

Memories of Life in the Adirondacks

By Lucius Evans Avery
(b. 1863, d. 1939)

**Electronically copied by Gregory A. Pedrick
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A blacksmith's son, born in Wilmington, NY (Essex County) on October 7, 1863, named after an old guide from Saranac Lake, Lucius Evans known to his friends as Lute.

Lucius Evans Avery when very young took a great liking to horses. His father got a colt they called 'Billy'. As long as this is about me I'll here after speak in the first person. They began about that time to call me Lute. Billy was a black colt with a white stripe the whole length of his face, and he had four very perfect white stockings. I taught Billy to lead by tempting him with a lump of sugar; could catch him when he was in the pasture. When I was at the age of seven, Billy was four and we had our picture taken in front of the M.E. church in Wilmington. This church was built by my great grandfather, Major Reuben Sanford in 1833 – 34, and is still standing, an ornament to the town in 1939.

I came home from school one night and my father told me he had sold Billy! He told me he would buy me another colt which he did, but it didn't take the place of Billy. When he was in the pasture and there were other horses in Mr. Bell's pasture he would try to get over the fence, especially if there were any girl colts over there. He found how the rail fence was built, the top rail just laid down in the stake. He discovered he could move it by placing his head around sideways under the rail, then giving it a good toss and then jump and he was out. Sometimes we would have to get Mr. Bell's horses into the barn before we could capture Billy.

Sanford Avery, my father being the leading blacksmith in the village, had plenty of work to do and I would often go to the shop and blow the bellows, as it was called then, being before the days of electricity. Once in a while some old fisherman would drop in and tell his latest experience. One by the name of Tom Lamoy, called by some 'Old Tom', had a camp, it being no more than a log shack with a thatched roof made with hemlock boughs and long course marsh hay. The roof being just something the water would flow off from. When the snow came it would be from 12 – 20 inches deep and some years it would remain on all winter. The roof he made of cedar poles covered with first growth white birch bark laid the same way that shingles are laid. The sides of the cabin were covered either white birch bark or hemlock bark, depending upon which was the handiest to get. The cabin floor was good smooth dirt and very hard. He was very careful to select a little knoll to build on, so it wouldn't be wet, and not too far to a spring or brook. On one of his visits to my father's shop Rant Kilburn happened to be there at the same time. He was very well acquainted with Tom and asked him how the fishing was. Tom was apt to stutter when telling any of his fishing or hunting experiences. Answering Rant's question, he says "I was over to C-connery p-p-pond before I came down here, per-per-see sir! It was the fourth day of July, per-per-see sir. There was Willard Hayes and Henry Huntington, out on the ice, per-per-per see sir, with a hole in the ice very near where I got that b-big one last winter. Huntington says, "Where did you get that big one, per-per- see sir?" That was on February 22, a nice clear day, I think about 10 a.m. I cut a hole in the ice, and I dropped in my line, per-per-see sir, and it hadn't been down long, per-per see sir, when one took it. I pulled him up to the hole, per-per-see sir, and the hole wasn't large enough per-per-see sir! He got off my hook. I made the hole larger with my ice chisel, per-per-see sir. I walked ashore and on a plank

per-per-see sir and picked a grasshopper off a thistle blow. He took my bait, per-per-see sir! I hung on with my mittens per-per-see sir until he pulled me into the ice six inches per-per-see sir. I was up there the 4th of July and I could see my trucks then, per-per-see sir!

Tom always had several places to call, and he always had some chunks of nice spruce gum to bring along, or a few trout he had just caught up at the flume. In those days no one had to have a license to fish or hunt. After Thanksgiving if Tom as usual made a trip to town for his winter's supply of tobacco, coffee, sugar, flour, and other groceries he usually brought along two or three nice pieces of venison. Tom in his early days had learned from the Indians how to prepare venison so it would keep until summer. He could also tan the skins of the deer and bear so the hair wouldn't shed rabbits in the same way. When he took the hide off a bear he would take the head off and preserve it. The teeth were never removed. One time when in Plattsburgh he made a deal with a taxidermist to supply him with eyes any time he would send for them. Tom had the best luck hunting after a big storm on snow shoes. One time he had an order for a big pair of antlers, and a few toothpicks and gun racks. The toothpicks are found just below the gambrel of a deer's hind leg. After they are taken out they are allowed to dry and get good and hard. They are then scraped with a piece of glass until they are very smooth. There was a big snow storm just after Thanksgiving, then a thaw and rain, after that a good freeze. Tom said to himself "here is my chance." So on with his snow shoes and off he went. He, being so familiar with their runways he wasn't long in finding a track. Tom muttered to himself, "This is a big one, per-per-see sir!" The deer tried to run when he saw Tom, but he would go right through the crust. As he saw Tom gain on him he turned on Tom, and as the snow shoes had been broken Tom couldn't go as fast, and the deer jumped with his fore feet going into the back part of the snow shoes. In telling it in the shop, Tom says "I said per-per-see sir, if you want these I'll get out!" Which he did, he took care of the buck which had 12 points per-per-see sir, and I g-got him up near Owen's pond brook, per-per-see sir!

Some knew the habits of deer and foxes, and others did not. At one time Tom had dogs to drive them out when hunting which was a cruel thing to do. Some of the hunters would go out very early with two or three dogs up onto the side of a mountain, where they thought the animals would be, and after a long tramp they would discover a track. If it was a narrow track they would say to themselves that is a doe's track, so they would not let the dogs go on the track. Tom would keep up to Owen's pond and there he would find several tracks. He would pick out one that looked fresh and the dogs would soon take the scent, and they would bark. Then the 2nd dog would make a fuss, and he would be liberated. If the dog picked up the deer soon the deer would take them to the river or some lake and swim to the other side and lay down. The dogs would lose the scent and sometimes would start up, if another deer would go over the mountain and a long way ahead of the dog, the deer would come back until he could hear the dog coming. He would make a big jump to one side and wait for the dog. The dog would go on until he got to the place where the deer turned, and then he would try to find the track again. After all this, he would try to get back.

Deer have been known to wade in the river 10 rods and then get back to their runway. Foxes are also very cunning when a dog is after them. If they find a good chance to mount a stone wall or rail fence, they will do so, then jump quite a distance off to one side and watch the dogs go by and lose the scent. The fox has always been considered one of the brightest of our wild animals.

When I was past 14, our sheep, 100 in number and our cattle were in the barn my father used to visit the barn Sundays and look over the stock and note how the fodder was spending and see if I was wasting any of it. One morning on one of his weekly visits, he remarked "Lute, how those steers do grow. Someday I'll help you and we will yoke them up." They were nearly three years old. We had just had a big snow storm and I had a whole day off from school. My father had charge of a funeral. People came from miles around to have him prepare the bodies for burial, engage the bearers and get teams to convey the body to the grave. There wasn't a hearse in town; all the equipment needed was a good screw driver. This occasion was the day Lyme Straw was to be buried.

I got the steers in the stable and stanchions, and after some time I got the ox yoke on to them, the largest on the off side. When driving oxen, the driver should be on the left side of them with the whip in his right hand. All things being done except tying the long rope around the high steers horns, the door was opened, and the steers were let out into the yard, and then the fun began. The sheep thought it was not the place for them and they ran over the manure piles, several bleating as they went. The hens flying in to the shed and the whole barn yard band struck up the jazz. When the sheep were all in the shed, and the cows back in the stable, I opened the barnyard gate. All this time the steers had been fighting the yoke, and when they saw that opening they made for it. I caught hold of the rope on the fly. Some of the time I was on my feet and some of the time on my back. The steers saw a maple tree on the side of the road. On they went toward it. One went one side and one went on the other side. Our caravan stopped, we were all panting for breath. In a short time, we went down the road. The snow was deep. When the team got to Bell's pasture they made a road into it, but I didn't. By keeping them in the deep snow I could manage them better. Finally, I turned them around and started back home. On the way back, I would say whoa to them and touch them on the nose with the whip at the same time. After a little time, they became used to me. When I got back to the house my mother put me through a course of questions. "Did your pa say you could go away with those big steers?" Many more questions too.

My father, Sanford Avery, married Miss Katherine Chamberlain in 1857. They had one daughter, Carrie Ellen born April 5, 1859. In 1863 I was born and they named me after my father's old friend Lucius Evans, as I mentioned before. Lute Evans had married Ms Ellen Vosburg and she was a particular friend of my mother's. Lute was so pleased to have his old friend name his son for him he bought me a ewe sheep and told my father to double it every four years. This was done for 20 years. My sister Carrie's middle name was for Mrs. Evans, "Aunt Nell" as we called her. The two families kept up their friendly relationship as long as they lived. He was always "Uncle Lute" to us. He was a

guide by profession if it may be called that, and he always had a new story or joke to tell. In the winter, the lumberman would have the logs delivered to Ray Brook and Millers Pond. As there was slip in the dam at Millers Pond the logs had to pass through in to the Saranac River and were driven along down to Plattsburgh. It required in the neighborhood of at least 100 men, six or eight very competent men to handle the boats. Sometimes a log would be caught on a rock in the middle of the river, then another before they were loosened. I have seen 50 or more in a jam. It was the duty of the boatmen to take the men out to break the jam. The boatmen piloted the boat with heavy oars and stiff poles that had a band of iron around each end, and a blunt spike. The spike poles for driving were sharp and about eight to ten feet long, of cedar. The poles for the boat were of hard wood turned out of oak or ash. The spike levers were made of ash or maple. Before the iron was put on one might think they would make good ball clubs. The boss on the drive had a man to superintend the tools and cooking equipment, the tents where they slept and the mess tent. They had to have a team of horses, lumber wagon, plenty of chains, ropes, shovels, axes, etc. The boss always had a hole dug near the mess tent. It was called the bean hole and the beans after being parboiled were buried in coals in this hole and left until morning when they were ready for their breakfast.

One morning the boss called to Evan and gave him an order to move the camp down the river. When he gave the order, he didn't use all Sunday school words. He says, "now Evans I have chosen you to take charge of the moving as I think you will see about everything, and that everything is done right and nothing left." In the first place Evans took a man and they went down the river about three miles until they found a good place near the highway to pitch their tents, near a spring of good water. After dinner the tents and all the equipment was loaded onto a wagon and sent down by Mr. Evans assistant to the place they had selected for their camp site. The teamster was told to return for another load, wood, feed for the horses and to clean up the place. All being in proper place they returned to make arrangements for the new home for the horses. It quite often happened that this moving took place on a Saturday. When Big Bill Benham was boss no one ever asked who was talking, as he had a pair of lungs that were never questioned by Dr. Trudeau. He never neglected his obligations and he never had any favorites. After the first week they all understood that when they heard that leather lunged expert speak he wanted it quiet. After the moving I mentioned he got his eyes on Evans and says, "well I see you've got moved Lute and I hope you didn't leave anything this time." Lute says, "Yes Bill, I did and I'm sorry." Then came that voice with a roar and a multitude of strong words, "_____ what did you leave?" Lute says, "the bean hole."

The lumber jobs and river drives brought in workmen from far and near, and once in a while there are some that think they can do up any one. They were so well known their names usually preceded them. It might be that Jim Kelley from Lake Placid, Will Thayer from Wilmington or Charley Fish's name would be on the front page. Jimmy Holt of Keene, and Tom Haily of Mineville had favorable mention. Sometimes one or two of these chaps would stray along down the river from Redford, Iron Mountain, Peru and by

the time the drive got to Plattsburgh it was quite well known who they considered the best man on the drive. The first night they arrived in town it was a good idea to stay in the hotel if you didn't want a black eye. Some wore two the next day as it occurred once after their arrival in Plattsburgh. A chap had it in for Bill Benham and he took that chance to even up with the boss. Bill was, as you know, a man of few words. As he crossed Bridge Street, the bully from Jay thought it was his chance to start something. There were only two blows struck. One was when Bill struck him, and the other was when the chap struck the ground.

That night they swore out a writ for Benham, but the officer did not serve it until about nine the next morning. Benham was taken to the court house and the officer reported that he had the man who had laid low Blanchard from Jay. The old judge called the court to order and everyone had taken a seat. The judge called the officer by name and asked him if the prisoner was ready. In a loud voice he answered, "He is Sir." He took Benham by the arm and escorted him to a position in front of the judge. The judge told him to raise his right hand and be sworn "do you solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" "Yes sir." "What is your name?" "William Benham." "Where do you reside?" "Do you mean where do I live?" "Yes." "I have been on the drive this Spring, I expect to go back [unreadable] "Did you last night strike down a Mr. Blanchard of Jay?" "I don't know where he was from." "How hard did you hit him?" "I don't know how hard I hit him." At this reply there was a snicker in the court room, the judge exclaimed "Order in the court room." At this point the sheriff rose to his feet and said, "Order please!" The judge sipped a little water, stroked his beard and said, "I must insist that you tell the court where you hit him and how hard you hit him." Benham once again said he couldn't tell. The judge said to the clerk of the court, "The question may not be clear to the prisoner. Will you please read the question over to the witness?" This was done, Benham rose with these remarks; "There is about where I hit him and about as hard as I hit him." The judge was off his chair and down on the floor, the sheriff, clerk and some others assisted the judge back in to his chair. He then said in a trembling voice, "I fine you 100 dollars!" At this Dave Cronk, as manager called for Ed Derby to call the boys to order and to form a line of march. Ote Coval was appointed treasurer. Dave called to Ed to Ed to start on the south side of the courtroom, up the south side across the front and drop what they wished to contribute into a box furnished by the sheriff, then down the north side to their seats. When all had been seated again, Ote Coval paid the 100 dollars and asked the court clerk if there were any other expenses and was told there were none. Then the treasurer reported that 125 dollars had been collected. Bill Benham jumped to his feet and made a motion that it is given to the Plattsburgh hospital. It was seconded by a cheer.

The time was passing fast, and the second day was more than half gone when Charlie Hall made his second appearance on the street. Charlie was a good little chap and never did any one harm. He was the mailman, did errands about the camp, got the wood for the cook, etc. He had also made plans as to what he would do when he got to Plattsburgh. He was very well acquainted in his home town, at the same time when the

streets were full they couldn't consider him all the time. The night police was a stranger too, so he took Charlie to jail. As Charlie in his condition at the time couldn't be of much assistance he had to use a wheel barrow and a man to push it. The next morning, he was taken into court and fined. As soon as he was at liberty again he made a bee line for another saloon. When he came out he met a man with a wheel barrow. Charlie made a zigzag track across the street at the same time remarking "No you don't! I've paid for this drunk once." On the afternoon of the second day nearly all had left Plattsburgh. Some had gone to Montreal, some to Keeseville, AuSable Forks, and a good many to Saranac and Bloomingdale.

When Lute Evans got up above Black brook he took a back road to Wilmington. The season had advanced to where it was nearly the first of July. He was one of the highest paid men on the drive, and being a man who always saved his money, had deposited more than half his earnings in the Plattsburgh bank. The following week he was to go into camp at five dollars a day. On his way to Wilmington he met a man named Bidwell with an ox team and a load of charcoal he had burned on his farm. He was delivering it to the J&J Rogers Co. at Black brook. As I have said before, Evans was a great joker, so when he got within speaking distance he asked if he knew of anyone that wanted a hired man. Bidwell says, "Yes I do." Evans asked him what wages he could pay, and he said he could pay him only 10 dollars a month. Evans said that was all he expected and started to go on when Bidwell called to him and said "I didn't tell you all. As you see, I am drawing this coal to the Rogers Co. and I have to take part of my pay out of the store and part cash, so I must ask you to do the same." Bidwell had been burning charcoal; hadn't had a haircut all winter, or a shave. His coat collar had curled up the ends of his hair and his whiskers had taken on the color of tobacco stain. At the time he was swabbing a good-sized cut around his mouth. He wore an old black straw hat, homemade, summer and winter. He was considered the best skunk trapper in town. He had only one coat and he wore it wherever he went. When he was seen coming into the post office in the winter time someone would call out "ALL OUT!" and they didn't wait for the second warning. Evans replied, "I don't think I can work for you Mr. Bidwell." Bidwell looked distressed and says "Why not? I am disappointed." Evans says, "You told me I would have to take part of my pay out of the store. If I can't have it all out of the store I don't care to work for you."

After the drive each spring they would have a dance. This time it was at John Bliss' place down near Markhamville on the plains near Musgrove's. Charlie Chamberlain was a very active young man and there was a Capitola Bliss he thought was pretty cute. He weighed about 125 pounds and she nearly 220 pounds. Lute Evans appeared on the scene a little late and when he arrived Charlie was dancing with Capitola. Lute looked in and said "See' Buslin! Who has he got? You'll see him coming around in sight in a minute." And do you know that name clung to Charlie as long as he lived.

That summer the city people learned about the drive. Charlie Hickock would get out a log and ride it across Miller's Pond. This pond was in Saranac village not far from Blood's Hotel. Bill Martin's hotel was at the lower lake. One day two or three were

down from Martin's and someone saw Hickock on a log and they thought it was quite a sight to see a man six feet tall ride a log. Lon Moody stood there and he said there was a man in town who could ride a log through the slip. At this, a city man from Martin's hotel spoke up and said, "Here is 100 dollars that says he can't." Up came little Pliny Miller and says, "Here is my 100 that says he can." They put the money in Verge Bartlett's hands, and Hickock got on his spike shoes and out on to the log. He rode it around a little then headed it for the slip. When he thought it had got around just right, away they went. When the log came up out of the foaming water Hickock was on it as usual. Before the summer was gone the city chap had won some of his money back. He found a fellow that wanted to make it 200 and he gave Hickock half.

Fitch O'Brien had the stage route to AuSable Forks and it was not an easy matter to get good stage drivers. Fitch came up one night and engaged Lute Evans to drive. At St. Armands, R.L. French had a hotel and the stages stopped each way for dinner. At night they would get their express all paid for and find out how many passengers they were to have. A fellow from the city came to Evans and asked him how much he would ask to take him to Saranac Lakes. Evans told him two dollars and a half. He asked "Isn't there a cheaper way?" Lute says "Yes, we tow them up for a dollar." The young man said he would go that way. The next morning, when the stage was loaded, the young man came out and started to climb into the stage. Lute asked him to wait until he was ready for him. He did so and after Lute had finished loading the baggage he took a halter and said, "Come here Mr." and went to the rear of the stage. The young man says, "What are you going to do with that?" Lute says "You told me you wanted to be towed in. In order to do that, I've got to put this halter on you and hitch you to the baggage rack." The young man says, "I think I'll ride inside."

The next morning Mr. Evans saw a man on his way up the street and when he got nearer he saw it was the same young man. He at the same time recognized Mr. Evans and greeted him with a "Good morning driver." Evans says, "Good morning." Then the young man says, "They tell me at the hotel that you are an old guide and can tell me where there is a good place to fish." Mr. Evans says, "Right over across here," pointing to the west "is Colby's Pond. Now you go back down to the hotel, cross the bridge turn to the right, go up that little hill and you will see the pond. You keep down on the left side of the pond and you will see a big tree that has fallen into the pond. You walk out on the tree 10 – 12 feet, and sit down, and I think you will find it a good place to fish." This young man was like hundreds of others that go to the Adirondacks every season. They think they can get something for nothing. That night just as the sun went down the young man came into Mr. Evan's yard. He didn't have the same meek look he had in the morning and his politeness was all gone. He broke out "Evans, you told me that was a good place to fish, I've sat there all day and I haven't caught a one!" Evans said, "Didn't you find it a good place to fish?" He says "Y-e-s." Lute then says, "You didn't tell me you wanted to get any." A light evidently dawned in the young man's mind for he meekly said, "Can you go with me tomorrow where we can get some fish?" Evans said he would. When they returned they had a full basket. The young man stayed in and

around Saranac Lakes all summer and he and Mr. Evans became very good friends, and occasionally he would send Evans a Police Gazette or a copy of Field & Stream.

Along about this time there were quite a number of new hotels started. Paul Smith's which you could drive to, as well as Martin's at the lower lake. Verge Bartlett had no road to his place in the summertime, so he got all the heavy supplies in the winter on the snow and ice. Bartlett did some lumbering and he had his own saw mill. Once in a while a man would get dissatisfied as there were 30 – 40 guides and lumbermen there. There was one very tall boy by the name of John Fay. His people were very poor, and John had always had to work and as John's father had lost a leg in the war, John had to send some of his earnings home. When he came to the blacksmith's shop I would always take him home with me and my mother would give him a lunch. John remembers it to this day as he told me so when he was 70 years old.

John wanted to get through at Bartlett's after the ice had gone out of the lake. Bartlett has said "all right, but you will have to go around by Saginaw." John knew what that meant; it meant a walk of 60 miles. Bartlett and the guides owned all the boats, and no one would dare to take any of Bartlett's help from his place. In order to get down to Martin's Hotel you would have to go over Carey's, carry three miles to Tupper Lake, and pass down that lake to Sweeney's carry; across that carry about two miles, to the Upper Saranac Lake through that lake and then there was a short carry to the Lower Saranac; then across that lake and you were at Martin's Hotel. At Bartlett's they had a large room for the guides and lumbermen where they could smoke and play cards and dry their rubbers and leggings. Nearly every night someone would start picking on John Fay. One night a guide started it by saying "The little boy is getting lonesome for his mother eh?" At his John said, "I had a dream last night." The guide says, "This lonesome little boy had a dream!" The guides all came up near John and said, "What was it all about?" I think Chick Sales must have been there sometime for there a "six holer" there. John mentioned the building and said, "When I arrived at the door there stood Mr. Bartlett, as usual he was very nice and polite and said "Come right in John, you can use any one of these and when you are through there is a box of cobs and here is a box of Bartlett's guides, Take your choice." From that time on they didn't try to tease John anymore.

Did I tell you there were three drives each Spring? It required 300 – 400 good husky men to accomplish this work. You have learned a little about river driving. The AuSable drive didn't require as many men. Steve Williams, Ben Hamner and Gib Hickock were the boatmen. Sanford Avery did all the measuring of logs at Wilmington. The bank of the river on the west side was filled as far as you could see, and on the other side the same way. It required a good many men and a yoke of oxen on the other side of the river, and one inch and a half warp 150 feet long and a grapple. They worked nearly two weeks to get them into the river. They failed to do as they were told, send a few down the river and keep the channel open and this is what happened. There were two large jams formed, one about a mile down and the other at Markhamville about three miles away. It caused the water to set back on the flats near the old brickyard. When the jam was broken the logs of the flat didn't all go. The logs came off the west side of

the mountain on the St. Armand side, near what is now called Lake Stevens, which is now on the way up the new road to Whiteface.

Eli Garseau was the foreman at this bunch of kilns; several thousand cords of four foot wood were drawn every winter to supply the kilns. In the summertime a lot of the wood was cut and piled, the roads were made, also a slide made for the wood. When the slide was built, which was three quarters of a mile long; when it was being used the people in Wilmington village could hear the wood when it came down.

A Frenchman by the name of Joseph Champagne took a job of cutting and delivering several hundred cord of wood for the slide. When the wood was put into the slide and it got to the bottom, it would sometimes bound 25 – 30 feet. Champagne went to Montreal and got a pair of big St. Bernard dogs and he made a harness for them. He couldn't get a sled on to the top of the mountain. He found some natural crooks in the woods, and on stormy days he would stay in his shanty and made a sled up there, so when the snow came he was ready for it. He would pile on a cord at a time. He had a skid eight feet long and would have it under the hind knee of the sled. Then Joe would pat the dog, talk a little French to them, then a big word or two, and say "Sacra Chien – GO!", at the same time lifting on the skid which would start the sled, and in a short time have all the wood down the slide and gone. Joe had a chance to sell his dogs and he did so. The new owner was not as good to the dogs as Joe had been. He used a long whip and the dogs got cross and snarly. One day the road was slippery and as they went on to the ice the sled slewed and drew them onto the side, killing one of the dogs.

The snow was nearly all gone. Joe hadn't settled with the Rogers Co., when Joe went to them and said "Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Joe is honest man and he comes to settle with you." Mr. Fairbanks turned to the book keeper George Armstrong and asked him to look up Joe's account. In about half an hour he called Joe into his office and says "Joe, George finds you owe the Rogers Co. \$317.33." Joe says, "Mr. George please tell Joe again." At this Mr. Fairbanks told him, and then Joe says "Mr. Fairbanks, Joe no can pay it. He honest man Joe wants to come back another Fall and job wood for you." Mr. Fairbanks says "All Joe, we'll take your note. Mr. George will you please write out a note and Joe will sign it." So Mr. George wrote the note and Mr. Fairbank says "Joe, you sign right there", pointing to the space. "Mr. Fairbank, how do she read?" "For value received I promise to pay to the J&J Rogers Co., \$317.33 on or before one year after date. Now Joe, you sign right here." Joe says, "Joe don't like the way she read." "How do you want it to read Joe? You have Mr. George write it this way. I Joseph Champagne, I promise to pay, two or three dollars in two or three days. Money no comes, you no get your pay, I suppose." He would sign that or nothing. Joe came back the next Fall and paid up his blacksmith bill. He came into my father's shop and says "How you do Mr. Avery?" My father didn't say anything. Joe says "Don't you know me Mr. Avery? This is Joe, when Joe went 'way he cry like little child for Joe had no money for to pay his bill. Joe want to pay it now." My father looked up his account and received his pay in full. But, the Rogers Co. didn't fare as well.

There were a lot of French people that settled among the hills. Fred Stone was often seen in the town, he was quite a horse trader. He got hold of a blind mare and he came to the shop one day and my father says, "I see you got rid of the blind mare." Fred says, "Is that what you call it Mr. Avery?" "Yes" said my father. "Didn't you tell the man she was blind?" "Mr. Avery, I couldn't think of that word. I tole him she was good hoss, but he don't look very good." "Do you know Mr. Avery, Fred do more work with dat one hoss las' winter dan I do dis winter wit two hoss."

Some time ago I said there were several new hotels that sprang up. Paul Smith's was one. Ed Derby's was another. Ed had his own horses and stages. One winter he went to Essex, Plattsburgh and Burlington, VT looking for a small steam boat he could get. As he had no work for his horses at that season of the year he could pull it with his own team. In Westport he found a boat owned, in part by Harvey Hayes. It was called "The Nellie." Harvey didn't have it all paid for, and the people that sold it to him thought they would rather have Derby's note than his, so they consented to let Mr. Derby move it. The note was written "One day after I promise to pay to Harvey Hayes \$586.00." Along in the Spring they wanted to use some money, so they wrote Mr. Derby they would like to pay on the Hayes note. Mr. Derby paid no attention to the letter, so in a week or so they sent him another, saying they would proceed to collect. Mr. Derby, living in Franklin county and Westport being in Essex county, they could not get the case into the Spring court, so they had to wait until October. By that time, they had made some enquiries about Mr. Derby and were told he had nothing in his own name. Malone is the county seat, and the court in Malone opened the first week in October. By that time, it had been noised around quite a lot in Essex County that Derby would have to pay that note as there was a mortgage on that boat.

Derby took one or two of his friends with him ad behind a span of good horses he drove into Malone the day before his trial. When the court opened the judge asked if Mr. Derby was present and he promptly answered "Yes Sir." He was asked to come forward which he did. The judge then asked if he had an attorney, and he said he did not. In his line of questioning, the judge asked these questions: "Mr. Derby, have you a watch?" "A watch?" The judge replies, "Yes a watch." At this Derby took out of his pocket a large double cased gold watch, opened it and stood there. The judge says, "Is that your watch Mr. Derby?" Derby says, "No Sir." "Whose watch is it?" "My wife's. Isn't she a good woman to let me carry it?" Then the judge says, "Have you any money?" Derby raised the question, "Money did you say?" "Yes, money." Derby then took out of his pocket a large bill fold filled with bills of all sizes from 50 dollars to 100. He also went into his pant pockets and brought out a roll of bills as large as his wrist tied with a bag string. The judge says, "Mr. Derby, is that your money?" Derby says, "No Sir." "Whose is it?" "My wife's. Isn't she a good woman to let me carry it?"

After a little deliberation the judge says, "The case is adjourned to some future date." He told Derby he could go home. At this, Derby arose to his feet and said, "Judge I wish to thank you." Mr. Hayes went to Vermont. Mr. Derby died in New York City the following year.

Ford Chase had a hotel at Lower Lake and a Mr. Wardner had a hotel at Meacham Lake. They were very honorable men and lived to be very old men. It was about 1870 that Mr. S.H. Weston had the cook kilns built. The bricks were made at Markhamville near a brook. Men came from Winooski, VT to make them. Of course, it gave considerable work for choppers, and teams drawing ore, wood and coal as there was a four fired forge, two saw mills and a grist mill; the best one on the river at that time. Dave Boswoth was the miller. There was also a starch factory, three blacksmith shops and two stores. Sydney West of Winooski, VT had cousins in Wilmington, G.W. Weston and family who moved to Port Henry and went into the meat and grocery business. Aaron Edson and George Harris were partners in the business. As Mr. Weston passed on in a few years, Sydney bought out their real estate holdings in Wilmington. At one time previous to their going to Port Henry, they ran the Whiteface mountain house in Wilmington. At that time stages stopped there, and Mr. Weston kept a lot of horses for people to ride up Whiteface. As many as seven or eight horses a day would go onto the mountain. Mr. Weston had a camp built up on the mountain and Jack Lewis and his wife looked after it. They had a cow there, a good cook stove and as they had groceries sent up each day, a good many spent the night. The camp was $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the top. The road was put in order every Spring and Wilmington's Summer business was good.

1876 was a presidential year and the Republicans had nominated Rutherford B. Hayes as president and William A. Wheeler of Malone as vice president. The Democrats placed Samuel J. Tilden as president and Hendricks as vice president. It wasn't long before they began to talk about forming a republican club; Jay did and so did Keene. The Wilmington club thought they should have a flagpole to hang Old Glory on and also a Hayes/Wheeler banner. At the time of the flag raising Mr. Frank Baldwin was Marshall of the day. The pole was placed on skids up in front of Patrick Connoboy's house on Sanford Ave. There it was peeled by Sanford Avery and painted red, white and blue. When drawn to the village there were 14 yoke of oxen hitched to the wagon, a pair of yearling steers in the lead. Mr. Connoboy was the one that got out the pole and it was 85 feet long, the best one anywhere in the valley.

Then Jay at the lower village got out one, a double one, one above the other. Then Keene said they would have one, and they wanted a parade. It was made up in the following manner; Keene, Jay and Wilmington. Keene boys wore red shirts, white blankets with red stars in corners of the blankets. Jay boys wore white shirts, red blankets and white stars in corners of the blankets. Wilmington boys wore blue shirts, blue blankets with white stars in corners of the blankets. The number from each town was; Keene 75, Jay 80, and Wilmington 60. When they were in line you could easily see they would attract the attention of both parties. They were asked to go to Keene to a flag rising. Mr. Warren Weston was chosen captain, and all three companies were requested to appear. At a previous joint meeting they had elected a president for each company, a secretary and treasurer as they voted to buy torch lights and each company were to buy and pay for their own. They received an invitation to come to Keeseville, and as Keeseville was one of the largest towns in Essex county, the president

requested that all should go. Then came Plattsburgh, they wanted a banner day. They had invited Senator George F. Edmunds of Burlington, VT to deliver an address. It was claimed that VT turned out over 1,500 that day, and of that number more than half were on horseback. There were two boys from Keene and they attracted more attention than all the others.

Wilmington was always a very patriotic town, ever since Major Reuben Sanford was at Plattsburgh in 1812- 14. As there was no war for so many years after that they had to do something for patriotic excitement so they used to fire off a cannon on special occasions.

In 1848 the boys of Wilmington had made special preparations for a real 4th of July. Previous to this year someone had fired the cannon, which was a small piece weighing about 480 – 490 pounds. It was plugged with a rat-tailed file. Someone said to drill it out, but the file was as hard as the drill so this couldn't be done. It was then proposed to heat it red hot and as the gun would expand more than the file, it would drop out when hit with a hammer. The cannon was taken into my father's shop, they got it on to the forge and in about an hour it was mounted on the rear end of a lumber wagon, securely chained and the wagon drawn up onto the village green which is above the M.S. Church and town house, in front of Everett's store. The hotel was in the same place it is now. Some of the boys went there to spend the night before the 4th. About 3:00 AM in the morning, who should make their appearance but Newell Marshall and Ob Lewis. They asked the boys where the gun was and were told it was on the green. They said "No, no it isn't there!" Someone said it had been put in the river by someone, so to the river they went searching thoroughly without success. Daylight and the people outside of Wilmington began to come into town and they asked, "how about the 4th?" Mr. Lansing lived where Sanford Avery's place was, and when he went to turn out his cows he discovered mule tracks. He came back to the village and told what he had seen. All with one accord exclaimed, "the cannon is in Blackbrook," this being the only place where mules were used. Aaron who was working for Major Sanford said they had offered him five dollars if he would bring it out. Now the question was how to get it back. Elisha Adams, a son-in-law of Major Sanford suggested that he write a note to Mr. Rogers asking him to have his men give up the gun. To this the Major made no reply. Everyone after learning the news of what had taken place was eager to go to Blackbrook and get it. A company of about 60 good husky young men made up the posse. Several teams were offered to take them to what they thought would be a battle field.

When they got to within a mile of the village they called a halt and Newell Marshall was chosen to lead the men. He took about 30 volunteers to spy the situation. Hiram Winch, being well acquainted was sent to locate where the gun was. Blackbrook was a small village, the houses, stores and barns were all owned by the Rogers Co. This man Winch was often seen in the village, therefore he wouldn't arouse any suspicions. The noise from the gun soon told him where it was. On his return to the company he was not long in explaining how to get there. The rest of the men under their leader Marshall,

approached the village and were told to wait until they saw the company come down over the fence, then they were to give a big yell, as did the men with the teams. Blackbrook was hemmed in by a dense forest of pine. One lively lad from Wilmington gave a yell and jumped astride the gun, another one took the kettle that contained the live coals and gave it a swing into the brook, and another took a bar and pried off the chains. Another one put the ramrod in the muzzle, and the order of march was heard. Soon the cannon was carried across the bridge where a wagon was waiting for it. On they went, with the horses on the run. The Blackbrook bell did ring as it will never ring again. When they arrived in Wilmington, they drove down back of the church, then up onto the green and the cannon was fired off! "What made the bullgine speak the louder was they took it with a charge of powder!" Major Sanford stepped up to his son-in-law and says, "Elisha that was some better than your dishwater plan." If anyone would like to see a piece of the old cannon go to the Cooper library in Wilmington.

At Blackbrook "sadness hung over the province all day", while in Wilmington "young men and maidens danced and sang songs and feasted." For further particulars consult the chronicles in Wilmington library. There is a complete tale of the gun written by Lansing, editor of the Essex County Republican, along with David Hinds of Keene and Sanford Avery of Wilmington.

In going to Blackbrook, you have to pass through a little settlement called Markhamville where once stood a forge, a brickyard and a schoolhouse. Several families included; Markhams, Hazeltons, Coopers, McLeods, Smiths, Courtneys and Sheas. A son of the Markhams that had the forge went to CA and became governor of that state. When I was in CA, I called upon the governor at his home in Pasadena on Pasadena Ave. It was in 1919. He was very well and hearty. A sister was living with him and when he was governor there, the people of CA named one of their mountains Mt. Markham.

About two miles from Markhamville you come to Coopersville. Three or four families in sight and several back from the main highway. Thomas Crowley, Dud Smith. Farther on you come to an old log house owned by the Hamners. It was near this place that the company divided that went into Blackbrook and got the gun. Wilmington had a song they sang, this is the chorus:

"At Blackbrook forge the gun was holed; The boys all laughed to hear it told
Ha, Ha, ha what lots of fun, For these brave boys of Wilmington"

The song had four or five verses and is in the Cooper library in Wilmington. In the year 1870 or 1871 they had another 4th of July celebration in Wilmington and the cannon had to spout fire again. Henry Sander and Jack Lewis were chosen to have the management of it. After dinner had been served, and in the afternoon near 4:00PM when Jack Lewis was loading the gun, and Henry Sanders was thumbing it, somehow the air got in to it and away she went! Jack Lewis had hold of the ram rod and that was found in the road near a big maple tree over past Aaron Hayes' on the road to Steve Williams' about ½ mile. The two men were taken into the houses below the hotel and

for several days there was no hope for their recovery, but Henry Sanders died about 20 years ago, and Jack Lewis in 1937.

The cannon was not used very much until 1875, the year of the Hayes and Wheeler campaign. At the time of the Keene rally they had it mounted on the rear of a wagon, and as the parade was passing through Upper Jay, on the right side of the street above the covered bridge lived a family by the name of Goucher. The old lady was a "Copperhead democrat" and she wanted everyone to know it. She was in the door waving a broom when the parade passed, and she was yelling with all her might "Hurrah for Tilden and Hendrix!" Oz George was taking care of the gun, someone said "Let 'er have it!", which he did. The old lady fainted dead away in the door. All these things made for more fun.

It was in 1876 that the cannon was stolen again. It was not like the present time. There were telephones in Wilmington, AuSable Forks and Jay. If some travelling man would come into town, he would bring along some election news. If he thought there were more Republicans in the store than Democrats, he would report that Hayes was elected and at once they would make up some cartridges to be fired off that night and a good-sized crowd would gather on the green, or park, and someone would announce that Hayes had been elected President. James Wilson was one of Mr. Weston's teamsters, and a Democrat. He went to the Forks three or four times a week and he would bring the news that Sam Tilden had won by some 40,000; but not a gun would he get. There was a big strong man by the name of Alf Perry living about two miles out of the village, and he didn't like to hear the cannon so often either. One night when he went to the store for his shingle to keep the coal tally on to put in his load of coal, he brought along a bran sack and a bar of iron. He walked over on the green and pried off the chains and put the gun in the sack, then he shouldered it and put in into his coal wagon. On his way down, he met Mr. Aaron Hayes. Alf Perry was considered the strongest man in that part of the town.

The news came about the election, but no cannon. It was at least two years before it was returned to the green. One day my father was on his way to the store and he saw a dark object in the grass. He walked over to inspect it and Lo and behold! It was the cannon. Now who had had it and how did it get back here was the question. My father though all the time thought that Alf Perry had it and was wise to where it had gone.

So he hitched up Old Ned and drove over to Henry Huntington's and they drove up to Perry's. They stopped just before they got to the house and got out on the other side of the road from the house, and as they did so, Alf came out of the house smiling. They said, "Hello Alf." and he says "Hello boys. Come here and I'll show you where I had it." They followed him into the stable and he took up a plank in the floor and there could be seen very plainly where it had laid. Then he told them the whole story and showed them the wagon he delivered it on.

After a few years it was loaned to the boys in Keene. The powder they had for the gun was finally all used up and then they used blasting powder from the mines in the hills. After a few heavy blasts the cannon was no more. One day when I was in Thurlow Bell's store in Wilmington, Mr. David Hinds came in for a visit with me. Our talk drifted back to the Blackbrook days and the cannon. Mr. Hinds says "I have two pieces of the gun. Come up to the house and get a piece of it." So I went with him and got it and brought it to my home in Ferrisburg, VT where it was used for a door stop for several years. Finally, I gave it, with a copy of the Chronicles, to the Cooper Library in Wilmington.

Above Wilmington village, two miles is the high bridge. At one time when they were rebuilding it there was just one stringer, a stick of timber about 14 inches square. It reached clear across the river. One dark night a man came home from Upper Jay on horseback, and he rode the horse onto the stick of timber. The horse stepped up onto it and walked to the other side. A boy named Stacey very often ran across this timber to the other side of the river, but he was sober while the man on horseback was not.

Wilmington was more fortunate than some of the mountain towns as we had martial music. In 1871 William Hinds played the fife and his two sons, Bert and Frank, played the drums. With such inspiring music it is no wonder there were exciting times.

Many, many years ago it was the usual custom to have a man teacher in the village school for the winter months. Some of the boys and girls that attended school then were grown men and women. For the Fall sometimes there was a select school, so called. Ms. Sarah McCloud was the teacher. One winter they hired a Ms. Kline. She did the best she could in governing those big boys and girls. One day she had occasion to punish one of the big boys. She said, "Give me your hand." She had a large ruler and when the boy held out his hand she took hold of it and began to lay the blows on as hard as she could, when he remarked "Give him Hail Columbia." The teacher was doing her very best but at that she burst into tears, dropped his hand and told him to take his seat.

It was about 1840 that Roger Hickock began to teach. He had a system of his own that was very effective. One Winter he had a daily average of 62 for a 16-week term. The classes ranged from the ABC's to and including the 6th reader. 35 in one spelling class. One boy in 2nd class asked, just before it was time for the class, to leave his seat. Mr. Hickock says, "what do you want to leave your seat for Owens?" He replied "I want to find out where my spelling lesson is." Mr. Hickock asks, "Were you here yesterday?" "Yes." Hickock then says, "I expect when the Day of Judgment comes, and the Lord is calling the people to come home some will stand on the bank and ask, "What that man is talking about?" Yes Owens, find out quickly for that is the next class I'll call."

If he saw a boy or girl with their arms folded in their back, he would call out their name and ask if their hands were dirty. They knew what he meant. The 1st day of school he

would tell the school what he wanted them to do and acquaint them with his rules. One rule was “No chewing of gum in school.” If you did he would have to punish the gum.

It was his custom to have the little ones come up and stand by his side to read as he sat in his arm chair on the platform where he could look all over the school room. Suddenly you might hear him say “That boy chewing gum come here!” Sometimes two or three would start to get up, then some of them would sit down again. He would say, “You all come.” When they got up to his desk if it was the 1st time, they would say it was, and he would tell them to put the gum on his desk and take their seats. He would tell them that gum was a very bad thing to have in school and he’d punish every bit he found there. It wouldn’t be long before he again would be heard to say, “that boy chewing gum come up here.” If the boy had been up before he would look back of him and Hickock would say “You don’t need to look back; I mean you so come right along.” When he got there Hickock would say “Have you been here before?” and he’d say he had. “Did I tell you I’d punish the gum if I found you with anymore?” The boy would say yes. “Well, put it in your hand. I don’t want to punish you, but that gum is bad stuff.” If it stuck to the ruler he would give it another blow and sometimes the 3rd one, and every time it stuck he would say he didn’t want to punish them, it was that gum.

He had some very peculiar girls and boys that attended his school. The times were very hard. Many dinner pails had only rye bread or biscuits in them, with a teacup of black molasses. Some had two or three apples. They kept their dinner pails in their desks and in cold weather they often found their dinner frozen, so they had to thaw it on the stove at noon. It was a common occurrence to find two or three standing around the stove thawing out apples and bread.

Very few had their own books; they had to borrow. In a reading class the poor reader stood up and looked over with a good reader and he would help him. One day the lesson was about “The riches of the poor barber.” Frank Hatch was the head one that day in his class. The boy that stood by him that day got him started all right. He whispered to him, “The riches of the poor barber.” Then he said “His 1st ticket was a blanket.” The boy by his side read from the book, in a whisper, “He was persuaded by a friend to purchase it.” Hatch says, “He was pursued by a friend to buy it.” Hickock says “Kilburn, you may read the balance of that chapter and see if you can do any better.” Hatch was called after that “Blanket Hatch”.

Mr. Hickock was a man who stood about five feet nine and weighed 175 – 180 pounds. A pleasing personality, he wore a full beard, as did most men at that time. He was a lover of music and taught music having singing schools during the winter sometimes. He was very particular about time. Anyone who sang in his singing school was taught not to drag, if anyone did it didn’t take long for them to understand it was not wanted.

He wanted children to enjoy good sports, such as ball, quoits, running races, wrestling, boxing and jumping. In school he had order, in music he had time. He was good in retoricals, his pet study being mathematics. He was 100% in spelling, reading and

writing. He was great on being punctual and drilled in into our heads that 9:00 meant 9:00 and 1:00 meant 1:00. He would tell us that if you told a man you would meet him at 10:00 AM or 2:00 PM, you should be where the meeting was to take place. He used to say that there was nothing wasted so much as time.

He had a farm in Wilmington before going to Kansas where he was for a time. He was a man who made good use of his time. A great many went to the West at that time and most of them eventually returned. He had four boys; Charles, Gilbert, Henry and Edgar and one daughter Anna. She married Byron McCloud. Gilbert (Gib) was with General Custer, he left the Army before the big battle and came back to Wilmington and lived there the rest of his life, as did his father, mother, brothers and sister. I think Charles died in Bloomingdale. Their farm was across the road from George Smith's place and was called the Tom Gorman farm at one time.

Getting back to Roger Hickock's school, he did not punish the little ones with the ruler. He would make them walk around with him as he went about the school room assisting different ones. If anyone wanted any help on a problem, he would sit down in the seat with them and put his foot out in the aisle and say to the little one "Come sit on my foot." At first, they didn't sit down very hard and he would say, "Sit right down hard. You won't hurt my foot." Then he would proceed to explain the problem. The child would forget all about where it was until suddenly he would draw his foot out quickly and the child would find itself sitting on the floor in a heap. Hickock would exclaim "What are you doing down there, get up and take your seat."

One morning the school room was filled with an odorous smoke. It was in the winter of about 1850. After the school was called to order he asked who put the dead mouse on the stove pipe. As no one answered he said, "Now children, you know I always keep my word. You had better tell me now, for if I do not find out until the last day of school and the last afternoon, I will keep my word and punish the one that did it."

Sylvester Mihills was the one that built the fires and he knew who did it, but not a word was said. The boy who did it and the Mihills boy had some trouble and he thought it had been so long the teacher would not punish the boy, so at Noon he told Mr. Hickock that Fletcher Avery was the boy that put the mouse on the stove pipe. This being the last day of school there were a lot in to hear the children speak and learn who had the most perfect lessons, and the fewest tardy or absent marks. They even had to bring in planks for extra seats. After all were seated Mr. Hickock said "Fletcher Avery, come here." He failed to start at first so Hickock says "Avery, do you want me to come after you?" At that he went up to the platform. After some preliminary remarks and a few leading questions Hickock asked him if he had ever known of his lying to him or to anyone in the school. Fletcher said he never had. Then Hickock said "Avery, I am sorry I have to do this today, but I must keep my word." This was where the big ruler had to do its part.

One spring on the last day of school our school had been invited to Upper Jay to take part in the exercises. The school house was on the bank of the river, after you went through the covered bridge. The name of the Upper Jay teacher was John T. Heal; Mr. Hickock was our teacher. Wilmington went over with two four horse rigs, and some went in single rigs. There were a lot of flags, and the 65 – 70 who went never forgot it. The Upper Jay teacher would call upon one of his pupils for a selection, then Mr. Hickock would call upon one of his.

Wilmington was always more friendly with Upper Jay than with the lower village. There is a story about Byron McLeod who married Anna Hickock and lived on the old McLeod farm in Markhamville. When he was a small boy he was riding the horse one day for his father to cultivate corn. It looked very much like a storm as there were mutterings of thunder and Byron was terribly afraid when it thundered. He wanted to go to the house. His father was a very stern, precise man. He cut a whip off from a hickory bush. While he was cutting it, Byron slid off the horse and started for the house. His father caught him and held the big stick over him and said, "Byron, which do you fear the most, thunder or your father?" Byron replies, "T H U N D E R father" and broke away from him and scampered to the house.

Jay as well as Wilmington had many good farmers. In Upper Jay there was Seth Bull, Ben Bull's father. Ben went to school to the Forks when I did in 1884. Terrance McFarland; Stickney down where they held the camp meetings. Clark, Mr. G.B. Tobey; Nye that had the sawmill and camp ground; Slater who forded the river opposite the Nye's; Mr. J.K. Lewis, L.N. Bartlett; Wendell Sumner, and last but not least Ebenezer Sumner. He lived on the old farm with his sister Lib, an old maid. Eb, as he was called by everyone who had met him, was one of the commissioners chosen by Peter Comstock to work the road and spend the \$1,500 appropriated by the state for that road. Did you note the modest sum of \$1,500?

Top wagons were not seen on any of our roads at that time. The wagon that did attract the attention of our people was "rattling concord" wagon made with a low back to the seat. About as good as none at all. This wagon was made by Hiram Ray of Burlington, VT and some spoke of it as "a Ray wagon." One of the first that came to our section came when that road was being built. Two cattle buyers from Williston, VT driving a good pair of bright bay Morgan horses, young and well groomed; new harness, hitched to a concord wagon. It made for a striking rig. When they came along in that black muddy road everyone stopped work. It was something new. When they got along opposite Ed Sumner he reached out and grabbed the nigh horse by the bit and said "Whoa!" in a gruff voice. The driver said, "You let go of that horse."

There were men in the front and men in the rear. The driver repeated it again but Eb held his grip. The driver let down the rubber blanket, handed the reins to his companion and at the same time started to put his hand into his hip pocket. Eb spoke up then and says "Hell! Gimme a chaw o' terbacker!" They all had a good laugh and went on to North Elba. Eb got his "terbacker."

When my sister was about 16 and I was 12 we were sent to Mr. Sumner's for some cooking apples; it was April. When we got there, we were told he was away, but it wasn't long before he arrived, and his sister told him who we were and what we were after. He went to the cellar way and brought back a pan half full of apples. There were some peelings and cores in the pan, and a knife. He says to my sister, "Do you like apples?" She said "No." The pan did not look real tempting. Then he came to me and I said yes and took one. He again went to the cellar way. This time he took down a candle from a shelf; went to the stove with a stick; pulled out the hearth, lighted the stick, then the candle. After it had dripped into the ashes two or three times as he held it tilted a little to get it going good, he says to me "Do you want to go down cellar?" I said I did, and he said "Come." When he got to the foot of the stairs he stopped, and said "Do you ever drink cider?" I said yes, and Eb again said "Come." And walked over to the darkest corner of the cellar, stopped by a barrel and remarked "This is some I put up for Eb." He took a pint bowl off the top of the barrel and filled it about two-thirds full. The color was very good amber and it tasted like new cider, very smooth, not sour or musty. He went to the apple bin and I held the candle while he put up the required amount and when he went up with the apples I followed and blew out the candle. Carrie paid him for the apples and we both thanked him. Then I went out and untied the horses and we started for home. That was the last I remembered that day. Carrie had to drive. I had told him I would come over sometime and find out how he put up his cider. He said all right, but I do not think my mother cared to have me do so.

Eb, as I have said was a good farmer. He always had some grain to sell; wheat and buckwheat seed, rye, corn and seed oats; maple sugar and syrup; small pigs four weeks old; some lumber, and good new milk cows.

He had quite a good-sized orchard for those parts. One fall he told his sister "That thar sweet apple tree, we don't get many apples off of it. I mean that are Tolman sweet." Lib agreed that they didn't. The boys had all gone to the village as the chores were all done and it was nearly dark. Eb went out, climbed over the fence and soon came to the sweet apple tree. He climbed up into it to where the branches were thick and proceeded to wait. In a little while he could hear voices, to his surprise he recognized them both. One of them said "I think here is where we got over last year," and over went the basket. One remarked "I've looked this bag over, so I wouldn't get one with a hole in the way I did last year." Soon Eb could hear the apples go into the basket and then into the bag. One of them finally spoke up and says "There, that fills it as full as I can tie it." Just then Eb in that gruff voice of his yelled out from up in the tree, "A-r-r, change ends with that bag, damn quick too!" and he started to come down the tree. The two men with might leaps went over the fence, leaving both basket and bag. One man's name was on the bag and the other one was on the basket. Eb, being a good sport did not complain of them. Needless to say, they never claimed their property.

Bloomington, Wilmington and Jay at Stickney Bridge were places where camp meetings were held some 70 years ago. One was held down in Nye's grove nearly a mile below their house. Open the pasture gate and drive in; then over to the grove. Ms. Hettie

Bartlett could tell you how to get up there. In the first place the old committee would be called for a meeting to determine the date and place, the president, the name of the speaker for each day, the morning and afternoon sessions as well as the evening meetings. As there were no telephones in those days they had to rely upon the weekly paper, this being the Essex County Republican printed in Keeseville, NY by Mr. Lansing. Small notices were printed by D.L. Hayes and son of AuSable Forks, NY.

They had to have special police on Sunday. He could choose his assistant and determine their pay. The fireman was a man with a good reputation, also with pay. The fires were built on top of at least six platforms which were six feet high. The first thing to do was have poles laid across, four inches through and four and a half feet long. Then get some good sod four inches thick and lay it on the poles. When the platforms were finished they took a team and drew a load of good dry pine stumps. It required more than one load. It was a very busy place for two weeks before the date of the opening.

Then a prayer meeting tent was built with a platform. The tent had a good big platform with all the front open and a roof over it.

The seats for the audience were of plank and it would probably require 3,000 feet for that alone. Lumber was cheap at that time; a good carpenter would oversee the job. They would get some 2x4's and cut them 14 or 15 inches long and nail on four short legs, and in a short time would have the camp all seated.

The party that owned the grounds would be the one to control all concessions, such as a lunch counter, etc. One would have to hire of him a place to sell gingerbread, early apple, honey, etc. There was no ice cream at that time. There was a man by the name of Horace Sheldon who kept bees, and camp meeting time was his harvest. His family consisted of a wife and two plump corn-fed daughters weighing around 190 – 200 pounds each. Around that eating place was a sight on Sunday. They could get a cup of coffee, but no one was allowed to sell beer on the grounds. The first one I went to did not have any pink lemonade, but you could buy a cigar.

The last Sunday was the big day, and they said there were three thousand there on the ground. On their way home, away down in one corner of the pasture they traded horses, and that was where they handled wet goods.

Sunday, after the presiding elder for that district was supposed to preach, after everyone was seated and quiet for some time, some good witty man came forward and called the meeting to order. He would tell that a lot had received help at the meetings, some from as far off as Keeseville, Peru and Bloomingdale. Then he would call their attention to the expense they had been to. They had asked Lewis Bartlett of Jay, Amos Hardy of Wilmington, Ira Boynton of Lower Jay to take up a collection. He also said if anyone gave five dollars or more to please give him their names. When Mr. Hardy took the basket he put in five dollars, and the speaker called out, "Amos Hardy, five dollars." Then L.J. Bartlett and Ira Boynton each put in five dollars. Then M.H. Prime five. The

speaker says, "That's good priming!" John Nye 5 dollars. Then H.S, Prime five dollars, and the speaker would say," Some more good priming!" One or two more gave five dollars and he called out their names. Finally, after a long silence they heard Ebenezer Sumner's name called. All was silent, then," A-r-r, how that for priming?" Everyone laughed, the chairman laughed, and said, "That's all right, Mr. Sumner. We wish we had more like you."

There was no code or CCC or WPA to go by. It was from four a.m. till seven or eight p.m. Eb always had his cows milked in the yard in the summer time. He had a boy working for him who wore a broad brimmed homemade straw hat. He didn't like to milk. So he put a pin in his hat brim and when he got to milking good he would lean forward and prick the cow with the pin and away she would go to the other side of the yard. He would pick up his stool and repeat, "so boss, so boss" and start to milk, saying again, "so bossy" and at the same time give her a prod with the pin again and away she would go again. Eb would come along and say, "A-r-r, you go and milk another one." Soon that cow would jump and run against another cow and the man milking that one would fall off his stool and spill some of the milk. Finally, Eb would not let W.B. come into the barnyard. He gave him the job of feeding the hogs and pigs. His plan was to keep as many hogs as he did cows. Eb was a good cheese maker and he planned to keep fifty or sixty cows. He had a barrel fastened to a two-wheeled cart. As the hog yard was below the barn nearly one hundred yards so the odor would be away from the house, W.B. did not have any snap feeding the hogs, as they were in three pens.

Eb had always lived in that part of the town and he knew every man, woman, girl, boy or dog in Upper Jay. Eb was going along through the village when a young man by the name of Henry Lamoy came out of Prime's store, waved his hand and called, Eb, Eb. Wait. I want to see you." Eb stopped his team, and Lamoy says, "I see you have some wood up there. What do you get a cord for four-foot wood?" Eb says, "H-a-a, boy, have to have three dollars a cord." Lamoy says, "All right, you bring me a load. Do you know where I live?" Eb told him he did, chirped to his horses and drove on up the hill. The next morning, down came Eb with a load of wood. He was hold up by two or three that wanted the wood, but he refused to sell to them but said he would bring them some in the afternoon, and he got their order. When he got to Lamoy's house he drove in the yard and Henry came out. He said, "Good morning, Eb," and Eb returned the greeting. Then Lamoy says, "Eb, I can't pay you for this wood this morning. You are a nice old man and it won't make any difference to you!" Eb says, "H-a-a-r! I had two chances to to sell this wood this morning over the river. H-a-a-r! Lamoy, you are a nice young man, it won't make any difference to you if you don't have it till next week!" At that, he pulled the blanket off one horse and reached for the other one when Lamoy said, "Eb, please wait. I'll get the money for the wood." "H-a-a-r! They all have to have their money." Eb was a good yankee and everyone liked him.

Now, let's get back to Wilmington for a little while. There was the Bliss family Jasper Bliss cam to town about 1850 or 1851 with his two boys and their families. The boys were James and Laomi. Jasper and James lived in the Sanford mansion. Lo, as he was

called, lived on the opposite side of the road in a new house. Jasper had three daughters, very pretty young ladies. One married Mr. Olney and one John Nye and the other Mr. Wainwright. James had the grist mill to look after and a lot of custom grinding. He also bought corn and oats by the car load. Jasper and Loami looked after their big farm. They kept cattle, sheep, and hogs and were real good farmers. Loami had a real good wife and so did Jasper and James. Loami's family consisted of two girls and two boys. The girls were Effie and Iva. The boys Edson and Frank. Frank, being nearer my age we chummed together a little. I was the janitor for the M.E. Church. A notice was given out in church one Sunday that the next Sunday the quarterly meeting would be held in that church and the presiding elder from Plattsburgh and the minister from Bloomingdale would be there. When the notice was read our minister said he hoped there would be a good turnout, and he trusted the notice would be well circulated about the town, and that he had extended the invitation to Jay, as Jay and Wilmington was a joint parish.

The church was put in order, windows washed, floors and carpets cleaned, lamps filled, chimneys washed. Mr. Hardy brought over some nice dry wood. I (Lute) was there early and had the alter chairs, rail and seats all dusted. The church seemed nice and warm as it was a good sunshiny day. Who should come in but Frank Bliss. He says, "Lute, I want to see you and Frank sing in the choir." He says, "Lute you watch father. When I got ready for church I couldn't find a handkerchief anywhere. I looked through the bureau drawers and the only thing I could find was a baby's shirt. So I took the one father had and put the baby's shirt in his pocket and I left one sleeve just showing a little." It was the custom at that time to go to the altar and ask God to forgive your sins and to partake of the Lord's Supper. Loami was always the first one to go. The girls in the choir had all been told to watch Mr. Bliss. It was a habit of his to reach up and begin to pull out his handkerchief as soon as he started for the altar. By the time he got to the rail the whole shirt was out. There were so many of the choir that were laughing that the singing nearly stopped. They soon quieted down and no one was the worse for it.

Frank, the next summer began selling fruit, potatoes, eggs and butter in Lake Placid. Ralzy Neal owned the Notch house and did a little farming. On one of Frank's trips he said he stopped there and said he got their consent to let them come up and have a dance and Ralzy said he would furnish the music. So Frank named the date, I think it was the first week in October. We were told to take all we could in a rig. When we got there, there was no Frank, and said we could have no dance that night. Pretty soon Frank came. He drove up, got out and helped his girl out. By that time Ralzy came out and Frank says "Hello Ralzy! Well we got here after a while;" Ralzy tried his best to say something but Frank kept on talking – "We've brought our eats", etc. etc. Finally Ralzy used some strong words and said "Frank, you can't have a dance here. The hall isn't cleaned out." By that time Frank had his horse in the barn and went over to the house. The girls were all out on the porch. Frank said to Will Bell, "You take that old table out, and Lute you carry out the boxes." Frank got two brooms. "Here Cornell, use these to help sweep out, we'll eat later." About nine in the evening Ralzy came out all shaved and with his best suit on and we gave him a good hand shake. He brought out his

fiddle, put on a new string, put some rosin on the bow, and said he was ready. In those days it was either square dances, polkas, Virginia reel or Honey Musk. There was a man staying with Ralzy by the name of Peck and he could call off.

Everyone was happy. There was no rum or highballs or beer. Just a nice pleasant time for all. When the sun came up in the morning, I think we were having the last dance. One of the boys came out with Ralza's old coat and straw hat on, carrying a fish pole and announced that he was going fishing as he wanted a fish for dinner. He was told they wouldn't be there for dinner, so they began to pack up. Frank and Ralza had settled their differences and everyone left saying they had had a good time.

Ralza Lawrence was born in Jay and lived there during his boyhood days. He had a roving disposition and when the railroad was built from Burlington to Rutland, VT, he was one of the first express men. At that time they called them Baggage masters. There were a lot of pretty tough chaps in railroad building. Ralza was a very husky young man, standing nearly six feet tall and weighing 180 – 190 pounds; black eyes and black hair; and a good clear voice, and on occasion could use strong language. I never heard of anyone asking him over what he said, after he finished this first railroad job he learned a little about the West. California was well advertised and was such a large state and there was so much excitement about the gold being found there Ralza soon decided to go West. When he got as far as Chicago he met a lot more people and some were looking for men that had any experience in railroad building. As Ralza would attract attention in a church he certainly would in a bar room or in a hotel lobby. He was a good horseman and a good shot. He was hired to go to Denver and on to Portland, OR to put in a telegraph line. Dependable help was at a premium. When a man went to his meals it was well to lay your shooting on the table beside your plate as some of those lads were quick on the draw.

He told me he had over 800 dollars one day to carry over a mountain and up through a bridle path only horsemen used. He rode up to the inn a little before noon and ordered his dinner and asked to have his horse fed. He went in and washed, when he came out there were two strange looking men about to go into the bar. Each had a week's growth of beard. He was invited to go with them but refused. Soon they were told dinner was ready. There were five or six that went in. None did much talking. The two strangers ate in somewhat of a hurry and went out. "My seat was in full view of the shack where our horses were fed, and as they rode away I could see they were headed for the same canon I was supposed to make. When I had finished my dinner I went out and paid for it and my horses feed, saddled up and away I went up into the hills. I hadn't gone more than two miles up into the mountains where it was very rough and narrow when my pony came to a sudden halt. I gave him the spurs on both sides when I saw the two men come out from behind a big boulder. Their broncos were out of sight. My right hand was on my ivory handle. They both said "Howdy", and when I passed, "He is not the one." I got over all right and not a shot was fired. I got to our other camp about 5:00 PM and told the super what had happened, and he told me that they had learned that pay day was near but that they evidently didn't dare to hold me up. Not long after that I

was crossing a river in a row boat. It was in the Spring of the year, the water was cold and the river was full banks. An oar broke and the boat turned over. A Dutchman grabbed a paddle at the same time I did. I asked him if they both got ashore and he replied "I did."

In a few years he returned, married, settled down in Wilmington, and went into sheep, cattle, and horses. He was a real trader. He was supervisor of the town, held several other offices and was called upon sometimes to conduct a funeral. I saw him take charge of a funeral wearing a fur cap, a fur coat and a bright red belt made by an Indian. He wound it around his body once, up and over his left shoulder, and fastened it on the right side then down through the belt. He took off his cap. If the church was ready he would have the corpse, as he called it brought in and placed in front of the altar. The bearers were seated at one side then the mourners were seated and then the rest of the congregation. The minister then went on with his part of the service. After the prayer and singing by the choir, Ralza would come up the aisle wearing his fur coat and red belt, take a screwdriver out of his pocket and unscrew the screws and remove a part of the lid from the coffin. He would take a look to see if everything was all right. Then he would step back a pace or two, look up at the minister and nod at him, he would look over the pulpit for a second and then sit down. Then Ralza, in a loud clear voice would say, "There is a chance for anyone, if they chose to view the corpse. Beginning on the south side, center aisle, pass down center aisle and back up the side aisle to your seats." Some would stand and look, shake their heads, others would cry, and one was known to make the remark as she stood by the coffin, "It was too bad he died he was such a good dancer." Others would wait until the funeral was over. After all had viewed the corpse, the mourners were invited to come up. After all had looked their last look, Ralza would put the lid back on and replace the screws and ask the bearers to come forward. You would hear whispering, how he looked, etc. The minister would go ahead, then the bearers with the coffin, then the mourners, followed by the rest of the congregation. The men who were acquainted would get their teams out and up to the church floor, and then to the grave.

Ralza had a father and a brother who lived in Upper Jay. They both died there, the father some time before the brother, Andrew. In Upper Jay there was a wheelwright by the name of Galush Smith. He and Ralza had some dealings that the old man Lawrence was not satisfied with. It was long standing. Finally the old man was taken sick. Ralza was there nearly every day or night. He got so bad off that Andrew asked Ralza to stay all night. Along after 1:00 AM when they thought their father was asleep, Andrew spoke up and says "Ralza, if father dies where we will get the coffin?" Ralza says, "Galush Smith has been here in business a long time; we had better get it there." Soon they heard a faint knock. It sounded as though it came from their father's bed. Then they heard a faint voice say, "Ralza, Ralza. When I die don't get my coffin from Galush Smith." Ralza says, "Hell! Father go on with your dying. We'll head you up in a flour barrel before we get your coffin from Galush Smith!"

No one in Jay or Wilmington was any kinder than Ralza. He was a man of good judgment and was chosen to settle estates, and was a good town officer. When he died he was greatly missed by all who knew him.

When I was a small boy I went to a home talent play, "Old Blue Beard." He took the part of Bluebeard, and I was afraid of him. After I was older and became better acquainted, I rather enjoyed having him come over to our house.

Ralza lived in the first house on the left as you went up the road to Whiteface. He sold the farm to Roland Marshall and bought a place for himself up near the red school house in the upper forge district. As far as I know, he died there.

One time a United States surveyor came to Wilmington with four or five young men. His name was Colvin, and he brought some of his supplies with him and the rest he bought there. He came from Keene. He had been to Tahawus and Mt. Marcy, which is the highest peak in the Adirondacks. He sent one of his men to my father's shop to tell my father he would like to see him. The hotel being just across the street he went right over.

Mr. Colvin told him they wanted to hire three horses and three men to go on Whiteface that day with their baggage. My father told him he could furnish two horses, but told him he thought he could get another man and a horse. He asked the price and was told it would be seven dollars for each man and horse. Colvin said they would be ready to go in an hour.

We closed the shop, fed our horses and ourselves and soon started. We were to take the baggage to Marble Mountain. When we got all loaded my father took the horse we called Rosie, for she would balk up some times, which she did that day. We thought if the other horses were ahead she would follow. We got above Marble Mountain, about half way up Baldface and Rosie stopped. We tried every way; finally my father struck her on the nose with his fist. She backed up and one hind foot caught on a root, and over back she went on one side with the feet in the air, and how she did grunt. We had to get hold of her head and pull her feet around, as her feet were up hill. As we rolled her over, she jumped onto her feet. We could hear the beans going into the other bag. My father remarked that they would have succotash. We untied some of the baggage and were not long loading her up again. As the other horses were ahead, she did her best to catch up and we got into camp first. I really think Rosie had the biggest load.

I thought of course we would stay there that night. Soon my father got there and we went out to help him unload. As soon as that was done he said "Come on boys, we must be going back." It had been a perfect day and the moon came just as we were about to start. It looked as large as a wagon wheel. In about an hour, we were back home.

This Mr. Colvin as I said before, was a U.S. surveyor and was establishing signal stations on all high peaks in the Adirondacks, and sunk copper bolts and lead into the peaks. To my knowledge there were two of them taken out of Whiteface, 20 years ago.

One time when I was a boy Uncle Charlie, Aunt Mary and Charles Jr. came East from Chicago. It was the first of June. At that season of the year we washed our sheep. Charlie wanted to go too, so along he went. We had sheep enough to fill the pens and some lambs. I was old enough to help some, Charlie wanted to help too. My father told him he would get all wet. He said, "Let me take a lamb Uncle Sanford, out on this rock I won't get wet." So they caught a lamb and he got it out on the rock. It was a lively one, Charlie dipped it in once and then pulled it out. This brought a lot of water on the rock. When he dipped it in again Charlie went into the water up to his hips. He didn't have any dry clothes so he had to wear the home. We all changed ours as we had done years before.

Amos Avery came to Wilmington in 1822 on horseback from Charlemont, MA with his blacksmith tools in a bag over the horses back. Wilmington had but a few houses then. Where the town now is stood a dense forest of first growth pine. His route was up to Bennington, VT north through Wallingford, Rutland, Brandon, Middlebury, Vergennes and Ferrisburgh. He crossed Little Otter Creek on a pontoon bridge to what is now Eccie Champlain, the French school. At one time it was called "the Keeler Place." There was a crossing there to Grog Harbor on a horse boat. Grog Harbor is in the town of Essex, NY. Then he went over the mountain in the town of Willsboro to Clintonville. From there to AuSable Forks then up the river road to Wilmington, this was then called Danvers.

He had to get along the best he could for a place to sleep and for a place to board. Some of the time he slept in the blacksmith shop, then up over the store. Major Reuben Sanford was the leading man in the part of Essex County, and as he came from a good family he sought the same there. The Major's family consisted of four daughters, Eliza, Phoebe, Anna E and Pearl. Amos Avery courted Eliza and I have a letter she wrote him while attending school in Poultney, VT. They were married in 1826 and lived in Wilmington all their lives. She died in 1876 and he in 1894. There were 11 children born to them. Three died in infancy, the ones that reached maturity were Sanford who married Katherine Chamberlain and they had two children, Carrie and Lucius. Sanford followed the trade of his father and was the village blacksmith. Henry Clay married Imogene Newell of Jay and they had one child, Harry. He was a graduate of Cornell Law School and practices law in New York City and died there while a young man.

Fletcher J. married Susan Goucher of Upper Jay. They had one child who died at birth, and an adopted child who died at the age of six. His wife died and in about two years he married Delia Cooper of Cooperstown, NY. They had three children; Reuben, Bessie, and Fred. Reuben died in California leaving one child. Fred died in Bellows Falls where he was living. He left two or three children. Bessie is living in California and is married and has one child, a son. Anna E. married Samuel Sullen (xxx?) and

had two children, Helen who married Robert Manus. He died and Bell (xxx?) has cared for her aged father. Kit married Joseph Arthus and lives in Ticonderoga. She has three daughters. Joe is postmaster in Ticonderoga. Erwin married Mary Miller of Saranac Lake, came to Wilmington and lived on his father's farm which is the first farm from George Smith's toward the village. She died at the birth of their daughter Minnie who died at the age of about two years. In a few years he married Libbie Rice of Morrisville. They had one son, Amos who is an orchardist in the town of Peru, and a daughter who is married and lives in Morrisville. Libbie died when the children were very young. In about three years Erwin married Ms. May Mathers of Willsboro and they had one son, Gerald. He is married and is with the Firestone people. The son Amos, has done the same as his father. Has lost two wives by death and is married a third time. His first wife died at childbirth, the second left two daughters. Amanda Avery married Jeduthin (Jed) Bullen, a brother of Samuel from Blackbrook. They had five boys; Jed, Wilber, Ben, John and Sterns. A little girl died at birth. Wilber died in Forestdale, VT about six weeks after he was married, of typhoid fever. Polly Avery married Alber Wilkins of Wilmington, and had no children. They lived in Wilmington as long as they lived. Wilber Avery married at the age of 46, Mrs. Ellen Walton. They had one daughter, Ruth who married Harold Sperry of Cornwall. They have several children the oldest is Wilber John, a son Kenneth a daughter and possibly more.

My father, Sanford Avery's family Carrie Ellen was very good in her studies, especially arithmetic. When she did her examples on the board or slate, her teacher Roger Hickock said her pencil or chalk sounded like a hen picking up corn. She was also a good reader and speller and a very good penman. Her mother paid part of her expenses of her schooling at Plattsburgh. She taught school some; one term at the Upper Kilns and after school closed on Friday afternoon, she would walk the eight miles or more home. She also worked in a hotel at Lake Placid. She went to Chicago with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Mary in 1880. She married Thomas Benham and lived in Jay. They had two children, Kate who married Winn Hussey of Maine, and later she was married to John LaTour of Saranac, and they are now living in Middleboro, MA. Harry, the son married Marion Waterhouse of Salisbury, where Tom and Carrie had bought a farm. Harry served overseas during the World War, and now works at the electric plant in Salisbury. They have two children, William Thomas and Ellen.

Major Reuben Sanford first lived in a log house near Warren Corners. He had cleared a good many acres of land and put it into rye. They had a distillery on the brook near the corner. This brook was called Beaver Meadow Brook. At one time beavers built dams and reared their young there. In a few years Major Sanford built the first frame house in the town. He soon discovered the falls at Danville and was quick to see that there would be a place for a saw mill and forge.

The village laid out one street to Upper Jay, one to Jay, one to Blackbrook and one to AuSable Forks. There was a bridle path to St. Armonds and North Elba. Then a road out onto the plains. The Major had a brick yard and two distilleries, a hotel and a store. He kept a lot of horses and my grandmother Avery said that when she was a girl and

had to go and get the horses out of the rye she expected every time to see an Indian's head stick up out of the grain. The farmers soon found out that their land would grow good wheat, and as Major Sanford owned the water power he decided to build a grist mill. I knew a Mrs. Storrs who lived in Markhamville who told me she remembered when he came up on horseback and told her father Timothy Hazelton, "Timothy, I have the cloth on here to bolt the flour and you can bring up your wheat in a few days." When his mill was completed it was called one of the best, if not the best, on the AuSable River.

He married Polly Lewis and they had four daughters; Eliza who married Amos Avery, settled in Wilmington, Phoebe who married Elisha Adams and settled in Elizabethtown. Jane who married Harvey Carter and settled in Keeseville, Pamela who married Fred Pierce and settled in Plattsburgh. As far as I know there is not a Lewis living now in Wilmington or Jay. The last to go was Jack Lewis. All were thrifty people as far as I know, and were successful in business. The Major received the title of Major in the war of 1812. It was in the battle of Plattsburgh in 1814 when he assisted in cutting the stringer of the bridge that let the bridge into the river. As he was chopping away the British fired at him and a bullet lodged where he was chopping and he cut it off with one of the blows. He looked up and said, "Boys, it's too bad to dull this axe."

In 1816 he was worthy master of a Masonic Lodge Prestord No. 268 in Jay, NY.

Wilmington never had a population of 1,000. In 1842 it was cousin Mary Ables was a daughter of Elisha and Phoebe (Sanford) Adams. She married Oliver Ables and they had several children; Will who married a Pond in Elizabethtown; Mary also married in the same town. I have lost track of Olive and another daughter. Frances Carter, a daughter of Harvey and Jane (Sanford) Carter was a very highly respected lady and taught for many years in the Keeseville schools.

Fred Pierce was son of Henry and Pamela (Sanford) Pierce, was a merchant in Morrisville for many years. Henry Adams was son of Elisha and Phoebe (Sanford) Adams. He was a private, then became Lieutenant Major and received an honorable discharge and drew a good pension as long as he lived.

Major Sanford was a very popular man in Essex, Clinton and Franklin counties as well as in Albany. He was the first senator from Essex county. When supervisor he had an appointment at the bank at 9:00 AM in Keeseville, 20 miles away. He mounted his favorite horse in Wilmington at 5:30 AM and at 9:00 AM he was at the bank. Then he again mounted his horse and rode over the hills in Chesterfield and Lewis to Elizabethtown. After transacting some business there, he rode over the hills to Wilmington. The next morning, after telling where he had been Elisha Adams asked him how far he rode. He said near enough to call it 100 miles.

In the early days the school meetings were held in the school of each district. There were eight districts in all, besides the one at Gasseau Kilns. At one school meeting they

had voted several times and as it had been a tie vote no one had a majority. They decided to divide the house. They soon discovered there was one man who hadn't decided which side he wanted to be with. One side would cry out, "Come over here Ike." Then the other side would cry out, "We want you on our side Ike." One man thought he would help him to decide so he goes and takes him by the arm. Then another takes him by the other arm. Then the whole crowd took a hand in calling out, "Come on to our side Ike." He didn't care for this but preferred to do as he pleased. Soon his coat gave way and each man had half of Ike's coat. The moderator then called the meeting to order and told the two men to leave Ike alone. They did so and Ike then chose his side. Upon counting the votes they found it would have been a tie again only for Ike.

Before holding a school meeting a clerk of the district would post three notices; one on the school house door, one in the store and one in the post office. Here is a sample as near as I can remember: NOTICE... Warning is hereby given to the legal voters in school district No. 7, that the annual school meeting will be held in the school house July 8, 1874 at 8:00 PM for the following purposes:

Article 1 – to receive a report of the Officers for the past year

Article 2 – to elect the Officers for the ensuing year

Article 3 – to see if the district will vote to paint the school house and build a new fence around the school grounds

Article 4 – to receive bids on 16 cords of 20 inch wood, five cords of dry and 11 cords of green, delivered and piled in the school house yard, on or before October 1, 1874. The same to be measured by the clerk or trustee before pay can be drawn.

The farmers that lived in that district had a right to bid this off. The lowest bidder getting the job. I have known the town to get it as low as 62 cents per cord.

One of the early pioneers in northern New York was Peter Comstock. He was born in what is now called Comstock. He was a ferry operator on the canal and boating on Lake Champlain. He had a steamboat built named 'The Paultus' and when it was ready he gave out the word that this boat was built so a poor man could ride on the upper deck as well as a rich man. This boat was run in opposition to the 'Oaks Ames'. On one trip at Essex, there was a dispute as to which would get into Burlington first. The other boat had the best wood for the boiler and they were making the best time. Comstock was that day making a trip to Burlington and took an active interest in the race. There were some barrels of tar on board and he says, "Boys, roll in a barrel of tar!" They knocked in the head of a barrel and soon had plenty of fire and pulled into Burlington ahead of the other boat. He was afraid of nothing. I heard him tell my father one time that he was in Port Kent and wanted to get to Burlington. He was driving a pair of Indian ponies that weighed only about 700 pounds each. He was told the lake

had been closed only two days. He drove onto the lake at Port Kent and off on the other side. He said the ice was new and strong, but when out in the middle of the lake their calks did prick through. He had saw mills at Franklin Falls as well as in other parts. He was well known in the capitol of Albany, too. It was he that went to Albany to get the appropriation for the Wilmington Notch road.

He came to my father one day to try and sell him a saw mill at Franklin Falls. My father told him he couldn't buy a saw mill and he didn't have the money. Comstock says, "Good God Sanford, God almighty built this whole world in six days and he didn't have a thing to start with."

He owned a big saw mill in Wilmington. There were 24 saws in one gang; another gang of 12 saws and one of six saws. I have seen the mill pond full of logs as far up as you could see. Mr. White was a relative of Mr. Comstock and managed the business for a while before going to Plattsburgh. Then Mr. Munroe Hall was the superintendent. He also had a store which is now used as the town hall. Just below the homestead was a long white house and the White family lived there, upstairs. In the basement was a nice spring of very excellent water. Many times have I been there for our drinking water.

At one time when I was a boy of 12 -13, I recollect they built three piers on the mill pond. They got out some large boom sticks to hold the logs. These pieces were made of hemlock logs, as hemlock will last longer under water than spruce or pine. The logs were 12 feet long, laid up log house style and when the ice got strong enough they had teams draw the stone from some old wall and fill them full.

Comstock's mill was on the opposite side of the river from the Cooper library. Mr. Comstock owned and controlled a large tract of land up near High Falls. He was also the owner of 50 or more packets on the canal.

When he went to Albany to arrange for the appropriation for the Wilmington Notch road he made a special trip and was given a special hearing, before the committee on state aid for highways. Mr. Comstock was asked his purpose in coming before them, and he told them he wanted a grant of \$1,000 for the Wilmington Notch road. He also named the men he wanted appointed to look after the spending of the money. It was agreeable to the highway committee and he took the boat for Troy, NY. When he arrived in Troy he said something told him to return to Albany. Upon his arrival in Albany he went directly to the capitol. He asked the doorkeeper for admission to the assembly room and was told that the request for the appropriation had been approved and the chairman of the committee named Mr. Rogers of Essex. He walked about halfway up the aisle and said, "Stop! By God Stop!" You could have heard a pin drop. The speaker says, "Mr. Comstock, what do you want?" Mr. Comstock replied, "I understand the appropriation for the Wilmington Notch road has been approved, and that the committee of appropriations have approved of it, and the men to look after the spending of the money have been partly named. If I can't have the to see that the work is done so the town can get the most out of the money I do not want the appropriation." The speaker

says, "Mr. Comstock, whom do you want?" Comstock came to his feet and said "If the gentleman that named Mr. Eli W. Rogers of Essex will withdraw his name I will name the men I want." The speaker asked Mr. Wetherbee if he would withdraw Mr. Rogers name and he said he would, and did so. Mr. Comstock named the following: Ralza Lawrence of Wilmington; Ebenezer Sumner of Jay and Bengamen Brewster of North Elba. They were all voted in and Mr. Comstock thanked the speaker and the assembly and left nder applause.

I attended school at home in Wilmington, some of the time to Roger Hickock. I helped my father in the blacksmith shop; did the chores after I was 12 years old, and also took care of the Methodist church. They paid me well. I got \$10 a year. I had three stoves to fire in the Winter, the church was lighted by kerosene lamps. With the money I earned janitoring for the church I bought my mother a carpet for the hall. A piece of it is now covering a footstool in our house.

In 1882 I worked for Ms Newman, a spinster from Philadelphia. She owned 1,065 acres of land in North Elba, the highest cultivated land in the state of NY. She paid me \$20 a month. The next season 1882, I worked at the Stevens House in Lake Placid; was assistant meat cook for a while; drove stage until late in the season. I helped build the log bridge over the river where the cement bridge now stands. In 1884 I again worked my father's farm until after the corn was planted, then worked for Ms Newman again and got some money so I could go to school in AuSable Forks. When school opened in September, I was there. I had to pay \$2 for room and board. James Shea, Ben Bull and I boarded at Arby Bruces from Sunday evening through Friday evening.

The next season I worked for Oliver Ablels on the west side of Lake Placid, helping build the first road to connect with the Lake Placid and Saranac road. I hired out for only one month, and then I went to M.W. Brewster's and stayed there until December. I hadn't been home before I had a letter from my cousin Charles Chamberlain of Chicago to come as he had a place for me. I arrived in Chicago on Dec. 15, 1885. The next morning I went to work in a gent's furnishing goods store for \$8 a week. This store was located at 212 ½ South Clark Street. I worked there until they sold out, then I worked for a Jewish man down on State street. Then I worked for William Martinin at a bucket shop. For about two weeks I made out contracts, and then I kept the sheets balancing them every night, and after that put on as cashier. I lost 15 pounds inside of two weeks. I had to handle from \$10,000 - \$15,000 dollars every day, and it had to balance. I also marked the blackboard in the open board of trade where they had 150 traders.

Then I got a letter from my uncle, W.B. Avery of Forestdale, VT, and he wanted me to come there at a salary of \$200 a year, including board. I hired out for my two years. Then, with what I had saved and the money my father owed me for my sheep (from the ewe given me when named, by Lute Evans) about \$237, and a loan on my insurance, I bought out Mr. George Field, his stock of groceries, boots and shoes and a few yards of dry goods in Ferrisburgh, VT. I was assistant post master for 14 years.

I married Cora A. Baker on June 25, 1890 at her home in Forestdale, VT. We lived in the Field place. Cora drove to Wilmington and got my mother in July, 1891. She died with us on September 30th. My father was on his way over after her and we met him at the ferry with her body. That same Fall we bought the brick store and moved our goods there. We were blessed with four children; Bernecia Ella born May 11, 1892; Lucius Melvin born July 27, 1893; Volney Amos Sanford born Dec. 14, 1896; and Carrie Edna born Nov. 11, 1898. Carrie lived only nine months dying on Aug. 6, 1899.

We sold the brick store in 1902 and bought the stone house and farm from Mr/Mrs. Sydney White. It comprised about 73 acres. We also bought 74 acres of land over east next to Charles Merrill's place. I had 60 acres of it all in grain one year, 1910. I went into the hay business with Austin Booth, and was with him only one year. I kept it until 1919 when I had trouble with my eyes, and as the automobile business increased, the call for hay was so small I gave it up. I sold the land over east to Eugene Devoid, and bought the Martin farm of 162 acres, 100 acres in pasture, as we wintered quite a number of young cattle and colts, also brood mares. I always had a pasture.

After we moved to the stone house we found we should make some changes. We needed more house room; barn room; hog house and hen house. We installed a furnace; built two fireplaces; and drilled a well on the ledge 62 feet deep. Charles Miller was working on the house and he drew plans for the barn which now stands. The fireplaces were built from rock blasted from the ledge. In 1914 I bought the creamery and in about four months sold it to Maine Creamery Co. of Providence, RI. In 1917 Henry Prescott and I bought the Middlebury Creamery and in about four months sold it to the Coon Ice Cream Co. About that time I was one of the largest hay buyers in the state. While I had the store in Ferrisburgh, I also had one in North Ferrisburgh. Later, after I had the farm, Lucius and I had a store in Vergennes, that we then sold to Hendee & Walsh.

Ira Storrs came from Upper Jay, NY. He married Ms Hazelton of Markhamville. He enlisted in the Civil War where he received a bad injury and was a pensioner the rest of his life.

There were five children born to them. Ellen, Va, Hattie, George and Bert. They have all passed on except George and he lives in Wilmington. They kept the hotel for two or three seasons. I think Mrs. Torrs died in 1909. Mr. Storrs followed her in 1910, he was the leader of the singing in the Congregational church and was a member of that church. A few years before he died he drew a pension of \$90 - \$100 per month. It was his wife's father that Major Sanford told could bring his wheat to be ground in his mill as he would be ready in a few days with the cloth on the back of his horse.

Wilmington did not have a real lawyer; we had a Justice of the Peace, and Aaron Hayes and Ransom Kilburn were considered the two best. Corneil Hayes was a day laborer and he worked for Frank Hatch in haying. He went to Hatch several times to get his pay but couldn't get it. He warned Hatch that if he did not pay him by a certain date he

would sue him and he did. He got Mr. Hayes to defend his case. A justice court was called and Enoch McCloud was the Justice of the Peace. Corneil Hayes was called as the first witness and Aaron Hayes asked the questions. "Mr. Hayes, please tell the court when you worked for this man Hatch?" He replied, "in haying." The other attorney would not accept this answer. Aaron says "This is what your bill calls for, work in haying." Then Corneil said, "It was in January or February, I know it was in haying." Aaron says, "Are you positive about that?" He said he was. He won his case and Hatch had to pay the costs of the court and the bill within 10 days with interest at 6% for the last six months.

Along in 1850 young men did a great deal of wrestling. There was a man in Jay, NY who was considered to be the best. His name was Joe Call, he wrestled square hold, by some it was called "Arm's Length." Side hold, back hold, catch as catch can was not used much then as it was considered a brutish hold. They tell this story about Jay Call of Jay. A man rode into Call's yard one day, got off his horse, went to the door and knocked. A lady came to the door and invited him in. Upon entering he said, "I came to see Mr. Call." She told him Mr. Call was away and would be for a few days and asked him if he couldn't come again. He replied, "I am from Canada, I have heard a lot about Mr. Call and I've come all the way from Canada to wrestle with him." She says, "I am sorry, I'm his sister and will tell you this. I will wrestle with you and if you can't throw me you can't throw my brother." He thought it over for a few seconds, and then said "I never wrestled with a woman but I am going to accept your challenge at a square hold." They took hold and she threw him over the fence. He came back through the gate and shook hands with her and said, "I'm satisfied, and think I'll go back to Canada."

When Mr. Call passed away no one had been known to throw him. His prowess as wrestling was not his only gift as was the composer of the words and music of a song that was sung by hundreds in his day. It was something like a chantie, called "Young Charlotte."

When I was a boy I have picked blueberries for \$.03 - \$.05 cents a quart down on the Musgrove plains and also on Marble Mountain. My mother would have a five gallon jar of blueberry pickles nearly every winter, and picked blueberries too.

Thomas Watson, congregational minister came to Wilmington in the late 60's, and they lived in a house up near where the airport is now, this side of George Storrs. If my memory serves me rightly they had eight children. I think they came from Hartford, CT. Mr. and Mrs. Watson were of English descent. He also preached in the white church in North Elba near Mart Lyons, that being the only church in North Elba at that time. Mr. Lyons had the only hotel. I was there for dinner once with Mrs. Oliver Abels and her children, and the dining room tables were covered with oil cloths. After dinner we went to John Brown's grave. At that time there was no covering over the marker and no iron fence around the big rock and marker. The last time I was there the marker was protected by a cover and it was locked on.

Along in the early 70's a Ms. Anna Newman came to North Elba and bought up some farms, when surveyed she owned 1,065 acres and some of it was the highest land cultivated in the state of NY.

Miss Newman came from a very wealthy family in Philadelphia. Her father owned a large sugar plantation in Cuba. I had heard a lot about Ms. Newman, and as I was looking for work one Spring I made my way to go to her place. Ed Smith was with me and when we got to the Judd Ware bridge we had fully decided where we would go. We had then walked 13 miles, it was three miles to Lake Placid and the same to Ms. Newman's. I told Ed if I did not get work there I would go to Placid. When I got to within a half mile of the house her dogs began to bark, and she had seven at that time you see I had a reception. When I got to the house I knocked at the door and she sent a man that worked for her to the door to inquire what I wanted. I asked for Ms. Newman, and after he had told me she was there, she told him to ask me my name and if I had been to dinner. When I told her I had not, I was invited in to dinner. After the meal I went out onto the steps and she came out to find out what brought me there. I told her I was looking for work, and she asked if I had ever washed a horse, and I told her I had. She told me she would hire me and pay me \$20 a month if I wanted to stay.

She was a very attractive woman at that time, about 35 years old. She had a fair complexion, black hair and black eyes with plenty of snap in them. Her height was about 5' 6", had a good clear voice and sang in the choir. She was highly educated and a fine musician.

She told me where I could find the sponges, towels, etc., and said I could wash Ella. This horse was bought in North Elba and was called Ella; another was bought in Keene and named Keena; Philla was bought in Philadelphia. She was a beautiful dark chestnut mare. The fourth horse was Jay, she bought him in Jay. Now I will finish washing Ella, and this took about two hours. Ms. Newman told me to lead her up to the front steps as soon as she was rubbed dry. I did so and called Ms. Newman, who came out and with a soft white silk handkerchief rubbed it lightly over Ella's body, then looked at it and said, "Lucius, this is the first time this horse has been clean in two years. Now Lucius, you may slip off her halter and let her go." Ella gave a jump and kicked up her heels and ran down through the meadow to a field of oats and lay down and rolled. When she got up her hips and shoulders were plastered with mud. The next forenoon I washed her again.

Ms. Newman had eight good cows and two large white Chester hogs, two or three years old. She also had a large pair of oxen to do the farm work. She did not sell any milk or butter. The men had what milk they wanted to drink at their meals. She taught me how to make butter. The milk was always strained into large yellow bowls. The milk room being damp, the milk would mold the second day, and our orders were to feed it to the hogs whenever we found it in that condition.

The way I made butter was to take the cream only one day old, in one of the yellow bowls, and with two forks held in my right hand, stir it until it came to butter. Ms. Newman was a fairly good cook. One morning she had on the stove some cold roast beef sliced, and some of the brown gravy. There were a lot of dates in a pan in the milk room. One of the boys grabbed a handful of them as he passed through and dropped them into the meat on the stove. While we were eating breakfast I heard one of the men exclaim, "Oh God!" and at the same time put his hand to his mouth taking out a date, saying "Look at that! It was in the meat!" I remarked that I had found two. Ms. Newman ate by herself, soon we heard her give a grunt. Then she said with a laugh, "Boys I've just found a date in my meat." We told her we had found several. From that time until the dates were gone we had dates in our meat.

The first summer I was there she asked me if I could get her some good men down in Wilmington to help about her haying. I told her I could, and she set the date for me to take the trip. She made out a list of groceries she wanted that I should get at Prime's store in Upper Jay, and \$20 to pay for them. She told me to take Philla. I got home about 12 or a little after, and after dinner I went out looking up the men for haying. The first one I got was Gib Hickock, son of the old school master. The next ones were Leander and Pearse Wilkins. That night I got Billy Mihill and Henry Sanders, all good able bodied men. When I got back to North Elba there was a Mr. Parker there from Keene. He had worked there for several seasons. She wouldn't have a mowing machine or a horse rake on the farm; it all had to be done by hand.

One of her peculiarities was not to allow a man to assist her into a wagon or help her out. Whenever I rode with her she would say, "Lucius, you may drive." I never picked up the reins until she told me to. Billy Mihill was always trying to do something that would put him right with her. One afternoon she ordered Jay to be hooked onto the express wagon as she wanted to go to the office. I brushed him and cleaned out the wagon and at three o'clock I drove him up to the door. I got out and held him until she came out. When she returned the men had come in from their work. I had told Gib to tell Billy to offer to help her when she came. Soon we heard the dogs barking, the best they knew how. When she drove up I took the horse by the bridle and by that time Billy had laid his clay pipe down, and in a very polite way said "Ms. Newman I will help you out." She stood up in the wagon and said in a very audible voice, "You go back and sit down." All was calm.

Mr. Parker was what we called a fiddler and had brought along his violin, and every evening we would have some music, with Ms. Newman helping out on the organ. He was an Englishman and apt to use the letter 'H' a little different from what we did. One evening during the musical hour he says to Ms. Newman, "We'll now have the Devil's Dream on hay." How she laughed the next day.

She kept six dogs, Jack and Jill; Shep, Jackie, Punch and Judy. The outside door in the kitchen was part glass, 10 x 14 panes. Punch and Judy had learned how to come in at night. They would climb onto a long seat on the porch, and then jump sideways through

a broken pane she wouldn't have replaced on their account, then onto the floor or a chair. Frank Bliss and Tom Bartlett worked there after I got through. Ms. Newman always made her own bread. She put it to rise in a big dishpan, she had made the sponge. The boys room was just off the kitchen, and when they got ready for bed they

Took the covers off the bread and pushed the chair up in front of the door. The next morning they put it in its usual place and pulled the covers back on. The dogs' tracks were all over the kitchen, so they told her she forgot to cover up her bread.

I wrote her in March 1885 and asked her if she would give me a job if I came up. In three or four days I had a letter from her saying I could come anytime. So one morning I started, when I got there she says, "Lucius, I am glad to see you. I would not let this man drive the oxen." She was nearly out of wood, the beach and maple logs were all cut down and piled down across the meadow. The snow was about 10" deep on the 20th of March. When I got the oxen hitched onto the sled she came out and told me not to load the oxen too heavy, and told me only to fill the bunks full. Four of the logs would fill them, and I did as I was told. It took about 1 ½ hours to make the trip. I started for another load and she came out and said that was working the oxen too hard. They were a big pair of Durhams and would weigh 4,200 – 4,400 pounds. The next day she told me to put on an extra log each trip. I made three trips the second day and four the next. By that time I was loading 9 – 10 logs to a load. The snow had gotten very thin in places and up near the house there was none. She would come out and laugh to see them pull. I succeeded in getting the logs all hauled up. The following Sunday we went to church, and the water was flowing very freely in the brook and ditches. As we left the church one runner was on snow and the other in the sand down to the road that led to her farm. As we turned up her road I could see that the sun had cut out a lot of the ice and the brook was much larger. I said to her, "Ms. Newman if this cutter starts to tip over you just grab onto my coat or sleeve and we won't go over." She says, "Lucius, I would rather go out into that slush than to take hold of your coat or sleeve." Just then I pulled Jay onto a piece of ice and the ice broke and the cutter dropped about 4 – 5 inches on her side. I put my leg outside, and to my surprise she grabbed around my neck. We didn't go over, but she tried to excuse herself all the way home.

She was a great help to that white church. She was very kind to the poor and was very good friends with Mr. Watson. She had many friends in North Elba, Wilmington, Keene and Jay. The last time I saw her was in 1908 when I went with Lucius and Volney to Placid, then to her place and John Brown's grave. She lived to the age of 86.

In 1840 John Brown first came to North Elba in the interest of the colored immigrants. Several families moved into the town in 1850. John Brown moved his family from MA to North Elba and settled on a plot of ground deeded to him by Garret Smith; the same year he moved his stock of Devons. In the history of Essex County published by H.B. Smith in 1885 there is an account of the life of this very adventurous man who was so interested in liberty he went to Kansas where his four sons were in 1856 to participate in these stirring scenes. One of his sons was killed in a battle there.

He instigated the raid on Harper's Ferry that stirred the whole country. He brought slaves from Missouri to Canada. Previous to the raid he gave orders to have the old family stone in MA relocated to North Elba and placed at the head of his grave, which was done. At the raid he was wounded and captured October 16, 1859. He was executed on Dec. 2, 1859. Christopher Yattaw of Vergennes claimed he took the body of John Brown across the lake from Vergennes.

When I was a small boy it was my custom and habit to go to the store and forge, and stay until nine o'clock nearly every night. We would stay until then, for that was the time at the forge they took the logs out of the fire and placed them under the big hammer. One man would pull down on a long pole and that would raise the gate and let the water through the raceway that turned the wheel. Just a little at first until the loop was, as it was called, shingled. Then it was put back in the fire and another one was taken out and treated the same way.

The boys would play Hi-spy until nine, then go into the forge and watch them hammer the first two or three loops. Then with our faces and hands all dirt we would go home. Our hands would smell burned for we often went outside the forge where they piled the iron in billets 18 inches long and 4 – 5 inches square. When they cut them off they were red hot, and we would slap our hands down on them. We were trying all kinds of tricks some nights, and one night we were lifting on a trip hammer. One of the boys, Horace Nye was a big strong boy, and he could lift the trip hammer all alone by placing a turn-bat in the eye of the hammer. Frank Hatch and I could lift it together. I was of the opinion that I could do the same as Horace could. Once I lifted, and my backbone came apart leaving me in bed for over two weeks, which has given me trouble all of my life.

Another custom I had was to go after the cows in plenty of time to get them all. Sometimes I would stop at the mill pond and run up the pond on the logs for a while. One night I saw Mr. Forbes poling logs through the boom sticks (xxx pp52), and I thought it would be great fun to help him. So I got a long stiff piece of edging and went to help him. Everything went well until my log rolled and away I went head first into the mill pond. I went down, then came up and my head struck a log and there I was, alone again. By the time I came up again, Mr. Forbes had the spot all clear and as I popped up like a cork out of a bottle and got hold of a spike pole, and with assistance from Mr. Forbes, I got out. I had on a pair of new pants made of cotton tweed, and a new gingham shirt, made by my mother. I went ashore and lay down on a slab pile until my clothes were dry, as the sun was very warm. Mr. Forbes started for my father's shop to notify him and ask him not to punish me. He said, "I am more to blame than Lucius." When I came from the pasture my clothes were all dry. The tweed pants had a few streaks in them.

In my boyhood days the Gorham family was one of the largest there. Mike, Bid, Mary, Tom, Maggie, Denise, Emma and Cornelius. Mike went to Denver about 1870, Tom in 1872. Both were prospectors. Maggie married Nelson Hayes, Denise married Bill

Hayes, Mike did not marry until after 1885. The rest of the family never married. Tom came back home in 1876. He brought Cornelius a new herdsman's saddle, tan in color. It was a dandy, weighed nearly 90 pounds, and a pommel that stuck up about six inches for hitching the lariat and a place to hang the quirt. Tom returned to Denver in 1877, and from there went to New Mexico and they never heard anything more from him. Cornelius and Emma died in Plattsburgh, Mary and Bid in AuSable Forks, Maggie in Cleveland, OH, and Mike in Wilmington.

Opposite Mr. Gorham's lived Isaac Torrence. They had four children: Eugene, John, Anna and Cora (xxx pp52). Then came Tim Jaquish, he had two boys: Jason and Halsey, and one daughter Alice. She married James Suiter. The Thayers came next. They had a large family, the boys were: Corwin, Quincy, Romanzo, Charles, Leonard and Moses. One daughter, Alta. They all went to Worcester, MA. Five of the boys were on the police force. Romanzo afterwards became a detective. Corwin was a clerk in the City Clerk's office. Quincy was later chief of police in Pittsburg, MA. They were all respected and a credit to any city or town.

There was the O'Neal family, two girls and two boys. Mary and one of her brothers were drowned in one of the Saranac Lakes. Maggie married Martin Brewster, the other brother died in Lake Placid.

Arthur Otis's people only had one son, Fred. Landon Wilkins lived in the Major Sanford house by the brook and had a large family of boys. When Tom Gorman was at home that winter they matched up a pair of colts. They stood 15 3/4th hands high and weighed 2,200 pounds. The Gormans were good feeders and they all liked a good horse. Cornelius helped about the farming, and every time he went to the field with a load of manure, when he returned after unloading he would drop the shovel on the tire and let it scrape. The colts would break into a run and they did it quick and Cornelius fell out and one wheel ran over his body. As soon as they got him into the house and the horses in the barn, Mr. Gorman put that big saddle on one of the colts and came down for me to go to Jay for the doctor. He hadn't fastened the saddle and he said, "Bye ye'l have to do that, I can't." So I cinched it on and then he says "Bye, go as quick as ye can, ye can take more time coming back."

Mr. and Mrs. Gorman were born in Ireland. He had no education but was one of the assessors for the town for more than 20 years. He could figure the interest on a note quicker than any of his children. The interest was 7% legal rate at that time.

When the doctor got there he said they would have to get someone to stay with Cornelius. As they all wanted me to stay I did for three or four days. Dennis died in Kansas, he was the champion wrestler in school.

Having named some of the families in Wilmington I do not think I should skip the Bell family. Mr. William Bell was a brother of Willard Bell of Keene. They had an uncle called Big Bill. He stood nearly seven feet and weighed 225 pounds. He lived in Keene

some of the time and some of the time in the summer with William in Wilmington. William was a good farmer, always had his own seed corn, oats and rye and a shed full of good dry wood. Mrs. Bell was a good housekeeper. They had five children: Thurlow, Linnie, Will, Emma and Alice. When Big Bill died he was so large they had to unjoint his legs when they put him in the coffin. Mr. and Mrs. Bell lived to a good old age. Will was born in 1864 and died in 1919. This is 1939 and all the other children are living. Thurlow was president of the annual Labor Day picnic in the birches in Wilmington.

The Hayes family came in here. Aaron Hayes Sr. was the father of Aaron Hayes Jr., William and David. Aaron had a very motherly wife. Her maiden name was Achie Preston, they were blessed with five girls and two boys. Edward (Ed), Elvira (Bike), Electa (Lect), Catherine (Kit), Phoebe (Febe), Martha (Mat), Halsy (Halse), Aaron Jr. stayed in Wilmington nearly all his life. He had a small farm, worked in the forge, and assisted his father in the gristmill also at Saranac Lakes.

William married a sister of Aaron Jr's wife, Ms. Emma Preston. When she was a girl, she and my mother, Ms. Katherine Chamberlain went to Salmon Falls, NH to work in a factory, and William Hayes went West with my father in 1856. They did not dare to locate in Chicago as it was so wet the sidewalks and houses were as they called it, up on stilts. They went to Oskosh, Sheboygan, WI., and then to Potsdam, NY. I have some letters written by my father to his folks in Wilmington. William Hayes married and settled down in AuSable Forks and for several years took up his father's trade as a shoemaker. After several years he and his son Lynn owned a printing press and they published the Mountain Echo. Lynn went to Plattsburgh for a while and was a reporter on the Plattsburgh Sentinel. Then he went to Boston where he was with the Boston Globe. At the time of the Farmer's Bank in Vergennes he was sent up to write about it. Following that he went to Essex Junction and formed a syndicate of papers, then on to Burlington where he started the Hayes Advertising Agency. He was a very popular writer on politics and many ex-governors can thank him for their election, but it was not thanks that he wrote for. Aaron and his wife died in Wilmington. David married Ms. Gaines of Keeseville and they both died there.

While Lynn was in Vergennes reporting on the Farmer's Bank failure, Vergennes had two hotels. The Stevens House was owned by Samuel S. Gaines and his wife. There was a bus that met the trains. Lynn took the bus and went to the hotel, registered and was shown a room. In a few minutes he came down and went out on the street to look around. A bystander showed him the condemned bank, for at that time everyone was anxious to tell what they knew of the people, and the city as it had been called for more than 100 years being the 3rd oldest in New England.

The telephone office was in Timothy Neville's drug store. Lynn had gotten the names of all the bank officers, along with the names of the State bank examiner, where he lived, and offices he had formerly held. He also had completed a good write-up on Mr. Gaines. He procured a picture of him and one of the state bank examiners, Mr. Fish. The second morning after his arrival in the city there was nearly a column in the Boston

Globe. Mr. Lewis, the cashier of the bank had previously made the acquaintance of a wealthy lady from Boston and her name was in one of the headlines. Vergennes newsstands found they could not supply the demand for copies of the Boston Globe, as everyone wanted one.

All the time Lynn had been collecting more news and had to go to Neville's drug store for telephone time. There was no telephone booth and all messages were in the open. Neville didn't lose any time going to the hotel and telling Gaines; and when he did Mr. Gaines said to Neville, "The little cuss will have to look somewhere else for a boarding place." Mr. Lewis the cashier had boarded there for several years, and his lady friend from Boston had stopped there on her visits to Vergennes.

When Lynn returned to the hotel, Gaines met him at the door and says, "Mr. Hayes I want to see you.", and asked him to step into the sample room used by traveling salesmen. Mr. Gaines closed the door and turned to Mr. Hayes and said, "you little cuss they tell me you are the one sending all this news to the Boston Globe, and I want you to stop it or go somewhere else to board. You can't stay here!"

Hayes at that, put his hand in his pocket and took out a picture, held it up to Gaines and said, "Who does that look like?" Gaines said, "That's my picture, where did you get it?" Hayes replied that was his business and continued, "You have told me I would have to go somewhere else to board. I am telling you Mr. Gaines, I am staying right here. My paper has sent me here to write up this story and I'm going to do it, you needn't try to tell me how to run a newspaper for if you do I'll give you a whole column, your picture and how you have sold rum for years without a license. I hear too that you have a room upstairs where Lewis and his friends have been using this room on the sly.

Just before the failure of the Farmer's Bank, Frank D. Fish was appointed State bank examiner. His home was in the city and he at once took up his duties at the bank. Mr. Gaines and Mr. Neville were not bashful in making him acquainted with the situation. Mr. Fish had a habit of moving his head from side to side as he walked and because he was very tall, this was noticeable. On the street the next morning he met Mr. Hayes as he came up the street nodding his head sideways as he walked. He greeted him as Mr. Hayes asked about his health and Mr. Hayes returned the courtesies very politely. Mr. Fish says, "Mr. Hayes, I want to give you a little advice. If I was in your place I wouldn't send anything more to that Boston paper." Mr. Hayes says, "Thank you Mr. Fish, in as much as I have not asked you for any advice I don't think I'll accept this." Fish says, "I cannot allow you to write this up as I am the one to do that." In the meantime, Mr. Hayes was reaching into his pocket, taking out two pictures one of the bank and one of Mr. Fish. He held up the last one and asked, "Who is that?" Fish replies in an amazed tone, "That is me, where did you get it?" Hayes said, "That is my business." Fish says, "you can't use that." Hayes says, "I can, Mr. Fish, I want to tell you something. I have not come here to tell you how to run your business as bank examiner, and you need not try to tell me how to write up this story, for if you do I'll give you a whole column, with your picture and tell how you were State's attorney in Addison County., and how you

made a visit to several towns once a month at that time.” Then there were no licenses in any of the towns for selling liquor. Mr. Fish said, “Don’t be too hard on us.”

I have a book on the bank written by the assistant cashier. He called it A Wrecked Institution.

Mr. Hayes came to Vermont and opened his office in Essex Junction under the name of Roscoe’s Publishing Co. Then he went to Burlington and started the Hayes Advertising Agency. All of his family was very bright. Ms. Winnie Hayes, his sister taught school in OH and VT and was appointed town superintendent of the schools in Essex Junction. She had a stroke late in life and died in Burlington, VT.

Frank Everest came to Wilmington in 1885 and was in the General Store with Ed Bliss for a short time; was supervisor, then opened the Whiteface Mountain House, Frank Everest proprietor. He was a good shrewd trader and also knew what was required to keep a hotel. He became one of the most popular hotel men in that section of the Adirondacks. It was Frank they could thank for the electric lights and water system in Wilmington village. He had a large estate when he passed on.

John Mack lived with his wife down on the flats opposite Dan Bartlett’s place. They were a very queer pair. When she liked anything he didn’t and when he wanted to do anything she would oppose him. You could always hear them taking opposite sides if you were near them. One Sunday morning, John Owens, a neighbor dropped in the last of July, which was the last of haying. At that season of the year, it was one of the things to talk over. Owens says, “Mack, how are you coming on with your haying?” Mack says, “If the Lord keeps the rain away for two days more I’ll have it all finished.” Mrs. Mack stood by the sink washing dishes, upon hearing that she dropped to her knees and lifted up her hands in prayer and says, “Almighty God, on my bended knees pour down the rain and never ye mind John’s hay!”

Mr. Warren Weston who had the store and forge in Wilmington and ore mine in Keene, employed several teams to haul ore from Keene, iron to the depot, and all his corn and oats to the grist mill. Mr. Weston was a very good man and he never had any strikes at any of his plants. At Christmas time he made it a practice to give all each of his help a turkey. One of his teamsters took his turkey out of the store and put it in the wagon. He covered it up good with a blanket and then returned to the store for some groceries. While he was in the store someone took his turkey. He and his family were very much disappointed for a 10 – 12 pound turkey was a very good present in 1875 or 1876. Little did they think that would ever happen again? Do you know, the next Christmas Mr. Weston again gave them each a turkey, and the same man was there to get his. When it was given to him, someone remarked “I hope you don’t lose this one.” Out of the store he went and he never drove his team home, but he did take the turkey home and left it on the kitchen table, then went back to get his team. He lived more than a mile from the store, where George Smith now lives at the same place in Wilmington.

Wallace Kilburn was a son of Ransom Kilburn and a brother of Henry Kilburn of Malone, one of the leading lawyers of Franklin County. This Wallace was quite a witty chap and a good mixer. Wilmington, Keene and Elizabethtown were his headquarters. He was a handy man around a hotel livery stable, good hand with a hotel team. While working in Keene Valley at R.G.S. Blyn's hotel he made the acquaintance of Ms. Havens. He was a likeable fellow and the more she saw of him the better she liked him. She said something to him one day that made him say, "You wouldn't marry me, would you?", and at once she said she would. One word lead to another and they decided upon the date, which was the following Sunday. Wallace being hostler at the hotel picked up quite a number of 10 cent pieces and quarters as tips. The word shilling was used more often than quarter and the merchants marked their goods in shillings, thus: 2/s, 4/s, 5/s, 6/s, 7/s.

Wallace washed the buggy he was to have Sunday, and cleaned up the harness, and after the Sunday dinner he and Ms. Havens departed. No one was any the wiser. They went to Keene, and Wallace drove up to the parsonage and asked for the Elder. He was told the elder had gone up Alstard Hill to attend a funeral. Wallace went back to the buggy and told the girl, then said "You do not want to marry me. We had better go back up on the flats." She says, "No sir! We are going to be married today, so you get in here and we will drive down to Upper Jay." So down to Upper Jay they went, drove to the parsonage where they were told that the minister was away on vacation. Wallace returned to the buggy and told the girl what he had learned and said, "You see it isn't right for you to marry me. We'd better go back home." In a flash she said, "No sir! We'll go down to Jay." It was four miles farther, so down to Jay they went. When they arrived at the parsonage they found the minister at home. Wallace made his wants known and the minister said, "Will you have the young lady come in?" So Wallace went back and helped her out and they went into the parsonage. After the ceremony Wallace says, "How much do I owe you for the job?" The Minister says, "The law allows me a dollar." At that Wallace handed him two shillings, saying "Here's two shillings, and when you get what the law allows you, it will make you ten." But when he got to the door he turned and gave the preacher a nice two-dollar bill. As far as I have ever learned, he made a good husband and she a good wife.

As I have previously stated, Roger Hickock had four boys and one girl. Charles the oldest lived in Wilmington and received a common school education. For a while he went to school in Keeseville. When he finished school, he went to Saranac Lakes and finally settled down in Bloomingdale. He taught school some and made good at it. Later on he became a boat builder and guide.

Henry, the 2nd son was always very deaf and always worked on a farm. Roger Hickock was born in Wilmington and lived there all his life with the exception of a few years when he and his family lived in Kansas. Gilbert the 3rd son remained a while in the West. He would have made a good Tom Mix. He stood about 5'10", had good square shoulders, a pleasing manner, always with a smile, afraid of nothing and always ready to do his part. When he came back from Kansas it was said he had been with Custer's

army. He was well versed with the habits of the Indians. He was no braggart. He brought some relics with him; guns, quirts, revolvers, and lariats. He was a clever man with a rope. He was not lazy and always had work. I hired him once to help do a haying in North Elba. He worked in the forge making iron and at one time he was a river driver. He was also a deputy sheriff. I saw him serve a subpoena on a man once who tried to get away. The man was from Lower Jay, named Bissell. He was a slippery chap, and ran into a horse barn and attempted to escape through a small window on the opposite side. He put one leg out the window and his head and body, but before he could get the other leg out, it being so far, he hesitated about dropping. Gib rushed in and sat on the leg that was on the sill while he read the subpoena to him.

Amos Avery, my grandfather came to Wilmington in 1822. He erected the building where he made his home. On Sept. 26, 1827 he married Eliza Sanford, daughter of Major Reuben Sanford. He lived there all the rest of his life. My grandmother died in 1876. Frank Everest's mother lives in the home now. He died in 1892 at the age of 94.

He was a good farmer as well as a good blacksmith. He always paid his bills and was a good collector. He was very particular with everything, every tool was taken care of, all dirt was cleaned off. He had a shovel plow that was made at the forge. He always had a good horse and good cows, and a good hand to break colts. He was a stern father in bringing up a family. One Sunday morning while having family prayers one of the boys that happened to be kneeling near him took the cob out of the vinegar jug sitting on the floor near the stove and put it under the cat's nose. She sniffed and cuffed her nose, one of the brothers snickered. Grandpa saw it all but kept right on with his prayer; just slipped off his slipper and "fetched" him the 1st one on the stern.

He was always in a hurry. One time he and my father were drawing in hay, he chirped to the horse and it didn't start, so he jabbed it with his fork. Of course, it jumped. My father was on the load and it made him fall off. Grandpa looked around and said, "Good land, what are you down there for? Get back up there." My father says, "I'm going to stay down here if you can't drive as you ought to."

He had a colt he was breaking, he got it bitted good, then when the snow came my father helped him hitch it on to the pung. My father had asked him several times if he could go with him. He asked him again that night and he was told to "hop in." When they got to the top of Thompson's Hill where there was quite a level piece of ground grandpa stopped and says, "Hop out." Which my father did, and grandpa struck out a figure eight in the snow then began driving to colt on it. He kept it up for ½ hour, the colt learning all the time how to turn. Finally, he drove up to where my father was standing, shivering half frozen, and says "Hop in." Never asked him if he was cold and never spoke all the way home. My father told me that he could not remember if he ever asked him if he could go again.

In 1882 I thought I would like to work in a hotel. My father told me I could go after the corn was planted. I made a trade with Frank Wilkins to ride up to Lake Placid with him.

That night I hired out to Mr. George Stevens for \$20 a month. Our hours were from five in the morning until 10 at night. The chore boys did not make the time. We were to work around 7:30 one night when Mr. Stevens came to the kitchen, and to the table where I was eating my supper and says, "When you are through come into the office, I want to see you." It was a beautiful moonlight night and Pat Harding and I had promised to go for a boat ride on Mirror Lake. When I got to the office, Mr. Stevens came along and said to a very fine-looking man "This is the young man that will go around the lake with you." Lake Placid is seven miles long, I had never been around it, as my work had been milking cows, washing dishes and hanging out clothes, my hands were somewhat soft.

The Stevens House is located as it is now on a hill overlooking the lower part of Lake Placid as well as Mirror Lake. At that time there wasn't a bathtub I Lake Placid. The Steven's House had the best water system in Placid. It consisted of a 42' windmill. The piping extended out through what is called Paradox into the lake. When there was plenty of wind, we had plenty of water. When there was not wind, we had no water. That is where the good system came in. They had a big hogs head on a stone boat and one of the teams to draw it. A team was not always available, so we were out of water until one came. Now, back to my trip around the lake. Mr. Stevens told me to take the oars to No. 7, which I did, and away we started down to the boathouse. On the way down the gentleman asked me if I went around the lake often and I told him I had never been around it.

When we got the boat into the water, I put the oars in their proper places and asked him to go to the other end of the boat and take a seat. When he did so, I could readily see that he was not accustomed to being in a boat. In Paradox there were a lot of bogs. I got my eye focused on one before I pushed off and we did not get far before we hit it, and we didn't get another, and my passenger very nearly fell off his seat and asked me what that was.

I cautioned him to keep quiet and he asked why, so I told him he could tip the boat over and he says, "I can walk ashore, can't I?" At this I took out an oar and pushed it down into the mud the whole length of it. I then went on rowing, by that time we were on the pipe I've mentioned, and it stalled the boat. I could see he was getting nervous, he says "What causes the stop?" I explained that we were on the pipe. In a careful way I finally got it off. He says, "Young man, do you think you can get me on shore without tipping the boat over?" I says, "Don't you want to go around the lake?" He said "No." So I made one or two mistakes going back, finally I pulled the boat up on the float and held it for him to get out, and when he did he straightened up and said "If ever I was glad to get on shore, it is now!" (xxx) The man handed me 0.50 cents, saying "Young man, I think you are a good honest boy. Do you think you could find someone to take me around the lake tonight? I want to go away in the morning." I locked up the boats and went up the hill to the hotel, and there I found Rance Call. I took him to one side and told him I had just come from the boat house, and there was a man down there that wanted to go around the lake. He went, but did not get back until 2:00 AM. While I was eating

breakfast the next morning and who should come in but Mr. Stevens, when he saw me he began to smile and came over to the table and says, "You didn't go around the lake last night!" I says, "No", and he asked why not? I said, "He wouldn't ride with me." He laughed right out loud and says, "He just told me about it." That stopped my guiding.

The Stevens boy's mother was a very capable woman and a great worker. The 1st Sunday I was there she came to me and says, "Boy, I want you to freeze the ice cream today." So I got a box and put the ice in it and pounded it up, and by that time she had a cream to freeze. I got it well packed with salt and ice, and in not too long it was freezing. It turned very hard, so I called, "Mrs. Fletcher, I think this has come." She says, "No it hasn't! You go on; it will take 10 – 15 minutes more. You boys want to get out of work." In about five minutes the crank was broken off and it was frozen so hard she worked a long time before she got the whips out.

When I first went to work there I was in the cooler, cleaning it up one day and I noticed some partridges on a shelf and I said, "Where shall we throw the birds?" Franklin, the meat cook says, "Let them alone, they belong to the Bartlett's." The Bartlett's were one of the wealthiest parties that came to Lake Placid. "They will be here before long and will want them then." Two or three days later Mr. George Stevens came into the kitchen and said to Franklin, "The Bartletts have come and they want the partridges for their dinner." Franklin turned to me and said, "Did you hear that?" I said I did. Willie Watson took my place as chore boy, so I found Willie and gave him the order to prepare the birds for cooking. There was a place down back of the woodpile where we would put all the garbage, so that was where Willie took the birds. I told him I would bring down the water and also a pan to wash the meat in. When I came back I could hear Willie, and by the sounds he was in dire distress. He looked up and said, "This is the worst job I've had since I came here!" Franklin cooked them and Ms. Emma Winters, their waitress, came out with a nice crisp five-dollar bill and a message from Mr. Bartlett that those were the best partridges he had ever eaten. Franklin turned to me and said, "This will get us a quart of champagne." Franklin took the first drink of it and for all I know the last.

Paul Smith became interested in the Adirondacks in 1853. Soon he became one of the best-known guides in that region. He had his camp on one of the lakes and as time went on he accumulated a large amount of the Adirondacks in and around Saranac Lakes, Rainbow Lake, Lake Clear, Meacham Lake and as far as Malone. He had a large hotel in Plattsburgh called the Foquette, near the railroad station, and had a number of horses, wagons, houses and cottages. He acquired a large amount of this property at a very low price, but cottage sites near Paul Smith have brought a big price when sold. They were on par with Riverside Drive in New York City.

His wife was called one of the best cooks in the Adirondacks. Paul became acquainted with some very popular men, and they advised him to erect a hotel in the mountains. It was called "Paul Smiths." In 1858 he had a small hotel at Lake Clear. He was located 10 miles from Bloomingdale where the stage line passed through each day except

Sunday. His post office was there, and some of the road was corduroy. All this time his place as well as the one in Saranac Lake, got on the front pages of the NY papers, the Police Gazette edited by Robert Bonner. A telegraph line came to AuSable Forks, Black Brook, Bloomingdale, Saranac Lakes, and then a branch line to Paul Smiths. Paul had his own stages to the Forks. To his surprise one night when the stage came in, it brought a gentleman who registered by the name of P.T. Barnum. His evening was spent in the office listening to the guides and guests. Henry Martin, being a brother-in-law of Paul was chosen to take P.T. out fishing. Fish were very plenty at that time, they were not long in catching all they wanted. He told Paul that he would try and come again in the Fall.

As there was no railroad from Plattsburgh to Whitehall, or from Burlington to Rutland, VT, the extra stages went to Keeseville and on to Port Kent.

In the fall after Mr. Barnum had got his circus all taken care of in Bridgeport, CT. He started out with his own horses and a good dependable driver and went to Keeseville and AuSable Forks. Some of the way over was on a plank road. There were two toll gates between these two towns and one above Black Brook. The roads were called by some, Plank roads as they were made of hemlock planks. At the toll house they had a large post set into the ground opposite the house and a strong brace fastened onto the house, then across the road to the top of the post. A strong arm extended to the top with a solid wood roll, so they could close the gate at night. There was a price for footmen, one horse rigs, two horses, four horses and loaded teams. Timber was plenty, but money was scarce. Mr. Barnum became a frequent visitor at Paul Smiths. One time when he was there, as he came from the dining room after the mid-day meal he went to Paul and says, "Paul, where do you get your spices?" Paul said he thought they came from a Troy company and wanted to know why he asked. P.T. says, "that pepper you have is half peas." At that, Paul called Henry Martin and says "Henry, you box up that pepper that came a few days ago and send it back to that Troy Company." When he turned around he saw P.T. was smiling and knew it was some joke. He walked over to Barnum and said, "What is the joke?" P.T. says, "Paul, you spell it." The order to return the pepper was countermanded.

P.T. was one, if not the best showman that ever had a road show. At one time he had an advertisement in several papers during the winter, saying he would give \$1,000 for a cherry colored cat. Paul was not long in finding a very black cat. He sent it to Bridgeport by a stranger, a man over 6' tall and weighing over 100 pounds. He was wearing a winter beard, and when he got there he got a man to go with him to Barnum's home. They were ushered into his private office and he says, "I want to see Mr. Barnum." Barnum says, "That is my name", then he asks, "Are you the man who has offered to give \$1,000 for a cherry colored cat?" Barnum said he was, so the tall man changed ends with the bag and cat dropped out. Barnum says, "This is a black cat." "Yes, and there are also black cherries."