



# Warrensburgh Historical Society

**WARRENSBURGH HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY**

**VOLUME 4 ISSUE 2**

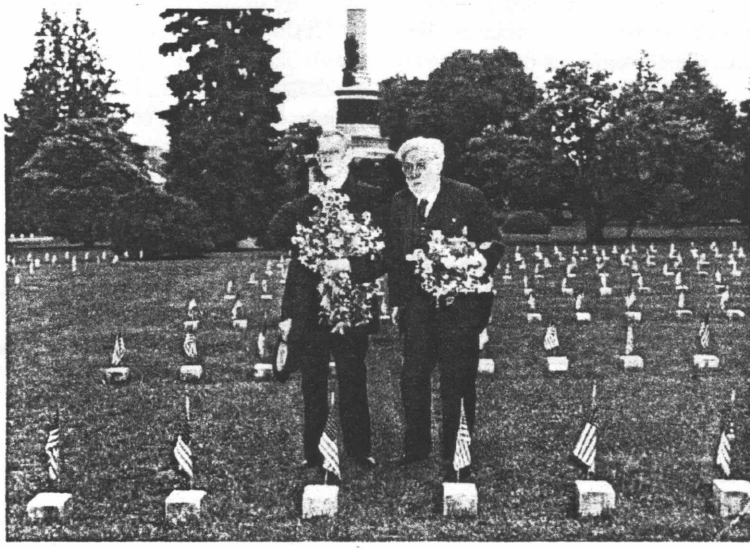
**SUMMER 1999**

## *Memorial Day 1999*

*by Anthony Fidd*

I can still remember my first memorial Day Parade as a Cub Scout, it must have been about 1970 or '71. The sun beat down as we passed Floyd Bennett's bandstand, as we called it, and headed for the cemetery, carrying our troop banner, and waving to the folks along the route. I still, to this day, am strangely reminiscent of fire trucks ahead of me, every time I smell diesel exhaust I feel nostalgic. I can remember the parade stopping at the cemetery near a wreath and everyone falling into position. Several of the *soldiers* wearing their ribbons on their hats lined up and on command fired three volleys of shots, that oddly enough, made all of us just about jump out of our skins.

Standing there like the other eight year olds, I listened to a speaker, I think it was Mr. Scriver, but I can't be sure, talk about some of the veterans that were buried there. He told accounts of battles, that some of the men had fought, and he told us that some of the men had not returned home having been killed in action. It was while I was listening to this that he said something that has stuck with me ever since, he told of a young man from Warrensburgh, who had been cut in half by machine gun fire on the beach at Normandy. I was amazed, I had never heard of such a thing! The many war movies I had seen never showed anything like that, what does he mean cut in half! After taps had sounded, and the parade was heading back, I stopped and asked the speaker if what he said was true, the part about being cut in half. He explained to me that as awful as it sounded, that it was true, and that he had spoken to some men that were there that very day and was repeating their accounts. I stood there, I am sure my mouth was open, not knowing what to say or do. He saw that I



*Two Civil War Veterans at the New York Memorial at Gettysburg 1939  
photograph courtesy of Anthony Fidd*

was somewhat perplexed about this so he walked me over to a marker in the cemetery and pointed to it. On the marker was the date June 6, 1944 and the name Ernest Mattison. I remember saying, I wish there was something I could do, or say, the man just looked at me and said, "There is something you can do. I looked up at him, still not saying anything and he simply said, **"Don't Forget"**.

As I see the last Memorial Day of this century approaching, I thought it would be helpful for all of us, if I listed some of the veterans from Warrensburgh, starting with the Civil War and going through World War II. As my research progresses, I hope to include the Vietnam War and the Gulf War.

### **Civil War 1861-65**

May 3rd 1861  
 Thurman H. Burdick  
 Thomas Crandall  
 George Byron Charette  
 Dennis Dennie  
 Frederick Darrow  
 Joel Eddy  
 Charles Farrar  
 Alexander Lamb  
 Nuel Scriptor  
 Andrew Turner  
 Joseph Turner  
 Ludwick Turner  
 George Wetmore  
 John H. Bennett  
 Thomas Pelletier  
 Warren Pelletier  
 Willard Combs  
 William E. Brown  
 J.H. Dingman  
 (continued on page seven)

## ***From the President***

Congratulations to Patricia Terrell for her appointment to Town Historian. It must be a daunting experience to suddenly be in a position needing to familiarize ones self with the abundance of ephemera that represents the history of a town. But Pat is young (at heart, at least!) and she is sincerely interested in the history of our community. I expect she will deal well with her new responsibilities. Her contact phone number is 623-2490.

The Town of Warrensburgh has accepted a bequeathment of artifacts of historical significance to our town. This gift is from Edythe Brown Haskell, whose mother was Ella Woodward Haskell, daughter of David Woodward. The Woodward lineage runs backward from David through John Woodward and Isaac Woodward and finally to Josiah. Josiah came to this area from Connecticut in 1787, twenty six years before the Town of Warrensburgh existed. It is understood that he, with his family, including fourteen year old son, Issac, was the seventh family to settle here. The bequeathment was specifically given to the Museum of Local History. A very abbreviated listing of the items given includes: a Civil War Spencer repeater rifle and a Civil War sabre, monogrammed "W", sterling flatware, sterling teaspoons (a wedding gift to Ella from A.C. Emerson family), furniture including tables, once owned by Lydia Holcomb Edwards, mother of Rebecca Edwards Woodward, cut crystal, porcelain ( some "glass" was once owned by Phebe Hack), a steeple clock, military and government papers of David M. Woodward, a portrait of David Haskell's mother painted by Cordelia Woodward, an aunt of Edythe, wall mirrors, dresser sets and quilts. What a wonderful legacy Edythe Brown Haskell has left to the future generations of Warrensburgh.

The Warrensburgh Episcopal Church building at 3764 Main Street was constructed in 1864-65. Today, 134 years later, the fate of the tower is in question. Supporting structures of the tower are failing, putting it in jeopardy of collapse. Indeed, it is enough out of plumb that it can be seen as such when viewed from across the street. Should the tower collapse, it will probably destroy the rear one half of the original building. An effort to restore the tower is being directed by Fr. Charles B. King, Rector. Being a well respected and very capable gentleman, I believe that if the tower is to be saved, it will be under his supervision. We, the members of the Warrensburgh Historical Society, recognize the social, historic and architectural significance of this structure to our community. We enthusiastically encourage its preservation.

*At the request of the Church, we print the following announcement.*

### **Bell Tower Restoration**

The Holy Cross Vestry is pleased to announce that Cate Mandigo has accepted a commission to paint her first ever view of Warrensburgh. Sale of the limited edition prints, (\$100) and the original painting (inquire about pricing) will benefit the Bell Tower Restoration Fund. We anticipate delivery of the prints in time for an artist's signing event at the Parish Auction on August 7, 1999. Send check to: Church of the Holy Cross, 3764 Main Street, Warrensburgh, NY 12885

### ***Board of Directors***

***Delbert D. Chambers, President***  
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***John Cleveland***  
***Leonard Denner***  
***Jean Hadden***  
***Kaena Peterson***  
***Teresa Whalen***

***Quarterly Editor..Linda Denner***

### ***Calendar of Events***

***June 12, 1999Stony Creek  
Historical Association Annual  
Meeting 4:30 Pot Luck Dinner 5pm  
Slide Show, Barns Businesses and  
Dwellings of Stony Creek 6:30 call  
696-2838 or 696-5211 for details***  
***June 24 7pm Board Meeting,  
Conference Room Glens Falls  
National Bank***  
***July 22 7pm Board Meeting  
Conference Room Glens Falls  
National Bank***  
***July 24 11am Chestertown  
Bicentennial Parade***  
***August 22-Annual Fundraiser-  
Sticky Wicket Croquet Games &  
Picnic Warren County Fish  
Hatchery***  
***September 1 Deadline for WHSQ***

### ***Contributors to This Issue:***

***Caron Akeley***  
***Delbert Chambers***  
***Linda and Len Denner***  
***Anthony Fidd***  
***Jean Hadden***  
***Ed Kreinheder***  
***Pat Terrell***



Leaning tower  
Church of the Holy Cross  
Photo courtesy of Champlain Stone,  
Ltd.

## *Antique Soup* by Caron Akeley *The Old Rocking Chair*

Rocking chairs have been a constant and comfortable part of our lives since the 18th century. The very name conjures up visions of peaceful summer afternoons on the porch with a glass of lemonade handy or a cozy winter evening in front of the fire. Babes in their mother's arms have been rocked to sleep for generations in "nursing" rockers, simple low rocking chairs that are frequently armless. Children have always had their own small versions of mom and dad's rockers. Why should the grown-ups have all the fun!

During the 19th century, many old, simple wooden country chairs were converted to rocking chairs just by attaching the legs to rockers. Simple slatbacks and windsors, if they didn't start life that way, became rockers as news of this relatively new comfort spread.

Styles of rocking chairs varied greatly from the simplistic look of the Shaker rockers with tape seats to the late Federal era chairs with beautiful fruit and flower stenciling painted and gilded on the back panel such as on the Boston and Salem rockers. The Victorian era brought softly upholstered pieces, later ones with spring seats, that you could sink into and wile away the hours in total relaxation. Platform rockers, chairs that through a spring mechanism rocked only in the area atop their built-in "platform", were very common in Victorian parlours. Because the base itself did not move, they didn't cut into and wear the carpet.

Oak press-back rockers became popular around the turn of the century as did the hefty mission oak variety.

Still popular today in many sizes, shapes and forms, rocking chairs are found in the living room, bedroom and nursery and are ready for us out on the porch waiting to greet summer.



*Boston Rocker circa 1840  
courtesy Cleverdale Antiques*

### *Pat's Column*

*Good Times! Good Friends!*

During the time when Dennis and Orpha Terrell were youngsters, very often families moved from home to home, usually homes of relatives. One of these moves took them back to Jim's (Terrell) upper place, on Harrington Hill, where Dennis had been born.

At the time of the move Orpha was nine and Dennis was six years old. Being a family of meager income the children had to invent their own toys and amusement, their most common being to get on the cows back and having a ride in the pasture. The cows name was Daisy and being the pasture was also the apple orchard, it meant for an interesting ride.

Cows are not normally beasts of burden so her intent was to unburden "the load". The children would see a low tree banch coming and would duck so as to stay on her back. Before the ride was over Daisy would catch the children off guard and a limb would sweep them off

her back with a great deal of squealing, yelling and sometimes crying.

Father made the children go to bed early on these nights and until they were adults couldn't figure out how he knew. —When a cow is upset or disturbed she doesn't give as much milk at that milking!

The only neighbors with children lived one half mile up the road toward hangworthy Spring and another one quarter mile in to their farm, "The Bateman Place".

Albert Bateman and his sister Agnes became pals of Orpha and Dennis. On visiting day the two mothers would drink tea and discuss happenings from "the hill" while the children got into mischief.

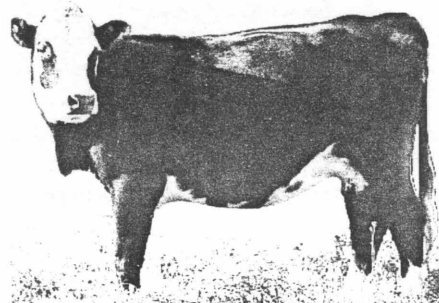
The buggy wagon was always a good source of fun and the four were able to pull it out of the wgon shed.

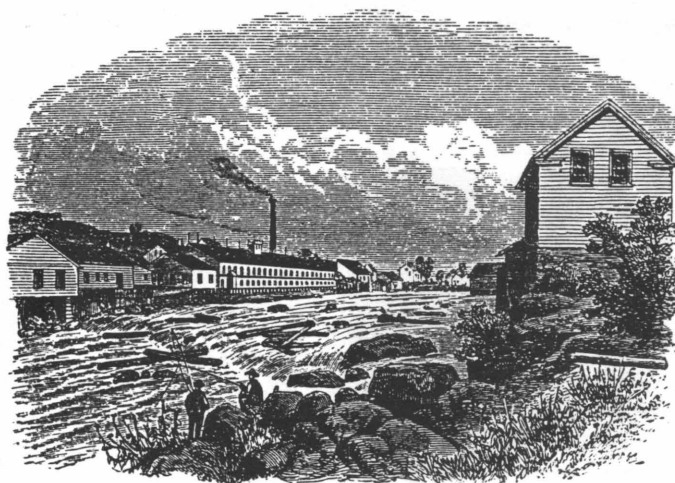
On a slope in the apple orchard (pasture) the four would push hard and then jump on for the ride; a nice little trip till the heavy brush at the bottom of the pasture stopped them.

There again Father made them go to bed early, as only he saw the many scratches on the buggy!

Albert got caught doing something wrong one day and was made to sit in the kitchen with the ladies. Just to be devilish he sprinkled red pepper on the hot wood stove. Of course, everyone vacated the house as the sneezing and watering eyes were unbearable. Albert, however, got the worst of it because he ended up with a very bad bloody nose and punishment.

Agnes Bateman McNeil still lives in Warrensburgh as does her brother Albert. Orpha Terrell Baker lives in Athol and Dennis Terrell passed away in March of 1999 after living his entire life in his hometown, Warrensburgh, Warren County, New York





VIEW AT WARRENSBURG.

### ***Mr. Lossings Tour of the River that Runs Both Ways*** by Ed Kreinheder

In the year 1859 the eminent historian, Benson Lossing decided to make a tour of the Hudson River with his wife and a friend, Mr. S. M. Buckingham, and whatever guides they might require. The following is an abbreviated account of their trip as outlined in his book, "The Hudson".

Starting from the headwaters in the late summer of that year, (to avoid the bugs and flies) and while journeying the length of the river to the sea, they stopped at interesting and picturesque places to make sketches. He was an accomplished artist and illustrated most of his own works. A prolific writer and author of many historical works, such as his classic "Pictorial Field Books of the American Revolution", in two large volumes and "The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea", which this writing refers to.

They went as far North as Ausable and Saranac Lake by boat and stage, then stopped at Bakers Inn for the night and engaged two guides to take them by boat and portage to

the shores of Raquette Lake, where they made camp for the night. They then dismissed their guides and sent for the famous Indian guide Mitchell Sabattis and William Preston to take them to the headwaters of the Hudson, as these men were more familiar with that territory. Sabattis, a St. Regis Indian was considered the best guide of that upper region. He had lived his whole life there and to this day is still remembered as one of the most famous guides of the upper Adirondacks. He was the grandson of the Sabattis mentioned in history, who had befriended Benedict Arnold, and guided him in 1775 from the Kennebec to attack Quebec.

Traveling by water with two guide boats, they reached what was then called "Hendrick Spring". They considered this the most remote source of the west branch of the Hudson. Portaging through a dense swamp choked with brush and fallen timber, they entered Fountain Lake and Catlin Lake. They then came to the first clearing near where Fishing Brook joins the Hudson, consisting of a sawmill and a few buildings. While continuing down by pond, lake and portage, they came to Tahawus mt., where they climbed to the peak. The guides claimed Mrs. Lossing was only the third woman to climb it. Lossing noted that logs cut up in this area were

*William and Mary Highboy  
19th Century  
courtesy Ed Kreinheder*

marked by hammer with the owners' mark and then floated by stream, pond and dam to the Hudson. Once there they traveled to the big boom in Glens Falls.

Passing through Lakes Colden and Henderson, they stopped for the night at "Hunters" in the village of Adirondack. Here they dismissed their guides again, and hired a spring wagon with three seats and a team of horses. They then set out for Scarron(Schroon) Valley over a corduroy road, (hence the spring wagon). Came to Schroon Lake, visted Paradox, Loon and Friendship Lakes, and the towns of Chester and Pottersville. They then rode down the pleasant valley to Warrensburgh. Here in Lossing's own words, I will let him describe our village as it was in 1859.

*(continued next page)*

"Warrensburg is situated partly upon a high plain and partly upon a slope that stoops to a bend of the Scarron, about two miles above its confluence with the west branch of the Hudson. It was a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, in the midst of rugged mountain scenery, the hills abounding with iron ore. As we approached it we came to a wide plain, over which lay-in greater perfection than any we had yet seen-stump fences, which are peculiar to the Upper Hudson country. They are composed of the stumps of large pine-trees, drawn from the soil by machines made for the purpose, and they are so disposed in rows their roots interlocking, as to form an effectual barrier to the passage of any animal on whose account fences are made. The stumps are full of sap (turpentine), and we were assured, with all the confidence of experience, that these fences would last a thousand years, the turpentine preserving the woody fiber. One of the stump machines stood in a field near the road. It was a simple derrick, with a large wooden screw hanging from the apex, where its heavy matrix was fastened. In the lower end of the screw was a large iron bolt in the screw. A horse attached to the lever works the screw in such a manner as to draw the stump and its roots clean from the ground. The stump fences formed quite a picturesque feature in the landscape, and at a distance have the appearance of masses of deer horns.

It was toward evening when we arrived at Warrensburg, but before sunset we had strolled over the most interesting portions of the village, along the river and its immediate vicinity. Here, as elsewhere, the prevailing drought had diminished the streams, and the Scarron, usually a wild, rushing river, from the village to its confluence with the Hudson proper, was a comparatively gentle creek, with many of the rocks in its bed quite bare, and timber lodged around them. The buildings of a large manufactory of leather skirted one side of the rapids, and at their head was a large dam and some mills. That region abounded with establishments for making leather, the hemlock-tree, whose bark is used for tanning, being very abundant upon the



CONFLUENCE OF THE HUDSON AND SCARRON.

mountains.

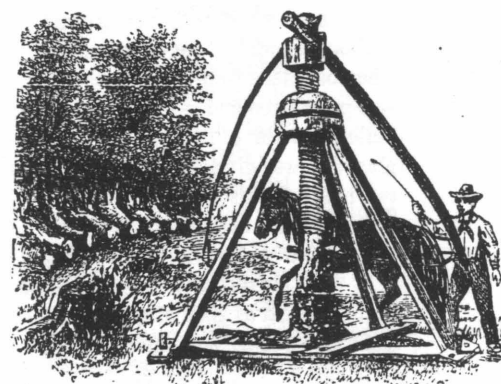
We passed the night at Warrensburg, and early in the morning rode to the confluence of the Scarron and Hudson rivers, in a charming little valley which the Indian pass of Teo-Ho-Ken in the olden time, between the Thunder's Nest and other high hills. The point where the waters met was a lovely spot, shaded by elms and other spreading trees and forming a picture of beauty and repose in strong contrast with the rugged hills around. On the north side of the valley rises the Thunder's Nest (which appears in our little sketch), a lofty pile of rocks full eight hundred feet in height; and from the great bridge, three hundred feet long, which spanned the Hudson just below the confluence, there was a view of a fine amphitheatre of hills."

After leaving Warrensburg they stopped in Luzerne, Lake George and Glens Falls. They then continued the journey south along the great river to the sea making 306 sketches along the way.

You might ask why there are no more stump fences here if they last a 1000 years? The reason being is that they were extremely ugly and untidy. They took up a lot of space, and some stumps were 4 feet through with roots extending 12 feet. The turpentine and pitch, which made them everlasting, also made them the best fuel for steam power locomotives, steam boats and

heat. Thus they were all sawed up for fuel and sold for a good profit, and replaced with stone and split rail zig-zag fences.

Why does the river flow both ways? Because it is a tidal river, literally an arm of the sea, with its bed below sea level. A strong flood tide comes in every day, up as far as the great dam in Troy, above Albany, and then runs back. This was a great boon in the days of sailing vessels and Henry Hudson. A vessel could go up stream without waiting for a favorable wind or tacking back and forth, and then return with the ebb tide. Due to its depth, ocean going vessels can go as far up as Albany. This is the story of one of our great rivers..



STUMP-MACHINE.

## ***Staying Alive*** **by Jean Hadden**

Got an ache or a pain in your belly? No big deal! Just go to the Health Center and get a magic pill and your problem is soon over. Did you ever wonder what it was like to live in the Adirondack frontier a couple of hundred years ago? Those who did not fend for themselves died. A lot of people who did fend for themselves died anyway. The life expectancy in those days was thirty-three years. The first medical school in America was founded in Philadelphia in 1764 but very few people ever had access to a physician in their lifetime and if they had they would not have had the money for such luxury. Babies were brought into the world by mid-wives and they were oft time paid with a chicken or two.

Not only did the lady of the house have to diagnose her family's ailments but she even had to make her own medicine. For instance, the accepted remedy for apoplexy was to lay the patient's head on a bag of ice, cut open the arm to drain off a quantity of blood, apply live leeches to the temple and not allow the person to eat meat. To cure jaundice the sufferer was forced to drink great quantities of dandelion tea.

Consumption was rampant in the colonies. The remedy was to administer cod liver oil, malt and lots home made whiskey. Dysentery and "bilious disorders" were common. Charcoal made from maple wood only was pulverized and two ounces was boiled in a pint of fresh milk. A wine glass full was given to the patient every two hours. Burns and scalds were drenched with quantities of vinegar and then covered with powdered chalk.

One old book says that grape fruit is almost as good as quinine for malarial troubles, and pineapple is a sure cure for sore throat and diphtheria. Tomatoes are perfect liver regulators. One small raw onion, eaten

every night before going to bed would carry off accumulated poisons in the stomach. The heart of the onion, well heated was put into the ear to relieve the agony of earache. For a bad chest cold, cow manure was heated and after it was applied to the afflicted area, a heated flannel cloth was laid over it.

In the 18th and 19th century, it was believed that foul odors could carry such diseases as the black plague, which was most always fatal. People carried oranges, which were rare and expensive studded with cloves, to sniff whenever the odors from the open sewers became too great. In a sick room it was a common practice to put coals on a shovel and sprinkle coffee grounds over them to clean the air.

People were warned to never venture into a sick room in a violent perspiration if they expected to be there for any great length of time. It was felt that as soon as the body became cold, it was in a state likely to absorb the airborne infection and receive the infection. In attending a sick person, one must stand where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased, not betwixt the diseased person and fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire would draw the infectious vapors in that direction and much danger could come to the person

breathing in it.

A sick person must never be allowed to let their breath collect on a cool window pane because live "animalculae" could survive there for days and infect anyone who came near. This was considered to be the most common cause of "sick headaches".

If a person is accidentally hanged, cut him down, open his jugular vein to reduce the pressure of the blood in the body and apply leeches to his temples. He will be better in no time. If he was hanged by order of a court of law, look in the opposite direction and pray for his soul. It was common to use turpentine as a cure for rattlesnake bite. Here again, heartfelt and fervent prayer most always worked much better.

**WARRENSBURGH HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

**INVITES YOU TO PARTICIPATE**

**SUBMIT YOUR REMEMBERANCES, PHOTOGRAPHS**

**OR STORIES TO OUR QUARTERLY;**

**WARRENSBURGH HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

**POST OFFICE BOX 441**

**WARRENSBURGH, NY 12885**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

J. G. Feathers  
Jacob H. Hazelton

July 25th the following enlisted:

Charles H. Burhans  
Hiram Bidwell  
James Warren Bennett  
Leander Bennett  
Augustus Bennett  
John C. Bennett  
Joel Bennett  
John Baker  
George Brown  
Charles Combs  
Warren Combs  
Frederick Darrow R.E.  
James W. Emerson  
Eben L. Fuller  
Abial Fuller  
Warren Fuller  
Edward S. Fuller Jr.  
William Fitzsimmons  
Charles O. Gray  
Jamon H. Harrington  
John Keays  
James Keays  
Charles Lamb  
James McKey  
Samuel B. Moses  
Luman G. Norton  
Orrin Russell  
William Guy Russell  
Thomas Sutton  
George Smith  
Samuel Augustus Stone  
Courtenay Sage  
John T. Turner  
Samuel Woodward  
George Young  
Uri Young  
Benjamin Young  
Samuel Taylor

The following men were credited to Warrensburgh even though their bounties were paid by Warren County, and some State sources: August 14, 1862

Benjamin Baker  
John Henry Bennett  
Dennis Bennett\*  
James Bennett\*  
Reuben Gleason\*  
David Gleason\*  
Henry Hill\*

Jonathan G. Harrington\*  
Abram Haight\*  
Norman Hazelton+  
Ira Hill  
John Keays\*  
David M. Woodward  
John R. Cole+  
Willard Latham  
George Harrington\*  
Orville Branch\*  
Samuel Cardell+  
Tarquin Cardell+  
M. Nelson Dickinson\*\*  
Thomas Fitzsimmons  
Parker Scribner  
Alfred S. Purvee  
Lewis Pelot  
James W. Reed+  
Samuel T. Richards\*\*  
Dwight Stone\*  
Frederick B. Stone\*  
Dennis Stone\*\*  
Thomas W. Sutton R.E.  
Judson Smith\*  
Hyland Thomas+  
Lysander Kempt+  
William Morehouse  
Samuel Maxim  
Henry Nelson  
Roswell O. Bryant\*  
Philemon Wetmore+  
Joel F. White+  
Franklin Weaver  
Joseph Lathem \*\*

Total 43 men, 9 short of quota

\*Denotes men who did not receive the bounty from Warren County, but from 123rd Regiment NYV

+Denotes men who received no local bounties (5th NY Cavalry)

\*\*Denotes Officers who received no bounty

++This man served for Ashel Bennett, taking his place in the 5th NY Cavalry

The Town of Warrensburgh recruited the following men to meet the quota :

Harlan Wood  
Benjamin Weaver  
Myron Buttles  
Seymour Knickerbacker 2nd  
Sela E. Knickerbacker  
William Harrington  
Cyrus Twiss  
Edwin Bennett  
John Langdon  
Charles H. Mosher  
James Combs  
Daniel Keenan

Jerry Lyons  
James H. Farrar  
Patrick Heffron  
Hartwell S. Ferrar  
George Crandall  
Total 18 men

On July 8th 1863 a draft was made and the following men were drafted from

Warrensburgh:  
Anson Braley  
Michael Reardon  
Issac Woodward  
Robert Hall  
James W. Bennett\*  
Jerome Chapman  
Charles Bidwell

On March 14th the following names enlisted in the 2nd Veteran Cavalry at

Glens Falls:  
Walter J. Lockhart  
Michael Harris  
Ludwick Turner  
Joseph Turner  
John Bender  
Charles Lamb  
George Turner

Also listed for that same draft were the following:

Abyron Scriptor  
William J. Russell  
George Smith  
John T. Turner  
George B. Robertson  
Nathan W. Wallace  
Jesse M. Sexton  
Nelson Fuller  
Alfred H. Smith  
Charles F. Farrar  
Hiram Knickerbacker  
Charles F. Judd  
Wallace W. Harrington  
Truman H. Burdick  
Charles H. Hoagan  
Henry Gates  
C. F. Duell  
Sylvester Latham  
Rodney Richardson  
Martin J. Hayes  
Asa Pelky  
Johnathan Rist

On August 29th 1864 a special town meeting was held to vote on paying \$800 bounties for volunteers, the following men enlisted:  
Samuel Chever-16th Artillery credited to Warrensburgh, previously serving but not credited to Warrensburgh.

(continued next page)

Senaca W. Tripp  
William H. Ingraham  
Elisha Parker  
John H. Maxim  
Dallas Varnum  
James Hammond  
Myron A. Duell  
James W. Middleton  
Dennis Palmer  
Charles Everts  
Silas Baker  
George Brown  
Charles H. Baker  
Duncan Everts  
John Kenyon  
Cyrus D. Pasko  
Orlin Smith

On December 16th 1864 Warrensburgh was required to provide 13 more men as per the Federal quota, the following were recruited:

John Hayes 93rd NYV  
R. E. Ferguson 192 NYV  
George Putney 192nd NYV  
John A. Billings 193rd NYV  
James Cavanaugh 192nd NYV  
Sanford Reynolds 192nd NYV  
Charles L. Mullett 192nd NYV

During the Civil War it was allowable to pay another man to serve in place of someone, usually for a fee to the subject or his family  
Substitutions are listed:

Charles H. Burhans sent Luzia Bennett 3 yrs. 192nd NYV  
Tommas Cunningham sent Joseph Bigwood 1 yr. 192nd NYV  
John H. Stone sent Louis Clooky 3yrs 192 NYV

The following men were drafted and sent the following substitutes:

Albert Hall sent Joseph Raymond 1 yr 3rd Cavalry  
Seth C. Russell sent Jacob Weatherwax 1 yr.  
Job Harrington Jr. sent Henry Nailor 1 yr. 192nd NYV  
John Henry Peers to serve for Fred O. Burhans  
Hiram E. Gebo to serve for Henry Herrick  
Benjamin Cilley to serve for Henry Griffing  
Thorton Robliert to serve for Thomas

Chadwick  
Marshall L. Brown to serve for S. T. Richards

This list is courtesy of "Reports of the Warrensburgh War Committee 1861-65" a copy of which was provided graciously by Caron Akeley

In the interest of space, I have included only the Civil War names. For following Issues I will provide the World War I and II Veterans. I apologize for any omissions, as my research is still ongoing.

**We Invite You All to Submit  
Stories, Photographs, and  
Remembrances  
for Inclusion in our Upcoming  
Issues of the  
Warrensburgh Historical  
Society Quarterly  
We publish a Fall, Winter,  
Spring and Summer  
Edition**

**Mail to:  
Warrensburgh Historical Society  
Post Office Box 441  
Warrensburgh, NY 12885**

*You are all Cordially invited*

*The Annual Sticky Wicket*

*Croquet Tournament  
and Picnic sponsored by*

*The Warrensburgh Historical Society*

*August 22, 1999*

*Noon to Five  
at*

*The Warren County Fish Hatchery  
Games, Food  
Free Admission*