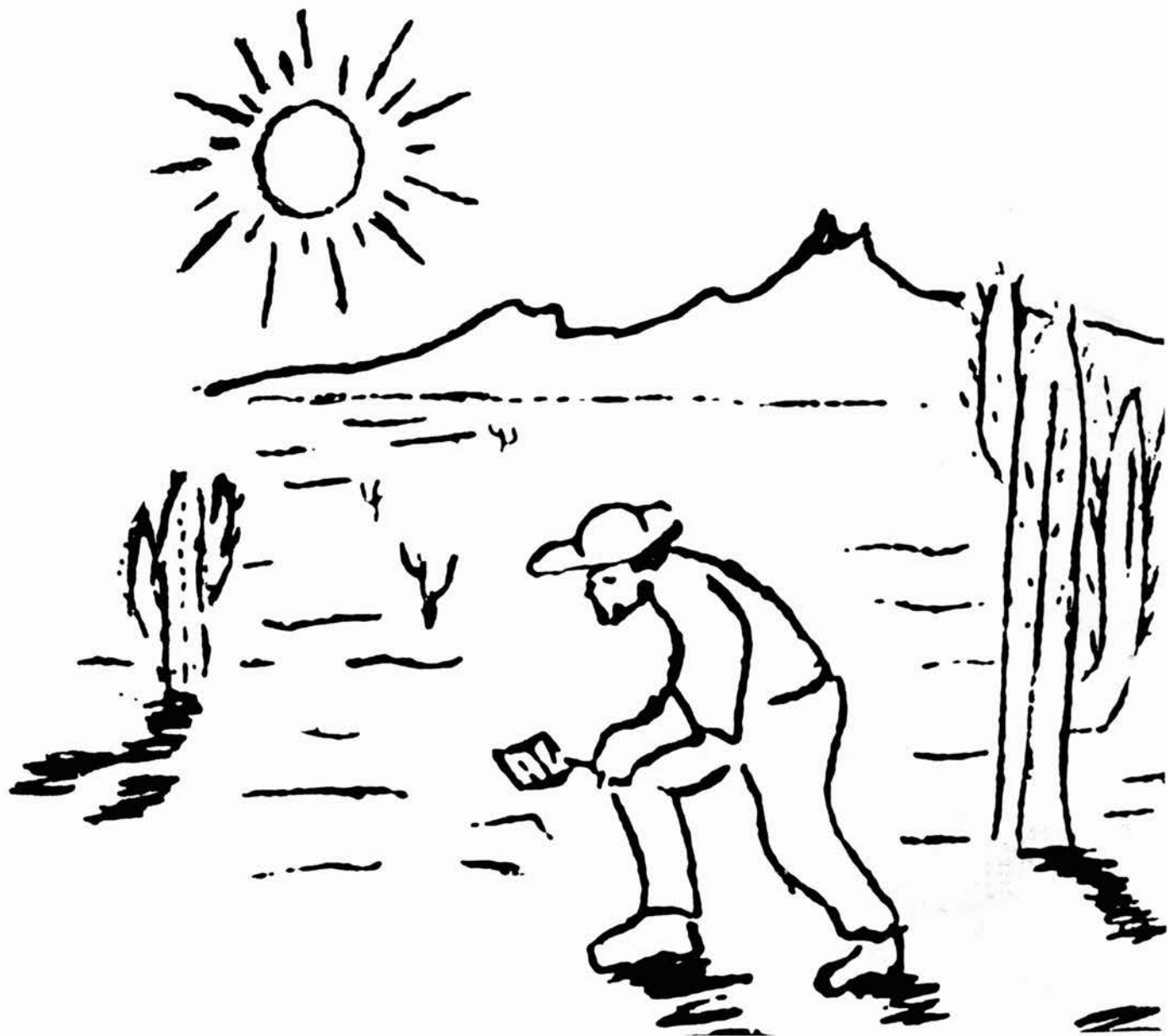


# The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



April 1970

# The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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## CONTENTS APRIL 1970 VOL. 15 NO. 2

	Page
GOLD FEVER by <i>Morgan Augsbury</i>	3
Spring Fever NEW DRESSES AND BONNETS by Dorothy Cleaveland Salisbury	5
Revival of an Ancient Art HANDBELL RINGING by <i>Eva S. Dean</i>	7
DISTRICT NO. 3 FULLERVILLE	9
OLD ST. JOSEPH ACADEMY by <i>Mae Murray</i>	10
OGDENSBURG FLASHBACK by <i>George Liebler</i>	14
Archives Highlight PREVIEW OF JULY ISSUE	15
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE	16
LETTER FROM THE EDITOR	16
ARGONAUTS OF '49	17
OUR MEMBERS WRITE	18
JUNE BUG DANCE, poem by <i>Abigail Cole</i>	18
POETICAL PORTRAITS	19
A Grand Old Name VAN BUREN by <i>Harold Storie</i>	20
RESEARCHERS	23
POTSDAM MUSEUM	23



Cover photo: From "Take the Gray Basin," a genealogical cookbook by Mary H. Biondi and Doris Jones Hadlock, 1960. (for explanation see page 16) Sketch by Doris J. Hadlock.

# GOLD FEVER

By MORGAN AUGSBURY

On the 8th day of March 1849, I, in a company mostly made up in Cohoes, N.Y. and vicinity, sailed from pier #8 North River, New York City, in the good ship "Loo Choo" for San Francisco, California.

I was then twenty-one years of age.

The "Loo Choo" was commanded by Captain Cushman. She was owned in Boston but had been chartered especially for this voyage by a New York firm. The ship was sixty-five days making the Falkland Islands off the coast of Patagonia, all of the time being out of the sight of land. Then she made Staten Island off the coast of Tierra del Fuego. The island was at this time wholly covered with ice. Then we sailed to 58 south latitude doubling Cape Horn early in the month of May. Turning north we reached Valparaiso, Chile, 115 days out of New York.

## WE SET OUT

The passenger list contained about 150 names, all men bound for the gold fields. There were about fifteen in my immediate party, half of whom I had known quite well in Cohoes. Previous to sailing we had spent several days in New York "seeing the sights." I recall that on the night before going aboard we had gone to Christie's Minstrels, a popular entertainment of the day. There we heard a new song written especially for the California gold seekers who were sailing next day. The refrain ran "Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me, I am bound for California, the gold mines for to see." This was sung by many of the passengers on the first day out and recalled many "Susannahs" left behind. For the next several days those who sang were few and far between for most of us were deep in the miseries of sea-sickness.

We found each berth supplied with a Bible presumably by the Bible Society. I regret to say I never saw one in use, fiction being preferred to the Word of God.

The ship took at once a "fair" wind which soon carried us to the gulf stream where we first saw the indigo blue of the deep seas. White shirts had now given way to the blue striped hickory kind, and the shrouds and other available lines were hung with washings. Each passenger washed his own clothes. Ironing not being in good form it was omitted. I suspect lack of skill had something to do with this. The ship fast ran down north parallels of latitude and soon the hot sun fried the pitch from the deck and sent the passengers dressed in their lightest apparel to cover. The North Star was getting nearer the horizon and day by day shadows were shortening until when the equator was reached the shadow was directly under and small objects cast no shadow at all. Now the North Star disappeared and in a few days running up south latitude the Southern Cross was picked up and again our shadows began to grow and lengthen.

After a few weeks out, the land lubbers, as the sailors called us, became discontented because of the poor quality of the food served. The staples were boiled potatoes, hard tack and coffee. Once a week we had pea soup with the pea bugs floating on the surface. This dish came often enough for me. Then we occasionally had boiled beans with pork. On each Wednesday we had a treat in the shape of "sailor

duff" which was made from wheat flour dough sprinkled with raisins. This was a boiled concoction and eaten with molasses. Perhaps I wouldn't care for it now but at the time I thought it pretty good. The "duff" came into the dining room in a ten-quart pan carried on the shoulder of a waiter. It was



(Portrait belongs to Frank Augsbury, Ogdensburg.)

Photo by Betty Steele

amusing, and yet distressing to such of us as sat well down the tables, to watch the antics of our fellow passengers farther up the line as the "duff" came on. They would rise as one man and with knife in one hand and fork in the other slash and stab at the pudding until it was cleaned out. Often the pan never touched the table, but usually we all got a portion of duff.

## FOOD AND DRINK

The fresh water too began to go bad. It became stringy to the consistency of maple syrup and the odor was most unpleasant, but we had to drink this or none. Strange to say this water after a few weeks in this condition began to clear itself and after a while was apparently as fresh as ever. During that period of discontent a committee from the passengers waited on the Captain to protest against the quality

(Continued on Page 4)

of food and water. He met them with the taunt that probably the food, at least, was better than they had at home. The protest amounted to nothing. The Captain of a ship at sea is "monarch of all he surveys" and there is no appeal from his decision so we continued to fare as before. Perhaps our troubles over the food and water were not so real as we then thought them for I do not recall that any one was seriously ill during the entire voyage. It is a fact that no one died on the trip. This is quite remarkable considering that in addition to the passenger list there was a crew of between twenty and thirty, and the further fact that at Valparaiso the ship added 150 passengers to her list landing everybody safely in San Francisco.

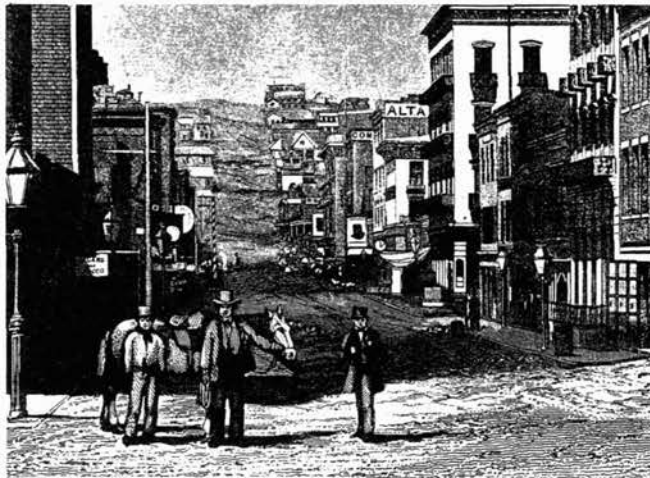
Perhaps too the ship's fare was as good as we had a right to expect. As I remember it my ticket cost me about one hundred and ten dollars. This certainly was not high for 19,000 miles transportation and six month's board. It had been expected, however, to make the voyage in half that time, but a long period of calm followed by head winds in the Pacific held the ship back. The "Loo Choo" was of 1500 tons burden, quite a big ship, and heavily loaded with freight which probably paid better than the passengers.

There was not much diversion aboard ship. We welcomed the schools of porpoises or flying fish, black fish, Mother Carey's chickens, with now and then a whale, and the sharks usually preceded by a pilot fish. We saw an albatross 500 miles from land.

We sighted but one ship during the voyage. This was in the Pacific, I think. I would more correctly say we "spoke" but one vessel. As the two ships gradually approached each other every man crowded to the rail or took up some other point of vantage when he could see everything going on. When within hailing distance the two captains gave the other the names of their ships and their ports and destination. These and other questions and replies were given through the speaking trumpet. I do not remember the name of the ship we spoke.

Off the La Plata river, Argentine Republic, we encountered a heavy storm. Immense black fish twenty feet long swam through the tops of the waves showing themselves completely as they dropped into the troughs of the sea. Off Cape Horn we had more heavy seas accompanied by snow. We were two days rounding the Horn and glad we were when our ship turned her nose to the north in the Pacific Ocean. We found the atmosphere much clearer here than on the Atlantic. I remember lying on my back on deck one bright sunny day at noon and seeing the stars. We were glad to get to Valparaiso where we lay two weeks taking on more cargo and passengers.

From Valparaiso we were about two months working up to San Francisco, a distance of six thousand miles nearly. It was a monotonous voyage. Ship's life had become very irksome to me and I was indeed happy when we sailed into the Golden Gate. We arrived there on Sept. 15, 1849. We landed by means of lighters on Montgomery street at the foot of Market. The "Loo Choo" had done her duty by us



Montgomery Street in 1854.

but all her passengers were yet glad to say good bye to her. There were many things we would have different. I was six months and seven days going from New York to San Francisco. I have since done it in five days.

## WE START OUT

We pitched our wall tent in Happy Valley, finding two other parties there ahead of us. This was located about one-half mile up the Bay from our landing place. Here our party remained two weeks, when after storing our surplus baggage in a cloth storehouse which soon after burned to the ground with all its contents, we chartered a 5-ton sailboat to carry us farther towards the mines. Onto this craft we loaded all of our provisions and the mining utensils all brought from New York. We sailed away for Stockton intending to go to the southern mines. The first night out about daybreak the boat sprang a leak near Benicia. Had it been an hour or two earlier I think we should have foundered for from the appearance of things the crew of four had all been asleep. As it was, by hard pumping on the part of all of us we were able to save the boat and ourselves. Five days later we landed at Stockton located on a slough of the San Joaquin river. Unloading our belongings we found the hard tack completely soaked and, of course, spoiled. This was a big loss. We had to substitute flour which was excessively high priced. The season was now so far advanced that we decided to pitch our tent and remain in Stockton during the winter '49-'50. That winter proved to be the most rainy ever known before or since. The incessant rain which prevailed for three months wore on the spirits of our party and finally destroyed its unity. When spring came some were for going one way and some for another. There had been ten of us and most of them now went their several ways either to Calaveras or Tuolumne counties via Knights Ferry on the Stanislaus river.



When the party broke up at Stockton those of us who were going Sonora way clubbed together and bought a yoke of oxen and a double wagon. I remember we paid two hundred and fifty dollars for the outfit. On this we loaded our share of the remaining supplies and started them for Sonora in charge of one of the Cohoes men. At Sonora the supplies were again to be divided. But one "gentleman" from Cohoes saved us this trouble. On the way he sold the entire outfit, as we afterwards learned for fifteen hundred dollars, and decamped. I never saw him again. This was another hard blow. All these provisions and mining tools which I had brought all the way from New York were thus lost to me when I was almost in sight of the "diggings." Here I was then in Sonora with no outfit when I learned that the gold deposits were either in the bed of the streams or on the flat lands adjacent and that these lands were now covered with water due to the heavy rains, the streams being out of their banks. I decided to return to Stockton and like Micawber "wait for something to turn

(Continued on Page 11)



## spring fever

## New Dresses and Bonnets

By DOROTHY CLEAVELAND SALISBURY

When I was a girl growing up in Canton, the getting of new clothes was a very different problem from what it is today. Then there were no dress shops or boutiques where one could go in, try on a few dresses and walk out with one ready to wear that night. All dresses were made by hand and many of them by local dressmakers.

Instead of the dress shops, there were dry goods stores of which Canton had three. Cleland Austin's store was in the Matthews Block, now incorporated in the St. Lawrence County National Bank Building; H.B. Safford's store was farther up Main Street, in the building next to the Miner Block. The third was that of H.S. Whitmarsh in the middle of the upper block, two or three doors beyond Bing's Store (then the B.S. Stevens store).

On the shelves in these stores were bolts of yardgoods. In spring and summer, these featured calicos, percales, gingham including French gingham, dimities and organdies and "summer silks;" in fall and winter, bolts of serge, broadcloth, challis and heavy silks, satins and velvets. The big drawers below the shelves were stocked with cards of buttons—many of them now collectors' items—rolls of ribbon and hanks of laces and of fancy braids such as soutache and rickrack and heavy braid for skirt edging. These stores also carried the latest paper patterns as shown in the fashion magazines, *The Delineator* and *The Designer*. The Butterick fashions of *The Delineator* were the ones with which I was most familiar. A copy of the latest issue of the magazine and its big seasonal issue were on display for consultation by purchasers. In addition there were the little "notions," such as Clark's O.N.T. cotton thread and Belding's silk, hooks and eyes, needles and pins.

The women's dresses of those days took many yards of material and used much trimming. Skirts were full and swept the floor, sleeves were long and part of this time the leg-o'-mutton sleeves were popular, necks were high, often with stays in them to keep them up.

Many women made their own dresses and those of their children, but others kept several dressmakers busy most of the year. Some of these I remember distinctly. The first of these was Mrs. Nancy Scott, a sister of Byron Rogers. She lived near the end of Buck Street directly opposite her brother. She was one of those who came to the house to sew. Dressmakers would arrive about nine o'clock and stay till after supper. (Everyone in those days had dinner at noon.) I can still hear her saying to me, "Stand straight, Now turn, slowly. Stop there, now turn some more." This "trying on" was always a trial to an active youngster. One dress in particular that I remember she made for me was a white organdy trimmed with val (Valentia) lace and worn over a pink foundation dress which was made for the occasion of the marriage of my uncle, Rollin Cleaveland to Miss Jennie Ryther of Carthage. The next year she lengthened it and made a blue foundation dress for it.

Another dressmaker whom I remember, but not so distinctly, was Miss Bridget Scannell. I think she sewed more for my aunt, Mrs. Nelson Robinson, than for my mother. Later there were Miss Mooney and Miss McCoy. They were friends and were often engaged together if there was much sewing to be done.

## HAPPY RETURN

At the supper table one night, Miss McCoy picked up the teaspoon at her place and remarked, "My brother has a spoon just like this." Since our spoons had the name "Cleaveland" engraved on the handle, my mother questioned her, for many years before one of her spoons had been lost. "Yes," said Miss McCoy, "that spoon has the name 'Cleaveland' on it also. He found it when spading his garden, down below the Fairgrounds." My mother then remembered that she had always felt that Old Mrs. Rollins who lived in the house



Mrs. Frank Cleaveland wearing a blue and white foulard gown made by Miss Hallan, and black velvet and silk hat with ostrich plumes made by Mrs. Heffernon, taken in June 1898.

on Park Street at the foot of University Avenue, later the home of Tracey P. Southworth, was involved in the loss of the spoon. Mrs. Rollins used to do some work for my mother and took table scraps to her pig. Evidently the silver spoon got in the pig's trough. After Mrs. Rollins' death, Mr. McCoy bought the manure pile for fertilizer to spread on his garden and with it came the spoon. Next day, Miss McCoy brought the silver spoon back to its former owner!

Those women who came to the house to "sew by the day" did more than make dresses. Nightgowns, petticoats (not slips then), camisoles or corset-covers (to be worn under thin blouses or dresses) and drawers (panties) also had to be made at home. Many of these were trimmed with lace or Hamburg embroidery. Then too, often last year's dresses were altered for another season's wear.

The dressmaker was often engaged tentatively from one season to the next but final arrangements as the time drew near was made by mail. At that time a local letter, as well as a postal card, cost only 1¢ and this was before the days of wide use of the telephone.

The Dior of Canton dressmakers of those days was Miss Margaret Hallan. She did not go to the home. Her prospective customers went to her. She had her living apartment and workshop over the Austin store and it was tacitly understood that the materials to the last button and spool of thread must be purchased at the Austin store. Since it carried high quality merchandise, this was no hardship.

A dress made by Miss Hallan was not only a luxury in which few women indulged often, but it was something of an

(Continued on next page)

ordeal as well. Not only was there the consultation over pattern and materials which consumed time, but fittings were many and prolonged while the dress was being made. Miss Hallan used no dress form, but fitted the dress as she went along on its future wearer. The dress of blue and white printed foulard silk which she made for my mother to wear to the marriage of my uncle, Rollin Cleaveland, is now the property of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

During my college days and later my better dresses including suits were made by Mrs. Short. She lived on Jay Street by the railroad and she too worked in her home. She, however, used a dress form so that one or at most two fittings were sufficient.



Millinery shop of Harriet Perry Hadlock in Brier Hill, early 1900's.

Hats also in those days were made and trimmed by local milliners. Miss Essie McGee had a shop on the north side of Main Street about where the movie theater stands. Her father had a shoe store in the Plaindealer Building. I barely remember her but the milliner who comes most vividly to mind is Mrs. Heffernan whose shop was over Donaldson's grocery, now the Canton Sugarbowl. After her, there was Mrs. Fraser with a shop in the building formerly occupied by Runion's Studio.



Millinery shop of Clara Grant in the Hitchcock Store, 1906. Clara Grant and Lena Cook.

These women went to New York each season to get in touch with the latest fashions in millinery and to buy their supplies. The summer hats were mainly straws from leghorns to dark rough straws which were bought, made and trimmed to suit the customer's desires with ribbon and flowers, sometimes whole wreaths. For the winter hats, the milliner bought wire frames which she fitted and covered to order with silk, satin, velvet or fur and trimmed with feathers, ribbons and fancy buckles. Ostrich plumes were very popular and were a good investment, for they could be curled and recurled for several years. This too was the day of the long hatpin with a fancy head, such as a glass bird, big button or brass enameled butterfly on springs which nodded with every movement of the wearer.

But times change. With more mechanization came the mass production of readymade dresses of good quality and the day of the local dressmaker and milliner came to an end. But in those days a woman knew her dress or hat was an "original." She never had the experience of seeing another woman in an outfit exactly like hers, as happens frequently today.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Who Sleeps Here?

Going south on Rt. 56 some three miles from the village of South Colton, N.Y., one comes to a section of the town of Colton known as the Plains. Soon after coming upon the Plains one can see on the right about 10 or 15 rods from the road a white marble slab beside which an American flag flutters in the breeze. Who sleeps here? Let us go to see and this is what we read on the marble slab:

Benj. Miller  
Co. B. 11 N.Y. Cav.  
died about 1870  
aged about 23 yrs.

Indications are that there may be one or more graves there but no markers. Is this a family burial plot? A woven wire fence with a gate surrounds this plot. In Everts History of St. Lawrence County (1878) in the roster of soldiers in 20th "McClellan Cavalry" Co. H. is the name of Benj. M. Miller, pvt. enrolled Aug. 14 1863 at Gouverneur. Are these one and the same?

Wondered by Millard Hundley  
Pierrepoint Historian





## revival of an ancient art

# Handbell Ringing

By EVA S. DEAN

Handbell ringing has brought a new dimension in musical enjoyment to the St. Lawrence Valley, as the Campanelli di Christi ("Bells for/of Christ") Choir of Potsdam's First Baptist Church introduces this ancient art to an ever-widening circle of listeners. One of the few handbell ringing groups in this section of the state, it is interdenominational in composition, numbering among its players Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists. The ecumenical approach seems particularly appropriate when one considers the fact that the ringing of bells has been used over the centuries to mark events of religious significance for people of all ages and cultures.

Potsdam, site of the world renowned Crane School of Music on the campus of State University College, tends to take musical excellence for granted; but it has given an enthusiastic reception to the Handbell Choir from its very first performance.

A Handbell Choir differs from an ordinary choir in that its members do not use their voices; they shake English handbells tuned to a diatonic musical scale. Their original home has been described as the British Isles, where interest in this type of music has now begun to wane, simultaneously with its rise to popularity in America.

Miss Karen Preston, a graduate of the Crane School of Music with a major in voice, volunteered to organize and direct the Handbell ringers in 1964, during her junior year at the State University at Potsdam.

The Rev. James Braker, then pastor of First Baptist Church, had also become interested in handbells and, that same year, he used funds provided by a college friend, Dr. Grant Morrow, to purchase the choir's first 10 bells from the White Chapel Foundry in England. In 1966 donations from church members made possible the addition of seven more bells from the same source. This set of 17 bells was briefly augmented in 1969, when Miss Preston loaned the group her personal set of 10 Schulmerich bells. When she left the area in the summer of 1969 however, Miss Preston took her bells with her to Syracuse, where she hopes to create another choir similar to the Campanelli di Christi ringers. She read and taught herself about bell choir organization and bell maintenance, has attended several workshops to improve her skills and expand her knowledge of the bells, and has also become somewhat proficient in arranging musical scores for this particular type of performer.

Three ministers have occupied the pulpit during the birth and growth of the Campanelli di Christi bell ringers. The Rev. Lloyd Evans followed Mr. Braker. The present pastor is the Rev. William Cuthbert.

### PERFORMING SCHEDULE

The Campanelli di Christi choir is dormant during the summer months and is from time to time without a director, but it tries to maintain a schedule of performances during the fall and winter seasons. There are two choirs actually. The first choir is the performing group, made up of the most proficient and experienced musicians. The second choir, composed of less experienced players, is a feeder to the first.

First choir performs selections on a regular basis, once a month, in church. Their other appearances have included public concerts, the United Helpers home in Ogdensburg, Highland Nursing home, Massena; performances for Lions club, Clarkson faculty wives, Canton reading club, and Amaranth.

They are a member group of the American Guild of English Handbell Ringers. The Campanelli di Christi ringers attended the convention at Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey in 1968 which took the form of a three-day workshop and performance seminar for participating bell choirs from

northeastern United States. They have also given performances in Pennsylvania.

The Potsdam ringers rehearse at least once a week. During preparation for concerts and/or special performances, they may extend these sessions to two or three times a week. With the different members of the choir in as many as nine musical organizations at school, there are inevitably many conflicts in choosing rehearsal time. As a matter of fact, according to Miss Preston, this is one of the major difficulties encountered in maintaining such a choir.

Since each of the bells may be compared to one piano key, it is readily seen that the absence of one bell ringer would have an effect similar to that of trying to perform a selection on the piano, minus one or two keys.

Miss Preston stressed that "bell ringers MUST function as a team. Remove one voice from a choir and the choir can still carry on. Remove one bell from the bell choir, let one careless person miss his part, and the whole choir suffers.

"Ringing places a responsibility on each young performer's shoulders, and it is a responsibility which encourages learning."

In spite of the problems and difficulties involved, Miss Preston has noted a number of factors which combine to make the handbell choir worthwhile.

It is a purposeful activity which develops the musicianship of each individual, and she noted that extensive musical training is not a pre-requisite to membership. Too, one can produce pleasing music with handbells in a relatively short time.

Membership in such a group fosters cooperation and good fellowship because of the interdependence of the various components in any performance.

Two or three persons may share a bell, playing it at different times in one selection. Chords must be rung together; scale passages must flow evenly. The overall continuity and feeling of the selection must be interpreted by six different persons in such a way that the flow and meaning is brought forth as from one artist.

Not the least of the side benefits listed by the director is the pleasure brought to other people, because of the beauty and unique quality of these instruments.

Little music has ever been written specifically for handbells, thus making it necessary for the director to write or adapt the music to be played so as to accommodate the particular number of bells in the set. Not all music is adaptable.

The total number of handbells manufactured is five complete chromatic octaves, 61 bells, which range from C below middle C to two octaves above high C. In addition, the Whitechapel Foundry is equipped to produce a sixth octave of tiny bells. Most choirs start with the recommended number of 15 and add more from time to time as funds and personnel permit. Twelve ringers can handle three chromatic octaves.

### TECHNIQUES

There are a number of handbell techniques which may be employed. These include "shakes," "trills," "four-in-hand," and "change ringing," an unbroken peal of notes.

"Shakes" is described as a sustained tone on one bell, created by keeping the clapper in a constant ringing motion. By alternately ringing two different bells in continuous motion, a sustained even tone called "trills" is created.

"Four-in-hand," as the name implies, involves the use of two bells in each hand, with the bell clappers in each hand faced in the opposite directions: one bell rings forward, one rings to the side.

Good handbells are cast of "bell metal," an alloy of copper and tin. They are made on a horizontal lathe, and tuned by

(Continued on next page)

cutting at various points within the bell as it revolves on the lathe. These cutting points are where the partial tones are produced. Handbells do not have the minor, plaintive quality of carillon bells, but have a predominant twelfth overtone, providing an advantage in harmonic effects and in ensemble playing with choral groups, piano, organ and solo instruments.

Prices of bells vary between companies, but the Whitechapel Foundry which produced the bells used by the Campanelli di Christi ringers quotes a listing of slightly more than \$70 for the largest bell (in 1969), to less than \$10 for the smallest. A set of 20 bells would cost about \$320. Handbell enthusiasts point out that one must consider the total number of performers benefitting from use of the instruments when comparing the cost with that of other musical instruments.

SPECIAL CARE

Like any good craftsman, the handbell ringer must take very good care of his bell. It must be cleaned at least three times a year with jewelers' polish and a buffing wheel. Each bell must also be checked periodically for parts replacement and oiling. Care is taken never to touch the metal parts of the bell, since perspiration from fingers dulls and stains the metal. In fact, some choirs use gloves at all times. The bells are wrapped in cloth bags and stored carefully between uses, and are carefully polished immediately after rehearsals and before and after each performance.

Handbells are extremely delicate instruments. One drop on the floor or other hard surface may result in an indistinguishable crack which causes the pitch to change.

If this occurs, the only solution is to recast the bell -- and this often proves too costly to be feasible. For this reason, an alternate set of bells is considered good insurance by many directors; and knowledge that a replacement is available tends to remove some of the excessive dread of an accident which might preclude fulfillment of an engagement.

The first reference to handbells in the United States so far uncovered, according to Nancy Poore Tufts in her "Art of Handbell Ringing," was when P. T. Barnum engaged such a band from Liverpool for an American tour. He dressed them in colorful Swiss costumes and billed them as "The Swiss Bell Ringers," a false designation which has persisted in this country ever since. They visited Christ Church, Philadelphia, and played a complete peal there, the first in America.

The first organized handbell ringers in this country, other than those in show business, were the Beacon Hill ringers organized in 1923 by Mrs. Arthur Shurcliff of Boston. This group still rings every Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill for thousands of listeners, as well as for radio and TV audiences.

In 1945, the American Guild of English Handbell Ringers was chartered at Castle Hill, Ipswich, Mass.; and by 1960 it had grown to a membership of 200 bands and 100 individuals, a total of more than 1,500 ringers. New groups have continued to form and join, providing pleasure and entertainment for both performers and listeners.

According to the enthusiastic Miss Preston, handbell ringing is still in its infancy. Methods of ringing, assemblage of music, and modes of notation are still in process of being established and offer exciting challenges to the devotee of this ancient art.



**THANK YOU !!!**

THANKS -- to those who came in to County History Center in answer to the Wanted in October to help with sorting and indexing. Helpers always welcome.

"Strive not for riches. They are often left to thankless heirs." Elisha Risdon's diary; Hopkinton.

Undeliverables cost your Association 3 ways -- going, coming back, remaining at non-bulk rate.





Fullerville School Children in 1898

First row: Elma Porter, Nina Cole, Gertrude Balmat, Eleanor Whalen, Grace Redmond, Hattie Whalen, Ethel Mayne, Sarah Ann Casselman, John Mayne, Daisy McCarthy, Ada Burns, Nora Lynn Brown, Lena Fredericks, Harold Rounds.

Second Row: Jessie McGill, Lula Rounds, Glade Daniels, Elizabeth Burns, Bessie Ashley, Rachel (Ratie) Redmond

Freeman, Bernice White, William McCarthy, Walter Elliot, Fred Burns, Sayle Burns, Henry Frederick, Alvin Corey. Third Row: Grace Traver, Minnie Woodcock, Myra Fuller, Mabel Corey, Hannah Austin, (Teacher, Arthur Gore) Lottie McCarthy, Mabel Heath, Weston Anthony, Merton Carr, Sheldon Bancroft, Adam Anthony, Horatio Roden.

Photo owned by Mark Balmat, Fullerville.

## District No. 3, Fullerville

School was established following the division of the township into common school districts in 1839. The first school house was a log structure standing across the road from the present building. This log house was later replaced by a one-room school on the site opposite the playground. For many years during Fullerville's industrial age high enrollment (in the 1880's) brought about teachers' increase in salary from \$1.50 a week to \$5. About the turn of the century an addition to the building was finished, functioning for many more years as a two-room school. Gradually attendance declined, one teacher was employed, then centralization brought about a merger with Balmat. The school was discontinued in June, 1955.

The first trustees were Leman Fuller and Charles Edgerton.

Some early teachers included: Rosie Griven, Thomas H. McGill, Worth Davidson, Sarah Davidson, Florence Noble, Simeon Austin, Sarah Sprague, Mollie Sprague, Robert McGill, Mary McGill, Flora McGill, Lillian Hastings, Clara Freeman, Arthur Gore. Later teachers were June (Collins) Gates,

Ruth Lawrence, Bessie Glazier, Frieda Church, Ruth Curtis, Mrs. Tulley, Ray Loop, Bertha Eckman, Myra Leach, Lela (Sullivan) Colton, Mary (Austin) Robillard, Miss Morganthau, Mrs. Bartholomew, and the last was Dorothy Alton.

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

Before leaving town -- leave forwarding money with Post Master.

# Old St. Joseph Academy



By Mae Murray, Brasher Historian

In the village of Brasher Falls in the year of 1882, St. Joseph's Academy was founded by the Sisters of Mercy. The large dwelling formerly owned by Mr. Joseph Rich became a day and boarding school for girls and the children of St. Patrick's Parish. In 1892 the school was registered under the New York State Board of Regents and included the elementary grades, high school and preparatory college courses, giving Regents examinations and State Diplomas.

In the early years of rebuilding, the men of the parish established a water system and in 1897 helped in building an L-shaped addition which provided music rooms, class rooms and an assembly hall.

St. Joseph's was for many years a leader in the teaching of music, art and languages such as French and Latin. Many will remember Sister Mary Joseph as the musical director, who had received many recommendations from the State

Department. A large number of graduates became educators, doctors and businessmen. One noted graduate was Benny Rolfe who became a famous band leader in New York City. Another was the former Miss Mary Heminway who later taught violin in the Hawthorne school of music in the old Potsdam Normal School.

During the early years of the Academy, the farmers of the parish would supply the Sisters with a year's supply of potatoes and other vegetables. Old Dobbin the horse was well remembered too. An amusing true anecdote was this: One Sunday Father Crowley reminded his congregation "Don't forget the hay for the Sisters!"

Finally in 1955 as changes came to the world, St. Joseph's was torn down and a new parish school was erected on the church grounds near by.

On August 28, 1965 an alumni reunion was held and to those of us who attended this school many fond memories of its social and academic activities were recalled.



Group of Tourists on an Excursion to New York city. These Gouverneur residents had their photo taken May 3, 1905 in this sightseeing bus. Know any of them? (From the History Center Archives)



GOLD FEVER (Continued from Page 4)

up." So I tramped back there through the mud taking about five days for the trip. Here I fell in with a Mr. Stacy, one of the original Cohoes party. Of course we had all left New York with the intention of going to the gold mines. Some, however, had given up that intention after reaching California. But I had not. It was also the intention of Stacy to continue on to the mines. At length he and I together with one of the sailors of the "Loo Choo" named Sam who was hanging around Stockton made up a party to seek the mines. It was this Sam who did the singing on the ship when a heavy sail was being set. I recall the refrain, too, of one of his songs. It ran "Hi, oh hi, I wish I was in Baltimore a hundred years ago."

We three then started for Sonora. Arrived there we bought a long handled shovel for twelve dollars, rocker for fifty dollars, a tin pan for two dollars, and a dipper for one dollar which were all the tools necessary for placer mining. The water having by this time run off the flats we toted our tools and provisions to Shaw's Flat about one and one-half miles from Sonora and pitched our tent under a scrub pine tree. Potatoes, flour, beans and bacon each cost a dollar and a half a pound at this time and I felt keenly the loss of the supplies I had brought from New York. But my two partners proved good company and pleasant weather had set in, so in the exciting hunt for gold which now began my youthful spirits



Indications.

soon rose above former misfortunes. The ground was still wet. We cut off branches of the scrub pine and on them put our bedding inside the tent.

The next day we began digging. We found that day a three-ounce nugget worth \$48 together with some fine gold. When we cleaned up at night, we had made a big showing for novices. If there ever was a tired mortal it was I after that first day's work. I had not done any manual labor for years so that my muscles were soft and every one of them ached from the over exertion of that first day's hunt for gold. Between my tired body and excited brain I found but little sleep that night and the morning found me somewhat feverish. I took things easier and soon fell into the way of that sort of life. Our number was well fitted for the work. While one man shoveled the dirt into the head of the rocker another poured on water and the third rocked the cradle. The soil was hard and the water was used to soften it so that the gold might be separated from the dirt which held it. The rocker was built of pine boards shaped something like a baby cradle of that period.

#### THEY COME, THEY GO

Many miners were digging on the flats all picking out such a place to work as they saw fit. At this time there were no "claims." Often holes were dug by rival miners which quite ran into each other. This sometimes caused trouble and scrapping between the men. Human life was held pretty cheap and it was especially dangerous to divulge one's earnings. One day an indiscreet miner gave out that he had found a twelve-ounce nugget. That night he was murdered.

No particular effort was made to find the murderer. The unfortunate man was buried in the hole he had been working for gold, with his blanket for a coffin.

On Sundays the men did their washings and went to Sonora for supplies. Sunday was the big day in camp and in Sonora. The miners gathered there from all directions. On one Sunday morning when I was in town I learned that a gambler had been shot the night before. On looking into the tent where the shooting was done, I saw his dead body lying on a shelf. This in no way interfered with the business in hand for the tent was crowded with miners exchanging their gold dust for the excitement of the monte tables. I suppose the dead gambler was buried by some one after a time.

We worked on the Flat until the ground had become dry and no water was available for washing the "dirt." No rain could be expected for another six months, therefore during the period mining must be suspended in that locality. My partners, Stacy and Sailor Sam, decided they had had enough of mining so we divided the earnings and the camp effects and they went back to Stockton. I moved along to Wood's Creek about one and one half miles farther from Sonora, where I pitched my tent in a spot that looked favorable for gold. I think there was no human being within a mile of me. I set the rocker in the creek and began digging the bed of the stream and the banks finding gold in the rock crevices and the surrounding earth, the lead pointing toward an oak tree located some fifteen feet from the edge of the water. This tree was 18 inches in diameter and say thirty feet tall. I followed the lead up to and under the roots of the oak carrying all the dirt and stone from the trench to the rocker for washing. So much of the earth was removed from under the roots that it became hazardous to work there. But I felt sure gold was under the tree and my zeal to find it overcame my discretion, so I kept on digging under, at the risk of my life, I at length made a considerable excavation straight below the trunk of the tree. One day I was working in this hole, my eyes and ears alert for warnings, when I saw a pebble fall from over my head. But I kept on working and soon another, then another pebble dropped and finally a root snapped tumbling some earth on to my head. At this I made double quick time out through the trench and to my rocker grabbing it and running up the opposite bank of the creek. There was not much margin. The tree fell, the top branches connecting with my heels in my flight. But I was unharmed. The butt of the oak sank into the hole which I had dug and where I was working when the warning came. Had I delayed even ten seconds that hole would have become my sepulchre, and to this day no mortal would have known what became of Morgan Augsburg. That oak fell directly across the spot where my rocker had been. I was lucky to save it from destruction. It was worth \$40 besides the inconvenience its loss would have entailed. Providence alone gave me the warning to save my life. I have been thankful to God many times for His goodness to me on that occasion.

My work under the oak was rewarded by the finding of several fine specimens of gold. One of peculiar shape weighed an ounce of pure gold. This I intended to keep and take back home with me, but it was afterwards stolen from my pocket in Stockton.

#### LET THE BUYER BEWARE

One day after the tree episode there came to my camp a Mexican riding a fine cream-colored horse which he offered to sell me for \$150. The horse was a beauty, and having in mind, too, the use he would be to me in the hauling of earth to the rocker for the washing, I offered one hundred and got him. That night with chain and padlock I fastened my purchase to a large oak stub which stood about 6 feet away from the front of my tent. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the neighing of a horse coupled with the tramping of feet. I was not long in getting outside. Through the moonlight I saw my horse moving off with a man on his back. I shouted with all my power and started to run after the thief. My fighting blood was up which lent speed to my feet. I kept in sight of the horse, every now and then yelling at the top

(Continued on next page)



of my lungs. I must have scared the rider for presently he flung himself from the horse and made off into the brush. I recovered my property and later on the spot I found a goose quill partly filled with fine gold which the thief had dropped in his hurry. Horse stealing meant hanging if the stealer was caught, and no doubt my man had a thought for his neck. I always suspected the Mexican of whom I bought the horse of trying this game on me but I had no proof. I never saw him again.

#### A NEW "METHOD"

Not many days after this there came to my camp a Mr. Hubbard. He was about sixty years old and had come overland to the gold fields from Missouri where he had been a slave holder. He brought along seven of his slaves to do his digging and take care of him. At Stockton he had outfitted for the mines. With his seven slaves and a mule he went into camp near Sonora and began placer mining. Hubbard with so much free labor had high hopes of quickly making a big stake. Instead he was soon in poverty. He had, in the first place, no knowledge of mining. He thought gold could be had almost anywhere for the digging in that locality and so he put his slaves to work haphazardly. Naturally he got no results, but he kept pegging away in whatever spot he fancied, and without asking advice, until his money and finally his credit were gone. In the meantime the negroes had found out that they were in free territory and subject to the bondage of no man. Of course, they then ran away from their former owner and thereby left Hubbard on his own slender resources. Back in Missouri these seven negroes were worth five or six thousand dollars. It always seemed singular to me that Hubbard took this chance on losing such valuable property. He must have known that he could not hold those slaves in California. Perhaps like many owners he would not sell his slaves to any one else and was at least half glad to see them go free. Anyway they went. I do not recall that Hubbard ever explained to me why he brought them out to California. After the negroes left him he foundered around until his provisions were gone, then he drifted from one camp to another in poverty and alone.

In this manner he picked up my camp and related his troubles to me. He wanted to go to work for me until such time as the money which he had written home for might arrive. I had just worked out my Wood Creek oak tree lead and was prospecting for new diggings when Hubbard came. I felt sorry for him and I proposed that he stay and we would prospect together equally dividing our earnings. He eagerly accepted my proposition. This new partnership was not a financial success, although we applied ourselves diligently. We dug in various places finding only gold enough to pay expenses. Hubbard's remittance finally came and if there was a happy man it was he when he looked upon the money which would take him back to Missouri. He left at once having had all the gold digging he wanted.

#### THE HORSE BEFORE THE CART

Just at this time the approaching dry season warned me that if I was to continue mining in this locality I must change my methods. Up to now I had found water in plenty wherever I dug for the washing of the dirt but the earth was fast drying out and if I stayed there, I must haul it all to the creek for washing. This meant a dump cart and no cart could be bought nearer than San Francisco. So I prepared to accompany Hubbard as far as that city. I sold my rocker and tent and packing the cooking utensils and everything else on the horse we set out. The second night of our journey an incident both laughable and sobering occurred. But for the horse it might have ended fatally. We had made our camp on the gently sloping bank of a ravine. I tethered the horse with a long lariat and then rolling ourselves in our blankets with our boots for pillows we went to sleep with no other covering between us and the sky. I was never much of a hand for weapons but when I started in mining on Wood's Creek all alone, I had bought a dirk with a 12-inch blade. I had this dirk with me now. Hubbard had an old single barreled,

flintlock, horse pistol. He always slept with this under his pillow. Thus arrayed for defense we sought sleep that night in the ravine. About three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the snorting and running of the horse which was chasing around the stake at the length of his lariat. I called out to the pony but I could not quiet him. Unrolling myself from the blanket I went over to him where he stood trembling and snorting. With head erect and ears laid back his look never shifted from a point across the ravine. Patting him and soothing the best I could, I followed his gaze and soon through the half light I saw the object of his alarm. I was startled, too. A grizzly bear had found our camp and sitting on his haunches less than one hundred feet distant he was



A rush for new diggings.

taking observations. Soon he got down on all fours standing with nose pointed toward us as though meditating attack. I called out loudly to Hubbard but could not arouse him.

He was snoring fearfully as he always did in his sleep, besides he was a little deaf. Finally I ran over and grabbed him shouting the while "a bear! a bear!" He awoke and hearing my excited voice he made frantic efforts to unwind himself from the blanket at the same time crying out "where is my pistol, where is my pistol?" After a while he found his pistol but unloaded. Then he began a scramble for ammunition which, of course, in his excitement he could not find. All this time he was lamenting his carelessness in wild tones. While this was going on the bear had worked down to the middle of the ravine and then came to another halt perhaps fifty feet away. The horse was frantic with fear. I was not much more composed for it was my first and only encounter with wild beasts and I knew the grizzly was an ugly animal to deal with when in the mood for fighting. But he came no nearer. He was either frightened or disgusted by our actions and noise and after a moment's pause he shambled off up the ravine. On our part we quickly packed up and hastened on to the Calaveras river which was a mile away. I confess the bear scared me. I do not know what might have been the result had he attacked us but I was thankful he did not. I felt this was now the third time in my brief stay in California that the Good God had rescued me from great danger.

Crossing the Calaveras river we reached Stockton that same night. Here I said good bye to Hubbard who took a San Joaquin river boat to San Francisco. The reason I parted with him there was because in Stockton I met a man, whose name I cannot remember, who interested me in a furniture deal. This man had just received a consignment of goods from New York and he induced me to buy half his stock. I sold my horse and mining effects and thus embarked in the furniture trade. Our place of business was on Col. Weber's point on the slough and near the Colonel's adobe house. It was in this store that my little nugget of gold before referred to, was stolen from my coat pocket.

#### A NEW PARTNERSHIP

One day there came into the store a Mr. Briggs who was

one of the original Cohoes party, a cabinet maker by trade. With him was a Mississippian, a carpenter and an ex-slave driver, so he said. These two wanted to go out to the mines and they wanted me to go with them. While I was making some money in the furniture trade, it was nothing to brag of and so I was not unwilling to again try my luck at mining. We talked things over and at length I agreed to go out with them to spend the winter of 1850-51. I had previously bought out my partner's interest in the furniture business and he had left Stockton for Oregon. I afterwards heard that the ship on which he sailed from San Francisco was lost at sea. I am sorry I cannot recall his name.

Unable to find anyone to buy me out, I placed my entire stock of furniture with a commission house and in October again started for Shaw's Flat. At the upper end of the Flat near Columbia there had been worked a very rich lead of gold but now nearly all the miners had forsaken it for better diggings. Arriving there we felled some trees and built a log cabin 15 feet by 20 feet. The site was on a hill side. The roof of the cabin was made of halfround logs hollowed out to carry off the rain. At the end was made a stick and mud chimney. On the down hill side was the door and the floor was the bare earth. The cabin was tight and made us a comfortable home. "Long Toms" had now displaced the rockers for separating the gold from the dirt. We cut down a big pine out of which we cut a ten-foot log. Having quartered the log we hewed out four boards 10 inches wide and from the boards the ex-slave driver fashioned a "Long Tom" which was nothing more or less than a trough with a flat bottom. Then we divided the labor. Briggs who was in rather poor health suggested that he be made cook and care keeper. This was done. The Mississippian and I were to do the actual mining. We were to share and share alike, all three.

While we were putting up the cabin we slept in a bower of evergreens which leaned against the trunk of an oak. The opening was just large enough to admit one's crawling in on hands and knees. We slept with our feet toward the opening. One night I was awakened by the Mississippian who said he heard a noise in the chaparral close by. He suggested a grizzly and further suggested that I take his gun and go outside and shoot the bear. This I declined to do on the ground that I was no gunner nor did I boast much of bravery. I said, "Why don't you go out and display your courage of which you boast so much?" But he would not. The man was really scared and putting the gun in my hands he begged me to "go out and kill the brute." Instead of going I changed ends with myself and then with the muzzle pointed outward I awaited events. I plainly heard the snapping of twigs and branches and for two hours I lay on guard in terror lest a grizzly really appear. The morning light revealed to us our neighbor's mule browsing in the place where we had expected to see a bear. I remember that Briggs bore on to the ex-slave driver pretty hard and taunted him about his boasted courage saying among other things that "one jackass ought to recognize another." This led to a row. These two did not get on in camp very well. In addition to tin cups and plates we had real crockery and on one occasion the southerner finding fault with the cooking worked himself into a rage and picking up his plate he slammed it against the side of the cabin breaking it into a thousand pieces. Thereafter he had to eat off his tin plate.

The rain was long in coming that season and we were forced to do "dry digging." We kept this up for several weeks earning about ten dollars a day per man. But the Mississippian was much dissatisfied. The hard work and poor pay (it must be remembered that while we made ten dollars a day this did not much more than pay expenses owing to the extremely high prices for all supplies) together with his feelings toward Briggs led him to throw in the sponge. He announced one day that he would be damned if he would dig another minute for what he was earning when he could make sixteen dollars a day at his trade. So in disgust he picked up and left us. We did not urge him to stay. As I have before said, Briggs was in poor health. He was getting no better in camp and the financial prospects were not very bright. He became more and more discouraged and finally said he was going home. So he also quit the camp and again I was left all alone to do the mining. No

rain had yet fallen and as I hated to abandon my well located and comfortable camp and as I still felt that this spot was just as good as any other for paying dirt, I decided to carry out my former plan of carting the dirt to the creek for the washing. So once more I started for San Francisco to buy a cart and this time I went through. While in the city I saw Fremont, the pathfinder, so called, who was afterwards the first candidate of the Republicans for the Presidency. I bought my cart for sixty dollars and it cost me forty dollars to transport it to camp. I bought another horse and with this outfit I continued mining with indifferent success until June 1851.

Near my camp a Doctor VanVoert of Vischer Ferry, Saratoga County, N.Y. and a Mr. Rickerson of Dutchess County together with another man were located. The two named came out in the "Loo Choo." Doctor VanVoert died in Saratoga County in 1907 or '08. Mr. Rickerson who was a lawyer came home and was elected to the New York Legislature sometime in the 1850's and died soon after that. While I was in camp alone these men went on a prospecting trip in search of better diggings and ran upon an abandoned mine. I then joined their party and was with it when we came to this old mine and I learned its history. A rich lead had been originally found here and supposedly worked out. Afterwards the lead was picked up again on the hill side, the original discovery having been in the gulch. The second workings had been fully as rich as the first. The general appearance of the locality set me to thinking about a dream which I had had while we were staying in the bower of evergreens. I suppose all gold miners have dreams of big finds and I had had mine. My dream was that about four feet under my head where I was then sleeping lay a rich lead of gold. But I was quite free from sentimentality and I had never given the dream a serious thought. But now it recurred to my mind. I have said that my cabin was located on a hillside at the head of Shaw's Flat. The bottom of the hill ended in a ravine which extended out to the Flat and really marked its beginning. Right near the cabin was the abandoned lead I have mentioned where much gold was found. Between the end of this lead which ran to the ravine or gulch, and the head of the Flat no gold had been found. It was say 1000 or 1200 feet between the two points. The similarity between this locality and that of the old mine which our prospecting party had run on to was striking and I began to think there might be something in my dream worth following up. Our party was out three or four days. When I got back to my cabin I started in to give my theory a try, beginning work on one of the abandoned holes. But on account of the scarcity of rain in the season just now past and the dry season being again upon us, I could make little headway in my digging. The ground was so hard I could loosen but a little bit of it with my pick at a stroke and I had to give up the attempt to rediscover the old lead. Nevertheless I intended to go to work on it as soon as the conditions were favorable. I had become thoroughly imbued with the idea that gold was there in quantities.

#### LETTER FROM HOME

This was the condition of my affairs when one day I received a letter from my brother written in Plessis, N.Y. saying my mother was ill and that she wanted to see me again before she died, and that I must start at once. This letter brought me face to face with the hardest proposition of my whole life. Never before nor since was it so difficult to make up my mind as to what was the right thing to do. I loved my mother and I longed to be with her to comfort and give her joy. The letter had been a month in reaching me and it would take another month for me to make the journey home. She might be dead before I got there. Then, too, I really owed something to myself. I had been six months on shipboard and later because of the great rains and mud I was held in Stockton three months. Six of the months on the ocean and the three in Stockton I regarded as totally lost time and so it was.

I had worked industriously the rest of the time but as yet I had not gotten ahead very much. I had come to California for the purpose of making my fortune and I firmly intended

(Continued on next page)



to do it if hard work and reasonable luck could bring it about, I felt that I had a good chance where I was located to "make a strike" and I hated to let it go. These things I pondered in my mind over and over. In the end duty and love prevailed and in two days after receiving my brother's letter, I sold all my belongings and was on the way home.



Arriving in San Francisco I caught the steamship "Pacific" just ready to sail for Panama. As I stepped foot on the gangplank some one called out "Hello, Augsbury, going home?" Turning I saw my Mississippian who was taking in the scene with longing eyes. I said "yes." "Well, I wish I was," he replied. "You could be if you had stayed in the mines," I answered. This was our greeting and parting salutation as we went our different ways.

At Panama a party of us each hired a mule and guide for the trip over the mountains to the Chagres river where we got into flat-bottomed boats and were rowed down the river to Chagres. We spent the 4th of July 1851 on the river. At Chagres by means of lighters we boarded the steamer "Brother Jonathan" which lay a mile off shore. She was a crank ship but carried us safely to New York via Kingston, Jamaica. I remember that at Kingston we took on coal which was brought aboard by the island maidens in baskets perched on their heads. One couldn't tell whether the coal dust gathered on their faces or not. Arriving in New York I took a train for Watertown thence by livery rig to Plessis which was my home. I had been twenty-six days from San Francisco.

My arrival was a great surprise to my relatives and friends. There was no telegraph then and a letter would not travel faster than I myself was doing so I could not notify them in advance of my arrival. To my anxious inquiries about my mother I was told that she was living but very low. She was gradually prepared for the news of my coming and two hours afterwards I was permitted to see her. Only for a few minutes did I see her that first time and then not a word was spoken. Our clasped hands were sufficient to convey our mutual joy. Strange as it may seem my mother began to mend from that day and eventually regained her full health. In the year 1860 she died surrounded by her three sons and daughter with their families. Almost her last words were "How can I leave my children?" showing thereby her great mother's love for her own. I know my return home caused my mother great happiness and I felt too, that I was an instrument in the hands of God for her recovery, so my reward for the financial sacrifice was swift and sure. It would be a poor sort of son who would, for a chance of the gold fields, forsake such a mother in an emergency. I had sold my horse, cart and mining tools and the cabin for the sum of three hundred dollars. I do not recall the name of the buyer. It is possible I never knew his name for gold seekers were constantly shifting about, and often if one heard a name, it was only to forget it. I did not tell him my ideas of the possibilities of the ground I was working for I fully intended to return and work out the plan I had formed regarding it. But circumstances turned my feet into other walks and

I never returned to the gold fields. Some years afterwards I learned that my successor had followed the very plan I had in mind and picked up in the gulch the lost lead. I was told he took out a fortune. And so my dream was not so very far amiss but unfortunately I was not to be the beneficiary.

Sometime in the '50s I read in the Albany Evening Journal that the ship "Loo Choo" was lost in the China Sea with all on board.

Afterwards, too, I read that the steamer "Pacific" foundered on one of her trips between San Francisco and Panama losing many passengers homeward bound. Among them was a Jew who threw his bag of gold dust on the deck crying out "all this will I give to save my life." This was as I read the paragraph.

This sketch of my going out to California in 1849 and my return to New York in 1851 is a true recital.

(Signed) Morgan Augsbury, Antwerp, N.Y. Feb. 11th, 1910.

Sworn to before me by Morgan who is personally known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed and who acknowledged that he wrote the same. (Signed) Albert Hoyt Notary Public Jefferson County N.Y.

Notary Seal bears name "Albert Hoyt".

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Ed. Note: Morgan Augsbury, uncle of Frank Augsbury, Jr. of Ogdensburg, wrote the above at Antwerp, in 1910. His is a story typical of many others of our North Countrymen who left to try their luck during the Gold Fever Years. Some even walked back across the 3,000 plus miles; many were disillusioned there and satisfied with the ordinary North Country Life thereafter.

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## OGDENSBURG FLASHBACK

By GEORGE LIEBLER

Antoine St. Martin was a soldier of the King--the King of France-- and for years he was stationed at Fort La Presentation until that fateful day in the year 1760 when after a brief siege the small company of Frenchmen were obliged to abandon their fortifications and retreat...forts to Chimney Isle and then shortly thereafter down the river towards Montreal. However, Antoine had during his years of soldiering at the old fort made many friends with the settlers and the Indians in the vicinity of what is now Ogdensburg. He had little trouble divesting himself of his uniform and quickly blending into the small but close knit community. Antoine stayed in the budding settlement until his death on the 4th day of March 1849 when he had attained the age of one hundred and one...possibly older.

Antoine was a great favorite with the folks of those days who called this part of the country their home. He was a great teller of tales and his colorful life most certainly lent credence to his tales of times past. Although local folks marveled at his great age, to Antoine it was a matter of serious concern. There were days when he would weep and lament and say he was sure God had forgotten him. The boys of the virgin settlement were particularly fond of Antoine and his tales of derring-do. As a matter of fact, it was he who told them of the days when the French were in command of Fort La Presentation and it became necessary for the French to scuttle a gun boat in a cove in front of the old fort and he told them that there were guns, cannons on the gun boat which had not been removed...nine pounders. These young boys never forgot this information and the day came when they made up their minds to recover at least one of these nine pounders. They located the sunken boat and with the aid of heavy chains they finally after great labor and exertion recovered "Long Tom." That gun was to become Ogdensburg's celebration cannon and occupy a prominent place in the town's history implanted at what was later to become known as "the busy corner," the intersection of Ford and State Streets.



archives highlight

## a preview of Man on the Move Issue in July



Proud owners of this 1910 "Lizzie" were Arthur and Fannie Colton and son Lee, of Oswegatchie.



Unknown young ladies with their new "wheels." The straw hats were part of the costume of these Women on the Move.

A home made wheel sported by a gentleman on the wooden sidewalks of an unidentified village in 1873.



## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

That time of year has arrived again when we get our "second wind," and plunge into the late spring and abundant summer. Our spirits lift and we look about with a glad eye for what we have. We are happy to hear a popular tune these days, with words with which we agree, "Don't forget to smell the flowers along the way." Many a hard road has been eased with this great philosophy.

If we but give thanks for the maple tree--our very northern own, we sometimes feel--it will suffice for now. Sugar maple, hard maple or rock maple--whatever we choose to call it--fights for life in rocky lands of our county. It thrives on highland ground studded with granite outcroppings, giving up to us its sweet spring sap and abundant leafy summer shade. When autumn time comes, the flaming glory of its foliage lights a bonfire on the countryside. We delight in the hillside view on every hand.

We walk on floors of its durable light wood; we prize furniture made of its sturdy beauty; we admire its bird's-eye and curly varieties; we trust tool handles made with smooth care.

The maple fights for its nourishment in rocky soil and we wonder at its courage. Neither rich soil nor easy life is good for this tree--or a human. It is the struggle against odds that brings out the best in each.

MHB

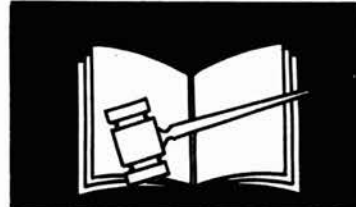
## cover story

Cover Photo Story: Robert W. Jones, who came about 1845 from Wales with two brothers, learned the trade of mason. Not long after gold was discovered in California, Robbie Jones joined the westward trek. There were plenty of hardships, as he and a friend went by way of the Santa Fe trail. They were on foot crossing Death Valley where his friend died, leaving Robbie to go on alone. Details are few, and we are not sure he ever prospected for gold, but he did make more money plying his trade than many did in prospecting. When and why he decided to leave are unknown, but apparently the overland return trip was not considered, and he shipped on a freighter for the dangerous cruise around the Horn and back to New York State where he came to Richville by 1853, as one of the early Welsh pioneers listed on the plaque in front of the old Welsh church. (Grandfather of Doris Jones Hadlock, who sketched cover picture for "Take the Gray Basin...")

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

A fact of national life pretty much as old as the Constitution itself is the decennial Census. The first one came in 1790.

The latest one, now in process of completion, is the census of 1970. Its date of beginning is April 1. Headquarters in the North Country is Plattsburgh. About five thousand enumerators are being employed through the region.

These employees will make personal calls. In the metropolitan non-rural sections of the United States, the census will be by mail. All enumerators are required under oath to keep all information confidential.

Major facts about the 1970 census are explained in the March issue of "Changing Times."

Just in case you have a general interest in national vital statistics (which always grow out of local), here are some facts about past census records preserved in our Courthouse offices:

(1) At the History Center we have copies of the 1800, 1810, and 1820 censuses, all printed from microfilm and indexed. We do not have the 1830 and 1840 records; they have not yet been printed. It should be mentioned that the Massena Library has the censuses from 1840 through 1880 on microfilm.

(2) In the census of 1800, before the establishment of St. Lawrence County, seven of our towns names are included in the Oneida County register.

(3) In 1820, because of the intricacies of military service, young people are listed in two categories, 16-18 and 16-26.

(4) Apropos of social classes, a breakdown of listings in 1810 says (a) "Whites" (in different categories), (b) "All others except Indians not taxed," (c) "Slaves."

(5) The 1850 census was the first to list members of a family as well as its head. (The "head" was usually presumed to be male.)

(6) The later the census, generally speaking, the more information it listed. Occupations, marriages and deaths, etcetera, came in early.

(7) One of the rarest and most fascinating of censuses in original printing is our State Register of 1865. (State records were made halfway between decennials.) We have only one volume of it, embracing the towns of Madrid, Massena, Morristown, Norfolk, Oswegatchie and Parishville. Other volumes were destroyed in the Courthouse fire of 1894.

Such information this gives! Description of persons by: number of times married; number of children; blind or deaf or dumb; illiterate; insane or idiotic; army or navy service; colored person not taxed; white, black, or mulatto; and so on.

Profession or trade was important. These listings are a matchless presentation of how men made their living in the sweat of their brows. For example: Main crops, Business by foot power or water power, and number of employees, Salaries or wages. (Some of the most prominent businesses: Buttertub and Cheesetub factory. Tinsmithy, Shingle mill. Ashery, Cooper shop.)

Churches were the center of social as well as religious life. At the end of each town's lists comes an appendix of religious institutions, with value of building, number of members and number in average attendance, number of seats, salary of the clergyman (\$500 was a high average).

The County Clerk has State Censuses of 1905, 1915 and 1925 for all our towns.

(Continued on next page)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE (Continued from Page 16)

Another rare and fascinating volume of original issue has been lent to us by Mrs. Thomas Bushnell of Massena. It is the "Census of Pensioners for Revolutionary or Military Services; with Their Names, Ages, and Places of Residence, as Returned by the Marshals of the Several Judicial Districts, under The Act for Taking the Sixth Census." This was printed in 1841. We have a reprint of this in our files.

"The Pensioners' Census" covers twenty-six states, three territories (Florida, Wisconsin and Iowa), and the District of Columbia. What this affirms to us is that our western states' border was the Mississippi River, from Michigan and Illinois down to Louisiana. By numbers the pensioners range from four in Delaware to thousands in New York State.

By our standards today, the names and ages have a short range. Ages run largely in the seventies and eighties (the war veterans), the forties and fifties (second generation). The last names are, of course, predominantly Anglo-Saxon; the first names are the plain ones like John, or of a Biblical variety such as Jedediah, Ebenezer, and so on, with curiosities like Theophilus and Juvenile thrown in. Female descendants occasionally appear, a Hannah or a Sarah or the like.

On the list of pensioners in St. Lawrence County, 118 names can be counted. A few of these names survive today among North Country places or families -- Crary, Buck, Crane, Knapp, Daniels, Sawyer, Chittenden, Howard, Conkey, and a few others. Most of the names, though, -- as is the case with the human story over many generations -- have vanished. Some of them appear, perhaps, in other sections of the country; many have doubtless been mingled with the names of nineteenth and twentieth century stock coming here out of Europe and, indeed, all other parts of the world.

The census story, like the human chronicle, goes on. Changes and growth of many kinds, including more per capita income, more luxuries, and so on. One thing stays pretty constant, however; a large motive in all census-taking is obviously the records and purposes of the tax bureaus. Indeed, the 1970 census forms, like those of the Internal Revenue Service, come in "short" (for most families) and "long" (for every family in ten).

The Census, of course, is separate from the Internal Revenue Service. Every American will do his job willingly in filling out his census form. But he may reflect that, like the "still voice" of death itself, the voice of the tax collector sounds always large in the land.

*Edward J. Blackburn*

On a site about 45 miles northeast of Sutter's Fort, in the valley of the Koloma Indians (or Coloma as they sometimes called it) was the South Fork of the American River. James Wilson Marshall with an exploring party from the Fort selected a mill site there in May 1847. The party he took back in August to build the mill consisted largely of Mormons as they had proved to be dependable workers. Marshall himself was not of their faith, having been brought up in New Jersey as a helper in his father's wagon shop. He set out for the West at 21 in 1836, worked as a carpenter and farmer until he got to California. Captain John August Sutter granted Marshall a partnership in the mill. They began negotiations with the Indians for the lease of the valley. During the course of running the water through the millrace, on the afternoon of Monday, January 24, 1848, James Marshall spied yellow glints in the rain-washed heap of dirt. He gathered enough of the yellow material to cover a dime, so it is told. When they were tested, posthaste, at the fort, they were found to be pure gold. The golden gleam spread to color not only all California, but the United States, the entire continent, and even the whole civilized world.

\*\*\*

(Because it is an example of the narrative many of our ancestors lived -- those who lived to return here -- we present this tale almost in its entirety. Ed.)

## argonauts of '49

This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;  
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves  
And give them title, knee and approbation,  
with Senators on the bench. (Timon of Athens)

The term "fever" applied to the excitement in regard to California gold, is a tacit recognition of the unhealthy feelings and extravagant projects to which it has given rise. In the first place, then, this gold fever is not a new disease; on the contrary it is one of the most familiar and well-defined to which "flesh is heir to."

So said the Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book in March 1849. "The American flag was planted in California in July, 1846. Emigration from the United States soon enlivened her enterprising population, whose prior resource had been chiefly the sale of hides, obtained from the herds of wild cattle. The gold discovery following so rapidly, changed the aspect of things at once; from a gradually improving agricultural and trading settlement, the whole region was transformed into an arena for all the adventurous spirits and reckless fortune-hunters from the United States, Oregon and the Sandwich Islands . . . It is probable that the ore already discovered was brought down by successive freshets from the adjacent mountains; the supply may be temporary . . . and few adventurers consider the other side of the case, or perceive that a very small minority of the gold-seekers derive any compensation for their deprivations. The exorbitant price of labor and articles of daily necessity (fifty dollars being readily paid for a barrel of flour, and twenty for a box of Seidlitz powders); the liability to incur dangerous fever and chronic rheumatism, and the utter absence of all that is suggested by the word -- comfort; the necessary inundation of "lawless resolute", vagabonds, and criminals to the scene of action, and the consequent insecurity of life and property, are grave offsets to the dazzling prospects which induce so many California pilgrimages . . . Instead of paying for a glass of negus with a pip, a pinch of gold-dust is received (sometimes worth \$8). For all this coveted treasure, garrisons, ships, secure employments, moderate but certain profits, farms, shops, offices and worst of all, civilized homes, are deserted; and men of all grades and blood, from the half-intoxicated savage to the educated New Englander, sailors, soldiers, clerks, physicians, clergymen and naval officers, may be seen arrayed in uncouth India-rubber garments, delving with spade and pickaxe, or carefully gleaning the shining particles from the sand . . . Only the sharp-ringing blows of the smith's anvil, forging tools for the miners, inform the spectator that the "gold fever" has smitten down the arm of honest industry. . . ." (says the Godey Magazine in part.)

\*\*\*



Dr. Louis L. Tucker, State Historian, at lunch with Persis Boyesen, Oswegatchie and Heuvelton historian, and Elizabeth Baxter, Ogdensburg historian. Dr. Tucker spoke Jan. 14 in Massena after a tour of the County. He is also the Executive Director of the Bicentennial Commission of New York State.



# Our members write

Dear Editor:

As usual I read The Quarterly "from cover to cover" and found much of interest in it.

This is especially true of The Chateaugay Trail -- "Old Military Turnpike." As a little child, I thought the road past our house must be very important, as Papa said it was the Military Turnpike. While this article says this road passed through Nicholville between Dickinson Center and Hopkinton, I believe Papa's statement is quite likely true.

Directly in front of our home, a road turned south from which is now Route 72. It was known as the Day's Mill Road. It was the way we went when visiting relatives in Dickinson. We crossed the river at Day's Mill, I think it more than likely that the original Military Turnpike came through that way, crossing the river farther up, instead of over the Nicholville hills.

At least two of my Grandfathers came over from Vermont along that route. Great Grandpa, James Gibson, and his three sons came in the early 1840's. James and his son Jason settled on a farm three miles north of what is now Fort Jackson. My Grandfather, Warren, went on to West Stockholm where he built, or bought, a gristmill, which he was operating at the time of the Civil War, and which he came back to continue to operate, totally blind, after the battle of Gaines Mill. Timothy lived for two or three years in Nicholville and then went on to Wisconsin to be a pioneer there.

My Grandfather, Benjamin Smith, was in the Anthony Perry Company of Vermont Troops at the invasion of Plattsburgh in September 1814. His home was in Monkton, Vt. My father was born in Madrid, N.Y. Sept. 14, 1831. His mother was Benjamin Smith's second wife, a widow with 12 children. Her daughter, Melissa Weller, born March 13, 1827, married Jason Gibson (above).

Grandpa Smith died when Papa was quite small. His childhood memories were of a farm home on this Military Turnpike -- then only a rough road through the woods. One of his stories was how one day, just at dusk, going home, he saw a catamount up a tree at the side of the road. There was only deep woods behind him, and up ahead was HOME. So he ran under the tree and for home, as fast as his little legs could carry him. Papa was a very religious man, and when he told of this, he never failed to put in that "God saved my life." God didn't let the wild animal leap on the little boy.

Another piece that I particularly enjoyed is "The Old School Bell." It is a splendid record of the history of one particular bell. It also brought memories of my own school bell, when it called us from playing "king king kingalo" or "high spy" in the yard of that square brick school in Nicholville.

Thinking about school. I wonder how many readers of The Quarterly remember the Normal Hall, as it was in the Normal at Potsdam in 1907. I'll never forget the magnificence of it, with those more-than-life-size Greek statues between the windows, and the wide stage up in front where sat the faculty when we all gathered there for morning exercises. It's too early for that now, but in the spring Prof. Stole never failed to warn against too early removal of warm underwear, and to make it clear that boating on the river was not approved.

The first big event that I attended there caused me to burst forth the next day in rhyme. Just in case you may find the result amusing enough to think the Quarterly readers might also enjoy it, I'm enclosing a copy.

Best wishes. I'm already wondering what I'm going to find in future issues.

Sincerely,

Abigail Cole



## June Bug Dance

Normal Hall was brightly lighted,  
For a concert was that night,  
When sixteen bright young misses,  
Dressed in pink and blue and white,  
Were to sing each one a solo.  
'Twas their graduating song,  
Sure it was quite interesting,  
Though the program was quite long.

'Twas a warm night in mid-summer,  
Being near the last of June,  
When mosquitos seem quite busy,  
Always singing their queer tune.  
The windows wide were opened,  
To let in each straying breeze;  
Though they came so very softly,  
Scarcely moved the drooping leaves.

Soon, a great fat Mr. June Bug,  
Out upon his evening lark,  
Saw the light from windows streaming,  
Making paths out in the dark.  
So he said in his buzzy tones  
To his son, "I'll venture in.  
If I do not soon return,  
You may follow. 'Tis no sin."

"So to follow me, be quick,  
We will have a little fun,  
And perform some fancy tricks  
Between this time and rise of sun."  
Once inside poor Mr. June Bug  
Found himself in such a blaze  
That he circled round the room,  
Round and round in quite a craze.

And his son quite soon did follow,  
Bringing with him his best girl,  
Who did not in the least object  
To taking with her love a whirl.  
Soon their friends began to follow,  
Till indeed there was a crowd;  
And the music of their voices  
Grew to be exceeding loud.

They drove the people nearly crazy,  
As they came a-buzzing near;  
And they kept them all so busy,  
Not half the music could they hear.  
Round and round and round they circled,  
Bunting into cheeks and hair.  
They seemed not at all partial,  
Teasing girls both dark and fair.

Once one brave one, madly rushing -  
Nothing, surely, they'd not dare -  
Wheeling madly round in circles,  
Lighted on a singer's hair.  
Red her face grew then with blushes;  
And the June Bug danced in glee.  
Very little to him it mattered,  
How near failure she might be.

Many other tricks and capers  
They did all perform with zest,  
Each one seemed to be determined  
In each one to excel the rest.  
One poor fellow paused a moment,  
And was there compelled to linger,  
For he felt a weight upon him -  
'Twas the doctor's big fat finger.

# Poetical Portraits

And another one in sparking  
 Surely courted the wrong one,  
 She did not seem to understand  
 That he meant it but in fun,  
 And truly she did give him,  
 Not the mitten, but the boot,  
 For she crushed her poor young  
 Lover - 'neath her foot.

Other tragedies may have happened,  
 Being all of the same kind,  
 And I presume that the next morning  
 One might there the relics find  
 Of the little silly June Bugs  
 That did venture in that night;  
 And I wonder, did it pay them -  
 Just one evening filled with light?

I should think 'twould teach this lesson,  
 That we each and all must learn,  
 That if we some time or other  
 Do not wish our nose to burn,  
 Then from other peoples' business  
 We must keep it quite away.  
 If you'll do this, then I tell you  
 You'll be always light and gay.

Abigail Smith - age 19  
 Potsdam, N.Y.  
 June 18, 1907

(Submitted by Abigail Smith Cole)

## Old Abandoned Hearse

I had the pleasure of visiting one of the most beautiful flower gardens the past summer and my attention was called to the body of a hearse standing there, with little chickens running and out the door. Not even the draperies or tassels were removed. I was inspired to write this poem. Will you kindly print it?

Mrs. A. W. Briggs

Winthrop, N.Y.

A man who lived across the way  
 thought he would get some chickens,  
 He knew if they weren't safely  
 housed that they would raise the dickens,  
 He did not want his neighbor,  
 Smith, to have a chance to curse,  
 So he kept that brood of chickens  
 in an old, abandoned hearse.

His neighbor, Smith, who lived  
 right near tried his darndest to play fair,  
 He filled his garden full of flowers  
 with blossoms that were rare.  
 He toiled and worked from morn  
 till night but oh! he felt the curse,  
 Put on those little chickens in  
 that old abandoned hearse.

When Gabriel blows his trumpet  
 and my sun sinks in the West,  
 When I'm called to answer roll  
 call and I take my final test,  
 When I go to meet my Maker and  
 I leave this universe,  
 I don't want to be found riding in  
 that old abandoned hearse.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Old Town Hall

By EVA ELINOR BRIGGS

This poem is dedicated to Herman Tucker of Parishville, N.Y. our oldtime fiddler who has played in some of the contests.

Your crippled friends have decided to give an old-time dance,  
 There are so many social things, we're taking quite a chance.  
 We want it old-fashioned as in the days of yore.  
 And we want you to furnish the music,  
 as you have done before.

We have on our committee, Mr. Herbert Davis,  
 Mrs. Ascha Riggs,  
 The others are Mrs. Bina Davis and Eva Elinor Briggs.  
 We want you to play the Cripples' March to open up the thing,  
 The music and the dancing will make the old hall ring.

There's Artemus, he'll be there to dance an old-time jig,  
 We've invited Hiram and Rachel, "but they don't give a fig."  
 Smith Chellis, he is feeble, but we want him just the same  
 For when you play the old time tunes, he'll forget he is lame.

There's Nellie too, we must have her to make the party gay,  
 She was always called the Belle of the Ball, poor Nell is  
 getting gray.

Now, there's so many others that I haven't time to name.  
 Say, won't it seem like olden times, but it won't be just  
 the same.

Not one of us smoke cigarettes or drink a glass of beer,  
 Our memories of the past are gone to us we hold too dear,

Now we will get together for a good old-fashioned dance,  
 For all of us are getting old, it may be our last chance.

So now get out your fiddle and polish up your bow,  
 You play the old time dances and down the hall we'll go,

We'll circle around and allemande left and salute our  
 partners all,

There'll never be a time like this again in the old town hall.

## a grand old name

# Van Buren

By HAROLD STORIE

### VanBuren's Death in 1942 Stirs Memories of Notable Gouverneur Pioneers

When Martin VanBuren died in New York City in 1942, the recollections of older residents of Gouverneur and St. Lawrence county were deeply stirred. The name is familiar here as that of a pioneering family who migrated to this town in 1817. The VanBuren who passed away was the grandson of the eighth president of the United States, a president whom ten or twelve biographies have been unable to appraise.

Either he was one of the best; or one of the worst; and probably he was one of the most astute politicians of his era. He was nicknamed "Little Matty, the magician," by his enemies; and likewise "the Fox of Lindenwald." It was at Lindenwald, the Old VanBuren homestead in New York, where the grandson had been born and had died.

The first VanBurens came to Gouverneur from Montgomery county. The Johnstown vicinity has yielded many sturdy settlers to the north country, among them Thomas and Harmon VanBuren. These brothers settled here more than 150 years ago; and three years afterward came a younger brother Peter. The trio were sons of Barrant VanBuren, older brother of the President.

Peter VanBuren was familiarly known as "Uncle Peter," and the name was a byword in Gouverneur throughout the 19th century. He arrived in St. Lawrence county a callow youth of 16 years, and found work for a while as a clerk in the general store of Moses Rowley.

Peter VanBuren prospered and in 1831 opened a hotel in a brick building on the south side of main street at the corner of Wall. He operated this hostelry for 17 years and in 1848 built a frame hotel in the center of the village where the St. Lawrence Inn, which is now Watertown Mattress Co.

stands. For more than three decades, the brick hotel and the white painted wooden building were noted north country stopping places whose fame was spread far and wide by tourists and hunters.

"Uncle Peter" died in 1870. He had three daughters, Miss Emeline lived all of her life in the old red brick home, and died there at the age of 87, in 1927. Helen, the second daughter, married Albert Utley, for years a dry goods merchant in Watertown. The other girl, Caroline, became the wife of a widely known Gouverneur druggist, H.K. Spencer. After "Uncle Peter" passed away, his son James B. VanBuren assumed proprietorship of the Van Buren House.

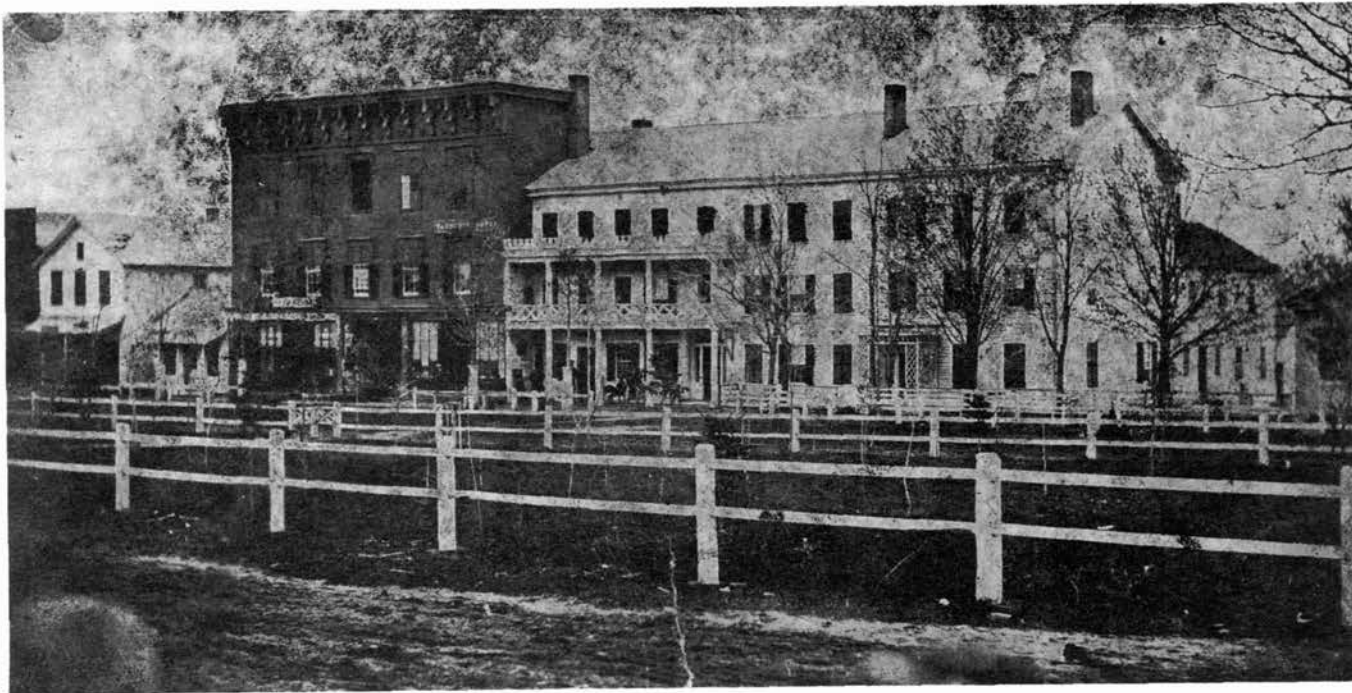
"Lindenwald," where the grandson Martin VanBuren died, was the "Little Albany" of New York State in those forgotten days. Grandfather VanBuren ruled with autocratic hand. In the historic mansion, the elder VanBuren, many years a widower, resided with his two sons. The first was known as "Prince John," able, eloquent, a lover of high living. The other boy, Smith, was private secretary to his father, and was the father of the President's grandson Martin whose death has been noted.

The elder VanBuren at Lindenwald, in 1844, persuaded Silas Wright of Canton, to run for Governor of the State of New York; and from the mansion in 1848, Martin sallied forth on his last great political crusade which led to the Presidential chair.

Many a north country baby boy born in the next few years bore the name, usually using initials M.V.B., in his honor.

From material published at his death in 1942.

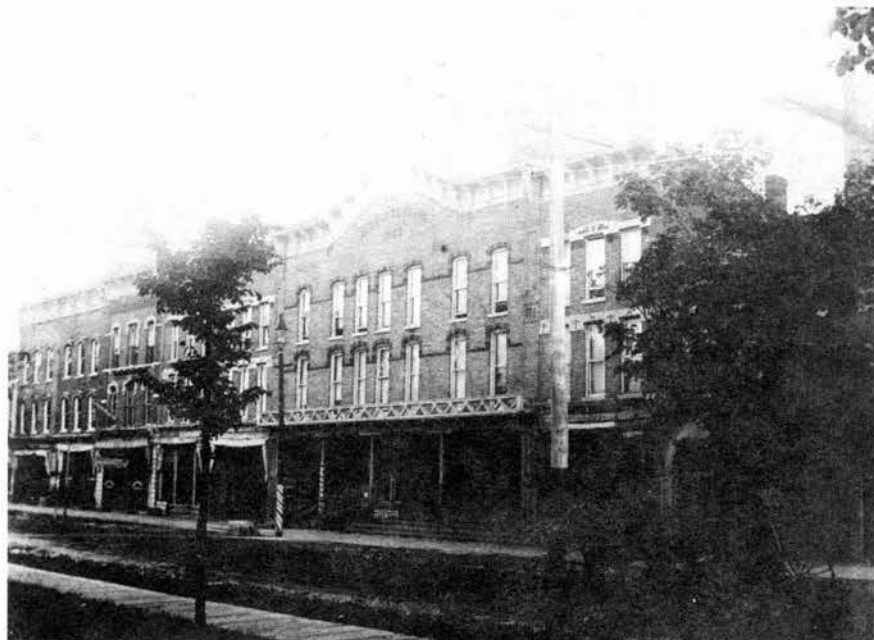
From material published at his death in 1942.



The VanBuren Hotel in 1860.

Built by Peter VanBuren in 1848. It burned





Peter Van Buren Hotel built in 1882. Replaced the earlier one which burned in 1881.

(Photos submitted by Gouverneur Historical Association.)



Samuel Rogers and Bert J. Rogers (in carriage), Mrs. Rogers and Miss Minnie Rogers. Bert was leaving home to teach school at Plum Brook near Skinnerville. Photo in 1911.

### OUR MEMBERS WRITE (Continued)

#### CONSISTENT BOOSTER

The people of St. Lawrence County, should appreciate the high standard and wonderful arrangement of all articles published in the "QUARTERLY", which has made it one of the "OUTSTANDING" publications of all COUNTIES in New York State. A copy of the "QUARTERLY" should be in all residences in St. Lawrence Co

SO: please lend a hand for the benefit of the County you live in, AND: join the St. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION. As a member you will receive the "QUARTERLY". Apply to above address, enclose your \$5.00. AND become a MEMBER. Lend your support and appreciation to the COUNTY you live in. A COUNTY WITH ALL THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE, including many lakes, rivers, Forests AND: bounded on the North by the BEAUTIFUL St. LAWRENCE RIVER.

We who live in St. Lawrence County should feel proud of the COUNTY WE LIVE IN. SO:why not lend your active support? AND: DO IT NOW. You will be glad to receive the QUARTERLY, AND: you should add to it THE TOP O'THE STATE BOOK, cost price \$1.95. plus TAX. BOX 43, Canton, N.Y. 13617.

Personally, I have lived in St. Lawrence County since April 1893, SO: THIS IS MY COUNTY.

Put your shoulder to the wheel, and give your county all of your best efforts. This is the wish of an "OLD TIMER", AND: everybody's friend.

Sincerely,  
Mott Meldrim



#### PARISHVILLE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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A special issue on our People on the Move will bring lots of pictures and stories in July. Watch for it!

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#### History Center Hours

9-4

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Before leaving town -- leave forwarding money with Post Master.

# researchers

I have become involved lately in working with our local museum on the boat industry. Perhaps someone could help.

We are particularly interested in a concern which started here as A. BAIN & CO.--Later ST. LAWRENCE SKIFF, CANOE & STEAMLAUNCH CO. Moved to Ogdensburg and later was sold to A.G. SPAULDING CO. A Mr. FRASER, who was manager later went to Long Island and operated the FRASER HOLLAND SPAR CO. which manufactured St. Lawrence skiffs.

Can you help us? Any catalogues which could be copied?

Very truly yours,  
Gordon P. Bennett  
665 Riverside Drive  
Clayton, N.Y. 13624

I am trying to get proof of a marriage of Cyrus Webster (born Jan. 22, 1805 in Hill, N. H.) to Nancy Jane McAllister (or McAllaster) on March 31, 1844 in Macomb. They left shortly afterwards (1845) for Wisconsin. His brothers Samuel and Amos were living in Hammond at that time. If anyone has information on this family, who were my grandparents, I would appreciate hearing from them.

Mrs. Fern (Webster) Korsgard  
5722 Russett Road  
Madison, Wisconsin 53711

# POTSDAM MUSEUM

Display of "Dolls and Doll Furniture" from the collection of Ruth Vail, opened March 19 and will continue to April 17, 1970.

On April 19, Pottery and Paintings by Sherwood Smith.

May 10 will feature the grand opening of a new exhibit, "Sentimentals to Swingers: Fabulous Fashions from the Potsdam Museum" with a fashion show. All are invited.

The Second Annual Art Show will be held May 24, from 12 to 5 p.m. at the Civic Center Parking Lot, Potsdam. All interested artists are invited to participate.

## CIVIC CENTER

Regular Museum Hours:

Monday 7 - 9 p.m.  
Saturday 1 - 3 p.m.

Tuesday 10 - 12; 2 - 4 p.m.  
Thursday 1 - 5 p.m.

School classes by appointment

Whatever became of...

...all the glove button hooks?

...all the colored quarantine signs we used to have to display on our doors? (red for Scarlet Fever and others for diphtheria, etc.)

...all the mustache combs men used?

Back issues needed to complete files or sets of the Quarterly for libraries are: Apr. '56; Jan. '58; Oct. '61; Jan., Oct., '62; Apr. '63; Apr., Oct., '65; Jan. '59; Jan. '60. Any and all of 1965 are in short supply. We'll gladly accept your extra copies for this purpose.

## Houghs News At Last

Reservations may still be made for Hough's HISTORY OF ST. LAWRENCE AND FRANKLIN COUNTIES reprint. UNTIL MAY 1 reservations will be accepted by libraries and individuals by writing Reservation, Box 43, Canton, N.Y. 13617. After publication date (about May 1) cost of book will be \$15.00. UNTIL MAY 1 cost will be \$12.50, inclusive, and checks may be made to "Hough's History of St. Law. & Franklin Counties." Tell your friends, make a gift, or donate a copy to your library for use of students. Reserve until MAY FIRST. Although delivery has been delayed several times, and for this we are sorry, we now expect to start mailing ABOUT May 1, 1970.

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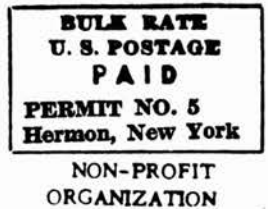
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