

The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



October 1970

The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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Cover Photo--

GOthic REVIVAL HOUSE, 46 Elm St. built in 1852 by businessman E. W. Foster, now home of Alpha Delta Sorority, SUNY, Potsdam.

sights and sounds

STIR OF NATURE

by William H. Carr



IN northern New York State, far above the ancient Adirondack Mountains, is a little river that flows sometimes gently and sometimes swiftly as it goes down and down to the sea. The brown, leaf-stained water makes its changing way among smooth, slippery rocks, into shallow pools and along green and gray forest-lined banks. At one shadowy spot, tall dark hemlocks and spruces reach straight up toward the sky. Here the river, at first very deliberately and then gathering speed like that of a charging host of cavalry horses, takes a great, dashing leap into the canyon-like channel far below. The farmers who live nearby call the thundering waters, "Allen's Falls." Not far away, standing patiently on a high rolling hill among

the music of the water comes up from the valley and rustles in the tree tops. One feels as though he were really in the trees. They cluster all about so comfortably and seem, somehow, to be companionable and very friendly. Oh! the roof peak is a fine location from which to see the lands round about and to dream real, summer dreams of the peace and quiet of the country. Always, comes the low, rushing sound of the St. Regis River as it jumps headlong into the waiting pool ever splashed with white spray.

Yes, there is a very keen joy in sitting still up there on the rain-washed shingles and just looking and listening to the sights and sounds that the world has to offer. It is the world of nature; the world of the trees, the birds and the clouds. Even the old gray woodchuck sunning itself on the stone wall,



ALLENS FALLS. (From the Parishville Historical Association collection)

many clean-leaved apple trees is a little old house. When one climbs over the cedar-shingled roof to where the chimney rears its dark, red head above the gable, one may see faint wisps of smoke rising from the steamers on the distant St. Lawrence.

This roof top, so near the falls, makes a wonderful seat on warm summer days, for a cool breeze bearing the breath and

where the blackberry vines struggle for a foothold, is a part of that world; and the yellow butterflies, dancing up and down above the small garden, also have their important places in the warm sunlight. Everything has its color. The red squirrel, dashing recklessly along the top-most crooked bar of the split rail fence, lends a bright streak of russet as it bounds into an apple tree in search of seeds so well hidden beneath their skins and pulps.

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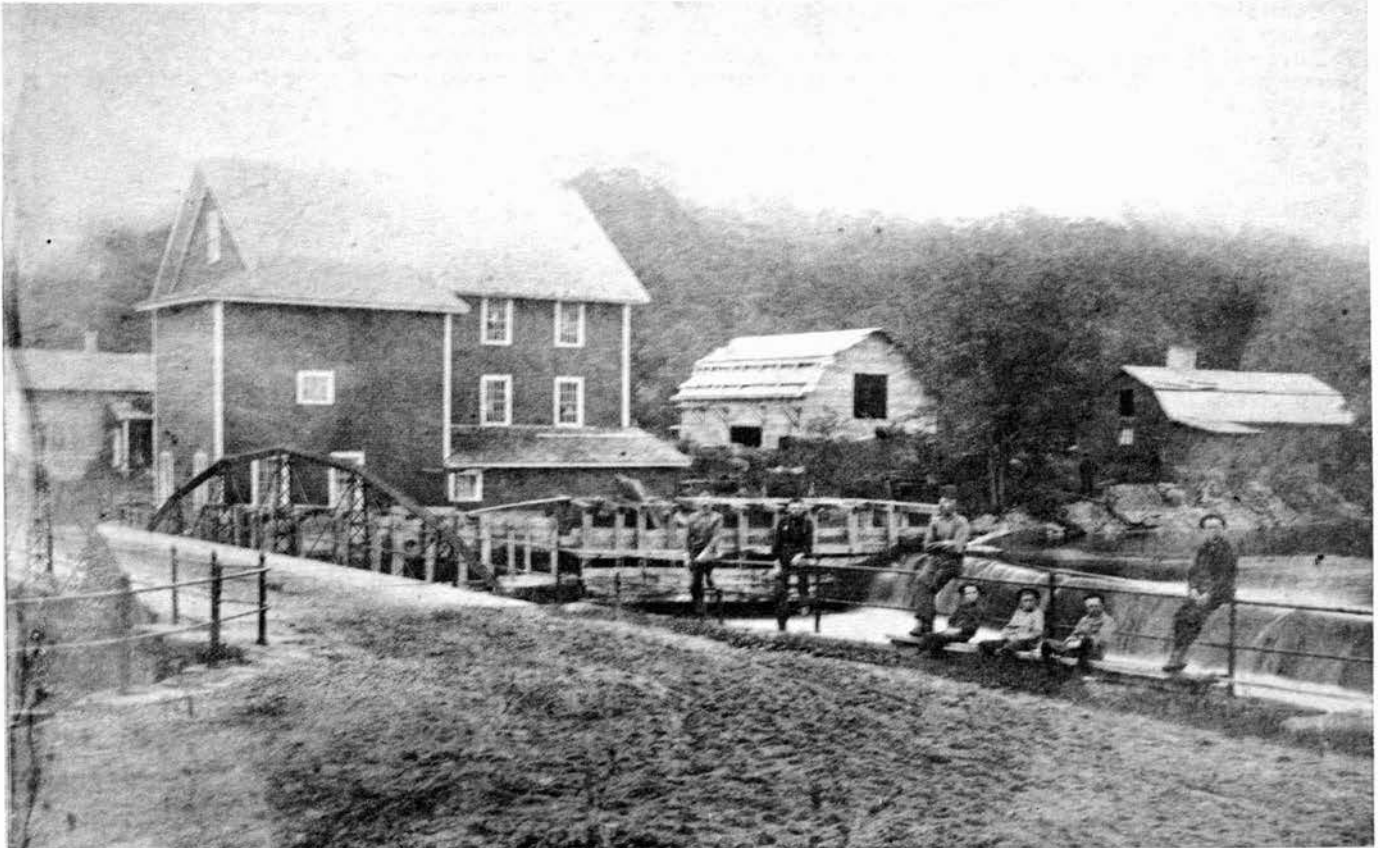
One may not sit up there on the roof beam very long without beginning to wonder about the nearby and the far-off things that are to be seen and heard. Where do the butterflies come from? How do the squirrels know there are seeds in the middle of the apple? Where does the river start, and what makes it follow the same course, year in and year out, as it sweeps on through the centuries?

Now, it is one thing to wonder about all of these puzzles and it is another to solve them; to discover what are the answers to these and to other equally fascinating questions.

Down below, in the old farmhouse, some one is busy with the dinner dishes. One may hear the soft "thump" as they are being placed upon the pantry shelves after they have been washed and dried. One recognizes that sound, for it has been heard often. The back screen door closes with a "bang," as some one goes to the deep well to pump a pail of cool water.

The "squeak" of the pump-handle is another well-known sound. Even if one were in the dark haymow up in the barn, he would still hear the pump making the same complaint and the same "squeaky" protests as it was forced to draw up the water that always seems so reluctant to leave its damp clay bed.

These are sounds that may seldom be mistaken, just as the sight of "Bessie" and "Carey," the two tan horses, though they were a long distance away on the dusty road, could seldom be confused with the sight of any other horses. These animals have a certain "swing" to their bodies; a familiar way of stepping, that would tell without a doubt that they could be no other than the two carriage horses whose home was in the barn. Of course they are "Carey" and "Bessie," one simply knows. One may be positive of these facts because of having grown to know every motion of the two horses and having lived with the song of the pump. He may well be certain of



ALLENS FALLS IN ITS HEYDAY. (Archives of Parishville Historian)

the sound made by the dishes upon the wooden shelves, for many are the dishes that he has had to dry and put there himself!

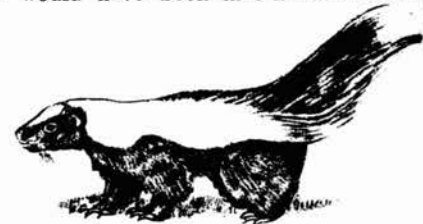
But what about that soaring hawk, sailing so gracefully overhead? It has circled above the falls for a few minutes and now is coming nearer and nearer. What kind of a hawk is it? There are many different hawks, but it seems that this one is seen most often. The farmers say that it is a "Hen-hawk" or a "Chicken-hawk," but they call other hawks by the same name too! Surely they must be mistaken! The large bird draws quite close as we sit perfectly still. One may plainly see that the ends of its wings are rounded and that there is a dull reddish tinge upon its shoulders, as it glides down over the field directly in front of us and below the level of our eyes. In the house, there is a good book about birds. The hawk with scarcely a "flap" of its wings is now going around and around in slow circles, rising higher and higher until at last it appears as only a black dot against the sky.

While the impression of the bird is still fresh and clear in our mind, we slide cautiously down the roof, take a firm grasp upon the trembling eave spout and reach the ground in safety. The book says that the bird is a Red-shouldered Hawk. Without a book, we could have made a good effort to give it that name ourselves! Uncle Elias, who sits on the porch reading, confirms this name and says that the rounded wings and the

red-shoulder would be all the information needed to "fix the name."

"Are you sure that you saw red on the shoulder?" he asks. "One does not get so close a view very often."

Uncle Elias Bell, who has long since left forever the country that he loves so well, was a careful observer of nature. He could tell one a great deal about birds and other animals and many were the questions that he answered. All his life he had been a close observer of nature, although he would probably have laughed if anyone had called him a naturalist. His answer would have been that he was merely a farmer!



This brings us to the question, "What and Who is a naturalist?" What are the qualifications, the special habits and the talents that one must have to be really known as a "naturalist"?

(Continued on Page 21)

beloved "institution"

Dr. Grant C. Madill

By VALERIE A. PIKE

Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in
silence and tranquility;
For his hand, though heavy and hard, is guided by the
tender hand of the Unseen,
And the cup he brings, though it burn your lips, has been
fashioned of the clay which the Potter has moistened
with His own sacred tears.

("The Prophet," by Kahlil Gibram)

Everyone who knew Dr. Grant C. Madill trusted and respected him not only as a physician, but also as a great human being. Although he was best known as a surgeon, he was noted for his generosity, patriotism, religious values, and sincere interest in mankind. For over half a century, Dr. Madill served the people of the North Country. And during his fifty years as chief surgeon at A. Barton Hepburn Hospital in Ogdensburg, his fame spread throughout the nation.

Grant C. Madill was born July 6, 1864 in Garrotte, California, a small mining community near Stockton. His father, John N. Madill, a native of Lisbon and once prominent farmer in the area, had gone west following the gold strike of 1848. Nine months after their son's birth, the Madills returned to northern New York, and his father resumed farming operations near Lisbon. As a youngster, he helped his father on the farm, and, at the same time, attended elementary schools in the Lisbon area. It was then, during his youth that he decided upon his career; and once he had established his goal, he never let go his determination.

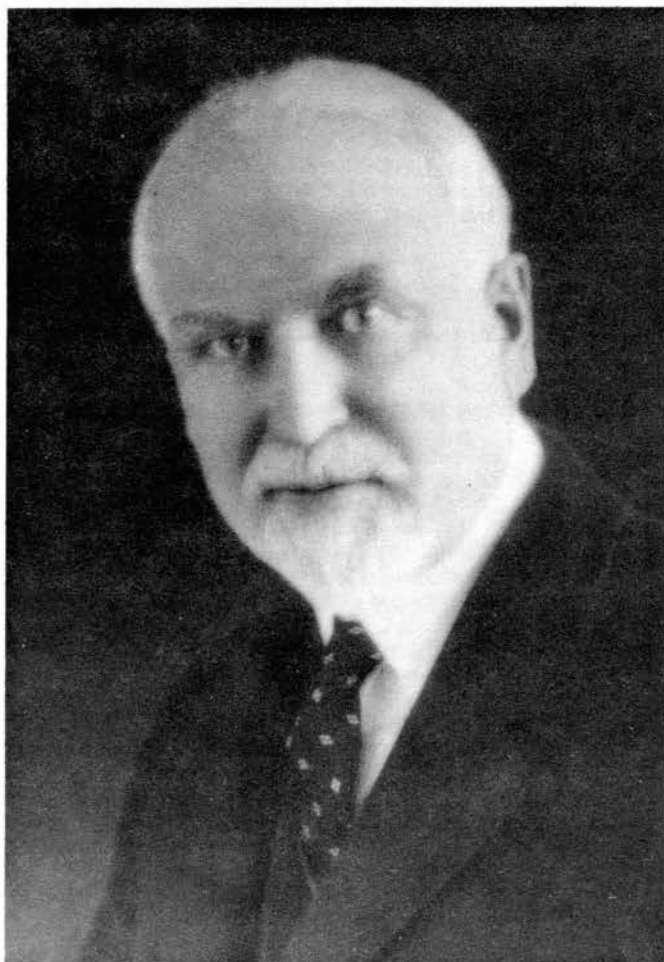
After completing his courses at the district schools of the area, he enrolled at Ogdensburg Free Academy. When he first entered the high school, he shared a seat with Julius Frank, former mayor of Ogdensburg. Shortly after the surgeon's death, Mr. Frank recalled, "Dr. Madill was modest and retiring but always energetic and determined to make the best use of his time. He was a good student." Dr. Madill's concern over making the most of time was characteristic of the gentleman throughout his life.

Upon graduation from high school, he entered Potsdam State Normal School where he prepared for medical school. He received his degree of doctor of medicine in March, 1886 from Bellevue Hospital Medical School in New York City. He then returned to northern New York and set up his first office in Watertown. But he remained there only a few months. He left Watertown, and returned to New York where he took a two year internship at Presbyterian Hospital. After completing his internship in 1888, Dr. Madill came to Ogdensburg and opened an office which he was to use for over thirty years.

In 1886, Ogdensburg's first hospital, located in a section of the old Ford Mansion, was opened under the direction of the Grey Nuns. The city hospital shared the Ford building with an orphanage (under its direction), and the Home for the Aged. Soon after his arrival, Dr. Madill became affiliated with the hospital and shared the concern over its much needed expansion.

During the period in which he served as chief surgeon, the hospital expanded from a few rooms in the Ford Mansion to the extensive property it now has. Much of its expansion has been credited to the efforts and reputation of Dr. Madill. It has often been said that Dr. Madill "made" the Hepburn Hospital what it is today. Although this may be somewhat exaggerated, it does not go completely unsupported. As the fame of Dr. Madill spread, the recognition given the hospital increased.

Because space was so limited in the Ford building, a new hospital was built in 1902. As Dr. Madill's reputation continued to grow, and because Ogdensburg had the only hospital north of Watertown, Utica and west of Plattsburgh,



more and more people from all parts of the North Country came to Dr. Madill with their complaints. Thus, within ten years, the new hospital was not large enough to accommodate the patients.

About this time, the late A. Barton Hepburn became interested in the hospital. His brother had been a patient in the Ogdensburg hospital, and because of the attention he had received there, Mr. Hepburn gave the institution a \$1,000 bond in gratitude. In later years, because of his generosity, and the efforts of Dr. Madill, Mr. Hepburn gave large sums of money to the hospital.

Of Dr. Madill and his contributions to the hospital, Mr. Hepburn once said, "A powerful factor in giving the hospital the prestige it enjoys is the constant labor of Dr. Grant C. Madill, whose skill in surgery has few equals and whose quality as a public spirited citizen has no superior. It can not be denied that Dr. Madill's prestige had much to do with the growth of A. Barton Hepburn Hospital.

DISTINGUISHED LOOK

Dr. Madill will always be remembered as a very distinguished looking individual. He was very tall, and always looked healthy and eager for life. His snow-white Van Dyke beard added a touch of class to his distinctive appearance. According to Dr. Rutherford Delmage, professor of English at St. Lawrence University, "Dr. Madill was a tall and austere figure with eyes that seemed to look right through you." He always carried himself with great pride; he walked like a man, with chest out and shoulders back.

In a letter to the Watertown Daily Times, a woman wrote

the following story which attests to the fact that Dr. Madill was of striking appearance. A young duke of Russia was visiting the United States, and while in New York City he saw Dr. Madill on the street. He looked up to him and said, "Sir, I know who you are." Dr. Madill smiled and said, "Who my boy?" "The Grand Duke of Russia," he answered.

Throughout his life, Dr. Madill made a habit of being punctual. No one ever had to wait for him for an appointment, unless he was involved in a circumstance beyond his control. "Many people believed they could set their clocks according to the time he walked by their homes in the morning on his way to work," recalls Dr. Stuart Winning, former chief surgeon at A. Barton Hepburn Hospital.

Dr. Madill was a very charitable man. It made no difference whether his patients were rich or poor; and most of the time he based his fees upon the earnings of the patients--not the services he had rendered. He was always telling his secretary to "forget" about certain patients' bills saying, "that man can't afford to pay anything." And when those patients finally approached him concerning payment, he would often reply, "I'm too busy now--I'll send you a bill later." Despite their efforts, many such people never did receive a bill. It was not out of the ordinary for Dr. Madill to pay coal and grocery bills for those patients who were unable to work.

Regardless of this very deep "soft spot," he was not a man to be taken advantage of. He was an excellent judge of character; and often this helped him solve some difficult problems. One day he was asked to examine a man who claimed he had lost the use of his fingers in an accident and was therefore seeking compensation. Dr. Madill could find nothing wrong with the patient's hands, so after completing the examination, he said, "That is all. Button up your coat." The man, caught off guard, did so, thus proving his claim to be false--just as Dr. Madill had suspected.

Although usually very serious, Dr. Madill did have somewhat of a sense of humor. One story is told, perhaps without foundation, but it still proves the point. The surgeon sent a bill for \$50 (for an appendectomy) to a well-to-do client. The patient wondered if that was not a little high. "It's a lot cheaper than getting buried, isn't it?" he supposedly answered somewhat acidly.

But he was not always so subtle; he often showed anger or impatience. On one occasion he became very angry when he felt an injustice had been done. He had a patient with a long white beard. One day he went into the ward and could not find his patient (whom he called Abraham). He asked a nurse where "Abraham" was and she pointed out the patient to him. "What has become of his beard?" he demanded. The nurse explained that because the beard was a nuisance, it had been shaved off while the patient was unconscious. "What have you done?" Dr. Madill asked. "It took that man years to grow that beard! He loved it. Yet, without his knowledge or consent, you shave it off. How dared you?"

One of his most striking characteristics was his dedication to and love for the art of healing. He worked constantly in and out of the hospital. He usually worked a twelve-hour day--many of those hours he spent in the operating room. Several years before his death, Dr. Madill estimated that he had performed between 55,000 and 60,000 operations. He once wrote a fellow physician, "I have kept steadily at my work and have never looked upon my job as particularly hard. The practice of medicine is interesting and has never seemed like work."

Those who associated with Dr. Madill thought very highly of him. His associates in the medical field knew his sensitivities, as well as his keen sense of duty. Dr. Delmage remembers Dr. Madill as a very gracious man who placed a great deal of emphasis on professional ethics. Dr. Delmage's father was a physician who often consulted with Dr. Madill and he recalls one morning when Dr. Madill came to call on his father, who was just returning home after being up all night with a patient. He looked very tired as he walked into the house; Dr. Madill looked at him and said, "Now doctor, it isn't as tough as that--straighten up!" In a straightforward, and somewhat frank way, Dr. Madill showed concern for his fellow physician. Dr. Delmage feels that people held Dr. Madill in high esteem "not because of an intimacy, but a brotherliness..."

OTHER LIFE WORK

In addition to his duties in the hospital, Dr. Madill devoted his time to many other worthwhile activities. He was a member of the ST. Lawrence county and New York State Medical Societies; he served as president of the State Medical Society in 1919. He was a member of the American Medical Association, and in 1935 he was elected to the Board of Governors of the American College of Surgeons. In 1938 he was re-elected to the board for another three years.

His activities were not limited to only those which concerned medicine. In 1930, he was named a member of the New York State Board of Regents. Although he was a very busy man, he attended almost every session of that Board. It was not until his illness, prior to his death, that Dr. Madill was forced to give up his commitment to the state.

It was also in 1930 that Dr. Madill was elected to the Board of Trustees of St. Lawrence University. In a letter informing Dr. Madill of his election, the late Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, then president of the university wrote, "No one in the entire North Country has a warmer place in the hearts of the people, or is held in higher esteem than you. While your acceptance will add a little more to your cares and responsibilities, it will give variety to your service in a field that is congenial and for a people whom you love."

In reply Dr. Madill said, "I accept the appointment and shall endeavor to be of service on the conduct of the affairs of the university. It will be a pleasure to take part in the deliberations of the trustees, and I assure you that I am deeply interested in the work being done by the University in the North Country."

Because of his contributions in the fields of medicine and education, Dr. Madill was awarded various honor degrees by different schools. In 1908 St. Lawrence awarded him an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. And in 1932 he received an honorary doctorate from New York University. He knew such honors were not to be taken lightly, but he felt the greatest honor he ever received was in 1938 when one of the local schools was named after him. Following a unanimous vote of the student body, Ogdensburg's public school No. 4 was re-named Madill school.

Dr. Madill was also an "avid student of the national and local scene and was a lively, though inactive, political observer." One day when approached by a young man seeking office he said, "You are a young man, you come from a good family, and you seem to have a good head on your shoulders. I'll sign your petition, but don't disappoint me." He wanted to see young men involved in politics and was always willing to give them his support if he felt they were serving the country well.

Aside from this, he was a very active member of the Francis Findlay Hanbidge Post of the American Legion. At the close of World War I, he called together a group of St. Lawrence veterans and suggested the establishment of Legion posts in the county. He was known, by Legionnaires, as the father of the Legion in St. Lawrence County.

From the start, he had a very deep interest in the Legion and the feelings and devotions for which it stood. Each year the members of the post marched in the Memorial Day parade. Every year, Dr. Madill, tall and erect, despite his advancing age, marched over two miles from the armory to the cemetery and back. To the veterans with whom he marched, and the citizens who watched, his appearance was always inspiring.

Dr. and Mrs. Madill (the former Louisa James, daughter of the prominent Colonel Edward James) made their home in the former James residence on Caroline Street. It was a beautiful home with spacious lawns and gardens. The Madills had a large library with built-in bookcases which contained many books of all kinds. Dr. Madill was a devout reader; it was his one means of relaxation.

"He lived by a simple but rigid code of life that might well have been summed up in the Golden Rule. He was generous to a fault, but had not time for idlers or wastrels."

When talking to James Thompson, an elder of the Lisbon United Presbyterian Church who taught him Sunday school, Dr. Madill declared, "Jim, I always have remembered the Christian precepts you taught me away back there in the Lisbon Sunday school. They have stood me in good stead in life."

Poet of the Adirondacks

Helen Hinsdale Rich By GEORGE J. MOFFAT

During the latter half of the nineteenth century, St. Lawrence County was a hive of literary activity, particularly among the ladies. Most of these authors are completely forgotten today, but it ought to be remembered that they existed and that their works were influential in their time. For instance, the anonymous novel, "The Adopted Daughter, or the Trials of Sabra -- A Tale of Real Life," a product of Ogdensburg, went into four separate editions in the years from 1858 to 1873, and was a valuable tract in the battle for women's rights. Undoubtedly this fact is responsible for its popularity. Mary Fackrell and Marian Bigelow of Ogdensburg published volumes of poetry; and these are only a few of the books by local women which may be found in the rare book rooms of the libraries of St. Lawrence County.



MRS. MOSES RICH.

Helen Hinsdale Rich of Brasher Falls was by no means the least of these literary lionesses. She was born in a log cabin in Antwerp, Jefferson County, in 1827, the daughter of Ira Hinsdale, a pioneer who had come to New York State from Massachusetts a few years before. She enjoyed only a very few years of formal schooling in her girlhood, and was married to Moses Rich, a woolen manufacturer of Brasher Falls, at the age of twenty. For a time, she was a member of the faculty of the preparatory school at Brasher Falls; but, after the death of her husband, she moved first to St. Joseph, Missouri, and later to Chicago, to live with her married daughter. At this time and throughout the rest of her life, she was widely known as a lecturer and a contributor to magazines and newspapers of essays and poems. She was a champion of temperance and, as has been said, of women's rights. A devout Universalist, she earned a prominent place in "Working Women of Our Church," a denominational publication of the 1870's, and she is still remembered with affection by some of the older residents of Brasher Falls.

Mrs. Rich published two volumes of poetry: "A Dream of the Adirondacks and Other Poems" in 1884, and "Murillo's Slave and Other Poems" in 1897, as well as a biographical and critical lecture entitled "Madame de Staël, the Rival of Napoleon" in 1895. And she was praised in critical reviews in magazines and newspapers literally from coast to coast and even in England. In fact, three of her poems, "Justice in Leadville," "Little Phil," and "Somewhere," were in print in anthologies as recently as 1940.

The Victorian age was ripe for such a talent as hers, and she was sincerely appreciated. An occasional line or two of her verse remind the modern reader of Swinburne and other English Victorians; but in general the influence shown in her writings is that of Wordsworth and the other members of the Romantic movement. She has a gift for putting

her thoughts into forms that are easily remembered and supremely quotable. For instance:

Ring all thy lily bells, thy royal colors fly,
Sweet June, and die!
The burden of her flowery state she bore,
Till heart could bear no more
The revelry of golden throats, perfumes
Of all the dear, dead Junes.....

"The revelry of golden throats" is a particularly memorable and picturesque phrase to describe the birdsong of summer.

"Swayed like a sleeping flower, young lone lies...." brings clearly to our mind's eye the picture of a young girl lying in a hammock in a flowery garden.

"When I am dead, strew roses o'er me, Sweet....." is reminiscent of the familiar lines of Christina Georgina Rossetti:

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me,

Altogether, Mrs. Rich is at her best when speaking of the beauties of nature. Undoubtedly she loved a flower garden. She says of her lilacs:

They grew beside the mossy wells,
These plummy, fragrant things;
Hence with their buds the teardrop swells,
For childhood's vanished springs.

VICTORIAN THOUGHTS

However, in other places, Mrs. Rich gives way to what may be called "typically Victorian pre-occupations," with conditions of life which -- thankfully -- are not so much with us today as they were in the nineteenth century. At that time, every father and mother might expect to lose at least two or three of their children to tuberculosis, diphtheria, or to some other disease which is now easily cured or prevented altogether. In "Silent Mothers" she speaks of those who have lost all their children. Even in her meditation on "Christmas Eve" she speaks of the babe "who will return nevermore." Even if such problems are still with us in a measure today, we do not like to be reminded of them quite so openly. But such morbid themes as these may easily be discarded from Mrs. Rich's volumes without any detriment to the whole. Her "Invocation to the St. Lawrence" and "Dream of the Adirondacks" can be as fresh and attractive to us today as they were to the residents of northern New York in the 1880's. In such poems as these, we may almost feel that the critics of her own day were not over-praising Mrs. Rich when they said that her work "possesses a distinct literary quality which entitles her to a place among the minor poets of the country."

A DREAM OF THE ADIRONDACKS

O mystic mountains! sleeping in the dim
Celestial blue of yonder throbbing haze,
Purple horizon's cloud-caressing rim,
Fading to mist before my yearning gaze,
Speak to my spirit of your beauty wild;
Waft me the sighs of piney monarchs old;
Whisper your legends never yet defiled
By breath of fashion or debasing gold.

.....
In the far ages hence--the peaceful days
Of men who reach the stature like to His,
And walk secure in God's illumined ways,
While all love prayed and sighed for surely is--
This our Arcadia, fresh and green as first
In the creation's glad effulgent morn,

(Continued on Page 18)

Raymondville School

By SUSAN C. LYMAN

For more than a century and a half the residents of the tiny hamlet of Raymondville listened with satisfaction to the merry sounds of school children playing at recess periods as they enjoyed a brief respite from their study of the 3 R's. There will be no more recess periods at the Raymondville School District #2 for progress has ordained that the quaint school be closed June 30, 1970, the windows boarded up and the children bused to other schools in the Norwood-Norfolk Central School system beginning September, 1970.

Raymondville, situated in the southeast part of the town of Norfolk and about 20 miles from the St. Lawrence River, was first settled in 1809 by Erastus Hall of Tyrringham, Mass. The hardy pioneer, true to the New England "culture in a knapsack" tradition, gave the little settlement land for the Gospel and School lot in 1813. Research seems to indicate that the lot was the same as occupied in 1970 by the century-old brick schoolhouse adjacent to the Methodist Church and churchyard.

It is known that school was "kept" in Raymondville as early as 1812 and that a select or private school was held in the Judge Raymond "Mansion."

When the first Town Meeting was held May 5, 1823 after the town of Norfolk was erected were Christopher G. Stowe, Stephen A. Tambling and Benj. Raymond, commissioners of common schools; Benj. Raymond, Phineas Atwater and Roswell Hutchins, trustees of the Gospel and school lot; Russell C. Atwater, Roswell Hutchins and Erastus Hall, inspectors of common schools.

A School Commissioner's report at the county History Center tells that 30 children attended the "3 month, 12 day" term in 1822. The school was later taught in two terms, summer and winter. According to the minute book of the Raymondville District, a resolution to hold school for 34 weeks per year was passed in 1884 and the trustees were to divide the terms as they saw fit. In 1932 the school year was increased to 38 weeks and in 1947 to 40 weeks, according to one retired teacher.

Raymondville was a growing community for the 1862 directory lists two architects, a barber, two blacksmiths, a boat builder, boot and shoe dealers, a brickmaker, a cabinet maker, one carding and cloth dressing firm, four carpenters and joiners, three carriage makers, two carriage painters, two Methodist clergymen, two dealers in ready made clothing and general merchandise, two coopers, one dressmaker, one edge tool maker, one jewelry store, one land agent, a livery stable, lumber dealer, two stone and brick masons, a milliner, a wheelwright, sash, blind and door mill, sawmill, shingle and lath mill, stage proprietor, two surveyors, a tailor, a tanner and currier, two music teachers, a dealer in stoves and tin, and a woolen cloth manufacturer as well as the school, church and postoffice. Only a few years later two butter tub factories were in operation as well as a creamery, starch factory and brick yards producing more than 1,000,000 fine quality pink bricks annually. The Raymondville School was to be built of this brick as were many homes, churches and business blocks in the area.

A special school meeting convened Dec. 6, 1870 for the purpose of voting on plans, specifications and the financing of a new school as well as the site of construction. A 40-19 vote gave the district officers the go-ahead on raising \$1,600 in three equal annual installments to construct the new school and by a vote of 29-6 the building was to occupy the "present site." A.T. Clark and T.S. Hall were appointed a committee to act in "connection with spending money for building." The following October a meeting held in the church resolved to spend a sum not to exceed \$150 for a "heating apparatus" and to raise \$25 by tax to buy 10 cords of dry hard wood at \$2 per cord. Two months later a special meeting held in the new one-room school house gave the trustees a 39-7 vote to a resolution to sell materials left and to apply the proceeds towards the balance due on the building and also to raise enough money by tax to pay the whole amount remaining

unpaid, not to exceed \$300. Apparently this was accomplished for, with the exception of a resolution in 1872 to raise \$25 to construct a privy and ten years later \$20 for painting the school and giving a \$100 bond in 1878 for the construction of a storm house over the school door, no further mention is made of the building through 1898.

However, by 1904-1905, the structure was becoming too small for the large number of pupils attending so an additional room was built and another teacher hired. Grades 1-4 were taught on the lower floor and grades 5-8 on the upper floor.



Overcrowding again became a problem by 1922 when it became necessary to house grades 1-5 in the original building and grades 6-7 and 8 in the former Joy Store on the top of the Stark Road hill. By 1924 two more rooms had been added to the 1871 building and the faculty increased to four teachers.

In 1920 and 1921 regent examinations were given to the 7th and 8th grade students.

Some of the superintendents of schools guiding the destiny of the little country school were E.F. McDonald, who according to Blankman's 1898 Geography of St. Lawrence County earned the magnificent salary of \$1,200 per annum, the late C.B. Olds of Waddington, Mrs. Melissa Carroll of Potsdam, Wesley Ehle, Massena, and the present superintendent, Leonard Baker.

Some of the men (and one woman) who held the important elective post of school trustee over the past century include William Douglass, H.S. Joy, R.S. Coats, Allen Babcock, A.F. Clark, William Coats, C.A. Clark, C.F. Joy, S.N. Babcock, W.S. Bennett, James Donnelly, Marshall Cummins, Mrs. A.E. Clark, S.N. Clark and more recently, Frank Davey, Albert Ravmo, Irving Seeber and Howard J. Hall, trustee at the time of the 1949-50 centralization. A district clerk, collector and librarian were also elected at each annual meeting.

Early teachers' licenses were given to applicants 16 years of age or over who had satisfactorily passed the school commissioners examination. It was customary for a district to augment a teacher's meager salary by "boarding around" which meant that each family provided the teacher with board and room for a specified period of time. One of the earliest teachers, Miss Harriet Coats, taught at Raymondville for fifty cents per week and boarded around. The teacher's salary might not always be forthcoming on schedule for records show that in 1871 the district owed \$43.71 to the "summer teacher" and later \$18.58 was due to a teacher.

Grace B. Whittaker was said to have taught in District #2 for \$7 weekly and in 1913-14 Edith Hill Palmer earned \$9 per week in the same school. We have no other figures until 1932 when a male teacher earned \$1,200 for a 38-week

(Continued on Page 19)

F. & A.M.

FREEMASONRY in St. Lawrence County

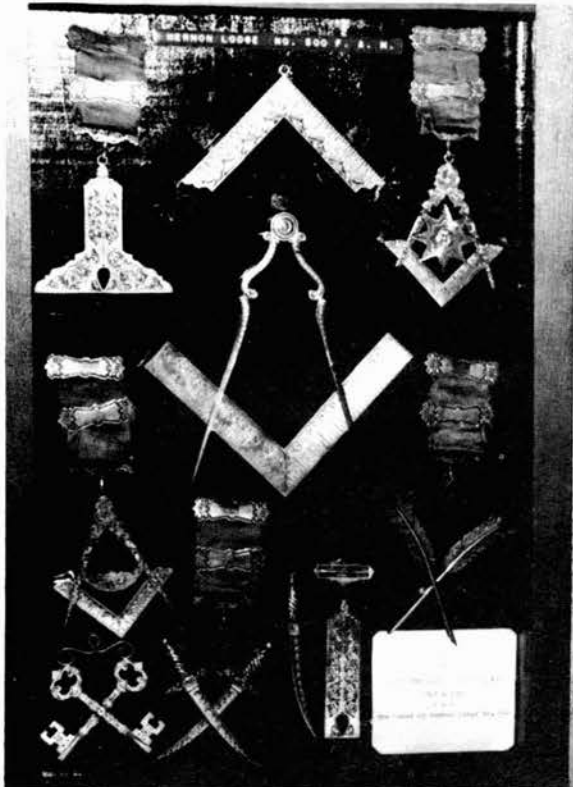
Compiled by R. W. Clarence E. Armstrong
Condensed by R. W. Leonard H. Prince

On September 2, 1807, just five years after the New York State Legislature had organized the county of St. Lawrence, the Grand Lodge of the State of New York granted a charter to Northern Light Lodge 163 in the town of DeKalb.

This was the first charter granted in St. Lawrence County by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

However, the first Masonic Lodge in St. Lawrence County was chartered in 1787 by the Grand Lodge of England. British troops occupied Fort La Presentation at Ogdensburg from 1760 to 1796. Many of these British officers were Masons, and they petitioned the Grand Lodge of England to grant a charter or warrant for a military lodge to be known as New Oswegatchie Lodge 520. This Lodge continued to function until the British evacuated the Fort on June 1, 1796. Sgt. Richard Porter was the officer in charge at the time of the evacuation, and probably was master of the Lodge and took the Charter with him.

The charter for Northern Light Lodge 163 was signed by Governor De Witt Clinton, grand master, and was dated September 2, 1807. This lodge continued to operate until November 12, 1823, when its last meeting was held.



After Northern Light Lodge 163 ceased to function in 1823, the members maintained a true love of Masonry in their hearts become some of them helped to form St. Lawrence Lodge 111 in Canton in 1845 and others helped to form Gouverneur Lodge 217. The jewels used by that first lodge are owned by Hermon Lodge 500.

After Northern Light Lodge ceased to function in 1823, its possessions disappeared. Many years later, a house in the town of De Kalb was torn down. Hidden behind the chimney was the original Charter of Northern Light Lodge. F. D. Bragdon, who was master of St. Lawrence Lodge 111 in 1860, 1861 and 1872, and district deputy of the old 15th district in 1879-80, 1880-81, and 1881-82, obtained possession of the

charter from O. D. Barker and presented it to St. Lawrence Lodge where it is still well preserved even to the wax seal.

It was even later that the minute book came to light. In 1953, R. W. Nelson B. Winters, then historian of Gouverneur Lodge 217, was looking over some old material in the attic of the Masonic Temple in Gouverneur when he discovered the minute book of Northern Light Lodge.

Hermon Lodge 500 purchased the jewels of Northern Light Lodge many years ago from a man whose name we do not have but in whose possession they rested. They are of silver made from old coins of the day.

The old minute book has enabled the historian 160 years later to give some of the most interesting events of that era.

The preamble or introduction to the by-laws of that first Lodge is reprinted here in all its characteristic eloquence:

"Without laws or regulations no body of men can long subsist either with comfort to themselves or with reputation among others; they are therefore indisputably necessary to the support and well being of every person.

"To all regular Lodges of Masons, a strict observance of Constitutions published under the authority of the Grand Lodge of England is peremptorily enjoined, for this better government however of individual lodges, it has always been found necessary that they should form particular by-laws among themselves, and by prudent regulations enforce obedient thereto, that harmony may be preserved and the business of Masonry be properly conducted.

"On forming such by-laws, the particular convenience of the brethren for whose government they are constituted, is the object chiefly to be attended to, it only being necessary to observe that they be not inconsistent with any of the general laws promulgated by the Grand Lodge in the Book of Constitutions.

"The members of the Northern Light Lodge have hereunto agreed to the following by-laws as a system well calculated to preserve harmony in the Lodge as well as cement lasting friendship among the brethren.

The by-laws prescribed that "this Lodge be held on the Wednesday preceding the full moon in each month through the year except the moon falls on Wednesday, then to be held the day the moon falls, at the lodge room in the village of Williamstown. This lodge to be opened at three in the afternoon and closed at nine." And also "that on the lodge night preceding the festival of St. John the Evangelist a master shall be elected by ballot, who when chosen shall appoint his wardens subject nevertheless to the Grand Lodge of this state."

The first meeting was opened in due form on the first step in Masonry at the house of William Cleghorn September 29, 1807 when R. W. Joshua Dewey, who was duly authorized for the purpose by the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, proceeded to install the following officers:

Solomon Rich, Worshipful Master
Isaac Burnham, Senior Warden
Joseph Woodhouse, Junior Warden
Medad Moody, Secretary
Isaac Stacy, Treasurer
Andrew McCollum, Senior Deacon
Joseph York, Junior Deacon
James Farr, Steward
Levi Holts, Tiler

A resolution was also passed at this meeting "that the secretary return thanks to the Otsego Lodge for the two books which they received as a present. Likewise, for their brotherly assistance in securing a charter." This assistance probably was due to the fact that Joshua Dewey and Solomon Rich were both members of Otsego Lodge. Otsego Lodge No. 138 is located in Cooperstown and the two men were members of the group who came to St. Lawrence County with Judge

Cooper and helped to form the village of Cooper's Falls in the town of DeKalb. Joseph Woodhouse, Isaac Stacy and James Farr of the first Lodge Officers were also members of Judge Cooper's original party of thirty-four.

A candidate by the name of Thomas B. Benedict was proposed at this first meeting. His name appears many times in the minutes throughout the life of the lodge. He got into trouble, was reprimanded by the Lodge, was then suspended but later restored to membership. He became very active in lodge affairs and apparently his opinion was solicited because he was appointed to many committees and served as master and secretary. His signature as secretary appears at the end of the last minutes of the Lodge. He was active in the War of 1812, especially in the defense of Ogdensburg, and rose to the rank of brigadier general.

Joseph York, the first Junior Warden, gained some fame in the bombardment and capture of Ogdensburg by the British in the War of 1812. He was in command of the brass six-pounder stationed in front of the arsenal on Ford Street when the British attacked the place. York was a civilian who fought valiantly along with the soldiers.

The Lodge continued to receive candidates. Each brother presenting a petition was required to deposit \$2 with each petition. The first degree only was worked on a candidate at a meeting, however, it seems to be the usual practice to work both the second and third degrees at the same meeting. The Lodge opened and business was transacted on the "first step in Masonry" except that a ballot was always taken for candidates before each degree but after the Lodge had been changed to the respective degree.

On September 23, 1808, a committee was appointed to procure a pair of drawers, a cushion for the Master's column, a cushion for initiation, passing and raising, and rods for the stewards and deacons.

On November 30, 1808, Br. Jacob Redington, Br. Timothy Peck and Br. Richard Redfield from Madrid visited the Lodge. The Lodge voted "to assist these brethren from Madrid to procure a charter from the Grand Lodge of this state, agreeable to their petition, to be known by the name of Hamilton Lodge." Hamilton Lodge 177 was issued a Warrant dated March 1, 1809, to be located in the town of Madrid, formerly called the village of Hamilton, and now in what is the town of Waddington. The charter was forfeited in 1832, in 1832.

CANTON'S LODGES

On December 27, 1808 Br. Medad Moody proposed the name of Stillman Foote Esq., as a proper candidate for Masonry and deposited \$2. On February 22, 1809, he was initiated and paid \$12, then passed and raised March 29, 1809.

Stillman Foote was the first settler in the village of Canton where he built a grist mill and Foote's Tavern on the west bank of the Grass River. The original sign for Foote's Tavern is now displayed at the University Treadway Inn, Canton. His elaborate silk Masonic Apron is in possession of St. Lawrence Lodge 111.

On February 17, 1809, Br. John Sealey proposed Dr. Elijah Baker of Canton as a proper candidate for Masonry. He was initiated March 29, 1809, passed and raised July 11, 1809. What a Mason he turned out to be! He was named Senior Warden in a Dispensation to form Union Lodge U.D. at Canton in 1811. He was named Worshipful Master in a Warrant to establish Canton Lodge 325 in 1819. He was named first Worshipful Master in a Dispensation establishing St. Lawrence Lodge 111 in 1845. Thus he headed three successive Masonic Lodges in Canton over the years.

On March 29, 1809, the Lodge prepared a recommendation to Grand Lodge for the brethren in Ogdensburg to establish a Lodge there to be known as St. Lawrence Lodge. It became No. 186 under Warrant dated September 6, 1809, but gave up its Charter February 19, 1827.

The Lodge was kept busy with hearings because we find an Extra Lodge being held and the differences between two Brothers being submitted to the Lodge as a Body. The Lodge found one brother had complied with the provisions of a bond given by him and that the other brother had not been injured and they voted "that if either of the Brethren are dissatisfied with the judgment and proceedings of the Lodge, that they appeal to the Grand Lodge before they have recourse to law."

On July 17, 1814, Northern Light Lodge 163 recommended that a Charter be issued to the brethren living in Parishville.

On November 19, 1818, the Lodge was honored by a visit from Br. Joseph Enos, visitor from the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. At that time, Grand Visitors were appointed by the Grand Lodge to visit the Lodges, to promote uniformity in their mode of work, and to collect Grand Lodge dues. The expense accounts of the Visitors, however, were so heavy that they seldom had anything to turn over to Grand Lodge. They were the forerunners of the District Deputy Grand Masters.

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CHARTER

We, the Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honorable fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York in ample form assembled, according to the Old Constitution regularly and solemnly established under the auspices of Prince Edwin at the City of York in Great Britain in the year of Masonry 4926 viz., the Most Worshipful, the Honorable DeWitt Clinton Esq., Grand Master;

The Right Worshipful Martin Hoffman Esq., Deputy Grand Master

The Right Worshipful James Woods Esq., Senior Grand Warden

The Right Worshipful, the Honorable Philip S. Van Rennselaer Esq., Junior Grand Warden.

Do by these presents, appoint, authorize and empower our Worthy Brother Solomon Rich to be Master; our Worthy Brother, Issac Burnham to be the Senior Warden, and our Worthy Brother, Joseph Woodhouse, to be Junior Warden, of a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, to be, by virtue hereof, constituted, formed and held at the town of DeKalb in the County of St. Lawrence which Lodge shall be distinguished by the name or title of The Northern Light Lodge No. 163, and the said Master and Wardens, and their successors in office, are hereby respectively authorized and directed, by and with the assistance and consent of a majority of the members of the said Lodge, duly to be summoned and present upon such occasions, to elect and install the officers of said Lodge as vacancies happen, in manner and form as is or maybe prescribed by the Constitution of this Grand Lodge . . . and further the said Lodge is hereby invested with full power and authority to assemble upon proper and lawful occasions, and to make Masons, to admit members, and also to do and perform all and every such act and things appertaining to the Craft as have been, and out to be done, for the honor and advantage thereof; conforming in all their proceedings to Constitutions of this Grand Lodge, otherwise this Warrant and the powers thereby granted to cease and be of no further effect.

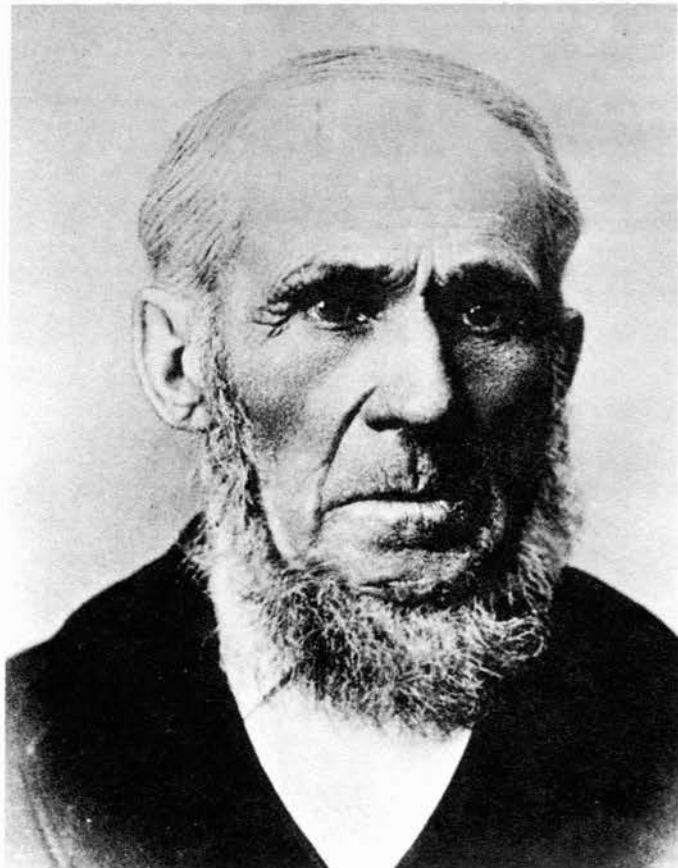
Given under our hands and the seal of our Grand Lodge, in the City of New York, in North America, this second day of September in the year of Our Lord 1807, and in the year of Masonry 5811.

John Wells, Grand Secretary

BEHOLD, THE STONE!

By LILLIAN ADAMS

"And Joshua...took a great stone and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, 'Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God.'" Joshua 24:26,27.



JOHN BYINGTON, first president of General Conference of Seventh Day Adventists.

Bucks Bridge, New York, was a sawmill town in the early days of its history. Today it is not even that! Gone are the sawmills, the stores, the post office, and several houses. Really nothing remains except the land, the river, a few homes with their families, the buildings of the old butter factory, one unused church, and the foundation stones of a second church which was torn down many years ago. Actually, the stones are almost the only remaining "witness" to the characters and events of this story.

In 1837 the people of Bucks Bridge went into their fields and pastures and gathered large stones of different shapes and sizes. These were used for the foundation of a Methodist Episcopal meeting house which the members of that area were erecting.

Finally, the trim white building was finished. It stood as a sentinel at the Morley-Bucks Bridge crossroads, down by the Grass River. How proud the people were of the results of their efforts, and how thankful they were for such an active minister to direct in the building of their new church home! Mr. John Byington was the pastor and head builder of the church at Bucks Bridge. He and his family were known well in that area for they had moved there nine years earlier from Vermont. At that time, John's father, Justus Byington, had been the circuit-riding minister for many of these same people for a period of many years. Now he was semiretired and living nearby. Yes, all the Byingtons were well known and highly respected by the residents of St. Lawrence County in New York State.

Then in 1841 the slavery question became an issue. John Byington was sympathetic with the oppressed Negroes and felt he should help them. The Byington's home became a famous stop on the Underground Railroad for slaves escaping into Canada. Many of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church resented the fact that their pastor participated in this debatable activity. So, rather than split the congregation, Mr. Byington with a number of sympathetic friends in the area left the Methodist Episcopal congregation and went two miles up the Grass River to the village of Morley. There they gathered more foundation stones, hewed more lumber, and built a new church home. This group of people became identified with the Wesleyan Methodists, and John Byington was immediately elected their pastor.

One night, during a revival series about ten years later, a local man named Aaron Hilliard arose and confronted Pastor Byington with a penetrating question. With the characteristic frankness and earnestness of the times Hilliard asked, "Don't you think your tobacco and teadrinking are a tax on your holiness?"

This astonished Mr. Byington, but it caused him to think seriously. He carefully read some pamphlets which Mr. Hilliard gave him and soon accepted all they taught concerning the principles of health reform. Indeed, John Byington was surprised to realize how quickly these changes in his habits of living brought about a marked improvement in his health.



PARMELIA HILLIARD LANE (Mrs. Sans H.) daughter of Henry Hilliard.

In the year 1852, Br. H. W. Lawrence gave a copy of "The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald" to John Byington. At first he felt all the opposition of his nature rising up against the statements presented in the paper; but after a little reflection, he went directly to his Bible to find the texts from the Word of God to put down the dangerous heresy the church paper purported. But alas! When he searched for necessary proof, he mourned because it was not there!

John Byington was convinced that the seventh day was the Sabbath, but, he said, "How can I keep it? I have built two different Sunday-keeping churches in this area. How can I change to a third church and keep holy the seventh day rather than the first day of the week? I just can't do it!" And he didn't--for John Byington loved peace and hated confusion. He was afraid that if he took his stand and joined the Adventists, a small unpopular offshoot movement of the Millerites, it would throw his Wesleyan Methodist followers into confusion. So John Byington prayed earnestly and begged God for guidance.

Then in February of 1852 severe illness came to the Byington family. A terrible epidemic was abroad in the area.

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The Seventh Day Adventists of Bangor, Burdton and Malone being assembled at the house of Bro. W. W. Lawrence in Bangor. The meeting was opened by calling Bro. D. F. Bourdeau to the chair who opened the exercises by prayer.

S. B. Whitney was chosen secretary. The following covenant was presented and unanimously adopted by the company present. Viz. "We the undersigned hereby covenant to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus under the name Seventh Day Adventists." A motion was carried that individuals presenting themselves should be admitted by vote of the company.

Bro. W. W. Lawrence was then chosen clerk of the church. The secretary then presented the following resolutions which was unanimously adopted. Viz. Res. That the believers in "Present Truth" now in fellow-

ship with this body in other towns within this county be admitted to the privileges of this church. at their request A Second Res. was then adopted Viz. Res. That the clerk of this church or in his absence any other individual in fellowship with the church with the advice of any two members of the same be authorized to call a meeting of the Con. at the time and place they shall deem most suitable.

A third Res. passed Viz. That unbaptized persons

presenting themselves for admission to this body be received, provided they pledge themselves to move forward in that duty at the first opportunity.

Bangor Sep. 27, 1861. S. B. Whitney Secretary



The churches at Buck's Bridge in a painting owned by Mrs. Wilcox. Methodist Church is at right.

"Covenant"

We the undersigned hereby associate ourselves together as a church taking the name of "Seventh Day Adventists" Covenanted to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, Christ.

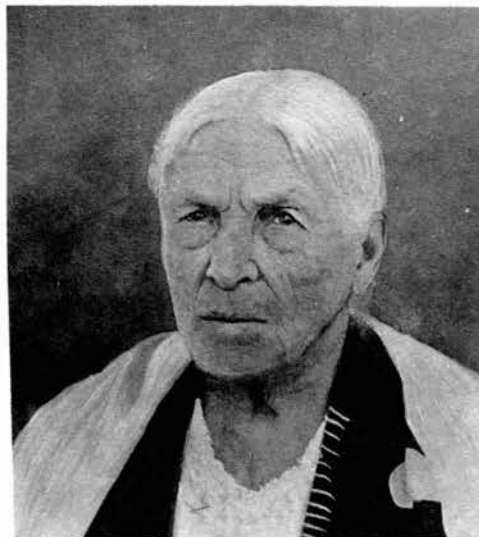
- 1861
- Sept 27, Horace W Lawrence
- " " (Cabin Farr) Deceased
- " " (S. A. Howard) Removed
- " " (Seymour B. Whitney) Removed
- " " Russel Harrington
- " " (Buel L. Whitney) Deceased
- " " Maria L. Lamoree
- " " (Matilda Farr) Deceased
- " " (S. H. Howard) Removed
- " " (Sybil Whitney) Deceased
- " " (Laura Howard) Removed
- " " (Mary Butler) Deceased
- " " Caroline Butler

Nov. 23, 1861. The clerk called a business meeting S. B. Whitney was called to the chair - after which the form of covenant was changed so as to harmonize with the one recommended in Con. Address.

(Continued from Page 11)



MARTHA BYINGTON, daughter of John, at age 21.



MARTHA BYINGTON AMADON, (Mrs. G. W.) at age 97.

Laura, twenty-one, died February 9. Just six weeks later, on March 18, the youngest daughter of the family, Theresa, passed away after only a week's illness. The death of his daughters was a terrible blow to John Byington. It came just at the time when he was in his deepest perplexity concerning his religion convictions.

Theresa was buried on Sabbath, March 20. As John Byington looked for the last time at his cherished daughter, lying in her plain wooden casket, it seemed that he heard a voice saying, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. The SEVENTH DAY is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Bowing his head in prayer and dedication, the honest pastor said softly, "O God, if I live until next Saturday, I will keep it!" And he did.

Immediately the fifty-four-year-old man identified himself with the small group of Advent believers who were later to be recognized as the founders of the Seventh-day Adventist church. Mrs. Byington and two older children were in complete harmony, so four members of the family were baptized in the Grass River, July 3, 1852. Records from the Morley Wesleyan Methodist Church state that John Byington attended a business meeting with them on April 24, 1852. He may have then asked for his name to be dropped from the church's roll, for the clerk, in looking at the records over one hundred years later, wrote, "The names of the (John) Byingtons and the (Henry) Hilliards seem to drop abruptly then."

When once John Byington's decision was made, he threw all his energies into the advancement of his new faith. He studied the new doctrines, so that he might teach them to others. In considering the Three Angel's Messages and Christ's Commission to His Disciples, Byington decided that the youth of the little group of believers needed to have a special education in order to be able to carry out the command, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations..." (Matthew 28:19). "We must have our own school for our young people," said Byington. Then turning to Aaron Hilliard who had interrupted his revival meeting about ten years before, John added, "I'll give my daughter, Martha, to teach such a home-school. What will You give, Brother Hilliard?"

The strong-minded Irishman didn't flinch as he gave his reply--one that didn't seem in the least to tax his holiness. "Brother Byington, I'LL give the parlor of my home for such a school."

"And I'LL make the necessary seats and the benches," added Henry, Aaron Hilliard's older brother.

What else was needed? Only the pupils. And from the nearby Adventist homes a parlorful of youngsters came for red haired, nineteen-year-old Martha Byington to teach. Her school register read as follows: Cynthia, Seymour, Sydney,

Eddie (Aaron Hilliard's children); John, Orange, Ellen, Ruth (Penoyer children); Isabella, Samuel, Catherine, Julia and Henry (Henry Crosbie's children); and Frank Humphrey



EDWARD HILLIARD, age 8 yrs.

Peck (the adopted son of Alphonso and Lucretia Peck).

Great impressions were made upon young hearts in that first Adventist home-school. From an enrollment of seventeen pupils, two became overseas' missionaries. Eddie Hilliard spent eighteen years as a Seventh-day Adventist worker in Australasia, fifteen years in his homeland and eight years in India before he died. Parmelia Hilliard, his cousin, went with her husband, Elder S. H. Lane, to the British Isles where they helped to establish the Seventh-day Adventist Church in that field. Four of the children are thought to have died before they reached maturity, but the others grew up to establish Christian homes.

For three years after John Byington was baptized he and the Adventists of Bucks Bridge met in the Byington home of Sabbath services. Then, in 1855, when the congregation had grown so large that the group could not easily be accommodated any longer, John Byington started gathering more foundation stones for a third church. Timbers were cut from the woods behind his house and that fall the Adventists, led

(Continued on Page 19)

(Continued from Page 10)

This is the only reference found in the minutes of the Lodge of a Grand Lodge Visitor.

In the winter of 1822, committee after committee was appointed to try to settle the financial difficulties of the Lodge and to collect money owed the Lodge by the Brethren.

On October 2, 1822, John Seeley, secretary, and Thomas B. Benedict, as a committee wrote Grand Lodge, stating that the Lodge was short of funds and asked that the dues owed to Grand Lodge to June 1, 1822 be forgiven. If this request were granted they felt that the Lodge could continue to function "and hold a respectable rank in the fraternity."

They cited that the Lodge had loaned its fund to needy Brethren; that several had lost money by fire and by going bail; that the Lodge had no business for three years and had initiated only one candidate; that they had no funds as they had gone for real "charity." They were anxious to keep their Charter and "felt hearty for the cause of Masonry" and because they were the first Lodge incorporated in the county they requested the forgiveness of their debts to Grand Lodge.

No mention is made in the minutes as to the reaction of Grand Lodge to the request, but later the sum of \$31 was sent to William S. Gilbert as the balance of the quarterly dues and asked that he forward it because they did not have the address of the Grand Secretary.

Br. Rowley and other petitioners for the establishment of a Lodge in Gouverneur visited the Lodge and asked for assistance. On May 27, 1823, the Secretary was authorized to certify that they were "regular worthy Masons." This Lodge became Oswegatchie Lodge 378 on June 4, 1824.

There is every indication in their minutes that they planned to continue their meetings. On November 12, 1823, a candidate was balloted upon, accepted and initiated as Entered Apprentice. The lecture master, Br. Jennison, was present and delivered a lecture. A committee had been appointed to make plans for a festival on St. John's Day.

However, this is the last entry in the minute book and it was signed by the Secretary, Th. Benedict, the first candidate to be proposed in the Lodge.

Northern Light Lodge and all the other Masonic Lodges in rural New York were organized and operated in those days when the horse was the principal means of transportation. Masons could not travel far to attend Lodge, for roads were dusty or muddy in summer and drifted with snow in the winter. Some Masons walked several miles to attend Lodge.

The district school house was located on nearly every four corners as the children had to walk to school through the snow carrying their dinner buckets.

The cheese factory was also located on every four corners because the farmer had to deliver his milk by horse-drawn conveyance. He could not go far or he would not get back home in time to do his chores.

Improved roads and motor transportation have brought in a new era. Milk today is hauled in tank trucks from the farm to the large receiving center; the young people are taken by bus to centralized schools, and some Masonic Lodges have merged to form stronger Bodies.

EXTINCT LODGES IN ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY

Northern Light No. 163	DeKalb	1807-1823
Hamilton No. 179	Madrid (Waddington)	1809-1832
St. Lawrence No. 186	Ogdensburg	1809-1833
Harmony No. 187	Potsdam	1809-1834
Benevolence No. 193	Hopkinton	1811-1832
Union (Under Dispensation)	Canton	1811-1812
Grasse River No. 312	Columbia (Madrid)	1853-1881
Canton No. 325	Canton	1819-1835
Oswegatchie No. 378	Gouverneur	1823-1834
Norfolk No. 405	Norfolk	1956-1864
North Star No. 107	Lawrence	1844 to Brushton
Northern Light No. 440	Stockholm	1825-1832 (1843)
Masonic No. 468	Parishville	1826-1832
Scotch No. 500	Rossie	1827-1834
Louisville No. 502	Louisville	1861-1865
Deer River No. 499	North Lawrence	1860-1967
Elk No. 577	Nicholville	1865-1967

Present Lodges in St. Lawrence County

St. Lawrence No. 111	Canton	1845
Ogdensburg No. 128	Ogdensburg	1847
Racket River No. 213	Potsdam	1851
Gouverneur No. 217	Gouverneur	1851
Black Lake No. 319	Morristown	1854
Waddington No. 393	Waddington	1855
Amber No. 395	Parishville	1855
High Falls No. 428	Colton	1857
Wildwood No. 477	Edwards	1859
Hermon No. 500	Hermon	1860
Massena No. 513	Massena	1861
Brasher No. 541	Winthrop	1864
Russell No. 566	Russell	1864
Depeyster No. 573	Depeyster	1865
Richville No. 633	Richville	1866
Oswegatchie No. 687	Fine	1868
What Cheer No. 689	Norwood	1869
Acacian No. 705	Ogdensburg	1870
Fellowship No. 749	Rensselaer Falls	1874
Hammond No. 861	Hammond	1908
Van Heuvel No. 941	Heuvelton	1916
Nicholville-Lawrence No. 577	Nicholville	1967

Annual Meeting

OCTOBER 10, 1970

12 Noon--Fowler Elementary School
Rt. 58 4+1/2 miles East of Gouverneur

LUNCHEON \$1.75

Program Speaker: Nelson Winters

PICTURES OF TOURS

Balmat and Fowler History Display

Hosts - Town of Fowler, Fowler PTA

"When Pa, He Joined the Masons,
And Ma, She Joined the Stars."

Little Johnny on the Masons by Fred W. Rodger

We were a happy family,
The best you've ever seen,
With Pa and Ma and the baby
We numbered just thirteen.
There was Sandy, George and Mary Anne,
And Jim and Jack and Net,
The other five I won't stop to name,
But, there now, don't you fret,
And every night when supper's et,
And the dishes are all done,
The whole darn bunch just starts right in
To have all kinds of fun.
I mean, that's the way it used to be,
When we had no family jars,
Afore Pa he joined the Masons and Ma
She joined the Stars.

Why father used to always wear
The smile that won't rub out;
And Ma would tell the slickest jokes,
They'd make us fairly shout,
But Pa he got it is his nut
Some lodge he soon must "jine",
And thought that in the Masons
He sure could be a shine.
Now this was just the beginning
Of all the family jars,
'Cos when Pa he joined the Masons,
Why Ma she joined the Stars.

The night that Pa he went to take
What he said was his first,
He got so darned excited
We thought that he would burst.
With his bran new suit and soft felt hat,
When he took the front door key
Ma says Pa you're good lookin'
I thought he looked like me,
Next morning at the breakfast
Pa's smile was shine'en yet,
I nudged my brother Jimmey
And he winked at sister Net,
And so we finished breakfast
Like a bunch of jolly tars
When Pa he'd joined the Masons
Afore Ma she joined the Stars.

The next two weeks Pa studied hard,
Like a kid in a country school;
Till Ma got out of patience
And called him a green old fool.
But Pa stuck to his lessons
And passed the next degree,
But the look he wore next morning
Was comical to see,
His thoughts they were a roam'en
To things and lands afar,
For Pa was quite a Mason,
Ma wasn't yet a Star.

There was two weeks more hard work for Pa,
He stood it like a bird;
Then came the fatal evening
When he went to take his third.
Now zactly what they did to him
Of course he'll never tell;
By the looks of what was left of Pa,
They must have given him, well!
Ma had to bind a plaster
On his head for 'bout a week,

Took a gallon jug of whiskey
Afore the man could speak;
One ear was tore clear off his head,
His hip was out a plumb,
But all he'd say he'd kinder smile,
"That goat was goin' some."
And then he'd grin and laugh and grin,
And laugh to beat the cars,
And say, "By jingo, Ma
You'll have to join the Stars."

So Ma she got the fever,
And by worken every dodge
Finally got invited
To join his sister lodge.
O'course they didn't rough house her,
Nor cripple her as much,
'Twas only for a week or two
She had to use a crutch.
But now she says she likes it,
She's out most every night;
Us kids we just stay at home
And quarrel, and spit, and fight.
Pa he's mighty busy,
Works to beat the cars;
He's gotten high in Masonry,
Ma runs the Eastern Stars.

The smile on Pa that won't come off,
Has turned into a scowl;
And every time he says a word
It's sure to raise a howl.
The only time he's pleasant
And good for us to see,
Is when he's got a candidate
To take the 3rd degree.

So with all their rough and tumble
That broke the old Man's smile,
There must be somethin' in it
That sure is worth the while.
So when I'm a man and married,
Just as sure as Mars,
I'll up and join the Masons,
And my wife'll join the Stars.



The Cricket's Warning

by Abigail S. Cole

Oh, cricket in the corner,
Behind the TV set,
You have found a niche
Where it's hard for me to get!
You remind me of my childhood,
In tall woodbox I had to fill,
In the bottom, among the chips,
You would keep so very still!
Until we were all in bed,
And ready for sleep,
From the kitchen we would hear
Your shrill, lonesome peep!
That's a long time ago--
But your message is as clear--
When we hear a cricket shrilling,
We know fall is very near.

Poetical Portraits

Lawrenceville Academy

by Anna Cole



Lament For Decadence

The night the belfry blew away
Far more than timber scattered then,
Far more than arch and spire's decay,
A landmark's ancient diadem,
Scholastic's honored emblem died
And strewed across the country side.

Distinction shattered at the blow,
The old bell clung bereft on high;
The pigeons had no place to go.
No place of refuge from the sky
And wild leaves rose and swirled to stow
In empty corridors below.

Grave scholars strolling on the lawn,
Dim specters of a lost decade,
Their stamina, their presence gone,
Paused of a sudden and dismayed
To hear tradition crashing down
The outskirts of the sleeping town.

The harp which played a hundred years
In that high tower, ten thousand tunes,
Will tell no more of love and tears
And golden academic Junes;
Its strings broke on the requiem lay
The night the belfry blew away.

How sweetly on the morn has rung
Across the fields in clover drest,
The summons for the ever young
To lessons, past the night of rest!
How eager came the youth, the maid
Long since beneath the clover laid!

Though time and changes may conspire
That glory to the wind be tossed,
Its fabric shall endure entire,
Its majesty be never lost;
In memory's care from age to age
Lives on its signal heritage.

The Old Lawrenceville Academy

A monument to scholarship it stands
In dignity beyond the walk, the trees,
Its true brick wall a deference commands,
Its doors, to fame, the former indices;
Wrapt in long silence its belfry now
No silver summons echoes from its sweep
Across the village roofs, the far hill's brow,
Teacher and scholar, they have gone to sleep;
But more was here than learning, more than skill
With chart and volume and recited lore,
Something inwrought of stamina and will
Impressed its seal on living evermore
Where now, dark windows grown disconsolate
Down the unanswering ages watch and wait.

~~~~~

## An October Promise and Wish

By ABIGAIL S. COLE

Foliage now is changing color;  
The trees will soon be bare.  
But look! On each living twig  
New promise is growing there!

Cuddled snugly in the soil  
The bulbs and seeds are now asleep;  
When cue comes for Spring Parade,  
Each to its place will leap.

Let us enjoy the winter weather -  
The chill without - and warmth inside;  
Through the short days and long evenings  
May God's gift of peace with all abide.

It's good to have a change!  
Without winter, there'd be no spring!  
May every season to you, my friend,  
The best of health and contentment bring.





DECORATIVE WREATH, made in 1898, in collection of Massena History Center. Lower half of wreath was restored and repaired by a Girl Scout Junior Troop of Massena. Starting at top: leaves and blackberries, made with small blackheaded pins; daisies are rice and green pepper seeds; strawberries of molded & dyed soap; thorn apples; grapes of soap; morning glories, rice tinted blue, on paper petals shaped while wet, then dried before adding rice; tinted rice for daisies with

black beans for center; marigolds are corn; lilies, petals cut from newsprint, and molded to shape while damp, rice tinted with yellow paint, stamens very fine springs. Other flowers made from grapefruit, orange and watermelon pits, squash seeds, beans. All leaves were manufactured, perhaps with items from the millinery store. (Courtesy Marie Eldon-Browne, Massena Historian)

(Continued from Page 7)

Its crowning peaks in lofty splendor burst,  
And all of vast sublimity was born.

Editor's Note: The entire poem may be found in St. Lawrence County History (1878) by Everts and Holcomb in the article on Brasher Falls. A presentation copy of this and other poems may be found in St. Lawrence University Library, autographed

and addressed to Dr. Hawley, a physician who practiced first in Richville and later Gouverneur, and is buried in Richville.

The Rich homestead at Brasher Falls was demolished in the late 1800's for the building of a convent (which is also now gone). Portions of the stone walls of the former Rich Woolen Mills still stand beside the river.)

(Continued from Page 14)

by Brother Byington, had a "House of Prayer" right across the road from the first church John Byington had helped to build eighteen years earlier.

Today in Bucks Bridge the house where Martha Byington taught school in 1853 is gone. Martha, who lived to be nearly one hundred three years old, outlived all her pupils. During her lifetime, Seventh-day Adventist home and church schools belted the globe and thousands of boys and girls attended the Denomination's schools.

John Byington, who had directed in the building of the first Seventh-day Adventist church, became the first President of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists when the body was initially organized in 1863. Believers lovingly referred to him in later years as Father Byington.

Only the foundation stones remain today from the Bucks Bridge "House of Prayer." But as one looks at them, moss-

covered in the grass, his mind goes back to another story in the Bible about a stone.

Joshua had made a covenant with the people of his day. Then he set up a great stone under an oak tree which stood beside the sanctuary. After calling everyone together, he said:

Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the works of the Lord which He spake unto us; It shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God. Joshua 24:27.

To you, I say, "Behold, the foundation stones of Bucks Bridge and let them be a witness to YOU!"

(Editors Note: It is expected that a marker will soon be erected at this site.)

#### RAYMONDVILLE SCHOOL (Continued from Page 8)

school year and in 1933 this was cut to \$1,150 but was increased three years later to \$1,350 and in 1942 to \$1,450 and in 1948 to \$2,500. Centralization brought the salary to \$3,000 for a 40-week school year. The faculty at Raymondville consisted of three or four teachers as enrollment demanded.

A partial list of known teachers having served at Raymondville include John Greene, Noah Bennett, Eileen Finnegan Prosper, Grace Barnett, Nell Lyons, Miss Crowley, Mrs. Logan, Edith Hill Palmer, Helen Phiffer, Mr. Roach, Nona Regan, Gladys Grant, Marian Creighton Bennett, Jerome Bombard, Howard Condlin, Velta Forrester, Veronica Macomber, Martha Wing, Florence Casey, Lucy Bresee McNulty, Mrs. Lillian Seeber, Lola Germano, Sandra Doyle, Clara Mathie, Mrs. Patricia Cook, Mrs. Ethel Dorothy, Miss Gertrude Carr and Mrs. Bernice Warner. Two wonderful nurses, Miss Mary McGraw and Kathleen McGlaughlin looked after the needs of the children.

That these teachers were dedicated and truly interested in the pupil's welfare is shown by the fact that an active P.T.A. was formed from 1918 to 1949 held many functions to raise money to be used for the pupils' benefit. A show, "Ye Old Country School," was one of the most successful. The organization paid Dr. Gelder of Winthrop \$10 for a tonsil operation and the teeth of 96 children were given needed attention by Dr. C.P. Martin of Norwood. The piano used at the school for many years was also a gift of the P.T.A.

During his last three years in Raymondville, Mr. Condlin started the Cadet Teacher's program in conjunction with the State University College at Potsdam and proudly recalls that Patrick Weldon of Watertown, Nicholas Barberio, now Director of Placement at SUC Oneonta, George Molnar, building principal at the Norwood Elementary School and William Lenney, principal of the Madison School, Massena, were among his student teachers.

Attendance at the school varied from 85 to 120 or so in the 1930's at one time Howard Condlin had 52 pupils in his room making it necessary to use two attendance registers.

When the fine new junior-senior high school building was opened, grades 7 and 8 were enrolled there and after 1952 all grade 6 pupils from Raymondville went to the Norfolk Elementary School, where Mr. Condlin was building principal. A Kindergarten was added and then transferred along with grade 5 so that in 1966 the enrollment was about 74 only to drop to 62 in 1967, 40 in 1969 and 28 in 1970 as the planned phasing out of the school was completed.

#### HEATING SYSTEMS

The early school was heated by stoves and each fall an important item on the annual school meeting agenda was the purchase of wood. Bids for hard, dry wood ranged from 90¢ to a high of \$2.80 per cord over the years 1870-1898 covered by the only records available.

Hubert Matson, custodian at the school since 1933, says that two large hot air furnaces were used until 1944 when steam was installed. The furnaces burned from 70 to 90 cords of dry wood, much of which was furnished by the taxpayers, as well



as about 40 tons of hard coal. Even though he was on duty at 5 a.m. in winter, it was often nearly noon before the rooms became warm and comfortable.

In 1934 Leon Butler replaced the old chemical toilets with the help of W.P.A. workers and the building was further modernized in 1953 with the installation of oil burners.

The building has been kept in excellent repair and immaculately clean both inside and outside. Each classroom is painted in warm and cheerful colors. The ultimate disposal of the building will come only after the voice of the qualified voters of Raymondville has been heard.

The closing of the school brings to an end an era of community participation in education in a school where each child received considerable attention from his teacher.

The school where generations of schoolboys dipped the pig-tails of little girls in the inkwells will be as forgotten as the names of those boys or of the little girls who decorously skipped to the little brick school to meet their very best friends for ladylike games of jackstraws or hop-scotch.

The Raymondville children will now have the advantages of a hot lunch, regular gym, art and music classes. Perhaps that will more than outweigh the carefree joy which children experience in the to and from school walk with good and true friends.

In 1898 T.S. Coats, clerk of School District #2 reported to the Board of Supervisors that the district had no indebtedness. Surely this is an example the present generation might attempt to follow.

#### INFORMATION SOURCES

Personal interviews: Howard P. Condlin, Jerome Bombard, Gertrude Carr, Mrs. Lillian Seeber, Mrs. Lucy McNulty, Mrs. Edith Palmer, all former teachers at the school; Howard Hall, former trustee, and Mrs. Hall; Mrs. Nell Lewis and Mrs. Ernest Scott, former pupils; Hubert Matson, custodian; Mrs. John VanKennen, Norfolk Town Historian, St. Lawrence County Directories; Ogdensburg, 1862, Childs, 1873-74 St. Lawrence County Histories; Hough, Everts, Curtis, Maps; Robertson, 1958; Beer's Atlas, 1865; Blankman's Geography of St. Lawrence County, 1898; Minute book of Clerk of School District #2 for 1870-1898.

# SUMMER TOURS

July

After 23 years of fantastic luck with weather on tours, we really "had it" with a vengeance on the day of our planned July tour. The 11th dawned (or rather just gushed in) on torrents of rain, the likes of which we haven't seen in many a moon. We were washed out on the trip to Upper Canada Village, but for the 4 or 5 hardy souls who bared their soles and sloshed around, the lack of crowds and camaraderie of the "anointed" heads soaking, was worth the try. Better luck next time.

More than 70 persons visited the Richville building on Old Home Day at Richville July 26. Thanks to the committee who helped and to the Yorkers for their fine exhibit of a prize-winning village model.

August

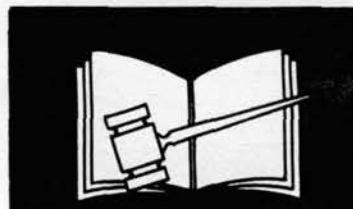
A melting hot fine day brought 125 people to Potsdam on Aug. 15 for a tour to see the architecture of Potsdam. Conducted by H. J. Swinney of Adirondack Museum under the joint sponsorship with the Potsdam Public Museum and the New York State Council on the Arts, the tour started with a not-so-brief slide show briefing at the museum on what styles we were to watch for. Following noon luncheon at the Masonic Temple (by Vega Chapter #98, OES) we boarded buses, unboarded and reboarded at some of Potsdam's most interesting homes. Then a jaunt to West Stockholm for a run-down on those early homes. Welcome refreshments were served to thirsty members on return to the Museum!



GREEK REVIVAL HOUSE, 30 LeRay St., Potsdam, built in 1836 by David Clarkson, one of proprietors of Potsdam. Later residence of Gen. Edwin A. Merritt, a Quartermaster General of New York State in Civil War, later Consul General of U.S. in England. E. A. Merritt Jr. was State Assemblyman. This is now the Merritt apartments and visited during August tour. See also October 1969 for more early Potsdam house pictures.

September

We met at 9:45 at the Custom House Gate at Cornwall Bridge and proceeded to the Lacrosse stick factory on Cornwall Island. Their staff reported extra to show us the operation of the world's only maker of fine lacrosse sticks. Following this we picnicked at Akwesasne Village, visited the craft booths and watched Tom Laughing's dancers. These young people are being imbued with a pride in their heritage and traditions. A fine program, co-sponsored with the Franklin County Museum and History Society.



## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Any unhappy memories of ours over the rain-drenched washout of the July tour to Upper Canada Village were dried out August 15. We had about 125 members and guests on the Potsdam architectural tour. The day was wonderful (if hot), and "Jerry" Swinney was superb. Many thanks to everyone who helped, especially Dee Little, Mary Biondi and Varick Chittenden. Appreciation also to Messrs. Kingston and Turcotte for the availability of Potsdam school buses.

As some of you know, I've just returned from Africa. One thing which struck me there was the Africans' feeling for the past. One of their writers, indeed, blames troubles of the continent partly on "too much reverence for the past"--for ancestors, tribal ceremonies and inter-tribal divisions, and so on. I think he's right. All of Africa has got to become more skilled in technology and gradually to think in terms of a liberal "Pan-Africanism."

Yet he's wrong too. I had the good fortune in Ghana, West Africa, to watch the continent's finest dancers, as well as hear the best musicians. Their intricate rhythms, gorgeous tribal costumes, the poise and good manners and sheer bodily enjoyment--all these are ancestral things much too good to lose. African countries have many others.

What I'm driving at is that forces are at work in Africa much like some of our motives in the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. We commemorate and preserve customs and objects of the past, while never forgetting that it is the present and the future which bear the greater importance. As Jefferson said, "The world belongs always to the living generation." What our membership tries to do--as, in oversimplified terms, I conceive of it--is to pass along certain useful wisdom of the past to the living generation of the present and future.

See you at the Annual Meeting, October 10, first time in Fowler. It's important! You'll get details of an interesting program. Annual reports, as usual, and election of officers.

*Edward J. Blankman*



ITALIANATE WITH VARIATIONS, 16 Elm St., Potsdam. Built in 1863 by John Pert, is now the residence and office of Dr. E. S. Prescott. This shows a combination of styles in this period. Tour was designed to instruct in recognizing different styles.



## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Our favorite thought and creed is expressed in the sentence "Today is the first day of the rest of your life." This thought has given rise to a popular song and Madison Ave. advertisers are capitalizing on it but we like to think it is peculiarly ours.

More than living just one day at a time--good advice most of the time--it suggests that today is the foundation for the rest of our days. What we do today has some carry over, doesn't just end at sundown.

Do we really give a thought to the rest of our lives? Our influence and residue? What in our civilization, our life, our community is worth saving? Are we planting the trees, watering the garden spots, building for those who come?

What if our progenitors had not nurtured young elm seedlings thru long journeys, started orchards, planned shaded village streets?

What if the buildings of many of our court houses, hospitals, churches and post offices had not been of native sandstone, limestone and marble for durability and utility with beauty? Our roads generally follow early trails, improved in the

### The Stir of Nature Sights and Sounds (Continued from Page 4)

The answer to this is quite simple. In order to be a naturalist, one need only to have a sincere and honest love for the creations of nature and to show this love by taking the pains to seek some of the meanings, some of the facts that lie behind these same creations. One must really "do something" to prove worthy of the name. A naturalist is a crusader for truth about nature.

You may ask just what it is that you may do. I would suggest that, in the first place, you keep a journal of the various discoveries that are made; of the birds that you see and know; of the times when certain flowers bloom and of any interesting event or experience that may be yours. Your memory may be good, but if you want to remember these things, a journal is the only answer. There is great sport in keeping a journal, anyway. Sea captains, explorers and other people who have worthwhile things to record, all keep a log-book or journal. Surely the things that you may see are worth writing down! A journal should be a part of you, and it will be if you keep it for very long. It will be of value to others, too. This is only one of the many good reasons for keeping it. As you grow older, references to your earlier notes will give you much satisfaction and joy. By all means, keep a true nature journal!



Out in a coast town, near the end of Long Island, lay a time-worn, dusty sea chest, filled with the log-books of sturdy whaling captains of another day. One summer, almost a hundred years after the chest had been locked, the dingy lid was pried open and one of the old, leather-bound books was taken from the blackness. Its yellow pages told the eventful story of the dangerous journeys of a sailing ship around the world in search of "Moby Dick," the whale. Little drawings, here and there, showed how some keen-

fashion of each generation of road builders, No one consciously sat down and said to himself, "I am planning this route for those who follow," Few said, "I am planting this tree for my great-grandchildren." But they did plan for future, and we are the recipients of those unsung benefactors, May we in our day to day living, may we in our living for the rest of our lives, also give a thought to those who come after and what we can plan and leave for them.

MHB

## Notice

### ANNOUNCING

...two names have been added to the roster of town historians. We give a welcome to Norene Forrest in Parishville, who gives up the work (or at least the title) of president of the Parishville Historical Association to become the new historian. Mrs. Forrest is already familiar to us and a choice addition.

...Mrs. Ferne Conklin has been named deputy historian to fill the unexpired term of longtime historian Neva Day who retired this summer in Hopkinton. Welcome!



**VOLUNTEERS** still needed in the History Center to clip and separate news items, as well as for indexing. Good winter service to all the researchers everywhere. Just drop a note or make a call to the History Center, Canton, if you can give a few hours, or get together with two or three others and have a "bee."

edged harpoon had wounded and finally killed the huge sea animals that provided oil to light the houses of people in far-off New England. A thousand adventures in distant oceans were recorded. Had it not been for this log-book and others like it, together with similar journals of travel and of the all-important things of every day life as well, the world would be ignorant of many things that have vanished for all time. Keep a log-book, or a journal. You will treasure it in days to come!

(The reprint was one chapter of a book for children written and published by Oxford Press in 1930.)

**POSTSCRIPT:** Fifty and more years after experiencing the above events and forty years after writing about them, I can still recall the rushing sound of the waters tumbling over Allen's Falls; can feel the spray; can breathe the clean, moisture-laden air. What a beautiful place it was. I remember drinking cold water from a spring in a little valley near the Falls, temporarily displacing in the process several frogs that had their home there. Oh, that was in another world. St. Lawrence County, New York was the land where my parents were born and where they are buried, not many miles from the Falls. They cherished that land.

The little farm house is gone now and so is the barn, both with their hand-hewn timbers. Gone too is the small butter and cheese "factory" a short distance downriver from an ancient plank and log dam which formed the mill pond where I learned to swim and where we kept our rowboat. There was a wandering pasture brook not far off between the apple trees took one to a small hill whereon grew four basswood trees so placed that it was possible to build a tree house with a foundation of two by fours fixed to each of the basswoods with a long spike driven into the soft wood. A king-bird, with a nest close by, objected violently to my intrusion.

St. Lawrence County, near Parishville, in the teens and early twenties of this century: what a wonderful place for a boy to expand his horizons in those halcyon days of summer, long ago! One never forgets his first love. The St. Regis River at Allen's Falls was mine.

WHC

# Our members write

To the Editor:

I have kept all copies received, and so have a complete file from January, 1962. What a wealth of pictures and interesting information!

In this July issue the picture of the stage in Nicholville, and Anna M. Cole's article, recalled to mind my own first traveling adventure.

When I received a letter in January, 1907, from my music teacher, who was then taking the Crane course, saying, "If you can come now, you can room with me." My little mother just couldn't ask her ambitious daughter to give up that opportunity. But...

"We mustn't ask Papa to take you to Potsdam, over these winter roads." Papa, old enough to be my grandfather, was then in his late seventies.

"I'll take the stage to North Lawrence, and then take the train--just like other folks."

"BUT...If you go you can't come home until summer. You can't get all you will need into my satchel, and you can't carry a trunk."

"Mamma, please get me one of those new bags that I saw at Olmstead's. It is a beautiful blue. It doesn't weigh much and holds an awful lot. They call it a "telescope bag."

Into the bottom, I put my music. Mamma packed all the rest. She folded my dresses to fit the size of the box and smoothed them so that the top of the pile was flat. But we almost couldn't get the lower edge of the top box to go down over the top edge of the bottom box. I had to sit on it while Mamma pulled up the straps. There was a handle right in the middle on top.

Papa came up to my room and took my beautiful new bag down and put it in our sleigh. I hugged Mamma, we kissed and I was off--thrilled to be on my way at last!

Dawn was hardly dimming the stars when, in Nicholville, Papa took my beautiful bag out of our sleigh and gave it to the stage driver, who put it with the mail bag in his sleigh. I don't remember if there were other passengers. I don't remember any conversation on that seven mile ride through the cold winter morning. My mind was all on the wonderful future that I dreamed lay ahead.

At North Lawrence the stage driver put my beautiful bag into the hand of the conductor of the train going west. It was as if I had wings that I climbed the steps of the train for my first ride.

At Norwood, the conductor of the west bound train set my beautiful bag down on the platform. "You're lucky. Both trains are right on time this morning."

Puffing impatiently, there was MY TRAIN GOING SOUTH. A man was holding onto its handle, as if afraid it would start up, if he let go. I took hold of the handle on my beautiful bag, but it might as well have been glued to the platform! I tugged at it, trembling all over, I was so afraid MY TRAIN would go and leave me there!

The conductor of the train going south took his hand off its handle and came toward me. "Little girl, you should have had your trunk checked. Where are you going?"

"Potsdam." It's a wonder I didn't say 'New York City.'

"Go on aboard. I'll take care of this for you."

A little more clickety clack and a loud voice called, "Pah-ah-ts-dam."

The conductor took up my beautiful bag and I followed him out and down the steps. There was Grace Wood, waiting for me, just as she had written she would be. She had a man with a horse and sleigh there to take us and my luggage up to our boarding place on Main Street.

So that was the way this teenager started out on her little road that had been saying "GO." "And forth I must to learn the things the little road would show."

I'm glad my LITTLE ROAD SAID "GO" for going, I have no regrets. But I like to remember the grand part of the country from whence I came, and I enjoy every season having memories stirred anew by THE QUARTERLY.

Sincerely,  
Abigail Smith Cole

## THEM'S OUR SENTIMENTS, TOO

I am sorry to not have been a member a lot earlier in life, but we can't turn time backwards, BUT do our best do our best to improve the future.

The Grand Architect of this Universe is still in Control, there can be no ultimate failure.

I very much appreciate your taking time off to write a card and note on it in honor of my "ninety-seventh birthday." I am really getting old! Ha Ha!

Your sincere old friend,  
Mott Meldrim

who served the New York Central Railroad "Sixty-four Years, Four Months and Four Days" as telegraph operator and station agent.

(And who still pushes his own lawn mower at home in Edwards! MHB)



## POTSDAM MUSEUM

The Potsdam Public Museum will hold a Birthday GALA on Saturday, October 24 to celebrate its 30th birthday. High-light of the Gala will be a seminar-discussion on English Pottery, conducted by Ross Taggart, Senior curator of Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Mo. The Birthday Banquet will feature a live fashion show of "Fabulous Fashions," talks by several prominent museum professionals and music of the '40's.

The Potsdam Museum was founded in 1940 to house a portion of the famed Burnap collection of English Pottery, the majority of which is located in the Nelson Gallery of Art.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnap, natives of Potsdam, were long-time residents of Kansas City. Today the museum has extensive historical collections as well as decorative arts.

Area residents are invited to help the museum celebrate its birthday. Information regarding the Gala may be obtained by phoning the museum at 265-6910 or writing the Potsdam Museum, Civic Center, Potsdam, 13676.

### CIVIC CENTER

Regular Museum Hours:

Monday 7-9 p.m.

Tuesday 10-12, 2-4 p.m.

Thursday 1-5 p.m.

Friday 3-5 p.m.

Saturday 1-3 p.m.

# notice!

ANNUAL MEETING

Oct. 10: Annual Meeting. Town of Fowler will be host. Every member bring a new member!

# researchers

Mrs. Roy Fulton, RFD 2, Canton, is trying to assemble enough facts about the Beech Plains Church to enable her to compile a short history of it. Since the building was completed in 1879 she naturally does not expect to hear from anybody who remembers the building of it, but would greatly appreciate hearing from anybody who has "heard tell" of it, and from anybody who remembers any of the later history of the history of the church, or phone her 386-4371.

THIS STONE was a cornerstone of the first church built by Seventh-day Adventists at Bucks Bridge, N.Y. 1855.



### TYLER COVERLET

If anyone has a Tyler coverlet Mrs. Keith Stanton needs know its present owner, its color, date woven, the name on it plus any other writing on border with a description of border and center. If anyone has a piece or portion, this is needed to use for mending present coverlets. With any data at all on these early coverlets woven in Jefferson county, please write Mrs. Stanton, 129 Haley St., Watertown, N.Y. 13601.



Mrs. Alvin Wheeler seeks information on the name "Kenmuir," clockmaker (dealer?) in Ogdensburg. Address Mrs. Wheeler, Ogdensburg.



Dr. Robert E. Ward, chairman, Department of Foreign Languages, Youngstown State University, Youngstown, Ohio 44503 is compiling the first encyclopedia of German writers. Writers of any nationality who write imaginative literature in the German language while residing in the continental United States are being listed.



Mr. Grover Hatch, Russell, has offered a Gates Curtis (1893) History of the county for sale.



As a result of your answers to a previous inquiry about Hart pottery of Ogdensburg about 1850, an attorney in New York has produced a fine book, "Early Potters and Potteries of New York State" by William C. Ketchum, Jr. may be purchased for \$10.00 from Funk and Wagnalls, 380 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017



Dr. Floy S. Hyde, Mountain View, N.Y. (12963) has produced a book about Early Resort Days in the Great North Woods, "Water Over the Dam at Mountain View in the Adirondacks." It may be purchased from her for \$7.00 plus tax, or from the House of History at Malone.



Editor:

I am preparing a complete edition of the letters of Alfred Lord Tennyson, in collaboration with Edgar F. Shannon, Jr., and would be very grateful indeed if you would allow us to have photocopies of any letters among your holdings from or to Tennyson or his family. And I hope you would give us permission to use this material, with explicit understanding that your ownership will be fully acknowledged.

Yours sincerely,  
Cecil Y. Lang  
1820 Edgewood Lane  
Charlottesville, Va. 22903

Center for Advanced Studies  
University of Virginia

Missing from the History Center: books - "Bottle Bonanza," "Corinne" by Mme. de Stael from the book shelves; a group of slides of scenes at Hammond, on the St. Lawrence, sunsets. Anyone knowing who borrowed these, please contact History Center.

### EDITOR'S PLEA

Please, if you submit an article to the Quarterly, do assure us the courtesy of not submitting it elsewhere at same time without saying so. Also, if it has already appeared in print, please tell us, and where. Recently at least three good articles have appeared on our desk, and we were ready to use them when we by chance found them in a well-read publication. We don't intend this to happen but can't read everything else ourselves. We had already set up our Gold Rush story (April 1970) when it appeared in a nearby newspaper the very day our Quarterly was mailed.

We appreciate original, especially unpublished, items from all over the county. Occasionally an old item warrants republication. Please keep items coming in, but do be fair. MHB

We hope you also visited this summer the Penfield Foundation Museum, the Kent-DeLord House in Plattsburgh, Adirondack Museum and the Franklin House of History.



Coming soon! Story of the Redingtons of Waddington by Dr. Fred H. Armstrong of University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario. In the Quarterly.



A bottle labeled "Beef, Iron and Sherry Wine," F. Howard Markham, Maple City Drug Store, 56 Ford St., Ogdensburg, N.Y., has been found there. If anyone has information on this Drug Store, Mr. Markham or the "wine", please notify History Center, Canton.

### Recent Gifts:

A collection of materials and books from William H. Carr, Tucson, Ariz., with scrapbooks of his mother's, Elva Lucinda Bell (Mrs. William H. Carr).

Book collection in memory of Carlton B. Olds, by Rutherford family of Waddington.

Collection of Jehiel Stevens papers, early settler of Brasher Falls, by descendant Ellen Denise, along with Genealogy of Pettibone family.

A beautiful book of the ancestors and family of John C. Green (DeKalb, Brier Hill).

Large photo of 40th Separate Company officers at summer camp taken in 1895, (late hanging on the wall of the NYS Armory in Ogdensburg).

A hearty thank you to all responsible.

St. Lawrence Co. Historical Ass'n  
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