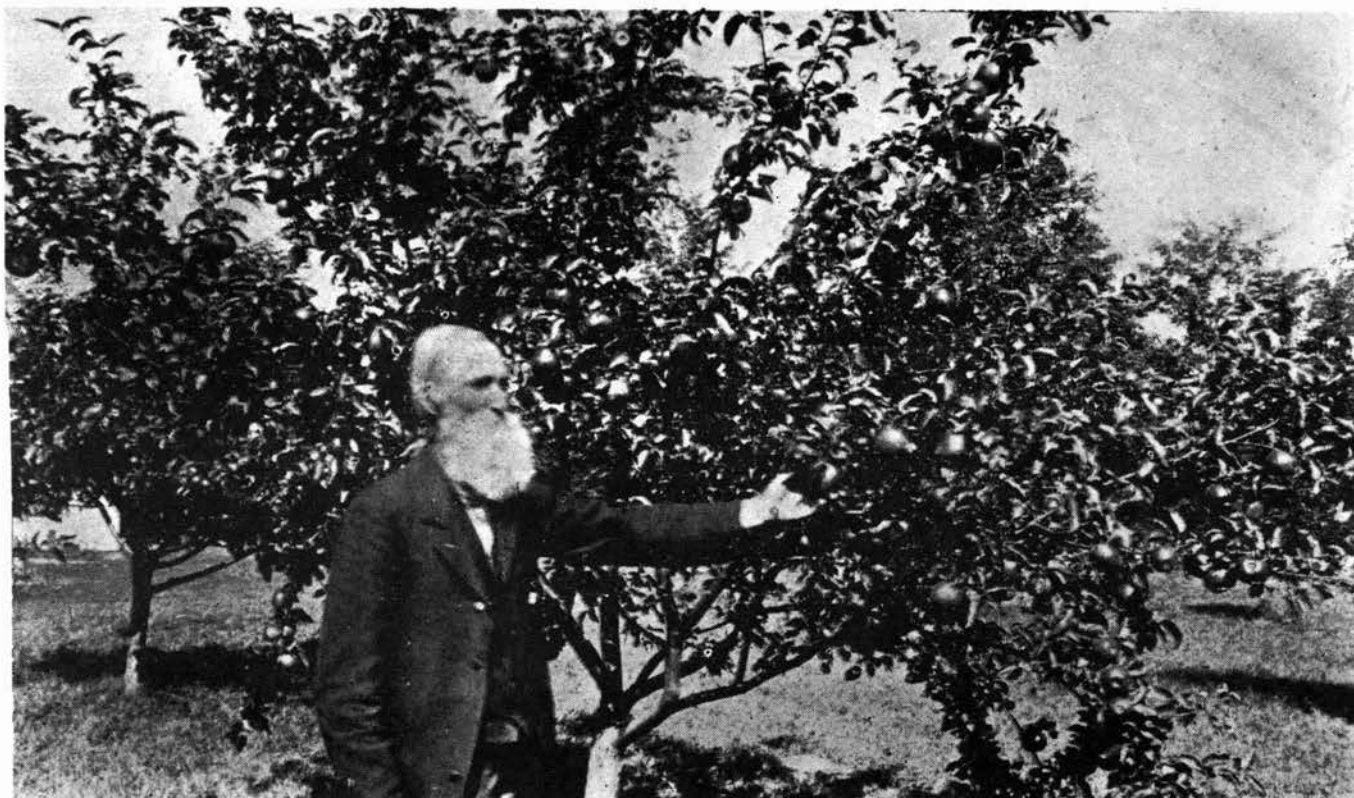


THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association



*On the Pierrepont hills a fine orchard stands
Where one hundred and twenty kinds vary
In color and flavor and always command
The highest price when shipped by Crary:
In the picture you'll see a four year old tree
Loaded down with the choicest of fruit,
And no imperfections on them can you see
Now this is a fact no one can dispute.*

*What a wonderful God who created the trees
With such varied and beautiful fruit,
The grand tree of life could create with great ease
Though atheist and idiots dispute.
Now they must be sprayed and given some care,
Then your coffers with gold they will fill;
For if you will give them a reasonable share
Of your time they will double your bill.*

July 1977

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Editor Pro Tem . Varick A. Chittenden

COVER: The poem "Crary's Orchard" by George Lucian Crary, about the locally famous apple orchards of the poet and his father, Oringe Smith Crary. Together these men documented significant events and people of St. Lawrence County in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. See "The Pierrepont Poets," beginning on page 11.

A Study in Rural Comfort

Part One

1 Bureau	by James C. McCabe	8.00
1 Dining Table		2.50
6 Flagg Bottom Chairs	4/4	2.00
1 Trunk		1.00
2 Bonnet Boxes	4/-	1.00
1 Hair & 1 Clothes Brush	3/-	.75
1 Chamber		25
1 Spittoon		11/4
1 Ingrain Carpet		5.12
Cushion & Basket		25
1 Wash Stand Bowl & Pitcher		2.17
1 Ingrain Carpet		5.50
Wash Stand Bowl & Pitcher		2.25
1 Dining Table		2.50
1 Bureau		8.00
6 Cone Bottom Chairs	4/4	3.00
1 Pair of High Back candlestick snuff		50
1 Chamber		25
35 Yards of Cotton brought 4/-		4.37
1 Copper plate Curtain		37

The following articles, the first of a two part series in *The Quarterly*, is the result of a semester-long research project by the author for a history course at St. Lawrence University. Consulting publications by many leading authorities in fields of the decorative arts of the nineteenth century and particularly the inventory of the Wright household of 1847, Mr. McCabe has herein presented recommendations for the furnishing and decoration of the Association - owned house in Canton. Extrapolating and interpolating from the inventory have been particularly useful and meaningful results of the project. Photographs included with this part of the series are of items in the permanent collection of the Association (or promised to it in the near future) which will definitely be appropriate in some area of the restored part of the house. — Ed.

1	36 lbs of Coffee	4/-	4.50
3	do Tea	4/4	150

This project is intended to assist in the re-creation of the interior of the Governor Silas Wright house in Canton. Specifically, it will offer recommendations for the furnishing of each room. The aim is to create the atmosphere of rural comfort that the Wrights might have experienced. The proposals will be based to a certain degree upon an inventory of the house which was made by Mrs. Wright soon after her husband's death. The inventory, which was found largely by accident in the Surrogate Court records by Mary Ruth Beaman in 1973, represents a great stroke of good luck as it gives a good starting point for research. It is not particularly detailed in terms of style, but because it was compiled room by room, it is possible to determine which items of furniture went in which part of the house. It is also helpful in determining rather generally, the style of living that the Wrights had.

Although furniture varies among styles, like architecture and all other art, it is not always as consistent within a home as some other aspects of its art might be. Frequently furnishings represent what had been collected over the years as a result of gifts, or purchases or items which may have been hand made; thus the interior decoration of a house may represent a number of different styles or artistic trends. Generally there was some connection between furniture styles and architectural style, as they both tend to reflect the collective state of mind of the region and the time period as a whole. The style which predominated during the 1830's and 1840's is known as the Empire period of furniture. As with the architecture of the period, furniture styles were tempered by functional requirements. As an only recently settled area, the availability of good cabinet makers was very restricted; indeed, the list of cabinet makers in America compiled by Ethel Bjerkoe did not identify any North Country cabinet makers. Clearly there must have been some, but none with any great artistic skills. Thus any native furniture would be first functional in nature. It is also probable that, in his extensive contact with urban centers such as Albany and Washington, Silas Wright would be familiar with the prevailing trends in the decorative arts and he would have access to work done by skilled craftsmen, possibly leaders in the field. Consequently, the Wrights would have a mixture of both old functional styles and of urban, cosmopolitan styles; this is reflected in Wright's inventory. The items which are still left, the sideboard, Silas Wright's desk and a table, are done by very skilled craftsmen and reflect later styles.

THE DINING ROOM

This room was the center of activity in



The large sideboard, owned by the Wrights, was made in New York City, probably in the 1830's. The massive size, mahogany veneer, and the pillar motif are typical of transitional Empire-to-Victorian style. Early photographs show this piece in the Wright dining room in the 1880's. The sideboard will be exhibited through the courtesy of St. Lawrence University.

most homes, as it was the room most regularly visited. In the Wright house it was adjacent to the kitchen and used one half of the main chimney and fireplace. This room was dominated, in both terms of cost to the Wrights and also in size, by the large Empire sideboard, which cost the Wrights more than any other single item in the inventory. An item such as this was not native to or typical of homes in this region, but it does reflect the cosmopolitan lifestyle of Silas Wright.

The chief elements which need to be added to this room, for it to be properly furnished, are as follows: a dining room table with chairs, a serving table, silverware and China for six, linen for the dinner table, candles for the dinner table and sideboard, tools for the hearth, drapes for each of the four windows and brass pots for the hearth. Most dining rooms of this period usually had a few more chairs along the wall, but because of the limits of space in this room, they have not been included in the recommendation.

As a wealthy family for the North Country, it can be expected that the Wrights had a fairly well-made and designed dining table. Although the period was solidly Empire, many of the rural cabinet makers tended to prefer some of the heavier styles of the Chippendale and Queen Anne period. In fact it wasn't until

1825 that the Empire style of Duncan Phyfe, which was a very delicate work, spread outside of the urban areas. This was particularly true in some of the rural areas of New England which, being more conservative, tended to retain the older styles longer; this is important to consider in view of the influence that the New England area held over the North Country through migration. It is also important to realize that the proximity to the British Colonies in the north had an important effect upon the North Country. Many settlers in the region had to land at the more established ports along the north shore of the St. Lawrence before heading south down any one of the many smaller rivers into the North Country. Through this contact the English influence on native cabinet makers was greater than in most regions. All of this taken into account, one can still expect that the dining room table would be very close to the prevailing Empire trends. Mrs. Wright mentions a number of tables in her inventory. All things considered, it can be expected, according to the Kouels' *American Country Furniture*, that most of the styles in the Wrights house, and in the region in general, were 15 to 25 years behind the urban areas, and also overlaid with necessities of rural living. Because of this it is expected that the table was either Hepplewhite or Sheraton, two



The round center parlor pedestal table, massive and mahogany veneered, is of the same late Empire style as the sideboard. It also was originally in the Wright house and will be on exhibit from St. Lawrence.

styles that were frequently intermingled. The essential characteristics found in both are serpentine lines at the body of the piece; with a table it would probably have an oval top with legs coming directly down from the edge of the table top. Another popular trend at this time was the use of sectional tables, which allowed the owner an option as to the size of the table. If the table was Hepplewhite, the legs would be smooth, tapered and square; while the Sheraton legs tended to be round and reeded along the length. Particular only to the Hepplewhite tables were inlays, in moderation, along vertical surfaces, according to Wallace Nutting. If the piece was made in the city, there was a good possibility that it was made from mahogany; otherwise it would have been made from woods found locally such as pine or maple.

The chairs which accompany the table should be in a similar style. The Hepplewhite and Sheraton chairs were characterized by backs completely separated from the bottom of the chair. It was in this period that the shield or heart backed chairs were very popular, along with simpler and square backed varieties. These varieties represent the work of an earlier period, approximately 1800-1820. What followed this was known as the Sheraton "fancy" chair which came to be very popular in rural areas. This chair was a form of the ladder-back chair, with

supports for the back of the chair coming up directly from the rear legs. Between the supports was a series of rails of various designs, with the top rail usually the widest. Sometimes these rails had slats between them; however, they never extended as far as the seat of the chair. With the development of stencils for the painting of the chairs, stenciling was found much more frequently since it was no longer necessary for a professional to do the decorations. An important point in dating those chairs is that after 1810 all the chairs of this variety had rounded corners on the seats. In the inventory, Mrs. Wright specifies that the chairs with the dinner table were cane-bottomed chairs, which would indicate that they were probably purchased in the city as the cane was not a common rural material. If this is so, those chairs were of good quality workmanship as well as wood, probably hickory, cherry, maple or mahogany. Otherwise it would be a local material. Here, as well as with the table, the Empire style was late leaving the urban area, and also not being of durable construction, it was unlikely to have been used in the North Country.

The serving table or server is most likely a local product. This is particularly true considering the price Mrs. Wright considered that hers was worth. Most dining rooms at the time used a sideboard and a server, but considering the size of the Wright dining room and its proximity to



Mercury glass dishes were very popular decorative pieces in the mid-19th century. A recent gift from Mrs. Ward C. Priest, this spoon holder is appropriate.

the kitchen, it is questionable whether the combination is really necessary; nevertheless, a server is mentioned in the inventory so it will be included here. Servers in that period varied between being a small sideboard, to a kitchen cabinet to a card table with a drawer in it. Of the three, the middle option is the most appropriate as it provided storage for condiments that did not belong in the kitchen; these were frequently known as jam cupboard. These items are strictly functional and consequently will bear little trace of a prevailing style. Generally these were small cupboards which rested on the floor, going to about waist height, with a counter and splash board on the top.



General Andrew Jackson, Gov. Wright's political idol and friend, was a popular patriotic motif of the 1830's and 1840's. This Currier and Ives lithograph is a recent gift from William Benjamin.



From the estate of longtime SLCHA member Dorothy Cleaveland Salisbury, this 4 drawer Sheraton style chest with cherry top and birdseye maple veneer drawer fronts is very likely similar to pieces used in the Wright's day.

The ceramic arts industry in America at the time of Silas Wright was virtually nonexistent. Because of the dominance that the French and English porcelain factories held over the markets of the U.S., no high style producer was able to survive until later into the American Industrial Revolution. This meant that one had to buy lower quality domestic China or buy that which came from Paris and Staffordshire. In general, the style from this period was very straight forward and basic without any of the frills and excessive decorations that are present in the later styles. The trend in silverware was similar, that is, to greater simplicity. Silversmiths of the period rejected the rather ornate baroque style for simple, only partially decorated, silverware. According to the inventory, Mrs. Wright had a large quantity of silverware, including a set of ivory handled forks and knives, which one would expect were her good set.

Lighting in the dining room would come primarily from candles. Because there was a fireplace in the room, lamps were not as important as in other rooms. Also because of the large number of flat surfaces in the room (i.e., the table, sideboard and server) it was not necessary to have a candle stand. With the formal dining setting, silver candlesticks were used, which would have very classical lines, with accent on symmetry and also on vertical lines. They would not be very

detailed in design. A pair would go both on the table as well as the sideboard. On less formal occasions, the candlesticks would probably be of tin, equipped with a wide tray and snuffer with higher standing candlesticks for the sideboard.

Drapes and tablecloths both, according to the inventory, were of damask linen. It was not likely that this was a common material for the North Country; for at more than a dollar a yard, it is one of the most costly items in the inventory. In the less wealthy homes of the area, cotton was the likely fabric. Styles of the period generally had the drapes of a single color, usually in a mild tone along with the walls, and they usually hung from the top of the windows all the way to the floor, indicating that the section below the window was considered part of the window. Mrs. Wright mentions having two tablecloths, one of damask for formal occasions and another of cotton for everyday use; the tablecloth would also be of a quiet color. A small cloth for the sideboard for the candlesticks was also popular, particularly if it was of fine quality workmanship.

For the hearth the standard tools for maintaining a fire are necessary. This would include a shovel for picking up ashes, tongs for moving wood in the fire, a broom or brush, a set of bellows, particularly for the oven, and a small wood box. Being tools, items such as these were

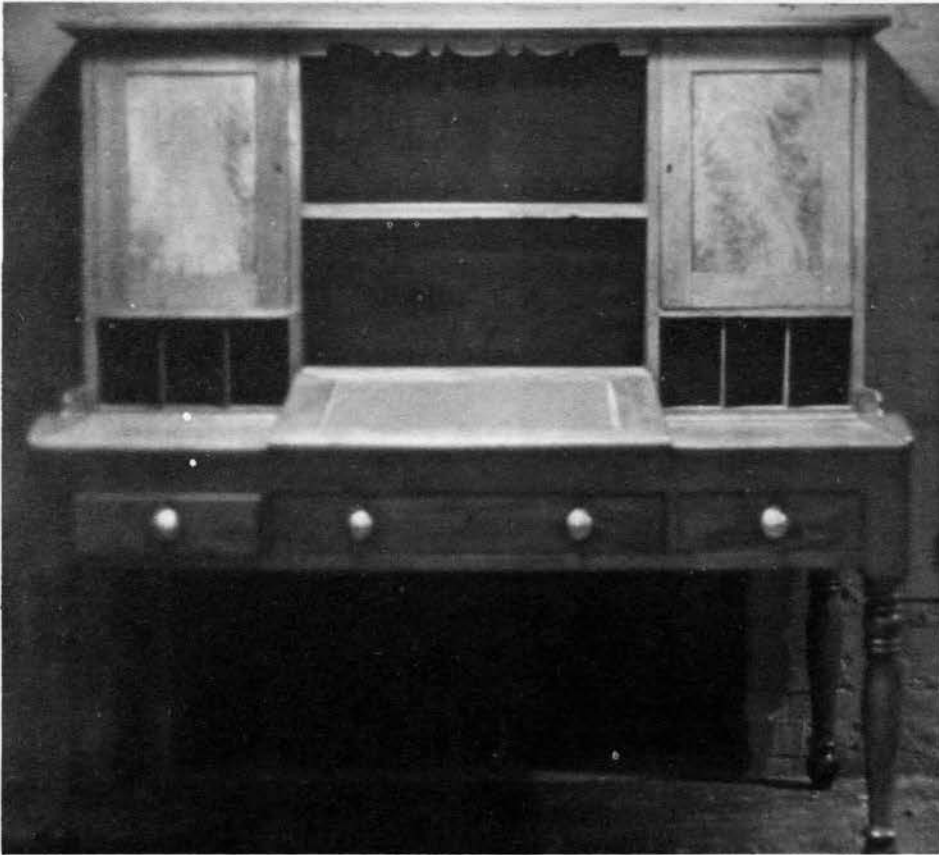
not made to the specifications of any style, particularly if they were made locally. Also useful for the fireplace would be a set of brass posts which are important for providing hot water; three or four are quite common, each with provisions for being hung over the fire.

An option for this room would be the addition of more chairs (Mrs. Wright had six) of a similar style (but not necessarily so) as those around the table. Having many chairs in a room was a popular style around that period (the inventory mentioned 53 and a sofa in the house) but considering the confines of the dining room, priority for chairs should go to the parlor.

In the inventory, Mrs. Wright mentions having 76 yards of carpeting. It is not clear exactly where in the house it was located, but it was placed on the list between the items in the study and those in the dining room. It is enough to fill both of the rooms, but that would leave nothing for the parlor. One would expect that it was divided up somewhat evenly. The older types of carpet are called wool-ingrain carpets. These were made in one yard strips which were sown together to form a full sized carpet. Later in the inventory she mentions specifically having a wool-ingrain carpet in the bedrooms, so it is possible that they had the more expensive and newer oriental carpets that were made with much larger dimensions. These carpets were the height of style during this period and continue to be very popular. These carpets could be of a very fancy design depending upon the skill of the carpet-maker. The best carpets of the time were the imported British "Kidderminster" carpets.



This roll seat Boston rocker, painted black with gilt decoration, said to be from the Wright family, is also recently from the Salisbury estate.



This country pine desk, long in the SLCHA collection, was the Governor's own, along with several of his law books. It was recently refinished by Albert Hull.



An heirloom even in the Wright's time, this Queen Anne style dressing table or low boy is a recent gift from Ina Storrs.

The Governor Silas Wright House restoration has been a long tedious project, involving countless hours of research to determine original construction details. Over the last few years several people have been especially involved in that research: Mary Ruth Beaman who, among many other things, turned up the inventory which is providing the basis for many decisions regarding the interpretation of the restored area of the house; architect D. Kenneth Sargent and the late Professor Harley McKee of the Syracuse University School of Architecture who, crawling on hands and knees, did countless hours of measuring details and discovering interesting facts; and former SLCHA director Jim Stambaugh, who carefully saved remnants of age, like paint and wallpaper samples, for later study. We are now nearing the completion of the major structural reconstruction and thus are preparing authentic furnishing plans for the house. Early nineteenth century interiors and conceptions of good taste vary substantially from modern decorating. Such studies as the above mentioned and Mr. McCabe's (here presented) are invaluable to me and my staff as we begin to choose fabrics, wallpapers, and furniture in the next few months.

— John A. Boule
Director

For Further Reading:

Ethel Hall Bjerko's *The Cabinetmakers of America*, 1957.

Helen Comstock's *American Furniture*, 1962.

Harold Donaldson Eberlein's and Cortlandt Van Dyke Hubbard's *Colonial Interiors*, 1938.

Russell Hawes Vettell's *Early American Rooms, 1650-1858*, 1967.

Ralph and Terry Kovel's *American Country Furniture 1780-1875*, 1965.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art's *Nineteenth Century America: Furniture and Other Decorative Arts*, 1970.

The Newark Museum's *Classical America 1815-1845*, 1963.

Wallace Nutting's *Furniture Treasury*, 1928.

James C. McCabe is a June, 1977, graduate with a major in history from St. Lawrence University. See his article on vernacular Greek Revival architecture and the Gov. Silas Wright house, "A Little Greek Temple on a North Country Farm?" in the April, 1977, issue of *The Quarterly*. The concluding part of Mr. McCabe's report, "A Study in Rural Comfort," will appear in the October, 1977, issue.



Walter and Mary Biondi Smallman (center), Bradley Chatland (left) and Mary Ruth Beaman (right) — their attendants — after the wedding at the SLCHA's History Center.

Congratulations,
Best Wishes
and
Thank You.....

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association museum was the scene this spring for an evening wedding. The handmade lace made an appropriate background for the union of two well-known North Country historians.

The Reverend Max Coats, pastor of the Unitarian-Universalist Church of Canton joined Mary Hadlock Biondi and C. Walter Smallman, County Historians of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties in matrimony. The service was original and John Baule, director of the Historical Association, read appropriate poetic tributes.

Mary was attended by Mary Ruth Beaman, a friend and volunteer at the History Center, and by Norene Forrest, town historian of Parishville. Walter was attended by Bradley Chatland of Fort Covington. Guests were all the staff and volunteers of the History Center and their spouses.

The bride made the wedding cake, which was decorated in motifs significant to the couple. After a short trip, combining history business as usual, Mary and Walter Smallman are back at the History Centers of Canton and Malone.

[Herbert Smith, Executive of the Association of Counties of NYS says that he does not recall hearing of two county officers (of different counties) marrying.]



Retired? Not at all. Grace Riley hardly let the ink dry on her retirement from Barbour's in Canton, before she came to us as Membership Secretary.

Since then Grace has handled changeover in systems several times — from all operations in the County Historian's office at the Court House to the Rehabilitation Center at Hermon to the new quarters in the History Center.

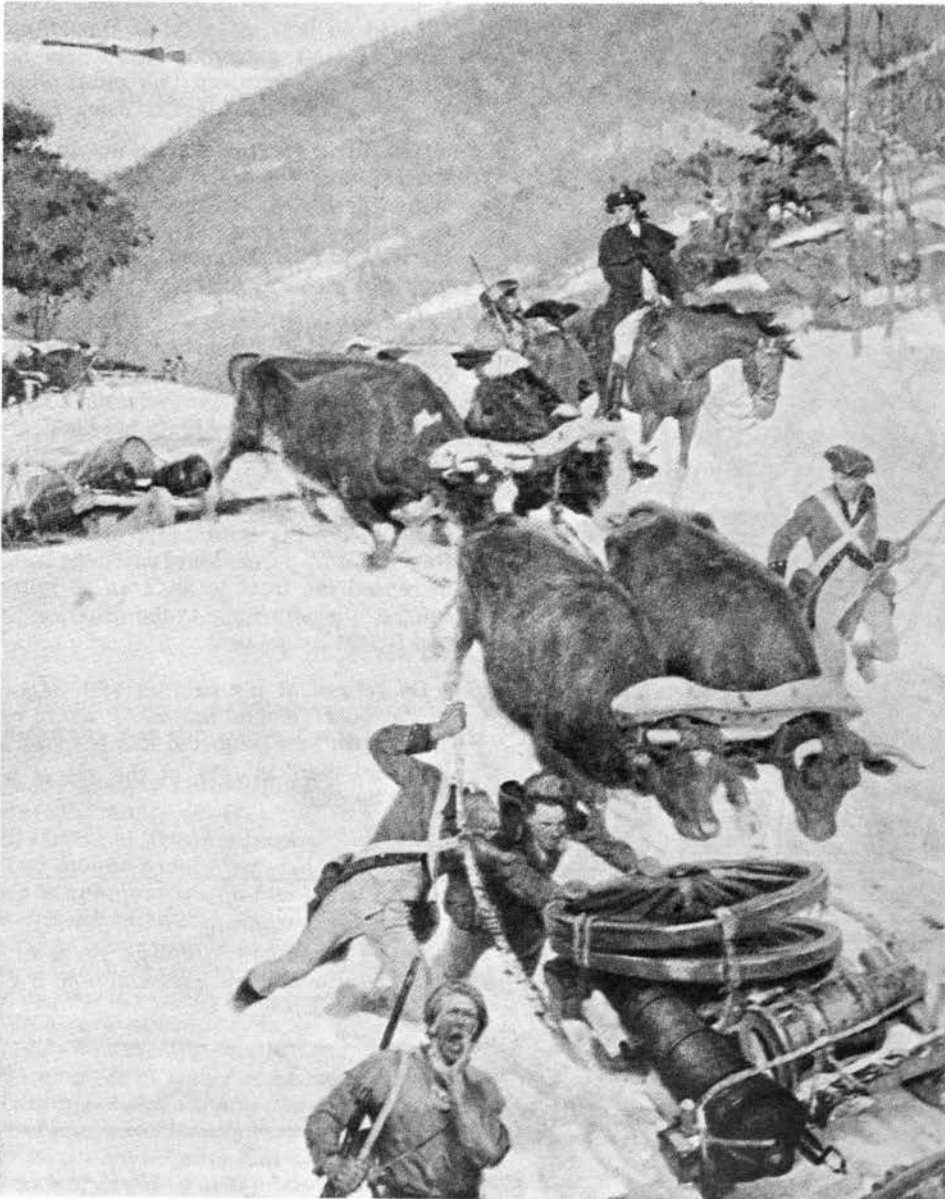
Grace Riley has managed membership records and renewals, made reports and kept the officers informed in superb (and cheerful!) manner, and the Association membership will miss her as she "retires" a second time July 1. We wish her well as she works to get Bernie to retire, too, so they can visit near and far away places in their new motor-home. Bon voyage, Grace and Bern Riley!

mhs.

'The General Never Set Foot...'

by Eugene Hatch

In the winter of 1776, during December and January, newspaper readers were kept informed of the progress of a re-enactment of a notable Revolutionary War feat, the hauling of cannons from American-captured Fort Ticonderoga to Boston. The first expedition was led by General Henry Knox, then Colonel Knox, an untried and little known officer of Washington's army. This same Henry Knox may be of some special interest to Laurentians, since very briefly he was a St. Lawrence County landowner. Following is a brief review of that expedition and of Knox's small part in our County's past.



Henry Knox selected 59 of Fort Ticonderoga's guns for the wintry, 300 mile trip to Boston. Hauled by sledge, his "noble train of artillery" was dogged by one mishap after another, including a "cruel thaw." (Courtesy The American Heritage Book of the Revolution).

When General Washington took command of the patriot army at Cambridge in July, 1776, the British forces were securely established in Boston. Washington was being pressured by Congress to drive them out, but he realized that first he needed artillery. There were necessary big guns at the captured Ticonderoga, but how could they be brought to his use?

A young patriot soldier, hearing of the problem, offered to get the cannon to Boston. This Henry Knox, an overweight young ex-bookdealer, seemed an unlikely choice, but he had studied all the books in his busy shop which had dealt with military tactics. He had left Boston with his family and joined the American General Artemus Ward's artillery force. Using theories he had studied, he proved to be of great help in building siege fortifications around Boston and so came under the notice of both General Lee of Washington's staff and of the Commander himself.

Selected for the task, he lost no time in getting to Fort Ticonderoga on Dec. 5, 1775, and found there 59 usable cannons. The guns each weighed 3000 pounds so it was necessary to take them apart and haul them in three sections, each loaded into a boat for a 33 mile voyage down Lake George.

For an account of the transport of the cannons, we have Gen. Knox's own journal, which aided in the following description. At the shore of Lake George, the cannons were loaded onto 42 sleds pulled by 80 teams of oxen. Men and oxen trudged through three feet of snow to Albany. There were problems several times when a cannon would break through the ice and had to be fished out of the freezing water.

Reaching Albany, Knox found the ice on the Hudson River too thin to cross, so ingeniously he had holes cut in the ice, causing the water underneath to rise over the ice to form more ice which then held up the heavy loads.

The expedition reached Monterey, Massachusetts, on Jan. 10, and headed east. The Berkshires were ascended successfully but, arriving at Westfield, the steep eastern slope made extreme caution necessary.

Knox was now called upon for a test of leadership. "After about three hours persuasion they (the teamsters) agreed to go," he wrote.

It was a perilous descent; the heavy loads were braked by using drag chains or anchoring ropes from tree to tree.

Knox crossed the Connecticut River safely, then found another extreme of weather, deep mud, but on they went. On Jan. 24, 1776, the cannons were delivered to Gen. Washington. The expedition had taken 47 days from Fort Ticonderoga.

On March 2, the Fort Ticonderoga guns went into action, as the American began shelling Boston. The British ships anchored in the harbor found their position

threatened and on March 17, the British troops evacuated the city and the fleet sailed away.

It was our army's first real victory, and the appreciative Washington named Henry Knox Chief of Artillery.

Gen. Knox personally directed the transport of the American troops at the crossing of the Delaware when the Hessian troops were surprised and badly beaten on Christmas night, 1776; he was also at Yorktown at the surrender of British Gen. Burgoyne.

Later when Washington became President, he called on Knox, his old comrade, to be our first Secretary of War.

It is not known how Gen. Knox became interested in the lands of our region, but it is known that he was one of the Peace Commissioners at the close of the war and that he was appointed to receive the British surrender of New York. Here he may have learned of the sale of the nor-

thern lands, "the Canada towns" or ten towns of future St. Lawrence County. This famous sale, authorized by the state Legislature, had been held at the Merchants' Coffee House, in New York City on July 10, 1787, and there Alexander Macomb, spokesman for a group of investors, had offered the highest bid, 20 cents an acre for the ten towns. Later, his deals covered six great tracts, including the present counties of St. Lawrence and Jefferson and part of Franklin, a princely realm.

Our county histories state that on May 3, 1792, Gen. Knox purchased with Samuel Ogden and Robert and Gouverneur Morris the townships of Hague (Morristown and a part of Hammond), Cambray (Gouverneur, DeKalb and Hermon), and part of Oswegatchie. It was agreed that Gen. Knox's share would be 41,114 acres, situated on the west side of Hague and Cambray and extending from the St. Lawrence River, about two miles wide. This area was known as the Knox Tract.

Gen. Knox sold this tract a month later to Benjamin Walker, no doubt at a handsome profit. Like most early land speculators, the general never set foot on his remote St. Lawrence County land. A map was probably the buyer's only guide.

St. Lawrence County would have had a valuable and distinguished citizen if the General, like the Parishes and the LeRay and Constable families of Jefferson County had become a resident here, but his heart and chief interests were in his native Maine. His wife, too, was a Maine native and she had inherited from her ancestor, Gen. Waldo, the immense Waldo Tract. Gen. Knox, by purchases of adjoining land, increased the tract to an area 30 miles square, a goodly stake in the America he had fought for so well.

He retired at his palatial seat, Montpelier, near Thomaston, Maine, where he was known as a congenial and hospitalbe host and there in 1806, at the age of 56 years he died.



General Henry Knox

For Further Reading:

The American Heritage Book of The Revolution, introduction by Bruce Catton

Eugene Hatch, Town Historian of Russell, is a past president of the SLCHA and a frequent contributor for many years to The Quarterly.



Oringe Smith Crary



George Lucian Crary

The Pierrepont Poets

Known in their own lifetimes as "The off-hand Pierrepont Poets," Oringe Smith Crary and George Lucian Crary, father and son, created verse and songs for many occasions. Their lines were filled with their firm religious and political convictions and with their deep feelings for people and places in the North Country. Although theirs may not have been great poetry, it serves us many years later as an interesting and meaningful historical record of some of the events and things important enough to the Crarys and their neighbors to stir them to write about them. These poems, first published in 1914 as The Poetical Works of Oringe Smith Crary and George Lucian Crary, are selected for their notable allusions to St. Lawrence County in their time.

"THE BLACK FOX"

Take off on a peddler who paid nineteen dollars for a black cat skin supposing it was a black fox.

*Poor Esau has a crooked back,
But still that is no sin,
In Colton he got on a track,
And caught a black cat skin.
He bought and stuff'd him in his box
Although he had no tail,
And he who thought he had a fox
Had cat skins now for sale.
This poor old cat lived in the woods,
Till he was old and grey,
Till he had seen full many a cat,
'Twas quite as smart as he.
Till caught and skinn'd and tail'd and sold,
And stuffed in Esau's box.
Whoever trades with him again
To cheat him sure will fail,
For he will never buy a skin,
Unless it has a tail.*

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

Answer to a yarn in the Watertown Standard, entitled a Circuit Rider's Experience in the North Country.

*This fellow got the big head
And thought it would be best
A yarn to spin but he got in
A living hornet's nest;
He found North Country was not slow
An insult to resent,
And so he thought it best to go
And took his clothes and went.*

*If in the North Country he's caught,
By court marshal he'll quickly be tried,
When the gauntlet he's run, he'll find it's no fun;
When the oil of blue beech is applied;
Now a lesson we hope he will learn,
And hereafter keep truth on his side,
Or on a rail he will not fail
Some day to take a ride.*

PIERREPONT AS IT WAS AND IS

*I knew when not a tree was cut
Upon the Pierrepont hills;
When not a sheep or a cow was seen
By all her rippling rills:
When bears and wolves and panthers prowled
Through all her shady glens;
And I could hear their distant howls,
And chased them to their dens.*

*When Indians, in their light canoes,
Came gliding up our streams
To hunt the deer or chase the moose,
But yesterday it seems.
But I have seen her forests fall;
The Redman passes away,
And flocks and herds feed by them all,
While mansions line the way.*

*Now splendid orchards grace our farms,
And gardens fill'd with flowers;
And waving fields of grain add charms
To this fine town of ours.
Houses of learning where the youth
Improve the golden hours,
And trained to virtue and to truth,
Grow up like native flowers.*

*Here temperance too unrival'd reigns;
No brawls disturb our streets;
Here men of God His word proclaim,
And hundreds fill the seats.
I've seen a house of worship rise
With spires that point to heaven,
Where prayer and praise ascend the skies
For all His mercies given.*

— OSC

BARNES BROTHERS

Off-hand sign written for the first firm who took advantage of the bankruptcy act — Barnes Brothers, Canton, N.Y.

*Here trade two men whose heads are soft,
They look like barnes with board all off,
They drive their debtors to the bone
And still refuse to pay their own.*

— OSC

A DOG'S SAD EXPERIENCE

These lines were put in the dog's mouth by the boys and the dog set up against his Master's door so he would fall in when the door was opened, and addressed to his Master.

*Dear Master, I have come at last,
To tell the sorrows I have past,
It was upon the Pierrepont hills,
About two miles from Crary Mills,
I thought it would be quite as cheap
To catch and kill my neighbor's sheep,
They took me up and had me tried
And here I stand without my hide.*

— OSC

THE GREAT WINDFALL NEAR CRANBERRY LAKE

*Among the Adirondack peaks,
Where nature played her wildest freaks,
I've wander'd many a day,
To hunt the panther, bear and deer,
And followed them devoid of fear,
In hopes my game to slay.*

*O'er rocky cliffs, through swampy fens,
I've traced the creatures to their dens,
And slain them in their lair.
Here wild tornadoe's tracks are seen,
That swept the forest slick and clean,
And hills and plains left bare.*

*For miles and miles the tempest tore
Trees from their roots and broke them o'er,
And piled them up in heaps;
It spread about one half mile wide,
And swept on like the ocean's tide,
Yet a straight line it keeps.*

*It's power and fury seemed to gain
From Oswegatchie to Champlain;
It mowed a fearful swath,
But when it struck that lovely lake
It's force at once it seemed to break,
and in the air bounds off.*

*God in his mercy sent the storm
Where it would do but little harm;
Thus many lives were saved,
For had it gone through settled lands
It would not left a beast or man,
But swept them to their grave.*

*From West to East in a straight line
It made a landmark for all time,
Full seventy miles in length.
In it we see the hand of God
When he sends down his chastening rod;
It shows his mighty strength,*

*Who spoke and worlds at his command,
Divided water from the land,
As into space they fly,
And there they fly through endless space
Each has its track and its own place,
And goes true as a die.*

*And though they cross each other's track,
The law God made is so exact,
They never come together, . . .
But each one comes in his own time—
There's no collision on this line;
They're guided by the Father.*

*Then I will wonder and adore;
Oh may, he guide me ever more,
Till time with me grows dim,
Then take me home the song to sing;
Redeeming love of God my King,
And reign in heaven with him.*

— GLC

MORRISTOWN

(May 17, 1904)

*In Morristown lies Cedar Cliff,
On the banks of the river St. Lawrence,
Where you can see both steam boats and skiffs,
And the orchard that Crary warrants.*

*Twelve kinds of fruit this orchard contains;
The number the tree of life bears,
You'll see that our money was not spent in vain
When with apples we fill up the cars.*

*Or load down the boats for old England with fruit,
With which very few can compare.
A king or a queen I'm sure they would suit,
Their flavors so fine and so rare.*

*Now if a fine orchard you would like to see,
Set out in rows straight as a line
Then call at the Cliff and with me you'll agree
That there's very few orchards as fine.*

— GLC



THE FAMOUS BUCK OF CRANBERRY LAKE

*A famous buck which long had roam'd
And made the lakes and ponds his home,
Upon the lily pads he fed,
And browsed when other plants were dead.
With sharp horns he did not fail
To reign the king of hill and dale.
Woe to the buck, an awful woe,
Who dare the signs of fight to show;*

*For if they mingled in the strife,
They wore the wounds and scars for life.
The hounds that chased him through the vale
Have ne'er returned to tell the tale;
The prowling wolf that struck his track,
And followed on has not come back;
The bloody panther and his mate,
From him have met no better fate.*

*In vain their arts the hunters tried;
Too keen of scent, too eagle eyed,
The wary creature never slept.
And if on him the hunter crept
He seemed to vanish in the air,
For when they called he was not there.
By chance a dewclaw he did lack,
And every hunter knew his track.*

*For twenty years none had the luck
To even wound this famous buck.
At last a hunter struck his track,
And on a spruce knot hung his pack,
Resolved at once his luck to try.
Says he, "Old buck, it's you and I,
You think, perhaps, your life is charmed.
Well never mind 'tis just as well*

*My trusty rifle breaks the spell."
He follow'd to his chosen ground,
Then left the track and swung around,
And now along with cat-like step
Up the steep cliff the hunter crept.
And peering o'er far down below,
He saw him lying in the snow.*

*'Twas there he lay and looking back,
As if to watch and guard his track.
He raised his rifle like a dart,
And aimed it at a vital part.
The whizzing bullet first to warn,
Crashed through his body, struck his horn —
He gave at once a fearful bound,
But left one antler on the ground.*

*The hunter saw with practiced eye,
The bleeding stump as he passed by.
At forty rods another ball
Gives Golden still a louder call;
And when he found it was all day,
He turned around and stood at bay.
He placed a ball beneath his eye,
Then thought his hatchet he would try.
And now he struck blow after blow,*

*Till his last horn lay on the snow.
And now at length a luckier blow,
Laid Golden quivering on the snow.
Quick through his throat he thrust his knife,
And ended his eventful life.
No more around the ponds he'll feed
Or pluck the grass or tender weed.
His flesh is now the food of man,
His old tough hide for mittens tanned.
To thus get shot was his bad luck —
'Twas George L. Crary killed this buck.*

— OSC

POTSDAM AND WATERTOWN RAILROAD

Potsdam, Old Canton and DeKalb,
And Gouverneur are striving,
And all the way to Watertown,
But there is no conniving.
We only wish to have a road,
We'll have one in the sequel,

To have each portion bear its load,
And thus divide it equal.
Let Racketville stick up her quills,
Columbia turn out Tory,
There's Ogdensburg and Dr. S.
We'll leave them in their glory.

Let Boston boast she's on the coast,
Nearby the briny ocean,
It will be seen we have the means
And that we've quite a notion
To let them know we have the dough,
To put the cars in motion.

Though far away from Boston Bay
Or any other ocean,
The iron horse upon his course,
Will pass each village snorting,
While just in rear the car you'll hear,
Like distant thunders sporting.

From vale to hill and whistle shrill,
Will frighten sheep and cattle.
While up and down with jarring 'round
The trains will onward rattle.
Early and late borne down with weight,
Butter and cheese and lumber;

With passengers and other freight,
Too numerous to number.
Then hail, all hail, our railroad band
Let echoing sound prolong
Their fame throughout our favor'd land
And join the general song.

-OSC

Oringe Smith Crary (1803-1889) and George Lucian Crary (1837-1923) were farmers and poets of the North Country, spanning many decades. George Lucian's book, Poetical Works of Oringe Smith Crary and George Lucian Crary, from which these selections were made, is in the Archives of the History Center.



BARNHART'S ISLAND

On Barnhart's Island below the long Sault,
Is the summer resort known as the Fairview;
The boating is good and the fare is the best,
'Twill be found a good place for a traveler to rest.

Here the great iron bridge the St. Lawrence has spanned,
One hundred feet high, so majestic and grand,
Now over the river the trains almost fly,
And the boats far beneath them are seen sweeping by.

And the hotel veranda looks out on the bay,
Where 'tis pleasant to sit on a warm summer day,
While the breeze from the river your brow gently fans,
And you almost imagine you've reached fairy land.

Adirondacks grand forest so fresh and so green,
And her high mountain peaks in the distance are seen,
Where the wildest of freaks dame nature has played,
And thousands of beautiful lakes and ponds made.

The farming is done in the very best style,
And the fruit is delicious that grows on this isle;
While the flocks and the herds on the pastures so green,
And the tall waving grass in the meadows are seen.

One of the best orchards upon the State chart
Is found on the farm of one Harvey Barnhart;
It is set out in style in thirty feet squares,
So each apple can see both the sun, moon and stars,

Which will put on their color so fair and so bright
That these apples will sell on the market at sight.
Then let all who wish to have a good time,
Come down here and prove the truth of my rhyme.

- GLC

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The Finleys of Fine

by

LaVerne Freeman



The Finley farmstead. Behind the shed on the left is the cellar hole of the first cabin.

Hugh Finley was born near Glasgow, Scotland, one hundred and ninety years ago. During his childhood as he tended his sheep on the Highlands perhaps he dreamed of America — the land of opportunity — because when he was about sixteen he left his family and came across the ocean, landing in Montreal. From there he came to northern New York where the wilderness was being opened up.

Nothing is known of his early years here but while he was making his way in the North Country, there was a girl named Uphia Hagie growing up in Edinburgh, Scotland. In 1813, when she was fifteen, she boarded a ship sailing for America, and on the way met a young man from Ireland. This young fellow named McManus had become disillusioned with having been drafted into the British Navy and deserted, so was looking forward to a new life.

On the slow ocean journey a romance developed between the two, and young McManus and Uphia Hagie decided to marry after they had found work in America. Family tradition says they started their new lives in Jefferson County, where he worked in a mill in a community on the St. Lawrence River. They married early in 1814 and their first daughter, Jane, was born in 1815, with the second baby, Eliza, following in August, 1817.

One morning soon after the birth of Eliza, the young father set out for work at the mill on horseback. His horse came home but he was never seen again. Uphia McManus received a message saying, "Come to Canada and we'll show you his coat." From this cryptic sentence, she decided he had been taken across the border to British territory and shot as a deserter.

It was sometime after this unhappy incident that Hugh Finley appeared in the

same community where the young Widow McManus was living with her two children and in 1820 they married. Hugh and Uphia Finley began searching for the right piece of land for them and, for a time, lived in Edwards, where their first child, William, died as an infant. As so often was done, the baby was buried on the farm where they resided in the Pleasant Valley area of Edwards, and the grave is now lost.

The couple then lived in Russell until 1841 when they decided to homestead 100 acres, and buy more later, in Scriba, now known as Fine, only a short distance from the Edwards Town Line.

By this time the immigrant couple had nine children, including the two McManus girls. However, this only added to their determination to have a place of their own and they set out to clear away the forest to make a farm. Near the Oswegatchie River they built a log cabin which appears to have been about 16'-20' square, with a stone fireplace made from stones picked up nearby. The wilderness into which they had ventured proved helpful to them; supplying meat for the table such as venison, rabbit, and, occasionally, a bear steak. There were also maple trees on the farm to provide maple products.

The next year when the Michael Griffins came through on their way to settle farther along in Fine, they stayed overnight with Hugh and Uphia Finley and family.

At one time, Hugh was having financial problems and Judge Fine helped him out by giving him \$20 in gold. He also gave him a Dictionary of the Bible for the study of the scriptures which is still in the family and in it is recorded the births of the Finley family. The book must have been appreciated because Scripture reading and Christian living were a way of life for this family, as is evidenced by the well worn Bible at the family home.

There was one more child born to them in 1844, Margaret. The children, as they became school age, walked the two mile woods trail to the Shawville school, hurrying home to avoid meeting any of the reported panthers when it became dark early on the fall and winter days. The only subjects taught were the 3 R's. The Finley children were always ready for reading and spelling, in which they excelled.

And so time passed in the log cabin for the family and the children grew to adulthood with most of them leaving the homestead.

Jane, the oldest McManus girl, lived near the family with her husband, John Guiles, and children. Their entire family contracted tuberculosis, which eventually caused all their deaths, leaving no descendants.



Uphia Hagie Finley
1798-1880



Mary Angela Durham Finley (1852-1917) was Mildred's mother and a diary keeper.

Eliza McManus married Martin Rose and they have many descendants throughout the North Country.

Hugh, Jr. married a Pierrepont girl, Harriet A. Wellington, and took his family to Wisconsin before the Civil War. He served in the Union army and died during the siege of Petersburg, Virginia. Harriet died in Wisconsin when the youngest child, Hattie, was about thirteen and the three daughters of Hugh, Jr. came back East to live with a relative. They received pensions as War Orphans.

Uphia married Henry Pratt and lived in Edwards, where they raised a family of five sons and a daughter.

Martha married Thomas Grieve and moved to Iowa, where their family grew up. One of their sons, George, married and had fifteen children.

Nancy, the third daughter, and especially pretty, became the fourth wife of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Wait of Gouverneur. She died at age 31 with her family always feeling that there were peculiar circumstances surrounding her untimely death and that of her son, Samuel, Jr., who died a few months later.

George didn't marry very early and went West for a time where he took up land, but enlisted in the Union army from Waupaca, Wisconsin, along with his brother, Hugh, and Hugh's son, Carlton.

James was ill with tuberculosis at the time of the Civil War, so stayed home on the farm and cleared many acres of land along the river. He also built the barn, which is still standing, using beams he hewed by hand.

Edward, in his early twenties and unmarried when the Civil War began, enlisted in the Union army and, while serving in Virginia, became ill with typhoid fever and died.

Margaret, the youngest daughter, married a Canadian immigrant of the same family name, Thomas Finley. She and her husband both died of tuberculosis in their early 40's, leaving one daughter, Alice.

One wonders the thoughts of Uphia Finley as she waited at home while her grandson, Carlton, and three of her four sons served in the Union cause, knowing that the convictions of her husband, Hugh, who had died in 1860, led him to leave Scotland rather than serve in the British army. Her anguish must have been deep when she realized that only one, George, was to return.

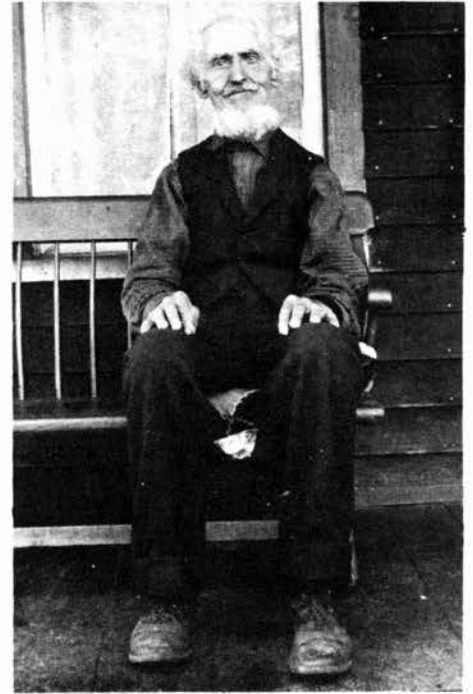
In October 1864 George came back to the homestead in time to bury his brother, James, and continued to live there with his widowed mother.

By 1868 George had not married yet, so a marriage was arranged between him and a neighbor girl, Mary Angela Durham. Mary was being brought up by a childless couple, Andrus and Harriet Guiles, because her father had died when she was very small, leaving her mother with four children and no means of support. She turned sixteen that year and in those days a country girl was through formal education long before that age, so she was ready to accept the responsibility of marriage to a 34 year old man she had probably known all her life. She and George were married in October of that year and, of course, there was no question but that they would live in the log cabin with Uphia. In due course the children arrived — Edward, Carlton, Alice, Jennie, Mary (affectionately known as "Maidy"), and the cabin was too small.

In 1879, with four children and the fifth one on the way, George built the story and a half, frame house which stands on the homestead today. What a change it must have been to move from the small cabin to a house with kitchen, dining room, parlor, two bedrooms downstairs, and three bedrooms with a large hallway room upstairs — and plenty of windows, too.

Uphia Finley made the move to the new house with her son and family. By the next year she had been a widow for twenty years, a grandmother for forty, and had seen 82 years of her life pass by. One day as she bent over to pick up the creeping baby, Maidy, she suffered a stroke and died soon after. This marked the last of the first generation of Finleys and the first death in the new house. She was buried in the family plot in the South Edwards cemetery, where she lies between her husband and son, James.

Two more daughters were born after the move to the new house: Lula May, who became well known, locally, as "Aunt



Builder of the present Finley home, George Elander Finley (1834-1913) was Mildred's father.

Lou" through her news columns and poetry, and Mildred Madaline, who was destined to see the parents through their old age and final sicknesses.

George and Mary's two sons had no descendants to carry on the family name; however, the Finley Scottish blood lines were carried on through two daughters, Lula who married Howard Whitford and Jennie who married William Watson.

When traveling Route 58 toward Fine from Edwards, one can still find "Mildred Finley" written on the mailbox across the road from the Finley homestead because this fine lady still lives there on the farm, which has now been in the same family for 136 years. Daily she does the routine as she has been accustomed, using the utensils from other generations, even to lighting the oil lamps when it becomes dusk. "Aunt Millie", as she is known to many people, will celebrate her 83rd birthday September 21, 1977 and continues her interest in friends, neighbors, and caring for relatives in times of need and illness.

The Finley family held annual reunions for a number of years, and once a passerby stopped to ask if it was a meeting of the "Klan". He received the answer, "No, it's a meeting of the 'Clan'. There is a difference, you know."

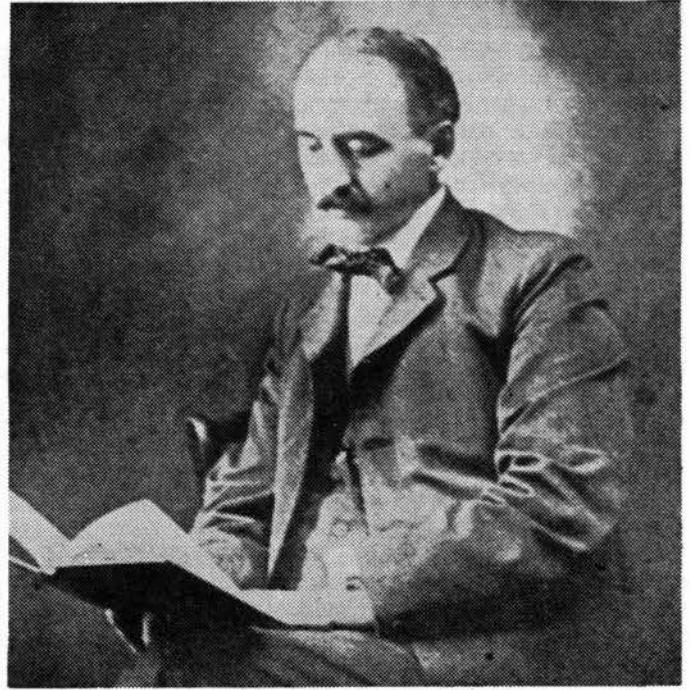
LaVerne H. Freeman, president of the Edwards Historical Association, is an active researcher of pioneer families of Edwards.

Archives Reprint:

The Farmer Boys of Fifty Years Ago and Now

by Carlton E. Sanford

The book *Letters, Essays and Biographical Sketches*, from which these selections were made, is in the Archives of the History Center.



Carlton Elisha Sanford

Despite all the hard work involved, growing up on a farm has created many pleasant memories for millions of people later in life. Here lawyer, banker, business leader Carlton E. Sanford describes some favorite childhood memories — pleasant and difficult tasks, usual and unusual events — of growing up with his brother on a farm in Hopkinton, in the 1850's and 1860's. The articles, which first appeared in the Potsdam Courier and Freeman in the late nineteenth century, were reprinted together in Sanford's Letters and Essays. Here we reprint a few selections from that volume.

I have wondered many, many times in the past whether the boys out on the farms today are the same boys living the same life as the boys of half a century ago, and I suppose I shall keep on wondering and with increasing interest till my lips are quiet and the brain has ceased to dwell on the past. As men grow old, get well along on the highway of life and over the summit in their careers and see as the most of them do that they have not achieved in life anything like what they expected to when they were boys, or, even if they partially have, that it does not seem to be worth what they expected, then they are quite apt to pine, seeing that future achievement is at an end, to drop into reveries, to look backward instead of forward and to live the past over again.

It seems pitiful and even sad to see and listen to an old man who has been a force in a locality unable longer to cope with the younger men who have come to the front and crowded him to one side, telling over and over again as many of them do, the smart things they did, the bold strokes they made, the successes they achieved, and yet it must be all right since it is a quite common characteristic of old age.

I trust I have not yet quite reached this stage in life though I must confess that my boyhood days are beginning to be a frequent visitor to my mind and the sweetest remembrance in my life. How I would like to go back to them and live them over once again! Such health and vigor and life. Such abandon and freedom. Such thoughtless spirit and tireless activity. Such rollicksome life, sport, fun and mild deviltry all intermixed and interwoven, making life from six to fourteen one grand gala day of happiness and abandon. Happy days those. No particular cares or responsibilities. Father and mother were bearing all of these, often it must be said, with aching hearts. Do what they would they knew that the father's interest in them and the mother's love would come to the rescue as they returned at night tired and sleepy, little thinking of the real worth and value of that interest and that love. Oh! if they would but listen to and heed the advice, admonitions and these prayers how benignly in after life would they render thanks to their parents.

But I am digressing. Are the boys out on the farms today as healthy, vigorous and robust, and do they have as much fun as

did the boys of fifty years ago? I would like to know what manner of boys they are and what their life is. How they and their life compare with those of fifty years ago. I don't suppose I can find out, just the same I would like to know. Some tell me, and I am tempted now and then to believe that we are slowly deteriorating in size, in robustness, and in virility, both in body and mind, that we today with all our warm clothing, warm houses, and labor saving machinery are not as strong, vigorous and valiant as the pioneers who came in here one hundred years ago and chopped homes out of the forest. If we can believe the stories of our old men, the men of today certainly do not equal those pioneers in size or strength, physically or mentally. I may be wrong, but I take some consolation in explaining this, that only the larger and most vigorous emigrated from New England to this primitive wilderness. Whether this be a full explanation or not, it is quite certain that our present mode of life does not call for nor is it so conducive to lung and muscle building as in those early times.

I have sought on every occasion for years past to learn what manner of boys

are out on the farms today, but, I regret to say, with very little success. I have not taken so much interest in village boys, for I was not a village boy. The homes of the village boys are only a few rods apart, bringing the boys together all the while, and besides they have far more leisure than farmer boys. Then, too, the schools make them acquainted with all the boys in the village. They have something to distract, interest and amuse them all the while. But, with their advantages in this respect, they have temptations which do not beset the farmer boy, such as gambling and billiard parlors, saloons, etc. The farmer boy is free of these, but his life is isolated, and a quiet one. All the sport and fun that he gets he must make himself.

There is nothing much more certain than that the boy who frequents the saloon for long is lost. It may not be through drunkenness, but through idleness, shiftlessness, damaging associates and loss of interest in all worthy things which can build and develop a young man.

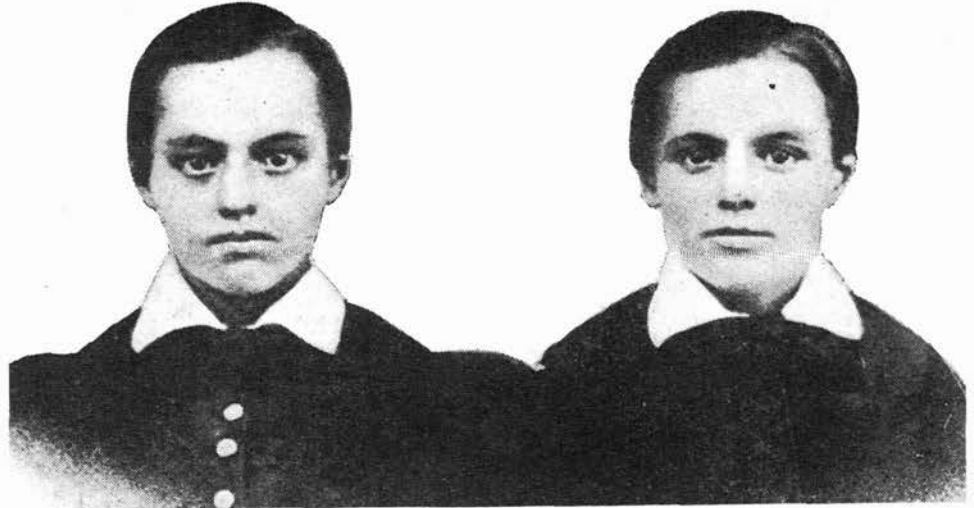
No, the farmer boys are the ones that interest me. They are the ones who make most of the strong men of the country, great lawyers, statesmen and captains of industry.

I know very well that the only way to learn what kind of mettle the farmer boys are made of would be to get into a home where there are two or more boys between the ages of eight and fourteen, and live with them at least a full year, and see and feel them live in rain and shine, in warm and cold weather. But this I can not do, even could I find a home with such a number of boys. A home of one boy would not do at all.

I suppose there are yet homes with two or more boys, but I have learned of only one and that has two.

TWO BOYS IN CHURCH

These I saw in church recently with their mother. They were nearly of the same age, — healthy and as full of mild deviltry as an egg is of meat. When they took their seats both were at the left of the mother in the far end of the pew. It was not long before there began to be uneasiness, motion and gentle antics. The mother looked reprovingly and they were still. She must look at the minister else he and others would not think she was worshipful. She did so, and the antics began again, with the boys cocking their heads and rolling their eyes watching her the while to see how much they could do or how far they could go with their fun. Gently it increased till presently the mother half rose from her seat and the boy nearest her slipped along the pew to the other side of her. This brought her between them, she thinking no doubt, as I did, that it would stop the frolic. I was close by and watching. Several others were also and smiling, though in



Carlton E. and Silas H. Sanford as boys on the family farm in Hopkinton.

church with the preacher telling them the only way in which they could be saved.

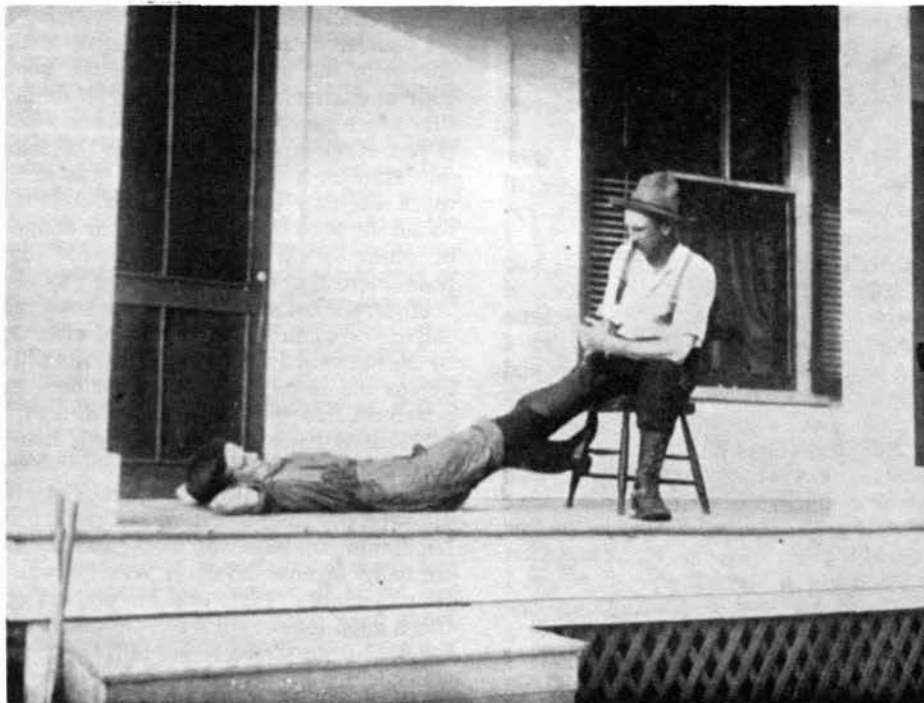
The boys noticed me and turned their bright eyes to me approvingly. What can they do now, thought I. Presently the boy on the left let his right arm hang limply over the back of the pew. He swung it a little but the boy on the other side did not notice. Then he quietly scratched the back of the pew. I heard it but the brother didn't. Failing in this he moved a little closer to mother so his short arm could reach and then slowly worked it up to touch him. He knew that would be all that was necessary — that he was just as dying to do something as he was. The boy on the right felt the touch, but he didn't jump or disturb mother. Slowly he got himself into such a position that he could let his left arm fall over the back of the pew. Both, with arms limp, remained quiet for a little that mother might be composed, when the fingers of each began to twitch and play, then hands and arms to swing. Presently they touched, caught, pulled, watching the mother all the while with upturned face. The pulling growing stronger the mother either felt or heard them when she with scorn in look (only apparent, not real) reached and quietly brought two little hands over the pew down beside her and held them in her own. She then had them and thus they sat till near the close. She was proud of them I could see. All mothers are of live boys, just full of the "old nick." I was too. They didn't pay much attention to the preaching nor did I. I can't recall a point the minister made, but I shall not soon forget those little boys.

They took me back fifty years or more. I forgot my surroundings and during that service-lived in the past when my brother and I sat on either side of mother in church, so uneasy to do something, so restless and fairly aching that we thought we should die.

WHIPPINGS

In the first place does father for your little errors and misdoings scold, storm and talk harshly and end up by taking your left hand in his left so that you can't get away and then lay on a switch across the back of your legs, making you dance and jump and cry terrifically? Do you not then resolve that you will never make another misstep or do wrong again, and do you ever keep it? Do you not slip and fall right away again, so full of life are you, and do you not "catch it" again, making a similar resolve only to fail? When it is over, do you not always see mother coming quietly out of a side room where she had gone not to witness the ordeal, and does she not come to you where you have thrown yourself on the floor or lounge crying and sobbing, and does she not tenderly lift you up and say, as only a loving mother can, "Don't cry. It is all over now. It hurts me as much as it does you. You won't do wrong any more, will you?" And doesn't she kiss you and kiss your wet face from so much crying? And when you have become a little calm, doesn't she take you by the hand and say, "Now we will go up to bed," and as you and she start, does not she ask you in a whisper, as you reach the stairway door, to say "Goodnight" to father, who has resumed his paper, and doesn't she have to ask you several times as you stand there with the back of your hand in your eye before you can muster the heart to do it? Don't you faintly, but begrudgingly, finally, say it, and does not father reply, "Good night, my boy," without taking his eyes off the paper?

When you reach the chamber does not mother all the while talking kindly and caressingly help you to undress, and does she not from an unseen source produce a little bottle of liniment and proceed to bathe the whipped legs? And don't you feel grateful and love her and know that you have one sure friend? When you are in bed



Pulling off boots.

doesn't she fix the pillows and the blankets and make you just easy and comfortable? And when this is done doesn't she bring forth a "little book bound in black" and read some verses to you? Then doesn't she ask you to promise that you will be a good boy and not do wrong any more, and are you not slow to grant her request? Does she not have to ask you two or three times, and when you do, does she not again kiss you as you lay there, turn out the light, and softly go away, looking over her shoulder as she goes?

Do the boys of today have such experiences as I have related? I know they have the tender sympathy and loving kindness of the mother, if they do, for that is in her bosom and her nature, and nothing but the ecstasy of swell society can suppress or drown it. But do you have the whippings? They were pretty nearly universal fifty years ago. I hope you do not. They are brutal and wrong and I do not believe do any good — a relic of barbaric times.

RED TOP BOOTS

I suppose the boys of today wear shoes. Fifty years ago we wore boots entirely. Then came boots with a copper toe cap with a red piece of leather at the front top of the boot-leg. Weren't they fine? Well, I think so. No matter how deep the snow, our pant legs were tucked into the boot leg, else the girls and others would not see this red leather as we walked into school. Weren't we proud and didn't we stand up straight? When recess came, didn't the other boys and even the girls gather about and make heroes of us, feeling of the red leather and toe piece, saying how smooth the leather was, what a bright red, what did they cost, where did you get them, wish I could have a pair, etc.? Didn't we who

had them swell up and strut around? Well, I think so, but it soon passed off and we became plain boys again. As the boys of today wear shoes they can't have any such experience with red top boots.

You also escape the trials and tribulations that we had pulling on our boots in the morning and off at night, also the dirty job of greasing them with mutton tallow. We all were very proud of our new boots and did our best to keep them black and glossy as long as we could. To do this they had to be greased often. We would put them under the stove at night to dry. In the morning they would be stiff and hard, when we would apply hot tallow to them,

usually with a rag, rubbing and working them with the hand till they became soft and pliable, a quite dirty task.

But the greatest trial was in getting them off at night after being more or less in the water all day. All farmers in those days had what was called a "boot-jack" to assist in doing this. However, this would not do it were they shrunk to the foot closely. The "jack" we used, consisted of a board a little over a foot in length, some six inches wide, with a V piece sawed out of one end. A block of board was nailed to the under side, just at the foot of the V to keep it from splitting, but more particularly to raise the front end so that the heel of the boot could be stuck hard into the jaw. The party using it would place his other foot on the heel of the jack to hold it in place, and if the boot did not come easy, place the hand on toe of the boot to keep it down that the jaw might the better hold. But, as I said before, if the boot was on tight, which was often the case with us boys, the jack would not bring it. At these times nothing but severe hand work would remove them. We would sit on the floor, take a toe in one hand, heel in the other, pull, and wriggle and strain, till we were out of breath, cross and petulant. The men would sit by and enjoy the struggle, saying encouraging words, "Hang on, you have it started. Pull more on the heel, you'll fetch it next time." Sometimes we did and sometimes we would only get the heel raised enough to pain us greatly across the instep, when we would get up and hobble about, snivelling and begging of father and the men to help us. If it was a hard case it was usually done in this wise, — The man would take a seat in a chair. We would lie on our backs on the floor in front of him. He would take the boot by the toe and heel, place one foot against the end of the body at the



Old-time spelling class.

juncture of our legs, and pull, and wriggle and twist till he brought it. Getting them on in the morning was often as hard an ordeal as getting them off.

The trials with boots years ago, gave the boys bitter trouble and caused more snarling, petulance, and naughty words, than any other one item in their lives, all of which the boys today know nothing since *they wear shoes*.

RIVALRY IN SCHOOL

Do you have great rivalry in the school room now to excel in classes, or are there not enough of you to evoke it? In the spelling class do you stand in a line as you did at the close of the previous day, except that the one who was at the head has gone to the foot, and when one misses and the next spells it correctly, does he or she step in front and above the one missing, making the other move down? That was the way we did, and, as I look back upon it now, I think it unkind and even cruel. Why should not the one who moves up pass behind the unfortunate one? Does the one who wins now step out quickly and brusquely take the place above, often crowding and elbowing the other down? Does the one who misses often seem dazed, cry and stand in her place till forced down? Isn't that hard, and especially with the boy going up chuckling, as he always does? Cruel little rascal, he ought to be taken out in the shed and whipped.

That was the way it was years ago and probably is yet, such is the nature of the boy. I was a pretty good speller and every day got from the foot to the head or near it. One girl gave me the most trouble of all and, when she did slip, I walked above her, weeping and crying, like a young lord. I am now ashamed of the way I did it. But I well remember having the conceit taken out of me one day by a stripling that I shall never forget. A boy by the name of Francis Abbott came to our school to visit me. He was a year or two younger than I, small of his age, tow-headed, and his nose needed wiping. It was the custom then if any strangers were in the school room to ask them to join the classes. Accordingly, the teacher asked Mr. Abbott if he spelled in the first class and he replied that he did. He was asked to join the class already on the floor, and he promptly did, taking his place at the foot, when the spelling began. I was already at the head with ten or so between Abbott and me, little did I think (if he could spell at all), that he could make me any trouble. But he did. He moved up one notch the first time round, another the next, and the way he spelled frightened me. I looked those over between him and me and I thought he would only be able to get one more peg. But he did. He kept moving up nearly every time round. The nearer he came the more frightened I became. Would the teacher keep it up till that tow-head had got up to me, or to the

head of the class, thought I. Doesn't she see what he is doing? Has she not any pride in her class? The girl who gave me my only trouble stood next to me and he had got up next to her. I could see she was as much or more frightened than I. She slipped the very next time and passed down with tears in her eyes. The little tow-head stepped up next to me. Did I congratulate him? Well I think not. I had my hands full to control my nerves, and more too. I spelled correctly the first time after he reached me and so did he. How I did hope he would miss and step down and let the girl come back. For once the rivalry with the girl was over. I could have stepped down for her on that occasion gracefully, but to have that little tow-head walk around me was awful. But he didn't miss. O, no, he never did. Then I hoped this would be the last time round the class, that the teacher would see the predicament I was in and stop. But she didn't. Back she came to me with a word and it was a corker, or at least my fright made it so. I hesitated, then choked and fright had full sway. The teacher repeated the word. I feebly tackled it and missed. "Next," cried the teacher. Mr. Tow-head spelled it and quickly came the response "Correct."

How it hurt me! I didn't cry, but my eyes were moist as I stepped down next to the girl. I don't think she was glad, but had she been a boy he would have been. The teacher, seeing what she had done, went around a few times more to give me a chance, but there was no use, tow-head never missed. The girl, Thurza, and I were mutual friends that day. Neither got a credit mark. She was a healthy, rosy cheeked lass, the first to stir the cockles of my young heart, but soon sickened and passed away. Mr. Abbott died a few years later while in college.

I wonder if the schools today have great spelling contests between neighboring schools, going in great sleighloads of boys and girls. What a load of happiness as we slipped along. What laughter, hilarity and abandon! The pride of the district would bring in most of the fathers and mothers, filling the house to its utmost. How eager and earnest they would become as down would go their scholars, especially when a pet, one they had reckoned on, slipped. I would like to give the story of a few of these contests, the punishment by ferrule on the hand, making a boy stand for an hour or so in front of the school, or sit with a girl, of the plots and schemes during recess to play rascal when we went back into the school room to annoy the teacher, and even to the extent of throwing him out of doors, but I have taken too much space on the days of the old Red School House and must pass on. I don't suppose the scholars of today have any troubles to speak of. At least I never hear of any. I hope it is not due to a want of health, vigor and life.

DOING CHORES — RIDING STEERS

I wonder if the boys today have to do chores in the morning, during the noon hour and after school. Most of them did fifty years ago. And out of this we had lots of fun, stealing moments to ride the colts and even the steers. The latter was often more exciting than riding the colts as round the yard they would go. The danger of falling forward onto their horns I suppose intensified the interest. One day my brother, the boldest one of all the boys, did fall forward and was caught in his clothing by the horns of the steer, lying horizontally across the steer's face, blinding him, or nearly so. How the steer did run from yard to yard! A pack of boys had gone home with us to do the noon chores quickly, so we would have a little time for sport. They all followed the steer shouting and hollering, frightening the steer still more, and calling out to my brother to fall off. As if he could. He was scared nearly to death and crying like a good fellow. All we could do was to follow. No one dared to get in front of the steer, since he being blinded in a front view was quite liable to run over and trample us. Against the side of the barn the steer would go, head on, but, fortunately, the horns stood out well forward and protected the boy. Then the steer would turn and take another course and away he would go.

But he was getting tired. Presently the clothing on one horn gave out, and brother took a perpendicular position hanging by one horn, but, fortunately, with his head upright. After a little his clothing, which was caught by one horn and held his entire weight, gave way and he was free. We ran to him and anxiously inquired after and looked him over. His clothing was in bad shape, but aside from many bruises he was not badly hurt. We finished the chores at once and went back to school, all but brother. Mother had to patch him up. We didn't ride steers any more. No one wanted to. After this we were content with colts. I wonder if the boys today ever ride steers.

PRAYING FOR A RAINY SUNDAY

When I was a boy, half a century ago, we lived a few miles from the village church. Mother dearly loved to go to church and father, as it seemed to us, didn't care whether he did or not, but went quite often to please mother. Her main object, I now think, was to get her two boys into the atmosphere of the church, that they might be softened a little and helped. She surely did not need any preaching herself. A more demure, quiet and deeply religious person did not live. Just the same, we boys did not like to go, especially in the summer time. We liked mother and it pained us to show our displeasure, but what could we do? We wanted to romp, be stirring, looking for something to interest and amuse ourselves. If we went, then we had to stay upwards of an hour longer in the Sunday

school, and that we dreaded most of all. That was a tax indeed. I wonder if the farmer boys now drive some miles to church and Sunday school, and whether they like to go?

Most every Saturday night, and I guess every one in the spring, summer and fall, my brother and I, on going to bed, would turn to a discussion of the weather on the morrow. Each would give and make the best points he could that it would rain or severely threaten to. That was just what we wanted, and our argument, like that of many older people, was simply the product of our wish. We often and many times really prayed that it would rain or, if God could not grant this, that He would make it look as if it surely were going to do so. And with this on our lips we would go off to sleep, the pure and sweet sleep of childhood, blessed rest. On awakening our first thought was to rush out of doors and take a look at the heavens. If bright and clear my brother would say: "God didn't hear you last night, I knew you were not talking loud enough." And I would reply, that He didn't hear him either. Feeling a little blue, we would proceed to the barnyard to our milking, and a little later, dressed up some, go to church.

PAINTING THE ROOSTER

One Sunday morning I well remember. It did not rain, but it looked very much as if it might. Those were the ones we liked, especially if it cleared away after it was too late to go. It did this day and we began to grow restless to do something. Mother had to keep busy till ten or eleven to clear up her morning's work. Father would not disturb us we knew. He was as full of fun as we, and enjoyed it as much. Out in the yard my brother said:

"What can we do?"

"O," I replied, "I don't know. We must not make any noise for it is Sunday."

"I'll tell you," he said, after thinking a little, "what we can do. That big white rooster is boss of the red one and he has strutted around here and been boss long enough."

"What are you going to do about it; he is the best fighter and how can you help it?" inquired I.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied, "I have a plan whereby the red rooster can be boss for awhile. It is too bad he has to go round alone all the time. No hen will go near him, and if one should, the white rooster gets mad about it and chases him away. He is a hog, that's what he is, and I would like to see the red one boss for a time."

"All right, I would too. It ain't fair, but how are you going to change it?" I inquired.

"We can do it easy enough."

"Well, how is it?"

"Get them to fighting."

"That can't be done. The red one is afraid of him."

"Yes, it can."



Painting the rooster

"How?"

"We will catch the white one and then take that stick of red chalk in the shop and paint him red. The red rooster won't know him and will pitch into him for a fight."

"But he will get licked if he does."

"He is much larger than when the white one whipped him and maybe he can whip him now. If we see he is going to get whipped I'll help the red one."

"How can you do that?"

"Why, I'll take the white one by the legs and let the red one peck him till he has got enough."

The plan when fully presented seemed feasible. It would afford amusement any way. We both agreed that it was only a fair thing to do. Slowly, for it was Sunday, we started out to find the white rooster. Spying him at last back of the barn, we decided that the best way to catch him would be to drive him through a door which happened to be open into the barn. This we cautiously for some time tried to do, but he seemed determined not to go in and he didn't. We rushed him at last, but he dodged us with a great flutter. Then we decided that the only way was to run him down. Our legs were longer than his. We could tire him out if nothing more. Accordingly, after him we went and we kept it up for some time. Our greatest fear was that he would get into the front dooryard, when the "jig would be up," but we succeeded in heading him off every time. After a half-hour he was getting tired, and so were we. Father had just built the under pinning wall, six feet or more in height, for a hog barn. No building had as yet been put on. There was no opening in the wall except on the back side a doorway down to the ground. As luck would have it, the tired

rooster went in this doorway and then we saw we had him. He was too tired to fly over even a six-foot wall. Reaching the door, I held it while my brother went in and captured him without much difficulty. Then I went and got the chalk. Returning, I plied it to his great white neck and his breast, but it slipped over it, leaving but a very little stain. We were in a dilemma. But my brother was equal to it.

"Let me get him so he can't get away, and then I will spit on him and the chalk will paint him all right."

He did, and it went much better. He was fluttering all the time, but we soon got him pretty well painted. My brother was sitting on the edge of a trough facing the doorway. My back was to it. I was sitting on my feet. All at once the rooster seemed to make an extra struggle and away he went.

"What did you let him go for?" I asked. "He is not done enough."

There was no response, but there was a sad and solemn face, with head hanging low. I knew something was up, though not a voice nor any noise had I heard. Rising, there stood mother in the doorway, with a sad and disconsolate face. She had the little book "bound in black" in her hand.

"My boys, my boys! Don't you know it is Sunday and that what you have been doing is wicked? Come and sit down with me. I want to talk with you."

We took a seat on the trough on either side with the near arm in her lap, and listened to her quiet, easy and earnest pleading to be good boys and not to be naughty. We thought it wasn't, that it was just play and fun, but she insisted that it was, done on Sunday. Then she read a chapter or two from the "little book bound

in black," and explained it to us as she went along. It was good, of course, though I cannot recall the chapters or the teaching they expressed. I wish I could. I would read them again. We were then too full of spirit, life and, shall I say, mild deviltry, to have them impress us, saying nothing of restraining us. She remained with us a long time, quietly teaching and pleading, and until we began to get physically restless and uneasy to be moving and doing something. The great restraint on such spirits drives them mad, or at least, into recklessness. She plead with us to go in the house with her, but that to us was terrible. Then she begged of us not to play any more, to let the rooster alone. We finally promised we would not finish chalking the rooster, and she softly and slowly took her way into the house. After she had been gone some moments my brother had me boost him up that he might see over the wall and whether she had gone into the house. She was just entering as we did this.

We walked about the enclosure a little and then out into the open. Presently my brother asked:

"How red did we get him?"

"I don't know, quite a good deal on the breast."

"Do you think the red rooster will know him?"

"I hardly think he will."

"If he doesn't they will fight."

"What is the wrong in going round to see if they have got together?"

"I don't see as there is any."

"Nor do I. If they are fighting, they are, our going don't make them fight."

Accordingly we strolled round the barn, slowly and as if on no errand, whistling and throwing sticks as we went, but there was no rooster there. On we went in the same way up and into the big yard, where sure enough he was. The red rooster not knowing him, had sailed in for a fight. They evidently had just begun and were going it with a vengeance.

We stood and watched them for a while and then got a stick to whittle, found a sunny place where we could sit down with our backs against the barn. Settled in our seats, my brother said:

"This can't be wicked, to sit here in the sunshine and whittle and visit. If we hadn't come or should go away they would keep on fighting."

"I don't either. We are not making them fight. They were fighting when we came."

"Which do you think is going to win? The white one jumps the highest."

"He seems to be braver and pluckier, too."

"I wish the red one could beat."

"See him turn. He is going to quit."

"No, see, he has come back again."

"But he is cowardly about it."

"Well, he can't find any fault with us. We gave him a chance."

"There he goes, tail down, and the white one after him."

"He has given up. He won't turn again."

The white one was still boss and the red one continued to scratch and cluck, but no hen came to eat the grub he found.

Was that wicked for lads so full of life that they had to do something or go verily mad? Don't the boys now-a-days get up a fight with the neighbor's rooster, or watch a good fight between their own? Or have they become so good that when their own roosters get to fighting they go and stop them?

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

I wonder if the boys go in swimming as much as they did years ago and have as much fun in doing it? Are there enough boys of you now to build a dam in the meadow brook? Years ago a lot of us would meet on an agreed upon evening at a certain point in the brook to build a dam. Each boy would agree to bring a board or plank for the purpose. Some would undress and get in the brook to hold stakes and planks in place, to press the sod thrown to them by the others in the proper places. Others would be scouring the fields for grass, stone and brush, anything to make it tight. What life and enthusiasm! As the water rises, doesn't it, all at once, sometimes break around the end of the dam in the soft bank and wash it away surprisingly fast? And doesn't it sometimes take your dam, too, when the end stakes give way? Don't you gather about, slap your legs and laugh, to see the rushing torrent? When the pond is all gone, doesn't it suddenly occur to you that it would be well to rush down the brook and save your plank? When you get back with them, don't you begin to think, to reason a little on the power of the water dammed, and to use some judgment in the selection of the next site? That is the first step in engineering. We often had to build several before we got one that would stand, and, I suppose, you do, if you are swimming boys.

How early, I wonder, do the boys of today begin to go in swimming? Years ago we did in May, for I well remember a couplet my grandmother, who happened to be at home one evening as we were starting off for the swimming hole, repeated to us:

"Boys who go swimming in May,
Will soon lay in clay."

We impatiently waited to hear her as she requested, but as soon as said, we bounded off on the run, over the fences, across lots, disrobing as we neared the brook, that not

a moment should be lost. Wasn't it sport as we swam, splashing water, getting on to and sinking one another, throwing balls of mud against those who were quitting and on the bank to dress, making them come back in to wash, diving from the bank, and chasing one another up and down the stream. Glorious times, those.

BOY INSIDE A BARREL

I vividly recall the trick or game of rolling a barrel with a boy in it. Our yard was full of boys that day. Some one suggested the trick. A barrel was got, open at one end, and stood upright near us. The boys formed a circle and I repeated a sing-song jargon we always used to determine the one who should first do the trick. I am indebted to my sister, Alice, for the one we used. She alone has held it in her memory all these years. It was as follows: "Onery, Lowery, Tickery, Tee, Hillibone, Crackabone, Temboree, Queever, Quaver, English Naver, Stringlum, Stranglum, Buck." The boy on whom the word Buck fell was elected. The boys everywhere had, and I hear still have, a jargon similar to this, though hardly any two localities have the same.

The boy determined, it was all hustle and bustle to perform the act. The unfortunate chap happened to be my brother. He was laid across the open end of the barrel. Some one laid his hand across his hips and with great jollity cried out: "Double up," and he dropped into the barrel, out of view, like a closed jack knife. Instantly the barrel was laid on its side, given a kick and away it went down a gentle decline, across the door yard and into the field, an entire distance of some ten rods or more. All the other boys on the run kept up with the barrel, and when it came slowly to a stop, eagerly peeked into it to see how brother enjoyed it. He was as limp as a rag, pale as a ghost, had nothing to say to the jeering boys outside, and the barrel was lined with his dinner. It didn't look at all as if he had had a good time. It was very plain that he was sick. He made no move to get out, and so we pulled the barrel from him. He lay on the grass for a few minutes when, on getting fresh air, he sat up, soon stood up and then began telling us how fine and lovely it was, that it was the greatest ride he ever took. All seemed to doubt it, smeared as he was, and to think that his pretty talk was to get one of us to try it. No one seemed inclined, all shook their heads and pretty soon took up some other game. That was another item of play that was never repeated.

Carlton Elisha Sanford (1847-1915), in addition to being an active business leader in Potsdam, was a prolific and excellent writer about local history before that craft had been elsewhere refined. His Early History of Hopkinton (1903) still stands as one of the best town histories anywhere, a testimony to Sanford's life long love affair with his hometown.

From the Editor's Notebook:

In the past few months I have had the opportunity to learn many new things in a hurry about this well established journal we call *The Quarterly*. Not the least of my lessons has been a growing appreciation for the work involved in such an effort. A variety of skills are called for, many of which I don't have, so I have been calling on faithful Association members and friends to help me make a presentable publication. Dr. Paul Jamieson has once again generously given time and expertise to careful proof reading of many columns of type. If there are still occasional errors, don't blame him. Mary Biondi Smallman, whose years of experience with this publication are invaluable to all of us, has been very kind to this tenderfoot in providing useful, interesting material for these issues, many hints about laying out pages, knowing readers' preferences, and dealing

with printers. If there are mistakes in layout or articles you don't care about, don't blame her. Other people, whose names I'll surely bring up from time to time, help out in many ways.

As you can see by now, we are experimenting with a few innovations — three columns on a page, suggested further readings, author information, some new type faces, to name a few. We would like your reaction — pro or con — and any other suggestions you may have for us to consider.

The October issue should, at last, be back on schedule. We should be able to have that in the mail early in that month. Many exciting feature articles and ideas are coming in, so upcoming issues are worthwhile to look forward to.

Varick A. Chittenden,
Editor

Letters to the Editor.....

To the Editor

Re: article "A Little Greek Temple on a North Country Farm?" in the April 1977 *Quarterly*.

Contrary to common belief Gov. and Mrs. Silas Wright were not the first occupants of the above mentioned house. In a letter from Mr. Wright to Hon. Erastus Corning dated 16 Oct. 1834 is reference to the deed to the house and lot which he is purchasing from Mr. Moses Whitcomb, wine merchant of North Market St. (Albany?) and an assignment of the claim for rent. Mr. Whitcomb and wife had leased the premises to a member of the Harrison family. The Wrights moved into the house the following spring.

Sincerely,
Mary Ruth Beaman

(What Harrison? I believe there was a widow Harison at the time.)

To the Editor:

I would like to correct a statement which appears to be becoming a "historical fact," since I read and hear it frequently in newspapers, magazines, lectures, and even in college history classes.

In the April 1977 issue of *The Quarterly*, in the article "A Little Greek Temple On A North Country Farm" on page 5, is the statement: "This rapid growth was capitalized upon by some of

the more astute businessmen — leaving many of the area's towns named after them (i.e., Gouverneur Morris, Alexander Macomb, John Fine, David Ogden. . ."

I am quite certain there are no ORIGINAL manuscripts of the early 19th century indicating Ogdensburg was named after David Ogden. About 1796 Samuel Ogden (who had a son named David "B") purchased the site of the present city of Ogdensburg; and his brother, Abraham Ogden, together with HIS sons David "A" and Thomas L., purchased the site of what is now Madrid — Waddington. Waddington was first named "Hamilton" after Alexander Hamilton (who, by the way, did not have any investment in Waddington), but in 1816 the name was changed to Waddington because there was another village named Hamilton in New York State.

Joshua Waddington, a son-in-law of Abraham Ogden, became a partner with David A. and Thomas L. in the land holdings in the Madrid — Waddington area in 1803. Waddington's and T. L. Ogden's interests were mostly financial, but David A. Ogden and his brother, Gouverneur Ogden, both brought their families to Waddington and settled there.

I think you will find that Ogdensburg was named after SAMUEL OGDEN, David A. Ogden's uncle.

If there is anything your organization can do to help correct this misunderstanding — I wish you would!

Sincerely,
Pauline Tedford,
Waddington Town Historian

News from the History Center.....

The annual Welsh Church Festival will be held in Richville on Labor Day Weekend. Details to be announced in area media.

The Bicentennial publication of the local Daughters of the American Revolution chapter, **Ancestral Landmarks of Nihanawate Chapter, Potsdam, New York**, is now available from members of the chapter or from the History Center.

NOTICE

Would the researcher who borrowed the 1880 microfilm of the Federal census containing Canton, etc., please return to the County Historian's office? Urgently needed!

Volunteers needed to index records at the History Center. Come in any Thursday (or any other convenient time.)

The color film "And Take Me By the Hand..." an historic travelogue of state sites connected with the Revolutionary War era, is available for any group. Call 386-8118 or visit the History Center for reservation.

The response is gratifying to the list of current names being researched. Many members have enlightened the County Historian on many of them. Keep the replies coming!

It is with regret that we have received notice that Lorraine Bandy has had to retire from the position after 24 years as Town of Louisville Historian. Lorraine's health (nothing else would deter her!) has made this necessary. She has pledged her assistance to a successor. We'll miss this excellent historian. (MHS)

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