to the mother, "You sleep, I keep baby."

She would spoon a few drops of medicine into the baby's mouth, then wrap her shawl around the little thing and croon and rock back and forth. What she intoned sounded like "Onee-i-one." At last one day, after the mother was well rested, she rose from her place by the fire and putting the baby into the mother's arms, said, "Baby well, baby live now." She silently paddled away. It was never recorded what the herbs were. She, however, gave life and a name to the baby who was named Onie-lone, and became the mother of present supervisor of DePeyster, Stanley Dewan.

In Massena and on the nearby St. Regis Reservation, Indians became noted far away. People with TB and other ills even came from the midwest for Indian cures.

Some of the following will be familiar to many among us today: Boneset tonic in the spring (this plant also being called thoroughwort); horse-radish plant leaves bound on the forehead for a headache; puff balls dust to stanch the flow of blood or a bloody nose; sulphur and molasses also for a spring tonic; slippery elm bark tea; flax seed poultices and elderberry syrup for a cough. This is just a small sampling of the hundreds of local cures uncovered by busy historians.

Incidentally, boneset also is called wild horehound. The true horehound is a very familiar ingredient of cough remedies. Kerosene and black pitch and tar were used for cough syrup ingredients, too.

GOLD THREAD

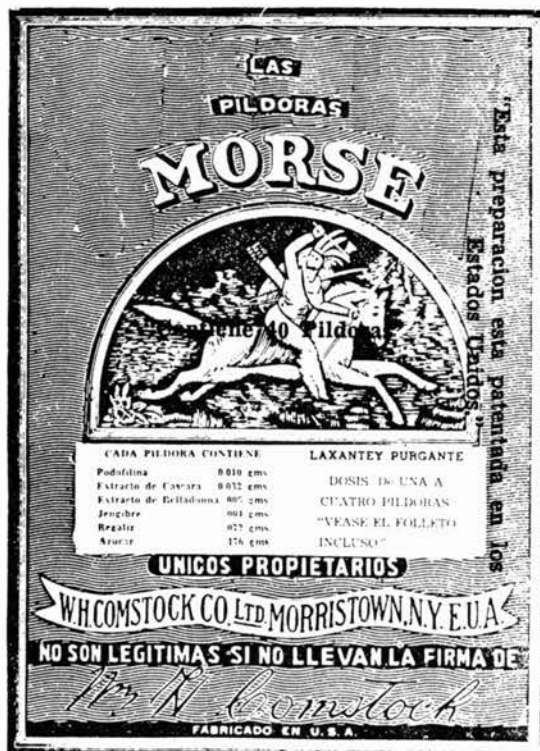
Some remedies persisted through all interviews historians reported. Gold thread was one of these. The little fine bright yellow hair roots of the "coptis trifolia" are a well-known cure for cankers and used as gargle for sore throat and mouth. Its delicate flowers appear in May, with its carpet of evergreen leaves noticeable in boggy areas all summer.

Tansy, pungent and aromatic, and chamomile abound in St. Lawrence County. The fall roadsides near Northrops Corners in Oswegatchie and in Madrid are bright with the deep gold color of tansy. Infusions of these plants were found to be common, as well as packets worn by children to expel worms!

An herb still used is one of the forms of artemisia. This is the common wormwood used as a vermifuge. Sometimes

it was recommended that the leaves be put into a small cloth bag and tied around the neck "to keep the worms down," and also the leaves were steeped in vinegar and used in hot application for severe sprains. Pumpkin seeds were easily available and became a popular vermifuge for children.

It was thought that the more bitter a medicine was, the more effective. Bitters and vile spring tonics were the order of the day before the days of easy, palatable and effective vitamins.



AS COMMON AS A COLD

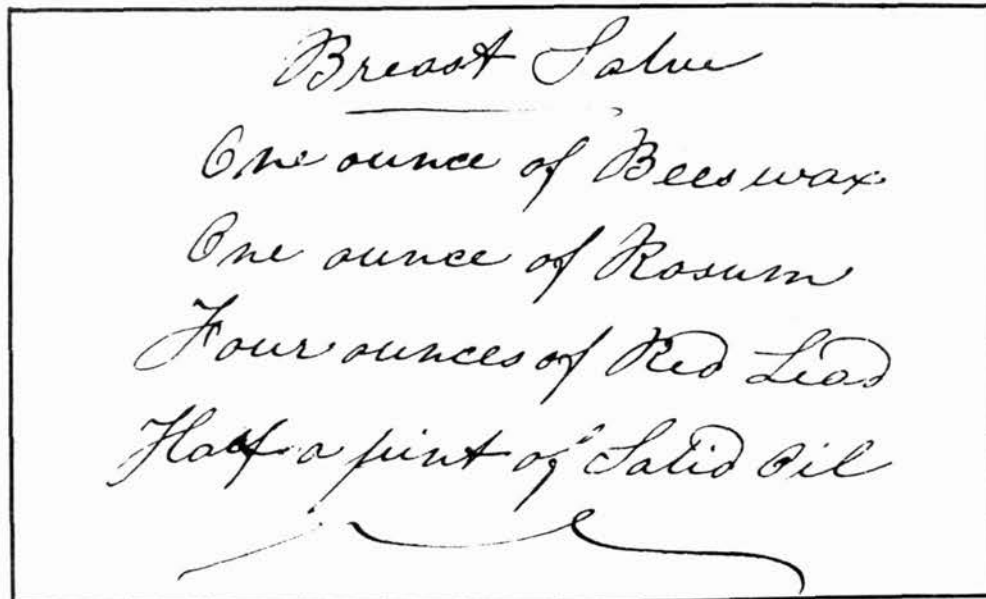
The common cold was just as puzzling and troublesome as any quarantine disease and was the reason for many popular cures.

The blue cohosh was a plant sought as a cure for quinsy or throat inflammation. This plant of the barberry family with a yellowish-green flower is found in early spring woods. Its berry is bluish. Another blue plant of a later season is the blue vervain or verbena. The purplish blue spikes are common in Northern New York and were given certain lucky attributes. It was worn by a person to avoid disaster. The time-honored common name of "simpler's joy" came from the fact that simplers (gatherers of medicinal herbs or simples) made such a profit from this supposedly sacred plant.

Gardens for simples were among the first thing our early settlers wives made space for as doctors were non-existent and each family must rely on mother's wild or planted herbs or simples. A simple is a medicinal vegetable containing one virtue and uncomplicated or compounded. The combined "receipts" came along a little later.

The blue lobelia was another sought-after many-cure plant. It was also used for colds and fevers. Once the cold had settled in, many were the cures for coughs. Some ingredients were pincherry bark and black cherry, mullein syrup, honey, lemon juice, elderberry. Poultices were applied to the chest

(Continued on Page 4)

**KILL OR KURE** (Continued From Page 3)

made from onions, dry mustard, or flaxseed. Teas were made of catnip, sage, basswood or mint.

For more serious coughs a crude remedy of earthworms dissolved in sugar was given.

TOAD OINTMENT

"Good sized toads, 4 in number; put in boiling water and cook very soft; then take them and boil the water down to 1/2 pt. and add fresh-churned, unsalted butter 1 lb. and simmer together; at the last, add tincture of arnica, 2 oz. Some people might think it hard on the toads, but you could not kill them quicker in any other way."

For felons they recommended a poultice of clay from an old log house made and kept wet with spirits of camphor.

For a headache a recommendation of a tincture of blood-root made by putting "1 oz. of dried, bruised root to a pint of gin and taking a teaspoon before eating every morning and eating only a reasonable amount of food."

COMPOUNDS

A compound salve said to "heal any sore" was made as follows: 10 lb. hog's lard, 1 qt. tobacco juice, 1 handful of dog mackimus, 1 handful sweet elder, 1 handful of arsmart, 1 handful bitter sweet, white Solomon Seal fir bark, tamarack bark, 6 oz. beeswax, 6 oz. rosin, 1 lb. honey, 1 qt. N. England rum, 2 oz. common shoemaker's wax. Collect in month of June and boil them together. (Kill or Kure?)

In Ogdensburg medicines and herbs (a complete stock) were sold "Upstairs, one door west of Smith and Child's shoe store, Ford St." it was noted in the front of a book entitled "A Concise Exposition of the Absurdity of the Old School System of Practice in Medicine." From this same book we give a recipe guaranteed for sprains, strains, rheumatism and lame back:

SURE CURES

Cancer produced as many different "sure cures" as there were people who had it. Each was guaranteed to cure.

Wintergreen was aromatic and popular for stomach pain, rheumatism, toothache and inflammation of the eyes. But oil of wintergreen was deadly poison and newspaper accounts tell in graphic description of the last agonies of small children who drank it.

Warts and their removal could be the subject of an entire book, so many cures abound. Even books of magic and incantations were best-sellers among those who could read and write. One magic book uncovered in our research shows the following cures:

-- Hydrophobia -- Inscribe upon a loaf of bread, on the upper crust, the following words and give to man or beast to eat: "Gerum, Heaium Lada Frium, hide thyself."

-- To Disgust a Person Addicted to Gambling -- "Give sow's milk and he will feel disgusted when he wishes to play." Another: Drink 4 oz. of rosemary water, it will neutralize the poison in the body and strengthen heart and brain.

-- Even today -- Surely you have heard one or more of the

following: wear a worn sock around the neck for sore throat, a copper bracelet for arthritis, carry in the pocket a horse-chestnut or a potato to ward off rheumatism, a camphor bag worn around the neck will ward off colds, goosegrease or bear grease rubbed on the chest would help, holding a piece of brown paper stuck against the roof of the mouth will cure a nosebleed and many others. There is no end to the list of folk cures, and the collection in the history center in Canton would inform you of many others.

But no matter how popular these cures of the past were, or whether we use them or not, a visit to a late spring woods or field is pleasant to wander through and sniff the aromatic plants of catnip, wintergreen, artemisia and others as we crush their stalks in passing.

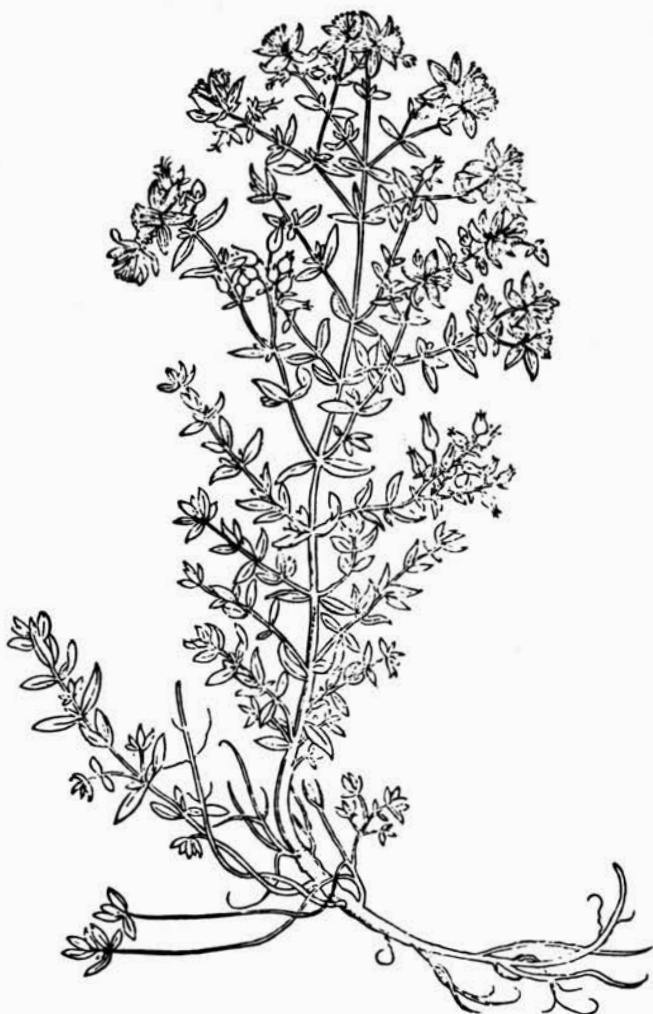


Ginseng Roots

ST. JOHN'S-WORT



TANSY



Illustrations from *De Historia Stirpium commentarii insignes*
 by Leonhart Fuchs (1501-1566), German physician and botanist
 Printer, Isingrin, Basel, 1542
 Reproduced from the copy in the Morton Arboretum Library,
 Lisle, Illinois

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

Dear Mr. Cleland:

Enclosed find \$3.00 in cash, check or money order
 to cover my dues.

Please send The Quarterly to me at this address:

NAME _____

STREET and NUMBER _____

or RURAL ROUTE _____

MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON WITH CHECK —
 TODAY!

This is an interesting example of an exciting hobby in which any family with a curious bent toward genealogy can engage. Mr. Graham is a Vice President of the Association and custodian of the buildings of St. Lawrence County.

FAMILY TREE

By CECIL H. GRAHAM

I suppose that most of us, sometime or other, get rather curious as to just where our ancestors came from, who they were and what they did. My wife and I are fortunate in that we have a rather accurate, detailed history of four different lineages of our respective families who were early settlers of southern St. Lawrence County, in the towns of Edwards and Pitcairn and Gouverneur. The following are just a few of the details which we have on these families and to anyone reading this article who may be a relative and would like more information we would be pleased to supply what we have.

THE WELLS FAMILY

This was the family of my paternal grandmother. Our records show that they were from Normandy and England and spelled the name as Welles until they migrated to this country. They came from England to Connecticut in 1645 and in 1660 moved to Massachusetts. Later during the Revolution one of them was a minuteman and one of his sons became an early Governor of that state. Some of them moved to Vermont about 1800 and about 1830 to Edwards and Pitcairn. My grandmother had several brothers, some of whom served in the Civil War. After the war they moved to California and Oregon where most of the descendants of this family now live. A few have visited back East to look up the locations of their parents' homes here in St. Lawrence County and also in New England. My great-grandfather, Constant Wells, built a church and a stone house in Pitcairn well over a hundred years ago and they both are still in use.

THE MANCHESTER FAMILY

The Manchester family, to which I am related, through one of my great-grandmothers, came to Connecticut from England in 1680. One of their descendants, Thomas Manchester, served in the Revolution during the siege of Boston, was later with General Stark in Canada, was killed and is buried at Fort Ticonderoga. One of his sons moved to Groton, Vermont and in about 1845 his descendants moved to Pitcairn, St. Lawrence County where many of this family still live.

THE VROOMAN FAMILY

Perhaps the genealogy of this family is one of the most detailed and authentic of any early American lineage, especially those of Dutch descent. This is the line of my wife's fathers people and she has a published book of the family which goes back to the year 745 and is complete with all the family listings from the time they came to this country in 1664 down to the present. In that year Hendrik Vrooman and his five children came over on a Dutch West Indies sailing vessel from Leyden, Holland. It states that their passage fare was one pound and 162 shillings. They settled in what are now the counties of Schenectady and Schoharie.

Hendrik bought from the Indians 2,000 acres in the Schoharie area. One of his sons became the first mayor of the village of Schenectady. Another bought land and made what was the most northerly Dutch settlement of the time -- at what is now Schuylerville. Both of these men and their families were subsequently scalped and killed by the Indians when the two settlements were raided and burned. Of the five children who came over with Hendrik, only two survived and it is a reasonable assumption that all the families of today in Canada and the United States of that name are their descendants.

One of their sons, Col. Peter Vrooman, was commissioned by the Crown and served on the frontiers in the French and Indian Wars and later during the Revolution was on the side of the colonists against the mother country. He was in command of Vrooman's Stone Fort in Schoharie and successfully held off a large attacking force of English Tories and Indians under Sir John Johnson. Many of the holes left by the cannon and musket balls in the old fort are still visible after a span of two hundred years.

The Fort is now used as a museum and is owned by the County of Schoharie. This museum contains much early history of this family including the large Dutch bible which they brought over from Holland. Until he retired this past year, the curator of this museum was Myron Vrooman, also a direct ancestor of the original Vrooman settlers. In 1805 Abraham Vrooman moved north to the hamlet of Denmark, near Carthage on the Lowville road; his descendants still live around Carthage, Watertown and Pitcairn and Fowler of St. Lawrence County.

THE SHAVER FAMILY

This was the name of my wife's paternal grandmother and the name was spelled Schaeffer in its German form except by her father's family when they moved to St. Lawrence County from central New York about 125 years ago.

Our knowledge of this family starts with Peter Schaeffer who was a partner of Gutenberg, the printer, of Strassbourg and Mainz, Germany in 1450. Gutenberg is credited as being the first to print the Bible with movable metal type print but the National Geographic Society says the actual invention was Schaeffer's. A statue is erected to the memory of Peter Schaeffer in the city of Mainz. His family continued in the printing business for about 200 years. A descendant, Jacob Schaeffer, came to this country in the mid-1700's and served in the Revolution with the regiment of Col. Marius Willett. After the war he was given a soldier's grant of land in what is now Madison County. In the middle 1800's, a descendant, John Schaeffer, now Shaver, now was my wife's great-grandfather, moved to Pitcairn, St. Lawrence County. He served in the Civil War with Scott's 900 regiment of cavalry, was taken prisoner near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and was confined in a Confederate prison camp for the duration of the war. He is now buried in the Gouverneur cemetery. This family is now largely gone from the North Country, but many are still living around Chittenango and Herkimer and all by the name of "Schaeffer".

Have You
Contributed
To The
Building Fund ?

50TH ANNIVERSARY

BY ANNA MATTHEWS COLE

The little red school house that we used to know
 In the days of our childhood, a long time ago,
 Was a fine institution or so it appears
 Looking back on the journey of fifty spent years;
 We remember the flag on the pole and the bell
 Which summoned from recess with regular knell,
 The map of New York, the round clock we recall
 And Washington calmly looked down from the wall.

The iron box stove grew so hot toward Spring
 Red flannels still prick as we think of the thing,
 The blackboards frowned down where in visible fright
 One figured the sums that would seldom come right;
 Seel Teacher now over his spectacles looks
 (He knows all the answers to questions in books.)
 For Slim, by the chimney, is passing a note
 To the Miss with the curls, and let us here quote
 That, though in confusion, she quickly conspires
 To shuffle the missive which teacher requires.

The old Estey organ gave music sublime,
 "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" was then in its prime
 And we lustily sang it though privately chose
 "She Had Rings on Her Fingers and Bells on Her Toes."
 Oh the candy we ate and the letters we sent!
 Oh the parties we planned, each a thrilling event!
 Oh the quarrels we had! Oh the pink valentine
 That we agonized over and signed "Ever Thine!"

To the little red school house the years have been kind,
 Though much now is missing there's much to remind;
 Its face has been lifted and painted with care
 But gone is the bell in the high belfrey there;
 And now we are gathered again at its door
 To ponder old days and to listen once more
 To the voice of the teacher returning to ask
 "How well did the lesson interpret the task?"
 As we speak with the living we think of the dead,
 The things they once did and the things they once said.

And late we've discovered that wrinkles and age
 No longer spell "Finis" to life's motley page;
 With the vigor of youth undeniably gone,
 Delight in existence as yet lingers on;
 While a song comes unbidden sometimes to the lips,
 While the hope of achievement shall know no eclipse
 While a dream's fragile beauty remains to unfold
 From the heart's tranquil hour, we shall never grow old.



Front row: Mrs. John (Abigail Smith) Cole, Mrs. Gordon (Anna Matthews) Cole, Mrs. Daniel (Nellie Farrisee) Ryan, Mrs. Harold (Wilda Sealy) Bucky, Mrs. Mattie Coulen Gushea, Mrs. Neil (Eva Russell) Stark; second row: Mrs. Adam (Grace Miller) Warner, Mrs. George (Emma Sheldon) Parker, Mrs. Edmund (Mildred Porter) Jenkins, Mrs. Robert (Marion Rhoades) Dorgan, Mrs. Donald (Katharine Farrisee) Kingston; in back: Miss Bertha Garvey, Mrs. Anna Farrisee Leonard.



THE OLD SCHOOL



← Front row: Daniel Ryan, Glenn A. Sealy (former principal), Leon Chambers; back row, Theron James, Alonzo Rhoades, Gordon Cole, J. Floyd Smith.

(Continued on Page 8)

TRIBUTE TO HOME

(Continued from Page 7)

By Abigail Cole

Where the land slopes gently down
From mountains to St. Lawrence river
There lies a territory so fine
It reminds me of Infinite Giver.

They were rugged, honest folk,
Who first came to the primeval woodland
They cut, and tilled, and builded,
And in wisdom planned.

Families, individually strong,
When needed worked together.
Barn raisings, quilting bees,
Clearing roads in winter weather.

Now there are friendly villages --
Cozy homes -- and fertile farms.
A blue sky -- or starry sky --
Seems to shelter from alarms.

Though I have lived in cities --
And have found such living fine --
I love my girlhood friends, and homeland,
And this heritage that is mine.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: In a recent number of the Quarterly appeared a poem, "School Days", which was read in 1954 at the anniversary party of Nicholville grade school. This event celebrated the arrival in 1904 of Glenn A. Sealy as teacher in the upper grades of this school. The poem was amusingly descriptive of grade school days and was written and given by my good friend and former schoolmate, Mrs. John (Abigail Smith) Cole of New Rochelle, formerly of Nicholville. On this same occasion I gave the enclosed poem which with pictures, I now submit.

The Nicholville red brick school building, built in 1867, will now be used no more for its original purpose, as it was sold in 1965 to the Nicholville Firemen's association for use as a fire station.

The original Nicholville school building was a wooden structure which stood on this same lot and just in front of the present brick building. It was erected in the early eighteen thirties and served as a regular grade school and sometimes in earlier years as Select School until 1867 when the present brick building was erected. After the latter was built, the original wooden building was moved nearby to Depot Street by George Hickey and used by him for a harness shop. Later it was taken down by Russell Day and rebuilt at his hopyard a short distance above Mound Hill Cemetery on the Port Kent road and used as a hophouse. Still later it was converted to a dwelling and was burned to the ground in May 1913.

ROCKS

By C. B. OLDS

The speck in space on "Homo Sapiens" resides is constantly changing. From time to time our earth suffers catastrophes which not only affect all life but bring about changes in the earth itself. Volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, forest fires, floods, lightning, winds, hurricanes -- all these we have to endure. Even though these occur, the earth is more stable than other bodies in the solar system, and supports both animal and plant life. Some of the other planets are not as durable as the earth. Some have atmospheres that will not support life as we know it. Some are too hot and some are too cold.

What purposes do rocks and stones serve? A small boy would say that stones are for throwing. Modern man uses stone to build bridges, walls, houses, monuments and crushed rock for highways and sidewalks. Primitive man used caves in rocks for his shelter. The Indians used stone to make tools.

Someone may say that our earth would serve us better if all rocks and stone could be eliminated. Yet our most valuable metals come from rock -- gold, silver, iron, platinum, aluminum, zinc, copper and others. The different eras and ages of the earth are determined by a study of rock formations. Without rocks, we would have no mountains, the landscape would be flat and there would be none of the beautiful rock formations to study and enjoy.

Some rocks, lying deep down in the earth, are eventually brought to the surface by heat and pressure which breaks, bends and folds them into interesting shapes. Man could not live without rocks -- ground up, they make soil which produces food for human beings, animals, plants and trees. The earth is a great ball of rock that is held together as it whirls through space. It may be that man will some day find that our planet is the only one in the solar system capable of supporting life.

As demonstrated frequently here in our own county, rocks often show fossils of animals, plants or shells by which we may determine the types of life at some remote period millions of years ago. Rounded boulders which our farmers dig out of their fields and lay up along roads as stone walls show the effects of their long journeys during the glacial periods. Striations in bed-rock often show effects of glaciers. A person might wonder what the landscape would look like without rocks. If there was nothing but soil it would soon be covered by vegetation for us to look at. Rocks serve as background for all kinds of foliage -- moss, trees, vines and flowers. Many people, even children, like to collect rocks. Many, indeed, visit St. Lawrence county for just this purpose. They also enjoy flowers. This leads us to the subject of rock gardens. Vegetation and flowers become more vivid when seen against a background of varicolored rock. No spectacle is more thrilling. When you are riding along one of our country roads, notice the different colors of rocks. There are plenty of rocks all around us. Why not start a rock garden?

ERRATA

Dear Mr. Smith:

In my article on the Parishville Arsenal in the last Quarterly an error was made in Mr. Planty's name; it was printed Lucy Planty, instead of Guy Planty. A former director of our Historical Association, he died during the past year.

Elsie F. Bresee



Chamber's Butter Tub Shop About 1895

The Chambers of Hopkinton

By NEVA DAY

It was in 1871 that Samuel W. Chambers brought his wife and three children into Hopkinton and settled on the bank of East Brook, about one mile from where it joins the East branch of the St. Regis river, and near where Route 72 now crosses the brook. He purchased a lot from the Usher Tract and built a butter tub shop, as it was called at that time.

This was quite a thriving business until the turn of the century when farmers began selling whole milk to be shipped to New York City. In 1892, a son Edwin E. Chambers, having married, took over the business and the parents moved to Nicholville. Soon after, Samuel W. Chambers and his other son Royal S. Chambers began thinking about the electric light business -- which they established soon after.

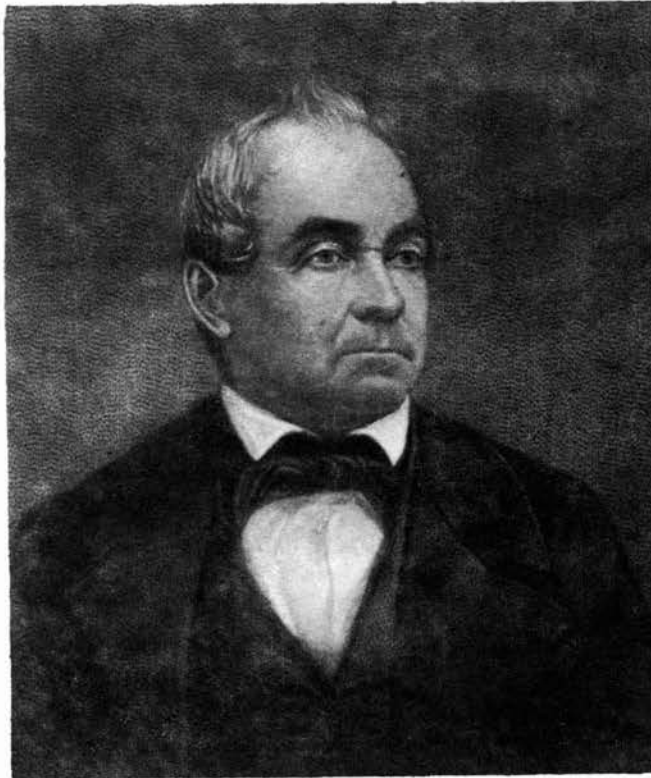
In 1907 Edwin E. Chambers closed the shop and joined his father and brother in the electric company. Spruce timber was used for the tubs; after being cut into the right dimensions, it had to be kiln dried for about six weeks. This was done in

a separate building with a fire going constantly, around the clock. Four sizes were made to hold 10, 20, 35, and 60 lbs. of butter. Great care had to be taken, when the tub was fitted around a frame, that it be made waterproof. A groove was cut near the bottom, and at the right stage the bottom was slipped into the groove; then the hoops which were of elm timber were put on and tightened to finish the tub. The cover also had to be carefully made. Some of these tubs were sold to the butter factories in this section and some were shipped by way of North Lawrence to Boston and New York.

Eight to ten men were usually employed; among them I recall Pat and Jack Donovan, Charles Fisk, Tom Mooney, Earl Wood and Labon Cotey.

In those years, there were also a couple small shingle mills nearby. One was owned and operated by Charles Weller, only a few rods downstream; another owned by Lewis Blake was still further downstream and north of Route 72. I think the latter was the first one built, as the Blake family was one of the oldest in this section.

THE LOST STATESMAN



Silas Wright's 171st birthday is May 24, and in commemoration of the great man's service to county, state and country, the Whittier poem herewith and significant events in the life of Silas Wright were submitted by Eugene Hatch. Mr. Hatch also supplied the accompanying engraving, which is reproduced from the frontispiece of Jenkins' Life of Silas Wright.

Significant Events in the Life of Silas Wright

Born at Amherst, Mass., May 24, 1795

Postmaster, Canton, N.Y. and St. Lawrence County Surrogate, about 1824

State Senator, 1824

Member of Congress, 1826

State Comptroller, 1829

United States Senator, 1833-1844

Nominated for Vice-President (Declined) 1844

Governor of New York State 1844-46

Died, 1847

(Compiled by Eugene Hatch)

THE LOST STATESMAN

By John Greenleaf Whittier

Written on hearing of the death of Silas Wright of New York

As they who, tossing midst the storm at night,
 While turning shoreward, where a beacon shone,
 Meet the walled blackness of the heaven alone,
 So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,
 In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy light
 Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour of noon,
 While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,
 And, day by day, within thy spirit grew
 A holier hope than young Ambition knew,
 As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,
 Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry of pain,
 Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon!
 Portents at which the bravest stand aghast --
 The birth-throes of a Future, strange and vast,
 Alarm the land; yet thou, so wise and strong,
 Suddenly summoned to the burial bed,
 Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever long,
 Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.
 Who now shall rally Freedom's scattering host?
 Who wear the mantle of the leader lost?
 Who stay the march of slavery? He whose voice
 Hath called thee from thy task-field shall not lack
 Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely back
 The wrong which, through his poor ones, reaches Him:
 Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torchlights trim,
 And wave them high across the abysmal black,
 Till bound, dumb millions there shall see them and rejoice.

POTSDAM MUSEUM

The Potsdam Public Museum has been very active during January, February and March. Three hundred forty-four people having been in to view exhibits or in groups for tours.

In January there was a very fine special exhibit celebrating the Sesquicentennial of the schools in Potsdam. Besides those attending this exhibit there has been an Adult Class from High School, the Columbian Squires, a Cub Scout troop, the Yorker Clubs who held an area meeting in Potsdam, the Antique Study Group of Clarkson Wives, a Catholic Youth Club from Norwood and the Clarkson Wives who made a tour of the Museum and held their Social Hour there.

Mrs. George Garner loaned her collection of cranberry glass which was on exhibit during March and will be into April.

Books are being catalogued according to the Dewey Decimal System. The guns are being cleaned by Sgt. Lewis Cyr of Clarkson R.O.T.C. and the swords were cleaned by Royal Lyman of Norwood. The Museum displays have been rearranged according to four categories; glass and china, community, Man's world and Woman's world. Work is now beginning on the storage of museum collections and a new cabinet has just been constructed for the framed pictures and clothing.

Dee Little visited a museum in New Hampshire recently and got many valuable ideas from the curator. She is now on a trip with her husband, George Little, and is visiting Williamsburg and Winterthur. She always returns from these trips with a wealth of ideas which she uses as she can in the Museum. Mrs. Little has also been named to the panel as one of the judges for the Historical Art contest to be held for Senior and Junior High School students in St. Lawrence County and sponsored by the St. Lawrence Co. Historical Association. — Marguerite G. Chapman, President of the Museum Soc.

MEMORIES OF GRANDMA

By HAZEL CHAPMAN
Town of Stockholm Historian

Memories: They include many of life's happenings. History is a ceaseless flow of unexpected events -- may we cherish the memories of the past that are our heritage.

I am thankful I knew my grandmother, but after enjoying all the modern conveniences of today, I would not want to have lived in her day, 1841-1919. I have a dishwasher, automatic washing machine and running water, and electricity supplies the power.

I often wonder how people spent their leisure time without TV and radio, and then I remember how hard they had to work just to exist in those days. It is not easy to write of people long ago as though they were human as ourselves. No two generations have ever lived alike, yet we are all linked together.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Furnia McClure Randall Ladd, lived in our home for seven years. She lived out her Biblical span of years and more as she was 79 when she died. She was born in 1841 in a log house with an open fireplace. Matches had not yet been invented, for I heard her tell of going to the neighbors to borrow coals in a pail to kindle a fire. When she was 13 she married Lucius McClure. To this union six children were born. She never had a doctor, just a neighbor woman came to help her.

She washed in a wooden tub on a wooden washboard. She carried her water from a spring and heated it in an iron kettle. At first all her cooking was done in the fireplace, but later they acquired an iron stove with an oven. How rich she felt with an oven to use after baking in the fireplace oven!

Grandmother made soft soap from lye. This she accomplished by putting wood ashes in a barrel with holes in it and adding water to the ashes. She caught it all in a wooden pail and mixed it in an iron kettle with fat she had saved from the beef and pork -- for she always saved the lard scrapplings and any fat. Mutton tallow made the nicest soap, and this was used for baths. The lye and fat mixture was boiled in a large iron kettle outdoors; when it became soft soap it was placed in a barrel. This soap was used to wash dishes, clothes -- sometimes even members of the family!

Grandmother baked her own bread with starter yeast. To preserve a supply, she always saved some of the yeast in a dish, added potato water, mashed potato and sugar for the next time. Sometimes this starter yeast lasted for years. Grandma also baked salt emptins bread, and she baked many biscuits with soda and sour milk. Baker's bread was unheard of in her day.

Grandmother always served homemade butter. She skimmed the milk which was set in pans and churned by hand with a wooden dasher in a tall wooden churn. Of course, the cream had to be at just the right temperature, or the butter wouldn't come. The butter was put in wooden tubs and traded at the store for flour, salt and other staples. She always put some of the butter away in strong salt brine to use in the winter when the cow was dry.

She knit all the long stockings and mittens for her family and made their clothes by hand. She never owned a sewing machine.

Grandma's clothes, even when she lived with us, consisted of open cotton drawers, a chemise, a skirt that reached almost to the floor and a waist which was trimmed with fancy lace. For traveling in the winter by horse and sleigh, she wore a full length fur coat, a toque and long scarf. Of course, she had high buttoned or laced shoes and overshoes. She loved

pretty things, and she made many pretty quilts and braided rugs.

My grandmother was always a hard working woman, she raised a garden, milked her cow and worked by the day for the neighbors to earn 50 cents. She did no canning in her younger days, as cans had not been invented, but she dried fruit and vegetables such as apples and corn. She also used a root cellar.

My grandfather was called to the Civil War in 1864, leaving her with four little children to support as best she could. She even cut and brought in her own wood by herself with the help of a ten-year-old son. I used to hear her tell about all of this when I was little, but I thought she was an old woman and was just day-dreaming. However, my uncle who was that little boy, told me in his later years that it was true. How she must have worried about her husband, for in those days there was no mail! She could not read or write and probably he couldn't either. I have heard her tell how she walked about three miles to the store in Colton after flour in the spring of the year; often she would take off her shoes and stockings and wade across where the water overflowed the road. The family had no horse in those days -- oxen were the main work animals.

After the Civil War, grandfather returned home for about seven years. It was then that the government was granting homesteads in the midwest to the veterans of the war, so he decided to go and claim one. But on his way, he fell off the boat in Lake St. Clear and was drowned. Grandmother was expecting a new baby when he left. My father was born that October of 1872, without a father to see him grow up. It is amazing that grandmother could manage to keep her family together, for she had no income -- only what she earned and what her kind neighbors did for her. The boys worked for their board as soon as they could. I have an account slip of my Uncle George from a store in Colton in 1878 -- three tin plates for 18 cents, two basins 16 cents, two pans 25 cents, a 5 qt. pail, 20 cents. Uncle George must have purchased them for his mother.

After he was married, Grandmother lived with them for many years. She worked hard, for they lived on rented farms. She helped with all farm work, milking by hand, setting the milk, skimming it and making butter for sale. In the winter when the cows were dry, my uncle worked in the lumber woods while my aunt and grandmother did the chores. During the winter the cows had only flat grass and homegrown grain to eat, so they did not milk very well. They usually were watered at the brook and the waterhole had to be chopped out in the ice each day.

My grandmother's second romance happened very quickly. She met a man at a Fourth of July celebration and three days later they were married. He was a widower with eight children -- and was looking for a housekeeper. She didn't know it. He told her he owned a house and land, all of which was true. But when they came home, there were all those motherless children. Patient and loving woman that she was, she won their respect and love. She had one son by her second husband, and when this boy was two, her husband died. She then returned to live again with my Uncle George. When her last son was 19 he died of tuberculosis, as so many people did in those days -- usually from drinking milk from TB infected cows.

My uncle's folks lived on a farm next to the cemetery in the Jenkins neighborhood, Town of Stockholm, where he eventually was buried. How much she must have mourned for him, for every time she looked out she could see his grave. She is buried beside him now.

(Continued on Page 13)

THE ADIRONDACK

GUIDE

The Quarterly is indebted to Mr. Kerr for several previous articles. Formerly with the State Conservation Department at Canton, he is now located with the same agency in Albany.

By R. E. KERR

Seventy-five years ago a prominent feature of Adirondack life was the large number of Adirondack guides whose services were indispensable to the tourist in his journeys through the wilderness. The fisherman and hunter found that his success was largely dependent upon the assistance of an intelligent, skillful guide.

The Adirondack guide was a versatile person at best and earned his money in many ways. He pulled at the oars of his guide boat through sun and rain, often twenty to thirty miles a day, taking the boat out of the water at various places, and, putting it on his head carried it over the portages often several miles in length. He knew where to drop a line to catch a fish, where the springholes were located in which the large speckled trout lurked during the summer months. An expert at deer hunting he climbed the mountain side in search of "signs" on which to put the hounds. Placing the sportsman on the "runway" he made the drive, dressed the carcass of the deer if the hunt was successful and carried it back to camp.

The Adirondack guide knew how to build a shanty of boughs or bark, prepare a bed of balsam boughs and being an expert axeman provided wood for the fire which furnished light and warmth for the camp. He was a skilled cook providing not only trout and venison but often served his guests Adirondack flapjacks and other tempting dishes peculiar to his woodland skills.

During the winter months many guides went to work in the lumber camps and often followed the river drive in the spring with other drivers, returning to their own locales, waiting for the usual throng of sportsmen to arrive in May with the opening of fishing season.

The Adirondack guide provided the boat, furnished the bait, and the sportsman usually provided his own equipment and lures. The guide was as much at home on the old "piazza" during the evening as he was in the woods and could always be relied upon to provide a good story or two for his guest from down city.

Many guides were retained for the entire season by cottages and hotels, however, for the most part it was an individual venture. Their aim to please knew no bounds, and even a night of "jacking" was in order, if his patron wanted to indulge in a little night hunting. He was proficient at rigging a jack*, and could paddle his boat through the darkness with an absolute noiseless motion, taking the deer completely by surprise.

He could carry a packbasket, heavily laden, mile after mile with seemingly little effort, kill a running deer at twenty-five rods, catch a trout on a fly, and bring you safely back to your camp or hotel for \$3.00 a day plus his expenses which were nil.

The Adirondack guide was probably one of the most independent men under creation. He refused to wear any semblance of a uniform, which would have been regarded by him as a sacrifice of his independence. The guides did form an association, their objectives being primarily to provide the public with reliable guides and to aid in the enforcement of the fish and game laws in the state. To qualify, a member had to be a citizen of the United States, a resident of New York, at least 21 years of age, and have been known as a resident of the Adirondacks for 15 years, and a guide with at least three years experience as such.

Honest John Plumley and Mitchell Sabattis were well known

guides and their sons followed in their calling in the Racquette Lake-Long Lake Region.

Chauncey Wescott, William and Harrison Rasbach, Albert Thompson, Willard and Nelson Howland, Warren Bullock, Donald Stewart, George Bancroft and Bernard Burns were well-known guides in the Cranberry Lake region seventy-five years ago.

In the Oswegatchie region Byron McCollum, Edward Young, John McBroom, George Muir, Warren Humes, William Mantle, Webster Partlow, Irving Ackerman and William Cole were registered guides.

At Gale, there were many guides including Preston Shurtliff, Charles Gale, Robert McCuen, James Carberry, Dean Seavy, Hubert Ferry, Thomas Rodwell and others.

The Adirondack guide like a good wife was indispensable and in fact still is. Here he was born, lived his life and expected to die.

*Footnote: The word jack denotes the light used to illuminate a deer at the water's edge while hunting at night from a boat or canoe. Originally it was a piece of curled bark with a candle which was lighted at the proper moment. This caused many problems in that the wind often would blow out the light before a shot could be obtained. The "jack" was later improved to include several candles in a metal standard, and still later a kerosene jack was devised for the hunter to wear on his head having a lense and a kerosene wick. Jacking is now illegal.

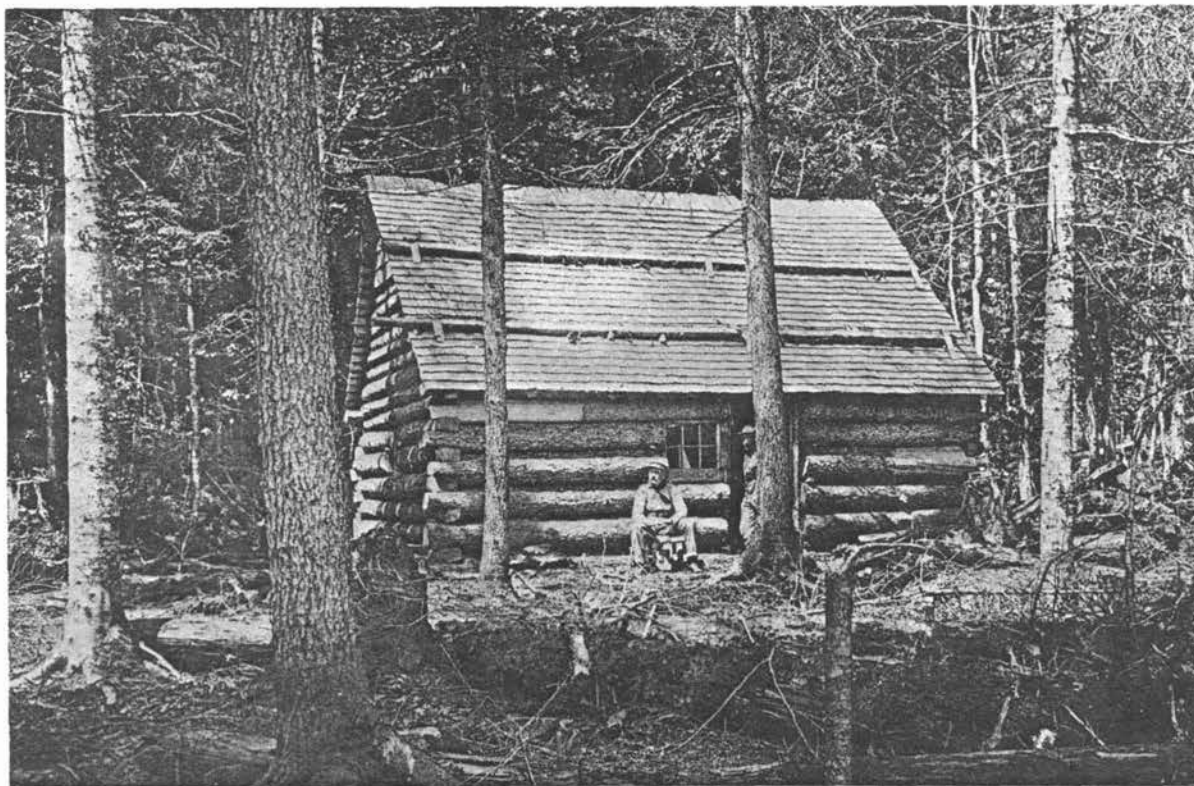
YOUTH & SUCCESS

(From the Ogdensburg Republican-Journal for January 25, 1921)
By A. Barton Hepburn of the Chase National Bank of New York.

The only difference between the outlook for the younger generation now and what it was 40 or 50 years ago is that the method by which it can arrive at success is different. The same qualities which made for success then will carry a man as far and often considerably farther than they did then. This is an age of large corporations and of big business. We do not hear so much of firms and of individuals. When a young man enters the employ of the large concern he should not listen to that saying that in these days there is no chance for him -- a doctrine which, I think, was a favorite of William Jennings Bryan.

The right kind of man who works for the large bank or the trust company or the mercantile house is advanced not only through his own efforts but through the combined efforts made by all associated with him. All go forward together. The large corporations and firms do a tremendous volume of business, in the handling of which they need many capable and energetic men.

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A GUIDE'S CAMP.

J. M. Schuler, Photo.

MEMORIES . . .

(Continued From Page 11)

In 1900 she was married the third time to Augustus Ladue, another widower who had a married daughter and two bachelor sons at home. They lived at Holmes Hill. She often said she thought that, of the three men, she was happiest with him. At least she did not have to worry about money for food as she had in her younger days. This husband had a Civil War pension, a home and a good horse. She had a new two burner oil stove -- the only new invention she ever enjoyed. She also had a cistern and pump in her kitchen and a well beside the door.

I remember going to her house and smelling "Old Crop" tobacco. They both smoked pipes. I also remember going in the parlor (which was kept closed) after lemon crackers which she kept in a tin can.

One time when Grandmother and Grandpa Ladue came to visit my parents at Munson neighborhood, their three year old colt became frightened on Lincoln Bridge, which crosses the St. Regis river, and jumped through the railing. They landed on the ice in their sleigh about 20 feet below. Fortunately, the only damage was my grandmother's broken arm.

In 1917 my grandmother's stepchildren, the two Ladue men and their sister, Mrs. Josephine Rogers and Dr. Jenkins were murdered by a sex maniac who also wanted to rob the bank in Winthrop. I remember how badly she felt as she had grown to love her third family.

When the Civil War widows were granted pensions, my grandmother who was a widow again was eligible, and after all her hard years she really felt repaid. I remember she gave us all a gift when she received her first check of \$12. Her trust in God was great, I never heard her complain of her circumstances. She must have loved us four children very much for when we were naughty as she baby-sat with us sometimes, she never told our mother.

Grandmother kept a bottle of smelling salts. She liked catnip tea, corncob coffee and sumac, suripalso, thoroughwort steeped for a tonic. Of course, I had the privilege of tasting all of these.

Grandmother's life was an example of courage and bravery. I hope these memories will help to recall many happy times the readers of "The Quarterly" have of their grandmothers.

YOUTH & SUCCESS

(Continued From Page 12)

The opportunity for the man who proves himself of worth is, therefore, proportionately great.

To some it may seem that there is not so much encouragement for individual initiative, and yet it is found that the right man cannot be kept down, and once he displays talent and industry he finds many who are glad to help him and advance his interests because he has made himself useful. The success of one man is bound up with the success of others who are near him.

Recognition these days depends upon hard work, upon a keen observation of one's surroundings, upon the ability to grasp opportunities and upon broad vision. If a man is content merely to do only enough to earn his pay, to do only what he is told to do and to give his business no serious thought he will not win success.

One of the most valuable assets for a young man nowadays is courtesy. If he is polite and considerate and has a smile for everyone he will gain the cooperation of all with whom he comes in touch.

The man who would reach a high place and have a high salary is not handicapped, then, but rather helped by existing conditions, for the big things done these days are accomplished by many men working in friendly accord.



CHIPPEWA CREEK TREASURE

By CHARLES W. SMITHERS

About the time of the War of 1812, a band of river pirates raided boats and travelers along the St. Lawrence River in the vicinity of Chippewa Bay. The group was composed of James Patterson, the leader; his brother, Ned; John Hageman; Darius Carpenter and his son, John; and Zach Livingston. They had a spy known as "Binette", a Frenchman, who was in some way related to the Pattersons. The band was well equipped with scows, bateaux and small boats. They had several places on the islands in Chippewa Bay and up Chippewa Creek where they hid their plunder.

The British had a garrison of reserves stationed in Kingston, commanded by Major Carley. It was supplied from Montreal, and the soldiers were paid in specie each month. The supplies were sometimes transported overland through Canada; but more often were sent up the St. Lawrence River.

Late in the summer of 1814, Binette, through his French friends, learned that a bateau, manned by three or four Frenchmen and an English officer, would leave Montreal for Kingston with the specie and other supplies and would pass through the 1000 Islands late in the day. This information was communicated to the Patterson gang, who then went into the islands prepared to make a raid. They laid in wait until the supply boat came along. They surprised and overpowered the crew, took possession of the bateau, and left the crew on an island. The pirates, under the cover of darkness, made for the American shore with the captured bateau and its contents, and thence up Chippewa Creek, where the boat and the specie were secreted and left for the time being.

When the report of the boat's capture reached Kingston, Major Carley, with a squad of selected soldiers, quickly proceeded to Chippewa Bay with the firece determination of finding and exterminating the gang. The pirates were found as they were passing around an island and were fired upon. Four of the six pirates were killed outright. Zack Livingston, apparently unharmed, rowed around the island and escaped to the American shore. With him was James Patterson, the leader, who was mortally wounded and died shortly after reaching the shore.

For over 100 years, the tradition persisted that a large amount of gold had been sunk in a boat in Chippewa Creek, or buried somewhere along the shores of that stream, by the Patterson gang. Many searches were made for this treasure. The public was never informed if any were successful.

During the summer of 1857-58, James Sterlin, a man of commanding appearance and persuasive speech, announced that he would search for this treasure. He selected a place in that part of Chippewa Creek bordered by the Ingham farm and at a point about opposite the Chippewa Street Cemetery. Here a spring flowed into a pond to shape part of the creek. Mr. Sterlin built a coffer dam around the deep water with a sluice on one side to permit the flow of the stream. He placed several manually operated suction pumps around the dam and one steam operated rotary pump, and started to pump the water out of the enclosure. Boys were employed at ten cents

an hour to operate the pumps and they changed every half hour.

Crowds of people were attracted to this operation, especially on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Sterlin would address these people, relating the old story of the Patterson pirate gang and how they secured and hid the money. Present at many times was a Thomas Hazelton, a clairvoyant, who, after entering a trance, would answer questions concerning the treasures. His answers would always confirm Mr. Sterlin's story. Mr. Hazelton also stated that he saw what appeared to be a boat buried in the mud. The excited crowd eagerly listened to Mr. Sterlin and Mr. Hazelton.

Leaks in the dam occurred and much time was lost in making repairs. Finally, one Sunday, the water was sufficiently lowered so that a handspike and a rusty chain were recovered. More leaks prevented further exploration.

As Mr. Sterlin had expended all the funds at his command, a stock company was formed by his friends and stock was sold at \$100 per share. Many local people purchased from one to five shares and many thousand dollars were realized. During this time, heavy fall rains raised the water in the creek and operations were postponed until the following year.

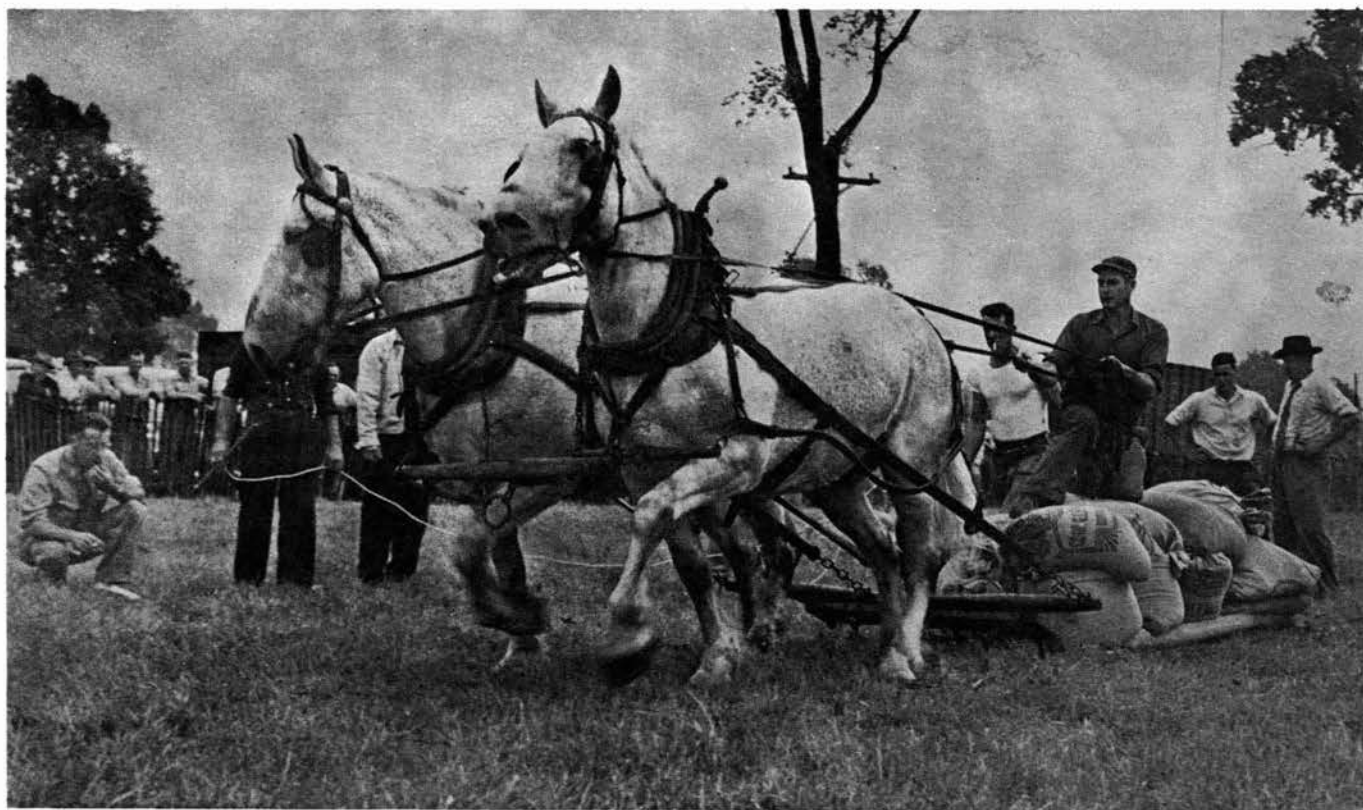
Ice damaged the dam severely during the following winter and spring. Repairs were made after the spring freshets had receded and pumping was resumed. Work progressed slowly due to recurring leaks in the dam. However, water was sufficiently lowered one Sunday so that search produced a small rusty anchor and a tiller. A break again occurred and filled the basin with water. These finds renewed the faith of the stockholders and, when more money was requested to offset losses, additional stock was readily sold.

The stockholders now insisted that the work be pushed to completion. The pumps were put to work and the bottom of the creek became visible. Several men jumped into the mud bottom with crowbars and shovels thoroughly probing the basin and found only mud. The boys got their dimes for pumping, the stockholders got a few pumps, and Mr. Sterlin left for parts unknown with several thousand dollars.

Never again was such an effort made to find the treasure. However, individuals searched from time to time. About the turn of the century, two strangers came into Pleasant Valley and camped on the Allen farm near the mouth of Chippewa Creek. They were congenial and admitted that they were searching for lost treasure. For several weeks they explored both sides of the creek on foot and by a rented boat. They used what appeared to be a bar magnet suspended on a cord. The fact that they left as suddenly as they came lead some people to believe that they had found what they sought.

Does the pirate treasure still remain in Chippewa Creek? Were Binette or Zach Livingston able to return and claim it? Did the two strangers find it? No one knows for sure. If it is still there, perhaps the ingenuity of future generations may find it. Maybe this story will be forgotten by our successors and the treasure will lie undisturbed in Pleasant Valley forever.

HAMMOND FAIRS



Horse pulling contest, always a popular feature of the Hammond 4-H and F.F.A. Fair shows a team with Mansel Langtry, Hammond, at the reins, during the two day fair in the 1940's.

By MAXINE B. RUTHERFORD
Hammond Town Historian

Agricultural fairs have long played an important part in Hammond's history. In 1851 plowing matches began to be talked of and the first match was held on the Abel P. Morse farm. William Cuthbert, a plowman in Scotland, was instructor to some of the younger farmers. Hammond Plowman became an organized body in 1856 with David More Sr. as president. At the first meeting Col. Luther Lamphear recommended the organization of a town fair where the people might mingle together in a social way and at the same time show each other what could be produced by better cultivation and better care, in not only grains but vegetables, horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, farm implements and dairy products; also domestic manufacturers and everything produced in the home. A meeting was called in February 1857, and a society was organized to be known as the Hammond Agricultural and Mechanical Society.

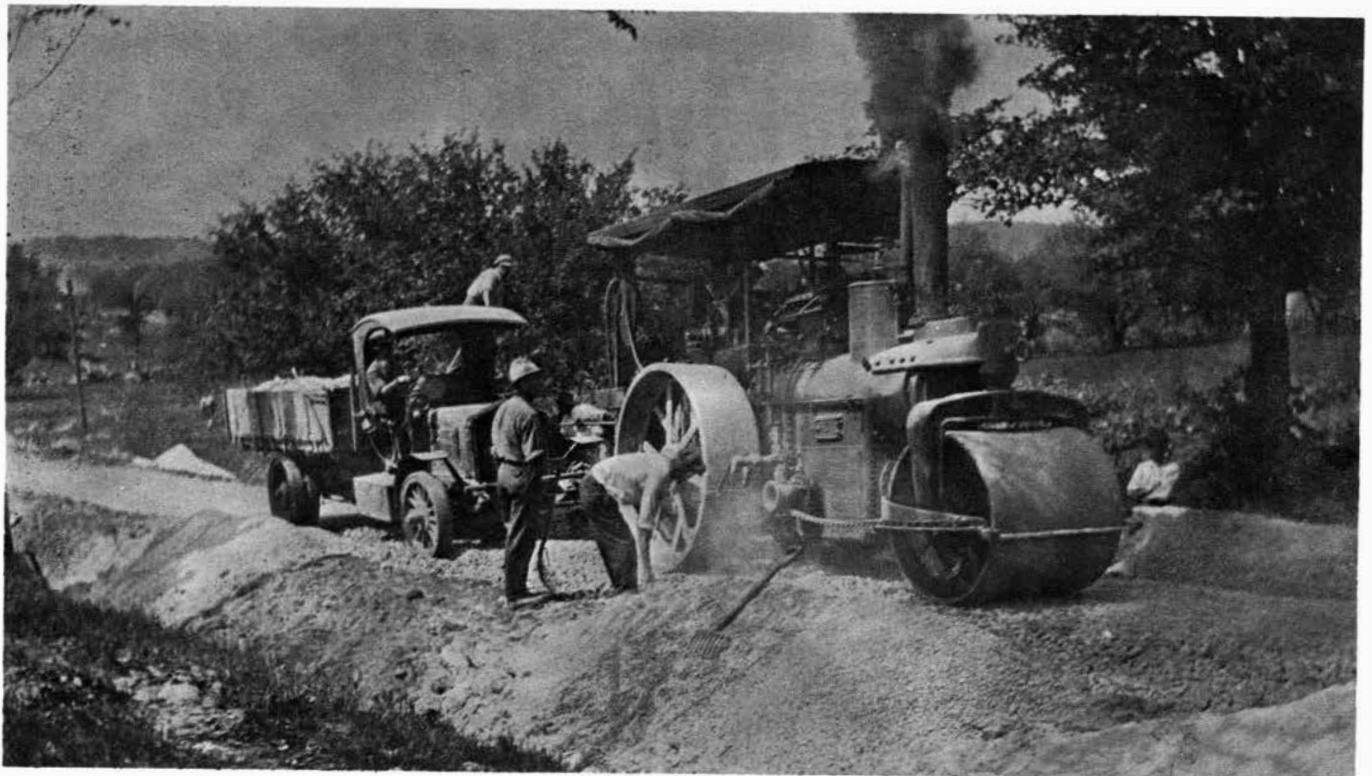
Chippewa Bay was designated as the site for the fair. A plot of land was leased from John Buss, 300 feet square, for a period of ten years. A high board fence was constructed to enclose the grounds, but no buildings were erected the first year, no trotting course was made then or later, it being strictly a farmer's and mechanic's fair. For an exhibition hall, the Society secured the use of sails of local vessels and made a canvas tent. The first fair was held Oct. 13, 1857 on the land adjacent to the present farm of Mrs. George Cuthbert. The day was a rainy one but proved such a success that the officers decided to continue. Competition was open to people from the towns of Alexandria Bay, Rossie and Morristown. The Society was so well pleased with their success financially, that they erected a plain but commodious hall in time for the second fair. Two new attractions were offered; the services of a brass band and an agricultural address by

(Continued on Page 19)



A Tree Applique Quilt, now owned by Mrs. George Schermerhorn of Hammond and made by her great-grandmother, Mrs. John Rodger, was a first prize winner at the Hammond Union Agricultural and Mechanical Society Fair in the 1860's.

FROM CANTON EVERGREEN CORNERS TO PIERREPONT



VIGNETTES

By Flora H. Gardner

OF PIERREPONT

This article was prepared as part of the celebration of Pierrepont's 160th birthday, by Mrs. Flora H. Gardner, a native of the town and a member of the Association, who now resides at 24 Warner Avenue, Springfield, N.J.

The town of Pierrepont received its name in 1806 from Hezekiah Pierrepont, an extensive land owner.

It was settled mostly by pioneers from the New England States, mainly Vermont, who came with teams of oxen and on foot into the wilderness.

These pioneers were purely "Pilgrims" in their customs. Religion was their encouragement. They held meetings in rudely built shops or barns, in fact in any sheltered place available. Here folks gathered faithfully, and spent long hours in worship. As soon as possible churches were built.

For many years the men were kept busy clearing the land and building homes, which were mostly of logs, and getting the land tillable. The women had to spin, knit and sew every article of clothing worn by her family.

We mustn't forget that everything eaten was homemade also. It might seem to some that these were days of drudgery; but according to the local history this does not seem to be true. Big tasks became lighter and even enjoyable, with the generous help of neighbors at "raisings", husking bees, quiltings and other such friendly gatherings.

The first frame house in Pierrepont was built by Flavius Curtis at Todd's Corners.

Little communities sprang up and grew, amid a setting of rocks and hills, with people of sturdy character making the fields produce more abundantly each year, under God's guidance.

Then came an event which brought great sadness to many of these happy homes -- the Civil War. Many young men were called -- some to return, some never returned. Among those who went were: Horace Coon, Lyman Tupper, Austin Lobdell, Frank Severance, Irving Stone, Dan Robinson, Henry Hewitt, Henry Allen, Lavirous Allen, Richard Bell, Warren Huntley and others.

The remains of about fifty of these heroes have been laid to rest in the Beech Plains Cemetery, more here than in any other cemetery in the county, I have been told. For many years, when Memorial Day arrived, the citizens gathered at this country church and held services to honor these fallen heroes. The school children in the area, well trained by their teachers, helped with the program. A speaker of some renown added a few remarks and then all marched to the cemetery, led by the veterans in uniform. All was quiet as the firing squad took its place and fired three volleys, then Taps sounded from a far corner, and it was then time for the children to place the bouquets of flowers (which they had gathered from the fields the day before), on the graves of the honored dead. Each hero's resting place had been marked earlier with a bright, new American flag. Besides these the flowers were placed by the children, who knew little of the rigors of war, nevertheless were still very serious, reverent and sorrowful. I am sure these experiences deepened everyone's sense of duty and devotion to his country. With the passing of the members of the GAR and the closing of the rural schools this special day of commemoration is no longer held here.

In 1812 a road was built across the town of Pierrepont extending from Plattsburgh to Sackets Harbor. Over this road, called "The Turnpike", ammunition and other supplies were carried. An arsenal stood for many years in the adjoining town of Russell.

From the first days agriculture has been the leading occupation, though some minor industries have been carried on as cheese making and lumbering.

One of the most interesting families in the early days was the Comstocks. These people were Mormons. The pit, where their baptisms took place, could still be seen, the last I knew, on the farm of the late Forest Howard, in Howardville.

This prosperous town has had many famous people. Irving Bacheller, author of several books, was born in Pierrepont in 1859. He was educated at St. Lawrence University and began his career as a journalist on the "Brooklyn Times", later became a famous American novelist. Although he spent comparatively few years in his home town -- the majority of his novels are romantic tales about Northern New York and its history. Through his best known novel, "Eben Holden", he brought the term "north country" as applied to northern New York into usage. "Dri and I" sensed the color and romance of this area, and into his novel "The Light in the Clearing" he wove the character of Silas Wright. Mr. Bacheller died in the spring of 1950 and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery at Canton.

Frank Kellogg from this town became Secretary of State. Another native son, Frank Couch, was a well known artist. Many of his pictures have been on display in art galleries in New York City.

Pierrepont has a history of which to be proud. There has never been a noble cause unless its people have joined in. Its forefathers helped to free the slaves and to build the nation. Younger men have served in all wars, many seeing action in the front lines. Even now she still has young men serving their country in peace efforts. The women have risen to the needs and have done their share in all worthy causes. Congratulations to Pierrepont on its 160th Birthday.

History Center Hours
9 - 4
Mondays and Thursdays
Court House in Canton

SPECIAL BUILDING FUND
Box 43
CANTON, N.Y. 13617

MESSAGE FROM YOUR HISTORIAN:
It is impossible to personally acknowledge each wonderfully generous gift to the Special Fund for the former Richville Baptist Church. The postage alone would take much from the fund. Donations have come from surprising corners, from young and old, and all over our country. Keep them coming so we can make our new home adequate to our needs. Watch for notice of our July tour surprise!

Mary H. Biondi
County Historian

FORGOTTEN MINES

BY MARK HEMENWAY

Mining in St. Lawrence county traces back to the settlement of its numerous towns. I am mostly concerned with little mines in the Town of DeKalb where I grew up as a boy. In my life span of seventy-two years I have seen a number of small mines in DeKalb come and go. Others in other sections of the county were operated long before I was born.

The first iron ore venture in the Town of DeKalb was the Ore Bed Mine situated near the Ore Bed road which runs from Route 11 south of East DeKalb to the Bigelow-Hermon Road. This little pit mine, I believe, was more or less an exploratory venture because history does not record any instance that the mine ever actively operated.

The first iron ore shipped into the Town of DeKalb came from the Clifton Mine. Shortly after 1860 the Clifton Ore Company built a rail line from the mine to a terminus at East DeKalb at Farr's Crossing. The Clifton rail line crossed Route 11 at a point midway between the old McGruer Tavern and the Seth Alexander farmhouse. These two old buildings were still standing when I was a small schoolboy at East DeKalb. The rails on the Clifton Ore line were made of hard rock maple. For the history of the Clifton railway I am in debt by memory to my grandfather, Stephen Hemenway Sr., who was a young man when the line was built. Grandfather died in 1916.

The ore from the Clifton mine was shoveled off the cars at Farr's Crossing by hand shovelers, young men hired by the company from nearby farms. Miles Farr, who owned a large farm and residence at Farr's Crossing, had the contract to haul water from Farr Creek for the steam engine. The ore was hauled from Farr's Crossing to a smelter at Cooper's Falls mostly by ox teams and melted into cast iron or pig iron, as it was called.

"A financial fizzle" was what my grandfather termed the Clifton mine. It had cost the company a huge sum of money to build their line over the long distance to East DeKalb, and the mine operated for only a few short years. It finally closed down due to financial difficulty.

The first marble venture in the Town of DeKalb was on land now owned by Mrs. Leta Worden. This little quarry was

operated for a number of years in the early days of DeKalb by the Clarkson interests of Potsdam who took out marble from this pit for building stone. The quarry was situated near the Red Rock to Kents Corners Road. The ruin of this little marble pit can still be seen a short distance from the home of Mrs. Leta Worden.

The first talc mine in the Town of DeKalb was the Holbrook mine, about three miles south of East DeKalb. This mine was operated by one Colonel Holbrook who leased the site from its owners, Charles and Irving Hellegas. The talc in lump form was hauled to the rail yard at DeKalb Junction by horse team. After the death of Colonel Holbrook, the mine closed and has never operated since.

In the early 1900s a pyrite mine was opened at Stellaville, not far from the DeKalb town line in the Town of Hermon. The Stella Mine Company built a huge wood trestle across Tanner Creek on land now owned by Glen Jeffers. The Stella Mine was very active when I was a small boy. At one time they employed well over two hundred men.

Two years after the mine opened, the company extended its rail line to Hermon village, and a passenger and freight service began from Hermon to DeKalb Junction. The round trip passenger fare was fifty cents. It was a lark on Saturday for a bunch of us young boys around DeKalb Junction to ride on the old passenger coach which was nicknamed the Hickey-Barney. The Stella Mine closed down due to lack of paying ore.

The last mine to operate actively in the Town of DeKalb was a feldspar mine near the Red Rock to Kents Corners Road. This mine was opened by the Green Hill Mining Company on land owned by Lewis Newvine. The moving figure in the Green Hill mine was J. Herman McLear of Gouverneur. This little mine was active for a number of years when I was a young man. The feldspar ore in lump form was hauled from the mine by horse team to a car on a siding of the New York Central line at Red Rock crossing.

After Mr. McLear's death, the mine has never been operated. Some of these little mines are almost a legend today. Only an elderly person like myself can remember when they were in operation. Truly they are "little old forgotten mines".

HAMMOND FAIRS (Continued from Page 15)

D.D.T. Moore, Esq. of Rochester, New York, the editor of a popular farmer's paper, "The Rural New Yorker."

The last fair of the Hammond A. and M. Society was held at Chippewa Bay in 1860. At this time an address was given by Stillman Foote, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Ogdensburg. The event was quite well attended but the display was not up to that of former years. The officers of the Society met later and decided to discontinue. The plowing match organization died with the fair and became a thing of the past.

In 1860, the same year of the discontinuance of the Hammond A and M., a new Society was organized by Capt. Richard Chapman, to be known as the Hammond Union Agricultural and Mechanical Society. Fairs were held yearly through 1873. Henry Zoller was president and Charles Wooster was secretary. A race track was operated in connection with this fair, which was held in the field back of the Presbyterian Church in Hammond Village.

During this period many fine animals, vegetables, fruits and dairy products were exhibited. Also on display were numerous pieces of handiwork done in the home; quilting, knitting, homespun, etc. One example of excellence in the art of quilt making, and a first prize winner at the Hammond Union A. and M. Fair, is now the property of Mrs. George Schermerhorn, Hammond. The quilt, a tree applique design, was made by Mrs. John Rodger, great-grandmother of Mrs. Schermerhorn, and was presented to her by her grandmother, Mrs. A.E. Woodside.

From "Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society", for the year 1871, the following is, in part, a report of the Hammond Fair by Charles Wooster, Sec., North Hammond.

"The society closed its annual exhibition on the 22d of September, with encouraging success for a small, inland organization. The show of stock upon the grounds was very large and of a very superior quality; nearly 100 horses were on exhibition, which was pronounced, by the judges, to be super-fine. In all departments and classes, I am able to report a favourable display to the credit of the citizens of the surrounding country, and most especially in the line of fruit, which was extensive and of a quality not inferior to exhibitions of a similar kind in localities better adapted to fruit growing than ours. The total receipts of the fair were \$549, which was sufficient to liquidate all expenses and leave a small balance in the treasury. The society now stands upon its own footing, being entirely free from debt or incumbrance, and we hope in the future to make our exhibition more interesting, while we have the encouraging prospect of a railway completed, with a depot within a few rods of our grounds, before the time for our next annual show."

Over sixty years passed before Hammond again became host to another agricultural fair. A 4-H and F.F.A. Fair beginning in Brier Hill, alternated with Hammond in the early years. Finally, in 1939, it found a permanent home in Hammond. For twelve years the fair was held on the Soper lot in the village of Hammond with tents to house the animals and poultry

(Continued on Page 23)

A RURAL RAMBLE

By EUGENE HATCH

Our back roads in the North are always intriguing to the traveler seeking new scenes. Always beautiful in every season, they sometimes are fringed with vestiges of the ancient forest and still bordered by lesser descendants of the old trees. The few houses or cellars of homes long disappeared, arouse our speculations about the lives and deaths, the disappointments and achievements of their now vanished occupants.

At the edge of Russell village, the Hamilton Hill road turns away from the old Russell-Hermon state road. A mile away just before the main highway climbs Hamilton Hill and runs near the edge of an extensive table land descending to Elm Creek valley, the road branches to the right. It is the Lower road and its course is along the edge of a miniature valley. This is the road for our ramble this sunny afternoon.

When I was a boy this road could best be walked barefoot in summer. The sand thrown up by the passage of buggy and wagon wheels had a touch like velvet and it was pleasantly warmed by the sun. Alas, that mode is now impracticable and it would only inflict stubbed toes for the road is gravelled and it is now "on the map" for a paved road. Always there is a bank on our left. In spring it is covered in many places with bright trilliums, succeeded in summer by masses of ferns.

A quarter mile of winding road brings us on the right to the site of the Scoughton farm buildings, gone since the early twenties, the only large farm on the road. Here Great Aunt Sophia Ives went to live as a bride of George Scoughton, whose father had farmed there before him. Sophia was one of several daughters of Justus Ives from a place back of the Upper or Hamilton Hill road. He is mentioned as a warden of the short-lived Zion Episcopal church started in 1819. The town's landowner, Russell Atwater, was a prominent member. The Scoughtons were rated as good farmers and their buildings were substantial.

The house was of a front gable with the ell attached lighted with small paned windows and the ell fronted by a porch. Many of this type of early frame houses survive in our region, and their popularity attests to their rightness of design. Incidentally, they possess a certain dignity of appearance.

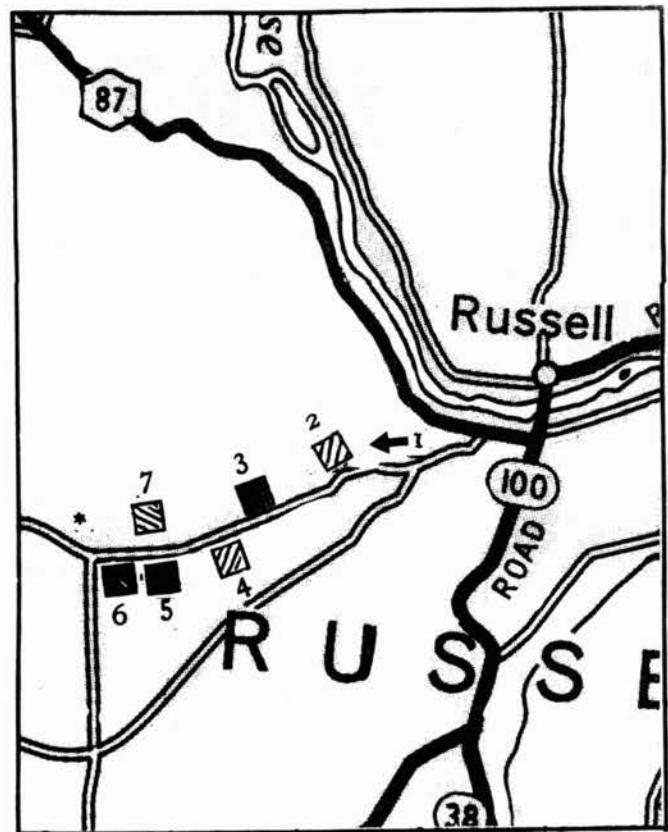
After a stroll of close to a half mile along our road, we come to the LaFaver's farm buildings. Mrs. LaFaver is a fourth generation descendant of the Barnes'. It is a characteristic of our locality that nearly all its dwellers are relatives of the old inhabitants. Maybe it's the spell of the place that holds us here.

Back of the present house stood a log cabin, the boyhood home of a college president, Wilson Lewis, who was later consecrated a Bishop of the Methodist Church. Nearby, in this land of springs, is the family spring, still pushing forth a perpetual flow of sparkling water. Recalling his youth here Bishop Lewis often spoke of this spring and its refreshing coolness in summer, perhaps a source of inspiration to his later career.

Wilson was the seventh of the numerous and poor family of William Lewis. The elder Lewis is described as industrious and devoutly religious, but given to impractical, large scale schemes that never seemed to work out. Young Wilson attended our district school and at the age of sixteen was himself teaching a country school of over forty pupils at Star School in Pierrepoint, a school with an impressive record of teachers summarily thrown out. His salary was five dollars a week and, as was customary he "boarded around" in the pupils' homes. Meanwhile he was studying for college entrance examinations at St. Lawrence University. He entered the University next year, eking out his expenses by teaching a winter term of ten to fourteen weeks in country schools.

After college, he decided to teach and headed west to growing Iowa, where he had heard a school superintendent was wanted. He held this position first at Cedar Point, then at Belle Plaine. Wilson's leanings toward religion led him to join the Methodist Church Conference and he was assigned a pastorate at Blairstown, Iowa. His ability too, as an educator was recognized and he was next appointed principal of the church -- sponsored seminary of Epworth.

A college at Sioux City, with the resounding name of the



LEGEND

- ▨ Cellar
- House
- 1. Hamilton Hill (Upper) Road
- Start of Ramble
- 2. Scoughton Cellar
- 3. LaFaver House (Site of Lewis Cabin in rear)
- 4. Barnes Cellar
- 5. Medford House (Site of Ed Brown's House)
- 6. Frank and Mary Barnes Curtis House
- 7. Cellar
- * End of Ramble

University of the Northwest was dying of financial starvation and was over \$100,000 in debt when the Conference voted to take it over as a Methodist college. Wilson Lewis was the trustees' logical choice as president. Later he liked to recall his first visit to the campus, then planted to corn. It was a hopeless prospect, indeed, but he knelt in the cornfield and prayed for guidance and told the trustees he would take the presidency of the college, renamed Morningside College. There was one good building, a second had been abandoned after the basement was built.

This was in 1898. President Lewis was so successful as a fund raiser, the second building was completed in 1900. There is an incident of this financial campaign typical of this period. He had called at a prosperous farmer's home, and his request for money was very coolly received, so Lewis ceased talking and said, "Let us pray." When the prayer ended the farmer wrote a check for a thousand dollars. "I could stand Dr. Lewis' talk," he said, "but I couldn't stand his prayer." Dr. Lewis' earnest and eloquent prayers were well known.

He always had time to talk with his students in spite of his many journeys in behalf of the college.

By 1908 Morningside College was out of debt, over \$400,000 had been given and it was an important educational center for western Iowa. That fall, Dr. Lewis was elected delegate to the General Methodist Conference at Baltimore and was urged to accept a bishopric. He had many plans for his own prized college, but always loyal to his church, he accepted. He was consecrated a Bishop to China. The new bishop arrived in South

China in 1908 and began traveling through his new diocese. Brought up in the bracing, sometimes even harsh climate of our North Country, Bishop Lewis found it served him in good stead physically, for his long and weary journeys in all weathers by boat or by sedan chair for the next twelve years. Always he preached and took a lively interest in the church-directed schools.

At intervals he returned to the United States, permanently in 1920, as his health declined. He died in 1921. He never forgot his schoolmates here. For several years he sent my uncle yearbooks of his beloved college. When Sidney Hamilton's Bishop was in America and officiated at the funeral. I remember during his sermon he spoke simply of Sidney's mother's kindness to him as a small boy.

She had noticed that the Lewis children were playing outside the Hamilton home one cold winter day and that the small Wilson's bare hands were purple with cold. She knit a pair of wool mittens and gave them to him.

On another visit to Russell in company with another school friend, Seymour Knox, native-born merchant prince of five and ten cent chain stores, he was greeted with a dinner at the Methodist Church. He gave an address, and speaking for his friend, stated that Mr. Knox wished to do something substantial for his town. The outcome, after conferring with School Superintendent Forrest Gibbons and others, was the splendid gift of the Knox Memorial High School building.

Our road now climbs a low sandy hill, which divides the narrow valley. The stream behind us, known in my youth as a good trout brook, wanders through the Scoughton meadow to Grass River. Over the hill, springs feed a brook which reaches Elm Creek. Over this hill the road passes the site of the old Barnes place. Two daughters, Polly and Mary, married neighborhood men. Polly became Bill Stewart's wife. Mary, Frank Curtis. Many young men found mates in their own locality in those days.

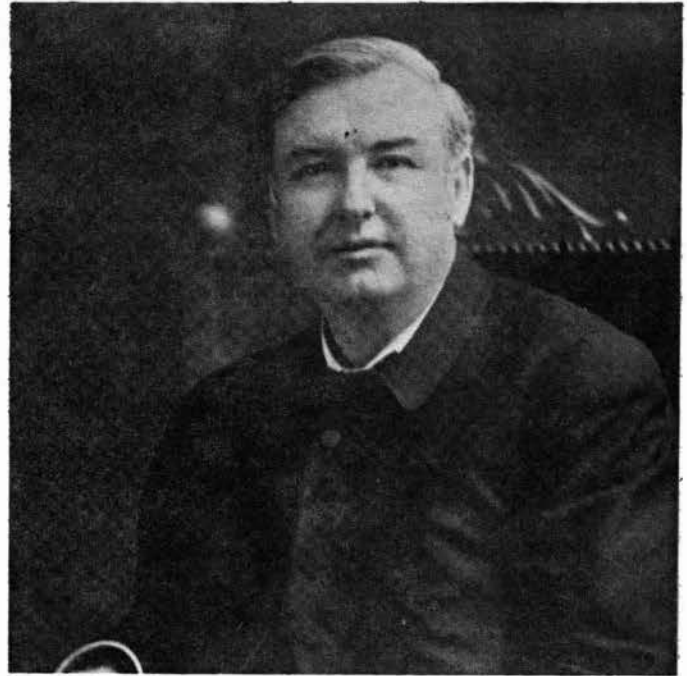
The opposite wall of the valley rises steeply. The country above nearby Hermon village was heavily wooded, and was the hunting ground of Lloyd, a halfbreed Indian. He had been seen gliding along through the edge of the clearings, and he was considered to be a menace, although the feeling was unfounded. His cabin was on the Hermon State road and in summer, his friends, Indians, from the St. Regis Reservation, joined him in hunting and fishing. Later the conifer trees were logged by Richard Fairbanks and hauled to his mill on Elm Creek.

Another half mile and we have reached the Medford house. It is the site of a house built by Edward Brown. The story of Ed Brown reads like an Alger success story. He was born in England in Trowbridge, Yorkshire. Presumably his mother died soon after his birth. His father, a sea captain, left him with acquaintances furnishing money for his care, then sailed with his ship. For some unknown cause, he never returned. Little Ed was placed in an orphanage until he could work, and taken out by a farmer to herd pigs. These fed on acorns in the woods. One night, he once told me, when he drove his herd of swine home, upon counting one was to be missing. His master was angry at his loss and took it out on the small swineherd. Ed ran away, and was concealed by the farm tenant at his cottage until he could find work elsewhere.

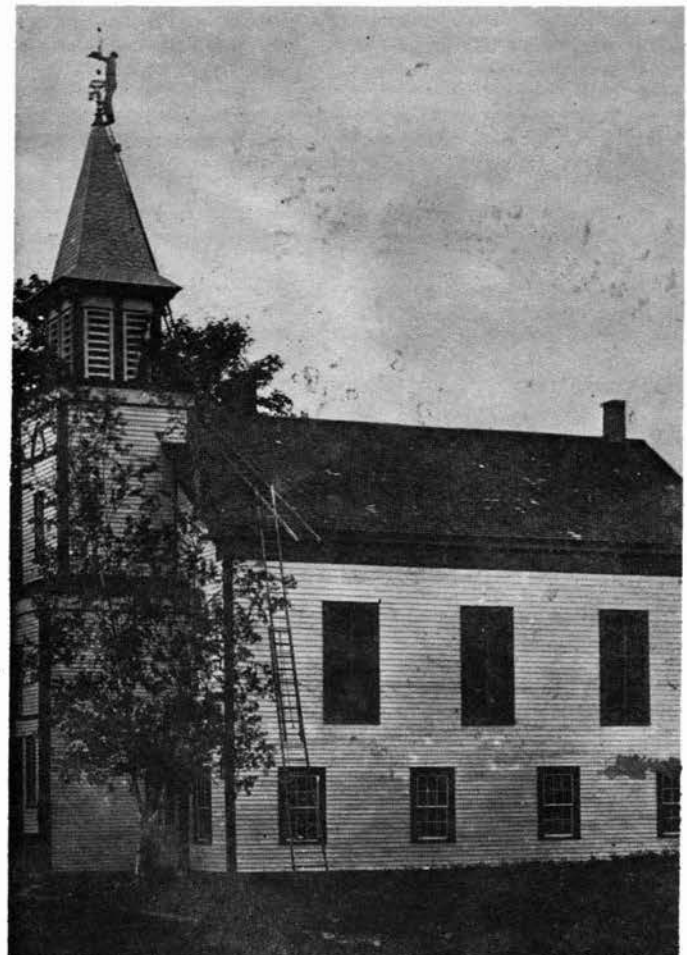
He became an apprentice for a baker. The apprentice system then, a holdover from the medieval guilds, furnished plenty of long hours and hard work for a mere pittance of money. But one could leave so he became a tailor's apprentice. Always independent in outlook, he abandoned that too, and engaged as a house servant in a rector's home.

Canada seemed to offer a better living so the good rector encouraged him to emigrate and helped him find a ship where he was to work his passage across. Perhaps the hope of more opportunities led him to come across the St. Lawrence. He became the hired man on a farm near Canton, then at the Cook farm in Hermon, a few miles away from our town. An attractive daughter of Mary Barnes Curtis, Linda, was popular and the neighborhood belle, so it is not surprising that the young Briton heard of her. They were married and as she wished to live near her parents, he built a comfortable home here.

Ed worked at Russell as a tinsmith for Rollin and Carlos Smith, a busy and thriving firm, manufacturing the Smith maple sap evaporator then in great demand. Always deft, "handy" it



WILSON SEELEY LEWIS, Bishop in China (From Bishop Seeley Lewis by Ida Belle Lewis)



Ed Brown puts the finishing touches on a paint job. He is painting the weathervane of the spire of Russell Methodist Church. William Lewis' family, including Bishop Wilson Lewis as a boy, worshipped in this church.

A RURAL RAMBLE (Continued From Page 21)

was called, in any work he undertook, he turned to painting buildings and paperhanging. In those days inside walls of houses were invariably hung with patterned paper, so Ed was always busy and the Brown's lived out their days in highly comfortable circumstances. He took an active interest in the Russell Masonic lodge and in the Grange. After he died in 1952 the house remained empty. Then his daughter's stepchild, now grown and married, returned from Texas with her husband, a former oil well driller. They demolished the old house and have built an attractive home over its cellar.

Here the valley widens, and on the northside at our right forms a rocky rampart, up which trees climb precariously. On its floor plow dead furrow scars tell mutely of an old meadow, and by the brook, rounded grassy banks mark a house cellar. An old inhabitant once told me the owner had the Western fever and left for that promised land.

Now the road begins its descent into Elm Creek valley and here is the corner where a mile long road connects it to the Upper Road.

Just around the corner lived the old couple, Frank Curtis and Mary Barnes Curtis. She has told me tales of the road, a mere forest trail when she came to live there. The road's remoteness made it an ideal route to spirit stolen horses through in the old days, a lucrative criminal racket. Certain it is that my grandfather, whose pasture joined the road once found a stray horse in his pasture, probably escaped from horse thieves. The horse was kept in his barn, guarded at night by my young Uncle Vic, until in response to an advertisement grandfather placed in the paper, the rightful owner came to claim his horse.

Much later, in Prohibition days, several people living along the road noticed that after dark a light car sometimes drove through. Before it passed a house the car lights were switched off. They conjectured, with some reason that the road so secluded was a favorite route for running illicit rum.

We will not go farther today on our road which from here drops steeply into the Elm Creek valley and crosses the creek through a mile stretch of wild and wooded country which has no homes. Instead we will turn at this corner and return.

Our leisurely afternoon walk has been accomplished, I hope, without blisters or undue tiredness and we should be back in good time for dinner.



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown
"His life reads like an "Alger book".

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: (Edward F. Heim) Has done usual Winter activities. In our display case on the street level of the new Town Hall we had a display of the Medical equipment used by Dr. George Russell for many years before his death. We now have a display of Fire Dept. pictures and equipment showing activities about 1900. Also a group of Children's sized fire engines. Many friends of history have brought items of interest for safety sake. RENSSLAER FALLS VILLAGE, Town of Canton: (Mrs. Nina Wilson). CLARE: (Mrs. Iris J. Frye). CLIFTON: (Mrs. Clara McKenny) One of our former residents passed away Feb. 6, 1966, George Williams Dodds, date of birth, Nov. 9, 1901, interment, South Russell cemetery. One of our residents, George Thompson, 72, and Miss Irene Olcott, registered nurse of Rome, N.Y. were married Dec. 8, 1965 in Star Lake. DeKALB: (F.F.E. Walrath). RICHVILLE VILLAGE, Town of DeKalb: (Mrs. Georgiana Wranesh) Plans are being made to conduct a house to house canvass in Richville for donations to the special Museum Fund. DePEYSTER: (Mrs. Emery Smithers) Has researched and written the history of a DePeyster road which was rebuilt in 1965. It was published in the Advance News, Ogdensburg's Sunday paper and mentioned many of the early pioneers in

DePeyster. EDWARDS: (Miss Leah Noble) As far as possible I have completed the History of Edwards Public Schools since 1895 and am collecting pictures and data on Trout Lake and Edwards Memorabilia. FINE: (Mrs. R.S. Brownell) I have had many letters to answer concerning family history, also keeping up my scrapbook and continuing the "List of Events" we started a few years ago. FOWLER: (Mrs. Robert Yerdon). GOUVERNEUR: (Harold A. Storie). HAMMOND: (Mrs. Maxine B. Rutherford) Attended the Annual Meeting of Association of Towns in New York on Feb. 6-8. Gave report of meeting to Town Board at their March meeting. Answered inquiries on genealogy. Worked on clippings. Planning a summer exhibit of Lapidary Craft, local Minerals and Indian artifacts, at the History Center in the Town Hall. Wrote article for Quarterly. HERMON: (Mrs. Harriet Jenne). HOPKINTON: (Mrs. Neva B. Day) Just routine, clipping newspapers and hoping for spring. A small possibility that the bridge at Nicholville may get started this spring. LAWRENCE: (Mrs. Gordon Cole) I turned in the 1965 report to the Town Board and County Historian early in January. Am keeping up the current scrapbook and working on service men's records. LOUISVILLE: (Mrs. Lorraine Bandy) Hope to have my new town calendar out by the end of April. Will speak to the Girl Scouts on Local History this month. Still working on Genealogy and service records.

MADRID: (Mrs. Florence Fisher), MASSENA (Mrs. Robert Eldon Brown) Massena Historical Center has received the West Point dress uniform of Lt. W. Whalen, USA Air Force, who was killed in line of duty in second World War, also papers and his Purple Heart Medal. We are proud indeed to have this. We also have acquired a large collection of papers, deeds, Land Grants and Labor receipts dating back to 1845 of the Benjamin Nevin family. For the month of January and March 12 Girl Scouts working on their Community badge have helped in dusting and restoring old books. They had a window display of Historical items for their Girl Scout week. One St. Lawrence student is doing research on the start of the Power Canal. From January to the present date, we have had 134 boys and girls visit the Center. A busy and rewarding Winter was the result. MORRISTOWN: (Mrs. Doris Planty), NORFOLK: (Mrs. Edith Van Kennen) Have had a pleasant winter caring for the lovely old farm home of the late Miss Mary Douglass. This is the home which I hope soon to have an article about for our Historical Quarterly. I have had time to do a lot of work on History. NORWOOD VILLAGE, Town of Norfolk: (Mrs. Susan Lyman). OSWEGATCHIE: (Mrs. Persis Boyesen). HEUVELTON, Town of Oswegatchie: (Mrs. Ida Downing). OGDENSBURG: Town of Oswegatchie: (Elizabeth Baxter) The St. Lawrence State Hospital and its School of Nursing in Ogdensburg are observing their 75th anniversary. The hospital received its first patients Dec. 9, 1890; the School was started the next day. The observance is year-long. PARISHVILLE: (Mrs. Elsie F. Bresee) Working on material for scrapbooks. Attended an antique exhibit recently. Work the past quarter has been collecting Historical materials. PIERCEFIELD: (Mrs. Beulah Dorothy) Made out annual reports and mailed a copy to Town Board, County Historian and State Historian. PIERREPONT: (Mrs. Iva R. Tupper). PITCAIRN: (Historian ?). POTSDAM, Norwood Village: (Mrs. Susan C. Lyman) Have spent 32 hours working with four college students who are preparing term papers on the history of the Norwood school system. Have several very interested Junior High school students who are working on projects for school and Scouting. Was fortunate in having many old copies of the Potsdam Courier Freeman given to me, so I am busily clipping and getting ready to ask a group of young people to assist in pasting. Mr. Lyman has been an invaluable aid in this type of project. Keeping the current scrapbook, servicemen's records and other routine duties, help occupy my time. ROSSIE: (No historian). RUSSELL: (Mrs. Jeanette Barnes) I am working on service men's records. I am kept busy answering lots of mail. STOCKHOLM: (Mrs. Hazel Chapman) Miss Eva Crane R.N., who passed away March 16 was a descendant of one of the First Families who settled at Skinnerville in the early 1810-20's. She will be greatly missed by our town people.

WADDINGTON: (Mrs. Ethel C. Olds) Attended the town historian section of the annual meeting of the New York State Association of Towns held Feb. 7-9 in New York city. LISBON: Lee Martin).

LOCAL HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

GOUVERNEUR: The association held its first meeting in quite sometime, Thursday, March 17. There were 14 attending. William Eichorn gave a talk on the St. Lawrence Turnpike.-- Harold A. Storie, President.

SPECIAL BUILDING FUND
Box 43
CANTON, N.Y. 13617

MESSAGE FROM YOUR HISTORIAN:

It is impossible to personally acknowledge each wonderfully generous gift to the Special Fund for the former Richville Baptist Church. The postage alone would take much from the fund. Donations have come from surprising corners, from young and old, and all over our country. Keep them coming so we can make our new home adequate to our needs. Watch for notice of our July tour surprise!

Mary H. Biondi
County Historian

The President's Message

You hardly ever see a fat horse, the reason is someone else regulates its diet, so it is with such organizations as your St. Lawrence County Historical Association. Someone (you) regulates the amount of money we have to spend on such worth-while things as this "Quarterly" and our "Richville Museum". We need your help, won't you please renew your membership promptly (\$3.00) and send us a donation for our Building Fund. I'd appreciate it.

Miles Greene

HAMMOND FAIRS (Continued From Page 10)

exhibits. In 1951 it was moved to the Harold McQueen barn on St. Lawrence Ave., where it remained for the next ten years. During this period the vegetables, flowers, booths and home-making exhibits were displayed in the L.O.O.F. Hall, Knox Hall and Grange Hall.

In 1962 the Hammond Fair Association purchased the Eustis Homestead barn together with four acres of land as a permanent place for the two-day exhibition. This community project has been a successful event for over a quarter of a century. It has achieved the same purpose as did Hammond's first fair, over one hundred years ago, when Col. Lamphear recommended "a town fair where people might mingle in a social way and show each other what can be produced by better cultivation and better care."

History Center Hours
9-4
Mondays and Thursdays
Court House in Canton

MEMBERSHIP UP TO DATE?

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

Dear Mr. Cleland:

Enclosed find \$3.00 in cash, check or money order to cover my dues.

Please send The Quarterly to me at this address:

NAME

STREET and NUMBER

or RURAL ROUTE

MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON WITH CHECK --
TODAY!

CLASSIFIED

WANTED: Someone who would be willing to remove old furnace in church in Richville. Contact Box 43, Canton, or see Mrs. Petrie in Richville.

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