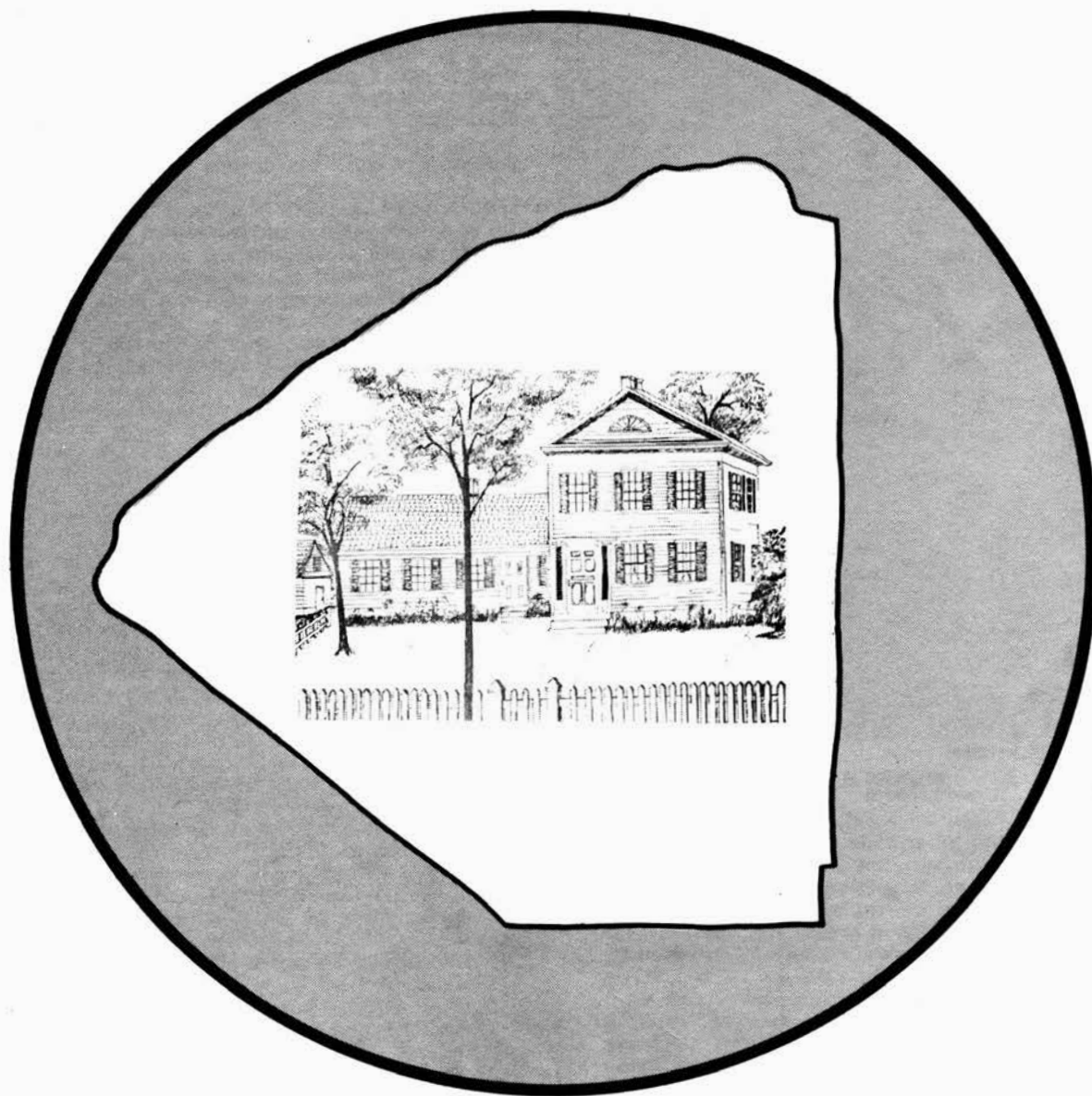


THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



OCT 1973

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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Silas Wright of St. Lawrence County

By Edward J. Blankman

The Great Commoner. Farmer Statesman. The Cato of America. Star of the North. Jackson of the East.

All these were terms applied to Silas Wright (Governor of New York, 1844-46, U.S. Senator, 1833-44) in his lifetime. More recently Schlesinger in his famous book *THE AGE OF JACKSON*, 1945, has described him as "a preliminary sketch for Abraham Lincoln." Also, Schlesinger declared, in reference to the election of 1848, that Wright as a symbol of unfanatical anti-slavery would have been his party's candidate for the Presidency had he not died in August 1847.

What is certain about Wright is that he became one of the most astute political managers in American history, and that he remained so while never sacrificing his plain-man's conscience and integrity. Of him the idealistic poet Walt Whitman declared, "We confess we loved Silas Wright Jr. as a true democratic friend of the people..... He never betrayed his friends or his conscience."

In a series done by the Watertown Daily Times on State Governors, Lewis Branche aptly said of him and his region, "He was an authentic Northern New Yorker, blending in his person the straightforward honesty, the simplicity, the disinterestedness, and the individualism that are the best marks of the northern New York character."

It is true that, as a political manager, he believed in party discipline and maintained that leaders elected by the people must indeed lead, not simply live fearful of constituents' views. He also believed in "honest" use of the spoils system, since this was a principal instrument of the leaders in their continuing fight against special privilege. The exception to this was an independent elected judiciary.

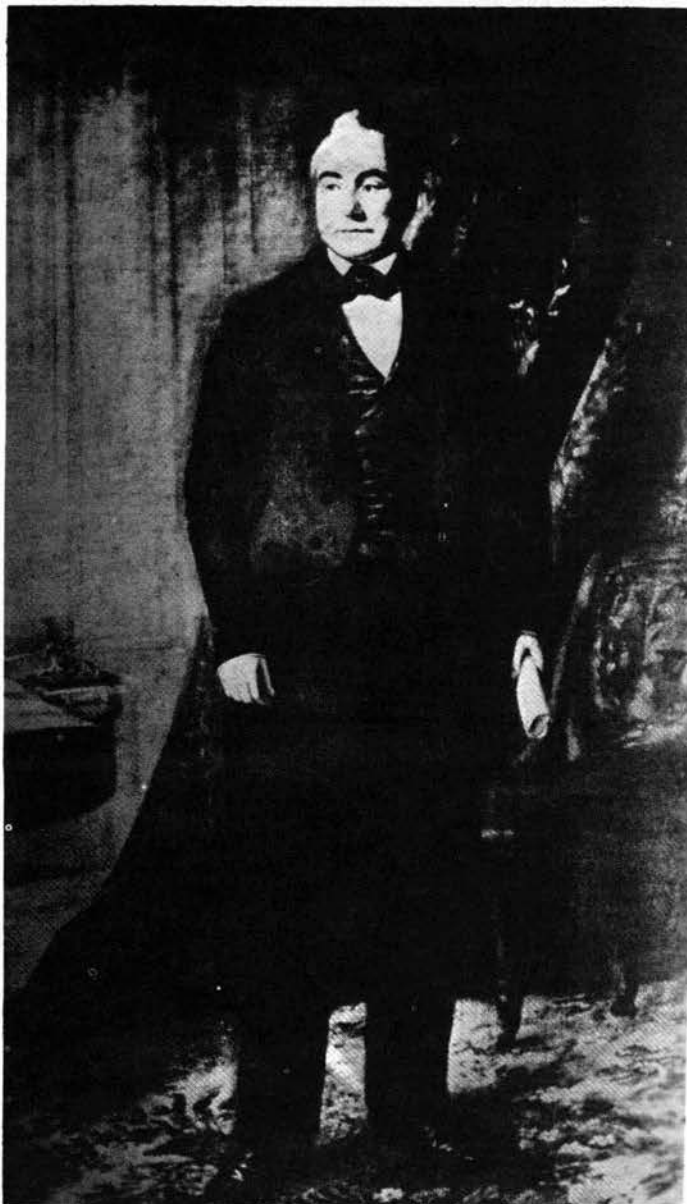
To the fight against privilege he remained always committed. Once he had attained state office, and then national, he found ample opportunity for the struggle.

EARLY LIFE

He was born in Amherst, Massachusetts in 1795. He was reared in Weybridge, Vermont. He came to northern New York after graduation from Middlebury College and law study in what is now Hudson Falls. In Canton he found a place to hang out his shingle, and, though he didn't marry until 1833, discovered his future wife, Clarissa Moody. The North Country was a growing area of "farmers, merchants, and mechanics," and young Silas advanced rapidly on the impetus of their trust and votes. By 1824, having served as Canton postmaster and county surrogate, he was a state senator. From 1827 to 1829 he sat as a representative in the U.S. Congress. He resigned to become comptroller of New York State. In this position he was virtually in charge of the "Albany Regency" while its head, Martin VanBuren, was in Washington as Jackson's Secretary of State.

In Albany, working with a political structure that held state dominance over twenty years, he learned intricate lessons of management. As a party man, he had a remarkably accurate sense of public opinion; he made himself the closest thing to a Harris poll then existent. Also he educated himself to become one of the country's prime authorities on finance and agriculture. He fought against reckless bank speculation. His stand against a great network of lateral canals branching out from the Erie was unpopular, but as railroads grew in a few years his judgment was vindicated.

It was in 1833, as William L. Marcy left the Senate to become governor of New York, that Wright went as Senator to Washington. The eleven years spent there were probably his happiest political period, blemished only by Clarissa's distaste for Washington as opposed to small-town life. A lieutenant of Jackson and then President VanBuren, he moved with leaders of the nation. Without the oratorical powers of Webster or Clay or the single-minded "nullificationist" force of Calhoun, he was at least their equal in



SILAS WRIGHT

committee fights, and often more persuasive because of his moderate tone and self-control. Perhaps his largest contribution, legislatively, was his advocacy of a federal treasury independent of private banking systems. He saw the Treasury bill passed in 1840, three years after he had published in Ogdensburg's *St. Lawrence Republican* seven articles on federal and state banking.

As the free-state slave-state issue advanced to dominate politics, 1844 became a year of crisis for him. He declined President Tyler's offer of an appointment to the Supreme Court. He supported VanBuren in the Democratic convention at Baltimore, but the two-thirds rule, imposed by slaveholders, insured the nomination for the Tennessean Polk. As a gesture to the northern forces, the vice-presidential nomination was offered to Wright. It came to him in Washington by the newly invented telegraph, and so his telegrams of refusal were among the early and decisive uses of the new medium. Not only that, they were dispatched by the inventor himself as he sat in the rotunda at the Capitol, Samuel F. B. Morse.

AS GOVERNOR

On the heels of this decision, another was building. As the only nominee in sight who could carry New York for Polk, he was urged to resign from the Senate for a race as governor. As a loyal party man who knew that only he could unite warring factions, he agreed. And thereby he won a battle — carrying New York by 10,000 votes while Polk came in by 5,000 — while losing a war. "Losing" is the right word here, because political problems in New York would have been insurmountable for any governor the next two years, and he was beaten for reelection in 1846.

The problems were such -- canal extension, anti-rent grievances in the Hudson Valley, banking questions -- that his stands alienated the conservatives, the tenants, and the landlords and bankers.

Yet, had he not died August 27, 1847, he might have won the biggest battle of his life, and helped avoid America's greatest war, by becoming President. From 1846-47, watching from Canton, he saw his proposed reforms of the rent system and public works appropriations adopted. Also, his tariff policy was voted in Washington and the independent federal treasury he had envisaged was made permanent.

In the long-growing division between the Barnburner section of his party and the Hunkers, Wright had remained one of the former, a progressive who opposed slavery and the addition of slave states. Yet he was the one moderate who could have held these wings together. Because of this, as he cultivated his farm in Canton, many eyes of the nation held on him in the prospect of 1848's national election.

On the evening of August 26 he sat in his comfortable house polishing a speech to be delivered at Saratoga to the New York State Agricultural Society. In it, typically, he urged education for agriculture as for other vocations. The next morning, while picking up mail in the post office, he became ill. He was escorted home and with medical attention, felt better. But, while resting in the west 1st floor bedroom, he was fatally stricken. During the next months, expressions of homage came, and the biographies-in-preparation by Jenkins and Hammond were published. (The most recent biography is by John Garraty, Columbia University Press, 1949.) Whittier wrote of him, "Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon!" and eventually a military figure who in Mexico had predicted that Wright would be the Democratic candidate in 1848, Zachary Taylor, became the Whig candidate and was elected.

Women of Canton may have felt a special loss because a splendid banner they had woven in 1844, during the gubernatorial race, was finally superfluous except as a memory and as decoration. This banner, with its great eagle and national mottos, is now in the possession of St. Lawrence University.

In 1848, with many ballots marked "Remember Silas Wright," the State and St. Lawrence County went Whig. But six years later Preston King and other aides of Wright carried St. Lawrence County for the new Republican party.

AS A SYMBOL

What this indicates is that Wright had then grown into, and remains now, a symbol of transition. In the early years the transition was from control by the wealthier classes to that of farmers and tradesmen; in other words, from the Federalist Age to that of Jackson. In the later period, it was from the power of slaveholders and the planting aristocracy to the vision of a nation where all men might be truly free. Though a staunch Democrat all his life, Wright was a republican in the broadest sense and might have moved to the anti-slavery Republican party. In that final speech of his, which was read for him at Saratoga by General Dix, he pledged opposition to every form of exploitation of the American people.

As Bligh Dodds, then Collector of the Port in Ogdensburg, said of Wright in the 1958 dedication of the plaque on the front of the Canton house, "His life was a complete devotion to public service." Even what is perhaps Canton's greatest glory of beauty and common-folks recreation, the park, was a gift by Wright, for ownership by the Presbyterian church and for use by everyone in perpetuity. One of the most moving scenes in Wright's life, at least to Northern New Yorkers today, is of the Farmer Statesman and the President of the United States, Martin Van Buren, discussing politics as they were seated on a rock beside Little River to the south of Canton. This was on the eve of the 1840 campaign, and Van Buren had traveled from Saratoga on his way to Watertown and his home "Lindenwald" near Albany.

It has been estimated that this man, Silas Wright, who was elected and reelected to sit in councils of the nation's great, left an estate of about \$8,000. This may be the last small index of his commitment to the plain people he so respected and admired. It was certainly they who, in one election, gave this "man without guile" a margin in Canton of 199 votes to one. His neighbors speculated afterward that the one vote could have been his own.



EDWARDS SCHOOL, 1895, Hattie Cleland Dulac, teacher. Pupils: Ettie Cleland, Ruth Bancroft (Adams), Miriam Bancroft (Meldrim), Frank Hall, Eva Clark (Gore), Etta

Raymond, Addie Barnes (Noble), Harley Pratt, Dell Dulack (Hentz), Elida Padgett (Hancock), Cecile Pratt (Newvine). (Married names in Parentheses)



at Lake Ozonia

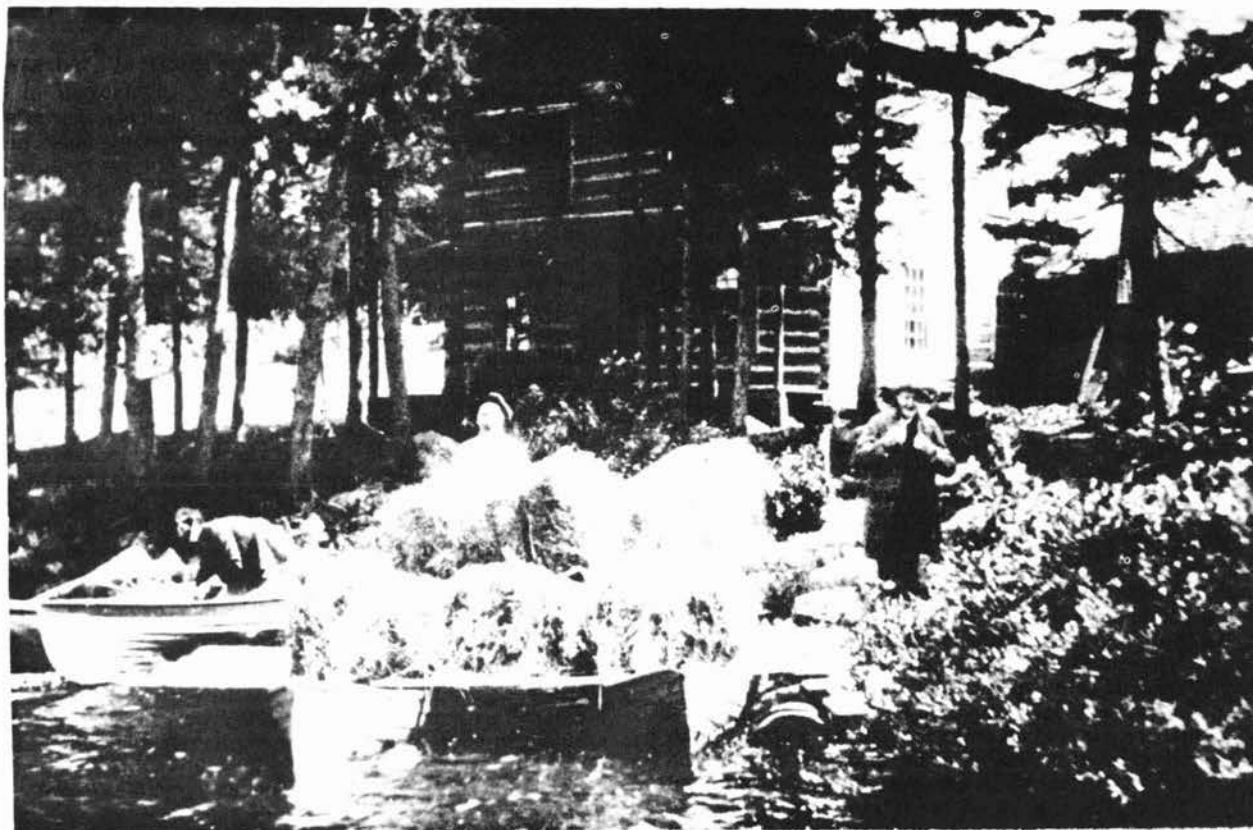
By William McLoughlin

No one knows when the old Log Hotel at Lake Ozonia officially began catering to regular visitors. But it was before the lake obtained its present name. An Adirondacks map of 1885 (printed in THE QUARTERLY in January, 1969) refers to it as "Trout Lake House," but this may have been a confusion with the hotel built at Trout Lake in Hermon in 1882. Nevertheless, the founders of the Old Log Hotel, Alphonso (Alfonso) Prentice and his wife, Julia, were probably serving meals and putting up guests years before that at the other Trout Lake, in Hopkinton, which is now known as Lake Ozonia.

The Prentices came to Hopkinton's Trout Lake in April, 1876, stopping off at the home of Mr. S. W. Chambers in Nicholville on the way. The Chambers recalled the date well for it was the day after their daughter Mary was born. Their horse was so worn out from pulling its wagonload of furniture that the Prentices left behind a heavy bureau as a gift for their lodging, as well as to lighten their load. The Chambers used it for years.

The property at the end of the old Town Road from Hopkinton Village to the Lake on which the Prentices settled was then owned by Milton Heath of Potsdam. Heath had quietly bought up all the lakefront land on Trout Lake, and

it may be that he hired Alphonso Prentice as a watchman for this preserve. The earliest deed I have seen for the property, dated January 30, 1878, describes a tract of 50 acres on "the edge of Trout Lake. . . contracted to be sold to Julia A. Prentice." This land was at the eastern tip of the long bay jutting out from the northern end of the lake toward Franklin County. The lake itself extends two and a half miles from northwest to southeast -- its southern tip almost touching the border of Franklin County. Already, by 1878, it was becoming a popular summer place for residents of nearby towns. Mrs. Mollie McEwen has left us a vivid account of these early campers around "Hungry Bay" who were really, as she says, "squatters" on Milton Heath's property. The McEwens of Lawrence were among the first campers there and the old log hostelry in "Hungry Bay" was often frequented by them. Mrs. Prentice was an excellent cook and set out many "hunger-satisfying meals" for these early campers according to Mrs. McEwen, "even if they were prepared with a full orchestra and chorus of flies around her working space. No one died of ptomaine poisoning." In addition to serving meals and putting up transients, the Prentices' cows provided milk and their chickens provided eggs for the campers around the Bay.



LAKE OZONIA'S OLD LOG HOTEL
1876 - 1917

The Old Log Hotel



The Old Log Hotel, rear view.

And Mr. Prentice helped many of these campers to build their camps, hauling lumber and furniture by boat in the days before there was a road around the lake.

Edward Allen Wood, the Nicholville correspondent for the Potsdam COURIER-FREEMAN, reported in February of 1888, that the lake was fast becoming the most popular resort in the region: "There are now some twenty cottages upon its shores and the number is steadily increasing." But, he added, "At present there is no hotel worthy the name." This may simply reflect his private view since Wood's article was devoted to propagandizing for a railroad and a big resort hotel at the lake: "with a railroad to or near the lake one would be immediately built as very many have been deterred from going or spent but a short time there that would gladly have spent weeks or months if they could have had comfortable or even passable accommodations."

Wood's article may have galvanized the Prentices into building the large addition to their home which became the Log Hotel (or at least into consciously thinking of themselves as hotel keepers), for in September of that year Wood reported, "It is understood from reliable authorities that a hotel and mills are to be erected soon at Trout Lake -- the mills first and then the hotel in season for next season's business. The number of visitors at the lake this season was greater than at any previous season."

The old Log Hotel, whether built in 1888 or in 1878, or 1876, was an imposing structure as the old photographs show. Two stories high with a high gable and a low front piazza, it adjoined a smaller log cabin with a passage connecting the two. A central chimney provided for fireplaces. The first floor contained a kitchen, lounge, and large dining room. The second floor had six or eight rooms and there was more space in the attic. But often there were more guests than rooms, and to accommodate them the Prentices and their successors put up a row of tents under the tall pines beside the hotel. There was a dock for boats, a croquet court which was very popular, and a horseshoe pit. A good spring served for water and refrigeration;

a root cellar, smoke house, and ice house provided storage space and the nearby farm of John Stark supplied extra chickens and pork when needed.

FERNWOOD HALL

However, when the Ottawa and New York Railroad began passenger service to St. Regis Falls in 1892, Milton Heath's nephew (and adopted son), Frederick M. Heath, decided it was time for a first-class hotel on the lake. In 1892 he started building the elegant Fernwood Hall, a three-story shingled edifice with a striking porched tower, a broad veranda, and thirty rooms. Located at the northwestern corner of Hungry Bay, its magnificent stone basement was built by a mason from Parishville named O'Hara and the building itself was constructed by Charles Newell of Nicholville. When this opened in July, 1893, its elegance (and new roads from Hopkinton and St. Regis Falls) at once attracted the more well-to-do and fashionable vacationers that E. A. Wood had expected. But while Fernwood Hall did a thriving summer trade, it by no means put the old Log Hotel out of business. For one thing, Frederick Heath did not like hunting and closed his hotel about the first of September. Alphonso Prentice kept his hotel open until the middle of November and always attracted a large number of hunting parties during the fall. The Prentice House also opened two months or more before Fernwood Hall to attract the local fishermen. Besides, there were many who did not like the high-toned atmosphere at Fernwood Hall and preferred the simple, rustic qualities of the Log Hotel.

Then, as now, hunting accidents occurred and Prentice himself was the victim of one in the fall of 1899. "Last Friday," reported the COURIER-FREEMAN, "as Elijah Converse, Alphonso Prentiss, and Fred Hopkins were watching for b'ar . . . Mr. Converse mistook a movement in the brush and dusk for some game and fired, hitting Mr. Prentiss, who was in a sitting posture, just below the knee

(Continued on Page 19)

Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

Dear Mason:

Do you think your readers would be able to help me out with the words to an old song?

At the turn of the century my Welsh father used to sing a song about Little Nell of Narragansett Bay. Like modern folk songs it told a sad story about a little maiden lashed to the mast of her father's boat. I'm sure her father was a fisherman on the "Banks" but how the wreck occurred I can't recall.

Another song with a lilting tune was Goodbye Old Grover (Rover?) Goodbye. The meaning is clear, but how the words went has slipped my memory. Can you, or anyone, help?
May B.

Dear May:

These songs are fascinating. I expect we'll receive a rash of answers. Song writer Harry Kerr of Hammond, and George Nicol were well known there. We received Harry's campaign song with comment from a nostalgic Hammondite. At this election time it is especially appropriate.

Sincerely and undercover
Mason Jahrs



Harry Kerr, Song Writer

Harry D. Kerr of 27 William St., N.Y. City, who is a former Hammond boy has written a jingling campaign song that is making a hit everywhere. It is entitled "Get on the Raft with Taft", and the music is by Abe Holzmänn. The New York Republican County Committee has adopted it, likewise the St. Law. County Republican Committee. The words are as follows:

1

The time has come, the fight is on, We've picked a man to run:
For President, Ohio sent her noble, worthy son.
The man we need, the man to lead our strong and mighty craft,
Through storm and sea to victory, is William Howard Taft.

Chorus

Get on the raft with Taft, boys, get in the winning boat.
The man worth while, with the big glad smile, will get the honest vote.
We'll save the country sure, boys, from Bryan, Hearst and graft:
So all join in, we're sure to win; Get on the raft with Taft.

2

The greatest man that ever ran the greatest land on earth
Is Teddy R., whose shining star is only in its birth
We'd like some more of Theodore, but Theodore has said
That Taft was meant for President to follow in his stead.

Chorus —

3

His running mate's from New York State, we'll all give him a hand;
Our votes he'll get and, you can bet, the second place he'll land.
Jim Sherman's square and always fair, in due respect to him
All Democrats must doff their hats to dear old "Sunny Jim."

Chorus —

4

Of Bryan's bluff we've had enough, he'd talk you deaf and blind.
The million trusts he's goin' to bust are only in his mind.
Seems he has run since Washington first started in the game,
If his legs were gone, he'll keep right on a-running just the same.

Chorus —

(Courtesy Hammond Historian)

Poetical Portraits



Dad's Dinner Pail

Preserve that old kettle all blackened and worn,
It belonged to my father before he was born:
It hung in a corner beyant on a nail,
'Twas an emblem of labor, was dad's dinner pail.

Chorus

It glistens like silver, so sparkling and bright;
I'm fond of that trifle that held his wee bite;
In Summer and Winter, in rain, snow and hail,
I've carried that kettle, my dad's dinner pail.

When the bell rang for meal time my father'd come down,
He sat with the workmen about on the ground,
He'd share with a laborer and say he'd go bail,
You would never reach the bottom of dad's dinner pail.
If the day should be rainy, my father'd stay home,
And he'd polish his kettle as clean as a stone,
He'd joke wid me mother, at me he would wale
If I put a finger on dad's dinner pail.
There's a place for the coffee and also the bread,
The corn beef and praties, and oft it was said,
Go fill it wid porter, wid beer or wid ale,
The drinks would taste sweeter from dad's dinner pail.
(Contributed by Clara LaRue)

Picking Up Chips

By Abigail Smith Cole

"Heritage Preserved" on page 9 in the July Quarterly brings to mind my very first "chore." I wasn't tall enough to help Mamma with the dusting. I couldn't wipe dishes-- "I'm afraid you will drop it." A last Mamma discovered that I could pick up chips!

Papa owned a "wood lot." In the fall, as soon as there was snow enough to go with a sled, he hired a man to help him. First thing after breakfast, he hitched the horses to the sled, and away they went. In the woods they cut down a tree; sawed it into desired lengths; split the large pieces to size that Papa could handle alone. Just in time for dinner - at noon - Papa came home with a lot of those chunks of wood on the sled. After dinner, he would rest a while, then go out and remove those chunks of wood to an area not far from the house. That left the sled ready to start out the next morning.

Other days Papa would split those chunks of wood into sticks just right to go in the stoves. Of these he would make a long pile up next to the house in such a way that the air could circulate through and the summer sun would dry them out. "Getting up his wood pile" gave a farmer something to do when he couldn't work out in the field.

In late summer and fall Papa would spend some pleasant days throwing this wood through an open window into the inside shed. On stormy days there was work there - getting the wood in neat piles, as high as Papa could reach, the first along the inside wall. Then two more parallel rows, and against the outside wall, under the window, the chunks of wood for the sitting room stove. These were large enough so that it was hoped that one put in at 8 o'clock, just before Papa went to bed, would hold live coals until morning. Between the piles there was a narrow walk from the kitchen door to Aunt Serepty's. In this shed there was also a large box of kindling wood. Every single scrap from the outside working area was brought in and kept in that box for winter starting of fires.

The kitchen stove was set up on legs so that underneath there was a space where the cat liked to sleep. On a cold winter day, with fur sprinkled with flakes of snow, puss would come in, shake himself, and crawl under the stove. Also in a handy place under the stove, Mamma kept her own small box of kindling wood.

On this big important day in my life, I remember watching Mamma lay the chips in the firebox, place a stick of wood on top of them. When she lit a match and touched it to each chip, a flame sprang up and curled over the stick of wood.

Mamma put the griddles back on the stove and took

the empty kindling wood box and went outside. I went with her. By the wood pile she picked up a chip and put it in the box. I picked up another and showed it to Mamma.

"That's right. You can help Mamma, if you fill this box with chips while I go and roll out the cookies. When I have them in the oven, I'll come and take in the box. Don't you try to lift it."

Left all alone there to do something useful, I felt very important. I'll admit that later, doing chores was a bore. They took me away from something I'd much rather be doing. They were a waste of time. But on that day I began having a part in the grown up part of living.

I remember my childhood as a happily busy existence. Activities varied from day to day - from season to season. Time, like everything else had its purpose. There was no waste disposal problem. The old catalogs and fashion magazines went to Aunt Serepty. The pictures decorated her walls. The stories made good entertainment - sometimes too good, Mamma said, when I was long getting back to dish wiping. Every other scrap of paper and every little bit of cloth that had gone beyond usefulness for patching, went into the empty flour sack to be exchanged for a new piece of tinware. Even the ashes were carefully removed from the stoves and scattered on the garden. The remains of live wood were recycled into the soil so that nothing of value in them was wasted.

Papa's wood lot had been a part of the "Big Woods." It was reached by a very narrow road that turned off from the road that went to the mysterious Lake Ozonia. One day every summer we would drive up that road to pick blackberries in the area where the trees had been cut. How sweet those wild black berries! How delicious Mamma's pies! Cans were filled and stored in a cool cellar, so that we might have an occasional blackberry pie all winter.

Papa gave the wood lot to Albert, when the farm was sold and Mamma and Papa came to make their home with John and me. Albert has been long gone. His son Gordon is gone. I wonder, has nature reclaimed that wood lot and recycled it back into the forest?

We enjoy our push button heat and light. We sure would hate to go back to horse power for travel and transportation of our goods. But, unless we wake up to the fact that we are all here together on God's one earth; and pay more attention to the total ecology by which nature devises to keep it all harmoniously recycling; we may find we have destroyed essentials of life that man cannot replace.

If humanity is to survive, we may have to learn again to pick up chips, and not destroy anything re-useable.



Elm St, Brier Hill, NY

Pub. by R.L. Stevenson

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Doris Putnam

Jack Scott

Canton

Ogdensburg

Massena

Stockholm

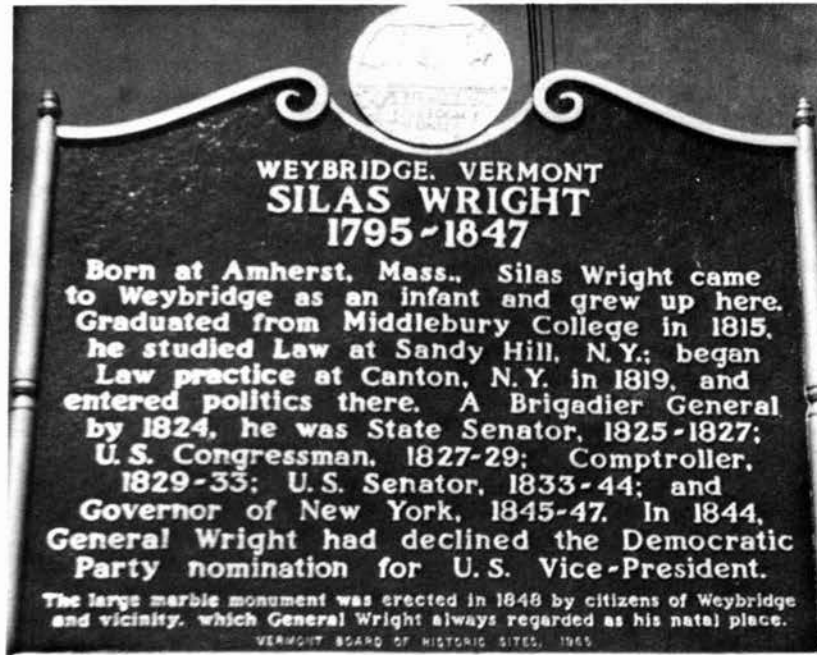
Potsdam

Canton

Richville

Gouverneur

Gov. Wright House Museum Campaign



(Hatch photo)

Born in Massachusetts and reared in Vermont, Silas Wright Jr. came to Canton as a young lawyer. He rose rapidly in county and state political circles, moving from postmaster to surrogate to senator, and then state comptroller.

National service came soon, first as Congressman, then from 1833 to 1844 as Senator. Elected New York Governor in 1844, he helped carry Polk into the Presidency. He had refused nomination for the Vice Presidency, as well as appointment as either Secretary of the Treasury or Justice of the Supreme Court. By 1847, because of his anti-slavery free-soil views, he was shaping up as a prime candidate for the Presidency. His death on August 27 of that year removed this possibility.

But it did not remove him from the affection of Clarissa, his St. Lawrence County wife, or his multitude of local, state, and national friends. In the memory of these friends he remained the "Great Commoner" and "Farmer Statesman," who by "candor clear as spring water" had led men away from old prejudices to "new convictions steeped in moral thought."

I THE GROWTH OF AN IDEA

A HERITAGE

The story of St. Lawrence County is a story full of the hardships, struggles, and heroism of courageous people who opened an unmapped wilderness. By their effort they created new settlements and towns, and in the process learned many of the virtues we still admire.

For twenty-six years, the St. Lawrence County Historical Association has been recording the story of the past, and preserving the records so carefully saved by those who first came from New England, the Mohawk Valley, and Canada. Today, with more than 1,000 members, the Association serves all of St. Lawrence County.

Four times each year, the Association publishes the Quarterly. Each year several summer tours are conducted to historic sites in the county. In the winter months, lectures and talks are provided. Always there has been the realization that much more could be accomplished if larger resources were available.

More and more people are seeking out historic places. Many fine museums continue to grow in popularity — the Shelburne Museum in Vermont, Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, Upper Canada Village, the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, the Remington Museum in Ogdensburg. Each one helps the visitor understand the past, and discover the roots of his heritage.

TWO CONCLUSIONS

The consultant has provided two general conclusions. First, the Governor Silas Wright House can become a fine museum, depicting life in the early nineteenth century, with special emphasis on the decades of Silas Wright's own life.

Second, the other building on the property, while requiring some changes and improvements, can provide adequate space for an historical research center, archives and offices of the County Historian.

THE NATIONAL HISTORIC TRUST

Another compelling factor makes the idea important. The County Historical Association has nominated the Governor Wright House, the Customs House in Ogdensburg and the Remington Museum for inclusion in the National Register of Historic Places. It is likely that the home of a Governor of New York and an important United States Senator, Silas Wright, Jr., will become a nationally recognized historic site. Now is the time to make history live in the Governor Wright House.

The next paragraphs provide an outline of the plans for creating the St. Lawrence County Historical Research Center and Museum in the Governor Silas Wright House.

THE CONCEPT

It has long been the goal of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association to develop a county museum. Professional museum curators have created the concept of a good museum. It should be:

- a focal point for everyone interested in the history of the county, centrally located and easily accessible, open to all residents and visitors.
- a permanent place to store valuable records, including an archival center for physically preserving and cataloging priceless documents.
- an educational program for young people, available under professional guidance to all schools in the county.
- a period museum, one that would re-create a picture of life in St. Lawrence County as it developed over early decades, and would illustrate facets of life until recent times.
- a resource available to town and village museums, designed to support the valuable work which these museums do.
- a historical research center, to provide students and scholars excellent facilities for study and research.
- a well-designed work area for creating and constructing exhibits and repairing and restoring historic items.
- a museum fully accredited, led by professional staff and serving all the citizens of St. Lawrence County.

A NEW MUSEUM FOR ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY

The County Historical Association believes that the moment has come to move decisively to establish a county museum and a permanent headquarters for the Association. The Governor Wright House and the land and additional building associated with it are excellent facilities with which to accomplish these objectives. Therefore, on June 23, 1973, the officers of the Association signed an option to purchase the Governor Silas Wright House on Main Street in Canton.

By taking the option on the Governor Wright House, the Association gained time to complete its studies on the feasibility of the project. Aided by a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts, the Association invited Archie Stobie, Director of the Remington Art Museum in Ogdensburg, to evaluate the idea, and if feasible, offer recommendations.

A WORD ABOUT PROPOSED EXPENDITURES

Creation of the St. Lawrence County Historical Research Center and the Silas Wright House Museum is a large project. The expenditures will be large enough to make possible the kind of museum that will be attractive to visitors and the kind of research center attractive to professional museum curators.

The goal is to create a center and museum of high quality, and to obtain national accreditation and professional recognition.

(Continued on next page)

THE SHAPE OF A PLAN

PHASE I

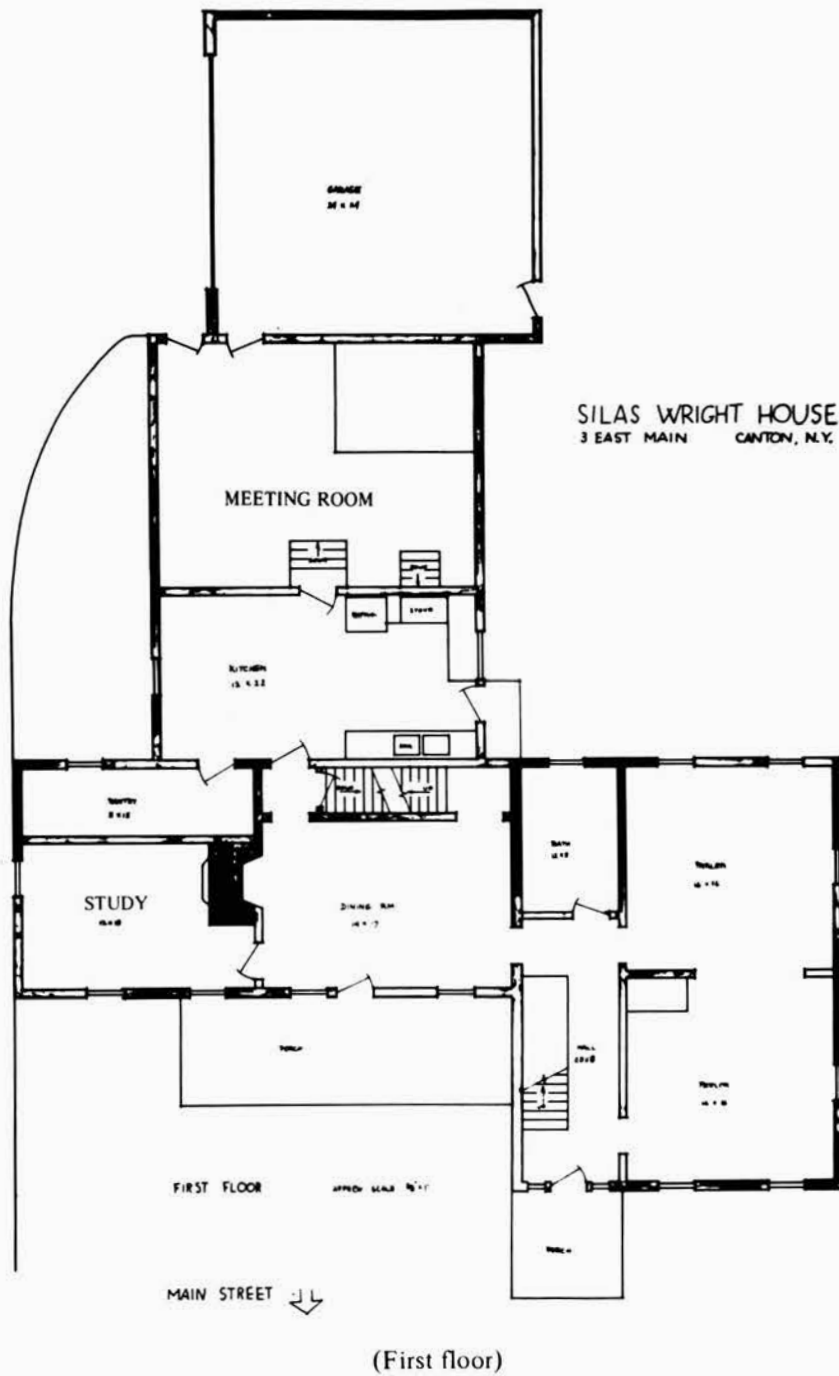
The four rooms and entrance hall on the first floor will be developed first. The front entrance hall will be refurnished in the furniture of the Empire period, 1820 to 1840.

The front parlor will be furnished as a drawing room of the Empire period, and the back parlor will be decorated as an upper middle class sitting room of the Victorian period of 1830 to 1850.

The dining room emphasizes a blend of Victorian and Empire pieces, brought together so as to convey a feeling of comfortable elegance. The room will be used for museum receptions and social functions.

The downstairs study of Governor Wright will also be furnished in the Victorian style, to illustrate a gentleman's study and library. The focal point of the room will be the original Franklin stove still present in the room.

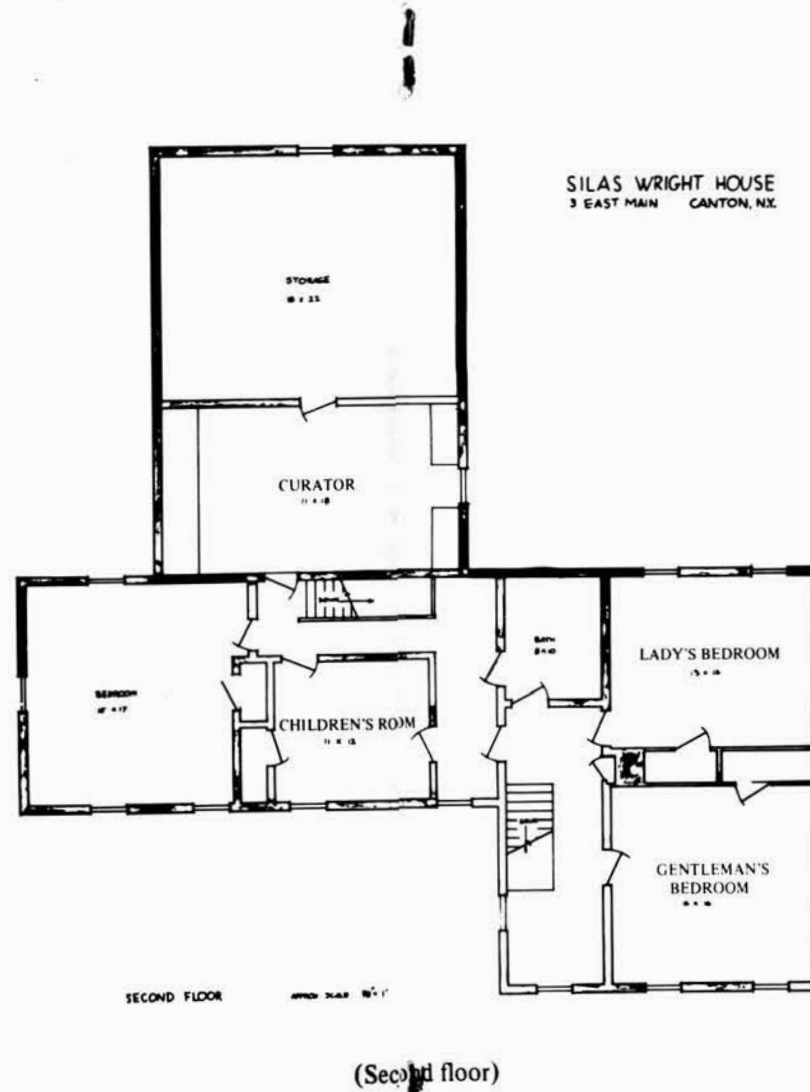
THE COUNTY MUSEUM IN THE SILAS WRIGHT HOUSE



THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY MUSEUM IN THE GOVERNOR SILAS WRIGHT HOUSE

The Silas Wright House will become the St. Lawrence County Historical Association Museum. It is important to realize that the Association plans to create a 19th century house museum, preserving and exhibiting material of significance from the whole span of St. Lawrence County history. The purpose is not to refurnish the house as it was when owned by Governor and Mrs. Wright, although artifacts from the Wright family will be used wherever possible.

The museum will be developed in two phases.



PHASE II

Phase II of the museum plan will feature the opening of the second floor. The two east bedrooms will be furnished as part of the museum, one as a gentleman's bedroom of the Empire period, and the other as a lady's bedroom of the Victorian period. The small bedroom at the center front of the house will be a children's room, emphasizing items known to children in the period 1840 to 1890.

The large bedroom at the center of the house will serve as the work area for the Curator of the museum.

The sheds at the back of the house will be used as an area for exhibit preparation and educational classroom for visiting school groups. It is hoped that the back yard of the house can one day be developed as a garden of the mid-Victorian period.

THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL RESEARCH CENTER

The new historical research center is designed to serve as the home of the County Historian, and the location for greatly expanded exhibits of materials and artifacts in the St. Lawrence County collection. In addition, substantial provision would be made for preserving and storing archival materials, such as important documents and diaries, letters and out of print publications.

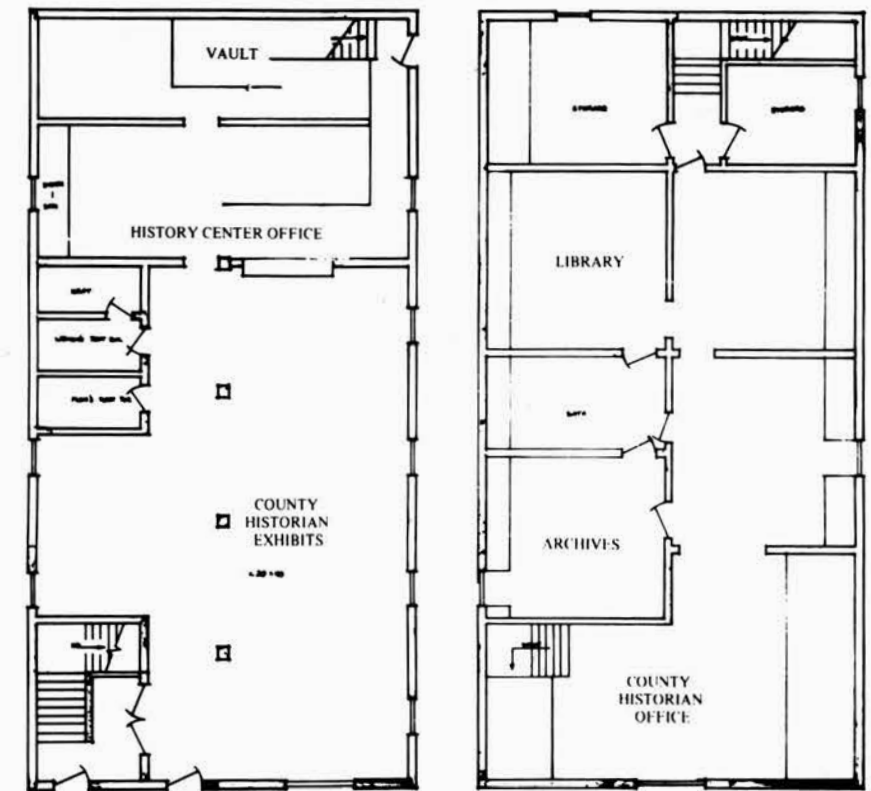
In the floor plan presented here, the History Center is designed to serve the program of the County Historian as well as the archival requirements of the Historical Association. These facilities would be housed in the building presently used for commercial purposes, which can be functional for a period of a decade.

The main room on the first floor of the building will provide excellent space as a general exhibition room for the County Historian. It can also serve as a meeting room for the Historical Association and other county groups. The remaining space will provide a general history center office and research room. The storage area at the rear of the first floor will provide space for a locked vault for valuable archives.

The front room on the second floor will provide a private office for the County Historian and the remaining rooms will be used for library and research space as well as archival storage.

The facilities described can be achieved at a minimum of expense and alteration. The St. Lawrence County Board of Supervisors approves the plan to relocate the County Historian to these new quarters.

THE RESEARCH CENTER



III FINANCING THE PLAN

PLANNED EXPENDITURES

1. Purchase of buildings and land		\$ 75,000
2. County Historical Research Center		10,000
County Historian's Office	\$ 1,500	
Library shelves and cases	1,500	
Archival equipment and storage	2,000	
Exhibits Room	2,000	
General repair and refurnishing	3,000	
3. County Museum		
A. Phase I		9,000
Hallway	1,000	
Sitting Room	1,500	
Parlor	1,500	
Gentleman's Study	2,000	
Dining Room	3,000	
B. Phase II		8,000
Lady's Bedroom	2,500	
Gentleman's Bedroom	2,500	
Children's Room	2,000	
Curator's Office and Storage	1,000	
C. General		13,000
Minor repairs, additional wiring, etc.	3,000	
First Year Operation	8,000	
Reserve	2,000	
TOTAL		\$115,000

RAISING THE FUNDS

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is conducting a campaign to raise the funds for this project. There are two important parts to this effort.

The first is the campaign for wide support from the citizens of St. Lawrence County. The Association feels that if the museum is to serve all the county and belong to all the citizens, everyone should have an opportunity to help establish it.

We are hopeful, too, that the St. Lawrence County Board of Supervisors, having declared their endorsement of the project on July 9, 1973, will appropriate funds with which to accomplish the renovation of the County Historical Research Center and the office of the County Historian, and also support the annual expenditure for operating expenses in the Historical Center.

GIFT RECOGNITIONS

Each contributor to the Governor Wright Historical Center Campaign will be recognized in a special way. Acknowledgments will be mailed to each donor.

In addition, the names of donors will be recorded as a permanent record of the Historical Association.

A plaque honoring gifts of \$500 or more will be erected in the museum. Names will be engraved according to the level of gift made, as follows:

Challenge Donor	\$10,000
Leadership Donor	5,000
Benefactor	2,500
Silas and Clarissa Wright Society	1,000
Museum Patron	500

All other gifts will be recorded in a book displayed in the museum. Each donor will be listed alphabetically with those from the same community, according to the following levels of gifts:

Friends of the Museum	\$100
Community Patron	50
Friends of Silas Wright	25
Contributor	under 25

"... BY THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTY OF ST. LAWRENCE"

In coming weeks, there will be opportunities throughout the county for citizens to make their contributions to this project. This will be known as the Governor Wright Historical Center Campaign.

On other occasions, the people of St. Lawrence County joined together to honor Silas Wright, Jr. The greatest occasion came shortly after his death. People of the county were asked to contribute to a memorial for his grave.

When the funds had been secured, a monument was made from marble quarried in Vermont, then shipped by barge to Ogdensburg and by ox-drawn bobsleds to Canton. The monument stands in Canton's first burying ground, at Miner and West Streets.

The inscription is simple. It bears the former statesman's name: Silas Wright, Jr., 1795-1847, and the words, "Erected by the people of the County of St. Lawrence."



WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

After 126 years, will the people of St. Lawrence County and former residents join to raise a new and better tribute to their greatest statesman? Will they do this as the nation prepares to observe its Bicentennial in 1976?

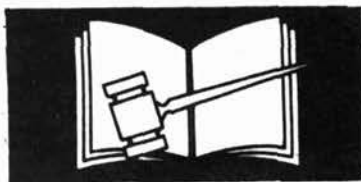
The Association believes so. Together all of us: the citizens of St. Lawrence County, the Board of Supervisors, and the County Historical Association can create a new educational facility and a lasting museum.

The challenge is ours. The time is now.

Gifts may be sent to: History Center Campaign
c/o Mr. Homer T. Kelly, Treasurer
Box 83
Canton, New York 13617



The Wright Homestead at Weybridge, Vermont. (Hatch photo.)



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As I write this to you about three weeks before publication, I am delighted to report most encouraging progress in this largest single endeavor in the history of our association. The Governor Wright Historical Center Campaign is well on its way; we are confident of success.

It has been most encouraging to have the warm response of encouraging words and deeds from members and non-members alike. We hope and trust that you are with us, that you will spread the word to others in your community or away from the county who might enjoy the opportunity to contribute. And if you haven't yet decided on a contribution, we hope -- upon reading through this very special campaign issue -- that you can send in something to help your very own association. Big and small gifts are only relative. Each is warmly received and appropriately recognized.

The establishment, at long last, of a museum for the whole county, the preserving of the home and memory of one of our greatest men is a chance long overdue. Let's not let this one slip by.

Erick A. Buttenden



PLEASE don't be slow to renew your membership! Send promptly when reminder is received. Send changes of address as quickly as possible. Last year returned Quarterlies cost your Association extra dollars we could have used for other purposes!

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

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.

*Yours in the bonds
of the Gospel
Gorham Cross.*

The Rev. Gorham Cross, was pastor of the Richville Congregational church for half a century.

(History Center Archives)

Here is my gift for the Gov. Wright History Center. Please include my name in the book of contributors.

Name _____ Amount \$ _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

All gifts are tax deductible. Mail to:
Gov. Wright History Center
Box 83
Canton, New York 13617

Trinity Elm in Richville

Just off the main highway in the village of Richville was a landmark that was for two generations at least known as Trinity Elm. Some called it Trinity Tree and some there are who speak of it as the Old Cross Elm. The tree has a history as interesting as many individuals and but for the pleadings and gold of Rev. Gorham Cross away back in the year 1840, the tree would ere this been forgotten.

The tree was located at the left as one drives up the hill on Railroad street and is a giant--three trees that come from one trunk or foundation. Those in Richville who have a sentiment for historical places and landmarks, that go to make up history, caused to be inserted in the concrete walk that passes by the side of this giant tree, brass letters of a size that can be plainly read as the stranger passes by. The inscription reads: "Trinity Tree. Named by Rev. Gorham Cross, 1840."

Chapman White, who resided in the house next to the tree and whose grandfather, Horace White, Sr., was one of the first settlers in the Richville section told the story of the tree. He stated that back in the year 1840, when it was quite the rule to be cutting down trees, the owner of the property started to cut this tree down. Rev. Mr. Cross, who resided across the street, had formed a love for the tree, which at that time was of good size and which the minister had named Trinity Elm, because of its three separate trunks growing from the same roots, went out and begged of the man not to cut down such a fine shade tree, bordering as it did the street. The story goes that the man was deaf to the entreaties of the minister, saying it was worth money to him and would bring, if cut up, \$10. Whereupon Mr. Cross took from his pocket \$10 in gold and gave it to the man with the statement that now the tree belonged to him. Rev. Mr. Cross, and that it must be

AA Y sister and a friend have written each a lay
About a dear old elm that stands beside the way.
Their lines I love to read; they give me pure delight,
As visions of that tree arise upon my sight.

Another lay I write; another song I sing;
Another tribute I to that old elm do bring.
So sister, friend and I a triune crown do lay
Upon the triune elm that reigns across the way.

Beneath its shade there stands, e'en to this very day,
The house where I was born, the yard where I did play.
Of all the trees in all the years beheld by me,
That tree was first, and first it stands in memory.

Beside the quiet street and on a sloping hill,
At edge of lovely village that still is called Richville,
It stays content for aye; nor west nor south it roams
To find the seven Crosses in distant, scattered homes.

But when a homesick feeling draws us there once more,
And neither of our parents awaits us at the door,
Their welcome thou dost give in every limb and leaf,
A living monument, a fragrant, loving sheaf.

Their memory thou dost keep, enshrined in living green;
Their praises thou dost sing, an endless, breezy pean.
The Old Cross Elm thou'rt called, and Trinity Elm as well,
And still, as years go by, the neighbors love to tell

left there for all time as a landmark. So the tree stood on and thoughtful people marked it by the memorial inscription in the sidewalk.

Mr. White thought the tree was over 200 years old. He was used to estimating timber and was sure that if cut up into stove wood this one tree, which was really three-fold, would make 45 cords of wood.

Some years ago, in the year 1908, the Rev. R. T. Cross wrote a twelve verse poem about this old tree. He had the verses printed into a souvenir edition in black and gold and he pays tribute to the place of his birth, to the parents who did so much for him and gives his love to the old tree.



*The historic landmark dedicated in 1908 by the following poem:

How dear old "Father Cross," some scores of years ago,
Did pay ten dollars down to stay the axman's blow,
And saved the life, for generations yet to be,
Of children's friend and neighbors' pride, the old elm tree.
When I was young the moaning winds that sighed through thee,
Did stir within my soul strange thoughts of mystery.
To their wierd sighs in darksome night I listened long,
As through my soul the thoughts of God did thickly throng.

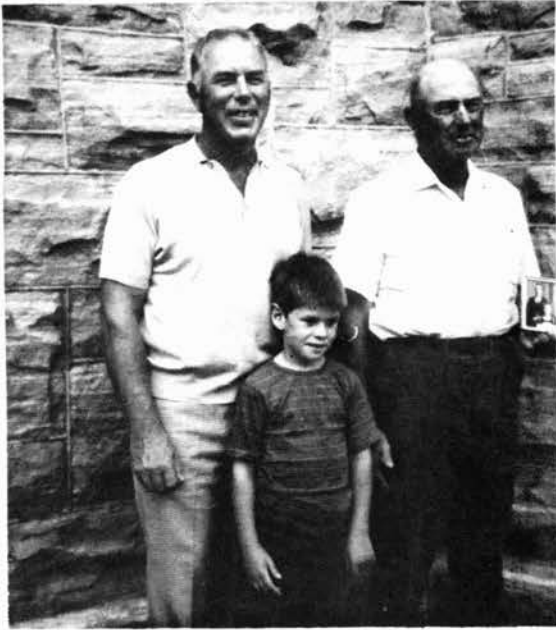
And still thou guardest well the house where I was born;
And still thy shadows fall across the road so worn,
Where strangers come and go, and barefoot boys still play,
And every spring doth deck the yards with foliage gay.

The man who paid his gold to save thy noble life,
The angel one who walked with him, his loving wife,
Who gave us each our life, and gave at greater cost,—
Their bodies sleep for aye—their lives can ne'er be lost.

When thou, old tree, art dead, and turned to soil once more,
Their souls in pristine youth shall live forevermore.
A memory thou shalt be, a thought from out the past;
An endless life is theirs, in God's own hand held fast.

By precious blood of Christ, so gladly by him paid,
Redeemed were they both, and in his image made.
A few more years of life with gold were bought for thee;
Exhaustless life is theirs beside the crystal sea.

First Hadlock Reunion



Edwin B. Hadlock, right, holds a photo of his father Edwin A., who was son of Edwin, first born in the county. Edwin C. his son, at left, and grandson Edwin D. joined the first HADLOCK reunion in August. Edwin was a cooper, blacksmith, farmer as was his brother William Stowell Hadlock who fashioned his name brand to use on tools. Descendant William O. Hadlock, Moorestown, N.J., received the brand from William S's toolbox of blacksmith - cooper tools. William F. Hadlock of Hammond was given another smaller brand fashioned by William S. All descendants named for grandparents were honored. Three Hadlock brothers came to the county in 1819 from Deerfield, Mass.



Our Readers are Honored

One of our oldest members George H. Partridge, just turned 100. Congratulations!

A new membership or change of address sent after the 10th of the month preceding publication will not be in time to receive the following Quarterly. It takes a little time to effect mailing changes.

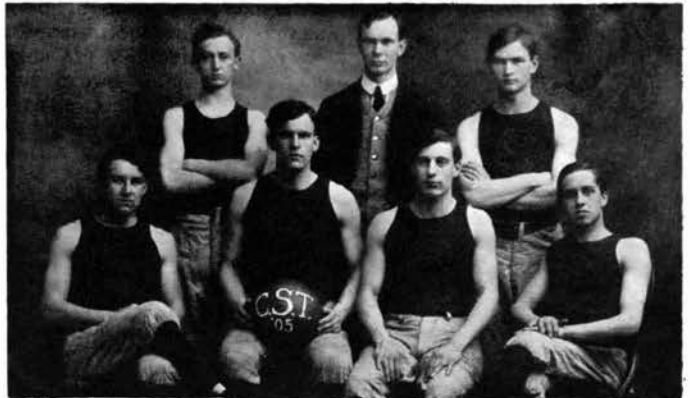
If you do NOT RECEIVE your Quarterly during month of publication, let us know promptly. (Some wait for a year to let us know!)

archives highlight

Who? When?



Who was this fiddler? The History Center was given this daguerreotype, probably from Hermon.



Who were these 1905 Clarkson School of Technology basketball team members?



What year were these Clarkson baseball players pictured? Who were they?

The Old Log Hotel (Continued from Page Six)

pan." For a time the doctor thought he would have to amputate, but fortunately the leg was saved.

Shortly after this, however, the Prentice's moved away from the lake and their hotel came under the management of William and Amanda Newell of Nicholville. "Amandy" Newell was an even better cook than Julia Prentice and the Log Hotel continued to have many transient diners on weekends. Newell seems to have made further improvements in the hotel facilities and to have re-christened it "Rustic Lodge." The COURIER-FREEMAN reported in 1905 that "His house is a very popular resort in the summer season and his many friends will be glad to know that they are to stay another year." In 1906 the same paper noted in August, "Mr. and Mrs. William Newell and their daughter Clara of Rustic Lodge, Lake Ozonia, . . . report a house full of summer guests at the Lodge." But despite the help of local farm girls as waitresses, chambermaids, and dishwashers, "Amandy" Newell found the job too heavy. Her health gave way and in 1907 the Newells sold out to Robert and Nettie Niles Day of Nicholville. The paper reported, "Mr. Robert Day has recently leased the Rustic Lodge hotel at Lake Ozonia and has it nicely fitted up for the comfort of summer guests or the transient trade. When at the Lake, give them a call and see what a nice place they have."

The Days made a success of their new trade: "They have their lodge well filled, besides many transients. Some days they serve as many as 100 visitors." "Rob" Day also improved the sawmill facilities which Prentice had established near the hotel. By 1909 he seems to have devoted as much time to lumbering as to catering. His brother, Morris Day of Day's Mills in Nicholville, that year "purchased from Mr. Julian Heath over 500,000 feet of logs cut the past year by Mr. Robert Day on the Lake Ozonia Park Tract."

After the tragic death of Frederick Heath's daughter, Flora, in 1909, the Heath family seemed to lose interest in Fernwood Hall. In 1917 Rob Day leased the Hall from Frederick Heath's widow and became its proprietor until 1927. After 1917 the old Log Hotel went into steady decline. During the World War I years when the Downey and Snell Lumber Company logged the Lake's virgin shoreline timber (which the Heaths had previously carefully protected from lumbermen) the Hotel was the headquarters for one of their four camps on the lake. Thereafter it seems to have been more or less abandoned, becoming a home only for wandering tramps or occasional hunters. By 1950 it had so far decayed as to be an eyesore. The late Supervisor Donald Young of Parishville bought the property on which it stood and burned the last of its decaying logs to clear the ground for a new summer home (now owned by the F. E. Ellsworths). The old Log Hotel presently lingers only in the memory of the oldest residents and the fading photographs of a bygone era.

Bicentenary Annals

If you have ever yearned to strike flint on steel and feel the lurch as black powder flames issue from the muzzle of an old musket... to march with swing cadence, fifes and drums accenting the echos of our War of Independence... or hear the boom of cannons shouting defiance in the tradition of Henry Knox, then take a few moments to visit The Brigade of the American Revolution an organization of living history composed of local groups which have reactivated and adopted the identity, uniforms and weapons of actual units on both sides of the American Revolutionary War.

"THE BRIGADE
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION"

Photo by Bill Summers



Bicentennial Congress

The 200th anniversary of the "shot heard 'round the world" and of the achievement of American independence is rapidly approaching -- events of momentous significance to all of us but a particular challenge to each person involved in historical activities.

Now is the time to begin organizing and planning effectively if we are to utilize the Bicentennial period as an

opportunity both to gain fresh insight into the past of the singularly unique American experience and to rededicate our spirit to meet the imperatives of the present and future.

Those of us in counties along the Northern Border -- Clinton, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Jefferson, and Oswego -- share many historical relationships and

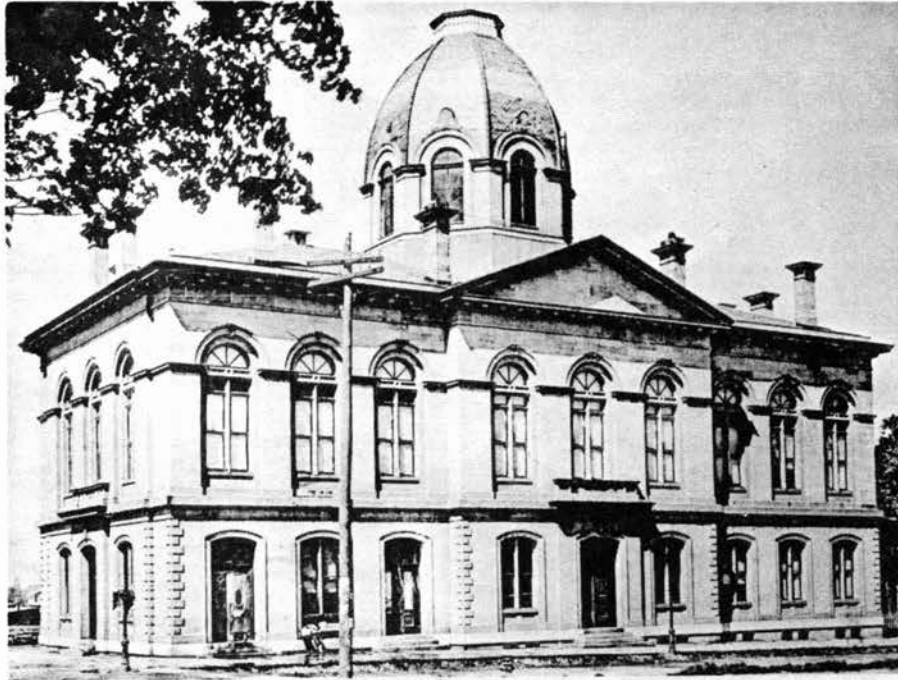
have an important stake in establishing Bicentennial plans that will be coordinated with each other as well as with proposals in other areas of New York State.

The Congress will soon publish a newsletter to keep all counties informed. Activities, good and unsuccessful, should be reported.

TOURS and PROGRAMS

Ogdensburg,

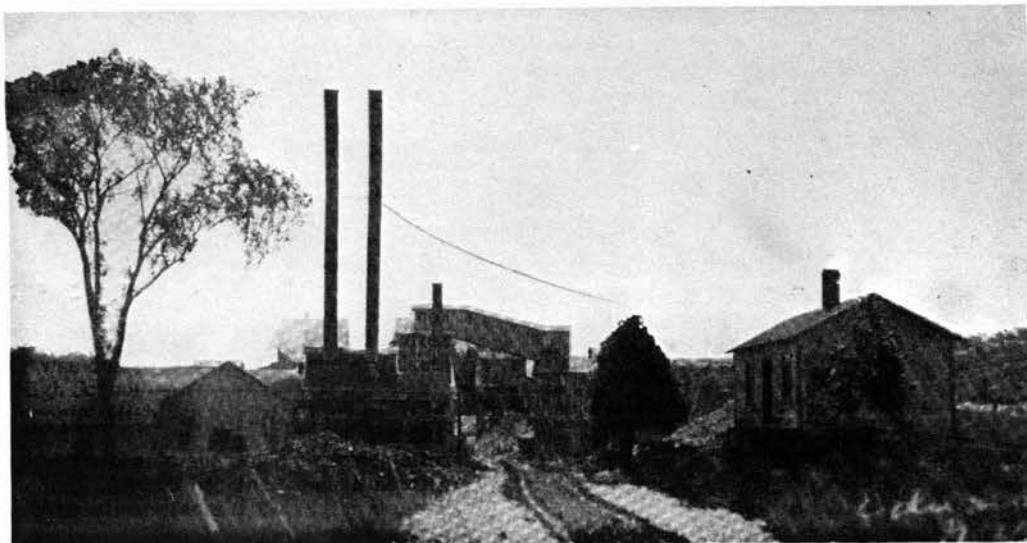
August



CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE

One of the buildings visited on the tour of Ogdensburg in August. Postmaster Carroll Belgard entertained there and Bill Walker regaled the crowd in his usual congenial fashion at the Custom House. Persis Boyesen was hostess at the library and the Remington Art Memorial visit were highlights, too. An appreciative crowd also had lunch at the "Brewery" and then visited the new United Helpers Home.

September



Zinc Mines, Edwards, N. Y.

The September tour, while enthusiastic in prospect, ran into conflict of dates with other groups. This will bear repeating.

October

Annual Meeting

Oct. 20
at Potsdam, 12 noon

Beeline



FROM
THE EDITOR

The Road Mope

Shoulder to the wheel -- nose to the grindstone -- all such expressions could describe the efforts being put forth by many people for our future.

The History Center concept with the office of the County Historian and its collections of archives and research materials could be adequately housed for some time by the plans Archie Lee Stobie has drawn. The artifacts of our association would also be useful for county-wide displays.

The historic house museum could adequately show off to the county and its visitors what life in St. Lawrence County has been like.

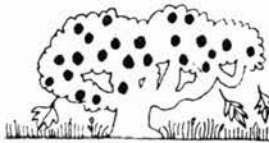
Let's all get behind this supreme effort culminating in a 1976 grand gala -- our coming twenty-seventh year looks like a great one!

MHB



To those who submitted articles for this issue, we urge patience. We will get to them in January and April of '74. This issue just naturally had to be campaign-oriented.

To those who have sent such fine pictures and "prize finds," we will get them copied and returned as soon as possible. Please bear with us.



"Were I a poet, think I would write in the fall of the year."
Elisha Risdon in his diary, Hopkinton.

The automobile has added several new phrases to the language of Americans. We have the "Road Hog," the "Flivver Boob," and now comes the "Road Mope."

This new phrase seems to have been coined by Commissioner of Motor Vehicles Goodwin, of the Bay State. The commissioner coined the word from his heart after having been held up for several miles on a crowded highway by a woman proceeding at 12 miles an hour.

The commissioner at length stopped the woman driver and warned her of the danger of her course. By going too slowly she held up traffic, and tempted some drivers to cut around, a very dangerous proceeding on a well traveled road.

Common sense and fairly general practice have established a reasonable speed on the highway as being from 5 to 30 miles per hour. Any driver who exceeds this speed often is a menace to others. And so too the driver who drives below this speed is a menace and a nuisance as well.

The "road mope" is oftentimes a motor truck, incapable of greater speed. To solve the problem presented by the increasing number of trucks, we shall some day have special truck highways in congested districts.

But the touring car driver who because of nervousness or extreme caution plugs along at 10 or 12 miles per hour is a correctible problem.--Rochester Times-Union. (1922)

AMAZING ESCAPE JOY RIDERS CRASH

Near E. Hounsfield Church, on the way from Watertown to Henderson Harbor, a (prominent name) young attorney of Watertown had his right leg badly fractured. Three others in his car were injured only slightly, a miracle.

The driver (a friend) admitted to going as fast as 25 miles per hour. Two cars were parked, -- one a heavy touring car -- and a big 6-cylinder car going toward Watertown blinded the young driver with its headlights. Despite his own lights he ran into the Utica touring car which he claimed had no taillight.

The attorney's machine was a wreck and he, sitting in the rear, was crushed forward, his leg being snapped in twain above the knee.

(From the Aug. 2, 1913 Utica Globe)



Vivian and Roy Clark clowning with Ethel Crary, 1925, Essex



Vivian Clark (Hayes) and Grandpa Ralph Ayers





Dear Mrs. Biondi:

I would like to express my great appreciation to you and your staff at the Historical Society for being so helpful to me during my weeks of research in your headquarters last month. I think you are doing a great job of preserving the history of St. Lawrence County and making it available to citizens and historians who want to know more about the North Country and its heritage. It is regrettable that you are so cramped for space and for funds. There is so much to be done. I don't see how you can edit the QUARTERLY, conduct visitors through the museum, arrange the archives, answer the telephone, manage the correspondence, keep up with the filing, organize the field trips, and do the dozens of other tasks you have with such a small, part-time staff. I have seen historical societies which handle only half as much business as you do with twice the space and three times the staff. It is a good thing you have the time, the energy, and the interest to devote so much to this work. And you certainly made my work very pleasant and rewarding while I was there.

May I reiterate my request that the Historical Society do all it can to microfilm at the earliest opportunity the mouldering files of the Potsdam COURIER-FREEMAN? As one of the oldest continuous newspapers in the North Country, the COURIER-FREEMAN is a unique and irreplaceable source of historical information. Unfortunately constant use of the only file of the paper in the COURIER-FREEMAN office is leading to rapid deterioration of this material. I found many pages badly torn, several missing, some vandalized, and the whole year from July 1896 to July 1897 missing. If we wait much longer, there will be even larger gaps in this priceless record. I know you are well aware of the importance of this project and I simply wish to add my support to the project. I shall keep in touch with you as my work progresses. Meanwhile, thank you again for all of your help.

Sincerely,
William G. McLoughlin
Professor of History

Correction:

Russell, New York
Sept. 5, 1973

Dear Sirs,

In July Quarterly it was erroneously stated that Knox Memorial High School building was erected in 1913 after the Russell Arsenal was destroyed by fire. Here are dates on the Arsenal and High School use:

1913 -- Knox Memorial High School opened for classes, Old Arsenal vacant.

1924 -- Old Arsenal Teacher's and Students Association organized. Second floor of Arsenal becomes annual meeting place and museum of Russell artifacts as collection started. (see P.S.)

1935 -- Ground floor of Arsenal is arranged for a recreation center under Albert Loucks, Principal of K.M.C.S. Boxing and basketball (Junior) featured.

1942 -- Centralization of Knox Memorial Central School Grades 1 - 6 of Russell village go to the reactivated Arsenal.

1945 -- Arsenal burns.

1951 -- New wing added to Knox Memorial Central School.

Sincerely,
Eloise D. McKee
Past Pres. of Old Arsenal Assoc.
P.S. Incidentally, 1974, we will celebrate 50th Anniversary of the Old Arsenal Association.

Dear Mrs. Biondi:

I find very little in The Quarterly to which to take exception, but I feel that in the July 1973 issue, just received, there is one statement which should be corrected.

On page 9, near the bottom of the first column on Johnstown's Court House and Ours, Mr. Hatch says of General Montgomery "a New York citizen who was killed at the unsuccessful American Assault on Montreal." General Montgomery captured Montreal on November 12, 1775.

He was killed in the assault on QUEBEC, December 31, 1775 in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. His body rests behind St. Paul's Church, New York. Some years ago I copied the inscriptions over his grave.

"This monument was erected by order of Congress on the 25th of January 1776 to transmit to posterity our grateful remembrance of the patriotism, courtesy, enterprise and perseverance of Major General Richard Montgomery who after a series of successes overcoming the most discouraging difficulties, fell in the Battle of Quebec, 31, December, 1775, age 37 years."

The block of stone below the Congressional memorial is marked, "The State of New York caused the remains of Major General Richard Montgomery to be conveyed from Quebec and deposited beneath this monument the 8th day of July, 1818."

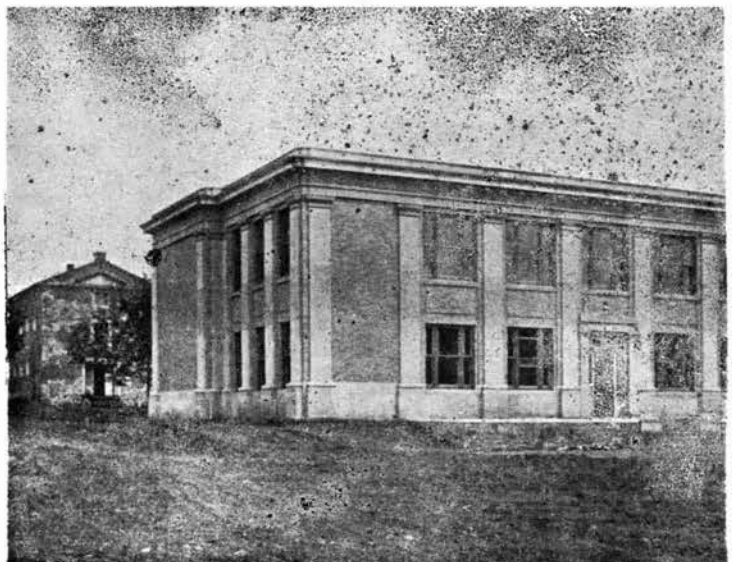
The county of Maryland in which I live was established in September 1776 and named for General Montgomery, hence I have had an added interest in his record on this account.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Elon G. Salisbury



What is labeled "Leonard Cottage" at Lake Ozonia, pg 19, July 1968 Quarterly I believe is the Old Log Hotel. See also page 13 for the Edwards Trout Lake House.

W.G.McL.



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