THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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Editor: Varick A. Chittenden

Cover: A watercolor portrait of Ebenezer Miner by Elizabeth Campbell Miner, possibly a copy from a lost daguerreotype. Recently a gift to the St. Lawrence County Historical Association Collection from Margaret Weeks Swett. See more on Mrs. Miner by Paul D. Schweizer, beginning on page 3.

Mrs. Miner and Her Art

by Paul D. Schweizer

Elizabeth Campbell Miner of Canton, daughter of a physician and wife of a successful businessman and community leader, was typical of many ladies of similar circumstances in the last quarter of the nineteenth century who pursued the genteel, ladylike avocation of creating in the "fine arts." Her work was **not** typical, however. It was finely wrought and full of vitality. Mr. Schweizer here *contributes much new knowledge and insight about all the presently known output of this significant American folk artist. All photographs were furnished by the author. [The original text of this paper, with the extensive footnotes and bibliography, is available from the author or the editor].*

Whenever the topic of St. Lawrence County artists is mentioned, the three names one is most likely to hear are Salathiel Ellis, Henry D. Kip and, of course, Frederic Remington. These three figures contributed a great deal to the cultural fabric of the North Country, either through the insight their works provide of life in the Adirondacks or St. Lawrence Valley during the nineteenth century, or in Remington's case in particular, because of the pride he has engendered among local families due to his national popularity. Yet while this triumvirate of artists must certainly figure prominently in any history of the arts in the North Country, it is important to recognize that there was a host of lesser known figures active in the Ogdensburg, Canton, Potsdam axis whose story has yet to be told. As with most matters relating to the history of the St. Lawrence Valley, credit must certainly go to Atwood Manley for preserving the names and whatever documentary material has survived from the hands of several of these people, although it could be argued that such colorful North Country personalities as Louise Chandler, Charles Chapman, Sally J. Farnham, and Frank Rosseel of Ogdensburg, as well as Charles Ehricke, Almina B. Lee, Florence Lee, Elizabeth G.C. Miner, Eddie Perry, and Ida Sheldon of Canton, and finally Hazel McDonald Tyrrell and Frank Couch of Pierrepont, and the little known Joseph Willson of Potsdam may never enjoy anything more than local appeal, it is important that their achievements be brought to light, for their artistic contributions are vital parts of the story of the North Country, and until their work is better known, we can never accurately understand the context out of which figures such as Remington emerged. The story of culture in the St. Lawrence Valley during the nineteenth century is incomplete without them.

One of the few figures in this group of lesser knowns to receive any critical attention at all is Elizabeth Gratia Campbell Miner of Canton (figure 1). Her painting *The Canton Fair* (figure 6) was analyzed from a contextual point of view by Varick Chittenden in the July, 1976, number of this journal. Shortly after that, *The Canton Fair* was exhibited along with fifty other examples of folk art at an important exhibition entitled "Selected Masterpieces of New York State Folk Painting" organized by the Museum of American Folk Art in the spring of 1977. This same institution will exhibit this picture at the landmark "Woman Folk Artist in America" show in New York City early in 1979. The purpose of this note is to summarize all the documentary material relating to Elizabeth Miner's life in an attempt to get close to the personality of this woman, as well as publishing for the first time several other works which have survived from her hand.

What do we know about this interesting and colorful personality? Fortunately there is a rich assortment of information which relates either to her, or to the lives of those close to her. With this information it is possible to piece together the basic outline of her life and creative activity. From a family Bible now owned by one of Elizabeth's distant relatives we learn that she was born in Middlebury, Vermont, on November 19th, 1803. Her father, Dr. Daniel Campbell, was a physician, and two years after Elizabeth's birth moved his family to Canton, where he became one of the town's first two doctors. Shortly after settling in Canton, Dr. Campbell built a frame house on Main Street, on the site where the McDonald's Restaurant stands today. Records claim that this residence was the second frame house to be built on the east side of the Grass River. It would appear that Dr. Campbell was not entirely satisfied with his livelihood as a physician, for before the War of 1812 and for several years thereafter he supplemented his income by running part of his home as an inn.

Figure 1. *Photograph of Elizabeth G.C. Miner, St. Lawrence University archives, gift of Mary Ellsworth Manning.*

Nothing else is known about Elizabeth's life from this point until her marriage to Ebenezer Miner. Born in Cornwall, Vermont, on November 23rd, 1794, of English parentage, Ebenezer came to Ogdensburg around 1825 and began working as a clerk at Bacon and Averill's drygoods store. Three years later he established his own business at Massena Point in partnership with Mr. E.N. Fairchild of Ogdensburg, a man who would later become active in the Oswegatchie Navigation Company, as well as the Ogdensburg Marine Railway Co. and the Heuvelton and Canton Falls Plank Road Co. During these years Ebenezer must have been in Canton frequently, for Bacon and Averill had a branch store in that village. We do not know when Ebenezer and Elizabeth met, but they were married on March 2nd, 1829. She was twenty-six and he was thirty-five. From this union eight children were eventually born, four of whom died as infants. Records indicate that the first three were born in Massena between 1829 and 1834, suggesting that Ebenezer and Elizabeth resided in that city for at least five years.

Sometime after the death of Dr. Campbell in 1832, Ebenezer and Elizabeth returned to Canton and set up housekeeping in the doctor's old frame house on Main Street. Prosperous years followed, for Ebenezer was an able businessman and well respected in the community. He built an ashery and

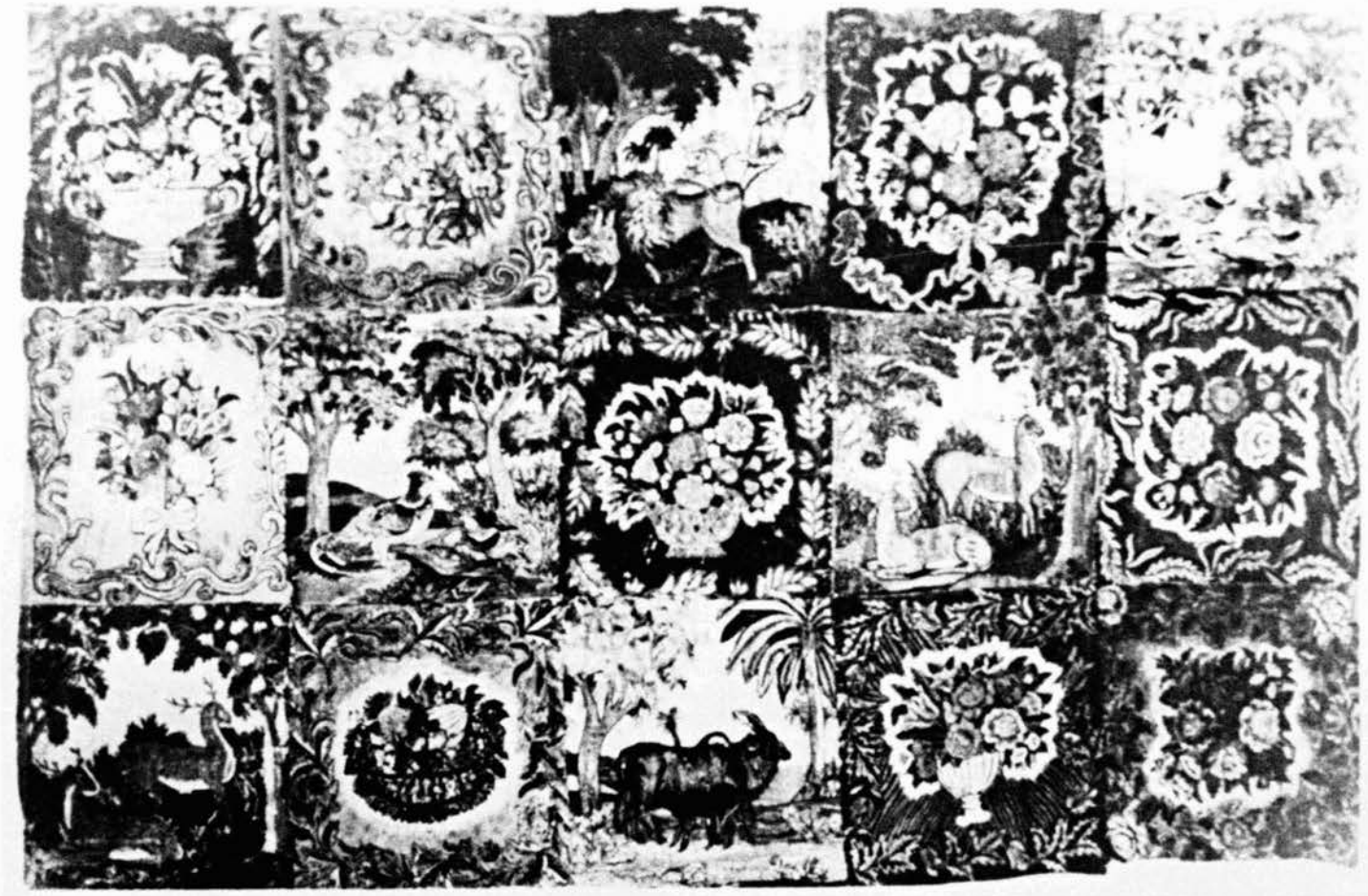


Figure 3. *Elizabeth Miner, portion of an embroidered wool carpet.* (Photo courtesy of Atwood Manley.)

manufactured pearl and pot ash. He also became involved in the lumber trade and is credited with building many of Canton's frame houses. Like his friend E.N. Fairchild, Ebenezer recognized the need for good transportation in the North Country as an advantage to commerce, and was actively involved in the Gouverneur, Richville and Canton Plank Road Co. as well as the Canton, Morley and Madrid Plank Road Co. Perhaps his most important commercial venture, however, was his development of the Miner block at the corner of Main and Court Streets in Canton. After a fire in the early part of the century, Ebenezer built a Masonic Hall on this site which stood until the fire of 1870. There is an illustration of this building on J.B. Shield's 1857/58 map of St. Lawrence County. Undaunted, Ebenezer began construction of a larger building on this same site shortly thereafter. This brick structure is still one of the tallest buildings on Main Street, and contributes significantly to the character of the commercial area of the village. For these and other achievements Ebenezer was elected to serve as an early trustee of the village in 1847, 1848, and 1850.

While Ebenezer's most important successes were in business, he was also keenly aware of the important economic role played by agriculture in St. Lawrence County. This interest achieved tangible form in November of 1851 when he, in collaboration with Henry G. Foote of Ogdensburg and Col. Uriel H. Orvis of Massena, held an organizational meeting which in January of the next year founded the St. Lawrence County Agricultural Society for the promotion of agricultural and household items. At this January meeting Ebenezer was elected treasurer. By June of 1852 it had been resolved that the best way to achieve the goals of the Society was through the sponsorship of an annual agricultural fair which would take place in Canton every fall. The village's central location in the county certainly made it a reasonable choice for such an event, but we can be sure that Ebenezer recognized the commercial benefits which would accrue to local merchants. By August of that year plans for the first fair were well underway. Ebenezer's experience in lumbering and construction was not lost on the Fair Committee. He was selected to erect fences and other buildings at the site chosen as the fairgrounds, for which he was paid $150 from the committee and $100 from the village of Canton.

After his retirement from active business in 1855, the sixty-one year old Miner continued to play a prominent part in village affairs (figure 2). One of his primary interests was the Agricultural Society, which he served in various capacities until his death on September 16th, 1871. In 1859 he served as Village President in Canton. His keen business sense and concern for transportation to down-state markets caused him to recognize the importance of the railroad, and between 1865 and 1867 he was one of the original directors of the Watertown and Potsdam Railroad, playing a key role in bringing that line through Canton.

As the daughter of a physician and as the wife of one of the county's most prominent early entrepreneurs, it is fair to say that Elizabeth no doubt enjoyed a full and comfortable life. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary it is likely that financial concerns were never overly pressing and, four children notwithstanding, there must have been a reasonable amount of leisure time available to her.

One of the most valuable insights we have regarding Elizabeth's character is that she never seems to have wasted any of her spare moments. This point is clearly made in an obituary written on December 31, 1891.

> Besides the duties of the head of her family and the care of her children, Mrs. Miner, who had a decided taste for art, found time to cultivate her love for paint-

> ing, embroidery, and kindred pursuits, in which she was very successful. For many years she employed much of her time in this manner, contributing to her own gratification and the delight of her friends.

Another eulogy, written by Horace D. Ellsworth, spoke in even more elaborate terms about Elizabeth's interest in art. Ellsworth was certainly in a position to know, for his brother, Richard B. Ellsworth, was married to one of Elizabeth's daughters.

> Mrs. Miner had the true artistic instinct, and many years ago without instruction or knowledge of art, but with a keen perception of nature, she devoted herself to artistic pursuits. What she accomplished bore unmistakably the stamp of genius. She was a person of uncommon ability in many respects, and under different circumstances, and in a wider field, she would have taken rank as an artist. What she accomplished in that pursuit was more than enough to have satisfied the partiality of friends. The examples of her skill will be treasured by those who possess them. They will recall the afternoon and evening of a life that, in what it undertook, always appealed to the finer instincts of our nature.

This is a very valuable obituary because it reveals as much about Elizabeth as it does about the taste of the people in the North Country who admired her work. Implicit in this eulogy is the notion that many of the people who knew Elizabeth well believed in the romantic notion of the unsophisticated and untutored artistic genius. Ellsworth was keenly aware that Canton was a cultural outpost during the nineteenth century, and he cannot but speculate about what her talents would have achieved if early in her lifetime she had access to professional academic training. A second important point in Ellsworth's text is that the mid-nineteenth century Ruskinian principles of "truth to nature" and the expectation that the fine arts be morally uplifting were still regarded as important in the mind of at least one Canton resident at the end of the century. If Ellsworth's sentiments are in any way a reflection of local artistic tastes at this time, it is fair to say that the more advanced theories centering around the notion of "art for art's sake" had not yet penetrated into the North Country in any significant way.

The earliest record that has come to light regarding Elizabeth's "love for painting, embroidery, and kindred pursuits" dates from 1844. In that year Elizabeth sought to exhibit a large embroidered carpet at the State Fair in Syracuse. An account published at that time in *The Cultivator* noted that:

> There was a most beautiful carpet sent by Mrs. E. Miner, of Canton, St. Lawrence County, which, from a misdirection, did not arrive in time for the Fair. This is a matter of regret, not less so to others than to the lady to whom it belongs. It was retained for a few days and exhibited at the hall of the State Agricultural Society in this city, and was, by all who saw it, pronounced a most superb article. It was wrought by Mrs. Miner during her hours of leisure from household duties, through a period of eight years. The border consists of twenty-four groups of flowers, wrought with most exquisite taste and precision, yet all different in their character. The center consists of groups of cattle, sheep with their shepherds, and other rural scenes—representations of buffalo and moose hunting—animals and plants of tropical countries, where are shown the camel-leopard, lion, lioness and whelps, etc.—in another part were groups of birds, domestic and wild pigeons, etc. Altogether it may be considered a splendid specimen of the ingenuity, industry and fine taste of the manufacturer.

If it is true that this carpet took eight years to complete, then it is possible to deduce that it was begun around 1831 when Elizabeth was thirty-one years of age. It was at this time that she and Ebenezer set up housekeeping in Canton. There is a problematic photograph of this carpet which only shows fifteen of the panels mentioned in *The Cultivator* (figure 3). The still-life panel second from the left in the upper row of the photograph is now in the St. Lawrence University art collection (figure 4). This panel is over two feet on each side. Assuming that the bordering groups of twenty-four flowers

Figures 4 and 5. *Elizabeth Miner, embroidered wool carpet squares, ca. 1831, St. Lawrence University art collection, gift of Margaret Weeks Swett.*

mentioned in the above notice were of similar size, there would also have originally been twenty-four interior rural scenes arranged in four rows of six panels each. All together, the overall dimensions of the carpet would then have been somewhat larger than 12' x 16'.

Were this the only artifact to survive from Elizabeth's hand, one would certainly have to acknowledge that she was a woman of considerable imaginative power, with a fine sense of decorative design. Unlike the linear stylization Elizabeth would have seen in the Jacquard-Tyler coverlets being produced in the North Country in the early nineteenth century, her work makes an attempt to suggest three-dimensionality in both the flower groups and the animal scenes (figure 5). This quality is traditionally a characteristic which most untutored artists find most difficult to suggest in their work. Elizabeth's success at imparting a plastic sense to her scenes indicates that she was a woman of considerable perceptual and technical skills in the difficult medium of embroidery.

We are fortunate in that another discussion of this carpet has also survived. Written much later in the century, ("Compliments to a Canton Lady," *Commercial Advertiser*, July 12, 1883), it is important because it discusses some of the more technical aspects of the carpet, as well as the sources Elizabeth turned to for its imagery.

> She early developed an artistic talent, but marrying young and living in a new country where the resources as to culture etc. were limited, her inspiration alone led to the making of a carpet, embroidered upon bagging, the designs sketched roughly in charcoal, filled with a satin or Kensington stitch . . . In size it covers about sixteen feet square, being composed of blocks . . .
>
> It will be remembered, at this time, there were not any wools accessible to her, excepting the stocking yarns most ingeniously colored, the olivers predominating. The colors have been imperishable, as the carpet was used for many years, and then successfully washed. The designs were most original, some though, being taken from old primers and pieces of family China, all having to be enlarged and colored wholly according to individual taste.

This review is also useful because it helps to explain the state of the carpet as it is illustrated in figure 2. After having been used for many years the carpet was washed, and it may have been at this time that those panels which were unduly worn were removed, and the remaining panels reassembled in the manner illustrated.

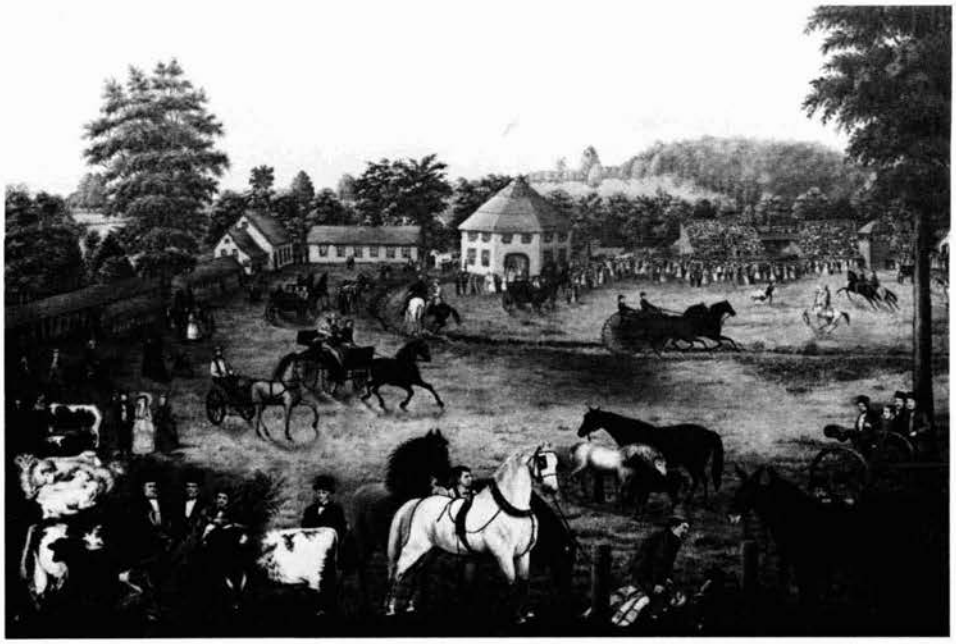


Figure 6. *Elizabeth Miner*, The Canton Fair, *ca. 1869, St. Lawrence University art collection, gift of Mary Wead Weeks.*

Although this carpet appears to have been exhibited widely throughout New York State during Elizabeth's lifetime, there is no record that she ever showed it at the fine arts section of the annual Canton Fair. The earliest record of a fine arts competition at this fair appears in a June 14th, 1853 report of the annual meeting of the St. Lawrence County Agricultural Society. Along with the usual competitions for the best cattle and produce, it was determined that three premiums of $3, $2, and $1 dollar would be awarded for the "best painting executed by a resident of this county" in the categories of drawing, pictures by needle, and daguerreotype. It is interesting that the directors of the Canton Fair were willing to award prizes in the new photographic medium of the daguerreotype, for there was considerable prejudice in fine arts circles at this time against regarding this mechanical technique as a legitimate art form.

The earliest record we have of Elizabeth's participation in the fine arts section of the Canton Fair dates from 1858. In the five years since it was first established the popularity of this exhibition expanded considerably. In addition to the conventional techniques of oil and watercolor painting, pencil drawing, colored crayon, and the recently invented ambrotype photographic process, prizes were also offered in such categories as ornamental, specimen, and Grecian painting. It is not exactly clear what these last two categories actually were. In this exhibition Elizabeth won a $1 dollar prize for her entry in the colored crayon category. Unfortunately, there is no other information about this or any of the other works which received prizes at this fair.

In 1859 Elizabeth probably did not exhibit at the fair, for this year she, along with Mrs. Richard Harison of Madrid and three other people from various parts of the county, were invited to serve as judges for the fine arts exhibition. The published announcement giving the names of that year's judges noted that: "thirty dollars may be awarded by this committee for first and second best specimens of paintings, pictures, drawings, daguerreotypes and other works of art deemed worthy." In 1861 Elizabeth again displayed her work, and won a $2 dollar prize for an oil painting. In this medium she placed third behind Henry D. Kip, who won the $5 dollar first prize, and Miss Brigham of Potsdam, who won $4 dollars.

The earliest reference we have of an actual work that Elizabeth exhibited at Canton appears in a review published in 1869. On September 21st of that year *The Utica Herald* reported that: "a life-like oil painting of the fair ground—by Mrs. E. Miner attracted more real admiration from the fineness of the work—and its fidelity to nature—than any other work exhibited in Floral Hall. The portraits of the President of the Society—E. Miner, Esq., Hon. A.B. James and others embodied in the painting were excellent." Up to this time it was generally believed that Elizabeth's most well-known work, *The Canton Fair* (figure 5), was executed around 1871 at the time of her husband's death. Because of *The Utica Herald* review, it is possible to firmly date this picture to at least 1869. Hence, it is incorrect to say that Elizabeth included a portrait of her husband in this picture as a nostalgic allusion to his death.

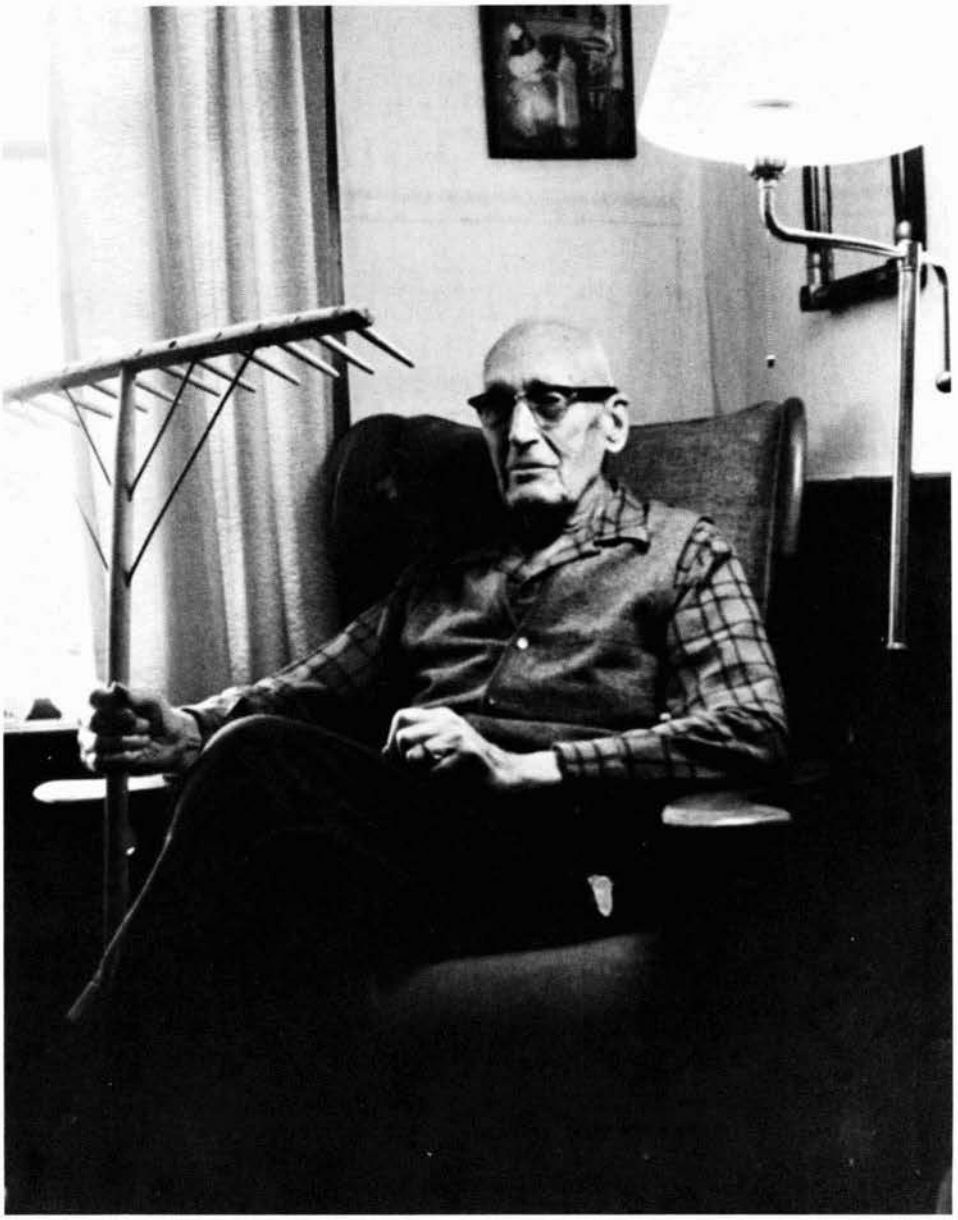
Most discussions of this picture men-

(continued on page 19)

"[St. Lawrence County] cheese is [*not just*] cheese!"

by Alan F. Casline

An industry whose small factories stood at nearly every four corners in St. Lawrence County as recently as fifty years ago has nearly disappeared by now. Floyd Denesha, now retired, spent a long career as a cheesemaker in this county and remembers the business well, beginning to end. Here he recalls that career and reflects on many changes that have taken place over the years in an interview with the author for the Center for the Study of North Country Folklife; other interviewers present were Ron Nolland and Joan Lomba.



Floyd Denesha in his home, with his cheeserake, fashioned from a hayrake. (Photo courtesy of the Center for the Study of North Country Folklife.)

When New York State's Commissioner of Farms and Markets Noyes said, "Cheese is cheese no matter when you make it," he drew a negative reaction from an otherwise receptive audience. They knew about cheese and, traditionally, grass cheese was worth more than hay cheese. They knew grass cheese tasted better, and the assembled cheesemakers were used to getting a better price for it.

The reason Mr. Noyes had come to speak in Canton pleased them, however. He wanted them to produce more cheese. "No other part of the state or nation can make such good cheese as can be made in northern New York," he said that day. "There is something about the soil which does it. With that natural advantage, we should be able to secure at least the New York City market and other state markets."

It is an interesting comment on the state of dairy farming at that time, that the surplus of fluid milk, especially in the flush of the season, was a major concern. "More and better cheese" was what Commissioner Noyes was advocating as a solution to the milk surplus problem.

Noyes' meeting with Northern New York's cheesemakers at the Hotel Harrington on June 7, 1938, had been arranged by the Dairy Union, and it was the right area in which to make such a speech for, in 1937, when cheese production in New York State amounted to some twenty-nine million pounds, St. Lawrence County made over ten million pounds and Jefferson County was next with almost four million.

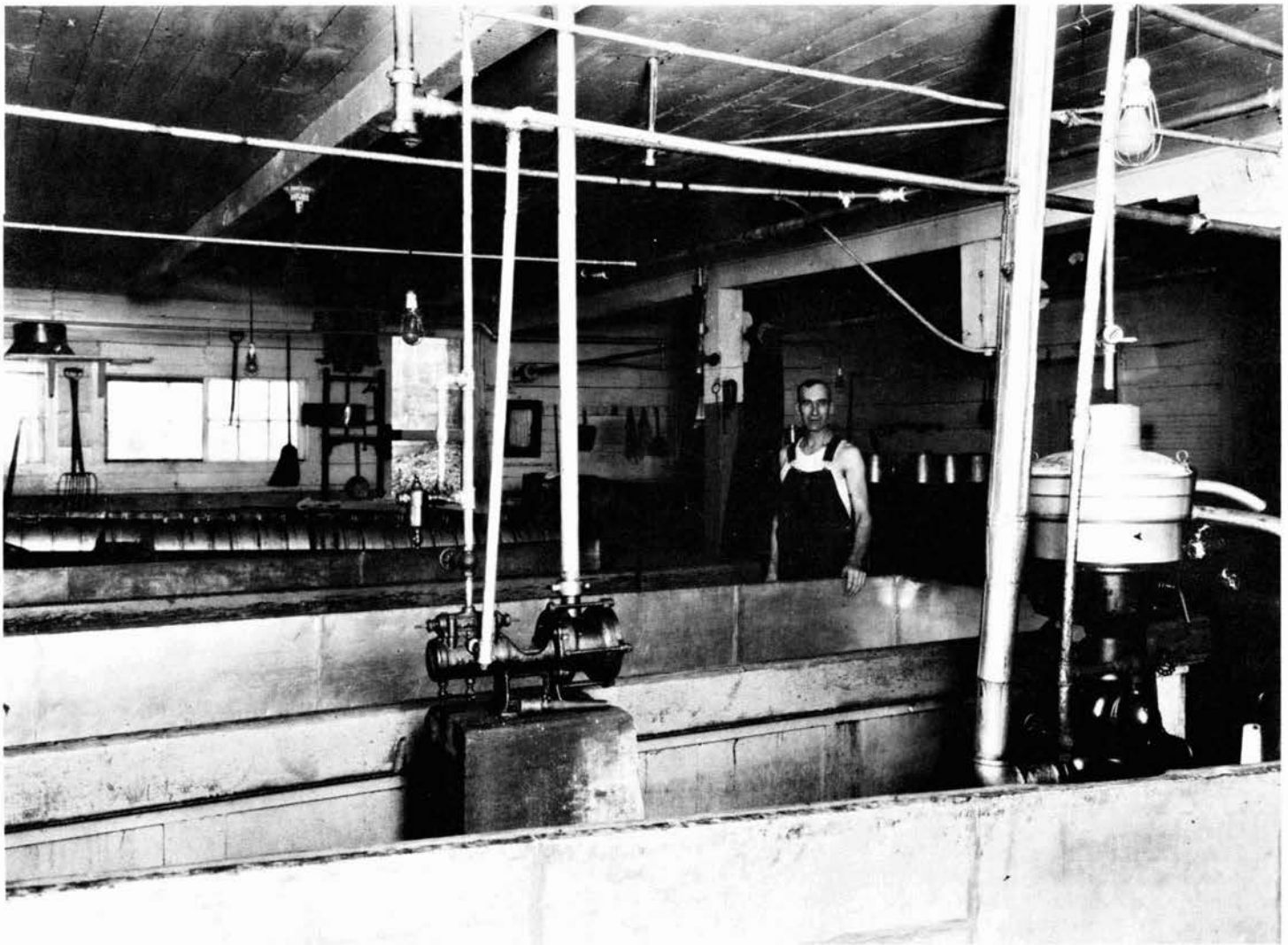
But "Cheese is cheese . . ."! Floyd Denesha, retired cheesemaker of DeKalb New York, remembers that remark.

"Winfield Goodison, from Gouverneur, he was sitting right beside of me and I told him—he was a pretty good talker, Win was—I told him, I said, 'There's no use in taking that.' So Win got up. 'I can't agree with you, Commissioner Noyes. It makes a difference when you make it and who makes it."

With over a hundred cheese factories in Northern New York, each cheesemaker was aware of the amount of skill involved in the task, and how his own cheese was in many ways a product of the skill.

Floyd Denesha, who grew up near Sprague ville, was one of those cheesemakers and one who was intimately associated with the cheesemaking enterprise for many years in this area. From the age of seventeen until 1958, when he finally closed the DeKalb Cheese Factory, Floyd Denesha made cheese. Even though he admits having taught quite a few people, including both his sons, to make cheese, Floyd, in a characteristic North Country way claims he "didn't know much myself about it, but I made at it, that's all."

At the start, his father told him he wouldn't stick to cheesemaking and his first boss, Renford Stevenson of South Gouverneur, let him go after just a year. "He didn't think I wanted to be in a factory," Floyd says of Stevenson. "I wasn't very heavy. I was slim just about like a match. I was away a year [went back to farming]; then I worked two more years for him."



Interior of old DeKalb Cheese Factory with Floyd Denesha. (Photo courtesy of Mr. Denesha.)

He was twenty-four years old when he left Stevenson's plant the second time, now skilled enough to run a cheese factory himself. Over the next few years he ran a number of different factories in Jefferson County and St. Lawrence County, including the DeKalb Cheese Factory, where he worked awhile for the Microus Brothers of New York City.

When the Cheese Association of Wisconsin hired Renford Stevenson to teach their cheesemakers to make washcurd cheese, he got Floyd to go with him. So in the summer of 1923, Floyd found himself going from factory to factory in Wisconsin spending four days at each, instructing them in the method he used to make washcurd cheese. The Cheese Association wanted him to stay and run a factory for them, but he said "no" and returned home to Northern New York.

The story of how Floyd came to the DeKalb Junction Factory to stay begins in 1924, the year some of the DeKalb Farmers bought out the Microus Brothers. They went around and got many of the local farmers to sign up with the DeKalb Cheese Factory and then tried to get Floyd to agree to run it. The problem was that he had already bought and agreed to run a little factory out at Richville. He told the DeKalb farmers that he would run their factory if they would agree to run the Richville factory, as well.

They wanted nothing to do with the other factory, however. Looking back on the situation, Floyd remembers that, "It worked out pretty good for them." He refused to break his word to the Richville people, but the farmers running the DeKalb Factory had gotten most of the milk away from him.

"They [the DeKalb Farmers] was goin' to have me, but they didn't," he says. "I stayed there [in Richville] a year just the same. I said I'd stay there. If I didn't have *any* milk, I was going to stay there just the same."

After an unprofitable year, Floyd signed on with the farmers and began working in DeKalb again. That wasn't the end of the Richville plant, however. It was opened again when Floyd found someone else to run it.

"I was here with the farmers. Then the farmers sold this factory here to Barnetts' in Boston. There was four boys, two of them in the cheese game in Boston and two doctors in Watertown." After the brothers died, "That's when I came into the picture again. I was here working for them. They owned me, different ones. I didn't know who I was working for, but I was here just the same. I stayed here and run the factory. Then I took the factory over from them."

Mr. Denesha bought the DeKalb Factory in 1932 and ran it successfully for twenty-seven years until he retired and closed the doors for good in 1958.

A typical day in running the DeKalb Cheese Factory around 1940 started with Floyd Denesha in the boiler room. The boiler room was in a separate building, but connected to the main building by steam pipes. The heat from two soft coal burning boilers created the steam needed to heat milk for the cheese making. The advantage of a separate building, in addition to keeping coal soot out of the factory, was that during the hot days of summer the main factory could remain at a moderate temperature while the interior of the boiler room would become intensely heated.

As the first job of the morning, these

boilers were fired up to make steam available. A few factory workers would be taking yesterday's cheese out of the hoops, stamping, and putting them on the shelf. They would then turn to getting the equipment ready, washing and dressing the cheese hoops.

Floyd was soon greeting the first farmer to arrive with his milk. The eighty or better farmers started coming anytime after five o'clock and kept coming till past ten o'clock. From start to finish, Floyd stayed involved in the day-to-day work. "This hiring Tom, Dick, and Harry and you someplace else—I never thought much of it. I don't care what business," he says. He figured his job should be to take in the milk because that way each farmer would be dealing with the owner—the one running the place, and not just hired help.

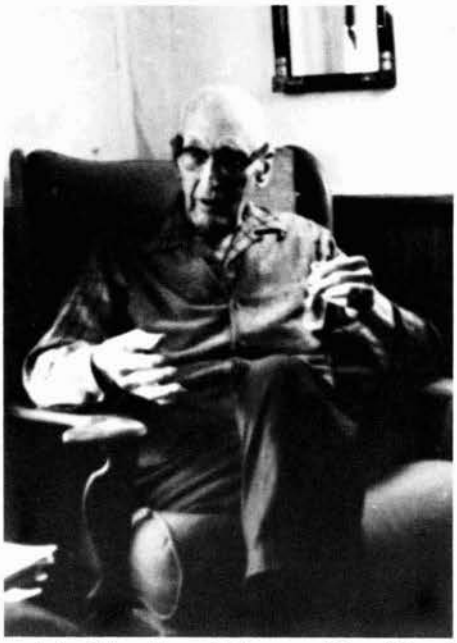
He had a crane he cranked by hand that lifted the milk cans and dumped them into another container for weighing. "They had thirty-gallon cans, forty-gallon cans, and fifty-gallon cans. They weren't any station cans at that time at all. No, not at that time. They were all big cans, then they gradually worked into smaller cans, and after a while it practically all came in smaller cans."

Each farmer was paid according to how much he brought in, as well as the butter fat content. After the milk was weighed, samples would be taken for a butterfat test and sediment test. The butterfat test was a fourteen-day test. Each day Floyd would take a small sample of each farmer's milk and put it in that farmer's test bottle. A chemical was added to keep it from spoiling. These test bottles were stored in a cool cellar after the day's weighing was completed and brought up again for the next morning's sample.

Floyd tested for butterfat twice a month and then kept the samples for ten additional days after the test. This was because you needed to prove your test when the State man tested you. You could be off only 1/10 of a point, but Floyd never had a problem with being off in this test. "More times they'd check right along with me. I was particular—I'll admit that. I'll tell you, the farmers are getting their pay. There's no money in it for me to beat them. We paid them for whatever they got and that's all there was of it."

The sediment test was the test for the amount of dirt in the milk. "If they were too dirty you were supposed to not take the milk in until they did clean up," Floyd says. A plunger device was used to first suck milk up a glass tube and then push it down through a cloth pad at the end of the tube. Any sediment would show on the pad. Like the butterfat test, Floyd had to keep these pads for "the State or Federal guy" to look at.

At this time many farmers still milked by hand, although a good number had



switched to the milking machine. Floyd says there was little relationship between the cleanliness of the milk and the method of milking. It depended much more on the cleanliness of the farmer. The only method that did lead to problems was the "wet tit" method of hand milking where the milker would first squirt milk into his or her hands. Floyd occasionally had to advise farmers with dirty milk against this practice.

The weighing took place in a room above the cheese vats. The cheese factory was built like many barns, with a driveway that led up a level to the loading area so that, like hay being passed down to be fed at a lower level, the milk could be piped down, taking advantage of the force of gravity. After the milk was weighed, a faucet was opened on the container and the milk ran down sanitary pipe through the floor into the vats below.

For many of the farmers, there was one more task to do before returning to their farms. This was reloading their milk cans with whey for the return trip. Until sometime in the 1940's when they stopped getting whey, many of the DeKalb farmers used this factory waste product for feeding pigs. In another building, separate from the factory, there was a whey vat. The farmers were supposed to get back as much whey as there was in the amount of milk they brought in. Some of them didn't take the whey at all, but the farmers that wanted it shared the whey to be sure no one was cut short.

For a while, when the DeKalb Farmers ran the factory, the whey was run through a separator and the cream was churned into whey butter. The churn at DeKalb wasn't very good, however, and when its casting got broken, "accidentally," whey butter making stopped. They were still separating cream out of the whey, but now they sold the cream instead of making butter out of it.

After the farmers, Western Condenser Company of Heuvelton bought the whey to make sugar. This changed the layout, too, because Western Condenser supplied their own vat which sat outside the plant.

The next step in the day's cheesemaking was "setting the fat"—heating the milk to 86-88 degrees. To test the ripeness or "sour" of the milk, a tea cup that had marks on the inside and a hole to drain out the bottom was used. When the temperature was about right, the tea cup would be filled with heated milk and rennet extract added to the cup.

"There's a little hole in the cup, and it kept running down here like that until it thickened. When it thickened, when it stopped running, there's where it'd tell you what the ripeness of the milk was . . . When it got to such a place, why, she'd thicken. She'd either thicken to two, two and one half, maybe three. When the milk got down to them lines why that was ready to set and you'd put your extract into the vat. You put your extract into the vat to thicken your whole vat of milk. Put in twenty-five to thirty pounds of extract and mix it up in water, then put that in and stir it in. After we got it thick, we'd cut it with knives. Then pour it from the can to get the whey out of it.

"Then after it worked for about fifteen minutes, you'd turn the steam on gradually and heat it up 100-102 degrees, on in there. When we were cooking it we used to call it 'running the scald.' "

Running the scald took anywhere from fifteen minutes to a half hour. During this time the cheesemaker raked the curding milk with a wooden rake. When it began to look right, some of the curd was taken out and squeezed dry and put on a hot iron to find out if it would pull out.

"Well, I used to have an acid test, but I didn't use it. I used to use the old iron. I would try the curd on the iron. When it'd pull out here, we used to call it 'hairing out.' The more acid it had, that'd be ripeness, why the longer the hair would be. We didn't want to get too much acid on it. At about one-eighth inch we were ready to run the whey off the curd. Then we'd have to work it again after we got the whey off. We'd turn it, keep it turned."

They would heat the iron on the boiler until the end of the iron was red. "You'd have to use your own judgment about the temperature of your own iron," Floyd says. The curd wasn't put on the red end. It was put back farther on the iron but it was important to get the iron red hot on the end and to pick the right spot to place down the curd.

"Of course, if you got it too hot," Floyd adds, "you'd burn the curd before you could pull it away there at all." Although Floyd Denesha is right-handed, this was one job he always used his left hand for. He would hold the iron in his right hand

and pull the curd with his left. If the "hairs" pulled off too long, then you had a problem. This meant there was too much acid in the curd.

"It'd be too ripe. You had to hurry then to get it. Maybe have to stir it and get the curd out of the whey. If you had too much acid there you'd have sour cheese."

Using the cheesemaker's judgment and a red hot iron so as not to miss the right time, made all the difference in the product's success. "That was the secret of getting your cheese out of the whey at the proper time," Floyd emphasized.

With the whey strained off, next the curds were raked up. They were turned three or four times, then piled up on one side of the vat and held for one and a half hours. The cheese was kept warm by covering it, and only occasionally being turned. Another hot iron acid test was taken, and then the cheese was ground out through a curd mill and stirred again three or four times. It was now called "washed curd."

Next, it was drained and salted and put into hoops (buckets) that had bandages (cloths) on the bottom. After being pressed, it was taken out and cut in half (twins) and a cloth put between the two pieces before they were put back into the hoops. These cloths were all washed and reused repeatedly.

Cheese made at the factory was aged four or five days and had to be turned every day. The aged cheese was then paraffined at the factory. Once a week, a railroad car load of cheese would be shipped out.

The day ended at around five or six o'clock, at which time Floyd would go upstairs to the house where the family lived and take a hot bath. With two coal-fired boilers, there was plenty of hot water. Scalding hot water was important in cleaning equipment, too. He often told his men to use either boiling hot water or cold water in cleaning, but never warm water. That would create perfect conditions for breeding bacteria—it was not good for cleaning.

The biggest change in this daily routine was a seasonal one. In the 1940's, the average amount of milk produced varied considerably with the season and so did cheese production. A farmer that produced six hundred pounds of milk in the summer would only produce around one hundred pounds of milk in the winter, and a lot of people didn't produce any milk at all in the winter. Consequently, the DeKalb Cheese Factory would only run every other day in the winter. The farmers were quite agreeable to this set-up. "No, I don't want to come every day, Floyd, I want to come every other day," Floyd remembers them protesting. "When you'd come to find frost in the fall, they'd want to come every other day."

When Floyd first worked at the DeKalb Factory, he lived in a house next to it on the same side of the street, and "The Greek" (Microus) and his family lived over the factory. When the farmers bought the factory, they fixed over the house that was attached to the front of the factory, and the Deneshas moved in. The Denesha boys, Leland and Elmer, were young, but "they came out to the factory any time they wanted to." Floyd remembers how nice it was to have his family close at hand. His lunch was prepared in the house and someone would always bring it out to the factory for noon.

Although the cheese factory was always a place of hard work, it was also just a step away from the kitchen and yard. For the children growing up there, it was hard to differentiate the workplace from the rest of the general environment. Floyd says the Denesha boys started making cheese "when they was big enough to do anything in there . . . They kept helping, they kept on."

It was in no way unusual for sons to work beside their father, but somehow the state government didn't see things quite that way. A "state fellow" came into the factory one time and told Floyd he couldn't have his boys in there. There wasn't supposed to be anyone working in there under eighteen.

"Well, I told him. I said, 'That's my place and as long as I own it them boys are going to stay in here with me. When they go out, I go out and I can turn the key in that door. Them boys of mine aren't going to be running the streets. They're going to be in here with me.' Well, I expected, of course, to get a nice letter from the Department, but I didn't. Surprise! And the next year the same fellow came along and he came in and spoke to me very nicely, and come up and hit me on the shoulder and said, 'You're doing a fine job. I wish I had a job for my boy like that. He's running the streets. I wish I had a job for him.' I said, 'Thank you.' I says, 'By Grace, that's quite a lot,' and it was to have him come in and tell me that. But I didn't hear anything from the Department telling me I couldn't have the boys in there."

The tenacity that Floyd displayed with that state fellow wasn't reserved for governmental officials. He often enough had to stand up for his rights. He ascribes his longevity in DeKalb, working with the local farmers, to the fact that he was "mean and ornery."

Mrs. Stevenson's people lived in the DeKalb area, and when she heard that Floyd was taking a job with "The Greek" (the Microus Brothers) to run his factory, she told him she was awfully sorry he was going down there. When he asked why, she said that the local people were very closeknit and that they would run him out. Instead of being discouraged—as when his father told him he'd never last in cheesemaking—he was challenged by her warning.

"Maybe it was a good thing," he says now. "I'm not trying to brag, but I'll tell you, I stayed here as long as anyone ever has to run this factory. Now I will say that much. I don't know why I got along. Maybe her telling me that was a good thing, and maybe it wasn't, I don't know. I know that I thought a good many times that I was too uppish. They'd say anything, by gosh. I was snappy. But they must of liked it. They wanted me to come back after I'd been here once. That's when the farmers owned it."

Though Floyd stayed with the farmers, it's not true that they stayed with him. Like other smaller cheese operations around him, he lost more and more farms to the expanding milk plants and bigger concerns. The last few years the DeKalb Cheese Factory operated, they weren't getting very much milk. The farmers who left did so because they thought there was more money in working and selling to the bigger concerns. Floyd doesn't think it's necessarily true. "They didn't make any more money," he says.

"I can name farmers right around this neighborhood. They're passed on now, but they bought farms and paid for them out of this old factory right over here. After they passed on and their younger generation got the farms and went to these milk plants—these farms are dead. That's all you can say. Just gone."

Floyd Denesha now lives across the street from where the DeKalb Cheese Plant stood. It's easy to look out the window and gaze on the ruins of a once-thriving business. It was a healthy rural economy that saw a cheese plant on every rural four corners, a countryside of well-tended fields, and a small dairy herd in every barn.

"Well, it's just like anything else, that's all you've done all your life. That's all you know how to do. Of course it's something different now than what it used to be. Then it was all just hard work. When I first started in, there was very little machinery. Even the curd mill, we had to pull that by hand. It was all just manual labor. Now, at the big plants, there's nothing to it—just turn a button, just push a button, do-this-do-that."

About the Author

Alan Casline is founder, editor and publisher of *Rootdrinker* magazine, a quarterly journal dealing with topics of the environment, history, and culture of the St. Lawrence Valley and the Adirondacks. In 1977-78 Mr. Casline was fieldwork coordinator for the Center for the Study of North Country Folklife.

"Gussied Up" Snowmen

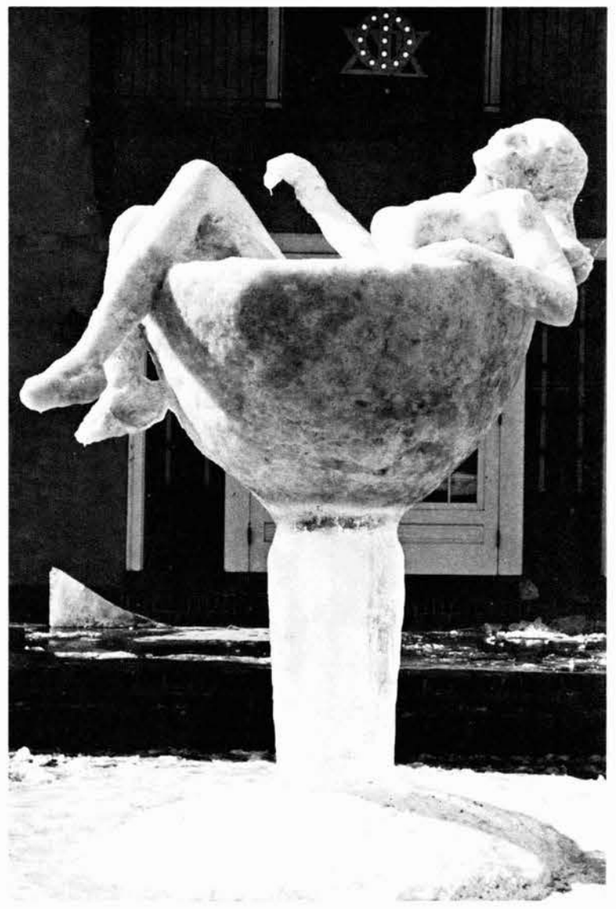
Like scarecrows, jack-o'-lanterns, Christmas decorations, and sand castles, snow sculptures—"gussied up" snowmen at Winter Carnival time—are wonderful examples of ephemeral folk art—created by amateurs for their own amusement, of very brief existence, and dictated by tradition. Colleges and communities all over the northern United States have annually celebrated winter with such creations as a centerpiece. This photographic essay is selected from the St. Lawrence University archives collection about the annual competition among fraternities and sororities from the 1930's through the 1950's.

The Royal Throne for the Winter Carnival coronation in the Canton Village Park in 1951.

Kappa Delta girls starting a snow sculpture in the Canton Village Park.

After the carnival, children finding another use for the Royal Throne, 1951.


TO THE CARNIVAL
A TOAST



'. . . Indipendant as a King on his throne.': the California Goldfield Letters of Frank E. Kip (part two)

Edited by Varick A. Chittenden

The personal story of one North Country man who went to California in the 1850's to mine for gold is told in many of his letters sent home. Here is the second of three parts of Frank E. Kip's own story, in his own words.

Downieville June 24 55

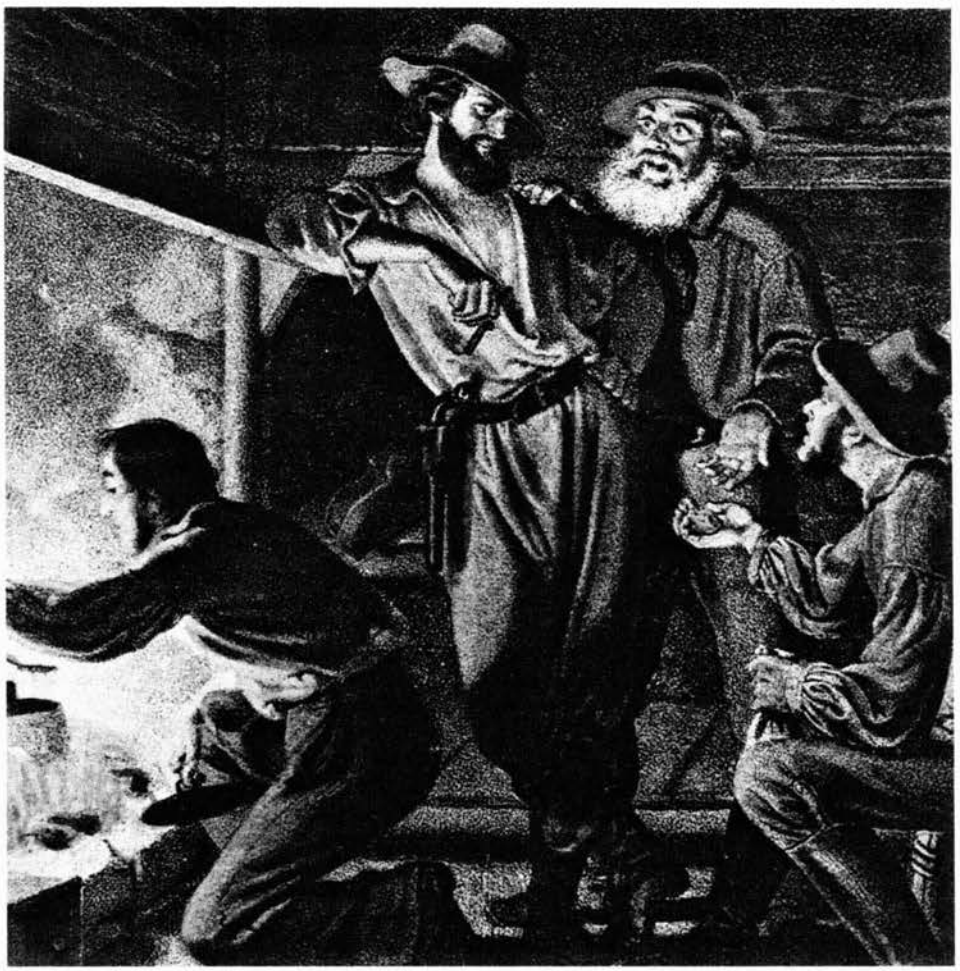
My Dear Brother

Your kind letter I rec this morning — also one from Sis and Edward Smith and you may be assured that I would rather have gone without my Breakfast than them. Be concerned no longer about my health — all I can say is I am tough, as a hemlock knot. I was down to Downieville today — and have had a pretty hard time of it, i.e. traveling 24 miles up mountains both ways when the Thermometer ranges from 95 to 110.

July 2 — 1855 I have written to John Wattson. I think I shall go to town the 4th and shall expect some more news from home. I am pretty tired to night and do not feel much like writing But will give you a little discription of

Acupulco

The red rosy morn had scarce begun to brighten the mountains of Mexico when we entered the narrow chanel that leads to Acupulco Bay. For a ½ mile the ship sped on through the pass so narrow you could toss a stoan to either shore. Soon we round a high rockey point and the harbor is in view. The signal gun is fired from the ship and answered from the fort — we come to betwene two old ships filled with coal. Earley as it was, inumerable small boats swarmed around laden with Pine apples oranges Limes Eggs coconuts bananas Mexican women & children. The Bay swarms with fish of every discription. I saw one shark but not verry near. After sun rise I went ashore in a small boat, paid 50 cents to the Boatman which he said would secure a passage both ways but when I came back he did not know me and the fare had raised to one dollar. The first thing after getting ashore was breakfast — we got a verry good one consisting of ham eggs and fruits of all kinds price 1.50 per meal. There are many who would think this a pretty good price but I for one think I got the worth of my money. After breakfast we took a strole around town. The buildings are mostly brick and stone, verry low and built in the old stile. The only house of modern appearance is the one built for Santiana some five years ago. The Plaza or squair is situated in the center of the town. In this stands an old church with some half doz bells a large cross — double doors and three or four small windows also made in the shape of a cross. There is a large well in the Plaza that supplies the town with water the water is verry good. Exactly in the center is a mashien (machine) the use of which I could not find out. It was built of sement in the shape of a huge basin raised some 3 feet from the ground. You assend to it by three steps. Runing allaround in the center of the basin is an eight squair stone pillar 6 or 8 feet high. Back of the town there is the ruins of an old castle or church, I could not find out which. There is a paved road leading to it — a few old towers and half decaid walls are all that is left. Near this is the grave yard. There are a goodley number of graves but few have stones or monuments. After leaving this the road winds round the hill to the fort. You pass along a paved road. When you get near the fort it makes a short turn and you are facing a pair of 32 pounders. Passing these you meet the sentinell who mutters over something in Spanish and points to the Palisades — as much as to say you may



Detail from "Miner's Cabin, Result of the Day," painted and drawn on stone by Charles Christian Nahl and Frederick Augustus Wenderoth, 1852. (Reprinted with the permission of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley).

walk around the fort but you cant come in. The fort commands the harbor to perfection and with its deep trench high walls and large cannon presents a verry forminable appearance — and with a garison of white men would be verry hard to take. Van Willson and I went down back of the fort and shot at turkey buzards with our revolvers. They appeared to like the fun and the more we would shoot the higher and thicker they got. The woods are full of Mexican dogs. I counted upwards of 30 in one drove. After laing in a store of Boiled eggs and fruit enough to last us to San Francisco we went on board. Taken in all, Acupulco is a dirty low lifed — knownothing place. And seems more like some ancient dug up city of the east than anything human. At 4 oclock we were again on the briny deep with our prough turned towards the land of gold.

July 18th

I did not go to town as I anticipated the 4th. We had a little selebration (my parter and me) all by ourselves. We got a can of fresh Peaches — gallon of milk 2 doz eggs and some green peas — and cooked from sunrise till noon and ate from noon till sundown. Eggs here are $2.50 per doz, milk $1.50 per gall. Several large pieces have been taken out near here within the last week valued from 3 to 5 thousand dollars. Diggings are going verry well in these parts and if any body can not find work to do it is because they are not smart. I hear that some of the boys that came out at the time I did have done nothing yet. If they keep doing nothing, they will be ready to return home in the fall I recon.

Today I am down to Downieville. I have rec a letter from John V. Wattson. He had writen me a long yarn, given me a good deal of good advice. There is no telling how long I shall stay in this place but I think till fall.

There was a Duel fought here yesterday which terminated fately with one of the parties. This is one of the countries and no mistake.

All of the folks from Canton are well my self included. You must excuse me for writing no more this time.

Yours
Frank

Aug 5th

The mail has arrived and as I anticipated I rec 3 letters from Canton but none from you or Bub, but then there will be another mail in — in two weeks and I think I will get some then. California is one of the countrys — for example take Downieville — given in as one of the most sivil and quiet of the Mountain Citys. Its Buildings number about 100, one M E Church — seven Hotels — two Bowling Saloons 10 gambling saloons where all kinds of games are plaid — 35 Places where Liquor is sold by the glass — one Theater — Court House and Jail, the rest are mostley stores, Doctor shops and Law offices. The most respectible residents of said place are the jews and Chinamen. The former will Jew you if he can but if you are sharp enough for him he will do nothing but grumble. Few of the latter can talk English — they mind their own business and let other folks alone — they live by themselves are indolent as a general thing — make money slow but sure — and save all they make. Every body calls a Chinaman John and they call everybody else John. Sunday is the best business day of the week — the miners from a distance flock in that day to get their provision and have a little time — Liquor flows freely and all the cuning devices of the gambler is put forth to ensnare his victim. A person cannot enter one of these saloons without being asked to take a drink and if he is fool enough to be led away will soon find himself minus the few dollars he has toiled for during the week. In one building on a sunday forenoon can be heard the solemn voice of the Man of God — and in the next, the rough jest, the clink of glasses and the Bankers cry of — are you all set — gentlemen make your game. The chime of the church bell mingles with that of the theatrical crier as he notifyes the People that *Richard the Third* will be plaid that evening. But all are not thus. There are a few half civilised and some enligtened people in Cal. The work of Reform is going on. I think there is not state in the union where the temperance caus has met with so grate success in the pass year as this. A Law has been passed prohibiting gambling — but is neither respected by the gamblers nor enforced by the othorities — except in the larg citys. There is no telling what time will accomplish here. The Blacksmiths have suspended work on sunday and some of the stores were to close after the 1 of Aug. Sis you and Pa I hear have been making some improvements about the house and garden. I shall expect to find things looking vastly different when I come home from what they did when I left. I will try and get you some flower seeds this fall. I can send them in a letter.

Now Sis be a good Girl. Dont let Ma weave any more carpets. Give her a kiss from me — fry some nut cakes for Pa. I am 250 miles from San Francisco — in good health and I must close this for the very good reason that my sheat is full.

Your Brother
Frank

Downieville Oct 30th 55

Dear Brother

I have just finished baking a loaf of bread and as I do not feel like sleeping just yet I will spend a while in writing. The evening is quite chilly altho the day has been quite warm. The south East wind — that forerunner of the California winter — moans among the Pines warning the miners to beware. On my wings I bear the misty elements of rain — in my train follow the feathery fleaks of Snow — and my companions are cold nights cloudy days and snow mantled mountains. And wo to they that are unprepared at my coming. I wait not for the stream-working miner to remove his Flume or he with the canvass tent to build a Log cabin. Yes the winter will soon be upon us if it comes sudenly as it sometimes does. We may get snowd up for a while — but as a general thing it does not last long. The winters of 49 & 52 were verry severe in the mountains — the others 50-51 etc. have been comparitively mild.

In my last to Pa I said I would send some money this time but we have concluded to get Provisions enough to last through the winter and it will take all that I can raise at present. Flour has ris from 10 to 15 dollars per hundred & Potatoes from 9 to 18 per lb. Provision in San Francisco is nearly as cheap as in N.Y. but when it is packed up in the Mountains they charge their own price.

I am verry sorry that I can send no money this time — I know that it would not come amiss — but you must all try and get along till we can get a little start the verry first I get you shall have. If you are in need and John V. Wattson will let you have some, I think we can pay it in time. A few hundred dollars to a man that is in *good* business in California is no money at al. I am convinced that I can do little here and shall probably go to Shasta late in the fall or early in the Spring.

Last night we had quite a storm of wind. Several trees were blown down, one fell across our Flume and broke several boxes and the Pump and water wheel. We have got it repaired.

I shall go to town tomorrow. I can think of no more this time — My love to all.

Your affectionate Bro
Frank

H.D. Kipp
Canton N Y

Oct 30 55

Downieville

I will skip over some of my travels (for the present) and give you a short sketch of Downieville and the North fork — you will get a little idea of it from the map on the other side. The first white man that pitched his tent at the forks of the north yuba was Wm Downie or Major D____ as he is more comonley caled. He built his cabin in the fall of 49. Good diggings were

struck and a town sprung up. In Mch 53 it was totaly destroid by fire — 3 buildings were saved among them D____ cabin. It remains there yet the last relic of the plush days of Downieville. Much gold has been taken out in this vicinity. It is supposed that Duragin flatt has yealded more than a ton of the ore. Hersey — Natcheze — Orleans — Zumonts and Downie's flatts have all been rich. Downie's company in 49 used to divide there gold with a tin cup — having no scales — they are caled the tin cup diggings. The court house is a verry good building. The church is small but looks quite tidy. The Express offices are fire proof. The Banks and Bed of the North fork have been pretty well worked. It has paid well on the average. But there are few companies making their piles here now. The forks where our cabin is now is 10 miles from town. Downieville has been and is now a thriving little town. What it will come to remains yet to be seen.

Downieville Dec 1 1855

Dear Brother

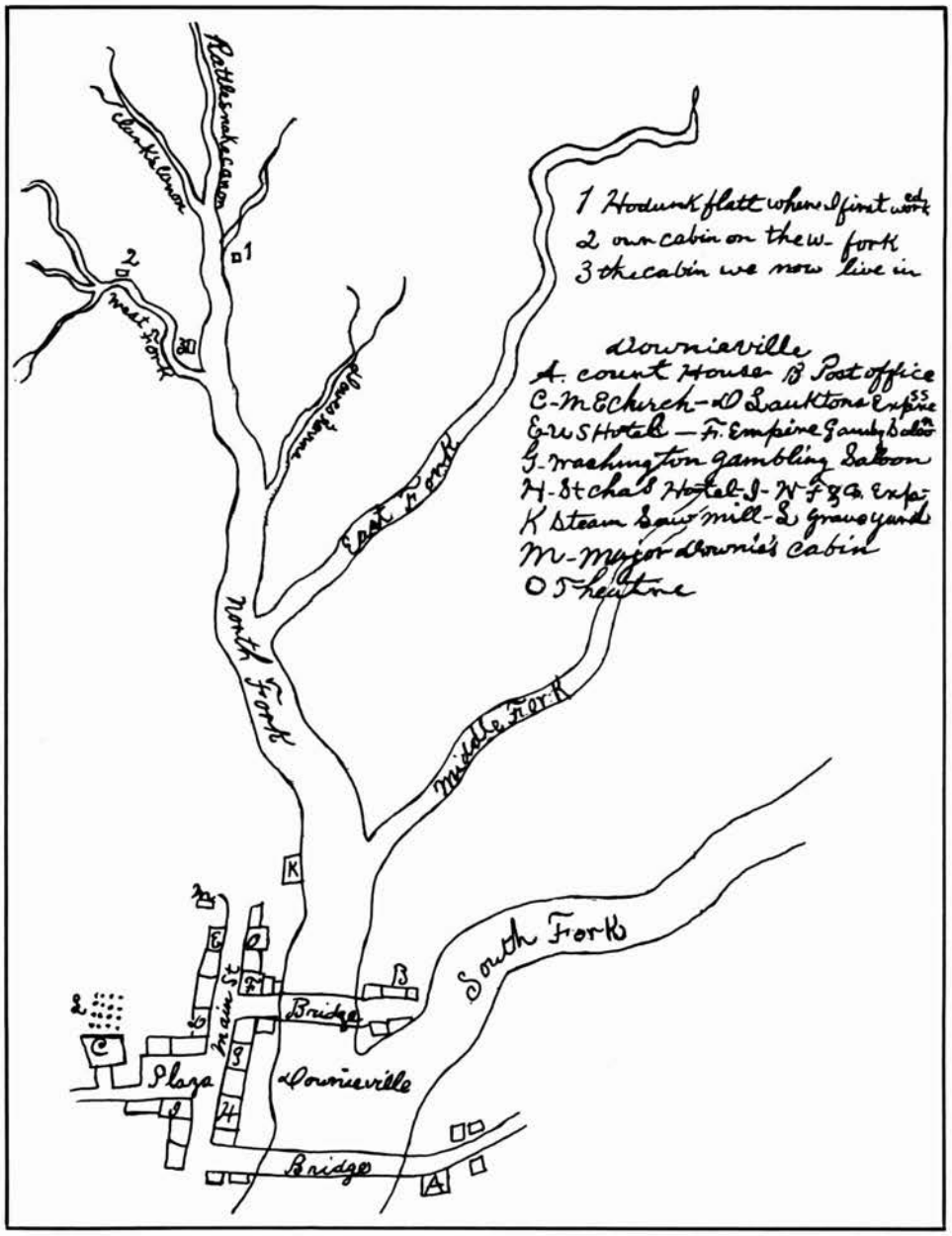
Yours dated Oct 10th came to hand last mail. I dont think I shall have an oportunity to get this to the office in time for next mail but will send it the first chance. I am a little sorry that you did not send those Books — but it will be to late when you get this for there is no telling where I will be. But do not stop writing for I can have them forwarded by express. I think I have recd all your letters but they did not begin to come till some time in August. You must recolect that it takes at least 3 months to write from hear and get an answer.

We have had some rain for a week past. It has been snowing some today. The water has not driven us out of the River yet perhaps it will not for some time. We are not making much. I think Mr Sheldon will not go to Shasta this winter. I cannot tell now what I shall do. I am sorry that Edward Smith did not come as he wrote me he was — I had made arrangements with the company to put him in my place while I went to San Francisco. But I have heard nothing from or about him for some time.

I am in good health. My love to all.

Frank

After staying at Bonney's 3 weeks I started for Downieville — took the stage at 10 oclock A.M. for Nevada. The road was rough and muddy. Just before night we passed through the village of Grass valley. This is a verry pleasant village about as large as Canton. Quartz mining is the principle business done here. Lola Montes resided here at the time. She had a verry nice cotage the prettiest I think I have sene since leaving America. It was late in the evening when we arrived at Nevada. This is a town about like Grass valley perhaps a little larger and had the apearance of being more of a business place. Staid here over night. In the morning I found that on account of the bad roads I should have to submit to what every honest man aught to detest — that is ride the rest of the way on a Jackass — but there was no alternative but to go it so I buckled on the spurs (an indispenceble article with these kind of animals) and mounted. Incumbered by my baggage and being unacustomed to this kind of travel I found it rather difficult at first to keep up with the rest of the train. But I soon became reconciled to my fate — and becoming assured that there was no danger of being run away with, I let the poor fellow take his own time and course — and leaning forward on the saddle bow fell in to a fit of meditation on the modern facilities of travel etc.



Map of Downieville drawn and labeled by Kip on the back of a letter.

About 4 oclock P.M. we arrived at Forrest City 8 miles from Downieville. The train went no farther and I was obliged to foot it the rest of the way — the trail ran over a mountain so high and rough that it will be beyond the comprehencions of anyone that never saw it — if I should attempt a discription so I will only say that I traveled 4 miles strait up and the same distance crooked down — and found myself at Downieville.

On the out side I have given you a rough sketch of our Cabin. You must imagin the mountains in the background to be covered with shrubry & trees and the river just out of sight and you will have it verry near.

Dec 9th 55

Since the 5th it has been snowing with out secation and is now nearly 4 ft deep. I

may not have an opportunity to get this to the office verry soon. I think we will be able to keep on working as soon as it clears up. It looks rather loneley about now but we make the best of it — we have a few old papers — a volume of Dow Jr and all the Poetry that Sheldon has composed in the last 4 years for reading matter — plenty to eat and a large wood pile. I thought when I left the states that I was leaving winter with its snows also but I was mistaken.

Your affectionate Brother
Frank E. Kipp

Dec 12
Dear Pa

I rec'd your kind letter this day — also those Books. I was sorry to learn that you came near getting your neck broken. Be carefull.

I will write again next mail. My love to all the family.

Frank

Dec 28 1855
Downieville

Dear Father

Your affectionate favor of Oct 22 came last mail accompanyd by those books. Continue sending whatever you think will interest me. I am sorry to hear of you getting hurt. As for me I have had but one little . . . and since I lft home that did not last long — and as for health it is nearley impossible to even get a cold here. The Snow has prevented us from working for about two weeks. I can not tell how long it will remain so. Last night was quite cold. Our cabin is warm and I have to . . . bed. Christmas passed of quietly with us and New Years will the same. You must write me what was going on in Canton those days — there was a grand Sale in Downieville Christmas Eve. I think the tickets were $26.00.

You gave me a little political news and now I will tell you why the Know Nothings carried the day in Cal. This state has always gone Democratic till lattley. Many an unworthy man had got in to office by saying he was a democrat in fact any one who will be sporting a stove pipe hat and white shirt could buy a nomination and thereby be elected. Something must be done. The honest miner does not want to turn Whig so they became K N and I believe it is generaly given in that they have elected a little the old set of officers that ever was elected in Cala.

Dear Ma

I guess I will write a few lines to you and you must do the same to me as often as you feel like it. I wish I could have been at home Christmas Night to hang up my stocking. Wonder what I would have found in it. Never mind, Ill be there one of theseChristmases.

Has Aunt . . . done any more in the Spiritual line? If she can tell me where I can find a Pile I will thank her very much. By the way there are some Indians in these parts but none of them can tell where the gold is. I cant think of any more so good night. Remember me to all inquiring friends.

Affectionately Frank

Dear Sis

I am sorry to learn that your cough is yet bad. Do take as good care of yourself as you can. The last time that I wrote John I asked him to send you some flower seeds. I have received no answer from him since but I think he will do it — I have calculated to visit him this winter but . . .

I will close.
Your Affectionate Brother Troop
My love to Bub Jock Bill and all the chickens.

On the other side I have given you a rough sketch of the first claim that I worked in after having passed the Yuba. The cabin is one that Parker built in the fall of 55. He worked the river part of which you can see at the bottom. You will see the derick and the Pile of Boulders that we swing round. The boxe through the water is running and the sluice in to which we throw the dirt for marking the water is conducted from the ditch above in canvas hoes. At the lower end of the sluce is the Riffle. This is a short box with several slats in rows in which the Gold catches. Near by is the Pan, Pick, shovel etc. You many imagin the company in at dinner. The water was taken from a Ravine that comes down the mountain a quarter of a mile to the left — the background is one gradual rise of mountains.

Enclosed I send you a little specimen that came out of this claim. It is not very pretty But the best that can find at present. Its rather a poor Christmas present. I will send it to Dick — and will send some to the rest of the children as soon as I can. You can clean it with some kind of acid and it will look better than it does. You will perceive there is quartz mixed with this piece. The most of the gold found in these parts is solid and in size from the point of a pin. The price is worth $1.15. All we can get for gold dust here is $11.40 pr oz. The gold in the South is mined generally very fine and a consequently harder to save. But they have invented a Patent Riffle latley that works exceedingly well.

But I must close — so my love and a good night to all.

Frank

Forest City May 24th 1856

Dear Father

It has been a long time since I have writen to you. One reason why I have not written oftner of late is I have been living in a little tucked up cabin with 5 others and there is so much nois and bustle that I could not. But now I have got a house of my own and I will try and do better. A month ago I received a sad letter from DeValcourt — I have heard nothing since — I cannot find words to express my feelings — do not blame me for keeping silent.

I am at work in the Bay State Tunnell — I have worked 2 months and think without a doubt that I shall continue to do so for a year. As I wrote before I shall get none of my pay till the water comes next winter. I am getting 5 Dolls pr day at present and think I will all summer. If I get my pay (and of that there is little doubt) next spring I will send you at the least 7 or 8 hundred dollars, *perhaps more* and if you and Bub can keep along till then, I think among us we can pay for the house. But we must not put to much confidence in next spring. It is a long way ahead — and hope is after all a sandy foundation to build even an air Castle upon. But rest assured that all the money that I can earn I will give freely for the good of the family. Wm Pitt I think will return home in the spring.

Pitt & I have built us a house — it 12 by 16 built of shakes — 3 windows — a portico in front and we are going to put a fence round it. We have got a little stove and every thing looks as nice as you please. We can now live as comfortable as heart can wish. Pitt is a good boy — a little old fashion and verry steady in his habits. I could have found no better fellow for a mess mate.

It is quite late in the evening and I will write no more tonight.

A Kiss for Marny and Bub,
Good Night
Frank

To
A.R. Kip
Canton
N.York

To be concluded
April, 1979

continued from page 6

tion the supposed debt it owes to the lithographic prints produced by Currier and Ives. While this may help to explain the reportorial character of this scene, it is not the sole source of inspiration working in this picture. One should not exclude the possibility that Elizabeth might have used a photograph of this site to help her locate on the canvas the basic architectural and landscape details. With this framework firmly fixed, Elizabeth could then proceed to populate the scene with as many people, animals, and anecdotal events as she desired; a labor which she obviously enjoyed very much.

Stylistically, the picture has many of the formal characteristics one would expect in a fine folk painting. It compares very favorably, for example, with Edward Hick's well-known work in the Garbish collection at the National Gallery in Washington entitled, *An Indian summer view of the Farm and Stock of James C. Cornell of Northampton, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.* Like that picture, Elizabeth has selected a high "bird's eye" vantage point which allows for a low foreground in which to arrange a group of animals in profile across the bottom of the composition. The ground rises sharply up behind these animals to a high horizon line upon which are depicted a cluster of trees enveloped in a hazy atmospheric perspective. This ground plane provides a convenient backdrop upon which to depict all the details in the painting which make the work such a charming but somewhat idyllic view of nineteenth century life in Canton.

Elizabeth must have been pleased and encouraged with the reception her works were receiving during these years at the Canton Fair, for she exhibited again the following year on a more ambitious scale. On October 6th, 1870, the *Potsdam Courier and Freeman* noted that at that year's fair

> there were on exhibition several oil paintings by Mrs. Miner of Canton. Mrs. Miner exhibited last year—and this year she contributed several charming pictures, among them *The Barefoot Boy*—and the *Hen and Chickens*, and *Spaniel and Puppies* were admirable companion pieces from Prangs Chromes. Also a game piece after Tate [Tait]—copied from the original in the possession of Mr. Harison. These paintings were fine specimens of art and we regret that we have not space to attempt to notice them more appropriately. They took the first premium.

Along with increasing the number of works exhibited this year, Elizabeth changed tactics and instead of displaying an original composition, decided instead to display four copies. This was a standard practice in the nineteenth century, for it was believed that copying the works of established artists would teach a student important lessons in composition and coloring. Four of Elizabeth's copies derived from the Louis Prang's popular chromolithographs, which were sold throughout the United States at this time for several dollars apiece (McClinton). The other picture Elizabeth exhibited was probably a copy after the English artist Arthur F. Tait, an artist who moved to America in 1850 and became famous for his Adirondack scenes and animal paintings. Works by Tait are exactly the type of thing one would expect such well established St. Lawrence County families as the Harisons to collect.

Around the time of the Centennial Elizabeth began spending her winters in a milder climate on the West Coast. Consequently her reputation during these years began to spread. An 1881 press clipping entitled "An Artist in Montecito" reads

> Mrs. Miner, of Canton, N.Y., who has been spending the past six winters in Oakland . . . is said to be a first-class artist, and has recently painted a view of Rev. M. Tolman's camp in Montecito, which is very much admired. She has established a class in painting, and is instructing in the techniques of her art several young ladies, with great success. This lady has, we understand, painted a very charming view of the residence of Mr. Thurman Tabor in Montecito.

Clearly Elizabeth had become something of a celebrity in the 1870s with her art classes and commissions for house portraits. More interesting than this, however, is that she was now also painting views of rustic camps, a genre that some of her contemporaries in Canton like Henry D. Kip and Charles Ehricke also painted, not to mention similar works which would be produced later in the century by the young Frederic Remington.

The reputation that Elizabeth had established for herself as a "first-class artist" during her winters out of Canton was matched by that which she continued to maintain at home. This fact is demonstrated by a clipping which appeared in October of 1879 which noticed a gift she made to one of Canton's leading families: "at a silver wedding anniversary of the Hon. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sawyer, among the gifts received: a painting from Mrs. E.G. Miner."

Whether she continued to exhibit her work at the Canton Fair on a regular basis during these years is not known; however, she always appears to have received favorable reviews whenever they were displayed. In 1882, for example, Elizabeth contributed a large collection of pieces for display at Floral Hall. A long and informative notice of her exhibit appeared in the *Commercial Advertiser* on September 21st, 1882. Because this review provides such a good insight into the pageantry and color of the fair in the 1880s it is worthwhile to include it all here. It is easy to imagine the young and impressionable Frederic Remington taking careful note of the paintings displayed in Floral Hall during these years, particularly Elizabeth's work, for his parents and Mrs. Miner's children were close friends.

> Wednesday opened with a clear-sky and genial atmosphere, and from eight o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon teams poured into the village from every direction in steady streams, and at that hour there were over two thousand carriages on the Fair Grounds, while hundreds of teams were hitched in adjacent enclosures. The number of people present that afternoon could not have been less than twelve thousand. This, as usual, was the great day of the exhibition. All the exhibits were in their places and ready for inspection, having been arranged with care and in good taste as they arrived on Tuesday. The cattle, in their sheds, had been carded and brushed until their fine coats fairly glistened, while hundreds of elaborately groomed horses seemed to indulge in aristocratic airs, as if conscious of their own beauty and the respectability of their descent.
>
> Floral Hall had been decorated with great care, and was filled with a very interesting collection of oil paintings, embroideries in cotton, silk and worsted, patchwork quilts, rugs, lambrequins, afghans, scarfs, ladies' underclothing, baby wardrobes, hosiery, and fancy work of every conceivable kind and description. In oil paintings, crayons and water colors the exhibition was especially good. Prominent among them was a collection belonging to Mr. A.Z. Squires, comprising several pieces, all works of much merit, and one of them, a large landscape, entitled *An Interior View*, a work of great excellence. Mrs. Ebenezer Miner also contributed a large collection, both in oil and water colors, many of the views being drawn from natural scenes. In several respects this was the most remarkable collection in the hall. One of the oil paintings was a view of the Fair Grounds of the St. Lawrence County Agricultural Society, painted

Figures 7 and 8. *Elizabeth Miner. Top and verso of hand-painted china saucer, 1883, St. Lawrence University archives.*

several years ago, when Mr. Miner, Judge James and Col. Henry Barber were officers of the Society. It is a real work of art, and of great value as a memorial to those public spirited citizens who for many years labored untiringly for the development of the agricultural interests of our county, and whose life-like portraits appear conspicuously in the painting. Another notable feature in this collection is a set of California views, copied from nature by Mrs. Miner during her last two years of residence at Santa Barbara. They are all striking pictures. But perhaps the most wonderful of all Mrs. Miner's contributions to this exhibition was a set of exquisitely decorated china, all in original designs, and every piece a real gem. It seems almost incredible that such work as this can be done by a lady nearly eighty years of age. Mrs. Alvin Ames also had on exhibition a large collection of oil paintings.

This is a remarkably valuable document because it tells us so much about Elizabeth and the Canton Fair at this time. In point of fact it tells us even more than we wish to know, for it calls into question the identity of the three gentlemen whose portraits are claimed to have been included in *The Canton Fair.* An inscription on the back of the picture states that likenesses of David C. Judson, Col. Uriel H. Orvis, and Ebenezer Miner are incorporated in the work. Assuming that this inscription and the one in the above note refers to the three men dressed in formal attire in the lower left foreground, we are left with the disturbing evidence of two conflicting accounts. The 1869 *Utica Herald* review mentioned earlier lends credence to the account in the *Commercial Advertiser,* because they both agree that two of the men depicted are Ebenezer Miner and Judge James. Until there is further evidence to confirm the identity of the third gentleman, however, this question must remain unsolved. Is it Col. Henry Barber or Uriel H. Orvis? This problem is even further complicated by the fact that portraits of both these men might be included, as well as that of some other unknown individual, for there are at least two other faces in the foreground which might be portraits.

Another point worth noting in this article is that now for the first time mention is made of Elizabeth's work as a china painter. While this art form has a long and venerable history in Europe, it was not until the early 1870s, under the growing influence of the arts and crafts movement, that this type of work became popular on this side of the Atlantic. The origins of America's interest in china painting can be traced to Cincinnati in the early 1870s, but it was under the impetus of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 that this craft really became popular. Here the many women who were interested in this art form had an opportunity to display their own work, as well as to see the latest work being produced in Europe by such well-known firms as Haviland (*American Art Pottery:* 1875-1930, exhibition catalogue). Two years after the Centennial there was another important exhibition of china painting and the other decorative arts sponsored by the Society of Decorative Arts at the National Academy of Design in New York City. Even if Elizabeth did not have an opportunity to see any of these exhibitions, popular art magazines such as *The Art Amateur* frequently ran articles which kept their readers abreast of the latest styles and technical developments, as well as publishing patterns to be copied by the reader.

A typical example of the type of china decoration Elizabeth was producing at this time is now owned by St. Lawrence University, inscribed on the bottom: "Oct. 83 E G M" (figures 7 & 8). There is no way of knowing whether the butterfly and spray of primroses fired on this saucer are an original design by Elizabeth, or whether they derive from a published pattern. In either case, Elizabeth probably first practiced this design in watercolor on a piece of paper, like the several designs for china decoration owned by St. Lawrence University by Elizabeth's Canton contemporary, Ida Sheldon.

In 1883 Elizabeth also displayed part of her famous carpet at an organization on Atlantic Ave. in Brooklyn, N.Y. known as the Woman's Exchange. It is significant that even in such a cosmopolitan area as Brooklyn, Elizabeth's work elicited considerable interest and admiration. The romantic myth of the untutored genius living in obscurity at the edge of civilization colors the following comments which appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle* on June 25th: "at the present time, with materials and artistic designs so easily

Elizabeth Miner, South Side of Canton Village, 1816, *St. Lawrence University art collection.*

obtained, the accomplishment would not deserve more than passing admiration; but, considering the drawbacks under which this work was completed, the cares incident to a large family, the scarcity of material and poverty of design, it is certainly a proof of unusual energy and innate artistic talent."

During the remainder of the 1880s Elizabeth was blessed with health allowing her to continue her work. Very little information about her artistic output has survived from this decade of her life, save for the saucer owned by St. Lawrence University, and the record of an entire set of cups, saucers, and plates, decorated with exotic flowers, a number of which are inscribed on the bottom: "E.G.M. in her 85th year, March 1890." In 1967 this set of china was owned by Elizabeth's great granddaughter, Mrs. Eben Rodgers, Sr. After Elizabeth's death on December 31st, 1891, it was noted that she had continued to remain active until the very end of her life. "She had outlived the alloted term of years; yet [her] heart and brain were so young, and the busy fingers so seldom idle, that those who knew her well grew unmindful of the years that had passed over her head and touched her gently, that to them she was always young." The implication of this statement is, of course, that there are far more works which she produced during this decade than we know about today.

Many of these pieces passed down to friends and family after her death. Mrs. Rodgers recalls that parts of the carpet were given to various descendants; her piece in particular was given to the Shelburne Museum in Vermont. She also recalls the existence of a still-life painting of flowers which has disappeared over the years. Furthermore, each of Elizabeth's grandchildren at one time had in their possession sets of plates or cups and saucers decorated by her. Her famous painting *The Canton Fair* was left to her daughter, Mary L. Ellsworth, and then passed down in the family and was given to St. Lawrence University in 1939 by Mrs. Mary Wead Weeks through the offices of Mr. Richard C. Ellsworth, Secretary of St. Lawrence University, and moving force behind what in time became the Ellsworth Museum; forerunner of the University's Griffiths Art Gallery. The picture remained out of sight for many years until the early 1960s when it was accessioned into St. Lawrence's growing art collection. At this same time another work claimed to be by Elizabeth also came to light (figure 10). It is not known when this picture first came to the University, but its history probably parallels that of *The Canton Fair.* At one time this picture was displayed in a frame, for there are nail holes in the stretcher indicating this.

In many ways this is a very problematic work. Stylistically the picture is technically more competent than *The Canton Fair.* Clearly it is by the hand of an untutored artist, but it does not show the same concern for linear profiles which appear so clearly, for example, in the animals of the other work. Furthermore, although both works share an interest in all the small details of nature, there is a tendency in the second work to generalize certain passages of paint. This is clearly seen in the leaves of the trees, which are painted in a manner very different from those which appear in *The Canton Fair.* On the other hand, both works reveal the hand of an artist who had difficulty painting objects which appear in the middle and background to proper scale. Finally, both works reveal at least a latent interest in atmospheric conditions.

In the lower left corner of this work is inscribed in script the title which reads: "South Side of Canton Village, 1816." Unlike *The Canton Fair,* this is an imaginary work, for Elizabeth would only have been an eleven year old girl in 1816. It is tempting to speculate that this picture, which illustrates an adolescent girl's encounter with an Indian, may illustrate an incident from Elizabeth's life, but there is no evidence whatsoever to substantiate this notion. People who are familiar with the area around Canton have difficulty recognizing where the event so painstakingly recorded in the title of this picture might actually have taken place. They are particularly perplexed by the stream that runs through the composition, and they cannot identify the farm that supposedly stood on the south side of the village.

If this is in fact a work by Elizabeth's hand, it must certainly have been painted at a much later period than *The Canton Fair.* It lacks the charm which makes that earlier work so attractive. On the other hand, it is very useful in this outline of Elizabeth's life and art because it shows us how far she progressed as an artist. One can only hope that other works by her hand will come to light and confirm the promise of this picture, that Elizabeth was a woman artist of considerable talent. Her career forms an important part of the story of art in the North Country.

Thanks must go to Atwood Manley for allowing me to use the material that he has collected over the years on Elizabeth Miner. I am also grateful to him for his cooperation in reading this note while it was in preparation, in order to have the benefit of his unique and remarkable knowledge of Canton and the North Country. I am also indebted to Ed Blankman for sharing with me his first-hand knowledge of this area, as well as for the materials he has on Elizabeth Miner and Ida Sheldon as archivist at St. Lawrence University. Varick Chittenden was also generous with materials lent to his care by the Research and History Center of St. Lawrence County. Thanks and credit must also go to my student research assistant Joanne R. Neumann for photographing all the works illustrated here, and to the North Country Research Center for assistance in preparing this article for publication.

***

About the Author
Paul Schweizer is an Assistant Professor, Department of Fine Arts, St. Lawrence University, and Director of the Griffiths Art Gallery there. He is currently guest curator for an exhibition of the works of marine painter Edward Moran at the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington, opening late in April. Mr. Schweizer received a National Endowment for the Arts grant to plan the exhibition and write the catalog.

Annual Report of SLCHA

It is once again that time of year when I must report the activities and progress of the historical association. This is the third time I have appeared before you and the first time I feel no need to *apologize for unfulfilled promises.* The past year has been one which has seen the rapid growth of the past few years stabilize and many complex problems resolved. The Association is finally beginning to develop as a historical organization that, on a small scale, follows the guidelines set by larger professional museums across the country.

The major reason for our current increased vitality is one I think you all readily recognize—the opening of the Silas Wright House and Museum. Since all of you have seen the house, I will not attempt to describe anything in detail. However, the first floor restored rooms comprise the only domestic re-creation of the 1830s and 1840s in the area. Also, the second floor exhibition gallery—now featuring a display of representative items from our collection from all periods—provides us with a flexible space to use for a variety of exhibits. This was desperately needed so that we would not be bound by unchangeable period rooms throughout. Our gala opening in early March was probably the most significant event in the history of the Association, and the house has received overwhelmingly positive reactions from over 4,000 visitors since that time.

Of course, the house is far from complete—we need more furniture, rugs, and decorative accessories for the restored area, as well as more artifacts from all periods for exhibition. More small paned insulated windows await installation and the kitchen/woodshed area has not yet been touched. But the museum will continue to improve. Just since March, for example, a gift in memory of Walter M. Wilmshurst made possible the installation of seven more windows, several pieces of appropriate furniture have been donated, and the Canton Garden Club maintained a period flower garden in the front of the house.

Thus, the important thing to remember is that the Historical Association now has a first rate museum—one that is currently open to the public and one that can continue to grow and improve in the coming years.

Other aspects of the Historical Association must also be mentioned. *The Quarterly,* under the able editorship of Varick Chittenden, has continued to publish articles about our North Country heritage and has drawn increased attention because of its new design and format. It continues to be an important means of retaining and increasing memberships in the Association. Our bimonthly newsletter also keeps our members informed of current activities.

Membership itself remains strong. During the past year Marilyn Barlow upgraded our membership files and placed our mailing list on the computer at ATC. This greatly simplifies our mailing problems because our files are now in zip code order. Current membership is about 850, which is a very impressive figure for a local historical society.

During the past year we have also made great improvements in collection care and storage. In late April the Board of Trustees approved the transfer of the former Richville Baptist Church from our ownership to the Village of Richville. This was done because the Silas Wright property provides much better storage space and the Historical Association no longer needed or could afford to maintain the Richville building. Thus all the items given to the Association over the years were moved into new, clean, heated storage areas on the Wright property. A new costume storage room was constructed specifically for the many textiles and articles of clothing owned by the Association. All of the items have been cleaned and are in the process of being re-inventoried and numbered according to newly accepted museum methods. Much of the credit for this work goes to Mary Ruth Beaman and Vincent Cooley, two faithful volunteers, and several interns from St. Lawrence University.

This past summer we were fortunate to secure the services of a hard working CETA-funded crew. The History Center was painted on the inside and stained a dark red on the outside; our back yard was regraded and seeded; the parking lot spread with additional gravel; and more insulation was added in the cellar.

Due to these other projects, our program and tour department has suffered somewhat. However, we have offered workshops in stenciling and exhibit design—both of which were very popular—and just returned last Sunday from a very successful overnight tour to Vermont. We are also offering, in cooperation with the Potsdam Museum, a Sunday afternoon lecture series, which continues next Sunday and throughout the upcoming winter. There was a Christmas reception last December and many evening programs for various community groups. Finally, we are in the planning stages for a school services program that will be offered jointly with the fine program already developed by the Potsdam Museum.

Financially, the Association is also making some progress. We have received capital grants—one in memory of Walter M. Wilmshurst and another from the Corning Glass Foundation. The E.J. Noble Foundation and the Gebhard-Gourgaud Foundation have both awarded us funds in the past year. The Noble gift of $6,000 is spread out over a three-year period and has paid for exhibit track *lighting and a slide show on the history of* St. Lawrence County, among other things. LuAnn Scott and others have left small bequests as well. Finally, new memberships are increasing, business and corporate support from throughout the county has grown dramatically, and various fund raising events, such as our donation auction, which netted over $1,200, have been held or are being planned.

Therefore, it has been a good year for the Historical Association, but as in any organization there is much left undone. Every time we do something there are at least five other projects that cry for attention and are ignored because we don't have the time, or the money, or both. Accordingly, we must develop long range goals for the Historical Association so that we better utilize our limited resources. Durng 1979 I hope that major efforts can be made in at least two areas. First, our operating budget revenues—although increasing—are still far below our projected needs. Every cultural organization in the country faces a similar problem to a greater or lesser degree, so we are hardly alone; but we must continue to seek added support from our local community. Membership support in the form of attendance and good will is just as important as money, and we must all strive to remember the Association whenever possible.

Secondly, the museum must become more of a focal point for Association activities. More and varied exhibits must be mounted, we need more and better publicity, we need more community outreach, and we need to search for more ways in which the Association can fulfill its stated purpose to promote the historical heritage of St. Lawrence County. All of these things are, of course, interrelated, and depend partly upon money and the need for more volunteers to help with programming. Nevertheless, we must strive in all ways to use the museum as a magnet to promote our history and educate our public in their heritage.

One final note—I would like to publicly thank our staff and faithful volunteers for dedicated service—Marilyn Barlow, Vincent Cooley, Mary Ruth Beaman, Harmon Smith (who helped keep the museum open on Sundays in the summer), Varick Chittenden, *Quarterly* editor, and of course, Mary Smallman, County Historian. They had uncomplainingly suffered through many a confused day trying to work and yet be helpful and cordial to the

visiting public. Lastly, our Board of Trustees, under the capable leadership of Dr. Allen Splete, has been overwhelmingly supportive and dedicated to future growth.

The SLCHA is completing its 30th year of existence and, as with any group, has had its ups and downs. However, the Association is now in a position to become a solid, stable organization—one that can add immensely to the cultural resources in this area. Many dedicated people have brought us to this stage and with all your assistance I'm now certain we have a promising future.

John A. Baule
Director

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BALANCE SHEET
December 31, 1978

Assets:		
Cash on Hand		
Operating	2,490.85	
Capital	133.50	
Accounts Receivable	8,000.00	
Merchandise Inventory (est.)	1,000.00	
Silas Wright House & Museum	85,000.00	
Total Assets		96,624.35
Liabilities:		
Accounts Payable		
Operating (October Quarterly)	805.00	
Capital (est.)	1,000.00	
Short Term Notes	4,100.00	
Architectural Fees	6,850.00	
Silas Wright House Mortgage	26,482.55	
Total Liabilities		39,237.55
Net Worth:		57,386.80
Total Liabilities & Net Worth		96,624.35

INCOME STATEMENT
For the period January 1, 1978—December 31, 1978

Revenues:	**Budget**	**Amt. Rec'd**
St. Lawrence Co. Legislature	8,100.00	8,100.00
New York State Council on the Arts	3,950.00	3,972.40
Membership Dues	7,000.00	8,391.75
Business Support	600.00	1,950.00
Gifts	1,000.00	1,460.00
Interest	200.00	170.93
Merchandise Sales	2,500.00	2,881.40
Program Revenue		1,279.00
Village Revenue Sharing	5,000.00	5,000.00
Support Campaign	8,800.00	
Admissions		194.10
Short-term Borrowing		6,600.00
Miscellaneous	225.00	528.13
	37,375.00	40,698.64

Expenses:	**Budget**	**Amt. Spent**
Staff (Director & Secretary)	16,950.00	17,404.86
Office Supplies & Postage	900.00	1,128.49
Equipment	600.00	
Water/Sewer	175.00	75.64
Heat	2,500.00	2,185.20
Electricity	1,000.00	799.17
Telephone	1,000.00	846.37
Property Insurance	1,500.00	859.00
Workman's Comp. & Bond	300.00	368.00
Snow Removal	150.00	167.00
Repair & Upkeep	1,500.00	2,785.09
Mortgage	3,550.00	3,549.00
Publications	3,100.00	3,458.00
Printing	1,500.00	1,140.25
Exhibits & Programs	500.00	2,024.77
Subscriptions & Books	150.00	200.20
Merchandise Program	2,000.00	550.00
Loan Payments & Interest		4,191.76
Miscellaneous		361.39
	37,375.00	42,093.19

Cash on Hand—December 31, 1978	
Restricted Accounts	
E.J. Noble Foundation	547.44
Research Fund	175.00
Unrestricted	2,490.85

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When You Think of Giving Think of SLCHA

As the *St. Lawrence County Historical Association* continues to grow, we urge our members to consider the opportunities available to you in terms of charitable gifts.

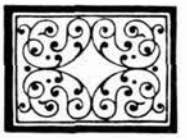
Basically, gifts to the *St. Lawrence County Historical Association* fall into three categories, all of which provide considerable tax benefits to the donor.

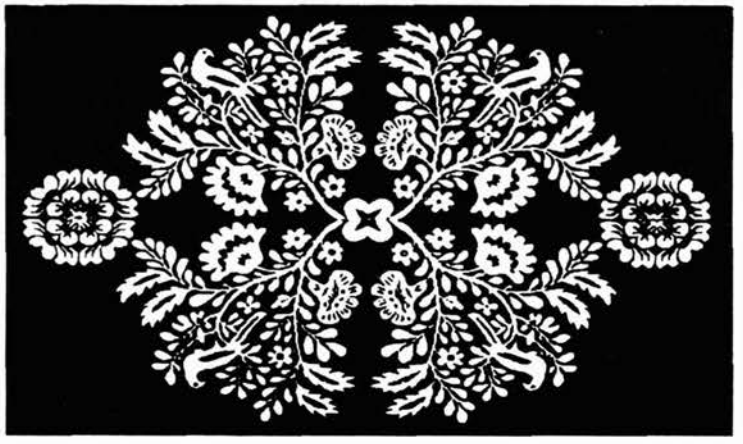
1. **Current Gifts**— these support the current on-going programs of the *Historical Association.*
2. **Bequests**— A clause in a donor's will leaving money or property to the *Historical Association.*
3. **Deferred Gifts**— Here assets are transferred to the *Historical Association* by a donor who retains income rights or other benefits from the gift during his lifetime.

Submit a Recipe for Our Cookbook

The Clarissa Wright Auxiliary of the SLCHA is currently preparing a cookbook containing not only recipes but also historical illustrations and information. Members are urged to submit recipes to the Recipe Selection Committee, c/o Box 8, Canton, N.Y. 13617.

An early Fall 1979 availability is anticipated so plan now for Christmas 1979 gifts.





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—Notepaper with a detail of the Ellsworth Jacquard Coverlet from the Collection.

—In rich blue and cream

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