

THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



UNITED HELPERS ORPHANS' HOME, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

April 1971

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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CONTENTS APRIL 1971 VOL. XVI NO. 2

	Page
UNITED HELPERS 1898 <i>by Mary H. Biondi</i>	3
ORDEAL IN THE SNOW <i>by Willard W. Bartlett</i>	5
COVERED BRIDGE AT BRASHER <i>by Mae Murray</i>	6
KNOW YOUR HISTORIAN (a list)	6
FEDERAL MONEY (from an old Book)	7
BICENTENARY ANNALS — DeKalb Story	8
EDITOR'S COMMENT	8
DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU STAND <i>by M. Biondi</i>	9
POETICAL PORTRAITS	10
NORTH COUNTRY PANTHERS <i>by Jack Brown</i>	11-13
THROUGH THE ADIRONDACKS in Seven Days <i>by Leslie Rist</i>	14
Early History of FLACKVILLE CEMETERY <i>by Elizabeth Wallace</i>	15
LET'S NOT FORGET <i>by Millard Hundley</i>	15
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE	18
SUMMER TOURS	20
OUR MEMBERS WRITE	22
RESEARCHERS	23

Cover photo: Children at play at United Helpers after the first addition was built shortly after 1906.



“The Institution with a heart in it...”

UNITED HELPERS

1898

By Mary H. Biondi

So said The Rounder in describing a visit he made to the United Helpers in 1922. “It is a home,” he said, “written without any capital H, but just as ... your home or mine. It isn't an ‘institution’ but a place with real home atmosphere, home surroundings, where there are smiles and contentment and good cheer, pictures on the walls and wonderful rows of neat beds and bright playrooms ...”

Mr. Manley said there were “50 kids from little pink things lying like small dots on a pillow up to those just about so high, until you reach the 14-year-old-or-thereabouts class.” They had an excellent play yard with equipment bought with money donated by the children of Ogdensburg. At that time Mrs. Charles V. Hoard was president.

As they said grace before their evening meal, the Rounder felt the urge to “pat their little craniums” wondering how many households in his hometown of Canton were doing the same at table. The youngsters dressed up and went to church Sundays, and had other special dress up occasions. “This is real up-bringing,” he concluded, “think how differently it would be for these kids if this home did not exist.”

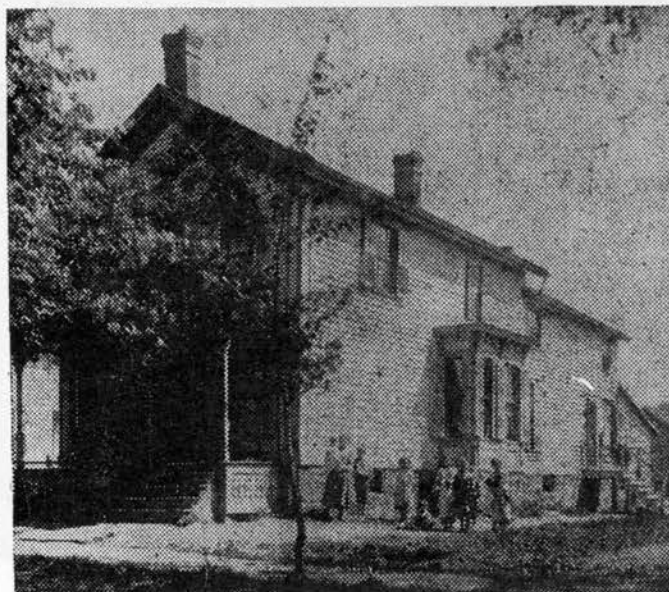
The laundry was equipped by the ladies of Potsdam, the chairs in the dining room provided by the ladies of Heuvelton. “We care for the children of St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, or try to,” was Mrs. Hoard's explanation. At one time the home was bursting its seams with 70 children. Having to turn little ones away hurt her. And because of the natural noise of youngsters, it was felt that a wing away from them for the Old Ladies would help. The kitchen had to supply three separate menus anyway -- one for children, one for the ladies and one for the assistants. So plans were made.

IN THE BEGINNING

Back in March 1876 an organization known as Home for the Homeless was founded. Ten ladies of Ogdensburg subscribed \$100 each, and Mrs. J. S. Bean was elected president of the Board of Managers with Mrs. J.D. Judson, vice president, Mrs. C.B. Egert, treasurer, Miss M.W. Averell, secretary and Mrs. W.B. Allen, Mrs. W.E. Furniss, Mrs. J.W. Wilson, Mrs. W.L. Proctor, Miss Elsie M. Judson and Miss Fannie H. Guest. In addition Messrs. W.B. Allen, J.W. Wilson, I.L. Seymour, J.D. Judson, W.E. Furniss, J.S. Bean, W.L. Proctor, W.J. Averell and Charles Lyon were chosen trustees.

During the first year eight (two children and six women) were cared for. In the first annual report of May 1877, emphasis was given to a buy-law which said, “Any lady having contributed at one time . . . \$25 becomes a life member, and shall be entitled to one vote . . . and an additional vote for each \$25 so contributed.” There were \$75 contributions listed from each of the above named ladies, as well as a gift from “Young Gentlemen's hops” of \$50. Expenditures of \$875 for this first year included \$208 to the matron and \$60 for fuel, and \$10 for milk. Medical services were gratuitous by Drs. Benton and Southwick.

This home had been a big improvement over the poor house or county home arrangements for the homeless. But in 1898 the case of three children who “were running wild” brought about public discussion and concern over the plight of Protestant children who were living in corruptive circumstances. A law of 1896 had stated that children could only be committed to homes of their own



Original United Helpers Home at 22 Congress St., Ogdensburg, was a wooden frame structure, opened in 1898 and accommodating 15 children.

faith, and since hundreds of Roman Catholics were being taken care of by the City Orphanage, the problem was presented to the six Protestant churches of the city. In April 1898 an application for charter was made for the United Helpers, with twelve ladies, two from each church, constituting the Society. Mrs. Mary Averell Knap was the first president. On May 1 the first United Helpers Home was opened in a little rented house at 22 Congress Street. Alzina M. Milligan was the first matron, with 15 children.

At that time referrals were usually made by the SPCCA, which watched over cruelty to children and animals. Before 1900 23 children had been placed in good homes, several adopted and 58 others cared for. Larger quarters were needed.

On June 19, 1900 the cornerstone of the first unit was laid. On New Year's Day 1901 the doors were opened to the public to a building costing \$12,000, excluding donated plumbing and heating.

In 1906 Mrs. Henry H. Bosworth was elected president, and it soon became apparent that additional space was urgent -- dormitory, quarantine rooms and hospital, along with a baby ward.

The first addition, a \$24,000 wing to the east was erected. This allowed an Old Ladies Department for twelve.

The number of children needing help doubled following World War I and the 1918-1919 flu epidemic with its broken homes, orphans and inflation. The directors in 1922 faced the prospect of raising \$75,000 for another new wing. Over 1500 persons responded and \$112,000 was raised. This wing was opened to the South on Feb. 24, 1925, with a building committee including Julius Frank, Harry Wheaton, W. Allan Newell, Mrs. Wm. Hanbidge, Mrs. E. VanKennen and Mrs. Charles Hoard. Benefits had been organized all over the county by all types of groups. Branches had been formed in surrounding towns and the Gouverneur Branch



The United Helpers built in 1900 at 1200 State Street, Ogdensburg, still in use in 1971.

made a house to house canvass. "one dollar paid annually entitles the contributor to membership." In Canton the Branch sent \$300 in October 1921 and from monthly meetings had collected \$28.50, sending also to the April Bazaar at the Armory (which ultimately netted \$2000) 35 pounds of candy, fancy and white elephant articles. In addition they contributed to the home in 1921 463 articles of clothing, 11 quilts, a dozen holders, 50 cans fruit, 50 tumblers jelly and conserve, 1/2 bu. popcorn, 5 bu. potatoes, 10 pumpkins, 14 cabbages, 13 bags of mixed vegetables, and other cans of fruit and vegetables.

The Dorcas Band of the Congregational Church contributed similar articles, adding 3 qts. maple syrup, 9 qts. pickles, a bu. apples and \$23 in money. They also sent a quilt and eleven dozen eggs to the Bazaar.

The Pastors' Aid of the Congregational Church of Lisbon held a bazaar in December for "ornamental and useful Xmas gifts" and urged those to come and bring a friend and enjoy "good eats."

A concert was given by the 20th Century Club in Potsdam for the benefit of the United Helpers in late 1922, with soloists Mrs. Howard M. Smith and Mrs. Ellen S. Holt. Miss Helen Hosmer rendered an organ solo. A large chorus included Mrs. W.B. Carr, Mrs. R.L. Sisson, Jr., Mrs. J.C. Bynum and other familiar names.

MEN ADDED

In 1930 the Home was housing 85 children, and Mrs. Frank A. Augsbury was elected the fourth president in '36. By 1948 over 2,000 children had been aided. In the late 1950's a dormitory for men was set aside in the south wing. The rate was a reasonable \$3.00 a day for private room and all meals included. By 1968 68 elderly persons made their residence there, the Annual Thanksgiving Day donation had changed only in the nature of the gifts, and the patter of little running feet and childrens' squeals was missing but the Home was still a home -- no capital letter needed.

In keeping with changing times a newer United Helpers is a-building. A new (estimated at \$1,300,000 when planned) million-and-a-half-dollar facility is replacing the picturesque Pythian Home on Riverside Drive at the edge of the city of Ogdensburg.

This Home will have 89 beds for residents, with a 40-bed nursing unit, built on an open V plan, the open part overlooking the St. Lawrence River facing our Canadian neighbors. Dr. Alta K. Brown is currently president of the Board of Managers.

Fifty years ago a motherly matron, Miss Martha M. Kezar of an old Massena family, took each child to her heart, included actually adopting a young infant girl herself. She provided for this girl all her own life, and saw that she was well planned for at her death. Miss Martha seemed "to radiate sunshine," the Rounder said, "she is a real mother." There are many names, now forgotten, of substantial citizens who have felt the influence of the matrons and atmosphere of the United Helpers. The motherly arms of this home have sheltered many grateful elderly as well. May its next 70 years be as well recalled by the many families of those who will be sheltered within.

Even though the children are now planned for elsewhere, the most recent drive brought loyal pledges from North

(Continued on Page 21)



United Helpers Home with the second addition of 1922. Thousands of children and elderly have been accommodated.

ORDEAL IN THE SNOW

A novel of the North Country

By WILLARD W. BARTLETT

Danbury, Vermont was already becoming too crowded for some of the hardy pioneers. Joel Hawkins had finished a cabin with three rooms, Abijah Abbott was clearing land west of the village, and two cabins were in the process of construction on the opposite side of the river. "In a few years it will be so crowded around here that a man will not be able to stick out his tongue," remarked Daniel Leonard, Sr.



It was 1795 and in the Leonard home there had been talk of moving to the far West and taking up a new homestead. By moving to the far West was meant crossing Lake Champlain into the northern part of New York State. Glowing reports had reached Vermont concerning this new country. Among other things, it was free from Indians. The Mohawks, who claimed to own it, had gone to Canada in a body at the opening of the Revolution, and just the previous summer had sold their claim to the state government of New York. "Where a righteous man can bring up his family free from the contaminating influences of these crowded settlements," had been the comment of Daniel Leonard, Sr.

Daniel Leonard Jr., seventeen, six feet one -- a whole inch taller than his father -- was the pride of the latter's life. The boy could swing an axe all day, he knew how to burn lime, how to build a cobble stone fence, and had helped Jim Tupper build his cabin. Sally was thirteen and had taken over an increasing share of her mother's work since the twin girls were born four years before. Fred, ten, was a good shot and an excellent fisherman. Certainly the seven Leonards should be able to make their own way in the wilderness.

And thus it happened that on a bright morning in the early spring of 1795 Daniel Leonard Sr. and Daniel Leonard Jr. left Danbury on their snowshoes. They took with them on their sleds, in addition to camping necessities, a gun, two axes, and some garden tools. Crossing Lake Champlain on the ice, they pushed on for several days and reached Lou Hoard's trading post before their progress was blocked by breaking ice and swollen streams.

Lou Hoard was a speculator into whose hands the title to a portion of this new territory had fallen. He saw a fortune for himself if he could induce families to settle on his domain. The Leonards seemed good prospects. About nine miles to the southwest near the river, he told them, was a level tract of land with few cobble stones, an ideal spot for a new home. Two days later the Leonards were clearing a patch of land near the stump of a great forest giant.

That summer was a glorious one for father and for son. With apparent regret, but with immense inward satis-

faction, the elder Leonard gradually recognized the superiority of the boy as a worker. By the first of August a half acre of land had been cleared and a log cabin erected close to the great stump. They had covered the cabin with a bark roof, and on one side Daniel, Jr. had built a cobble-stone fireplace. They had not bothered with a floor; that could wait until the following year.

Daniel, Sr. would not have acknowledged even to himself that a predisposing reason for the great trek was a desire to get the boy away from Elder Brown. Elder Brown, who came to Danbury every other Sunday and held a service in Jim Higgins' barn, had become the boy's ideal. He had taken the boy with him when he visited some of the poorer families on High Flats, and the two had had long talks together.

"But, Pa," the boy had once said, "Elder Brown helps so many people. I want to go to school. I want to preach and to help people too. I can go to school in the winter and then work twice as hard to help you during the summer."

"Daniel, I need you all the year," the father had replied, "You are the oldest and you're just reaching a point where you are a real help. The family must be fed, you know."

"But I will stay and help you until Fred is old enough to take hold, and then I will just ask to go to school during the winter."

The father had fallen back on that rejoinder, too common with those in authority who have no argument to support their point, "We will not talk about that any more." During the summer at the new home, the matter was not mentioned, but each knew that the other had not forgotten.

The trek back through the woods to Vermont was slower than over the snow in the winter, and the return to the new territory with the family even slower. But before the end of September they were again at the cabin, now with Mrs. Leonard, Sally, and Fred. The twin girls had been left temporarily with Miranda Tompkins in Danbury.

By the end of November, enough wood for all winter was piled up and there was sufficient snow on the ground for the father and Daniel, Jr. to start back again, this time with the sleds, to bring the two little girls and the remainder of their possessions. Provisions were low, and so before turning the toes of their snow shoes eastward they arranged with Lou Hoard to send to the cabin some corn meal, bacon, beans, and salt, paying him in advance. "You can depend on me just like the whitewash on the cabin. I'll send 'em all up within four days," Lou assured them.

They did not wish to stop in Danbury, but money was low and it was necessary to have supplies for the balance of the winter and seed for the newly cleared land in the spring. So father and son hired out cutting timber. For this they received six shillings, seventy-five cents, each per day. Supplies were high and wages were low. A day's pay would buy just 333 sixpenny nails; a week's wages would purchase seven yards of calico. The new year was well past before they had accumulated enough to start again for the new home in Northern New York.

A hard crust on the snow made travel easy, as they started out dragging the two sleds. On one was a box lined with furs, above which a large skin, draped over a bent branch, made a roof.

Inside, dressed in woollens and wrapped in still more furs, the twins would be snug and warm in the worst weather. The other sled was loaded with camping equipment, supplies, tools, and utensils.

Daniel, Jr. laughed as his father threw the old ox whip into the box beside the twins. "Oh, Pa, throw that old whip away, there isn't an ox in the new territory." But the elder Daniel was not one to discard anything which had money value.

(Continued on Page 19)

Covered Bridge at Brasher

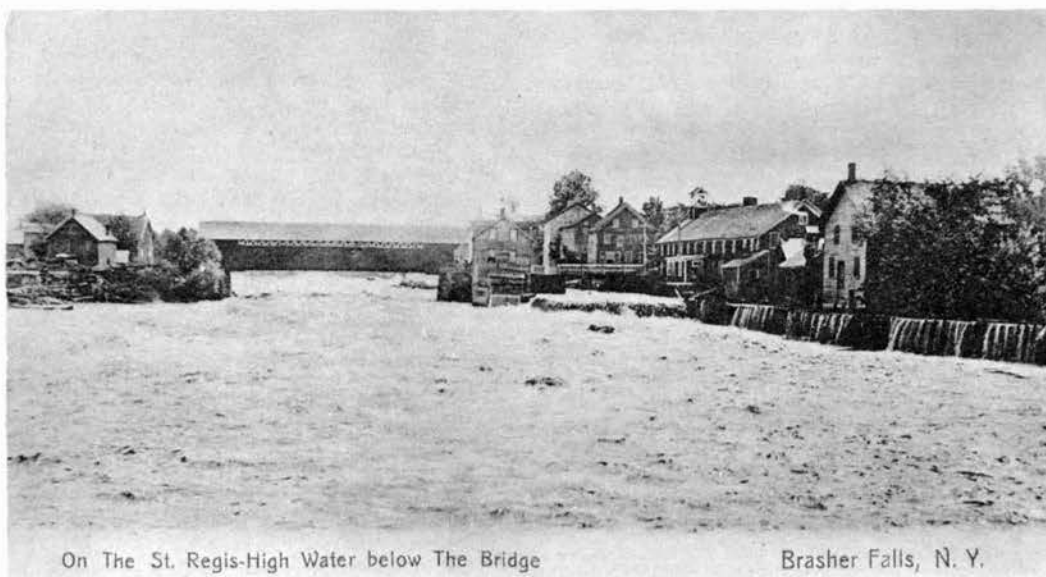
By MAE MURRAY
Brasher Town Historian

From 1863 to 1933 a covered bridge spanned the St. Regis river at Brasher Falls. This bridge was built under the direction of James Wilkinson, road commissioner of the town of Brasher at that time. A spring flood in 1863 had carried the former bridge down stream, so a new one was necessary.

The huge timbers used in construction were taken from the forested area two miles below Brasher Falls. Its massive stringers were 115 feet in length, and the frame was put together with large wooden pins seven and one

half inches in circumference varying in length to the timbers they joined. At the west end toward the business section there was built an open iron bridge 100 ft. long. At first the foot pedestrians used a raised walk inside the bridge but later the walk was built outside. The clearance was 10 ft. 4 in. and posted for two tons. A sign over the bridge read "One dollar fine for riding or driving faster than a walk on this bridge." The records show that no one was ever fined.

In 1933 it was decided that owing to increased motor travel and heavy truckage a new bridge would be necessary. The work of construction was begun in 1933 and was completed in 1934. Another old landmark razed for progress.



On The St. Regis-High Water below The Bridge

Brasher Falls, N. Y.

Know Your Historian

Brasher -- Miss Mae Murray, Brasher Falls
Canton -- Mrs. Edith L. Costa, 1 East Dr., Canton
Clare -- Mrs. Myron (Iris) Fry, RFD 2, Russell
Clifton -- Mrs. Clarence (Clara) McKenney, Cranberry Lake
Colton -- Mrs. Homer (Lorena) Reed, Colton
DeKalb -- Floyd F. E. Walrath, DeKalb Junction
DePeyster -- Mrs. Mason (Adelaide) Steele, RFD, Heuvelton
Edwards -- Miss Leah M. Noble, Edwards
Fine -- Mrs. Roland (Catherine) Brownell, Oswegatchie
Fowler -- Mrs. Clifford (Isabelle) Hance, RFD 3, Gouverneur
Gouverneur -- Harold Storie, 20 John St.
Hammond -- Mrs. Donald (Maxine) Rutherford, RFD 1
Hermon -- Mrs. Helen LeBlanc, Hermon
Hopkinton -- Mrs. Ferne Conklin, Hopkinton
Lawrence -- Mrs. Gordon (Anna) Cole, Nicholville
Lisbon -- Mrs. J. Homer (Doreen) Martin, Lisbon
Louisville -- Mrs. Clarence E. (Lorraine) Bandy, R-1, Chase Mills
Macomb -- Willis Kittle, R-1, Rossie
Madrid -- Mrs. Robert (Florence) Fisher, RFD, Madrid
Massena -- Mrs. Robert (Marie) Eldon-Browne, 7 Alvern Ave.
Morristown -- Mrs. James T. (Ella Mae) Phillips, R-1, Hammond

Norfolk -- Mrs. Edith VanKennen, Norfolk
Oswegatchie -- Mrs. James (Persis) Boyesen, RFD 3, Ogdensburg
Parishville -- Mrs. D. Norene Forrest, Parishville
Piercefield -- Mrs. Ansel (Beulah) Dorothy, Childwold
Pierrepoint -- Millard Hundley, RFD No. 4, Canton
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Deputy County Historian -- Mrs. George (Jeanne) Reynolds, Cranberry Lake
County Historian -- Mrs. Edward (Mary H.) Biondi, Canton

Federal Money

From an arithmetic book of 1814, we take the following chapter on FEDERAL MONEY as instructed in "the 26th year of the Independence of the United States of America." To the British who on Feb. 15 of this year 1971 have been struggling with the old pence and the new cents, they should just try this conversion!

"Federal Money is the coin of the United States, established by Congress, A.D. 1786. Of all coins this is the most simple, and the operation in it the most easy. The denominations are in a decimal proportion, 10 mills make one cent, 10 cents make one dime, 10 dimes make one dollar, marked thus \$, 10 dollars make one eagle. A dollar is the Unit money; dollars therefore must occupy the place of units, the less denominations, as dimes, cents and mills are decimal parts, and may be distinguished in the same way as any other decimals by a comma, or separatrix. All the figures to the left hand of dollars are eagles. Thus 17 eagles, 5 dollars, 3 dimes, 4 cents and 6 mills are written 175,346. Of these the real coins are Eagle, a gold coin; the dollar and dime, silver coins; and the cent, a copper coin. The Mill is only imaginary, there being no piece of money of that denomination. There are

TABLE

For reducing the Currencies of the several United States to Federal Money.

	N. Hamp. Mass. Rh. Island. Conn. and Virginia.	New York, and N. Carolina.	N. Jersey, Pennsylv'a, Delaware and Maryland.	S. Carolina and Georgia.
	D. cts. m.	D. cts. m.	D. cts. m.	D. cts. m.
Farthings.	1	, 3	, 3	, 4
	2	, 7	, 6	, 9
	3	, 10	, 8	, 14
	4	, 14	, 11	, 18
	5	, 28	, 22	, 36
	6	, 42	, 33	, 54
	7	, 56	, 44	, 71
	8	, 69	, 56	, 89
	9	, 83	, 67	, 107
	10	, 97	, 78	, 125
Pence.	1	, 111	, 89	, 143
	2	, 125	, 100	, 161
	3	, 139	, 111	, 179
	4	, 153	, 122	, 196
	5	, 167	, 133	, 214
	6	, 333	, 267	, 429
	7	, 500	, 400	, 643
	8	, 666	, 533	, 857
	9	, 833	, 667	, 1,171
	10	1,000	, 800	, 1,286
	11	1,167	, 933	, 1,500
	12	1,333	1,067	, 1,714
	13	1,500	1,200	, 1,929
	14	1,667	1,333	, 2,143
	15	1,833	1,467	, 2,657
	16	2,000	1,600	, 2,571
	17	2,167	1,733	, 2,786
	18	2,333	1,867	, 3,000
	19	2,500	2,000	, 3,214
Shillings.	1	2,667	2,133	, 3,429
	2	2,833	2,267	, 3,643
	3	3,000	2,400	, 3,857
	4	3,167	2,537	, 4,071

TABLE

For reducing Shillings and Pence to Cents and Mills.

Pence.	0	1	2	3	4	5
0		16 7	33 3	50	66 7	83 3
1	1 4	18 1	34 7	51 4	68 1	84 7
2	2 8	19 5	36 1	52 8	69 5	86 1
3	4 2	20 9	37 5	54 2	70 9	87 5
4	5 6	22 3	38 9	55 6	72 3	88 9
5	7	23 7	40 3	57	73 7	90 3
6	8 3	25	41 1	58 3	75	91 6
7	9 7	26 4	43	59 7	76 4	93
8	11 1	27 8	44 4	61 1	77 8	94 4
9	12 5	29 2	45 8	62 5	79 2	95 8
10	13 9	30 6	47 2	63 9	80 6	97 2
11	15 3	32	48 6	65 3	82	98 6

To find by this Table the Cents and Mills and any sum of Shillings and Pence under one Dollar, look the Shillings at top, and the Pence in the left hand column, then under the former, and on a line with the latter, will be found the Cents and Mills sought.

half eagles, half dollars, double dimes, half dimes and half cents, real coins. (Accountants generally omit the comma, and distinguish cents from dollars by setting them apart, \$175 34.)

There follows exercises in adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing in the mixed money.

"To reduce pounds, shillings, pence and farthings to dollars, cents and mills: set down the pounds and to the right hand write half the greatest even number the given shillings; then consider how many farthings there are contained in the given pence and farthings, and if the sum exceed 12, increase it by 1, or if it exceed 36, increase it by 2, which sum set down to the right hand of half the greatest even number of shillings before written, remembering to increase the second place, or the place next to the shillings by 5, if the shillings be an odd number; to the whole sum thus produced, annex a cypher and divide the sum by 3; cut off the three right hand figures in the quotient, which will be cents and mills, the rest will be dollars."

There follows the directions, equally complicated, for reducing dollars and cents and mills to pounds, etc. Then follows a table for the reduction. More interesting is a table which follows for "reducing the currencies of the several United States to Federal Money." These are followed by tables reducing Federal money to the States' currency. We show one of these charts, from this old "Scholar's Arithmetic" book with wooden covers, lent by Eugene Hatch.

It was proposed in March of 1880 that a new town with Rensselaer Falls as the center be formed with land taken from DeKalb, Oswegatchie, Lisbon, Canton. (What happened to the idea?)

Bicentenary Annals

In honor of Baron deKalb

contributed by DeKalb Town Historian, F.F.E. Walrath

Several counties, as well as villages in this country bear the name of DeKalb. Our own town is no exception. Major General John DeKalb, who came to America with LaFayette in June 1777, died Aug. 19 of wounds received in battle on Aug. 15, 1780 in Camden, South Carolina.

John Kalb was born in June 1721 in Germany. He left home at age 16 and for the next few years very little of his life is known. When the General lay on his death bed one of his last requests was for Commissions for his two sons Peter Baron deKalb and John Baron deKalb of the Pennsylvania Line. The war ending at Yorktown Oct. 19, 1781, was rather soon after his request and we don't find any proof of commissions allotted to these two sons. However, we find a Johannes Kalb, serving 6 years as a private, 3rd Regiment, Penn. Line; a John Kalb died in Ohio in 1815, his descendants using the name "DeKalb." DAR

records show descendants' proof from a Peter Baron deKalb. What exact relationship existed we do not know, but we believe the Ohio John to be son of John Baron Kalb, a son of John Leonard Kalb who came here as passenger on a ship list of Sept. 1737. John Baron was at this death in 1856 said to be over 116 years, b. in 1740. His army service shows that he served in the Army under Capt. John Johnson and was wounded at Fort Montgomery. He was also wounded at White Plains in 1778, then discharged in 1779. He re-enlisted, however, and was in the march to Oswego in 1783, lost some of his toes by frostbite and applied for a pension in 1787. He was a manufacturer of leather breeches for a time. It is believed that Baron deKalb was his cousin.

(There are records of many descendants. There are also lineage proofs in the D.A.R. indices. Research extracts, as well as this entire article by Mr. Walrath can be found at the History Center, Canton.)



Members come and members, unfortunately, go. We've lost some of our author-members in the recent months and shall doubly miss them. Enthusiasms such as Mott Meldrim had for our county and our Quarterly are rare, and for that all the more valuable. He had submitted his latest vignette the day before his fall. We shall really miss his letters, his vignettes, his zest for life. At 97 he was finally felled by a slip -- a misstep that cost him his life. Nothing short of that broken hip could have kept him down. Sorry, Mott, to tell a tale on you, but he himself would smile. The last few years he worked he had a heart-beat-skip. He then had to have his railroad physical twice a year instead of once. He would take his heart pills for 3 days before it, pass with flying colors, then never take any more until time for the next physical! He was hand-mowing his law (at 94) the first time we met him, and seemed none the worse for ignoring heart pills!

Also felled by a fall, author Harriet Doren Smithers was another casualty. We've lost as well authors Clarence Gardner and Willard W. Bartlett and The Rev. Dr. Niles, our first indexer. Several others of our members have weathered through severe falls -- injuries on the mend, including Iva Dodds and Katie Perry. No doubt others we have not heard about.

Our membership has taken on many new names this past year. A few long time members have neglected to mail back their dues - renewal envelope and have been regrettably dropped from our rolls. We plead with you to return your dues promptly - our bookkeeping becomes more complicated all the time. Check to see if your library subscribes to the Quarterly. If not, do suggest it or give it to them as a gift. All our libraries, and school libraries, should subscribe to the Quarterly. They may inquire about the Library rate.

Be an Association booster! Be a volunteer, be a membership committee of one. Our motto is still "Every member get a member." (or even bring an old member back into the fold.) Let's double our list this year! MHB



These children attended Dist. 23 school, out the old DeKalb Rd. in town of Canton. Does anyone know names of pupils in Sept. 1899?

Notice

**HOURS AT THE HISTORY CENTER
COUNTY BUILDING, CANTON**

Monday and Thursday

9:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.

Directions in St. Lawrence County

Depends on where you stand

DOWN NORTH AND UP SOUTH

By Mary H. Biondi

When you hear a person insist on going "up to Ogdensburg" or "down to the Bay" -- that is, Alexandria Bay -- from Morristown, you know he is not a native, and is just picturing the map. Directions here are geared to the River; down is NORTH and up the St. Lawrence is SOUTHWEST. Many a visitor has been non-plussed by the remark of his host that he is "going down to the 'burg."

When in the 'burg you find the residents go "downtown," which is usually the once "busy corner" of Ford and State Streets. "Over to the second ward" -- that is, across the Oswegatchie River -- is understandable. Explanation may be needed when going "down in the fourth ward" that the high numbers are found on "lower Ford Street," which is lower down the River from the center of town. You would go "across (the River) to Prescott."

Driving from the 'burg one goes "over to Canton" the County Seat, and "out" to Heuvelton, the Falls (Rensselaer Falls) or the Lake Road (Black Lake). From side roads in town of Morristown, "the Hill" means Brier Hill; from Hopkinton and Nicholville, "the Falls" means St. Regis Falls. From Canton, the Hill means Waterman Hill, and from Morley, Pyrites or the Falls (Rensselaer), one goes "in to Canton."

From Canton one goes up to Pierrepont or to Russell. That is, up south towards the mountains. During the latter part of the 1800's hundreds went by stage or "took the cars down to the Springs" for the mineral waters near the Racquette River at Massena Springs.

Nicholville's "under the hill" route has been replaced by a high bridge on the way to "Hopkitten," for some unknown reason a very prevalent local vernacular pronunciation.

The long crossway (or in some records the long causeway) was always a problem to the towns of Hammond and Rossie. It sank repeatedly, and had to be filled in annually. One went "across it to Rossie" and "by the Oxbow over to Gouverneur." From Gouverneur you go to do your trading "out to Watertown" or "over to the 'burg." Depending on just where you live in Gouverneur village, you go "uptown" or "overtown."

As if it were the South American jungle, folks spoke of the Lisbon swamp, the high flats, the windfall or the firefall or the beech plains, and everyone else knew the area well. Depending on where you stand, direction takes on a local meaning, mysteriously known to the natives alone.

Way Back When

Yankee Street, Brier Hill

Yankee street was a rural road connecting the Four Rod road, and the VanDusen Road, or Brier Hill to Black Lake road. It was about three miles long, and peopled by hard working, thrifty Yankee farmers. At one end was the one-room school house known as the Klock School. Near the corner was a pretentious farm home, the Weaver place. Farther on and across the road was a low wooden home which housed the happy family known as the Lundermans -- a family full of dancing and music and not afraid of work. On the north side in a brick house was a stately woman whom we knew as Mrs. Craig. Farther along and across the road was another brick house, with a lovely shady yard, and in it lived Steve Hawkins with his third wife; his son Josie and his lovable wife Alice and their children lived across the way. Their three children became useful citizens. Steve's wife had a daughter who later became Mrs. Kelsey of Hammond.

Farther on and back from the road was the home of Ira Lintz. Mrs. Lintz was a wonderful cook. The childhood memories of the wonderful cookies she gave me are still

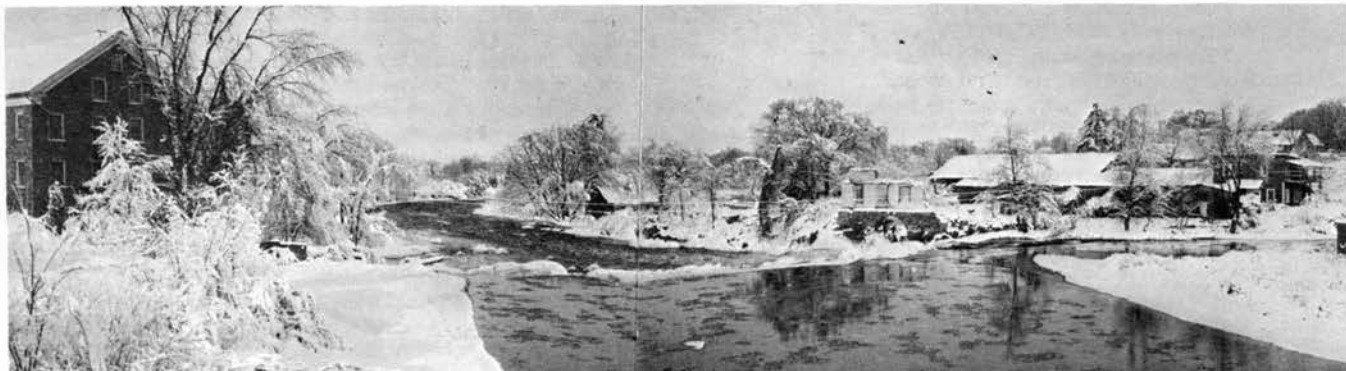
by Katie Perry

from her store of ninety-year-old memories.

a pleasant memory, as well as her homemade pickles.

Across from this was the Hadlock farm. William had come here with his father, Orlando who had built a log cabin and they had a cooper and blacksmith shop. The typical frame home was built later, but the outline of the log cabin and shop are still visible. Their eldest son had been born in the log cabin. They were more of the Yankees, coming from Williamsburg, Mass., north to Canada, then back across at Waddington where Edwin and William had been born before moving to Pleasant Valley in Hammond, then to Yankee Street. Edwin lived in the old home. Then came the charming old-fashioned house painted red, where the Petries lived with their daughter Nellie. Mother and daughter were also good cooks.

This road is now narrow, but paved, the Klock school house had become a private dwelling, and the VanDusen road is now called Klock and Elwood, a wide thoroughfare. Few people remember the Yankees who gave the street its name, although their descendants remain in the nearby communities.



From the Bridge in Canton, down river. Van Rensselaer Mill now Cascade Restaurant site, at left. (Gift of Florence Wood)

Poetical Portraits

28 In Line

-A half a century ago-
 When I would hear my father's calls,
 I'd swing two bony legs from bed
 And push them in blue overalls.
 No shoes, no socks on my bare feet,
 Just at the break of day -
 Before I headed up the lane
 I'd visit the 'cellar-way'.
 Along each side of that cool place
 Were jars on each wide shelf,
 Cookies, donuts, platters of meat,
 Inviting - 'Help Yourself'!
 One hand would steal into a jar
 Not long, there, would it linger,
 I had a wonderful sense of touch
 A donut on each finger.
 My mother made GOOD apple pies -
 (You could hold it in your hand)
 The insides stayed where it was 'put'
 Didn't run all over the pan.
 And loaded thus - I started out
 Up that long, muddy lane,
 It was a job - had to be done
 In sunshine, hail or rain.
 At the far end of that long lane
 Was the steep old 'orchard hill',
 In apple season, there I'd stop
 And each morning my pockets fill.
 Dutchess, Sweets, and Early Harvest,
 Red Crabs, Ben Davis too,
 A half a dozen of each one I'd eat
 Before I was through.
 But - I started out to get the cows
 And have them there on time,
 A barefoot boy with a stomach full -
 And twenty-eight in line.
 It was an unpardonable sin
 To leave ONE cow behind,
 That's why I called this little song -
 -28 in line.
 If - I'd eat THAT before breakfast
 NOW - God knows I'd ask for pity,
 What used to be a 'belly-full'
 Is now - h-y-p-e-r-a-c-i-d-i-t-y.

BY H.H. DEWEY

Unpredictable Weather

Winter weather is not predictable.
 That's certainly not contradictable!
 Weather man said, "Cold and clear."
 This morning another snow storm's here;
 Wind blowing from the north west,
 Driving snow that's doing its best
 To lay up drifts hip high;
 Making work for shovelers by and by.
 But look! In the sky, patches of blue;
 Seen the swirling snowflakes through.
 This in January -- an April day!
 What a joke -- weather at play.
 There's no possible way of knowing
 How much more it will be snowing!
 Winter and summer, weather's fickle
 Makes it altogether unpredictable.

Abigail Cole
 Jan. 27, 1971

The Nicholville Hills

The Nicholville hills still there?
 I must see the changes, I declare;
 Perhaps with a look I'll no longer rue it.
 I'll take a leisurely walk and view it.

St. Regis river is that little stream?
 I see its past -- as in a dream:
 The gristmill and store;
 Telephone office and more;
 Home of Knowlton and Bandy;
 The blacksmith shop so handy.

But, the bridge is gone!
 The iron bridge that to me seemed long.
 What a gay, innocent fool --
 A little girl, walking home from school.
 It didn't occur to me
 That I would ever see
 The place where now I stand --
 Out between land and land --
 Above the ripples and rills;
 Above the Nicholville hills.
 Oh, the hills are still there;
 And there's a green village square
 Where stood Olmstead's store.

I'll not wait to see more.
 Cherishing the past with the new,
 Whatever others may do,
 I'll love my Nicholville hills!
 Abigail S. Cole
 Sept. 24, 1970

Only a Slender Wire

When hung from pole to pole
 It brought people closer, soul to soul;
 Jim's spouse could talk to John's spouse
 Without having to go from house to house.
 -- ONLY A SLENDER WIRE --
 On a cold night I heard it hum.
 Did it know what was to come?
 Always ready -- early and late --
 Conducting business from state to state.
 -- ONLY A SLENDER WIRE --
 That wire was a forerunner, Sister,
 Of an age with the transistor;
 When many wires as one would go --
 Some up high -- some down below.

When Mr. Bell invented the phone,
 In that slender wire's humming tone,
 Was there some mystery bound --
 Some strange magic not yet found?

Now -- wire gone -- in empty space
 Sounds travel from place to place;
 On T.V. we hear -- and see!
 How can we guess what is to be?
 Abigail Cole

North Country Panthers

BY JACK BROWN
MALLORYTOWN

Maps of St. Lawrence County show Catamount Mountain south of Stark, Catamount Pond near Childwold, Panther Pond east of Cranberry Lake, and Cat Mountain to the southwest. The names remind us that in years gone by, our northern forest was the home of the big cat.

His name was *Felis concolor*. Some called him the terror of the woods -- powerful, savage, ruthless. He roamed the wilderness and stalked his prey with cold cunning. But now he lives only in the stories that oldtimers tell, and in the writings of northcountry historians.

Early in the history of Ogdensburg, the settlers got water at Cold Spring about a quarter of a mile above the barracks, near the west bank of the Oswegatchie River. One summer afternoon two French women went for water, intending to pick berries as well. One of them took her baby, wrapped up in Indian style. When they arrived at the spring, she laid her baby in a comfortable spot in the shade, and it was soon fast asleep. The women had nearly filled their baskets when they heard the child screech suddenly. They ran to the spot just in time to see the baby in the mouth of a panther trotting along an Indian path toward Black Lake. The mother screamed and both women chased the animal. But the panther continued along the path toward a swamp. A man from the barracks, hunting nearby, heard the cries of the women and hurried to help. His dog overtook the panther and it leaped upon the leaning trunk of a lowbranched elm. Then it walked out on a projecting limb about fifteen feet above the ground. When the hunter arrived, the panther was holding the child by its clothes. The mother was standing nearby, wringing her hands in agony as she heard the moans of her baby. The man took in the situation at a glance, brought his gun to bear on the panther and fired. At the crack of the gun the child dropped on the limb and rolled from one branch to another till it reached the ground. The panther leaped to the ground and started for the swamp. The mother cried out "Mon enfant tue" and fainted. Her companion rushed to the baby and found that except for a few scratches made by the panther's teeth, and dust in its eyes, it was all right. She put the child in the mother's arms. When she regained consciousness, she was overjoyed to find her baby safe and sound. The panther made a few leaps down the bank but it was overtaken by the dog. There was no struggle. The bullet had done its work.



In the summer of 1815 John Raymond met a panther in the middle of Elm Street in Potsdam. He was going for his brother's cow in the dusk of a Sunday evening when he saw an animal sitting on its haunches in front of him. At first he thought it was a dog. But when he got close, it leaped over a ditch to the side of the road, and Raymond saw it was a panther. A dead one had been brought to the village only a few days before. The next moment the animal leaped back into the road and stood watching the young man. While Raymond stood his ground considering what to do, the panther again leaped over the ditch and crept behind a stump, his fierce eyes peering out on one side and his tail swishing angrily on the other. The lad hurried to the nearest house and brought back a man with a gun. However, the panther had fled. The animal was blamed for killing several sheep in the area, so a general hunt was organized. Farmers and villagers from Potsdam, Parishville and Stockholm turned out, enclosed a circle twenty miles around, and gradually worked toward the centre. Although many deer and two bears were killed, the panther was not among their trophies.



Cover painting from New York State Conversationist, 1964

DEPEYSTER, TOO

About 1820 Senator Parker's father was deer hunting with a friend in DePeyster. They saw a large panther leave a cavity formed by roots of an overturned tree. Inside, they discovered two young panthers about the size of housecats. They took them to the village where great excitement prevailed, for even at that early day panthers were rarely seen. A general hunt was organized and the mother panther was found in the top of a tree where she had sought shelter. A discussion followed as to who should shoot the animal, and the honour fell to Mansfield Bristol who was considered the best marksman. The first shot wounded the animal and it was necessary to fire a second time. The panther measured nine feet six inches from its nose to the tip of its tail.



Seventeen year old William Washburn, son of Rufus Washburn of Macomb, was hunting with his dog and gun late in the fall of the year. In the light snow that lay over the ground, he discovered a set of tracks and followed them to a cave among the rocks along the eastern shore of Black Lake. He tried to send his dog into the cave but it wouldn't go. Then he crept in some distance himself, with gun in hand. Soon he became aware of two globes of fire-



From Lydekker: Library of Natural History, Vol. 1 (1904)



North Country

like brilliancy which gleamed full upon him. He paused, aimed between the eyes and fired. His dog rushed past him to attack. Washburn retreated, and was soon followed by the dog. Hearing no signs of life from within the cave, he again ventured into the den and listened for a time. Then he moved closer and groping in the dark, laid his hand upon the limp paw of an animal evidently dead. With much difficulty he dragged it out into the light and found it was a panther nine feet four inches in length. Many felt this was the mate of the panther killed by Mr. Bristol the previous summer.

PITCAIRN FORKS

James Streeter, an early settler in Pitcairn, was hunting deer in February of 1825. He and his companions had camped near Big Creek not far from Pitcairn Forks. The snow was about three feet deep. On Portaferry Creek he found footprints of panthers, and closer examination showed there were five of them. He followed the tracks across the ice to a place where the animals had pawed away the snow to nest in the leaves. A few rods beyond this, his dog treed a large male panther and he killed it with a single shot. A few yards further on, a young panther was treed and two shots dispatched him. Soon afterward another young panther was chased up a spruce tree and killed with a single shot.

Darkness was falling so Streeter cut off their heads and returned to the camp with his trophies. Next morning he and a companion killed the female panther. A large male was treed later on. He showed much venom, kept his eyes fixed on the hunters, gnashed his teeth and growled. He ran up and down the branches as if to attack them, then sat down and purred like a cat. But when he was wounded he became enraged again. It took several shots before he was brought to the ground. Since the bounty on each panther scalp was \$25, Streeter was delighted with his hunting expedition.

JEFFERSON AND LEWIS TALES

Jefferson County had its panthers, too. One day in 1819 when Jairus Rich was tending his trapline near Redwood, he saw a panther spring up and run with a trap on its leg. He fired but missed, and the animal escaped to a thicket. Rich returned to a nearby house, borrowed a dog, and came back again. He saw the head of a panther emerge from the bushes about five rods away, so he fired and killed it instantly. But then he saw it was not the one in the trap. A heavy shower of rain made it difficult to reload his gun, but at length he was successful. Meanwhile, the dog engaged the other panther. Rich fired and wounded the animal. Then he found that he could not reload. He threw the gun down, seized his hatchet and sprang upon the animal. A fearful struggle ensued. The panther got one of the man's hands in his mouth and the hatchet slipped from his grasp. But with the other hand he drew his pocketknife, opened it with his teeth, and cut the animal's throat. The hunter was so badly mauled he had to crawl to the nearest house. After many weeks he recovered but he carried the scars with him to the grave.

Panthers were known in the northern part of Lewis County as well. In the summer of 1839 the Lowville Journal wrote: "Last Saturday forenoon, J. Ranney and wife, who live about 9 miles east of this village in the town of Watson, left home on business, leaving their house in charge of their oldest child, a girl about 12 years of age. Near noon the girl heard the infant, aged 14 months, which had been laid while asleep on a bed in an adjoining bedroom, utter a horrid screech, upon which she immediately ran to its relief, and imagine her feelings upon opening the door to see a panther with the babe in its mouth leaping for an open window immediately over the bed! But she, like a true heroine, sprang upon the bed and then out of the window, screaming at the height of her voice, and upon being joined



Panthers Continued

by the other children about the house, pursued the panther at her utmost speed. They followed it about 40 rods to a pair of bars which separated the clearing from the forest, at which place the girl states that she approached to within 15 or 20 feet of the panther, when it relinquished its hold of the child, leaped the bars and made its way into the woods. The infant was picked up, much strangled from its rapid movement through the grass and sand, which had filled its mouth and eyes, but soon recovered and is now well, save a few scratches about the body, which have the appearance of having been made by the panther's teeth. These marks are very plain, and there are several blood blisters raised, where the teeth in slipping came in contact. The girl states that the panther dropped the child once before arriving at the fence, and it is supposed the giving way of the clothes was the cause, as they were much torn. We have the above particulars from unquestionable authority and the probability of the story will not be questioned when it is known that the immense forest east of the river is inhabited by the panther, and at this season of the year they frequently are the personification of famine itself, which fact accounts for its approaching the dwelling, the tardiness of its movements, and its inability to leap the bars with its prey in its mouth, as we understand it made two ineffectual efforts before giving it up. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the brave girl who thus saved the life of the child." Earlier the same summer the Watertown newspaper told of a panther that devoured a child in Lewis County.

How accurate these stories are there is little way of knowing today, but when they were collected by Hough, Everts and Curtis they were apparently considered reliable. Perhaps they help explain why panthers were so viciously persecuted by the early settlers. Pierrepont, for example, offered a \$5 bounty in 1822. Russell, Stockholm and DeKalb paid bounties for years. In Parishville, a \$5 bounty was offered in 1814, and by 1820 it was raised to \$15. You had to show the head with skin and ears intact in order to collect. Hopkinton paid various amounts -- \$10 in 1818,

\$20 in 1819, \$15 in 1821, with half bounty for young. Thomas Meacham kept a record of the game he killed and claimed to have 77 panthers to his credit. Moses Leonard of Pierrepont reported having killed 45 panthers, five of them in one day. Bounties continued to be paid in surrounding counties for some time, the last one about 1895.

But does the panther really deserve the reputation attributed to him? In 1842 when James DeKay wrote his *Natural History of New York*, he said "I have never yet met with a well authenticated account of their having attacked a man. In this I am sustained by the testimony of every hunter I have conversed with; they represent them as uniformly cowardly, and retreating as quickly as possible from the face of man. Professor Emmons states that most of the tales relating to its depredations are fictitious; and that in the part of St. Lawrence County where they are most numerous, no instance is known of their having destroyed a single individual, man or child. I was told by a hunter, that on one occasion, he met with a female panther and her two cubs. They were quite helpless, and he took them up in his arms, the mother following at some distance, and stopping whenever he stopped, without venturing to attack him. In this way she followed him for two or three miles, when, as he approached a settlement, she finally disappeared. They have been known, however, to approach the shanty of the hunter, attracted no doubt by the fire or the smell of victuals; but the smallest movement on the part of the hunter would be the signal for their disappearance." There is, however, unquestionable evidence that panthers have attacked humans in other parts of North America. As recently as December 1970 one mauled a construction worker in British Columbia.

The years have taken their toll. At any rate, *Felis concolor* is with us no more. The Forest, Fish and Game Commission reported in 1905 that the panther was "only recently extinct in the state." Yet as long as the oldtimer spins his yarns, and as long as the wilderness camper feels an icy chill when a soft footfall circles his evening fire, the panther lives in spirit at least. . .

highway of history

THROUGH THE ADIRONDACKS

By Leslie N. Rist

in Seven Days

"I know not what the truth may be:
I say the tale as t'was said to me."

The obituary of Harry Smith, who died January 10, 1869, aged 87 years and 6 months, gives his early life as follows:

HARRY SMITH

Harry Smith was born in Bethlem, (sic) Conn., July 11th, 1781. He was the oldest of eight children, 6 boys and 2 girls. He had the advantages of good schools until he was twelve years of age. At that time the Government of Canada gave 200 acres of land to actual settlers. His father moved to the King's Dominion with his family in 1793. At Kingston they were met by the Canadian Governor, who heartily greeted them, and placed the boys in a row according to their respective ages, put his hands on their heads and exclaimed, "They will make six fine soldiers for the King!"

They settled in Leeds, in what is now Ontario. The inhabitants were mostly Indians, and there he learned many of their customs. In 1804, he and his brother, Nathaniel, came through the woods with an oxteam, cutting their own road to DeKalb, where they made a camp and began to clear land given to them by their uncle, Judge Smith of Conn., located near what is now known as East DeKalb. After working alone some time, they were surprised one morning by seeing two men, Smith and Austin, coming to their camp. They had stayed in the woods all night, having lost their way, and hearing the sound of the oxbell, followed it."

Smith and Austin were but the advance scouts of a party, whose journey through the Adirondack wilderness has been excellently related by the noted historian, Dr. Franklin B. Hough, in his History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties:

"In the summer of 1805, Dr. Richard Townsend, of Hartford, Washington Co., having procured of Gouverneur Morris of New York, an agency for the sale and settling of his lands in Cambray, started with several men, his neighbors, to visit the tract, and make arrangements for beginning a settlement. The party consisted of Richard Townsend, Isaac Austin, Willard Smith, Pardon Babcock, Ambi (sic) Higby, John Alden and Morris Mead, the latter a surveyor. They proceeded to the head of Lake George, and thence with map and compass, and with three days' provisions, they struck into the woods on a course which they supposed would bring them to their destination. Several incidents of interest happened to the pioneers on their journey. On one occasion after having caught some fish in the morning, found that their dogs (two fine mastiffs) by their barking and manner indicated they were being followed by some wild animal. On the approach of night, they built a row of fires, within which they camped, having placed their fish in the branches of a tree much elevated above the ground. In the morning these were gone, and the tracks around the roots indicated that they had been followed by one or more large panthers.

"They were seven days on the route, suffering toward the last from want of provisions, and first came into the clearings of the Smith settlement in DeKalb. The sound of a bell attached to an ox first indicated their approach to clearings, and by following this they were led into the settlement where several men were chopping. One of the party hailed the owners of the cattle with a complaint that they had broken into and injured his cornfield, for which he demanded compensation.

"The surprise of the settlers was unbounded, upon seeing a company of men emerge from the depths of the

forest, and they could scarcely credit the story that they had traversed the wilderness from Lake George, with no guide but their compass, and an outfit of only three days provisions."

There can be little doubt, but that the course of this party in general followed the route of the future Canton to Chester Road. (See "Canton to Chester Road," in the Quarterly of January 1968.)

The privations of these pioneers on their journey might not have been as serious as formerly believed, for it is now known that there were roads constructed by 1805 to the hamlet of Domenick, (now Minerva) 30 miles northwest of the head of Lake George, and this would have been the most logical for the party to have travelled. In Domenick, too, they might have stopped for rest and refreshment at the homes of Ebenezer West, and his sons, Ebenezer II, Nathan, John and William, all former residents of Hartford.

We continue with Dr. Hough's version of the journey of the seven pioneers.

"The party thence proceeded on to Gouverneur, arriving just below the present village, and after a short stop most of them proceeded down and crossing near the present Kearney bridge, returned by way of the Black river country to their homes, having been absent about three weeks. Townsend, Austin, Smith, and others visited the town again in the late fall, proceeding on horseback by the Black river road as far as Boon's Upper settlement, where they were obliged to leave their horses from the badness of the roads. Arriving by the route of the state road to Lee's tavern, three miles north of Antwerp, they proceeded thence to their destination on the Oswegatchie, where its placid course was broken by a small cascade, and its channel divided by two beautiful green islands in the present village of Gouverneur. Here they constructed a float of logs, and crossed, arriving at their destination about the middle of October. A surveyor (Col. Edsall, of Madrid) was procured, and several farms surveyed, and slight beginnings made, when the party returned home by the route they came."

In February of 1806, Isaac Austin, Willard Smith, Pardon Babcock and Eleazur Nichols, with their families, commenced a trek thro' the winter's snows to the future Gouverneur. Each family, 'tis said, had a pair of oxen to draw their sleigh, and seven other cattle accompanied them. Arriving at Antwerp, the families stayed at the one-room log cabin inn of Jershom Mattoon, while the men went forward to erect a shanty, and provide other accommodations.

A temporary shelter having been erected, the four families took possession, and soon erected other temporary buildings, which furnished a common shelter for several weeks, until the several families had provided for themselves separate log cabins.

Dr. Townsend and others came in to settle in 1806; and crops were sown and harvested. Then, says an old tradition, Willard Smith killed a large bear and was so pleased that he concluded to invite his friends and neighbors to a dinner party. On the appointed day, Mr. Smith carved a choice portion of juicy bear meat, and then roasted it in a large kettle, together with vegetables provided by the others. When all was in readiness, they sat down to a real feast, and somewhat reminiscent of the first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims.

(Continued on Page 8)

early history of

FLACKVILLE CEMETERY

OR Campbell Cemetery

by Elizabeth Wallace, (8th Grade Student Contest Entry)
Lisbon Central School

The first acre of land of what is known as the "Old Ground" was donated by a VanRennsselaer, who owned this tract of land, and whose name appears on deeds in this section. The first burial in this plot was in 1825 -- that of Elizabeth Madill, daughter of Abel Madill, and an aunt of the late Dr. Grant C. Madill of Ogdensburg.

This acre of land was not surveyed into lots, but each person who wished to use a portion of it staked out what he wanted and no charge was made for it. This was called the "Campbell Cemetery," so named for John Campbell who lived on the farm adjoining on the north. In 1863 three acres of land were purchased adjoining the original acre, and a corporation was formed.

The first recorded meeting was called for April 11, 1865, to elect officers for the Flackville Cemetery. At that time the following officers were elected: President, John A. Craig; vice president, Thomas Boothroyd; Secretary and treasurer, Samuel L. Moore. It was incorporated as of that date.

In 1915 an acre was purchased from the farm on the north and a vault built, which was the first cement block building erected in the town of Lisbon. Lots in this acre designated as the second addition, and also in the first addition,

contain 300 square feet of land. In the old ground no stated number of feet were assigned as no deeds were given and no charges made.

Among those whose names appear as holding office in this corporation are Thomas M. Craig, William V. Flack, John McRoberts, Jas. McCullough, Jas. W. Bailie, Robert Hunter, Robt. Adair, John Craig, W.J. Pall, Alex. Hall, E.M. Akins, and other familiar names. B.W. Flack was secretary for many years, followed by G.S. Fuller and William Dings, who held that office from 1894 to 1921.

A few interesting epitaphs I found in this cemetery are:

Not lost dear father, but gone before

Where we shall meet, to part no more.

(tombstone of James Carmichael, who d. in August of 1872 at the age of 74.)

Another reads: Sleep loved one, thy sufferings all are o'er
Pain ne'er again can heave thy breast

Nor anguish wake thy spirit more

From its eternal quiet rest, (from the stone of Catherin wife of James Bowman, who d. in 1859.)

Another: A father and husband is gone from our land

On earth we will meet him no more

He has gone to his home in heaven

And all his afflictions are o'er. (From tombstone of William Gray, who d. Nov. 11, 1869 at the age of 70.)

Let's Not Forget - -

contributed by Millard Hundley, historian of Pierrepont

Far from their homes 'mid the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts in the dim forest of Northern New York lie two soldiers of the War of 1812 in silent repose. Let us look into this incident further . . .

At that time the military road was made between Sackets Harbor and Plattsburgh during the War of 1812, a camp ground was in use on what we here in Pierrepont call Shanty Hill.

There is a record in the town of Sheffield, Mass., of a company of two or three hundred men that marched from Plattsburgh to Sackets Harbor in 1813. They were called the 9th and 21st Berkshire Companies. The recruiting officer was Lieut. Jareb Ingersoll. It appears these men must have camped here on Shanty Hill. There was sickness among the men and two of them died of camp fever and were buried there.

Through the National Society of Daughters of 1812, one of those soldiers has been identified as Lieut. Elijah Sackett, born 1767 in Sheffield, Mass., and was one of ten children. The other soldier has not been identified although records both in Washington, D.C. and in Albany, have been searched as well as those in Sheffield. These two graves are marked only by medium-sized field stones with an improvised marker of two concrete blocks together with a bronze 1812 War marker placed between them. The bronze marker was a gift of Canton's former town historian, Edward F. Heim.

On each Memorial Day for the past several years American flags have been placed on the graves. It has been suggested to the town supervisor, the American Legion and the VFW, that a suitable marker be placed near the road, that people passing by might be informed of this historical site.

Sleep, soldiers, sleep and may the dew drops on the fallen leaves above you be as tears by grieving angels shed."



Nearly obscure graves in the woods are decorated with flags each year.

Ice Boating

By MRS. J.L. ELLSWORTH

Red Lake People Were Good at It--Sometimes They Almost Flew Like Early Aviators.

Evidently the Wright brothers were not the real pioneers of aviation. A story is told of a bird-minded individual in England, many years ago, who desiring to impress his noble master with his inventive genius, manufactured a pair of wings, and "took off" from the parapet of the baronial castle. He fell to the courtyard far below, but fortunately escaped with only a broken leg.

Then there was "Darius Green and his flying machine," and the young inventor of New Connecticut. Perhaps, like Darius he reasoned: Birds can fly, an' why can't I?" He also decided to make his wings of 'butter er suthin er other.' Accordingly they were made of wood, and fastened to a "harness" of leather worn by the would-be flyer.

When, after much patient carving and contriving, the pinions were ready, their owner put them on, ascended to the roof of the barn, and launched himself into space. He "flew through the air with the greatest of ease," but in the wrong direction, and landed on the woodpile, receiving no worse injuries than a broken leg and many bruises. A most unhappy landing!

Ice-boating was also indulged in by at least one resident of the Red Lake district. Mr. Bishop who lived near the lake, decided to go to Theresa one day in winter via Red Lake and Indian River, taking the "jumper" to bring back supplies. These home-made "jumpers" or hand-sleighs were stout

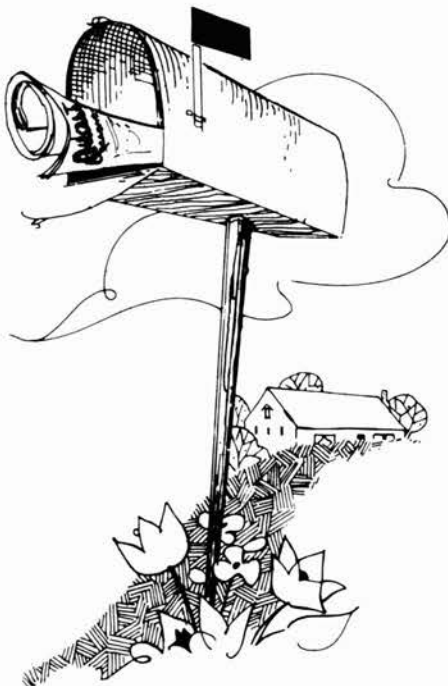
and serviceable, not easily overturned, and capable of carrying a sizable load. They were often used to haul wood out of marshy places where horses could not go. The runners were made of small ash or hickory trees, cut to the desired length, curved at the front and tapered to fit into the rave. They were not "shod" but soon wore very smooth and ran easily.

Mr. Bishop's father, "Uncle Dave" to everyone, including his own family, decided to go along, and settled himself comfortably on the sleigh. He wore a long overcoat, left unbuttoned, as usual.

The lake was solidly frozen, and the smooth ice swept clear of snow by the wind. A brisk wind was blowing in their faces as they started out, but Mr. Bishop was a good skater, and they sped over the ice at a rapid rate. About two-thirds of the way up the lake a gust of wind struck them so strong that Mr. Bishop, in his efforts to keep his footing, lost his grip on the sled-rope. Uncle Dave's open coat acted as a sail, and in a moment he was being swept back down the lake at a furious pace. The greatest danger was that he might be carried into an air-hole. He was blown back down the lake a half-mile or more before a lull in the wind slackened the speed of the sleigh.

As Mr. Bishop finally overtook the sled, he exclaimed: "Well, well, Uncle Dave! Where are you going?"

"O, I forgot something and was just going back after it," the old man replied, and added, with a chuckle: "First time I ever went sailing in winter."



In the spring of 1810 Daniel W. Church drew up a subscription paper in Ogdensburgh for the support of a newly formed band. "WHEREAS, a number of persons in this village have associated for the laudable purpose of forming a band of Marshall Musick, and have already made considerable proficiency in said undertaking, but in consequence of the remote situation cannot make it convenient to furnish themselves with all instruments necessary, particularly the bassoon and the bass drum, WE, the subscribers therefore promise to pay the sum affixed to our respective names, for the purpose of purchasing one or more bassoons, the bass drum, providing said associates pledge themselves for the safekeeping of said instruments and to return them to us upon the dissolution or removal of said society from the village. And to give us the preference on all publick days where musick is required.

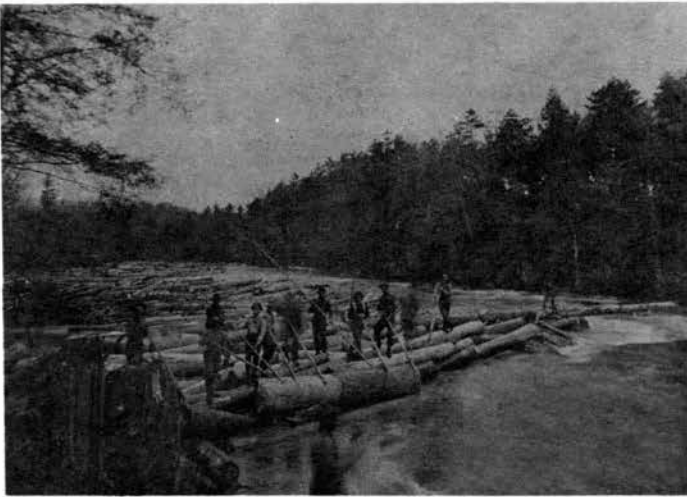
Ogdensburgh, May 28, 1810

Total subscribed \$33.50
(names listed)



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

SPRING



Near the farm of Spencer B. Ward. The head of the Drive at the Mouth of Mikes Creek, April 1895. (Photos courtesy of Lester Ward)

We're having a Siberian spring on the back of a Siberian winter. Elisha Risdon's diary, Apr. 24, 1836.



The bridge at Oswegatchie, New York in late spring, 1890's.



Breaking a log jam on the Oswegatchie River, Apr. 23, 1897.

THROUGH THE ADIRONDACKS

(Continued from Page 14)

The lives of four of the 1805 Adirondack explorers, Dr. Townsend and Messrs. Austin, Smith and Babcock are well recorded in the several histories of Gouverneur.

As for Ambi Higby, he was probably the same as the Lieut. Amby Higby, who lived near Hartford village on the east road, and who operated a tannery, which was later used as a cooperage. Dying in 1807, aged 36, he is said to have been interred in the old Hartford Baptist Church cemetery.

No further information has been discovered on the life of John Alden.

A Morris Mead was living in Kingsbury, Washington County, N. Y. in 1810.

The names of others who went from Hartford to Gouverneur in 1806, and later, are to be found in the histories of those towns.



For further information see: "Harry Smith", Pioneer Scrapbook, St. Lawrence County History Center, Canton, N.Y.

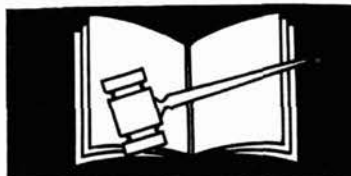
"Minerva, 1817-1967, A history of a town in Essex Co., N.Y."

"Bear Meat a Staple Food of Gouverneur Pioneers" by Ernest G. Cook, Postcard Album Scrapbook, Vol. 1, Ogdensburg Public Library, Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Brayton, Isabella and Norton, John B., "The Story of Hartford," 1929.

Miller, Samuel D., "History of Hartford," 1896.

Dr. Hough's "History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties" reprint is still being sold at the History Center, or the House of History in Malone. Mailing, etc. is included in cost of \$15.00 and a copy of the name index will be sent to purchasers later this year, as an added bonus. Write Box 8, Canton, N.Y. 13617.

PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE

We appreciate contributions to our archives by our members. The giving is good for us, and good for you. And many an interesting tale is wrapped up in these objects and documents of historical relevance.

There's a story, for example, in the photo of the Rodee, Bill and Company plant reproduced in this issue. Roy Vilas of Canton brought the photo in to us. The story concerns the company and him. And also a large section of the North Country from 1900 to 1929.

The Rodee, Bill building was in downtown Ogdensburg across the Oswegatchie River. There, a trolley car line ran to the New York Central buildings.

The business of the company was grinding flour. Wheat would come in boatloads from ports like Duluth. At the River Street docks on the Oswegatchie, wheat would be lifted up from the boats. From then on, the story of grain cargoes from the great middle western wheat fields was one of "flour power" for the North Country.

Roy Vilas saw to it that the flour reached dining tables of the area in the form of bread. He had graduated from St. Lawrence in 1913. The next year he went to work for Bill, Bell and Company, successor to Rodee, Bill and Company. From then until 1929 he traveled monthly from Watertown to Lake Champlain, calling at every store to sell flour.

Roy has many tales and anecdotes to tell from those days. He also has many friends throughout the entire area whose memories reach back with affection to those days and to him.

There is space here for one important item of history suggested by the picture. The Company maintained a cooper shop for the woods trade. The barrels turned out by three men would be used for shipping flour, in carload lots of two hundred barrels to the Emporium Forestry Company. The barrels would be shipped to Moira, Tupper Lake Junction.

(Continued on Page 19)



tion and Childwold, and by the Grass River Railroad to Conifer and Cranberry Lake. From here jobbers with bobsleds would transport the flour to woods camps.

Oh yes, two other items should be thrown in to satisfy the possible curiosity of readers. For such workers as appear in Roy's picture, seven dollars was a good weekly wage. The sad conclusion of the whole story is that Bill, Bell and Company folded soon after 1929, and the building was torn down. No longer was bread made in most homes in the area.

Roy himself, with typical Vilas versatility, took off for New York to join his brother, Homer, in the bond and brokerage business. For years Roy was a trader in the thick of Wall Street's stock market, and proved just as expert there as he had been selling flour to the general store keepers in the North Country.

* * * *

It is with a large sense of regret, yet with appreciation for years of dedication, that we announce the retirement of Mrs. Mildred Fleetham of Depeyster as our Financial Secretary. She has volunteered to serve as our Membership Secretary. She has served faithfully as Finance-Membership Secretary from 1963 to the present.

With our increase in membership, the system had to be changed and mailings and records in several locations became burdensome and confusing to all. All membership records are at the History Center now, mail comes to Box 8 and we appreciate prompt renewals. Thanks Mildred!

Edmund J. Blankman

ORDEAL IN THE SNOW

(Continued from Page 5)

As they were breaking camp on the eighth morning, the father asked, "Well, boy, do you feel like a long walk today?"

"Never felt more like it, Pa. Why?"

"If the storm holds off we may be able to make Hoard's place by dark. Then we can go on up to the cabin tomorrow."

Hour after hour the steady crunch of snowshoes was the only sound. The sky was overcast, but the wind was not blowing. Toward noon, they met a couple of trappers, eastward bound. Both parties, fearing a storm, were anxious to keep going, but they stopped long enough to exchange news and to rest. The trappers added several pieces of frozen venison to the meager larder of the Leonards and were glad to receive a couple of pounds of corn meal.

"Got any salt?" one of the trappers asked.

"Pounds of it," replied Leonard Sr., as he turned to untie a sack on the sled.

"We had a few spoonfuls and a couple of pounds of meal; gave 'em to a woman and a couple of kids whom we found a-starvin' in a cabin over southwest of Hoard's place."

Both Leonards sprang to their feet. The trapper continued, "They'd been 'specting Hoard to send in provisions ever since November. Didn't dare to venture down to his place, not knowing the woods. What they seemed to want most was salt for a few fish the boy had caught through a hole in the ice." Before the sentence was finished the Leonards were adjusting the rope harnesses with which they pulled the sleds.

It was dark when they arrived at the trading post. Hoard explained, "Oh, the salt didn't come through and I didn't want to pack in the other stuff without it. Better not attempt to make the cabin tonight," he added, as he observed the intentions of the two, "It's growing cold fast. We're going to get a storm." But the two sleds disappeared into the darkness, headed toward the southwest.

They covered several miles. The cold was steadily



Bill, Bell and Co. Mills from the River. From Ogdensburg Illustrated, 1909.

increasing as was also the wind. With the wind came the snow.

"Keep up your courage, lad," said the father.

"Never had more," replied the boy.

"But," he added five minutes later, "I am awfully tired, Pa, and awfully cold too."

For another quarter of an hour they plodded on. "Gee, but this sled pulls hard, Pa; let's rest a minute."

"Not until we reach the cabin; it's too cold."

The boy made an effort to advance but settled down on a rock. "Oh, let me rest, Pa, just a minute; I'm so tired, and sleepy too." That the lad was not going to be able to drag his sled as far as the cabin was now apparent. Quickly the father detached the ropes from the boy's shoulders, transferring a few provisions to the sled in which the twins were riding.

"Go ahead, Daniel; we'll leave your sled. I'll drag the other with the girls."

Again they were on their way, but the boy was stumbling. "Why didn't I think to leave the other sled at Hoard's place?" the elder Leonard was saying over and over to himself. "Why did I let the boy pull it another yard?"

Young Daniel tripped over a projecting root and fell in the snow. He tried to arise, but fell again. Then the awful truth dawned on the father. The lad was freezing. The father pulled him to his feet; he shook him.

"Oh, yes, Pa, I know, I got to go; Ma and the children ain't got nothin' to eat."

For perhaps ten minutes the boy dragged himself through the snow, then fell again. A second time the father pulled him to his feet and shook him. Again he stumbled; again he fell.

The father was nearing the end of his own strength. Gradually he realized that he could not get both the boy and the twins through the storm to the cabin. He faced a terrible alternative. He must leave one or the other in the snow. Not the twins, no never. But Daniel, Daniel Junior?

For seventeen glorious years the father had been happy with Daniel Junior. Every month of those years had been more happy than the preceding one. This happiness had not been dimmed, even by the difference over the boy's desire to preach. During the last few months, as the boy had so enthusiastically begun to assume heavier responsibilities, the father's joy seemed complete. But now he must go on -- go on and leave the lad there freezing in the snow.

He had long been a man of prayer, and now in the storm he reached out as men do when all human help fails. His prayer was short and to the point. "Merciful Father, forgive me and help me. Help me and I will help the lad to prepare for Your ministry." But while he was a man of prayer, he was never one to profane prayer by making it a sub-

(Continued on Page 20)

ORDEAL IN THE SNOW (Continued from Page 19)

stitute, either for thought or for action. As he prayed, he thought. Perhaps one way in which the Divine Being answers prayer is to give us ideas, and even as the father's lips moved, his breast heaved and his jaw shut in a grim new determination.

He stepped to the sled in which the little girls were snug and warm in their furs. He reached down into the box and from the side drew out the great ox whip. The boy was trying to raise himself from the snow.

"Oh, no, Pa, nol I'll go."

For perhaps a hundred yards, the boy dragged himself through the snow, then fell again.

"Great God, give me strength."

Above the roar of the storm there resounded one clear "crack."

"No, no, Pa, don't, please."

Again the boy stumbled on, again he fell. As he hit the snow there was another resounding crack.

For a terrible hour the boy staggered and reeled through the storm before the crack of that awful ox whip. Then he stumbled into the stump of a great pine tree and fell again.

"The big stump, boy; it's the big stump. We are at the cabin." But the boy refused to respond further. He lay quiet in the snow. Faintly outlined through the storm, the father saw a bark roof.

"Mother, oh Mother, quick," he screamed.

A heavy door opened. In the doorway, silhouetted against

a faint glow from the embers of the fire, was seen the form of a woman. A moment later, barefoot and in her night clothing, she was plunging through the snow and the storm.

"The boy, Mother, get the boy. The twins are all right; get the boy."

Another moment and she was dragging the unconscious form of the six-foot lad through the snow toward the cabin.

One afternoon the following August, father and son were resting in the lee of an overhanging boulder as they waited out a sudden thunder shower.

"We must get the floor of the cabin finished by the end of the month," said the father.

"Why so early, Pa?"

"It takes two of us and you know I'll be alone after you go away to seminary in the fall."

"Oh, Pa!"

~~~~~
Editor's Note: The boy in the incident on which this story is based went, with his father's help, to Stanstead Wesleyan Seminary in the Province of Quebec. He returned to northern New York and spent over forty years establishing and assisting churches in the slowly developing North Country. Except for Mr. Bartlett's modesty in using "Leonard" family for "Bartlett" family names, other incidents, characters and places are true.



And those whose sounding axes gleam
Beside the lonely forest-stream,
Till its broad banks lie bare.—Bryant.

TOURS and PROGRAMS

Watch July Quarterly and newspapers for more details, but mark your calendars now:

June

June 19 Placing of plaque on historic Chamberlains
11 a.m. Corners Bridge on Madrid-Waddington Line.
Noon Picnic lunch - bring your own.
2 p.m. All are invited to former home of the late Doris Planty (on River Road between Morristown and Jacques Cartier Park) for opening of exhibit by Lorraine Bogardus, niece of Doris.

July

July 17 - BIRDS - Real and Decoy
11 a.m.-3 p.m. Curator Robert Wakefield will brief us on activities and trails of minna Anthony Common Nature Center. Remember bridge toll to Wellesley Island is our expense.
Picnic lunch on the grounds. Movies or trail watching birds, rain or shine. Take in Decoy Show at Thousand Islands Museum in Clayton afterward, or next day. Lots of North Country carvers in exhibit.

August

Aug. 1 Sunday. Old Home Day Church services and lunch at noon in Richville. Just come. Open House at our Richville building in afternoon.
Aug. 7 - Attend Maxville (Ont) games if you have not recently.
Aug. 8-14 Gouverneur and St. Lawrence Co. Fairs.

September

Sesquicentennial of Morristown, attend Firemen's Field Day at Brier Hill.
Sept. 10-11 Hammond, FFA and 4H Fair
Sept. 11 or 18 Return match - Trip planned to Upper Canada Village. Watch for details in July Quarterly.

October

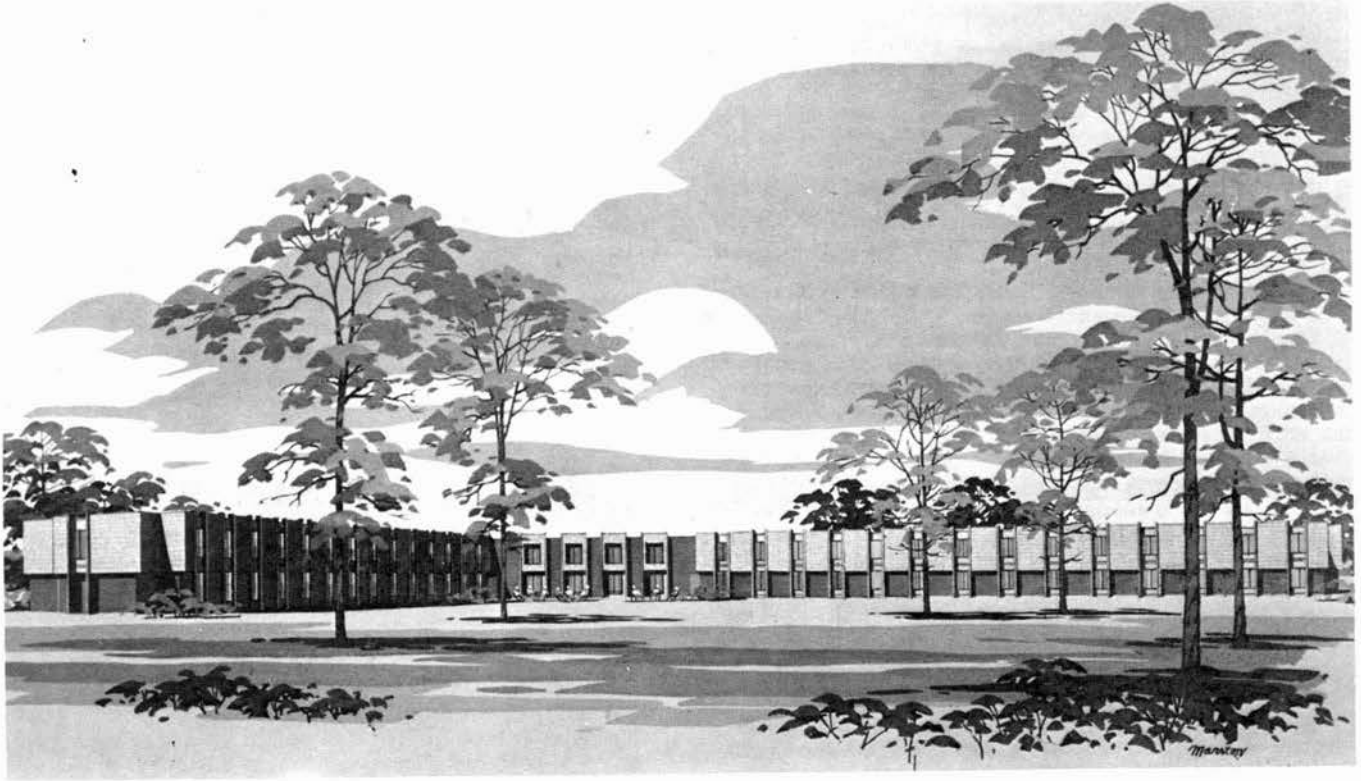
Annual Meeting
Oct. 16 in Rensselaer Falls. Luncheon and Program. Van Rensselaer exhibits. (Welcome any items for display.)
Note: We've never visited Edwards, Russell, Piercefield, Conifer, Pitcairn or Cranberry Lake. Invitations anticipated (!) for future tours, and ideas welcome.

UNITED HELPERS (Continued from Page 4)

Country friends of over \$163,000. Bequests are a source of income and presently the endowment fund has over \$500,000. When a bequest is not specified as to purpose, 10 per cent is put into the endowment fund and the rest to general use.

P.S. Revealed because of an inquiry recently is the story

of a family of six brought to United Helpers in 1920. The three boys and three girls ranged from one to thirteen. Two of the girls were adopted, the three boys were adopted through the Children's Aid Society by families in Nebraska. Many of the children found homes in the Midwest after travel to New York and west by train under Children's Aid sponsorship. M.H.B.



Architects rendering of the New United Helpers Home and Nursing Home on Riverside Drive, overlooking the St. Lawrence.

Recalling



Our members write

To the Editor:

"The Trout Lake Story" by Leah M. Noble, reminds me of the summer of 1927 when I took two friends up to visit Elsie Evans in her cottage on Trout Lake.

One day she took us out in her row boat to watch the beavers at work on their dam. We saw the work, but those little rascals all kept out of sight.

I noted a very small island. It had a smooth rim and in the center such a pleasing formation of small trees and bushes that I said,

"It looks like a woman's hat, floating there on the water."

"I'm going to name that island for you," exclaimed Elsie. Back in New York I heard her tell other friends of the naming of Abigail Island.

Another article in this January issue that brings back memories is "Communications in Nicholville" by Anna M. Cole.

I think it was in the winter of 1900-1901 that Papa had pneumonia. As I remember it, Grandma Gibson was still living and she died Oct. 23, 1901. I vaguely remember the anxious weeks of Papa's illness. In the spring, when it was time for spring work to be taken care of, Mamma, Papa and I were at our mid-day meal when Papa's head dropped and he slumped in his chair there at the table.

Mamma said, "Run to the post office and call the doctor."

Frightened beyond words, I ran as fast as I could go, all that long mile, then down and up the Nicholville Hills. At the post office, I wasted no words, or waited for Mr. Fortune to ease himself slowly up out of his chair, as he did when I went for mail on my way home from school. I had seen a man use that telephone.

I went right over, stood as high as I could on tiptoes, reached up my left hand and brought that cup down to my ear; reached up with my right hand and turned that handle.

"Doctor Flood--Come quick.--Papa's dying."

"Yes, little girl," came Doctor Flood's familiar voice right in my ear. "But who are you?"

Uncle George Gibson didn't want me racing those Nicholville Hills when Mamma needed help. Being a business man he knew how to get things done. Milton Therette lived on the farm next up the road from us. He wanted the phone and was willing to put in his share to pay for it.

On the opposite side of the road from our house, holes were dug and tall poles set. A slender wire was strung from pole to pole. A wire went from the pole over to our house. On our living wall was fastened one of those boxes just like the one in the post office. I remember the thrill of such a marvelous thing happening.

Under the phone was a small chair. It was used when tending the fire in the living room stove, and when popping corn, so it was allowed to remain there.

We had a grey cat. Greykins was a very intelligent cat, and she just knew she was an important member of our family. When the phone rang, or if Mamma or I went and turned the crank and started talking, Greykins would hop up in that chair. Put her feet up on the back of it and stretch her head up just as high as could, and add her voice in cat language to the conversation. The party on the other end of the wire would hear her. It got to be quite a joke.

The wire from the pole came down the outside of the house right at the head of my bed. On many a cold night I have lain there and listened to that slender wire singing out there in the still darkness.

My thank you to my childhood friend for bringing up this memory;...I look forward eagerly to each issue of The Quarterly.

Fondly
Abigail Cole

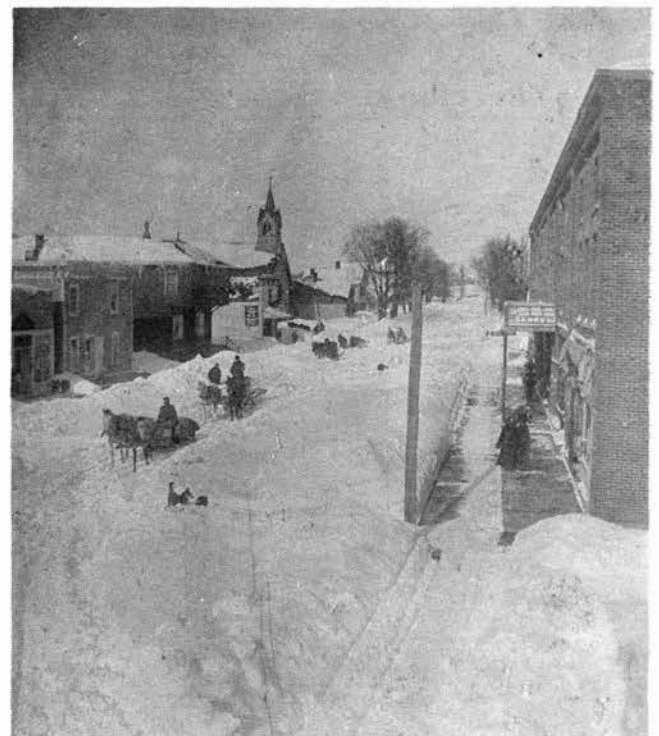
My subscription expires . . . so I am sending my check in advance for renewal. Having loaned some copies to friends, I am sure you will receive some new subscriptions. Everyone agrees that the Quarterlies are a remarkable contribution to recorded history of the North Country. We thoroughly enjoy them and look forward to each issue. Clara M. McLean (Mrs. D.R.) Canastota, N.Y.

. . . Incidentally, I've intended to join for some time, and I think now is the time!

. . . I knew F. Howard Markham. He was our druggist, a surly man who always wore velvet bedroom slippers and never smiled. When my mother started to turn gray she always sent me to Markhams to get "Walnutta Hair Stain" to cover her gray hairs. Mr. Markham always said to me jokingly, "Don't you use that, girl!" He had a very lovely home on the Morristown Road and went back and forth in a buckboard and horse. I am sending you some pages of my dad's old ledger that I brought home after he died . . . I am so tickled with the Quarterly. I will be 80 in April and still love my old home Ogdensburg and St. Lawrence County doings. Best wishes, Laura A. Waters, Madison, N.J.

. . . The article about pearls in clams intrigues me. I have done quite a lot of canoeing on the Grass, Oswegatchie and Racquette rivers so I know most of the areas quite well. I never thought I might be passing over a pearl-laden clam! Jack Brown, Mallorytown, Ontario.

Orders have already come in from the coupon about "Water Over the Dam" and I am enclosing check for membership. I hope to be able to go on one or more of the tours if possible. Come and see us sometime at Mountain View. Sincerely, Floy S. Hyde.



Main Street in Edwards after a snowstorm in March 1900. (History Center Archives)

researchers

A project of local historians this year requires stories and pictures of colorful supervisors in their towns--the 'characters' included. If you have photos, tin-types, daguerreotypes, etc. to loan, get in touch with your historian who needs them--along with anecdotes, stories, facts.

INFORMATION about military or militia units of 1800-1850, including weapons, uniforms, banners, training life and equipment in the county, needed by county historian. Drop note to History center if you know about these.

Has anyone any novels by William Starbuck Mayo of Ogdensburg? a native son, he practiced medicine in New York City in later life.

Thanks to volunteers who clipped and filed obituaries, and to the members of the Retired Teachers of Canton who have filed at the History Center each week.

Wanted: Did you save that colored placard placed on your house as a child by the Health officer? Yellow, white, blue or red? Scarlet fever, typhoid, diphtheria, smallpox -- each had a distinctive color. Needed for display. Beg, borrow or receive as a gift at History Center.

Needed for exhibit: a teacher's pitchpipe, a kazoo (or sweet potato)

I have a book of poems by Mary Fackrell (asked for last issue) and will be glad to let you borrow it.

J. Louise Murphy,
Waddington

A number of early Quarterlies have recently been added to our files. Yet we are short of the following to fill requests for long-time members and libraries so they can have full sets: 1956 -- Jan. Apr. July; 1957 -- October; 1958 -- all; 1959 -- Apr. July. Oct; 1960 -- Oct; 1961 -- every issue; 1962 -- Jan. Apr. (especially); Oct; 1963 -- Apr. Oct; 1965 -- Apr. Oct. (have none!) Jan. 1969 (Adirondack issue) and July 1969 (Our Ladies issue), Duck Decoy issue of Oct. 1968 becoming in short supply. If anyone has any of these in duplicate, or to spare, we would welcome them at the History Center, Canton.

Request information, records, correspondence relative to Edmond Chamberlin (b. Dec. 1799; d. Jul. 1836). Lived in Parishville, N.Y. Married Hannah Allen (family was probably from Vermont). Am preparing family records in connection with letters written by Edmond's son Hawthorn Chamberlin (b. May 1826, Parishville; d. May 1864, Weston, Ga). Hawthorn lived in Parishville until moving to Georgia in 1845. G.W. Chamberlin, 620 Turrentine Ave., Gadsden, Ala. 35901.

Gifts have been gratefully received recently from Catherine Lukens, Mary Ruth (Beaman) Marney, Ellen Denise, Junia Stanton. Thanks!

A Post Office has been established at Fort Covington Center, Franklin County, with G. W. Beeman appointed postmaster. (This item March 17, 1880, in St. Lawrence Plaindealer.)

The following families are a few currently being researched at the History Center, and if you have information to add to our records, we'd welcome it: Reuben (and Hiram) Fields, Madrid-Ogdensburg, 1800-1850; William Holt Averill (brother James) at Ogdensburg, 1820-1860; Hawthorne Chamberlin, Parishville, 1820-1850; Livingstons of DeKalb-Hermon, 1806-1883; Asael Smith, grandfather of famed Mormon Joseph, of Stockholm is being researched for book. He's buried in Buckton Union Cem, Stockholm. Drs. James A. Chambers, Ogdensburg, after 1830; Dr. Alvan Ames, Canton, and H. Oscar Chipman, Potsdam, 1831-2 on; Dr. Mason G. Sherman, brother of other Dr. Sherman of Ogdensburg, 1837-?; Dr. R. D. Briggs, Ogdensburg, 1835-6 on; Dr. Thaddeus S. Murdock and Hiram Murdock (after 1836); Dr. J.G. Freil, Morristown, and Dr. J.D. McMartin; Dr. Josiah C. Chandler and Dr. J.H. McChesney, 1837-8 or so; and Dr. Martin S. Parker, Parishville, after 1837.

A History of Lewis County (1880-1965) has recently been published by the County Legislature. It continues from the last edition of Dr. Hough's history of the county. It is available from the County Historian's office in Lowville. Check for \$10.00 plus 44¢ for postage and handling and taxes (state and local) should be made to Lewis County Treasurer, Lewis County Court House, Lowville, N.Y. 13367 to receive this 563-page book.

NOTICE

The history of Heuvelton and vicinity, with many copies of original photographs is being published, with the expected first edition about July 1, 1971.

The Heuvelton Free Library is sponsoring the publication of this work compiled by Courtland F. Smithers in his later years. Revisions to date are written by Mrs. James Boyesen, Town and Village Historian.

This book will be available with either a plastic spiral binding or hard cover. A minimum donation of \$2.50 for plastic or \$5.00 for hard cover will reserve your copy.

Considerable expense will be involved in the publishing of this first edition. Advanced orders and indication of cover style will aid greatly the trustees of the library in the publication of this valuable historical edition.

Please mail to, or contact, Mrs. Marjorie Backus, Librarian, Heuvelton, New York. 13654.

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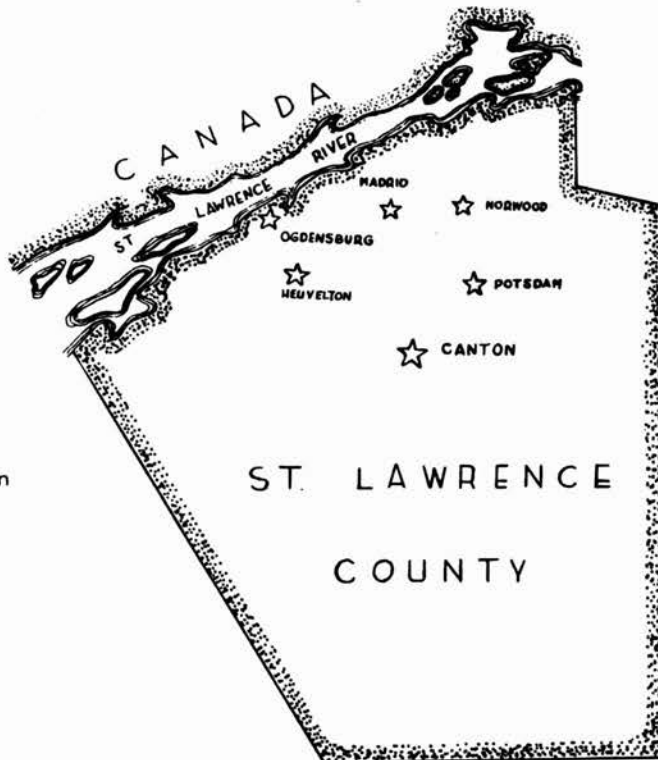
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