THE ANTIQUARIAN

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COVER PICTURE
Edmond Malone (1741-1812), etching from a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Preserving our past for the future

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Malone, New York
The Man Behind the Name

Kathryn Badger Murtagh

Nestled in the foothills of the majestic Adirondacks of Northern New York and fewer than ten miles south of the Canadian border lies a small town named Malone. This quiet, peaceful town was given its name as a memorial to Edmond Malone of Ireland by Richard Harison of New York City.

In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Richard Harison owned most of the land in Great Tract One of Macomb's Purchase. Macomb's Purchase, so-called, was effected in 1791 and included parts of what are now Franklin, Lewis, Jefferson, and Oswego Counties, as well as all of St. Lawrence County, covering about four million acres. Alexander Macomb brought others into the sale, including Daniel McCormick, William Constable, John McVickar, Hezekiah B. Pierrepont, and Richard Harison.

Richard Harison

Richard Harison had entered King's College, now Columbia University, in 1760 at the age of thirteen. He and John Jay were then the only students. After his graduation, Harison studied law and began practice in New York as soon as he reached his majority. He became a law partner of Alexander Hamilton. In 1847 the president of Columbia compared Harison's scholastic abilities and his legal standing to those of Hamilton and Aaron Burr, declaring Harison was one of Columbia's "brightest ornaments," adding "Richard Harison was the most accomplished scholar of the group and he was, moreover, a sound lawyer."

Harison's holdings in Northern New York were mostly in Franklin County. The Town of Malone was originally called Harison. In 1808 Harison named a small section of the town Ezraville for his friend, Ezra L'Hommedieu of Long Island. In 1812 Harison changed the name of the whole town to Malone. For nearly three-quarters of a century, no one knew the origin of the name until 1903 when Dr. C. W. Collins reported his investigations to the Franklin County Historical Society:

... A clue furnished by Mr. John A. Flanagan led us to better evidence. In October, 1901, while on a pleasure trip down the St. Lawrence River, Mr. Flanagan met Mr. James Malone, of Three Rivers, PQ, who reported a family tradition to the effect that our village was named from one of his relatives. After correspondence with the Canadian family, we obtained a reasonably complete Malone genealogy. This record mentioned only one man from whom, by any reasonable hypothesis, our town could have received its name – the distinguished Irish scholar Edmond Malone who gave the world the first authoritative edition of Shakespeare. ... Harison ... by education and literary tastes would naturally have appreciated

Malone's Shakespeare. ... Since this presumptive proof as adduced, a member of the Historical Society has had two interviews with Richard Harison's grandson, William B. Harison, Esq., of New York City. Mr. Harison says that, from records and traditions in his family, there can be no further doubt about the origin of the name of our town. ... Richard Harison ... admired Edmond Malone.

Thus, Harison named the town to honor Edmond Malone, an Irish Shakespearean scholar and critic, whom he had come to admire through his reading, but apparently had never met.

Edmond Malone began his life in Dublin on October 4, 1741, the second son of Edmond Malone and Catherine Collier of County Westmeath, Ireland. He spent his early years on the family estate in Baronston, County Westmeath. He was affectionately called "Neddy" by his sisters, Harriet and Catherine, and by his brother, Richard. The Malones were descended from the O'Connors of Clonmacnois, County Offaly. They had been Catholic until the seventeenth century, when they gave up their faith to preserve their land titles. The first member of the Malone family to settle in Ballynacargy, County Westmeath, was Anthony Malone, who was there by 1675.

Young Neddy was sent to a private school run by Dr. Ford on Molesworth Street, Dublin. His early childhood friends included Robert Jephson; William Fitzmaurice Petty, first Marquis of Landsdowne; and John Baker Holroyd, first Lord Sheffield. In 1756 Malone entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with honors. During his college years, he became close friends with Henry Flood; Michael Kearney; and John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare. James Caulfield, Earl of Claremont, was an especially close friend, although twelve years older than Malone. They shared a love of literature and book collecting.

Malone first visited England with his mother in 1759, when he accompanied her to Bath. In 1763 he was admitted to the Inner Temple for the study of law. As a student, his friend Edmund Southwell introduced him to Samuel Johnson, probably the most important meeting of Malone's life. Johnson was just finishing his edition of the works of Shakespeare, which fascinated young Malone. The following year, Johnson was hired as private secretary to William Gerard Hamilton, who intended to use Johnson to "furnish him with sentiments on the great political topicks that should be considered in Parliament." Because of his legal training and Irish background, Malone became useful to Johnson. Johnson liked Malone, and Johnson intrigued Malone.

Malone finished his studies and reluctantly returned to Ireland, where he was called to the bar in 1767, but he was not happy because he was not passionate about practicing law and he missed the literary scene in London. He did, however, fall in love with Susanna Spencer. His family discouraged the relationship, and eventually he stopped seeing her. There is an aura of mystery surrounding the affair. Malone mourned its end for two years.

In 1774 Malone was involved in a production of *She Stoops to Conquer* by Oliver Goldsmith. The production, which included Henry Flood and Henry Gratton, was presented at Knocktopher, the country seat of the Irish parliamentarian, Sir Herculeas Langrishe, who was a known advocate of Irish rights. He believed in an Irish parliament separate from England.

The same year, Malone's father died, and Malone was left a small inheritance from his father's estate. When his Uncle Anthony died in 1776, Malone received an annual income and an estate at Shinglas, County Westmeath. At last he had the independence he needed to pursue a literary career in London.

His contribution to Oliver Goldsmith's work was published in London in 1780, a literary venture which led to another, more ambitious project, the study of the works of William Shakespeare. Malone dedicated much of his remaining life to editing Shakespeare's complete works. He revised Johnson's work and put Shakespeare's plays in chronological order. Malone was a pioneer in this field. His success parlayed into a 21-volume edition devoted to Shakespeare's life and the history of the stage, which occupied him for the rest of his life. It was published by James Boswell, Jr., after Malone's death.

Malone did not fare as well in love as he did in literature. Susanna Spencer surfaced in London, and,

over the objections of his family, he continued to see her. While the relationship did not result in marriage, he helped her with a regular allowance and settled an annuity of £100 a year on her, raised to £750 in 1791. In 1805 his friend Jephson helped him take Susanna to Hoxton, an insane asylum, where Malone visited her regularly. The circumstances of their relationship remain mysterious.

His friend, William Windham, made two attempts as matchmaker for Malone. In 1782, he introduced him to Sarah Loveday, who was twenty years his junior. Malone fell madly in love with her, but was rejected. Windham later said Malone put her off with his "Irish stare." Windham also introduced him to Maria Bova, a lady close to Malone's own age. After Miss Bova's rejection, Malone confided to his sisters that he had resigned himself to a life of bachelorhood.

Several of his social circle belonged to a literary club known as The Club. Malone desperately wanted to be a member, but was blackballed three times. Finally, on February 5, 1782, he was elected to membership. He quickly made himself useful, becoming The Club's first treasurer, an office he held until his death.

Boswell was another member of The Club. In 1786 he convinced Malone to assist him in pulling together all of Samuel Johnson's anecdotes. Boswell's journals show Malone spent over one hundred hours editing Boswell's book. He found it difficult because Boswell was not disciplined. He also edited half of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, then departed for a holiday in Ireland. Boswell, under the gun for publication, finished the editing himself, but worried that the second half of the book would be inferior because Malone did not edit it. When Boswell died in 1795, Malone served as guardian to his children.

Edmund Burke, another member of The Club, in 1797 posed the question of admitting Catholics to the Irish parliament. William Pitt, then Prime Minister, wanted to abolish the Irish parliament altogether, which created unrest in Ireland, heightening Malone's fear of rebellion. Malone's main concern was the dissolution of classes in England with its effect on his own lifestyle. He was incensed by Thomas Paine's attack on Burke in his *The Rights of Man*. He, in turn, attacked Paine, quipping, "Age of Reason = Age of Treason, fits Tom to a T."

Malone was against the Act of Union, which would dissolve the Irish parliament and just as vehemently opposed to allowing Catholics into it. The Act of Union passed in 1801, however, and Ireland became part of the United Kingdom. A rebellion by the United Irishmen was quickly put down.

During his lifetime, Malone had stronger passions than those of politics. When Johnson died in 1784, Malone became obsessed with preserving Johnson's memory. He raised subscriptions for a monument to Johnson, which he wanted to be as important to the literary world as the monument dedicated to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey. Raising the money for Johnson's monument was harder than he thought it would be, and in addition to the money issue, Joshua Reynolds decided the monument should be placed in St. Paul's, not in Westminster Abbey, where Johnson was buried. Reynolds felt the Abbey was too congested with statues. He did not want Johnson's monument "stuck up in odd holes and corners." Malone eventually acquiesced, and in 1796 Johnson's monument was erected in St. Paul's, after much agonizing by Malone about an appropriate Latin inscription which would do justice to the man to whom he referred as "The Enlightenment."

When Reynolds died in 1792, Malone again put his energies into raising a subscription for a monument to him. The subscription was raised by 1807, but the monument was not erected in St. Paul's until 1815, after Malone's death.

In 1797 Malone was a pallbearer for Edmund Burke. It troubled him that because of the difficulties in a raising a subscription, Burke would not have a fitting memorial. The poetic justice is that the Town of Burke, New York, which adjoins the Town of Malone, was named for Edmund Burke in 1844.

Malone deeply felt the loss of his friends. He remarked that young friends are fun to be with, but old friends share a history that new friends cannot share and create a void that cannot be filled. He cherished his friendship with William Windham and described Windham as full of fun and the one person who could always lift his spirits. When Windham died in 1810, Malone was devastated. His own health was deterio-

rating. He became seriously ill in January 1812 and died in London May 25th .

In 1798 Malone's brother, Richard, Lord Sunderlin, had erected a magnificent church in Kilbixy,

The Malone Mausoleum

County Westmeath, and a mausoleum in which to house the remains of his family. Named St. Bigseach's, the church was built in the gothic style with a square bell tower and beautiful plasterwork on the ceilings. Sunderlin brought his beloved Neddy home to Ireland and laid him to rest in the Malone mausoleum in Kilbixy. Malone's epitaph was composed by his friend, Dr. O'Beire, Bishop of Meath. It is inscribed in Latin on a marble tablet on a wall inside the mausoleum. Translated, it reads:

> *When a young man, he worked diligently, wishing to emulate the fame of his forebears in legal studies. Later, captivated by the charms of the pleasant Muses, he displayed great skill as a critic of Shakespearean texts, revealing hidden meanings, which though obscured for a long time were never entirely lost. He was endowed with an enlightened mind and showed much versatility in his learning. Though modest in himself his erudition was always apparent. His spirit was both gentle and strong and as antagonistic to hatred as it was faithful in friendship. He was regarded very highly both in conversation and in debate. He was a dutiful supporter of his religion and fiery in controversy. He died, loved by all, especially beloved by his brother and sisters.*

When the roof of the original church at Kilbixy collapsed many years ago, only half the church was restored, but the exterior walls were left intact, creating a charming courtyard entrance. While researching for this paper, I talked with Watson Mills, a historian who lives in Ballynacargy. A senior citizen whose sharp wit and agility defied his age, Mills was a member of St. Bigseach's Church and caretaker of the church and its grounds. He worried that the diminishing number of parishioners would continue and the mausoleum, already affected by erosion, would not survive.

Watson Mills does not think that the buildings are deteriorating because of lack of interest in the Malone family. Even today, the Malones are recalled fondly by the local people. James Finn, who died last fall, lived near the Malone estate at Shinglas. He told

Watson Mills at the entrance to the church

me his mother would always have a place set for Capt. Malone at her table. When Capt. Malone turned a large share of his land holdings over to the Irish Land Commission in 1916, he made certain his tenant farmers were all given deeds to their farms. The Finns were not tenants on the Malone estate, but Capt. Malone was so fond of them that he instructed the Commission to give each of the sons a farm. James Finn was only six at the time, "but," he commented, "I got the

best farm of all!" Watson Mills says the Malones were good to their tenants. "No houses were leveled on the Malone lands after the Civil War of 1922, and no one was evicted." The family's concern for their tenants during The Famine of 1845-1850 is yet well remembered. Nevertheless, because money for historical preservation is in great demand and not enough is available, the mausoleum and the old church continue to decay.

On the road to Shinglas, only the ancient, crumbling stone walls around the land that once housed the manor are left to remind visitors of the family that once held sway over this beautiful, pastoral area of Ireland. A narrow road leds to the site of a series of carriage houses. It is along this road that Edmund Malone traveled as he reached the end of a long journey.

Richard Harison was recognized as a scholar when he died in New York City in 1829. His peers eulogized him in the New York City Court as a person of high attainments as a jurist and a scholar. Harison received an LLD from the University of Edinburgh in 1792, when Malone was struggling to raise money for Samuel Johnson's monument. Harison could not have avoided knowledge of the celebrated Shakespearean editor, yet, as far as is known, the two men never met.

Edmond Malone died May 25th 1812. No monument was raised in his honor in England, but that year in America, Richard Harison made a request of the Harison Town Board, the town which bore his name, that the name be changed to the Town of Malone. The request was granted by resolution of the Board on June 12th 1812.

For Harison, the decision to honor Malone must have been natural and easy. While the Malone family mausoleum crumbles away in Ireland, the Town of Malone in Northern New York vigorously perpetuates his memory.

KATHRYN BADGER MURTAGH has been a self-taught student of Irish history for the past 35 years and has extensively traveled throughout Ireland. She lives in Malone, New York, with her husband Gregory.

For Further Reading

Peter Martin: *Edmond Malone, Shakespearian Scholar, a Literary Biography*; Cambridge University Press; 1995.

Edgar W. (Ted) Mills: *North Country Settlers: Malone in the 19th Century*; TeachBooks, Inc.; 2002.

The Spoils of the Great War

North Country Experiences with the Spanish Flu

Mary Anne Ducharme

Scarcely full grown, thousands of North Country boys left home believing in the Cause and their own invincibility. They were poised unknowingly on the cusp of an event greater than the Great War. Packed like sardines in military camps or troop ships or in the trenches, the boys were cut down by an enemy more deadly than Hun mortars. For every ten boys coming home in coffins, military statisticians knew what the people on the home front never guessed: eight of those ten died of the Spanish flu.

When the telegrams came, the bitter words were hardly read before mother or father or wife felt the earth shift underfoot, private worlds crumbled, plans and daydreams evaporating in mid-morning stride. Johnny died and took his future with him.

Some of the boys died of it on the European front, some of them died before they ever left home port. They were denied the victory homecoming and illusions of battle glory. A doctor wrote a letter describing one hundred deaths a day in a Boston military base. "It takes special trains to carry away the dead," the letter says. "For several days there were no coffins and the bodies piled up something fierce. We go down to the morgue and look at the boys laid out in long rows. It beats any sight they ever had in France after a battle."

While vaccines had been used effectively against typhoid and smallpox, vaccines for the Spanish flu had no effect and the plague spread undeterred. Baffled doctors, civilian and military, had never seen anything like this. They tried quinine, bleeding, castor oil, digitalis, morphine, enemas, aspirin, tobacco, hot and cold baths, iron tonics, and expectorants of pine tar. Laws were enacted that everyone, military and civilian, wear gauze face masks in public. In at least one camp, water fountains were sanitized with blow torches. But nothing halted the deadly stalker. Young doctors died and old physicians were pulled from retirement, then used up until they collapsed from exhaustion.

The Spanish Flu was the personification of the Grim Reaper of medieval folklore, the mask of a red death, the black death, a killer beyond what was ever known before or since.

Private Vaughan, age 21, Camp Jackson, South Carolina. On September 19, he was a healthy young man. On September 26, he was a numbered corpse in the camp morgue. His complaints to his doctor followed a pattern similar for thousands of boys just like him. The onset was abrupt, from seeming health to critical illness in the span of hours. Deadly toxins spread to every organ, producing a wracking cough, a violent, retching nausea, and hallucinations both waking and sleeping. The headache worsened, extending to the ears and eyes. With severe pains in the calves of his legs and other muscles, Vaughn felt as if he had been beaten with a club. There were dark red spots over his cheek bones that spread over his whole face. He had a temperature of 105; and, when he coughed, he expelled what seemed like pints of yellow-green pus. Then, the reports tell, the lining of his lungs began to hemorrhage, and blood spurted from his nose while he fought to breathe. In his final hours, his face was blue-black, and a bloody froth emerged from his mouth. When the old army doctor later conducted an autopsy, he found, as he expected, the left lung strangled with pneumonia. But it was Private Vaughn's right lung that unnerved him more than anything he had seen in his long career. It resembled melted red current jelly.

In Washington DC, the government seized trains full of coffins to bury the dead. In Philadelphia, in the days after a Liberty Loan parade, mortuaries overflowed, and corpses were picked up in carts. In New York City, where 33,000 military and civilian people died of the Spanish Flu, public health nurses and doctors told of being kidnaped on their rounds

and locked into private houses with the sick and dying.

On November 11, the headline was blared on the front of every newspaper: There is Peace with Victory! And then the newspapers spoke of little else but the negotiations for the Treaty of Versailles. In 1918, many of those at the negotiation tables were not only sick of war, they were physically and mentally debilitated by the flu: President Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, General John Pershing. Some historians claim the illness was a contributing cause of World War II because of the harsh treaty that neither Germany nor any other nation could live with in the aftermath of the war.

The end of the Great War did not stem the tide of death. The Spanish flu came in three waves, the first of them relatively mild, the second more deadly and swift, and the third equally deadly, but with more localized force. In Keene Valley, the brunt of the epidemic was felt in the hard winter of 1920 when undertakers and grave diggers could not keep pace.

"No one is able to solve the mystery of whence it comes and where it goes," wrote Nathan Weaver in his diary. The Peru farmer wrote those words while the epidemic rampaged in his town, and the Board of Health closed all schools and public assemblies.

At the Alice Hyde Hospital, the nurses were sick; at the Tupper Lake Sanatarium, patients were left on the porch by despairing families even though all the beds were taken and the nursing sisters were beyond being able to cope. Some hospitals were refusing flu patients. At Lyon Mountain, two hundred miners were sick, both those who had been vaccinated and those who had not. Town after town shut down and began quarantines.

In the North Country, each local town looked to the practical matters of governance, nervously seeking what to do by the actions of other towns. When to quarantine? When to close the schools, the churches, the businesses? State Governor Whitman handed over funds to the State Commission of Health to hire nurses for families in crisis. This money was deployed to urban centers and rural families were left to shift for themselves. While it is true that no medical practitioner of the time had the knowledge to halt the spread of the disease, skilled nursing saved lives by purchasing time for immune systems to respond.

Diaries tell some of the story of how it went in the North Country, and among our elders living memory remains, vivid in essence, even if some of the details have blurred in those long years since. It was a hard time, even for the stoic and practical hardscrabble people of the North Country who had always somehow coped no matter what the weather or the economy or the political climate.

Hugh McLellan kept a diary in which he detailed his brush with the Spanish flu. Of a Manhattan family, Hugh was an architect who spent much of his time in Champlain. He is well-known to local historians because he designed the Champlain monuments in Plattsburgh and Crown Point. His story of the onset of illness closely parallels that of Private Vaughn, but through the worst of it, when there are blank pages in his diary, he later could recall nothing. He recorded in his diary what the doctor said: "You were far gone, Hugh, and lucky to be alive." He endured a recovery that was typical of this illness: slow, difficult, painful.

Living memory of the 1918 Spanish flu epidemic in the North Country is found among seniors now in their late 80's and older. They often have vivid recollections of what it was like then, but few of their stories have been collected as part of the written history of our region. Beulah Lavarnway (Donovan, née Trombly) was born in 1908, and her brother Hersey Trombly was born in 1914, the children of Aurelia and Wilbur Trombly of Chazy. Beulah can testify to the sudden onset of the flu. She made a pie feeling well, but became too ill to put it in the oven. Hersey recalls the nightmares when he had the flu, though only four at the time. Both remember cousins orphaned by the epidemic coming to live with their grandparents in Sciota.

He was weak, with cramping pains in his legs, and if he managed to sit up in his rocking chair for an hour, he was grateful. A month after the onset of the flu, he suffered a relapse, and two weeks later the exertion of a bath caused him to collapse. Depressed and afflicted with lingering symptoms, he finally went back to work seven weeks after those first terrible headaches.

Many country people in 1918 still had no radios or telephones, though some had newspapers that carried death notices. Mostly, food and rumors came together, delivered by neighbors who lingered a few moments, keeping their distance from the open window while questions were asked and answered about the state of the people inside. The visitors told the news of who was not expected to make it through the day or who had died in the night or perhaps just before dawn when the roosters crowed. The rumors were about what was said at the store or at church. Perhaps the priest was seen leaving a house at midnight. What mother or father or son or daughter was lost? Funerals were desolate affairs in quarantined communities where public assemblies were illegal, and fear kept mourners away.

One morning in late January of 1919, Aurelia Trombly of Chazy looked out her front window and saw a horse and wagon turn into their lane, and there was a coffin in the wagon. It was driven by her father, Joseph Pombrio, and one of her brothers. Newly up from bed from the flu, her legs wobbly and aching, she feared the discovery of who was in that coffin. When the wagon pulled up in the barnyard, her father, his eyes red and his face somber, spoke to Wilbur, his son-in-law. It was rumored that Aurelia had died. Joseph had come for his daughter's body.

The whole family had been sick at the Trombly house. Dr. Swift of West Chazy, summoned by phone from Patenode's Store in Ingraham, dutifully came, examining Aurelia who was also afflicted with asthma and unable to leave her bed. Her toddler, Doris, and other children Roy, Beulah, and Hersey, were delirious with pneumonia. Wilbur, less sick than the others, kept up the fires to ward off the biting cold and cared for his family as best he could. Dr. Swift gave Wilbur an envelope of pills and suggested that Wilbur also administer a decongestant: a teaspoon of sugar to which a drop of turpentine had been added. While the medicine had dubious effect, they all survived in this family. Some other families were completely decimated, however, including the nine members of the Russel Cook family of Chateauguay Lake.

Across the nation, many civilian doctors had been drafted to the military; many of them died in the epidemic. There were frantic calls from many regions for medical students and retired physicians to take up the shortage, but there were never enough. There was such a call from Montpelier and Barre when in October of 1918, 3,500 people were hospitalized with influenza, and many more were ill in their quarantined homes.

When Joseph Pombrio came to collect the body of his daughter, Aurelia Trombly, in Chazy, it had been only weeks since he had lost his son, David, his daughter-in-law, Addie, and two grandchildren to the Spanish flu. David, a stone mason, had lived in Barre with Addie and their seven children. Their oldest son was serving overseas in the Navy. The other children

The lives of these four North Country generations were directly affected by the 1918 pandemic that killed millions of people worldwide.
L to R: Beulah (Trombly) Donovan, survived the Spanish flu at the age of 11, later becoming the mother of Phyllis, the child in the photo; Beulah's mother, Aurelia (Pombrio) Trombly of Chazy survived the epidemic along with her husband Wilbur and their children; Aurelia's parents, Mathilde (Brousseau) and Joseph Pombrio helped raise five surviving grandchildren when their son David, and his wife Addie died in the epidemic in Vermont. Two of David and Addie's children also died.

ranged from seventeen years to a few months old.

Not all the specifics of their story have survived in living memory, but enough to paint a picture of what must have been. Quarantines and fear were equally effectively in isolating sick families so that their own resources were all that they had. We can imagine trusting children watching every move of parents for some unspoken sign that all was lost, or things were not so bad as they seemed. When remedies failed, and there was nothing more on earth that could be done, desperate prayers were the last hope. Then, forced to lie down with the sickness, a mother or father helplessly listened to the cries of pain in the next room, or to the nightmares of a dying wife or husband.

David died first, his body on the floor of the kitchen where he collapsed. Addie was helpless to move him. A day later, she watched as her son Ellis died in his bed, a boy of sixteen. Too sick to care for her children, she was driven beyond her limits, to the very brink of death, by their absolute dependence. She also died in the kitchen, trying to prepare food for her family. Imagine the children, with their parents and brother dead in those rooms, bereft and alone and sick. Virgil died next, at the age of seventeen, in the room where his brother had died six days earlier.

This is how the oral history unfolds. Addie's sister Anna came to know the plight of this household, and it was apparent to her and to neighbors that quarantine or not, it was against all humanity not to assist these children. The older children, Oral, Max, and Audrey, were doing what they could to care for Ivas Marie, an infant, and five-year-old Doris, but it was clear that they would all soon die without intervention. The story goes that the children were lifted from the house through a bedroom window while the parents and two brothers were removed by neighbors. Anna then stayed in the house with the children nursing them through a long and difficult convalescence.

Anna could not take on five orphans, but she had been in contact with Mathilde and Joseph Pombrio of Sciota, the childrens' grandparents. This couple, in their mid-sixties, had raised eleven children of their own, and they did not give a second thought to raising five more. When Joseph brought them home by train in the spring of 1919, the children were still recovering, and little Doris was just growing back the hair she had lost in the fever. With the resilience of youth, they became healthy and happy, and they were said to cut as many capers as any normal children. What did they miss by not growing up with their parents and brothers? That was a world forfeited, a loss that cannot be measured.

This drama was played out so many times in the North Country that there is scarcely a family here now that was not touched and forever altered because of what happened then. Some families know the stories, some have no inkling of the close call if great grandparents or grandparents had died too soon and a line of the family never came to be.

The Spanish flu is more than dead history. Connecting us to it is a pernicious rod of RNA in the avian population that, if combined with common human flu, could result in a super-virus so contagious that it is capable of threatening our collective future. From time out of memory, virus strains have reincarnated because of factors still mysterious. Pandemics have swept the world every ten to forty years, and in some regions there has been such havoc that civilized societies have been reduced to anarchy.

It is not a question of *if* we will be besieged again, it is a question of *when*. In 1968, the Hong Kong flu killed 700,000 people worldwide. In 1997 and 2001, similar strains of virus emerged and further epidemics were narrowly averted by the slaughter of the entire poultry population of Hong Kong. In 1976, one case of Swine flu in New Jersey instilled such fear that a massive vaccination program was organized. That program went horribly wrong: 100,000 people vaccinated were afflicted with Guillain-Barre syndrome, 5% of whom died. With all our advances in medicine and science, we remain close to the brink. In 1918 all they had to do to get the disease was breathe. That has not changed.

Molecular scientists find that the mystery of the virus is becoming ever more perplexing as it is studied. Some viruses have the ability to mutate so rapidly in a human body that the immune system has no hope of developing antibodies before death occurs. And some scientists now think that the Spanish flu may not have spread around the world only because of the

movement of troops; it may have emerged spontaneously in many places at once, carried in the guts of wild birds and excreted in lakes, ponds, and streams. From these waterways, it infected swine and other domestic animals, and then invaded humans through the respiratory tract.

In 1998, preserved tissues from Private Vaughn's right lung and tissues from other victims were used to start the process of mapping the genetic structure of the Spanish flu and similar viruses. If entire genomes can be built, and this is a matter of controversy, there are better odds that effective vaccines can be found. Under ideal circumstances, it takes about six months to produce, test, and distribute a vaccine for any particular virus. Yet in the face of a fast-moving epidemic, six months may as well be a millennium. Currently only two anti-viral drugs are being tested in large clinical trials that show promise in prevention and in reducing the severity of symptoms. Other drugs on the market are ineffective. The problem is that influenza viruses grow inside host cells and make use of the cells' own protein-making machinery. The virus effectively turns the body against itself.

In a normal year, the flu infects 30 million people in the United States, and it is the sixth leading cause of death. In a bad year, hospitals and clinics are jammed, flu vaccines are in short supply, and the death toll rises. Around the world there are vast populations with no access to vaccines for any of the contagious diseases. They have few medical services, unstable governments, and little education. An epidemic begun anywhere can become a pandemic abetted by the density of human population, as well as supersonic air travel. Viruses have no national borders; they are a world problem requiring awareness and unity of purpose that remain minimal at best.

The journalists of 1918 failed to give us this story in full because they did not understand the global scale of what was happening. World-wide mortality statistics for the Spanish flu are still under study, with the usual number given as twenty million deaths. New evidence suggests fatality far greater than previously estimated. The legacy of the Spanish flu is complex, for it also inspired massive reorganization in public health services and the beginnings of scientific study in virology. In the 21st Century, however, public awareness of the social and scientific magnitude of this event is still lacking. A recent publication called *National Standards for United States History in the Schools* does not include any mention of the Spanish flu, and it receives scant mention in most history books.

If the likes of the Spanish flu were to rise again, either by natural forces or because of bio-terrorism, we may finally grasp the forewarning of 1918. The Great War may lie ahead.

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For Further Reading

Alfred W. Crosby: *America's Forgotten Pandemic, the influenza epidemic of 1918*; Cambridge University Press; 1989.

Gina Kolata: *Flu, The Story of the Pandemic of 1918 and the search for the virus that caused it*; Simon and Schuster, New York; 1999.

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A complete bibliography of this article is available from the author upon request.

A House of Many Faces

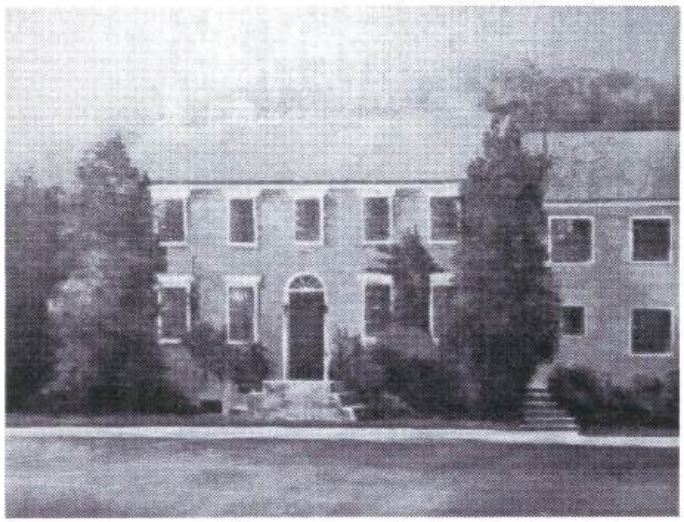
David Kendall Martin

We get the fonder of our houses if they have a physiognomy of their own, as our friends have.
– George Eliot

In dismay Putnam Lawrence stood in the middle of the Beekmantown Road (now Route 22) in the village of West Chazy surveying the ruins of his burned house. It was 1831. He had been on a business trip to New York City to buy supplies for his store across the street. While he was gone, the frame house had caught fire and burned to the ground. "This time, I will build a house that will never burn down," he vowed. Putnam Lawrence's fireproof house still stands, 170 years later.

To accomplish his vow, Lawrence hired Samuel Bayley of Chazy to put up a stone house. Over the door of the new house they set an ornamental stone with leafy vines and spidery flourishes delicately incised in each corner and inscribed:

Built by
PUTNAM LAWRENCE.
AD 1832.
S Bayley builder.



Putnam Lawrence's "fireproof house" painted by Mrs. Barbara Kerstetter of Apollo, Pennsylvania, a great-great-great-grandaughter of Samuel Bayley, the builder of the house

This stone is testimony to the pride both owner and builder took in their work. It makes the Putnam Lawrence house that rare building, perhaps unique in 19th century Clinton County, a signed house. It is a beautiful house in the understated classic style. Day by day the sun plays across the balance of its façade, shifting the color of its limestone blocks through various shades of gray and blue.

In 1855 there were 163 stone dwellings in Clinton County. Most of these were built between 1810 and 1840. Three of them are in West Chazy. The first West Chazy stone house was built by the Atwoods on what is now Atwood Road south of the village. The Atwoods used stone off the field north of their house, chipped into shape by the family, gradually erecting the house over a period of three years between 1824 and 1827. The second and third stone houses were built about the same time. One of them is the Hedding house, currently owned by Eugene and Janet Gadway, on the east side of Route 22 next to the Christian Church just south of the four corners. The other is the Putnam Lawrence house built in 1832 from stone probably quarried out of the shelf of rocks at the spot the Little Chazy is dammed just a few yards north of the house where Route 22 crosses the river on a gracefully arched stone bridge.

The Putnam Lawrence house is built of Chazy limestone split from ledges with a bar, a heavy hammer, or a hammer-driven wedge. The chunks broke off into roughly rectangular shapes with at least one fairly plane surface. They are of varying thicknesses and tend to be of an irregular surface at the point of separation from the ledge. The blocks are laid into the walls in a type of stonework called *coursed ashlar*, which describes stones of similar size set in layers of definite rows. The smoother surface of each block was selected first for its attractive appearance on an exposed wall. The blocks were laid up in puddle clay with their exterior joints pointed with limestone mortar. The pointing was designed to prevent moisture from reaching the softer bonding clay, moisture which, if frozen, would expand and force the stones apart. On the inside of the wall a plumbline was dropped so

that it just cleared the point of rock which projected furthest into the room. Plaster was then usually laid on the inside rock wall out to the plumbline. Because of stone irregularities, plaster on any inside wall might range from just a skim to a respectable number of inches. In the case of the Putnam Lawrence house, however, the interior plaster walls are laid on over lath attached inside the stone walls. An insulating airspace was thus formed so the house is warmer in winter and cooler in summer, a very pleasant arrangement. The walls begin about seven feet below the surface of the ground. They are thicker in the cellar, about 29 inches, narrowing to about 20 inches at their tops in the attic. The first floor ceilings are about eight feet from the floor, the ceilings of the second story are about eight and a half feet high.

The pine plank floors are laid over pine beams. The beams supporting the attic floor are rough-cut logs, some with the bark still on them. The ones in the cellar have been fully squared with an adze. Some of the floor planks are as much as 20 inches wide. There is no ridgepole in the roof. Instead, the self-supporting pairs of rafters simply interlock with each other and are tied with wooden pegs.

The original roof was slate. Sometime before World War II a red asphalt shingle roof was put on, later covered over with a green asphalt shingle roof in the 1940's. This, in turn, was covered by a gray asphalt shingle roof in 1966. In 1993 all the asphalt layers were stripped away and replaced with a plywood roof covered with slate-colored asphalt and fiberglass shingles, with a 12-foot ice edge beneath the shingles.

Photograph of Putnam Lawrence published 20 June 1927 by the *Plattsburgh Daily Republican* with his autograph

This house is an excellent example of a North Country I-house. An I-house is generally described as a two-story and attic structure, one room deep with a full cellar, two rooms on each story, a gable roof, and end chimneys. Some I-houses have central halls between the two first-floor rooms. Of traditional, late medieval English origin, this type was developed in the lower Delaware Valley and the Chesapeake Bay area in the seventeenth century. The I-houses became widespread over much of the south and west central portions of America where migrating Southerners built homes as they had known them in Virginia or the Carolinas. So many are found in states beginning with "I" such as Indiana and Iowa and Illinois, they have been given the name "I" houses.

The stone main section of the Putnam Lawrence house is 40 feet from south to north and 25 feet from east to west. There are two rooms below and two rooms above, each pair separated by a small central hall. The central front door is narrow, perhaps reflecting the narrow skirt styles of the 1830's and the need to keep warm in the North Country. It is surmounted by a fanlight of five panes. The door was newly put in place about 1940, but reflects the original design. The fanlight is original but has new glass, as do all the windows except for the two larger second floor back windows. The sash windows facing the road, two on each side of the front door and five above, preserve the original six over six pattern of panes. The windows originally had wooden shutters, which were held back by wrought iron clips set into the stonework.

At first there was a simple set of steps leading up

to the front door. About the turn of the twentieth century, these were replaced with a small wooden porch with a gable roof. The roof was removed in the 1940's, and in 1960 the wood porch platform was replaced by a stone stoop with steps leading up from the north and south sides in the design of the wooden porch and using the same wrought iron railing. The stone stoop was built by a local mason, Rudolph Brothers of West Chazy. A few years later, similar stone steps were built up to the side door in the north wall by John West, a Chazy mason. When working on this house, Brothers also repaired the chimney in the north wall. In the process he switched the flues of the two fireplaces, putting the flu for the upper room fireplace behind that of the lower room fireplace, thus cutting off the use of the fireplace in the upper room.

The original banister for the front hall stairs is of peach wood; the spindles are fir. It was poorly restored about 1940 by General Herbst, who replaced the banister of the attic stairs and nailed the old spindles into place for the rest of the railing. In 1980 Joe West, whose father was the Master Carpenter of the Chazy Central Rural School in 1916, took out the lower railing and properly restored it with no nails; instead wedges were put in between the spindles.

When the house was built in 1832, chimneys were built into the walls at the north and south ends. Interestingly, the south chimney was designed for the use of a stove in the lower room and a warming cupboard in the upper room, while the north chimney has a small heating fireplace in the upper room and a large cooking fireplace, complete with a wrought iron crane for kettles and a bake oven, in the lower room. The stove in the south room was cast iron, made in Malone about 1850 by the Whittlesey Foundary. A fragment pulled out of the Little Chazy River, which flows through the garden, matches in decorative design a stove in the Almonzo Wilder House in Brushtown, Franklin County. The north lower room was obviously a kitchen room. It is curious that Putnam Lawrence's wife, Emily Ketch Lawrence, would choose to cook over an open fire when she could have had an iron stove. One possible reason is that cooking smells were felt to be less obvious if they could go up a chimney rather than into the room, as they would from a stove. Cooking in this type fireplace was done with many small piles of coals spread across the hearth for different intensities of heat for different dishes. The oven, which has no chimney, was heated by piling hot coals inside until the brick walls heated up. The coals were then raked out and replaced by the bread pans in which bread baked from the heat radiating from the oven walls. The oven was sealed by a greenwood plug which, when it dried out from use with the hot oven after many bakings, was replaced by a new one. That is why there is no door on the oven.

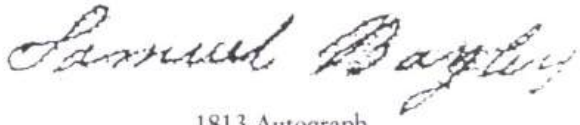
Because of the limestone, the water tends to be quite hard. In the cellar under this room was a large cistern to collect the soft rainwater. The back window in the room is a three section narrow window, different from all the other windows in the house, apparently designed to be over a sink. A hole in the floor shows where a pump connected with the cistern below. Behind the house to the west is a beautifully laid round stone well, about twelve feet deep, flush with the ground and now capped with a cement slab. Until the 1920's this well provided drinking water for many people in the area. It had an iron-handled pump, which was lost in the 1950's when the house was empty for a year or two. People came to get water here because it was so clear and cold it was wonderful drinking water. When water was first piped into the house, it was pumped from the Little Chazy River by a windmill on the property of John J. O'Brien across the river. O'Brien supplied his own extensive estate together with the Putnam Lawrence house and the house next door, which had been Putnam Lawrence's barn, but which O'Brien had converted into a house for one of his workers. That dwelling is now the home of Stanley LaPier.

When General Herbst acquired the house in 1939 he began to restore it. He tore out the old plaster and had the walls newly done, but they were not painted until the Bennetts moved in in 1956. By 1948 he had built the wooden addition over a newly dug dirt-floored cellar. He re-pointed the stonework. He replaced the roof, the wiring, and the plumbing. He installed an oil furnace with hot water radiators and put in combination storm windows and screens.

It was General Herbst who bought the Peter F.

King house and lot immediately to the south of the stone house, enlarging the property to about an acre. The King house was moved to the west bend in Academy Street, where it still stands. The lot was incorporated into the gardens the Herbsts laid out behind the stone house.

Built during the administration of Andrew Jackson, when William IV was on the throne of Great Britain, the architecture of the stone house is conservative. It is built in the federal style enjoyed in the latter part of the 18th century. Its five openings across each story in the front reflect the Georgian desire for strongly symmetric patterns. The eave returns at each end are also features of the Georgian style, as are the flaring splayed lintels over the windows and the fanlight of the centrally located front door.



1813 Autograph courtesy of John A. Bilow

The builder, Samuel Bayley, Jr., was born in Windsor, Vermont, 10 January 1788, a son of Samuel Bayley, Sr., a Revolutionary veteran from Warwick, Massachusetts, and his wife Olive (Leavens) Bayley, who had settled in Chazy from Vermont between 1800 and 1804. Samuel Bayley Sr. died on New Years Day 1813, and his widow died 14 February the same year. The Bayleys lived on the Old State Road near Ingraham. Samuel Jr. married in the Chazy Presbyterian Church 13 September 1808 Chloe Havens, born in what is now Essex County, New York, in 1791, a daughter of Samuel Havens, who had moved to Chazy about 1805. Samuel and Chloe had several children. Apparently, Samuel Bayley's skill as a mason was a sideline. In 1813 he was a farmer. The 1820 census shows his work as agricultural. Although there is no record he ever owned land, he seems to have lived on the Slosson Road near where Sam Fairchild lives today. He was also a teacher.

During the War of 1812 he was an ensign in Capt. William Atwood's militia company of the 36th Regiment and was in the Battle of Plattsburgh. He resigned his lieutenant's commission in 1820.

About 1811 both Samuel Bayley and Samuel Bayley, Jr., appear on a list of Chazy voters considered, by one political party at least, as "Bad" voters for that party's candidate for the state assembly. In 1821 he was a trustee of Chazy's School District #5, the Hay's Wood District, northeast of West Chazy. In 1829 he signed a petition to make Chazy a temperance community, and during the winter of 1831-32 he taught school in Chazy District #1 at Chazy Landing. He died 12 August 1840 at Spenser, Jennings County, Indiana. His widow moved to Sharpsville, Tipton County, Indiana, where she received a pension for his War of 1812 service.

1899 sketch of the Putnam Lawrence house drawn by G. Fausel, Troy, N.Y., from the aerial view of West Chazy, N.Y., published by L. R. Burleigh, Troy, N.Y.

Between 1869 and 1899 a wooden addition without a cellar and set back about ten feet from the front line of the stone house was built on the north end. In 1899 it was two stories with two windows facing the street in the upper story and, in the lower story, a window and a door leading to a roofed porch. There was a chimney through the peaked roof. By 1927 this addition had been replaced by a one-story structure with a pitched roof, consisting of a kitchen, a bedroom, and a woodshed. Between 1939 and 1948, General Herbst tore down the one-story addition, dug a cellar with a dirt floor, and built a two-story wing covered with composition shingles. The ground floor was a large kitchen and a maid's bedroom. The second floor was the general's study. The two floors were connected with a back stairway into the kitchen. A signal lighting sys-

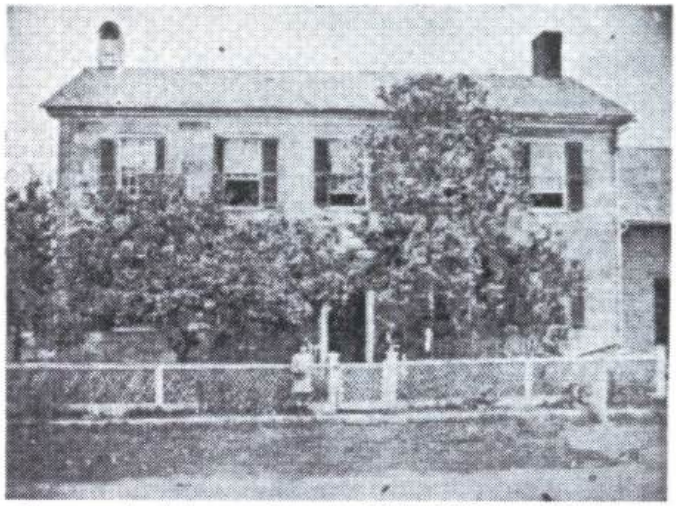
tem was installed, so if the maid was wanted, she could be called by pressing a button. The study has a double-paned picture window looking over the garden. In 1970 the Martins turned the study into two bedrooms and built a new chimney. In the kitchen they built cherry cabinets with wood from trees growing in Mooers. The cabinet work was done by David McRae of Champlain. The chimney was built by Albert Farbotko, a master mason of West Chazy.

Albert Farbotko is head of a family which came to Clinton County in 1949 as Displaced Persons from Naliboki, Poland. Born in 1910, he is a veteran of the Polish army which resisted the Nazis during World War II. In the path of German and Russian fighting, their village was burned and most of the males over 14 were shot. Albert Farbotko was the only survivor. The Nazis placed the family in a concentration camp from which they were sent to Austria, where a baroness took them in to work her farmland. After a time, they were to be sent to another concentration camp to be executed, but the bus was overcrowded, giving them a chance to escape.

The metal mouse on the chimney was drawn by David Martin and made by Dick Matott of Chazy. The kitchen chalkboard is a slate from the original Chazy Central Rural School. The oriel window in the kitchen was made by John Mason of Peru. The bookcases in the living room and the maid's room, now a study, were built in 1960 by David Martin, his father, and grandfather. The upper bedroom is now a library with bookshelves built by Dennis Cudworth of West Chazy in 1992. The bookcases in the south bedroom of the stone house were built by Peter Martin as a convalescing project while he was recovering from a tonsillectomy in 1989.

At the same time he built the addition, General Herbst added a single car garage to replace the detached garage of an earlier day. In 1969 the Martins added the second garage stall. This work was done by Bob Christensen. Originally this stall had a flat roof with a deck and an outside stair, but these were removed in 1982 and replaced with a pitched roof to match that of General Herbst's garage.

The house stands in lot 55 of Deans Patent, granted 11 July 1769 by George III to Elkanah Dean and 29 others, natives of Ireland. Lot 55 descended, probably by inheritance from one of the original patentees, to an Ackerly. Ackerly's widow, Jerusha M. Ackerly of New York City, 15 September 1829 sold a portion of it, including the site of what is now the stone house, for $716.16 to William Eldred of the Town of Chazy. A blacksmith, Eldred in 1830 lived in West Chazy village. 6 December 1830 William and Huldah Eldred of the Town of Chazy for $5 sold one-half acre running from the center of the river east to the center of the highway in lot 55 to Putnam Lawrence of the Town of Chazy.



Photograph of the stone house published 20 June 1927 by the *Plattsburgh Daily Republican*

Putnam Lawrence had been born 5 June 1801 at Chazy Landing in a house built by Lt. Amassa Ladd, the first frame house built in Chazy. It stood just north of Saxe's stone store near a large poplar tree. Putnam was the oldest child of William and Persis (Wood) Lawrence. The Lawrences came from Canaan, Connecticut, and had settled on North Hero Island. In 1799 William Lawrence and his bride moved to Chazy because of the outbreak of bilious fever on North Hero. In 1807 William Lawrence built the first two-story house in town, at Chazy Landing, now owned by Dick and Maggie Dodds. The family lived there until 1816, when they moved to Chazy village.

During the War of 1812, in 1814, just before the Battle of Plattsburgh, a company of British army officers with a detachment of troops made camp near the William Lawrence house. In 1927 Putnam Lawrence's

daughter Helen recalled hearing that on the eve of the battle "the soldiers rolled up casks and barrels, stood them on end and laid boards across to make a table. Some casks contained wine, Jamaica rum, and other liquors which in those days were by many considered to be good to drink. Over the boards they spread fine linen table cloths, and set the table with china, glass, and silver, and made quite a banquet. Grandfather was an invited guest, and the rest of the household looked on. Father, then thirteen years old, saw it all and told me about it many times. The affair was quite a celebration in anticipation of the capture of Plattsburgh and the American fleet. Plattsburgh would make quite a nice breakfast for them, they said. They had toasts which were of course full of British sentiment, and yet they were very polite to grandfather, and called on him for a toast. His toast was, 'They shall beat their spears into pruning forks, and their swords into plowshares, and nations shall war no more.' He told them they would be back in three days. They finished their banquet in high glee, and some of them I imagine were rather hilarious. Then the officers set out with their detachment for Plattsburgh by land. The road was open to Plattsburgh by that time, and they all had to march to their destination." On their return after their defeat, some of the British who had had such a gay supper there stopped at William Lawrence's only to be reminded of his prophecy. They begged him to say no more about it, as they felt bad enough already. As the British went on, they took a yoke of Lawrence's oxen with them. Lawrence sent his son Putnam after the animals. "Putnam," he said, "you follow and find those oxen and bring them back. Don't come back without them." Putnam soon located them and became quite a hero for "capturing" the animals; although he probably found them grazing beside the road where the British had released them.

William Lawrence was originally a tanner. He was in partnership in a tannery with Solomon Fisk in Chazy in 1816 and 1817. In 1818 the family moved to what is now West Chazy. They lived in the house, called the Yellow House, William built in 1819 at the corner of what is now Academy Street and the Fisk Road just west of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. From 1820 until 1834, the village was known as Lawrence's Corners and then Lawrence's Mills when the post office was established about 1824. In 1833 the post office became West Chazy. William Lawrence was postmaster from 1824 until 1833. In 1842 West Chazy was a village of 30 or 40 dwellings with a Presbyterian Church, a tavern, a woolen factory, a gristmill, a sawmill, and seven stores.

The first store in West Chazy had been established by Samuel Prince of New York City. It was acquired by William Lawrence and his son Putnam. Putnam operated the store. 4 May 1830 William and Putnam Lawrence, being of good moral character, were licensed to sell "strong and spirituous liquors and wines, in quantities of less than five gallons." The Lawrences sold the store to Wood and sons in 1845, and later their sawmill to Hiram Clark and Henry Chamberlain, who sold it to the Woods. The store building is now incorporated in the Elwood Jennette apartment house barn immediately across from the Putnam Lawrence stone house.

The Lawrences were also in partnership in various milling projects along the river with William's brother-in-law, Amasa Wood. This partnership was dissolved in 1830. The Woods took the gristmill privileges, and the Lawrences retained the sawmill rights. Two halves of broken millstones now form the back steps of the Putnam Lawrence house.

The Lawrence sawmill stood at the south end of the bridge on the west side of the present Route 22 where Stanley LaPier's house stands today. The sawmill was run by Putnam Lawrence. He had a sawmill as late as 1862. Across the road, the Lawrences had a carding mill, a cloth dressing shop, a trip-hammer shop, and other works. William's son Higby tended that operation. Both were discontinued between 1856 and 1869. In 1832 William Lawrence's son-in-law, Esek Angell, put up a tannery on Lawrence's water privilege north of the river on the south side of what is now Cemetery Street and west of the railroad tracks. Run until 1880 by the Harris brothers, Putnam Lawrence held title to the land and collected annual rent. He was also a director of the railroad and gave it the right of way over any land which he owned, particularly his farm in lot 56 of Dean's Patent where St Joseph's Cemetery is. In politics, Putnam Lawrence

was a Whig.

27 February 1825 Putnam Lawrence married Emily Ketch who had been born 7 May 1807, a daughter of Seneca and Ruby (Knapp) Ketch, from whose family the Ketchum (*sic*) Bridge Road takes its name. Their first three children died as infants, and in 1831 the couple, now childless, built the original frame house on the lot Putnam had bought from Eldred. Its cellar is part of the present cellar of the stone house.

Emily died 22 January 1857, and by 1860 Putnam had married a cousin from Vermont, Lucinda Lawrence, who died 7 November 1891 aged 87. Putnam himself died 24 November 1885. He was nearly blind for many years before he died. The 1880 census notes he suffered from dyspepsia. He and his wives and some of his children are buried in the West Chazy Rural Cemetery.

Putnam Lawrence of West Chazy wrote his will, witnessed by Loyal L. Smith, 31 May 1873. In it he left all his property jointly to his wife Lucinda and his mother Persis Lawrence for their joint support. "After the death of my said Mother I give and bequeath to my said wife Lucinda the sole use and occupancy of my stone house & the lot and premises pertaining thereto," together with one mare colt two years old, his covered buggy, and the use of a pasture for one cow and one horse. He mentions farming tools and a lumber wagon on his farm in lot 56. He considers his children Daniel W., Augusta Phelps, Helen Marshall, and James K., as well as James K.'s son William Putnam Lawrence under 21. The Wesleyan Methodist Church was to receive a bequest. When Putnam Lawrence died, Joseph Martin was paid $1 for tolling the church bell.

Putnam Lawrence had no children by his second wife. His children by Emily Ketch were:

1. Nancy Lawrence who died 8 March 1827 aged 7 months.
2. a daughter who died as an infant in March 1829.
3. a son who died as an infant in March 1831.
4. William Putnam Lawrence, called "Little Put", born 1833/4 in the stone house, died 14 June 1862 at age 29. He married Flora Angell of Mooers. At first they lived in the Yellow House of his grandfather Lawrence. Then they lived in the stone house where he died, leaving no children. His wife had little common sense. She has left a reputation for doing such things as cutting down through a loaf of bread and slicing her mother-in-law's table cloth as well as the bread. 26 April 1861 Col. Putnam Lawrence of the 32d Militia mustered into service for the Civil War over 100 men of a newly formed company of the 16th New York Regiment, Franklin Palmer, Captain. This was the first Plattsburgh company to serve in the Civil War. 30 May 1861 Wm. P. Lawrence was Col. Commanding 32d Regt. N.Y.S.M.
5. Daniel Webster Lawrence born 9 Nov.1835, died 15 Aug.1896, a lawyer. One of his descendants is Addie Lawrence Shields, our current Clinton County Historian.
6. Emily Augusta Lawrence, called Augusta, born in 1840, died in 1918, married (1) in West Chazy 20 May 1869 Leman J. Phelps of Stockholm, New York, from whom she was divorced in Franklin County. Phelps was a farmer in Fort Jackson, St. Lawrence County. They had five children: Mark Lawrence Phelps, Leonard Phelps, Alice E. Phelps, Helen Phelps, and Orville Phelps. Augusta was a music teacher. Unfortunately, she was a demanding wife, a quality which eventually proved too much for Phelps. He walked out on his family and disappeared. After a seven-year period had passed, he was declared legally dead and his "widow" married a new husband, Harrison F. Kellogg. Kellogg was a blacksmith and a widower with two children. She and her new husband returned to the stone house in West Chazy, the barn of which (now the home of Stanley LaPier) was turned into a blacksmith shop for Kellogg. Helen Phelps remained at Fort Jackson where she was adopted by a family named Riggs, whose name she took. Alice was adopted by her aunt and uncle, Helen and Milo Marshall. The two youngest children took the name Kellogg and lived in West Chazy. Mark Lawrence Phelps became a veterinary surgeon in Troop D of the 8th U.S.Cavalry. He

was ordered west to Oregon with General Wool's expedition. While there, he spent his evenings with some cronies in a local hotel taproom. The proprietor eventually learned that Mark was from West Chazy and asked about his family. After receiving an answer, he

Mark Lawrence Phelps

introduced himself as Mark's father. He had moved west after leaving his wife, had married again to a German woman, and was raising a second family and doing well in the hotel business. Mark was hurt breaking a wild horse in Deadwood/Whitewood, S.D. He was thrown and his chest was crushed. He developed tuberculosis and returned to West Chazy, where he died in the stone house 21 April 1897, a young man in his 27th year, leaving a widow and children. While nursing her husband, his wife Carrie staked their youngest son, Leonard, out in the back yard like a goat so he wouldn't fall in the river. In June 1900 Carrie lived in West Chazy and ran a bakery.

7. James K. Lawrence born in 1842, married Addie Anderson, who was a cripple for many years. They went to Concord, New Hampshire.
8. Helen Marietta Lawrence born 19 December 1847, the youngest child, married 20 October 1864 Milo Henry Marshall, a Beekmantown farmer born 4 February 1842. They lived in Plattsburgh where she raised her only surviving child, Albert Henry Marshall, owner of Marshall's department store. The Rowlsons of Plattsburgh are her descendants.

After the Civil War, Putnam's widowed mother, Persis (Wood) Lawrence, also lived with her son in the stone house. She died there 19 April 1878 aged nearly 95. The Plattsburgh *Sentinel* for 14 May 1875 reported, "At the residence of Putnam Lawrence, in West Chazy, is one well stricken in years. It is Persis Lawrence. ... Incidentally, we inquired of Putnam Lawrence how many children there were originally in his father's family. Answer, nine. How many are still living, we inquired. Answer, nine. What, all the children of that old lady still living? Answer, there has never been a death in the family except the father [who died 21 November 1842] ... Persis Lawrence, the mother, is 92 years of age and still quite smart."

Persis was a daughter of Solomon and Partheniah (Hutchins)Wood. Solomon Wood had been born in Norwich, Connecticut, 31 March 1762, a son of Nathaniel and Miriam (Wood) Wood. He died in West Chazy 26 February 1846. Partheniah Hutchins and Solomon Wood were married in her father's house at Norwich 9 October 1782. She had been born in Norwich 19 January 1763, a daughter of Capt. Nathan and Mary (Whittier) Hutchins. Nathan Hutchins was an early settler of North Hero, Vermont. His brother was Rev. Samuel Hutchins (1716-1796) whose son was Capt. William Hutchins, an ancestor of David Martin, a current owner of the Putnam Lawrence stone house. During the Revolution Solomon Wood had served as a private at Castleton, Vermont, doing security duty under Capt. William Hutchins. Parthenia, undoubtedly often a visitor at the stone house, was living in West Chazy in 1850. 5 March 1855 she was in Palaskai, Oswego County, New York, our last record of her.

The Woods went to live in Tinmouth, Rutland County, Vermont, where Persis, their first child, was born 27 August 1783. In the winter of 1783-4 they moved to North Hero, Vermont. From1794 until 1798 they lived in South Hero, and in 1799 they moved to

Chazy. In 1810 they moved to Hemmingford, Quebec. When the War of 1812 broke out, Solomon refused to swear allegiance to the king, and, when their son, Amasa Wood, was served conscription papers by the British in 1813, they moved to West Chazy before Amasa could be mustered into service. In West Chazy they lived in a small log cabin one-half mile north of West Chazy village. Persis Wood married William Lawrence 23 September 1799. Putnam Lawrence was the oldest of their nine children.

After her second husband's death, Putnam's daughter Augusta moved to Plattsburgh, and the stone house was sold 3 July 1903 for $1200 to Benjamin F. Douglass.

Two Douglass brothers, George and William, together with their parents Barzillai and Mercy (Congdon) Douglass, settled from North Kingston, Rhode Island, about 1805 in what is now the western part of the Town of Chazy. William Douglass was married to Sabra Baker by whom he had a son William Jr. who married Rebecca T. Lane from the State of Maine. William Jr. and Rebecca were the parents of twins, William III and Benjamin Franklin Douglass, born in 1856 in the last house on the Dustin Road before the Altona town line. The twins were raised in a house, now burned, across from where the Miner Fish hatchery was.

Town of Chazy road crew on a roller used to pack down the snow on the roads to make it easier for traffic, often horse drawn sleighs – B. F. Douglass is the third standing man from the left. The picture was taken c.1910.

As an adult, B. F. Douglass had a beard that changed from gray to a pinkish color. People around town called him "Old Pink Whiskers." He was also known as "Pa Douglass," "Old Ben Douglass," and "Judge Douglass" because from at least 1908 until 1919 he was a town justice of the peace. He held court in the dining room of the stone house. Clients entered through the side door. At a town board meeting in his "office" 24 July 1908, it was voted the Commissioner of Highways was authorized to furnish 12 signs to tell owners of motor vehicles that in the villages of Chazy, West Chazy, Sciota, and Ingraham they were not to drive faster than 10 miles per hour without risking punishment. Douglass was a staunch Republican. To him Democrats were rascals. He was very punctual, very precise, very proper, but he held his pen in a funny way, writing in large letters sometimes right off the paper. Once he signed his name leaving out the "l", "Doug ass." When he saw what he had done, he said, "Oh my goodness, how did I leave that 'l' out?"

In 1914 and 1915 he served as Town Supervisor. In 1896 he had been the school attendance officer for Election District 2, which included West Chazy, and at one time was clerk of the Board of Education for the West Chazy school. When the Dodge Library was formed in 7 January 1905, he was among the first trustees. He was supervisor for the workers when the library was built.

B. F. Douglass married in 1891. His wife, Mary, was 19 years younger than he was. They were both schoolteachers. He taught for many years. Once he fell asleep during the recitation. There was some whispering, and he quickly woke up and pointed accusingly at the empty recitation seat. The youngsters used to chant, imitating bullfrogs, (high voice) "Ben Drinkin', Ben Drinkin.'" Then (low voice) "Judge Douglass, too. Judge Douglass, too."

In 1903 his wife taught first grade. The first grade was known as the "Black Board Class" because they didn't know the alphabet. The class learned to recite:

"Tick" says the clock.

"What?" says I.

"You will learn a lesson if you only try."

He and his wife had one child, a boy Willie born in 1893. B. F. and his wife did not always see eye to eye and were not on the best of speaking terms most of the time. They had separate accounts. When the

milkman delivered milk, he left each of them their own bottles at different doors. She lived in one part of the house and he in another. About 1909, she took Willie away and eventually became postmaster at Onchiota, where she died somewhat before 1920. After she left, B. F. Douglass lived alone; although about 1910 H. D. Carlton and his young family moved from the Flannery house on what is now Old Cider Mill Road to live briefly with Douglass.

In 1922 B. F. Douglass of West Chazy sold the stone house to Mary Gordon Relation. He remained in the village, however. During the winter of 1927 he lived with Mrs. Wheeler. He was sick and wore a fur hat and cold weather clothing indoors. Soon he went to his son's in Cortland, where he died.

Mary Gordon Relation was a colorful character. Some have called her "a wicked woman." She had a dark complexion and lived a hard, but romantic life. Born about 1865 in Altona, a daughter of Peter Gordon (who may have originally been named Peete), an illiterate mulatto laborer from Canada, and his Canadian wife, Angeline Alloure of Sciota, she had moved away from home by 1880 to work as a hired girl for Jeremiah and Nancy Shaw in Altona. About 1883 she married Louis N. Relation, born in New Hampshire in 1863, the youngest son of Denus and Rosie (Terrier) Relation, natives of Canada who had a farm in Altona. Louis's three older brothers all served in the Civil War. The oldest two volunteered. The youngest, Antoine, too young for service, ran away to be with his brothers. His father went after him and brought him home, but he ran away again and succeeded in enlisting. The two older boys were both killed, but Antoine survived the war.

Mary Gordon Relation with her twin daughters

Louis and Mary lived on the Flat Rock Road in the French Settlement near Sciota where they raised eight children. After the children were pretty well grown, Mary and Louis had difficulties. Her husband got so fed up he split their property, gave her her half, and told her to get out. With her share she bought the stone house from B. F. Douglass 1 June 1922 for $1,500. She lived here for several years, until 1939, at first with her daughter Jessie M., who worked as a helper in the hospital, and her two youngest children, twin daughters, Florence and Flossie, who were at school. To help support herself, she took in boarders. In 1925 William E. Stiles and his unmarried sister Amina Stiles, both elderly, lived with her. She moved to Plattsburgh where she died 21 June 1958 at Physicians' Hospital after a short illness, leaving 30 grandchildren and several great-grandchildren. Louis had died in 1933. Separated in life, they are buried together in St. Joseph's Cemetery, West Chazy.

During the winters, the young people of the village used to shovel off the pond in the Little Chazy behind the stone house so they could skate. They loved to torment Mrs. Relation, especially at Hallowe'en. They would attach a nail to a fishhook and fix it to a windowsill. They would then tie thread from a spool to the hook and, from off a way, pull the thread so the nail would rap on the window. Mrs. Relation would come out and swear at them.

Five years after Mrs. Relation moved in, the house caught fire. Although the day before and the day after had experienced strong winds, the day of the fire was a nice day. Otherwise the house would have gone. Mary Relation was very excited during the fire. She slid down the front steps in the water from the fire fighters. The *Plattsburgh Daily Republican* reported her further difficulties in the 2 February 1927 edition:

> *... [the house] was gutted by fire yesterday forenoon. The loss is estimated at $3,000 which is partially covered by insurance.*
>
> *The house was a two story stone building with a wooden addition containing one bed room, kitchen and woodshed. The blaze originated from a defective chimney in the kitchen and the flames soon spread to the main part of the house.*
>
> *Mrs. Relation was at work in the kitchen and upon discovery of the fire summoned neighboring farmers who formed a bucket brigade in an effort to confine the flames to the rear of the house. This was found impossible however. Work of saving furniture was successful.*
>
> *Mrs. Relation, in the excitement, ran from the house, and slipping on a patch of ice, fell and injured her arm. At first it was believed that she had suffered a fracture of the arm. Dr. Degrandpre of this city who was at the scene of the fire, attended to her injury which proved to be a bad sprain.*
>
> *Word was telephoned to the Plattsburgh Fire Department who responded with the Brockway truck. The trip was made in slightly over fifteen minutes which is considered good time taking into consideration the slippery condition of the roads.*
>
> *Two lines of hose were laid and water pumped from the Chazy river. The blaze was not declared out until nearly two oclock yesterday afternoon. The truck returned to the local station about 2:30 o'clock.*

In June 1927, the paper, reporting on the Battle of Plattsburgh, interviewed Putnam Lawrence's daughter Helen, who commented, "When I was a little girl I heard a great deal about the invasion of our country by the British ... for I lived in a house on the route of the invaders, with my father who actually saw some of the stirring events ... my grandparents saw the Revolution, and with their children experienced the War of 1812, while I saw the troops march away in 1861 and went through the four harrowing years of the Civil War. ... We lived ... in a stone house at West Chazy..., the third house north of the corner, on the west side of the main road running north. It had a narrow escape however, for there was a fire there not so many weeks ago at the homestead which destroyed some of the outbuildings. But father's fireproof construction withstood the flames." Today, only the charred beams in the attic remind us of the house's narrow escape.

In 1939 Mary G. Relation sold the stone house for $2100 to George A. and Constance Ross Herbst. George Herbst is one of those legendary figures who rose from the rank of private to that of general in the United States Army. A short man with a swaggering walk and a fiery temper, he was known to locals as "Colonel Popcorn." He once stepped into the shower to find the cold water wouldn't work. A scalded, bright red General Herbst lept out of the tub screaming for the scalp of the plumber.

George Audley Herbst was born at St. Paul, Minnesota, 3 May 1875. In his early 20's he entered the 14th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry as a private. He served in the 6th United States Artillery as a private during the Spanish American War. He was commissioned a second lieutenant 25 July 1900 and rose through the ranks until, at the time of his death, he was a Major General. He served in the Philippines and in 1903 was stationed at the Plattsburgh Barracks. In 1911 he was given command of Fort Snelling in Minnesota. During World War I he served in France, receiving a Distinguished Service Medal, a Silver Star for gallantry in action near Session, and, from the French government, the *Ordre de L'Etoile Noire*.

After the war he took command of the 26th Infantry stationed at the Plattsburgh Barracks. In September 1932 he was transferred to Washington. When he retired in 1939 he became Chief of Staff of the New York National Guard until 1942. He died 22 July 1957 in Queen Mary Veterans Hospital in Montreal after a short illness. He is buried in Riverside Cemetery, Plattsburgh.

General Herbst is largely responsible for the present

George Audley and Constance (Ross) Herbst

good condition of the stone house, which he restored with careful attention to its original character. His wife, Constance Ross Herbst, laid out the gardens between the house and the Little Chazy River. From 1939 they lived in the stone house, spending their winters in the south. Shortly before his death, he moved to his wife's family home, 48 Cumberland Avenue, in Plattsburgh. His wife survived him.

10 May 1956, the Herbsts sold the house for $14,000 to John J. and Elaine D. Bennett of Warrensburg, New York. John James Bennett, a lawyer in the firm of FitzPatrick, Bennett, Trombley and Owens, was a corporation counsel for the city of Plattsburgh. He was born 14 October 1922 in Glens Falls, a son of John Edward Bennett, whose grandfather, Thomas Bennett, had settled in Warren County from County Wicklow, Ireland. He and his sons established the Antlers Hotel near Lake George, and his son Edward, father of John Edward, ran the Algonquin in Bolton Landing.

When John J. Bennett and his wife Elaine DuFour Bennett lived in the stone house, they had three children, Mark, Jill, and Rhea. A fourth child, James C., was born later in Plattsburgh, where they moved in 1960. Mrs. Bennett, who didn't drive, decided she preferred living in the city where her main interests were. 12 March 1960, after much consideration, they sold the house to the present owners, David Kendall and Patricia (Roberts) Martin, natives of Troy, New York.

Elaine DuFour and John James Bennett with children baby Rhea, Jill, and Mark

A graduate of Union College, David Martin taught English and was the Senior Class Advisor in the Chazy Central Rural School for 33 years from the fall of 1958. Pat Martin, a graduate of the Emma Willard School and Mount Holyoke College, taught science

and math in Beekmantown, where she set up the original science department. She also taught in Champlain, Chazy, and Plattsburgh. In 1975, while David had a fellowship at the University of Cambridge, the family lived in England. On his retirement from Chazy in 1991, David and Pat taught at the Binzhou Medical College in Shandong Province, the People's Republic of China. The Martins raised four children in the stone house, Anne (Mrs. Eric Wallace) of Brentwood, New Hampshire; David of Wilmington, New York; Elizabeth (Mrs. David Friedman) of Watervliet, New York; and Peter, with his wife Laura Green, of Doha, Qatar. They have found Putnam Laurence's fireproof house comfortably spacious for a family of six and, now, for only the two of them.

Recently, the Chazy Friends of the Library placed an historical marker in front of the house:

c.1818
LAWRENCE'S CORNERS
(NOW WEST CHAZY)
LAWRENCES SETTLED C.1818
LAWRENCE'S MILLS P.O. 1824
COL. P. LAWRENCE STONE HOUSE
BUILT 1832 BY SAM'L BALEY

For its first century, the building was known simply as Putnam Lawrence's stone house. General and Mrs. Herbst named it *Stoneleigh*, but – as it was not connected in any way with a pasture as signified by "leigh" and because *Stoneleigh* sounded a bit pretentious – the Martins, liking the idea of naming a house in this age of numbers, changed the name for family reasons to *Mouse Hill*, the name of a farm owned by Tobias Saunders in 17th century Westerly, Rhode Island, in the belief Tobias Saunders was an ancestor of David Martin. That belief has since been disproven, so *Mouse Hill* is a testament to human fallibility, probably an important lesson for all of us who delve into historical research. Nevertheless, there are little field mice who live in the garden's stone walls (and sometimes in the house's cellar), and the house does sit on a very small hill.

A retired teacher, DAVID KENDALL MARTIN, is co-author of A History of the Town of Chazy. *He has served the Association for many years as President, Vice President, Secretary, and Board Member. Editor of* The Antiquarian *since 1995, he is a Fellow of the American Society of Genealogists. He frequently contributes articles to numerous genealogical quarterlies and has written several genealogies.*

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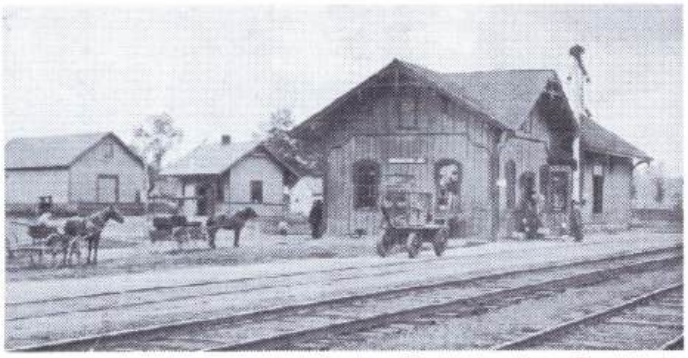
Mooers Junction

A History of a Bustling Station

Jacob Perron

Whether it was the silvery toned bells of the D&H engines or the long-short-medium whistle of the old Grand Trunk, people set their clocks by the time the trains went by. At the Junction, all merchandise ar-



Courtesy of Carol Nedeau, Mooers Town Historian

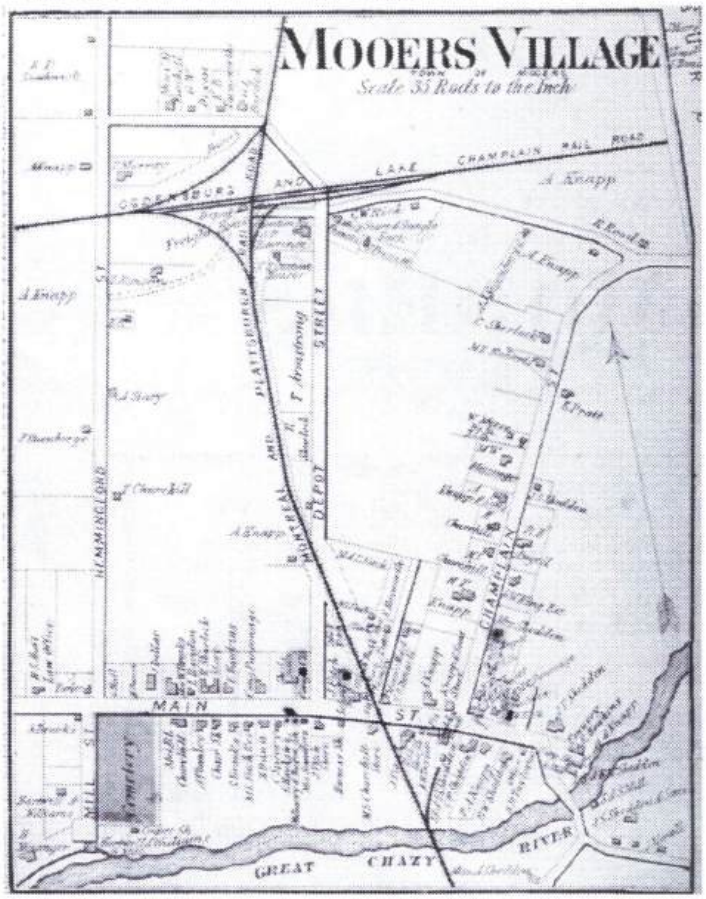
Mooers Rutland Railroad Station in the foreground with the Delaware and Hudson station and Freight House behind it. From a postcard, ca. 1916

rived by rail, and all the mail. Because of the maps in the railroad station, people knew exactly how many miles it was to the next town. Young lovers eloped on the train; there were holiday excursions, and young men thought nothing of hitching on the freight cars to get home from work. Every train had a name and a persona, *The Sciota, The Saranac, The J.C. Pratt,* and *The Deer.*

Before the heyday of rail, development in the Champlain valley was handicapped by roads clogged with snow or mired in mud and a lake impassable for long periods in the winter. Visionaries dreamed of an all-rail route that would open up commerce as never before possible. This was realized first on the eastern side of the lake with the connection of Rutland & Burlington Rail and Vermont Central.

The people of Mooers watched and waited for weeks while the track of the Plattsburgh-Montreal Railroad crept closer from the south where a bridge now was thrown across the Big Chazy river. In the center of the village, this line was to form a crossroads of two of northern New York's most important railroads: the Rutland Railroad (Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain), and the Hudson (Plattsburgh and Montreal). Mooers was proud to be designated officially as "Mooers Junction."

According to Orville McKnight, author of an unpublished book on Mooers Junction, there was a sense of connection to this new line that did not exist when the Ogdensburg-Lake Champlain line reached the town limits four years earlier. That line by-passed the core of the town by a half mile. But now, with a junction in the heart of the business community, there were great expectations of not only a significant increase of pa-



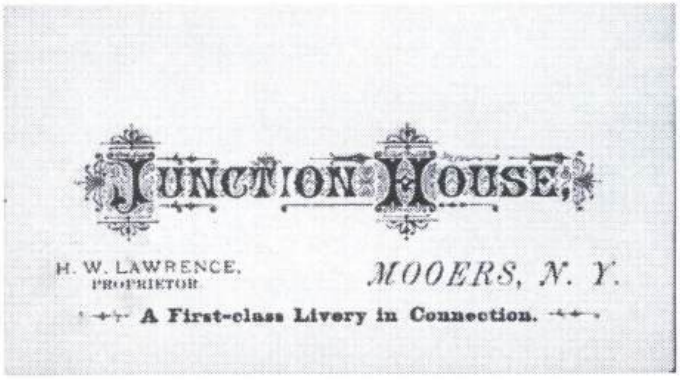
From the Atlas of Clinton County by F.W. Beers, 1869

tronage, but also of jobs which would attract more people to the area.

The great expectations were realized, for after the Junction was opened on July 22, 1852, and passenger service was begun on September 25, 1853, the town bustled as never before. Suddenly it was easier for business men to do their business and farmers to market their products. Through traffic steadily increased. There was a new sense of energy in the townspeople. By the end of that decade, Mooers Junction was complete with all the infrastructure for boom times ahead. Multiple jobs were created. Many thought that the boom would never go bust.

The jobs were welcome, but railroad work was dangerous in those days. Men had to stand between the cars and guide the link into the slot, and it was said that you could tell a railroad man by his missing fingers or even a missing hand. There were bad situations with trains accidentally on the same track on a collision course. And there were winter storms with howling winds and deep drifts, and runaway cars, or cars knocked off their tracks, and stalled engines; nonetheless, no serious wrecks were recorded at Mooers Junction, although a woman narrowly escaped being killed at the main street crossing. After that the whistle signal for the crossing continued until the engine had passed. Willard Wells, section foreman of the Rutland, also had both legs broken by a passing passenger train that had a long rod extending out at right angles from one of the cars.

Some businesses begun in the rail era remained in operation for decades. On the property currently owned by Perry D. Comstock, there was a hotel called Junction House, later owned by the Lawrence family under the name of The Lawrence House. From 1907 until it burned in 1928, the hotel, owned by Thomas Henderson, was known as Hotel Ingleside. It was operated by his daughter Nettie and her husband Charles Wager. It accommodated up to eighteen people. When there was an overflow of travelers, they were often lodged with hospitable Mooers people.



Courtesy of Carol Nedeau, Mooers Town Historian

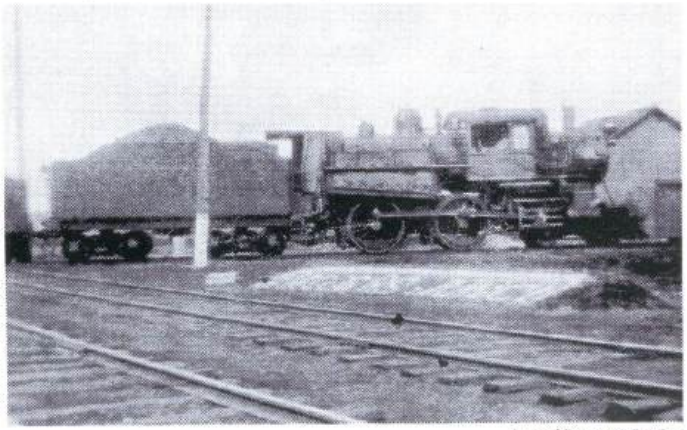
Hotel Ingleside, formerly known as Junction House and then The Lawrence House, was located across the street from the rail yard. It was a beneficiary of the heyday of rail in Mooers, and it thrived until it was destroyed in a fire in 1928.

Over the years, agricultural businesses became more lucrative because of the junction. The Bronx Farms Milk Company, owned by Ike Liberman, ran butter and cheese factories which now had easy access to needed machinery and markets. Even the earliest trains had refrigerator cars, and, beginning in 1907, Mooers Junction was among a row of milk stations across Northern New York, which eventually built up to ten to fifteen cars daily headed for Melrose Junction in New York City. What was known as The Butter Train ran from Ogdensburg every Monday night until shipments of fluid milk took over.

The Rutland Railroad owned a cattle yard in the town of Mooers frequented by dealers such as Thomas Boire who shipped beef cattle mainly by rail to other dealers such as Crosby & Son in Vermont. The D&H Railroad also owned a cattle yard located just opposite the Hemmingford Road (next door to present-day Dragoon's Farm Equipment). William Lewis of Champlain, James Rushlow, and Robert Wray of Mooers Forks made profitable use of this yard.

The most important enterprise to benefit from the

junction in the town was coal-related, for coal was then a major source of heating for homes and businesses. It was brought in by train, stored in sheds, and hauled by wagon to local destinations. Because of cheap rail transport, the local coal distributor, Sidney Goodsell, was able to keep his wagon-hauling fee to $1.00 per ton. Coal and grain accounted for the larg-



Larry Marnes collection

Camel Back Locomotive of the D&H at Mooers Junction

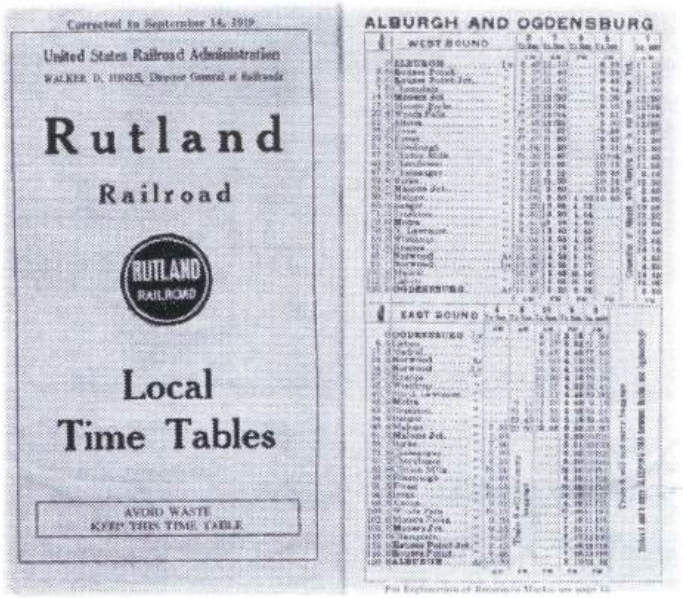
est share of rail traffic, with lumber third. The storage sheds were owned by Andrew Steenbarge who also had another interesting business which benefitted by rail transport. From local farmers he purchased "hop poles," and sent them by rail to breweries where hop vines were used in brewing alcohol.

By the time the Plattsburgh-Montreal consortium was four years old, it was compelled to re- organize. It was taken over by the Rutland-Burlington Railroad, which in turn was taken over by Vermont Central, which was the largest railroad in New England. In 1870, the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad made an agreement with J. Gregory Smith who was president of Vermont Central – and the governor of Vermont from 1863 to 1865. He wanted the O&LC line to be leased to them for a term of twenty years for the sum of $8.5 million. Despite the unease caused by these rail company politics, the mergers and takeovers had proven so favorable to Mooers Junction that a decision was made to tear the little station down so it could be replaced with a larger building. The new station was located in the southeast corner of the rail yard to make it easier for freights and other cars to switch track and turn.

Another result of the merger-shuffling was that Mooers Junction came into the control of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad. It appeared natural that Mooers Junction would be the mainline for D&H in Northern New York because for three years the main traffic route between St. Albans in Vermont and Plattsburgh had been through Mooers.

However, when D&H trains reached the junction on the Ogdensburg-Lake Champlain branch, they had to run an additional twelve miles east to reach Rouses Point and the Grand Trunk-Montreal. In 1876, in order to shorten the route, the D&H built a short line that left the tracks of the original Plattsburgh-Montreal line in West Chazy. It now ran directly northeast to Rouses Point. This was bad news to Mooers Junction which had expected to be the mainline station to Canada. The logic of economy demanded that the D&H favor the shorter route, and the line between West Chazy and Mooers was all but abandoned. Now over 75% of the traffic that once passed through Mooers was moved to the Rutland branch through Rouses Point.

Despite this setback, Mooers businessmen continued to prosper, and they shrugged off anxieties caused by the changes. The Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain was still a success, and there was even a luxury line, *The White Mountain Express* also known as *The White Mountain Flyer*, that made a trip in less than twenty-



Courtesy of the Kurt Delong Collection

four hours from Rome-Watertown to Boston. It featured "elegant parlor cars," and lovely views of the "numerous islands and busy steamers of Lake Champlain." There was also heavier commercial traffic through Mooers Junction, with trains carrying as many as sixty-five cars. In 1887, the tonnage handled was 582,000. In 1892 this jumped to over a million tons. Shortly after the turn of the century there were as many as thirty to thirty-five trains passing through every day.

In 1870, the dream of Smith, who then owned a rail branch that ran to the Long Island Sound, was a line that would eventually span the continent. Previously the dream of Vermont Central managers was a transportation system from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean. There seemed no limit to the possibilities created by rail.

However, Henry Ford's dream was even bigger: the mass-production of automobiles. Ford began a revolution that cut deeply into the profitability of locomotive transport everywhere. There were not only family vehicles, but also trucks and buses that provided faster and cheaper modes of transportation. In Mooers Junction, the first automobile was owned by Dr. William Taylor. In 1919, a certificate to start a bus company was issued to John Leclair, who ran a line from Plattsburgh, Beekmantown, West Chazy, Sciota, Mooers, Ellenburg, Chateaugay, and Burke, ending at the Flanagan Hotel in Malone. A town taxi service was started in 1915 in Mooers by Fred Rowe.

World War I revived the railroad industry for a brief time with the need to transport large numbers of troops, military equipment, and information efficiently. Passing through Mooers Junction each morning, train #251 carried express delivery business and sleeper cars on route between Boston and Ogdensburg. But the war-time boom dissipated by the 1920's, and railroad companies all over the country were in retrenchment, fighting for survival by ruthlessly cutting down expenses. In the case of Mooers Junction, the Delaware and Hudson filed for abandonment of their branch to Mooers. In 1924, they were granted the right to disassemble the line between their Mooers branch and the Canadian border which joined with the Grand Trunk Railroad at Hemmingford, Quebec. The exact date when these trains last ran on these tracks is not recorded. In 1925, the rest of the D&H tracks between Mooers Junction and Canada Junction in West Chazy were abandoned and removed.

Mooers Junction was no more, though the town of Mooers survived.

With the Delaware and Hudson no longer in that end of the North Country, the Rutland Railroad did not take long to follow suit. But the situation for this company was a bit different. In the 1920's, Rutland began to lose business because of an awkward system of "circuits" that required passengers to switch trains a number of times from Boston to Ogdensburg. As well, the government had passed several anti-trust/monopoly laws, including the stipulation that railroad companies could not also own boat lines, forcing Rutland Rail to give up its transit system between Ogdensburg and Detroit. The company was also being pinched by fierce competition with New York Central. Despite this, Rutland Railroad continued strong through the 1920's, with moments of hope when one would see a Maine freight mixed in with Vermont cars, reviving visions of a rail line from Portland to Ogdensburg.

The Great Depression resulted in the Rutland Railroad going bankrupt in 1938. However, the company survived the bankruptcy and capitalized on an-

This photo of the Mooers Rutland Rairoad Station was taken by Larry Marnes in 1962 when the structure was eighty-three years old. It is still standing.

other boom with the advent of World War II. But this respite was brief, and the end of the war signaled the return of hard times. In the summer of 1953, the Rutland Railroad had its first strike by the telegraph workers union. In this case, the government ruled that the company could withhold part of their wages until they could afford to pay them. Seven years later, the same union threatened to abandon the rail company if they were not paid. Communities and local organizations raised funds to bail the company out of its difficulty, and the local government came through by canceling property taxes on the rail yards.

Effort and good will were not enough to stop the inevitable. On September 25, 1961, the last Rutland Railroad train came through the town of Mooers, and the last whistle blew. When the caboose passed, it took an important part of the history of Mooers with it.

The train station at Mooers has lasted well over a century. It became a lumber yard and now stands abandoned. But a sense of past splendor is still evident to those passing by. The Rutland Junction House and the Delaware-Hudson Freight Houses remain in their weedy lots with a air of mystery about them. Their colorful stories and legends are waiting to be freshly told to those born long after the days when brakemen rode the hurricane deck and tied 'em down. We yet can feel that something great and powerful once rolled through the Champlain Valley towards this quiet little border town.

As Orville McKnight states it, the era lasted "73 years, the life span of an ordinary person. However, it fulfilled a need and gave a service to a young land when it was needed, and it left many memories behind. . . . these were the days of Wooden Cars and Iron Men."

JACOB PERRON, a history major, is a senior at State University of New York at Plattsburgh, and a graduate of Northeastern Clinton. Currently living in Mooers Forks, he has lived in the North Country for ten years.

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Afterwords

It is with considerable pleasure that in this year's *Antiquarian* we can honor the Town of Malone for its 200th anniversary by publishing Kitty Murtagh's interesting article on how Malone got its name, an article submitted last year for the Association's McMasters Prize for excellent historical writing about the North Country. Chazy will be celebrating its bicentennial in 2004. We would like to see an article relating that town's history if someone will send us one.

We would also encourage all our readers to think about submitting papers for the McMasters Prize. The prize exists to encourage good writing about North Country history, fiction or nonfiction. It is an excellent opportunity for anyone with an historical bent to share the results of their research and talent. If you don't have a paper of your own but know someone who has a topic of interest, by all means encourage them to write it up and try for the prize.

This year we welcome aboard as our Assistant Editor a former McMasters Prize winner, Mary Anne Ducharme of Hemmingford, Québec, a native of Clinton County and graduate of the Chazy Central Rural School who has considerable writing and publishing experience. She is the author of *Archie Neil, A Triumph of a Life! From the Life and Stories of Archie Neil Chisholm of Margaree Forks, Cape Breton.*

Last year we published Sandy LaBombard's article on the Joel Smith house in Rouses Point, and this year we offer the history of the Putnam Lawrence house in West Chazy. Almost by accident we have established a series on interesting houses of Clinton County. There are many other houses whose stories should be told. We hope some of you will make the effort to contribute to this project. Clinton County is unusually rich in history. We want to celebrate it in all its aspects within these covers.

– David Kendall Martin, Editor

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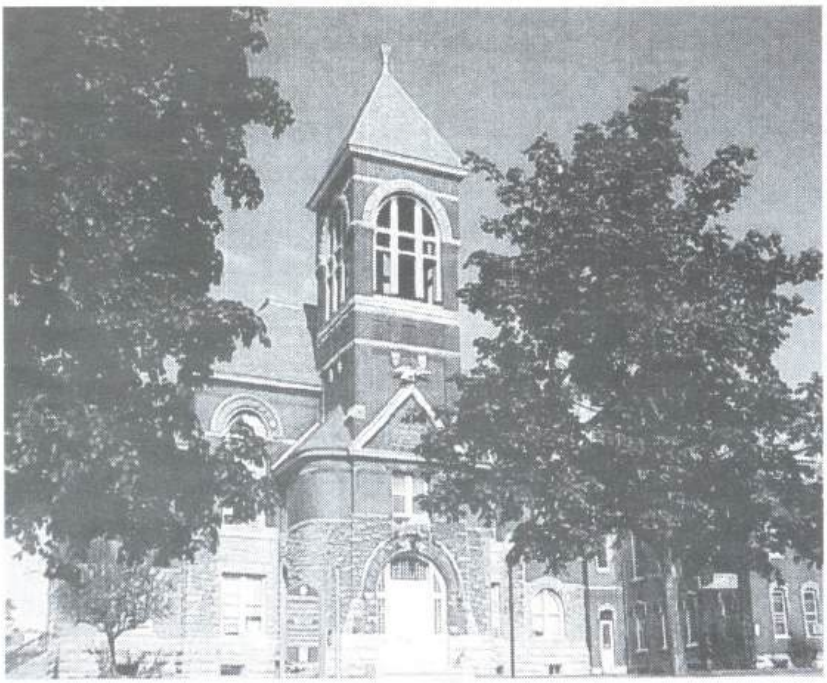

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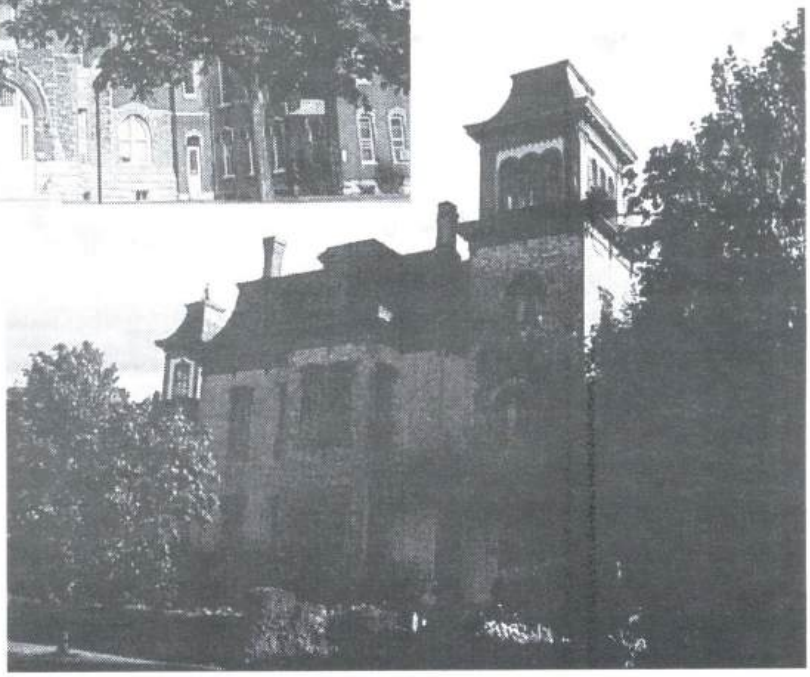

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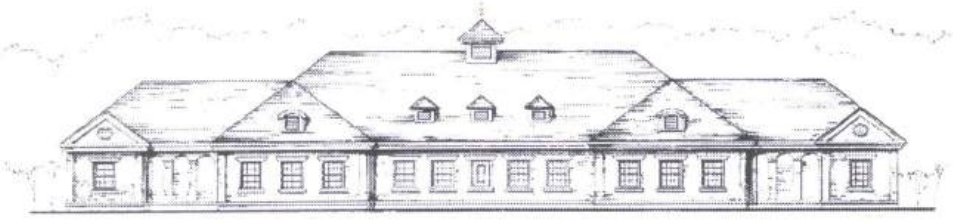

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