THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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Cover: Matthew Wallace Sugar Bush near Langdon Corners. *(Photograph courtesy of Herbert Judd)*

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Old Time Sugaring

While collecting poetry written on or about the American side of the St. Lawrence river valley, I've found several subjects that recur from generation to generation. One of these subjects is sugaring. As part of the larger story of man's confrontation with nature, sugaring offers an attractive, specific enterprise that easily captures a poet's imagination. After all, to gather sweetness from the sap of trees suggests a great deal about the relation between man and nature. That this annual harvest marks the advent of spring in a harsh climate only further amplifies the sort of connections which poets thrive upon.

An instance of such a poem is "The Sugaring Time" by Rev. Clemons Shaw, a Baptist minister and poet born in Hermon, NY in 1851. Rev. Shaw lived at Oswegatchie for fifty years and authored two books of poetry, ***Poetical Portraits*** *(1903) and* ***Our Own Northland*** *(1905), both of which were privately printed at Hungerford Holbrook in Watertown and now listed in the second edition of Glyndon Cole's* ***Historical Materials Relating to Northern New York.*** *Many of Shaw's poems reflect his religious vocation; some, however, sing of the land and the people who have come to tend it. These more secular poems (Shaw is never far from a transcendental message) are especially interesting in their historical dimension.*

In Sugaring Time

This is a stormy time of year,
And yet the skies are often clear,
And mountains crowned with purple haze
Give evidence of sunny days.

The winter's lumbering is o'er,
Logs drawn to mill yard or on shore,
Beside the river, where they lie
Until the great drive passes by.

The farmers near the wilderness
Make preparation more or less
Between the winter and the spring
For three or four weeks sugaring.

A dainty grove of maple trees
Is what the traveler often sees,
And, if it be in sugar time,
The wayside fence will quickly climb,

And strike a bee-line for the camp
Where steam is rising sweet and damp,
To ask the owner would he care
If he ate some warm sugar there.

Of course the toothsome dish is free,
If any there may chance to be,
If now he doffs his hat or cap
And takes a generous drink of sap.

Between the sugaring of today,
With fine equipment every way,
And the poor, clumsy, ancient ways
In use in our grandfather's days,

There is a chasm wide and deep
In which the past has gone to sleep;
Never to stir or moan or wake
'Til Gabriel's trump the dream shall break.

Our fathers knew no better way
Of making sugar in their day
Than to go in as others had,
Each boy to imitate his dad.

The same old way from year to year,
No matter if it cost them dear;
Think of the sugar maker now,
Mopping the sweat from heated brow.

Felling the trees the troughs to make,
Enough one's very heart to break,
To think of the enormous tax
Of making buckets with an axe.

Using an axe to gash the trees,
As long and deep as it might please,
And when the sap came spurting out,
Conduct to trough by wooden spout.

The bus thus tapped, a pole was swung.
And to butt end a kettle hung,
A potash kettle, or, you see,
A caldron it might sometimes be.

Three back logs to the kettle rolled,
The lighter wood and brands would hold,
And such a fire, and such a smoke
Today would seem a passing joke.

To keep the sap in proper bound
A little slice of pork was found,
Held near the surface by a stick,
The grease from which would stop it quick.

To make a storage for the sap
They used no flimsy tub or vat,
But simply felled a giant tree
As near as would convenient be.

Then dug a trough some twelve feet long.
Which proved commodious and strong,
To store the sap from spring to spring,
A handy if not handsome thing.

To gather in the liquid sweet
A yoke was hewed from sapling neat,
And to the shoulder made to fit,
So that a man could carry it.

Two buckets each with wooden bale
Attached by hooks, they took the trail,
And quickly passed from tree to tree
Returning laden like a bee.

Who brings from far its precious store,
Deposits, and goes back for more;
Hard work it was but none complained,
Not even when it snowed or rained.

Their covering was the arching sky,
Their couch the boughs which grew near by,
Yet here they toiled the old and young,
While merrily the kettle sung.

The chipmunks courteously drew near,
The sights, and sounds, to see, and hear,
And steal some crumbs from dinner pails,
Then scamper while their bushy tails

Waved back defiance to the men,
Who kindly said, please call again,
Though you may pilfer like a scamp,
You're very welcome to the camp.

At night the bright fires here and there
Lit up the woods with fitful glare.
While hoot owls, frightened by the light,
Sought safety in immediate flight,

Uttering the while their thrilling cry
And, while the listeners wonder'd why,
The owls not knowing what to do,
Kept on enquiring who? who? who?

Sometimes to camp, when all were gone,
An old black bear would chance to come,
Investigate to suit his mind,
Eat up whatever he could find;

Knock over dishes here and there,
Behave himself just like a bear,
And, finding discipline too lax,
Leave for their good a lot of tracks.

But these dear days have passed away,
And things are not the same today;
'Tis well of course they should not be,
But they were very dear to me.

And, when I think of modern ways,
I sometimes wonder if it pays;
Those pioneers would think it strange
Could they come back and see the change.

The kettle long since 'neath the ban,
There sits on arch of brick a pan,
Maybe of large or smaller size,
It must be fully galvanized,

And so constructed as to let
The sap flow in to keep it wet;
And while it simmers, sweet and prime,
They draw the syrup any time.

No storing now in wooden trough,
The sooner they can get it off
The whiter will the sugar be,
And bring a higher price, you see.

The buckets are not hewn from wood,
But made of tin, tall, strong and good,
Covered to keep out storm and dirt
For fear it might the contents hurt.

The spouts are cast in iron mould,
Short, covered spouts, as good as gold;
Made with a patent turn up snout,
They hand the bucket on the spout.

Of course they make more sugar now,
And make it better, I'll allow,
And make it easier too, but then
The old way, gone beyond our ken,

Is full of memories precious now,
That silver locks enwreath the brow,
They point us back to youth and prime,
And childhood joys of sugaring time.

There is much remarkable about this poem written in the familiar manner of the "fireside poets" (Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and others) who became popular during the last half of the 19th century. If at first reading it lacks the studied regularity of Shaw's Cambridge elders, with time we feel the appropriateness of the rural cadences and primitive rhymes, mannerisms belied by the British spelling of "mould" (1. 133) for instance, or the daring use of a modern word "galvanized" (1. 120) when the opportunity presents itself.

Even more cunning than the poem's style is the way in which Shaw makes from the apparent value of progress a moral suggestion about man's position in his new world. This moral value is measured by comparing the attributes of old ways with new. At line 21 we find the traveler freely given sugar on request ("of course") by the owner; if the sugar is not at hand, the owner provides a "generous drink of sap." In contrast, the modern way of making sugar insures a "whiter," more abundant harvest, but the motive is "a higher price." While "the grandfathers" made what they needed ("To think of enormous tax / Of making buckets with an axe.") modern men buy the new tin buckets that are "Covered to keep out storm and dirt" and even come equipped with "a patent turn up snout" to make life easier. Yet even with such conveniences, we see "the sugar maker now, / Mopping the sweat from heated brow" as he works to produce more each year to meet his costs.

In fact, this theme of moral decline in material prosperity is declared early in the poem when Shaw points out that "Between the sugaring of today, / With fine equipment every way, / And the poor, clumsy, ancient ways / In use in our grandfather's days / There is a chasm wide and deep . . . ." This "chasm" (which will remain until "Gabriel's trump" announces the end of this world) separates us from our ancestors. It is not difficult, however, to feel how much the poet prefers the old ways to the new. Then men were close to the natural world, moving like bees (one of the most marvelous images in the poem) to bring the sap to the storage trough on their yoked shoulders. Wild animals visited the nighttime fires and were welcomed in various ways. For such a time was the "youth" and "prime" of the world; now we have gone forward and such innocence is gone forever.

Beyond the subtlety of style and the deep meanings concealed in common language which have always characterized bucolic poetry, Shaw's "In Sugaring Time" contains a wealth of detail about making sugar in the old days. Most memorable is the pieces of pork fat skewered on a stick and placed above the kettle to keep the sap from boiling over, an occurrence altogether probable for the amateur sugar maker at any time. Equally interesting are the methods used for gathering and storing the sap, for building the fire, for "gashing" the trees and collecting their bounty with wooden spouts. The authenticity of these stanzas provides for the poem an historical dimension which insures our interest and upon which the poet can construct his troubling meaning. Not quite "folk art" nor "high literature," this poem of Shaw's strikes a balance between the two which I find common to the best poetry from our region.

Albert Glover

The Everett Farm, Lawrence, NY
Family and Farm 1826-1890

by Virginia Duffy McLoughlin

The original small red farmhouse, home of George W. and Abigail Everett, built 1829. (Photo c. 1987. Photograph courtesy of V. D. McLoughlin)

The St. Lawrence County farm which used to be in my family is no longer operative, although the two houses and some of the barns are still standing. My interest has been to discover and preserve documentation of this Lawrence, N.Y., farm while it was still viable and in the possession of the Everett family, from the time the land was first cleared in 1826 until the farm was sold in 1960. Of all places on earth, none was so loved by my grandmother and her siblings as this farm where they had been born, the oldest in 1854 and the youngest in 1875. While I was growing up in the 1930's, I absorbed so much of their nostalgia that my secret romantic ambition was to become a St. Lawrence County farmer's wife and live as near to the nineteenth century as possible. In those days, to my mind, the corn was always high. Apples were always red on the trees, and steam was always billowing from the sugarhouse. The wide expanse of fields waved soft and yellow; a few tall elms stood eternal sentry at their boundaries. And seen to the north from every rise in the land along the country roads, ever present in the deepening blue of the distance stretched the silvery ribbon of the big river, the great St. Lawrence.

Of course, as McGowan and Zdunczyk point out in their *Quarterly* article introducing the Farmstead Survey, farming is and probably always was a "far riskier and more disorderly business" than tidy nineteenth century engravings - or photographs or the dreamer's eye - would have it.[1] And so it was with the Everett Farm. But "old times" have a way of boiling down like maple sap, sweeter from stage to stage, and the farm became a place of cherished memories.

While I was growing up, my grandmother and her two brothers, Fred and George, lived in city places, but in the summertime each had a camp at Lake Ozonia, and once a week there'd be a pilgramage to the Everett Farm, about 14 miles away. Uncle George kept a small vegetable garden there; it was an anchor, he said. We'd bounce over the gravelly road from the Lake to Hopkinton and stop at Jay Chittenden's store to leave an extra order of groceries for his son Clark to deliver to the lake in his made-over hearse. (Two Clark's were equated in my mind: Clark Gable and Clark Chittenden; both were handsome.) While my grandmother talked with Mr. Chittenden about food, we'd be fascinated by the other room of the store, which was filled with a variety worthy of a city department store but including also items not so familar to the city-dweller, like galluses and high-cuts and heavy lumberjack shirts, galvanized-iron washtubs and Fels Naptha soap.

Soon we'd hop back into the car and turn toward Fort Jackson. We'd roller-coaster down the hill and across the brook and up again. But as we turned the corner by the cemetery, Uncle Fred would silently remove his old fedora hat and hold it to his heart as we passed the graves of his parents, Martha and Luther Everett. Then, after stopping at Fort Jackson for groceries and a pleasant chat with Roy Knapp at his IGA store, we'd travel across the iron bridge, poking our heads out the windows to look down through the metal grid to the swift St. Regis waters right below our car. From there we'd follow the narrow Macadam Road straight north 3 miles to the Everett Farm.

The white farmhouse with dark green shutters and twinkling old-glass windows would always be waiting, unchanged. We'd step out onto the cool, shady grass under the sugar maples and carry our bundles across the front yard and up the sandstone steps to the piazza. We'd wait while Uncle George turned the old lock and pressed with his shoulder and knee to loosen the sticky door that was opened far too seldom. A rush of cold, damp air would come into our faces, and then, with some reverence, we would step into the house that was "just the way it's always been." With a quick glance around the big kitchen-dining room to reassure himself that all was well, Uncle George would hurry around the dining table to the south door and open it wide to let the sun shine in. My grandmother would start for the pantry, and the business of the day would begin. She'd take the home-made apron off the hood behind the pantry door and ease the neckloop, made of bias-binding, over her grey hair pinned back in a bun. "Where are those potatoes we bought? Let's get them peeled first." There was an eagerness, like going for a picnic, as she rummaged around the old familiar pots and pans.

After building a fire in the wood cook-stove, the uncles would go out to the milkhouse (which by now was a general storage place) and do their own rummaging. Uncle Fred would find some paint and look around for some worthy object to put it on. Uncle George would head for the vegetable garden out by the cowbarn. Sometimes I'd help with the weeding in the rows of carrots and beets; I liked doing anything with Uncle George. In a little while when dinner was almost ready, my grandmother would pull the rope to ring the bell on the roof, and we'd all come in to wash up in the summer kitchen with grey Lava cake-soap and a basin of rain water pumped from the cistern. More than once I forgot that this was a dry sink and that the basin must be emptied into a separate drain near by. After dinner I'd go down to the tenant-farmer's house to see Betty Haskell; we'd go up in the haymow and watch the excitement while her father and two older brothers unloaded the hay wagon. The fork with a big load of hay clamped in its jaws would come swinging and clanking down the track and drop its load beside us (until her father yelled at us to get back against the side wall where it was safer). There were always cats and kittens to play with, and the Haskell's had a sheep dog

to help round up the cows.

If we were staying overnight, we'd have a supper of bread and milk and cheese. (Do people still eat this? or should I explain. You break the bread into pieces in a bowl, crumble plenty of well-aged St. Lawrence County cheddar on top, and pour milk over it.) After supper I'd go out sometimes and discuss the ways of the world with the Haskell boys, who were about my age. I envied them because they could quit school after eighth grade. They said the thought of school made them "puke;" I would have wholeheartedly agreed had I known the meaning of that Shakespearean word. At dark I would come in and join the family in the den - just in time for popcorn. Sometimes at this hour my grandmother, who always claimed she had a weak stomach, would add to her bedtime repast a cucumber fresh out of the garden. She'd cut slices not quite through, accordian style, and then douce it with vinegar and salt. She never suffered a bit of trouble, because everything was all right if it was at the farm.

This was the home my grandmother's father had built in 1853 for himself and his bride to start their new life together. The layout of the rooms was pleasant and generous: a sitting room, den, two bedrooms, a kitchen-dining area, pantry, summer-kitchen, woodshed, and indoor outhouse. There was also a separate outhouse. On the second floor were three bedrooms, long walk-in closets under the eaves, and a large storage area over the woodshed. In the peak of the roof was an attic which could be reached only by putting a ladder up to a framed square opening in the ceiling of one of the bedrooms. The board which closed this opening was greatly enhanced by a painted scene of swallows skimming across blue sky and white puffy clouds, probably done by my grandmother's sister Emma, who became a professional artist.

This entire farmhouse was wired for electric lights in late 1936, but otherwise, even into the 1950's, life there was pretty much like "the old days." There was never any electric stove nor running water nor central heating. Vegetables and fruits were stored in a wooden, screened cabinet in the flagstoned cellar. Children walked down the cellar stairs warily, for right beside the staircase was the huge, deep cistern of rainwater, from which water was hand-pumped at the pantry and at the summer-kitchen. A well for drinking water (no longer used by the 1930's) was outside the summer-kitchen door. Chamber sets and washstands were in each bedroom. And in the days which we tend to equate with prudish Victorianism, the two-seater outhouse had been christened by a young niece, "The Everett Conversation Parlor."

On cold days the kitchen was the place to be, with its large old wood stove. In the parlor an ornate wood heating-stove helped out. The pipes from the stoves ran up exposed through the bedrooms above, providing some heat there; but mainly, at nighttime, one depended on home-made wool or down quilts and also whenever possible, within propriety, a bedmate. (One time in March, 1885, when Mrs. Martha Everett was visiting her oldest married daughter in Mooers Forks, she sent instructions to the family at home concerning the frail health of her husband Luther: "Be sure Father's room is warm and [have] Fred [their young son] sleep with him.") The bedroom floors were completely carpeted with a rush matting, which had a figure in color stamped alternately every 3 or 4 feet; small wool carpets were placed here and there on top of that.

In the sitting room of the farmhouse was a "square" piano, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, where my grandmother, Elizabeth Everett Duffy, even at 92, played some of favorite songs, such as "Juanita" or "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" or "Must I reveal exactly as I feel, Must I confess that I love you." Her playing was always spirited, never deadly academic. On the wall over the piano, between photographic portraits of her parents, Luther and Martha Everett, is the popular 1866 engraving of "Authors of the United States," identified by a number discreetly pasted onto each figure corresponding with a numbered list of names below. An important academic accomplishment in the nineteenth century was the ability to name the famous American literary and oratorical figures. The game of "Authors" was a favorite at the Everett Farm. But lasting fame was not in the cards; the set featured historians, journalists, story-writers, biographers, humorists, and poets popular to the nineteenth century, many of whom have now gone out of vogue and are seldom heard of. On the other hand, there were no cards for Walt Whitman and Herman Melville.

In the den the stone fireplace was built in 1903 diagonally across a corner. From indications in family letters I deduce that the fireplace was constructed by my Uncle George, who knew and enjoyed the craft. Displayed across the mantel was the old rifle carried by an ancestor in the Revolution. Several of the stones in the face of the fireplace were etched with the initials of friends or relatives, the most unusual of which was a vertical column of Japanese letters. Tetsuma Akahoshi, the nephew of the Emperor of Japan, was one of George Everett's students at the Lawrenceville School for Boys in Princeton, New Jersey, where George Everett taught English and Elocution from 1902 to 1904. When Christmas vacation came along, Akahoshi was too far away from home to return to Tokyo; so George Everett invited him to spend the holidays at the Everett Farm. "Ak" quickly became a favorite of the whole family and joined in all the festivities. One can only wish for his description to his parents in Tokyo of how he helped chop down a hemlock, drag it over snowy fields, nail boards across the base of its trunk to set it up between the front windows in the den and decorate its branches with glass balls, wax candles, and strings of popcorn. In Lawrence, N.Y., 1903, Oriental people were not a common sight, and at least one neighbor along Merchant Street was unshakably convinced that Akahoshi was surely just hiding the fact that he was an Indian from the St. Regis Reservation.

The accompanying turn-of-the-century photograph of the couch was labelled "A cozy corner of the den." With a fire in the fireplace and a bowl of warm popcorn, this was the place to read poems and stories from the *Potsdam Courier and Freeman* or the eagerly awaited latest issue of the *Youth's Companion*. Cornell banners and pillows (many of them embroidered by various of Fred Everett's girlsfriends) adorned the den. The two boys were in the Class of 1899. A typical evening in the den was described by Ella Everett Finnimore in a letter to her sister in the 1910's: "After supper, there was a roaring fire in the fireplace, then music on the banjo and guitar, jokes and reminiscences until bed time. We gave utterance to several heartfelt wishes that all the rest were here . . . ."

Those same heartfelt wishes grew more poignant later on, in the days that I remember. The stories told would begin, "Remember when . . ." and often end with misty eyes, for after 1937 my grandmother, and her two brothers were the only ones left of their childhood family, and these pleasant evenings were but a taste of the busy, teeming life of the farmhouse in the nineteenth century. They had been in a family of seven children, with grandparents living across the street and many cousins growing up with them near by.

II.

This Everett family came to settle on Merchant Street in the Township of Lawrence through a migration typical of many of the early residents of St. Lawrence County. Richard and Mary

Everett sailed from England to America in 1634 and settled in Dedham, Massachusetts. By mid-eighteenth century a branch of the family, Capt. Edward and Rachel Everett, with their children, migrated northward to Rumney, New Hampshire; and in 1786 this same family crossed Vermont and Lake Champlain to settle in the Plattsburgh area, that part now known as Peru, N.Y. It is their grandson George W. Everett and his wife Abigail Johnson who settled in St. Lawrence County after their marriage in 1827.[2]

The early New England generations of the family, in addition to their occupation as farmers, served their towns and their Congregational churches in various capacities, and they served their fledgling country as soldiers. In King William's War (1689-97) Capt. John Everett commanded a company stationed in New Hampshire and Maine to protect inhabitants from Indians. In the next generation John's son and namesake became the first deacon of the Second Congregational Church of Dedham, when the south part of Dedham forced a Second Parish in 1730. In the Revolution, 12-year-old George Everett served as drummer-boy in a regiment of New Hampshire Rangers commanded by his father Capt. Edward Everett. The Captain was taken prisoner on May 19, 1776, at the Cedars, a point of land in the St. Lawrence River about 35 miles above Montreal. Whether his son George was imprisoned also is unknown. Later on, George re-enlisted for three years' regular military service in the war, 1777 to 1780. George's seventh child and namesake became the St. Lawrence County pioneer.

While this New England background was typical of the early settlers of St. Lawrence County, part of George W. Everett's family history was unusual; he was brought up in the Quaker faith. His grandparents had turned from their traditional New England Congregationalism shortly after American Revolution. Perhaps this family's long exposure to war, a double exposure while both father and son fought in the Revolution, influenced them to choose this non-violent religion. Another strong factor was that many Quakers came to settle in the same location south of Plattsburgh where the Everett's had settled in 1786, Capt. Edward Everett being a surveyor for Zephaniah Platt. At that time the only neighbors had been "a lodge of Indians, who were friendly,"[3] and Capt. Everett's log house was the first to be built in the area; but within a few years other white settlers began to arrive.[4] This section of rolling hills with a view of the Adirondacks to the west and the Green Mountains to the east became known as the Quaker Union, the first white settlement in what is now the town of Peru, N.Y.[5] The Quaker meetinghouse, first built in 1799, served the entire community, although not all of the families became Quakers.[6]

George W. Everett, growing up in the Quaker Union, might have first heard about the town of Lawrence, N.Y., from first-hand accounts of other Quakers. Historian Franklin B. Hough reported that in 1808 "a Quaker from Peru" had held meetings in Lawrence;[7] and in Brasher, just north of present-day Lawrence, a company of Quakers had purchased a tract of land in hopes of founding a colony of that faith "several years previous to 1824," according to the *History of St. Lawrence County* published by L. H. Everts & Co.[8] Even though this project was abandoned because too few Quakers settled there, a section of Brasher along the Deer River is still known locally today as the "Quaker Settlement," and in the township of Lawrence there remains a "Peru Road." In addition to the travels of these few Quakers, George W. Everett of course knew of the influx of northern New Englanders and fellow New York State residents, ever pushing the frontier to the westward. At the turn of the century the only road from the eastern into the western area of northern New York had gone from Plattsburgh through Chateaugay only as far as Malone,[9] but in 1810 a private corporation, which consisted of the principal landowners, cut a road through the primeval forest from Malone to Carthage, thus forming the "St. Lawrence Turnpike," which ran through the southern end of what is now Lawrence (Nicholville) and through Hopkinton.[10] George W. Everett had a choice in 1826 between taking this road, which avoided the mountains, or taking a near-by shorter trail which was probably well worn by this time, running from Port Kent through the mountains by way of Loon Lake and Duane and connecting with the St. Lawrence Turnpike at present-day Nicholville. In the spring of 1827 the State formally laid out this "Hopkinton and Port Kent Turnpike."[11]

To help in their choice of destination, prospective settlers of Northern New York could read the topographical remarks on the early surveys which told what kind of farming land each town contained. Town No. 16 (which became Lawrence) was given an encouraging review in a 1799/1800 "Survey of Sixty Townships being part of the Tract of Macombs Purchase:"[12]

> This I shall call an Excellent Town. There is no bad Land on any part of this Town that I have seen except on the North part which is represented on the Map by Cedar Swamps. These Swamps are pretty extensive and are very bad. The Land[s] between these swamps are in general Excellent and very Level.
>
> As to the other parts of the Town - it is of first Quality Land and may be called such without exaggeration - say ¾ of this Town is first Quality Land and the other fourth is Cedar Swamp. Some Considerable pine on the North part which may be valuable as there is plenty of mill seats of the very Best kind on the St. Regis and its Branches.[13]
>
> There is an Excellent meadow on the East Line of this Town which will afford many Tons of good Hay.

Although George W. Everett and his wife Abigail Johnson, whom he married in 1827, are considered early settlers of the township of Lawrence, they were actually part of a second wave of pioneers. In 1807 the first families had started to come, mostly from New Hampshire and Vermont; but because of fears generated by the War of 1812 the flow was suddenly reversed, and the area became almost deserted. Historian Franklin B. Hough questioned some of the early residents of Lawrence and reported that all but five families were said to have left, and most of them never returned.[14]

Following the unusually cold year of 1816,[15] suffered by all of Northern New York, the second wave of new settlers began to come into the area. Hough singles out 1827-'28 as the date when Lawrenceville, the central village of the township, really "began to grow,"[16] and the Everetts were part of that growth, completing the first land purchase on June 6, 1828. Everett must have arrived at the property earlier, as several twentieth-century newspaper accounts, using facts obtained from the family, consistently imply that the property had been in the family's possession since 1826. Probably Everett had a contractual arrangement such as described by John L. Heaton for his family's farm in Canton, whereby the purchaser settled and made improvements on the land while paying for it in installments, receiving his deed only after the purchase price had been paid in full.[17]

Everett's first land purchase was the plot on which his house still remains in Lawrence. At $4 an acre he bought 36 and 62/100 acres for a total of $146.48 on the west side of Road No. One, in Town No. 16, at first called Chesterfield from 1805 to 1828.[18] This town of nearly 30,000 acres[19] was formed by an act of the New York Legislature passed April 21, 1828, to take effect on the first Monday of the

following March. The town was taken from land formerly in the towns of Brasher to the north and Hopkinton to the south. The title to the land (which had been surrendered to New York State by the Mohawks in a treaty dated March 29, 1795) had been part of the original Alexander Macomb Purchase. By January 1, 1801, title was with Richard Harrison, Alexander Hamilton's law partner.[20] From his all unsold portions were bought February 17, 1820, by William Lawrence, a wealthy New York City merchant who wanted something of interest to occupy his years of retirement from international trade.[21] Mr. Lawrence lived only a few years after his purchase, but he spent part of the three years previous to his death on his new property, and the town was later named for him in 1829. After William Lawrence's death in 1824, his son D. (Dimmick) Lynch Lawrence inherited the land. Three villages today make up the township: Nicholville, in the southern portion (named after E. S. Nichols, executor of the estate of William Lawrence);[22] Lawrenceville, in the central area; and North Lawrence, in the north.

George W. Everett undoubtedly attended the first town meeting, which was held Tuesday, March 3, 1829, at 10:00 A.M. at the home of Carlton McEwen, who was then elected the first Supervisor.[23] McEwen's farm was on the next road east of Everett's farm (now known as McEwen Road) and was on land where the first white man had lived in the town; a Mr. Brewer, subagent for the proprietor Richard Harrison, had built a shanty there in the summer of 1801 and stayed a year, showing land to prospective settlers.[24]

The area where George W. Everett made his land purchase was marked "good" and "very good" on an 1820 survey of the town made by Sewall Raymond.[25] A small brook ran through the southwestern corner of Everett's plot. A slight hill gradually rose to the south of his purchase, but in all other directions the land lay fairly flat. The earth was fertile, being part of the St. Lawrence River valley alluvial plain. The first task of the early settlers of Lawrence was to clear their land of the dense forests of pine, cedar, maple, beech, elm, and various other trees. The most essential tool of the settlers was the ax. If Everett followed the customarily preferred method of New York State farmers as explained in Jared Van Wagenen's *The Age of Homespun*, he left his cut trees with the leaves on until fall, when he burned them. He may have made potash from the hardwood ashes, one of the few cash-producing farm commodities at this time. Some oak or pine would have been saved out to take to the sawyer to be cut into boards for building his house and barns.[26] By this time there were sawvills utilizing the water power of the Deer River at Lawrenceville and of the East Branch of the St. Regis River at Fort Jackson.

According to agricultural historian Van Wagenen, the first crop grown on the early upper New York State farms (which had inherited New England traditions) was largely of corn. It could be planted wherever there was room among the stumps and roots. The virgin soil was practically weed-free, and the accumulated leafmold and the minerals in the ashes from the burned trees provided fertilizer for the first few years of farming.[27] Everett probably owned one or two oxen, a horse, a cow and some chickens.

Everett must have built a temporary log shanty at first, as did many of the early settlers. A local newspaper account dated in the 1930's states that George and Abigail's first child was born (November, 1828) in a house "no longer standing." However, by the following spring, 1829, George and Abigail Everett had probably started to build the small frame house which was to remain their lifelong home and which still stands on the west side of Merchant Street. Family tradition has always maintained that it be painted red, with white trim. This simple, classic cottage ("the most common house form in St. Lawrence County to this day")[28] is of one and a half stories, with lean-to floorplan and gable-end chimneys. The exterior is finished with narrow clapboards nailed horizontally over wide vertical flat boards. The front of the house has a center door, with two windows on each side. This door opens into a kitchen-dining area, the main room of the house. To the south is a small parlor, and at the rear of the house are two bedrooms, a pantry, and the stairway to the second floor; the treads are so extremely narrow that a person of modern-day proportions has to turn his or her foot sideways a complete 90° in order to navigate them. Even with a right-angle turn in the staircase, the steps had to rise quickly so that they ended under the peak of the roof, the only space on the second floor where one could stand up straight and not hit the ceiling. The second floor is divided into two rooms by a center partition running east-west. In the end gables are two standard-sized windows, flanked by small square windows, each tucked in under the sloping roof. The cellar of this house is laid with flagstones. A wing containing a summer kitchen and a woodshed projects northward from the northwest corner of the house. At first there was a separate outhouse, but later an outhouse was built at the back of the wing; it was entered from the inside.[29]

In this home George W. and Abigail Everett raised their three sons, Luther (b. 1828), George (b. 1834),[30] and Frederick (b. 1839). (A son born in 1832 died in infancy.) "Road No. One" in front of the house became known as Merchant Street some time between Everett's deeds of 1835 and 1841. Several families named Merchant were early neighbors.

George W. Everett, and later his son Luther who carried on the farm, increased the acreage of land, purchase by purchase, until the original 36-acre plot had expanded into a 400-acre farm by 1881. This would have been considered a large-sized farm in St. Lawrence County. (In a sample of 125 St. Lawrence County farms, the average acreage in 1894 was 251 acres.)[31] Although Everett built one small barn directly behind his house, he placed all his other barns across the road, making this a split farmstead. Eventually, the Everett Farm contained a "veritable small village of buildings," as a local newspaper described it.[32] These included a large hay barn, cow barn, horse barn, hog house, barn for young stock and sheep, granary, milkhouse, chicken house, and goose house. Most of the barns were constructed of wide vertical boards placed edge to edge, but the horse barn was singled out for special care, being finished off with narrow horizontal clapboards, similar to the home. The horse barn was painted white with dark green trim. Near a well the two-storey milkhouse was of vertical board-and-batten construction, supported at its four corners by stacked slabs of flat sandstone. In the sugarwoods, at the far southeastern corner of the property, Everett built a sugarhouse; his son George hollowed out a huge white pine log for storing the maple sap. They used open cedar buckets and rigged up a winch and tackle for lifting off the square sugar pan. For overnight stays at the sugarhouse, a bunk was equipped with large hoops over which blankets were draped; it was like a cozy covered wagon, drawn up close to the warmth of the fire in the arch. On the farm was also a beechnut woods; and Everett planted apple trees, probably of the old varieties which became family favorites, like Tolman Sweet, Northern Spy, Transparent, Honey Sweet, and the Snow apple. At the eastern end of the pastureland the cows could get water at a western branch of Allens Brook.

Details regarding animals, crops, and production on the Everett Farm in its early years appear in statistics gathered in Lawrence for the 1845 New York State Census.[33] This was the

earliest census to provide statistics on agricultural crops and production in the State and is the only one of these comparatively detailed New York State nineteenth century censuses which is still extant for the town of Lawrence. Fire destroyed the later ones. The year 1845 is in the middle of a decade which Van Wagenen calls "a fortunate period for the New York State farmer."[34] Compared to the New England and North Atlantic states, New York still had plenty of virgin farmland yet to be cultivated. Competition from the midwest was still minimal. Farm labor was plentiful, and wages were low. Prices of agricultural products were relatively high. "The man who owned a hundred acres of land in fee simple felt that his was a goodly heritage . . . . The farmer felt very sure of himself and his future."[35] And for the northern towns of St. Lawrence County the best was yet to come, as in 1850 the "Northern Railroad" (the Ogdensburgh and Lake Champlain Railroad) connected the region to U.S. urban markets and to the Boston and New York seaports. Land value in Lawrence increased after the coming of the railroad, often 100 per cent, according to historian Franklin B. Hough.[36] George W. Everett, in addition to his farming, engaged in some local land speculation, not of vast amounts of acreage, but land strategically located, such as 24.81 acres purchased in 1857 in the northeast corner of the township along this Northern Railroad line.

In the year of the 1845 census Lawrence township had a population of 1031 males and 1024 females. The population had nearly doubled since 1830.[37] The 1845 census states that the Everett Farm contained 250 acres of improved land, and the statistics indicate that this was a diversified farm, as was usual in St. Lawrence County at this time. On the Everett Farm were 47 "neat cattle," (cattle of the ox kind). For the year of the census report, 600 pounds of butter and 300 pounds of cheese had been made. Putting the liquid milk into these products was the best means of storing its goodness and transporting it to market in these days before refrigerated trains and speedy delivery to more populated markets. Part of the family income came also from selling young stock; in a letter of October, 1853, Luther Everett wrote, "[In the past few weeks] have sold about 250 dolls. worth of stock."

Of the 139 sheep on the Everett Farm, 96 were over one year old, each producing a fleece which averaged 3 pounds. The woolen industry was vital to St. Lawrence County's economy prior to the Civil War; and in this year, 1845, the county's sheep population was at its peak, about 168,000 sheep in all.[38]

The larger white farmhouse, home the Luther Everett family, built 1853. (Photo 1903. Photograph courtesy of V. D. McLoughlin)

After 1845 the competition of cheaper wool from the West and the mass-production capabilities of the urban textile centers of New England caused the decline of the woolen industry in St. Lawrence County.[39] At the Everett Farm a total of 288 pounds of wool was produced in the year of the 1845 census. Because there were few fences, each farmer identified his sheep with a distinguishing clip to the ear. For a fee of 12½ cents (derived from the value of a shilling) he registered his mark with the Town Clerk. Abigail Everett may have carded the wool by hand, or she could have taken it to a water-powered carding machine, one of which was located in nearby Hopkinton. The spinning and weaving were done in the home. In the year of the 1845 census, Abigail Everett wove 20 years of "flannel and other woolen cloths." (This measurement was taken before the fulling process, which would have shrunk the yardage by as much as a third.[40] For her own home use, however, Abigail might have used her woven cloth just as it came from the loom.)[41] Abigail Everett wove also 30 yards of "linen, cotton, or other thin cloth." The children probably helped with the entire process, carding, spinning, and weaving. Although evidently no flax was grown on the farm at this time, the next generation did have flax and wove linen cloth.

The 1845 census lists 10 horses owned by the family, and 5 hogs. Hams were home cured, and sausage was seasoned with sage which had been grown in the garden and hung to dry in the summer kitchen. Undoubtedly there were also chickens on the farm, but this question is not asked in the census; probably it was taken for granted. At one time there were geese on the farm, according to old family letters.

Of crops, the 1845 census shows that 207 bushels of wheat were raised, 250 bushels of oats, 10 of buckwheat, 40 of corn, 500 of potatoes, 200 of turnips, 9 of peas, and 2 of beans. Three crops common enough in New York State to be listed on the census were not grown by Everett at this time: barley, flax, and rye.

III.

Despite the success of his farm, or perhaps because of it, George W. Everett's health began to fail. His oldest son Luther, who had attended the Carpenter School (the town's first schoolhouse, at the corner of the present Route 11C and Desmond Road),[42] had just entered the Malone Academy when he was called home to assume charge of the farm. Luther would be 18 that November, 1846; his brother George was 11, and Frederick was 7. Their father may have had a stroke or a nervous breakdown, because Luther wrote in 1852, "Father is still uneasy in his mind, although he has got rid of the cares of his business for six years which he thought would be a great relief to him, but the effect shows that no disposition of affairs or circumstances can cure the ills of the mind."

Luther loved his farm. It was not in his nature to wrangle that his life's occupation was forced early upon him. In a letter of 1852 he wrote, "Our lot is not of our own choosing but such as it pleases Providence to assign to us. Mine is as good or better than I deserve." And in March of that year he expressed the satisfaction to be found in the natural surroundings of a farm, "It is a beautiful day, it looks much like spring. Already I begin to anticipate the pleasures of that joyful season. How pleasant it is to walk through the meadows & gardens, and behold the fields & the forest covered with living greene. When we see the beauty & perfection of the flowers, how forcibly are we reminded of the wisdom & goodness of their Divine Artist. How many & varied are the blessings bestowed upon us."

Luther's religious faith was deeply felt, but whether he formally belonged to a church is not known. There is no record of the existence of a Quaker meetinghouse which the Everett's could have attended. Luther's religion was nurtured by his Quaker parents but also was probably much of his own making. He was well versed in the Bible, and was somewhat of a pantheist

in seeing his Maker in all of nature which surrounded him. One of his favorite poems was Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness," in which the Quaker poet praises an intimate God of goodness, mercy, and love, and shuns the "iron creeds" of formal religious dogma.

Luther was not quite 23 years old in October of 1851 when he first laid eyes on Miss Martha Abram of Parishville. The attraction was mutual. Only a month later Luther was writing to Martha in the flowery language of the nineteenth century, "[I] hope that I may enjoy the pleasure of strewing garlands & flowers along the pathway of your future life. I do not allow myself to think to much of pleasure in the future, but the anticipations of hours of joy & gladness, hours of sweet association, hours of happy seclusion from all except the one dearest, are some of the delightful contemplations of my mind." Their courtship lasted almost two years, during which Luther's visits to Martha were usually two to four weeks apart; he wrote her in March, 1852, "If I should consult my own feelings I should spend a great deal more time with you, but duty interferes. I never had so many cares or so much to do as at present . . . ." A few months later he wrote, "I intend to see you 2 weeks from to day but if I should not come you need not think [it] strange, we have had bad luck with our horses, I have to yield to circumstances." And one evening after coming in from milking, he expressed the typical dilemma of young lovers, "How well I could enjoy this beautiful evening if you was here or I was there."

Martha Abram was the eighth of eleven children born to William and Margaret Haslem Abram, Espiscopalians who had come to Parishville in 1825 from Northern Ireland by way of Canada. Abram had been hired to manage David Parish's flock of Merino sheep,[43] and the family lived in, and later purchased, the large farmhouse which David Parish had commissioned of the French architect Joseph Ramee.[44] Luther Everett, after his first formal call to meet Martha's parents, could not help comparing this rather elegant farmhouse to the humble cottage on Merchant Street. He wrote back to Martha that he rode home conversing with his own thoughts and "soon found myself at home, and although it was not so nice as yours, it looked good to me."

Before her marriage Martha Abram attended the old St. Lawrence Academy in Potsdam for at least a term,[45] and taught in one of the district schools in Parishville for a while. Indications in letters from Luther to Martha suggest they were betrothed to each other at least by October, 1852, a year after they had met. In anticipation of their marriage, which would take place June 15, 1853, Luther began to build a commodious farmhouse about 200 yards north of his parental home and on the other side of Merchant Street, the same side as the barns. (This is the house described at the beginning of this writing.) Luther adapted the design probably from popular plan books or from early domestic architectural books by Asher Benjamin published in the 1830's and 40's.[46] Built parallel to the road, this house of Greek Revival trim combined a classic St. Lawrence County cottage and a long perpendicular wing, an integral part of the house, extending eastward back from the center of the south gable. A piazza ran along the outline of the entire front, with two sets of steps up to it, one at the central door of the classic cottage and one at the door of the wing.

The new house was not finished until early December, 1853. Luther and Martha probably lived the first months of their marriage in the small red farmhouse with Luther's parents and two younger brothers. That fact might go a long way toward explaining why Martha made an extended visit to her parental home in Parishville during the fall. The separation provides us with a few letters from Luther to Martha in which he reports on the progress of their new house.[47] On October 22, 1853, Luther wrote, "The plastering will probably be finished the last of next week. expect to get the house cleaned & dry so that the joiners can hang the doors & paint the inside week after next. they have put another coat [of white paint] on the out side. it makes the house look quite different. have made a trade with Roice [or Rice] to buy the doors. says he shall be here with the doors as soon as we get ready for them, the joiners went away some days ago. the family seems quite small." The joiners (carpenters who did inside finishing work) evidently lived at the Everett Farm while doing their work, as did the mason/plasterer. "Henry has been to work here this week, has built the chimneys and pillars under the piazza, and plastered the piazza & over half of the chambers. he plastered a spell this evening, has just gone home to see his *wife*. I stayed in the *new house* a while. It was all still. nothing disturbed my meditations. in vain I listened to hear the soft whispers of my best friend."

By November 21, 1853, Luther wrote that he expected the house to be finished in two weeks, and he enumerated some purchases of furniture he had made in Nicholville from Alexander Peck: "a table, a dress table & stand for $8.00," a "desk to write on with drawers & doors in the top for $7.00. it is varnished nice and is a greater ornament & more convenient than a Bureau." He assured Martha that "if the things don't suit, you need not keep them." "Mother says you need not get any silver spoons. she has bo't 6 small & 3 larg spoons for you, they are the handsomest ones I ever saw." Although Martha was to return in three weeks, Luther was lonesome: "It looks rather dark up towards our house, as I just opened the door & looked that way. guess the folks retire early up there. Shall not say much about my present happiness and future prospects this time" nor "the long & lonesome hours, silent thoughts &c. which *some* of the folks have down this way . . . three weeks ahead looks *away in the distance*." In December, 1853, Luther and Martha moved into their new farmhouse.

Luther and Martha had seven children: Abigail (born in 1854); Libbie Margaretta (1858); Ella and Emma, unidentical twins (1861); Elizabeth (1864); Frederick (1872); and George (1875). All lived into adulthood except the second child, who died at 3 of scarlet fever; her grave, marked "Little Maggie," is in the Nicholville Cemetery.

When Luther's brother George married Mary Abram (Martha's sister) in 1857, they too came to live in the white farmhouse; but on April 10, 1860, both George and his younger brother Frederick (now married to Jane J. Wilsey) quitclaimed their one-third interest in their father's estate to Luther for $4,350 each.[48] According to land deeds on record, George and Mary on May 1, 1861, bought the "James Trussell Farm" in Nicholville;[49] and Frederick and Jane bought land south of the Everett Farm: on June 28, 1861, 40 acres from Francis and Phebe Clark[50] and on November 17, 2863, 50 acres from his uncle and aunt, Harley and Mary Johnson Hedding (sometimes spelled "Heading").[51]

Frederick and Jane, however, had but a short time together on their new farm. News of the Civil War was beginning to intensify. Northern New Yorkers had provided stations on the Underground Railroad to hide runaway slaves escaping to Canada; but now, as the war progressed, President Lincoln began to call desperately for more men for the Army. A nephew of Abigail Johnson Everett,[52] who was already in the Army, wrote to the family on Merchant Street from Alexandria, Virginia, on September 15, 1862, "The rebals are driving us every time and at every place and at every point. You need not beleive all you read in the papers. The General report is five of our men killed and four hundred wounded, and it is generaly the re-

verse. You see, I know because I see the Battles and I see the papers and they lie like the D---l, to keep us in good Spirit. We have lost a great many men and so have they but our old Army is prety weak." On December 18, 1863, the Town of Lawrence held a town-meeting, Mary Abram Everett explained to her sister Eliza, "to raise a bounty to hire men for this *cruel war.* They voted to raise 300 d for new recruits & 850 d for veteran soldiers. Hope it will be an inducement to some; if not, they were certainly *draft.*" Frederick Everett, despite his Quaker background, volunteered on Christmas Day, 1863, as a private in the 6th Regiment of New York Heavy Artillery Volunteers.[53] His military papers reveal that at that time, aged 24, he was "5 feet 8 inches high, [of] light complexion, hazel eyes, dark hair and by profession a Farmer." There is ironic humor in his cousin's letter sent earlier from the war: "Tell Fred that it is a good place for him here; he could hunt all the time and no one would stop him and he would find more game here than he does there. One rebal is worth two Deer but there is more danger in hunting them than there is in hunting Deer." Frederick was wounded June 3, 1864, in the Battle of Cold Harbor, Virginia, part of the most desperately fought campaign of the war, according to Morison and Commager's *Growth of the American Republic.* General Grant's and General Lee's armies were entrenched against each other in lines six or eight miles long. Frederick Everett was at the eastern end of the Union line, at White House Landing on the Pamunkey River. General Grant ordered an assault upon the entire line of Lee's trenches. "Before going over the top the Union soldiers pinned papers on their backs, giving their names and addresses to identify their corpses. Eight or nine thousand men fell in a few hours . . . ."[54] Medical treatment, when it came, was inadequate. Frederick Everett was wounded in the right hand, his thumb was amputated under primitive conditions, and later he was put onto a train for home. Gangrene set into the wound, and by the time he reached North Lawrence, he was delirious. Although attended daily by Dr. Gary Whitney of Lawrence, Frederick Everett died June 19, 1864, three days after arrival home. (Frederick and Jane had had one child, Xira, born in 1860. She married George Carl Lewis in 1878, but died in childbirth at the age of 19. Her grave is in the Hopkinton-Fort Jackson Cemetery next to that of her father.)

Luther's brother George, however, lived to be 72. He and his wife Mary sold their farm in Nicholville in 1873[55] and settled in Parishville Center where they bought the "King Brown Farm" on the road which is now State Route #72. Here they remained for almost twenty years, keeping a herd of 50 cows on the 500-acre farm, which William Richard Cutter described in his *Genealogical and Family History of Northern New York* as "the finest in the county at that time."[56] George and Mary had six children, one of whom was Edward Abram Everett, the lawyer and businessman who served as New York State Assemblyman and in the 1920's was Town Supervisor of Potsdam. Because Luther and George were married to sisters, their families kept in close touch and their children knew the specialness of being "double cousins."

After the Civil War Luther and George Everett took part in a growing national movement among farmers toward co-operative buying and selling. Throughout the country farmers began to realize the necessity of some organized action to retain their economic and social status in American society. Business, banking, and railroad interests were beginning to squeeze out the farmer. Farm prices fell, whereas the cost of agricultural supplies and household goods rose. In 1867 the first organized national effort to fight back came wth the founding of the Patrons of Husbandry, known as the Grange. Although its main purpose was social and educational, the Grange soon established co-operative stores to eliminate the profits of the middlemen and even went into the manufacturing of farm implements to reduce their high costs to the farmer. The idea of co-operative stores was not new, however, to the farmers of Lawrence, N.Y. As early as 1846 the New England Protective Union store had opened in Nicholville,[57] and in 1848 a union store had been established in Lawrenceville.[58] After the Civil War the original union store in Nicholville closed out, but a year later on April 4, 1868, Luther and George Everett joined with 11 others from Lawrence, 12 from Hopkinton, 4 from Parishville, and 2 from Dickinson, to found the Nicholville Co-operative Union. All members were to be co-partners in the "business of general country merchants and in the buying and vending all sorts of goods, ware and marchandise . . . ."[59] Each of the 49 original members contributed $10 for the support and management of the business, and each shared equally in any profits or losses. In addition, members had the privilege of purchasing items at a certain percentage below the marked price. According to the "Articles of Co-partnership and By Laws" a Board of Directors of eleven members was to be elected by ballot, and these Directors were to elect from their number a President, Vice President, and Secretary for one-year terms. The business was "successful for a number of years," according to author Gates Curtis.[60] The Secretary's report in February, 1870, shows sales for the preceding year totaled $37,000. In 1875 Luther Everett was elected President of the Board. Evidently things were not going smoothly in regard to the two clerks hired at the store, and resolutions passed on June 30 of that year minced no words:

> Where as, the business in the Store, has been very loosely, inefficiently, and unsatisfactorily conducted, therefore
>
> Resolved, that the Clerks shall pursue a mo[r]e businesslike system, and to facilitate such a course, they shall keep a cash book, and butter book,
>
> Resolved, that one clerk, shall not have any privilege that is denied to the other, and that both alike, shall be familiar with the books, papers, and business of the Store, out side and in, which we consider indispensable to the interest of the Company.
>
> Resolved, that the clerks shall keep a correct account of all moneys expended by themselves, as personal expenses, while doing business for the company, and make an exibit of the same.[61]

The clerks were not equally paid, however, one clerk being paid more than twice the salary of the other. By 1883 the store must have overextended its loaning power; in February, 1883, Luther Everett was appointed to a three-man committee "to confer together and report at the next meeting some course of action which in their judgement would be for the best interest of the company." An inventory presented July 17, 1883, showed a balance against the company of $651.84, the loss probably due to the difficulty of collecting on loans and goods bought with credit. Immediately "Motion was made by Hon. Jonah Sanford that Luther Everett and H. C. Witters be appointed a committee with authority to sell the Stock and Store at such price as they should deem best."[62] It was recommended that the store building be painted, and it was then sold, perhaps to J. A. Martindale, who had been Secretary of the union and a clerk/manager at the store; he is listed among the merchants of Nicholville in 1894, according to Curtis's history.[63]

In the *Gazeteer and Business Directory of St. Lawrence County* for 1873-'74 Luther Everett is listed as a farmer and dealer in agricultural implements.[64] Whether this dealership was an enterprise separate from the union

store is not known.

Perhaps the dealership partially explains why the Luther Everett family moved temporarily to Nicholville some time in the late 1860's or in the 1870's. The reasons for this four-year interlude in Nicholville are unclear. Perhaps this was at the same time that George and Mary Everett and their family lived in Nicholville, or, as is more likely, Luther decided to take over George and Mary's farm when they moved to Parishville Center. Ownership of that property, which in the deeds is called the "James Trussell Farm," transferred from George to Luther Everett in the spring of 1873.[65] The property was on the north side of the main road through Nicholville (now Route #11B), between present-day Route #195 and Ferris Road.[66] Elizabeth Everett Duffy, in a 1937 letter, recalled the hill where the Nicholville cemetery was and the river down below: "We all played there as children when we lived in Nicholville as our house was very near." In buying the property, Luther may have wanted to expand his farming, or he may have thought the property was simply a good investment. Those four years were the only time in which the Luther Everett family lived away from the homestead farm on Merchant Street. Presumably, hired hands carried on the daily chores at the original farmstead. (The only reason to question the dates and exact location of the farm where the Luther Everett's lived during those four years in Nicholville is the fact that at the date of the deed from George to Luther Everett in 1873, the deed states that John Donovan "now resides" on the property. Ten years later Luther sold the property to John Donovan.)[67]

The deed to the entire Everett Farm on Merchant Street was legally granted to Luther by his parents a few months previous to his father's death in 1876.[68] The farm then contained about 350 acres in Lawrence, plus a lot of almost 24 acres just over the town line in Stockholm, called a "sugar lot." George W. Everett had been in feeble health for many years. Two years later his wife Abigail Johnson Everett died, but not before she had once more demonstrated the pioneer spirit of adventure by travelling alone to the Midwest, with the purpose (which proved futile) of collecting on an unpaid debt. Abigail had been born in New Hampshire, where her family were members of the Quaker meeting at Quaker City, a hamlet of steep hills near the Vermont border, south of Claremont.[69] In 1809 Abigail's parents, Samuel and Jane, moved their family to New York State somewhere "within the limits of Perue Monthly Meeting" of Quakers.[70] Perhaps at the Quaker Union of Peru the Johnson and Everett families first met. However, by 1815 Abigail's parents, adventurous pioneers themselves, had moved their family into the Adirondacks, establishing a home on the road which now runs between Gabriels and Paul Smiths (Route #192). They were the first permanent settlers of that area which is now the Township of Brighton.[71] Family lore claims that Abigail and her sisters were the first white women on the St. Regis Lakes.[72]

Family letters indicate that Abigail was a feisty woman and, although she evidently lacked any formal education, she had what might euphemistically be called a strong business sense. One of her Johnson relatives in Wisconsin had borrowed $100, and she determined, at the age of 68, that she would set out to get it back. She travelled by way of the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes to Milwaukee, a boat trip of over eight days. There she and family friends with whom she stayed for two nights "went all over the city in the streat cars munday. I cant tell you on paper the wonders I saw. I wish that sum of your young eyes could have seen the wonders insted of mine. I want you all to take a trip on the lakes if you could be shure of as good a time as I had." From Milwaukee to Bridgeport (near Prairie du Chien, on the western borner of Wisconsin) she went by railroad. She wrote back to the family at the Everett Farm, using her phonetic spelling, "I shant get any mony nor never shal. I aint sory yet that I cum nor shant be if I get safe home. I no now all about it. Dont blame me too much. I shall be as prudant the rest of my days as I can and that wont be but a short time. If I can one ley liv to get home and find you all alive and well is all I ask for in this world . . . . I feel so about the mony it makes me sick. If I ever get home to them dear little boys, deth will be the next seperation. Dont let them forget me. Take good cair of your selvs and the calvs and chickens." When his mother returned to the Everett Farm and Luther recognized her approaching figure in the distance, he ran across the fields to greet her and envelop her in his arms, incredulous and thankful of her safe return.[73]

The graves of Abigail Johnson Everett and her husband George W. Everett are in the Nicholville cemetery. Why the family bought a plot in this Nicholville cemetery is not known; the closer Hopkinton-Fort Jackson cemetery was in use "probably about 1820," according to Hopkinton historian Carlton E. Sanford.[74]

IV.

The children of Luther and Martha Everett were born over a span of twenty-one years, first all girls and then, after a hiatus of eight years, two boys, born in 1872 and 1875. The girls all had important parts to play in the household taking care of the young boys as well as helping with cooking, cleaning, sewing, and entertaining. There is no indication that the girls, or the boys either, took part in the farm work itself except in peripheral ways. Opportunities for education were increasing, and Luther and Martha encouraged their children to take advantage of it with the hope that it would be of practical value. (Later on, Martha Everett regretted, however, that her children had been educated right out of the farming business. Both her sons entered professional life, and there was no one in the family to carry on the farming.)

The Everett children first attended the district one-room school. Whereas in their father Luther's schooldays the nearest school had been about a mile north of the Everett Farm, in 1848 a new schoolhouse had been located right next to the original small Everett farmhouse, on the southwest corner of Merchant Street and a small dirt road (now virtually unused). Nehemiah R. Merchant was paid $5 to lease this small corner of his property (84.5' x 74.25') to the "inhabitants of School District No. 3."[75] Thirty years later the site of the schoolhouse was moved further south and onto the east side of Merchant Street; for this later school site Luther Everett was paid $60 in 1878 for a half acre of his land.[76] The trustee of the school district was to see to fencing the premises and keeping same in good repair. (This one-room schoolhouse was destroyed by a hurricane in 1954.)[77]

The next step in education for most of the Everett children beyond the district school was the co-educational Lawrenceville Academy, which opened to students in the spring of 1861.[78] Academies such as this were burgeoning throughout the East in the mid-nineteenth century, and Lawrenceville's history is typical. A group of citizens in the area, desiring advanced education for their children, formed an association, offered stock shares of $25 each to raise the capital, elected trustees, and appointed Mr. and Mrs. John B. Young as principal and preceptress, respectively. A three-storey brick building was erected on Main Street in Lawrenceville at a cost of $4500.[79] Tuition for the spring term of 1885 (for which a catalog has been preserved at the Town Historian's office) was $5 to $9, depending upon the course of study.[80] Most of the students at the Academy were from farm homes, and those who lived too far for commuting

boarded with Lawrenceville families. The Academy rules applied to both commuters and boarders alike, and attempted to govern not only their academic lives but their social conduct as well. Some of the by-laws read, "Every student will observe evening study hours and remain at his home or boarding place at all times after 7 p.m.;" "No student is allowed to attend private parties without permission from the principal and in no case public dances while connected with the academy."[81] Elizabeth Everett, for one, would have balked at those rules, as she was both very independent and gregarious. The dates of her attendance at the Academy are not known but when she was almost 16, she wrote to her sisters on New Year's Day, 1880, with some wishful thought, if not actual anticipation. "There is a *big dance* to the Cheese Factory tonight." A few months later she "had a splended time" attending a dramatic production of the "Hidden Hand," which was followed by a dance downstairs in the hall. Elizabeth's mother was not at all happy about this, but she was disturbed as much by the dramatic play as by the dancing. Martha Everett felt theater was sinful and never attended a play until the late 1890's when her son George persuaded her to go to one with him at Cornell. After the play, in which she had been visibly moved to a tear or two, her son thought he'd won her over to accepting the legitimacy of theater, but she insisted it was not the play which had affected her, "It was only that it reminded me of someone I once knew." Despite the rules of the Lawrenceville Academy, Elizabeth Everett had fond memories of it and was proud to have attended. In seeming contradiction, she was also proud of the fact that she never had the "benefit" of a college education. The Lawrenceville Academy closed in 1890[82] because of "competition with more pretentious institutions," according to author Gates Curtis.[83] [The Academy building was later used as a district school, but after many years of abandonment it was torn down in 1979.][84]

All but two of Luther and Martha's children attended the Potsdam Normal, a State school which was a great boon to education in the North Country. The Everett's had to make some financial sacrifice for the cash outlay necessary for the children's education. When their first-born, Abigail, was at Potsdam Normal in 1874, her tuition was free in the Normal Department of the school, where the State's objective was to train competent teachers for its public school system. However, Abbie had to be boarded in Potsdam. Martha Everett explained to her sister, "Have not had anything new this winter or spring. It takes all we can spare for Abbie . . . . I miss her so much and expense is a great deal, 3'50 [per week] without washing, but if she improves her time it will pay. She seems to like school very much." For that cost Abbie could have either boarded with a private family or lived at the school's Boarding Hall for women students, where sometimes the charge was slightly less, depending upon the frugality of the boarders. A form of the "Domestic Plan" initiated by Mary Lyon at Mount Holyoke in 1837 was still in practice at the Boarding Hall, each student being required to do some general housekeeping duties for one hour each day.[85]

Ella Everett later studied at the Potsdam Normal School, but first she and her twin sister Emma went to the Albany area for schooling. Their cousin, Almira L. Covey, had been principal of the Amsterdam Academy, and since Emma suffered from asthma in St. Lawrence County, a change of locale was recommended for her health. Almira Covey's sister wrote yet another enticement, "Tell Emma and Ella Amsterdam is the *place for* rich gentlemen." Emma did not mention the gentlemen, however, when she wrote home from the Academy in March, 1880. "Ella and I are taking Arithmetic, Nat. History. Botony, English Literature, Music and Painting, so you see we have a little something to do. We read English History along with Literature." In the fall of 1881 Emma and Ella entered "Claverack College and Hudson River Institute," (near Hudson, N.Y.) where Emma began to concentrate her studies in art, and Ella in music. This was a co-educational college of about 500 students.

While Emma and Ella were away at school, their mother's letters to them chatted about everyday life at their St. Lawrence County home: " . . . Monday Mr. and Mrs. Wells were here to dinner . . . . Tuesday butchered. Made about 100 lbs. sausage . . . . Wednesday Marinda Adams and Carrie Fletcher here to dinner and tea. To day Ruthie came, and hope she will stay a year or until I get my sewing done. Have made her father a shirt & Georgie a dress, out of the flannel like your dresses. [George would have been almost 5 years old.] It is warm and pleasant. We are well, except colds. Hope you will be careful of your health. Will send your leggings if you want . . . ."[86]

Martha Everett was also concerned about the spiritual life of her daughters away at school. It was important to her that her children believe in God and thereby remain in a state of grace, prepared for death in this "uncertain life." (Often in letters from Martha Everett's generation of the family any reference to future plans is preceded by the provisional phrase, "if I live.")

> My dear Children I hope that we will all begin the new year trying to live better for we are admonished by the Death of poor Katie Shopkins [Hopkins?] how uncertain life is. It seems so hard for them to give her up. She was 20 the day she was taken sick. Dear girls take the bible and read it *carefully* and *prayerfully* asking God to give his divine spirit to help you to understand it and it will be a pleasure instead of a task. Hope you remember to read every day. We have a great many very anxious hours.[87]

Martha saw to it that her children went to church every Sunday. Until 1886 she may have kept her formal membership in a church in Parishville, where she grew up, or perhaps in some church in Lawrence, but the records of the Congregational Church of Hopkinton show that she and her four daughters became members of that church on May 2, 1886.[88] There is no record that Luther became a member; he may have still felt closer to his Quaker background. Church dogma was not of consequence to either Martha or Luther, but a strong faith in God was of utmost importance to both parents. Morning family worship was observed every day in the home, and in the evenings Luther Everett often read aloud to the family from the Bible.

Like many women in nineteenth century rural life, Martha Everett had ample opportunity to put her religion into practice. She not only tended her own family but answered the call from neighbors, friends, or relatives in sickness or misfortune. Over the years she accumulated a great deal of practical knowledge. Her expertise was called upon even when she was visiting her daughter in Nebraska in 1891: Emma wrote, "At five in the morning Mrs. George Miller came after Mother as Delia was very sick [the usual way of saying a woman was in childbirth labor] & the Dr. had not got there." (In the late 1920's it is unfortunate that her medical skill was unavailable at the Everett Farm when one of the tenant farmer's children cut his leg. His parents, the Calnon's, followed an old folk remedy which would have been better forgotten. Fresh cow manure was applied to the cut. The child later died.)[89]

Martha Everett welcomed visitors to her home, whether for a meal or for a stay of weeks. The dinner table at midday was always set with an extra place for the unexpected guest. Visits from friends and relatives not only strengthened emotional bonds but were

The Luther and Martha Everett family c. 1882. Standing, left to right: Ella, Cyrus, Elizabeth. Seated, left to right: Luther, George, Emma, Abigail, Frederick, Martha. (Photograph courtesy of V. D. McLoughlin)

an important chance to exchange information, whether practical or purely entertaining. The younger generations, too, developed an ability to relate their experiences. The atmosphere was one which gives birth to the raconteur.

Because of a reliance on themselves for entertainment, a few members of the younger generations developed quite another talent. The 1880's and 90's could be called the Age of the Practical Joke. Stories abound about their exploits. An example follows: One male cousin who used to visit from time to time was not a favorite among the Everett girls. One night he was going from the Everett Farm to a dance and had laid out his good clothes in readiness. The girls sneaked into his room and stuffed limburger cheese into the wasteband of his trousers. As the poor fellow danced, the heat of his body increased what was already in a bad smell. Any hopes of an enormous conquest that evening were thoroughly quashed.l Great amusement was derived from other frequent tricks, such as giving a little kick to the dog who lay under the dining table, knowing the dog's reaction was to bite the nearest person in front of him.[90] Proof of the pleasure of these practical jokes is in the glee with which they were still being recounted by the perpetrators fifty years later.

More sedate and kindly forms of entertainment were derived from reading aloud, reciting poems, telling stories, playing games such as the cardgame "Pedro," and singing to the accompaniment of the piano or the banjo. At community entertainments Elizabeth and Ella Everett were known for their whistling duets. Luther Everett's favorite poet was Whittier. He sometimes recited the poems while walking behind the plough. His admiration for Whittier can best be expressed by quoting from a brief letter he pencilled off to his wife in about 1885 from Boston, where Luther managed to meet the great poet himself. After the usual sightseeing Luther determined that he would "find Whittier." By questioning many passers-by he finally arrived at a mansion on Mt. Vernon Street where Whittier was said to be. Quite to his amazement, he was ushered right in by a doorman. Luther discovered that he had happened to arrive at the very time when Whittier was being feted by a gathering of friends and Boston dignitaries who had been co-workers in the anti-slavery movement. Quick to realize his good fortune, Luther simply made himself one of the group. After a "nice chat" with Lucy Stone, the famous suffragist, "I managed to get in Whittiers company, he gave me a warm hand shake. I told him my name, residence, occupation, and how when I was tired & weary, I took my Whittier down and feasted, and was refreshed. he said in a modest way he was glad if he ever done anything to make one happy. at my request gave me his autograph. writ in a young legible hand." Luther rejoiced in "one of the lucky *nits* for which I am renowned."

In the family correspondence during the nineteenth century little is written about the farmwork itself. (The few references are quoted here in chronological order.) In letters to Martha before their marriage, Luther Everett often mentioned having to set aside his writing because it was milking time, and on September 7, 1852, he wrote, "I have been busily engaged for a week or ten days past at harvesting, . . . finished yesterday. today I have been to work about two miles from home cutting rails." (Rail fences and stone walls both were used on the Everett farm.) Luther mentions travelling often in the 1850's to other towns on farm business: Potsdam, Norfolk, Nicholville, Parishville.

A few decades later, in April, 1874, Martha Everett wrote to her sister, "Have had to warm milk for 20 calves, have 36 cows, expect to have 40 . . . ." On March 1, 1880, she mentioned in a letter to her daughters, "Father is going to Brasher after ice." On May 30, 1880, Luther wrote to his daughters that the hired man was away and, "We have 41 cows, it is a big job to milk. Ma milked 12 one night . . . . I wish we could all spend a few of these *June* days up among the Adirondacks at Paul Smiths and thereabouts, but the old farm and its work holds us with a *prison grip*." In December, 1880, Luther wrote, "I think hay will be 20 per tun. the Berry boys [from North Lawrence] are shipping Cattle and sheep every week they pay good prices . . . . I drew 9¼ cords hemlock bark to depo at $5.00 per cord. I am getting up wood and drawing logs to mill. our milk net us $1.05 per hundred for all summer . . . . I sold one of those one eyed cows for $29.00."

On July 15, 1884, Martha wrote, "I mowed this forenoon. This P.M. I fried cakes, made ginger biscuit, wrote, hoed in the garden & went to sleep. Georgie & Fred have gone to bed & are calling Ma ma bring some water (as usual) . . . . It is not very good weather for haying. I have been berrying. Got 5 lbs." In November, 1884, Luther wrote, "We had a Steam power threshing machine [presumably hired for the occasion], threshed 700 bushels in less than 1½ days." Until 1904 when rural free delivery started on Merchant Street, someone had to "go up to get the mail." Many different addresses for the Everett Farm appear on nineteenth century envelopes: Lawrence, Lawrenceville, North Lawrence, Fort Jackson, and Stockholm Depot. The majority of letters in the 1880's and 90's went to Fort Jackson. Letters were often mailed from the farm "when I see a team going by."

The household work for Martha Everett included churning butter; making soap; canning, pickling, or drying produce from the garden; curing hams; mixing sausage; and making maple sugar loaves from the syrup. Part of her work routine was what we now call the "crafts" of spinning and weaving

wool and flax, knitting, tying comforts, and making lace netting for edging table-scarves and bed canopies. Although hard liquor would probably have been frowned upon for all but occasional medicinal use, Martha Everett made grape wine regularly each year, evidently with no compunctions. A professional seamstress came in from time to time, especially to help with the more elaborate dresses, but Martha Everett sewed much of the family's clothing. In all this work her daughters shared when they became old enough.

It was customary to hired a local teen-aged girl or young single woman to come and live in the home and help with the household chores, but while Luther and Martha's children were away at school, one method of economizing was to try to do without this hired domestic help. In 1874 while Abigail was attending Potsdam Normal, Martha wrote to her sister, "Have not had a girl only 9 days this spring." And in 1880 her daughters at Amsterdam Academy admonished, "How foolish you are to get along without a girl! And try to crowd so much work into one day. Mother will kill herself if she keeps on." This warning was heeded; a few months later Luther mentioned hiring "a French girl from the depo." (Winthrop was then called Stockholm Depot.) This hired "girl" was probably Julia Lacomb, listed as "Servant" in the 1880 U. S. Census following the Everett family names.[91] She was a 30-year-old single woman, whose parents had been born in Canada. There was always a period of adjustment for all concerned when new help was hired. Martha Everett developed her own practical guide: "Let [the hired helper] know the responsibility rests on her, and if she doesn't get it done, dont you run out & do it yourself. Make her do it, only be pleasant & *dignified.*"[92] There was plenty of work to be done by all, and Martha prided herself that she "always did *every kind* of *work*" and "*could do anything* a *woman*

Martha Everett lived a long life in relatively good health. By the mid-1880's, however, the entire family knew that Luther's years were numbered. He had fallen and hit his head on the ice one winter day in about 1881 while helping his son Fred learn how to skate. A local newspaper account read, "No inconvenience was felt at the time, but soon alarming symptoms were noticed, and he began losing the use of his muscles. The most eminent physicians of Boston, Albany and Montreal were consulted, but all agreed no permanent cure was possible. And so, with a cheerful resignation rarely equaled, never excelled, he calmly awaited the call of the Master, which after all came so suddenly and unexpectedly after an illness [of pneumonia] of only two days."[94] Luther Everett died January 28, 1890, at the age of 61.

Luther had signed his last will and testament on February 27, 1886, giving to his wife and two sons the farm property "consisting of about four hundred acres together with all the stock, cows, heifers, steers, calves, sheep and hogs together with all the horses and colts [with the exception of three horses named specifically to go to his wife Martha alone]." To his four daughters he bequeathed "all the rest and residue" of his estate, with no specifics. Dollars are not mentioned in the will. At first he had intended also that after Martha's death each of his daughters would receive $250 to be paid by Frederick and George out of profits from the farm, but in September, 1887, he withdrew this charge from his will.[95]

A few months after Luther's death, Martha Everett wrote to her son George, who was in school at Mooers, Clinton County:

> George, I do *expect* [that] you study, and try to improve your time . . . . If you and Fred were one half as anxious for yourselves as I am for you, what could you not be? But with all my anxiety I would much rather you would be such men as your Dear Father was, than to have all the education, or gold, on earth, without that noble, Christian manhood he had . . . . Never never child had a father to be more thankful for, or prouder of than yours.

NOTES

[1] Robert H. McGowan and David Zdunczyk, "The Enduring Tradition: Notes on St. Lawrence County Farmsteads," *The Quarterly* (published by the St. Lawrence County Historical Association), January 1984, Vol. XXVIX, No. 1, pg. 8.

[2] Genealogical information is from Edward Franklin Everett, *Descendants of Richard Everett of Dedham, Mass.* (Boston, Printed privately by T. R. Marvin & Son, 1902), with the exception of the name "Rachel," wife of Capt. Edward Everett, whom the published genealogy identifies as "Ruth Field." In a formal paper presented in 1888, Bertha Bentley, an Everett descendant and resident of Peru, N.Y., quotes from a bond "still in possession" of one of the Captain's grandchildren; the bond provides for the Captain and "Rachel Everett his wife."

[3] Bertha Bentley, "The First Settler of Ausable," essay read before the Clinton County Teachers' Association at Plattsburgh, May 7, 1888, as cited in Virginia Burdick and Neal Burdick, "The Quaker Union," *The Antiquarian* (published by the Clinton County Historical Association), Fall, 1986, p. 4. See the Burdick article for a history of the Quaker Union.

[4] Virginia Burdick and Neal Burdick, "The Quaker Union,"; *op. cit.*, p. 4.

[5] The town's name derives from the fact that French settlers of the early seventeenth century called the whole northern range the Peruvian or Peru Mountains in anticipation of gold and silver deposits such as had been discovered in the Andes. Murray Heller, "Naming Names," *Adirondack Life*, January/February, 1989, Vol. XX, No., 1, p. 30. (Heller's book *Call Me Adirondacks* is to be published June 1, 1989, by Chauncy Press of Saranac Lake, N.Y.)

[6] Burdick, "The Quaker Union," *op. cit.*, p. 6.

[7] Franklin Benjamin Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, New York* (Albany, Little & Co., 1853), p. 326.

[8] Samuel W. Durant and Henry B. Peirce, with L. H. Everts and J. M. Holcomb, editors, *History of St. Lawrence County, New York* (Philadelphia, L.H. Everts & Co., 1878), p. 413.

[9] Richard C. Ellsworth, "The Settlement of the North Country," *History of the State of New York*, Alexander C. Flick, ed., (N.Y., Columbia U. Press, 1934), Vol. 5, Chapter VI, p. 191.

[10] Ellsworth, "The Settlement of the North Country," *op. cit.*, p. 193.

[11] Gates Curtis, ed., *Our County and Its People: A Memorial Record of St. Lawrence County, New York* (Syracuse, D. Mason & Co., Publishers, 1894), p. 671.

[12] Survey, with map, is located in Field Book #1, County Clerk's Office, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[13] This refers to the East Branch of the St. Regis River and to the Deer River, as the map accompanying the 1799/1800 Survey labels the present-day Deer River as the "East Branch of St. Regis R." What is called today the East Branch, going through Fort Jackson, is labelled the "St. Regis River."

[14] Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, op. cit.*, p. 326.

[15] See excerpt from the diary of Artemus Kent of Hopkinton, Varick Chittenden, ed., "The Year Without a Summer," *The Quarterly*, January, 1983, Vol. XXVIII, No., 1, p. 10.

[16] Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, op. cit.*, p. 327.

[17] John L. Heaton, "100 Years of an American Farm," *Quarterly*, October, 1981, Vol. XXVI, No. 4, p. 4.

[18] I am indebted to Lawrence Town Historian Elizabeth Winn for dates during which the town was known as Chesterfield.

[19] Sources vary on the total acreage of the town. An early survey, 1799/1800, part of "A Survey of Sixty Townships being part of the Tract of Macombs Purchase," (located in the County Clerk's Office, County Courthouse) states an acreage of 29,482. The "Map of the Township of Lawrence, Protracted by W. M. Hitchcock from the Field Notes of a Survey made by E. L. Winslow, Esq., 1844" (also at the County Courthouse) states an acreage of 28,582 51/100 and shows the "Hammond Tract" to be now a part of Lawrence, containing 1,311 acres additional. (This triangle of land northeast of the St. Regis River was added to Lawrence out of Town No. 15, Hopkinton.) The county history by Durant and Peirce (commonly called the "Everts" history after its editor and publisher's name), 1878, and the history by Gates Curtis, 1894, both state an acreage of 28,479. The 1988 official county Highway Map states the acreage as 47 square miles, which comes to 30,080 acres.

[20] Hough, *History, op. cit.*, p. 325; Curtis, *Our County, op. cit.*, p. 80; Marnie Reed Crowell, *North to the St. Lawrence* (Canton, N.Y., Raquette Press, 1975), p. 37.

[21] Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, op. cit.*, p. 325. For the deed to William Lawrence, Hough cites Deed Book 5, p. 596, County Clerk's Office.

[22] I have used information on "E. S. Nichols" which is in all three county histories (Hough, Everts, and Curtis). However, G. W. Everett's first land deed, June 6, 1828, records a signature "Edw'd A. Nicole." He is not listed as executor; perhaps he was the land agent.

[23] Copy of the Book of Records of the Town of Lawrence, History Center, St. Lawrence County Historical Association, Canton, N.Y. Original document is at the Town Clerk's Office, North Lawrence, N.Y. Both the Everts and the Curtis histories state that the first town meeting was held Monday, March 2 ("the first Monday of March, 1829") but the Town Records state that the meeting was held Tuesday, March 3, 1829, "for the purpose of organizing."

[24] Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, op. cit.*, pp. 325-326.

[25] "Maps protracted from Field Notes of a Survey and topographical sketch made by Sewall Raymond in 1820, from a Plan of the Town of Chesterfield, St. Lawrence County, N. York, the property of Wm. Lawrence Esqr.," (published by E. W. Bridges, City Surveyor, N. York, 1821). Located at County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[26] Jared Van Wagenen, Jr., *The Golden Age of Homespun* (N.Y., Hill and Wang, 1963), copyright 1953 by the N.Y. State Historical Association (Cooperstown), First American Century Series Edition, August, 1963, p. 30.

[27] Van Wagenen, *Age of Homespun, op. cit.*, p. 35.

[28] McGowan and Zdunczyk, "The Enduring Tradition," *Quarterly, op. cit.*, p. 5.

[29] I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Clark, of Malone, and Mrs. Vera Western Butler, of St. Regis Falls, for details concerning this house. Vera Western Butler also helped with the floorplan of the white farmhouse.

[30] Date of birth on gravestone (Bayside Cemetery, Potsdam, N.Y.) is December 23, 1834. Both the published Everett genealogy and W. R. Cutter's *Genealogical and Family History of Northern New York* give the date December 22, 1833.

[31] McGowan and Zdunczyk, "The Enduring Tradition," *Quarterly*, op. *cit.* p. 4.

[32] A 1914 newspaper article (no name, no specific date) in the scrapbook of Emma Everett Bacon. Betsy Brandt Nahas Collection, Chelmsford, Mass.

[33] "State of N.Y. Census of the State for the Year 1845. Town of Lawrence. Election District No. 1, County of St. Lawrence. Book No. 2nd," pp. 37-40. At the Town Clerk's Office, North Lawrence, N.Y. I am very grateful to Town Historian Elizabeth Winn and to my sister Alice Duffy Rinehart for assistance in reading and interpreting this census.

[34] Van Wagenen, *Age of Homespun, op. cit.*, p. 20.

[35] Van Wagenen, *Age of Homespun, op. cit.*, p. 20-21.

[36] Hough, *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, op. cit.*, p. 326.

[37] Total population of Lawrence in 1830 was 1,089. Microfilm roll #36 of the 1830 U.S. Census, 3d Census, Vol. 8, St. Lawrence County. At the History Center, Canton, N.Y.

[38] John Sholl, "Of Merinos and Homespun - a Brief History of the County's Woolen Industry," *Quarterly*, October, 1981, Vol. XXVI, No. 4, p. 11.

[39] *Idem.*

[40] I am indebted to Patrick Malone and Ruth Macaulay, of the Slater Mill Museum, Pawtucket, R. I., for locating this information on fulling in Chris Aspin's *The Woolen Industry*, Shire Album 81 (Aylesbury, Bucks, U. K.; Shire Publications Ltd.; 1982), p. 25.

[41] Van Wagenen, *Age of Homespun, op. cit.*, p. 265.

[42] I am indebted to Town Historian Elizabeth Winn for information about the Carpenter School.

[43] For information on Parish's sheep, see John Sholl, "Of Merinos and Homespun," *Quarterly, op. cit.*, p. 9.

[44] See Paul Venable Turner, "David Parish's Country House Reconstructed," *Quarterly*, October, 1986, Vol. XXXI, No. 4, pp. 3-9.

[45] I have found no consistent listing of students who were at the St. Lawrence Academy in the 1850's. None is available at the Potsdam Museum, and I am indebted to Margaret N. Weitzmann, librarian at the Crumb Library, Potsdam College, for making a search of their holdings which revealed also no listing. However, Martha Abram Everett's attendance is noted in family letters and in a newspaper obituary.

[46] Robert Harold McGowan, *Architecture from the Adirondack Foothills* (N.Y., Publishing Center for Cultural Resources, 1977; published under the auspices of the Franklin County Historical and Museum Society), p. 22.

[47] Grateful acknowledgment is made to my cousin Roger Brandt, who in 1987 gave me these original letters, plus others of the 1850's.

[48] Deed Book 62C, pp. 20-21, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[49] Deed Book 64C, p. 270 (George and Jane E. Bushnell to George Everett), County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[50] Deed Book 70B, p. 285, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[51] Deed Book 70B, p. 283, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[52] The letter is signed "You know who." All family letters are in Everett Papers in possession of the author unless otherwise noted.

[53] Furlough papers of Frederick Everett, June 13, 1864; National Archives Trust Fund Board, Washington, D.C.

[54] Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager, *The Growth of the American Republic* (N.Y., Oxford U. Press, 1962), Vol. I, p. 774.

[55] Deed Book 97B, p. 53, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[56] William Richard Cutter, ed., *Genealogical and Family History of Northern New York* (Lewis Historical Publishing Co., 1910), Vol. II, p. 635.

[57] Durant and Peirce, with Everts and Holcomb, eds., *History of St. Lawrence County, op. cit.*, p. 424.

[58] Durant and Peirce, with Everts and Holcomb, eds., *History of St. Lawrence County, op. cit.*, p. 422.

[59] "Articles of Co-partnership and By Laws of the Nicholville Co-operative Union," History Center, Canton, N.Y.

[60] Curtis, *Our County and Its People, op. cit.*, p. 675. Curtis, p. 675, and Everts, p. 424, state "70" persons "formed" this Union. I counted 49 in the ms. records.

[61] "Articles of Co-partnership," *op. cit.* (unpaged), Minutes of meeting held June 30, 1875.

[62] "Articles of Co-partnership," *op. cit.* (unpaged), Minutes of meeting held July 17, 1883.

[63] Curtis, *Our County and Its People, op. cit.*, p. 675.

[64] Hamilton Child, compiler, *Gazeteer and Business Directory of St. Lawrence County for 1873-4* (Syracuse, 1873).

[65] April 1, 1873, Deed Book 97B, p. 53, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[66] The "G. Everett" farmstead in Nicholville is pinpointed on the 1865 "New Geographical Atlas of St. Lawrence Co., New York from actual surveys by S. N. & D. G. Beers and assistants (Philadelphia, Stone & Stewart, Publishers, 1865). History Center, Canton, N.Y.

[67] November 16, 1883, Deed Book 121A, p. 524, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[68] March 15, 1876, Deed Book 105A, p. 287, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[69] For this information I am indebted to Mary Chase Burroughs, a great granddaughter of George and Abigail Johnson Everett.

[70] Records of the Weare, New Hampshire, Monthly Meetings of Women, December 27, 1809; microfilm Reel #3, p. 173, at Rhode Island Historical Society Library, Providence, R.I.

[71] For this information I am indebted to my cousin Hubert Crowley, who cites the source: Frederick J. Seaver, *Historical Sketches of Franklin County* (Albany, J. B. Lyon Company, Printers, 1918), p. 206.

[72] Hubert Crowley in a letter to the author dated August 14, 1988, told of this "family myth," as he terms it. The story, passed down orally in his family, was originally told by Alvah Rice, husband of Abigail Johnson Everett's sister Ruth.

[73] Memory of Luther's brother George, relayed to the author by his granddaughter, Mary Chase Burroughs. "There was something special in their relationship," said Mary.

[74] Carlton E. Sanford, *Early History of the Town of Hopkinton* (Boston, The Bartlett Press, 1903), pp. 123-124.

[75] Records of the Town of Lawrence, p. 214, at the Town Clerk's Office, North Lawrence, N.Y.

[76] Deed Book 111C, p. 483, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

[77] For this information I am indebted to Francis and Laura Thomas, interview on August 18, 1987.

[78] Curtis, ed., *Our County and Its People, op. cit.*, p. 674.

[79] *Idem.*

[80] Lawrenceville Academy catalog for Spring Term (March 24 to June 19), 1885; at Office of Town Historian Elizabeth Winn, Town Clerk's Office, North Lawrence, N.Y.

[81] By-laws as quoted in Watson B. Berry, "Lawrenceville Academy," *Farm & Garden*, May 14, 1949, p. 5; at Potsdam Museum, "Clippings on Early Settlements outside Potsdam. Canton - Malone, Box 1 II A.3.

[82] Berry, "Lawrenceville Academy," *op. cit.*, p. 5.

[83] Curtis, *Our County and Its People, op. cit.*, p. 674.

[84] For this information I am indebted to Elizabeth Winn, Town Historian of Lawrence.

[85] Circular of the State Normal and Training School, Potsdam, N.Y. (1870); at Potsdam Museum.

[86] Letter, January 1, 1880, from Martha A. Everett to daughters Emma and Ella; Everett Papers.

[87] *Idem.*

[88] Printed list of members of the Congregational Church of Hopkinton, to which Martha A. Everett added in ink her name and those of her four daughters with the date of their becoming members; Everett Papers. (Membership list had been printed before the date of their entering into membership.)

[89] Letter, January 4, 1987, to the author from Roger Brandt, who remembers as a boy being sent to the fields to gather the fresh manure.

[90] Letter, January 4, 1987, to the author from Roger Brandt.

[91] 1880 U. S. Census, Microfilm Roll 36, Vol. 8, St. Lawrence County; History Center, Canton, N.Y.

[92] Letter, November 10, 1895, from Martha A. Everett to her daughter Elizabeth Everett Duffy; Everett Papers.

[93] Letter, November 18, 1895, from Martha A. Everett to her daughter Abigail Everett Whitney; Everett Papers.

[94] Newspaper obituary, unidentified, no date. Clipping is in Hubert Crowley Collection, East Haddem, C.T.

[95] Wills Book 9, pp. 328-331, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y.

"Dear Brother"
Civil War Letters of Norfolk Brothers
Part II

Major General Ambrose Everett Burnside. (Reprinted from H. D. Northrop, Panorama of American History, 1893)

Shipping Point
April 25th, 1862

Dear Brother Albert,

. . . We yesterday received a line from Father and a letter to myself and Henry from Lucretia but no other from home since at Warrenton more than two weeks since. It was a relief to get that for around our minds began to coil the hateful coils of anxiety, of sickness at the firesides of home. But Oh! Poor faithless perverse creatures when all thy mercies me surround. How can I fear to trust thee still . . . I find myself more disposed to fear for God's protection of the *body* than for the *soul* of more value infinitely. But life is a school. And when we have all its lessons learned we have but the principles or alphabet of a science which is best exercised in the world beyond . . . After I finished my last letter to sister on the last I was quite smart during the forepart of the day. But in the afternoon I was taken quite sick, and was taken charge of by the surgeon who was finding the main disease a diarhea he soon checked that . . . And in a short time I felt so recruited as to be a new man. We lay in Black Jack's bay till Wednesday we were debarked on shore and pitched our tents while the sailors cleaned up the boat, whence we expect to return every hour. And we [are] ready to sail where ordered. Which some say will be York, some James River, one knowing as much as the other, *either, nothing.* Great preparations are going on here 1500 guns are mounted and still on Chessman's Creek to the left of this Point they are mounting cannon after cannon long, large, & horrid. Gun boats are being made ready, parapets, embankments built, and everything shows a determination to be victorious while the rebels know nothing of these in this quarter.

We are within hearing of the rebel guns Yes even the whiz of their bullet, which very often growing weary of seeing our embankments go up so rapidly send a buzzard of iron where they were doing no damage only catching a lurker, for Berduns Sharp Shooters give a squint over their rifles at the gunner who pays the penalty of his temerity with his life, we are obliged to do all under the cover of night so near are we to their guns. One of the greatest scourges of rebel bravery is our great preparations and these are going on rapidly. And a few days delay will awaken them to their senses while little McClellan will open a melody of Modern American thunder, which will display before their eyes, visions of stars, & make them feel the stripes too, while the answering of theirs will cause a melody not often heard on American shores, I expect. God speed the right, nerve every arm which strikes for it till underneath the monster curse of Slavery may be felt the volcanic element overthrown till every cannon sealed in Peace shall help to raise the Pean of Praise to God. And liberty to the oppressed the downfall of tyranny, till from every altar, church, & institution of our country shall ascend one ablution of thanksgiving bearing on its consecrated wing the news to quicken angels praises, the yoke is broken, the slave is free. Then we may expect peace, till then war. But we *may* [be] in a desperate fight, may not, God knows. You may have some anxiety to know the result . . . I am glad to hear you are again engaged in the Sabbath school. How I would like to be there also. But as you hold the place you do, try the only motto which I adopted some time ago. Be the best one ever stood there & never leave it till everyone shall regret your adieu.

Be kind to our Parents & sister honor cherish and love them, more than I ever did. What a foolish boy I have been Brother. As hours of tearful absense can testify as I have pondered upon their kindness & my ingratitude. But all is past, & God has forgiven . . .

Henry & Judson are well as usual. Jud came to us Tuesday morning. He's better but his constitution is broken, I'm afraid . . .

I will close this I may send one to Lucretia in it or wait a day or so & let Henry write.

Give my love to all
Write soon and oblige your
Affectionate brother
W.R. Helms

To Albert F. Helms
The weather is very cool.

R

P.S. I have to write this sitting in a tent holding it on my knee.

Ship Point
May 4th, 1862

Dear Brother,

Although I have not received a word from you in a long time yet I must send you a few lines. We are on the steamer we came down on to pursue the flying rebels. Yorktown is evacuated and our troops in hot pursuit. 15000 are captives to our men and we are determined to secure the whole "bilin" of them. We left Alexandria April 19th and embarked for the plase. We were on the boat one week when we went on shore and remained till this morning when we were ordered on the boat again to go up some of the rivers either to Yorktown or up the James to Richmond. Onward to Richmond is now our motto. Last night we saw a great fire in the direction of Yorktown and McClellan gave orders to go on the boat to go where we don't clearly know yet. The news of the capture of New Orleans was probably the moving cause of their precipitate flight. I think that not many weeks will elapse before we will be on our way home. I think the Government will hardly keep all the troops now in the field after the taking of Richmond. I want to see Richmond and then come home. All our hopes of a brush with the rebels is dashed to the ground. I have no other news to write. Please answer me soon. Tell the boys that I expect to shake hands with them before the Fourth of July. My love to all. Goodbye.

Ever you brother,
H.M. Helms

May 4th, 1862

Brother Phillard,

I take the liberty to Returning you my thanks for the letters I received in answerr to my last written while in Philidelphia some four weeks agoe although I have not Read it as yet you can do as you please about writing now. It certainly must of been interest-

ing. I am again in [unreadable] of the Rebels good by.

Julius J. Helms

[This letter was written to Albert. There is some reason to think that Phillard or Fillard was Albert's middle name].

Hospital Lexington Avenue & 51st St.
June 4th, 1862,

My dear Friends at home,

Your kind and cheerful letters came to hand yesterday, and I need not attempt to describe my overflowing thankfulness, for any attempt would be a failure. Since last Sunday, my wound has been slowly healing and the bone knitting, and you know this is the most painful time. But I had not calculated the time for a letter from Norfolk and back right, and I begun to watch impatiently and anxiously for some word from home. I had begun to think you dilatory but I now see my error and the injustice I did you and ask your pardon. I feel right and much better today, thanks to a loving and long-suffering Father. The weather is cold and rainy which gives me some more pain but tis not so severe as for the past 4 days. I feel and still feel my heart going out in blessings to God for his mercy to us all . . . There has been another battle in front of Richmond but our division was not in it. I am sorry not to have received your letters but from the 12th of April till yesterday I have not had a letter from home. I have heard from home by way of Riley's letters but none have came to H.M. Well without doubt you have written often we could not trust the mail after we left Alex[andria] . . . at present I can give no promise of coming home short of the three weeks. The matron, Mrs. Vanderpool, told me this morning that I should go home *just as soon* as I am able to go. But early as you are and welcome as you would be, I can not advise you to come. The expense would be considerable and I do not know as they would let me go any sooner. I am grateful for the evidence of your affection for me. I can write no more today. Accept this as to each and all. I will write to each as soon as I can sit up to write. My love to all. Good by.

Yours ever in love,
Henry

[Henry received his wound at the Battle of West Point, Virginia, on May 7, 1862.]

June 8th, 1862

Dear Brother,

If you get me a pair of boots made if you have time to go to Brasher Center you will find a young man by the name of Nowland of Co. H who has gone on furlough for 30 days from the 28th to whom you can entrust all you wish. He will be to the fathers of A Kinley some time during his stay. I am well as ever, JJ and HM [Judson and Henry] are in the Hospital both with bad colds, but not very sick otherwise. They have found the folly [of] leaving men in quarters so long before removing them to the hospital.

It is very wet here and horrid muddy. Sergt. Nowland lives below the centre somewhere near Hellena. He used to run a mill at Hellena. My love to all.

I shall send this by L. Valley.

Your affectionate Brother,
W.R. Helms

[This letter is dated 4 days after the one from Henry in the New York hospital. It appears that either one of them mis-dated his letter, or else William Riley did not yet know that Henry had been wounded and sent to the New York hospital. The following letter suggests that the latter may have been the case.]

Ladies Home for Wounded Soldiers
Lexington Avenue & 51st St.
New York June 10th, 1862

Dear Brother Albert,

Your very kind and affectionate letter was received and the first time I have felt able to answer it is today. My leg has been pretty painful for a week past but is doing finely now. For some reason the wound has not cleansed but this morning I could see the clear live flesh showing itself through the dead flesh which has covered it for 3 weeks past. Now Albert you spoke of coming for me if you had money enough. I think by one week from this that Riley will have sent home some twenty four dollars of my money as I have written to him to send it there. Now if that comes you may use it for that purpose. If it does not come if you can borrow it do so and my money will come to pay for it before many days. I have written to Riley twice since I left West Point but have not heard from him. Have you? If you have tell me what you have heard. But Dear Brother if any one comes for me you had better get Royal or Ethan to come. Now do not take this amiss Dear Brother nor think I do not want to see you or have you with me. But I shall have to be lifted and carried from place to place and Ethan would be able to do it better and easier than you. Then Ethan is more used to the manners and customs of the world and be more likely to get my discharge from the Hospital. Now do not misunderstand me Albert. If you feel able to lift and carry me from one place to another when necessary to change, why then, dear Brother, come. If you fear any difficulty on your part be sure and straiten it all before you start. I have 5 dollars in money with me but I believe it does not cost any thing for riding as the State pays for that. It would cost you, however, full fare both ways, unless I could get you passed by the Medical Director as my nurse which is very improbable. Now I will let you know when I am able to be moved. If you fear to borrow the money [to] come for fear of future difficulty I will pledge my monthly pay until it is paid. I am getting very anxious to hear from the boys. Our division has had no battle since West Point so I know they are safe. I wrote to Riley two weeks ago and told him to send my money home. I have not heard from him so I believe he has not got it. I will write again to day or tomorrow to him. Please answer soon. My love to all, especially the family. I will let you know when I think I am able to come home, so you need not start till I write. But if Ethan will come I honestly think he would be better with the Doctors if they should raise any objections as he has more experience in the world and dealing with men. But do as you think best and I will be suited and satisfied. No more.

Yours truly,
Henry

You will want some 18 or 20 dollars to start with, and the 5 I have will do the rest.

Hospital June 21st, 1862

My Very Dear Brother,

When I read your letter the other night I did not know whether to laugh or cry. You know that either or both are indication of intense emotion and I was so wrought upon by the evidence of your solicitude for my welfare that I laughed and shed tears at the same time while reading. I can only account for it only by attributing it to my weakness. But I fear you misunderstood my letter to you or at least that part relating to coming after me. I assure you I never had the least objection to your coming. I only feared that you might not do as well as some one else who was acquainted with a city and travelling. But not to yourself ever did or could I raise a single objection, by all means Dear Brother and I will let you know when I am able to come. The money that Riley sent home for me is at your service. The doctor thinks that I will be able to leave here in from 2 to 3 weeks and will give me ample

notice so I can send home for you to come for me. I am grateful for your anxiety for my welfare and comfort. Be assured it will never be forgotten by me. I am gaining very fast. Last Sunday I got up for the first time, sat up 1½ to 2 hours. Monday & Tuesday I kept my bed did not attempt to get up. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, & today I have been up all day. My strength is returning very fast, and my appetite is voracious. My foot is getting the feeling again and I can begin to hold it down. I think in a fortnight I shall be abundantly able to travel. I have no news to write. Everything is quiet here and business is middling lively. Give my love to all. Write again soon good bye.

Ever your loving Brother,
Henry

Al, come by all means if you can when I send for you. Don't fail. Remember, Albert, I shall expect you when I write for any one to come.

Military Hospital
Ladies' Home For Sick And
Wounded Soldiers
Lexington Avemue, Cor. 51st St.
New York, Aug. 8th, 1862

Dear Sister Dele,

What visitation did you have or miraculous revalation to set you thinking! I had concluded that my youngest sister had forgotten she had a brother in her overwhelming joys of matrimony or in the multiplicity of cares accrueing in her new estate! Whew! now my eyes did stick out when I saw your letter.

Well Delia you must look no more for your dear (!) brother till May for I am not coming home again until then. In 3 or 4 weeks I am going back to my regt. to engage in the patriot's work of shooting rebels. Much as I calculated in making visit home and on having a good time visiting my friends I must give it up. I must do as other poor fellows have to remain in Hospital till I am well enough to be shot at again and then I am to be posted off to Va.

Well it is all right. I am a soldier and must take a soldier's fare. Thank God it is not for long. A little over 8 months service will release me from the army one way or the other: either by discharge or the bullet. In either case I am in the Hands of one who doeth all things well. He has protected, preserved, saved me thus far and I will trust Him to the end.

You must excuse this scrawl. I have written all I know to Albert and Lucretia. Next time I will do better.

Write again soon. Accept my assurance of continued affection and believe me ever to be

Your aff. Brother
Henry

New York
Jan. 22nd, 1863

Dear Sister Delia,

Like news from the spirit-world was your letter to me. "Long, long ago" I sent a letter to you and as you did not reply I concluded you were indifferent to whether I wrote at all. But you seemed to think because I was a bach I must write to you because you were a *lady*? whether you ever wrote to me or not. Ah there is where you make a mistake. An old bach is an incorrigible-hearted simp anyway; and he seems not to be affected by the threats of the feminines any more than by their smiles. So all their artillery is useless to storm the citadel of his heart. Their smiles (bombs) are unheeded: their solid shot (tears) are thrown away: and their grape and cannister (scolding) glance off the iron clad surface of their feelings like water from a greased rag. Their assaults and sullies and flank movements are all foiled by the unsleeping vigilance of the guard he has placed over his fortress and every attack is sure to be repulsive. So you see it is of no use to scold me. But I was glad to hear from you and should have answered sooner had not the want of money to pay the postage prevented me. I wrote to Lucretia for some money. If it is not sent you need not send it, for we have got our pay at last. I am coming home as soon as my wound will heal so that I can feel safe to do so. I received a letter from Mrs. Johnson yesterday . . . And Lucretia & Father too would I could come at once. But be patient. I will come some time or other. Tell mother I shall be along in 2 or 3 weeks. Tell her not to look so hard, for if I don't come as soon as she wishes I will come as soon as I can. I have not heard from Riley or Judson for some time. I hear that you have. All things are bout as they have been. Oh Bill Stowel did not find his melon patch could support him out west, did he. Probably they did not command him so high a price as in Norfolk. The infernal coward, run away to escape the draft. He has so small a soul that a musk melon seed would be a wide field to wander in. I could parade a regiment of his souls on a point of a cambric needle. It would rattle inside a skull. But enough of Bill Stowel. I shall be much pleased to hear from you again as soon as convenient. My love to father & Mother & Lucretia & Albert, Also to you.

Good bye
Henry

Camp of the 16th Regt.
New York Vols.
Jan. 26th, 1863

Dear Brother,

On the morning of January 20th we had the order consumated and down went tents, blankets rolled, canteens, sacks, and knapsacks were filled. And whirr went the drum which called us into ranks and filing before the General. We stood, listening to the address of Burnside for a few silent moments. Right flank! Forward march! And the long files of Franklin's grand Division "Dragged its slow length along".

The hard frozen ground gave consonance and thunder to the military tramp, the rattle of army trains reverberating along the line. Sounded like the muttering of distant but approaching thunder. While the cold chilly blast of Northern Boreas made overcoats a military necessity. And the thought of men who had been wounded of laying upon the frozen Earth wounded and bleeding again gave a dread which never before had been seen or manifest among men of our Regt. But my own feelings were light, hopeful . . .

Our route [went] by through old Armps where hundreds of chimneys had been built by ingenious heads and nimble fingers, giving picturesque and novel scenery amid the deep gullies and priamidal hills on "Old Virginia Shore". In sight of rebels there were no Manifestations of movements but hidden we like the Adder approaching his prey crept unseen toward the upper pinton on the Extreme right 5 miles above Fredericksburgh . . . as darkness closed her sable pall on nature's yellow autumn we struck off from the road formed divisions pitched tents.

The clouds which had been during the day alternating between threats and promises (and in viewing which one Man in our Co. a notoriously profane but sensible man in his views of honest belief remarked, 'Almighty God will have more to do with this move than Burnside can counteract'.).

Now began to pour their tears in profuseness and floods upon the frozen earth, and talk of dismal prospects . . . And night continued and as the shivering patriot heard their doleful moanings, how much did wishes carry them back to home sweet home, and said I thank God Mother does not know where I am.

Little time was given for morning soon came the knell of hope. Pack up and be ready to move at once.

Creeping from his canvas home, amid drenching sheets of drifting rain. The order was obeyed. My only consolation at that hour was the passage I could not read then, "Have faith in God" . . . Soon on the move, while rain

came down mud came up. We went but little ways before we saw the batteries endeavoring to extricate themselves from a sea of mud. And one single Forge defied the efforts of 9 span of stout horses then came the expression now worn threadbare, "Burnside stuck in the mud". But three miles were traversed until necessity the mother of some great blessings gave her nod, and we obeyed, pitching our tents again in sight of Rebels who passed many a rude joke off upon our pickets, placing a placard on a pole, "Burnside stuck in the mud". And many playful puns. So well convinced were they how a campaign in winter would end that they were as undisturbed as children at play.

No such sight ever was seen Army huggins, cannons, cassins, in Jack everything on wheels were buried beneath the sacred soil of old Virginia . . . And McClellan's theory demonstrated No way to Richmond but by the James River. If the Devil would now call for competition for Hells pictures of despair I would show him Franklins Grand Division.

There is not a man now but what is scraping mud from boots, pants, shovels, guns, and such a picture was never presented of good natured fatigue.

Well here we lay until Friday we went on picket Saturday and about a mile and stacked arms, got a rope 40 rods long hitched to 1000 feet of dry pinton covers 11 horses already. We hunted these until night. The horses, mules, and men were completely exhausted. So much fatigue, exhaustion, and unrest.

Yesterday we began to move back, waded to camp in every conceivable depth of mud from 1 inch to 12 feet, arriving at our old camp at dark. 7 miles in 12 hours of forced march. So ended the best planned and prospectively successful moves of so many attempts. But He "who plants his footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm, chained the whirlwind . . ." and "mocked mans attempt at blood and war".

The other ground divisions of Hooker and Sumner did not move but had orders to move in light marching orders at 6 am the 21st. But owing to the rain the order was countermanded. But 8 cannon being fired at 4 am the 22nd of Jan. We are all safely back to Old Virginia to Old Virginia Shore.

I am well though much worn footsore. Exposed to damp ground at night and wet body and cold units by day . . . The entire company stood the jaunt first rate. Today the sun shines bright, so yesterday in part . . .

Now I want you this winter to get those harnesses fixed as you spoke of. And I will pay all the charges, and if you like get a tongue which can be put upon the cutter and buggy.

I can write but little of interest more. But tell you I had a letter from Henry one day upon the march which made me a good surprise. He will come here soon so he said. I am glad, but rather muddled to know why if Delia has such a large iron kettleful of letters she does not answer some of them.

My best respects to all who inquire.

Move love to Father Mother Sisters & all others who have any room for it.

I am your affectionate Brother
Lt. Wm. R. Helms

New York
March 30th, 1863

Dear sister Delia,

I received your letter in due time & should have answered it before this if I had been able. But about the time I got it I was taken sick and confined to my bed, could not write. I was attacked with the Typhoid fever & quinsey sore throat & was confined to my bed for a number of days. But thanks to the mercy of God I am again able to be about. I am not well yet but am so much better that I feel almost well. Your letter was very acceptable. I am glad to hear that all are so well. My greatest anxiety is about my friends. I can bear sickness or pain myself very well, but the knowledge or fear that any of my friends are sick distresses me exceedingly. My wound remains unhealed, but is growing smaller & beautifully less. I think I shall be able to go to the Regt in a week or ten days. I only wish to go to be mustered out of the service with them as it will save me a good deal of trouble. I do not expect to do any duty for I am *not* able but it will be better to be with them than to be absent. Then hurrah for home. Home! how the word sets my pulse leaping & my heart on fire. I think I never knew till the past year how dear a place home was. Oh they wander wide who roam afar from life and joy at home. But I will soon see you if Providence permits then won't we have a good time. I reckon so, right smart.

Now I think you pay me a great compliment, don't you when you speak of my letters? One would think I wrote nothing but nonsense to hear you talk. I consider it defamation of character to insinuate that I write nonsense. A man of my dignity of character & gravity of deportment is above any thing nonsensical I would have you know. Nonsense! Indeed. Well. Well. It is a good thing I am good-natured. If I was not what a jawing you would get. But you know how it is & so you take advantage to impose upon me just as you please. I tell you I got more than *one* bone to pick with you. A dozen crows would not be enough. Now about enlisting. What do I want to enlist for? Why, to shoot rebels, of course. I tell you what, Dele, this country will not be worth living in if the rebels succeed. I had rather lay my bones on the battlefield than to live if this country is separated. And then I have not paid the rebel for shooting me. The only path [in] life open for a young man to earn distinction is by the army. And do you want to shut me out of that. Well I will see when I get home. I think I shall go back about the 10th of April to the Regt. I may conclude to remain here & not go at all but I think I will go. Give my love to Father, Mother, Albert, Lucretia and take a share for yourself . . .

Henry

Camp of the 16th Regt. NY Vols.
March 31st, 1863

Brother Albert,

There has at last closed a day of immense and heated excitement. And evening shrouds cannot close the dramatic events. But now the thunder of the terrific base drum beats the time for an extra amount of brass instruments accompanied by three clarinets. Which fill the camp with harmonic utterances of "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue" and my pen dances at the inspiration of that old time honored piece. As the Jerseys serenade Brig. Genl. Bartlett.

This morning at 8 AM came an order for the regiment to assemble upon the parade at 1 PM at which hour Bartlett would bid farewell to the brigade. The senate having [refused] to confirm his nomination he appeared around the camp with citizen clothes and the man's worshippers who are as thick as rebels in Hell. Blurted forth their several views . . . I really believe some of them would follow him if the Devil's forked tail and cloven foot were both upon his carcass.

Soon however we got a second order that his farewell was postponed and we joined in an Excelsior game of English baseball, the Officers of the 16th vs. 27th. Until just at night we were called into line the whole brigade came together. When General Bartlett appeared, not to say farewell but to send a telegram from that the President had reappointed him, it was a unanimously welcome thing for all like him much as a general. And we have every reason to be proud of him while we listen to the stirring strains of instrumental music. It is but comiing events casting their shadows before I look for a grand drunk up there before midnight. For

Capt. Sanford, Liet. Dodge & myself [kept] away from there where whiskey milk drink were offered . . . to all who wished to partake. O, Ruin & ambition! Vile essence of of death and foam of Hell, instruments of the devil & of the weakminded masses, who can stop thy saying wines . . .

Now it is ten o'clock & I will go to bed. Hoping that these lines will find Father, Mother Brother & sisters well and happy. I shall pray for your present and eternal interest. Remaining Ever

Your affectionate
Brother
Wm. R. Helms

To Albert F. Helms

New York
July 23rd, 1863

Dear Brother Albert -

Your letter of July came to hand in due time & I improve that present to reply. I am so glad to hear you are well & also the family . . . I had begun to get anxious & indignant. I knew Lucretia was sick so I did not expect *her* to write, but I thought someone else might let me know how she & the rest were. I have a big crow to pick with Dele when I see her. Now first take it to yourself. Suppose you were 3 or 400 miles from home and all your friends insisted on your writing to them personally and would not write unless you did. Just think of the amount of labor that would be imposed upon you. Then think this is my case. Not one but is so jealous of the other or so afraid of labor & something else that they must each and every one be written to individually or they will not write to me. Look for a moment at the aggregate. At home 5 persons, at Frederick's 2, at Royal's 4; at Ethan's 2: 13. So while each one there writes one letter I must write 13. Each letter I write costs me six cents. So it costs me 78 cents while it costs you 3. But I do not grumble at the cost. If every letter cost me a dollar I would rather pay it than do without one from home. But I wish you would learn that a letter home is addressed as much to all and each as though each one was addressed by name. When I write to Delia and particularly Lucretia I mean Father, Mother, Albert, and so with all. Well you are tired of this so we will change the subject. I got a letter from Riley last Friday (20th). He is well and in good spirits. I am expecting Judson here any day. He wrote to me nearly two weeks ago that his discharge was made out & I might expect him any day after next Friday. He has not come yet. As for me I am about the same. My wound is looking a *very* little better the Doctor told me this morning. But it does not heal any. I don't believe it will be permanently healed in five years. I think I shall not try for my discharge till my time is out. I want to go back to Virginia once more. I have no news to write. All things remain as they were. My regards to all friends in N---. Write soon and I won't scold so much next time. Committing you all to God and the word of His grace.

I remain

Your loving Brother
Henry

Fort Schuyler
March 10th, 1864
4 o'clock P.M.

Mr. Albert Helms

My Dear Brother,

I am once again within the walls of my adopted home, Fort Schuyler! Where I arrived at 11:40 A.M. Friday. After I left you I had no material delay or hindrance until I arrived at Albany. Where I hutted between two options for a little while, then concluded to remain as I should be too late for the government boat at her A.M. in New York. So I filed off to 193 Swan Street to see Henry's old friend Mrs. Amirch. She was saddened by the astonishing news beyond description as was all the others I had the sad duty to inform for every where he had gone he found a friend. They had his Photograph, his autograph and some letters all of which was my dismal pleasure to look at. I visited Wm. Haddocks & then went to the Bazaar which was an institution of the Sanitary Commission an attempt at description of this immense establishment only detracts from its magnitude. Suffice it to say they have realized more than $100,000 from it. All that art or nature ever produced was there that was wonderful. After this I went to see Mayor Gilmore and spent the evening at Royal Sturrtonz until 10 o'clock when I seated myself in a H.R.R.R. car for New York arriving at 5-40 this morning. Took government boat for this place and found a hearty welcome among all . . . But there is a good deal of lonesomeness. Hod Raymond says he never was homesick until I went away with Henry's body . . . After I came back the orderly gave me $75.00 to be used as I would to defray the expenses of his funeral or otherwise as I choose. It cost me including my own fare through and back $68.00. So there the sum covers all and more beside. This was raised by the company and they are willing to do anything. And they say they would pay all costs if it was $500.00. I shall as soon as I can find out all about his matters, settle and straighten them. I have not seen Bailey to know whether he drew Henry's pay or not. I found a letter from Miss Huyboom to me and two to him one from Lucretia. She wants me to send his letters to Lucretia. I will send them by some one coming there . . . I arrived here without questions today although I was somewhat behind time. There has been four deaths at this post since I left among recruits. There has been some serious rows here today among some men of the 48th NY and now there are a large detail of men out to quell them. It rains very hard this evening 8 o'clock PM. But the weather is warm. Lieut. Bailey did not draw Henry's pay. But I believe I shall go to New York and draw it now for the six months for which he was mustered.

In regard to a monument, you better look at the different kinds and qualities for sale and then select the most suitable taking everything into consideration.

I am well but that affection of my throat which seems to develop itself more tonight than usual.

I will bid you good night for I am too sleepy to write more.

Wm. R. Helms

P.S. I have found Henry's gloves & pen, silver

R.

Fort Schuyler
N.Y. Harbor
April 11th, 1864

My Dear Brother,

I take an opportunity which now presents itself to write a few lines for your edification in the brief respite from New York now aallowed by the Court Martial in Session at Broadway & 63 Bleeker Street. I was summoned to appear before that August tribunal of my peers as evidence against not only Mj. Trowbridge but three or four unlucky Wights who have made themselves obnoxious to Military authority by transgressing in various ways. But I have been up and down the streets of New York city and visited almost every thing of interest from the Metropolitan fair . . . to the Academy of Music and thus down through one line of institutions to another until I found myself upon a Steamboat drifting toward Fort Schuyler. And landing at the Dock I stepped off and found Melvin at this place with Whom I have been visiting since and he has been most of the Day in my room and now sits here writing a letter to his wife. I have given my evidence to the prosecution and shall be called upon again on the defense by Mj. Trowbridge. I will have to return tomorrow morning to the court con-

vened per other cases in charge of some prisoners for trial. I am well as usual and far better I beleve for I am gaining in flesh and only I am worn up and about. I don't know how much, treading over the pavement. We are still in the Fort and only rumor has assigned us to any other locality. We have every kind of story about orders . . . Who they are for but none appear as yet officially sending any away.

All quiet along the Sound is plagued out for the Wind roars and screams like a Wildcat. And blows as if all creation had turned bellows . . . I think Albert we had better [get] separate stones to place at the head of the graves as they will be most appropriate.

I hope to get dismissed from the court martial tomorrow and return for duty for I am tired of New York City. I believe if I stay in the Harbor this summer I shall send for citizen clothes to wear off duty. But we have had many a place in the field before this but I do not see the field yet. While Gen. Stannard is here to command. I have seen Frank Peek and Eugene Plives. David Bartle and the rest from Norfolk this week. They are well and you ought to see their fat turned fire. I hardly knew them . . . Tell Delia that as she is the better half this letter is to be half hers and she ought to answer it and if she . . . send it second handed and send me a second hand letter.

Give my love to all. And believe me to be your ever loving Brother.

Wm. R. Helms

[Melvin was another brother who served in the 98th Regiment, New York Volunteers, having enlisted in Malone].

Graves of the Helms brothers.
(Photograph courtesy of J. A. Young, Town of Norfolk Historian)

Fort Schuyler
April 21st, 1864

My Dear Brother,

I am now for the prospectively last time ever writing you from NY Harbor as the order is all ready issued to go to Washington. And half of the task of packing up is completed although a great deal of bustle and confusion still exists around quarters in the preparatory fixing for departure. I have great regrets at leaving and some other are no source of grief many things will be more pleasant than here. And certainly the distinctive [unreadable] of a solider will exceed in honor the dull unambitious routine of garrisoning NY Harbor. I do not know whether we shall go into the field or fortification around Wash. but as a soldier's duty is to obey not question I instead hoping my [service] will be of [use] to my country. And to act unwise will ever cause the friends to blush. When Riley's name is mentioned for God and my country I am marching along. Take good care of Mother, brothers, sisters and Delia. Spare what pains it will not dissuade you to make Ellen happy. And God be the Father of us all and we are obedient children honor him in all things.

I send you a picture that an artist tried to take of me while I was Officer of the Day. Poor specimen of a human origin. Give my love to all and tell them that Riley has gone to give his help to our country. Hoping the hellish rebellion will soon be ended . . .

My love to all,
Riley

P.S. I am going to send some of Henry's things by Derrick and you some collars that are too large for me.

Riley

POSTSCRIPT

Tragedy befell the Helms brothers during the war. Henry never achieved his longed-for homecoming. He died, apparently of his unhealing wound, on February 25, 1864. After his death, Albert enlisted in Battery C, 3rd N.Y. Light Infantry. He died of yellow fever in Newberne, North Carolina, later that year. Judson came home and lived until April 11, 1881, when he died at the age of 49, apparently unmarried. William Riley was mustered into the 14th Regimant, N.Y. Heavy Artillery, where he attained the rank of captain. Always religious, after the war he became a Methodist minister, serving a number of parishes in northeastern New York State, including Parishville, Colton and Massena. He married Ellen Adams and they had two daughters, both of whom died young. He later retired to Norfolk and lived until February 19, 1920. He, along with his wife and daughters, and Henry, Judson, their parents and other family members, are buried in the High Street Cemetery, in Norfolk.

J.A.Y.

Jean A. Young is Norfolk Town Historian and curator of the Town of Norfolk Historical Museum.

SLCHA ANNUAL REPORT 1988

by Garrett Cook, Director

Since 1985 the Association has seen incredible growth marked by building construction, creation of a sizeable endowment, and staff enlargements. During these years the Association has had three directors, an acting director and an interim administrator. This combination of rapid growth, increasing financial responsibility and administrative instability has been hard on the staff and trustees. A core staff of Rich Rummel, Janet McFarland and Andrea Shortreed Bellinger stuck it out through this hard time and is still at work for the Association offering much needed continuity and practical expertise at the museum. Joan Barrick, a frighteningly efficient but very personable administrative assistant, worked through 1988 helping to ease my period of adjustment as director. Regrettably, she had to resign at the end of 1988, but she has continued to come in regularly as a volunteer.

Five trustees who have served the Association faithfully over many years and who offered dedicated stewardship during this difficult period retired at the end of 1988. Beverly Markkula, an energetic Association leader for many years and one of our most consistent and hard-working volunteers resigned from the Board following several months of recurring illness. Varick Chittenden, a past president of the Association, past editor of the *Quarterly* and an Association leader since the 1960's decided not to return to the Board in 1989, though he is and will remain available as an advisor and friend of the Association. Chris Acker, whose authoritative presence and sage legal advice made him invaluable also decided not to return to the Board. Mary Jane Watson, treasurer during the challenging days of the Endowing Yesterday's Future campaign and Harold Wilder, chairman of the campaign, also decided to give up their positions after years of able financial guidance and hard work as volunteers. They will all be missed, and they are to be commended for staying the course through the perilous transitional period of 1986-1988.

I was hired as director last April. As a new director unfamilar with the Association I saw my job in 1988 as that of trying to understand the community and the institution and of learning the technical side of my new position. I have tried to capitalize on my mistakes by learning from them. I have been helped immeasurably by a patient and supportive Board of Trustees and by a congenial and gifted museum staff. Special mention should also go to Mary Smallman, Elwood Simons, Virginia Fischer and Herb and Mary Ruth Judd who have been my principal guides in seeing my duties and the Association from the point of view of the county's local historians and family history researchers.

Donna Behnke, Tinsmithing at Canton Country Fair Day 1988. (SLCHA files)

In the museum business, much of what happens in a given year is the result of planning, grant writing and hard work which took place the year before. Considering the pressures and difficulties faced by the trustees and staff in 1987 the accomplishments of 1988 are even more impressive.

There were some major changes in our operations and facilities in 1988. A new position, that of archival aid, was created by the trustees in January and ably filled by Ida Kretschmar, a fine genealogist, until she was injured in an auto accident in November. Another change at the museum in 1988 was construction of a new and much improved wheelchair ramp and concrete walk, designed by Jim Monroe, and built by Canton Rotary Club and Canton Lions volunteers with lumber donated by Richard Venier of Massena Building Supply. The project was started in the summer and the ramp was officially opened with a ribbon cutting ceremony on November 19th. It is a beautiful ramp built with real craftsmanship.

During the summer and fall of 1988, a second floor room in the Wright House which had been used for storage and exhibition preparation was plastered and painted by volunteers Clarke Gage, Dick Dunne, Nick Baffaro, Bill Robinson, Don Peckham and Ruth McKean. It opened in December as a children's room. The staff and the program committee are working on plans for children's programs and special children's exhibits. If you have children or grandchildren bring them by sometime to see the historic photos of childhood and antique toys and to let the kids try on some clothes from the attic trunk.

Exhibits, Programs, Museum Education And Publications

1988 was a busy year. The museum's Programs Coordinator, Rich Rummel, organized openings of four major exhibits. The first, "Learning to be Grownup", on childhood in St. Lawrence County, was planned and designed by Rich and Education Curator Andrea Shortreed Bellinger. It opened at the museum in March. The second, a rented exhibit on rustic furniture opened in May. The third, a travelling exhibit on the history of the Racquette River funded by the New York State Council for the Humanities, was co-

sponsored by the Historical Association and the Potsdam Public Museum, and was researched by John Omohundro. It opened at Higley Flow in July and visited all the St. Lawrence County communities located along the river. At the end of July a major exhibit, "J. Henry Rushton and the Great Outdoors," researched and designed by Rich, opened at the museum. It featured photos and artifacts from the museum collection and boats, paddles and carpenters' tools lent by friends of the museum.

Rich organized about a dozen educational programs during 1988 including a Paul Malot lecture on Adirondack Great Camps in May, three Sunday afternoon programs in the Northern Identity Series in the fall, and a Cecil Graham lecture on railroads in October. Musical performances included French American folk music by the Ouimet brothers in January and a rendering of some historical songs from the Association's sheet music collection by an inspired adhoc ensemble in December. There were also several practical workshops offered, one on conservation for local museums, one on caring for personal treasures and one on researching old houses.

Rich also supervised the on-going research for a planned exhibit on the relationship between Alcoa and Massena. This project which involved several professional consultants in the areas of history, folklore and exhibit design, was supported by a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts. Special mention goes to Madeleine Gray for conducting many hours of interviews and for locating numerous interesting artifacts. The program at the annual meeting of the Association, held at the Flanders Inn, Massena, on October 22 was an outgrowth of this project, focusing on Alcoa and Massena during World War II. A typical North Country sleet and snow storm held down attendance at the meeting but didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the hardy souls who ventured forth. A second year of funding was granted by NYSCA to create the exhibit in 1989. It is scheduled to open at the museum on June 2.

Museum educator Andrea Bellinger developed plans for revising and improving our house tours with the aid of a professional consultant last summer. Acting on some of the ideas generated by this consultancy Andrea has recruited a small and dedicated team of docents to help with school tours, and has developed an expanded tours program.

In addition to this she has continued writing and publishing the *St. Lawrence Chronicler*, our fourth grade quarterly reader on topics and issues in local history. The *Chronicler*, a collaborative effort between the Association and the St. Lawrence-Franklin County BOCES won an award of merit from the Regional Council of Historical Agencies at its annual meeting in April of 1988. We were pleased to hear at the end of 1988 that the Alcoa Foundation had agreed to support the *Chronicler* in 1989 and 1990, picking up funding which had been provided for three years by NYSCA.

The *Quarterly* was edited by Nadine Jennings in 1988. A special issue, in January, was devoted to Akwesasne. Nadine, who was committed to broadening the base of participation in writing for the *Quarterly* spent many hours visiting potential contributors at sites around the county. She initially agreed to serve as guest editor for an issue, but at my request she stayed on and served the Association very well as editor for an entire year. I regretfully accepted her resignation after the October issue.

Astral lamp. Purchased in honor of John Baule, in memory of Alice Reynolds Manley, 1988. (SLCHA Collection)

Collections And Collections Management

As in other years the museum accepted hundreds of individual items donated to the collection. In the absence of a professional registrar we have been very fortunate to have been able to retain the services for another year of volunteers Mickey Williams and Dot Mackey who have spent many afternoons accessioning newly arrived artifacts. Since we lack an acquisitions fund we rely on the generosity and community spirit of county residents in order to see our collection grow and increase in depth and coverage. It is not possible to mention here all of the interesting objects we received, nor to properly thank and acknowledge individual donors.

1988 was very unusual, however, in that we actually purchased two items for the collection. In January the trustees were informed that a portrait of Mrs. Silas Wright attributed to the artist Horace Bundy, and dating from about 1830, was to be auctioned at Sotheby's. Local support was quickly solicited in a dramatic atmosphere and a successful bid was made. The portrait is presently being cleaned and rehabilitated at the Williamstown Regional Art Conservation Laboratory in Massachusetts under a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts.

In October a graceful double globe astral lamp, with original leaded crystal pendants, was purchased with money donated in memory of Alice Reynolds Manley and in honor of John Baule. The lamp, appropriate to the restored Wright house interior, was featured at a reception on December 15 and is on display in the dining room.

We also accepted delivery in 1988 of two major donated items, a square grand piano originally made at the Badlam Piano Company in Ogdensburg in the 1850's or 60's and donated by Frank Campbell, and a grandfather's clock donated by Halsey MacPhee. Mary Ruth Judd organized a reception on June 9 to celebrate the arrival of the piano, and many Badlam descendants attended, creating a very special atmosphere in which all of us were made concretely aware of the meaning of time and family and of the value of

local museums.

The archives were enriched immeasurably in the fall when Jim Blankman donated the Ed Blankman collection of more than 500 labelled historic photos of Canton and vicinity. This collection, which will remain intact as a very special unified resource on local history, will be featured from time to time in *Quarterly* photospreads.

Special Events

Country Fair Day on August 27 and Christmas Open House on December 2 were very successful. The second annual Country Fair Day, held in the Canton Village Park, featured produce and baking competitions, children's lawn games, dozens of craft and local vendor demonstrations, and folk music. The day was sunny and warm. Hundreds of people strolled through the park enjoying the late summer weather. The unusually abundant yellow jackets added a note of excitement to the day, especially around the food tent.

Christmas open house at the Wright House featured Victorian Christmas trees and decorations, a fire in the fireplace, delightful and delicious refreshments and holiday music played on dulcimer and guitar by Freddi Hogan and Lori Cook. A special holiday exhibition of early to middle 20th century children's blocks and other construction toys and a display of antique dolls were installed in the galleries upstairs. During the course of the evening several hundred people visited the house which was filled to capacity and shimmering with warmth and magic.

On the evening of August 20 the Association, with the help of Edith Duffy, Edwards Historian, sponsored a special living-museum entertainment, a Vaudeville show in the auditorium of the Edwards Town Hall, a beautifully preserved example of a turn-of-the-century community theater.

As has been true over the past few years the Association also organized several bus tours in 1988. The tours, arranged and choreographed by intrepid travellers Joan Barrick and Janet McFarland, included a trip to Philadelphia in April and one to Quebec City in October. The Quebec tour was enlivened by a hotel fire. There were also two day-trips, one to Ottawa for Spring Festival and one to Brush Gallery at St. Lawrence University.

Finances And Support

Special fundraising activities this year included our tours, Country Fair Day, and an oriental dinner and silent auction on October 8. We received the final installment of the $100,000 National Endowment for the Humanities challenge grant to our Endowing Yesterday's Future campaign and official NEH approval of our expenditures and investments of campaign funds to date.

About 30% of our 1988 income in support of general operations was the result of grant writing to state and federal agencies. An additional 20% was provided by St. Lawrence County in support of the archives and County Historian position. The other 50% was made up of members dues, endowment income, fundraising event receipts, donations and sales in that order. The mortgage was paid off in 1988. We completed the capital improvements on the Wright House, and by the end of the year we owned the museum buildings outright and we had a still growing endowment of over $260,000.

It is very likely that state and federal support will suffer deficit driven declines over the next few years, and it is not certain that county support can be counted on at present levels as state and federal cuts continue to affect other county programs. We cannot rely on the work that has been accomplished, though we can certainly build on it. We must find creative ways to engage as yet untapped or underutilized sources of support. This poses the central problem to be faced by the staff and Trustees during the next year or two. Success in the near future will not be measured by growth in buildings, paid staff, or budget, but rather by an enlarged local understanding of our mission and increased community involvement. We will find ways to accomplish more with our existing financial resources.

My job in 1989 and 1990 will be to translate my still growing understanding of the Association and the larger community into a new sense of the Association's future and to find the help needed to transform that sense into a coordinated institutional effort to perceive and to realize our fullest potential. I hope to become a conduit for the creative energies, ideas and work of an enlarged and dedicated community committed to understanding, documenting and preserving our history and traditions.

LOCAL HISTORIANS - 1989

TOWN

Brasher: Geraldine Dullea
Box 352, Brasher Falls 13613

Canton: Vacant

Clare: Claudia Giffin
Rt. 1, Box 226, Russell 13684

Clifton: Jeanne Reynolds
Cranberry Lake 12927

Colton: Lillian Cassell
Town Hall, Colton 13625

DeKalb: Virginia Fischer
Box 37, School St., DeKalb Junction 13630

Depeyster: Mrs. Budd Bracy
RD 1, Heuvelton 13654

Edwards: Edith Duffy
Town Hall, Edwards 13635

Fine: Mary T. Bradley
Box 102, Oswegatchie 13670

Fowler: Connie Bishop
RD 3, Gouverneur 13642

Gouverneur: Eugenia Huntress
26 John St., Gouverneur 13642

Hammond: Valera Bickelhaupt
RFD 1, Hammond 13646

Hermon: Mary H. Smallman
Box 171B, RFD 1, Hermon 13652

Hopkinton: Addie Miller
Route 1, Box 178, St. Regis Falls 12980

Lawrence: Elizabeth Winn
Box 15, No. Lawrence 12967

Lisbon: Mrs. Terry Fischer
Route 2, Lisbon 13658

Louisville: Patricia Shirley
Star Route, Massena 13662

Macomb: Sandra Wyman
Route 2, Hammond 13646

Madrid: Marian Bouchard
32 Bridge St., Madrid 13660

Massena: Theresa Sharp
200 E. Orvis St., Massena 13662

Morristown: Lorraine Bogardus
RD 2, River Rd., Ogdensburg 13669

Norfolk: Jean A. Young
Route 1, Box 61, Norfolk 13667

Oswegatchie: Persis Y. Boyesen
RFD 3, Ogdensburg 13669

Parishville: Emma Remington
George St., Parishville 13672

Piercefield: Mona McMahon
Wood Ave., Piercefield 12973

Pierrepont: Betty Newton
Star Route, Potsdam 13676

Pitcairn: Pamela Conlin
RD 2, Box 78A, Harrisville 13648

Potsdam: Susan Lyman
38 Prospect St., Norwood 13668

Rossie: Elwood Simons
RD 2, Box 454, Rossie 13646

Russell: Donna Fitzgerald
Rte. 1, Russell 13684

Stockholm: Mildred Jenkins
Rte. 2, Potsdam 13676

Waddington: Jane Layo
39 W. St. Lawrence Ave., Waddington 13694

VILLAGE

Canton: Vacant

Edwards: Vacant

Gouverneur: Nelson B. Winters
Box 48, Gouverneur 13642

Hammond: Valera Bickelhaupt (see above)

Hermon: Mary H. Smallman (see above)

Heuvelton: Persis Y. Boyesen (see above)

Massena: Theresa Sharp (see above)

Morristown: Lorraine Bogardus (see above)

Norwood: Susan Lyman (see above)

Potsdam: Betsy Travis
Potsdam Public Museum, Potsdam 13676

Rensselaer Falls: Dorothy Crane
Box 102, Rensselaer Falls 13680

Richville: Helen Reed
Richville 13681

Waddington: Jane Layo (see above)

CITY

Ogdensburg: Persis Y. Boyesen (see above)

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OR . . .

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