

# THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



JAN 1975

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Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

Cover Photo. The Welsh Church in Richville with the pastor, right, and older members taken about 1916.  
(Gift of David Griffiths Estate)

JANUARY, 1975 VOL. XX NO. 1

## CONTENTS

	Page
THE WELSH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF RICHVILLE .....	3
<i>by Mary Biondi</i>	
Unforgettable People .....	5
JACK DAILEY, 1889-1973	
<i>by Doreen Martin</i>	
WELSH HYMN .....	6
In Norwood .....	7
THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND ITS RENOVATIONS	
<i>by Susan Lyman</i>	
WHO WAS THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER? <i>by Jack Brown</i> .....	9
The Oldest Citizen .....	10
ANGELINE MASSEY	
Reminiscences	
THE WAY IT WAS (In Brasher) <i>by S. E. Chandler</i> .....	11
PHOTOGRAPHS — Clarkson Drive 1922; Youth In Fashion .....	12-13
POETICAL PORTRAITS .....	14-15
THE LADIES AID IN FINE, Poem .....	16
Our Noteworthy Ladies .....	17
MINNIE LITTLE INGRAHAM <i>by Leah Noble</i>	
LETTER TO THE EDITOR .....	17
TINTYPE OF LADIES OF CANTON .....	17
SILAS WRIGHT GLEANINGS .....	18-19
NEW YEAR'S EVENTS .....	20
RESEARCH PAGE .....	23



THE QUARTERLY

Editor ----- Mary H. Blondi

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# The Welsh Congregational Society of Richville

by Mary Biondi

The little Welsh church in Richville will ring once again with singing. So much a part of the life and labors of a Welshman, song is primary.

Reactivated by descendants of the early Welsh members and of the early Richville families, plans are under way to preserve, protect and enhance the small church building as well as gather for singing and instruction in the intricate Welsh tongue.

In September new trustees and officers met and reactivated the Welsh Congregational Society of Richville, songbooks were brought out and favorite pieces chosen; the hundred year old Estey organ filled the room with music and singing, the soloist being Ford Reynolds, Cameras flashed recording the day and the intriguing trompe d'oeil mural behind the pulpit, where several Bibles in Welsh repose.

Much has been lost, but a few archives together with records in the Court House and family traditions will let us reconstruct the story of the Welsh colony of Richville.

From the naturalization records we find that the earliest Welsh to come to the county were in the 1840's to Gouverneur and Depeyster. The first man to arrive in Richville was James B. Griffis, who came first to Hermon. He built a great stone house on the road leaving the village of Richville at its southern border which leads to the Welsh settlement. It became the meeting place for new arrivals where they would make plans for work and homes.

The Stone House was well known to the folks back home and the story is told about a letter which was written from Wales. Apparently, the writer thought this was the name of the place. The envelope bore the single address: The Stone House, North America.

In New York City the postal officials knew the letter was from Wales, so making inquiry of the Welsh communities they found it in the first try — Richville. The stone house, still standing straight and true, is now owned by Dean Harper and his family.



NO ENGLISH

None of the early arrivals spoke English. Mr. Griffis, his wife and seven children from Glynarthen, Cardiganshire, So Wales, were soon joined by neighbors.



New officers of the Welsh Congregational Society of Richville are Meredith Jones, treasurer; Ivan Coats, vice president; Ford J. Reynolds, president; Helen Reed, secretary.

For some years the settlers affiliated with the First Congregational church. They began to get together for services in the mother tongue. Sarah Jones was the first to bring her church letter.

Llythyr Canmoliaeth.—Hyn sydd i hysbysu fod y Dygiedydd Sarah Jones yn Aelod rheolaidd o'r Eglwys Gynnulleidfaol sydd yn ymgynnull yn Bethesda, plwyf Llandygwydd, Sir Aberteifi, ac fel y cyfryw cynygir hi i gymundeb a gofal y chwaer Eglwys a gyferfydd yn America fel y byddo iddi fod yn gyfranog o'i breintiau, ac yn ddarostyngedig i'w rheolau a'i cheryddon.

Arwyddwyd, dros yr Eglwys, gan

David Jones, Gweinidog.

Mai 8, 1853.

Six additional letters were added to the rolls by 1856. At that time a large number arrived and plans were made to form a Welsh church. They continued to worship in the mother tongue.

The Rev. Gorham Cross, in high esteem with his parishioners and the newcomers, encouraged them. Their first pastor was the Rev. Thomas Rees, ordained by ministers from the Welsh Association. They began to

(Continued on next page)

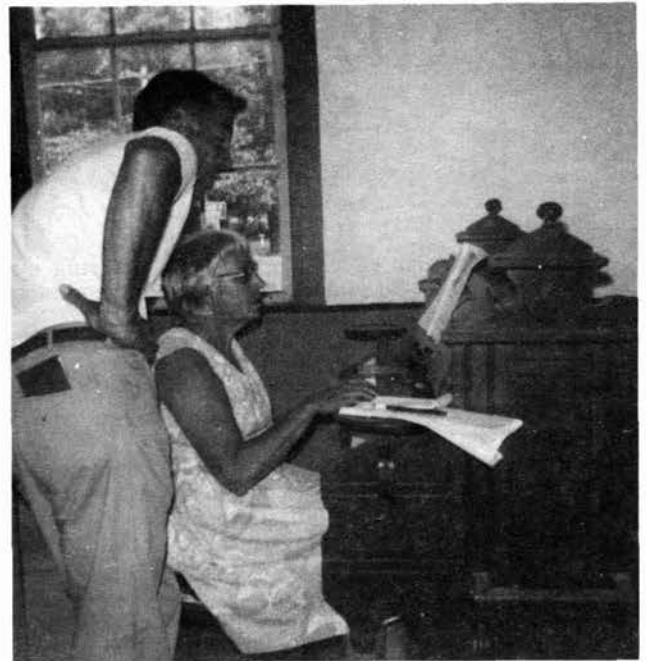
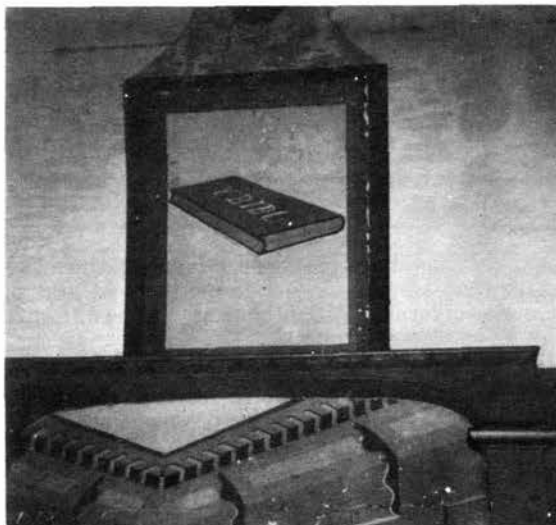
make plans for a church building of their own. Early in 1859 they let a contract to Ebenezer Griffiths, a carpenter who had arrived in 1855. He completed the building that fall. It has been changed little. The land was made available by a John Humphrey who had come in 1848, later moved to DePeyster.

Pastors followed with typically Welsh names. The 1860 census shows 41 persons of Welsh birth in Richville.

On the 4th of April 1864 trustees met to sign incorporation papers: The Welsh Congregational Society of Richville trustees Evan D. Jones, Thomas John Davis, Benjamin Jones and David Thomas elected David Griffis and Ebenezer Griffiths officers.



The trompe d'oeil scene on the wall behind the pulpit of the Welsh Congregational Church of Richville. Meaning is unknown. Above this scene is a painting of a Bible.



Trustees Mary H. Biondi plays the Estey organ for Ford J. Reynolds to sing a typical Welsh hymn.

**WELSH**

**CWM RHONDDA**

- 1 WEL'E'N sefyll rhwng y myrtwydd  
Wrthrych teilwng o'm holl fryd,  
Er mai o ran yr wy'n adnabod  
Ei fod uwchlaw gwrthrychau'r byd:  
Henffych fore,  
Y caf ei weled fel y mae.
- 2 Rhosyn Saron yw ei enw,  
Gwyn a gwridog, teg o bryd;  
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori  
O wrthrychau penna'r byd:  
Ffrind pechadur,  
Dyma'r Llywydd ar y môr!
- 3 Beth sydd imi mwy a wnelwyf  
Ag cilunod gwael y llawr?  
Tystio'r wyf nad yw eu cwmni  
I'w gystadlu a'm Iesu mawr:  
O! am aros  
Yn ei gariad ddyddiau f'oes.

**ENGLISH**

**CWM RHONDDA**

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Redeemer,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong deliverer;  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs and praises  
I will ever give to Thee.



# Unforgettable People

## Jack Dailey, 1889-1973

By Doreen Martin, Town of Lisbon Historian

Eleric "Jack" Dailey, "E.J." to most of his friends and associates was known throughout United States and Canada as one of, if not the, foremost and experienced fur trappers of all time.

Born on Sept. 27, 1889 to William and Viola Dixon Dailey, he was one of the older members of a large family. His father was a buyer of bob calves and back in the days of Lisbon's booming railroad business, it was a rare shipping day that did not include many calves on their way to New York City. E. J. and an older brother, Myron, helped in this business but E.J.'s heart was in the woods and along the brooks and streams.

In 1917, Dailey and his life-long friend, Dick Wood of Tennessee, went into the Cold River Country, about 35 miles back in from Long Lake. Here they trapped marten, mink, wolves, foxes, and just about every kind of fur bearing animal. They tried out all the animal attractors on the market then — called scents or decoys — which were made from anise oil, rhodium, etc. In general, E. J. was not satisfied with results. Always a close observer of nature, he soon discovered that where he had caught one animal was the best place to catch another due to the animal odors left by the first one. The idea occurred to him that if he were to save certain glands from his captured animals, he might be able to concoct a natural type of attractor which would work much better than the commercial ones on the market at that time. So he started collecting all types of animal glands, blended and tintured them together and found he had a product that really called animals and at the same time made them less suspicious of traps and lasted longer at the sets. During the next year, E. J. started perfecting his recipes for different animals and began selling his products under the name of "LURES," heretofore not used by any other manufacturer. When other trappers began using LURE, Dailey's business began to grow in leaps and bounds and he found that he must begin to purchase glands from other trappers. E. J. Dailey's Trapper Supply House was on its way. He began then to experiment and perfect other trapping gear such as all types of steel traps. Any manufacturer of traps, snowshoes, pack-sacks, fur stretchers, etc. who could obtain an endorsement by E. J. Dailey had it made for sales.

E. J.'s next venture was authoring several books about trapping, namely — The Trappers Partner; Practical Muskrat Raising; Master Muskrat Methods; Master Mink Methods; Professional Beaver Trapping; Super Trapping Methods; Expert Fox Trapping.

As busy as he was, E. J. was a slow-moving man, never in a hurry. At his physical best, he was small, probably never over 140 lbs. and the last few years, he weighed scarcely over 100 lbs. He had what he called a "trick" knee which seemed to cause him a great deal of grief. An old trapping partner told me how angry E. J. would be, when loaded down with traps or supplies or both, his knee would give out and he would find himself sprawled on the ground amongst his load.

There were many close calls, too. Gene Rheome, an old trapping buddy of E. J.'s tells the story of trapping near Cranberry Lake. It was in the late spring and heavy rains had washed out a bridge over a stream on which the men were trapping muskrats. To get across the stream, it was necessary to walk one stringer that was left. The men had agreed to meet near the stream to head for camp. Upon reaching the area, he looked up to see E. J. crossing the span and watching his footing very



"E. J." with granddaughter about 1968.

closely. At the other end of the bridge starting across the remains, was a huge black bear. He had his eye on E. J. but E. J. had his eyes on his treacherous footing. Gene yelled and E. J. looked up and taking in the situation froze in his tracks. Gene continued to yell and ply old Bruin with stones. Finally, the bear turned and ran off into the woods. Dailey made it across but his dark ruddy complexion had faded to a greenish white.

Once on famous Jo Indian Pond, E. J.'s canoe tipped over. He lost all of his supplies but managed to swim to shore. It is a miracle that the little man did not die with pneumonia from some of the icy drenchings he suffered during the early spring trapping seasons. But he died in April 1973 at the age of 83. He had been sick for a long time but refused to see a doctor until two or three weeks before his death.



Photo of E. J. Dailey at Cold River, Adirondack Mt. Trappers camp, taken in 1917 proving that Dailey has trapped longer than anyone in the lure business and nothing can take the place of that vast experience.

It seems almost incredible that Dailey's Trapper Supply House is no more. For over a half century, it has been a land mark of all lovers of the outdoors. Hunters, trappers, fishermen all knew E. J. and rarely did a conversation regarding these outdoor sports arise that one would not hear the remark, "You can get one of those at Dailey's."



E. J. Dailey and granddaughter about 1970.



Scene at Dailey's about 1930. Game Warden Saxbury at left rear; his son at center; Elderly man next is Mr. Davis and "E. J." is second from right.

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486 Crefydd yn hyfrydwch.

1 Caed trefn i faddeu pechod,  
Yn yr Iawn,  
Mae'r iachawdwriaeth barod,—Yn &c.,  
Mae'r ddeddf o dan ei choron,  
Cyflawnder yn dweyd "Digon!"  
A'r Tadyngwaeddi "Boddlon!"— Yn &c.,  
A diolch byth medd Sion,  
Am yr Iawn.

2 Mae'r Oen fu ar Galfaria  
Wrth fy modd,  
'R Efengyla'i thrysorau,—Wrth fy modd,  
Mae llwybrau ei orch'mynion,  
A grym ei addewidion,  
Achwmni'r pererinion,—Wrth fy modd,  
A hyfryd wleddoedd Sion  
Wrth fy modd. Amen.

487 Bwrdd yn llawn.

1 Mae'r bwrdd yn llawn danteithion,  
Awn yn mlaen,  
Gan santaidd Frenin Sion,—Awn &c.,  
Cawn wleda oll yn ddiiddig  
Fry ar y llo pasgedig,  
Ac yfed gwin puredig,—Awn yn mlaen,  
Gwir haeddiant Iesu'n unig,  
Awn yn mlaen.

2 Yn wyneb gorthrymderau,  
Awn yn mlaen,  
A thywyll ragluniaethau,—Awn &c.,  
Os yw y tonau'n ddyfnion,  
A dyfroedd Mara'n chwerwon,  
Er gwaethaf ein gelymion,—Awn &c.,  
Gorphwysfa gawn yn Sion,  
Awn yn mlaen. Amen.

In Norwood

# The Congregational Church and Its Renovations

By Susan Lyman

Disaster struck the historic United Church of Christ of Norwood recently when a portion of the original ceiling of the sanctuary broke loose and caused serious damage to the lowered, suspended ceiling installed in 1968.

A Steering Committee has been organized and met recently to explore ways and means of raising about \$5,000 to repair the damage. Fortunately there was no damage to the Feldgmaker organ which has been rebuilt to be like new six years ago. Pledges will be accepted and various fund raising events will be planned to raise the necessary amount.

The Norwood Congregational Church, which through a merger in 1957 became the United Church of Christ, has the oldest church building in the Village of Norwood and has served as a House of Worship for both Congregationalists and Methodists since 1862.

In 1868 the Methodists erected their present brick church and parsonage on Prospect and the two creeds parted, but only as far as the use of buildings was concerned. During the time the Methodists held services in the Congregational Church the two groups shared the services of the same minister, a practice which has continued, on occasion, to the present time.

Church records shows that on July 15, 1858 a meeting of the St. Lawrence Consociation of churches was held with representatives from Madrid, Norfolk, Massena, Parishville, West Stockholm, South Canton, Hopkinton, Rensselaer Falls and Heuvelton in attendance. It was at this meeting that the decision was made to proceed with the establishment of the church to be called the "First Congregational Society of Racquetville" on motion made by E. L. Foote.

At another meeting held a little earlier Norman Ashley, Robert McGill and H. E. Holbrook were elected trustees and J. S. Morgan, clerk. The first members were Daniel Morgan, Cynthia Morgan, A. S. Whitney, Laura Beardsley, James Edgerton, Marian P. Edgerton, Truxton A. Goodrich, Forrest Morgan, "Widow" Morgan, Almira Morgan, H. M. Holbrook, Clarissa Holbrook, Diantha F. Austin, E. L. Foote, C. E. Foote, Paul P. Doud, E. C. Elms and Betsy Elms.

With the society organized and a minister, the Rev. Elijah H. Plumb, as preacher—he was also school master in the famous St. Lawrence Academy—the next step was to erect a proper edifice dedicated to worship.

Benjamin G. Baldwin, considered the founder of Racquetville, later to be renamed Norwood, donated land on the eastern part of his large holdings and the building was erected in 1861 at a cost of about \$4,000. Since the new building was used jointly with the Methodist Society, that group aided financially in the cost of the church and in 1868 when the Methodist Church was constructed the Congregationalist Society reciprocated.

There is a record that the Congregational Church was dedicated Feb. 13, 1862, with the Rev. Plumb preaching the dedication service. As witness to the effectiveness of the reverend's preaching \$561.48 more was raised to add to the \$1,546.02 already in the building fund. Persons donating as much as \$25 had the right to use the sheds in the rear for stabling his horse. It was also announced that on a certain day pews would be rented to the highest bidder.



The earliest picture of the Norwood United Church of Christ depicts the canted roof and architecture of the structure. The church has recently suffered a collapse of its roof and has established a Steering Committee to raise funds for its repair. (photo courtesy of Norwood Museum).

The first Sunday School was organized July 1, 1865 with John M. Kinsman as superintendent. From 1900-1904 Deacon and Mrs. A. L. Yale, parents of Lucia Yale, Grade 1 teacher at Norwood, held a mission Sunday School in the first house near the paper mill for children who would have otherwise been unable to attend.

The original structure had a balcony at the west end of the church along the wall which is still the front wall of the church according to the late Louise Fletcher Chase, a lifelong communicant of the church and an eminent local historian. This wall was altered somewhat in 1907 when the church had extensive modernization done. This gallery choir-organ loft was torn out later and the choir loft built beside the pulpit platform in the front of the pews. The pulpit centered the platform along the east wall, a heavy brown curtain and velour chairs added to the decor. The "Amen corner pews" were occupied by Mrs. Norman Ashley, Mrs. Henry Ashley, Mrs. Charles Nightengale, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Drew and Mr. and Mrs. John Rutherford, Roy, Jay, Leon, Olive and Clark. The opposite wall was taken by the organ with a curtain to hide the "pump boy," who provided the motive power

(Continued on next page)





B. G. BALDWIN

**BENJAMIN G. BALDWIN**, founder of the Hamlet of Racquetteville which later became the Village of Norwood, donated land valued at \$225 on which the former Congregational Church was built in 1861. The church is now the United Church of Christ. He also gave the land for a number of streets, the Village Park, and, on his death bed, ordered payment be made to clear the debt of the Riverside Cemetery.

for the reed organ. Another rail and curtain were hung in front of the choir and on one side of the Communion table. Henry Ashley, whose bass voice and lively spirit added to the choir for nearly 40 years, sat in his special dark red barrel chair at the end of the choir row and he sometimes turned this chair toward the pulpit, the better to hear the sermons.

Some of the "pump boys" were Herman Hollenback, Eugene Hollenback, Charles McGill, Darley Wilkins, Ray Maher, Harry Worthing and Erastus Wilkins. Mrs. Chase, then Miss G. Louise Fletcher, recalled that on the last Sunday the reed organ was used prior to the dedication of the elegant new Feldgmaker organ, she and the pump boy on duty played such a joyous prelude and postlude that the little organ all but fell apart after faithfully serving the growing church for many years. The false pipes across the front fell off and over the pew and choir chairs.

She was organist when the new instrument was dedicated July 26, 1914 and members of the choir were Mrs. R. Bardenheuer, Mrs. F. F. Powell, Miss Margaret Fletcher, Mrs. E. J. Mulholland, Mrs. S. J. Benson, Miss Helen Oliver, Miss Grace Mowitt, Miss Grace McAllister, Miss B. Hollenback, Miss Mary Phelps, sopranos, Miss Ruth Hollenback, Mrs. Charles Willard, Miss Hazel Rogers and Miss Grace Sullivan, contraltos, Edward E. Wright, Ralph Amos, Charles Nims, Charles Willard, tenors, Henry Ashley, William Andrew and Norman Austin, bass. The Rev. I. Steenson was the pastor, according to the program at the Norwood Museum.

With the exception of a wing added in 1907 the present structure is similar to the original building. To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the church, the entire basement was renovated and Centennial Hall created,

featuring a new kitchen, restrooms, and heating plant. Many local groups have used this Hall and it was the first home for the Norwood Golden Agers Club. The Service of Dedication was held Oct. 13, 1957.



In 1968 the sanctuary took on a new look, the ceiling was lowered, walls painted, carpeting installed and a new organ manual installed.

Over the years the Church has been served by many pastors but the Rev. Joseph Phillips' pastorate was the longest, 1918-1928. The Rev. Harry and the Rev. Sherry Taylor are the current pastors.

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### Gone but not forgotten...



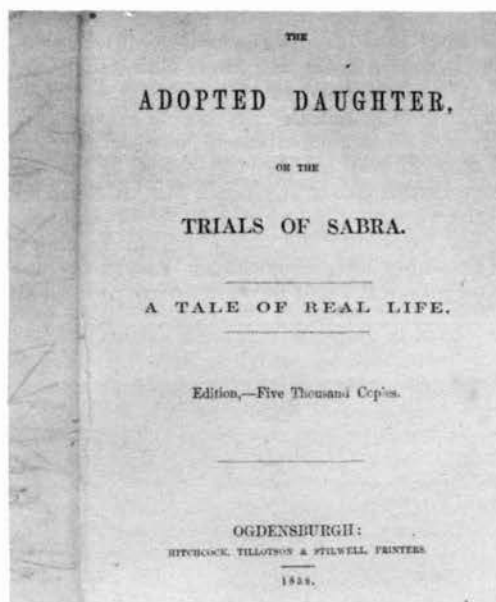


# Who was The Adopted Daughter?

By Jack Brown  
Mallorytown

In 1858, five thousand copies of an interesting autobiography rolled off the presses of Hitchcock, Tillotson and Stilwell in Ogdensburg. The title of the book was THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER; OR, THE TRIALS OF SABRA. The writer cleverly disguised her identity and no trace of her name appeared between its covers. The Ogdensburg Journal announced the publication of the story by stating:

"The Adopted Daughter, or The Trials of Sabra . . . This is the title of a neat little volume of 200 pages, being a story of real life. It is interesting and deserving because there runs through every page the clear living stream of an elevated moral sentiment. It is handsomely bound in embossed covers, price 75 cents."



The years have gone by. Many libraries hold copies of this early Ogdensburg book. The catalogue of Northern New York Historical Materials by Cole and Plum lists it as item #2351. Several other bibliographies have appeared making reference to it. But all mention it only by title because of the author's anonymity. One might well ask "Who was The Adopted Daughter?"

The Adopted Daughter was Sarah A. McDonald and she wrote the book in the Ontario village of Lyn while she was teaching school there in 1857.

Sarah was born in Massachusetts on August 5, 1809. At an early age she was adopted by the Haynes family, whose name she took. She grew up and married a minister's son. They came to Ogdensburg and established a business in partnership with her older brother. At that time Ogdensburg had no sidewalks, and during rainy seasons she slogged through the mud for half a mile on her way to the shop. She lived in Ogdensburg for several years but failed to describe as much of village life as historians would have liked.

Her husband died, and in 1840 she married Henry E. McDonald, a Canadian. As he was frequently in Canada on business, she opened a school in Ogdensburg to pass the time. It prospered and grew to 48 scholars.

Later the McDonalds moved to Lyn, Ontario, where Henry worked in the tannery and Sarah taught school. During the winter evenings of 1857 she wrote her story and asked some friends for their opinion of it. Rev. John Mills, the local Wesleyan Methodist minister, spoke encouragingly:



"I consider it a tale well fitted to inculcate good moral and religious principles upon the minds of those who may favour it with a careful perusal. I entertain the hope that it may obtain a ready and extensive sale throughout the country and prove a blessing to thousands. I most cordially recommend it to the favourable notice of the public."

She took her manuscript to Ogdensburg, seventeen miles away, and ordered 5000 copies. Her neighbours were aghast. Was the woman crazy? Did she really expect to sell that many? How could she ever pay for them? But a favourable press came to her assistance. The Brockville Recorder wrote:

"Sabra, or The Adopted Daughter. This is the title of a book laid on our table by the authoress, Mrs. H. E. McDonald of Lyn. The story is plainly but pleasantly narrated and bears a high Christian tone. Were it generally known, the circumstances which have called forth this effort of Mrs. McDonald would secure the book a ready and cordial welcome into the house of every individual in the district. We therefore bespeak for the authoress a kind reception, and sincerely trust the work may be the means of freeing herself and family from the difficulties with which they are surrounded. The book is well printed, and forms a neat little volume. All who can, should purchase it for they will not regret the investment."

Sarah closed her school and canvassed many of the towns in St. Lawrence County where she was known, and also in Canada. On one trip to Montreal she sold 400 copies.

Within four years, all the books were gone. She arranged for a second edition, revised and amended, to be printed in Montreal in 1863. A third edition followed in 1867. Then came a fourth edition in 1873.

Henry and Sarah McDonald had three children: Olive, James and Mary. Olive was educated at the Institute in Ogdensburg where she stayed with friends of the family, but James and Mary attended Canadian schools. Sarah died at Lyn on December 15, 1893 at the age of 84. Her husband and children are buried in the old Lyn cemetery, also. A tall gray stone marks the grave of The Adopted Daughter, but there must be countless North Country homes with a copy of the book that is her literary memorial.

*Tidbitz of old JournalESE*The Oldest Citizen **ANGELINE MASSEY** 1765-1879

The Oldest Person in the County, A Reminiscence of her life. She recently died at the remarkable age of 115.

In 1765 Mr. Lewis Haynes and his wife Anna, a German family were living at Maitland in Canada. to whom was born in that year, a little daughter whom they named Angeline. Before Angeline was ten years old her mother died and her father married a second wife. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war Mr. Haynes enlisted into a Kingston Regt., to fight for the mother country against the colonies, leaving his little daughter Angeline, who was now about twelve years of age, at work in a pottery, she not liking to stay at home with her step mother. She could then easily carry two pails of water and soon was handy and expert in making pans, pots and other dishes. When the war ended, and the troops commenced to return, she asked all the soldiers she met "Did you know Lewis Haynes?" Many said no, while others said yes, until finally she asked the same question of a brown looking war-worn old veteran, who said yes, took her by the hand and asked her many questions about how she had passed the long time during which her father had been away. He told her that he was Lewis Haynes, kissed her and went with her to the proprietor of the pottery works, got her discharge, and hired her boarded in a quiet family where she remained until she married the village blacksmith, Daniel Massey, by whom she had eleven children, among them Samuel Massey, of Ogdensburg, Hannah, of Grenadier Island, Canada; George, a farmer of Fine; and Sophia, wife of Jason Smith of Gouverneur. About 1846, her husband having died, Mrs. Massey went to Oak Point near Chippewa Bay, to live with her children George and William, where she remained eight years. In 1854 she went to Ogel Station, Ill., to live with a daughter, Mrs. John Brundrick. In 1864 she returned to this State and during each winter, made her home with Mrs. Jason Smith, spending the summer with her other children in different parts of this County.

In the summer of 1876, when she was in her 112th year she made it a practice to walk to the Natural Dam and back, the same day, a distance of about two miles, each way — this she did each week to visit her granddaughter Hannah Hastings. Jason Smith asked, after one of those trips, if she was not very tired; she said 'Oh no, if you will give me a dollar I will walk down and back again now.' He says he did not dare to offer her the money for fear she would attempt it.

Until 1878 she remembered very much of the early history of Canada and many of the prominent officers and generals of the British and Colonial forces, and took great delight in telling the young people of the manners of living, the mighty forests, the old log houses, Indian stories, of battles fought and narrow escapes and so on.

At the end of January 1879 her son at Ogdensburg wrote his mother to come down and visit him, he was not very well and he wanted her to make a long visit. She went, but after reaching the 'Burg remembering that she had not packed her trunk before she left home, she stayed but two days and started for home, carrying two satchels. Not knowing that she was coming back so soon, no one met her at the depot, and she started to walk to her son-in-law's house, carrying her two satchels, but she was tired and soon became confused and had to inquire the way. Stopping at the store of J. Bechhold she left her bundles and wandered on seemingly lost. Mr. Smith happening to be going up town met her and realized the fact the moment she spoke that she had

broken down at last, he took her gently by the arm and carefully assisted her into the house, and as he placed her in a large easy chair he said to his wife "Sophia here is mother who will never go out again," while tears ran down his cheeks as he realized the condition she was in. Stimulants were administered and every thing that could be, was done for her, but her mental faculties were impaired and her mind wandered, she thought she had walked all the way from Ogdensburg, and said she must walk back and finish her visit. But she never left the house again alive. February 1st she came home, and on April 4th, in the 115 year of her age, after nine short weeks of sickness she quietly passed away. She was always a kind and loving mother, a hard working and faithful wife and a good neighbor. She will be mourned as long as any of her children or grandchildren, who knew her, live to remember her loving words and gentle ways. She was a member of the M. E. Church.

The funeral was held at the house of her daughter Mrs. Jason Smith, Saturday April 5th, at 2 o'clock p.m.; the services were conducted by Rev. C. W. Parsons.

She was probably the oldest person in this County and it is certainly very remarkable that she retained her mental and physical vigor to such an advanced age.



The more the merrier! (The cozier and warmer, too!)

## Reminiscences

## The Way It Was

The railroad crosses the St. Regis river just east of the station. This river is formed by the Nicholville and the Parishville rivers coming together just above the railroad bridge. The bridge was supported by two stone abutments, one on either shore, and two stone piers built in the river, the depth of water being about twelve feet. Cofferdams were built and when the water was pumped out the bed of the river was lowered three feet, after which 12x12 timbers were laid, first crossways, then lengthways, then crossways again, all being thoroughly fastened together with driftbolts. Upon this timber foundation the stone work was built.

Enough large hand pumps were kept in constant use to keep the water down while the work was in process. The work was kept up night and day till the piers were above the water. I remember there were several St. Regis Indians employed at this work. I call to mind at one time the water was crowding on the work and the foreman called up from the bottom of the pit for several of those Indians to man the pumps. It was not long before the water began to recede, I remember how excited the men were working down there with the water gradually creeping up on them.

The four sides of the dam were strongly braced with timbers from side to side, which formed a perfect net work through which all material had to be lowered. There were no chances taken as the work progressed. At the end of the bridge next to the depot grounds an extra pier was built far enough from the abutment to form a roadway, which they claimed was for the passage of teams when the road crossing was obstructed by trains. Foreman of the carpenter work on the bridge was Ed. Clark, of South Canton. They had a good share of the space between the road and riverbank strewn with pine timber. There were a number of crooked logs which were hewn into timbers for the several arches of the bridge. When ever I am in a lumberyard of white pine I am reminded of the odor which prevailed that yard while the bridge was being framed.

A man by the name of Foster, who lived above Smuggle Hill, had the contract for building the hotel which stands on the north east side of the depot grounds. It was built similar to all country taverns of that day, including a "ball room" over the "wing" that ran from the main building to the rear. When the building was nearing completion Foster left for a few days, leaving his men to lay the ball room floor and "smooth it up." I was in there when he came back and heard him scold the men for the poor job they had made of the floor. He made them get their smooth planes and get down on their knees and go over that floor, first crossways, then lengthways, for the better part of a day. After sweeping the room he laid a sixpence in the middle of the floor upon which he placed a sixteen foot straight edge, which he proceeded to turn, the ends swinging free from the floor. After he had tried this experience with success at different places in the room he said, "There, that's the way to make ball room floors. There'll be no danger of dancers stubbing their toes on that floor." The hotel was built and owned by Charles Brazee, who was the first landlord. I don't recall to mind how long he remained there, but I am under the impression that he disposed of his interest in the hotel in 1850. Anyway he was attacked with the "gold fever" which was sweeping over the country after the discovery of gold in California in '48, and after buying a piece of ground just south of Delos Kelsey's and establishing a home for his family, he went to the Eldorado of the Pacific coast, by the way of the Isthmus. A man by the name of Auger became the landlord of the hotel after Mr. Brazee left, and continued as such during our residence in the place.

Mr. Chandler Tells of Early Days in Brasher, of the First Railroad Bridge and About Some of the Old School Teachers.

St. Lawrence Plaindealer  
Jan. 28, 1903

The first school which I attended was in an old style school house in the south edge of the village of Brasher Falls, just a mile from the station. To the south and back of the school house, among the pine and hemlock stumps, and with no protecting fence, was a grave yard, which was abandoned as such in '49, the bodies being taken up and moved to a cemetery about a half a mile west of the school house. I only remember the names of three of the teachers. A man by the name of Doud taught one winter and two of the lady teachers were Miss Banister and Miss Marine.

Finally the district was re-arranged so that the town line was the dividing line of the school district, and a building with a single roof (shanty fashion) was erected a short distance south of the railroad and school opened with Eliza Stevens as teacher. She was a daughter of Esq. (Jehiel) Stevens, of Brasher Falls. She succeeded in winning the hatred of every scholar in school. Somehow there wasn't any thing about her actions or ways to win the good will of children, and the feeling of dislike and hatred (at the time) which was whipped into me has, to a certain extent, remained there ever since. Mine was not an exceptional case, but was on an average with the rest of the scholars. Our next teacher was Maria Talcott, who was just the opposite. She won the love and good will of the scholars by kind treatment. So much so that it was a pleasure to study and learn all we could under her instructions. Her father lived south of the building. He was a farmer, also doctor of the "Tompsonian" school, prescribing roots and herbs to a great extent.

On the farm next north of the doctor's and back from the road some twenty rods, was a huge boulder which if my memory serves me right, was about five feet in diameter at the base and about ten feet in height. It may look smaller now, but I saw it with a boy's eyes. A man by the name of Ide occupied the farm, but finally moved to Ottawa, Ill., where he made for himself a home on the prairie. Later a man by the name of Page occupied the farm. He had three boys. I lost track of them till a few years ago. I met the boys, now men of course, here in this city.

A man by the name of Stevens built and opened a general store across the road from the hotel. There were other buildings erected — mostly dwelling houses, in various parts of the village.

There existed an ill feeling between the residents of the "Depot" and those of Brasher Falls in regard to the name of the place. The residents claiming that the place was Stockholm Depot, while others claimed it was Brasher Depot. That same feeling existed when I visited the place in '65.

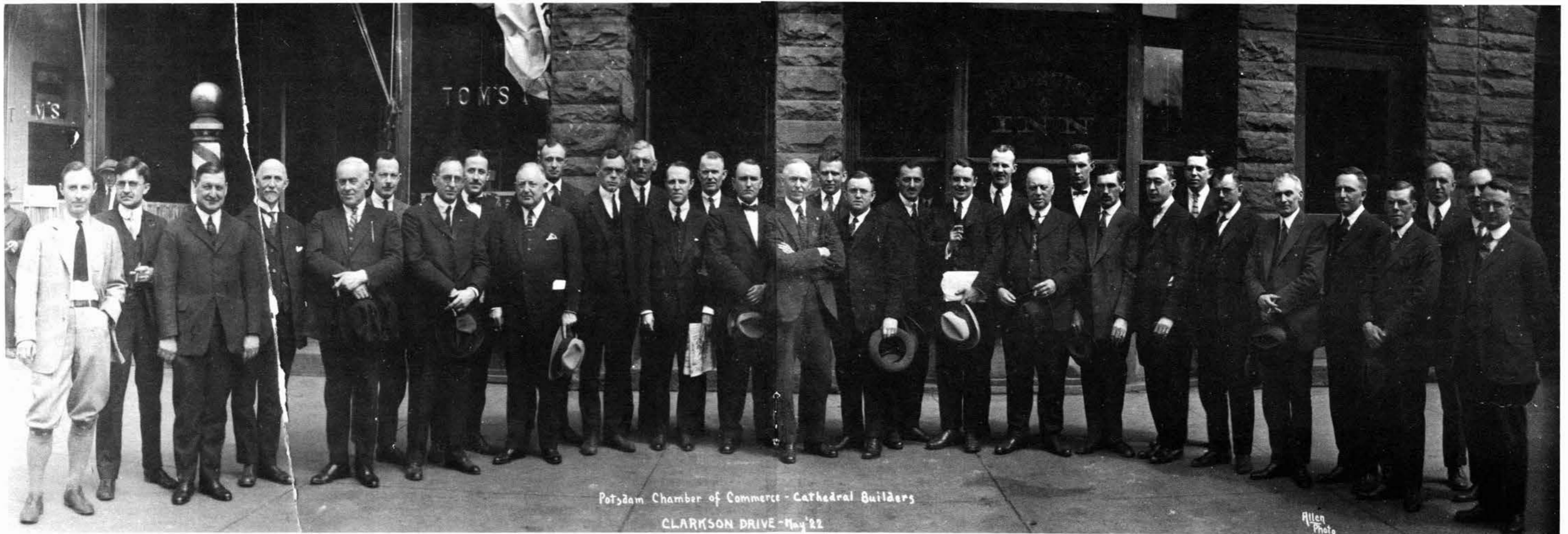
S. E. Chandler  
Minneapolis, Minn.

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For an additional \$1.00 per year for postage and special treatment, you may receive your Quarterly by FIRST CLASS MAIL, which is forwardable, if you have different winter and summer addresses. We cannot change addresses on our bulk rate mailing labels every few months.



# youth in fashion



Businessmen of Clarkson College Drive, 1922 — Left to right: Rufus L. Sisson Jr., R. B. Page, George Stebbins of Watertown, N.Y., Rufus L. Sisson, Dr. D. F. Burke,

Jeff Bynum, Wm. Remington, Walter C. Sisson, Bertrand H. Snell, Harold Castle, Howard C. Craig, Wm. F. Anderson, Paul B. Murphy, Geo. G. Lenney, Dr. W. J.

Baldwin, Chas. H. Sisson, Dr. Robt. J. Reynolds, E. M. Evans, O. P. Benson, Byron McGill (recent graduate of Clarkson), Allan L. Gurley, J. R. Weston, Frank S.

White, Fred W. Rodger, Fred H. Morgan, Martin V. B. Reynolds, Percy S. Wilkins, Mark Anabell, H. I. Vanness, Howard M. Smith, Fred Woodruff, Geo. B. Mathews, J. Curry Lamar.

# Poetical Portraits



## Marking Time

by Nathan A. Judd (Dec. 27, 1949)

I was born in the town of Pierrepont  
At the foot of "Benway Hill,"  
And I've been told in later years  
That the weather was very chill.

The date in the Family Bible,  
December 27th, 1864,  
But I always wondered why I didn't  
Arrive just two days before!

Our good old Irish neighbor  
Who lived just over the hill  
Went to Crary Mills after Dr. Goss,  
Astride of his old horse "Bill."

The years went by, that neighbor passed on,  
And in Colton his ashes repose;  
But I remember well how he'd tell of that time  
And say, "I damned near froze!"

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Benway  
Who lived near the top of the hill;  
I wouldn't have been here now  
Trying these lines to fill.

For 36 hours she sat there  
And held me in her arms,  
Watched the clock, and fed me each hour  
With all her Motherly charms.

I loved that dear "Old Lady,"  
And when she passed away,  
A vacant spot was left in my heart  
Which hasn't been filled to this day.

We lived in that place till I was 13 years old  
And I had my share of joys,  
Going to school "when I had to,"  
And playing with the neighborhood boys.

We moved to Pierrepont Center  
In the spring of 'seventy-eight,  
And for several years there were lots of jobs  
For the boy they all called, "Nate."

I used to love to go hunting,  
And for fishing I had a craze;  
And in doing these two I spent  
Many, many happy days.

I grew to manhood in this town  
And in Eighteen and Eighty-four;  
A girl came here from Crary Mills  
To work for our neighbor next door.

We spent many happy hours together  
As young folks do, and older folks, too,  
Went to Potsdam Nov. 7th, in 'eighty-five and  
Before Rev. Samuel Call, both of us said, "I do."

We made our home in Pierrepont  
57 years; 7 months and 11 days,  
Then from this life she departed  
And here I've had to stay.

Two children came to cheer us  
But one has passed away;  
The other comes home once in a while  
But not very long to stay.

Five is the number of grandchildren,  
Great Grand children thirteen  
I don't want to "brag," but of course I think  
That none nicer can be seen.

Near 39 years I've served this town  
In the office of Town Clerk;  
And in all these years I've always tried  
My duty never to shirk.

I'm getting near the end  
And so is this terrible rhyme;  
So I'll stop now and say in conclusion  
"I'm simply marking time."

(Nathan Judd served 40 years as Town Clerk. His desk  
now belongs to the Association.)



Just another day of work  
in one of the O. L.  
Reynolds & Sons  
lumber camps in  
Franklin County  
at turn of century.

(Loaned by Mary Ruth  
Beaman Marney)

## Holidays of the Past

The Holidays are memory days,  
When Senior Citizens do recall  
Those times some sixty years ago,  
The things they did when they were small.

It seems we always then had snow  
With teams of horses hitched to sleighs;  
For every house was filled we know  
With friends and kin back in those days.

So many things have changed since then,  
When people ate like greedy foxes,  
No calories watched, all food home made,  
Which now we get at stores in boxes.

The bread was dried out days before—  
Big home baked loaves cut in thin slices;  
To make the dressing was a chore;  
Then pumpkin stewed and mixed with spices.

The turkey raised there on the farm  
Was dressed of course the previous day,  
Then stuffed and sewed with common thread,  
And baked that good old-fashioned way.

The oven in the kitchen range  
Would just take in that roasting pan,  
At basting time how good it smelled  
When the actual roasting once began.

Can you remember mincemeat made  
That long drawn-out recipe? You should.  
Beef boiled then ground, and apples pared;  
Some raisins, and spices to make it good.

They used to make a great big batch,  
Enough to fill a twelve-quart jar.  
The little boxes that we buy now  
They'd surely think would not go far.

The grapes came from the old grape vine  
Down on the fence beside the barn;  
And apples too, of course you know  
Were grown on about every farm.

The pop-corn wasn't from a box,  
Home grown and picked when it was dry;  
The husk was braided into braids,  
The shelling would come 'bye and 'bye.

For the kernels had to be real hard  
To come off the cob with a little twist.  
We youngsters always liked that job;  
Just see what children nowadays miss.

The corn-popper was made of wire,  
Shaped like a box with corners square;  
The cover opened back with a hinge,  
And the long wooden handle came out from there.

Then wood was stuffed in the kitchen range,  
For the griddle tops must be red hot.  
The wood-box yielded the choicest kind,  
Hard maple wood as like as not.

With corn in the popper the shaking began,  
Now this was always a pleasing sight  
To watch those kernels go dancing around  
Changing from yellow to fluffy white.

Good tempting aroma of popping corn;  
I can smell it now I do declare,  
As it filled the home, upstairs and down;  
You could actually smell it everywhere.

In a basin on the back of the stove  
The butter was melted until it ran;

Ready to use when the corn was dumped  
Into that big old-fashioned pan.

Brown sugar and cream were boiled into fudge  
And nuts were added from the butternut tree,  
Cracked with a hammer when they turned brown,  
For everything must be ripe, you see.

We children enjoyed that popcorn and fudge.  
The adults too would eat their share;  
No calories were mentioned back in those days  
Though of course we know they were probably there.

We sometimes think we would like to live  
Once again, if for only a single day;  
The good times we had with our friends and kin  
Who for many years now have passed away.

We like to sit and dream of those days  
In our minds these memories will always last  
When the snow falls gently in a blanket of white,  
It brings back those Holidays of the past.

- Rose Tripp



The whole gang off for a  
ride in the woods at  
Reynoldston in Franklin  
County many years ago.

(Photo from  
collection of M. R. Marney)



## Tidbitz of old Journalese

Fine — The Ladies' Aid Society met at Mrs. May Forneys Thursday.

It was voted at the last meeting that each member was to earn \$1.00 for the Society and write a poem on how they earned it which proved more of a task for some than earning the money.

Mrs. Julia Randall composed the following verses, which included all the members.

### The Ladies Aid in Fine

The Ladies Aid of Fine, N.Y.  
Of ready cash seems always shy.

How to raise money seems always  
the question,  
So we eagerly listen to each sug-  
gestion.

Then these plans were made at  
one meeting time,  
I'll tell you about them if you will  
spare me your time.

"Said Sister Scott in her winning  
way,  
I move each one earn a dollar to  
pay  
In at our next meeting a month  
away."

The matter was talked of pro and  
con,  
Until it was finally voted upon.

"O.K." said we with our hands  
held high,  
We'll earn that money or we'll  
know why.

Up spoke Sister Green with spirit  
and dash,  
"I'll shovel snow to earn my  
cash."

Said Sister Stevens, our president  
fair,  
"I'll bake you some rolls or cut  
you some hair."

Said Sister Johnson, the parsons  
lady,  
"I'll sell you some eggs whose  
ages aren't shady."

The cold winter nights were Sis-  
ter Ward's concern.  
Twenty-five cents a week were the  
wages she'd earn.

For tending the fires, they must  
be kept bright,  
To keep out the frost with its  
withering blight.

While Sister Randall, seventy-  
four years young  
Said her dollar was pay for sew-  
ing she'd done.

While Sister Johnson, whose first  
name is Mary

Said, "I can sell produce from my  
one cow dairy".

Sister Williams who is plump  
good-natured and hearty,  
Earned her money by giving a sil-  
ver tea party.

Sister Forney our hostess, who is  
always so sunny,  
Said, "I'll deny myself something  
and turn in that money."

Sister Titus, the junior, its been  
told me  
A traveling sales lady turned out  
to be.

She'll sell you some extract, pow-  
der or paint  
And fix you all up to look like wha  
you "ain't."

The plans of Sister Titus senior I  
know nothing about  
But she'll be here to settle I  
haven't a doubt.

There is still Sister Evans and  
one Sister Jones  
Who thought it unwise to leave  
their warm homes.

Sisters Sykes, Jones and Silsby  
from whom I've not heard,  
But to think they would fail us  
would be quite absurd.

Sister Harris, I'm sure will come  
down off her hill,  
And join in our plans with a  
hearty good will.

Young Sister Clements is new with  
us here  
She joined us, I think, the first of  
the year.

Sister Kilbourn is visiting a sister  
dear,  
But we all wish she might be with  
us here.

That leaves just the author of this  
silly rhyme  
Who didn't know how to earn even  
a dime.

Until Jack Frost searched out a  
hand and a nose  
For what he encountered he cheer-  
fully froze.

"What ho," said friend husband  
"I'll pay and be glad  
If some home - knitted mittens  
could only be had."

So I earned the money I'm giving  
today  
In the good old fashioned, stay-at-  
home way.

As practiced by Grandma, by the  
light of a candle.  
So endeth the tale, Humbly  
yours, sister Randall.

(The year of this Archive Clipping is unknown.)

## Our Noteworthy Ladies

# Minnie Little Ingraham

It has been said, "Behind every great man there stands a great woman," and although we, in Edwards, have not had outstanding women, we have had many women of giant stature — women who have greatly influenced the affairs of our homes and community.

One of these unsung heroines was Mrs. Frank Ingraham, formerly Minnie Little, daughter of William and Mary Little, born in Hermon, March 30, 1892.

Her training for a teacher was at Ives Academy of Antwerp and the Carthage Training Class. After graduation she taught in a number of rural schools in the Edwards and Fullerville area. She continued to teach for many years after marrying Frank Ingraham in 1908.

The Ingrahams were engaged in farming about three miles outside of Edwards. It is said Minnie crossed the Oswegatchie River to Chapin District school on the ice in the winter and in the summer rowed across in their boat. They had a fine family of Grace (Mrs. Clifford Bowhall); Merrill, Norma (Mrs. Louis Uruburu), and Leona. (Mrs. Ed McDonald).

Her outstanding leadership was greatly felt as a matron and Past District Matron of the Eastern Stars, and active member of Rebekahs of which lodge she was Past Noble Grand and Past District Deputy and President of Third St. Lawrence District.

She possessed remarkable musical talent and gave freely of her time and abilities. For nearly 50 years she played the reed organ in Edwards Methodist church. Rarely did she use sheet music but all one would have to do was hum a few bars of the desired song and Minnie was off with lots of enthusiasm and pep.

She actively engaged in the work of putting on suppers or tying quilts in the Methodist Church Ladies Aid.

The members of Edwards Grange also enjoyed her great humor and musical contribution so generously given, which added so much to the regular meetings as well as a special one such as Pomona Grange.

After a full life covering many activities in Edwards, Minnie passed away January 28, 1956, survived by her husband and family.

Leah M. Noble, Edwards, N.Y.



Dear Mrs. Biondi:

This is to thank the Association for the complimentary copy of "The Supervisor Story." You and the local historians had a good project, well done.

It recalls memories to me about Mr. Bert Crapser, Mr. Frederick H. Martin and Dr. Fred A. Sweet, whom I used to know.

I am pleased to enclose a small donation to help some with the expenses of the "Story."

Sincerely,  
Samuel C. Nichols  
11493 Columbia Pike, Apt C-4  
Silver Springs, MD 20904

(Many thanks for the kind words! These were multiplied by many more of our members who thoughtfully took the time to send us congratulatory notes. MHB)

Please note the W.C.T.U. Bulletin in the entrance at the right. April 1974 Vol. XIX No. 2 Pg. 21

Around 1900 my mother took me to a meeting of the W.C.T.U. up the stairs on the 2nd floor and there I "Took the Pledge." Dr. Priest, Dean of St. Lawrence, was very active in the Prohibition movement.

I think later the Canton Club had the 2nd floor.

I think the building was the one burned in the recent fire where MacFadden's insurance office was. Fadden's insurance office was.

Cyril B. Clark



Tintype taken at the St. Lawrence County Fair, Sept. 1906. Top row, Phyllis Forbes (now Clark), Dorothy Cleaveland (now Salisbury). Bottom row, Jessie Heaton, Ruth and Portia Forbes.



# Silas Wright Gleanings

From old undertakers' book in the History Center (p. 46) we find:

Silas Wright, State St., Canton, N.Y., died 2 Dec. 1911, age 78 y., 9 m., 3 d. (ie, born 1833) bill rendered to Robert Johnson. Buried Fairview Cem.

There were many Silas Wrights, even in Canton. Since Our S.W. Jr., did not have any brothers or children, those who believe they are related will do well to do extra-ordinary research.

Letter from Nicholville to Silas' nephew Paul Bigelow, whose mother was his sister Eleanor Wright Bigelow.

20 June 1843

My Dear Nephew,

Having been engaged to come here to attend to some law business, I met your father at Hopkinton, when on my way here. He had reached Hopkinton on Monday, and hearing there that I was out here, he left mother at Mrs. Caleb Wright's, and returned to the village of Hopkinton on foot, about one mile, to make inquiries. Not being able to learn how it was, and finding a letter in the Post Office there from me for Judge Sanford of Hopkinton, he took the letter and went to Judge Sanford's, three miles, on foot, when he found that I was to come out today. He then staid with Judge Sanford over night, and came with him back to the village of Hopkinton to meet me, coming by way of Mrs. Wright's, where they saw mother, She has borne the journey excellently well and says she feels better than she did before she left home. Judge Sanford says she seems very sweet. I met your father at Hopkinton at about 12 o'clock at noon, and as I was in the stage I had but a few moments with him. As mother was at Mrs. Wright's, I did not see her. Your father left me when the stage started, and proposed to go to Canton tonight, as I presume he did. I promised him to write to you by this mail, to let you know how they get along, and he told me to tell you he should probably be at home all the next week. I feel I shall be detained here till Saturday, though I hope to get home on Friday. Your father will stay at our house and Aunt Eleanor's until I get home, when I shall want him to stay a day or two, to make a visit with us, and then, if no accident arises he will start for home. He thinks it possible that mother, after a short visit, may prefer to go back home with him, but I do not think she will think of that, as I will carry her home whenever she wants to go and we shall expect to have her stay at least till fall, if she does not spend the winter here. I am most sorry that it so happens that I am absent and must be so far these few days, but the business is such that I cannot control or postpone it. Your father seemed very well. He staid at Constable over the Sabbath and says he sent a letter back from there. If anything happens to detain your father longer than I shall now say, I shall write again.

As you will not know where this place is I must tell you it is a small village two miles east of Hopkinton and 29 miles from Canton, and the direct road to Malone and to Vermont.

I have not a moment to write more but to say that I am

Your Affectionate  
Uncle,  
Silas Wright

Canton St. Lawrence County N.Y.  
October 24th 1821

Gentlemen

Some two weeks since I rec'd from you by mail a prospectus and scheme of the Grand Literature or Cyclopedia Lottery and a note addressed to me saying if any of my friends should be disposed to purchase tickets they had better procure them through me, that the present price of tickets is \$14. and that I should be allowed \$1.50 on every ticket ordered with the cash enclosed. Pursuant to that letter I enclose twenty five dollars the price of two tickets with the deduction of my commission and wish you to send enclosed to me four half tickets of different numbers. The money belongs to four different proprietors and therefore the tickets ordered in halves. Direct to me at this place.

Silas Wright Junior  
Post Master Canton

N.B. should the tickets not be out for any reason you will send me back the money.

\*\*\* \*\*

We the Undersigned Inspectors of Common Schools of the Town of Canton in the county of St. Lawrence do certify that we have examined Alanson Clark and do believe he has a good moral character and sufficient learning and ability and is in all other respects well qualified to teach a common school in School District No. 11 in the said town of Canton. Given under our hands at Canton aforesaid the twenty ninth day of November 1826.

S. Wright Jr. Inspectors  
John Heston of Common  
Schools

The above are a few of the interesting Silas Wright documents brought to light by researcher Mary Ruth Marney.

## Happenings of Olden Times P. E. White

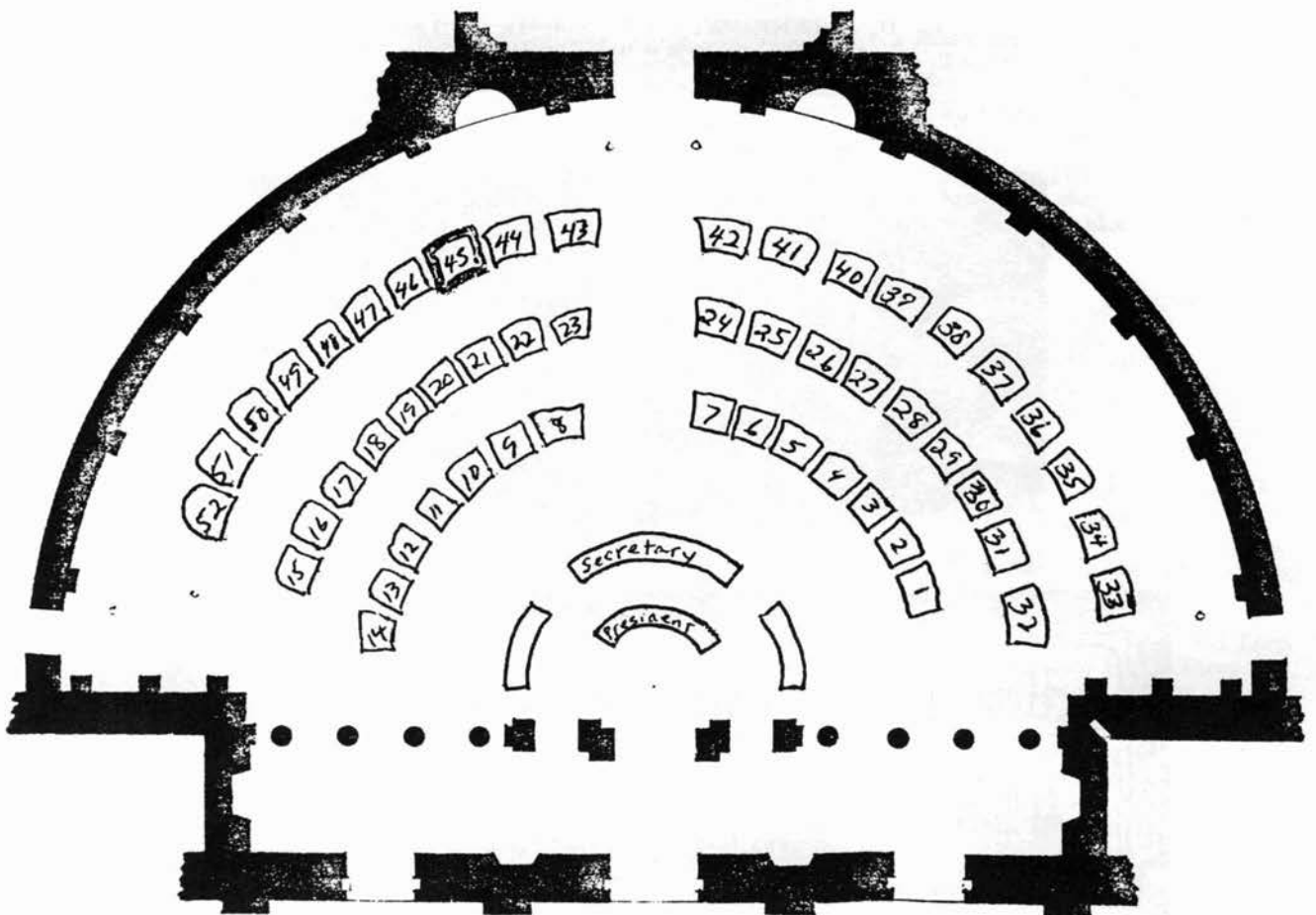
Martinsburg (Lewis Co.)

During the middle of March 1844 one of the great snow storms of those days raged in the area. The snow fell to a great depth accompanied by a heavy gale. The roads throughout the country were blocked. In the evening, in the blinding storm, a loud call was heard for help north of where we lived at that time. Deacon Jacob Dimick, his son Lewis, Almon Noyes, his father, Oaks Noyes and Truman Stephens lived near by and all were soon on the scene. We found the four-horse stage swamped in snow. The horses were down. When help came the passengers began to unload and to the amazement of all, Silas Wright, governor of our State was one of the passengers, on his way from Canton to Albany. The passengers were piloted to Deacon Dimick's for the night, as my folks were not at home. I remember of one large, fleshy woman coming to a high drift, when she lost her footing and rolled in the snow to the bottom. The horses were driven into the lot where the snow was not of great depth, and the leaders ran away through the lot in the blinding storm and could not be found that night. In the morning the storm had ceased and before daylight the driver and others started for the horses and found them in Richard Levis' sugar shanty. It was a great sight for everybody to see the governor in the morning. The roads were dug out before noon and the stage, with its noted load moved toward Lowville bearing with them good luck.

March 9, 1911 — Journal and Republican Paper  
(Lowville)



- 1.
2. John C. Calhoun    12. T. Betts            22. J. J. Crittenden    32. Jno. Norvell    42.
3. Hugh L. White    13. J. S. Spence        23. W<sup>m</sup> D. Merrick    33. Perry Smith    43.
4. Franklin Pierce    14.                        24. Jno. M. Robinson    34. W<sup>m</sup> Allen        44. W<sup>m</sup> S. Fulton
5. Ruel Williams    15.                        25. Alex. Mouton    35. Benj. Tappan    45. Silas Wright
6. R. C. Nicholas    16. S. L. Southard    26. Bedford Brown    36. Thos. H. Benton    46. Garrett D. Wall.
7. W<sup>m</sup> H. Roane        17. Daniel Webster    27. Clem<sup>t</sup> C. Clay    37. H. Hubbard    47. James Buchanan
8. N. R. Knight        18. Samuel Prentiss    28. A. H. Sevier    38. Felix Grundy    48. Lewis F. Linn
9. R. M. Young        19. Thomas Clayton    29. Robt. Strange    39. Robt. J. Walker    49. Jno. Davis
10. O. H. Smith        20. A. S. White        30. W<sup>m</sup> R. King        40. Jno. Ruggles    50. W<sup>m</sup> C. Preston
11. N. F. Dixon        21. S. L. Phelps        31. W. Lumpkin        41. A. Cuthbert    51. Henry Clay
- 52.



PLAN OF THE SENATE CHAMBER  
1<sup>ST</sup> SESSION - XXVII<sup>TH</sup> CONGRESS.

ANNOUNCED

# Annual Silver Gray Ball!

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO ATTEND THE THIRD

## ANNUAL SILVER GRAY BALL.

AT UNION HALL, CANTON,

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN'Y 1, 1856,

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Managing Committee:

ORVILLE PAGE,  
 BARZILLAI HODSKIN,  
 Col. HENRY BARBER,  
 WM. B. GOODRICH,  
 THOS. V. RUSSELL,  
 J. EDWIN CLARK,  
 ABNER P. CONKEY,  
 ELIHANAN W. HEATON,  
 JNO. LESLIE RUSSELL,  
 L. S. GOODNO,  
 CHARLES H. ALLEN,

CHARLES G. MINER,  
 B. FRANK CLARK,  
 FRANK BANKSMITH,  
 R. D. BURDITT,  
 E. P. CARON,  
 ROSWELL N. HODSKIN,  
 JOHN C. PRESTON,  
 HENRY C. PERRY,  
 LYMAN N. INGALLS,  
 LUMAN M. BARBER,  
 JOSEPH W. PADDOCK.

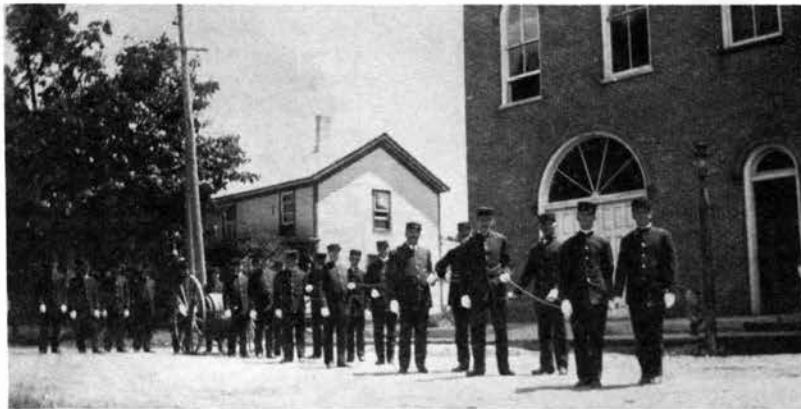
FLOOR DIRECTORS:

L. E. B. WINSLOW, - - - : J. B. ELLSWORTH.  
 AMASA O. BROWN, Treasurer.

Music: Canton Quadrille Band.

J. B. LIVINGSTON, DIRECTOR.

Hitchcock, Tillotson & Haddock, Printers, Ogdensburgh.



New Year's Ball and Oyster Supper,  
 — UNDER THE AUSPICES OF —  
 HERMON HOSE COMPANY No. 1,  
 — IN CLINE'S HALL, HERMON, N. Y. —  
**Tuesday Evening, January 1, 1889.**  
 Yourself and Lady are Cordially Invited.  
 Frison's Orchestra of Five Pieces Will Furnish Music.  
 TICKETS, [Including Supper] \$1.00.  
 ROOM MANAGERS—A. V. Farnsworth, L. E. Clarke and James E. Given.  
 WM. JOHNS, Treasurer. [Courier Print.] JOHN GIVEN, Foreman

**New  
 Year's  
 Events**

(Continued from page 4)

In 1889 a call was extended to the Rev. Thomas D. Davis of Steuben to become the pastor of both churches. They were the same in doctrine, and could hardly afford two pastors. A man who could preach in either tongue seemed the answer, a succession of bi-lingual pastors followed. Two members became ministers.

Scrapbooks in the History Center have interesting clippings in Welsh from Y Drych, The Welsh newspaper in Utica. The old Bible of Thomas Rees rests on the bookshelves with notations of his children's births (in

Welsh) within its covers. It was given by the Griffiths family.

Through the generosity of Ebenezer Griffiths' grandson Webster Griffith of Madrid, in 1925 the church was refurbished and a bronze plaque, in 1926, with a likeness of a favorite minister, the church itself and a list of the pioneers was erected in front.

To interest descendants of these strong and rugged pioneers in their heritage, the new trustees and other officers will schedule song services and language lessons. Any one interested may join — in true Welsh dooryard — singing fashion.

(See also April 1970 Quarterly)

## RICHVILLE.

Thursday the members of the Welsh church gave a surprise party to Mrs. Mary Davis of the DeKalb road. It was her ninetieth birthday.

During the entire week of October 25 the Masonic Fair will be held at Forrester's Hall. Donations of all kinds are requested from all. Many visitors will come from out of town. A large attendance and good success are predicted.

Owing to the fact that there were a few cases of infantile paralysis in this section recently, and not being sure but what the disease might be of a contagious nature, the local Board of Education closed the village school during last week pending an investigation. During the week no new cases of the strange malady developed and Monday President Griffith of the Board received a communication from Dr. Madill of Ogdensburg which stated that the disease was not contagious and at a meeting of the Board held Monday evening it was decided to reopen the school yesterday morning. All danger is now past and our citizens will feel more at ease. In all there were but a very few cases but there was a scare on and the the precautions taken were timely, until the facts in the matter were ascertained. The impression is prevalent for a time in this section was that the dreaded Landry's disease had appeared but happily this was not the case. As this disease is very rare there having been but three or four cases in St. Lawrence county during the past twenty years according to the best authority obtainable.

## HYDREF 21 1909

Mrs. Mary Davies yn 90: Mlwydd Oed.

Richville, N. Y., Hyd. 15.—Ddydd Iau: aeth llu o Gymry y pentref hwn a rhal o'r wlad oddiamgylch ar ymweliad a chartref y brawd Elias Davies, Old De Kalb, gyda'r amcan o longyfarch yr hen chwaer Mrs. Mary Davies ar ben ei naw deg blwydd. Yr oedd yr ymweliad yn hollol annysgwylledig fr hen chwaer, a phan gyraeddodd y cerbydau cyntaf yno tybiodd mai rhyw lancia o'r pentref gerllaw oeddynt wedi dyfod yno i gynnal sociable er budd yr eglwys, a diangodd mor gyflym a'r ewig i'r llofft; ond panglywodd Gymraeg Sir Aberteifi yn cael ei barablu nid hir y bu cyn gadael ei dinas noddfa a dyfod i'n croesawu Cawson brydnawn dedwydd. I ymddyddan ar hen chwaer am y dyddiau fu Mae ei chof a'i golwg bron-gystal ag erioed, a rhyfedd mor sionc y symuda ag yr tyried fod pwysau pedwar ugain a deg gauaf yn gorphwys arni. Sicr iddi gael a'i digoni a' hir ddyddiau, a chredwn hefyd iddi adnabod un a bery yn fyddlon iddi mewn henaint a phenllwydni yr Hwn sydd yn gwneyd hwyrdydd ei hywyd yn dawel a digymylau. Da iawn oedd genym olh ei gwyled o ran yr amgylchiadau mor hapus. Mae ei mab Elias a'i briod yn hynod ofalus am dani, a hyderwn y ca fyw i ddathlu y cant. Yn ystod y prydawn, cafyd canu ynagorol (a chyda llaw, Cymraeg bob fair). Yr oedd y chwirydd Mrs. Evan Rees a Mrs. John Ethridge yn parablu yr hen faith mor rwydd a phe newydd ddod drosodd o Sir Fon. Yn goron ar y awbl yr oedd y chwaer weithgar Mrs. Hannah Jones, gweddw Joshua J. Jones, wedi casglu swm sylweddol o arian, y phaf a gyfwynwyd ganddi i'r hen chwaer Mrs. Davies. Huliwyd y byrddau a dantelthion oedd y chwirydd wedi eu ddwyn gyda hwy, a gwnaeth pawb cyflawnder a'r ymborth, ac hwyrach rai o honom anghyflawnder a'r cylla. Bu raid i ddau adael yn ddiloed ar ol y swper. Ni chlywais a fu raid cael gwasaneth meddyg cyn y bore a'i peidio. Testyn ymddyddan pawb bron ar ein beolydd y dyddiau hyn yw yr afiechyd beryglus sydd yn mhlith plant yr ardal. Mae eisoes chwech wedi marw; yr ydym yn yr teimlo yn hyderus o'r herwydd. Prin yr ydym yn credu fod y meddygon yn ei ddeall. Barn rhai yw ei fod yn henintus, a thybiodd awdurdodau yr ysgol ddyddiol yma mai gwell oedd cau yr ysgol am ysbaid, ac felly y gwnaed hyderwn fod y gwaethaf drosodd.—D. W.

## MAE D'EISIAU DI BOB AWR

1 MAE d'eisiau Di bob awr  
Fy Arglwydd Dduw;  
Daw hedd o'th dyner lais,  
O nefol ryw.

Chorus.

Mac d'eisiau, O! mac d'eisiau,  
Bob awr mac arnaf d'eisiau;  
Bendithia fi fy Nghaidwad,  
Bendithia'n awr.

2 Mac d'eisiau Di bob awr,  
Trig gyda mi;  
Cyll temtasiynau'u grym  
Yn d'ymyl Di.

Chorus.

3 Mac d'eisiau Di bob awr  
Rho d'olau clir;  
Rho imi nerth a blas  
Dy cisiau gwir.

Chorus.

4 Mac d'eisiau Di bob awr,  
Sancteidiaf Ri;  
Yn Iesu gwna fi'n wir  
Yn eiddot Ti.

Chorus.

## I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

1 I NEED Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

Chorus.

I need Thee, Oh I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee;  
Oh bless me now my Saviour;  
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by:  
Temptations lose their power,  
When Thou art nigh.

Chorus.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.

Chorus.

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will,  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

Chorus.





Twelve new trustees of the Welsh Congregational Society of Richville were chosen this fall and posed with the Pioneers plaque in front of the church building. Trustees Meredith Jones, Hazel Van Namee, Doris Jones Hadlock, Ivan Coats, Erie J. Reed, Mary Ruth Beaman Marney, Ruth Coats, Laura Reynolds Lenahan and Ford J. Reynolds stand back of the Pioneers Plaque while Doris Reynolds Putman and Helen Reed read names on the Plaque for trustee photographer Mary H. Biondi.

THIS TABLET ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF  
THE RICHVILLE WELSH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN 1858 AND  
THE ERECTION OF THIS BUILDING IN 1859  
ALSO THE MIGRATION OF THE FIRST WELSH SETTLERS

MINISTERS WHO HAVE SERVED AS PASTORS

Rev. Thomas Rees 1858 - 1864	Rev. Thomas T. Davies 1889 - 1893	Rev. John Williams 1902 - 1903
Rev. David Jones 1865 - 1886	Rev. John Rosser Jones 1894 - 1898	Rev. J. T. Griffiths 1904 - 1908
Rev. George M. Rees 1887 - 1889	Rev. Richard M. Jones 1896 - 1897	Rev. David L. Williams 1908 - 1915
Rev. Lewis E. Lewis 1897 - 1902	Rev. Griffith Evans 1915 - 1919	

EARLY SETTLERS WHO CAME TO RICHVILLE

	James & Ann Griffis 1849	Evan Griffis 1852
John & Mary Davies Evan Jones Benjamin & Margaret Jones David & Mary Thomas Ebenezer & Esther Griffiths Thomas & Hannah Rees	Joshua & Jane Davies Thomas & Elizabeth Jones David & Ann Davies Rev. Thomas & Jane Rees James & Eleanor Jones David & Axah Thomas 1854	Enoch P. & Jane Griffiths Thomas P. & Mary Griffiths John & Margaret Davies Griffith E. Davies David James Mary Jones Ethridge
Evan & Ann Jones	Joseph & Ann Rowland 1858	Robert W. Jones
Evan & Sarah Davies John Thomas Sr. Margaret Davies	David E. & Sarah Davies John & Sarah Jenkins Margaret James	Mary Lewis David Lewis Mary Davies
	1865	T. Brython & Mary Davies David & Mary Griffiths David D. & Margaret Davies
Rev. David & Elizabeth Jones John & Mary Jones Mary Jenkins	Joshua & Hannah Jones AND LATER Henry & Hannah Jones Elias & Mary Davies Thomas & Jane Williams	Sarah Evans Erasmus & Ann Jones Evan & Jane Davies Thomas & Hannah Davies

CHURCH BUILT IN 1859 BY EBENEZER GRIPPITHS. CHURCH RENOVATED IN 1925  
BY HIS GRANDSON WEBSTER E. GRIPPITHS. TABLET PLACED IN 1926.

WELSH

DIADEM

- 1 CYDUNED y nefolaidd gôr  
A llwythau dynol-ryw  
I ganu'n llon â llafar lef  
Mai cariad ydyw Duw.
- 2 Eglura gwirioneddau'i Air,  
Ei drugareddau gwiw,  
Ac angau Crist dros euog ddyn,  
Mai cariad ydyw Duw.
- 3 Derbyniad euog ddyn i'r nef,  
O! 'r fath ryfeddod yw!  
A ddengys trwy'r trigfannau pell  
Mai cariad ydyw Duw.
- 4 Fy enaid clwyfus, na lesgâ,  
Mae modd i wella'r briw,  
Ti gefaist achos da i ddweud  
Mai cariad ydyw Duw.

ENGLISH

DIADEM

- 1 All hail the power of Jesu's name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball,  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seeds of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the Fall;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every tribe and every tongue  
Before him prostrate fall;  
And shout in universal song,  
The crowned Lord of all.

## researchers

The letter below was found in some family research, and the searcher would like to know the meaning of this notation from Iowa, pioneering in the 1860's:

... Please send us a half bushel of 8 rowed and a half bushel of 12 rowed corn, by express and we will send you the money in the next letter. We want the Yankey corn...

Information needed by  
Robert Shetler  
6029 Belle Isle Rd.  
Syracuse, N.Y. 13209

Does anyone have a copy of an E. J. Dailey (Trapping) Guidebooks to donate to the History Center Archives?

I am a graduate student at Syracuse University, researching a doctoral dissertation, "New York and the War of 1812," dealing with the relationship between New York state politics and foreign policy and with New Yorkers' attitudes towards the major foreign policy issues of 1808-15 (embargo, non-intercourse, Macon's Bill #2, Anglo-American relations, Napoleon, the declaration of war, military conscription and peace). To a lesser extent I am also dealing with the earlier events of the Cheapeake Affair of 1807 and Leander Affair of 1806.

As a result I am interested in finding out if anyone has the papers of any local congressmen, state senators, state assemblymen, or other political leaders for the period of 1808-15 as well as any newspapers for the period. In the case of local newspapers I would also like to know if they are the originals or microfilm copies and if they are available through Interlibrary Loan. Thank you.

Yours truly,  
Harvey Strum,  
Rm 227, Grad Hall-3,  
Skytop, Lambreth Lane,  
Syracuse, N.Y. 13210

**History Center Hours 9-4**  
**Ground Floor**  
**Court House in Canton**

What It Cost To Live In Parishville In 1815, as reported by Daniel Hoard, Agent for David Parish.

(Sugar was Expensive to Early Settlers)

5 lbs coffee	.90
21 lbs tallow	\$4.20
41 lbs venison at .07	\$2.87
1 lb tea	\$1.50
28 lbs beef	\$2.24
2½ lbs soap	.45
1¼ lb wool	.93
8½ lbs sugar	\$3.40
one mug	.19
one chamber pot	.38
2 lbs tobacco	3.40

(Supplied by Earl Pattison)

A friend of mine picked up a piece of machinery somewhere around Ogdensburg recently, with the name "Sawpit, N.Y." engraved on the name plate. Have you ever heard of such a place?

Richard Palmer  
P.O. Box 397  
Auburn, N.Y. 13021

## Coming Up!

The Garrison (Civil War) letters; and the story of the George Swan store in Potsdam. (Needed to borrow: A photo of the store which stood near the St. Lawrence Creamery and the new Donut Shop); more County women stories; Terrace Park turns 100.

A ninety-year old woman Recalls Incidents of her Youth; Diary of William Poste; the Snowshoe Clubs.



**THE SUPERVISOR STORY**  
**St. Lawrence County**  
**1802-1973**  
**Write Box 8, Canton**  
**with donation of \$1.75.**

**POTSDAM MUSEUM**  
**Tuesdays thru Saturdays**  
**2 - 5 p.m.**  
**Potsdam Museum**  
**in**  
**Civic Center**



## ROOTS

We meet monthly at the History Center — Join us and climb your family tree!

For indication of interest, or information, drop a postal card to:

**Green as Grass ROOTS**  
**Box 43**  
**Canton, N. Y. 13617**

Address Correction Requested  
Forwarding and Return Postage  
Guaranteed  
Box 8  
Canton, N. Y. 13617

**BULK RATE  
U. S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
PERMIT NO. 5  
Hermon, New York**

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