

THE

First Bi Centennial Issue

QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



Cover Photo

Courtesy of Charlene Longshore
Cowen Road, Canton, N.Y.

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THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

FIRST BI-CENTENNIAL ISSUE JANUARY, 1976

VOL. XXI

NO. 1

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CONTENTS

	Page
BI-CENTENNIAL SALUTES	3
MUSEUM RENOVATIONS MOVING AHEAD.....	4
SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FOR N.Y. STATE.....	6
NOTEWORTHY LADIES	9
THE YEAR IN REVIEW	10
EARLY HISTORY OF DEKALB	12
LEGEND OF JOE INDIAN.....	16
POETRY PAGE.....	19
GRASS ROOTS ET AL.....	20
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AND EDITOR'S LETTER	21
VINTAGE ADVERTISEMENTS	22
BI-CENTENNIAL CUISINE.....	23

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Editor..... Elsie H. Tyler





BI-CENTENNIAL SALUTES

This page is devoted to celebrate and to say "thank you" to those individuals, families, business, professional and social organizations, who in various and meaningful ways have contributed to the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, the restoration of the Silas Wright house, the History Center, and all related areas.

Names have been chosen at random, so if your name or the organization to which you belong is not here, look for it in succeeding issues of *The Quarterly*.

George Dickson, Alexandria Bay, N.Y.
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 Heuvelton Teachers Association, Heuvelton, N.Y.
 St. Lawrence National Bank, Canton, N.Y.
 National Bank of Northern New York, Massena, N.Y.
 Zonta Club, Ogdensburg, New York
 DeKalb Community Center, DeKalb Jct., N.Y.
 Samuel Kaplan, Potsdam, N.Y.
 Smith's Dept. Store, Canton, N.Y.
 Doc. and Mrs. Littlejohn, Canton, N.Y.
 Allan P. Newell, Hammond, N.Y.
 Unitarian Universalist Church, Canton, N.Y.
 First National Bank, Hermon, N.Y.
 Canton Teachers Assoc., Canton, N.Y.
 Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Clark, Norwood, N.Y.
 Mrs. Phyllis Clark, Canton, N.Y.

A very special Bi-Centennial salute to Mary H. Biondi, whose diligent and dedicated good works have contributed in endless ways to promote the importance of preserving local history.

The St. Lawrence County Legislature deserves a great big "thank you", for their historical awareness, their historical appreciation, and their patronage.



Museum

Canton — Entering its second year of renovation, the Silas Wright Historical Center promises to be an interesting attraction for tourists and county residents alike, as well as an appropriate tribute to one of the most important political figures to rise from St. Lawrence County.

Located at 3 East Main St., Canton, the Silas Wright House will become the St. Lawrence County Historical Association Museum following extensive renovations. James Stambaugh, director of the association, estimates completion of the center in the fall of 1979, five years from inception.

"Today, the average cost of completely renovating an historic house runs in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars," said Stambaugh. "We're doing the restoration piecemeal, room - by - room, simply because we don't have the lump sum of money. It's an expensive, time-consuming process."

Funds for the work to present have come from private donations, state funds, county monies for maintenance and state Council of the Arts for administrative costs. The association's application for inclusion of the Governor Wright House into the National Register of Historic Places was approved, allowing the very real possibility of receiving matching funds from the government.

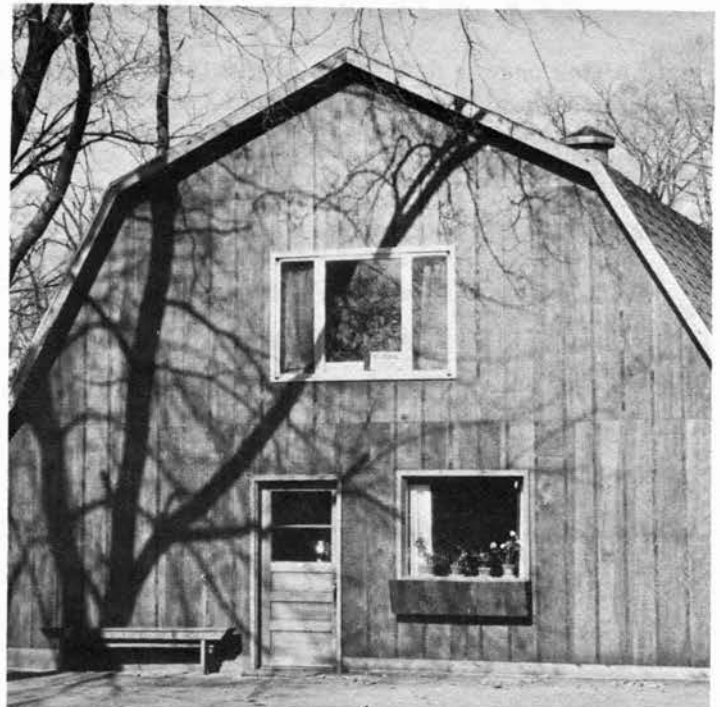
Research has played a key role in recreating the Silas Wright house as it was in his lifetime. By reading letters and studying pictures from that time period, Stambaugh and his staff have been able to discover that the original house had 11 rooms, eliminating several of the partitions and temporary walls that were erected over the years.

STILL RESEARCHING

"We're still very much in the process of research," Stambaugh asserted. "We'll begin work on the Silas Wright study as soon as we can settle the configuration of the rooms themselves. Each one of the rooms will be a certain period in St. Lawrence County from the mid-19th century."

"At present, we're working on a new entranceway for the front of the house as it was originally. We had a blacksmith work the hand-wrought railings and the front steps are of Potsdam sandstone, hand cut. We have to replace the modern lights with appropriate lighting and the side panes of glass beside the door will be replaced with lead glass. We're fabricating a completely new door, which will correspond with the door from an old print of the house."

Authenticity is the pinnacle Stambaugh is striving for. To



reach this, the house has had to be stripped of its modern furnishings and fixtures and returned to its basic layer. But while the appearance inside and out must be mid-1800's, modern conveniences such as airconditioning and climate control must also be included without being obvious.

"It's important to point out that restoration is not just adding a coat of paint and furnishings. You must take the property back to a certain date, research what rooms were there and figure out the configuration of the rooms as they would have been in the mid-1840's."

"A lot of restoration is going backwards before you go forward," said Stambaugh.

VOLUNTEERS HELPED

"There were a number of volunteers in the beginning, working at taking down the old plaster to get to the original walls, which were split lath. As you take apart a house, you can find out its history. The layers tell the houses's own story," he said.

The county historical association signed an option to buy the Silas Wright house in June 1973. Restoration work began in the fall of 1974, after extensive research and fund raising activities had been conducted.

"Last winter we replaced almost the entire foundation. The entire process is stabilization of the house — righting the foundation. Two walls that were four feet thick had to be replaced because they were curving together at the top and bottom. The only thing that was holding the house together was the weight of the house itself. The sills, just above the foundation, were rotting and had to be replaced with toxic-treated lumber to increase their life span. It's tougher to replace and restore an old building than it is to build it over again," said Stambaugh.

Because of the rotting sills, the first floor was uneven, noticeably so. The timbers were replaced with steel I-beams to insure a firm foundation. With the public traffic and stress from large touring groups, the association has taken



Renovations Moving Ahead

By Janet Yonally Advance News
Ogdensburg, N.Y.

measures to guarantee the sturdiness and durability of the house.

"This past year's building costs sort of depleted our restoration funds. Originally, we didn't think the restoration would have to be this extensive, but you don't know the condition of the house until you get right down to its base. Only then did we find the rotting sills and curving walls," he noted.

Restoration started in the west wing on the north side. The entranceway should be completed within the coming month and work begun in the winter on the Silas Wright study. There is a possibility, if all goes smoothly, that the dining room will be given attention by mid-winter.

The two parlors in the west wing, which are in fairly good condition, will be used to display articles on permanent exhibition from the Silas Wright collection. These parlors represent a common layout during the 19th century, where one parlor was used for frequent entertainment of friends and the second was reserved for very special occasions.

SILAS WRIGHT JR.

Born in Massachusetts and reared in Vermont, Silas Wright Jr. came to Canton in the early 1800's as a young lawyer. Rising rapidly in county and state political circles, Wright became a national figure as he endorsed and aided Polk to win the presidency. Elected New York governor in 1844, Wright declined Polk's offer for the vice presidency as well as appointment as either Secretary of the Treasury or

Justice of the Supreme Court. By 1847, he was considered a prime candidate for the presidency, until his untimely death ended such speculation.

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association plans the conversion and renovation of the Silas Wright house into a new educational facility and museum as a lasting tribute to Wright.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE

The land on which the house stands was sold to Moses Whitcomb, a Canton merchant, by David Judson on April 3, 1833. Whitcomb built a house and sold the property to Silas Wright 18 months later at a fair profit. After Wright's death in 1847, the house remained in his wife's possession until her death, when it passed to Wright's brother, Pliny Wright.

The house changed hands and in 1891 was sold to the First Universalist Society of Canton, the ladies' circle of the Universalist Church. After extensive redecoration, the house was used for a number of years as a parsonage. From 1929 to 1952 the two parlor rooms in the east wing were operated as tea rooms by Lillian Cholatte.

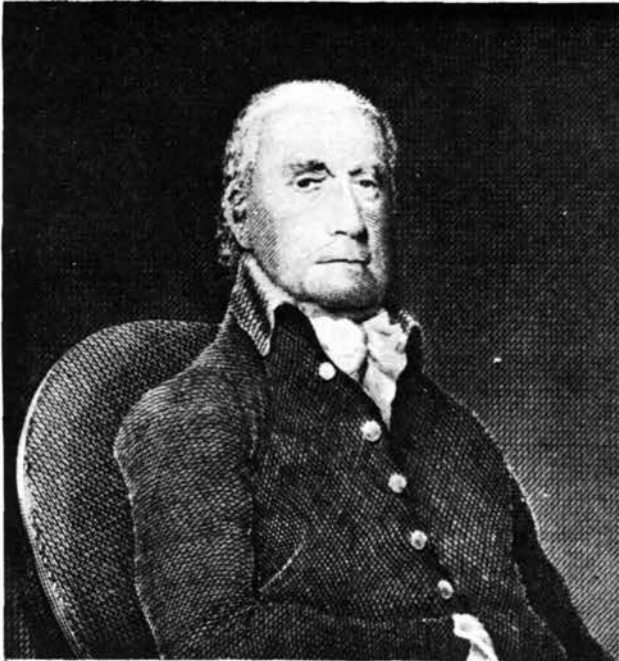
The house was then sold to Mr. and Mrs. Tony Zaza, who lived in the house and built a barn-like building in back, where they operated a pizza parlor. In November, 1973, the association actually acquired the property from the Zaza family and made definite plans for its restoration. The former pizza parlor now houses a historical research center and the archives and offices of the County Historian.



Francis Lewis

Phil. Livingston

These Signatures Appeared Independence for the State



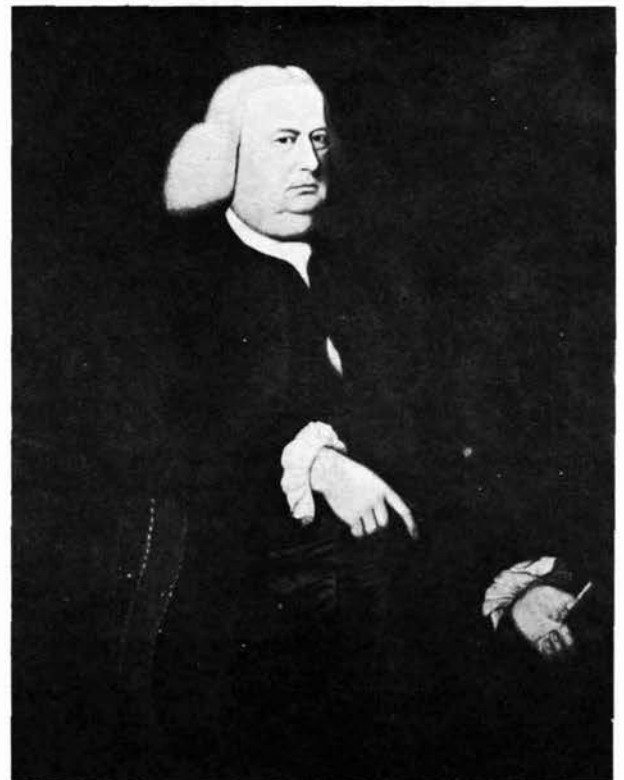
FRANCIS LEWIS

Since the delegates from New York in the Continental Congress abstained from the vote on the Declaration of Independence, they played no positive part in the adoption of that charter. Of the four signers from that state only two, Francis Lewis and William Floyd — were actually present when the vote was taken, and these quiet men would probably have had little to say even if they had been free to speak. The other two, who were more prominent, Philip Livingston and Lewis Morris, were actually absent at the time. These were all men of wealth, drawing rich sustenance from the land and from commerce. This may be a partial explanation of their relative conservatism, though the sharp division of opinion within their constituency imposed a cautious policy on them. At all events, these men in their own persons certainly provide no warrant for viewing the American Revolution as a class conflict. To them it must have seemed that the struggle was primarily for political independence and self-government; and it is a fact that some of them suffered considerably in their own fortunes for espousing the cause of independence.

FRANCIS LEWIS, aged sixty-three, oldest of the Signers from New York, was a retired merchant, living at Whitestone, Long Island. Born in Wales, the son of a clergyman, he was left an orphan while still a child. He had already had mercantile experience when he came to New York at the age of twenty-five; and, after gaining a con-

siderable fortune, he retired from business in his fifties. He was drawn into public life by the exigencies of his times and participated actively in the patriotic movement. In the Continental Congress, however, he was inactive in debate. He and his colleague William Floyd were described as good men who "never quit their chairs". Furthermore, the failure of his province to send instructions made it impossible for him to vote for independence on July 2 or the adoption of the full Declaration on July 4. Though he was a reticent man, his wide experience and good judgement were valuable assets on committee. He did some public service after leaving Congress in 1779, but, a couple of years later, when about sixty-eight, he wholly retired.

He had married Elizabeth Annesley of New York, and three of their seven children survived infancy. His house on Long Island was burned by the British and his wife imprisoned. The sufferings she underwent at that time hastened her death, and the war is said to have impaired his fortunes. He was nearly ninety when he died in New York in 1802. His longevity has been ascribed to his habitual temperance.



PHILLIP LIVINGSTON

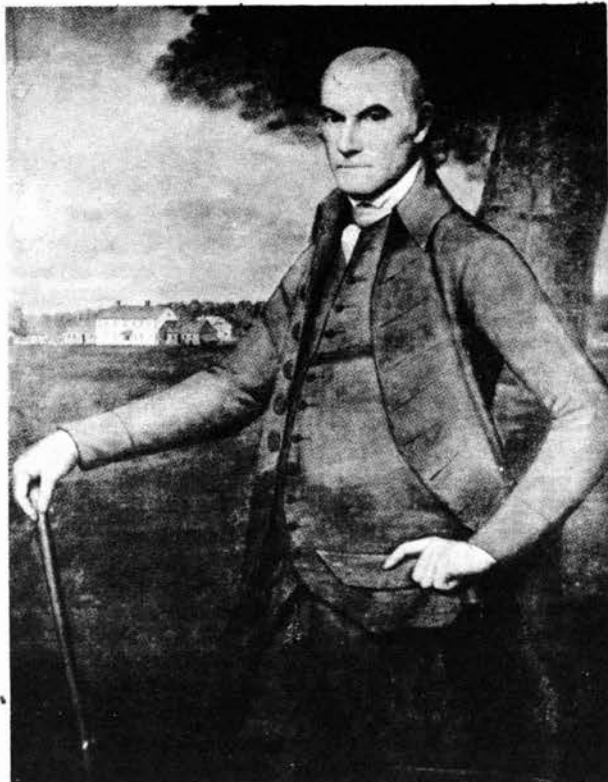
Lewis Morris

Wm Lloyd

on the Declaration of of New York

PHILIP LIVINGSTON, in his sixty-first year, would have been an impressive figure in any gathering. A member of one of these greatest of the manorial families of the province of New York, he enjoyed throughout life the privileges of great wealth and was notable in his locality for his acceptance of the attendant responsibilities. Born at Albany and educated at Yale, when there was no college in his own province, he established himself as an importer in New York, and greatly profited from his mercantile ventures. Beside his town house he had a country place on Brooklyn Heights and from there he was able to see with ease his own ships plying the harbor. This stern eighteenth-century aristocrat, whose ample figure implied good living, interested himself generously in public causes. He was one of the earliest advocates of the establishment of King's College (later Columbia), although as a Presbyterian he did not like its Anglican connections. He aided in the organization of the New York Society Library, served on the first board of the New York Hospital, and was noted for his own philanthropies. He also preformed public service as an alderman and as a representative in the provincial Assembly, where for a time he was Speaker.

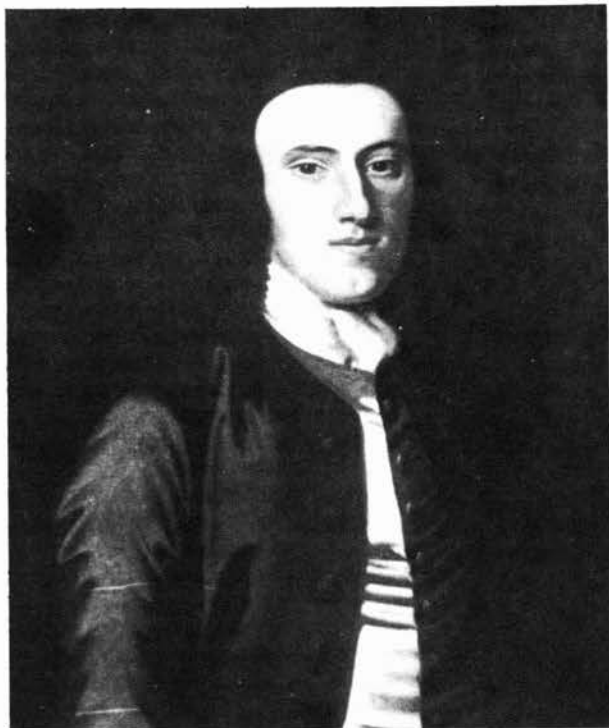
As a member of the powerful Livingston family he was drawn into the conflict with the DeLanceys and associated with the more popular party. From the time of the Stamp Act a strong opponent of the British policy, he denied the right of Parliament to tax the colonists without their consent and



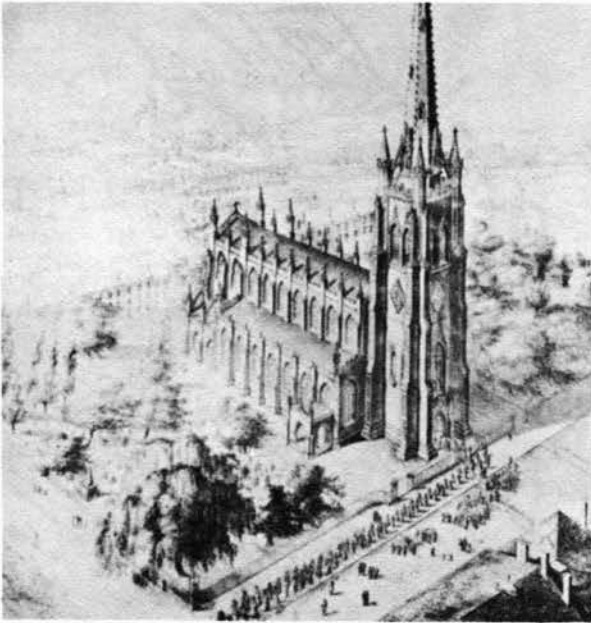
WILLIAM FLOYD

advocated self-government. He had no sympathy, however, with the riotous actions of the Sons of Liberty and must be identified with the conservative wing of the Patriot party. He strongly opposed the Coercive Acts of 1774, went as a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and was a member of the committee to enforce the Association. It is uncertain just what position he would take had he been present at the debates on the Declaration in June and July, 1776, but he signed the document in August and cast his lot with the revolution. He attended a later session of Congress, at York, Pennsylvania; when he died in 1778 at the age of sixty-two, and he was buried there.

It is hard to keep in mind the relationships between the various members of the Livingston clan, which gave to the country so many distinguished men. Philip was the grandson of Robert, the first lord of the manor; the brother of William Livingston, the first Governor of the state of New Jersey; and the cousin of Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of New York and Minister to France at the time of the Louisiana Purchase. Both William and Robert R. Livingston were also members of the second Continental Congress. The former left early in June to assume command of the New Jersey militia. The latter was a member of the Committee of Five to draft the Declaration, but he had regarded its adoption as inexpedient at the time and had left Congress when the acceptance of it by New York was reported to Congress. He did valuable service for the revolutionary cause afterward but never signed the document.



LEWIS MORRIS



The only Signer buried in Manhattan, Lewis lies in an unmarked grave in Trinity churchyard, Wall Street and Broadway.



From his house on Brooklyn Heights Livingston could see his ships in the harbor.



Home of Lewis Morris, Morrisania



In his later years, Floyd made his home in Westernville, Oneida County.

Philip Livingston married Christina Ten Broeck of Albany, and this aristocratic couple had five sons and three daughters.

LEWIS MORRIS, fifty years old, lord of the manor of Morrisania in Westchester County, was and remained until his death a representative of the landed aristocracy that flowered along the Hudson. Born at Morrisania and like Philip Livingston, educated at Yale, this heir to a princely estate manifested to an unusual degree the aristocratic graces. Tall and handsome in person, he was courteous in manner and generous in spirit. He greatly enhanced his already great fortune by marriage to Mary Walton, and they had ten children — the support of whom involved no problem.

The surprising thing is that this favored child of fortune, who had lived so pleasantly as a country gentleman, should have identified himself with the hazardous movement for independence. To some extent he was involved in the factional struggle between the Livingstons and the DeLanceys, on the side of the former, and found himself opposed by many of his Westchester neighbors, who tended to be Loyalists and were on the other side. He had condemned British policy as a member of the Assembly and was active in the movement for provincial convention in the spring of 1775. He was elected to that body as a delegate to the second Continental Congress. He served effectively on committees, dealing particularly with military matters and Indian affairs. In June 1776, he took leave from Congress to assume command of the Westchester militia, with the rank of brigadier general, but, as things turned out, there was little for him to do.

Though absent from the Continental Congress when the Declaration was adopted, he was a member of the provincial congress of New York which approved it, and he signed it after he got back to Philadelphia in September. He remained in Congress for some months, but during the remaining years of the Revolution and the rest of his life his public service was local. He devoted himself chiefly to his restored estate after the war was over. As a member of the state convention, he strongly supported Alexander Hamilton in the terrific fight over the ratification of the United States Constitution. He died at Morrisania in 1798 when nearly seventy-two years of age. He was a half-brother of Gouverneur Morris, the son of his father's second marriage, who had his own share of the family charm but, who in full light of history, seems a less attractive figure.

WILLIAM FLOYD, in his forty-second year, was the youngest of the Signers from New York and an inconspicuous member of Congress. The Floyds, who were of Welsh descent on the paternal side, had long been established on Long Island. There, at Brookhaven, William was born. He received relatively little schooling but inherited a large estate and rose to the rank of major general in the militia of his country. He served in the first, as well as the second Continental Congress, playing no part in the debates, but, according to a member of another delegation, always voting with "the zealous friends of liberty and independence." There was nothing particular striking about his appearance, and his dignity and reserve discouraged familiarity. When the British occupied Long Island in 1776 his family was forced to flee to Connecticut, where they remained through the Revolution. He was married twice, once to Isabella Jones of Southampton and to Joanna Strong of Setauket — but there is no available information about his children.

He served in Congress throughout most of the Revolution, was a state senator, and had one term in the United States Congress under the Constitution. After that he continued to participate in public affairs but held no other important office. He was practically ruined by the Revolution, and at the age of sixty-nine, revealing notable resiliency, he removed to upstate New York. He died at Westernville in his eighty-seventh year. The home of his old age is pictured here.

Noteworthy Ladies

Abbie K. Cleaveland of Canton

By Dorothy Cleaveland Salisbury



Abbie Kendall was no stranger to Canton people when on December 16, 1889 she married the young Canton lawyer, Frank Nash Cleaveland. She had frequently visited her double cousin and foster sister, Clara Weaver while the latter was a student at St. Lawrence, an instructor in the college, and after Clara's marriage to Nelson L. Robinson. In fact, soon after Abbie's return in September 1888 from a year in Europe, she had made Clara and Nelson a long visit. During this time she and Frank Cleaveland became engaged. Often that summer Frank took her up-river in Cheemaun, his Ruston caone; new that season.

Abbie and Frank were married in the old Universalist Church and immediately started keeping house in the one-and-a-half story cottage on University Avenue directly opposite the college building which Frank had bought from J. A. Armstrong the fall before. Abbie entered happily into the village life.

Abbie Kendall was born July 29, 1850 in Marietta, Ohio, where her father, Paul Raymond Kendall, Jr. was Principal of the Western Liberal Institute, a Universalist school. He was a graduate of Norwich University, Vermont, class of 1847. Her mother, Abigail Ann (Weaver) Kendall was an artist and musician, educated in New England "female seminaries." The daughter was christened Sarah Abbie, but when, a few years after her mother's early death, she went to live with her Aunt Sarah (her father's sister for whom she was named), to save confusion with two Sarahs in the household as well as to keep alive the memory of her mother, she was henceforth called Abbie, signing herself S. Abbie or simply Abbie.

She graduated from the Oliver High School, Lawrence, Massachusetts in the same class as the father of the poet, Robert Frost. In after years she had several contacts with the poet. The last was the letter she received from him after her 100th birthday. That letter is now a treasure item in the

Frostiana collection in the Owen D. Young Library at St. Lawrence University.

Two years at private schools followed. After this she attended Carlyle Petercillia's Conservatory of Music in Boston, where she studied both piano and pipe-organ. For some years after her graduation she taught music and modern languages in private schools. Then for a few years she did secretarial work in New York City. Here she was one of the early ones to use the typewriter, a skill invaluable to her later in her volunteer work for the Canton Free Library, as well as for much of her later letter writing.

In September 1887, with Canton friends, she sailed for Europe for an extended rest and to perfect her German. During her months abroad she wrote long letters back home, most of them to Clara, describing in detail her new life and experiences. These letters, saved and returned to the writer, are being published this fall by the Vantage Press under the title, "Abbie Kendall's European Year."

A few years after Abbie's marriage, the public reading room in Canton, which some of the businessmen had started and to which the attendant, Miss Josephine Paige, had added books, was about to be closed. However, some of the wives, including Abbie Cleaveland, Flora Priest, Harriet Forbes and Leah Rushton, joined together to continue the reading room - library project. About 1894 they formed the Women's Library Association, opening its membership to all Canton women and with dues of \$1. These dues and the money they raised by "Tag Days" and similar activities were used to finance the library, now officially called the "Canton Free Library." Soon they were able to add support from the village and the state. At the November, 1898 meeting of the Association, Abbie read a paper on the early history and settlement of Canton. Much of the material she was given by her husband, who was steeped in local history. This paper was printed in the St. Lawrence Plaindealer and was reprinted fifty years later, in December, 1948. Her original manuscript is in the St. Lawrence County Historical Museum.

From 1903 to 1908 Abbie Cleaveland served as president of the Association. This included the period of the erection of the Benton Library building. In the planning of this she played an active part and presided at the dedication ceremonies in the summer of 1908. She was one of the charter members of the Benton Library Board on which she served until, after her husband's death, she left Canton permanently. At that time she was elected Honorary Trustee for life.

In the late winter of 1899 she and her little daughter, Dorothy, read together "Citizen Bird" by Mabel Osgood Wright. Inspired by this, they both began that spring to watch for and learn to know the local birds and to keep records on them. In January 1904 a great influx of pine grosbeaks, a bird native to forests of northeastern Canada, came into the Canton area. Tracy Southworth, rural mailman on Route 4, brought a dead bird to Abbie, she had it stuffed and mounted. It is now in the Biology Department collection at St. Lawrence. She had already become known all over Canton as "the Bird Woman" and was notified whenever a strange or unusual bird was seen.

When in 1804 a late April snow covered the ground with several inches, she put out table scraps and suet on the front porch. (This was long before the days of wildbird-seed and suet sticks.) Soon the porch was alive with juncoes, white throated sparrows, song sparrows, a robin and two oliveback thrushes.

(Continued on next page)

The Cleaveland lot adjoined the grounds of Judge Russell (now the Alpha House property). Abbie, knowing the Russells, often followed birds into that yard. One day the maid came to Mrs. Russell with a worried look and said, "There's a woman out behind the house and she's acting so queer. She is stooping and peering about with something in her hands." "Oh, that's Mrs. Cleaveland, our neighbor. She's just looking at birds", replied Mrs. Russell reassuringly. Abbie's records and journal about birds in Canton and vicinity are in the possession of the writer and will eventually be given to the Biology Department at St. Lawrence.

Not long after the library had moved into the Benton building, Fanny Wead replaced Miss Paige as librarian. Abbie became anxious for the library to develop more reference and non-fiction material and to have a "dictionary catalog" giving author, title and subject all in one alphabet. She was successful in having Miss Phelps, an extension worker from the New York State Library spend a month in Canton. While here, she not only started the dictionary catalog, but also instructed Abbie in classification and cataloging. After Miss Phelps left, Abbie continued the work of classifying and cataloging all non-fiction books as long as she remained in Canton. Many cards still in the library's catalog are the work of Abbie Cleaveland.

The fall of 1924, Abbie and her daughter left Canton for Urbana, Illinois where Dorothy entered the Graduate Library School of the University of Illinois. Here Abbie enjoyed the University community, making new friends and attending many lectures and concerts.

After graduation Dorothy resigned as Librarian of St. Lawrence University and went to Tahlequah, Oklahoma, to be librarian of Northeastern State Teachers College. Here Abbie's experience in library work was recognized by the major who appointed her a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Library, a position in which she served during the three years they were in Tahlequah.

In 1929 Dorothy became librarian at the State Teachers College at California, Pennsylvania, with her mother accompanying her. When World War II broke out, Abbie resumed the knitting she had dropped at the end of World War I. During the four years of war, she, then past ninety, earned over 1200 hours of Red Cross knitting, including sweaters, helmets and scarves.

In August 1940 Abbie and Dorothy were back in Canton for Dorothy's marriage to Elon Galusha Salisbury IV. Three years later all removed to his home in Takoma Park, Maryland. After Dorothy and her husband had retrieved Cheemaun from storage in Lottie Southworth's barn, Abbie several times joined them on canoe trips on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, one of them a day or two before her 99th birthday. On that day her picture appeared in the Washington Post, sitting in Cheemaun.

Abbie had kept up her piano playing for herself and family until after the coming of the phonograph. Often she played for the neighborhood children to dance. At two of the Manleys Watch Parties on New Year's Eve (1902 and 1904) for her stunt she played "Serenade", a selection written entirely for the left hand.

She early became a Heifetz "buff," collecting his records and after she acquired a radio, she listened regularly to all his broadcasts. Some readers of this article may have been listening to the one on November 11, 1946, when to close the broadcast came the announcement, "Mr. Heifetz is dedicating his last number, Gypsy Airs by Sarasate to Mrs. Abbie K. Cleaveland of Takoma Park, Maryland".

Abbie Cleaveland last visited Canton and St. Lawrence County in August 1941 with her daughter and son-in-law. She died in Takoma Park November 5, 1951, and in June they buried her ashes beside her husband in Fairview Cemetery with a Baltimore oriole singing a requiem.

The Year

Before purchasing the Silas Wright property the St. Lawrence County Historical Association was basically run out of Mary Biondi's office. In addition to editing the Quarterly, Mary collected artifacts, kept records, answered mail, and in general was the person to contact if you wanted to contact the Historical Association. The association owes her a debt of gratitude for all the years she ran association business while at the same time fulfilling her own duties as County Historian.

When I was appointed Director the first order of business was to move the association files, artifacts, and records to the Wright property in order to establish a separate association office. I soon found out, however, that not all the files were in Mary's office and I began to receive file folders and boxes of materials from officers and trustees of the association. When the flow stopped, Margaret Quinn (then secretary of the Association) and I began to sort through 20 years of accumulated papers, weeding out a great deal and organizing the rest. At the same time we consolidated bank accounts and set up a streamlined book keeping system with the aid of Roger Catlin, who is now our treasurer.

All the while we were getting association business in order; the work of renovation continued on the history center behind the Wright house. Under the able direction of the buildings and grounds committee, the ex-pizza restaurant began to be transformed into modern offices, storage area, and exhibition space. This work included moving walls, building bookcases, replacing old wiring, installing a new ceiling and wall to wall carpeting as well as giving everything a new coat of paint. The building also received a face lift in the form of reversed board and batten siding.

The association held a Christmas tea and open house on December 15. Victorian toys from the collection were displayed under a traditional Christmas replete with strings of popcorn. Strains of Christmas music filtered through the house as guests chatted and toured the rooms which were in the initial stage of restoration. When visitors had their fill of touring and food they retired to the front parlor to see a demonstration of hand weaving given by Georgiana Wranesh who came attired in traditional 19th century dress. Chairperson of the Silas Wright Building and Grounds Committee.

The first real work of restoration on the Silas Wright house began in late fall and continued throughout the winter. We began by replacing an obviously unstable west foundation wall with a new one. As is often the case in restoration, it became clear as the workmen began to remove the west wall that the north wall would also need replacement. And from the north wall we went to the east wall project of stabilization turned out to be a major endeavor both in terms of time and money. In addition to replacing foundation walls we removed rotten sills and replaced them with special toxic treated lumber.

The first floor was leveled and timbers were replaced with steel I-beams. This was a difficult part of the restoration and a part that doesn't show; but it had to be done.

By the time the January Quarterly arrived we had moved into our new offices in the History Center. In the January we learned who the adopted daughter was and about Angeline Massey who lived to be 115 years old. And don't forget the Welsh hymn sing in Richville and Jack Dailey: fur trapper. The April Quarterly also brought with it many interesting articles leading off with the Garrison letters and ending with a Bicentennial piece; America's First Victory. One of the great strengths of the Quarterly is the rich photographic files of the County Historian. The picture of the Burns' Curling

In Review

1974-75 *James D. Stambaugh*

Club in the April issue is a masterpiece of the photographer's art.

May saw the opening of our first major exhibit: St. Lawrence County history. . . a view from the people. Individuals from all over the county submitted work which helped to form this photographic self-portrait. An illustrated catalog of the entire exhibit was printed and received extensive coverage in the Rural News.

On May 17, the Association sponsored a lecture by Dr. Jonathon G. Rossie on "North Country Loyalist activities in the Revolutionary War." Dr. Rossie is a Professor of History at the St. Lawrence University and has been studying the Loyalist movement for some time. In his lecture Dr. Rossie made clear the position of the Loyalist within the context of the period, demonstrating what kinds of people become Loyalists and then tracing their movements.

During the summer months the association was fortunate to be able to participate in a conservation project sponsored by the RCHA. Two conservation students on loan from Winterthur and Cooperstown assisted the Director and some faithful volunteers in improving the storage conditions at the Richville building and the History Center. Also a small conservation workshop was installed in the History Center for the future preservation of artifacts. The staff of the association received intensive training in the care and storage of antique materials.

Dan Mayer, Curator of Exhibits at the New York State Historical Association, gave a multi-media presentation to association members on June 18. Entitled "Down at the Depot", Dan's show graphically illustrated the decline of a once great institution; the railroad in upstate New York. The presentation was a fine example of the concept of visual literacy meaning simply that graphics and media can tell a story just as effectively as words.

On June 29 the Association took off with picnic basket in hand to Robert Moses State Park where we held an old fashioned family picnic. It turned out to be a beautiful sunny day and between the swimming, games, and good food I think everyone had a good time.

Those visiting the museum in July and August got to see a fine display of the household art of quilt making. The entire gallery was filled with beautiful examples from our own area including album quilts, signature quilts, late victorian quilts and even an American flag quilt. Attendance at the show was

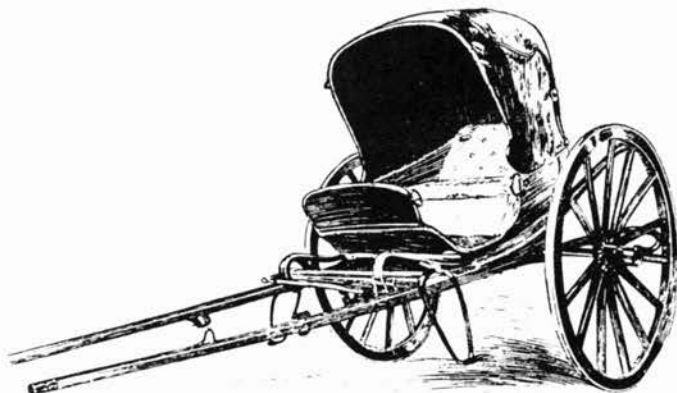
high attesting to the constant popularity of this traditional American art form.

The July Quarterly marked the retirement of our faithful and tireless editor, Mary Biondi. We will miss her lively prose and deft editorial hand, as we know our readers will.

The Association got off to a late start on trips this year but made up for it with two great ones. On August 23 we went to Ottawa Ex. Then on September 13, we traveled to Cooperstown to visit the Baseball Hall of Fame, the Farmers Museum, and Fenimore. Both trips were enormously successful and the buses were filled to capacity.

The October Quarterly with articles on the First Gideon Bibles, how to build a log house, Star Lake Inn, and Swan's in Potsdam was edited by our new president, Kelsie Harder. Kelsie generously offered to fill in until we could find a new editor for this important and time consuming task. We are proud to announce that Elsie Tyler of DeKalb has now assumed the duties of editor of the Quarterly. Elsie has a strong background in writing and newspaper work and we know she will do a good job.

All in all it has been a pretty good year, we have had some growing pains but it is off set by the real progress we have made. In closing I would like to express a personal debt of gratitude to Varick Chittenden, who left us this summer to return to graduate school. As someone who was on the scene daily I know how hard he worked and how many hours he put in as Association President. Many people are responsible for the progress the association has made in the past couple of years but a lot of that progress is directly traceable to his efforts. We extend to him a warm thank you as we look forward to another year.

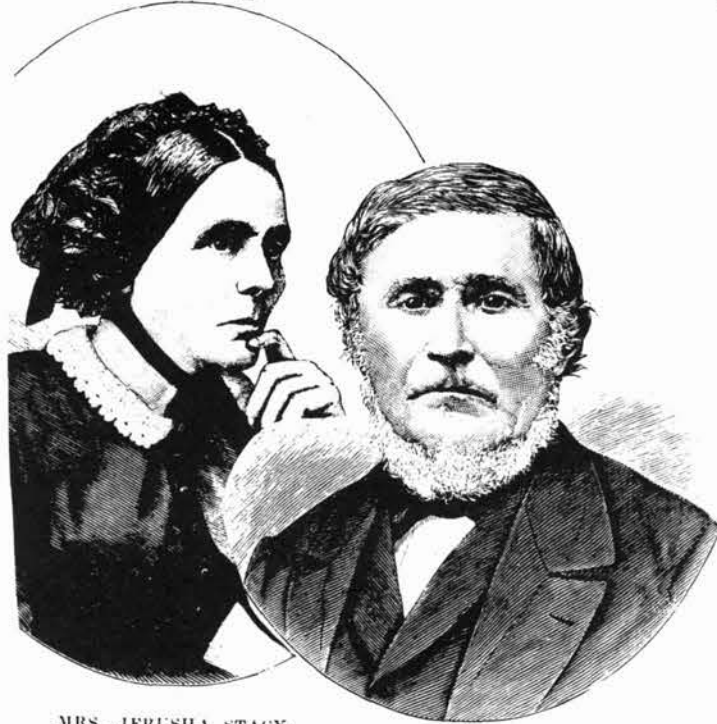


ONE-HORSE CHAISE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

See this at the History Center.



Early History of DeKalb



MRS. JERUSHA STACY.

PELATIAH STACY.

The necessary pre-requisite of any regional pride and patriotism is an intelligent awareness of the history of one's locality. The history of every group of people lies in the collected memories and records of individuals who shaped that particular community. Sometimes historians begin with the great deeds of adventurers and explorers; sometimes they begin with outstanding events that are fixed in their collective memories, and sometimes with the pride of accomplishment of the persons in their particular area over the span of years gone by. The township of DeKalb and its early history gives the historian an opportunity to appreciate all three aspects.

The township of DeKalb, like all of our townships in this vast and beautiful North Country, has an enormous bank of history to complement and enrich the historical awareness of each of us. Names come to mind: Judge William Cooper, Salmon Rich, Isaac Stacy, Joseph Anderson, James Farr, Philo Hurlbut, Darius Moore, William Cleghorn, Dr. John Seeley. These people and many, many more were not transient sightseers, but they came to the area of De Kalb because of historical political events that preceded their action. They came North to De Kalb township and made history richer for us all. The sovereignty of the land and its use changed drastically.

The sovereignty of the soil of the northern part of New York State was anciently vested in the Mohawk Indians, and had been from the earliest authentic history. In Albany, on March 29, 1795, a new era began. By treaty agreement, the pre-history title to lands in northern New York was negated, and the land became the property of the State. The land was surveyed and mapped by State appointed surveyors into ten townships.

The names of the townships were established by formal resolution of the commissioners of the land office in Albany

on September 10, 1786. The seventh township was named De Kalb.

Why was the name De Kalb chosen? The name was selected to perpetuate the memory of a French military expert who had helped our nation in the Revolutionary War. He was Baron De Kalb, Knight of the Royal Military Order of Merit, a native of Alsace, and an expert in the quarter-master general's department. He first came to the country as a secret agent for the French. In 1777, he made a second visit, and was commissioned a Major General on the fifteenth of September, 1777. Immediately, he joined Washington's army. In 1780, near Camden, S. C., Major General De Kalb was trying to rally the scattered American troops in battle. During this attempt, he received eleven piercing wounds and fell. Three days later, he died at Camden, and was buried there. For many years, the only token to honor his memory was an ornamental tree at the head of his grave. In 1825 the citizens of Camden erected an elegant marble monument with LaFayette laying the cornerstone. Its site is upon the green, in front of the Presbyterian Church on De Kalb Street.

When the land up here was put up for sale, the principal buyer was Alexander Macomb. Macomb is said to have lived in Detroit for many years, and it is said that his monies came from a lucrative fur trading business. In the course of his fur business he had become acquainted with the land areas along the St. Lawrence River and had a firm grasp of knowledge of the lands and its value. In the Spring of 1792, Macomb was involved with some transactions with a new bank in New York City and was forced to assign his interests in the North Country to his creditors. His interests included 1,920,000 acres of land in ten townships. Abraham Ogden purchased the DeKalb township and subsequently sold it to Judge William Cooper of Cooperstown, the father of James Fenimore Cooper, a prominent American author. Judge Cooper and his party began the first settlement in the township of De Kalb.

Cooper and his entourage of thirty-four persons headed North. Part of these people, with wagons drawn by a span of horses, and a cart pulled by two yoke of oxen came North by way of the Black River country and the old State road to the present village of Oxbow. At Oxbow the road was so bad they built boats for a part of the load, and log canoes for the freight. In this party were Judge Cooper, Salmon Rich, Isaac Stacy, Eseck Whipple, Richard Merrill, Elisha Cook, William Brown, Gardner Brown, William Stone, Asa Ransom, Timothy and Elijah Utley, Abner Wright, Andrew McCollom, Asa Ransom Jr., James and Elijah Farr, the wife and sister-in-law of Elijah Farr, Joseph Woodhouse, Dr. Robert Campbell, Ralph R. Bell, his wife, sister and daughter, Elijah Stockwell, Jehiel Dimick, John Hewlett, and William Sloan. Dimick, Rich, Bell, and Hewlett came down the Oswegatchie River with the freight, and the others came along the road towards Ogdensburg.

The first night was spent at a deserted shanty near Oxbow. An incident at Oxbow nearly cost them their lives. A large dry birch tree had been set afire to keep off mosquitoes. A member in the party noticed that this burning tree was about to fall and alerted the rest to vacate. The building was destroyed by fire, and so was most of their bedding.

The second night the party arrived at Bristol's, the present town of De Peyster. The women were left here and the men

No. 7 of the original ten townships

by Elsie H. Tyler, Editor

took on the task of building a road through to their future homes. They opened a mile a day, and in eight days the settlement was started on the Oswegatchie, just above where Cooper's Falls is today. The second party made a successful trip, too, but seemed to be lacking the harrowing experiences of the first group.

Alexander McCollom, Potter Goff, and Stephen Cook, came up the Mohawk with goods that Judge Cooper had purchased at Albany for the stocking of a small store. They travelled by way of Oneida Lake, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence River, and the Oswegatchie River. Both parties arrived on the present site of DeKalb village on June 12, 1803. On the first day they put up the body of a house and for the first night slept without a roof over their heads. On the second day they built another house; a store was built on the third day. All of these structures were built of logs and roofed with bark. Goff, Campbell, and McCollom were surveyors and several tracts of farming lands were laid out. Salmon Rich took out 11,850 acres on the south of the town and Isaac Stacy another large tract in the northern part. Goff surveyed the entire town into lots and made a map of them. This map is still the basis for all titles at the present time.

Three families and most of the original party stayed the first winter in DeKalb and the following spring were joined by several more families. And by the first census taken in 1806 licenses were granted to Thomas B. Benedict for a mercantile business; William Cleghorn for hotel keeping. In 1808 John Ross opened a coopering business, Peter F. Thatcher started a chair making shop and Abner Wright went into the business of wagon making. In 1809 licenses were granted to Jonathan Haskins and Salmon Rich for keeping taverns.

Judge Cooper erected a grist mill at the site of the falls; the grist mill was operated by three brothers: Cyrus, Asahel, and Asa Jackson. A stock company, known as the Cooper Falls Iron Company, later built a furnace at the place. The iron ore came from Hermon and was shipped to Buffalo.



The Stacy Homestead as it appears today.



Judge Cooper, who led the original settlers to DeKalb.

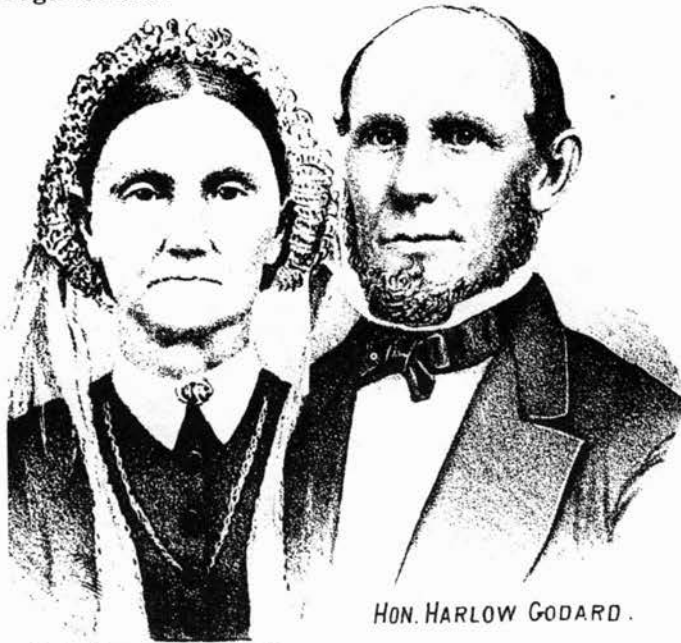
Industry and hard work seemed to make the community flourish, but apparently, not in all cases.

A land agent by the name of Gideon Townsley settled in the town in 1810. In his records he commented about the people. Most, he recorded were "good settlers, an honor to the town," while others, he wrote, were "shiftless and indolent, fond of lounging at the tavern, lovers of horse racing, betting, trading, addicted to drinking and carousing, clever, but no visible benefits to settlers." The problems of the community did not exist only with the settlers but with their livestock, visiting Indians, and the elements.

The early settlers faced the problem of keeping their horses from wandering off, possibly trying to go back to their former homes. One incident that supports this problem is the story of runaway horses being tracked to the present town of Fowler. The two men who set out to find and bring the horses back didn't take enough provisions with them to support them from the cold blustery weather of December. One man reportedly became so cold and half frozen that he kept lying down to sleep. The second man, in a desperate attempt to save his partner cut a large green beech "twig" and proceeded to give his partner enough severe arousing blows to get them both plus the horses back to DeKalb. All were famished and exhausted by the hardships they faced. Finding runaway horses was only one example of a variety of expeditions. From time to time, the expeditions of others brought visitors to DeKalb.

The St. Regis and the St. Francois Indians came to visit while they were on their hunting trips. They were always peaceful, except when they were inebriated. In 1806 two St. Regis Indians by the names of Tom and Joe (Joe was Tom's father-in-law) got into a vicious "quarrel" over a quart of whiskey and Joe, the father-in-law, was badly wounded. It is curious to note here, that when the Indians drank in a group, at least one Indian abstained and kept control of all weapons,

(Continued on Page 14)



MRS. HARLOW GODARD.

Mrs. Godard was the first female child born in DeKalb. She was the mother of the North Country's first State Senator.

(Continued from Page 13)

such as knives, guns, and tomahawks. The hunting and fishing expeditions of those early years resulted in a larger variety of game than today. This northern land was called the Iroquois deer and beaver grounds.

In addition to the lush supply of deer and beaver, the moose population was on the rise. The panther, bear, lynx, fisher, and otter gave plenty of work to those who pursued the hunting and trapping trade. All types of fish filled the streams, lakes, and rivers. The salmon was abundant. The muscalange was a popular fish in the St. Lawrence River, and unusual bill-fish of Black Lake attracted the most curious and casual observer. By 1806 the waterways around DeKalb were complemented by several roadways. The first recorded road in the town was surveyed and laid out on June 28, 1806, from a point near Mud Lake to the Beaver Creek bridge. The first road, however, was the one cut through by the original settling party.

The Heuvelton and DeKalb Plank Road Company was organized in February, 1849, and extended to intersect the Gouverneur and Canton Plank Road three miles east of Richville. The road was thirteen miles in length and was scheduled for completion by 1853. The waterway of the Oswegatchie provided the "road" for the original settling party of Richville.

In March, 1804, Salmon Rich and Jonathan Haskins loaded a sleigh with provisions at Cooper's Village and assisted by three or four hired men, drew the sleigh by hand over the ice a distance of ten miles to a place near the present site of Richville. They began to clear the land, but with the approach of warm weather they were driven out by high water to another stand. Richville was first known as Rich's Settlement, but was re-named in 1828 when the post office was established, with John C. Rich as postmaster. The DeKalb Post Office is the oldest in the county. It was established on December 9, 1806, with William Cleghorn as postmaster.

Richville produced the first state Senator; he was Abel Godard, the son of Harlow Godard and Mary Ann Rich Godard. (Mary Ann Rich was the first female child born in the town of DeKalb.) Vital statistics such as these provide a

great many interesting reflections of the early history of De Kalb.

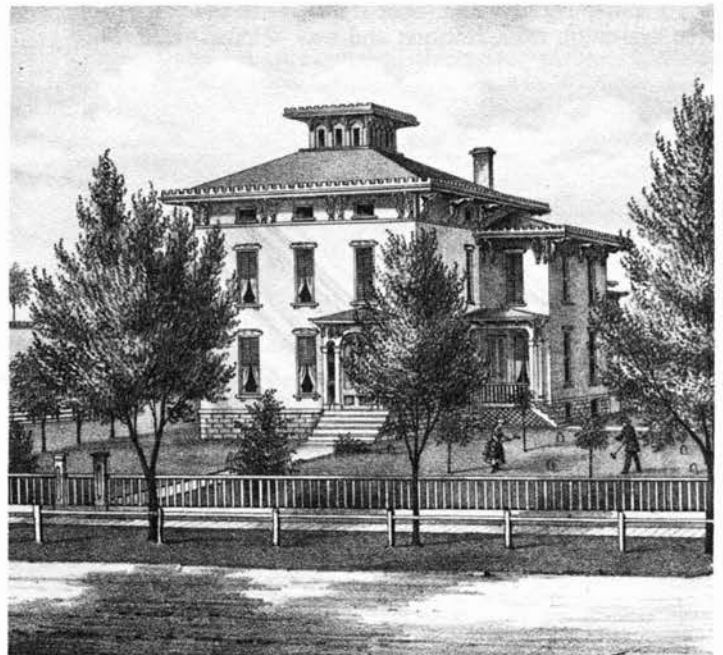
The town records of 1808 show that the Tory weed (*Cynoglossum officinale*) was prohibited from being grown "on any man's improvements" or in the roads. The penalty was one dollar. In 1809, if the Canadian thistle plant was allowed to seed, the penalty fine of one dollar was administered. By 1813 a committee was appointed to enforce these laws and collect the penalties.

In 1810 the town fathers agreed to pay two dollars for every wolf scalp, but 1820, the bounty for wolves had risen to ten dollars.

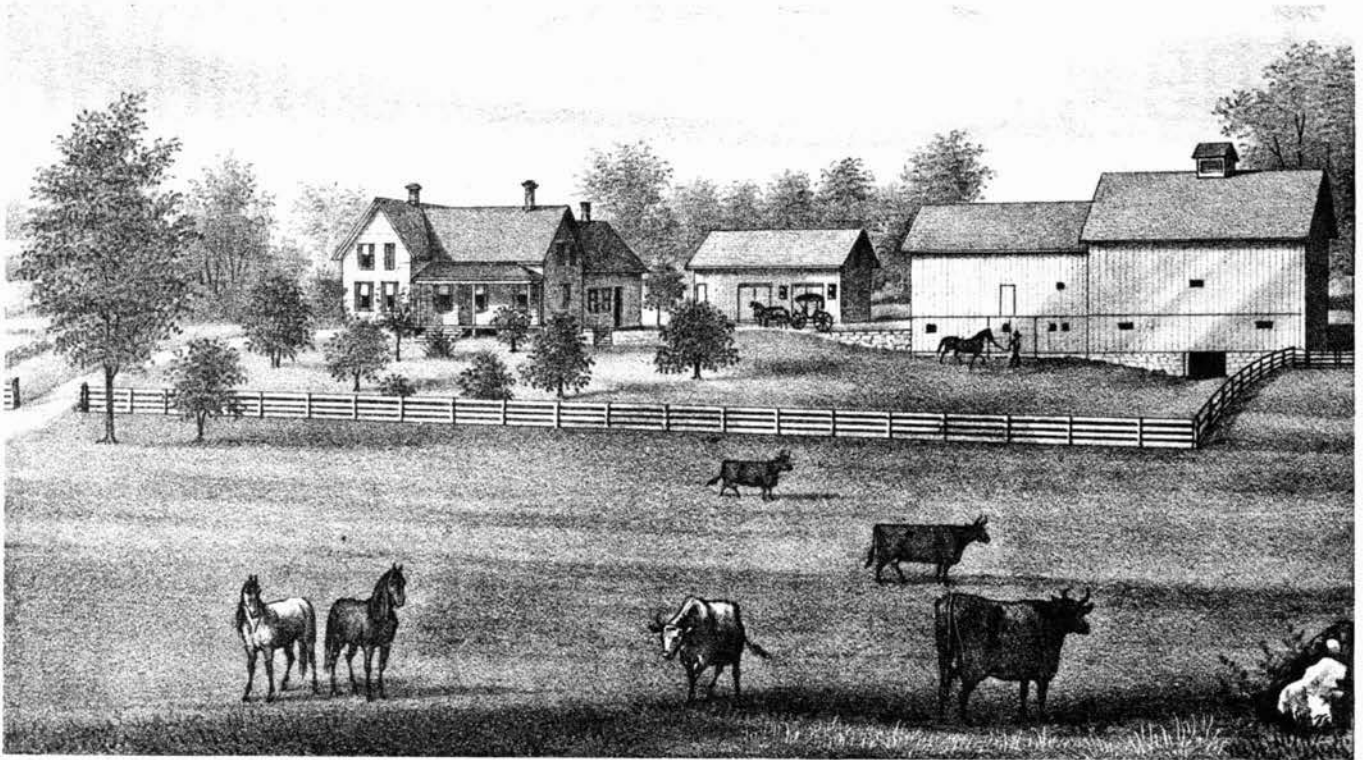
The early census figures reveal that in 1810 the population of DeKalb was five hundred forty-one; in twenty years the population explosion had doubled the numbers of residents to over one thousand in 1830.

The town records have also revealed the establishment of religious societies in DeKalb. The Methodists were the first to organize but they did not form a legal or incorporated society until February 25, 1839. The church building was erected soon afterward at East DeKalb. The first Presbyterian Church was incorporated on December 7, 1818. The United Baptist and Methodist Religious Society of Richville was formed on October 2, 1837; the Congregational Church and Society was established there on February 11, 1840, and the Welsh Congregational Church and Society was formed in 1856. A frame church building was erected in the summer of 1859 at a cost of \$550. The Kendrew Methodist Church building, constructed in 1859 to seat two-hundred persons cost \$1000. The monies allotted for the care of the poor in 1820 totalled \$500. Time passes and budgets change and almost burst.

Time passes, and memories remain fresh and new to be rediscovered and reflected upon. The early years in the settling of the vast area of De Kalb township were exciting, dynamic times to be in the North Country and the people who came here have left their mark on our lives. Many descendants of the original settlers remain here in the North Country: the Stacys, the Farris, the Hurlbuts, the Seeleys, the Bells and Sloans and many, many more. These founding families are still contributing to the richness, the ideas, the humility, the quiet pride, and the good works of the North Country.

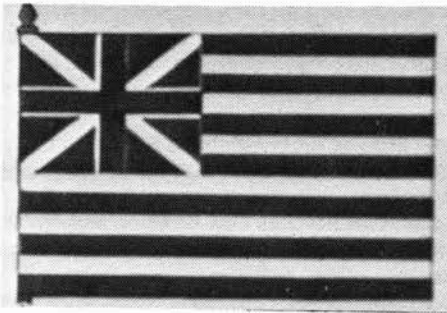


Who lives here now? Call the History Center and tell us!



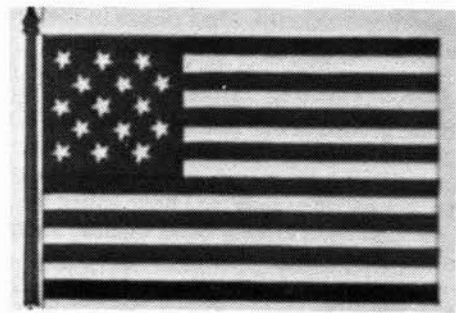
Residence of Daniel O. Stiles, DeKalb

Evolution of Our Flag



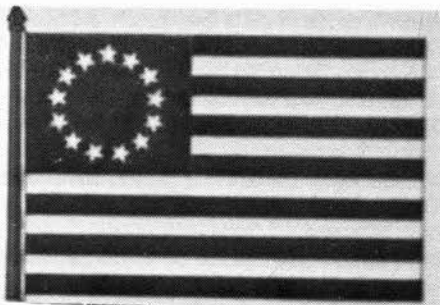
FLAG OF THE THIRTEEN COLONIES

Hoisted December 3, 1775, over the first Navy built by Congress, also, adopted by George Washington, January 2, 1776, as the flag of the Continental Army. This was seven months before the Declaration of Independence.



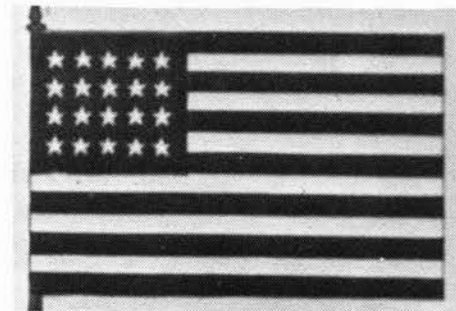
FLAG OF FIFTEEN STARS AND FIFTEEN STRIPES

Adopted by an act of Congress, approved by President Washington, January 13, 1794, when the admission of Vermont and Kentucky had made the number of states fifteen. This remained the national flag until 1818.



FIRST STARS AND STRIPES

Adopted by an act of Congress, June 14, 1777, the legislation did not specify the arrangement of the stars. In army flags from 1777 to 1794 the stars were usually placed in a circle, but in navy flags it was customary to arrange them in five rows consisting of three stars, two stars, three stars, two stars, with a final row of three stars.



FLAG OF THIRTEEN STRIPES AND ONE STAR FOR EACH STATE

Adopted by an act of Congress, April 4, 1818; Since that time a star for each new state has been added on July 4 following its admission.

The Legend of Joe Indian

Were it possible for, a century or more, to turn backward the shadow upon the sundial of time, it would leave us on a bright mid-summer afternoon beside a lovely lake. This body of water is now called Lake Placid, but at the time of which we write, it was only one of the many nameless lakes and ponds that enhance the beauty of the great Adirondack forest. Close to the south boundary of the lake, on a cleared space of about three acres, where the Indian women planted and cared for maize, and vegetables, there flourished an Indian encampment. These people were a branch of the great Mohawk tribe. The name of the chief was Eagle Eye, and that of his only daughter Tega. This was a gala day with our dark skinned brethren, and the little village was swarming with braves and their families, from many tribes and localities. There had been swimming contests, wrestling, marksmanship with bow and arrow, and other sports. The greatest event of the day was a canoe race, between Leaping Panther, son of a Tuscarora, and Tahanta, a young brave of yet another tribe. The prize was no trival matter, as the winner was to receive in marriage the hand of Princess Tega. Chief Eagle Eye favored Leaping Panther. Perhaps the promise of much valuable fur, and many Indian blankets may have had their influences. Princess Tega loved the young brave Tahanta, but according to the custom a young Indian remained silent. Chief Eagle Eye called a meeting of the braves in the council chamber, "My braves we have hunted much game from this lake, to the shore of the great water, where the Sun God sinks below the tree tops. Together we have fought our enemies. Most of you in the council with me, when my only son Deerfoot was slain by an arrow from the bow of one of our enemies. We hoped he should have been your chief, when I shall be called by the great spirit to the happy hunting ground of our fathers. Tega only is left me in my old age. She loves the young brave Tahanta, and he is worthy of her. I wish her to marry Leaping Panther of the Tuscaroras. She will not speak, so I have called the council to ask what we shall do." After a brief silence, an aged brave addressed the chief, thus: "Beloved chief, ever have you

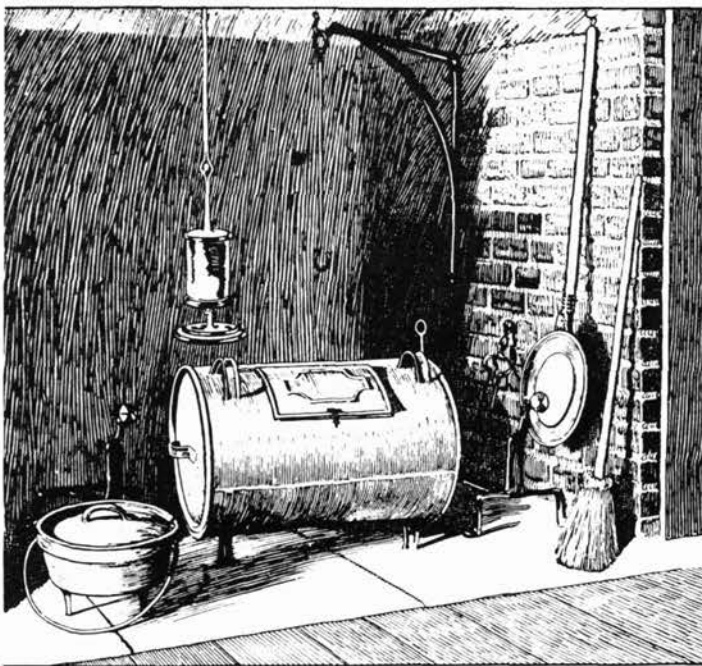


SPINNING WHEEL USED IN MAKING LINEN THREAD

been fair with your own, and people of other tribes. Princess Tega (the rose) as lovely as the flower, loves the young brave Tahanta. She will not speak, fearing she will displease you. Let some feat of skill between the young men, prove who shall have our princess." "Enough, what shall it be? My chief, Leaping Panther, is strong with the paddle, and Tahanta drives a canoe through the water like the wind. You have well said, and may call my swift runner, the Antelop. Direct him to choose more young braves, and carry word to all friendly tribes, that after three more sleeps, there will be here a great canoe race."

As the time arrives the contestants are eagerly waiting the flight of an arrow, as a signal to start the race. The course is marked by a canoe anchored about one fourth of a mile from shore. Leaping Panther has two paddles and Tahanta one, fashioned from a young hickory tree. Perhaps never before or since has there been seen finer specimens of the human family, and never canoes driven through the water at a greater speed. Princess Tega, standing by the waters edge, saw the canoe of her lover, leading by a couple of lengths. Strong as the paddle was, the power of the user was stronger, and the handle snapped. Swift as a swallow, Tega caught a paddle from another canoe and with unerring aim, sent it skimming toward her lover. As quickly was it seized, and the race was won. "People of all tribes listen. I Chief Eagle Eye am speaking. Tahanta is worthy and he shall have my daughter, Princess Tega."

When the Sun God had left the western sky, and darkness had settled on forest and stream, council fires were kindled. Tega and Tahanta were married in accordance with Indian custom. Venison from the forest, fish from the lakes, and fruit from the gardens, were served in abundance. Tom toms were beaten, and warriors from different tribes told of deeds of valor, and pointed with pride to sealed locks suspended from their girdles. After two days of feasting and frolic, the visitors took their departure, and the usual calm settled upon the encampment. Little did Tahanta and his bride think their honeymoon was so soon to end. A scout from an enemy's camp who had been secretly watching, sped swiftly through the forest to an encampment of his own tribe. "Braves, the time is now ripe for us to be avenged on the Mohawks for the death of our brothers." Silently a band of chosen warriors broke upon the sleeping village. Clashing of tomahawks, war

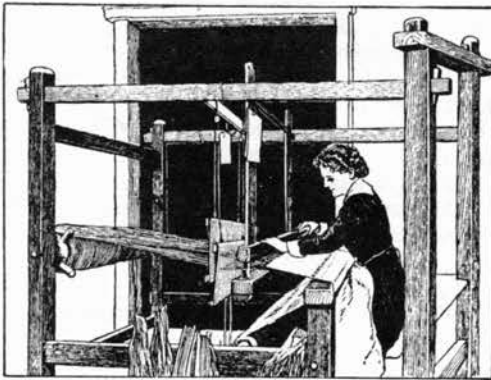


EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FIREPLACE, UTENSILS, AND IMPLEMENTS

Pond

by Rev. John Logan, Adirondack Pastor

cries, and shrieks of women and children, made the night hideous. Tahanta sprang from his bed of bear skins, to grapple with a swarthy buck just entering the lodge. The wigwam of the young couple had been pitched a short distance from the main encampment. Tahanta had no weapon of any kind, as he had no thought of trouble from any source. Both men were fully versed in Indian warfare. Tahanta was successful in reaching the throat of his antagonist, but not before he had received a cruel blow from his Indian club. Although steadily weakening he exerted every ounce of strength until, from the effects of the blow, his mind became a blank and his fingers relaxed. He never knew how long he remained unconscious. The first thing his eye rested upon was the gruesome corpse of his late antagonist. Even worse was the sight of the body of his father-in-law, Eagle Eye, and many braves who lay where they had fallen, their scalp-locks taken, to adorn the girdles of their enemies.



HAND LOOM USED IN WEAVING CLOTH FOR
REVOLUTIONARY UNIFORMS

Tahanta's thought was mainly for the Princess Tega. All the women and older children had been taken captive, but the children who were too young to withstand the long trek, had been dispatched in the usual Indian manner. Tahanta registered a vow that he would spend all his life to retrieve his bride. With characteristic Indian patience he went about his work. First he must have food, then as best he might, lay at rest Eagle Eye and his braves. Many sleeps passed before he was prepared to leave the scene of the tragedy that he was never to forget. Tahanta had no idea in what direction he should wander, to discover the object of his search. A full year elapsed while he visited encampment after encampment. Always he appeared as a man whose mind was unbalanced. Many times he was near to death, as some warrior would advocate sending him to the happy hunting ground. At last the long search came to an end. On the eventful day he arrived at a village near what is now Crown Point, an encampment of the Mohicans. One of the first persons he saw was Princess Tega, entering the tent of a young brave, the son of the Chief, Rolling Thunder. As quickly did she recognize her lover husband, but not a sign of recognition passed between them. Women and children were staring at him, but full well knowing the dangers of the game he was playing, he paid no attention to them. One of the warriors addressed him in the Mohican language. Although understanding, he made no reply. The chief and his son were called, and Tahanta heard his fate discussed. A number of the braves were in favor of ending his life. Why have a crazy man to feed, and in the way? "My braves it is not becoming to take the life of an Indian brother in times of peace. We are about to start on the long hunt for winter meat. Some of you must leave soon, on the trail to the salt mines. We must have

salt to live. Let the brother with the sick mind stay here and help the squaws with the work. In no matter did Tahanta show that he understood. He was directed to a camp by the motion of a hand. A large kettle filled with venison was suspended over a fire. Corn bread in flat leaves were piled upon a rude table. By signs he was directed to eat. Next day the braves started their fall hunt. The rest of the braves, with the exception of three, who were too old to travel, left for the great salt mines, near Syracuse. The camp was now quiet. Tahanta looked at Princess Tega a number of times, but neither showed any sign of recognition. The second day after the braves had departed, Tahanta was gathering fuel at the direction of a bossy old squaw, and to the undisguised amusement of the young women. Tega passed near him, whispering, "Tahanta my husband", that was all. The next day they met again. Tahanta was gathering fuel, and the Princess on her way to visit a fawn in a small enclosure. "Do not stop, do not look at me. Tomorrow at this time, gather wood on other side of the deer. While I pet her I will direct you. Do not stop work, or speak, as the eyes of women are keen, and they resent me, a stranger, living at ease as the wife of the young brave, Yellow hawk."

The following day, Tega unfolded her plan. "Chief Rolling Thunder and the braves are off on a hunt. Tonight, a long time after the Sun God has gone to rest, go to the spring for water. Listen for the call of the Owl, and come to me a little way in the forest. Do not make a noise, as much as to break a twig. We may both be killed, but I had rather die with you, my husband, than to live longer as I am doing." That night in the silence of the forest, plans were perfected that started the young people on their long journey to their home on the shore of beautiful Joe Indian Pond. Tega said, "I have two bows, the best in the camp and many arrows. Here by the tree you will hide our trappings. You say you have your light rifle,

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P. O. Address,.....SO. COLTON.

(Continued from Page 17)

much powder and bullets, hid near by. Let us get all together tonight, so we may start after one more sleep. Take much salt and I will bring kettle to cook meat. Will bring much moccasins and deer skin dresses. Will bring moccasins of chief for you. Have tanned deer hides, with many needles to make us clothes. I hate Chief Rolling Thunder. I hate his son Deerfoot. He beat me before the braves in the council chamber. We are not stealing the things, I have earned them. If you had not found me, my husband, I would have eaten the poison berries, and gone to my mother in the happy hunting ground. Have big pack basket full. Go back now with water, and act much foolish before the young squaws. After one sleep, when the great bear has been looking down for long time, come. When you hear the owl call twice, I will be at our place here."

During the next day, the young people were careful not to pass near each other. About nine p.m. he left the encampment without a sound. Eagerly he waited at the spring for the signal. Twice it came, the softer call of the female owl to its mate. Silently he made his way to the camp. Not a word was spoken as they arranged their packs, and started on their long trip through the forest. Tahanta had located the north star, through the position of the great bear, known to all Indians, warriors, and guides. For an hour or more, they cautiously felt their way till they came to a small stream. "We will rest here a few minutes, my Princess, gift of the Great Spirit. Maybe your mother and father Chief Eagle Eye are looking down on us and their spirits will protect us. "Tega expressed a longing to visit once again the scene of her childhood, and the grave of her father Chief Eagle Eye. They traveled westerly passing near Hague mountain and over the ground made famous by J. Fennimore Cooper in his *Leather Stocking Tales*. After spending a short time at the scene of the tragedy, Tahanta advised they move northward toward the great river, and near white people where they would be safe from hostile Indians.

Traveling cautiously and using only bow and arrow to provide food, they passed by Saranac Lake, arriving at St. Regis River, between Brandon and Santa Clara. Crossing this stream on a raft made of drift wood fastened together with withes, they skirted the Madawaska, (great swamp) arriving at Lake Ozonia on cutting preserve. Following Stony brook and Cran Valley Brook. It brought them to the Inlet of Joe Indian Lake. Continuing along this stream the full beauty of the lake and surroundings burst upon their view. "My Princess, we have traveled far and with much danger. You are weary. Here we will make our home, beside this water the great spirit has given us." Exploring the west shore, they discovered the outlet of the lake, and followed it to here where it empties into the Racquette river, along to the fall which they named Hannerena. (Tumbling Water.) Each hour they were more pleased with their surroundings. Returning by the east side of the outlet, they arrived at what is now Popple Point, where they decided to build their camp. Tega was crafty to secure in her pack a light axe head. To fashion a shelf from the butt of a young red beach, was an easy task for Tahanta. Blueberries on the marsh, and blackberries on the ground, were ripening in abundance, and were dried and stored for winter use. Taking advantage of all the day light, they soon had a small camp completed. A puncheon floor made of split balsam logs, layed bark down, and spruce bark peeled in butt lengths, covered the reef. Many things could have been desired, but the home, though primitive, was beautiful to Joe Injun and his squaw. Wooden deed fall traps, and a light birch bark canoe were built in preparation for fishing and winter trapping. On the western shore of the Racquette River, between Hannawa Falls and Gain Twist rapids, stood the humble house (home) of Sylvanus Brown and his good wife Naomi. The elder, as he was affectionately called by the far scattered settlers, was a true man of God. A graduate of no college or divinity school, but taught in nature

school, the great outdoors. Sabbath after Sabbath he traveled through the unknown forest, to many different points to preach the gospel. He was also an expert fisherman and hunter, and was on the track of a wounded deer, near thirty-five pond when he met Tahanta.

There was born that day, between white man and indian, a friendship that continued until the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl of life broken. On an April morning, the first after the Indians discovered their home, they arrived at the little hill village, on the west branch of the St. Regis River. Tahanta and his wife carried large packs of valuable furs. "Am I seeing things or are those people Indians? If they are sample, there's room here for the whole tribe. I wonder if that skirt is married? Gosh, I'd be willing to turn savage to be the husband of a beauty like her. Hello, Joe Injun where you from? "We come from our lake, two hours walk from here. Have much prime fur and want to trade for many things from store." "Well Joe Injun you sure came to the right place. This young man owns this store, and he will give you a square deal. So began the trade between an honest Indian and an upright merchant.

Time rolls on. Tega the Rose, is ill. She feels her time has come to leave her home by the lake she loves. "White Priest, we are only Indians, but you have been kind to us. I go soon to join my people in the happy hunting ground of the Great Spirit. When I am gone, I know you will be kind to my husband. He is old now, and will be lonely in the lodge when the Sun God goes to rest, and darkness settles on the forest and lake, and the presence of the Manitowis seen in the lightning and his voice heard in the thunder.

Princess Tega was buried near the wigwam. A simple service was conducted by the elder, while a little group of natives stood by with bowed heads. "Nae man can tether time or tide."

More years rolled swiftly by and Joe Indian is nearing the sunset of life. One day the elder called at the lodge and found his old friend very near to parting of the ways. "White Priest, brother, look from the door of the camp across the lake. See you yea aged giant hemlock. The winds of more than a hundred years have whistled through its branches and it is dead at the top and left to rot away. Soon it will crash to earth by the storm. So it is with your Indian brother. I am old Joe Indian. My arm is wasted and useless. Once the strength of this arm could spring you hickory bow, to send the stone arrow head through the heart of deer and bear. These snrunk legs could once follow the hounds, from the time the Sun God rose in the east, until it set in the west. When I am gone, lay me beside my beloved Princess. Have no son, and want you to have everything of value in our lodge."

Tahanta's wishes were carried out and the camp has long since fallen to decay. In a little deserted and neglected grave yard, close to the sound of the falls of Hannawawa, side by side sleep the elder and his faithful wife Naomi. Over the graves of the white and Indian people alike, the grass of summer, and the snows of winter, have grown and blown, for many years.

The scream of the panther, or the call of the whip-poor-will disturb them not at all.

Paddle across the lake to Popple Point. Close by, look for trees of the old lodge. A rusty knife, Indian arrow head or crude old knife blade. Should you locate the site of the camp, go south about 100 feet, and if you should find two thin field stones projecting a foot or more above the ground, you will have discovered the graves of old Joe Indian and his squaw, but bear in mind you are gazing upon the last resting place of the brave warrior, Tahanta and his Princess Tega, as pure and lovely as the rose, for which she was named. God bless them.

NOTE: This is a copy of an article that was published in the nineteen thirties by Courier - Freeman, a weekly newspaper of Potsdam, New York.

America's Writers Help Make Us Aware of Human Experience From Past to Present Into Future

The Concord Hymn

Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.



CRADLE IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH
This was the cradle of Peregrine White, the first Pilgrim baby born in America.

January 12, 1855

Perhaps what most moves us in winter is some reminiscence of far-off summer . . . What beauty in the running brooks! What life! What society! The cold is merely superficial; it is summer still at the core, far, far within. It is the cawing of the crow, the crowing of the cock, the warmth of the sun on our backs. I hear faintly the cawing of a crow far, far away, echoing in the spring-like vapor which the sun is drawing from the ground. It mingles with the slight murmur of the village, the sound of children at play, as one stream empties gently into another, and the wild and tame are one. What a delicious sound! It is not merely crow calling to crow, for it speaks to me too. I am part of one great creature with him; if he has voice, I have ears. I can hear when he calls, and have engaged not to shoot nor stone him if he will caw to me each spring.

from Henry David Thoreau

I Hear America Singing

Walt Whitman

Wherever life throbb'd Whitman found inspiration. In the singing of people at work he heard the voice of America itself.

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;
Those of mechanics — each one singing his, as it should be,
blithe and strong;
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves
off work;
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat —
the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck;
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench —
the hatter singing as he stands;
The woodcutter's song — the ploughboy's, on his way in the
morning,
or at the noon intermission, or at sundown;
The delicious singing of the mother — or of the young wife at
work —
or of the girl sewing or washing;
Each singing what belongs to him or her, and to none else;
The day what belongs to the day — at night, the party of
young fellows,
robust, friendly,
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.



SCHOOLHOUSE AND WATCH HOUSE, 1648

This schoolhouse at Dedham, Massachusetts, was 18 x 15 ft. The watch house in the rear was built to enable the watchman to see Indians trying to steal up to kill the children.



Grass Roots



HOLIDAY EXHIBIT OPENED AT COUNTY MUSEUM

On December 15, a special holiday exhibit opened at the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. A traditional Christmas tree was decorated by various groups in the community including the Geratric Day Care Center, Middle school students, residents of Moongate, and a local Brownie troop. In addition the association has placed on view a colorful selection of Christmas and New Years Day post cards, dating back to the 1800's. The feature attraction of the exhibit is a group of Victorian baby and doll carriages chosen from the association's own collection. If you have an opportunity; stop by and view these charming vehicles in which your great grandmother traveled. And while your there why not take out a gift membership for someone in your family or a friend; they make great gifts. The History Center is open from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays and is located directly behind the Silas Wright Home in Canton.

Descendants of the early pioneers in Richville from Wales are meeting regularly to study Welsh and to protect the little Welsh meeting house in Richville from Highway encroachment. Early in 1976 the group will hold a song fest (St. David's Day is March 1) at the Meeting House for the general public. Practice in Welsh and singing in Welsh will be held from now to then. Any Welsh descendant or native is welcome to attend. Watch local newspapers for notices.

History Center Museum

Ground Floor Research Center

Second Floor

To Rear of

Silas Wright House

Daily 9-5

OCTOGENARIAN HARLAND J. HORTON

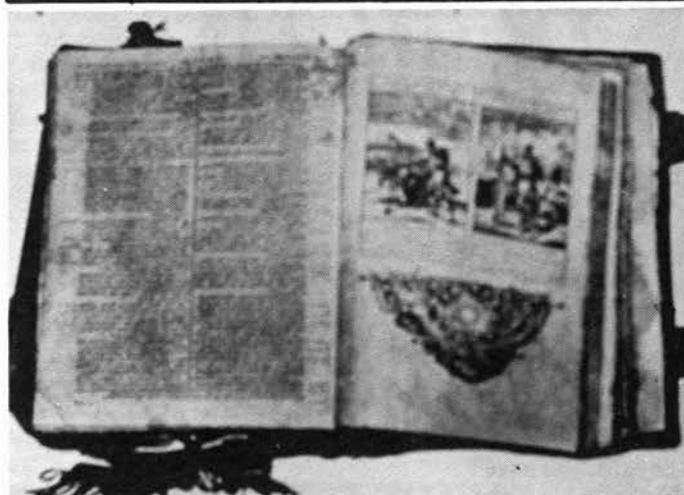
Another of our founders is gone. Harland Horton always came to our annual meetings and recalled the days when he and Otto Hamele and Nina Smithers "made" this Association. Harland was also active in the former Massena Historical Society. He died November 30, and rests beside five generations of ancestors in Massena Center Cemetery.

After he moved from Massena to Fort Covington, Harland was asked to become the Franklin County Historian, a post he held for a number of years. His own personal collection of items on both counties grew, and Harland gave some to each county association over the years. He listed items in a will which he wanted each association to have as well as some for the county historians of each county. He was one of our greatest boosters for 30 years!

Among his gifts were a number of his early surveying tools. He knew intimately the lengths and shorelines of each of the rivers in the two counties. His handmade tools and early handforged metal items he was extremely proud to have inherited. At 86 he still handled each tool with cherishing and love.

The Horton farm had been in the same family longer than any other in the area, until taken by the Seaway Project. Harland was one of a kind. Part of the early success of this Association we owe to interested persons such as Harland J. Horton. We'll miss him.

mhb



The Bible upon which George Washington took his oath as President of the United States.



Patrick Henry making his famous speech against the Stamp Act in the Virginia House of Burgesses.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I wonder if anyone reads reports by Association Presidents. My wondering comes from an attempt to persuade my three - year - old daughter Ann to go to bed and from the recent death, October 23, 1975, of my 89-year-old mother. She and her granddaughter separate 86 years by human time. My mother, part American Indian and certainly Southern, never knew much about St. Lawrence County, although she lived here some six months before deciding that Perry County, Tennessee, was more suited to her lifestyle. I wonder about heritage.

Somehow, in my now adopted county, I believe that all humanity is one. My daughter Ann was born in Poland three years ago. The State Department of the United States still has not bestowed citizenship rights on her. Looking at her now, on a stormy winter night in the North Country, I see the United States in her: A blonde-haired imp who is just about as American as one can become. She does not know it yet, but in her runs the blood of the history of the United States. In her is the American Indian, the Nordic blonde who invaded Poland, the Slavic great - grandfather who fought in Siberia, the steelmill worker, the Southern gentlewoman, the Scots-Irish, and above all, the imp that a three-year-old blonde can be. She is a poem and our country.

My night has also been one of reading what other Presidents of this Association has taken on responsibilities that give me insomnia and make me wonder why I ever let Mary Biondi talk me into becoming a member of it, I drift to the marvelous President's Message of July 1964. It consists of five lines: "Our twenty-four page April 1964, Quarterly was the best issue so far. This standard of reporting St. Lawrence County history can only be continued, if everyone interested will send suitable stories and pictures to Mr. Smith at Gouverneur, New York immediately." Signed By Edward F. Heim. Now, that is the way a President should act. And write. At that time, Mason Rossiter Smith was Editor. His son has become famous as a novelist since then.

Times change. In the October, 1972, issue, Dr. Edward Blankman told us the story. The Association has grown. "You ARE the Association," he said. During the three years that I have spent, sometimes twice a week, listening to the negotiations that led to the Association's move to obtain the Canton property, I frankly watched in amazement and excitement as a strange rapport began to develop among completely different Americans. At great cost of time, money, and effort, and under the direction of Varick Chittenden, a group of St. Lawrence County citizens gave the county a present, the Silas Wright house and property surrounding it. The group had help from all who contributed to the purchase of this property.

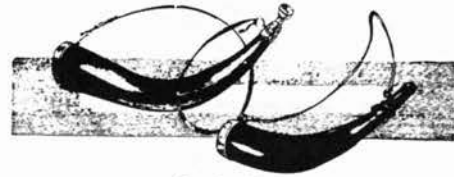
Times continue to change. It is a gloomy time now. We are again in a state of crisis. As I stated in my recent letter to you, we need help. In the United States that means money. If we are to continue at our present level of operation, we must have the support of the membership. It is so easy to say that someone else can do it.

The President of an Association such as ours becomes a beggar. If you have read this far, you know that I have no pencils to sell and no tin cup, but you can imagine such. I beg at your discretion.

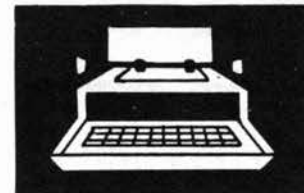
To help preserve the heritage of this county, please send your contribution, tax deductible, to The St. Lawrence County Historical Association, Post Office Box 8, Canton, N.Y. 13617.

"You ARE the Association". — Edward J. Blankman
(Pres., 1972)

Kelsie B. Harder



Powder Horns



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

The Bi-Centennial Year of 1976 is here. Our country is two-hundred years young this July 4. It is fitting, then, that we review and reflect upon those great historical documents that are our legacy from the Founding Fathers.

Thomas Jefferson, in France at the drafting of the first ten amendments of the Constitution, wrote home continually that it was not enough to assume that the sanctity of human rights would not be violated. He insisted human rights in the Constitution not lack specificity, and that these rights be set down on paper. It was done.

The Bill of Rights came into force within four years as ten amendments to the Constitution. How many of the ten can you identify and recall? Most of us, as polls and surveys indicate, can recall no more than two.

As part of our Bi-Centennial Year it is only fitting that each one of us renew our legacy and think deeply and seriously about the intent of the language of our Founding Fathers. We will note as we read and re-read these tremendous words that there are no exceptions. There is no language giving executive privilege to any person or special interest group. All persons are eligible for a full re-dress of grievances. A free press and free speech have no exceptions. All persons have a right to privacy; all persons are protected against unreasonable search and seizure; all persons are protected against excessive bail. All, not some, are guaranteed due process.

What a great Inaugural Day it would be, if all elected and appointed officials have to recite and swear their oath of allegiance on this magnificent work, the Bill of Rights.

Elsie Hewlett Tyler, Editor

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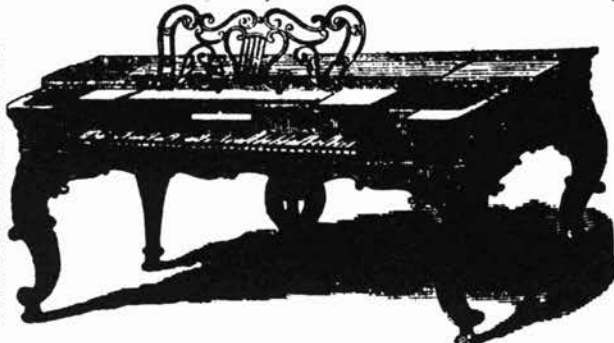
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Sally Lunn

Makes 1 loaf

½ cup warm water
 ½ cup sugar
 1 tsp. salt
 1 package dry yeast
 ½ cup warm milk
 8 Tb. butter
 3 eggs, lightly beaten
 3½ cups all purpose flour
 Grated rind of 1 orange (optional)

Heat the water to 100°. Stir in the sugar and salt. Sprinkle the yeast onto the surface and leave undisturbed for 15 minutes.

In the meantime, pour the milk into a small saucepan. Cut the butter into small pieces and add to the milk. Heat until the milk reaches simmering point. Remove from the heat and cool to luke warm. Stir in the eggs and combine with the yeast mixture. Gradually beat in the flour and orange rind.

Cover with a cloth and leave for 2 hours until doubled in bulk. Stir the mixture with a wooden spatula and transfer to a buttered 1 quart ring mold, tube pan or kugelhoff mold. Cover and leave again for 1½ hours until again doubled in bulk. (It looks as though it will never rise, but it does eventually.)

Place in a preheated 350° oven for 45 minutes, until it has risen above the surface of the mold. If it sounds hollow when it is tapped on the surface, it is done. Leave in the baking pan for 10 minutes and then cool on a wire rack. Serve warm with sweet butter and preserves.

A Sally Lunn is a tall, feather-light sweet bread that is traditionally baked in a tube pan or kugelhoff mold. Because of the depth of the bread, the upper part that has risen above the pan is golden, while the base is paler in color. Long ago somebody saw a resemblance to the sun and moon. (Le soleil et la lune) Hence, it became a Sally Lunn, or at least that is how the story goes.



Apple Brown Betty

Serves 6

Preheat oven to 350°

1 cup flour
 ¼ tsp. salt
 ½ tsp. cinnamon
 ¼ tsp. nutmeg
 ¼ cup sugar
 8 Tb. butter
 4 slices firm textured bread, crusts removed
 1 cup raisins
 3 small cooking apples, peeled, cored and sliced

Sift the flour, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg and sugar together into a bowl. Cut the butter into small pieces and combine with the flour mixture using a pastry blender.

Cut the bread into crouton-sized pieces. Soak the raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes until plump. Combine the bread, raisins and apples. Butter a baking dish. Sprinkle the bottom with ½ of the flour mixture. Add the apple mixture and top with the remaining flour mixture. Bake uncovered in a preheated 350° oven for 35 minutes, until the top is crisp and the apples are tender. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream.



Syllabub

Makes 8 punch cups

1 cup white wine
 Grated rind of 2 lemons
 2 Tb. lemon juice
 ½ cup sugar
 1½ cups milk
 1 cup whipping cream
 2 egg whites beaten until stiff
 Freshly grated nutmeg

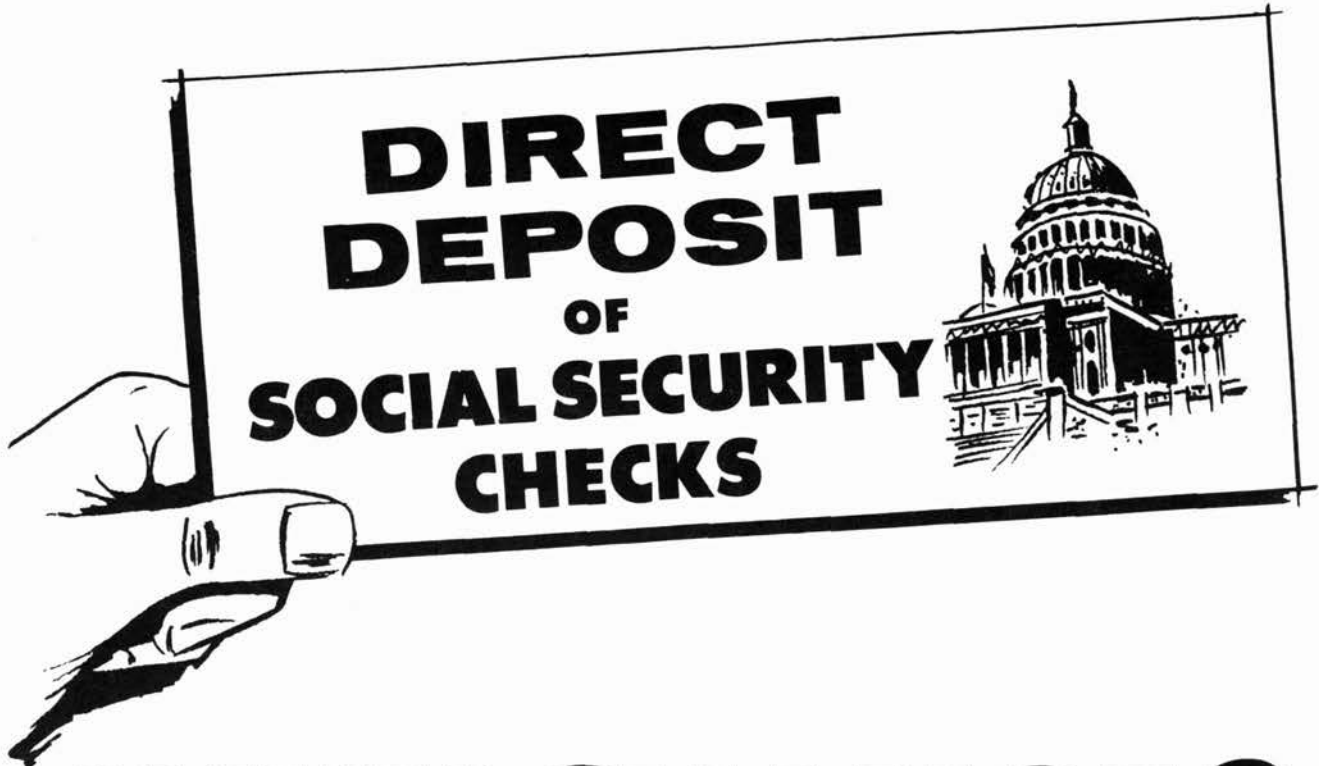
Combine the wine, lemon rind and juice and stir in the sugar. Leave 5 minutes until the sugar dissolves. Add milk and cream and beat with a rotary beater until frothy (It will not thicken). Top with beaten egg whites and dust with nutmeg.

A Christmas drink for refined ladies who turn away from hard liquor. The best version is reputedly made in the barn. The first group of ingredients are placed in a suitable pail which is then placed discreetly beneath an obliging animal. The cow is milked until the pail is full and frothy. (The "bub" part of the word is Elizabethan slang for a bubbling drink).

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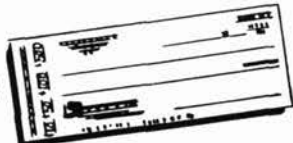
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