

THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



SILVER ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

OCT 1972

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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COVER STORY

See page 5 for story of our first color cover.

An ACT to erect Part of this State into a County, by the Name of the County of St. Lawrence.

Passed March 3d, 1802.

BE it enacted by the People of the State of New-York, represented in Senate and Assembly, That all that tract of land, beginning in the line in the river St. Lawrence which divides the United States from the dominions of the King of Great-Britain, where the same is intersected by a continuation of the division

Saint Lawrence

By EUGENE HATCH

(Author's Note: In gathering this material, my chief sources were Samuel Eliot Morison's "The European Discovery of America, The Northern Voyages" (for the Cartier voyage); Landon's "History of the North Country" and Dr. Hough's History of St. Lawrence & Franklin Counties (for the organization of the county). Prof. Edward Blankman gave valuable aid in searching the St. Lawrence University archives (for the University section.) EH

least day of St. Lawrence so the bay was given the name of St. Lawrence Bay. The use of saint's names was a custom of Cartier's. Of the more than 60 place names he gave to coastal features, 20 are named for saints. The name of this bay has been changed to the forbidding title of Pillage Bay but St. Lawrence appears on Mercators

Two persons, a saint and a sailor figure in the naming of our county. The saint was the martyred deacon Lawrence of the early Church. The sailor Jacques Cartier used the saint's name to designate a small bay on the great River Hochelaga. The name stuck and later the noble river and our own county appropriated it.

On a summer day in August of 1535 three sailing ships might have been observed off the rocky shore of a bay on the great river, but there were no observers nearby unless one counts the seals near the water who doubtless watched with vague uneasiness. Likely the Indians, screened by the forest had followed from the shore the great white birds as they sailed along the coast.

The captain's ship was the Grande Hermine, nearly eighty feet in length, nearly as large as a modern sailing yacht and there were two smaller ships. The fleet had sailed from St. Malo, then a busy seaport of France on May 19, 1535. After a few days at sea, bad weather set in and the little ships had been tossed about and in the storms had become separated and each ship had lost sight of the others. It was an anxious time but they had all met safely off Newfoundland.

THE SAILOR

The Captain was Jacques Cartier, one of a family of mariners, from St. Malo. He had married several years before Catherine de Granches, daughter of a leading ship owner of St. Malo. On his first voyage he had discovered Newfoundland to be an island and while sailing around it, he had painstakingly charted the shoreline. Now financed by King Francis I of France, he was going on to seek the passage to China.

At that time and much later, navigators were obsessed with the idea that there was a northwest passage to the East. Sixteen years before Magellan's ship had sailed around South America from the Spice Islands, but the voyage had been reported to be difficult with heavy storms and it was dismally long. A northwest passage was hoped for past the inconvenient land mass, thought to be narrow, which stood in the way.

There were sailing vessels off Newfoundland, but these more practical sailors were interested only in netting fish for the European market from this, the world's greatest fishing ground.

Since Cartier's first voyage in these waters, his reputation as an able navigator had spread. It was said he was fair minded to his men and allowed them to bring along trinkets to trade with the Indians for furs when they could be persuaded to come on board ship. In fact in the Captain's three voyages he had never lost a man or a ship at sea, although he sailed along the uncharted coasts of the New World. Many of the crew were hometown men, and of the 112 aboard, twelve were his relatives, so no doubt among the three ships, morale was high.

On August 10, 1535, Cartier's little fleet arrived at an uncharted bay opposite Anticosti Island. The day was the



map published in 1569 and on succeeding maps as the name of Cartier's Riviere de Hochelaga and the Indian's Cat-a-ro-qui. Samuel de Champlain popularized the name of St. Lawrence, and sometime later the long low chain of mountains extending from Labrador to the Arctic Ocean became known as the Laurentian Mountains.

From the Bay, the Captain sailed on up the River along rocky shores broken at intervals of a few miles by fertile valleys coming to the river shore. Five hundred miles upriver, he anchored off Hochelaga, a bustling Indian village, the present site of Montreal. A few miles farther he came to the swirling LaChine Rapids. There was no passage for his ships. He described the scene as "a sault of water, the most impetuous one could see." A moment's glance told him his sea voyage to China was over, and he never got to the East. The name LaChine Rapides, the China Rapids, was given in wry humor by Robert de la Salle in the next century when he had an estate nearby.

Probes were made later by navigators farther north, but no sailing vessel ever found a Northwest passage. As yet a route through for tankers to the Alaskan oil fields has not been found practical.

Gradually it became evident that the new land in her own right was economically important with her immense forests for lumber, the fisheries and furs and on Cartier's next and last voyage, an attempt was made to plant a colony.

Jacques Cartier had discovered a great waterway into the heart of North America, and but for the conquest of the English, the whole region might have been ruled by France.

THE SAINT

Saint Lawrence, a native of Huesca, Spain, became in Italian San Lorenzo. After coming to Rome, his exemplary life and zeal for the Church came to the notice of the church vestments and plate and a fund of money.

About this time, the Emperor Valerian began to persecute the Christians. Pope Sixtus was put to death and the prefect of Rome demanded that Lawrence hand over to him the treasure of the Church. Lawrence, it is said, fearing that the money would be taken, distributed it to the poor and going through Rome, assembled all the poor, the blind, the lame and the widows and presented them before the Prefect as the special treasures of the Church.

The enraged Prefect thus foiled of his designs to seize the Church moneys in the year 258 ordered Lawrence to be tortured and killed. According to St. Ambrose and several other writers, St. Lawrence was given a diabolical and inhuman torture -- he was placed upon a large gridiron and roasted alive over glowing coals.

The hero saint, who had been so brutally martyred, was immensely popular in Medieval times. One writer asserts that there is a church dedicated to San Lorenzo in nearly every town in Italy and churches in his honor appear in most countries in Europe. The largest of these is the Escorial in Spain, built by Philip II, the Westminster Abbey of the Spanish Kings, serving as well as a palace. The huge granite pile is over 740 feet long. Whether intentional, or not, the structure is built in the form of a gridiron with the imposing palace as the handle.

Several cities in Europe, as Nuremberg and Genoa, claim St. Lawrence as their patron and it was in the Bay of Sao Lorenzo, off the Azore Islands, that in 1493 Columbus stopped to take on food and water for his ships, on the return from his epochal discovery of America.

A NAME FOR THE INFANT COUNTY

In 1801, in a shift of county lines, the New York State Legislature Annexed to Clinton County the territory eventually to be known as St. Lawrence County. The county seat was at Plattsburgh, 120 miles away. Under the travel conditions of that era, it was a severe handicap to travel to the court sessions. A petition was drafted asking the Legislature to establish a county from the St. Lawrence River southward. The chief reason stated was the remoteness of our region from Plattsburgh and the miserable route to travel. In concise language, the petition states, "Much of the way there is no road and the remainder of the way is a very bad one."

The document goes on to offer one of "the old stone buildings at the Old Oswegatchie Fort" at Ogdensburg to house the proposed court house. Here we can see the hand of Nathan Ford and his name headed the 155 signatures to the petition. They form a list of the leaders of the townships.

Some of the signers' names stand out from the rest. There was John Tibbets Jr., son of the owner of 10,000 acres in Macomb. He was later an Assistant Judge in the new county court. Another signer, also appointed assistant judge, was 19-year-old Stillman Foote, the first permanent settler of Canton. There were other future judges, John Edsall, Madrid land agent, in the first court of common pleas and Alexander Turner, prominent in Lisbon town affairs, became a judge in the same court. Thomas Davies of Oswegatchie became our first sheriff.

The petition is in the handwriting of John King, the father of Preston King. No name for the new county was mentioned. It was received by the Assembly on Feb. 8, 1802, and the legislators, no doubt from their own trying experiences in traveling to Albany over the rudimentary roads of the period, viewed the request with favor.

Passage of the Bill

On March 6, 1802, both chambers of the Legislature

passed the bill. Its title reads, "An act to erect part of this state into a County, by the name of the County of St. Lawrence."

So the new county was here first officially named; by whom, it may never be known. However, the name St. Lawrence County was a sound and logical choice. The River is the county's dominant physical feature with its 60-mile shore line. Only Jefferson County shares it, and Ogdensburg is the only United States deep ship port on the river.

Today when autos and fleets of mammoth trucks skim over our splendidly built roads, it is hard to realize how much the settlers, isolated as they were from the rest of the state, depended on the River as a waterway for trade with our chief market, Montreal, before the first railroad came to Ogdensburg in 1850. They found ready buyers there, who paid cash -- then in short supply -- for black salts or potash, and pearlash. The hogsheads of these products a

of these products were loaded on to wagons and laboriously carted to Ogdensburg and shipped by boat to Montreal. Logs and lumber were in demand and were rafted and floated to market. Later the city was a good market for our dairy butter and cheese.

Besides the building fitted for a county court house, another -- the bomb proof magazine of the old Fort -- was chosen for a jail and it should well have furnished maximum security.

Louis Hasbrouck was the first county clerk and he carried on his duties from his own office. For many years Mr. Hasbrouck was active in Ogdensburg civic activities. His abilities were recognized by his fellow citizens, who chose him as assemblyman in 1814 and State senator in 1832. When President Monroe visited Ogdensburg and St. Lawrence County, it was Louis Hasbrouck who gave the speech of welcome at Ogdensburg.

From Cow Pasture to Campus

The good saint's name was also chosen for our first north country university.

The first settlers of the county were transplanted New Englanders and they brought the ideals of the Pilgrim fathers with them. It has been well said that as soon as these people settled an area and established homes, they began to build churches and to found schools. Several of our villages, as Canton, even have a New England-style village green with a church or churches and sometimes a school facing this land.



RICHARDSON HALL, CANTON, N. Y.

So, in 1852, about fifty years after the first settlements, there began a discussion to build a religious school by the Universalist Church. Canton and a dozen other communities of the state were eager to be the site of this

(Continued on Page 21)

SLAB CITY

The only other city besides Ogdensburg in our county is Slab City. This distinction may be minor, but Slab City has had an interesting past.

In 1969 Mrs. Oria L. Bailey researched an item about the old blacksmith shop which collapsed during heavy snowfalls and was destroyed by the West Potsdam Fire Department for safety reasons. More's the pity.

Mrs. Bailey recalled that the building had been erected and owned by a member of the Wires family, early settlers there. Chester Wires was the last of the family to occupy the shop. Being both a blacksmith and a mechanic, he not only shod horses, but repaired the farmers' machinery as well.

The shop was a place of constant activity--especially on rainy days when farmers deluged the blacksmith with

various and sundry tasks. The place was somewhat of a social center, too, where community news was discussed and card games engaged in while clients waited for the smithy to complete repairs.

Mr. Wires was not only a man of trade, but a violinist of some ability who furnished the music for many country dances.

Later a George Lindley became the owner and served the community for many years before selling the shop and equipment to Arthur J. Grant. Mr. Grant rented the shop to James Jannette who for some time served the area efficiently before moving into the metropolis of Potsdam. The building was never used again, and slowly fell into decay. The remembrance of this old landmark lives only in the memories of a few elderly residents.

THE ARTIST OF OUR COVER, GUY HORSFORD By EDWARD J. BLANKMAN

Our first cover in colors, celebrating our Silver Anniversary, is reproduced from a watercolor done by Guy Horsford of Madrid. His title for it is "Old Slab Bridge", and it is our assumption that it was of a years-ago bridge in Slab City. It is nice to think that, at least, as one looks at this charming watercolor.

A word about Mr. Horsford is in order. Born in 1875, he made Madrid his lifetime home. He died in 1967 at the age of ninety-two and is buried in the Madrid cemetery.

In his youth he worked in his father's grocery store and later was a partner in the store of his mother, Mrs. Julia M.K. Horsford. After his mother's death, he operated the store with the aid of his wife, the former Jennie Barnett of Louisville.

Interesting historically is the fact that he was instrumental in supplying telephone service to Madrid. The office was in the rear of his store. Also, the story is told of his wife that, in that day of runaway horses, she admonished a young girl wheeling a baby, "Please get that child out of the streets." The baby is now a lady of Madrid with an excellent memory.

Mr. Horsford took up painting in his young manhood. He did both oils and watercolors, and got the inspiration for his best works from local spots. He did numerous copies of the Madrid stone bridge, which is still used, and now-gone sawmill.

He also did many paintings of the West. In these he was frankly imitative of Remington and Russell. These and other paintings hang in village homes, the St. Lawrence National Bank in Canton, The Cedars in Ogdensburg, and the Dompnier-Leonard insurance offices. It is clear that his best paintings were the ones in which he struck away from imitation to rural life about him. That is why we have chosen the "Old Slab Bridge" for the cover of this Silver Anniversary issue. Guy Horsford was a north country gentleman of the old school and, at his occasional best, a genuine artist of local scenes.



Why was the "Old Slab Bridge" chosen? Seven or eight possibilities were shown to several officers of the Association without intercommunication, every one picked out this watercolor.

Our Members Serve

A workshop for historians and historical agency people was held at Paul Smith's College in June (it snowed!). The staff of the State Education Department and Mary Biondi, county historian; Varick Chittenden, sitting in for Ed Blankman, a college historian; and Maxine Rutherford, town historian were on a panel exploring how these types of historians can cooperate with and work with one another. This second venture at workshops for two days there has been successful; it was voted to make it an annual affair.



A "New Look" at the County Historian's History Center! Several new bookcases have eased the storage problem (if not the Space problem). Exhibits carried during the past few years have now been put into the repository at Richville. The History Center is primarily a research center of archives. The center devoted to records for family searchers has been enlarged, many records heretofore not accessible are now marked and available. There are still many unpertinent books and materials taking prime space to shift to other areas. We have at least fifty bibles, from cabinet size to miniature breast pocket size. We do want the records contained in family Bibles to file in our family research unit, but we don't need any more Bibles! Thanks to the muscles and ingenuity of Van C. Hoyt who worked so diligently on this project during the entire month of August. The History Center was open every day during this time. Van is Mrs. Biondi's Deputy County Historian.

Some recent acquisitions of note: A baseball uniform of early date; a Navy uniform, W.W. II vintage; childrens toys, books, games. The first we've had of either. Need other WW II and WW I regalia.

Mrs. Biondi has been talking to Senior Citizen groups and a geriatric group in one of the Senior Citizens Centers on a regular basis. Soon tapes will be made of some of the reminiscences of these citizens. Town historians will assist in this project.

(Vignette) WHAT MY MOTHER DID WITH OLD PAPERS

By CLARA LaRUE

Besides reading the news, cutting out songs, poems and recipes for scrap and cook books, she put them under carpets, spread them on the door to wipe feet on, start fires, packed dishes, patched walls before hanging wall-paper and used oodles of them to keep the papering board from getting messy.

She wrapped garbage in them and stuffed cracks, lined the wood box, cut out paper dolls, put them on pantry shelves.

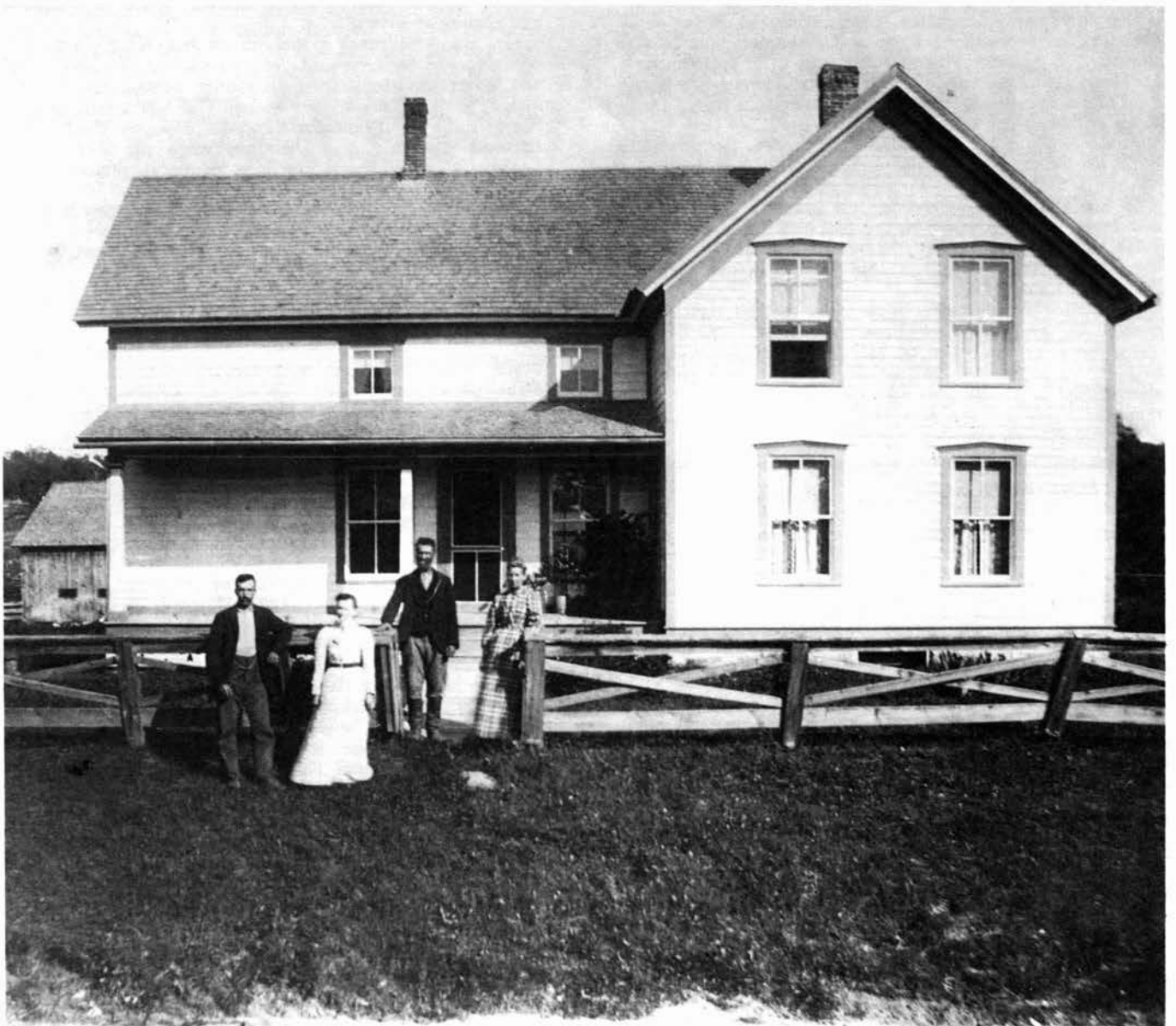
She took papers on picnics to wrap food to help keep it hot or cold. They used them for table cloths or to sit on. They made pads to protect the feather bed. Papers were put under highchairs to keep grease spots off her floor, put under chairs when she cut our hair, put on a just mopped floor to keep it clean til dry.

Papers were put between rows of corn to keep the coons away, soaked and dried in hard balls to burn in the fireplace. I remember watching them burn. They

gave off a pale green and yellow flame, pretty with a clean odor.

Mother also cut patterns out when she made our clothes, wrapped slips of plants to give away to aunts and friends, wrapped shoes to put in suitcases to protect other things from soil, wrapped unripe fruits and tomatoes to help them ripen in the dark. She also tacked up paper at windows to keep out the sun, and cut them up in fine pieces to put in hen's nests. She said it stopped them from eating their eggs.

She then put them in a box when the old cat was expecting a family, and put them on the floor in the corner to housebreak a new pup. Papers were used to clean fish and chicken or make insoles for shoes, put on rubber heels so they would slip in our overshoes easier, put across your chest under your coat to break off the cold wind. Papers made hats and kites for kids. My mother couldn't live without newspapers. I can hear her now: "Bring me a newspaper."



Gift of Doris Gates Estate: Photo of John Gates, Laura Gates, Hiram Edward and Rosabell Church, in town of Russell. Many will recall these people.

natural canal

Indian Creek

By Nancy Byrns, Yorker

Bodies of water, large and small, have always been interesting to nature lovers, farmers, navigators, historians, conservationists, or simply, just about everyone. Their natural beauty and usefulness combined with the promise of wholesome recreation, attracts people of all races, colors, and creeds. Indian Creek, a natural canal linking the Oswegatchie and Grass Rivers between Canton and Rensselaer Falls, has been no exception throughout its picturesque history. As early as 1813, Spafford's "Gazetter" called it a "curiosity of some importance." Certainly today it still remains as such.

Indian Creek was given its name by local settlers who observed Indians from St. Regis who used to come each fall then leave after making sugar in the spring.

An unusual fact about the six mile long stream is that it flows into both the Oswegatchie and Grass Rivers. The Oswegatchie is about seven feet lower than the Grass, and the creek has a three foot descent to the Oswegatchie, but the water flows either eastward or westward depending on its height.

In 1875 James E. Norton, a farmer and school teacher in the Canton area, wrote a description of Indian Creek which remains today a most accurate account of what the water and land used to look like. Most of the information is still true today. Here is a sample of what he wrote:

"At the head of this canal is an interval of about 80 acres lying on the left bank of the river which overflows in the spring and uniting with the waters of this canal gives it the appearance of a broad lake presenting to the eyes a beautiful scenery. . . on the left of the canal lies the cemetery where stands erected marble slabs to mark the resting place of the first settlers of that vicinity. . ."

"A little farther down is a place called by the inhabitants around, the first narrows, from its being so narrow in the time of low water that a person may step across.

"Just below on the right bank stands a maple orchard of about 500 trees where people resort to for pleasure, the canal being about three rods wide it forms the landing

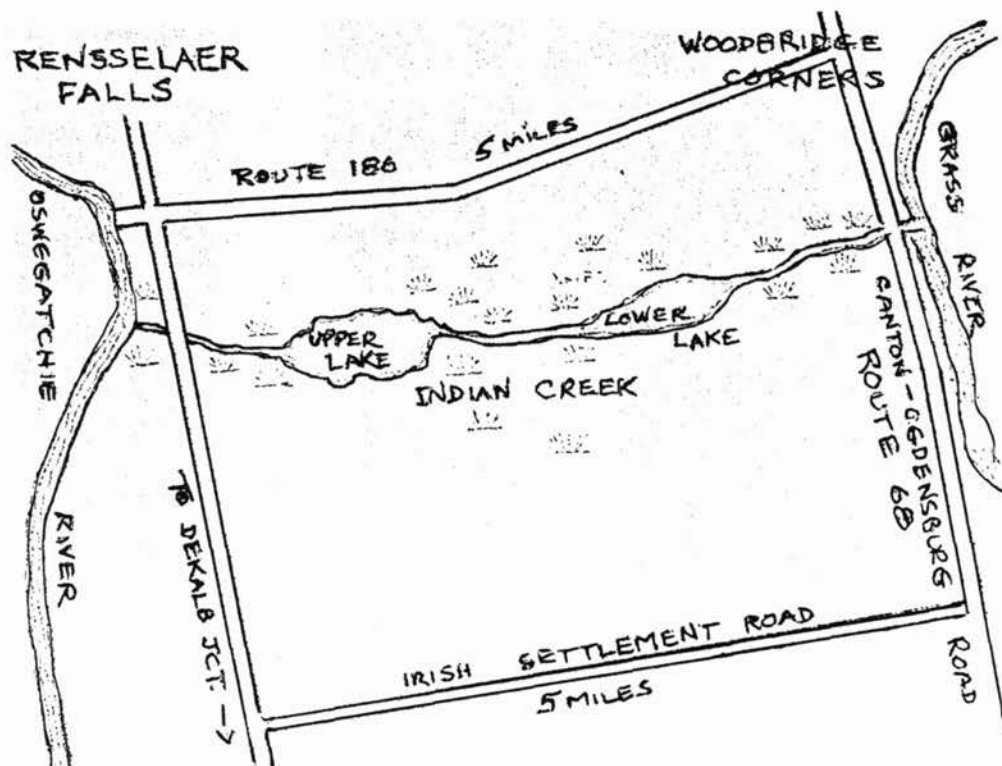
place for the fisherman's boat, the fishes being quite numerous which makes it a pleasant resort for those that are fond of fishing and hunting. . .

"About half a mile from the head of the canal it turns very abruptly forming an elbow. A little farther down the water is covered with lilies of different kinds forming a complete bed of flowers for about 10 rods. Then the waters become clear again and the canal begins to widen and soon you come to a cove emptying into the canal. . . Here you come into the first lake where it is about 25 rods wide, then to the second narrows that a man may jump across anywhere within the half a mile.

"Then you come into the second lake. The banks of which are covered by a forest of black ash and soft maple. The next in order is the third lake. The forests extend along on the banks of this until you get most to the right bank. A little farther down is erected another bridge. From this the canal grows narrower until it mingles its waters with the Oswegatchie. . ."

Not only has Indian Creek been beautiful, but also useful. Being 5 to 10, and even 25, rods wide in some places, it was originally open at both ends and utilized by pioneer farmers with small boats as a highway to the mill. Spafford's Gazetter in 1813 called the river "very straight, and navigable at high water for boats of 10 tons." A sand bar at the entrance was a hazard in dry weather, but Gazetter correspondents said "that for 100 dollars it might be made usable at all times."

Indian Creek drains an alluvial plain of around 4,500 acres. Since the flat had been too wet for cultivation, an early \$6,000 project was undertaken to close the Oswegatchie outlet, cut a canal back along the bank below the dam, and thus lower the water level by four feet. Apparently the plan met criticism and biting attacks while being carried out. James E. Norton wrote in 1857 that it proved to be a total failure. However, Evert's history published in 1878 stated, "the drainage of the land adjacent to the canal has steadily progressed until a considerable area has been reclaimed and now is good graz-



ing, and some even fit for cultivation. In time it is confidently expected it prove to be of the very best lands in town." In later years many prosperous farms sprang up near, but the soil remained quite swampy around the creek.

As stated before, most bodies of water are of interest to navigators and businessmen. Judge Raymond and Benjamin Wright were the first people to formulate a project to improve the waterways of northern New York. Clinton, Franklin, and St. Lawrence county citizens met at Ogdensburg, August 28, 1823, and adopted measures to build a canal connecting Lake Champlain and Ogdensburg. Judge Raymond, in his preliminary survey, planned to use Indian Creek, then called Oswegatchie Natural Canal, and Grass River to link the waters together and form a route to Canton. The idea was even commended by DeWitt Clinton in his 1825 annual message to the state assembly, but the lawmakers determined the work to be impractical.

Another company was incorporated April 25, 1831 to "build canals, locks and dams on the Oswegatchie and Grass Rivers in order to navigate Black River and to extend the same to Gouverneur and by the way of Natural Canal to Canton. The work was to cost \$15,000 in the beginning (or \$50,000 depending on which history book one wants to believe) but was increased to \$100,000 in 1835. The construction was to be completed in five years with the corporation lasting no longer than thirty years. Sylvester Gilbert, Jacob A. Vanden Heuvel, Smith Stilwell, and Louis Hasbrouck were the original commissioners to receive subscriptions, but in 1835 the board was changed to consist of R. Harison, D.C. Judson, S. Gilbert, H. Van Rensselaer, E. Dodge, A. Sprague, and S.D. Moody. Commissioners to receive stock were Baron Doty, Sylvester

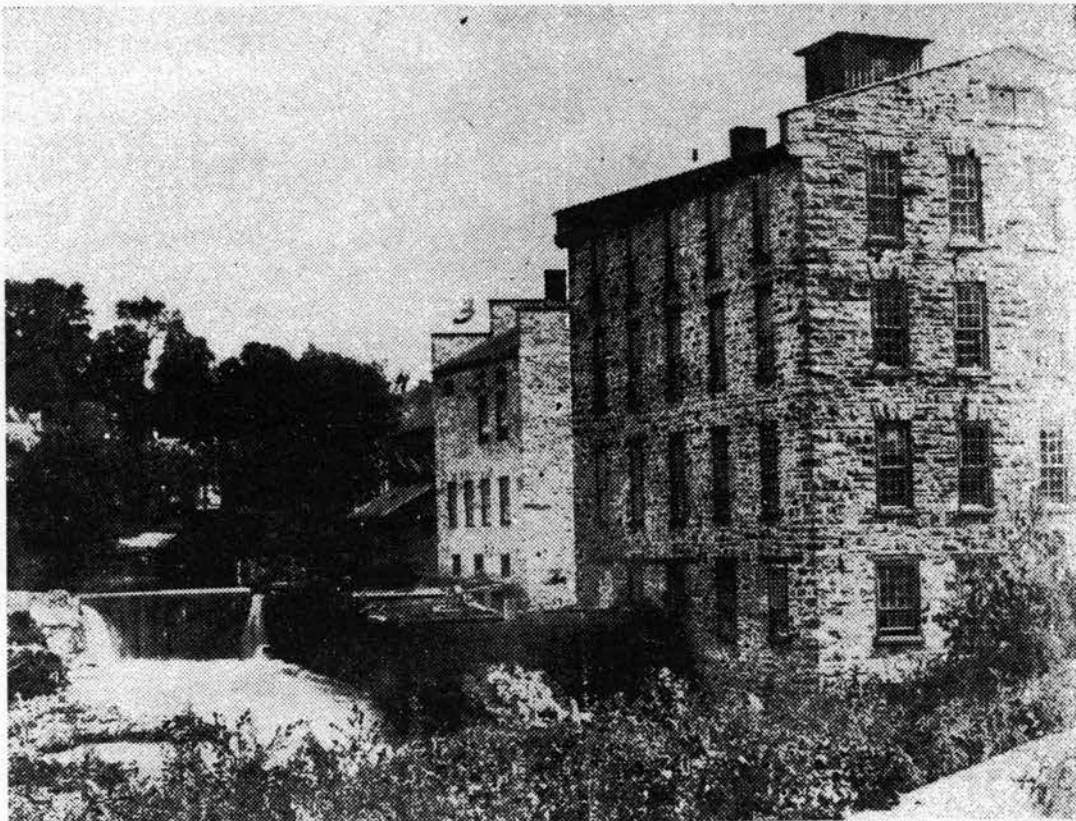
Gilbert, Jacob A. Vanden Heuvel, Smith Stilwell, Henry Van Rensselaer and E.M. Fairchild.

Not more than \$12,000 was allotted to construct dams and locks on Indian Creek. "A dam across Grass River and a short channel near the eastern end of Natural Canal would bring Canton in navigable communication with the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg. It is evident that no actual improvements were ever undertaken under these acts.

In the course of history, conservationists have taken interest in Indian Creek. Their projects have been much more recent and quite successful. The Fish and Game Division of the New York State Conservation Department acquired 6,000 acres along both sides of the canal as a State Waterfowl Preservation Project. All land, including 14 farms, in the 18 square mile parcel were bought by the state in order to establish a breeding area for wild geese, ducks, and pheasants. Since the farmland along the Irish Settlement Road is about 100 feet above the canal swamps, this land was selected to raise feed for the game, but this met limited success.

This project has benefited the town of Canton in several ways. First, it provides a natural breeding place for the wildlife; second, it is remaining on town tax rolls and paying taxes; and third, it has established a place for limited hunting. (Formerly the land had been a private hunting area leased to seven Ogdensburg men.)

Undoubtedly Indian Creek has a long future ahead which may even prove to be as picturesque as its history. The wildlife preserve especially will aid the state in retaining its present numbers of game and help this county keep its natural resources and beauty. Certainly Indian Creek will continue to be of interest and of use to all people of Northern New York.



During the late 1800's when the above picture was taken, Wegatchie was a thriving village and home of several industries, which utilized the water power furnished by the Oswegatchie River. Among these were the Church

woolen mill, at right; the grist mill, owned by Henry Bolton, beside it, and the sawmill, operated by Thomas Turnbull, in the distance. A portion of the sawmill owned by David Storie is also shown at left.

Poetical Portraits

Lake Titus

Farmer's Girls - 1857

Up in the early morning
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
turning the cows away.
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
making the beds upstairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
dusting the parlor chairs,
Oh, how merry the day is light and gay,
We sing of the Farmer's girls, Hurrah,
we Sing of the Farmer's girls.
La, la, la, la, la, (20 la's)

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs in the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
spinning the stocking yarn,
Spreading the whitening linen down
of the bush below,
Ransacking every meadow,
where the wild strawberries grow.
Oh, how merry, etc etc.

Starching the fixings for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and the strainer
down in the running stream.
Feeding the geese and the turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
jogging the little one's cradle,
driving away the flies,
Oh, how much grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own,
Cheeks that will rival Red Roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls.
One of these country maids are worth
a score of your city girls!
Chorus: Oh, how merry the day is,
light and gay,
We sing of the farmer's girls.
La, la, la, la.

(Found in archives of Massena Town
Historian, Marie Eldon-Browne.)

A Couple

A boy and girl - lovers.
"Two is company, three's a crowd."

A bride and groom.
"A young couple."

Golden Wedding.
"lucky couple."

Remember this, if "a couple" is said,
Make it "two" and have nothing to dread.

A couple of miles--
If you walk may seem very far;
No distance at all in a car.

A couple of hours a couple of days -
A couple of weeks - A couple of months -

Primeval forests line the steepy shore,
And sombre shadows stretch calm waters o'er,
On this lone mountain lake, by moonlight still,
Where the long echoes wake from hill to hill--
The slightest oar splash and the gentlest tone,
Here all seems dead, and nature lives, alone.
Strike but the hands together, hollowed so,
And in the woods you hear the ax-man's blow;
Sing but a snatch of some familiar song,
And Siren lips re-echo sweet and long
From mount to mount; whistle and you shall
hear

A whole brigade of school boys loud and clear;
Shout out a line of Virgil, and the lake
With Latin echoes will be all awake.
Scarce ever did our eyes a scene behold,
However new, but somehow it seemed old,
And we could fancy that on some far shore,
In some strange life or time, we'd seen before;
But here all is so new, this is the spot,
If such exist, where all may be forgot.
Now something like a sadness gently falls,
As yonder stream trickling from rocky walls;
Joy is subdued and softened like the scene,
And the heart seems a part of what has been.

The spirits of that vanished race, whose fame
Hovers about these mountains, with their name--
Perhaps they linger round, and even here
In some remote, barbaric, vanished year
Those last sad exiles, famine worn, pursued,
"Bark-eaters" looked their last on lake and
wood;

And as yon moon lit up these silver waves,
Found death far sweeter than the lives of slaves,
The whole world is the sepulchre of those
Who die for freedom; sweet is their repose
By the blue waters of the Grecian bay,
The wedded Adria, Tiber's yellow spray,
The Mexican's plateau, the Switzer's peak,
The wind-swept heath of Caledonia bleak,
The sand dunes of the Dutch, or that green hill
Where Warren fell, bathed in his glory still,
But here, even savage man could die for thee,
O freedom; and the children of the free
And the enlightened, as they breathe this air,
Gaze on they face, and view it grow more fair,
Till the heart leaps, and the exulting soul
Rises and breaks from all but love's control.
Thoreau at Concord found all beauty lying
In a small compass, all sublimity,
Which nature yields in birth, or life, or dying,
Or her stern forms which last eternally.
So here we see the beautiful, the grand,
The wild, the free, all mingle and expand.

by Frank Bigelow

A couple of years -
Short if in laughter;
Long if in tears.

A couple of minutes may be made to stretch.
A couple of chairs will have to be fetched.

Whether you say it in prose;
Or put it in rhyme,
"A couple" means "two"
Every last time.

--Abigail Cole

let there be light

Abigail Smith Cole

This summer, while reading about the troubles electric companies are having all over the country, coupled with my own worries about "blackouts," my mind went back to the turn of the century when I first saw an electric light.

Uncle George Gibson and his son Leon, whose principal business was in lumber, but who also still operated the gristmill started by Grandpa--Capt. Warren Gibson--in the 1840's, installed in that mill a dynamo to be run by the same FREE water power as operated the mill, and so furnish electric lights to all their buildings.

When Mamma received a letter saying, "The lights are in, come out and spend the night," it was something so important that Papa got a neighbor to do chores evening and morning so we could go out to Grandma's house to spend the night.

The Gibson residence in West Stockholm is now one of the historical stone houses in St. Lawrence County. When Uncle George and Aunt Lizzie married, a brick addition was put on the stone house so that the Gibsons could all live under one roof, but in separate apartments. To Uncle George was given the stone part, and Grandpa and Grandma and their other children: Mary (my mother), Sarah, Julia and Warren H. settled in the new brick part.

This brick addition had the high ceilings that were fashionable when it was built. It was in Grandma's dining room that I first saw an electric light. My memory is very clear of how it looked--the plain wire coming down from the high ceiling and on the end of it what looked like an inverted white china saucer, and underneath that what appeared like a glass baseball. Within the glass ball I could see some wires and metal. It was just high enough so that, if the table were pushed away, Uncle Warren (tallest of the Gibsons) could walk under without bumping his head.

"How do you light it?" I asked, as we all stood around the table looking at this strange new lamp.

"A man over at the mill connects the dynamo to the power," said Aunt Sarah. "You'll have to wait until almost dark to see the light."

Papa asked some more questions and then went over to the mill. Mamma and Aunt Sarah laughed and talked, as they always did. They set the table for supper. I studied that wire. I just couldn't understand how light-fire-could come down that wire.

After a while Papa came back, and Uncle Warren with him. Supper was ready. We needed light. I had never been so excited. I was about to see something that most folks had never seen! Then, all of a sudden, it was THERE! It was so bright it hurt my eyes to look at it. But I hadn't seen it come!

The next evening Papa and Mamma and I gathered as usual around the table in our sitting room. Hanging from the ceiling over the table was a fixture that held a kerosene lamp that could be lowered to just the height we wanted it. This lamp had a beautiful shade on which was painted a wreath of pansies in colors so natural that when the light shone through the milky glass they looked as if they were real. Papa sat by the table, with feet toward the stove. Mamma's chair, on the other side where she had her baywindow full of plants on her right. My chair was on the side of the table away from the stove.

We were all too full of memories to do anything for a little while but talk. "I don't like that electric light," Mamma said. "It is so bright it hurts my eyes."

"I thought maybe I could see to read better under it," Papa's eyes were twenty-one years older than Mamma's.

"It would be prettier if it had a shade like this one," I said, looking at the pansies.

"I like a lamp I can carry with me and have it right where I want it."

"But, Mamma, just think--never have to wash any chimneys, or fill lamps with stinky kerosene."

"That's soon done, and we can do it when we want to. I don't want the light to go out when I'm making a button-hole."

"Or I, when I'm doing my arithmetic--or reading a story."

"It will be hard for the man who has to go on a stormy winter night over to the mill to shut off the power." Papa said. Then added quietly, "There will be improvements. Then everybody will want electric lights."

In only seventy-five years faster and faster has grown the use for electricity--not only for light--but for undreamed of other needs. This coupled with an unpredictable increase in needs because of the enormous growth in population, the whole nation is now faced with problems hard to solve.

The "nation wide power network" set forth in August 28 Newsweek may be a contemporary help. Use the energy generated in the west while people out there are asleep to carry part of the load in the east when most is needed. This plan might also be of use in varying weather conditions.

The time is past when a man can connect his own free water power to his own dynamo to provide electric lights for his own family and business.

The need is for an untied power of human thinking to provide what has become a basic need for all of us. Let there be light.

Power

The most amazing display of power
Is nature's fury in a Thunder shower;
Lightning stabbing, glowing, flashing;
Rain, wind-driven, through windows dashing.
Men and women can only watch and pray;
Helpless as the trees that bend and sway.
Is it God's warning from the sky
That ultimate power comes from on high?
Electricity--Men have learned to tame;
"Power"--Given to this help the name.
Yet it still needs other power to start;
Water, coal, oil, atom--do their part.
How can we guess the hidden supply?
Can we make it last forever, if we try?
How can we make new, conserve, or hold?
This, only in the future can be told.

Abigail Cole

Labor Day in a Poultry Yard

If it hadn't been for holiday spirit of a hen belonging to a Heuvelton farmer, the bird would probably today be crowned New York's champion egg producer. She laid 141 eggs in as many days. The state record is 140 eggs in 140 consecutive days. But the Heuvelton hen took Labor Day off. She failed to lay on that day. But the next day, making up for her observance of the holiday, she laid two eggs within two hours. Although her record is not a consecutive one, Heuvelton folk feel she is entitled to some sort of recognition. (from the Roving Reporter column by Del Forkey in the Malone Telegram, Sept. 16, 1935).

The birth of quadruplets drew the following notice in the Telegraph (Malone) of June 9, 1825: PROLIFIC--The wife of Mr. John Livingston of Adams County, Pa., was on the 3rd of May delivered of four children, four daughters and one son, who were on the 8th all living and likely to do well."

Blind Musician

Jerry Streeter

by Eileen

Jenkins Bernard, of Fort Myers, Florida, She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne B. Jenkins of the South Road, Rensselaer Falls. In conjunction with the Historical Association's 1971 annual meeting at Rensselaer Falls on October 16, Mrs.

Bernard has written this article about her maternal grandfather, "Jerry" Streeter, who passed on to his children and grandchildren his talent and love of music.



George Streeter, at right, first violin, possessed remarkable ability with the violin altho blind most of his

adult life. At left is Richard Heptonstall, 2nd violin, at center a Mr. Grimshaw (horn).

For half a century, my grandfather, George Streeter, was a central figure in the entertainment life of northern New York. Just after the Civil War he started playing the violin and calling for dances, and continued until his death in 1928 at the age of seventy years.

Grandfather was blind almost all of his life, and played entirely by ear. This was not by choice, but of necessity. An early illness had left his sight so bad that by the time he reached learning age he could not see the notes. Throughout his life, however, he had only to hear a song of any kind once or twice to be able to play it perfectly.

My great-grandfather, Almon Streeter, who was also blind, played the harp. . .but both he and his wife were opposed to young George's learning the violin. Then they discovered the child had made one of cornsilks and a cigar box-and hid it in the barn, so they relented and bought him a violin.

History does not disclose whether the Streeter musical talent went back farther. All that is known to date is that a James Streeter was the first settler of Pitcairn, and was called "the Panther Killer." Reuben Streeter, probably Grandpa's grandfather, had a saw-mill on the Oswegatchie which burned in 1812. He was supervisor of Rossie in 1814.

In 1865, one J. Streeter had a hotel in DeKalb, and perhaps it was there that my grandfather George first learned his music. Wherever he got the talent, Grandfather certainly had it. In his early teens, while in Montreal for an unsuccessful eye operation, he paid his expenses by playing the violin. He also made use of his recuperation in Canada

to learn many new dances and calls.

Grandfather Streeter married when he was 18. His bride was Ellen Thayer, 12 years older than he; perhaps he knew he needed a reliable helpmate since his eyesight was almost gone. They lived all of their married life in Rensselaer Falls.

When their three daughters grew up, the Streeter Orchestra that most North Country people remember came into being. The eldest daughter, Blanche (Cleland) played piano in the orchestra for a short time, and the second daughter, Erdine (Stanton) played the bass violin until her marriage.

My mother, Marion (Jenkins), the youngest, began to play as early as her sisters. At age 10 she was playing second violin, and had graduated to the piano at 12. She played tunes, not chords, entirely by ear, and she continued to do so for about 30 years. Her small hands and short fingers could fly over the keys in the lively reels and jigs, and it was hard work, for she had to play loud to be heard and this meant she had to pound hard.

For most of the years of the orchestra, my father, Lorne Jenkins, was also a valuable member of the group. He not only played a good set of drums, which pepped up the band considerably, but he lent his smile and great good nature to the proceedings, and also took many of the burdens from my aging grandfather, without annoying the latter---no easy feat.

During all these long years, my father worked hard day-

(Continued on next page)

times as a farmer and barber, and my mother just as hard, keeping house, raising children and doing farm chores. (I remember how tired they looked sometimes). They also continued the orchestra for some years after grandfather's death.

Among those who also at times played in the orchestra were Dick Heptonstall, Howard Woodcock, Truman Crary, Ambrose Beebe and George Gilson on clarinet.

Streeter's Orchestra was so popular in its heyday that it was often advertised for dances it had not been signed up for.

A traveling musician and his family had to have stamina, especially in winter. Into the light sleigh, bundled tightly in all clothes available and with Buffalo robes wrapped about, they had hot stones or bricks at their feet. Sometimes it was Harrisville, or Benson Mines, Evans Mills or Lake Bonaparte. The longer trips, however, usually meant the train. Dances were usually held in hotels, or over stores, or in any available big room with a smooth floor.

I remember a hall over a rather squalid store in Eddy-but in back was the largest, most glorious rose garden I have ever seen anywhere, before or since. The fragrance wafted into the dance hall. This was a change from the usual dance hall smell of mustiness, old floor wax and traces of ancient cologne and hair oil.

Dancing started at 9 and finished any time from midnight on, often at 4 a.m. It was not unusual to dance until 11 a.m. on special occasions, such as New Year's or the Fourth of July. At these times, midnight brought a meal catered by the Grange women, and their superb country dishes -- scalloped potatoes, beans, ham, beef, cake and pies. On ordinary nights, however, midnight fare was only sandwiches or doughnuts. (I know whereof I speak, for even if my small body had been put to sleep on a table covered with coats behind the piano, I had an agreement with my father to wake me up for the midnight meal.)

Sometimes dances became exciting, such as the time the Edwards Hotel burned, or the night a fight developed in Pyrites with people slashing at and biting each other, and scaring my poor mother almost insensible.

My grandfather's violin was special, an Italian-made beauty with a deep, rich tone delightful to the ear. Its "double bass" gave it a much louder tone than most violins; Grandpa said he wanted the violin heard and was scornful of most other violins, which he said no one could hear above the other music. The section under the bridge of his violin was flat, not raised as in most instruments, and he made other alterations to improve its tone.

It was a good thing that Grandpa's voice was also clear and loud, because he wanted that heard as well as the violin. His voice really did what the electronic amplifier does today, and he never had to stop the music when he called out the dance steps as most other fiddlers did.

Rhythm was also sacred to Grandfather. It took 8 to 16 steps to complete each call, and he expected the dancers to be right with him at the end. If they weren't, he would stop them by hitting the bow on the back of the violin so violently it was a wonder it didn't break. Being blind was no problem here, because his ear could detect when dancers in any part of the hall were not in step.

Some of the dances were what Grandfather called "long dances"; (historically "contra" or "longways" dances). These included Portland Fancy, Trespade, Tempest, Soldier's Joy, Landers, Fisher's Hornpipe, Virginia Reel and the most popular, Money Musk and Letter S. Many of these were old dances from France via England. My favorite was the Sicilian Circle, where couples facing each other went around the hall twice, thus dancing once with every other couple in the circle. These dances were all fast dances, except the Lancers, a very stately affair and even slower than the quadrilles.

Quadrilles had three changes. The first was slow, the second a little faster and the third, called the breakdown, was furiously fast. Grandfather made up many tunes for quadrilles.

Sometimes, for a change, people would do the gavotte,

schottische, polka, circular two-step, McKinley two-step, rye Waltz, Queen's Waltz and the Ripple, dances that Grandfather and another gentleman used to teach over Hinsdale's store in Rensselaer Falls. . .but which had lost popularity by the early twenties.

George Streeter was immensely strong and could toss a 300 lb. bale of hay around with ease. It is said he once "wrestled a bear" in a street-corner attraction. Once a man was showing what a big load he could lift, and Grandfather lifted him and the load too.

In addition to playing at dances many nights each week, Grandpa searched out all daytime work he could find, and was good at many jobs. He helped build his own house - he could drive nails like lightning - and he could split kindling faster than most sighted people. (Until his eyesight went completely, he played cards, usually pedro, holding the cards close to his eyes under a strong light, and it wasn't safe to try to cheat him, either.)

I remember Grandfather as an attractive man with a compelling personality, which impressed me more than his stunning musical talent, something I took rather for granted. Since his thoughts were often unorthodox and he was also very opinionated, talks with him could be most interesting. One never knew what he was going to say, but you could be sure it would be out-spoken and direct. He detested hypocrisy and false piety, and thus was instrumental in forming, early in life, my own dislike of those qualities.

My fondest memory of my grandfather was of walking home from the village with him (though he didn't need me as a guide, knowing every turn perfectly) and seeing him stop in front of the home of a very solemn, pious couple. There he would dance a little jig and sing loudly a little song he had made up on the spot.

George Streeter suffered with the affliction of his blindness without complaint, but he was often moody and given to bouts of satire and comments saturated with sarcasm and incisive wit.

He liked playing tricks on people he disapproved of. One night he was listening above a register to two old men below who were playing cards and arguing incessantly. Finally Grandpa spit tobacco juice, in generous quantity, down on them.

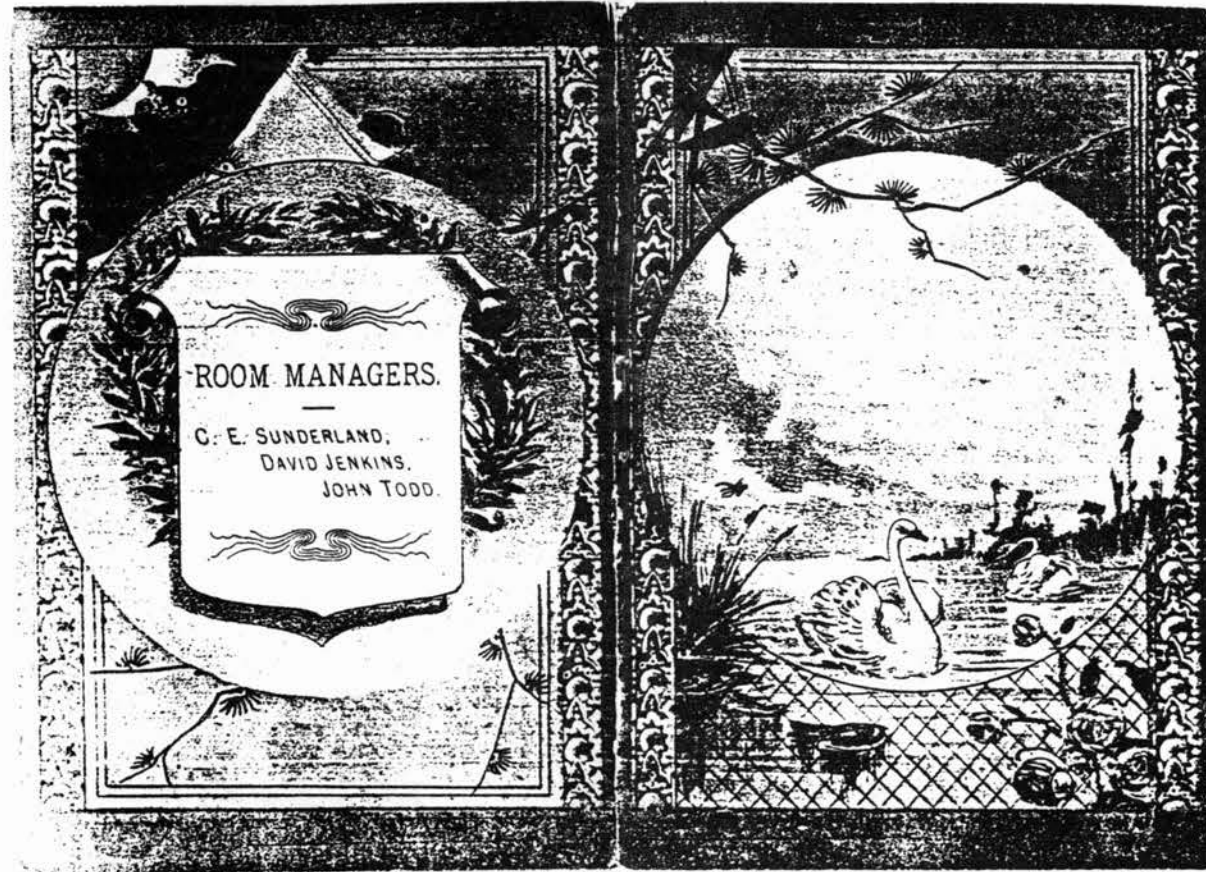
He was most attractive to many ladies, with his lively personality and fine mustache, and had many close men friends as well, all over the North Country.

At heart, however, he was a loner, and some of this isolation of spirit showed itself in the sad and beautiful solos he played for friends on that wonderful violin. Then in a flash he would brighten up and delight everyone with a sparkling rendition of "Listen to the Mockingbird". He played this number in many grotesque positions - violin held in back of his head or back, under his legs, etc., - smiling all the time with an obvious pride in the smooth performance. Few thought of the many years of patient practice at which he had labored in order to play so flawlessly.

Although already ill, two years before his death he entered some of the "fiddlers" contests then popular, and won several prizes, including a large loving cup.

In this last illness also, Grandfather traded his violin for a cheaper one and used the money obtained to help pay medical expenses. Years later my father searched it out, bought it and brought it home, where it is today.

What a big role Grandfather and "minstrels" of his kind played in the lives of the hard-working North Country people of those days. . .what a wonderful service they performed in giving people pleasurable relief and escape from the tensions and incredible loneliness of many of their lives.



HARVEST BALL.

I HAVE SECURED

HINSDALE'S HALL,
RENSSELAER FALLS, N. Y.,

In which I will give a Harvest Dance

Friday Evening Aug. 14, 1891

Yourselves and Lady are cordially invited
to attend.

COMMITTEE OF INVITATION.

A. C. DEXTER, U. C. LYTLE,
M. C. MALONEY, W. M. DART,
C. H. LEONARD.

MUSIC.

Streeter's Full Orchestra.

Tickets, including Supper, \$1.50.

S. E. ERWIN, PROPRIETOR.
G. J. HINSDALE, TREASURER.

Room Managers:

J. CLELAND, J. CARTER,
MERRILL MAYNE, CHAS. LAWYER.

INDEPENDENCE BALL

AT THE

SNYDER HOUSE

HEUVELTON, N. Y.,

Tuesday, July 4th, 1893,

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

* MUSIC *

Smith & Streeter's Full Orchestra.

Yourselves and Ladies Cordially Invited.

Tickets - - - - \$1.50.

F. W. LANNING, Secretary,
McINTOSH & WOOD, Proprietors.

Committee of Invitation:

GEO. BRECKENRIDGE, TOMMY BANFORD,
D. J. COUGHLIN, MYRON BURNHAM,
HOAKEY JONES, JOE DAWSON.



Beeline



FROM
THE EDITOR

We're on top of the Hill! (We know we're not over the hill because we're not yet thirty, and we're not under the hill because we're over 21, so we MUST be on top of it).

Where do we go from here? So far we have drifted along, letting a few rugged souls make the decisions, accepting the Quarterly and the planned tours, and not realizing that in order to survive, planning for a future, for building and exhibits must be done if we are to be recognized. A few steps in this direction have been made by decision to have more frequent trustees meetings, more active younger trustees and an advisory council of successful men and women to steady the boat. But more ideas, more participation by all of us, will make the work easier and more representative of what everyone wants. Let us know!

MHB



In the choice of a horse and a wife, a man must please himself, ignoring the opinion and advice of friends, (George Melville)



There is a fellow who stops on an average of once a week at a local gasoline station. He has figured it out that if oil and grease need replenishing every so often, it is only natural that something should be done about the air in the tires. So, once weekly, he drives up to the air pump, deflates his tires, and refills them with good fresh atmosphere. (Malone Telegram, Sept. 2, 1935).



And in April 1825 an item: A young woman was recently fined \$25 for appearing in the streets in MEN'S CLOTHING!



There is still indexing, sorting and clipping to be done by volunteers of the Thursday Committee. Come see what you can do.

Election 1860

by ELIZABETH BAXTER, HISTORIAN

OLD OGDENSBURGH G.O.P. KNOWN AS
"WIDE-AWAKES"

More than a century ago, Republican men of the old village of Ogdnesburgh called themselves the "Wide-Awakes" and plumped for "the Union," the election of Abraham Lincoln as president and no slavery on "free soil."

Women of the party, although they were not allowed to vote, helped by their encouragement, expressed, in part, in prayers and a banner.

On Sept. 6, 1860 at old Lyceum hall, according to newspaper reports, the banner changed hands.

The banner, embroidered on one side "The Union, the Deepest Interest of the present and the Proudest Hope of the Future" and on the other "Presented to the Wide-Awake Club by the Republican Ladies of Ogdensburgh," was received by Gen. S.F. Judd, commandant of the club, from the hands of Miss Kitty Atcheson. She, with other Republican women, sat on the platform during exercises at which E.N. Merriam presided.

General Judd thanked "the Republican ladies" for "this beautiful emblem," which he said would inspire the members of the club "in the irrepressible conflict ahead."

Speaking for the non-participants on the distaff side, Miss Atcheson said, in part:

"We exhort you to fidelity to the principles you profess. . .

"As women, we cannot mingle in the strife but we can aid you by our encouragement and our prayers. Your country is our country. Your destiny is our destiny, and if the dark pall of slavery shall be permitted to fall upon free soil, the catastrophe must involve millions of our sex through untold generations."

Pekin, Ill. Nov. 26, 1860

Dear Friend:

I meant to have written to you two or three weeks since but a pressure of laziness has prevented. Besides you know it takes a while to break oneself into a new harness, such as I have donned. And we Black Republicans have given considerable attention to hurrahing for old Abe, to say nothing of the good business in the line of voting. . . G.E. Barker (to Harvey Chandler in Richville)



An early photo of A. Barton Hepburn Hospital, Ogdensburgh, once more enlarging its facilities.

De Balmat's Death Linked With Colony of French Noblemen in Adirondacks

By DEL FORKEY

It was shortly after the turn of the century when three travelers came at night to a small cabin on the wooded shore of an isolated Adirondack lake in response to the urgent and hurried summons of an old friend.

One was a priest from Montreal and with him was a former French army officer. The third was a Long Lake magistrate.

Within the cabin a lamp burned dimly, outlining a gaunt figure on the bed where David de Balmat, son of Count Jean de Balmat, once a power in France and privy to the personal affairs of Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the Great Corsican, lay dying.

THE LIPS on the pale face sunken into the pillow moved and the three trusted friends edged closer to the bed. The sick man's thin hand feebly caressed the deer-skin cover of a book beside him: His words came faintly, as if from a long distance:

"My father told me to guard it well . . . and, when my life was ended, to send it to France. That is what I am about to do. . . ."

The words had taken an effort. The wan face smiled and relaxed and David de Balmat, who had lived most of his 88 years in the wilderness, far from his native French countryside, was dead.

This descendant of French nobility had lived a strange, secluded life in the mountains to which, years before, Joseph Bonaparte, had come when defeat shattered his brother's dream of a world empire and sent the Man of Destiny into exile.

THE LAKE near which the rough cabin stood is known as Lake Bonaparte. It lies near the junction of St. Lawrence and Jefferson Counties and its earliest settlement is linked with the vital history of the world.

The book which David de Balmat entrusted to his three chosen friends was the diary of the Count, his father. There has since been wonder here as to exactly what it contained. What happened to it eventually is not definitely known but it is believed to have been forwarded to the French Academy.

In his brother's years of triumph, Joseph Bonaparte had ruled Spain. On his flight to America, the former King was accompanied by a host of French noblemen and retainers and the wilderness region where they settled came to know almost the pomp and grandeur of Napoleonic courts. For Joseph raised a pretentious mansion on its shore and sought to provide for his followers a part of the luxury which they had known before the bubble burst.

THE STORY of those days of splendor in a primitive setting has been handed down to descendants of the sturdy woodsmen who once hobnobbed with royalty. There was no aloofness in the manner of the former ruler toward his backwoods neighbors and any weary, rough-clad hunter or trapper found a welcome in the great halls of the Bonaparte mansion.

Pondering over Joseph's strange exile in America, historians drew a variety of theories. To some it appeared that Napoleon, through his brother's influence, was seeking to lay the foundation of a new monarchy on the sparsely settled continent. Rumors of the plotted return of the great soldier were rife in France at the time. But basis for this conjecture was never definitely established.

And there has always been the theory that the coming to Northern New York of numerous French noblemen was linked with the life of the Rev. Eleazar Williams, of Hogsburgh, believed by many to have been the lost son of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

THE CONTENTS of Count de Balmat's diary were never made known in America. It is thought they might have thrown some light on the purpose of Joseph's stay in the Adirondacks.

David was a strange figure in the wilderness around Lake Bonaparte where he remained after most of the others of the colony had departed.

He was a cultured man, a student of French and English literature, and lived the solitary life of a hunter and trapper. He never mentioned the subject of his father's diary until his death was near.



Steamer Oswegatchie on Black Lake.

The following was found after the printing of the July Quarterly with the item on the Congregation Anshe Zophen. It gives the history of the Universalist Church which built and occupied the present Temple in Ogdensburg.

No early records in Ogdensburg have been kept. Meetings were held occasionally over 60 years in the old Court House, the Old Academy or Lyceum Hall. The Society was formed April 16, 1842 and reorganized Sept. 26, 1842. Wm. Gardner, O.S. Cummings and Allen Chaney were trustees. No pastor's name was given. It was incorporated Jan. 24, 1855 as "Church of the Messiah, Inc." with these trustees: Amaziah B. James, Dr. S.N. Sherman, Ira Hawley, Holmes Nevins, John E. Tallman, Eridix T. Swift and John A. Stevens. They held regular services in the Lyceum Hall 3 years, with the Rev. Day K. Lee, pastor. Then the Society became divided between the Universalists and the Unitarians and the building of a church!

In January of 1868 the reorganization of the Church of the Messiah was perfected and Henry Rodee and Wm. C. Alden and 3 others were elected trustees. A lot was selected on State Street and \$6,500 pledged as a building fund. Regular services with the Rev. Richmond Fiske were held for two years, then no action being taken as to building a church, the society disbanded. Services were discontinued and it remained dormant for 25 years.

On Nov. 20, 1895 the Rev. L.B. Fisher visited the city to try to establish a society, meeting in the opera house, and later in the East Room of the Masonic Hall. On Dec. 7, 1895 H. Rodee, Mr. and Mrs. W.L. Best, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Oswell, Royal Tallman, R.E. Waterman and the Rev. L.B. Fisher organized the First Universalist Society, incorporated it and chose officers.



The Society purchased the Mrs. E.S. Egert lot on the corner of Greene and Franklin for \$3000 and W.L. Best, George B. Oswell and Royal Tallman were appointed a building committee and empowered to place a building on the property suitable for a chapel. Work commenced May 17, 1897, dedication made Sept. 9, 1897. The cost was \$5,367.73. The dedication sermon was made by the Rev. L.M. Atwood, D.D., president of St. Lawrence University. On Oct. 24, 1897 the parish was duly organized.

At the annual meeting Jan. 4, 1902 Henry Rodee, moderator, offered to pay half of the indebtedness of \$1200 on the chapel if the society raised the balance. On April 6, 1902 the burning of the \$2000 mortgage was held. On April 3, 1904 a memorial window presented in memory of Rodee, Elvira M. Rodee and Jennie Schellenger, Matthew

Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

Response to our last column comes in the form of an airmail letter from Texas. We will allow the writer full license to be quoted herewith, inviting corrections or comments from readers.

Dear Mr. Jahrs,

You asked for ideas for your interesting column, "Heritage Preserved," which I enjoy very much. Well, I confess that I am asking for an idea instead of giving one. You might wonder what interest a Texan has in the Quarterly and your county -- Our family originated there, and some still live in "St. Law. Company." Our Grandmaw used to "put down" beef in jars that was the best thing I ever put in my mouth when she served it (or when she stingily sent us a jar.) *Lo* you know how that cow meat was prepared before and after preserving? In this neck of the woods chickens and turkeys were treated the same way, the old-timers tell me, but no one seems to remember the process exactly.

My cousin, Molly Boldt, is the daughter of a Jefferson County carpenter and plasterer who came to the Texas hill country originally to marry a German Veterinarian, Kurt Dogleisch, at whose address I may be reached in Houston.

Perhaps next time I write I can give information instead of asking for it.

Yours truly,
Timothy Hays,
Bughtussle, Texas

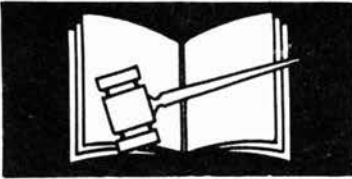
Timothy, that tooth some cow was sauteed in and packed in butter -- real farm butter. The natural fat and the butterfat congealed on the top of the succulent morsels packed into Ball or Mason-type (pardon the commercial) jars and pressure cooked in large pots -- on a wood-burning range, naturally. Well, you've just set a lot of saliva glands heaving. Never forget the time our favorite milker got "over the hill" and we decided she should be canned (forgive the pun). Her name was Dora and we covered our grief by glibly referring to that season's product as "Dora-meat". For thirty years we never substituted another's name. We still refer to home canned beef as Dora in our house. That beef and gravy over new potatoes boiled in their jackets can't be beat. Thanks for the reminder.

MJ



W. Robinson, Mary A. Robinson, Elizabeth Chatterton, Henry W. Davidson, Thomas Shaw, Candace Z. Martin and Mary H. Oswell was dedicated.

They had 50 members in the youth organization. The Sunday School was organized on Nov. 25, 1900 with 2 scholars and in 1906 had 40. The Bible class totaled 18. The Rev. L.B. Fisher remained 9 1/2 years until July 1, 1905, and the Rev. A.E. Allison commenced Sept. 1, 1905. In the four months until the annual report above, Jan. 1906, he preached 34 sermons, 5 funerals, 1 wedding, made 325 pastoral calls at homes. The only indebtedness reported was \$100 due on the pipe organ, which was expected to be paid up that year. The receipts for 1905 showed: \$549.62. The ladies raised \$187.48. The expenditures were \$551.84.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Silver Anniversary! That's the theme of our annual meeting at the Knox Memorial School at Russell October 14. We'll have appropriate decorations, many old-time members as guests, a simple program with dowsing or water-witching as central demonstration. And of course an excellent luncheon, followed by the regular business meeting with election of officers.

AND we'll offer for sale at a minimum price special commemorative plates. They will bear the county seal plus simple legends, all in four colors, a worthy emblem of our twenty-five years' maturity.

Yes, it was in 1947 that Howard Pitman, Del Bloch, and others spearheaded our founding. We had tours and programs with speakers, and in 1956 came the Quarterly of which we're so proud. Through the years we have worked with local associations to commemorate anniversaries, we've received and displayed and lent out many artifacts, our files of written articles and photographs have built up to be a priceless repository of county history. We have kept in close touch with state offices in the Department of Education, and taken part in institutes inside and outside St. Lawrence County.

There's no doubt that we're very much a going concern. I'm personally very proud to have had a part in this growth, and especially proud that (to the best of my knowledge) my four years' presidency equals the tenure of Carlton Olds. Carl was second president of the Association, and the person who really put it on its feet. So many others kept it there -- like Atwood Manley, Andy Peters, Bert Rogers, Ed Heim, Larry Bovard and other able leaders. Persons too who weren't presidents, such as Bette Mayhew, Malcolm Booth, and others, and, of course, our county historians Nina Smithers and Mary Biondi.

One can never include enough persons in acknowledgements like this. We'll do the best we can with tributes at the annual meeting.

I spoke of growth. We've had it, but no organization can rest on past laurels. What are some needs for the future?

Herewith, two broad suggestions:

(1) Participation. More volunteers for doing things, like moving records or filling in at the History Center, or getting new members. The jobs are many, and young and middle-aged and older are needed for them. Especially do we need more members and helpers in the "middle category" -- thirty-five, say, up to sixty. To this end, we have created an Advisory Council of six to nine members, and are slowly choosing members of this. Also, we are placing in an emeritus category some trustees who have served us faithfully, and moving in new officers who have the approval of the older ones.

(2) A genuine History Center and Museum. This is our crying need! The State Council on the Arts tells us, for example, we need such a center, with almost-daily opening, to qualify for grants. With such a center, we would qualify for funds to hire necessary personnel.

The present center includes really only a desk and file in the County Historian's office. Display space there is insufficient. The Richville building helps out with storage. But I am firmly convinced it will never do as a genuine center. To provide heat and lighting in it would be a waste.

Last year we had hopes of a fine center in the Canton Grammar School as plans were drawn for remodeling. The Board of Supervisors allocated us the north wing of the ground floor. Then the project became a political football, and that dream was lost. If federal funds come through for renewal of the project, we may still get that wing.

Historical centers and museums materialize sometimes

out of public funds, sometimes out of private. We have no wealthy donor as does the Adirondack Museum. We do have many loyal supporters who give as they can; the other day a check for \$250 came in from a gracious lady, to be added to our Special Gifts Fund. All this helps. But we look also to our supervisors and other elected representatives. Despite the opinion of the Ogdensburg Journal, the Canton Grammar School is a sound building, a potential gem as Social Services and History Center.

Unless another possibility presents itself, why not talk up the Grammar School? Talk it up with various of our government representatives, Republican or Democratic. Talk it up with people -- your friends and fellow voters, anybody who's interested in efficient county offices and in county history.

Also -- since private funds always are a life blood -- help out by renewing memberships faithfully. Help out if you can by contributing some amount to our Silver Anniversary Fund, which is our Special Gifts category adapted for an anniversary occasion. You will have an opportunity to contribute at the annual meeting, or may take the opportunity before or after.

I say "will have an opportunity." We mean it exactly as that. There will be no pressure.

Because what we want most of all is YOU. Your attendance, your loyalty, your help in whatever way you can best give it.

Because you ARE the Association!

Eleanor J. Blankman

* * * * *

The following column appeared in August in the Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Things & Stuff

By Hal Kallenburg

I got a nice letter the other day from Tom Flood, who recently retired as a Teletype operator for United Press International and is now summering (or possibly simmering) in Wanakena, N.Y.

Wanakena. The name sounds like a question. "Wanakena?" "No, thanks, I've already had a kena."

Tom, who has to look over his shoulder to see sixty, still has a great sense of humor which, happily, didn't retire with him.

"Boy, the letdown from the ratrace was more than I anticipated," writes Tom. "However, three months in the woods isn't hard to take."

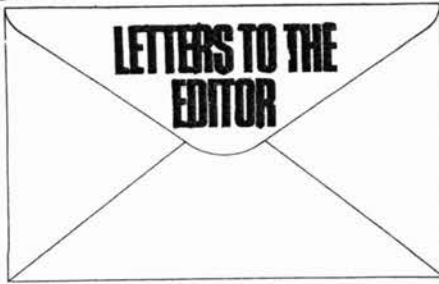
"At first, the absolute darkness and claustrophobic stillness would force me to throw off the encompassing blankets and leap out of bed. This persisted for several nights, even until 8 a.m.

"Then the turn-around. Sleep from midnight to noon . . . hobble stiff-legged downstairs for brunch . . . then lie down to rest.

"Gradually, one pulls out of semi-consciousness to lethargy -- the present, or 51st? state.

"Main objective now is to do nothing," Tom continues. "And, must say I'm doing it willingly and competently."

I'll say one thing for Tom: he was never shy and retiring. And now I'm happy to say he didn't shy from retiring.



FRANKLIN COUNTY HISTORICAL and MUSEUM SOCIETY
216 East Main Street
Malone, New York 12953

September 4, 1972

Dear Mary,

It is a great pleasure to send you a copy of The Wilder Family Story from the Franklin County Historical and Museum Society for your St. Lawrence County Collection.

The booklet is available from the Society for \$2.00 plus \$.20 postage.

With best wishes,
Dorothy Smith
Malone, N.Y. 12953

Note:

For Laura Ingalls Wilder fans a great addition to your library.

MHB

ABIGAIL'S FRIENDSHIP DIARY
XXV-10157

September 1, 1972

FRIDAY

"Grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord."--
II Peter 3:18

Dear Mary Biondi:

Your notice of Aug. 9 didn't reach me until Aug. 31, so I couldn't be with you on Aug. 19 even in thought.

As I have written you before, I enjoy every issue of the Quarterly--even when no article or picture is of a locality with which I am familiar, there is always enough of the old times so that I can identify with memories.

I enjoy living in the present tying in what is past with what is now. How amazing are the changes within my lifetime! One cannot help wondering what the future will bring. I hope and pray that the courteous cooperative way of thinking that has brought us all these wonders will prevail over what now seems to be an increasing trend toward the thoughtless, ruthless and destructive.

My best wishes to you personally, as well as to The Quarterly and all who contribute in any way to its success. The St. Lawrence Historical Society makes me more and more proud to have started my life in the North Country. May God help keep it a land one likes to think about and keep in touch with.

Fondly,
Abigail Cole



SALUTE

An American flag, handmade by the ladies of the Raymondville Methodist Church during the Civil War, was presented to Mrs. John VanKennen.

A few of our long time members we will miss. Support and enthusiasm from our early years by Marjorie Pattison, Potsdam; Vena E. Rogers, Ogdensburg and Judge Paul Graves who wrote so eloquently of his mother. Others perhaps appear among the missing--

The following identifications were made in the 1910 photo of school children at Crary Mills: Front row: Morty Stone, James O'Brien, Raymond Pitts, Stanley Pitts, John Loucks, Kenneth Ellwood. 2nd row: Margaret Cole, Clayton Goolden, Margaret O'Brien, Chloe White (now Guyette), Audrey Guyette, Mabel Guyette (now Sizer). 3rd row: Lillian Clark, Braynard Guyette, Bernard O'Brien, Homer Gary. 4th row: Ruth Lampson, Eura Streeter, Viola Gibson, Ethel Gibson, Teacher Lillian Labarge, Harriet Wires, Molly Huntley, Gladys Ayers.

In the 1900 photo of students at Crary Mills (July 1972) the first two were ... and ...Myers, Eva Gibson, Iva Gibson, Bernice Riley, Charles Gibson, Libby Gibson, Inez Barrows, Hazel Runions.

A reader identified the scene from the Bible on the wall of the Crary Mills church, by a painter by name of Schanefeldt. He also painted the scenery for the Grange Hall. Were there other places in the county where this itinerant painter plied his trade?



An exhibit of Crary Mills items has been on display since July in the History Center with some early play-bills including Thespian Millard Hundley, now historian of Pierrepont.

Always NEEDED for articles, photographs for future publication. Write Editor, Box 43, Canton.

The History Center will be open more days this winter with help from Senior Citizen workers.

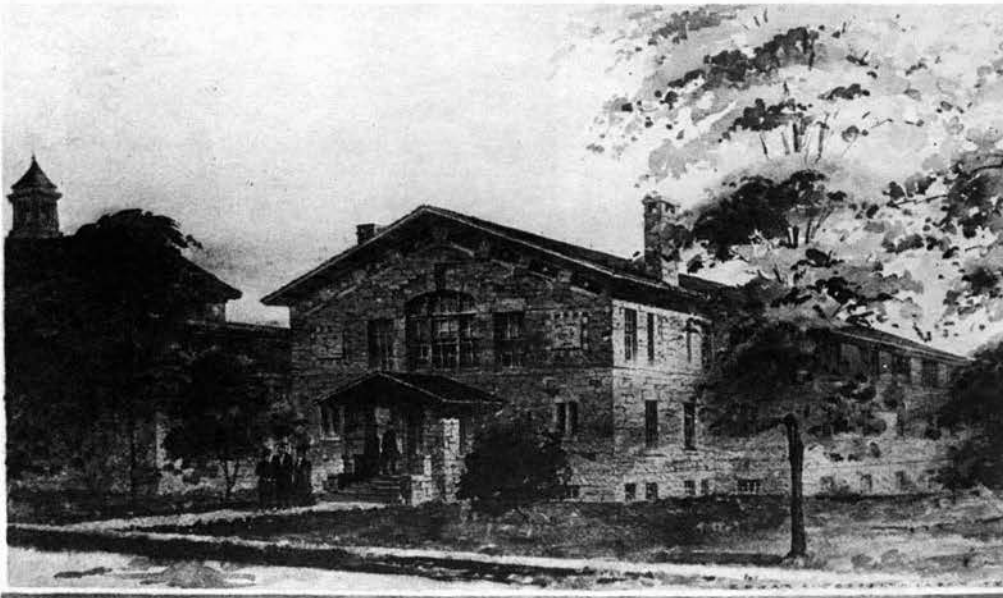
Coming Up!

Dowsing, Old Pierrepont, Story of Stark, Homes of Old Massena, Ogdensburg Diocese, 1872 - 1972.



TOURS and PROGRAMS

July 30 -- Richville Open House



PROPOSED GYMNASIUM - CLARKSON SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY - POTSDAM, N. Y.

August

August 19 -- Clarkson College celebrates its 75th Anniversary.

(From the History Center Archives)



Artists drawings
for original
Clarkson buildings.

September

wanakena

Sept. 9 --

Visit to hamlet of Wanakena -- lecture by Mr. Herbert Keith on its history.



Large audience being regaled with Herb's tales.

(Continued on next page)



Ranger School



Daniel M. Castagnozzi, Director of Ranger School at Wanakena, explains that the college maintains a picnic site on Rt. 3 for the public.



Overheard at Wanakena.....

There must be at least eighty persons here today... quite a few young couples and their children, too...a REAL Doris Planty tour day...this is the best tour I have ever been on...that drive through the forest with the wild flowers was worth the entire trip...I could LIVE with a man like Herb Keith, he's got a real sense of humor...it seems good to see a school where the students have some real discipline...how long ago was it we were here?...why did they choose the same day as the Hammond Fair?...we didn't--we chose the 16th but the school could only have us today...what will you wear to the annual meeting?...it's hard to find 1947 clothes with their heavy padded shoulders, pinch waists, circular skirts, wedgies... but they are coming back...wish I'd had time to look at all those wood samples--I love woods...wonder who made this map--not a right turn on it--or right mileage...glad we didn't have to come by bus and could come in our cars...what a beautiful day!

HAMMOND FAIR Sept. 9. Featured display by Historian Maxine Rutherford "Sing Along" with Take Me Out to the Ball Game, Cruising down the River, Old McDonald Had a Farm, etc. in artifact and music.



Author-guide Herbert Keith autographs books at his home.

October

Annual Meeting

October 14 -- Annual Meeting -- 25th Anniversary Knox Memorial High School -- Russell -- Lunch - 12 noon. Exhibits -- Music by Girls Chorus; Speaker: Gerald Smith -- talk and demonstration of water witching or dowsing. Historians of Edwards, Hermon and Russell will be hostesses.



History Center Hours
9 - 4
Mondays and Thursdays
Court House in Canton

(Continued from Page 4)

Saint Lawrence

to be organized in the late 1700's. Many persons, who had listened to the hellfire and brimstone preaching of some extremist Calvinist divines, turned away and they became attracted to the doctrine of universal grace taught by the Universalists. At Canton there was a thriving Universalist Church of 300 members.

From this church a committee of Canton businessmen set out energetically to raise money to locate the proposed school in Canton. They were Martin Thatcher, Levi Storrs, Barsallai Hodskin and Theodore Caldwell. From the beginning they agreed with Levi Storrs that there should be a college of letters and science in addition to the Theological school and they succeeded in raising \$9000 in pledges. As a special inducement the committee offered a campus of 20 acres for a building site and a farm. A stipulation to the donors of the pledges was that the students should perform manual labor for two hours each working day as a part of the curriculum.

Probably this clause was approved by editor Horace Greeley, A Universalist himself, as it is recorded that he offered a contribution of hoes to be used to work the farm by the theology students. Evidently the offer was never accepted and no hoeing was done.

It is interesting to note that Ezra Cornell when he founded Cornell University a few years later, had the same idea of a student-farmer combination on a much larger scale and there the plan was tried for several years.

The Universalist denomination supported by Rev. William C. Balch and others accepted the Canton site in 1855. The next step was to secure a charter from the legislature. This was to include a college of science and arts, together with the theological school. The liberal minded petitioners requested that the secular department of the college be opened to qualified students of all religious faiths. The founders gave the proposed college the resounding but unwieldy name of the Northern University of New York but when the act granting the charter emerged from the Legislative mill, it bore the name of St. Lawrence University. Here again, as in the naming of our county, the name giver is unknown, but the name fitted perfectly.

The names of the incorporators follow:

1. Jacob Harsen, Preston King, John L. Russell, Sidney Lawrence, George C. Sherman, Francis Seger, Martin Thatcher, Barzillai Hodskin, Levi B. Storrs, Theodore Caldwell, James Sterling, F.C. Havemeyer, Caleb Barstow, Thomas Wallace, Josiah Barber, Norman Van Nostrand, George E. Baker, P.S. Bitley, H.W. Barton, A.C. Moore, Thomas J. Sawyer, William S. Balch, John M. Austin, L. C. Brown, George W. Montgomery, and such other persons as are or may be associated with them, and their successors, are hereby constituted a body corporate, by the name of "The St. Lawrence University," for the purpose of establishing, maintaining and conducting a college in the town of Canton, St. Lawrence County, for the promotion of general education, and to cultivate and advance literature, science and the arts; and also to establish and maintain a theological school and department, in Canton, aforesaid.

The motto chosen for the great seal of the college was Fides and Veritas, loyalty and integrity, guiding traits of St. Lawrence himself.

On a June day in 1856 a crowd of 2000 persons gathered to witness the laying of the cornerstone of the University building, now known as Richardson Hall, the mother of all the later college buildings set in a pasture, whose bleakness was relieved only by a group of gnarled apple trees. A rail fence bordered one side.

The Theological school opened in 1858 with the Reverend Ebenezer Fisher, a native of Maine, as president with four students. Twenty years later this able and devoted teacher, never robust, collapsed and died on the

steps of Richardson Hall.

The next year after Dr. Fisher's appointment, Dr. John Stebbins Lee joined him at a salary of \$700 as "principal" of the department of arts and science. It is noteworthy that in a community reputed to be conservative, St. Lawrence University is the oldest co-educational institution in our state and during the 1860's both men and women were housed in Richardson Hall. From the Theological School was graduated Olympia Brown, the first ordained woman minister in America.

The University narrowly survived the money shortage following the depression of 1857, and like most other schools and colleges was threatened by collapse in the Civil War period. The trustees asked each professor to reduce his salary by \$100 each year during the War. And in desperation, it was proposed that the college department be suspended. This act might have caused a permanent end to the Institution. Dr. Lee later described the fateful meeting. The trustees, he said, in the morning were ready to vote the suspension. At noon they adjourned and went to dine at Canton homes. Dr. Lee continued, "They partook of such a delicious feast as Canton ladies are noted for providing. The effect was magical. The trustees went back to their deliberations and reconsidered the vote for suspension. So the college was granted another lease on life."

(Continued on Page 22)



MYSTERIES

Who? When?



Where is the plaque located?

Anyone know anything about a Justin or Justus Dailey, who enlisted in Ogdensburg in 1864, and died June 1864? He was in the Heavy Artillery. Contact History Center.

SAINT LAWRENCE

Today St. Lawrence University is renowned among eastern colleges as a leader in excellence in education. The college, started in a cow pasture, has grown sturdily from its uncertain beginnings to an enrollment of 2300 students, taught by a faculty of 150 in 74 buildings. The campus contains a thousand acres. All this growth promises a great future ahead.

Meanwhile, as he has through the years, St. Lawrence looks down benignly from the Gaines Memorial stained glass window in Richardson Hall and he is remembered whenever the students sing this popular song, "Our Patron Saint", written by Frank Arnold, class of 1896:

In ancient Spain there dwelt a man
Most rightly known to fame
So wise and noble, just and good
Saint Lawrence was his name.
For faith and truth this valiant man
Valerian defied,
And for contempt of heathen gods,
He on the gridiron died.

This sainted man a namesake has
A college of renown
Which on her standard blazons bright
The Scarlet and the Brown
Mid spruce clad hills and mountain rills
In northern New York State
On Canton town, she's long looked down
Since eighteen fifty-eight.

Chorus: O, good Saint Lawrence
Your courage we admire,
The grate was hot, and like as not
The torture long and dire
The annals state, two fifty-eight
As when they used you so,
But the many ages since,
Your fame will ever grow.

The song is sung to the rollicking tune of Solomon Levi and while it may be seem slightly irreverent, I am sure the good saint, who kept his sense of humor to the last, would be pleased with it. For in his last extremity of torture on the gridiron, he called out to the persecutors, "Turn me over, for I am done on this side!"



From an Old Spanish panel at St. Lawrence University

THE CHAIN

Strips of one acre in the fields of the old manorial system of England were 220 yards by 22 yards, making 4,840 square yards to one acre. Therefore a 22 yard (66') chain was convenient in measuring land.

One mile equals 80 chains, a much easier number to work with than 5,280 feet. A square mile equals 6,400 square chains and also 640 acres, so one acre equals 10 square chains.

A legal subdivision is 20 chains by 20 chains or 40 acres, and similarly a quarter-section is 40 chains by 40 chains or 160 acres. A plot one chain by 10 chains equals one acre, as does a plot five chains by two chains. (66' x 660' or 330' x 132')

One link equals 0.01 chains so a measurement of 5 chains,

6 links can be expressed as 5.06 chains.

FURLONG

About 700 or 800 years ago in England the size of a field was determined by the amount of land that a man, using a team of oxen, could plow in a day's time. The sizes of the fields varied, naturally, but the ideal size was one eighth of a Roman mile in length and width.

People started using the length of a furrow across the ideal-size field as a measurement. In Old English the measurement was called a "furlang" (furrow-long). When the Roman mile was replaced by a new standard "furlang," which later became "furlong," was used to denote one-eighth of the new English mile, or 220 yards.

researchers

A PLEA FOR NATHANAEL GREENE PAPERS

The Rhode Island Historical Society, with the support of the National Historical Publications Commission and the co-sponsorship of the Clements Library at the University of Michigan, is engaged in collecting photocopies of all extant papers of the Revolutionary General Nathanael Greene (1742-1786). The assembling of photocopies of original manuscripts is preliminary to a letterpress edition of selected papers to be published in several volumes during the next five years and an eventual microfilm edition of all manuscript material that will be excluded from the printed volumes.

It would be appreciated if anyone possessing letters to or from Greene or having knowledge of such letters in private hands (or in public repositories whose holdings are not listed in the National Union Catalog) would notify The Rhode Island Historical Society. Please address communications to: Richard K. Showman, Editor, Nathanael Greene Papers, 52 Power Street, Providence, Rhode Island, 02906.

I have found a reference to St. Lawrence County in an unusual source. . . very puzzling. While studying references to relationship, if any, of the large number of persons named Foster who were involved in nineteenth century glassmaking, (starting with John S. Foster of the Redford and later Redwood glass factories), I found a new book by Kenneth M. Wilson, "New England Glass and Glassmaking" pub. by Crowell, 1972. On page 102 is given a sketch of the Franklin Glass Factory Co. of Warwick, Mass. Wilson had access to the diary of William Cobb, one of the founders of this factory which was founded in 1812. In Cobb's Diary, there is apparently an entry which states that late in 1812 Ebenezer Hall, another of the Warwick Company's founders, went to Hopkinton, NEW YORK, to obtain blowers for his glass factory. Why would Hall have gone to Hopkinton to find glass blowers?

In checking through Hough's History, and in Evert's and Sanford's History of Hopkinton, and can find no evidence of a glass industry in Hopkinton in 1812. At that time, wasn't Hopkinton still rather primitive pioneer community and unlikely to be making glass? Can you enlighten me?

An interesting footnote to area history.

Richard W. Ward
44 Leonard Ave
Plattsburgh, N.Y. 12901

Elizabeth Brooks, 122 Magnolia Street, Syracuse, N.Y. 13204, wishes to purchase a copy of History of St. Lawrence County (1878) by Everts & Holcomb; and/or a copy of Gates Curtis' History of St. Lawrence County and Its People (1893). Either contact her directly if you have one to sell, or let the History Center know.

Copies of back issues of the Quarterly are still available.

Have you gotten a new member this year? Or given a gift membership?

HOUGHS HISTORY

Hough's History Reprints (with accompanying Index) are still available. Write Box 8, Ganton, N.Y. 13617, enclosing check to "Hough's History" for \$15.00; include zip code.

"Every Member Get a Member Now"

notice!

ANNUAL MEETING

Some of our early members and our early trustees and officers will be honored at our Silver Anniversary party on October 14 at Russell. Let's hear from you Malcolm Booth, Bette Mayhew, Helen Stiles, Phyllis Clark, Andy Peters, Bert Rogers, Fred McFadden, Wm. Guyette, Atwood Manley, Glyndon Cole and Harland Horton (who may be back from his honeymoon by then!)

1947-1972

Help us celebrate this Silver Anniversary Year with a new member.



Needed..... VOLUNTEERS

For Committees:

Museum and Displays
Membership (mailing list)
Finance
Publicity
Programs (including tours)

Special Gifts (including funding and sales)

Time: Indexing; Thursdays at History Center

Gifts: Building Fund

Memberships to relatives, friends

FIRST CLASS MAILING

For an additional \$1.00 per year for postage and special treatment, you may receive your Quarterly by FIRST CLASS MAIL, which is forwardable, if you have different winter and summer addresses. We cannot change addresses on our bulk rate mailing labels every few months.

Undeliverables cost your Association 3 ways -- going, coming back, remailing at non-bulk rate.

History Center Hours 9-4
Mondays and Thursdays
Court House in Canton

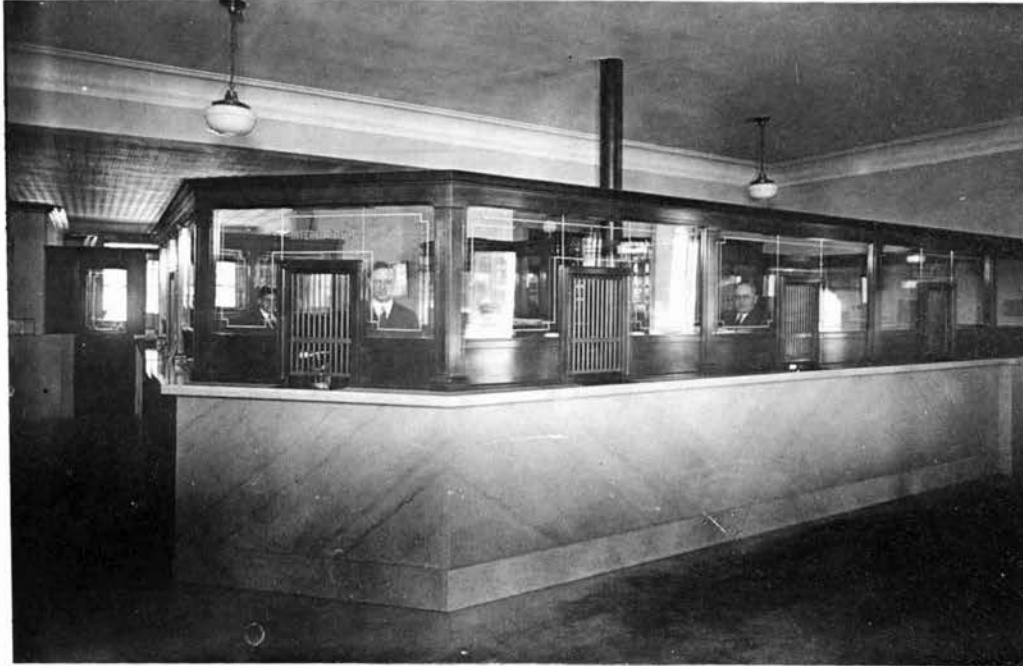
Membership

Active member, including QUARTERLY, \$5.00 a year
Family, receiving one QUARTERLY, \$5.00 a year
Sustaining or contributing membership, \$10.00
Life member, single payment of \$50.00
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NON-PROFIT
ORGANIZATION



Lobby in 1947



Lobby in 1972

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