

# THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



APRIL 1975

# THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

APRIL, 1975

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### COVER PHOTO

With nerves of steel and a good compass, anyone could bring the Hannawa Falls train into port.

#### THE QUARTERLY

Editor..... Mary H. Biondi  
Associate Editor..... Trudie Calvert

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Gone but not forgotten...

# The Way We Were

Diversification breeds strange bedfellows, as many a modern corporation has found — occasionally to its sorrow. Niagara Mohawk has had the experience in reverse, tracing its corporate ancestry to a wide variety of enterprises which shared only the common factor of being involved with power.

No antecedent of the company was more colorful than a small steam railroad acquired along with a company which operated a pulp mill on the Raquette River near Potsdam. The Hannawa Falls Water Power Company was its name and it joined Niagara Mohawk by a course as circuitous as the route of the railroad it operated.

Niagara Mohawk records indicate only that the Hannawa Falls Water Power Company was incorporated on March 30, 1899. It acquired certain property and rights on the Raquette River and owned and operated a hydro-electric plant at Hannawa Falls. The original directors and stockholders were W. B. Cogswell, E. A. Merritt, Jr., O. H. Tappan, J. S. King and W. C. Johnson. The company was in receivership from 1902 to 1913 although it purchased the capital stock of The Potsdam Electric Light and Power Company in 1903 and continued to supply power to the Canton Electric Light and Power and others. It was reorganized in 1913 by an agreement between the Hannawa owners and the aluminum company, under the terms of which Alcoa agreed to restore the Hannawa Company to a sound financial basis and transfer ownership and control of Hannawa and other companies to Alcoa's St. Lawrence River Power Company. This was preliminary to the 1924 consolidation of Hannawa and the original St. Lawrence Valley Power Corporation.

The photographs speak volumes, yet they tell only part of the story. The line's purpose was to haul pulp from the mill to the railroad at Potsdam. The Hannawa Company ground wood pulp in addition to producing electricity. The tracks ran on almost every kind of support except balloons. Rickety trestles wandered drunkenly back and forth across the river, seeking usable footing in the marshy bottomland. Crude stone dikes spanned hollows where the ground was solid enough to support them. Not a plush roadbed.

The railroad never admitted it provided passenger service, yet it had many faithful customers. They were divided into three categories: the workers at the pulp mill; residents of Hannawa Falls village; and kids cadging a free trip on an unintentional roller coaster. And the railroad accommodated them all.

It was, as our British cousins might put it, "a chancy trip." The engineer in charge of the tiny locomotive was sometimes known to impart an excess of zeal to her performance. This was not surprising. It took a special type of man to run a train over tracks which could sink below water level as the weight of the train pressed into the spongy soil. His enthusiasm was unchecked by the minor triumph of reaching Potsdam and solid footing. The track ran through the streets, and it is reported that one Sunday he demolished the corner of a church during the morning service.

Records indicate that the directors of the Hannawa Company were also the directors of the Potsdam Red Sandstone Company, which operated the quarries on the west side of the river near the present Sugar Island Dam. The railroad also carried stone from these quarries.

edited by Trudie Calvert



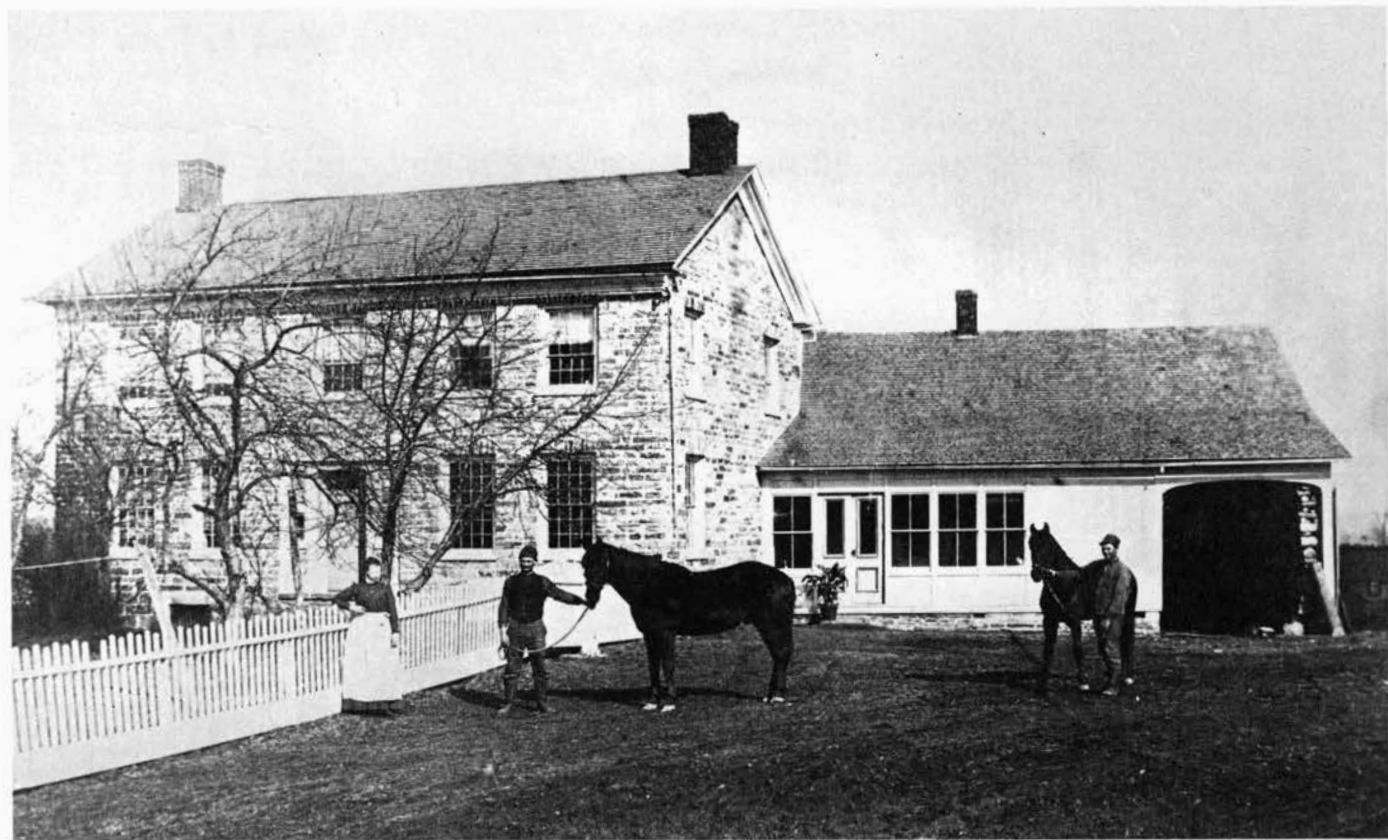
Hannawa Railroad train, taken by Glen Holden of Potsdam, about 1915. C. P. (Pete) Scheller, director of Hannawa Falls

Water Power Co., stands on observation platform of "official car."

(Photos donated by Niagara Mohawk)



Wreck on the Hannawa Railroad, 1910.



The Stone House, Richville, in its heyday. Note the small-paned windows and elegant stone work. (Loaned to History Center by Phyllis Tamblin)

A P.S. to the story on the Welsh community in Richville. A member sends us this inscription from a tombstone in Radnorshire, Wales:

“Him as was has gone from we:  
Us as is must go to he.”

a grand old name

# THE GARRISON LETTERS

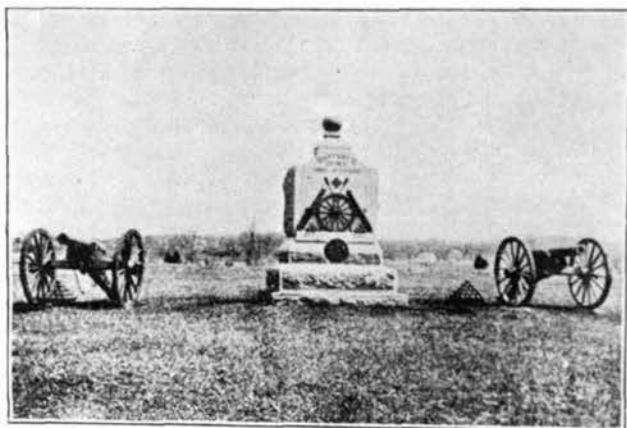
(with notes by Eugene Hatch)

My grandfather Porter Johnson was a Civil War soldier, a member of Battery D (Osborn's Battery) New York Light Artillery (Grandpa goes with Grant, The Quarterly, April 1065). In looking over his letters written during the war, I found a bundle of letters, thirteen in number, which proved to be written by Emmanuel Garrison, a young soldier from Fowler, also a member of Battery D, during his short army career in the Civil War.

The ink has faded and some of the words are spelled unlike Webster's. I asked Miss Helen Grant of Russell, who has restored some family letters, for her aid in deciphering the many obscure passages and I wish to thank her for her patient labor.

The letters reveal a spirited farm raised boy, who somewhat impulsively enlisted to help his country in a crisis mingled with ideas, like many of his comrades, of high adventure. As Bruce Catton our noted Civil War historian well observes (in Mr. Lincoln's Army). "This was an army of the nation's youth. . . convinced that the soldier marched into high romance. . . as it followed its own boyish vision."

I have not succeeded in locating any of the Garrison family and the name seems to have well nigh vanished in this area. There is a monument inscribed to Emmanuel Garrison dated Aug. 17, 1848, age 73, in Fowler Cemetery and he may have been the grandfather of our Emmanuel. In Pitcairn there is Garrison Cemetery, formerly a part of Charles Garrison's land and Charles Garrison was likely the brother Charlie mentioned in the letters. There are however, no Garrison burials listed in this cemetery.



The battle monument of Battery D stands in the Wheatfield at Gettysburg. Captain Osborn was present at the dedication ceremonies and he delivered a history of the Battery, recorded in New York at Gettysburg. I am indebted to him for information about the movements of the Battery. He states that on September 6, 1861 the men were mustered into military service. As befitted our nation's democratic customs the new soldiers elected their own officers.

In Emmanuel's first letter, he describes the punishment of two deserters which evidently makes a strong impression on him and his comrades, as it was probably intended to do:

Sept. 14, 1861 Elmira

Dear Father,

I rec'd your letter and was glad to hear that you were all well and I am the same. You wanted me to write and let you know what we sleep on and what we had over us. We have a straw tick and woolen blanket. Calvin Mitchell sleeps with me so we have two blankets. You said I ought to let you know I was going. I told them I was going. I bid the children good by. Mother said she had heard me lie once before and I thought I would let her see I was not lying this time.

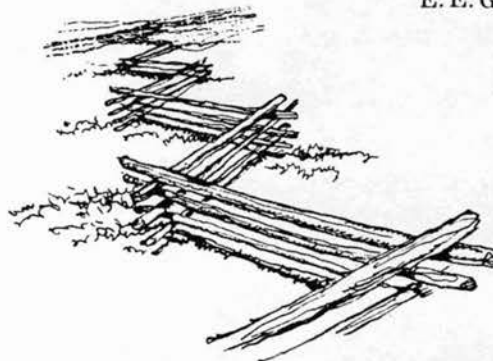
If you want to know the news I will tell you there is a regiment over the fence that had two men desert and they were court martialed yesterday. They are chained to the ground and we expect they will go to prison for life or shot. Father, Calvin Mitchell has just come from where they are and one of them is to be shot today. I will tell you how they do it. There are 12 men chosen out of the regiment and 6 with a wad. They all shoot at once and so they do not know who hits them or who don't. I think it will be a sight to see. We are to see it done and then I will write and let you know the particulars.

We have to drill about two hours in a day and take care of our bed and that is all we do. We stand guard once in a week. We cannot go downtown to get anything so you will have to send me a shirt or two and I will send you the money as soon as I get it from the state. Send me some paper and ink if you want to hear from me for I cannot get it here for love or money. I will write as many letters as you will answer. You can't tell how we enjoy ourselves here. Bill Hudson has played cards half the time and tried to get me to play but I shall not play while I am gone from home.

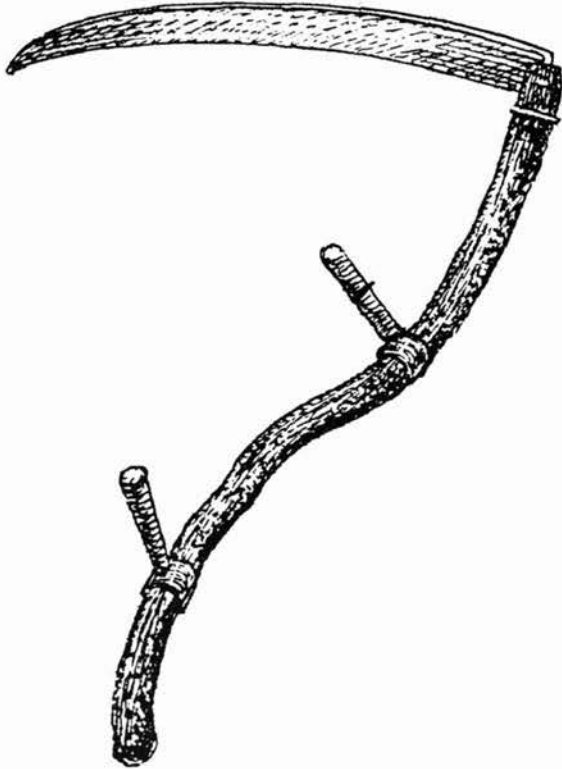
Calvin and me do not wish to play so we will do as we please about it. It is now time to drill and I must be away so no more at present. Write as soon as you receive this. Will write to Charles when he answers my letter. Here's a kiss for Nina and Whit and Bill.

Your most affectionate son.

E. E. Garrison



In the letter following, Emmanuel mentions two important jobs performed by older boys on New York farms, splitting rails for the rail fences that were a common part of the landscape of pre-wire fence days, and mowing hay to feed the livestock during the winter. It seems almost incredible that the hand scythe had been for generations the sole tool for cutting hay on American farms.



The two pegs on the wooden snath or handle of the scythe could be adjusted to the mower's individual hand grip, so a good hanging scythe was prized for the graceful, easy-seeming swing the mower made in cutting his swath.

Another New York farm boy, Wyman Johnson lived near Waterloo. His patriotism was kindled by the speeches at a recruiting meeting held in the neighborhood school house and next day he walked down the road to town and enlisted on Oct. 29, 1861 in Company G., 85th Regiment, New York Volunteers. But before he left his father's home he hung his scythe in a young tree in the yard, telling his family, "Leave this scythe in the tree until I return." The tree, a Balm of Gilead, now towers a hundred feet having a trunk 5 feet thick and Wyman Johnson's scythe blade still protrudes from the giant trunk.

An American flag waves over a marker nearby for this is the noted "Scythe Tree," a memorial to another young soldier who didn't come back. Wyman Johnson died in a Confederate hospital in 1864.

Emmanuel writes his father that he has left his scythe indoors, a sensible provision, and he offers it to him. Did he have a premonition that he wouldn't be home to use it again?

September 24, '61 Elmira

Dear Father and Mother,

As I have rec'd Yours in due time and was glad to see you was prompt in answering it. I thought it was my duty to do the same. . . I paid Mr. Sehldon for the axe in splitting rails. We cannot use money here only as we write to our friends. . . Mother wants to know what we have to live on and I will tell her. For supper we have good bread and rice, coffee, molasses, buttermilk and for dinner we have some potatoes, meat, bread, gravy, and beans and for breakfast we have coffee, potatoes, meat, bread, salt, pepper, and vinegar. It is good most of the time and if it is not good we make a fuss and then we have better for some time. Father you may look for my scythe and snath overhead in the woodshed and that you may have as I paid my own money for it.

Now I will tell about our clothes. We have our shoes and sox are fair quality each and we got them since I commenced writing so you see Father and Mother we do not suffer here. I will say you may look for one letter as often as you will write and answer them. Orville says he got my likeness up to Uncle Leonard. . . as soon as I get my clothes I will send my likeness to you and you must send me the likenesses for sure. Send Lila's as she is the only sister I have in the world and Mother send Father's and yours in one case and I will send you as much money as you pay for them. Father have Whit write and have Lila write soon, too. Whit, if you do not write I will break your head and you begin to think so. And Nim I suppose he is full of the old Harry as ever. And Lila you can write me one as well as not. . .

I shall send you some money by and by I think of coming home before I go south so good by for this time.

Emmanuel Garrison

Battery D left for Washington on October 29 and arrived on the eve of October 31. They encamped on East Capitol Hill at Camp Barry where there was a school for light artillery. At Camp Barry they received as equipment: 4 three-inch rifled guns, horses and ordinance and quartermaster's supplies. The battery was the second battery judged fit to go to the front. The first was Battery B.

Emmanuel writes home in the following letter:

Nov. 5, '61 Washington

Dear Father and Mother,

I am now in camp near the Capitol. I have seen all the



"A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,  
We mow the grass together."

(Continued on Page 18)

# Winter Fun



BURNS' CURLING CLUB, OGDENSBURG.

## Who? When?

RINK DIVISION  
—OF—  
Burns Curling Club, for 1889.

<p>No. 1.</p> <p>W. M. BAIRD,—skip. A. T. BUTT, ALEX. BEWS, L. R. PLUMB, O. D. CRANE, L. D. HOARD.</p>	<p>No. 2.</p> <p>JAS. MURPHY,—skip. W. C. ALGIE, R. E. SAYERS, F. D. WALLACE, J. C. CHURCHILL, JR., E. A. NEWELL,</p>	<p>No. 3.</p> <p>J. H. AUSTIN,—skip. JAS. IVES, D. O. MCROSTIE, F. MUNRO, A. K. STRONG, C. A. MERRIMAN,</p>	<p>No. 4.</p> <p>J. S. WARNER,—skip. H. H. BOSWORTH, D. C. GRIFFITH, L. D. RALPH, FRED IVES, J. P. JOHNSTON,</p>	<p>No. 5.</p> <p>FRANK OWEN,—skip. GEO. MCINTYRE, S. McJEWELLS, W. R. DUNTON, J. G. WESTBROOK, L. D. BURT, A. R. HERRIMAN.</p>	<p>Extra Skips.</p> <p>A. H. LORD. H. B. HOWARD.</p>
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## A Fitting Close

to the **SNOWSHOE SEASON, 1892**

(Edited from scrapbook material at History Center by Mary H. Biondi)

As members of the Brockville, Prescott and Ogdensburg Snowshoe Clubs laid out plans to bring the 1892 season to a fitting climax, mild weather almost obliterated the most essential element. Gentlemen carrying snowshoes, in a state of hopeful expectancy, waded through streets of mud and slush under rain-threatened skies.

About 30 uniformed Brockville Club members gathered at the Grand Trunk Express depot, along with the Mayor and civic leaders. The forty or so boarded the Express for Prescott about four in the afternoon and there a delegation from the local club greeted them. An imposing procession soon wended its way through the main street of the historic old town, with A. L. Murray and W. J. Gilmour furnishing snare drum rhythm for the regulation marching step.

The pace down to the ferry landing was fast, and at the boat the Prescott men consigned the Brockville visitors to the care of a delegation from the Ogdensburg Club, including Charles P. Lyon, F. "Sandy" Blodgett, Dr. Benton and others.

About this time a blizzard struck the area with full force, and a short time later the marble floor of the Seymour House presented the appearance of a thawed-out skating rink, as the blanket coats shed their layers of wet snow. The hotel dining room was opened and hosts and guests sat down to one of Host Tallman's delectable spreads. The menu cards, suitably inscribed, invited discussion after which ex-Mayor Edgar A. Newell extended a welcome to the other clubs. Mayor Booth and others replied.

About eight o'clock the Prescott snowshoers arrived and the three clubs proceeded to the Opera House where Decker Brothers Minstrels put on a show. The snowshoe delegation had about 100 reserved seats in the balcony.

The drop over the proscenium bore the names of the three clubs, with a huge Maltese cross, emblematic of the Brockville Club's badge in the center, while the American and British flags were draped nicely in front, flanked by a double row of snowshoes reaching the arch. The gags of the minstrels were personal and added to the show, with members occasionally indulging in repartee and acrobatics from the balcony with the end men.

#### PARTY GOES ON

It was all of eleven o'clock when the Prescott and Brockville Clubs said goodbye and were once more on Canadian soil. The Mansion House was the scene of further suppering and partying. All agreed that Brockville members would be hard put to it to reciprocate more adequately in future years.

Flags and bunting, a stage and piano, two arclights installed for the occasion made a cosy retreat from the storm outside. Proprietor Denny Higgins presented the bill of fare printed on yellow satin, with a safety pin attached, beside each plate.

Commodore Harlow Godard Wiser, president of the Prescott Club, proposed a toast to the Queen and to the President of the United States, led in singing the National Anthem and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Speeches were plenty by — J. P. Wiser, Albert Whitney, G. T. Labatt, Harlow Wiser of Prescott; ex-Mayor D. Derbyshire, D. W. Downey, A. H. Broderick, E. M. Cole, Jack A. Mackenzie, C. S. Cossitt of Brockville and Charlie P. Lyon of Ogdensburg. Songs were sung by almost everybody who could sing and by some who could not. Recitations were rendered and it was pronounced a great night from four to four.



Captain Lyon placed the ferry steamer "Plumb" at the disposal of the visitors without charge. A special train between downtown Ogdensburg and the lighthouse landing for the Brockville and Prescott contingent was arranged by Charles Lyon and Isaac Wiser through the kindness of E. C. Dillingham of the R.W. & O. Other Ogdensburg men who arranged entertainment were "Sandy" Blodgett of the Ogdensburg News, Drs. Benton, Madill and Barnett, P. A. Westbrook, E. C. J. Smith, A. R. Poste, Julius Frank, Edgar A. Newell, Wm. Clutterbuck and J. L. O'Connor. Among the Indian singers T. Edmond Martin shone as only he could a la Caughnawaga (it was noted) and the Glee Club was loudly applauded.

#### STORMY NIGHT

The storm which had started about 3 that March 11 afternoon proved to be the worst of the season and by next day drifts in some places were ten feet high. In January the Brockville and Ogdensburg Clubs had got together and had an afternoon of snowshoeing and a social evening with the addition of ladies. The Hotel Seymour was crowded because of the St. Lawrence International Musical Union mid-winter festival. All attended the concert at the Opera House and the mixture of New York City and Canadian musical fare was well received. Miss Kate Wiser, the only Canadian on the program, was already a great favorite in Brockville and her encore for "Kathleen Mavourneen" rang through the house. Kate's relatives in Ogdensburg also welcomed her, her cousin Miss James being her accompanist.

The addition of the snowshoers in their colorful blanket



costumes added to the gaiety of the occasion. During the intermission they entertained with "How Dry I Am." In February the Prescott Club which had been defunct, was rejuvenated and invited to a joint meeting with Brockville at the Revere House, to which Ogdensburg members ferried and entrained to join them. That February joint "smoking concert", a five-mile snowshoe tramp for all paid up members in full regalia, and detailed planning brought about the smashing and fitting close to the snowshoeing season that March of 1892.

**Editor's Note:**

— John P. Wiser, a distiller, formerly of Gouverneur, married Emily Godard, daughter of Harlow Godard of Richville. Their sons were Harlow Godard and Isaac Phillip Wiser. The former married Ada Louise Brown, granddaughter of Ogdensburg's first mayor Anthony C. Brown. After Mr. Wiser's death she married Wm. Cornell. Her sister Josephine married Richard Kirkpatrick (his second wife) a brewer from Canada. Mary Kate Wiser, Harlow and Isaac's sister married Wm. C. Brown, first cousin to Ada Louise, and Isaac Wiser married Harriet Bertha James, daughter of Editor Henry Ripley and Harriet Jane James, of Ogdensburg. Lucia James, daughter of Edward C., married Dr. Grant C. Madill and three of their daughters carried the names of Mary Kate, Emily Wiser and Lucia James.

MHB



MISS KATE WISER.



Brockville was famous for its snowshoe club prior to the turn of the century. This group is photographed at the railway station here on the way to a meet in Ottawa on March 10, 1892. Picutred are, left to right, rear row, C. F. Ross, Albert Gilmour, D. Derbyshire, A. B. Broderick, Charles Stagg, F. B. Cossitt, George McGlade, J. A. McKenzie; centre row, unknown, unknown, J. W. Stagg, E. A. Field, G. A. Kenp, C. A. Fitzsimmons, B. J. Saunders, H. Fitzsimmons, J. L. Upham, A. G. Bowie; front row, unknown, C. Hutcheson, A. A. Fisher, M. M. Brown, C. S. Cossitt, I. M. Marshall, W. A. Gilmour, Lev Southworth, A. G. Loosemore; in front, A. L. Murray and J. A. Hutcheson.

## As I Remember

# Mrs. Milne, Canton's Cateress

By Dorothy Cleaveland Salisbury

Around the turn of the century and for twenty years and more later, Mrs. Alexander Milne played an important part in the social life of Canton. I don't know when the Milnes came to Canton, but they were there during the 1890's and Mrs. Milne had established herself as a cateress.

Mrs. Milne and her husband were Scots from northern Ireland, commonly called Scotch-Irish, though there is no Irish in them. In Canton the Milnes were staunch members of the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Milne was, as I remember, a rather tall, raw-boned woman. There was a distinct Scottish burr in her speech and she had at times a tart tongue. Her husband Alec was of medium height.

From the 1890's till the late 1920's or perhaps '30's, Mrs. Milne's finger was in nearly all the social events from a small afternoon tea or light evening refreshments to large wedding receptions and organization banquets. The earlier part of her period was a time when whist parties and home dinner parties were popular. She regularly catered the Beta and Alpha Balls, the Junior Prom and the Alumni Luncheon at Commencement. The fraternities vied with each other for her services for initiation and alumni banquets.

Like all expert cooks, Mrs. Milne had her specialties. Among them were Saratoga chips (potato chips), timbale cases and rosettes. The latter were often filled with her popular creamed chicken or oysters. These items she always made fresh for the occasion. She scorned the suggestion of commercial articles. Her ice cream was rich with heavy cream and eggs, her cakes the lightest and her tea cookies dainty and in great variety.

A call on Mrs. Milne (few people had telephones in her earlier period) to arrange the date and menu and the hostess had only to see that her house was in order and her guests invited. When Dunn's Grocery Store closed out its china department, Mrs. Milne bought most of the stock. Thus during the later years she could furnish the dishes also.

Her husband, Alec, did odd jobs about the village — shoveling snow, mowing lawns, putting up and taking down storm windows and screens. But when his wife had an engagement, his jobs had to be postponed. He then was her right-hand man, turning the crank on the big ice cream freezer and then trundling it and hampers of prepared food in his big wheelbarrow from their home on Lincoln Street to the scene of the affair. When we saw Alec and his wheelbarrow on the street, we knew there was a party of some sort in preparation.

Mrs. Milne was so well-known to St. Lawrence students that in after years it was not unusual for one to engage her to go out-of-town — to Gouverneur, Watertown, even Syracuse to cater for some important occasion.

At a meeting of the Domestic Science Department of the Women's Library Association, Mrs. Milne one time gave away some of her cooking secrets. Among them was her recipe for Irish Christmas Cake. This was a dark sheet cake with molasses and applesauce in it, covered with white icing decorated with citron holly leaves and cinnamon-drop berries. I made it for years, but in one of my moves the recipe was lost with other favorites. If any reader of The Quarterly has this recipe, please send it to the editor for publication in The Quarterly.

Mrs. Milne trained girls to serve at her parties and also instructed young friends of the hostess in serving. Everything had to be done meticulously and woe betide one who made a blunder. She was quickly made to correct her error.

I left Canton in September 1924 with Mrs. Milne still catering. In August 1940 when I returned to be married, I found no Mrs. Milne nor a successor. Mrs. Milne had left an unfilled void. It was finally after frustration and much



Mr. and Mrs. Milne ready for church.

inquiry that I finally obtained the services of the cooking teacher at the Aggie School to cater my wedding breakfast. How I longed for Mrs. Milne who had everything at her fingertips.

(Mrs. Milne was born in May 1860, and died in October 1939. She is buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Canton.)



Ruins of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Madrid, after the fire of Aug. 15, 1878. (History Center gift of Guy Hosley).

# Poetical Portraits

## Spring's Sweetest Sweetness

Snow — Cold — Blow.  
Winter's been with us too long.  
We're eager to hear again  
The cheerful robin's song.

The sparkling white fields  
Are turning to sodden grey.  
Spring must be coming soon  
To that woods across the way.

Yes. There is activity there.  
I see a man tapping the trees.  
Spring's forest fragrance  
Come to me on gentle breeze.

Slightly sweet, sap drips from trees,  
Through a hot evaporator finds its way,  
Growing browner, sweeter, thicker,  
Until ready for that sweetest day.

Neighbors and children gather.  
Sugaring off is a delight.  
We watch the brown stuff bubbling  
Until tested it is just right.

Poured by hot spoonfuls  
Onto hard packed snow.  
The sweetest sweetness is waxed sugar,  
As people in maple country know.

ABIGAIL COLE



## Maple Sugar Making

An interest in old ways of getting things done,  
Now gives us respect for those gone on before;  
And even the making of sugar was one  
Of the farmer's tasks, just a springtime chore.

Some had fifty maples and some even less.  
In the early part of this century, we know,  
Self sufficient the people would employ the ways  
Of keeping the table expenses down low.

So the spouts were brought out and the maples were tapped,  
While open tin buckets were hung underneath.  
In the fall the big woodpile was already stacked  
Near the old brick arch to be easy to reach.

The pan for the arch some plumber had made  
To fit the specifications I'm sure,  
And it rested on irons crossed over the brick,  
While one end was left open to use as the door.

With horses and sleighs they would gather the sap  
Until there was plenty to fill up the pan;  
Then a good hot fire was soon burning beneath,  
With sweet scented steaming the boiling began.

The gathering continued at every half day;  
More sap was added as the liquid boiled down;  
Around through the trees went the old fashioned sleigh,  
Sometimes it was hard to be pulled on bare ground.

In mid afternoon additions were stopped,  
So the boiling went on at a much faster rate,  
And the sap, once like water, began turning brown.  
There was milking to do and 'twas now getting late.

So the syrup though thin was dumped into a can,  
And back at the house would be finished at night  
In the old fashioned boiler on top of the range,  
Gold bursting bubbles would show it was right.

To put some in quart cans for use on the table.  
Before making sugar, the bread pans were greased;  
Stirring and stirring as long as you're able,  
To make it fine grained and fit for a feast.

Syrup for pancakes, home made sausage too—  
The sugar shaved off for cereals and cake,  
The farmer's wife used it the whole year through  
For sweetening in canning and cookies she baked.

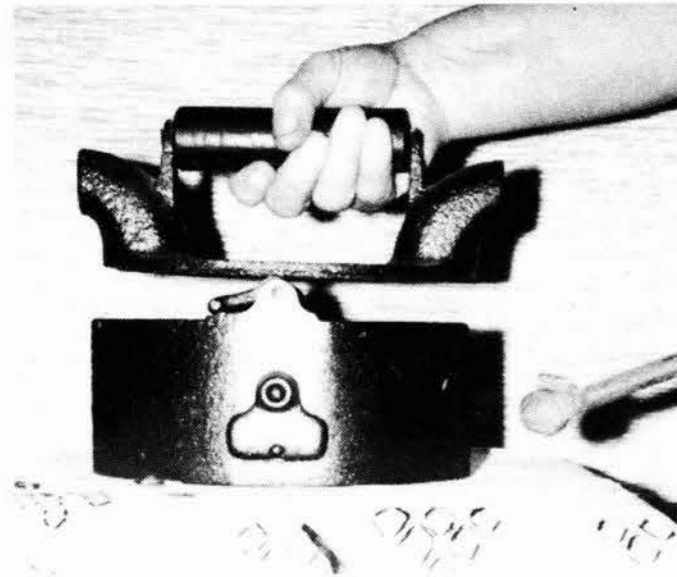
When the season was over, the buckets were washed,  
And stacked on the can rack to dry in the sun.  
The spouts were pulled out and the plugs driven in,  
The pan too was stored for the next year to come.

Will changes continue as years come and go?  
We cannot deny to-day's ways may not last.  
Big scale operations have taken their toll  
Of the little farm industries used in the past.

Rose Tripp

# SADIRONS Displayed in Madrid

By Rebecca French  
Town of Madrid Historian



David Snow, Madrid, found this charcoal-burning iron and long-handled tongs before 1932, when he was a youngster exploring an old cellar down in Sodem. It was used about 1860, and could have been filled with hot coals from a fireplace, using the long handled tongs. Imagine ironing with it, while the smoke rolled out the two chimney vents at the ends. If more heat was desired, the vents on both sides of the iron could be opened to create a draft, to make the fire burn a little hotter.



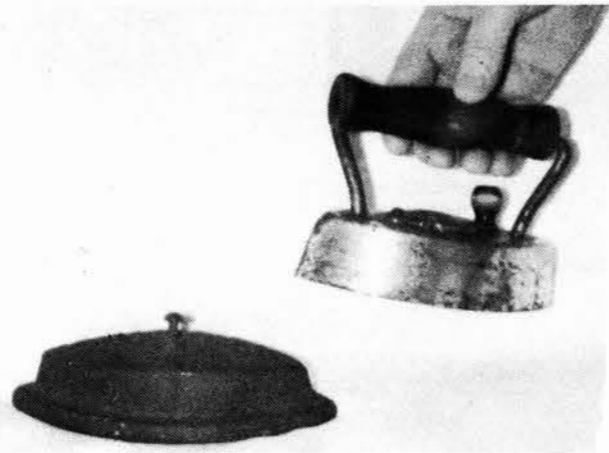
Wreatha Snow, Madrid, recalled that her mother taught her to iron with a smaller version of the one she displays here, and also recalled ironing with one just like the one above, which was given to her husband, David, by friends in Canada. The sadiron with a wooden detachable handle came into general use about 1900. They came in sets of five or six, and while one was being used, the others were heating on the cook stove.

Homemakers are accustomed to attending to pressing duties, and one of the least favorite of these is ironing. Today's aluminum and plastic steam and dry irons bear little resemblance, however, to the sad irons of yesteryear.

Sad irons were so called from the Scottish word "saed," meaning heavy. It has also been said that they were called sad irons, because the user was sad when she had to use the heavy, cumbersome sad iron that tired her muscles and burned her fingers.

According to information found in the files at the Potsdam Museum, charcoal irons were used about 1860. One piece sad irons came into use about 1890. The sad iron with the wooden detachable handle came into use about 1900. The sad iron with the detachable handle and case that fitted all the way down around the iron, was used in this area into the 1930's.

The electric flatiron was invented by Henry W. Seely of New York City who received Patent Number 259054 on June 6, 1882. Electric power came to Madrid



Beatrice McCready recalls spending a good many hours using the iron above, before 1938, when her parents had electricity installed in their home on the Chase Mills Road, Madrid. She uses it now for a door stop at camp. The sadiron, with the detachable cover that fits all the way down around it, came into general use in this area about 1930. To see whether the iron was hot enough, the user wet her finger in her mouth, and quickly bounced the wet finger on the sole of the iron. If the iron sizzled, it was ready to use.

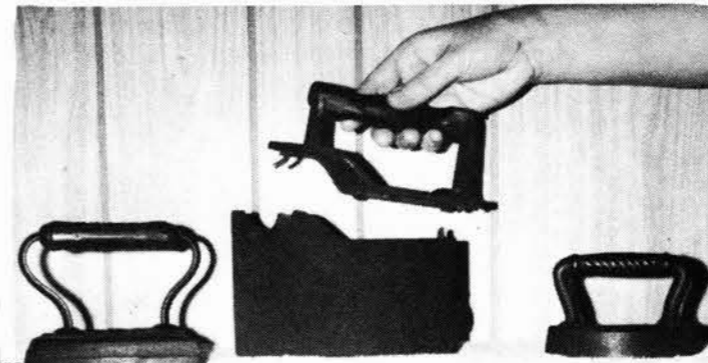


These circa 1890 flatirons have been put to a modern-day use as bookends in the home of Town of Madrid Histrian Rebecca French.

in 1898, but it was much later than that before it was installed in many of the homes.

Many of today's homemakers recall long hours spent ironing with the sad irons that were heated on a cook stove. Sad irons were kept warm on the back of the cook stove. They were wrapped in a small quilt or blanket and tucked in around the family when they went out in the horse-drawn cutter in the winter. A warm, wrapped iron was often given to a child with a tooth ache, to place against the side of his face. To test the iron to see if it was hot enough for pressing duties, the user wet her finger, and bounced it on the sole of the iron. If it sizzled, it was ready to use.

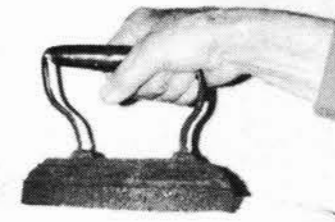
A display of these irons was held at the bank in Madrid during November. The County Association has many of these irons, including a charcoal-burning iron in its collections.)



The charcoal-burning iron in the center was used about 1860, and featured side vents, probably to direct the smoke in that direction, instead of in the user's face. One-piece sadirons were used about 1890; the one on the left is an example of those commonly used. The one on the right weighs about two pounds. It was used to iron small articles, and was also used by young girls learning to iron. They are from the collection of Eunice Wagner of Madrid.



This tiny sadiron, less than two inches long and weighing about three ounces, was used around 1890, to iron baby clothes. It was probably also used as a child's toy.

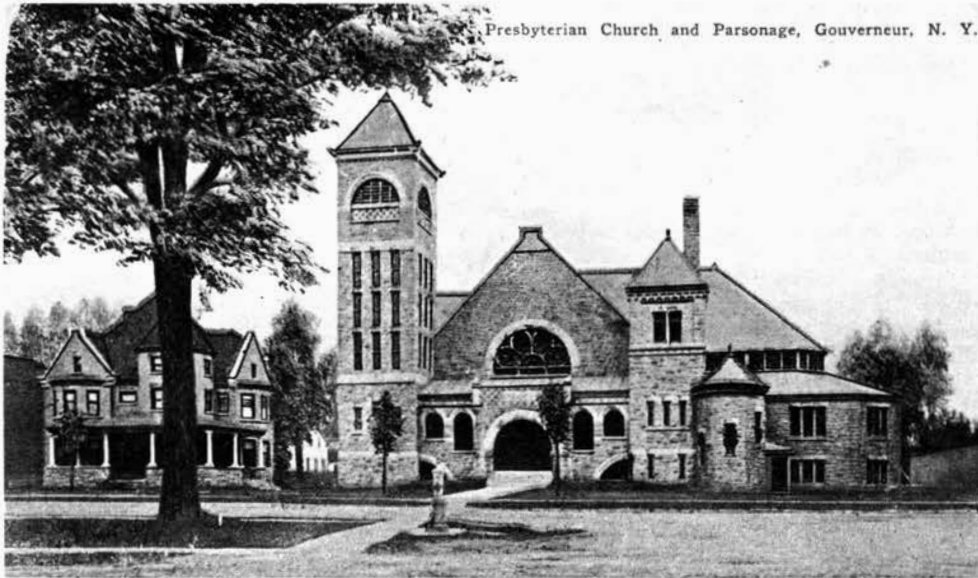


This one-piece sadiron was found in the Elm Street, Madrid, house, more than 35 years ago, when it was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Riley. The handles were designed to help prevent the heavy padded holder from slipping. Some carry a rope design, and some a criss-cross design, among others.



Eunice Wagner displays her sadirons on the stairs of her home.

# Gouverneur Historical Association



Presbyterian Church and Parsonage, Gouverneur, N. Y.

A silver tea was held on February 22 at the new Gouverneur Historical Association home. The former manse of the Presbyterian Church is in perfect condition from cellar to attic. The tower rooms are a delight, and the fire in the fireplace a warm welcome.



At the tea table Margaret Gleason, Mary Biondi, Mary Ruth Marney receive tea from Mrs. Nelson Winters, wife of the Village Historian.

(Eugenia Huntress photos)



Among the many artifacts at the museum are items used by Calvin Mitchell in the Civil War, given by Miss Lois Mitchell.

Congratulations to Historian Harold Storie and President Eugenia Huntress and all the committees and members who worked so diligently on this successful project.

## Our Noteworthy Ladies

### Crack-a-Lindie

By Maxine B. Rutherford  
Town Historian, Hammond

One of the most unique characters in our town, some fifty years ago, was a widowed lady known as Crack-a-Lindie. She lived in shacks in various parts of town, never staying too long in one place. She sustained herself and little girl by weaving and selling baskets. Cracky was of average stature with large strong hands, clothed in hand-me-downs, many of which were much too large for her. To me, she seemed as old as Methuselah with wrinkled and weather-beaten face, squinting eyes and odd looking dress. Her features were in sharp contrast to those of her daughter, a little beauty with dark eyes and clear olive complexion.

Cracky gathered her own materials for basket weaving and chair caning. From near by woods and swamps she would cut ash and willow and various kinds of bark, berries and sumac for dying. Perhaps, her greatest delight was the peddling of her wares in the community. Walking was her only mode of transportation, very often barefoot but sometimes clad in mens' heavy work shoes. Money was not always plentiful among the country people of that period but

Cracky would trade a basket for what ever food was available. I recall my parents sharing with her the contents of our pork and pickle barrels. She always left behind a basket in exchange.

While Crack-a-Lindie was an artist at basketry, lack of foresight often led her to unusual behavior. The story is told of an instance when she was moving to a new location some eight miles distant. Making several trips, she moved her entire household goods on a wheelbarrow; that is, except the stove. She, thereby, hired a farmer with a team and a huge wagon to haul the stove to her new home.

I do not recall when Crack-a-Lindie came or when she left, only the years of seeing her traveling the dusty country roads with her baskets on her back. As she passed by, neighborhood dogs growled and barked and the children shouted, "Here comes Crack-a-Lindie!"

She married and lived in Hammond until her husband was killed. She then took her children to Gouverneur where she remarried and perhaps lives there still.



Fiftieth anniversary picture of Burton Baker and Lois Turner Baker, early residents of Hermon, New York. They were married February 28, 1850. Standing, left to right, are

their children: William, Helen (Picard), Judson, Wellington, Jess, Hannah (Shattuck), Byron.

((Donated by Harriet Colton)

# Bicentenary Annals



CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

## America's First Victory

The 10th of May, 1775 marked "America's First Military Victory." On that day Ethan Allen, a doughty son of the Vermont hills, and 83 of his Green Mountain Boys attacked and captured Fort Ticonderoga. This action, conceived and executed by Allen and his recruits, for the first time pitted Americans against the British army garrisoned in a defensible fortress.

On Saturday, 10 May 1975, the Fort Ticonderoga Association plans to pay tribute to the valor of Allen and his men with the reenactment of the capture on the bicentennial of the event, exactly as it occurred 200 years ago. Participants in the pageant will be descendants of those heroes who conceived and carried out the attack.

Fort Ticonderoga was strategically located on the inland waterway route between the British colonies and Canada. The Fort, built by the French but taken by the British, commanded the outlet of Lake George into Lake Champlain. Solidly built on a promontory, it was known as the "Gibraltar of the New World."

Allen's victory had three military results: Fort Ticonderoga, guardian of the colonies' north gate, was denied to the British; cannon from Ticonderoga enabled the Americans to drive the British out of Boston; American morale was stimulated by the victory.

Lexington and Concord are highlights of America's story. But those actions were in response to British aggression. At Fort Ticonderoga, American troops for the first time took the offensive against British regulars in a British stronghold. This was rebellion!

The operation began when some 230 men assembled at Hand's Cove, about one mile north of the promontory, of Ticonderoga and across the lake from the Fort, on the evening of 9 May 1775. Allen was in command but Benedict Arnold joined the group with a commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety to capture the Fort. All the men had been raised by Allen and they refused to march under another leader. Allen allowed Arnold to march at his side, but retained command.

A large scow and one small boat comprised the available transport. Allen filled these with 83 men and embarked with Arnold. The force arrived beneath the walls of the Fort shortly after 3 A.M. With Allen leading, the men climbed an embankment to a breach in the south wall of the Fort opposite which was a wicket-gate and a sentry.

Ethan Allen overpowered the sentry, raced into the courtyard, and, with Arnold at his side, demanded the surrender of the fortress. "In the Name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Bowing to the inevitable, the British commander, Captain William de la Place, handed his sword to Allen. It was over in a few minutes; no one was killed. But America had achieved her first victory. There was great rejoicing, and, to quote the redoubtable Ethan, "The sun seemed to rise with a superior lustre - and we tossed about the flowing bowl."

The reenactment will be performed by descendants of the rebels on 10 May 1975. A day-long program will follow the morning reenactment including music by "The Old Guard," the United States Army's famous 3rd Infantry Fife and Drum Corps and by Fort Ticonderoga's own Fifes and Drums. Honored guests will be welcomed in ceremonies at the Fort and The Brigade of the American Revolution will muster. There will be an ox roast for everyone, just as there was at Fort Ticonderoga's Centennial in 1875.

01568 Brasher Falls, N.Y. Main St. West.



Views of Main Street, Brasher Falls, showing the covered bridge from both east and west.



MAIN ST. NEAR THE RIVER-BRASHER FALLS, N. Y.

## HANNAN BROS.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

FINE CIGARS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

Manufactured Tobaccos.

PIPES, STEMS, BOXES, POUCHES, IMPORTED

CIGARS, LEAF TOBACCO, AND IM-

PORTERS OF T. D. PIPES.

65 STATE-ST., - HANNAN BUILDING,

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.



Full Assortment of Leaf Tobacco kept constantly on hand.



(Continued from Page 6)

presidents and vice presidents and if you are in Washington you could see some things you never saw in your life and never will. Also there are some rebels near here. Father, I have no pen so I can hardly write besides I have to lay on the ground to write this so you can't find any fault if it is rather bad. You see we started from Elmira on Tuesday and got here on Friday. I saw where the cars run off the track and killed 2 men and broke the cars all up. Brad Stone and Andrew Lee is on the grounds and if you ever want to hear from me you can see how it is with me, we have had no pay yet and if you can send some stamps I will send you some money as we draw our pay. Father and Mother you can tell Henry Sheldon that Charlie Sheldon is here so you can see there's a good many boys that I am acquainted with and if they do not want me to come home I can come here and drive niggers for \$50 a month.

Capt. Fiefer has been promoted to major and T. W. Osborne is our captain now. I will not send you anymore such letters till I have a chance to write in a better place. I will send you the captain's likeness and you can send yours. So goodbye for this time and I shall not send anymore letters until I get some money for stamps. Calvin Mitchell gave Lewis Hall \$.25 for \$.09 to send home 3 letters. I can't never do so I will stop writing before.

This from your son  
E. E. Garrison

(Calvin Mitchell mentioned here was the grandfather of Miss Lois Mitchell, librarian of Gouverneur Public Library and he was a relative of Emmanuel.)

November 19, '61

Camp Barry  
Washington

Dear and well remembered sister,

I now seat myself to write you a few lines to let you know I am well at present and hope these few lines find you the same. . . if you are in good spirits to go to school I will send you the money to pay for your schooling. Now

Lila be a good girl and keep your nose clean and write to me when you can and I will answer. Delila, you and Betsy are the only sisters I have to comfort me by writing and I trust you will be spared to comfort me all you can by so doing. . . (Nov. 20) Well Lila I had to close my letter last night and now I will finish it and you must know we cannot tell how long a time we have to write. If you see Nathan tell him I will not write again until he does to me for there is no use of my writing and getting no answer at all, so if you do not do the same, I shall stop writing to you. You must tell Sarah Hudson, Bill and Charlie are well. You must go to school every day and learn.

There was a man killed yesterday in the artillery by picket guards. If you mind your own business there is no danger. If a man is drunk on the sidewalk they take him and take care of him and if he is real saucy they will shoot him as soon as a skunk and so you see there is no danger if a man minds his own business. I can't think of anymore at this time.

This from your well wished brother  
E. E. Garrison

There was a short letter written on Dec. 6 relating to arrangements for sending Emmanuel's pay home. Later he writes —

Dec. 9, 1861

Camp Barry, Washington

Dear Father and Mother,

Mr. S. B. Vanduzee was here and I thought I would send you a small present and I went to the city and bought a dress for you and Delila and you will see that the blue is for Delila and by the way, I sent you \$5 in a letter. When Elias Smith was here I sent Nathan a gold pen and you must let me know if you have the money and the pen. When S. B. VanDuzee gets home he will give you the dresses and now you must write and let me know about them things.



View of DeKalb Junction, 1939 (Donated by F. F. E. Walrath, DeKalb Historian)

Camp Barry, December 6, 1861

Dear Father, I send you five dollars inclosed in this and want you to expend it for my only sister in schooling and clothing and other necessities for your use and when I get my next pay which will be in the month of January I will send you more. Yours of the last was received with the greatest of pleasure.

From your most affectionate son,  
E. E. Garrison

Camp Barry Washington  
December 8, 1861

Dear Father and Mother,

I seat myself to send you a few lines in regard to my health which is good at present and hope these few lines will find you the same. I sent in my last letter \$5 in a bill and if you receive it you must let me know immediately for if this did not go I want to hear from it. You wanted me to write often and I do but do not get any answer from you. I have not had only 1 letter since I came here and if you do write, I do not get them. You want to hear the news. Perhaps you have heard all the news. They commenced fighting across the river from where we are on Thursday and we are at it now. I do not know how they will come out yet. There is about 20 regiments over there yesterday and part of our regiment went with them. We will be the next company out of our regiment to go and when we leave here I will write to you. Direct as before and I will get them. Now write as soon as you get this and do not wait at all for you know I will like to hear from you all. I can tell you something else, I was sent down to the city for some bread and I saw some of our men come from Alexandria with 20 rebels. One man tried to get away and they shot him in the breast and killed him dead at once. You see, I have seen some bloodshed since I left home. We can hear the cannon and see the smoke here as plain as you can hear the town bell when it rings. You must excuse me now for I have got to go and see where the captain is, so goodbye for this time.

Your son,  
E. E. Garrison

Camp Barry, Washington  
Dec. 19, 1861

Dear Father and Mothers,

Yours of the 15th came duely at hand this morning and I was very glad to hear from you. I am well, and hope this will find you the same. You asked me to send you some more of the dress I bought. That was all there was in the store and if I can find any in the city I will send it to you immediately. You say Calvin sent home \$27.50. I will tell you how he sent it. He sent all he had and now he is borrowing from me and some of the rest of the company. You see I will tell you what I did with my money. I bought one pair of boots, they were \$5.25 and a cap \$1.00 and for borrowed to pay postage home and other places \$2.00 more, and Delila's dresses \$4.75 more and \$5.00 I sent you in cash and for washing my clothes I have paid \$3.00 more and you see I have not got much left to play on out of \$28.16. I have lent \$3 or 4 besides. Now if you could put your money in better use than that let me know and I will be very glad. Now about you sending me a quilt, you may do as you please, if you want to send it you may and I will pay the charges when it gets here. If you send it send it to

Captain Thomas Ward Osborne  
1st N.Y. Volunteer Artillery  
Company D., Washington D.C.

The new soldier ran afoul of army discipline, and still smarting from his punishment, here writes to his sister. The tone of the letter is surprisingly like that of a modern soldier. In fact, it might have been written by a U.S. soldier of any period:

Camp Barry  
Washington, D.C.  
February 1862

Dear Sister,

Your letter I have answered once and now I will write you another letter to let you know I am well and now about my present situation. I went to G. B. Winslow and asked if I could go to church and he said I could go and then he put me in the ranks for not being there in time for roll call and now if the time ever comes, and it will, that I can talk to him as a civilian I will give him the g— son of a b— a good mauling as he ever took in his life. You think George Winslow is a good man. He is the meanest g— d— man in the whole company. The boys are all down on him and they tried to get up a purse to buy him a set of pistols and they could not get enough sign for it. As for myself I would not sign anything without it was to buy a Bible for him or a prayer book or something of the sort. He has tried to get me down all the time ever since I was promoted and g— d— his soul I will give him a good name sometime. . .

. . . Well I will close about Winslow and you must not tell anyon for if he hears anything said about him he will raise hell as hard as he can. Now, Mother, Mrs. Day came here a day or two ago and . . . brought a letter to me and said if I wanted a quilt you would send it but I do not want it for I have enough now. Thank you for it as much as though I got all you had in the house. Mrs. Day said you had not got the last five dollars I sent you and I will not send you anymore by mail. I will send it by express and then I will be sure it will come alright. This from your brother,

E. E. Garrison

Camp Barry, Washington DC  
February 13, 1862

Well Father, as you will not write to me I will say a few words to let you know I am well and hope you are the same. It has been a month or more since you have written to me and now you may take this for the last until you write to me.

Perhaps you think this is a rather bold letter but be it as it may you are under obligation to write to me. You must write me whether you got the last money I sent home and if you did not get it I will not send any more by mail.

I have been looking for a letter sometime but no letters came and I began to think you have forgotten me entirely.

We expect to go furthur south in a few days. We got marching orders sometime (ago) but the weather was not so we could start and we will go now in a short time. We are ordered to Port Tobacco and that is some 40 or 50 miles farther south and when you write to me, direct as before and I will give you the directions and all about it. We are all well and in good spirits and glad to go on for we never want to come home till we see some fighting and if it is my lot to fall I will die in a good cause. I have to leave off and feed my horses and I will finish after supper. Well, good day again for now.

I will finish my letter. Delilah is the only one that writes to me and glad to answer one everyday for you know it is a good thing to have one to write to. If I had seventy-five sisters I would write to every one of them and now you must tell her to write to me often for I want you to see you help her in writing and if she is well you may let her have her likeness taken and send it to me and yours and Mothers also and if you have not got money enough write and I will send some more the next pay day. I will close by saying goodbye for this time. Write soon and oblige. Your well-wished son to Elias and Permelia Garrison.

E. E. Garrison

Battery D joined the movement in General McClellan's campaign in the Peninsula aimed to capture Richmond with an army of 100,000 men. Battery D was assigned to General Hooker's division. From his camp, Emmanuel writes—

May 1, 1862  
Camp Winfield Scott,  
Virginia

Dear Father and Mother,

I now write you a few lines to inform you of my health which is good at present. We were out last night on picket and seen some firing on both sides. Not a man in our company was hurt and it is lucky you better believe. We have been out several nights and again tomorrow if nothing happens will have some fun. All is quiet except now and then the bursting of a rebel shell that comes in our camp. Well Mother, I have some news to tell you. I have sent home by Winslow \$15.00. He is a going to send it to Harvey D. Smith (a change of heart about Winslow) and you will go to him and he will pay the money to you. If you can get some stamps you may send me \$3.00 worth in the next letter. As soon as you get the money you must write and let me know if you get it all right. I send you the money and if you need it you can use it and if you do not, let some one else that is good have it on interest. Be sure and send me stamps for I can't get them here. (Now if you want to go and see your mother it is the time to go while you have the money for you cannot get it everyday.) I have saved \$6.00 for my own use. I think it is enough for me and when we get our next pay I will be send you \$20.00 more and it will be in the course of one or two months. If you do not go and see your mother you can pay Delilah's schooling and do with as you think best.

I have been pretty sick (with the — and Brian Cross is sick now in the hospital. You may tell his mother he is a good deal better so he is out around. Calvin has been unwell but is not very bad off now. Give my love to all and tell Nathan to write as soon as he can.

Direct Hooker's Division  
Battery D  
in care of T. W. Osborne  
Washington

Camp Winfield Scott  
Virginia, May 2, 1862

Dear Mother as I have a little spare time I will busy myself a writing to you. I have sent to Harvey D. Smith \$15.00 dollars for you to expend as you will except \$3.00 dollars in stamps as I cannot get them here for love or money. If you have a mind to, you can give Hattie a good dress out of it.

Brainerd Cross is in the hospital sick with the fever and I am now well as ever. Calvin was a little sick a few days. He is better now.

We have got two months pay coming to us now and if I get it I will send you \$20.00 more right away.

There is heavy firing at the village of Yorktown today. Our company was called out last night and night before last our pickets were drove in and a good many of their men came in with them.

We have got New Orleans and Richmond and now if we get Yorktown our victory is gained. I want you to write all the news if you have any. When you write let me know how you are getting along for hay and other grub. If I get some stamps I will write to Orville and Nathan, Dick and all the rest. You wrote to me about your brother being in the Seseessionist army. Now when you write, write all the particulars.

Since I have been a writing there has been over 100 shots fired so you see it is not still here at all. Mother if you or Delilah has got any new dresses you can send a piece and since I have been writing I thought you may send your and Delilah's and father's and Hattie's likeness but do as you see fit. I want Delilah's and Hattie's for certain. I cannot think of anymore news so I will close by saying write as soon as you get this. From your well wished son. I hope to remain your son.

E. E. Garrison

P.S. Direct Hooker's Division  
in care of T. W. Osborne  
Washington, D.C.

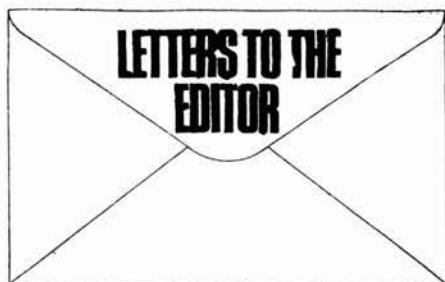
Col. Osborn here describes the battle of Williamsburg:  
On the morning of May 4th Battery D moved with Hooker's Division to take part in the pursuit of the retiring Confederate army. Late in the forenoon General Hooker overtook the rear guard of the enemy near Williamsburg and early in the morning of the 5th he attacked. From early morning until late in the afternoon his division fought the battle alone. In the afternoon when Hooker's Division was depleted and thoroughly exhausted, Kearney's Division reached the field and saved the day.

Battery D became engaged soon after sunrise taking an exposed position in an open field until the middle of the afternoon on the right of and little in advance of Hooker's line of battle. The officers and men in this first battle suffered severely. Young Garrison of Gouverneur was killed early in the morning by a solid shot. He was the first man of the battery killed.

The End

Editor's Note: Emmanuel's parents were Elias and Permelia Garrison. Living with them in 1860 census were sons Bela R. 12, Ambrose R. 10, and Albert M. 7. Daughter Alice D. was the Delilah or Lila, 8, mentioned in his letters. Nathan S. was 25, married son with a daughter Hattie and a wagonmaker. A married son Richard A. 23, and his wife Ruth lived in the same house with Elias. An older brother, William O. (probably the Orville he mentions) has a wife Betsy (in 1870 census) just Emmanuel's age, and may be the Betsy he mentions as a "sister". Emmanuel himself in 1860 was 19 and living with the Andrew Dodds family as hired man. The Hiram H. Mitchell family were neighbors and besides Calvin, age 21, had 7 other children one of whom was the Nora (Lenora) he refers to. Calvin's sister Betsy, 19 in 1860, may have been the one who became William O.'s wife by 1862. (By 1870 census the family was listed in Fowler instead of Gouverneur, and Elias was a sawyer, and Ambrose worked in a woolen factory.)

George B. Winslow, a master tin smith, was 27 in 1860 with a wife and one son a year old.



Dear Mrs. Biondi:

Here is the article I had promised you on Mrs. Milne, Canton's cateress.

Also, as usual I have a comment or so on the latest issue of The Quarterly. It was a surprise to see in it the St. Lawrence County Fair tintype picture of myself and four friends. I note you had added (now Clark) and (now Salisbury) to Phyllis Forbes and me. Jessie Heaton is (now Winterbottom). She lives in Ticonderoga. She should be a member of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association and supporter of the Wright Center.

In the insert, This 'N' That at the top of the second column of The Village Park District of Canton, Dr. Harlan H. Halladay says "The organ was built by the George H. Andrews Company of Utica in 1868 for the older Unitarian church. It was Universalist Church. The Unitarian church was not known in St. Lawrence County until the fairly recent merger of the two denominations as the Unitarian Universalist Association. Universalist churches were all through St. Lawrence County during the 19th century and early 20th.

Also the original plan in building the present stone church was for it to be built of marble from the Canton Marble Quarry on the back road to Pyrites. This was owned by E.E. Stevens, a member of the church. However, I believe it appeared that the Canton quarry was not adequate to furnish the quantity needed, hence the use of Gouverneur marble.

I was interested to receive from Mr. Blankman a card with a picture of Main Street in the early 1890's which shows the tower or steeple of the old Universalist Church. I think the cornerstone on the present church is marked 1894. I was much interested in identifying many of the buildings.

Here's wishing continued success with the Wright Center project!

Sincerely,  
Dorothy Cleaveland Salisbury  
(Mrs. Elon G. Salisbury)



The July 1974 issue contains quite a lot of historic genealogy concerning the Starks, brought about by the research into the name of Stark's Falls by Roland Gibson.

Wilder B. Stark was my great - grandfather and his daughter, Lovina Stark Champney was my grandmother whose first name I have as a middle name.

My father, John Henry Champney (named after his uncle, John D. Stark) and my mother, Lorena Bicknell Champney, named their only son, Herbert Wilder after my mother's brother and my father's brother, Wilder Champney.

My great - grandfather's name was certainly memorialized as each namesake carried it down through the generations. You can see now why I would be anxious to obtain it if possible.

Sincerely,  
Hilda L. Champney  
P.O. Box 454  
Parishville, N.Y. 13672



"Propaganda" is what our enemies do; "indoctrination" is what our friends do; "enlightenment" is what we do.

Dear Mrs. Biondi:

I'm quite sure I have a Welsh Bible around here. If I find it, do you think the Welsh Church in Richville would want it? Richville was where I started school a few years back. The Morgans, the first ones in the states, came from Glamorganshire, Wales, so I must have some Welsh from way back as I was Emma Morgan. I am Catholic. (See January 1975 Quarterly)

Mrs. Kenneth Vrooman  
21 Wolcott St.  
Camden, N.Y. 13316

Dear Mrs. Biondi:

In reference to the picture "Swinging in the Summer Breeze," it was agreed by granddaughters Mrs. James Royce (Gertrude Clark), and Mrs. Carson Buck (Martha Clark) and grandnieces Miss Doris Clark and Mrs. Lloyd Kiger (Elinor Clark) that the gentleman is C. Rollin Clark while he was enjoying a holiday at the summer cottage of his brother Myron Clark at Trout Lake.

C. Rollin Clark had a store in North Russell for many years. It was a typical country store which stocked everything the farmers in the area could need. They could buy grain, nails, boots and "felts," kerosene — countless items, and their wives, besides groceries of every kind, yard goods, thread, and lace. Eggs and "deacon" skins were taken in trade. The post office was also housed in the store and this Mr. Clark was postmaster. The store was a busy place mornings when the farmers brought their milk to the butter and cheese factory across the road.

C. Rollin Clark died in 1934. The store, which stood just north of the North Russell church, burned to the ground in 1935.

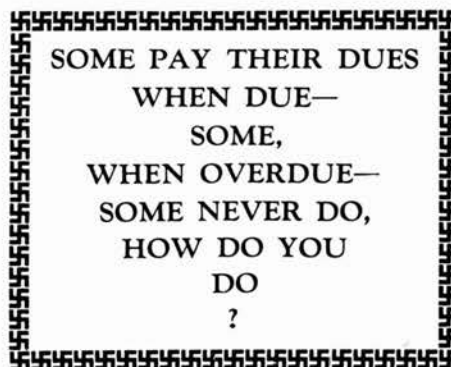
J. Marion Clark Baker  
Star Route (North Russell)  
Canton, N.Y. 13617

(See Quarterly, July 1974).



#### CORRECTION

The letter in the last Quarterly written by Silas Wright from Nicholville in 1843 was written to his nephew, Samuel O. Wright, son of his brother Samuel. Governor Wright had no children, but had brothers Samuel, Daniel Leonard, and two Plinys, one of whom died young, and sisters Orenda, Lucretia (or Creecy), and Eleanor.



# Beeline



FROM  
THE EDITOR

Joining our editorial staff this issue is Mrs. Monte Calvert of Potsdam. Trudie Calvert has broad and extensive experience in historical editing and research. She has done editing and research at the Eleutherian Mills Historical Library in Delaware and the Library of Congress and is currently a free-lance editor for Cornell University Press. We welcome Trudie to the editorial room!

MHB

## The Winds of Change. . .

Change is sometimes a good thing. Not change just for the sake of change, but good constructive change. So it is with this association.

We are about to embark on some real changes in the Association; the Quarterly and the History Center of the County Historian come in for some of it, too. First, an active knowledgeable Quarterly co-editor has been named. Her expertise in editing will relieve this editor of much time-consuming work. We hope that the great interest you members have shown in submitting articles and pictures, as well as generating ideas, will remain high.

Staff to man (and woman) the offices of the Association have been hired. CETA has provided additional workers.

Even the History Center in the Court House has changed. Now in smaller quarters, but with additional people, it looks rather like Fibber McGee's closet. Surprisingly however, things were found in the move. The Historian (which is only a part-time-paid position) now has a full-time paid employee and extra CETA help, too. The indexing of the county's cemeteries is proceeding once again (and is along to "Parishville" after five years of almost-steady work at it.)

More items for researchers have come to the History Center. Since the average searcher will zero in on the Court House, it will be a shock when the Center moves to the building designated behind the Silas Wright House for it. It will experience a great drop in persons using the archives, and the other county offices which consult the Center often will hesitate to leave the Court House for this purpose. A great education of the public would be necessary to acquaint them with the materials on hand. A BIG change that will take time to get better.

The County Historian will have to be at the Court House for research more so the History Center though open will often be in hands of stenographic staff. Be patient!

A new outlook for the Quarterly, a new-old building for the Association, a new archives headquarters for the History Center, a new face here and there. . . change. . .

MHB

## FAMILY TREE CLIMBING



## 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



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## researchers

Do you have any information on Tupper Lake? I am looking for the first name of the Tupper that it was named for.

C. W. Smallman,  
Franklin County Historian  
Fort Covington, N.Y. 12937

### NOTICE

President John Hope Franklin and the Program Committee extend a warm invitation to you to attend the meeting of the Organization of American Historians being held in Boston, April 16-19, 1975. Among the more than fifty sessions, the following have some special relevance for those interested in the history of Connecticut, New York and Rhode Island:

- "Stephan Thernstrom's *The Other Bostonians*."
- "Dissenting Minorities in 18th Century America"
- "Colonial Colleges: Socialization & Revolution"
- "European Immigrants, Acculturation & Mobility"
- "Architecture as Historical Evidence"
- "Three Decades of School Desegregation"
- "The American Revolution and The Common Man"
- "The Bicentennial in Boston"
- "Crime in Early America"

About three hundred historians, archivists, museum directors, and editors from throughout the United States, Canada, Germany, Sweden, England, Australia, Japan, Tanzania, New Zealand, and Kenya, will share the results of their research with those attending the meeting. If you wish to attend the meeting you may obtain registration and hotel reservation forms and a copy of the complete program by writing to:

Mrs. Evelyn Leffler  
Organization of American Historians  
112 North Bryan  
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

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

## Know Your Historian

Brasher — Mrs. Grace O'Brien, Brasher Falls  
Canton — Mrs. Clarence (Harriett) Armstrong, Canton  
Clare — Mrs. Gabor (Charlotte) Popp, RD, Canton  
Clifton — Mrs. George (Jeanne) Reynolds, 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. Bessie DeCosse, Star Lake, N.Y.  
Fowler — Mrs. Clifford (Isabelle) Hance, RFD 3, Gouverneur  
Gouverneur — Harold Storie, 20 John St.  
Hammond — Mrs. Donald (Maxine) Rutherford, RFD 1  
Hermon — Walter Gunnison, Hermon  
Hopkinton — Mrs. John (Nancy) Dalland, 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 — (To be named)

A history-making wedding took place recently at the Ranger School in Wanakena. For the first time since it was established in 1912, it was the setting for a wedding. The music was provided by one of the six new girl students with her guitar, with other students crowding the hall. The double bracelet ceremony in the lounge, in front of the fireplace, culminated with the couple making the initial cut in the wedding cake with a double bit axe. They had entered the lounge through the hall under an arch of axes held by Ranger School students. The groom is a student at the school. The Ranger School is a part of the College of Environmental Science and Forestry of Syracuse University.

## Notice

A name index to Seaver's "Historical Sketches of Franklin County" (1918) has just been completed by the Franklin County Historian. It may be ordered from him at Fort Covington, N.Y. 12937 for \$1.25 plus postage — \$.50 first class, \$.18 book rate or \$.08 if a library. Make check to Franklin County Historian.

**A new membership or change of address sent after the 10th of the month preceding publication will not be in time to receive the following Quarterly. It takes a little time to effect mailing changes.**

**If you do NOT RECEIVE your Quarterly during month of publication, let us know promptly. (Some wait for a year to let us know!)**

## Coming Up!

### ATTEND THESE EVENTS:

April 25, 1:30 to 4 p.m. City Hall, Ogdensburg — Ogdensburg Day, Annual Open House on Friday nearest April 27. State School of Nursing faculty and students hostesses. Displays. Miss Elizabeth Baxter, City Historian.

Also April 25, Town and Village Hall, Canton — early events of Bicentennial celebration. Open House with displays of town and village records. Hostess, Harriett Armstrong, Historian.

Massena — Mrs. Robert (Marie) Eldon-Browne, 7 Alvern Ave.  
Norfolk — Ivan Wing, RFD, Norfolk  
Morristown — Mrs. James T. (Ella Mae) Phillips, R-1, Hammond  
Oswegatchie — Mrs. James (Persis) Boyesen, RFD 3, Ogdensburg  
Parishville — Mrs. D. Norene Forrest, Parishville  
Piercefield — Mrs. Ansel (Beulah) Dorothy, Childwold  
Pierrepoint — Mrs. Charles (Jane) McEwen, RFD No. 4, Canton  
Pitcairn — Mrs. Ralph (Edna) Hosmer, RFD, Harrisville, N.Y.  
Potsdam — Mrs. Royal (Susan) Lyman, Norwood  
Rossie — Mrs. Frandy (Frances) Gardner, Rossie  
Russell — (To be named)  
Stockholm — Mrs. Harold (Mildred) Jenkins, RD 2, Potsdam  
Waddington — Miss Pauline Tedford, Waddington  
Gouverneur Village — Nelson Winters  
Norwood — Susan Lyman  
Richville — Mrs. Joseph (Georgiana) Wranesh  
Ogdensburg — Miss Elizabeth Baxter, City Hall  
Deputy County Historian — Mr. Van C. Hoyt, Main St., Madrid, N.Y.  
County Historian — Mrs. Edward (Mary H.) Biondi, Canton

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