

OLD PLATTSBURGH

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Dedicated to my mother,
Helen Prescott Lansing

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Plattsburgh is only about 150 years old, which makes it seem a mere infant compared to some American cities. The fact that it is situated on the shore of Lake Champlain leads one to begin its history with the adventures of Samuel de Champlain, when in the summer of 1609, he discovered and explored the shores of the lake, and tell of various activities in the Champlain Valley succeeding that event.

However, there are already a number of authentic accounts of the long struggle between France and England for control of this region, which are available in public libraries. More intimate histories of pioneer life are rarer, yet have considerable value. Let me tell you a story of the adventurous people who settled at the mouth of the Saranac river and made new homes at Plattsburgh in the northern wilderness to which they came on that long used highway, Lake Champlain.

No history of Plattsburgh as a permanent settlement would be complete without reference to a Captain of the British army, Count Charles de Fredenburg, who dreamed dreams of a prosperous community at the mouth of the Saranac river and came here with his family and a group of workmen about 1767, after receiving an English land grant. He must have been a gentleman of means, for it is said he built a substantial, well furnished home about where Israel Green's tavern later stood on Bridge street and around which were the log cabins of his associates, while about three miles up the river he erected a saw mill. Like William Gilliland his plans failed and his life ended tragically. At the beginning of the Revolution he hurried his family back to Canada for safety and upon returning to the settlement he found houses and mill burned. It is said that he lingered in the vicinity for months, occasionally disappearing for short intervals, became morose and mentally unbalanced, and at last was seen no more. In later years when his children claimed the land he had chosen for a home, their title proved worthless. Yet there is a spot on the river named in his honor, Fredenburg Falls, and so called today. In 1894 when excavating was done on the river bank near this spot, a few human bones were found in a shallow grave, and thought to be those of Charles de Fredenburg. It is interesting to note that in the summer of 1939 descendants of this family visited Plattsburgh. At the time de Fredenburg settled here there was only one other pioneer on the shore of the lake in what is now Clinton county, John La Framboise, a French-Canadian farmer, near Chazy Landing. (1763)

In 1784, when Zephaniah Platt and the thirty-two promoters associated with him had bought enough soldiers "rights" to locate a township in New York state, they too, chose land on Lake Champlain near the Saranac river and were successful in obtaining clear title to about 33,000 acres of land.

Zephaniah Platt, himself, came north from Poughkeepsie in the summer of that year to make a survey, the necessary preliminary to procuring title, and it is not difficult to imagine his satisfaction when he found the land so favorably located. No doubt he had well formed plans for settlement when he returned home, and much to tell those concerned in the undertaking, of the lake, the swift-flowing river with its broad mouth, of the great quantity of fish in these waters, and of the giant pines and oaks in the dim woods.

Twelve proprietors of the newly located township of Plattsburgh met at Mr. Platt's home in December, 1784, to complete plans for the erection of saw mill, grist mill and forge, for which they had agreed to be responsible. Zephaniah Platt was chosen as their agent and went to New York city late in April to buy supplies, among which were bread, rum, and twine for a seine. It was decided also to build a "petty auger" (pirogue) which was later used to transport iron ore from the Skene ore bed to their forge on the Saranac.

Charles Platt, brother of Zephaniah, was the first of the Plattsburgh patriarchs to build a home on the site of the village. He left Poughkeepsie early in March when snow was still deep and traveled by sleigh down Lake Champlain. He must have found things pretty solidly frozen but he succeeded in completing a cabin and occupied it on the 25th of the same month. No doubt it was a most welcome shelter, for March is often the most unpleasant month of the whole year in this locality, a season of high winds and sudden storms, or extreme "cold snaps." Other settlers arrived in April and May, when the supplies were also brought by bateaux and ox team, Zephaniah Platt keeping a careful record of expenses on the trip. His route lay up the Hudson to Fort Edward, overland to Lake George, through that lake by boat, and overland again to Lake Champlain, where bateaux brought them to Plattsburgh.

There must have been quite a group of pioneers by June 16, for the first town meeting was held at Charles Platt's cabin on that date, and he was chosen supervisor. On June 22, the frame of the saw mill was up, and soon the first dam was built at the bend of the river, near what is now the south end of River street, and a grist mill near the saw mill, both on the west side of the river. Such was the beginning of Plattsburgh!

That winter, 1785-86, the lake was frozen over January 16, earlier than usual, and the cold weather kept the residents of the settlement busy at wood piles, as it has done through all the succeeding years. There were times when food was none too plentiful, and one expedition to Onion River, Vt., (Winooski) for corn, proved fruitless. Indians frequently came to the small community to trade and it is said sometimes slept on the floor of the big kitchen at Peter Saily's home. For some time Charles Platt served them and the white people also, as a physician, charging one beaver skin for

bleeding. The annual annuity from the State due the Indians was paid to their chiefs at Plattsburgh for a number of years and they camped on one of the islands at the mouth of the river. When James Bailey, son of Judge William Bailey, was an old man, he wrote of seeing them there in his youth, and of looking at the pictures of animals they painted in red on the trees, with the number of each kind killed, indicated by marks, the pictures showing plainly the animals represented.

The proprietors of the township offered special inducements to settlers, for in addition to a natural desire to make a "go" of their enterprise, they were under obligation to put at least one settler on each 600 acres within three years of the date of the patent. The twelve men who paid for the erection of the mills and dam and forge, and engaged in building them, were given 100 acres on the north side of the river at its mouth, and the 50 acres of Fredenburg's mill lot. Twelve gift lots were laid out on the west side of the river, and 30 lots to be sold cheaply. The remaining land, over 24,000 acres, was divided among the members of this pioneer land company and sold up to eight shillings an acre. Two hundred acres was also given to the first man married and 50 acres to the first male child, which luckily for him, was Platt Newcomb. Perhaps it is only fair, however, to add that although the fifty acres was given to young Mr. Newcomb, born November 1, 1785, young Miss Ida Ostrander reached Plattsburgh on September 17, 1785, thereby earning the distinction of being the first baby, land or no land.

Zephaniah Platt is said to have been well to do and it is certain that he had acquired considerable distinction in Dutchess county as he was a judge there with a Colonel's commission from Gov. George Clinton and also held a royal commission as ensign and captain of militia, was a member of the Provincial Congress, member of the Committee of Safety, State Senator, and later Surrogate of Clinton county for many years. In offering terms to settlers in the township of Plattsburgh, he stated that he "could wish none but sober, industrious men in said township, such as bid fair to do well for themselves." It is certain that the names of the first ten settlers indicate a substantial American background, for the new community. They were: Charles Platt, Thomas Allen, Jabez Pettit, Kinner Newcomb, Jonathan Sexton, John B. Hardwick, Dirck Webb, Cyrenus Newcomb, Moses Soper, and Jacob Ferris. The twelve men who invested in the first mills, dam and forge, were Zephaniah Platt, Peter Tappen, Zacheus Newcomb, Nathaniel Platt, Platt Rogers, Charles Platt, Thomas Treadwell, Simon E. Reeves, Melancton Smith, Jonathan Lawrence, Israel Smith, and John Addoms, who all became residents of Plattsburgh and contributed to the successful growth of the village. Judge Zephaniah Platt did not make Plattsburgh his permanent home until 1799, but made frequent visits there and kept in close touch with

his associates by letter. He died in Plattsburgh in September, 1807. According to an article in the New York Sun of Nov. 1, 1939, his home in Kingston was built in 1735 by Gilbert Palen, and was the home in recent years of Willets DeGarmo.

Among the early settlers of Plattsburgh and vicinity were several French gentlemen who became prominent in the affairs both of the village and county, and about whom much of interest is recorded. Peter Saily, known as Pierre Maire in the old province of Lorraine where he was born April 20, 1754, and whose father was part owner of iron works there, came to America in 1784. He had become financially involved and hoped to make a fresh start in a new country, with a new name. From New York he went up the Hudson to Albany after visiting iron works at Newark, N. J., since he had iron making in mind. Settlements in the Mohawk valley and on the west shore of Lake Champlain were being established, and Mr. Saily not being able to arrange satisfactory terms for land in the former section, and chancing to meet William Gilliland, passed on with him through Lake George and Lake Champlain and north into Quebec. He was much impressed with the beauty of the country and in March of 1785 brought his family from France, going once more from New York to Albany. This time he met Zephaniah Platt and leaving his family in Albany he came north to Cumberland Head, having bought 100 acres there from Mr. Platt, and so becoming one of the founders of Plattsburgh. In the spring of 1786 he brought his family to live in the log house built on the Head, and there he established himself in business, continuing the same until his removal to the village.

The only boat landing at Plattsburgh was located on Cumberland Head about where the present ferry landing is now, and until 1817 was important as a commercial center and port of entry. Mr. Saily and John Fontfreyde had stores, John Ransom an inn, (John Nichols was proprietor of the inn in 1815) and a number of prominent families located there, among them those of John Addoms, Melancthon Lloyd Woolsey, Theodorus Platt, William Pitt Platt and Marinus Francois Durand. Mrs. Saily lived but a few months in her new home and died just before Christmas, 1786, leaving a small son, Charles Lewis, and three young daughters. Hers is said to have been the first death in the new settlement. She was buried beneath large pine trees a short distance north of the Kent-Delord House near the lake shore. This old burying ground is mentioned in town records of Plattsburgh, 1798, the records still being preserved. Marianne Grellier, who came to Plattsburgh with the Saily family, became the head of the Saily household and two and a half years later, in June 1789, married Mr. Saily. The three children of the second Mrs. Saily were Eleanor, Charlotte and Frederick Lewis.

Somewhat prior to the time that Mr. Saily remarried he changed his residence from the Head to the village and in 1795 he built one of the

finest homes there, on the north bank of the Saranac river. Like John Jacob Astor, Mr. Saily had become a fur trader, and the two men had personal and business relations at Plattsburgh. Mr. Astor occasionally came north and stayed at the Saily home, sleeping sometimes, as the Indians trading there did, on the floor by the big fireplace in the kitchen. Part of this old house, in which Mr. Saily lived until his death, is incorporated in the present residence of his descendants, and stands on the same site near the mouth of the river, corner of Saily avenue and Cumberland avenue.

Although Peter Saily was active in a number of business enterprises, he took a deep interest in civic improvements and public affairs. He was notably successful in merchandising, dealing in peltries, manufacturing, and shipping, receiving large quantities of goods by sloop and bateaux in summer, and by sleigh in winter. His potashery stood near the river not far from his home, but in 1810 or 1811 was replaced by a government storehouse where goods were unloaded from boats on a second story platform. (Burned 1813 by Murray). His public life began upon the organization of Clinton county in 1788, when the local offices were divided among the leading men and he was made an associate justice of the court of common pleas. He held the office of judge for eight years, became an overseer of the poor, a commissioner of highways, school commissioner, and supervisor. In 1802 he was appointed one of the commissioners to build a court house and jail, in 1804 was made "first judge" of the county, in 1809 began to act as commissioner for the lending of money, and under Governor Tompkins he built an arsenal which was completed in August, 1810. He went to the State Legislature as a member in 1803, (received 181 out of 189 votes cast in Plattsburgh) and to Congress as Representative in 1805. He was one of the founders of the Plattsburgh Republican in 1811. His government service began in 1808 when he was made agent to supply the small body of troops sent into Clinton county to enforce the embargo, and in 1813 he became keeper of public stores. In 1809 President Jefferson made him collector of customs for the District of Champlain and Mr. Saily held this office until his death, beginning this strenuous work when he was fifty-five. He died in 1826 at the age of 72.

Another French gentleman of note in this vicinity was Henri Delord, a refugee who came to America soon after the Revolution. By some chance he became interested in the new settlements in the Champlain valley, and in 1797 opened a store at the Union, a Quaker community about two miles south of Peru village. He had built, 1793, a mansion adjacent to the Friend's meeting house, (at present only the Quaker burying ground remains) was postmaster and also a judge of the court of common pleas from 1800 to 1813. In 1810 his mercantile business had grown so that he found it expedient to remove to Plattsburgh, and here he established himself in one of the

few fine homes in the village. This was the house situated on the north bank of the Saranac near Peter Saily's residence, and built in 1797 by Nathan Averill, Sr., who had come with his wife, Roxanna, the first white woman here, in company with the Platts. The house became the property of Chancellor James Kent, who sold it to Henri Delord in 1810. He added the east end to the original building of choice lumber brought from Poughkeepsie, and began business in the "Red Store" then standing in the southwest corner of the lot. Mr. Delord was in partnership with Judge William Bailey at this time and until the opening of the war they were unusually successful. In 1813, during Murray's raid, hardware valued at \$1079.18 was taken from the Red Store. In 1814-15 supplies were furnished to American troops on credit from the Store, but after the war the army was disbanded and the men discharged without being paid, so both Mr. Bailey and Mr. Delord lost heavily. In addition the Kent-Delord home was occupied by British officers during the war and buildings, land, and fences were damaged by American and British troops. Mrs. Delord and many others went from Plattsburgh to Peru for safety during the siege at the time of the battle of Plattsburgh. Following the war Judge Delord resumed business and died in 1825 at the age of 61. It is said that when he came to Peru he didn't speak English and never learned to speak it plainly. Many anecdotes are told of the distinguished people whom the Delords entertained both at their Peru home and the now famous house in Plattsburgh, which is open to the public as a museum. Mrs. Delord, Elizabeth Ketchum, who became Mrs. William Swetland after the death of Judge Delord, and her granddaughter, Frances Delord Webb Hall, were the only mistresses of the house for over a century. Mrs. Hall studied medicine and kept a well stocked laboratory, ministering frequently to the sick of her husband's parish. Their acts of kindness were numerous and unadvertised.

When Peter Saily came to America to settle in time on Cumberland Head, another French gentleman came with him. This was Col. Marinus Francois Durand, who married Mr. Saily's eldest daughter, Bernadine, and built a home on what is now called the Albert Hagar farm on the Head. He served as deputy collector of customs under Mr. Saily, as quartermaster during the war of 1812, and later removed to Canada where he died at Riviere de Loup in 1833. The stories told of him represent him as a man of violent temper, given to profanity and brandy.

In studying the history of Plattsburgh we find as sources of information, some of the original town records, a number of old maps, many letters, journals and account books of early residents, and reminiscences printed years ago in the Plattsburgh Republican, and Plattsburgh Sentinel of men and women who spent their childhood days in old Plattsburgh. So it is possible to augment what we learn of the place and its people, from the local histories

printed in past years, and form a more definite picture of the village, as well as acquiring a more intimate knowledge of some of its residents.

Look with me then, at Plattsburgh as it appeared in the first few years following establishment. Lake Champlain was the highway on which, summer and winter, the pioneers traveled north to a region designated on early maps as the "Dismal Wilderness" and "Beaver Hunting Country," the unsurveyed land of the Iroquois. The broad expanse of sparkling water, or the dazzling stretch of ice and snow, lay open under the blue sky just as it does now, affording a view of wooded shores and mountains outlined boldly against an ever changing sky. But when the first settlers sailed into the wide mouth of the Saranac and tied their bateaux near shore, they stepped out to enter a dim world shadowed by huge trees, in which roamed wild animals that were an ever present menace. Both trees and animals must be fought unremittingly.

We must remember that this whole region was covered with a heavy growth of virgin timber in pioneer times, and although the same kinds of trees still grow here, few of them can compare with the first growth giants, notably Norway and white pine, red and white oak, and hemlock. In the immediate vicinity of Plattsburgh there are even now, some fine stands of white pine, which give us an idea of the "pine plane" described in early town records, and a trip into the woods on our mountains acquaints us with their deep silence and mystery, and brings a realization of the shadowy world in which the settlers lived until clearings were made. Day after day, month after month, summer and winter, the ring of axes broke the quiet of centuries, the giants crashed, and in the growing fallows cabins stood out in the bright sunlight. Among the mammoth stumps around them, the first crops were planted, then slowly the stumps were pulled, staddles cut, and fallows burned, the beginnings of gardens and farms. At Plattsburgh paths led here and there to the river, or into gullies where small streams flowed. There were, for some time, only four main routes of travel; a road along the north bank of the river and the lake shore, to Cumberland Head, a road north to Beekmantown, the South road up what is now Broad street and Rugar street toward the southwest, and the Peru road on the south side of the river to the mouth of the Salmon river. Besides a few scattered homes on the west and north sides of the river, the grist mill and saw mills on the river bank, and a group of houses on the east side, the wilderness was unbroken.

The Saily and Delord homes have been mentioned. Between them was the residence of the Davidson family, noted for its two young poet daughters and their brother's son, Oliver, a painter of marine scenes, and a house built by Charles Platt and occupied by Benjamin Graves. Beyond these houses, north of the river's mouth and near the lake shore, stood a block

house. 'This was built in 1789 and used until 1804 with few alterations, for Court House, jail, school house, and church. It stood about where the Elks club house stands now and was near the road which led along the lake to Cumberland Head, this property being known at one time as the Elric Nichols farm. Beyond the block house was the old burying ground, and north of that Peter Roberts' blacksmith shop. The Roberts family deserve special mention here. At the time of the Revolution they lived near Bennington, Vt. The brother and cousin of Mrs. Roberts (Jane) deserted from the army and after seeking refuge in Peter Roberts' home went off in the woods. Mrs. Roberts, true to her sense of duty went at once to the block house to tell her husband Peter. They later came to Plattsburgh and she died here in 1845. Mr. Roberts is buried with other Revolutionary soldiers in Riverside cemetery.

The street now called Cumberland avenue, was formerly known as Chemin du Roi, and later Bellevue avenue. Many French names of places in this region persist, such as Isle la Motte, Isle aux Noix, Point au Fer, but others have been replaced by less musical English titles. Crab Island was called San Michel; Valcour Island, Isle de Valeur; Camel's Hump Mt., Lion Couchant; Lake George, Lac St. Sacrement, etc.

There were other places worthy of note on what we call the "Point." It is said that the first survey stake of the Plattsburgh Patent was driven into the north bank of the Saranac almost in front of the Saily residence, at what was the southeast corner of lot No. 1 assigned to Charles Platt. The land north of Mr. Saily's was called Saily's woods and during the war of 1812 British troops encamped there. A frame building owned by Judge Delord, near his home, was used by nuns from Montreal as a hospital during the war of 1812. Mrs. Andrew Borde, who came to Plattsburgh with her husband from Canada soon after the war, knew the nuns and one of them gave her a bonnet. Mrs. Borde remembered these things when she was an old lady, and also remembered the dinners of frog's legs which they had on the shore at the mouth of the river, and an old iron bowl which her mother had brought from France about 1765. The small homes of several French families were located close to the river on the north bank.

Mention has been made of the struggle the pioneers made to subdue the wilderness and bring the land to a state fit for cultivation. They soon found two products of the woods profitable, however, and about the only sources of cash for some years.

We note in connection with the potash industry that low lands or swails were covered with gigantic elms and ash, they being the best timber to produce ashes. Since the first settlers had no teams at first to haul the timber together, they had to resort to planning in such a way as to fall as

much timber as possible on top of one another into what they called "plan heaps," as it all had to be rolled together by the aid of handspikes and strength.

Two of the largest trees were chosen that had a leaning toward each other if possible, and such a distance from one another that the two tops would reach the butt of each, or as near to that as possible, and if the trees were not inclined to fall into each others arms they were persuaded to do so by force, by placing one, two, or three long ash poles to the back of the tree, cutting the notch on the side that it was wanted to fall to the deepest, and springing on the poles when nearly cut through. This method usually proved effective and when the two giants fell the tops were cut up. As the trees in that immediate neighborhood were cut down, they were rolled near the largest ones, and on top, so as to form a large heap. Fire was introduced and the whole mass reduced to ashes, by plenty of work, and hot at that, in keeping the embers together.

The ashes were then raked into piles and elm bark placed over them to protect in case of rain. A leach was constructed of the elm bark peeled in large slices and the ashes placed in that, water poured over it, and the lye boiled down into what is known as black salts. These salts were placed in troughs dug out of the ash timber commonly, and the next thing was to get it to market, not an easy matter because of the lack of roads. This was often accomplished in winter via Lake Champlain northward to Montreal and Quebec. The common price was about \$3.00 per 100 pounds, and yet with all this hard labour, no doubt each settler came home with the proceeds in his pocket, quite satisfied.

The white and Norway pine and oak timber they hewed in the vicinity of Plattsburgh was piled on the north bank of the river from a point near the Macdonough monument to the lake, during the winters, and in spring when the water of the lake and all streams was high, these masts and spars were rolled into the water, made into huge rafts, and rowed and sailed north into the Richelieu river to be floated to Quebec markets. We have read of one manned by over a hundred rowers. These rafts constituted a speculation, in a way, as it was not unusual for one to break up during its passage from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, involving great loss to its owners.

The other early product of the woods was potash, obtained by burning immense piles of trees and leaching the ashes. A settler could make his own potash and take it to market, perhaps going via raft in the spring, or he could sell house and field ashes to potasheries such as Mr. Saily operated. Prices for ashes are quoted in old newspapers, one an advertisement in the Plattsburgh Republican of Feb. 23, 1824, in which 20 cents per bushel is offered for "good house ashes." If one traveled to Canada by raft the

potash was probably taken in barrels, (furs were usually taken also) and salt brought back among other purchases. House and field ashes were taken in trade at stores, the former bringing a somewhat higher price because they were more free of dirt and impurities. Carlisle D. Tylee, who was the owner of the first storage buildings near the shore of the lake on what was first called the "Point," the land now used for D. & H. roundhouse and storehouses, announces in his advertisement in the Republican of July 20, 1816, that he will take goods for storage and advises those making potashes to be careful not to put too much gum or tar in boiling the lye. Potash and soft soap were made at the south end of Durkee street, near the home of Sheldon Durkee, as well as at Mr. Saily's ashery.

About where the Macdonough monument now stands, Jeremiah McCreedy kept one of the earliest taverns, known as the Ark. This place later became rather dilapidated and was overrun with men, women, children, cats, dogs, mice and vermin. It burned in 1832. The McCreedy family were early comers in Plattsburgh, the children attending the school kept by the Rev. Frederick Halsey in that part of the city now called Tom Miller road. Their homestead was on the Beekmantown road and was built in 1800 with a chimney 12 feet square and fireplace 8 feet wide. During the war of 1812 British officers were quartered there and asked "Aunt Eesther" (Esther) to make them a Yankee hasty pudding, of which they had heard. They decided when the pudding was served, that they didn't like it and Aunt Eesther said, "You may get a dish of Yankee hasty pudding you'll like less than this before you are through." They **did** like the McCreedy cider kept in large kegs in the dark cellar!

The Sheldon Durkee spoken of above, for whom Durkee street, now the south end of River street, was named, built a house just above the old dam at the bend of the river before 1795. This house stood until 1904 and lilac bushes planted by Mrs. Durkee still grow. Mr. Durkee, a man over six feet tall, weighing well over 200 pounds and having a powerful voice, was a Revolutionary soldier and fought against the British at Plattsburgh, becoming something of a hero. He, with others was north of the village on the Beekmantown road on September 6, 1814, shooting at the approaching enemy from behind stump and rail fences. With two companions he surprised three British soldiers and took them prisoners, but one of Durkee's friends named Norcross was wounded and the second sent for help, so Durkee brought his prisoners to headquarters in Plattsburgh. When he was asked how he managed the feat without assistance he said he surrounded them.

Several members of the Platt family built homes before 1800. Nathaniel Platt's (died 1816) was erected in 1796 on what is now upper Cornelia street of timber brought from Poughkeepsie. This burned in 1822 and was

rebuilt by William Bailey who married Captain Platt's daughter. A painting of the original home executed by Richbill Smith, is now owned by Mr. Charles Signor of Plattsburgh. Nathaniel Platt owned a number of lots in the vicinity of Broad street and was responsible for the extra width of that street. He also gave land for Riverside cemetery, reserving lots for the Platt family. Strangely enough, though we lack complete information about him, we know that he was called "Natty," "Straw-hat Nat," and "Spider Nat."

Isaac Platt's home was at the north end of the settlement, just outside the present city on the Beekmantown road, Theodorus Platt's, built in 1804, stood on a two acre plot on Margaret street about where St. John's rectory now stands, and Zephaniah Platt's homestead stood overlooking the lake just across Hamilton street at the northeast corner of the military reservation. This house was sold at auction in 1878, having stood vacant for some time in a sadly dilapidated condition. Charles Platt's home was a log house on the north bank of the Saranac river near the Kent-Delord House, then later the residence owned by the Carter family on the north side of Broad street, three doors west of Oak street.

Among the first buildings in Plattsburgh was one which became famous as a place of public gatherings. This was the inn owned and made popular by Isaac Green and his wife. It was built on Bridge street on the site of the present Armour plant, the same site used much earlier by Count Charles de Fredenburg for his home, and the site of Clark's tavern below which on the river bank was Clark's Landing. Green's inn was a two and half story frame building set close to the road, with a square porch nine feet each way on the street side, where Mr. Green often sat of an evening and greeted his friends. The date of its erection was 1795 and it stood until 1868 when it burned. Many people had reason to remember the old place, but no one with more affection than a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Green. She was the daughter of Col. Melancton Smith, Elizabeth Smith, for whom Elizabeth street is named, and who as Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Martin (Mrs. Morgan Martin) wrote from Green Bay, Wis., of her childhood days in Plattsburgh and of her visits at Grandpa Greens'. She remembered not only how the old inn looked outside, but could tell how the rooms were arranged, how the attic with its curved ceiling, used as a Masonic Lodge room, and the "dark hole" in which hung a skeleton used by Dr. William Beaumont, mystified her. Many years later, during the Civil war, she wrote to her friend Margaret Ann Freligh (Mrs. Moss Kent Platt) expressing a hope that she might visit her old home with her children and sleep once more at Isaac Green's inn.

Town meetings were held at this inn for some years, as well as meetings of the Clinton County Medical Society founded in 1807, the Masonic meetings, and teachers' meetings somewhat later, the first one being called in

Jan. 1822, by Alexander Prescott, principal of the old Academy. It was a social center also, a dinner in honor of Macdonough being given here shortly after his naval victory, at which he proposed a toast to Commodore Downie and Melancthon L. Woolsey proposed giving extra rum to the sailors in honor of the event. Many men prominent in both army and navy made this a stopping place, and in 1817 President Munroe was a guest of the Greens while the inhabitants of Plattsburgh wined and dined him. It might be added here that enthusiasm for him ran so high in the little village that a grand repast was given him in the woods about 17 miles out on the Chateaugay turnpike, at which time funds intended to purchase a fire engine were literally eaten up, and this, on the day of his departure.

We have spoken of the Red Store where Judge Delord carried on his business. It should be noted that this building was later used by the Catholic people as a meeting house until they built a stone church on the site of the present City Hall. (1836) It is said that in the early days of this organization when the services were very simple and furnishings also simple, the priest used a small branch of pine during blessing ceremonies. Before any priest was resident in Plattsburgh, Catholic services were held frequently at the home of Hugh "Spud" McGuire, a shoemaker who lived at the corner of Broad and South Catherine streets. Mr. McGuire's prices (1820) for boots and shoes are recorded as 75c for shoes, \$2.00 for boots, "stock found" 50c, and \$1.50 if made at the customer's home, children's shoes in proportion. He made a circuit of a number of homes yearly as family cobbler, a process called "whipping the cat." One shoemaker had a custom of cutting a wooden pattern for the largest foot in a family for which he worked, then shaving this down for other members, the smallest child being the last supplied. Cow hide was used for common boots and shoes, and calf-skin for best, although women often made bridal slippers of satin or velvet from their own patterns.

Besides the block house by the lake on the old Cumberland Head road, there was one which stood on Broad street about in the center of the present road opposite the Broad street school. This was built in the spring of 1794 at the time others were erected to be used as places of refuge in the event of Indian raids. One was the Peru blockhouse at the mouth of the Little Ausable river. An arsenal, a brick building, was also located on Broad street near St. John's academy, erected in 1809-10 by Peter Saily. British soldiers burned the blockhouse and tore down the arsenal during Murray's raid July 31, 1813. They burned a large number of log cabins at Pike's cantonment named in honor of Col. Zebulon Pike on the south side of the river near Fredenburg Falls at the same time. Two school boys, James Bailey and St. John B. L. Skinner, heartily enjoyed the excitement occasioned at the mouth of the river when Murray and his sailors, who carried buckets

of tar, landed, so they slipped away and joined the crowd, following the British along River street and Margaret street and up Broad street, probably yelling, for they were put under guard at Levi Roberts' near the blockhouse and only succeeded in escaping under cover of darkness. The arsenal lot was in later years an attractive spot for boys, for the annual muster or training day for the "Floodwood" militia was held there, a right jolly occasion for the bigger "boys" also. Molasses candy, displayed on shingles, was peddled around by enterprising youngsters. When political celebrations were held on the arsenal lot, an individual known generally as "Uncle True" Hilliard, exercised his special talent for crowing, giving his services to the winning side, regardless of his own political convictions. We have talked with a man who heard Uncle True crow, and he referred to him as "quite a character." It is said that the old army muskets dealt out to the Home Guards here on the occasion of their first drill would kill at either end.

Plattsburgh has undoubtedly had its ups and downs since its establishment, with such major catastrophes as war, pestilence and fire. Among other ups and downs were several gullies that no longer exist. One of these extended from a point near upper Couch street, easterly across Oak street where there was at one time a bridge almost 100 feet long, and on as far as Margaret street, across the Post office grounds and about as far as Cohen's clothing store, turning east again across Margaret and down to the river. A bridge spanned it on Margaret street and several business buildings stood on wooden piles as foundations. This was all filled in about 1835. Another gully extended to the river on the east side about where Hamilton street now runs and across Peru street. During the war of 1812 a blockhouse stood just south of this gully on the elevation at the north end of the military reservation. Timbers from this old blockhouse are incorporated in the house on the corner of Brinkerhoff and Wells streets, formerly owned by the MacDougall family.

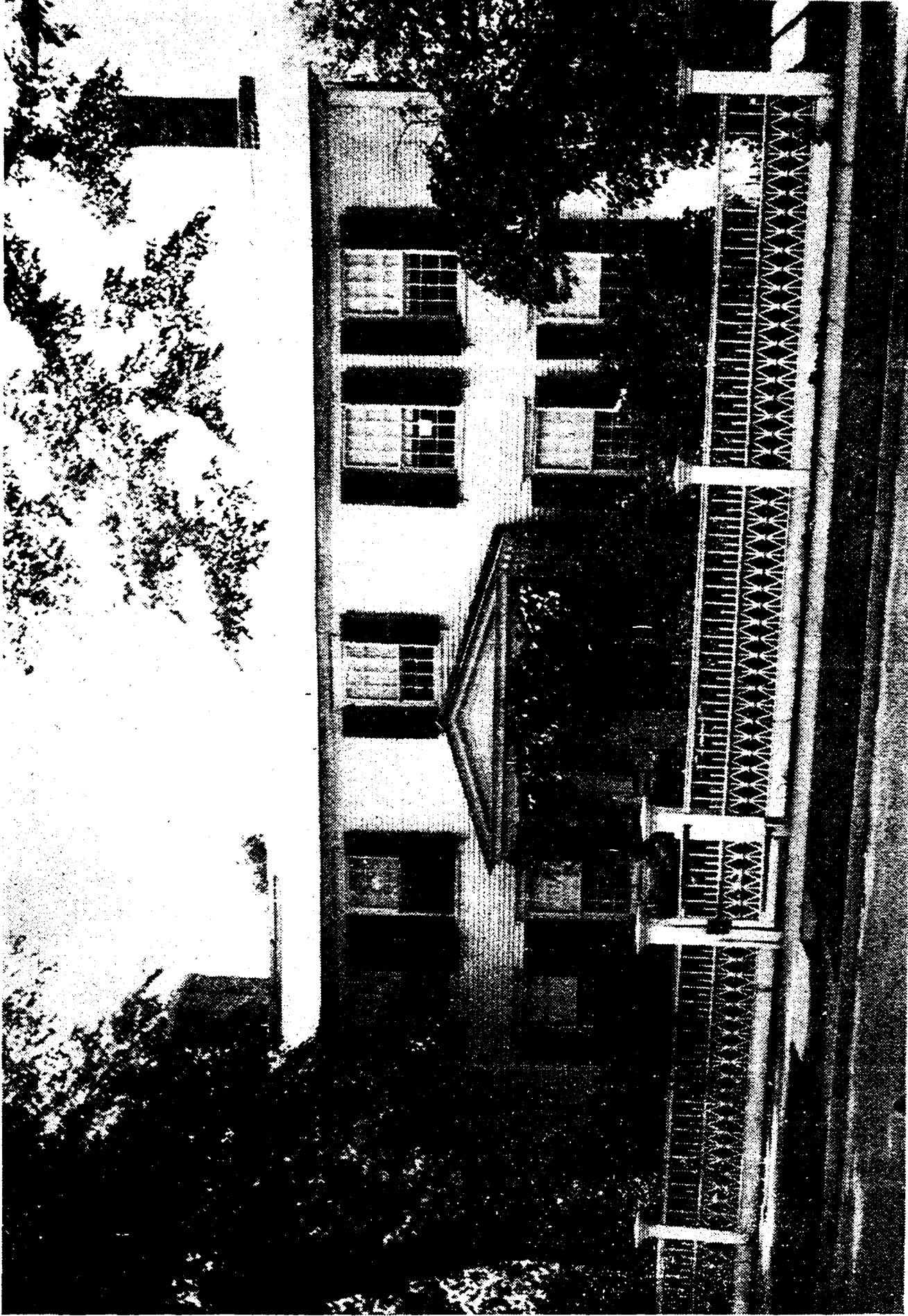
In the earliest days of the settlement on the "bloody" Saranac, so called it is thought, because of a toast given by James Kent at a dinner following the war of 1812,

The crimson Saranac—
May her noble banks o'erflow
When invaded by the tyrant foe

in which reference was made to the waters of the river dyed crimson with the blood of the British, activities on the east side rivaled those on the west. Jacob Ferris owned several lots and the water rights on this side and built a saw mill at his end of the old dam soon after the mill company erected one at the west end in June, 1785. He also built a grist mill just below his saw mill, and later there was fulling mill, dye house and other

buildings nearby. He sold half of his water rights to the mill company in 1797. Two small buildings at the mouth of the river near what was called "Clark's Landing" were erected by Mr. Ferris and approached by a short road along the river bank from Green's inn. At the time of the war of 1812 a blockhouse stood at that "Point." Below the new dam, built in 1797 about where the present dam has broken up, there were other buildings close to the river, one of them a stone mill. Bridge street continued east past Israel Green's tavern, turning slightly south in front of the old Fouquet House, and Jay and Washington streets, near the lake, extended from Bridge to Hamilton street, east of Macdonough street. This was an especially favorable location for residence as evidenced by the fact that Judge Zephaniah Platt, the "Patroon" choose to have his home overlooking the lake near the junction of Jay and Hamilton streets, that Moss Kent Platt, a son of William Pitt (Farmer) Platt, placed his home at the southeast corner of Macdonough and Macomb streets, that Samuel Lowell built farther east on Macomb street soon after the war of 1812, and that later prominent men such as Almon Thomas, S. P. Bowen, Andrew Williams and R. O. Barber established residences on Macomb street. We note in passing several items of interest regarding Samuel Lowell. He lived at the northern end of the village and at one time because of debts was kept on "limits." This meant staying within prescribed bounds except on Sundays. He published the first issue of the Political Observatory on March 30, 1811, having announced in February of that year that his publication would be a Federalist organ, due it is thought to the influence of his wife, thus indirectly causing the publication of the Plattsburgh Republican in April of the same year. He is thought to have profited handsomely by a gift (?) of several kegs of British gold, dropped in his well and inadvertently left there upon the hasty retreat of the enemy. His pretentious home on Macomb street was known as Lowell's Mansion. In this section lived also, John Freligh, who owned one of the first bakeries, Dr. Herrick, father-in-law of Alexander Prescott, Gen. Benjamin Mooers, Mr. Carter, St. John B. L. Skinner and members of the Palmer family. Many of the old homes are still well cared for and occupied by descendants of early settlers. One old frame house on Peru street, now the home of George Cook, formerly called the "Long House" is said to have been built by Samuel Carter in 1815.

In referring to French gentlemen of note in Plattsburgh no mention was made of John Louis Fouquet. Mr. Fouquet's father came to America with Lafayette in 1784. John L. Fouquet lived first in Albany, then came to Plattsburgh, buying property on Bridge street near the present railroad station in 1793, keeping a boarding house there in 1798. He married Abigail Douglas of Chazy, who was born in Stephentown, N. Y. in 1782. He was one of those genial men who have a talent for inn keeping and his tavern, built in 1815 and called the Macdonough House, became famous. It was



Kent-Delord House, Cumberland Ave.



Sailley Homestead, Cumberland Ave.

a frame building painted white, and the swinging sign at the entrance carried a picture of Macdonough on one side, and of a ship on the other. This tavern was burned June 4, 1864, but was soon rebuilt as it stands today, the old Fouquet House. The place was popular from the start and when Cumberland Head ceased to be the main landing for the village in 1817, and wharves were used at Plattsburgh, Fouquet's inn was well known. We read too, of passengers brought by sleigh across the lake from Burlington, making this a stopping place, thawing out in front of the old Canada stove and enjoying the good food provided. Lot Chamberlin, one of the lake captains, brought one passenger by sleigh from Burlington to Plattsburgh in three hours.

During the Canadian rebellion in 1837-38 several men of note lived at Fouquet's, among them Dr. Wolfred Nelson, and at the time that the first company of boys went from the village to serve in the Civil war, the ladies resident at Fouquet's presented Captain Frank Palmer and his men with a company flag. Stages stopped there for many years and at one period it was the terminal of the line from Paul Smiths in the Adirondack wilderness at St. Regis lake. One man with whom we have talked, remembers as a boy waiting with others for the much anticipated daily arrival of the big yellow stagecoach drawn by four horses, and can recall his excitement upon hearing the blast of the horn blown by the driver (George Meserve) who invariably drew up before the front entrance with a grand flourish. Fouquet's was the fashionable place to stop, and for years this well kept hotel with beautiful gardens and fine stables adjoining, commanding a wide view of Cumberland Bay, broad lake and Green Mountains, was synonymous with Plattsburgh, to travelers.

It was also on the east side of the river that Adriel Peabody, who was the first lawyer resident in Clinton county to be admitted to the bar, (1795) lived. One of his sons was collector of customs at one time, Major Oliver Peabody. And on Charlotte street near Bridge, Dr. Samuel Beaumont resided. He and his family were remembered by Miss Helen Woodward, who died in Plattsburgh in 1941 at the age of 91. As proof of his common sense, it is said that at one time when he was called to the assistance of a child in whose throat a pin had lodged, he simply attached a cork to a wire and pushed it down the child's throat, together with the pin. Dr. Samuel Beaumont was examined and licensed to practice medicine and surgery March 1, 1819, by the Clinton County Medical Society. He was the brother of Dr. William Beaumont who served as an army surgeon during the war of 1812, and who became famous for his investigations of the process and physiology of digestion. His observations continued without interruption from 1825 to 1833, part of which time he was a resident of Plattsburgh, his subject of observation being a young French-Canadian voyageur named

Alexis St. Martin. Mr. St. Martin had been accidentally wounded in June, 1822 by the discharge of a musket. The wound was in the left side of the stomach and in healing a valvular opening was left by which Dr. Beaumont found he could watch the process of digestion. At one time the subject was under contract to permit observation, Mr. J. D. Woodward, father of Miss Helen Woodward, being the author of this contract. Mr. St. Martin married, raised a family and outlived Dr. Beaumont. Dr. Beaumont's surgical instruments were presented to the University of Vermont two years ago. (1942)

To Dr. John Miller goes the credit for being the first physician in Plattsburgh. He came north soon after the Platt brothers and their sons, and served the community faithfully, being chosen the first president of the Medical Society in the county. Miller street was named for him and the site of his residence at the junction of what are now Broad and Rugar streets, has been marked until recently. A son of Dr. Miller was called Sammy, and Miss Susan Cook, (Mrs. Filmore) who came as a young girl from Essex to Plattsburgh in 1814 to do fine tailoring and later became a well known teacher, wrote of making Sammy a long coat with capes. She tailored for all the "best families." With Dr. Miller came William Thorne who later kept an inn about two miles west of the village, where the Chateaugay turnpike intersected the plank road to Clayburg. This was the site of what has been known for many years as the Sunrise hotel, recently demolished.

Reference to best families brings to mind another element of Plattsburgh population, the criminals who were executed here in the early days, justice being meted out by local courts and attended with considerable ceremony. The presiding judge was escorted to the court room by the sheriff, deputy sheriffs, and constables, the latter carrying white wands or white staves tipped with black. It should be added that although the dignified proceedings gave additional prestige to the court, an element of comedy was present inasmuch as the judge must carefully pick his way through streets which were commonly either very muddy or equally dusty. This condition prevailed many years, for a number of older people with whom we have talked, mentioned that phase of life here in "the good old days," and remembered clearly trying to cross Bridge street through deep mud, or driving, perhaps on Rugar street, with mud to the hubs of the carriage wheels. Between 1813 and 1854 there were six public executions in Plattsburgh which took place at such widely separated points that ghosts may be said to be all over the place. The first hanging occurred near the shore of the lake about as far north as the junction of Saily avenue and Margaret street, the second on the pine ridge in the rear of Mount Assumption Institute, two more on the Arsenal lot on Broad street, and another in the courthouse

yard, while the sixth criminal sentenced to be hanged, greatly disappointed the crowd assembled from far and near, by hanging himself in his cell in the jail. It is said that following the death of the British spy hung near Mount Assumption, boys of the village went sometimes to the place on moonlight nights and standing near the gallows chanted, "Baker, for what was you hung." When this was uttered three times they listened intently and waited for the reply, "N-o-t-h-i-n-g." After one of these executions a body was given to the Medical Society, and one elderly resident wrote of going to a room in the basement floor of a block near Bridge street, and seeing a skeleton hanging before the fireplace to dry, this being a workshop of Dr. William Beaumont's. Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Col. Melancton Smith, was a young girl at the time of Alexander Larabee's execution on the Arsenal lot, and wrote in her journal of the general gloom in Plattsburgh that day, and of watching the condemned man dressed in a loose white blouse, walk slowly along the street on his way to the gallows while the funeral march was played. Larabee was buried on his farm a short distance southeast of Peru, but his wife sold the body and it was exhumed and taken to Keeseville where Dr. Allen used it for some time. During a political campaign it was stolen from the doctors' office and thrown from the stone arch bridge in Keeseville into the river, then recovered and buried once more.

But enough of murder and sudden death, for these events fortunately were unusual, and the residents of Plattsburgh were ordinarily law abiding, peace loving and progressive, many of the first citizens enjoying also, a social life which frequently proved a delightful surprise to visiting celebrities. In homes such as those of Melancthon L. Woolsey, John Addoms, Marinus Durand and William Pitt Platt on Cumberland Head, and of Peter Saily, Judge Henri Delord, the Platt family and others in the village, where the service of slaves was customary, fine old furniture and silver was in use, and the dress and manners of cultivated people prevailed. One has but to visit the Kent-Delord House to obtain a definite impression of the social usages of that day, and perhaps feel a nostalgia for older things, a more leisurely way of life, and the charming, graceful manners of our great-great-grandmothers and fathers.

In addition to developing the industries of Plattsburgh, setting up local government and building the all important roads, the early settlers were concerned from the start with the need for establishing schools and churches. In 1786, only a year after the first town meeting was held at Charles Platt's house, Samuel Young was schoolmaster to the children of the village, his expenses being partially paid, at least, by the "Mills and Surveying Company." For a few years school was kept in the old blockhouse on the lake shore, in barns or in any rooms available in private homes. One

school house was begun at the foot of the hill near what is now Boynton avenue, but lightning struck the frame and since the location was then considered a dangerous one the frame was moved and later used by Rev. Frederick Halsey as a school near his home. Mr. Halsey taught school after his retirement as pastor of the Presbyterian church. Thomas Miller, (the Tom Miller road, so called, runs west from Boynton avenue) who was born in Plattsburgh in 1802, remembered that school was kept about 1805 or 1806 in Judge Charles Platt's old Dutch barn at the foot of Boynton hill. Mr. Platt's wife, Caroline Adriance, was Dutch and read her cherished Dutch Bible all her life. The romance of Mr. and Mrs. Platt began when he was in Europe on an extensive tour.

June 2, 1795 a town tax of twenty-five pounds was voted for school purposes, and in 1796 we find the first record of "State aid," \$126 being apportioned by the State for the schools of Plattsburgh, and \$63 additional raised by the town. Among early scholars was that same Thomas Miller referred to above, his sister Harriet, four small Platts named Eliza, Temperance, Nancy and Zephaniah, besides eight young McCreedys including Esther, who was doubtless a daughter of the "Aunt Eesther" who wasn't afraid to speak up to the British. Reminiscences of a number of people who attended school here years ago, give us interesting information about early schools and homes. Elizabeth Averill Burch, whose home was the white frame house on the north side of Cornelia street just west of the Schiff residence, went to school at one period in the basement of the Episcopal church. She was only five or six years old then, nevertheless felt she must maintain a certain dignity, a dignity which suffered sadly when she lost her balance jumping on a board laid across a puddle in the school yard, and fell in the muddy water. Let us hope she had regained it by the time she attended school in the basement of the old Methodist church on Court street. (About where Atwater's is now.) She enjoyed also, schools kept in the Dr. Low house on the site of the present Y. M. C. A., (this house built in 1816, had been the home of Capt. Sidney Smith, brother of Col. Melancton Smith) in a small building in the garden at Moss K. Platt's residence with Margaret Ann Freligh as teacher, and one winter at Mrs. Daniel Averill's, a mile and a half west of the village, where she and several other young ladies boarded during the week, enjoying life on a farm as well as their studies. To finish off her schooling she attended the old academy. Another school was kept at one time in Squire Eleazer Miller's office near the present City Hall, and taught by Miss Abigail Deming, and one in the Guy Dunham house by Miss Dunham.

At the time of the war in 1814 Miss Rebecca Leflin of Georgia, Vt., (she was born in 1794) taught a school on Rugar street and during the

siege of the village she went to Champlain to stay with her mother. Later she married and lived on Point au Roche until she was over ninety-three.

Two schools of a somewhat later date have since disappeared, one on the west side of Oak street, just north of Cornelia street, and one on Broad street, built in 1850 of brick, which stood on the south side just east of St. John's academy. The old "red school" of earlier years stood near the northeast corner of Broad and North Catherine streets.

Plattsburgh academy was built in the summer of 1811, but prior to this time, as early as 1792, sentiment was strongly in favor of such a school and a petition advocating it was signed by twenty men in the village. This petition is now in the possession of John P. Myers of Plattsburgh. The frame building was two stories high with a cupola above. The weathervane atop the cupola was a horizontal winged figure, representing Gabriel, dressed in black and gilt, blowing a trumpet. It was designed by Dr. Oliver Davidson, father of the two famous young Plattsburgh poetesses, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. This school at the time of its erection was the largest and most imposing public building in northern New York, and no doubt it was hard for Plattsburgh people to see it used as a Barracks during the winters of 1813 and 1814, even though it was United States artillery quartered there. When quiet and order had been restored in the village following the war, the academy was put in order again, and the second story used for religious services and public meetings during the next few years. The first principal of the academy was Bela Edgerton, who lived with his wife, Phoebe Ketchum, in a small house, part of which was built in 1811, at the southeast corner of Oak and Court streets, the present location of the Baptist church. Mrs. Polly Ketchum Averill, (Aunt Polly) who was the wife of Nathan Averill, Jr., and the daughter of Mrs. Joseph Ketchum, lived in this same house later, and the big willow trees nearby grew from slips brought from Salisbury, Conn., by Mrs. Ketchum. The house was demolished in 1881 when the Baptist church was built. A number of anecdotes are told about Aunt Polly. One of these is a memory of Marion Brown Packard, who as a little girl went to church with her at a time when churches were not comfortably heated. It was a cold Sunday and small Marion was miserable sitting still so long on a hard bench. Aunt Polly put her voluminous "circular" around her, let her hold a large muff in front of her face and moved the foot-stove over to warm her chilled toes. This church was not warmed in the unique fashion of meeting houses at Mooers and Peru, where immense potash kettles, inverted on brick foundations, with stove pipe inserted in holes in their bottoms, served as stoves and were not only adequate for heating purposes, but illustrated without the aid of preaching, a lurid hell.

Bela Edgerton was succeeded at the academy by several teachers of whom we have spoken, Frederick Halsey, Miss Susan Cook, and Miss Abigail Deming. Miss Deming was in charge of the ladies' department when Alexander Prescott became principal, with David Brock as his assistant. This was about 1820 and Mr. Prescott continued as principal until 1831, his strong personality making such a deep impression on the community that even today he seems outstanding among early teachers there. His appearance must have been arresting, for he invariably wore a long cape and carried a cane, and was altogether a dignified, scholarly schoolmaster. The stone house on Broad street which stood on the site of the Junior High school, occupied at one time in more recent years by John B. Riley, was built by Mr. Prescott. He was a rather severe disciplinarian and made it quite clear that he did not desire parental interference. Recalcitrant pupils were compelled to "toe the mark" near his desk for lengthy periods, and one of the smaller boys having stood first on one foot and then on the other for some time, took advantage of Mr. Prescott's absent-mindedness. He glanced down the row of culprits standing with him and piped up, "May this class be dismissed?" The ruse succeeded and the small boy was later congratulated by the big boys, one of whom presented him with an apple as a token of appreciation for the service rendered. Other punishments considered effective by this principal were hand whippings and ear liftings. The latter usually took place when a boy was discovered crawling under desks intent on paying a short call on some friend. He was unceremoniously hauled forth by an ear, then raised three or four times off the floor by both ears, a process guaranteed to produce red ears, literally and figuratively. This schoolmaster was also accustomed to announce suddenly in a loud voice, "Tempus fugit," a gentle reminder to sluggards that it was time to get to work. The older boys varied the monotony of school life by starting frequent fights and by playing practical jokes, as is the way of all youth, on teacher. It was funny to see a little pig jump out of Mr. Prescott's desk, and even funnier when he couldn't find out who put it there. School was often kept in the afternoon until it was almost dark, and when one pupil brought a candle, he was thought extremely witty. The ones who stayed latest sometimes helped to make quill pens.

There is another side to the picture, however, for Mr. Prescott delighted in rewarding industrious, alert scholars whom he felt deserved recognition. Roman titles were conferred with much ceremony, on these chosen ones, and elaborate diplomas presented. Margaret Ann Freligh was thus dubbed "Dictator." It is also pleasant to learn that when Mr. Prescott taught in West Chazy some years later, he arranged a big dinner for his boys, this dinner taking place at an inn there. A ten dollar wolf bounty, proceeds of a local wolf hunt in which the boys no doubt took a hand, paid in part for the feast. It was Alexander Prescott who invited the teachers of Clinton

county to meet at Israel Green's inn, Jan. 5, 1822 to transact business "deemed proper."

Other principals of the old academy who seem especially worthy of note were Rev. Dr. Coit, Mr. Doolittle, Robert T. Conant, John S. D. (Dorsey) Taylor, Joseph W. Taylor and Royal Corbin. The original school was made possible by the subscriptions of a company of men, each of whom bought shares in the building, and on the list of these subscribers are the names of a number of men of whom we have spoken. After the academy was incorporated in April, 1828, leading citizens continued to support it and in 1832 the number of students reached 100. On Friday night, Nov. 10, 1871 the building was completely burned, but in September 1875 a fine new one, costing about \$35,000 was ready for use. It stood on the same site, although two additional lots had been purchased, and was under the management of a board of education, the trustee system having been abolished in 1867. It is this four story brick building which has recently been remodeled for a public library, being opened as such in 1941. The bell that was bought in 1875 and rang so many of us to school, will be preserved. We note that in 1871 the school janitor furnished his own brooms and stove polish.

In 1792, seven years after the first settlers came to Plattsburgh, a public meeting was called at the old blockhouse for the purpose of "choosing trustees to take in charge the temporalities of the congregation of the town, and to form a corporation by the name and style of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Church and Congregation of Plattsburgh, and to call a minister." This was the beginning of religious organization here and for two years longer was the only move made toward that end, as it wasn't until 1794 that young Mr. Halsey came north from Long Island to settle here and preach around from house to house. In 1796 he was installed and organized a church consisting of eighteen members. His salary was fixed at \$250, but this was paid partly in most everything but cash, as his account book kept at that time showed that he accepted corn, wheat, hens, pigeons, salt, apple trees, and "the making of a gown." Many years later his son still held unpaid notes amounting to hundreds of dollars, that belonged to Mr. Halsey. He was pastor of that first church until 1810, then moved to a farm on the northwestern outskirts of the village and was farmer, preacher and school teacher for a number of years. He died in 1838.

In 1812 the church which had been organized bought the lot on which the present Presbyterian church stands. A foundation was laid and building commenced, but the war of 1812 halted this enterprise as it did many others, so that the edifice was not ready for use until 1816. The pews were sold early in December of that year and on Christmas day the dedication was held. In this old church that stood until the great fire of 1867, the pulpit

was between the entrance doors with the pews facing it, and there were deep galleries constructed with square pine timbers nearly 100 feet long.

The following description of the early church was written by Elizabeth Martin.

While my memory of the ancient and first Presbyterian church, in which my father had large and loving interest, (Col. Melancton Smith) as a mere house for divine worship is clear and vivid as remembrance of childhood can be, the executive and spiritual teachings are somewhat misty and dream-like. This is not subject of wonder, as the Quaker mother (Anna Green Smith, daughter of Israel Green, and Elizabeth Smith) and only daughter aged ten years, were transferred to a congregation which cherished a reverse code of ethics in religion, the Methodists, whose Temple had place in the old Court House, and where little children quaked in terror every Sabbath day as they paddled past the iron grated door in the hallway.

The first recollection of church going in the writer's mind is of a great square pew, painted white, with a rim of dark wood atop as relief to the eye, on the east side of the grand old church, and the vision of a small figure curled up on one of the broad seats therein, upholstered in faded green moreen cloth, a contracted bit of carpet in the centre of the pew, a square tin footstool encased in wooden frame, that held a modicum of lighted charcoal, during the winter, to which was also added a huge box lined with lambs wool, to slip one's half frozen feet within. Three low wooden benches uncarpeted and unpainted were placed around each side, where the juvenile oft found rest from their weary perch above. The august elders of the church, or a certain number of them, always sat in large respectable-looking arm chairs, under shadow of the bird-cage pulpit hoisted so high aloft. And it was this solemn line of Elders that produced far greater effect on the child heart of the writer than word of the preacher. Most of them were her familiar friends. The two brothers Pitt and Jonas Platt were there and Gen. Benjamin Mooers, John Freligh, and Eleazer Miller. All of them devout and reverend in this House of the Lord.

The choir stood in the front gallery of the second story, two tiers of which ran round the three sides of the building. The leader always just in front of the pulpit, the base, tenor, and soprano on the right and left. A steel pitch-pipe marked the keynote of Psalm and hymn to be sung, and the wild, erratic fugue compositions were greatly in use, of which Goodrich, the Peter Parley of literature, gives a graphic example as practiced in his day, in New England where the different parts came in with frantic effort and strange effects.

The hymn which he quotes as sung in his own church commenced with the bass voice on this wise. - Bass—Long for a cooling—treble—Long for a

cooling—counter—Long for a cooling—blending all together—Long for a cooling. Stream at Hand, And they must drink or die.

I well recall the expert management of this musical discord by a brother Hatch, a prominent member of the M. E. church, at this early period, and who acted as choir master.

There is a faint, dreamy recollection in the writer's mind that stretches backward to the first ministration of Rev. Mr. Whelpley, but there is nothing tangible in its outcome. It is only about the Rev. Moses Chase that thought has clear retrospect. His doctrine was rigid and uncompromising as the Klondike hills, and many a fear tortured my young heart under his severe ministration, yet after all there existed in his teaching a substratum of kindly sympathy for the outcasts, that modified somewhat his denunciations.

Mr. Chase's marriage to Mrs. Whitcomb, a widow who taught a private school in a low-browed, red-painted house nearly on the side of what is now Custom House Square, and to whom the writer as pupil had strong attachment, brought a very warm friendship toward this minister, who dealt out with such relentless hand the spiritual manna to his congregation. My Sunday school teacher at that time, 1828-39, was Miss Margaret S. Bleecker, a relative from New York city and I fear her juvenile scholar was more impressed by her beautiful face, her symmetric form, and style of dress than the subject of her Bible lessons, although she had a sweet pleasant voice and her narration of Bible story, had great fascination to her class. The glorious revival and religious awakening that swept the eastern portion of New York in the years just mentioned embraced the entire circuit of Lake Champlain and left its impress even upon little children.

There is bright memorial at this far off day of a Mrs. Dr. Jones, a staunch Presbyterian, who inaugurated a prayer meeting for children, giving a room in her house for that purpose. She had the stringent orthodoxy of what is called the "old school" but her affection and love for little children had in it the gentle touch of her divine Master, all of whom she seemed to embrace in the corps predestined to salvation.

The commodious old church so grand in proportions and architectural finish had more in it than a mere vehicle for religious worship. It did duty occasionally as a town hall, where public meetings were held for civil purposes; it was a temple of stern discipline in religious matters, where the Ark of the Covenant, that pillar of society, rested in all that relates to the ecclesiastical, social and moral life, and it was also made glorious by banners of red, white, and blue, for the 4th of July oration, and patriotic song, bugle note and drum. The historic church had often its sombre drapings and

solemn service for military and Masonic funerals, nearly the first of which in 1818 was the burial of the writer's father with both military and Masonic honors. (Col. Melancton Smith).

Pleasure seeking in cards, or the dance, and theatrical recreation were disbarred by all communicants, and no church has ever been the worse for this severe, but honest and devout creed in practice.

A prayer and hymn inaugurated nearly every public festival. Marriages were, however, rarely solemnized in these primitive churches, and if so, always in the evening. Funeral exercises were popular and generally filled the many and capacious pews, and the long sermon which the age demanded and to which was appended the old-fashioned prolonged anthem, so weary to children who fretted and fidgetted under the sombre discourse and tedious musical appointments.

Few there are now living who can bring back that antique and now obsolete formula practised in the old church of presenting printed or written "tokens" as such cards were called, which admitted the holder to the communion table. Or can bring back the long wooden handle tipped at extremity by a generous sized green baize pointed bag, that stretched itself around the square pews, as receptacle for the Sunday's offertory. These customs of primitive date have almost passed out of memory, but not so the noble vigilantes who guided this Ark of the Lord through good report and evil report—through the perils of war and pestilence and other adverse tide in its history. Written by Elizabeth Smith Martin, daughter of Col. Melancton Smith, Sept. 21, 1897.

A Methodist church was erected on Court street in 1830, (burned 1846) a Baptist in 1830, moved to site of present church in 1856 from across Oak street. The first Roman Catholic church was built where the City Hall stands, a stone building dedicated in 1842. The Episcopal church was built in 1831. All these religious groups held their early meetings at the old blockhouse, the academy, and the Court House, built in 1803-1804, in addition to private homes, and the Red Store mentioned.

During the years 1812-13-14 Plattsburgh was the center of considerable activity which culminated in the siege of the village September 6-11, 1814, and the famous battle of Plattsburgh September 11, when the young American naval officer, Thomas Macdonough out-manuevered the British officers. The British fleet, or what was left of it, headed north in a hurry, and the British army officers with their thousands of veteran troops, found it suddenly expedient to leave Plattsburgh. They did this in such haste that many things were left in the village and along the route back to Canada, mud and rain hampering not only their progress north, but the pursuit of our militia. It is not surprising that residents of Clinton county on whose

farms the enemy had so lately encamped, or in whose homes British officers had complacently quartered themselves, took pleasure in making typical Yankee remarks to the disgruntled soldiers as they floundered north, or in smacking their lips over British rum left behind. It hadn't been at all convenient for the men of Essex county, and of Vermont, or of Clinton county either, to drop their work at home and start off to protect the frontier. Plattsburgh was so near the border and this territory had been left without the protection of regular troops so often, that the place was in a state of continual alarm. More than once many women and children had gone for safety to settlements some distance away, and when word was brought of the approach of the British in September, 1814, in numbers that seemed overwhelming, Plattsburgh was almost deserted except for the regular soldiers at the forts and blockhouses at the northern end of the present military reservation, and the militia posted at strategic points. Residents took valued possessions with them if possible, and we have read that one housewife sent cherished teacups hidden in a feather bed to her friend, Mrs. Samuel Buell (Julia Platt) in Burlington, Vt., for safekeeping. It is said that Mrs. Alexander Macomb, wife of the commander of our land forces, watched the battle with others, from the ridge west of the village and exclaimed at intervals, "Oh, my poor Macomb." Later she was so jubilant at the outcome of the conflict that she wrote a poem commemorating the event. An old lady of our acquaintance knows not only the words of this poem, but music as well.

It was extremely fortunate for the United States that at the time the British advanced through Clinton county to Plattsburgh with a force of about 14,000 soldiers, and sent Commodore Downie to conquer the American fleet in Cumberland Bay, two young officers such as Alexander Macomb and Thomas Macdonough were in command of our land and naval forces. In contrast to the indecision and lack of foresight shown by officers in command of the Northern Department during the campaign of 1812 and 1813, their good judgment and careful planning won a victory for us that proved to be of major importance. General Izard, under orders opposed to his wishes, had moved south only a few weeks previously, taking the main body of the American army stationed in this vicinity. General Macomb was left with about 2500 able-bodied troops and some sick men. These, and the militia, called out suddenly at word of the British advance, defended Plattsburgh successfully. Three forts on the south side of the river, Brown, Moreau, and Scott, in addition to the two blockhouses mentioned, were occupied by American troops, and the militia were in the field. The British came into Plattsburgh on two main roads still in use, the Beekmantown road and the Ingraham-Chazy highway. Their progress south from Chazy, where the army had divided, had been hindered somewhat by groups of our militia which they encountered at Culver Hill and at Halsey's Corners, Martin Aiken's boys being near the latter point. A detachment of soldiers un-

der Lieut. Col. Storrs also defended the crossing at Dead Creek, (Scomotion Creek), and individual militiamen took pot shots at the enemy from behind trees, stump and rail fences, and from thickets near both roads. It was inevitable that the few hundred Americans sent north of the village to stop the advance of thousands of trained troops, would retreat. The Saranac river formed a natural and effective barrier, however, and the determined militia guarding points on the south bank drove the British back again and again. The planks of the lower bridge were taken up when American soldiers crossed to the south side, and these were made into a barricade behind which riflemen were stationed. An old stone mill below the bridge was another vantage point and here Aiken's company did good service by picking off British soldiers when they attempted to cross.

Martin I. Aiken's company of boys deserves special mention. This was a group of young volunteer riflemen, many of whom were attending school, two of the boys being only fourteen years old and two sixteen. They assembled on Saturday, September 3, and chose Martin Aiken as captain of their company, and Azariah C. Flagg, lieutenant. There were seventeen boys enrolled besides several others who gave help at one time or another, but were not entitled to be enrolled. They marched to West Chazy on Sunday morning, the 4th, and on the 5th when the British appeared were ready to make themselves as annoying as possible. Inasmuch as they were all crack shots they accomplished considerable along this line on the 5th and 6th, and when they were forced to retreat to the south side of the Saranac they continued their good work from the stone mill. They were in service until the 12th when they were honorably discharged and every member promised a rifle by General Macomb. This promise was fulfilled by an act of Congress in 1826, when each received a rifle suitably inscribed. At a Decoration Day celebration in Plattsburgh in 1898 three of these rifles were fired, two by descendants of the original owners, Henry K. Averill and Hiram Walworth. Members of this company were as follows:

Martin I. Aiken, Capt., Azariah C. Flagg, Ira A. Wood, Gustavus A. Bird, James Trowbridge, Hazen Mooers, Henry K. Averill, St. John B. L. Skinner, Frederick P. Allen, Hiram Walworth, Ethan Everest, Amos Soper, James Patten, Bartemus Brooks, Smith Bateman, Melancton W. Travis, Flaver Williams.

Doubtless there were many occasions during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 when the boys of Clinton county did more than watch military activities from a distance, but not many stories have been passed down to us, so the following incidents are treasured. On June 3, 1813 when news reached Plattsburgh that Lieut. Sidney Smith had lost the Growler and the Eagle, a revenue boat was put in shape for pursuit. James Bailey and Platt Green were in school, but observed the unusual activity at the mouth of

the river near Mr. Saily's. They slipped out and ran down to see what was going on. The excitement was intense so they were able to get on board the boat without being noticed and when she started north they were right there ready for anything that might happen. Before nightfall they met Macdonough near Isle aux Noix, so the revenue boat went ashore at Chazy Landing and the boys spent the night sleeping with the crew on the floor of the barroom at Chandonet's inn, and next day returned to Plattsburgh. Later, July 31, 1813, when the British officer Murray landed at Plattsburgh with some soldiers, and marched from near Mr. Saily's, up River, Margaret and Broad streets to the blockhouse and arsenal, St. John B. L. Skinner and James Bailey ran along beside them probably yelling uncomplimentary things, as already mentioned. The British did much damage that day, for they carried buckets of tar which aided them in burning storehouses, blockhouse, arsenal, and the log buildings at Pike's cantonment on the south side of the river. They also entered private homes to help themselves and stole goods from the store of Judge Delord.

A story is told of a young boy named Stilwell, who took a horseback ride that seemed to him as daring and momentous as that of Paul Revere. He lived with his people on the Chazy road and at the time the British army was approaching Plattsburgh in September, 1814, his mother, like all other housewives in the vicinity, had to supply bread to the soldiers. Evidently the supply was insufficient, for he was told to take empty bags and ride to Plattsburgh to get bread. He made the trip to the nearest inn adjacent to the road leading out onto Cumberland Head, speedily and safely, fearing all the time that by mistake he would be shot by American riflemen who were hiding near the road.

The Lawrence family was living at Chazy Landing in 1814 and before the siege of Plattsburgh, when British ships were anchored out from the Landing, a number of British officers came ashore near the Lawrence home to camp and held a banquet in anticipation of the victory they felt sure of winning. After the battle of Plattsburgh, when these same men passed the Lawrence farm on their way back to Canada, they took a yoke of oxen belonging to Mr. William Lawrence. Putnam Lawrence was then thirteen years old, and he was told by his father to follow the British and bring back the oxen, which they could not afford to lose. Young Putnam was probably much pleased to be given so important a mission, and merited his father's confidence, for he brought the "critters" safely back and in later years delighted in telling this story to his children who have passed it along to us.

Stephen Keese Smith was another boy who was found to be dependable during the war of 1812. His home was at the Union, a Quaker community two miles south of the present village of Peru. His father, Benjamin Smith, had taken a contract to supply beef to the American army at Plattsburgh.

Stephen was given the task of driving the cattle through the woods from the Union to the outskirts of the military cantonment on the south bank of the Saranac River, where his father met him and relieved him of his responsibility. Inasmuch as Stephen Smith was only eight or nine years old at the time, the fourteen mile trip seemed long to him and his heart was light when his father appeared.

Benajah Phelps was a Vermont boy who watched the battle of Plattsburgh from Sawyer hill on Grand Isle, where he lived with his parents. His father had gone with other Vermonters to fight, and Benajah was left at home to take care of his mother and the stock on their farm. Early on Sunday morning they left their home and with neighbors went out to watch the ships in Cumberland Bay. Many years afterward when Mr. Phelps was nearly one hundred years old, the events of that day seemed vivid to him and in telling about it all he felt once more their anxiety. A neighbor of his father's, Tim Allen, who also went to Plattsburgh, was equipped with a rifle having a barrel five feet long and used his gun to good advantage, shooting across the Saranac from the old mill. It is said that Billy Finch from down Valcour way, cut a notch on the stock of his gun for each Britisher he shot.

And speaking of British soldiers, it is recorded that at the corner of Broad and Cemetery streets there were two apple trees which were in bearing September 1814. The soldiers stole the apples from one tree, but when they found the fruit on the other tree was sour they left it alone, so it came to be called "soldier proof." That tree was still bearing apples in 1886 and retained the title given it in 1814.

Following the battle of Plattsburgh and the end of the war of 1812 the settlements on both sides of Lake Champlain were left in peace and grew rapidly. Six months after the battle in Cumberland Bay, Plattsburgh was incorporated as a village, March 3, 1815. The first meeting was held May 3, 1815 and Levi Platt was chosen president. Various "firsts" of this period are interesting.

The first regular trip of the first steamer Vermont, (the second in the world to be put in regular commercial service) was made in June, 1809 with Ziba Manning as pilot. She was built at the foot of King street in Burlington, Vt., by James and John Winans. After serving as a transport during the war she sank near Bloody Island, October 15, 1815, when a connecting rod broke and went through her hull.

The Plattsburgh Republican was first issued April 13, 1811 by a group of prominent Plattsburgh men who felt the Republican party should be represented as well as the Federalist party, whose organ was the Political Observatory published by Samuel Lowell in March of the same year. Col.

Melancton Smith was the first editor of the Republican and L. J. Reynolds the printer. We note that July 13, 1814 the first "extra" was printed announcing the capture of the U. S. Frigate Essex. The Republican company also published in the spring of 1811 a book written by Daniel Jackson, Jr., of Peru, the title of which was Alonzo and Melissa. This novel continued to be reprinted up to 1876, having the longest life of any American novel at that time.

The first circulating library was operated in December, 1814 by J. D. Low, the charge being 25c for a twenty-four loan for each book.

The first fire engine was bought by the village about 1818, "Black Joe" made about 1790, a hand engine called the "coffee grinder," although a fund was on hand for that purpose in 1817 and spent for the royal feast for President Monroe. In October 1816 the Republican stated that it was the duty of every able-bodied man to fight fire in the village.

Much could be written of the various engines and hose companies of the Plattsburgh fire department. Among the latter were the Horicon companies, the Relief companies, the Rescues, the Phoenix, and the Lafayette. For years they were famed for their speed and efficiency, and at one Firemen's Convention it was reported (1887) that the Reliefs came down the course like greyhounds. On October 23, 1858 the Horicon No. 3 company held an oyster supper at Tate & Hooey's to celebrate having uniforms.

Here again the boys of Plattsburgh proved themselves useful, for they organized a company in 1871 and although not allowed official recognition at the time, they gave such outstanding service when the covered bridge and mills burned on South Catherine street in 1872, that they were henceforth included in the department. Their first equipment was a discarded leather hose formerly used by a regular company. Mention of the fire of 1872 and the burning of the covered bridge brings to mind the fact that the fordway at Indian rapids was just above the old wooden bridge.

In 1817 the following statistics applied to Plattsburgh: About 4,000 people. 3,884 acres of grain (for bread) exclusive of buckwheat, 3,552 sheep, 783 cows, 329 oxen or 164 yoke, 378 horses, 85 looms, 57,000 pounds maple sugar, families without Bibles 85.

The first water works in the village were owned and built by Capt. Matthew Miles Standish in 1818 or 1819, that privilege having been granted in 1818 to John Mallory or his assignees. The water was conveyed in pump logs which were in use many years, for it was not until 1868 that a board of water commissioners was appointed and new works completed in 1870. It might be added that boring the pump logs was a business of some importance and usually done at various places by men skilled in the work.

A drain of pump logs from the postoffice square to the river was changed to stone in 1857, but filled up in 1914. The John Mallory mentioned operated an oil mill in Plattsburgh in 1821, flaxseed being used to make the oil.

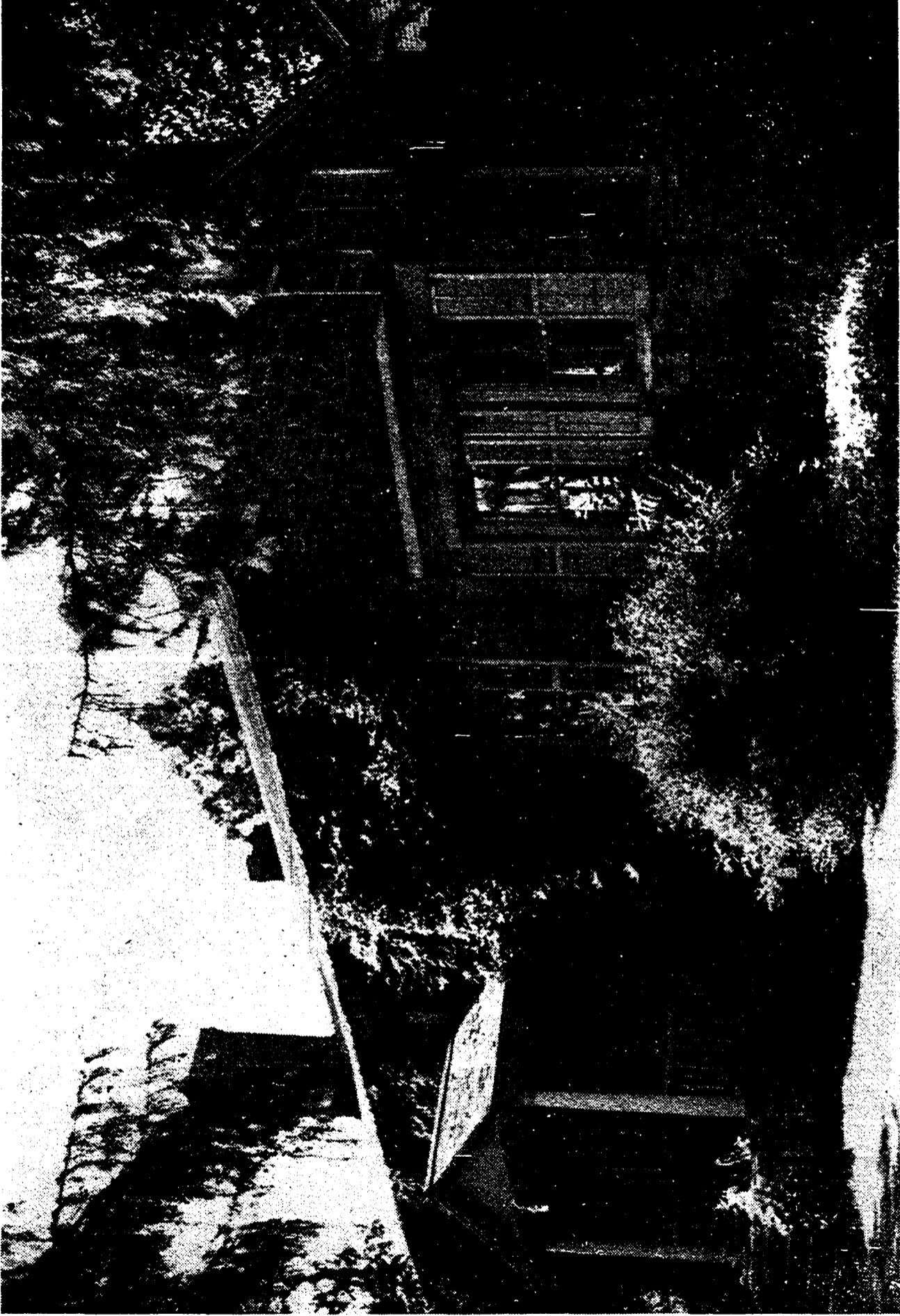
A few other "firsts" occurred at a somewhat later date, along in the 1840's. The first street number was erected in December, 1850 by William K. Dana at his place of business on Bridge street and was an oval white porcelain sign about seven feet long, on which was a large number one in black. The first telegraph office was at William K. Dana's also, and messages were a series of dots on a long tape much like a tape measure. Incidentally Mr. Dana believed in advertising, for his slogan was: "If you wish to sell your rye, come to Dana, he will buy."

The first lamp post was erected by Richard Yates at the corner of Broad and Margaret streets in 1836. It was a cedar post and was intended by Mr. Yates to promote street lighting. In later years Jonas Maurice was elected by the village board to light the street lamps and Sol Pringle to wind the town clock. Sammy Winchell was for many years the village bell-ringer and grave digger, was sexton of the Presbyterian church and rang that church bell without fail at 7 a. m. and 9 p. m. The Winchells lived at the corner of Broad and Cemetery streets and going to a funeral was termed, "turning Winchell's corner." Apropos of funerals, we read that in 1830 when the daughter of Maria Haynes (Black Maria) died, the funeral procession formed at the humble Haynes home on Bridge street, east of the Fouquet House, and went on foot to the cemetery. Friends of the family joined the mourners along the way and all sang hymns as they walked. Mr. and Mrs. Haynes, as well as other negroes living in the village, were highly esteemed. Mr. Haynes served the community as a barber.

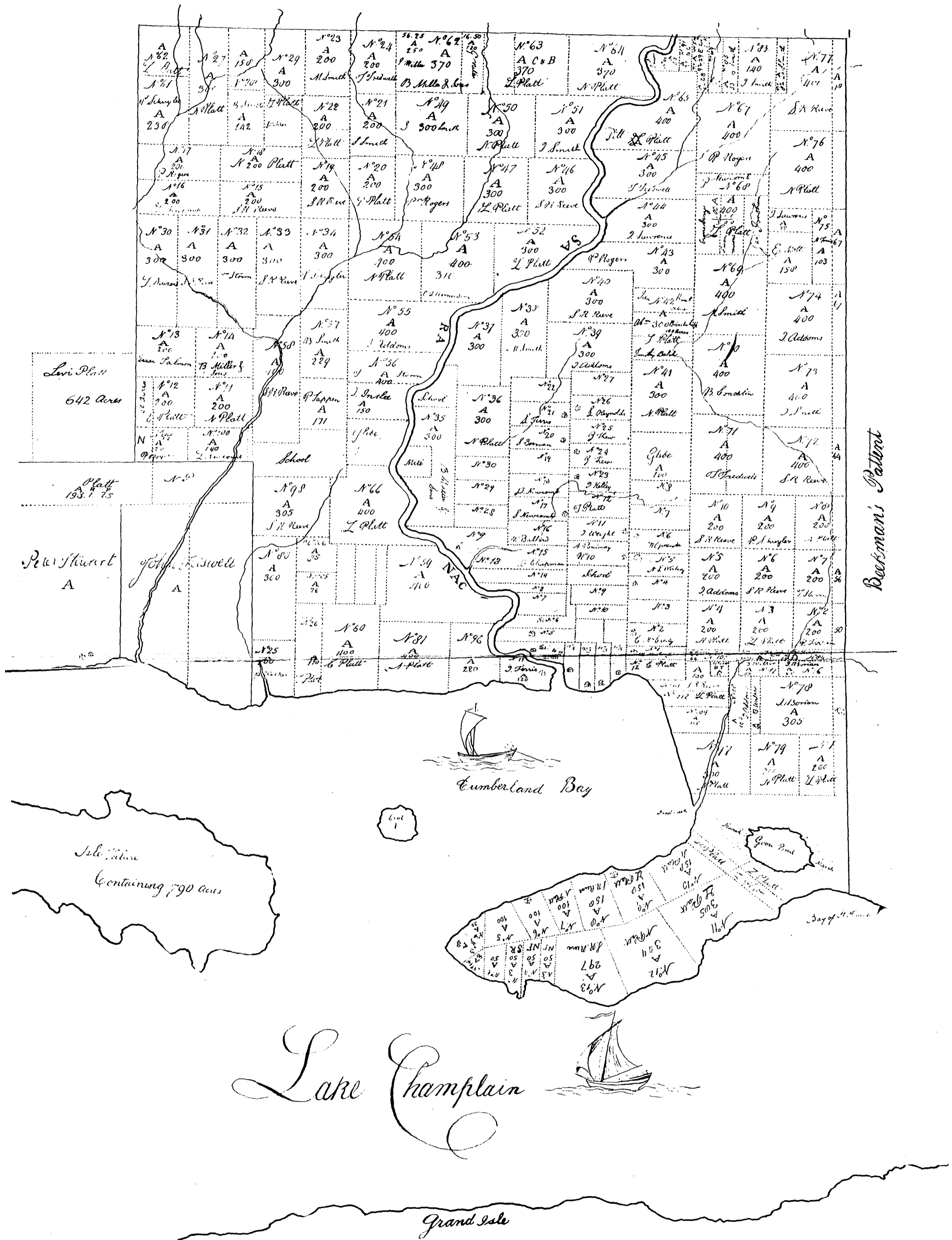
The first sidewalk was laid on Durkee street in July 1851, of hemlock plank one and a half inches thick. It was a fashionable promenade at the time and early each evening villagers gravitated in that direction to stroll and exchange social amenities. The use of fine hemlock planking was not unusual at that time. When the Plattsburgh-Saranac plank road was built in 1849, hemlock was used through the village of Plattsburgh and Canada deal the rest of the way.

Mention has been made of Hugh McGuire, the shoemaker. Other first shoemakers were Simon Newcomb, who was in business in 1816 and advertised that he would take all kinds of produce in payment for his wares, and Stephen Averill, who lived on Broad street about where the Conway residence stands, Daniel Averill operated a tannery there.

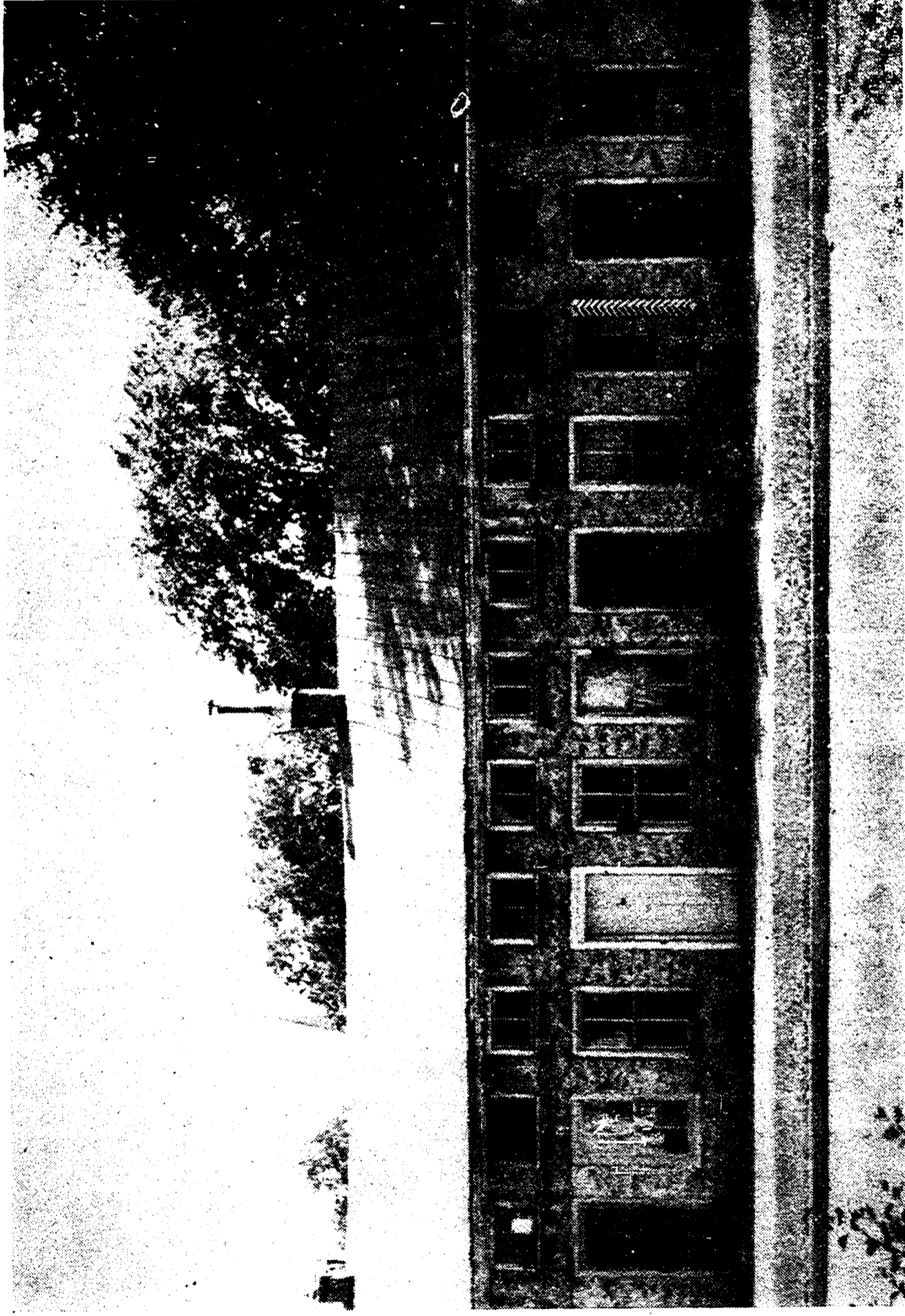
The first mail carriers began daily deliveries in April, 1884 and traveled an average of 57 miles each day, there being three postmen.



Bailey Homestead, Cornelia St.



Plattsburg Old Patent—Platt Rogers' Map—about 1790. Copy by Ralph L. Signor, Plattsburg, N. Y.



Danis House, Cornelia St.

Other first industries, in addition to the operation of grist and saw mills, and the manufacture of potash, included salmon fishing, soft soap manufacture, carding, fulling and woolen cloth mills, and soon afterward the manufacture of iron products such as boiler plates, horseshoe nails, hollow ware, (potash kettles, cauldrons, pots, griddles) and cook stoves. Peter Saily dealt extensively in furs, and no doubt many of the early settlers took furs to him in Plattsburgh, or traded their pelts for goods at Montreal or southern markets such as Albany and New York. The salt water salmon were caught in quantities that now seem almost unbelievable, in the Chazy, Saranac and Ausable rivers, since the fish came up these rivers to spawn each spring. In 1824 a sluiceway was built over the dam at Plattsburgh to permit the fish to go up river. They were caught in nets below the dam and also speared. At one time a 20 pound salmon sold for one dollar and they were shipped by the barrel, many of them weighing 15 or 16 pounds. In 1792 a village law prohibited catching salmon after October 15, no gill nets were to be set and the penalty for each violation was 20 shillings. About 1830 they had disappeared except for an occasional fish, various reasons being given for this, one of them the deposit of large quantities of sawdust at the mouths of the rivers.

Wild pigeons in this section also furnished a source of income to residents in earlier years, for it is said that they came in such numbers as to literally fill the trees and darken the sky when they flew. This continued until about 1857. They were shot and clubbed in such a wanton manner that in 1862 the following law was passed: No person shall kill or catch or discharge any firearm at any wild pigeon while in any nesting ground, or break up or in any manner disturb such nesting ground or the nests of birds therein, or discharge any firearm at any distance within one mile of such nesting point. Fine for violation, \$50. In spite of precautions they have entirely disappeared.

The manufacture of maple products constituted an industry from the time of settlement, with the use of the most primitive equipment, the same as that of the Indians. Cedar or hemlock spouts carried the sap from the taps to buckets made of sections of logs hollowed out, these troughs or buckets being made by splitting a short log of soft wood open through the middle and chopping out an excavation in each half as deep and smooth as possible with an ax. This was usually done in the winter months. The sap after being collected from the buckets was boiled in big iron cauldron kettles, swung by chains over a fire. It was frequently flavored with leaves, chips, or ashes, and a big piece of salt pork was put in it to keep the kettles from boiling over. Later flat sheet iron pans set on logs were used to hasten the process, then stone and brick arches were built in sugar houses. Heavy cast iron spouts came into use instead of wooden ones. When sugar houses

were built, teams hauled puncheons holding about 120 gallons of sap, close to the house, a faucet was opened and the sap poured into a long spout passing through a square hole to the inside of the building where it fell on a large circular flannel strainer into an oblong tank holding about 700 gallons. At some places rum was made of distilled maple sap. In 1816 the board of assessors of the town of Plattsburgh estimated that 64,000 pounds of maple sugar was manufactured there, not inferior to muscovado at 16c per pound.

Speaking of rum, which was used freely in pioneer times, we are reminded that there was a distillery near the mouth of the Saranac at Flint's Landing, built about 1810. Snuff was later made there and the landmark was known as the Mustang Linament building in 1882 when it was torn down.

Another industry of some importance in earlier times was that of the blacksmith, and the fame of many of these skilled workers in iron was widespread. The average number of horses shod per day was twelve to fifteen, but we have read of one blacksmith at Chazy who shod 35 in one day, with the help of an assistant. There were several of these shops in Plattsburgh, the first one being that of Peter Roberts, a veteran of the Revolution. Levi Roberts also had a shop near the blockhouse on Broad street and John Wells, who made axes.

An amusing story is told in connection with one local industry. Daniel Tenney made fine beaver hats at his shop on River street. A certain resident of the village, perhaps better anonymous, bought one of the hats and took pride in wearing it to Sunday service at the Court House. He put his treasured possession on the floor behind him, and gave his whole attention to the sermon. It so happened that Dr. Herrick, the father-in-law of Alexander Prescott the teacher, sat directly back of the proud hat owner, and according to a habit of long standing unobtrusively chewed tobacco as he listened to the preacher. After some time his need to expectorate would not be denied and the fine beaver hat conveniently set in front of him served as "spit box." The owner of the hat never fully recovered from this blow and many years later told the story.

Two interesting industries of the 1870's in Plattsburgh were the manufacture of bells by Bromley & Co., and the manufacture of guns by J. D. Wilkinson. The bells sold for \$6 to \$10 and without doubt a number of them are still perched atop shed roofs around Clinton county, though they may no longer be rung by farmer's wives to call the men folks home. We have seen some set in frames that indicated that the maker had an artistic sense. Strangely enough there is no record that any Clinton county church bell was made locally, though rarely ever was any such bell dedicated without considerable ceremony and due notice in newspapers.

Mr. Wilkinson had a shop on Bridge street where he carried on his trade of gunsmith, gaining quite a reputation as a maker of fine rifles and also as a crack shot. In 1877 he invented a cartridge loader. In November 1878 he went to Keeseville with a companion to attend a turkey shoot. His aim was so good that he and his friend had to bring their turkeys home in an extra wagon.

There was another manufacturer in Plattsburgh who was known to produce first class goods. Marion Brown Packard wrote at one time of her school days in the village and told a number of things about River street where she lived with her parents. Her father made chairs and it was said they could be kicked to Whitehall and back without breaking. She mentioned the island, no longer in existence, near the mouth of the river, to which her brother waded to cut pussy willows for her. It was on this island that an exciting duel took place. The boys of the village had succeeded in working up a quarrel between two negroes to a point where they agreed to fight a duel with pistols, and the island was chosen as the scene of the event. After elaborate preliminaries, the affair was arranged, the men faced each other, and the guns were fired. The duelists were unaware that snuff had been substituted for gun powder in their weapons, and one, supposing he was shot, fainted dead away. The other practically scared to death ran off in the woods and was recovered by his wife only after several days search.

Mrs. Packard also told of the old barn on the river bank where wheat was threshed with a hand flail, a process of much interest to all the children. (We note that in August, 1818, George Deming invented a machine to clean wheat at the old stone mill.) She spoke of their friend, Lot Chamberlin, the famous steamboat captain, who lived near them on River street. They always greeted him by asking for his health and his reply was invariably, "All's lovely and the goose hangs high."

We digress here to consider for a little, boats and other captains, the naval tradition of Plattsburgh, we might say. Since the use of boats was an economic necessity in the days of early settlement on Lake Champlain, it was to be expected that Plattsburgh pioneers should become expert in handling pirogues, sloops and schooners. Many boys in their teens made annual trips with their fathers to the Canadian markets by way of the lake and the Richelieu river and learned to love sailing on the waters which stretched eastward to well known Vermont ports. Commerce increased and furnished an incentive for boat building as well as an opportunity for boatmen. Following the difficult launching of the old Vermont in 1809, (she was pushed in sideways, stuck, and subsequently floated after her crew was given repeated applications of a "spirit.") Other steamboats were built and wharves erected on the lake shore near the mouth of the Saranac in 1817.

Commodore Macdonough anchored his fleet on various occasions in the river at its mouth during the summers of 1813 and 1814, and became the first naval hero to be identified with Plattsburgh. It is worth noting that descendents of John and James Winans, the builders of the first Vermont, are living now at Chazy Landing and in Plattsburgh, while descendents of Thomas Macdonough still own part of the farm on Cumberland Head, given to him by the State of Vermont after the battle of Plattsburgh. It is thought that this land was originally owned by Melancthon L. Woolsey, who borrowed money from the State Bank of Vermont, and failing to repay the loans, lost the property.

After the war of 1812 steamboats began to ply the waters of the lake on pleasure excursions, in addition to their commercial trips. On July 19, 1817, Captain Richard Sherman of the steamboat Phoenix, took a party from Plattsburgh to Rouses Point for the afternoon to view the fortifications being built there. (Fort Montgomery) On this festive occasion they were entertained by the 6th Infantry band.

When the Champlain canal was completed and boats went south through the lake to market in 1822, navigation was given a tremendous impetus. Between 1826 and 1835 the Champlain Transportation Company gradually absorbed existing lines, and in 1845 occurred the rate war carried on between that company and the indomitable Peter Comstock. It was somewhat later that Lot Chamberlin's piracy took place and at the time the Francis Saltus was dismantled considerable ill feeling among boatmen prevailed. The regular line boats did not dock at Plattsburgh for several weeks since they were doubtful of their reception there. Finally a boat poked her bow around the breakwater and eased slowly up to the wharf, after the captain and crew had scanned the shore. About one hundred men were hiding in the storehouse at the dock, and as soon as the boat was tied up they boarded her with much noise and commotion and forcibly escorted the captain and crew up Bridge street, and over to the Court House, pelting them meanwhile with bad eggs. The result was that the impromptu trial was held on the lawn instead of in the court room. A peaceful settlement was finally arranged, although the theft and subsequent sinking of the Francis Saltus was a topic of conversation for years up and down the lake.

Daniel Wilcox is said to have been the first boat builder on Lake Champlain, and it was Mr. Wilcox who ran the first ferry between Grand Isle and Ransom's Landing on Cumberland Head. Until 1817 this was the regular boat landing for the village of Plattsburgh. Travelers were made comfortable at the inn of John Ransom which stood about where the house belonging to the ferry company now stands. This inn was later owned by John Nichols, who also ran a stage to the village and somewhat later owned

the Village House in Plattsburgh, standing in 1835 but burned in 1859 on the site of the present Witherill hotel.

Hiram Ferris, who succeeded Ziba Manning as pilot of the Vermont in 1810, continued piloting lake steamers until 1859. He lived at Chazy Landing for some years and was well known in Plattsburgh, like many of the early pilots and captains, among them Capt. Richard McNall and Capt. William Flagg, also Capt. Byron Holt, whose home was at Valcour for some time.

Only four or five sloops and schooners were built at Plattsburgh, the Lion of Isle la Motte, the General Warren, the Maria and the D. A. Smith, and perhaps one other. The boat building centers were Champlain, St. Albans, Burlington, Essex, Willsboro, and Whitehall, besides Basin Harbor and Vergennes in Vermont.

In addition to the men of Clinton county whose names were household words as boatmen on Lake Champlain, a number have become famous serving as officers of the United States Navy. Among these were Rear Admiral Theodorus Bailey, who was born in 1805 (died 1877) and as a boy of nine years witnessed the naval battle at Plattsburgh; Commodore M. T. Woolsey, son of Melancthon L. Woolsey; Lieut. Sidney Smith; Charles T. Platt; Lieut. Commander Albion V. Wadhams of Wadhams Mills; Rear Admiral John W. Moore; Admiral George B. Ransom; Commander Charles Clark; Lieut. Commander Hubert LaBombard; and now in active service Lieut. J. Kent Averill, Lieut. Robert Clark, son of Commander Clark, and Lieut. John H. Millington. Thus is our naval tradition perpetuated even though boating days on the lake are almost a thing of the past, except for small pleasure craft and ferries. The dock is no longer the important point of departure which it was in former years and only reports of past years indicate the extensive business carried on there. In 1884 there were 750 steamers and 50 sailing vessels arriving at the port of Plattsburgh, with a total tonnage of 423,295.

Among the major catastrophes in Plattsburgh have been a number of fires, which in two instances wiped out almost the entire business section of the village. These occurred in 1849 and 1867. Peter S. Palmer gives detailed accounts of the damage done in both instances, as well as accounts of minor fires, in his Historical Sketch of Plattsburgh. Undoubtedly it was the inadequate water supply and not the men of the volunteer fire companies, which was responsible for the great losses. Much can be learned of the location of early business houses from Mr. Palmer's history, and this information with that given in the few printed recollections available, enables us to reconstruct in our mind's eye, several streets in Plattsburgh.

The first hotel standing on the site of the present Cumberland Hotel was the Phoenix operated by Joseph I. Green, which burned in the 1820's. The early postoffice was located in a building opposite the hotel on Margaret street. Just north of the Court House was a small house owned by Dr. Chauncey Fitch. The present fire station on the south side of Trinity Square was an early town hall and it was from this point that the boys of Captain Frank Palmer's company, the first one to go from Plattsburgh during the Civil War, were escorted to the Railroad station. (The ladies resident at the Fouquet House made and presented Captain Palmer with a Company flag.) Another town hall, still standing, used as a fire station at one time, is Lafayette Hall located on Cornelia street facing the south end of Montcalm avenue.

When buildings were first erected on the south side of Trinity Square, which was laid out in 1803 but enclosed in other lands until later, the land now used as a park was a swamp in which a frog chorus held forth nightly. On the east side of the Square, facing River street, was the village hay-market, and farmers selling hay within one half mile of the village were compelled to have their hay weighed. Just south of the hay scales were four market stalls, leased at auction to the highest bidders annually. The lady of the park fountain arrived at a much later date, for she was set up in November, 1883, and at the time there was some comment in the local newspapers as to what personality she represented, Diana, Pochontas, or the spirit of anti-bribery. The stone watering trough was moved to the east side of the Square at this time.

An incident worth noting took place at the Court House in 1854. It was late enough in the autumn to be cold and make fires indoors necessary. Susan B. Anthony and her friend, Rev. Antoinette Brown, had an appointment to lecture on woman suffrage in Plattsburgh. There was no Railroad along the west side of the lake at that time, and Stephen K. Smith, a Quaker resident at the Union, a staunch advocate of women's rights, met the ladies at some point south and brought them by carriage to the Court House. Through some oversight no fire had been built in the stove in the lecture room, and Miss Anthony immediately set about making one, refusing offers of help from men in the group assembled to hear her talk. When she felt the room was warm enough to be comfortable, she began her lecture, and all this was remembered by Hannah Straight Lansing, who as a girl of fourteen or fifteen was there with several of her friends, all of whom were greatly impressed.

The stone house on the north side of Cornelia street just east of Margaret street was the Paul Marshall home and the old apartment house farther east on the corner of Cornelia and Miller streets, was built by Andrew Borde, who was a mason and that same British soldier who settled in Platts-

burgh soon after the war of 1812. There were a number of small frame houses along the river bank opposite the Smith Weed home, now the American Legion Home, and Mr. Weed had these torn down in 1882, at which time he laid out his park.

Cornelia and Margaret streets were named for the wives of Judge Melancton Smith and his son, Col. Melancton Smith. Judge Smith was one of the proprietors of Plattsburgh and a prominent resident of Dutchess county and New York city. His four children were Richbill, Melancton, Sidney, and Phoebe, all of whom lived in Plattsburgh. The Col. Melancton Smith home was built in 1812 of brick and was located on Customs House Square, facing Brinkerhoff street. Col. Smith's second wife, Anna Green, died during a typhus epidemic in the village, and after his death in August, 1818. Judge Levi Platt had possession of the house, 1819-20. He and his wife, Eliza, and ten children lived there for some time. Two of his daughters were called Princess Margaret and Princess Mary. In 1835 Heman Cady owned the house. He was associated with Azariah Flagg from 1811 to 1819 or 1820. In 1844 "Uncle" Robert Platt, who died in 1858, owned the house and sold it to the United States government in 1856. It was demolished to make room for the postoffice, completed in 1858.

The Theodorus Platt house mentioned, built in 1804 on Margaret street near Broad, stood on a lot over two acres in extent. It was arranged with a wide hall in the center of the main floor, and square rooms on each side. Dr. Oliver Davidson was married there in 1805 in the north room. In 1812 Heman Cady and Azariah Flagg were the owners, and occupied the north and south parts, respectively. Mrs. Flagg planted an orchard on the lot and seven kinds of plums. The house was used by British sharpshooters during the siege of Plattsburgh. In 1825 Dr. Jones lived in the south half and Mr. Cady still made his home in the north half, then Isaac W. R. Bromley occupied the south part and the north side was soon sold to David K. Bromley, a brother of Isaac. By 1842 Judge Levi Platt was living in the south half, and in 1846 George Moore owned the house, which he sold in 1860. Mr. Moore made a discovery in 1855 of a whole web of woolen goods, hidden under the floor of the attic. It was thought the cloth was smuggled in during the war of 1812. The house burned a few years later.

The first building erected in the northwest corner of Margaret and Brinkerhoff streets, was one owned by Ephriam Buck in 1812. He sold it to the Wood brothers and their nephew, Jonathan Haynes, known as "Jocular" Haynes, occupied it. It was a two story house with the gable end on Brinkerhoff street and a door on Margaret street. The garden extended back as far as the Presbyterian church. The house was subsequently occupied by John Walworth, Valentine Satterlee, Samuel Moore until 1835, then Benjamin Mooers for three or four years, Smith Mead, and Col. McNeil. In

1837 Samuel Flint Vilas bought the property from the Wood brothers and lived there for twelve years, when the house was burned in the great fire of 1849. The stone "Barter House" on the west side of the lot withstood the fire of 1849 and that of 1867 also, but the rest of the lot stood vacant until Douglas Woodward rebuilt there in 1874 and it became known as Woodward's Corner.

Another famous corner on Margaret street took its name from a building on the northeast corner of Margaret and Bridge streets. The two story stone Clinton County Bank stood there (chartered in 1836 but failed) and in 1846 was owned and occupied by Amos A. Prescott as a jewelry, stationery, and book store. The store next north on Margaret street was occupied by Capt. Elisha Boynton. After the fire of 1849, when these buildings were destroyed, Mr. Prescott rebuilt and continued his business. He was a "soft shell" Democrat but after the Fremont campaign became a Republican, and his store was a headquarters for the Republicans. In derision it was called the "rattlesnake den," and the corner was "Rattlesnake corner," a favorite loafing spot. The Democratic headquarters was the store of William Reed across the street, about where Larios' store is now, and this was known as the "dog kennel." It is said that from morning till evening when the church bell rang at nine o'clock, Samuel Couch, Tarleton, and others talked politics in the Prescott store.

On Broad street east of Stephen Averill's on the south side of the street, was the Arsenal lot, and east of this was a brick house built by John Bishop, which was later moved to the corner of Couch and North Catherine streets. The stone house still standing on the southwest corner of Broad street at Cemetery street, and known some time ago as the Hall house, was the Ransom Richardson place.

Across Cemetery street on Broad street was the brick home of the Winchell family and below that the present home of Dr. Lyman Barton, Sr., which was owned by Jonah Tarbell, then Joseph W. Tuttle, the veteran printer. The brick house east of Dr. Barton's the home of Judge Lucien L. Shedden some years ago, was used by the presiding elders of the Methodist church at one time. We have spoken of the home of Hugh McGuire, sexton and warden of the early Catholic church. It stood on the southeast corner of Broad and South Catherine streets, where the Charles Halsey Moore house is now. The brick house east of that, which was the home of Dr. George Hudson and his family for so long, was built by Nathaniel Treadwell and later owned by Erastus Mead. It was Mr. Mead who, in 1850, when he was sheriff of Clinton county, set out the chestnut trees around the Court House. The name Treadwell was also spelled Tredwell.

The Moore house on the corner of Broad and South Catherine streets was built by Matthew Miles Standish, and later remodeled and occupied by Smith M. Weed, who married Carrie Standish.

The Walworth home was the brick house now open to tourists, and the cream colored brick house occupied by Eugene Brown, was for many years the Presbyterian manse, until the present one was erected on Brinkerhoff street. Henry Johnson's home has stood for many years and is occupied by Miss Elizabeth Ulery, his niece. The old Standish place, or Oak Tree Inn, east of that, has gone long since. Oak street was named in 1805 for the giant oak which stood in the yard of the Oak Tree Inn. We failed to note that William and Helen streets were named in honor of Miss Helen Woodward and her brother, William Woodward. In Hugh McGuire's time these buildings were yet to be, but there was a long wooden house on the corner of Margaret and Broad streets near the site of the present McKeeffe house and nearby a small frame building, the home of Miss Coe, the dressmaker.

On the north side of Broad street, west of Helen street, was the home of Grandma Brock and her husband, David, and in their yard a duck pond attracted children of the neighborhood. East of them lived Levi Roberts, in whose blacksmith shop worked Lawrence Trombly. It is said that Mr. Trombly played the key bugle and could be heard all over the village. The road from Beekmantown came in just above the Sperry inn on what is now Helen street. There were three taverns in that neighborhood, The Sperry inn where Gilead Sperry was born, later owned by J. Douglas Woodward, part of what became the Stower residence, and one other. Below the Sperry tavern was a small house occupied at one time by Henry W. Guibord, and known as the "red school house." Amos Prescott bought it but later sold it to General C. A. Waite. The white frame house on the northwest corner of Broad and Oak streets was the home of Judge William Haile and his son, and at one time was occupied by Catholic priests. In the cellar was a small room with grated openings and no door, the purpose of which is somewhat of a mystery, although it is said it served as a jail. A store, operated by White and Griffin, and others stood for many years where St. John's church is located. Elijah White was Capt. Standish's father-in-law.

Mention has been made of Aunt Polly Averill and the small house where she lived. We note that Mrs. Averill was the sister of Mrs. Judge Delord, Elizabeth Ketchum, and the mother of Chancellor Reuben Walworth's first wife. The home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ketchum was at the Union before they removed to Plattsburgh. Mr. Ketchum was put in charge of operating the forge at the latter place in 1798, and when

he died Mrs. Ketchum became postmistress. She is known to have owned lot No. 5 in the village.

During the war of 1812 and at the time of the siege of Plattsburgh in September, 1814, British soldiers were buried in the garden of the Averill home where the Baptist church now stands, and the basement of the Dodds house on the northeast corner of Court and Oak streets, now the Carroll funeral home, was used for a British hospital at that same time.

Another resident of this neighborhood was Cyrus Waterhouse, who manufactured coffins. His house was on Court street, south side, west of Oak street. Reference to coffins recalls to us the fact that in 1876 the trustees of the village cut through the cemetery to make a road through to South Catherine street bridge along the river bank, taking nearly an acre purchased in 1866 from the William Palmer estate, and intended as an addition to the cemetery.

At a later date the Booth apartment house on the southwest corner of Oak and Cornelia streets was the residence of Christopher F. Norton, the lumber king. The low stone house west of that on Cornelia street was owned by Mr. Danis. Farther west on Cornelia street, set back from the road down a lane on the north side, Nathaniel Platt built the stone house known as the Bailey homestead, for his daughter and her husband, William Bailey. The original house, built before 1800 burned in 1822 and was rebuilt. Capt. Platt was living there at the time the British occupied Plattsburgh, and it is said he reprimanded a British officer who spoke slightly to him. Captain Platt is buried in Riverside cemetery near the following men, who like him were veterans of the Revolution: Zephaniah Platt, Gen. Benjamin Mooers, Daniel Platt, Gideon Rugar, Allen Smith, Lieut. Charles Platt, Judge Melancton Smith, Jonathan Winchell, Thomas Allen, Zenas Allen, Lieut. Peter Roberts, Adoniram Parrott, Burnett Miller, and Judge Thomas Treadwell.

On the east side of Oak street, at the south corner of Cornelia street, was a house occupied at one time, 1841, by the sheriff of Clinton county, Thomas Crook. The north room was used for a jail and forge cinders were packed under the floor to prevent prisoners from digging their way out.

Oak street, north of Cornelia, was called Lover's Lane for some years and beyond Oak to the north were the Boynton meadows. It was in this section of Plattsburgh that the skeleton of a seal was found at the time ditches were dug for the village sewers.

Still further north, adjacent to Scotion Creek (Dead Creek) there was a fashionable resort in 1828. This was the Cumberland Spring, a sulphur spring to which were attributed medicinal properties, and near which

stood the Cumberland House. A double daily line of stages was operated from this point to the village. A similar spring was located at Beekmantown (1878) and contained so much sulphur that a frog would die within a few minutes after being immersed in the water. Dead Creek was formerly navigable for some distance from its mouth, which lay to the north of the present mouth, and wood and timber were transported down the creek to the lake, although water power was not developed for about five miles back. A deer lick was located on its bank, and near the mouth near the east end of the present city beach, many arrow heads and flint chippings were found.

About the same time the stage route ran from Scotion creek to the village, (the line from Cumberland Head was discontinued after 1817, when the main boat landing was changed to Plattsburgh) four horse stages were making the long trip from this place to Chateaugay by way of the turnpike. Part of this route was broken out by Benjamin Roberts, an early settler in Plattsburgh, when he went to Chateaugay in 1796, and the road was so poor in 1817 when President Monroe traveled over it that he gave an order to have soldiers from the Barracks at Plattsburgh, work on it. The stages arrived in the village about three o'clock every afternoon and the horses were whipped up to come down Broad street at a brisk trot, the horn sounding through the village. All goods were also transported between these two points by wagon, the round trip consuming about one week. When one sees the modern motor busses going down this same Broad street, along which grow fine old trees set out by early settlers, one is likely to think how much some of our great-grand-parents would have enjoyed a trip in such a comfortable manner.

In spite of the fact that the pioneers were forced to labor to cut down so many trees, there is considerable evidence that they valued them highly and in some instances gave thought to their planting. Certainly the streets of Plattsburgh owe much of their attractiveness to the old trees. We have spoken of the chestnuts planted by Mr. Mead, and the willow slips brought by Mrs. Ketchum from Connecticut. There was also a large willow tree at the corner of Broad street and Margaret street, and another one in front of the Fouquet House, the roots of which were not pulled up until 1885. These may all have been set out, as lombardy poplars, or "peaked trees" always are, sort of a pioneer trail. We have read of several trees in the vicinity of Plattsburgh which were landmarks. One was a huge whitewood or basswood on the farm of George Anderson at Chazy, another the "Smith Weed tree," a tall pine about four miles south of the village near the lake shore, (27 feet in circumference at the base) and the 147 foot pine which stood near the mouth of the Little Ausable. Mr. J. W. Harkness wrote at one time of a big hemlock (90 feet tall, yielding six 13 foot logs) that was cut on his farm near Harkness, and of some pines which yielded an unusual

number of standards, that grew near Lapham's Mills. One early settler near the Union refused the gift of a tract of land because of what he termed the "overgrown pines" on it.

There was one phase of life in Plattsburgh and throughout this whole region which, without doubt, no one would wish to have return. I refer to widespread epidemics that caused anxiety, misery and sadness. Perhaps the most dreaded of these was smallpox, which caused the death of so many in the Champlain valley during the Revolution and in the years following that period, again at the time of the war of 1812, and since then appearing in Plattsburgh several times to cause many deaths. In 1811 the old Peru blockhouse which stood a short distance above the present Railroad underpass, on the west bank of the Little Ausable river, was used as a pesthouse. Simeon Barber, who was a clerk in Robert Battey's store at the Union, died there and was probably the last person to be buried east of the blockhouse, according to Mr. J. W. Harkness. In the early 1870's, when one of the worst smallpox epidemics on record, visited Plattsburgh, a pesthouse was erected on the south bank of the Saranac river at the edge of the village. Residents had the privilege of taking relatives there, but were not compelled to do so. The Catholic priest helped to bury many of the dead, and one older person with whom we have talked, remembers seeing people going by at night on South Catherine street, taking their dead to the old Catholic burying ground. Usually an epidemic was started when someone had been visiting in another settlement, where he or she was exposed to the disease, then returned here to expose others. It is interesting to note that Dr. William Beaumont offered to vaccinate people as early as 1818, but there was considerable skepticism regarding the efficacy of the process and even in later years a local newspaper commented that the question of the day was whether one should be, or should not be vaccinated.

In 1832 cholera appeared in a virulent form in Quebec and Montreal and soon afterward in Plattsburgh. The first victims were French residents living in small houses along the north bank of the Saranac, but it soon spread over the whole village and took hundreds of lives, attacking people suddenly and causing death within a few hours, in many cases. The physicians gave their services to the limit of their endurance and frequently helped to bury the dead, realizing that they would receive no remuneration for much of their work. The village had an additional burden at this time, also, for it was a period of extensive immigration from Canada and when steamboat navigation was suspended on Lake Champlain, due to the cholera, many of these people tried to reach their destinations in the United States by walking along the highways. This meant that they often reached Plattsburgh destitute and helpless, and carrying germs of the plague. The Legislature of New York State authorized that this invasion be stopped and the

local authorities were told to take charge of those already here, and to provide for them. All roads to Canada were closed and the immigrants in this village were sheltered in a large wooden barracks erected near Scomotion Creek. Here they were fed and received medical attention for a number of weeks. Later when the residents of Plattsburgh asked the State to help them bear this heavy expense, they were told it must be borne locally.

Cholera must have been prevalent in the army at the time of the war of 1812, for near the entrance to the municipal bathing beach is a stone marker in memory of 13 soldiers, names unknown, who died of cholera in 1812, and were buried near there.

Another disease which was dreaded in Clinton county for years was diphtheria. It raged in many communities each year and often several members of a family succumbed, usually children. It is difficult for us to realize now, protected as we are by the use of anti-toxin, how helpless parents felt in years past when diphtheria struck down, first one, then another of their children. Scarlet fever frequently proved disastrous also, and there was a general acceptance of the inevitability of such diseases as measles, mumps and chicken-pox.

We turn now to a brighter side of life in old Plattsburgh and contemplate with pleasure the various forms of amusement here. One of the earliest of these, and one which could be depended on from year to year, summer and winter, was the gentle art of "going calling." One has but to scan old letters, diaries, and journals to learn what an important part social calls played in the daily life of prominent people in Plattsburgh and other villages. In certain homes there was almost a continual stream of afternoon and evening socials, and frequent entertaining took place at "tea" and dinner. Much time and care was lavished on the gowns of the ladies and little girls, and both their gowns and their manners were charming. Conversation was made an art, and no doubt there was as great a range of topics as there is today, and fully as absorbing. After the first few years, when a number of frame houses replaced some of the log cabins, fine furniture was brought to furnish them, and guests were made comfortable besides being very well fed. Spirits of varying quality were used generally among all classes, and there is evidence that gentlemen felt good liquor was a necessity. The logical accompaniment to good liquor was frequently a card game, where the time honored custom of exchanging I. O. U.'s was not ignored. Sentiment opposed to drinking resulted in the organization of a temperance society in 1815 and the Clinton County Moral Society.

Reading circles and lectures became popular. We have read amusing comments and criticisms concerning the appearance, voice and manner of more than one speaker. One young girl in Plattsburgh did not enjoy hearing a certain man talk through his nose, and another used such lengthy words

he was unintelligible. In Feb. 1814 a ball was held at Green's inn, the invitations being written on the backs of playing cards. In January, 1827 Miss Mead was invited to attend the Plattsburgh Assemblies at the Phoenix hotel. Two of the managers for this affair were James Bailey and W. C. Watson. Opposed to these frivolities was church going which one might almost class as an amusement for many years. At least it was an important social activity and the main one during the years immediately following the arrival of settlers here.

One thrilling event and the first amusement of its kind in Plattsburgh was advertised in the Republican of May 20, 1814. This was the exhibition of a genuine female Jaguar, or royal tiger, with music on the cymbal and hand organ as an added attraction. Admission was twenty-five cents, children half price.

In 1821 two other amusements were advertised, differing widely. One was a shooting match at the home of Dwight Gilbert of Beekmantown, and the other a dancing school conducted by Mrs. Deshons, lessons to begin in September. In Jan. 1826 a deacon in a nearby community confessed to the church that he had attended a shooting match, after which admission he was received back into the church. The year previous, on October 10, a cattle show took place in Plattsburgh, moving on to Chazy the next day. Oct. 11, 1862 was the day advertised by the Plattsburgh Sentinel for the Hippozoonamadon, an animal show at which the hippopotamus, the Great Behemoth would be exhibited. Amusements in somewhat later years included walking races, in which remarkable time was made by residents of Champlain, Chazy, and Rugar street in Plattsburgh, rowing races in Cumberland Bay, sailing races including one in washtubs, Aug. 1871, and exciting bicycle races. Wrestling matches were advertised at various times, "collar and elbow style," and the fame of a few men spread throughout northern New York. They, with the mightiest hunters and the most persuasive fiddlers, were in a class apart.

Camp meetings might be added to the list of amusements, for they supplied variety as well as inspiration. The first one in the vicinity of Plattsburgh was the Peru camp meeting on the lake shore near Port Jackson (Valcour) in September, 1807. It was held in the elm grove of Amos Day and presided over by Samuel Draper, who was an early circuit rider of the Methodist church. He was known as "Sammy" Draper, a unique personality of whom a number of amusing stories have been told. Dr. A. Wither- spoon said that at the camp meeting "he knocked down two pulpits and banged out the lids of three Bibles." Rough shelters were erected for people attending the meeting, and they ate outdoors on boards resting across supports. John Day furnished water for the crowd, drawing it from Lake Champlain in a hogshead mounted on an ox cart. The sessions lasted from

Friday until Monday, and preaching took place from a stand at 8 a. m., 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. and 8 p. m. At these times a prayer circle was formed, the men holding hands in a ring. The excitement was intense, and it is said that the volume of song, the shouting and praying at night, could be heard for two miles. Later camp meetings were held at Valcour in 1822 and 1825.

Mention should also be made of a thrilling episode of a later date, the advent of Pullman and Hamilton's circus of July 16, 1880. On this occasion was exhibited "The Great Electric Light itself, an unparalleled and glorious exhibition, well worth going full 100 miles to see. It cost \$30,000. Requires a 30 horse-power engine, a 40 horse-power boiler and miles of copper cable conductors." The advertisement further says: "The Planetary Constellated Conflagration of Effulgence and Heaven-born Splendor, exceeds the full power of 240,000 gas lights. It is exhibited both afternoon and evening." A weird and startling picture is printed with the advertisement in which streaks of chain lightning are flying in every direction from the carbon points. A portable donkey engine stands by, puffing vigorously to infuse life into the "miles of copper wire" with which the phenomenon is equipped. This actually began the era of electricity in Plattsburgh, but up until 1890 lights were supplied to residents only from dusk till daybreak.

Van Amburgh's circus visited Plattsburgh in June, 1876, and Barnum's in May, 1877, at which time 713 teams were counted passing through West Chazy carrying country people to Plattsburgh.

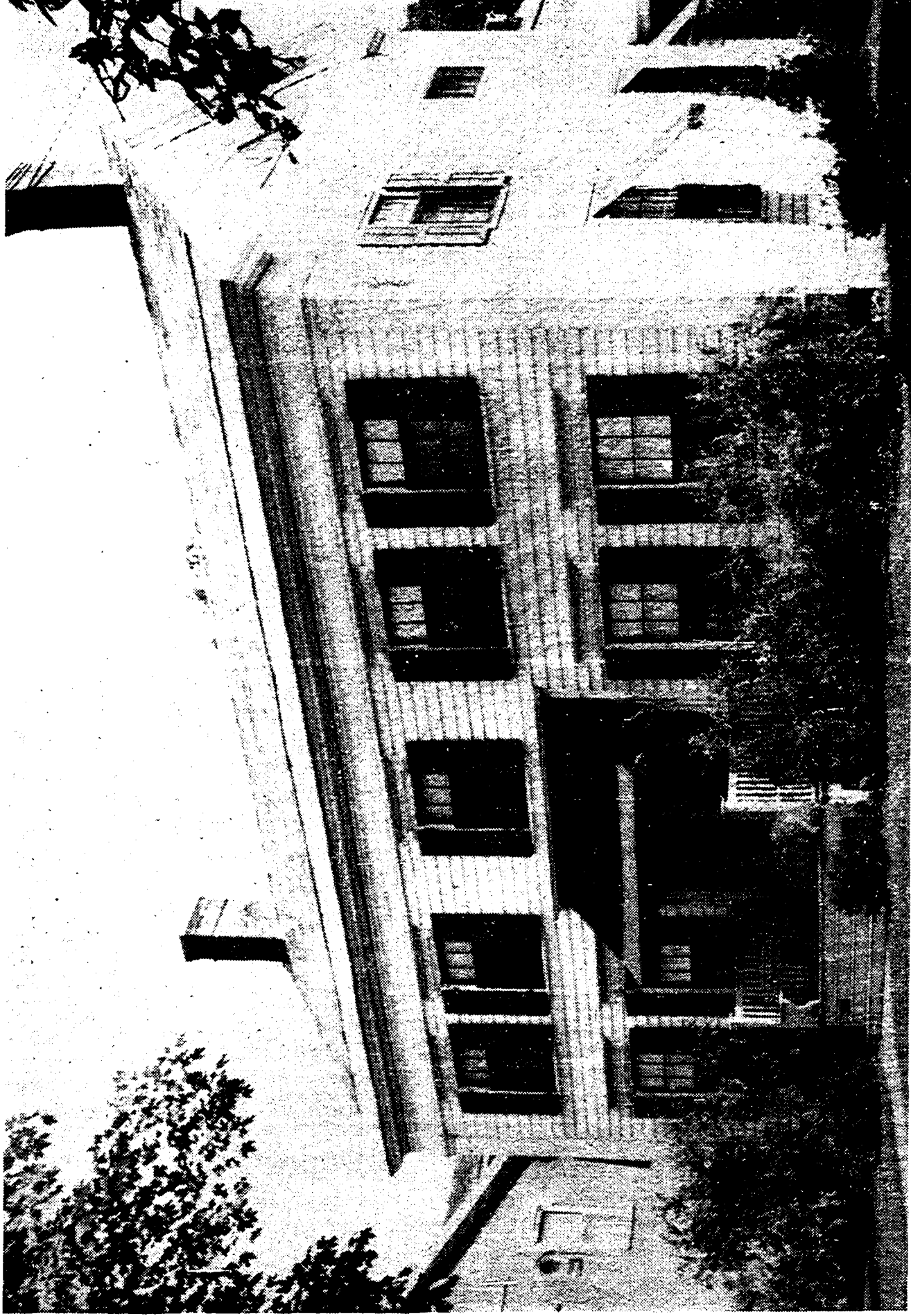
The reference to circuses brings to mind the various items in old local papers about bands which were organized to give pleasure and profit to their members, and pleasure, we assume, to those privileged to hear the concerts. No community seemed to be too small to produce enough musical talent for a band, and they flourished in winter, as the base-ball nines did in summer.

There were other sports, which although not strictly amusements, should be listed among the early (and later) activities carried on in Plattsburgh and vicinity, namely: smuggling, counterfeiting, and horse stealing. All three seem to have been in full swing shortly after 1800, though the horse traffic began earlier, for we read that in 1791, two men from Panton, Vt., went north to Canada with cattle to trade for horses and returned through Clinton county over Roger's new road. Records of imports in 1804 and 1805 show that horses were being shipped to the U. S., one manifest listing the cargo of a packet from St. Johns which included a horse and an elephant. May 7, 1805 there was a trial in Plattsburgh for horse stealing, but the man was treated leniently for he had, at the same time, serious marital troubles and had to leave the vicinity anyway. In 1816 Mr. Lafromboise of Chazy advertised in the Plattsburgh Republican that a French roan mare

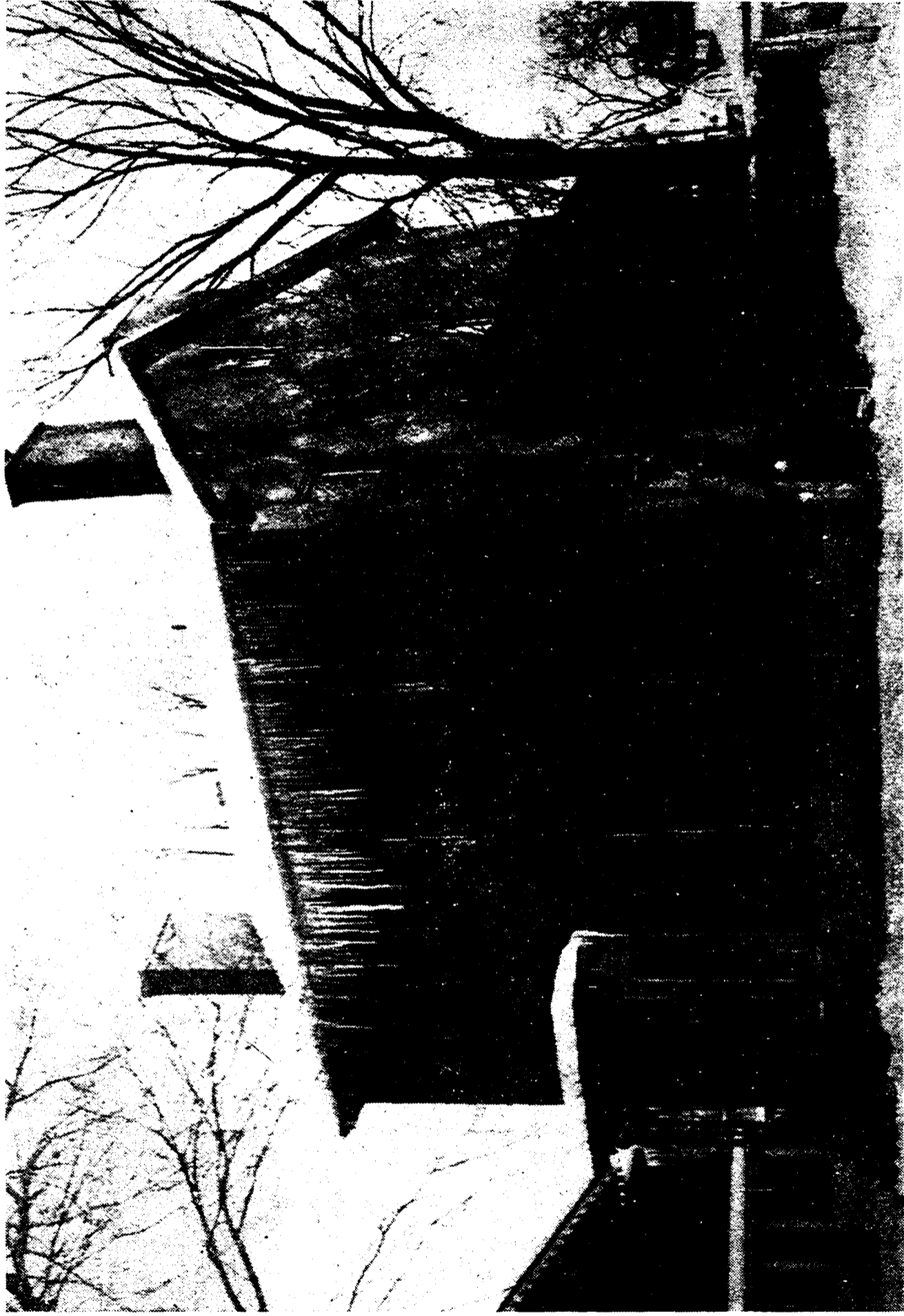
had been stolen from him, and in the same paper in 1817 appeared a notice of a valuable horse available for breeding purposes. In September, 1826 a county judge was indicted for holding stakes at a horse race, but races continued, for in 1896, 204 horses raced at the Clinton County Fair in Plattsburgh. These were all indications of the important part that horses played in this section. It became profitable to steal horses in Canada, drive them over the line and sell them, and a number of men made this a business, one boasting he had a record of sixty-nine horses so acquired. Another spent a total of more than 21 years in jail for the same offense, and the fame of still another notorious thief was widespread. He was shut up in the jail in Middlebury, Vt., with his feet shackled to the floor, since he had previously succeeded in escaping, and there awaited trial. Other men were clever traders, who managed consistently to better themselves in a trade. Both raising and racing fine horses assumed considerable importance in Clinton county. In May, 1886, The Chateaugay Record published Horse Notes, telling of the noted horses in Franklin and Clinton counties, their races and sale prices. The magazine, The Horseman, published at one time a similar article. The Essex County Republican of Keeseville published for several years local horse news, sort of horse gossip. When lumbering operations were being carried on extensively there were times when a shortage of teams occurred. Lyon Mountain was one of the trading centers and St. Johns, Quebec, for heavy draft horses. As late as 1911, horses invoiced for the first quarter and exported from the latter point to the United States, were valued at \$5,500.

The first mention of counterfeiting which has come to attention was a trial of three men for this offense in June, 1818, and the penalty was a sentence to State prison for life. In 1817 a similar trial of three other Clinton county men took place.

Smuggling has proved even more dependable and profitable as a business, than other outlaw trades, and although the character of the goods so handled changes from year to year, it seems inevitable that it continue, having at times almost a romantic aspect. Major operations in smuggling began when the United States put an embargo act in force in 1808, following England's violation of the neutral law in searching our vessels and imprisoning seamen. However, as early as 1805 illegal enterprises of this type flourished on Lake Champlain. It is recorded that at the time residents of the United States were dealing in Canadian furs, on an occasion when the customs officials were not lax, a boat was sent to watch for smuggler's craft reported active. The boat belonging to the smugglers passed without being observed and continued south to Valcour Island. They rounded the south end and came up again on the west side of the island to a landlocked bay. Here they unloaded their goods and carried them across the island to re-



Jonah Tarbell House, Broad St.



Adriel Peabody House, Peru St.

load near the present lighthouse. The boat of the customs men followed them and after a futile search all night, finally discovered them re-loading and embarking. They returned to the west side, only to see their own boat rowed away with the empty one of the smugglers'. The bay is known today as Smugglers' Bay. Incidentally the customs officers were rescued when a young woman in Plattsburgh, to whom one of them was engaged, became worried at the failure of her fiance to appear, and began making inquiries.

The result of the embargo act, intended to restrict trade, was to afford a logical excuse for smuggling. As mentioned, Canada was the market for lumber and potash in northern New York, and the nearest source, as well as the one least difficult of access for necessary supplies of settlers in this region. Before the embargo became effective the Collector of Customs at Plattsburgh visited the frontier and gave the inhabitants permission to buy a liberal supply of salt in Canada. When the act was put in force and customs officials attempted to carry out government orders, they had trouble with frontier smugglers, which led to a number of violent frays on the lake. Settlers in communities along the lake were also indignant, feeling that their rights were curtailed and met in several places to consider petitioning the government to repeal the law. In spite of the fact that their resistance was called insurrection, the warfare continued until repeal was accomplished, but smuggling did not stop.

In 1816 an auction of smuggled goods was advertised to take place in Plattsburgh. These sales have been held intermittently through succeeding years, although the government found it necessary to make a different disposal of certain commodities, such as narcotics and the Chinese. The latter were "boarded" in Clinton county jails by the hundred about 1890. Strange cargoes have been seized on back roads of this, and neighboring counties, including wool, bales of silk, and liquor. In November, 1939, the Canadian customs seized Irish sweepstakes receipts, which were being smuggled from New York state into Canada, north of Churubusco.

"And the moral of that is," as Alice so often said, that a study of Plattsburgh and the surrounding territory from pioneer times to the present, reveals the fact that though times change and economic problems vary, we still have our ups and downs, must still take the good with the bad, finding the good, very good, and the bad, "not so bad."

SOLDIERS OF WAR OF 1812 BURIED IN PLATTSBURGH

List of soldiers of War of 1812 buried in Riverside cemetery, Plattsburgh, furnished by General Benjamin Mooers chapter, N. S. U., S. D., 1812 from a list given by H. K. Averill, Jr., to H. H. Noble, June 4, 1899 and

including those names published in the Plattsburgh Republican many years ago.

Judge William Bailey
 Richard S. Mooers, son of Gen.
 Benj. Mooers
 Captain John Stevenson
 Caleb Luther
 Hallock Bromley
 John Nichols (served in the Bloody
 11th infantry, U. S. Army)
 Col. David B. MacNeil
 Sheldon Durkee
 Thomas Holmes
 Major John Bleeker
 Captain Sidney Smith, U.S.N.
 Edward V. Allen
 George Allen
 Samuel W. Felt
 Philip B. Roberts
 Levi M. Roberts
 Joseph Roberts
 Noyes P. Gregory
 William Chappel
 Josiah George
 James Trowbridge
 Henry K. Averill
 Zenas Clark
 Lt. Col. Thomas Miller
 John Palmer
 Isaac Smith
 Peter Sanborn
 John Monty
 Christopher Monty
 F. D. Shinville
 Eli Prindle
 Isaac C. Platt
 Captain James Bailey
 Roswell Wait
 Surgeon Benj. John Mooers
 Captain Joseph I. Green
 Thomas McCreedy
 Major John Warford
 Adjutant Levi Platt
 Sgt. Major Jeremiah Graves
 Chaplain Frederick Halsey
 Col. Melancton Smith, U.S.A.
 Jonathan Woodward
 Horace Olds
 Martin Winchell
 B. P. Roberts
 Smith Mead
 Major Benj. Boynton, U.S.A.

Adam Parker, Gunner
 Adam Parker, Fort Moreau
 George Averill, Sheepscot, Mt.
 Captain Gilead Sperry
 Hiram Walworth
 Zephaniah Pitt Platt
 John Mallory
 Samuel Couch of Lundy's Lane
 Capt. William F. Haile, U.S. Lundy's
 Lane and Fort Erie
 Matthew Miles Standish, Cornet
 captain
 Henry Delord
 Peter Saily
 William Palmer
 Lewis Grant
 Col. Joseph Watson, U.S.A.
 Major Nathaniel Z. Platt
 A. J. Bristol
 Samuel Lowell
 Nathan Averill
 Abner Torrey
 Joseph Durkee
 James Banor
 Gen. Benj. Mooers
 Joseph Buzzell
 Thomas Palmer
 Dr. John Miller
 James Higby
 James Green
 George Dormir
 Chas. Jacobson
 Lewis Ransom
 Michael McDermott
 Interred in R. C. cemetery near
 Barracks
 ——— Myette
 Joseph Meron
 Louis Bouvia
 Henry Rugi, U.S.N., 1812
 Julius Borde
 Unknown soldier
 ——— Bougera
 ——— Voudray
 Exire Maurice
 ——— Jones
 Lieut. Galaise
 Chas. Ortweite, France 1778, French
 war, U. S. soldier, 1812, 1813,
 1814

American soldiers and sailors killed in battle of Plattsburgh whose remains are interred in Riverside cemetery and whose graves are marked with monuments:

George R. Runk

Samuel Norcross killed siege (was
with Durkee)

John Stansbury

J. M. Baldwin

Peter Gamble

Rogers Carter

Joseph Barron, (reinterred in Burling-
ton, Vt.)

THE NOBLE LADS OF CANADA

Come, all ye British heroes,
I pray you lend your ears,
Draw up your British forces
And then your volunteers;
We're going to fight the Yankee boys
By water and by land,
And we never will return
Till we conquer sword in hand!
We're the noble lads of Canada
Come, boys, come!

Now the time has come, my boys
To cross the Yankee line,
Remember they were rebels once,
And conquered John Burgoyne;
We'll subdue those old Green Mt. boys—
Their Washington is gone;
And we'll play them 'Yankee Doodle'
We're the noble lads of Canada,
Come, boys, come!

Now we've reached the Plattsburgh heights, my boys,
And here we make a stand,
Until we take a gallant fleet
McDonough doth command.
We've the Growler and the Eagle,
That from Smith we took away,
And then we'll have the noble fleet,
That lies anchored in the bay.
We're the noble lads of Canada,
Come, boys, come!

Now the battle's growing hot, my boys,
I don't know how 'twill turn,
McDonough's guns on swivels hung,
Continually doth burn,
Shall we fight like men of courage,
And do the best we can,
When we know they'll flog us ten to one!
We've got too far from Canada,
Run, boys, run!

Provost, he sighed aloud,
And to his staff did say,
The Yankee troops are hove in sight,
And the deuce will be to pay,
I'd rather fight a thousand troops,
Good's ever crossed the seas,
Than fifty of these Yankee boys,
Behind the stumps and trees.
We've got too far from Canada,
Run, boys, run!

Behind the hedges and the ditches,
 The hills and every stump,
 You can see the blue-coat witches,
 And the cussed Yankees jump.
 The troops of France and England
 Can't stand before them well,
 For I believe they'd lick the devil
 And drive him back to hell.
 Oh! We've got too far from Canada,
 Run, boys, run!

Now we've reached the Chazy heights, my boys,
 We'll make a short delay,
 To rest our wearied limbs
 And feed our steeds some hay;
 Old McDonough's cocks began to crow,
 'Twas heard at Starkses barn,
 And report throughout the camp
 Was a general alarm,
 Oh, yes, we're far, too far from Canada,
 Run, boys, run!

The old '76's have sallied forth
 On crutches they do lean,
 Their rifles levelled on us
 With their specks they take good aim;
 While there's no retreat to those
 Who would rather die than run,
 I make no doubt but these are those
 Who conquered John Burgoyne.
 Oh, we've got too far from Canada,
 Run, boys, run!

They told us that the Federalists
 Were friendly to the Crown,
 They'd join the royal army
 And the Democrats put down,
 But they all unite together
 Like a band of brothers joined,
 And fight for independence
 Till they die upon the ground.
 Now we've got back to Canada,
 Stay at home, boys, stay,
 If ever we fight the Yankees more,
 It'll be home, and not away!

SONG OF RESTORATION OF PEACE

From Montreal Herald-Plattsburgh Republican Feb. 11, 1815, reprinted Mch. 20, 1915. Written by Mr. Lathrop for choir of 2nd. Baptist church and sung by Mr. Phipps at Grand Concert of Sacred Musick on evening of 16th inst.

Oh God of creation to thee we will raise
 The full song of glory, thy due,
 Behold from the east, the blest halcyon days,
 Again ushers Peace to our view.
 'Tis thine Mighty God from the regions of light,
 To send the bright herald of joy,—
 To bid the rude trump yield to notes of delight,
 And the warrier cease to destroy.

Lo, Britannia once more hears a paean divine,
 By voices celestial sung,
 Columbia's strong spears her laurels entwine,
 Which from Freedom's rich heritage sprung.

Hence forward the nations united shall prove,
That Peace is true policy's plan,
While rivals in virtue, and brethren in love,
Man shall live, but in concord with man.

Thrice welcome, sweet Peace, round thy crystaline (sic) throne,
The tribes of the earth shall repair,
While joined hand in hand, thy mild empire they own,
And contract endless fellowship there.
Hark! What sounds from the spheres, 'tis the hymn of the skies."
The angels their trumpets employ,
Oh let from the world loud hosanna arise,
And creation be filled with our joy.

VERSES ON THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH

Written by Mrs. Macomb

It was autumn, and round me the leaves were descending,
And naught but the drumming-bird tapped on the tree,
Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were defending,
The din of their arms sounded dismal to me.
For Sandy my love was engaged in the action,
His death would have ended my life in distraction,
Without him I valued this world not a fraction,
As mournful I strayed on the banks of Champlain.

Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,
My elbow I leaned on a rock near the shore,
The sound nearly parted my heartstrings asunder,
I thought I should meet my dear Shepherd no more.
But soon an express all my sorrow suspended,
My thanks to the Father of mercies ascended,
My Shepherd was safe and my country defended,
By Freedom's brave sons on the banks of Champlain.

I wiped from my eye the tear that had started,
And hastened the news to my parents to bear,
Who sighed for the loss of relations departed,
And wept at the tidings that banishes care.
The cannons ceased firing, the drums still were beating,
The foes of our country far north were retreating,
The neighboring damsels each other were greeting,
With songs of delight on the shores of Champlain.

They sung of the heroes whose valor had made us,
Sole nation on earth, independent and free,
And thus will remain with kind heaven to aid us,
In spite of invaders by land and by sea.
New York, the Green Mountains, Macomb and Macdonough,
The Farmer, the Soldier, the Sailor, the Gunner,
Each party united have plighted their honor,
To conquer or die on the banks of Champlain.

(Manuscript sent to Plattsburgh Republican by Mrs. Hutchinson, taken from
scrapbook.) Sung by Mrs. Lily Delorme, Cadyville, 1942.

THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH

The town is hushed, the night is still—
No sounds except the pickets' tread
Or Saranac's, or watchdog's voice
Or wild fowl's scream above the Head;
And every care is hushed by sleep,

In many a weary warrior's breast;
And e'en the fleet out in the Bay
Seems tranced there in calm, deep rest.

But yet the midnight hour had come,
When o'er the thickly wooded plain,
Like locusts swept the British on—
Dread midnight thieves in banded train.
Anon, they cross the creaking bridge;
The river's fall their footsteps drown,
Nor challenge comes from outpost yet—
The night guards of the sleeping town.

Hark! to that ringing chorus raised,
By twenty rifles on the air!
'Tis freedom's shout, and soon the 'larm
Is given to every mortal there.
The husband bids the wife farewell,
And grasps the gun, or sabre bright,
And hoary age, and stripling youth,
All fly to arms in freedom's fight.

Full soon the foe shall curse the hour,
He thus so wary stole along,
For every eye that marks his path
Keeps watch to thwart dark deeds of wrong;
And every heart that throbbeth high,
Is true to God! Then tyrants quail,
For freedom's bulwarks are the breasts
That guard the homes of Plattsburgh's vale.

The morning sun looked down upon
Two hostile camps in war array,
And battle ships drawn up in line,
Preparing for the bloody fray;
Brave chanticler proclaims aloud,
The battle fierce is just begun!
An omen for McDonough's men—
"Ere night," for them, "th' battle's won."

And now the balls and bombshells whiz,
To burst 'mid moving columns there,
And shouts, and shrieks, and dying groans
Uprise them on the morning air.
The foe attempts to ford the stream;
They rush impetuous up its banks!
But soon are hurled adown the steeps,
To curse their fate and shattered ranks.

For like a whirlwind sweeping on,
Macomb's brave men, with one wild shout—
With gleaming steel—fast hew'd them down,
And put them all to bloody route.
Joy! Joy! Peal out ye evening bells,
For victory won in freedom's fight!
And praise to God on field and flood,
That ever doth maintain the right.

J. M. McC—
Plattsburgh Barracks, Oct. 20, 1871.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Dear lake, we think thee passing fair,
Amid the mountain scenes so rare,
Thy beauty casts a witching spell,

Over the hearts that love thee well.
 We treasure thoughts of hours we've spent,
 Upon thy shores in sweet content;
 And find a charm in every phase,
 In the strong roll of crested waves,
 Or, when the waters calm and fair,
 Hold lovely shadows in their care.
 The boats that skimmed the waters o'er,
 The sandy beach, the pebbled shore,
 Our Mem-ry loves to hold in keep
 As scenes that gave us pleasure deep,
 So dear our lake in very name,
 We joy to feel it known to fame,
 That foreign foes were forced to flee,
 And leave her fairest waters free.
 We oft in youth have stood beside
 A ruined fort, and gazed with pride
 Across the waves of deepest blue,
 Where victory came to patriots true;
 And felt as lovers feel, I ween,
 Who homage pay to ideal queen.
 On other lakes, 'neath summer skies,
 Have many looked with rapturous eyes,
 And sung their praises, yet no name
 Hath dearer sound, than Lake Champlain.
 In its varies scenes, we can but find
 The beauties of all lakes combined.

By Alma.

Ruined fort,—the redoubt erected on Cumberland Head in 1813.

SIEGE OF PLATTSBURGH

Reprinted by Plattsburgh Republican from Republican of April 29, 1815. As
 sung at theatre in Albany in character of Black Sailor.

Back side Albany stan' Lake Champlain
 One little pond, half full a' water,
 Plat-te-burg dare too, close pon de main,
 Town small—he grow bigger herearter.

On Lake Champlain Uncle Sam set he boat,
 And Massa M'Donough he sail 'em,
 While General M'Comb make Plat-te-burg hes home
 Wid de army whose courage nebber fail 'em.

On leventh day of September
 In eighteen hun'ad and fourteen
 Gubener Probose and he British sojer
 Come to Plat-te-burg a tea-party courtin',
 And he boat came too,
 Arter Uncle Sam boat.
 Massa 'Donough do look sharp out de winder,
 Den General M'Comb (Ah! he always a hom.)
 Catch fire too, just like a tinder.

Bang! Bang! Bang! den de cannon gin t'roar,
 In Plate-burg an all 'bout dat quarter
 Gubener Probose he hand 'pon shore,
 While he boat take de luk 'pon de water.
 But Mass 'Donough knock he boat in he head,
 Break he heart, broke he shin,
 'Tove he cabbिन in,

An General M'Comb start old Probose home,
Tot my soul den I must die a laffin'

Probose scar so he lef' all behine,
Powder ball, cannon, teapot and kittle,
Some say he catch a cole-trouble in he mine,
Cause he eat so much raw an cold vittle.
Uncle Sam bury sorry to be sure, for his pain,
Wish he nush herself up well and hearty,
For Gen'ral M'Comb and Mass 'Donough home,
When he notion for anudder tea-party.

SHELDON DURKEE

(Died 1853 aged 82 years)

Francis Sterne Palmer

Bright as a bit of northern sky,
Lake Champlain's clear waters lie,
Steel blue the lake, and red the land
Where autumn red the oak trees stand,
Where all the countryside's aglow,
With the men of Gen'l. Sir George Prevost.

Rough, untaught, in martial drill,
Our yeomen had the hunter's skill,
Their squirrel rifles contest the way,
Lem Durkee's rifle was hot all day.

At night with prisoners two he came,
To where our Yankee camp-fires flame,
The captains questioned how 'twas done,
How were two thus ta'en by one?
Answered up stout farmer Lem,
My Masters, I surrounded them!

WRITTEN FOR THE PLATTSBURGH REPUBLICAN FOLLOWING A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF COMMODORE DOWNIE,

Sept. 11, 1830.

'Tis evening, and a lonely walk I'll take
Among the tombs, where all is quietness:
No noisy crown will there disturb my ear.
Nor vain appearance, affect my mind.

Arrived unto the spot, what do I see
But slabs of marble, raised on every side,
With sad inscriptions of the death of him,
Or her, whose names they faithfully record.

The tomb, erected under yonder trees,
Claims my attention, to it I'll repair,
And see what is intrusted to its charge.

A man, a man! yes, something more 'tis said,
A man of power, who did invade our rights
With naval force at his supreme command,
To prostrate freemen, level with his king,
Who was a slave though seated on a throne.

Columbia's fleet was moored in the bay,
And man'd by many a noble, gallant tar,
With a commander courageous and bold,

Who wisely had prepared the foe to meet.

Phoebus had scarcely mounted on his car
When proud Britania's fleet, with canvass rais'd,
Was seen approaching on the silver waves,
By those on whom duty impos'd to watch.
Alarmed, in haste for action all prepared—
Columbia's tars were all inspired anew.
With courage bold, to conquer or to die.
With easy sail the enemy drew nigh,
And then the deadly engines, by each fleet
Were put in operation to decide a nation's fate.

The sound of cannon pierced the vaulted skies
While flaming columns rose from every part—
Brigs, sloops and galleys, seem'd to be on fire—
And clouds of smoke obscured the god of day.
Scores were prostrate in the arms of death:
The decks were drench'd in blood, and scuppering forth,
The silver waves became a crimson flood.
Columbia's tars, by well directed shot,
Caus'd the commander of Britania's fleet
In lifeless state to fall upon his deck
And yield to power he'd lately prided o'er.
The crew with consternation all beheld
Their chieftain fallen and the battle lost,
Their flag they struck and loud for quarters call'd.

Thus Downie fell and all his naval force
Fell quickly too, into the hands of those
Whose sires had freed them from a monarch's power,
And taught them never, never to be slaves.
The war trump sounded throughout Columbia's fleet,
And shouts of glory and of victory
Echoed encore, along the victor's shore.
By every tar, who had survived the day.
A day and night had passed, and night had come;
The time appointed to convey the corse
Of him who fell in cause most gloriously
With sound of cannon and with muffled drum
The brave commander of Columbia's fleet
And his compeers, partners of his toils,
With softly step arrived unto this spot
Bearing the subject which this tomb contains.
With solemn awe they paused and then performed
Those sacred duties which devolve on men.

He sleeps securely now and has for years
And still will sleep till time shall have an end,
Although he sleeps in death to live no more
Yet still he lives in History's bright page—
A man of honor conquered by the brave.
This stone, erected over his remains,
By a kind sister, will perpetuate
The name of him once honored by his king,
And tells the stranger as he passes by,
Though he was conquered, gloriously he fell.

Captain Nicholas Stoner, one of the famous hunters and trappers of earlier days, was in charge of the fife and drum corps that proceeded with muffled drums to the burial of Downie and others killed during the battle of Plattsburgh. The corps consisted of fifteen drummers and fifers, and the tunes played were Roslyn Castle and Logan Water.

Said to be composed by a man named Miner, who lived at Mooers Forks, and while chopping in the woods. It was first written on a stump by a fellow worker, as Miner dictated the lines.

Sir George Provost with all his Host
Marches out from Montreal, Sir,
Both he and they are blithe and gay
As if going to a ball, Sir.

The troops he chose were all of those
Who conquered Marshal Soult, Sir,
Who as Garonne the fact is known,
Scarce brought them to a halt, Sir.

With men like these, he thought with ease
To crush the Yankee faction.
His only thought was how he ought
To bring them into action.

"Your very names," Sir George exclaims,
"Without a gun or bagnet
Will pierce like darts through Yankee hearts
And all their spirits stagnate.

"O, how I dread lest they have fled
And left their puny fort, Sir,
For sure McComb won't stay at home
To afford us any sport, sir."

"Good bye," he said, to those that said
"Keep still as mice or rats snug.
We just run out upon a scout
To burn the town of Plattsburgh."

Then up Champlain with might and main
He marched in dread array, Sir,
With fife and drum to scare McComb
And drive him quite away, Sir.

Now side by side their nation's pride
Along the current beat, Sir,
Sworn not to sup till they's eat up
McDonough and his fleet, Sir.

Still onward came these men of fame
Resolved to give no quarter;
But to their cost found out at last
That they had "caught a Tartar."

With quick dispatch light every match
Man every gun and swivel,
Cross in a crack the Saranac,
And drive them to the devil.

The Vermont ranks that lined the banks
Then poised the unerring rifle
And to oppose their haughty foes
They found a perfect trifle.

Meanwhile the fort kept up such sport
They thought the de'll was in it,
Their mighty train played off in vain;
'Twas silenced in a minute.

Sir George, amazed, so wildly gazed,
Such frantic gambols acted;

Of all his men not one in ten
 But thought him quite distracted.
 He cursed and swore, his hair he tore,
 Then jumped upon his pony
 And galloped off towards the bluff,
 To look for Captain Downie.
 But he espied McDonough ride
 In all the pomp and glory
 He hastened back to Saranac
 To tell the dismal story.
 "My gallant crews, or shocking news!
 Have been all killed or taken,
 Except a few that just withdrew
 In time to save their bacon.
 Have we not been always taught
 That Britannia ruled the ocean?
 We've dearly bought the humbling thought
 That this is all a notion.
 Helas, Mon Dieu, what shall I do?
 I smell the burning sulphur,
 E'en Briton's Isle, all rank and file,
 Such men would soon engulf her.
 That's full as bad, oh I'll run mad
 Those Western hounds are summoned,
 Gaines, Scott and Brown are coming down
 To serve me just like Drummond.
 Thick too as bees the Vermonters
 Are swarming on the lake, Sir,
 And Izzard's men, come back again,
 Lie hid in every brake, Sir.
 Good Brisbane best a quick retreat
 Before their forces join, Sir,
 For sure as fate they've laid a bait
 To catch us like Burgoyne, Sir.
 All round about keep good lookout
 Or we'll surely be surrounded
 Since I could crawl by gallant soul
 Was never so astounded.
 The rout began, Sir George led on;
 His men ran helter skelter,
 Each tried his best to outrun the rest,
 And gain a place of shelter.
 To hide their fear they gave a cheer
 And thought it mighty cunning
 He'll fight, they say, another day
 Who saves himself by running.

The following letters were written in 1810 and 1813 by Joseph Barron, Jr., a Burlington, Vt., sailor who piloted Commodore Macdonough's flagship, the Saratoga, in the battle of Plattsburgh, and was mortally wounded at his post of duty. In Macdonough's report of casualties he placed Barron on the list of wounded. He appears to have died the day after the battle

and was buried the next day. He was killed in the act of returning his watch to his pocket, after he had looked to see how long it had taken to fight the battle.

Dear Sister: Not having heard from you this some time past I begin to be anxious about your welfare and that of the Rest of our family—I yesterday arriv here from Bason Harbour on business uninteresting to you. Should be glad to Continue my Ride to St. Albans but business Calls me at the Harbour. I have bought 10 of Wool and wish you to write Immediately whether you can spin if I should send it. I also feel anxious about Capt. Hurlbut as I hear he is very sick—Our Father need be under no apprehension with Respect to my Marrying the Old Maid Ida Rogers. She was married on Saturday the 14th To James Winans one of the Owners of the Steamboat. however you need not be surprised if you hear that I am Married to another Ida. I have an offer of going Capt. of the Steam Boat Next Season—I should be glad to know what Our Father Determines on about Moving or Selling also what Polly's situation is I Fear She Stands as little for her Character as I do for mine—please to send my things the first safe and convenient opportunity—I lately understand that all our Connexionx at Whitehall were Well. Excuse haste—as I can tell you—Write all the News you can business here must be interesting to you. Besides you Cannot be in as great a hurry as I am—Your Brother, J. Barron, Jr.—Burlington, July 23rd 1810—Sister Sarey

Honored Uncle: I have not heard from you since I left your house, my Father's family and mine all Enjoy health except myself I have been dangerously sick. I shall take the liberty of stating a few Facts which I hope may not be altogether uninteresting. Concerning the present proceedings in their part of the country for truly I am almost sick and ashamed of the Officers in this northern Frontier their management has been almost sufficient to condemn the whole administration in the opinions of the people—You may perhaps recollect that Col. Clark and Lieut. Rufus Hatch assistant deputy Quarter Master Bought for the use of the army Six Sloops. I at this time belonged to the Gunboat or Navy Department but was advised by my Commander to go on board one of the Sloops as my pay would be greater which I would receive of Lieut. Hatch. I went on board Transported troops and provisions from place to place until Fall for Which I have not Recd a Cent. Mr. Hatch made me many fair promises but last March he went to Albany after money and should Return Immediately when he would certainly pay me He has not returned—and I may whistle for my Money—last winter three of these sloops were given up to the Navy Department fitted for Carrying Guns and the guns mounted the President Carrying 8-18 pounders and 4 long 12 prs the growler 11 guns, and the Eagle 11—all commanded by Capt. Thomas Macdonough but when on

separate stations in the following order President Capt. Macdonough, Growler Lieut. Smith, Eagle Mr. Loomis—as soon as the Lake opened Capt. Macdonough urged me to go with him on board the President as Pilot and sailing Master offering me 40 Dollars per month and after Considering that I had been in the Navy service for some time past and that they had paid me punctually I accepted this offer and went on board where I continued untill the 15th of may when I was Violently attacked with the Fever which has proved so mortal through this part of the Country and untill the 22nd many were of opinion that I never would recover I was so low that I could not raise my head without assistance, I can assure you Sir that when a person is brought as low as I was and he retains his senses he will reflect Seriously on his past Conduct for my part I felt self convicted of many Errors and wished to Recall my misspent time not that I trembled for fear of finding a more unhappy place than this world but I was sensible that I might have been of more service to my fellow-Creatures and Dreaded the Idea of leaving my little Family to shift for themselves in this world of Depravity I also had a Curiosity to stay a little longer (which I suppose is natural) to see the fate of our country But thank kind providence I am now in a fair way to recover I can walk several rods without resting—I have hired a small house in this Village on account of being frequently at home without leaving our Sloops which frequently lie here Several Days and shall probably continue here until next winter—About the 1st of this month Capt. Macdonough Recd—intelligence that 2 large British Gunboats or Row galies were committing depredations at and about the lines when he ordered the Sloops Growler and Eagle to go down from Plattsburgh and drive those boats or Gallies from the lines, on the 2nd Instant they went and on the way understand that the British Boats defied them but as Soon as the Sloops Came near they retreated towards the river you will understand that the Lake from the line to ash Island (a distance of 4 or 5 miles) is from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide but as soon as you come to Bloody Island (a small Island a quarter of mile South or above Ash Island) it becomes a narrow river the Channel not more than 10 Rods wide and in many places runs within 3 rods of ash Island as the Shore, Hospital Island of about 5 acres lies $\frac{1}{2}$ miles below ash Island or 6 miles from the line, the Sloop Channel runs close to the west side of this Island but there is sufficient water on the West side for Gunboats and Row Gallies—at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd we heard a heavy Cannonading at the line as we supposed (and it being a calm we were alarmed for the safety of our Sloops) it lasted until 11 A. M. on the 4th we got a part of the particulars which as far as they go I think are Correct—as above mentioned the Gallies fled before the Sloops using their Sails and oars and keeping up a running fire, it appears that the Sloops were so eager in the pursuit of those boats that they forgot to heave about and tack back or lie too before they got into the river (where

the current runs 2 or 3 miles an hour) Close along by ash Island where the British were prepared to receive them the shores were lined with Troops Artillery Infantry and militia Small batteries hove up and Everything done to make the Trap complete and our commanders were Snugly Decoyed into it, after they got into the River the winde being light at south the current against them also they found they could not get back they fought Desperately untill the Eagle was sunk by a 24th Shot between wind and water then the Growler was soon boarded and taken they were taken just below hospital island when they left Plattsburgh Capt. Macdonough charged them not to be led into a snare but to be careful—the number of kill'd—and wounded we cannot as yet learn—My Father is still within the limits and his business at loose ends—we were yesterday saluted with 18 rounds from Col. Clarks Artillery the rejoicing is said to be in consequence of the province of Upper Canada, having surrendered to the Armies of the U. S.—P. S. my physician made Immediate and proper use of Calomel which I would recommend to every person in those Fevers—if you Cannot rad this please to write and I will try again in haste—Yours Respectful nephew—Barron, Jr.

(This letter was addressed on the back to Mr. Abel Barron, Hartford, Vt. The postage on it was 17 cents.)

THE END.

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