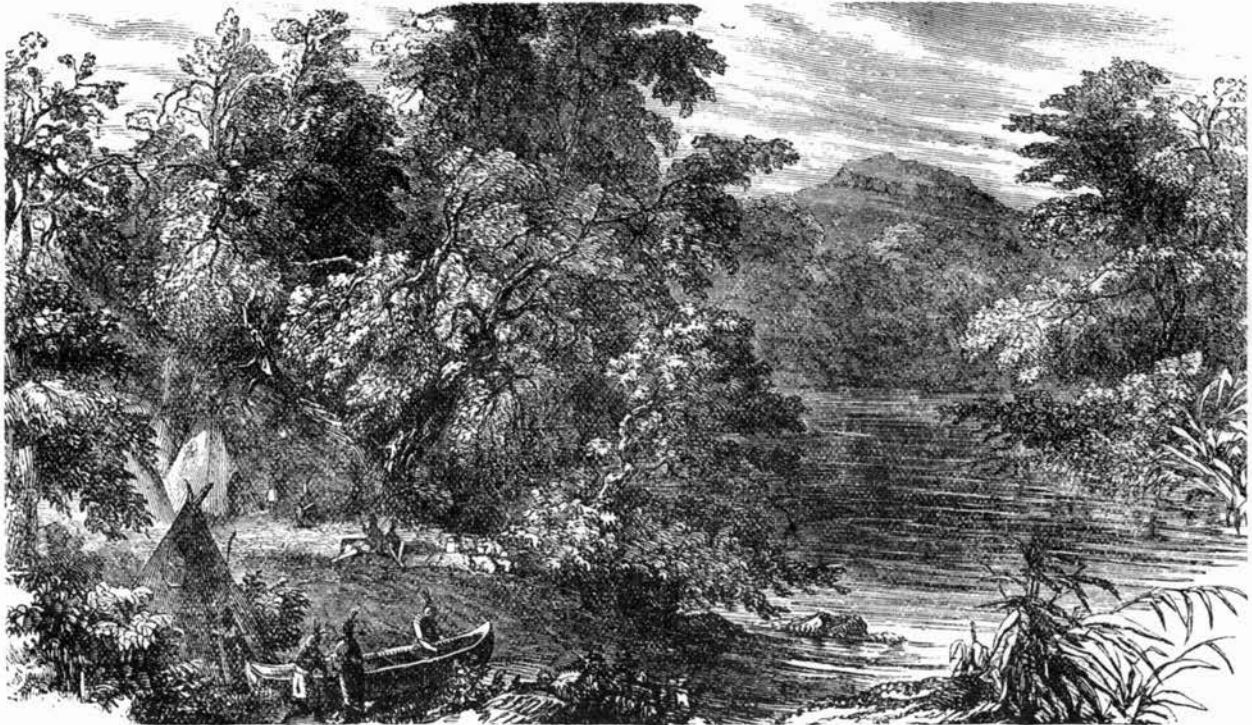


The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



THE ADIRONDACKS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.



January 1969

The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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Adirondack Foothills Issue

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CLIFTON-- Gateway To The Big Woods

By J. R. BANCROFT

Historic Town Meeting of 1894 Transferring Town Seat From Clifton to Benson Mines

Yes; There was a Clifton up North in God's Country. Uncle Sam listed it as Clarksboro but to the people of the North Country it was Clifton to the end.

Leaving DeKalb Junction the traveler passed through Hermon where "Spence Ladd" made hotel history and "Hi Day" made the law of the land; through the quaint village of Russell with its arsenal used for the storage of munitions during the War of 1812, and later used as a school house until a well known philanthropist * took pity on the school principal and built a modern school building, through South Russell where "Salem Town" (It should have been "Solomon Town") operated the general store; along Plum Brook where some years ago the pearl industry flourished, and where some very rare fresh water pearls were found. (Today a clam in Plum Brook would feel as lonely as a ham sandwich in a Jewish Synagogue on Yom Kipper); thence on to DeGrasse (it was Monterey until some of the natives went high hat) where "Ab Armstrong" dispensed groceries, hardware and jewelry and where the genial Chet Van Ornam dispensed humor--and then Clifton.

Clifton with its "Jim Sheridan" whose word in that community was law, and if he lacked the right word he called in Bill Dean of Clare. Clifton with its "Scotchman Gordon's Hotel," whose register read like a social blue book with its pages illuminated by such names as Governor Roswell P. Flower; Harry Stedman, editor of the New York Sun and chancellor of the State Board of Regents; William S. Kimball, president of the Kimball Tobacco company, and other notables too numerous to mention. Gordon's Hotel was the "Dinner" stop for sportsmen going from DeKalb Junction to Cranberry Lake.

Clifton with its general store owned and operated by Alvah Allen in the back room of which was settled all matters of town, state and national importance. The box stove and sawdust box were institutions, and the odors of smoked herring, perfumery and stale tobacco smoke blended into an aroma never to be forgotten.

Clifton with its "Log Hotel," rendezvous for lumberjacks and log drivers, arena of fistic bouts and headquarters for general melees and brawls. Killikinick tobacco smoke mixed with odors of stale beer and second hand opodeldoc were ever present, and profanity was not entirely unknown there. The passerby would probably hear from inside an outburst of song from a gang of inebriated lumberjacks such as:

One mornin' 'fore daylight Ed Geary got mad
an' knocked H--- out of Griffin, the boys were all glad
Mrs. Griffin stood there, I'm sorry to tell

But was tickled to death to see Griffin catch H---

Down, Down, Derry Down.

This was Clifton following the days when the Clifton iron mine was trying to make history, with its puffing, wheezing, wood burning locomotive hauling iron ore over wooden railroad tracks to Fullerville where it was smelted. (Chet Van Ornam said that was how iron was discovered at Clifton--they smelt it.) Gone is the Clifton mine, save for the towering chimney left standing as a monument to the master mason who stood on the last brick laid, drank a pint of squirrel whiskey and lived to scale the ladder to the ground.

FINE TANNERY

This was Clifton at the time of that invention of the Devil--the "Bark Spud." This instrument marked the beginning of the ruination of the forests, though perhaps it is little wonder that thousands of acres of virgin forest were stripped of hemlock trees just for the tan bark when hemlock lumber could be bought for \$9 a thousand feet. The tannery at Fine was calling for more bark. Clifton at the time of the "forest tragedy" when it was discovered that paper could be made from spruce trees; when the Clifton Lumber company, the Canton Lumber company, Dean & Aldrich and other lumber

magnates were writing "doom" to the playground of the Gods and the paradise of sportsmen. Clifton where the famous political battle of '94 took place, the battle which transferred the town seat from Clifton to Benson Mines.

On a morning early in February the doors of the school house were opened for voting. Three feet of snow lay on the ground and the roads were next to impassable. Harvey Esler of Benson Mines, the Dick Croker of town politics, and candidate for the office of supervisor, assisted by Jimmie Humes, led the Benson Mines forces. Mr. Compton, also a candidate for the office of supervisor, assumed the generalship of the Clifton forces--and the battle was on. Esler challenged the first Clifton vote and from that time on vote challenging indoors and fistic bouts outdoors were the order of the day.

TWO DAY VOTING

At noon Mr. Compton decided the situation was too corrupt for him and turned the leadership of the Clifton forces over to Edson King. Toward evening it became evident that such a battle could not be settled in one day and Judge Hale of Canton was called in as referee. Polls were officially closed at 6 p.m. to be opened again the following morning. At 6 a.m. hordes of voters appeared, Italians, Poles, Swedes and what not from Benson Mines; Indians, Canucks and what have you from Clifton. Voters came from everywhere, from nowhere, totaling in number more than the combined population of Clifton and Benson Mines. No voter was allowed to enter the voting booth alone. Bill McAleese, Jim Humes and Alvah Allen saw to it that everyone voted as instructed. After the smoke of battle cleared away the tellers announced that the Benson Mines forces were victorious. Clifton was no longer the town seat and that fact marked the beginning of the end for it.

Gone is Scotchman Gordon's Hotel with its charming surroundings; gone is Colonel Ingerson's farm on DeLancey Hill, where according to Bill McAleese the sand was so deep that after wind storms the woodchuck holes stuck two feet out of the ground; gone is the Log Hotel, with its Cash Griffin, its far famed bed bugs and its "Graybacks," progenitors of the "Cooties" of World War fame.

Gone is Clifton, save for the magnificent Clifton Falls which go on and on.

(Watertown Daily Times, Apr. 8, 1939)

*Seymour H. Knox



From Wallace's Guide To The Adirondacks 1897 edition.

From DeKalb Junction to Russell there is a daily stage, from there conveyances may be obtained to Cranberry Lake. The railroad connecting the Clifton Iron Mines with East DeKalb Station is not in operation now. In fact it never was employed as a transit for passengers, being solely used by the Clifton Iron Company by which it is owned in the transportation of iron ore that exists in considerable quantities in the neighborhood. *

Clarksboro is three miles in the woods, and is pleasantly situated at the foot of Clifton High Falls, on Grass River. Allen Pond is one and one half miles north.

Fine fishing is from this point up the Grass River. Copper Falls and the veins of copper near well repay a visit.

Tooley Pond two and one half miles on, is a beautiful sheet of water nearly one mile long and noted as a favorite resort of deer. *



DAVID J. CLELAND

A Tribute

On the day of our annual meeting at Star Lake occurred the death of David Cleland, our treasurer. For eight years he had carried on the increasingly growing task of the office in a painstaking and meticulous way. His ideas of how our monies should be allocated were always sound and were respected at our meeting. In friendly humor he was sometimes called "our Scotch treasurer," for he was of Scottish-American descent.

David's mother Katharine Allan was born in Leith, Scotland in 1878. Conditions for the cotter, or renter, had changed little since Robert Burns' time. Land in Scotland was universally rented as it was held in fee passing from one heir to the next, so there was little chance of one's ever owning his own home. Kathy's father determined to come to America, with its plentiful opportunities, so he, her stepmother and nine-year-old Kathy sailed for the new land. Later she remembered that it was a hard voyage and one small child died on the ship. The wee dead bairn was placed in a "kist" (chest) given by a sympathetic woman passenger and was buried at sea.

The Allans settled at Port Chester, N.Y., where there was a ready demand for his skill as bricklayer. The climate of Port Chester proved to be unhealthy for little Kathy, and she suffered recurring attacks of fever and ague. There had been some correspondence with a relative, Robert Wilson of Edwards, and it was arranged that Kathy would stay summers with the Wilson family.

Robert's father James Wilson had been one of a company of Scottish settlers who came to Edwards in 1819 as a young man. Others were Alexander Kerr, Robert Watson, Robert Brown, Alexander Noble, John Laidlaw and James Grieves with their families and the single men, John Whitehead, William, Andrew and Thomas Cleland. His father had married farms in the fertile upper Elm Creek valley, so the locality became known as 'Scotland.'

Kathy's health improved in the northern air and each year she was growing to be a more attractive young woman. She was sprightly, loved company and she was a talented singer and mandolin player. She was welcomed by the young people of the neighborhood. Among the neighbor lads who came to the Wilsons' was Jimmy Cleland. His father had married a Miss Rushton of the town and he had two good farms, Jimmy was attracted to Kathy, and soon they were "keeping company."

In 1905 they were married at Port Chester and Jimmy took his bride home to live in the square house built by his father on the Scotland road. Here in 1909, David James was born. Early he showed characteristic thoroughness as a student

and when he was graduated from Edwards High School, it was as salutatorian of his class. His father had suffered from an attack of polio, so David operated the family farm. In 1936 he was married to Miss Ethel Davis of Fowler. To them was born a son James, who died early, and Kathy, now a student at State University College at Albany.

Nine Years ago St. Lawrence County had gained as a result of the Seaway boom the required hundred thousand population which entitled it to establish the office of commissioner of jurors. David became the second to hold the office, and brought to it a high degree of efficiency and his methods were studied by other counties of the state. He became the president of the State Association of Commissioners of Jurors and handled that with apparent ease.

Not to David was granted a long life, but his days were crowded with service to his country, his county and town. He was a member of the county draft board for many years, and for over thirty years he served his town as assessor.

To his many friends, and I count myself one of these, David found time and thought for many little unexpected deeds of quiet kindness. He was always interested in the past local scene of men and affairs and when you saw him approaching with his typical wee smile and twinkle in his eye, you knew that a good story was coming. Between his numerous tasks he contrived to find time for his hobbies of baseball and fishing.

He was devoted to all phases of our Association and during his last illness, he remarked that he would have loved to have attended our meeting that day.

David, we miss you.

Eugene Hatch

potsdam-south colton

Lindsay House



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FITZSIMMONS' LAST FIGHT

By LEE N. FULLER

(Although it found no place in the record books, the last boxing match of "Bob" Fitzsimmons, one time worlds heavy weight boxing champion, took place in St. Lawrence County.)

Record books say that the final appearance in the boxing ring of Bob Fitzsimmons, one time heavy weight champion, was in Sydney, Australia when he was knocked out by Bill Lang. These record books do not tell the whole story; there was one later match which did not get into the records and which was virtually ignored by newspapers.

The exact date is a trifle hazy because my scrap book became lost but it was somewhere around 1908 or 1909. I was a reporter on the Watertown (N. Y.) Times and the bout took place at Benson Mines, jumping off place into the Adirondacks. Benson Mines is now a busy mining community, but in those days it was one of the last stands of the disappearing lumberjacks.

Fitzsimmons and his wife, Julie, were then in vaudeville, and after a week at the Old Orpheum Theater in Watertown, they took a week layoff. Fitz spent a lot of time at a blacksmith shop hammering out horseshoes which he presented to his friends. He had never forgotten his old trade of blacksmith and could turn out a pony slipper in jig time. I have one of them now. Fitz was good newspaper copy as he spun yarns of his days in the ring and I stuck closely to him.

A CHALLENGE

By letter to the paper one day came a challenge from a man who said he was manager of Jim Paul of Benson Mines, a French-Canadian lumberjack who had beaten every man in the western section of the Adirondacks. He challenged none other than Bob Fitzsimmons. And let no one tell you those lumberjacks could not fight. They lacked ring generalship, but they were tough and rugged, fought without gloves and with a fine disregard of rules--wrestling, gouging, kicking and even biting--anything went.

Fitz at first was inclined to ignore the challenge, but his friends told him this was a chance to pick up some money during the layoff as the challenger had posted \$150, winner take all. Besides it offered the backers of Ruby Roberts a chance to profit, as the lumberjacks were betting fools and would wager anything from two bits to a deed to Mt. Marcy on their champion. Fitz accepted and the time for the "boxing exhibition," as it had to be called under the laws of that day, was set for the next Saturday night.

About seventy-five of us accompanied Bob and made the trip by train getting into Benson Mines late in the afternoon, and there we found the little village crowded with friends of Paul. The spring log drive was on and log drivers stalked about in their spike-shod boots.

We were a little dubious as we sized up the crowd, thinking that some of them might be resentful if we won the money they had worked so hard to earn and were so eager to wager. The hotel owner, who was also the promoter, assured us that we had no cause for worry as the log drivers and lumberjacks were good sports. Backers of Fitz moved about the crowd that was standing ten deep at the bar, placing bets and even getting generous odds from backers of the woods champion. If Fitz won, Benson Mines was certain to dive into the depths of a major depression as backers of Paul were too loyal to hedge.

Paul's manager had locked him in a hotel room as he was taking no chances of letting him mingle with his friends at the bar. Fitz had gone to his room and had taken a nap before time for him to go into the ring.

SOUND AND LIGHT

It was agreed that the affair would be staged out of doors and would last four rounds. The hotel owner told the crowd that it was illegal to hold a fight, that this was a purely boxing exhibition and any son of a camp cook who had other ideas would be thrown out on his ear. The ring was about a foot above the ground and as electricity had not yet penetrated into that portion of the Adirondacks, light was furnished by a dozen or more kerosene lanterns hung on poles. For a

bell a circular saw was suspended from a pole and the time keeper gave it a lusty wallop with a hammer.

The promoter took his ringside seat with an air of ostentation and placed a baseball bat across his knees. It was his own subtle way of saying to the crowd that the affair was on the up and up and there would be no interference on the part of spectators, no matter what the result might be.

When Bob entered the ring, lumberjacks stood twenty deep around it. Some had climbed trees to get a better view; others who had over estimated their liquid capacity were deep in slumber. Bob received a generous round of applause as he entered the ring, but it was nothing to the roar that greeted Paul.

"Look at him," Bob breathed softly in admiration as Paul stood up and let a blanket draped across his shoulders slip to the floor, revealing a hairy figure more than six feet tall, weighing considerably over two hundred pounds; a figure with a barrel--like chest and arms and shoulders bulging with muscle. There was not an ounce of fat-- just plain beef.

"Wot a man," said Fitz. "I don't know anything about him, but I know I'm not going to let him hit me. He's too dangerous."

Paul wore no shoes and his gargantuan feet were covered with wool socks. A former professional boxer was referee and he had difficulty inducing Paul to accept the general rules of boxing. Paul wanted to wear no gloves. He rebelled at the suggestion that he was not to kick or bite, that all blows must be above the belt and that he must quit fighting at the sound of the bell. He was particularly averse to this ruling, it being his idea to keep fighting until his adversary was down, and then kick him in the face to make sure he remained down.

After the preliminaries had been settled the time keeper gave the saw blade a wallop with a hammer that nearly put out the lights and caused neighboring mountain tops to quiver. Paul came out of his corner to rush Fitz, which was exactly what the crafty old battler wanted. He knew a potential knockout was packed in Paul's fists if the woodsman should happen to land a lucky punch, so he shifted lightly and let the blow pass over his head, not particularly hard but irritating.

Paul had but one style of fighting--to rush in with both arms swinging. Fitz danced circles around him, clipping him with both hands, drawing some blood on the nose and doing him no particular good with a steady drum-fire to the midsection.

THIS IS IT.

At the end of the third round Paul was fit to be tied. He had failed to lay a glove on Fitz and was plainly irritated by the cheers that had turned to jeers. Fitz had not put everything he had into his punches, but at the end of the third round he whispered to his second, "This is it."

Paul came charging out of his corner as the saw clanged for the final round and ran smack into a terrific left to the body, a punch that seemed to sink out of sight. Paul had trained too long--on hard liquor to take that one and his knees buckled as his hands dropped. Fitz drew back his right and then--socko. It caught Paul right on the button and as he went down his head landed in the water bucket just outside the ring. When he recovered, his head was still in the bucket and his handlers were trying to convince him that he was entirely mistaken in his belief that a tree had fallen on him.

The lumberjacks proved to be good sports and, although it was painful, bets were paid off, bets which in some instances meant a whole winter's work in the woods. Paul came over and shook hands with the man who had knocked him out. He looked in admiration at the fists that had hammered him and grinned like a schoolboy when Fitz said, "Jim, you're a great fighter. One of the best." Fitz went to the blacksmith shop and before the gaze of an admiring crowd, he deftly fashioned a horseshoe which he gave to Paul.

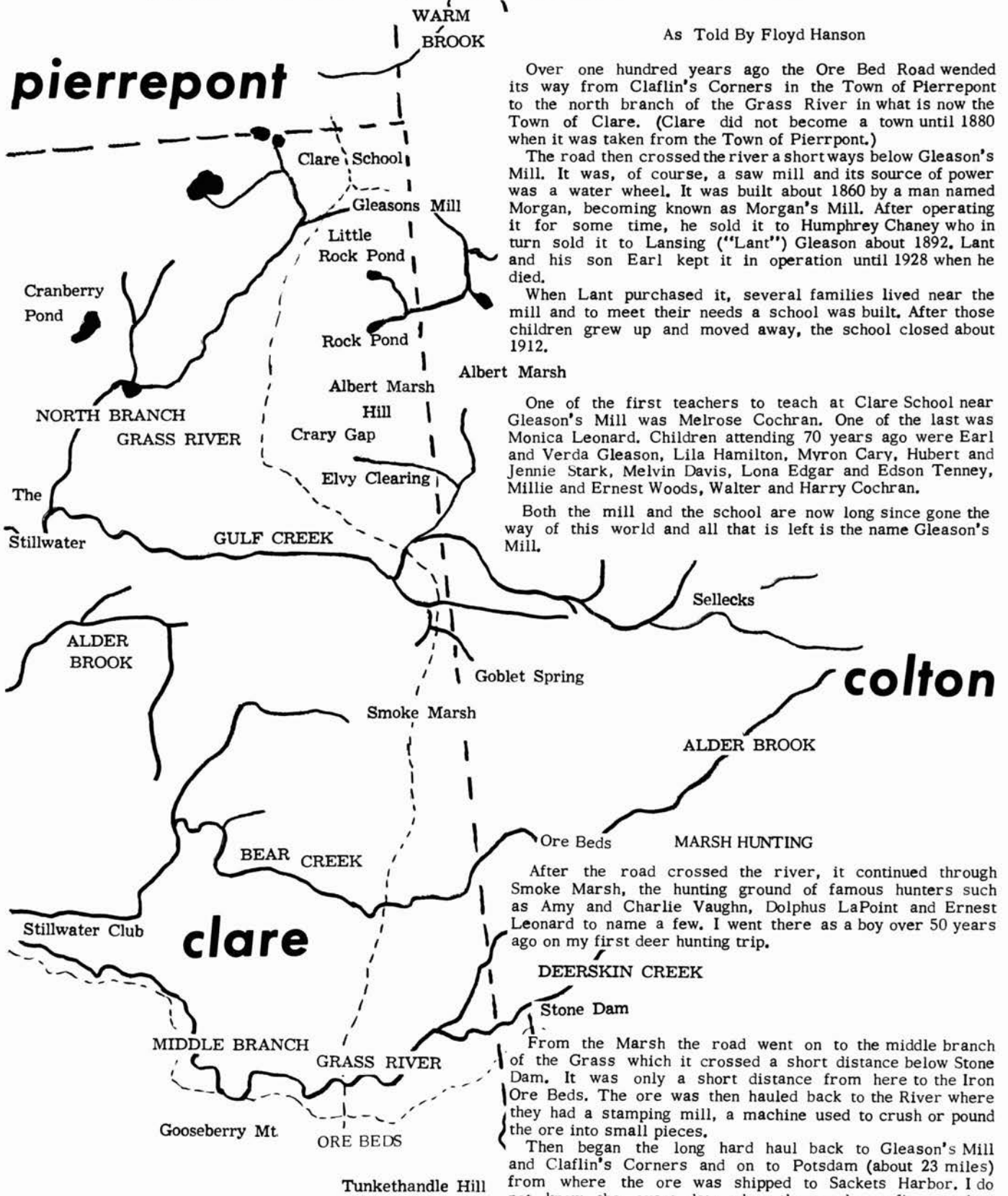
As we left to take the train back to the city, the last we saw of Paul he was declaring that he could lick any man in the country--except Bob Fitzsimmons.

highway of history

THE OLD ORE BED ROAD

As Told By Floyd Hanson

pierrepoint



Over one hundred years ago the Ore Bed Road wended its way from Claflin's Corners in the Town of Pierrepoint to the north branch of the Grass River in what is now the Town of Clare. (Clare did not become a town until 1880 when it was taken from the Town of Pierrpont.)

The road then crossed the river a short ways below Gleason's Mill. It was, of course, a saw mill and its source of power was a water wheel. It was built about 1860 by a man named Morgan, becoming known as Morgan's Mill. After operating it for some time, he sold it to Humphrey Chaney who in turn sold it to Lansing ("Lant") Gleason about 1892. Lant and his son Earl kept it in operation until 1928 when he died.

When Lant purchased it, several families lived near the mill and to meet their needs a school was built. After those children grew up and moved away, the school closed about 1912.

One of the first teachers to teach at Clare School near Gleason's Mill was Melrose Cochran. One of the last was Monica Leonard. Children attending 70 years ago were Earl and Verda Gleason, Lila Hamilton, Myron Cary, Hubert and Jennie Stark, Melvin Davis, Lona Edgar and Edson Tenney, Millie and Ernest Woods, Walter and Harry Cochran.

Both the mill and the school are now long since gone the way of this world and all that is left is the name Gleason's Mill.

After the road crossed the river, it continued through Smoke Marsh, the hunting ground of famous hunters such as Amy and Charlie Vaughn, Dolphus LaPoint and Ernest Leonard to name a few. I went there as a boy over 50 years ago on my first deer hunting trip.

From the Marsh the road went on to the middle branch of the Grass which it crossed a short distance below Stone Dam. It was only a short distance from here to the Iron Ore Beds. The ore was then hauled back to the River where they had a stamping mill, a machine used to crush or pound the ore into small pieces.

Then began the long hard haul back to Gleason's Mill and Claflin's Corners and on to Potsdam (about 23 miles) from where the ore was shipped to Sackets Harbor. I do not know the exact date when the road was first used or how long it remained in use. I do know that ore was hauled over it during the Civil War and that not a trace of it could be found today.

L. L. HEPBURN

gunsmith of colton

By H. J. SWINNEY

Census lists and county directories for the first half of the nineteenth century include a great variety of trades and crafts which have now disappeared. St. Lawrence County naturally included these craftsmen in profusion and variety; among them there can have been few more skillful and successful than Lewis Lobdell Hepburn, the gunsmith of Colton who was well-known in his own time if not now.

His was a usual trade in those days. Soon after the Revolution, military arms began to be more or less mass-produced in factories, in which a great deal of the technology of modern production eventually developed. But until the Civil War, sporting arms were not usually factory-made. Country gunsmiths made up one gun at a time, using parts—barrels, locks, and small fittings—purchased from wholesalers or specialized manufacturers, and rifling a barrel, furnishing the mountings, making a stock, and thus assembling a finished gun to suit the customer's ideas or their own. Such craftsmen had to be skilled in working with both metal and wood, had to be good judges of a variety of material, and had to command a special knowledge of what we would today call ballistics. Even as late as the 1850's, many of them were apprenticed in the ancient craft tradition, serving a master for a stated period of years in order to learn the trade.

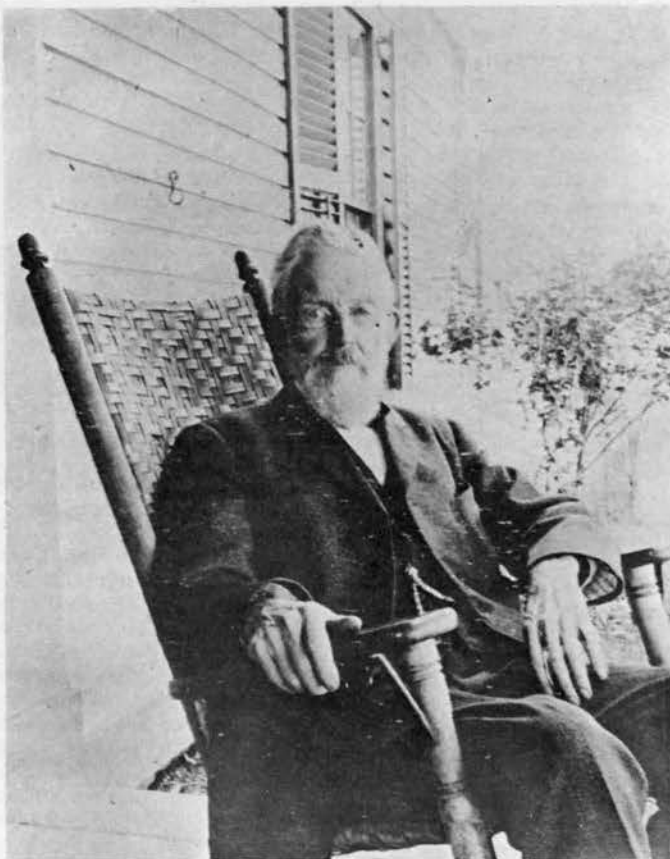
As a group, gunsmiths of the nineteenth century must have been intensely conservative. Except for the coming of the percussion system of ignition in the 1820's, sporting rifles changed very little in their essential details between 1800 and 1875, even though the same years included an astonishing revolution in technology. Real improvements came not from the craft shops but from the arms factories, which developed the modern metallic cartridge and the breech-loading system that went with it, a type of firearm impossible to make in a country shop.

L. L. HEPBURN

Little or nothing of this future can have been clear to Lewis Lobdell Hepburn when he set up his gunshop in the village of Colton sometime in the 1850's. He had been born in Colton on March 2, 1832, at the Hepburn homestead, where his nephew, Lionel P. Hepburn, still lives. His grandfather, Joseph Hepburn, had come early to Colton and there were several Hepburn families in the community, all solid citizens. Young Lewis is said to have been apprenticed to a blacksmith when he was 15. Certainly he appears in the United States Census of 1850 as a blacksmith in Potsdam, living in the home of Benjamin C. Rich, a manufacturer whose house still stands on Elm Street. A rather rare pamphlet about Lewis L. Hepburn (issued with neither title page nor date, but presumably published about 1914 by A. Barton Hepburn, the famous financier who was first cousin to Lewis) says that Lewis was a carriage ironer and a good one.

Just when and why Lewis Hepburn left the blacksmith's trade in Potsdam and opened his own gunshop in Colton is not precisely known. Probably he was just very much interested in guns, like many another young fellow, and probably the move took place early in the 1850's. By 1859 he was established; in that year Adams, Sampson's New York State Business Directory listed "Hepburn, L. L., Colton," in the section on "Gun and Pistol Manufacturers."

No doubt there was business for the young gunsmith. Many St. Lawrence County villages had a gunsmith at one time or another, mostly between 1825 and 1875 and more than 30 individuals have been identified as working at the trade in the county. This was natural enough. People were making money from St. Lawrence County's fertile fields and useful water power, and they could afford to hunt not only for meat but for sport. They were on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, and the woods abounded with game. This combination of a booming economy and the existence of extensive



In his later years, L. L. Hepburn often came back to Colton. Here he is sitting on his own front porch, probably after 1900. Photo: courtesy Lionel Hepburn

tracts of wild woodlands (particularly the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and the mountain country of the Southern Tier counties) made New York State the center of the trade in sporting rifles for the nation in the middle of the nineteenth century. Prosperous citizens wanted rifles, and gunsmiths were there to accommodate them.

HEPBURN'S GUNS AND WORKSHOP

The ordinary hunting rifle of the day was a single-barrelled muzzle-loader which had to have a fresh charge of powder poured into its muzzle and a fresh bullet rammed down its barrel before it could be fired a second time. Repeaters in the modern sense did not yet exist (for practical purposes), but many gunsmiths made rifles with two or more barrels in order to provide a series of shots in quick succession. Hepburn seems to have made a specialty of the type, since a surprising proportion of the surviving rifles from his shop have multiple barrels. He was a good workman, and it would be interesting to know from whom he learned the niceties of his trade. Even the plainest of his guns are well made and neatly finished, showing clearly the skills of a trained gunsmith. He had, perhaps, a less sophisticated eye for the grace of a gun's outline than did such gunmakers as Nathaniel Choate of Auburn, Morgan James and George H. Ferriss of Utica, and William Billingham of Rochester. Yet Hepburn was far and away better than the ordinary county gunsmith. He was a meticulous and careful mechanic, and the workmanship of guns from his hand shows clearly why he had

(Continued from Page 7)

a long and successful career. He deserves a place well up on any list of the superior gunsmiths of his time.

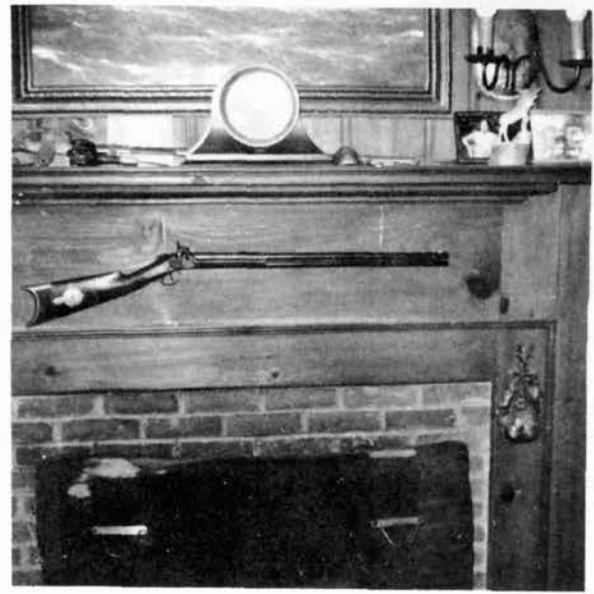
His shop was not a big one, apparently, judging by the industrial schedules of the 1860 Census of the United States. Hepburn's shop was listed as a gun manufactory with \$700 of capital invested. It bought barrels and trimmings (identified by the census-taker as "Ordinary kinds!") to the value of \$500, and had no power equipment. One hand was hired--Hepburn himself, of course--at a monthly wage which is, unfortunately, not clear in the enumerator's handwriting. It seems to be \$52 a month, but it may be \$32; the latter is by far the more plausible figure, since ordinary wages for a gunsmith were about \$26 a month, or \$1 a day. The product of the shop is the most interesting entry in the listing: the census-taker entered it as "40 4bbl rifles \$1200." Muzzle-loading rifles with four barrels (and with even more) do exist, but they are certainly uncommon, and it would be surprising if Hepburn had devoted his entire year to making such a highly specialized arm. Yet the census taker's hand is clear at this point; \$30 apiece is a plausible price; and such a rifle from Hepburn's shop has actually survived. Although its present location is not known, it was Item 28 in the catalogue of the collection of the late Milton Clow, sold at auction in Ithaca in 1949--a four-barrelled smooth-bore gun of Hepburn's typical workmanship and carrying his typical stamp: "L.L.Hepburn, Colton, N.Y."

Double-barrel Hepburn muzzle-loaders, usually with barrels one above the other, are not uncommon, and several three-barrel guns exist. In its exhibition entitled "The Country Gunmaker", the Adirondack Museum (in Blue Mountain Lake, New York) includes a plain Hepburn double-barrelled gun and a very fine and elaborate Hepburn three-barrelled arm, with two shotgun barrels side by side and a small rifle barrel centrally located above them. There are only two locks and two hammers, but the left hammer is provided with a curious swivelling nose-piece, which fires the left shot barrel when set in one position and the rifle barrel when set in the other position. The gun, which was probably made a century ago, is elaborately engraved and stocked in figured American walnut, and has survived in practically perfect condition, still showing the bright finish and high polish it had when it left the little shop in Colton. The exhibition, incidentally, also includes Hepburn's shop sign from Colton, describing himself as a rifle maker.

HEPBURN GOES TO REMINGTON

Hepburn not only made guns expertly, but used them in the same way. During the course of his life, he became an outstanding marksman, and it may possibly have been this which brought him to the attention of E. Remington and Sons, now the Remington Arms Company. The same rare pamphlet quoted above says that he left Colton in 1871 "to superintend the sporting gun department in the great gun factory of E. Remington & Sons." In his book REMINGTON ARMS (New York, 1956; p. 162) Alden Hatch refers to Hepburn as "Foreman of the mechanical department" in 1873. In Lant Brothers HERKIMER COUNTY 1881-2 DIRECTORY, he is listed as "contractor," which in effect meant he was foreman of a department in the armory, but the United States Census of 1880 for Ilion lists him simply as a gunsmith. Certainly there is a strong tradition that he was involved in a supervisory way with the manufacture of sporting rifles at the company. But why did the big factory reach northward across the forest to a little country village for its foreman? In the period of the Civil War, there were many expert gunsmiths in and near the Mohawk Valley, some of them every bit as good as L. L. Hepburn. We shall probably never know why Hepburn was hired, but it may have been because of the skill as a marksman which he was soon to demonstrate on the international scene.

At that time, rifle matches were fired in Great Britain at the very long ranges of 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, and in 1873 the Irish team were winners. In 1874, they published a challenge to the riflemen of America for a match under the same rules. The challenge was accepted, in spite of the fact that there had never been formal competition under such conditions in this country. The Remington company and the Sharps



A fine double-barrelled muzzle-loading hunting rifle made by L. L. Hepburn in Colton, probably in the 1860's. The style and workmanship are both typical of this well-known St. Lawrence County craftsman.

(Illustration from a color photo, courtesy James Griffin)

Rifle Company agreed to develop special breech-loading target rifles for the contest, try-outs were held, and an American team of six marksmen was selected. L. L. Hepburn won a position on the team. The full story of the match, which was fired on September 26, 1874, is too long and dramatic to repeat here, but in a glare of publicity it was won by the American team with a score of 934 to the Irish 931. The shooting took place before a crowd estimated by the New York Herald at "at least 8,000," and the contest was not decided until the last shot was fired. The tension was heightened by the fact that the rifles as well as the marksmen were competing. The Irish team fired fine muzzle-loading target rifles of traditional type made by John Rigby of Dublin, who was himself a member of the Irish team. The Americans used new breech-loaders, so that the very systems themselves were in opposition. Furthermore, of the three Americans who used Sharp's rifles, one was G. W. Yale, who worked for Sharp's factory, and of the three who used Remington rifles, one was L. L. Hepburn. After the matches, a report printed in FOREST AND STREAM (Vol. III, No. 8, October 1, 1874, p.122) quoted Hepburn as saying, "...the rifle I shot was all made by my own hands." Since it was a Remington breech-loader, made out of factory parts, this cannot be taken with literal exactness; what Hepburn undoubtedly meant was that he assembled the rifle and "finished it up" himself. He probably did this for the other Remington rifles used by the team.

A return match was fired in Ireland in 1875, and while Hepburn won a place on the team in the try-outs, he could not attend the matches. However, his name commonly appears in lists of match competitors published in FOREST AND STREAM in the later years of the 1870's, usually well up among the winners. He must have been worth almost as much to the Remington factory for publicity as he was for his mechanical skill.

THE MOVE TO MARLIN

Although Hepburn designed for Remington a single-shot mechanism which was produced and known as the Remington-Hepburn action, the company did not develop a popular repeating rifle as early as its competitors, and through the 1880's it suffered heavily from competition with Winchester and Marlin. In 1886 it went into receivership, and probably as a result of that difficulty, Hepburn left Ilion and joined

(Continued on Page 19)

Early Blue Mountain House



P14422 Seneca Ray Stoddard (1844-1917), Crystal stereo view, "2330 Blue Mountain House, Sept. 13 (?), 1879." (From stereopticon collection at History Center, Canton)

Guests enjoying the air and a swing before the original log building of the Blue Mountain House at Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y. in September, 1879, as photographed by Seneca Ray Stoddard (1844-1917), artist, publisher, and author of innumerable Adirondack guidebooks.

Miles Talcott Merwin of Connecticut acquired property at Blue Mountain Lake in 1867. In 1873 his son, Miles Tyler Merwin, came to the Adirondacks to manage lumbering operations on his father's property. That same fall the younger Merwin was paid a visit by Vincent Coffin, later to become Governor of Connecticut, and by Coffin's son who were out on a camping trip. The enthusiasm of the

Coffins for Blue Mountain Lake and for Merwin's improvised hospitality led in the following summer to the erection of the log building shown in the photograph. This building was to serve as the Blue Mountain House until it burned on February 22, 1880. It was immediately replaced by a large frame building which was to continue to serve as a summer hotel until 1955 when it was demolished to make way for the main stone building of the Adirondack Museum.

Another log building, the so-called "Annex," was built on the same shoulder overlooking Blue Mountain Lake in 1876. This building still stands and forms one of the prize exhibits of the Adirondack Museum.

RUSHTON'S PLEASURE BOATS.



ADDENDA.

The above represents a 15 ft. boat fitted with "Bow-facing Rowing Gear." Price of boat alone, \$55. "Gear," per pair, \$10. For Circulars, address,

J. H. RUSHTON,

Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

[Say where you saw this.]

Bird's Eye View, Fine, N. Y. Foot of Adirondacks



MAIN STREET, OSWEGATCHIE, N. Y.



Birds Eye View of Edwards, N. Y.

Published by Empire Novelty Co., Potsdam, N. Y.

Post card views of Edwards, Star Lake
and Fine were loaned
by Kent Seelye, Star Lake.



SMITH'S LAKE.



Dowling Block, Fine

There are numerous excellent deer and trout ponds adjacent to Cranberry Lake, that have never been laid down upon any map. It is claimed that there are more than 100 sheets of water within seven miles of the (Cranberry Lake) Hotel.*

The Windfall house with Johnson Seavey as proprietor is situated at the foot of Moosehead Mountain and Jamestown Falls, a pretty 25 ft. cascade on the Raquette. *

The great Windfall story has often been told, and can be still seen. (See Jan. 62 Vol. 7, No 1 pg 8-9, the Quarterly)

—ESTABLISHED 1869.—

H. M. SPRAGUE,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

SPRAGUE'S PATENT Rubber Packed Boats and Canoes,

For Hunting, Fishing, Rowing or Sailing.

PARISHVILLE, ST. LAWRENCE CO., N. Y.

Built in three Grades, A. B. and C; Light Cedar being the only timber used for siding, Oak for keels and stems, Elm for ribs, Copper for fastening, Spar Varnish for finish, making them far superior to common Boats.

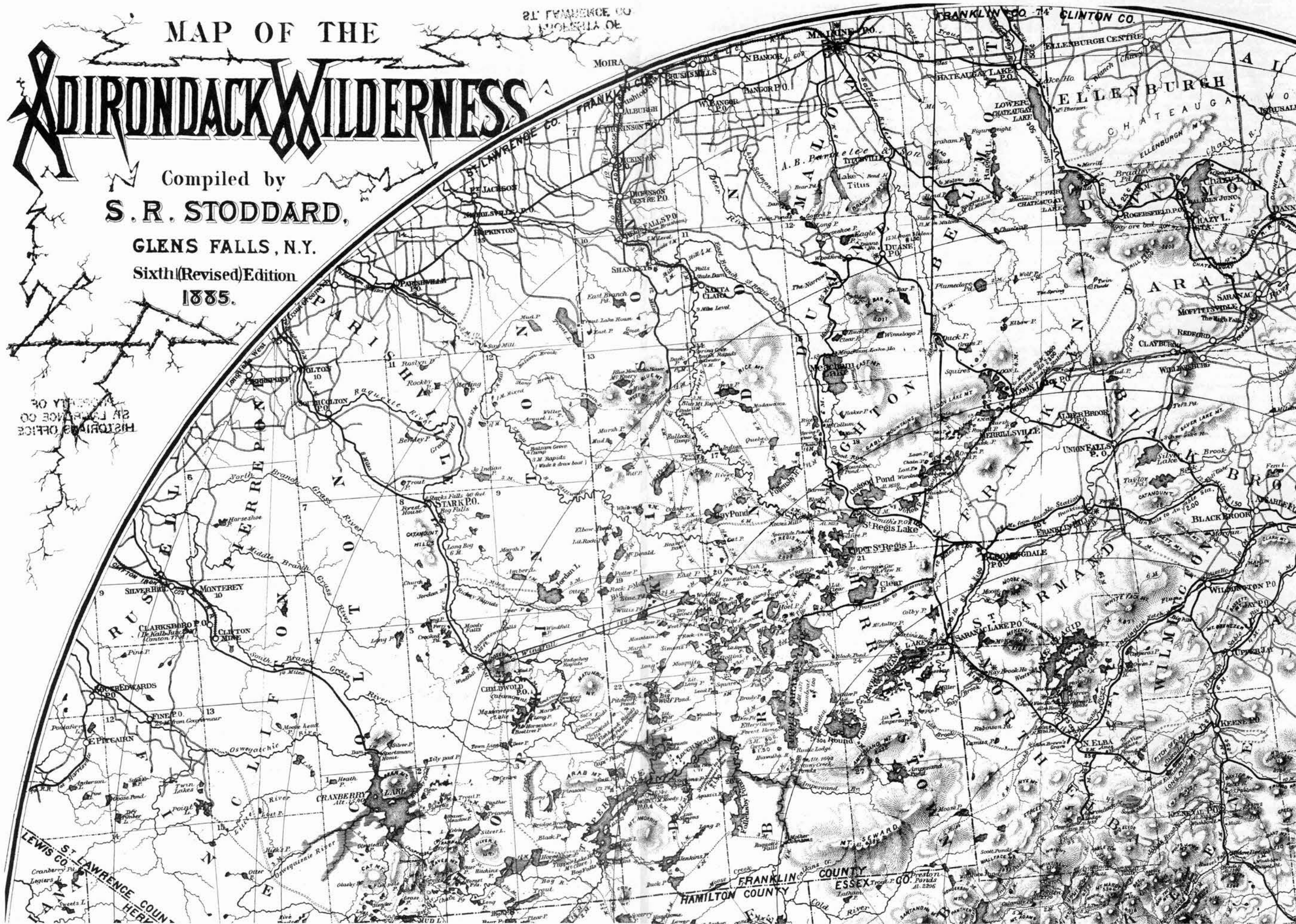


No. 13.—14 ft. Canoe, beam 32 inches, rigged with seats and folding outriggers; Capacity 2 persons. Price, \$40 crated on cars at this point.



14 FOOT BOAT TAKEN TO SHOW INSIDE.

No. 6.—14 feet long, beam 36 inches, 12 to 13 inches amidships, 22 at ends, weight 50 to 60 lbs. Capacity, one, two, three or four persons. Price, with one pair oars, rudder or paddle, \$45.75. This boat makes a valuable pleasure boat, for three persons; a great many of them are sold each season, and well liked.



MAP OF THE

ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS

Compiled by
S. R. STODDARD,
 GLENS FALLS, N. Y.
 Sixth (Revised) Edition
 1885.

HISTORICAL OFFICE
 215 N. LAURENCE CO.
 20 W. WASHINGTON ST.

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY
 HERKIMER COUNTY

Scores Answer Ad For Man To
Fill Lonesome Adirondack Post

WANTED--A man to live alone on an island (inland lake) eight miles from shore; transportation, food, clothing, shelter, boat, etc., furnished, no work, no compensation. Summer-time, 600 Tribune Building, New York.

Every Easter Sunday for the last 15 years this advertisement has appeared in "Help Wanted" columns. Every year hundreds of men, and occasionally a woman, have made application for the job.

Many of those who have answered and received no reply have formed the opinion that the whole thing is a practical joke, played by an individual who is collecting data of the different kinds of people who react to the same impulse--or something like that. Investigation, however, has proved that there is in truth a man who offers precisely the sort of position described and that it has been filled satisfactorily each summer for 15 years.

The man is the director of a large well known dry goods house in New York. He has a home in the Adirondacks near a lake with four little islands in the center. Every year a colony of arctic or burgomaster seagulls alights on these islands and stays there throughout the summer. In order to protect the eggs and the young, a man is hired to live on one of the islands.

He has no duty other than the patrolling of the shore and the bird haunts. He goes early in May when the birds begin to arrive and leaves after they do. In no case is it necessary for him to stay longer than October 1.

There is a humorous angle to the situation, an angle that gives truth to the trite saying that distance lends enchantment. When the advisability of getting a man to look after these birds first formulated itself in the mind of the man who has made himself their friend, he decided he could hire one of the men in the neighboring community for the task.

He broached the subject to some of them and offered to pay \$30 a month with food and shelter as described in the advertisement. Thirty dollars a month at that time meant a good deal more than it does today. Nevertheless, he could find nobody to whom the idea of living a solitary life on a lake island made any appeal.

Knowing human nature intimately--he employs hundreds of men and women--he decided to insert an advertisement in city papers, tell briefly what was expected and make no offer of compensation other than food, clothing and shelter. The response was stupendous.

Immediately letters began pouring in by the score from men in every walk of life asking that they be allowed to go off into the solitudes.

The Bowery bum applied and said that he wanted nothing but the woods and the waters; the youth whose love had been unrequited made a similar request; the man whose aim was to arrive at the top-most rung of the ladder of literary success was certain that the advertisement had been inserted as a godsend from heaven.

Out of the hundreds that applied, one was finally chosen. Among the 15 who have worked there are a well known naturalist, an attorney general of a neighboring state, and a man named Daniel Boone, who is a direct descendant of the pioneer who bore that name.

In almost every case the man asked to be allowed to return the following year, but the rules laid down by the man who has interested himself in this work are against this. He does not want the keeper of the birds to grow acquainted with the people in the neighboring community, as he might if he returned to the same place year after year.

It is not the men that interest him; it is the preservation of this species of seagulls, which are, he states, the largest of their kind, having a spread of wings of five feet. Their contribution to humanity is the scavenger duty they perform. It is estimated that they eat two pounds of offal a day.

(From Watertown Daily Standard in 1922)



Road opposite mouth of the Jordan Aug. 26, 1895.

Nearly opposite Jordan House Jordan River enters the Raquette, from Jordan Lake. These lands now comprise the Kildare Club (owned by Vanderbilts and others from New York) as a sportsman's park or preserve for their exclusive use.*

Some Adirondack References at the History Center:

Historical Sketches of Northern New York and the Adirondack Wilderness by Nathaniel Bartlett Sylvester, (1877)

Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks by John A. Hows (Poems by Alfred B. Street) 1864

Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp-Life in the Adirondacks by William H. H. Murray (1869)

Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks 1897

Where to Go In The Adirondacks, Geo. R. Hardie, 1909
Adirondack Tales, Eleanor Early

The Adirondack Reader, Paul F. Jamieson

Forest Acreage and Timber Report

Expanding Mineral Industry Report

Mining in Adirondacks

Just About Everything in the Adirondacks, White

Adirondack Country, William C. White

Cranberry Lake, 1845 - 1959

Limberjack Sky Pilot, Reed

Boys in Blue from the Adirondack Foothills, Thomas

Moses Cohen, Peddler to Capitalist, Wessels

Off the Beaten Path, APA

Recollections of the Adirondacks, H. L. Ives

Descriptive Guide to the Adirondacks and Handbook of Travel, Wallace, 1881

The Adirondacks, America's Playground, Sleicher

Paul Smith, Geraldine Collins

Folklore from the Adirondack Foothills, Thomas

Poetical Portraits, Shaw

Through the Adirondacks in 18 Days, Martin V. B. Ives

100 "Dam" Years of Cranberry Lake, 1867 - 1967

"in them thar hills" Tyler

NOT LOST -- JUST MISSING

By HELEN ESCHA TYLER, Vermontville

Historian, Town of Franklin

(permission of author given for this chapter from her new book of Folk Tales of the Adirondacks, "...in Them Thar Hills")

During the early 1880's Dan Doty lived in a log cabin on a few acres of land which he had reclaimed from the wilderness, not far from Vermontville village. Dan's wife had died about two years before the date of this story, and his mother, Mrs. Betsy Doty, was keeping house for him and his children.

It was winter--had been for many weeks. There was much snow. Work was scarce, but a man had to feed his family somehow. So Dan had set out a line of traps in the vicinity of Lake Kushaqua, and his trapper's cabin was located near the present site of the White Fathers' property, about seven or eight miles from his home.

He spent the most of his time at the trapper's cabin, but came home every week or ten days to look after the family, and to get new supplies for himself.

There came a time when he was so long past due that his mother became alarmed, thinking he must have met with an accident. She apparently had no thought but to go herself to look for him, and although she was well past eighty years of age, she bundled up well and set out along Dan's well-packed trail.

It was easy to keep on the trail through the woods and swamps, but the trail crossed Buck Pond and Round Pond (now Lake Kushaqua). It was snowing real hard, and there was a high wind which hadn't been too noticeable while she was in the woods and swamps. But when crossing one of the ponds, Mrs. Doty found that the wind had hidden all trace of a trail; even her own tracks were hidden about as soon as she made them. Soon she was in the midst of a strange white world, with nothing to show her which way to go. She couldn't even go back, for her own tracks were completely covered.

It was told of her afterward that she was lost, and in a way she was, but she didn't panic as some would have done. She had the good sense to make her way to the shore of the pond, which she could see dimly now and then. There she hunted out a tree with low, dead branches, some of which she managed to break off. As the old lady was a smoker, she had her pipe, tobacco, and matches but no food with her. So she piled up the dry branches in as sheltered a spot as she could find, and started a fire.

Because of the depth of the snow it was impossible to wade it enough to gather very much wood. But she managed to keep the fire going until the snow beneath the fire had melted to the ground, and the ground had dried out a bit. A little later when the fire had burned out, and the ashes had cooled off, Mrs. Doty got down into the hole that the fire had made in the snow. Then she spread her heavy wool shawl, which she had worn over her other wraps, over the top of her "snow well" and so was sheltered from the cold wind, and snow. There she sat and waited, with only an occasional pipe of tobacco for comfort.

In the meantime Dan had been plodding toward home. Upon his arrival there he found the children, the oldest of whom was eleven, were all right. But when told that his mother had gone to look for him, he was much worried, for he realized that he should have met her somewhere out on the trail, and he had seen no trace of her.

Dan soon rounded up a group of neighbors to help him hunt for her, and the hunt went on into the third or fourth day (the exact time has become uncertain), with only short stops for much needed rest. After one such rest Carlos Skeels and Harve Paye were trudging along together and one man told the other that while they were sleeping he had dreamed of finding Mrs. Doty. The second man was greatly surprised

(Illustration by Suzanne Tubby Batra)

for he, too, had just dreamed of finding her. The strange thing was that on comparing dreams, they found they had each had the very same dream. So, perhaps unconsciously, they began to look for the sort of place they had dreamed about, and to their surprise, after some hours they found it. When they reached the spot, and pulling aside the shawl which still covered the hole in which she sat, they found the old lady waiting quietly, firmly believing she would soon be found. She still had her pipe, but her tobacco was gone--had been for quite a number of hours. Her first words were to Mr. Paye, for she knew he was a smoker, asking him for a pipeful of tobacco.



They helped Mrs. Doty out of the hole, got her home, and fed and warm.

No! She didn't die from the experience. She didn't have a chilled spot, and she didn't even catch cold. She lived to the grand old age of one hundred and four!



Forest House, Starks' Falls, Colton, N.Y.

From the Forest House it is 2 mi. NE by good road and path to Joe Indian Pond.



Jordan River - Hollywood



The Jordan, Aug. 23, 1895.

From Colton to South Colton ("Three Falls") to Stark's Falls (a charming 40 ft. cascade on the Raquette) is the Forest House. The Sportsman takes his first meal (always an excellent one) in the woods; here boats are taken and the sporting field commences. *

* (From Wallaces' Guide to the Adirondacks, 1897 ed.)

SOME PAY THEIR DUES
WHEN DUE—
SOME,
WHEN OVERDUE—
SOME NEVER DO,
HOW DO YOU
DO
?

The

ADIRONDACK . . .

MOUNTAINS Called in Old Times

"THE GREAT NORTH WOODS."

A marvelous wilderness, abounding in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks, filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region—located in Northern New York—is reached from Chicago by all lines, in connection with the **New York Central**; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the **New York Central**; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the **New York Central**; from Montreal by the **New York Central**; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the **New York Central**; from New York by the through car lines of the **New York Central**; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the **New York Central**.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How To Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

(From Wallaces' Guide to the Adirondacks, 1897 ed.)



Down the Raquette from Chula Vista, Hollywood Stillwater, 1895.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE RIVER

(From an elevated tract in Bangor, Franklin County foothills, the St. Lawrence River can be distinctly seen at a distance of about 20 miles.)

Far along the blue horizon,
Stretched in tranquil light it lay,
While my eye went wand'ring o'er it,
In the distance far away.

Many a pleasing thought was rising,
Waken'd by that lovely scene,
Of the beauteous vales and hamlets,
Of the homes that lie between.

Thus the eye of Faith may venture
O'er the boundary of time,
Pierce the

But the heart that would be ranging
Thro' those lonely skies serene,
Will be ling'ring round the objects
That in dimness lie between.

Far along the dim horizon,
Stretch'd in tranquil light it lay,
While my eye went wand'ring o'er it
In the distance far away.

By MRS. M. A. BIGELOW
1851

From Tooley Pond a poor road leads three miles to Cook or Davis Pond. One mile beyond we strike the Oswegatchie River just above the "old Indian Fishing Ground," an oldtime resort of the Oswegatchie Indians, famous for the size and quantity of its trout. From here boats descend eight and one-half miles to the foot of the Stillwater; fine camping spots and spring-holes occurring on the way. (From Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks, 1897 ed.)



Henry Day

Famous Adirondack Guide

The New Star Lake House.

From a small beginning nearly 10 years ago, when this spot of beauty was comparatively unknown, this hotel has increased in size to keep pace with the growing popularity of this lovely locality.

A Grand Additional Structure, 40 ft. by 125 ft., 5 Stories in Height

Has been constructed and equipped with the usual modern appointments. It is now enabled to rank with the great hostelries of the Adirondacks, and it certainly has no peer in the western portion of that region.

A veranda 13 ft. wide stretches along the length and breadth of the building (165 ft.), affording agreeable shade and promenades. The sitting-room, with its finely finished floor and attractive walls, is 40 by 26 ft., a good piano, and a large fire-place adding to its comfort and pleasantness. It is admirable for music and dancing.

Broad and Massive Stairways, Electric Lights

and Bells, Pure Well Water, Hot and Cold Baths, Sanitary Plumbing, Excellent Cuisine, Billiard Parlors, Bracing Air, High Elevation and Exquisite Lake Views

Are among its attractions and desirabilities. In fact it is now a delightful summer home for the rest, health and pleasure-seeker, and especially for families with children,—several acres of land partially shaded by a beautiful grove, affording ample romping ground for the little folks.

An extensive boat-livery offers every opportunity for boating, and carriages and turn-outs with safe drivers, are always available.

Every attention is paid to the wants of patrons that their tarry here may be an enjoyable one.

For terms, etc., address,

FOLEY & LYMAN,

STAR LAKE HOUSE,

Via Oswegatchie P. O., N. Y.

(See pages 140-147.)



Our members write



DIFFERENT VIEWS

A pamphlet was issued in 1936 when Massena endeavored to interest the State in redeveloping the Springs... You will note that the picture of the "Bath House and Spring House" of the Hatfield House, are different from the picture shown on the cover of the July 1968 Quarterly. (This picture was taken from the 1856 bound Harpers Magazine article "Mineral Springs of New York State," as were the U. S. Hotel and Benj. Phillips' Harrogate pictures, Ed.)

Benj. Phillips first ran "Harrogate," built U.S. Hotel across the road, north side, 1848, ran it until it burned 1871. He sold the property to Abraham Hatfield who built Hatfield House 1872, ran by him, then his son; it burned in Dec. 1931. My late husband was mayor and I well remember the night of fire. I have an old register of U. S. Hotel given to my father by a son of Benj. Phillips which has The Dauphin's signature and six titled gentlemen who visited him concerning his identity.

I have learned not to lend my Quarterly, as I have lost several by so doing. I have an almost complete file.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bushnell
Massena, N. Y.

GOOD WISHES

My mother Mrs. Lucy D. Snow is living in Watertown now. She celebrated her 96th birthday Oct. 2nd, and Mrs. Corey and I were with her. We drove to Hermon and learned that the building in Richville was not open that day. Success to you and your associates in your endeavors in the Association.

Sincerely,
Everett A. Corey
Washington, D. C.

(Mrs. Snow furnished material for the Stalbird Story last year in Quarterly Ed.)

OUR CONSISTENT FAN

Today while thinking of some incidents of the past in connection with my RAILROADING CAREER, I sat down to the typewriter, hammering out past events, then decided to pass the same along to you. In case I have written anything that you could use, if you use any part of it, it will be OK with me, OR if you throw it in the WASTE-BASKET, that will be OK....

Perhaps if I had taken more time in this write-up I am enclosing, it is just possible, that I might have done a better job? We all want the BEST for St. LAWRENCE COUNTY.

A real OLD TIMER,
Mott Meldrim
Edwards, N. Y.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Meldrim,

WONDERFUL IDEA

The Colton United Methodist Church WSCS is giving a gift of membership (with the Quarterly) to Mrs. Susan Cayey, an older resident who will enjoy the Quarterlies and will know some of the people and places written about.

Very Truly yours,
Margaret C. Decker
President

(WHAT A WONDERFUL IDEA! Any organization may wish to honor a member in this way. What a nice thoughtful thank you! mhb.)

aged 95, has sent us a story we want to use in future issue of Quarterly as this issue was nearly complete when it arrived. We ask his indulgence in quoting his letter above that we omitted the many highly flattering compliments he paid us. MHB)

Ad. Survey

Report PI.14.



Drawn by Ferdinand Colvin.

Weed, Parsons & Co. Lith.

OVEN LAKE.

Accident to the second boat - The Guides baggage and instruments in danger

(Continued From Page 8)

the Marlin Firearms Company in New Haven as chief gun designer. It was Hepburn who originated the side-ejection Marlin repeating rifles whose basic mechanism, although somewhat altered through the years, is still in production today. He was actively at work until he slipped on the ice in New Haven on January 6, 1910, when he was nearly 78 years old. He never fully recovered from his injuries, but he continued to work as much as he could from his sickbed until his eventual death August 31, 1914.

He was a prolific inventor through his later life. One of the standard sources lists 21 patents after his name, dating between 1879 and 1908. The first of these was assigned to the Remington Arms Company, the next two were unassigned, and all the rest, beginning in 1886, were assigned to the Marlin Firearms Company. The list may not even be complete, since a muzzle-loading rifle which Hepburn made in Colton, and which was offered by a well-known antique gun dealer some years ago, was said by the dealer to be equipped with locks having a special (but unfortunately undescribed) feature which Hepburn had patented.

Most of the country gunsmiths who were contemporary

with Hepburn seem to have had limited technological horizons. Very few of them succeeded in growing with their century -- in making the transition from the workbench to the drafting table, or from the work of their own hands to the supervision of a factory. Against the competition of the gun factories, country gunmakers simply stood their ground and fought the same sort of losing battle that carriage makers fought with the Model T Ford 50 years later. The financial panic of 1873 mercilessly combed out the weaker shops, and by 1885 country gunsmiths had largely either become factory mechanics or were gun repairmen or else had drifted into other trades. But L. L. Hepburn was different. He changed with the times, meeting and surmounting the pressures and challenges of a world very different from the familiar woods and fields and streams of St. Lawrence County. He began in the sweat and clangor of a blacksmith shop, where techniques had probably changed very little in the preceding century, and yet by the end of his lifetime he commanded a knowledge of machine tools and modern metallurgy. It must have been quite a journey for a young fellow from Colton. No wonder his contemporaries admired him.



M. E. Church - Fine, N. Y.



DEPOT STREET - OSWEGATCHIE, N. Y.



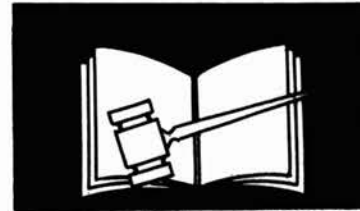
**LETTER FROM
THE EDITOR**

As we put together the Summer Fun issue last July, it became apparent that Adirondack Fun was such a large share, it would require a complete issue of its own. So we held up the gems of material from Star Lake, Cranberry Lake and the Stillwater to give you in an Adirondack Foothills Special.

Since a large portion of our County is within what used to be called variously the "South Woods" or the "Great Wilderness" and today said to be "within the blue line," it is not improper to dedicate this entire issue to that mysterious, vigorous and uniquely beautiful area.

The wealth of material for such an issue is merely tapped lightly in these pages. We hope that it will pique your imagination. We are confident that for years to come Adirondack folklore, facts and legends will pour upon this desk as a result. There is much to say and much to share.

So followers and descendants of the "tree-eaters" alike, here is YOUR territory -- the Adirondacks. mhb



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

This isn't an inaugural message. A new president, though, is supposed to indicate something of plans he has in mind for the organization he heads.

In recent years the Association's activities have had a distinctive twofold expression: the good-weather tours and publication of the Quarterly.

These must be kept up, and improved where possible. Mary Biondi will continue her good work as editor. Varick Chittenden takes over as program chairman, and this means attention to the tours. He has several ideas buzzing in his head, and he will be a worthy successor to chairmen like Doris Planty, Lawrence and Bruce VanBuren.

I want to add a third expression. Part of this is just a revival of something we used to have, an occasional lecture that one hopes will be both interesting and scholarly. The other part is new, two or three "off-season" meetings to assure continuity of both programs and business details.

Right now we're combining these. We started December 5 with a meeting in the University Center at St. Lawrence University. This centered on an exhibition of local Frederic Remington things, and a lecture on Remington and the Remington Memorial by Coy Ludwig of that Ogdensburg museum.

At this writing (necessarily before December 5) I can't say how the affair went. One always keeps his weather-fingers crossed. But I can say we tried, and will try again.

Coming up soon will be a program on the Parishes of land-proprietor history, and an exhibit of old and new Parish items. We hope to have this in Ogdensburg.

Our successful neighbors, the Franklin and Clinton County Associations, have monthly meetings. I don't forsee this right away, but we do need meetings more often to maintain and improve interest.

The inspiration of former presidents like Carlton Olds, and Atwood Manley and Bert Rogers and Edward Heim will cheer us on.

Edward J. Blackburn

Annual Meeting



Francis Foley, Newton Falls Paper Co. speaking at the annual meeting Oct. 12 at Clifton-Fine School. Other speakers represented the lumbering and mining industries of Clifton. Hostess was Jeanne Reynolds, Cranberry Lake. TOPS Club provided lunch with a giant 100th Birthday cake made by Jeanne.



At right are shown Clifton Supervisor Maynard Miller and historian Clara McKenney looking at a display scrapbook. In background fine Clifton displays.

FROM THE COUNTY'S**CRACKER BARREL**

HIGHLIGHT REPORT OF 1968 --

(Includes names of town and village historians with a summary of their activities.)

BRASHER (Mae Murray)

CANTON: (E. F. Heim) 1968 has been a very busy year. Groups of Boy and Girl Scouts have visited the museum by appointment. Friends of history have been very generous. We now have two canoe paddles made at the Rushton Boatshop, two very old army guns, twenty valuable framed pictures from the American Legion, and a case of twelve horse-shoes made many years ago by a local blacksmith. The Building Committee of our new Municipal Building has given the curator permission to display many historical pictures in the large meeting room next to the Museum on the second floor. Many other small items are also listed.

CLARE (Iris Fry)

CLIFTON: (Clara McKinney) The town was saddened by the death of Pfc. Michael Bruce Reynolds, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reynolds, who was killed in Korea, Sept. 27. He was born July 10, 1947, and had been in Korea since February. Two of our older residents have recently passed away. Vernon Rice, 83, born March 29, 1885, died in the Masonic Home in Utica and Bennett McMullen, 75, born March 19, 1893, passed away in Patton, Pa. Our 100th Birthday Year.

COLTON (Lorena Reed) I enjoyed a trip in February to New York to the Association of Towns. Had the dedication of Sunday Rock and a marker for Jessis Colton Higley at a tour in June. From the tour we were successful in obtaining an old book, HIGLEYS AND THEIR ANCESTORS.

DEPEYSTER (Nina W. Smithers)

EDWARDS: (Leah Noble) Have completed "People on the Move." I say "completed," but continue to add illustrative material to it. Hope to get Trout Lake story very soon. This has been a pleasant year, meeting with your historians, exchanging interests and ideas as well as visiting places of historical interest. I've tried to keep current records up-to-date, and I never cease to be inspired by what my co-workers are doing and writing, which reminds me to do more myself.

FINE (Catherine Brownell) I have been busy with genealogy records as well as keeping up my scrapbook and our record of town events. The County Historical Association met in October in our town.

FWLER: (Isabelle Hance) I attended both spring and fall workshops in Canton, took the June tour at Colton, and prepared a manuscript on Sylvia Lake for the summer issue of the QUARTERLY. Worked on servicemen's records and cemetery census. Read several books on genealogy and had several interviews with senior citizens. Obtained new memberships for the Quarterly; helped with the inventory of public recreation facilities. I have also completed a paper on the history of Fullerville and am keeping a record of changes made on Route 58 by the new highway. Mostly I have worked at the job of learning how to be a historian.

GOUVERNEUR town: (Harold A. Storie) Looked up and answered five inquiries on some of the old families of Gouverneur. Kept up scrapbooks of old news items. Collected numerous old documents, maps and papers relating to our town.

GOUVERNEUR village: (Nelson N. Winters) This office assisted the International Talc Company in its 75th anniversary observance by lending to it the Village Historian's copy of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY of April 27, 1893 which contained an article on the talc industry of that era. The talc company made extensive use of the historical material in its sales and advertising promotion during the current year. The above-mentioned article was also submitted to the QUARTERLY by the Historian's office for publication.

HAMMOND: (Maxine Rutherford) Clipped and filed current records. Made available materials to junior high students. Answered several inquiries on genealogies. Completed an inventory of outdoor private and public recreation businesses for the Conservation Department. Completed annual project, "Communication." Attended spring and fall workshop at County History Center. Added to our files a photocopy of the original record of organization of the Hammond Presbyterian Church (1821) and plans for building the first meeting-house (1833).

HERMON (Harriet Jenne)

HOPKINGTON: (Neva B. Day) Rather a routine summer. Attended a seminar at Paul Smith College. Have done considerable research on family records. One lady of Banning, Calif., came east and visited me and I enjoyed her very much. Otherwise a quiet season.

LAWRENCE: (Anna Cole) The new Nicholville-Hopkington bridge, so widely discussed and so long awaited, has been completed and was unofficially opened Thursday, Nov. 7. It is a fine structure and saves much time and a certain amount of anxiety which has prevailed, especially among strangers to this section who found the former tortuous way between two steep hills rough. The old bridge has been razed and removed.

LISBON (Doreen Martin) Completing cemetery census!

LOUISVILLE: (Lorraine Bandy) I have completed 211 military records, sent my annual report to state and county and will give it personally to the Town Board. I am helping students with local history reports and term papers. This is very rewarding work as it acts as a "chamber of commerce" and one student tells another "Did you know that in 1802 in OUR TOWN such and such happened?" They really become interested and want to know more.

MACOMB: (Willis Kittle) Have kept scrapbook of local items up to date and have done much research on early pioneer families, the most notable, perhaps, being the family of Joseph Forsyth, all of whom were murdered while he was serving in the Civil War. Many points concerning this are not yet known.

MADRID (Florence M. Fisher)

MASSENA: (Marie Eldon-Browne) Up to September 9, 489 visitors came to our museum, 38 of them from our of state, representing Ohio, Vermont, California, New Jersey, Canada, England and India. Many young people have helped with research and clippings and have shown general interest in THEIR town museum, including the music class of the Junior High School. Military records are up-to-date and a scrapbook of service clippings has been started by five Girl Scouts. (Mrs. E-B, chosen VFW Citizen of the Year! Ed.)

(Continued on Next Page)

CRACKER BARREL (Continued from Page 21)

MORRISTOWN (Ella Mae Phillips) A very busy year here.

NORFOLK: (Mrs. Edith VanKennen) Among the highlights of the last year were calls from people as far west as Ohio, Wisconsin and Illinois who stopped by to inquire about family genealogy. From my records I was able to find what they wanted. A Miss Marjorie Smith from Forest Park, Ill. joined our St. Lawrence County Historical Association. I sent in her membership in June.

OSWEGATCHIE (Persis Boyesen)

PARISHVILLE: (Elsie F. Bresee) We are saddened by a note from Mrs. D. Norene Forrest, Vice-president of the local Parishville association telling of the death of Mrs. Bresee November 2, 1968.

PIERCEFIELD: (Beulah B. Dorothy) In August of this year the Woodsmen Club, founded by Rev. Frank Reed, author of LUMBERJACK SKY PILOT, erected a monument in Gale Cemetery in memory of four lumberjacks who were buried there. About fifty people attended the evening dedication at the cemetery honoring these men. Refreshments were served afterwards at the Childwold Presbyterian Church.

PIERREPONT: (Millard Hundley) Attended the annual meeting at Star Lake, also the workshop at Canton. During the summer I assisted Ed Heim during one day fair week at the historical museum at Richville. Attended Parishville's open house and museum August 24. Have done a little genealogy research for three parties. Must not forget the June tour to Sunday Rock and Higley Park on the Racquette.

PITCAIRN: (Edna Hosmer) Have been tracing history of the marble quarry and seeing older people become vitally interested and involved in the events of yesteryear, making them know that they are an important part of something worthwhile.

POTSDAM and VILLAGE OF NORWOOD: (Susan C. Lyman) Getting started on the Norwood Museum has been the highlight of 1968 for me. Early in October 5 members of the Norwood Kiwanis Club spent an evening collecting Norwood Historical Assn. artifacts from their several storage places in the village and carrying them to the quarters designated for the museum. Cataloging is in process and items are constantly being solicited. The balance of the year has been spent in routine matters, speaking before several groups, writing many local history articles for the local paper (one was published in a national magazine), working with grade, high school and college students on various aspects of local history, assisting with the writing and preparation of the Norwood Chamber of Commerce bulletin, and preparing the Historian's project, scrapbooks, etc.

RICHVILLE VILLAGE (Georgiana Wranesh)

ROSSIE: (Frances Gardner) Attended the spring workshop in Canton, also the tour and dedication of the plaque in Ogdensburg in August. On several requests, did research on family ancestry. Clipped and posted items. Attended fall meeting at Star Lake. Have had a number of visitors asking about mineral deposits in this area. Where does one get these necessary maps? I have none.

RUSSELL (Mrs. Jan Barnes) I did research work for the story I wrote for the QUARTERLY, THE STALBIRD POST OFFICE. I was also very busy answering letters of inquiry about late relatives.

STOCKHOLM: (Hazel Chapman) On January 23 the Tri-Town Craft Guild was held in Winthrop. There one could see a quilt quilted, a pot potted, a rug hooked, an artist creating a painting of great beauty as well as jewelry made of copper and enameled. Other skills were also exhibited. This was history repeated and a way of profit for the housewives of the town.

WADDINGTON, TOWN AND VILLAGE: (Ethel C. OLDS) On

October 4 of this year Waddington was honored by the establishment of the Rutherford Professorship of Mathematics of St. Lawrence University, given in memory of General and Mrs. Harry K. Rutherford by their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. John Crane, of Washington, D.C. General Rutherford, born in 1883, a 1907 graduate of West Point, was a native of Waddington, one of the five children of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Rutherford and a descendant of Richard Rutherford, one of Waddington's early Scotch settlers of 1801.

CITY OF OGDENSBURG (Elizabeth Baxter) Fred Erwin and Elizabeth Baxter are co-chairmen of the City of Ogdensburg Centennial. Mary H. Biondi is program chairman of the Centennial Year of Ogdensburg.



Robinwood
Ogdensburg city.

Dear Mr. Blankman: on
your new map this
water should be
called Robin Lake

instead of Bog Lake and
Clear Pond is now Lake etc
Yours truly
J. BacBeller

From original note sent to Mapmaker Blankman, now in possession of his son Edward J. Blankman.



STAR LAKE

Star Lake, star-like in form, purity and brightness, is one of the fairest of all the galaxy of gems adorning the Adirondacks Wilderness. Its waters are as clear as crystal, objects being discernible at a great depth. It is apparently one vast spring-hole, having no visible inlets or outlets. This many armed islet-adorned and hill-encircled little loch, fringed here and there with golden sand, presents a lake-picture of peculiar and entrancing loveliness is nearly 2,000 ft. above sea level. No malarial marshes pollute its borders; shores being clean and high. No element of beauty is lacking here; owing to the size and peculiar shape of the lake, it is rarely tossed in dangerous waves.

ORIGIN OF OSWEGATCHIE

Research

INSURANCE MEMORABILIA

I have been attempting to locate early American Insurance policies and documents, or any antique insurance items from other countries. Is it possible that someone may have some that they would sell? If not, could someone advise a source that may have such items available.

Warm Thanks,
Herbert D. Hadley
Torrence, Edmund, Hadley & Farren
1145 Fourteenth Ave.
P.O. Box 9
Longview, Wash. 98632



SCHOOL DESKS

The History Center is looking for three old-fashioned one-piece school desks. We have been given one of the early 1920's successor to the original 'modern' successor to mere benches. However, for our collection and for that of a fellow historian-history collection, we need the 1890-1920 type usual in our rural schools. Contact the history center if you have some.



POTTERY

The Hart Pottery from the mid-1800's to 1872 in Ogdensburg is being researched for a forthcoming book. If anyone has a piece of the stoneware produced by members of the Hart family, an advertisement for the Pottery and its wares, or some other item about this family-owned business, the History Center would be pleased to pass the information along to the author. Arrangements could be made for the photographing of the items.



ELUSIVE SOLDIER

I am attempting to locate the present day family of, or any facts about a former Canton soldier of the Civil War who was shot while serving in the Cavalry following the War. He enlisted in his own name Pvt. Anthony Cook, son of Anthony and Catherine Cook of Canton, and after the War re-enlisted under the name of Melvin King as a Corporal. If there is any knowledge of this man or family, write County Historian in Canton, or directly to me C. J. Penn, 28, Coleburn Road, Norwich, Norfolk, ENGLAND.



OSWEGATCHIE LORE

At present I am putting four years in the Navy. Having recently read "Drums Along the Mohawk" I became interested in the Oswegatchie River mentioned. I was wondering if anyone might know of any actual history of the attack and destruction of an Indian village or town near the Oswegatchie. I would appreciate hearing about such information, or the address of anyone who might help me to the address below.

Keith Schedlbauer SA B14-36-13
ET/A School Building 520
Barracks 403 Billet 210
N.T.C. Great Lakes Ill. 60088

An Indian name which signifies "going or coming 'round a hill." The great bend in Oswegatchie River on the borders of Lewis County originated its significant name. An Indian tribe, bearing the name of the river once lived on its banks, but its fate like that of many sister tribes, has been to melt away before the progressive steps of the Anglo-Saxon. Sabbittis defined Oswegatchie as meaning "Slow and long," (From Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks, 1897 ed.)

ADIRONDACKS, THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME

The Rounder (Williston Manley) said he believed that the name came from the forests in the area. He pointed out that the Algonquins customarily came down from Canada to fish and hunt in this wooded mountain section. Their enemies the Mohawks, were angered by their invasion of their territory and called the Algonquins "ratirondacks" or "tree-eaters," as many times they were obliged to live on bark and buds, even the wood of the forests.

According to A. L. Donaldson, historian of the Adirondacks, the earliest recorded name given to the region was "Avacal" by the Spaniards exploring in the 16th century. Later in the days of Dutch settlement along the Hudson this region bore the name "Iroquoisia" after the great Iroquois tribe.

Not until after the Revolutionary days did the name Adirondacks appear on maps. In Prof. Ebenezer Emmons report following his survey in 1838, he states that the proper name for the mountains is "Adirondacks" after the Indians. The Indians called it Cough-sa-ra-ge, or Couch-sach-ra-ge, the dismal wilderness.

NEEDED...

Kind volunteers to assist County Historian with scrapbooks, checking lists, indexes and inventories. If you can spare a few hours, can cut and paste (or WILL) or can type, the county historian at the History Center in Canton will be very grateful. Call Monday or Thursday, or come in and VOLUNTEER.

Many thanks to Jennie S. Rose of Harrisville who volunteered to do typing for the County Historian and has kept her promise!

The actual printing contract for Houghs' County History reprint may soon be under way. Reservations are still being taken for copies at advance price of \$12.50. After publication price is expected to be more. All those who reserved will be notified when delivery is to be made and billing will be at that time. For additional reservations write Box 43, Canton, N.Y. 13617

USE THIS GIFT COUPON

St. Lawrence County Historical Association
Box 43
Canton, N. Y. 13617

Enclosed find \$3.00 for gift membership to

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and

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