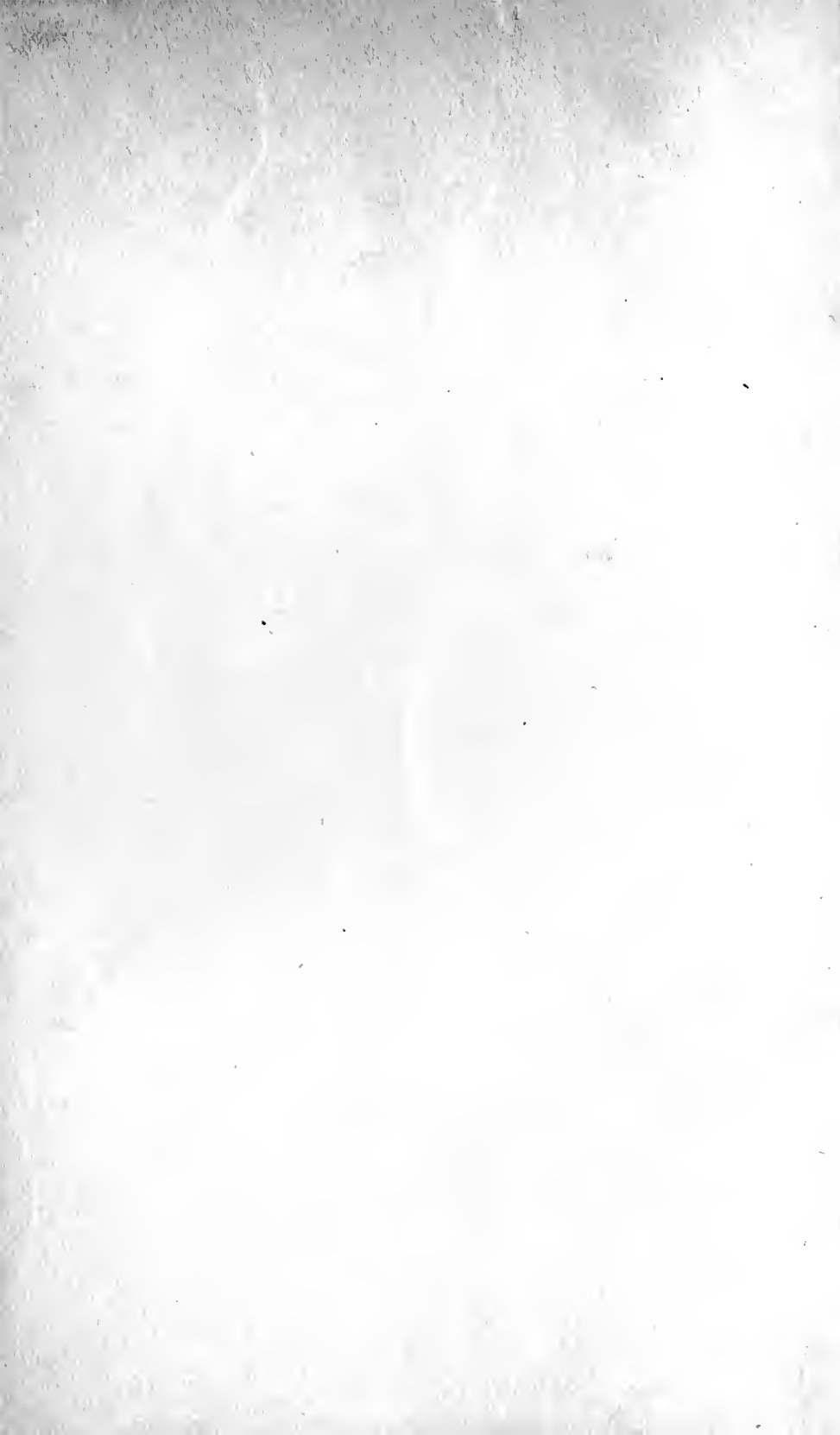


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TRANSACTIONS

—OF THE—

Oneida Historical Society,

AT UTICA,

Yearbook



1892=1894.

Resident and Honorary Members.

No. 6. 18

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Publications of the Society.

1. Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Oriskany: 1877.
2. Historical Fallacies Regarding Colonial New York, by Douglass Campbell. Annual Address: 1879.
3. The Men, Events, Lawyers, Politics and Politicians of Early Rome, by Daniel E. Wager: 1879.
4. Articles of Incorporation, Constitution, By-Laws, Officers, Members, Donors of the Society, and Proceedings of Annual Meeting: 1879.
5. Early History of Oneida County, by William Tracy. Annual Address: 1880.
6. Transactions (1) of the Oneida Historical Society, containing The Continental Congress, The Palatines of the Mohawk, Re-interment of Isaac Paris, The Pompey Stone, Johannes Rueff, Herkimer Papers, Genealogy of Utica Newspaper, Earliest Factories of Oneida County, The Discovery of Water Lime, The Syracuse and Utica Railroad, The Telegraph and Associated Press, Letter of Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Needs and Purposes of the Society, and Annual Reports: 1881.
7. Semi-Centennial of the City of Utica, and Supper of the Half-Century Club: 1882.
8. A Long Lost Point in History, by L. W. Ledyard. Annual Address: 1883.
9. Col. John Brown, by Rev. Garret L. Roof, D. D.: 1884.
10. Transactions (2) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1881 to 1884, containing Whitestown Centennial, Whitesboro's Golden Age, Wagner Re-interment, Old Fort Schuyler Celebration, and Dedication of the Oriskany Monument: 1885.
11. Transactions (3) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1885-1886, containing Early Protestant Missions among the Iroquois, The Streets of Utica, The Utica Water Works, Forts Stanwix and Bull and other Forts at Rome, Memorial of S. Wells Williams, The Utica High School, List of the Birds of Oneida County.
12. Amended Constitution and By-Laws, and Catalogue of the Members of the Oneida Historical Society: 1887.
13. The Historic Difference of English and Continental Civilization, by Rev. Dr. William T. Gibson: 1888.
14. Transactions (4) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1887-1889, containing the New Hartford Centennial, Is Local History worth Studying? Geology of Oneida County, The New York Iro-

- quois, The Bleecker Street Church, Ancient Utica, and Botany and Botanists of this Vicinity.
15. Catalogue of the Library of the Oneida Historical Society, Manuscripts, Maps, &c.: 1890.
 16. Col. Marinus Willett, by Daniel E. Wager: 1891.
 17. Transactions (5) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1890-1892, containing Geographical names as monuments of History, John A. Dix, Iroquois and Colony of New York, Early Welsh Settlers of Oneida County, Fairfield Medical College, Chapter in Glacial History, Silas Wright, Pre-Historic Remains in Sweden, Sangerfield, Laying of Historical Stone of Utica Y. M. C. Association, John F. Seymour, Constitution and By-Laws, Officers, Members, Publications and Addresses Oneida Historical Society: 1892.
 18. Transactions (6) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1892-1894, containing The Dutch our Allies in the Revolution, The Unresponsive Roll Call at Tattoo, Watauga and Franklin, Two Episodes in Early United States History, The City in the Roman Constitution, The Madog Tradition, The Muller Mansion, Reminiscences of the Utica Literary Club, The New York Indians, 1894.

Addresses before the Society since March, 1892.

Lists of previous Addresses are contained in Nos. 12, 14 and 17 of the Society's publications.

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| 106. | | October | 11. | Reminiscences of the Utica Literary Club
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The Dutch Our Allies in the Revolution.

BY REV. WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D. D.,

Author of *The Influence of the Netherlands in the Making of the English Commonwealth and the American Republic, Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us, etc.*

ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT UTICA, N. Y.,
JANUARY 9, 1894.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

When the thirteen American Colonies of Great Britain had declared themselves free and independent, and by the act of July 4, 1776, had become a nation, it was necessary to look abroad in the world for allies and helpers in their struggle for liberty. It *may* have been possible for our forefathers to have achieved their independence without foreign assistance, but as a matter of fact, it was gained largely through the assistance rendered directly in soldiers and money by France, and in ways to be herein described by the Dutch Republic, and indirectly by Spain, which made war against Great Britain. The great part which France played in the American struggle has been told so fully in the popular histories and in special monographs by scholars, that nothing further need be said on this point at present. The American people still cherish a lively recollection of the aid rendered their forefathers by the men of France. The figure of LaFayette stands near Washington in the national memory, while statue, medal and biography still further keep his memory perennially green before us. The story of our Dutch allies, however, is but slightly known and but feebly remembered, though in reality deserving the research of the scholar and the pen of a brilliant historian. It is my purpose this evening, in addressing your honorable society, to rescue from oblivion facts that ought to be widely known, and to set forth the

truth so far as time and circumstances have allowed me to gather.

The struggles of the American colonies against the arbitrary acts of the British government were watched by no people in continental Europe with more interest, and certainly by none with so clear and intelligent a discernment of the real principles involved, than by the Dutch; and for this there were several reasons very intelligible to Americans. These reasons we shall endeavor to give, as far as possible, in their chronological order of reference.

In the first place, it is a great mistake to suppose that the majority of the thirteen colonies were in any real sense "English Colonies," at least in their origin. It is the vice of American historiography that most of the writers proceed on the principle that "we are an English people," and our country a kind of New England, or an expansion of the Eastern States, lying north of Long Island Sound. In reality, beside the liberal sprinkling of Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, German, and Dutch blood, in the colonies collectively called "New England," there was a still larger settlement of nationalities from outside of England in our Middle and Southern States, sufficient indeed to make us, even in 1776, a New Europe, rather than a New England, while the vast immigration within the century past shows that we are anything but an English nation, except in language. The four Middle States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, were settled in overwhelming majority by the Dutch, Walloons, Huguenots, Germans, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Scotch-Irish, beside not a few Swedes, and other Scandinavians. The real political and social life of New Netherland, and afterwards of New York was determined mainly by the Dutch and Huguenots. Pennsylvania was settled by the son of a Dutch mother, who, beside Frisian principles of freedom brought over with hundreds of cultivated and educated Hollanders and many thousand German Palatinates, while later to Western Pennsylvania came the Scotch-Irish.

New Jersey and Delaware were first settled by the Dutch and Swedes. In every one of the Southern States were to be found Dutch, Huguenots, Scotch-Irish, and other non-English nationalities. Hence, although the colonies were politically under the control of the British government, there were relations between the American people and those of the home lands on the continent of Europe, which were as throbbing nerves and pulsing arteries. Especially between the Dutch at home and the Dutch in America were there close ties of commercial, social, religious, as well as of historic interest.

Still again, to reverse the order of chronology and go back farther, in order to show their vital connection with the events leading to the American Revolution, the people of the Protestant Netherlands had the same interest in the political history of the American colonies, which a grandfather has in seeing his grandson live the old man's life over again. Having from the early middle ages developed their political life through the medium of free cities, which were in reality municipal republics, and having been for centuries relieved of the direct rule of monarchs, the Netherlanders had nourished a spirit of freedom which was powerfully reinforced and vitally quickened when the Bible, translated into the Dutch vernacular, was multiplied and widely circulated by means of the printing press, enabled them to present a united *popular* front against the tyrant Philip II. of Spain. We emphasize the word popular, since it was not primarily either the nobles or the aristocratic burghers, but the common people, who responded to the call of William the Silent and began organized resistance.

The Spaniard, Philip II., represented in his person as did his commander, Alva, also the old order of things—Church and State, all authority derived from the King, and given “by grace” to the people, the principle of *cujus regio, ejus religio*, and the right to tax without representation. On the other hand, the Dutch people, though of course it

required the shock of war and years of discipline to bring them to the full conscious purpose and explicit declaration of their principles, believed in the right of private judgment, the virtual if not complete separation of Church and State, the doctrine that the rulers should follow the religion of the people, rather than *vice versa*, and, above all else in "no taxation without consent," or, as later expressed, "no taxation without representation." In a word, here was the situation which contained the type and prophecy of the relations between King George III., *Rex Britannorum dei gratia*, and the thirteen American colonies.

This analogy which we point out is not something lately discovered, nor could the speaker, even were he desirous, claim the least originality even in the suggestion of it. As matter of simple fact, the proofs are abundant in written documents and on the printed page, nay, they are voluminous, to the effect that the Dutch, even before 1776, saw this analogy, and noticed how history was repeating herself. Between 1776 and 1783 the pamphlet and book literature, even in the fragments numbering over fifty publications, which have survived the wreck of time and are now to be studied in the Library of the Boston Athenæum, gives fullest proof, were any needed, in addition to the silver medals struck in the Netherlands, the originals of which are now in Dutch archives, and copies of which are found in some of our historical societies.

In the third place, as we know, wars are inaugurated and prosecuted for reasons which seem at least to promise remuneration or indemnity for the losses incurred in the conflict, though the pretext may be political, religious, dynastic, or commercial, and sometimes, as is alleged, even for "an idea" or for "glory." Yet there are peoples of such hard common sense that they will frankly confess that merely for the sake of trade, and an honest though lucrative livelihood, they will either go to war or run the risk of it. Among those who, being by their own frank confession, "a nation of shop-keepers," may be counted

among the former, are the British. Living on an island and unable to expand at home, the English must find a market abroad or die ; or, what is equivalent, become poor. So, also and likewise, living behind dykes, and in a country which requires an immense and constant outlay of money to keep themselves from being drowned, the inhabitants of overcrowded Holland must trade or starve ; or, what is equally as bad, be conquered. Rather than have her trade destroyed, little Netherland will fight Great Britain, or whatever country tries to drive her from the seas.

So, when after long watching of the political situation in the second half of the eighteenth century, the Dutchman saw the outbreak of hostilities, provoked by the aggressive act of General Gage, who marched his troops along the king's highway to Concord, and thus prevented Englishmen from enjoying their immemorial right of "proceeding unmolested along the king's highway," they noticed that these Lexington farmers were nearly as smart as their own statesmen, who had for over thirty-five years, from 1579 to 1609, waged war against the Spaniards, in the name of the King of Spain, Philip the Second. Furthermore, it happened, fortunately for the Americans, that in the West Indies at the island of St. Eustacius, the governor of the port was an excellent lawyer, who had withal, a keen eye for trade. Fortunately, also, there was in Philadelphia, a Dutchman, fresh from Holland, and well acquainted with prominent men there, named Gosuinus Erkelens, who had come to America in 1774. Still again, there was in Holland a Dutch statesman, Baron Joan Derck van der Capellen, who had been keenly watching every move on the political chess-board ; besides other Hollanders, such as the editor of that remarkable diplomatic journal and polite newspaper, *Nouvelles Extraordinaires De Divers Endroits*, which being printed in the republic, and known to be unsubsidized and unpurchasable, withal being in French, the language of diplomacy, was read in

all the courts and by the chief public men all over Europe. Of the work of these different men and of others, we shall speak in such detail as our limited time and space will here allow.

First, let us look at the Dutch allies on this side of the Atlantic. And saying this, we do not refer to the tens of thousands of Hollanders, or rather people of Holland descent, who were in 1776 patriotic Americans, and who instantly or throughout the war became adherents of the Continental Congress and enlisted first under the flag of stripes, and then under "the stars and stripes." We pass these by, remarking only that we doubt whether among the Colonial Americans there was a larger proportion of soldiers of any nationality in the continental army, than among those descended from the Dutch colonists, who had settled in America, between the years 1623 and 1700.

We turn to the West Indies. In the undeveloped state of their resources, having been long compelled by Great Britain to find their market chiefly in "the mother country," and being now goaded to war by a king and parliament, who wanted still to preserve the lucrative American market, our forefathers would have been unable, probably, to have vigorously inaugurated the war, or to have maintained it, without liberal supplies from the outside world. The British ports being closed to them and the seas of Europe being at first too unsafe for ordinary merchant men, they steered at once, whole fleets of trading vessels laden with fish, timber, cotton, sugar, tobacco, etc., to St. Eustacius in the West Indies. At this Dutch port they bartered their home raw products for saltpetre, and other war supplies including woolen clothes, hats and stockings, provisions, and what the British smugglers, who were not loath to make a good many shillings in illicit trade, called "fruit" and "grain" in the manifests and invoices, but which in the English that is spoken above board, meant cannon balls and gunpowder. If we shall say, or if we shall declare our grounds of belief that probably one-half

of the foreign supplies furnished to the Continental army between 1776 and 1781, were from this one port, St. Eustacius, it will be because we have read carefully colonial American newspapers, Dutch and English official documents and the life of Admiral Rodney. This British naval officer considered it so important to dry up this flowing fountain of aid and comfort furnished to the Americans, as well as to obtain prize money to pay his heavy debts, that, with the permission of King George III., given in his Majesty's autograph letter of order, he left Cornwallis to take care of himself, and sailed at once for the West Indies, where from H. B. M. S. *Sandwich*, Aug. 12, 1780, he writes :

“Having received undoubted intelligence that the American rebels carried on a most pernicious commerce, at the Island of St. Eustacius, which was likewise an asylum, from whence they derived ever succour.”

Approaching the port, he got some indication of the business done by at once detaching a squadron of his best frigates to pursue five armed Yankee privateers. As he approached the doomed port with his armada, he wrote in free language about what he calls “Dutch ingratitude and perfidy,” saying :

“Ever since the commencement of hostilities with the Americans, the Dutch have evinced much partiality toward them.”

It was on February 3, 1781, that the mighty British fleet appeared before the beach, which, after the store-houses had been crowded to their utmost capacity, had been compelled to hold tobacco, sugar and other American sinews of war. For over five years these southern, as well as New England products, had been exchanged for powder and ball, and other naval and military supplies. Rodney, backed by his overwhelming force, without firing a shot—for there were only sixty Dutch soldiers on the whole island—captured the Dutch man-of-war *Mars*, thirty loaded merchant-men, fifty American vessels loaded with

tobacco, and two thousand American merchants and seamen. Everything on American ships except the hulls and masts, had been purchased at St. Eustacius. The total plunder amounted to over two millions of dollars. Fortunately, however, this American source of supplies was not dried up until Cornwallis had surrendered, and the war was practically over, so that the Americans no longer needed it.

It will not do, however, to leave the subject of its governor, Johannes de Graeff, and St. Eustacius, until we have shown how warm-hearted allies he and his fellow Dutchmen were. The first salute ever fired to the American flag, even before it had its stars and blue field joined to its stripes, was fired by this man and at this place. Five ships, the *Columbus*, *Cabot*, *Alfred*, *Providence* and the *Andrea Doria*, formed the official beginning of the American navy, under the act of December 22, 1775. The *Andrea Doria* was named after that famous Venetian who, after conquering his enemies, allowed them to choose their own form of government, and by his sword and genius maintained the republic which they voted and inaugurated. She sailed from Philadelphia, bearing a copy of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, and her commission from the Continental Congress, signed by John Hancock, with copies in blank, signed by the same, for the equipment of privateers, and with the thirteen-striped flag, flying at her mast-head. She dropped anchor before Orangetown, and in front of Fort Orange, at St. Eustacius, November 16, 1776. Immediately the red, white and blue flag of Fort Orange was lowered in welcome and recognition of the American ship, when the *Andrea Doria* heaved to, lowered her sails, and fired eleven guns. Englishmen in an English ship only a few yards away, and hundreds of men on shore waited eagerly to see whether the Dutch fort would reply with an equal number of "honor shots." They had not long to wait. The commander of the fort Ravené, recognizing the flag

as that of the American Congress, and not desiring to take the responsibility of saluting it upon himself, walked over to the house of the governor De Graeff, who at once, being a lawyer, and knowing how to keep within the letter of the law and yet carry out his purpose of welcoming the new nation and winning its trade, ordered the salute to be returned with eleven guns,—that is, with two shots less than the number of stripes on the American flag. In reality, he made himself exactly what the British governor of the Island of St. Christopher, officially charged him with being “the first public recognizer of the flag till now [then] unknown in the catalogue of national flags.” In a word, the American flag was first saluted by the Dutch, who, as our allies, supplied us with very probably one-half of the foreign munitions of war used by the Continental armies.

In illustration of and proof of these facts, see the official correspondence of the Dutch and English governors, published in the Dutch blue book, 4to, pp. 344, the Hague, 1 April, 1779; the Dutch year books; a pamphlet by Hon. B. F. Prescott, of Epping, N. H., on “The Stars and Stripes. . . . When, Where and by Whom was it First Saluted?” Concord, 1876; Life of Joan Derck van der Capellen, by Mr. J. A. Sillem, Amsterdam, 1882; “Where our Flag was First Saluted,” by William Elliott Griffis, *New England Magazine*, July, 1893; Recognition of the American by the Dutch Republic, the Chautauquan, September, 1893.

The Continental Congress, which declared the United Colonies free and independent, appointed a committee while they were yet, as it were, but “an infant of days,” to secure assistance abroad, and to find out what nations would be their allies or helpers in Europe. It must not be forgotten that of all the governors of the thirteen colonies, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, only one was an out-and-out adherent to the cause of the colonies, namely, Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Con-

necticut. In England he was called "the only Rebel Governor." At home he was rightly made president of the Continental Congress. Yet Trumbull knew no one in Holland, nor is it probable that Dr. Benjamin Franklin, then in Paris, knew any one of importance in the Dutch Republic, until a Dutchman, Baron Derck van der Capellen, wrote first to him. Mr. Gosuinus Erkelens, an inhabitant of Amsterdam, whose home had been in the well known Leidsche Gracht, met Trumbull in Philadelphia, pointed out to him the advantage of having Holland as a friend, showed the sympathy of the Dutch people, pointed out the historic analogies at which we have hinted, and proposed to Governor Trumbull to write at once to Van der Capellen. Erkelens became a warm friend of Governor Trumbull, and accompanied him to his home in Connecticut. In his correspondence with friends in the republic beyond sea, he was obliged to make three copies of his letters. Besides sending one copy direct to Holland by way of Curacoa, he made use of the "underground railroad,"—to use a modern phrase,—*via* St. Eustacius, and despatched another copy in care of Doctor Franklin in Paris. His missives to van der Capellen, and to other Dutch friends, besides those of Trumbull, Adams, and other prominent Americans, are found in the volume of Letters from and to Baron van der Capellen, collected and edited by Mr. W. H. de Beaufort, and issued by the Historical Society of Utrecht. N. R. Utrecht, 1879. Partly through the influence of his letters and that of van der Capellen, several Dutch officers crossed the ocean and entered the service of the Continental Congress. Among these was Colonel Dircks, who, after serving in the early battles of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, took home an account of the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, the surrender of Burgoyne, the evacuation of Philadelphia, and the Battle of Monmouth, which greatly cheered the Dutch sympathizers with American freedom.

Let us now cross the Atlantic and see how the Dutch

publicists were preparing the way for the coming of the American envoy, Mr. John Adams, and getting public sentiment all ready for the recognition of the American republic by the States-General. This had to be done in the teeth of a powerful, pro-British party, whose head and front was no less a personage than the Stadtholder, William V., Prince of Orange. This personage, because of his ancestors' intermarriage with the Stuarts of England, was closely allied to the British court, and was depended upon by King George III., to neutralize and to destroy any possible attempt of the Dutch people to give the American rebels aid and comfort. Indeed, it at first seemed absurd, from the British point of view, to think there was any danger from Holland; which, by a series of misfortunes, had fallen to a political position that made her almost insignificant in European politics; while from the side of the pro-British party in Holland, organized and domineered by that British envoy, Sir Joseph York, twenty-seven years resident in Holland, it appeared the height of madness to allow sympathy for the struggling colonies to manifest itself in any hostile act that would bring down the vengeance of Great Britain, and expose the little country to war with her colossal foe, whose fleets could, in a few hours, blockade her ports and ruin the trade, if not conquer the whole country.

Nevertheless, so keen was the historic sense of certain illustrious Hollanders, and so sincere their sympathy with America, that they, without hearing even from the American side of the Atlantic, began to show positive manifestations of their temper, in public acts, at the very first opportunity given them. This opportunity was not long delayed. In the first place, van der Capellen obtained quickly from London a copy of that famous pamphlet, written and published by Dr. Richard Price, who constantly ridiculed the idea that because England was "the parent country," she had a right to repair her dilapidated finances, by a direct attack on the civil liberties of the American

colonies. Dr. Price, in answer to the persistent commonplace of the "moneyed friends of the government",—"But we are the parent state," wrote, "These are the magic words which have fascinated and misled us. The English came from Germany. Does that give the German states a right to tax us?"

Van der Capellan, a true friend of liberty, who believed that the Teutonic race had, by crossing the Atlantic, enjoyed the potency of amazing progress, translated Dr. Price's pamphlet, entitled "Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, the Principles of Government, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America." In its Dutch dress, this pamphlet was widely circulated, throughout the Netherlands, in the middle and latter part of the year 1776. Soon the subject became matter of debate in the Dutch clubs and conversational circles, and public opinion began to take form. When Lord Joseph Yorke, the British minister to The Hague, spoke of the Americans as "rebels", Dutch pamphleteers answered him vigorously, declaring this use of the word offensive to their historic sensibilities. For they argued if the Americans were deserving the name of "rebels", then their Dutch fore-fathers, who had resisted Spain, were rebels also, and this they denied. The learned Dr. Calkoens addressed an open letter to van der Capellen, making many interrogations, and asking for detailed explanations concerning the exact situation of British and American affairs, and van der Capellen's public answer was widely circulated. Then, for a while, it seemed to rain brochures and pamphlets, satires, comic and dramatic pasquinades, all in favor of the American colonies and against Great Britain. These so rapidly leavened public opinion, that when Paul Jones brought the English frigate *Serapis* as a prize into the Texel, the streets of Amsterdam, and other Dutch cities, rang with comic and patriotic songs, in celebration of the event. The students of the University of Franeker, with torch-light processions, costumed tableaux, Latin odes and songs, orations and

feastings, celebrated the glory of the young American Republic, and prophesied her fame and glory. In the ancient and honorable city of Leeuwarden, in the old home of freedom, and in the ever-unconquered province of Friesland, a famous society held the first public meeting which crystalized the public opinion of this ultra-democratic province, so that this state was one of the first of the seven in its legislature to propose that the States-General should recognize the American Republic, and thus virtually declare war against Great Britain. In their enthusiasm, the members of this society had a large silver medal cast, in which a gigantic Frisian in ancient costume turns his back upon the Lady Britain with her growling lion, and welcomes, with his open arms, the fair maiden who symbolizes the new Republic, while out of the cloud stretches an arm holding the arms of Friesland, and under it this motto, (translated from the Dutch): "To the State of Friesland, in grateful recognition of the Acts of the Assemblies in February and April, 1782, by the Burgher's Club at Leeuwarden. Liberty and Zeal."

In this way, in conjunction with the excellent work done by Professor Luzac, in his Leyden Journal, the public opinion of the republic was so molded, that when John Adams appeared on the scene, the best of the work was already done. Soon the national recognition took place in due official form, in spite of the opposition of the pro-British party, led by the Prince of Orange. After that it was easy to borrow those "sinews of war"—the phrase coming originally from a Dutch proverb—which, to the amount of fourteen millions of dollars, came at a most opportune time when our national treasury was empty, but when peace not having been yet declared, it was necessary to maintain the continental army, both to resist the British forces still on the soil, and to secure in the treaties made, our rights along the British-American border.

A word about Professor Luzac and his Leyden newspaper. This man, of illustrious family and great learning,

conducted the *Nouvelles Extraordinaires de Divers Endroits*; which, as we have said, being unsubsidized and republican, was accepted as the vehicle of truth, and had great influence in Europe. It published regularly news from the United States, giving correct accounts of the American victories, and making public the communications of Washington, Adams, Franklin, Trumbull and other Americans, beside giving wide currency to the publications of the pro-American Hollanders. From the study of a file of this interesting paper in the British Museum, and of Luzac's biography, from the works of John Adams, and an autograph letter written to Luzac by Washington, we gather that his pen was a potent force among our Dutch allies.

It is now time to glance at the public acts of the Dutch Government, and see how and when, as well as why, the Dutch became our allies in the time of our need. While properly grateful to the French for their important aid, it must not be forgotten, even as it cannot be denied, that the movement of the French sovereign and ministers in this matter was an affair of purely European politics, and was done with the immediate purpose of injuring their old enemy Great Britain, and with the ulterior object, of regaining Canada. Washington clearly foresaw this, and therefore insisted that the French, instead of attacking Montreal and Quebec, should march at once with the American army, hundreds of miles southward, as far away from Canada as possible, and attack Cornwallis in Virginia. Our statesmen-forefathers knew that they could easily remove the French from Virginia and say good-bye to them, from New York, rather than from Canada,—when they should have once possessed their old seats of empire, and were snugly ensconced, among hundreds of thousands of the descendents of their fellow-countrymen. We all know, too, of the quarrel between John Adams and Count Vergennes, and how Adams openly accused the Frenchman of sinister designs upon the American republic.

On the contrary, the sympathy of the Dutch for the

Americans was based on ancestral precedent, on a knowledge of history, on a fellow feeling of blood relationship, as well as of similar national experience, and in its inception, at least, was popular and wholly free from the promptings of European politics. Later on it was undoubtedly developed into action by the arbitrariness and tyranny of England's wishing to keep Holland poor by interfering with her commerce, and even denying her the right to furnish armed escort for her own ships. Furthermore, the bullying and truculent communications from the British Foreign Office insulted the Dutch, who, in spite of their insignificant position and their poverty at that time, defied England, and thus drew forth from her a declaration of war, on account of the virtual recognition of the American Republic, by the States-General. When it is remembered that their Stadtholder, William V., was in practical league with Great Britain, that he had urged the alliance to be made with the British against the Americans, and that he actually opposed the will of the nation in the unwarranted exercise of his executive power, so far as to order the national fleet, on a critical occasion, away from and coöperation with the French against the British, it will be seen how bravely and with what sacrifice and at what risk, the people persevered. In a word, the Dutch people were our friends even when their nominal ruler and his party were against us.

To recount hastily the public acts, in Great Britain and the Netherlands, relative to the American revolution :

I. At the breaking out of the war, in 1775, the British government, having failed to hire twenty thousand Russian mercenaries, made requisition upon the States-General of the Republic, for Dutch soldiers to fight the Americans. But, in addition to the sense of propriety and righteousness entertained by the members of that august body, and despite the latent and active influence of the Prince of Orange, the public opinion was already sufficiently manifest to make such a thing

impossible, even had the Stadtholder or legislators agreed. The request was indignantly refused.

II. King George, now feeling that his own personal influence would be necessary to re-inforce the request of the British government, made a formal and imperative requisition for the return from service under the States-General, and to the allegiance and service of their king under the British flag, of the famous "Scotch Brigade." This fine body of troops was the remnant of that large British force of both volunteers and regulars which had fought side by side with the patriots under William the Silent and Maurice, against the Spaniards, under the Dutch banner and in Dutch pay, in the glorious War of Independence, 1580-1640. As matter of sentiment, appreciation and gratitude, several Scottish regiments had been retained until 1775. Unable to refuse this requisition, the Scottish Brigade was released from service, but not before Baron van der Capellen, by a notable speech, opposed the request, urging that the Netherlands should neither directly nor indirectly assist Great Britain against America.

III. A proclamation, in accordance with national proprieties, of the States-General, prohibiting all exportation of munitions of war by ships belonging to the dominion of Great Britain, provisionally for the term of six months was issued; the declaration of neutrality being, as their High Mightinesses said, the "customary compliment of courts not at war with each other."

IV. After pressure had been brought against the Dutch government by the British minister, Sir Joseph Yorke, for the act of governor Johannes de Graeff in saluting the American flag, the latter was ordered home. Yet so languid was desire of the Dutch to punish him that it was several years before he actually arrived home. It eventuated that de Graeff, so far from being punished, went back again to St. Eustacius after the declaration of Armed Neutrality had been published. By this time the United States had been recognized as a sovereign power by France,

and our country had won the sympathies of Russia, Prussia, and Spain, and the American flag was well known in Europe on the high sea. After much ink had been shed from pens, and transferred from type to paper, and after considerable oratory, de Graeff returned to St. Eustacius to increase its trade and help the Americans more vigorously than ever. Rodney let him off with a whole skin and he returned with his household and servants, and his nest well feathered to Holland. An oil painting of the doughty Dutchman, representing him standing and reading the Declaration of American Independence, painted by the order of his son, and given to Mr. F. W. Craigin, of New Hampshire, and thence forwarded to Concord, N. H., now hangs in the Hall of Representatives in the Capital of the old Granite State.

IV. In parenthesis, we note one or two of the many roots of American friendship with and gratitude to Russia. Besides the refusal of Catherine to furnish Russian mercenaries to fight against Americans under the British flag in 1775, she resisted the pressure of the British agents in St. Petersburg, accompanied by a bribe of £100,000 sterling, to exclude the Dutch from the Armed Neutrality of 1780.

V. Next followed the proposition of the pensionary of Amsterdam, van Berckel, to make a treaty with the United States, and to open direct trade. This act, in a certain sense, was illegal, because a city has no right to deal directly with a sovereign state; and William Lee, to whom the proposition was made, was not empowered to make a treaty. Yet the act was, in Holland, at least, both significant and potent; for it was intended to defy the pro-British party. In America, it was so far appreciated by the members of the Continental Congress, that eager to get all help possible, they appointed Henry Laurens, their president, as minister to the Dutch Republic, to negotiate a treaty. Unfortunately, as we all know, Laurens and his papers were captured by the British on the ocean, and he was made a prisoner in the Tower for fifteen

months. Insignificant as the idea may seem, of a city Pensionary making such a proposition, it was this ultimate act of the Dutch which brought on the war, though the penultimate cause was the vote of the States-General, in the teeth of British gold and intrigue, to join the Armed Neutrality of Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Spain and France. The British government, now irritated beyond measure, demanded, through its minister, Sir Joseph Yorke, who had lived in Holland twenty-seven years, and thought he could dictate Dutch politics, the instant punishment of van Berckel. Summing up all accounts of the indictments against the Republic, in the matter of the salute to the American flag, the hospitable reception to Paul Jones, etc., etc., Sir Joseph threatened immediate war, if reparation was not immediately made.

Our popular idea of Dutch slowness is not a growth of American soil. It is one of hundreds of unfounded notions which we have inherited from the people whose ships were so often humbled on the seas, by the republic older than our own, and who call the Dutch hard names, and talk ironically about "Dutch courage", and, with sincere ignorance and malice, of "Dutch stupidity", and especially of "Dutch slowness",—because the Dutch do their own thinking, and have been again and again, too independent to truckle to British insolence. With exasperating deliberation, the States-General, in the van Berckel affair, took time to consider. Notwithstanding that Sir Joseph Yorke was paying the board, through long weeks, and keeping at anchor a British ship waiting to take the special couriers to London to transmit quickly what he expected; the Dutch finally gave answer, refusing to "precipitate an answer contrary to the Constitution". On this refusal being made, England instantly declared war, which, in those days, the telegraph being unknown, the Dutch did not know of for about a week after the event. When actual hostilities broke out, Dutch courage was found to be something else than what either the misrepresentations of the

British enemy, or the caricatures of Washington Irving, would lead the unthinking inheritor of tradition to believe. In August, 1781, the Dutch admiral, Zoutman, with a greatly inferior force, and with crews of untrained sailors, fought the large fleet of Admiral Parker near the Dogger Bank, for four hours, the Dutch holding their own, and maintaining the best traditions of the days of Tromp, (whom the English invariably call *van* Tromp,) and De Ruyter.

VI. John Adams, appointed minister to the Netherlands, left Paris for Amsterdam, July 27, 1780, putting his two sons in Leyden University, where so many hundreds of Colonial Americans and nearly five thousand British Nonconformists have been educated, he began his diplomatic work at The Hague. He published several pamphlets, in one of which he outlines the history of the American Colonies. He paid a generous tribute to the kindness, the shelter, and hospitality which the Pilgrim Fathers had received in Leyden. He pointed out the fact, that the colonists of two states of New York and New Jersey, were immediate emigrants from the Netherlands, and that "America in general, until her connections with the house of Bourbon, considered the Dutch Republic as her first friend in Europe." Addressing memorials and calling for answers to members of the States-General, requesting the recognition of the United States of America, he continued his personal interviews and writings until exactly one year afterwards, when success crowned his efforts. Mass meetings were held in many of the Dutch cities and petitions in favor of the United States rained in upon the States-General.

VII. The ultra-democratic state of Friesland acted first, public opinion being then already ripe. Seven weeks after the issue of Adams' first memorial, they instructed their delegates in the States-General to send a delegation to the United States. City after city in the Dutch provinces declared itself. Zealand, and then

Overyssel, van der Capellen's state, followed. Finally on the nineteenth of April, 1782, the States-General voted that "Mr. Adams is agreeable, and audience will be granted or commissions signed when he shall demand it."

VIII. Only three days afterward, Mr. Adams, as the accredited minister of the United States of America, received audience of the Stadtholder, William V., Prince of Orange, and soon afterward gave a dinner to the *corps diplomatique*. Even before the negotiation of the treaty between the old and the new republics separated by the sea, money had begun to flow in freely from the Dutch bankers. Twelve loans, aggregating 32,500,000 florins, were made, which helped to pay the troops when Congress was at its wit's end for money.

In 1809, the principal and interest discharged amounted to fourteen millions of dollars.

Within a few months after the negotiations of peace there sailed from Rotterdam hundreds of Dutch emigrants who, in small numbers until about the year 1845, and from that time until the present, by thousands and tens of thousands, have come to our country, forming one of the cleanest, most honest, and most intelligent portions of our national commonwealth.

This completes our task. We have but outlined the facts which deserve closer investigation and greater publicity. When in the Continental Congress, the motion was made to send an American Minister resident to The Hague, Doctor Franklin supported the proposition, by a letter in which he uses these words which must never be forgotten by Americans, "In love of liberty and bravery in the defence of it, Holland has been OUR GREAT EXAMPLE."

The Unresponsive Roll Call at Tattoo.

BY LUTHER R. MARSH.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MAY 9, 1893.

FRIENDS :

It is now fifty-two years since, on the evening of December 30th, 1841, I stood on the platform of Mechanics Hall to address the "Young Men's Association," of Utica. How vividly the scene comes back to me. The lecture room was full of the beauty and manhood of your city, for it was famous then, as now, for both, and I can see, in memory, many who were present, and where, in the room, were the chairs they occupied. Some of them are here to-day, but they are few, as most of that company have bidden adieu to Utica, and entered upon the scenes of another sphere. If any of *those* are with us now, it is in a form too ethereal for our material eyes to recognize.

There comes a time in the life of every man when he should stop. I admired the wisdom of the late Charles B. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, who had long resolved that, when he should arrive at sixty years, he would quit his work ; and he did. But at eighty years the physical man has lost much of his power, his muscles are flabby, his sight apt to be impaired, his memory treacherous, and his voice, however strong it may once have been, dwindled to a tremulous treble. As the occupant of a platform, he "lags superfluous." But, though thus handicapped by years, I could not resist your invitation ; for, methought, that some reminiscences of your own town, of some half a century ago, might not be wholly uninteresting to those on whose shoulders its fabric is now sustained ; as well as to the few, of that olden time, who yet maintain their hold on life. And so I concluded to pronounce a valedic-

tory. But I have been anticipated; for *vale*, VALE, VALE has been already spoken by almost every one of that generation.

A century seems a long time, and yet four of them, tied together, would touch Columbus; and anyone who lived only forty-two and a half centuries ago might have worn crape on his hat at the obsequies of Methuselah.

But even one hundred years reach to a time when obscurity veiled the skies of Utica; and hardly so much is known of it as we know of that Italian Rome, when Romulus and Remus, 2,646 years ago, marked out its bounds.

An occasional hint, not profuse in its information, may be gathered of that time, from the study of a few granite slabs, some leaning, and some quite fallen, whose moss-covered letters are yet decipherable. From one of these rock-histories, it is learned that, one hundred years ago this very year, in 1793, there came hither, to this new settlement, from Norwich, Connecticut, genuine yankees I doubt not, one Gurdon Burchard, and his good wife Elizabeth. He was a brave man, but she was a braver woman. Neither histories nor cemeteries, nor tradition, know of any other individual, who, in that centennial year, planted his home in incipient Utica. Burchard selected his lot and reared his roof in a pleasant location, afterwards christened as Whitesboro street. For this information we are indebted to the unknown engraver who had little thought, I presume, that the rude letters he chiselled on the tombstone would endure so long.

It is easy to imagine that the outlook of the brave saddler and harness-maker was free and unobstructed on every side; and that he had good opportunity to observe the morning and the evening stars. It was no "pent-up Utica"; no walls of brick or stone bounded his vision. His eye was free to roam up and down the Mohawk, and along its sedgy banks; or scan the unnamed New Hartford or Deerfield heights. His ear never pricked at the roar of the locomotive; possibly in the night the music of a wolf's

howl may have come through the window. No sky-piercing chimney-stacks rolled up their black volume to join the clouds. No channel had been furrowed, through which boats might carry their exchanges to the Hudson on the one hand, and to Lake Erie on the other. It required many a year thereafter to gather here a colony of sturdy pioneers as numerous as the tenants of that hospital of dethroned intellects now on your border. Of the citizens of that day not one survives ; and of the fifty-five thousand people now enlivening your city, not one was then alive.

Occasionally an isolated fact of that early time gleams out of the darkness ; as that, four years before the advent of Gurdon and Elizabeth, the widow Damuth sold and conveyed, in consideration of a few drawings of Bohea, the site of Baggs Hotel, now worth a cargo of the real Mocha. The good lady was evidently fond of the exhilarating cup, but she could not have foreseen how many thousand chalices of that delicious beverage would be administered in the century then to follow on the premises she sold. The purchaser, Peter Smith, through the genius, power, and character of his son, Gerrit, has enrolled his name among the memorable ones of American history, and the name of the seller, the tea-loving dame, will be forever perpetuated.

Utica has been fortunate indeed in having so faithful, industrious and capable a chronicler as Dr. Moses M. Bagg. One living in a place likes to know its origin, what scenes have been enacted there, whose feet have in former years imprinted the soil on which he treads, what illustrious men, if any, have there wrought out their destiny. So has your historian taken you back to the beginning, when Old Fort Schuyler was the name by which you were known ; when the only roads leading out from here were paths trodden by the moccasin ; and when the settlement stretched along the margin of the Mohawk, up which the pioneers poled their small batteaux. He shows you that it lacks only five years of a century since your county of

Oneida became incorporate. Beyond you, northward and westward, and south and east, the native forests of the hated hemlock and the useful beech, the wide-spreading elm, and the oval-topped maple, with its pulses of sweetness, shaded the land. It was only penetrable by pushing up the current of the Mohawk and its tributaries. There was no Syracuse; and Rochester, Geneva, and Buffalo, were yet unborn. There came here, to begin your Utica, men of grit and power. Among them came from the Hudson river the Peter Smith, already referred to, who planted a store on the river's edge; since supplanted by that famous hostelry, known so favorably and gratefully all over the Union. To him was born the babe, to whom I have alluded, who was destined to exert a great influence in the career of the nation, and whose infant lispings may have given token of that eloquence, which, in after times, I loved to hear, and of that deep and resonant voice which among all the great actors and singers, I have never yet heard paralleled.

Of the men who one hundred years ago, in 1794, came from the east and drove their stakes at Old Fort Schuyler, there were four, Moses Bagg, John House, Jason Parker, and Apollos Cooper, whose influence, through themselves, and their posterities, has been sovereign, all through your history, and even to the present day, is so benignly felt. I have seen them all, but Mr. House.

To one of these four men, Moses Bagg, you are indebted not only for the hospitalities extended to the world, but, through a descendant who now hears me, for the embalment of your annals in enduring type.

To another, Apollos Cooper, we owe the life and fame of one of the brilliant lawyers for whom Utica has been renowned.

Another, Jason Parker, provided the means by which your predecessors could travel to the east, and to the west, and which brought visitors from all parts of the country to your young and growing town.

Of the last of these four men of 1794, John House, I can only say that a lineal descendant of his, Miss Sallie Holley, this current year went down to the tomb, full of honors as of years. She maintained her place on the platform, in the great crusade for liberty, in the comradeship of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Emerson; and, after the victory, established a school in West Virginia, for the emancipated children of sable hue. It was seventy-six years ago that she gladdened the household of Myron Holley, at Lyons; he, whose shaft of marble at Mount Hope, on the quiet Genesee, carries down the name of one who, with rare eloquence, a divine genius, and heavenly purpose, in the words of Alvan Stewart, "honored a brave humanity in a pusillanimous age." He had sought a wife among the daughters of Utica, and found her in the house of John House.

It is not a little singular that two such stalwart advocates of Liberty, as Gerrit Smith, and Sallie Holley, should trace their origin to Utica.

But I must put aside the fascinations of those early days; for the rest of the acts of the pioneers, their struggles and conflicts, the children who were born here, and the brave men who came to dwell here from other parts; and the records of your growth from the first cabin of unhewn logs, roofed by the trees, to the noble architecture and stately beauty of the present, are they not written in the book of Moses, the historian?

It seems quite in line with the object of your Historical Society, which is, to gather and hold in permanence the records of the past, if, coming down to the last half century, I recall a few reminiscences and give a few glimpses of your town at the beginning of that interesting period.

After an absence of so many years it seems pleasant, indeed, to return to Utica. But, alas, how many gaps old Time has made. Fifty-two years ago I would have nodded to almost every one whom I should meet in going

up and down your beautiful street of Genesee. Now, I should be surprised to see one familiar face. Even ten years make a perceptible change in the population of the staidest place. To me, the people are like the ranks of an army after a furious battle, thinned, decimated, depopulated, but filled with new recruits. Are there fifty, are there thirty, are there twenty, of my old associates left? I look for them in this assemblage, but few of them are here; that is, in corporeal embodiment, however their spirit forms may now surround us. I call aloud for my companions of that day. I call for them by name, but few respond.

Fifty years ago, at the sunrise of life, I would have made the *early* call, when

"All the bugle-breezes blew
" *Reveille* at the breaking morn."

But now, at the retreating evening shades, when so many have already retired, I can only sound the sad signal of Tattoo.

I call for my friend, John H. Edmonds. His place is vacant. He would have been here, I am sure, had he been living. He was a genial mess-mate, ever amiable and lovely. I think no one lives, or has lived, who ever entertained any feeling of unkindness towards Mr. Edmonds. How many a pleasant walk, how many a charming talk, I have had with him. It was our custom to stroll as far as Plant's, then quite in the country. Nature gave him goodly qualities. Edmonds was native born. If ever there was an honest, true, faithful, life-long worker, in his vocation, Edmonds defined that character.

I resume the roll-call. Wallace McCall. No answer. A clear-headed, jovial young lawyer. With what a slow and stately step his father, the skillful physician, used to tramp on his errands of mercy. The fair promise of an eminent manhood was early entombed with Wallace. You and I were intimately associated. You have left empty a place not easily filled. It is a mysterious

Providence that so early transplants the budding flowers of earth.

Eli Cook. You, coming from the same county of Onondaga, were very kind to me when first I, an unsophisticated youth, came to wear the badge of the Oneidas! You had it in your power, by your native gifts, to have stood in the very front rank of the bar of our State. We united in justice's court business for a time, before Squires Pease and Parsons, and in the neighboring towns. But clouds came up from the horizon and overshadowed you. You removed to Buffalo, and for a time held its chief magistracy. Even at that brilliant bar, with Barker, Mullet, H. K. Smith, and Talcott, you maintained your eminence. But alas, the clouds thickened, the skies darkened, and your star went down in sorrow and obscurity. There was no need of it. Thou art, dear Eli, a beacon of warning to the young, proclaiming that a sturdy constitution, large attainments, a quick wit and noble gifts, can not stand before the demon of drink.

Horatio Seymour. Ah! If I could call you, as I used to hear your mother, from the open door when we, as children, were playing on the Pompey green; "Ho-rash-io," "Ho-rash-io," I am sure you would hear. It is but lately that you would have responded, "here." It is only seven years since the Sage of Deerfield might have been seen crossing the dyke; over which I have walked a hundred times to and from the home of my partner, Justus H. Rathbone. It was a pleasant tramp; unlined with houses; one in which I could practice declamation and explode the vowels, without annoyance to neighbors.

I see you clearly,

"In my mind's eye, Horatio,"

as you were three-quarters of a century ago. It was on the heights of Pompey. You anticipated me by three years in coming into this world, and already, more than double that in going into the Spirit world. We were boys together. In the exigencies of my life I mourn the loss of

the pleasant book you gave me when we were not yet in our teens. Your house was on the lesser green ; but it was on the larger one that jumping, wrestling, and ball-playing, and all kinds of sports trained the muscles and settled the constitutions of the Pompey boys.

Often your boyish steps brought you to my father's house; and vivid is the memory of the skill with which, with a pen-knife, you could convert the corn stalks of our garden into handsome sloops, with masts and rigging, to sail in the placid ocean of our *rain-trough* ; for that was the most expansive water-space we could find on Pompey-Hill. Was it this youthful sport, that indicated your future championship of the great canal ?

I followed you to Captain Partridge's Military School, at Middletown, Conn. ; and our rooms were not far apart. You had, as I found there, already taken rank as a speaker, and gave promise of the great future that awaited you.

Again I followed you to Utica. I was instrumental, vicariously, in your coming to this lovely city ; for many years before, at a Democratic State Convention held at Waterloo, my father nominated your father as a candidate for Canal Commissioner. Oft have I heard my father tell how provoked Henry Seymour was that he should be nominated for an office which would take him from the quiet of his charming home, and load his shoulders with the responsibilities of that high office. But, dear Horatio, it was that act which placed you in the very centre of the State, and provided the opportunities which your talents were quick to accept.

And now, within the last few weeks, I have learned, what no one in either of our families ever suspected before, that there was a remote tie of consanguinity between us. For, in the genealogy of the "Marsh Family Association," now just prepared, it is shown, that your grandfather, United States Senator from Vermont, was the son of Mary Marsh, daughter of that heroic Ebenezer Marsh, who led his Connecticut Regiment to Ticonderoga ; and thus, a few

generations back, you and I come to a common ancestor.

Your career was a noble one ; your life stainless and pure. No man, in even the angry debates of political strife, ever charged an unworthy act on you. You gave your life to statesmanship rather than to law. No man understood, so well, the topography, history, needs and capacities of our great State, and so ably stood for the maintenance of her waterways.

Twice were the reins of our State Government placed in your hands ; and, once, many of our States desired, by their votes, that you should assume the direction of our National affairs.

I remember that, with a horse and wagon, you and I started out to canvass the Boonville region, and prove, to the settlers, the benefits of democracy. But, afterward, when the war came on, somehow, we did not march quite so cordially, hand in hand ; but there was never any break in our personal relations. Some letters from you at a later period, are among my autographic treasures.

And now, it is because of you, that I am here to address this Historical Society to-day, for you were its founder.

I call the name of John F. Seymour. There is no answer. You, too, first beheld the sky, and very near it, on the top of my native Pompey, in 1814. But not for this, alone, did'st thou awake my admiration ; but for thine own sweetness of temper, and the loving nature which modified the glances of your sparkling eye. Till 1890, you maintained your foot-hold on the earth ; sustained, so long, by the early liberal draughts of ozone which ever ply around the Pompey Summits.

Ward Hunt. I hear no response. You were of a quiet disposition, and retiring life, and did not mingle much in our young freaks. But honors were held in fortune's hand for you. And so it came to pass, that, rising through gradations, we at last beheld you among the ermined monarchs of the Federal bench ; whose decrees embraced the Continent, and were law from sea to sea. Utica was proud of her boy.

Burton D. Hurlburt. Why no answer, my often adversary? Ah, I remember. - It is five years since the sepulchre closed its doors upon you. No voice speaks audibly from within. I used to wonder at your limited library; Blackstone, the Bible, the Revised Statutes, and a work on Criminal Law. But, somehow, you always found in them a principle in point, to carry your case. An ingenious, formidable foe. I feared you more than any other.

Hiram Hurlburt. I need not listen for your voice; for you have joined your brother. Your modesty would hardly make you known in Spirit world, were not your merit so great as to command recognition.

Charles Hurlburt. You, also, have joined the majority. It was pleasant to see a smile begin and spread over your face, until it rippled over the whole countenance, and burst forth in a hearty laugh.

Huet R. Root, always cheerful and pleasant.

Henry Remsen Hart, "Remp," (as we called you), ardent, lively, generous and responsive to every public service.

George S. Dana, kind and loveable; your steps are no longer heard on the pavement of Genesee.

John G. Floyd, lawyer and editor. An accomplished gentleman and man of wit. Politics ran high, and you were always in the thick of it. You were a grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and had good right to assert your political opinions. You represented Oneida ably in several Congresses. You sought alliance with the distinguished family of Gen. Joseph Kirkland.

We were not always in political accord, dear Mr. Floyd, but you were a genial adversary. I remember how kindly you took a little squib of mine in the *Observer*. Perhaps I will be pardoned if I quote it:

"UNPARALLELED MEETING IN THE THIRD WARD.

"Pursuant to a call published in the *Utica Democrat*, there gathered a large and enthusiastic assemblage of *two individuals*, in the Third Ward, to wit, Andrew S. Pond and John G. Floyd.

The meeting was called to order by the Hon. John G. Floyd, who nominated Mr. A. S. Pond as President. This was put and unanimously carried. Mr. Floyd was nominated by the chairman as secretary, and carried *nem con.* The organization being complete, Mr. Floyd arose and stated the objects of the meeting. He was frequently interrupted by loud manifestations of applause by his numerous auditor. The chair then appointed Mr. Floyd a committee of six, to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. Mr. Floyd retired, leaving the chairman 'solitary and alone', for a few minutes, when he returned and reported. The resolutions were not opposed, except the one against a tariff: the chairman being for a tariff on pig-iron; and the congressman opposed to it. A parliamentary question arose as to the right of the chairman to vote on this resolution. Mr. Floyd insisted that, except in case of a tie—which could not happen here—the presiding officer had no right to vote; and cited, in support of his position, a recent decision of the House of Representatives, on the Tariff Bill, where the same question arose. Mr. Pond yielded to this high authority, and declined voting; whereupon all the resolutions were unanimously carried.

The meeting then proceeded to the appointment of a delegate to the convention to be held at Rome, on the tenth. The strife lay, principally, between the two candidates, to-wit, Mr. Floyd and Mr. Pond. But after several ballotings, without a choice, a compromise was effected by which Mr. Floyd was appointed to represent Mr. Pond; and, should the necessity occur, then Mr. Pond was appointed, as substitute, to represent Mr. Floyd.

A vigilance committee of four, consisting of Mr. Floyd and Mr. Pond, and Mr. Pond and Mr. Floyd, was then appointed.

Mr. Floyd then drew up the credentials, which Mr. Pond signed.

After a motion by Mr. Floyd, seconded by Mr. Pond, no one dissenting, that the proceedings of this most significant concourse of *two people*, should be published in the *Utica Democrat*, edited by Mr. Floyd, the meeting adjourned *nunc pro tunc* and *sine die*."

John G. Floyd was too amiable not to take this little burlesque in good part, and seemed to enjoy it as much as his political adversaries.

Timothy Ossian Grannis, the banker. Thy name I call! Silence is the only reply. You, too, have entered the sepulchre and shut the door. Our friendship was intimate and of long standing. Oft have you told me of your experience as a law student in the office of Aaron Burr. You were a callow youth then, and unfamiliar with the courtesies of life; for once, when Burr came into his office and took off his gloves, you, standing by, took up one

of them and tried it on your hand, whereat the lawyer arose, took the tongs, and lifting the tainted glove from the table, placed it in the fire. Afterward, no one, I think, ever charged you with violating any conventionality.

Certainly, nothing was further from your life, and thought, and mode of expression, than the grandly poetic pictures of your Celtic namesake, but thou wert a model in all duties and amenities of modern life. I will ask, in the language of thy namesake, "When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?"

Frederick Hollister, of the checkered store. Nothing could hold thy ambition in check. A man who, in the quiet Utica of that day, could sum up his indebtedness at nearly two millions, must have had the confidence of the community, and a rare ingenuity for incurring obligations. I remember, as a young attorney, of going to Waterville in quest of some debtor of thine. Much of the way I walked, and you were always ready for a laugh when you recounted my narrative of the pursuit of your attorney by a party of Indians on the way, and his superior agility, and escape. You were bold to audacity in your conceptions; with an energy vast in their consummation; and a sublime faith in your star; which, however, ultimately dropped below the horizon's verge, in cloud and darkness.

Frederick W. Guiteau. I hear your answer, by mental telephone, from Irvington. Thanks for your invitation, in which your beautiful and sparkling sister, joined, to spend the last holiday week with you at your palatial residence on the Hudson. Your father, the eminent physician of Trenton, and Luther, his no less valued son, have gone beyond the veil. Fortune has been kind to you, and you took rank with the merchant princes of the land in our metropolis. Utica, as she counts her jewels, can not afford to forget you, or to let you forget her.

Hamilton Spencer. What an inheritance you were endowed withal; partaking of those paternal qualities which made your father so renowned, clearness of perception,

quickness of insight, and a gift of happy expression. But the great West,—the great West, then, but the great East, now,—claimed you, and Burlington, in Illinois, became familiar with your presence. You, too, have left the contests of the earthly bar.

Dexter Gilmore. I hear no answer. There was a partition wall between us, only, as you turned the pages of Blackstone in the office of Samuel Dakin. It was there you acquired those principles which enabled you, for some thirty years, to administer the office of dispensing justice in the city. I never felt more honored than when, in after life, as I entered your court room for a social call, the case on trial was suspended, and you, the judge, and the counsel, among whom was Roscoe Conkling, rose to greet me.

Charles H. Doolittle. Notwithstanding that your constitution was impaired by the intense labors of your college life, yet, in the subsequent duties of manhood, your days were spent in diligence, and your nights in study. Thus industry came in aid of native force, and after a triumphant career in the arena, the bench beckoned you to its honored seat. Too brief, indeed, was your useful and noble life.

Edward S. Brayton. What ! Do I not catch your voice ? Your ambition did not yearn for the conspicuous conflicts of the bar. You sought a quiet life in the retirement of office business, and, like Lord Bacon, amidst the efflorescence of your garden ; though ever ready, in all public concerns, to emerge, and advance to the front, for yeoman's service.

John G. Crocker. Even your low voice has sunk into complete silence. When I came to Utica, nearly sixty years ago, and entered the office of James Watson Williams, then our clerk in chancery, I found you there ; and for a long time, you and I kept up the large folios and voluminous records of that court. An unconquerable modesty prevented your assuming the position due to your uncommon talents ; and you were content to pursue the noiseless

tenor of your way in an unobtrusive life. You were held in high esteem by men who could appreciate your worth, your excellent judgment, varied learning, and amiability. Afterwards you became more widely known as a legal author, and your work on the office of sheriff took its place in every lawyer's library as an authority. It was not till 1888 that you laid aside the impediments of the flesh.

You remember, John, that whenever I passed through Utica and found you not at meals at Baggs hotel, I always left a scrap of rhyming salutation under your plate.

The last time was when you and I were associated as counsel in a case before Judge Merwin ; Kernan and his sons on the other side. It was an action against Mrs. Welles, of New York, formerly of Wellsville, at the junction of the Chemung and Susquehanna, reviewing a trade or exchange of a farm in Chemung for the famous Buchanan house at Utica.

Let me recall the hasty lines I penned in your office on not finding you in, when, the day before the trial, I called for a consultation :

“TO JOHN G. CROCKER :

Now, Crocker dear, my honest John,
Thou shalt not 'scape me thus,
For I will either see you now
Or raise a mighty muss.

The cause which you and I must try
Demands a consultation ;
What proof to give, what points let fly,
For Kernan's botheration.

The “ consideration,” we'll consider ;
And the evidence so pat,
That our fair client—we may rid her
Of Kernan, Symonds, Pratt.

Whatever flaw the lynx may find
In previous indenture,
Can not be urged to harm *our* case,
Or cause judicial censure.

Where Susquehanna rolls her flood
In confluence with Chemung,
There lies as rich alluvial soil
As Virgil ever sung.

A score of barns, and houses, too,
Adorn its verdant breast ;
Fences divide its various lots,
By North and South, by East and West.

A race-course, all within the grounds,
A level circle lies,
Where Ukraine or where Yankee steed,
On hoofs, like pinions, flies.

A woodland stretches far and wide,
A hundred acres o'er,
And mighty monarchs of the grove
Stand as they did of yore.

The steam-horse on his iron track,
From all the country round,
Will snort, and take you on his back,
And land you near the ground.

Six hundred acres,—broad domain—
A city's site might be ;
For pent-up Utic's narrow plot,
She gave a deed, in fee.

As bright October takes its flight,
Ere yet the indian summer ;
We two will harness for the fray ;
You fight, and I'll be drummer.

At Bagg's Hotel I stop the night,
Where all the boys of old
In jolly conclave passed the hours
In Churchill's cheerful fold.

What fun we had, what jokes we cracked,
Around the blazing hearth,
Where, gathered from our daily toil,
We sought our nightly berth !

Edmonds—"Two Guns" his Indian name,—
Now portly, grave, and grey ;
Charles Hurlburt, with contagious laugh,
Eb. Sherman's sprightly way.

Doolittle, since our honored Judge,
And Kernan, in the Senate,
Both men of good and large repute,
It gives me joy to pen it.

Remp. Hart, Guiteau and Huet Root,—
These were by no means all—
For there were Thomas,—Doctor Hunt,
Barrett and Wall, McCall.

But not to boys of Bagg's alone
Did we confine the racket ;
For oft from neighboring houses came
McDonough, Bedlow, Hackett.

E'en older men join'd in the sport,
 And jested round the lamp;
 For instance, our good banker, Welles,
 And staid old Harry Camp.

Sometimes uproarious we became,
 So that the guests did wonder
 At merry peals that shook the doors,
 As loud as peals of thunder.

Alas! alas! the remnant small;
 You, I, and other few;
 How easily the living count
 Of all that happy crew!

Though Doolittle were on the Bench,
 And Kernan, advocate,
 Injunction ne'er could be obtained,
 'Gainst grim old Time and Fate.

How to give Sheriff valid bail,
 Thous't told, with erudition;
 But how give slip to the grand bailiff,
 Please tell, in the next edition!

Sorrowfully, gladly, and cordially,
 Yours."

And it seems, dear Crocker, that you were not able to study out any method of evading service of the final summons.

This little impromptu you will remember as a sample of the salutations I used to waft to you, as I came to Utica. Fortunate were we in our trial, for, through you and the right, our fair client prevailed.

Francis Kernan, is next on the catalogue. You staid with us till last September; after a life of labor that might well have worn you out more quickly. I vividly remember when you came from the western part of our State, to turn over the leaves of Kent and Starkie in the great office of Joshua A. Spencer. You did not neglect the high endowments with which nature gifted you; but cultivated them to the full. Your countrymen appreciated you, and lifted you into their high offices; and faithfully you served them. But we of your age, did at that time, most enjoy that hilarious spirit which, in the kindest temper, enlivened our associations. As joint editor, with Crocker, Doolittle and myself, you helped carry on that campaign

paper, called the "Sledgehammer," to aid the democratic cause. You stood by the faith to the end; while I have wandered away into the Republican fold. You still live in a numerous posterity.

Truman K. Butler. Your modest voice could scarce be heard, were you on the stage of action now. But your kind deeds spoke loudly, and their echoes have not yet died away. For over sixty years, you grew with the growth of Utica, and when you left this sphere you bore the respect of every citizen. Thou wert, indeed, a *truman*, as if thy christeners foresaw thy character.

Alexander S. Johnson. Your intellectual machinery moved so easily that it was a pleasure to you to study and to think. You rose from rank to rank, until you found yourself on the Bench of the Circuit Court of the United States; a judge in whom all the elements for a judicial station were most admirably united.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to quote from remarks I made at the meeting of the bar in the city of New York, on the occasion of his departure for the higher life, in February, 1878. Will you pardon it, for it contains some Utican reminiscences:

"An early acquaintance with Judge Johnson, ere he came to the bar, and since continued, may give me warrant, perhaps, for a single word. He, to honor whose memory we have met, received an inheritance from his country which he was proud to maintain. His mother was the daughter of the second son of President John Adams. As early as 1797, ere Utica had received the christening of its present name, while yet it was known only as "Old Fort Schuyler," his grandfather, Bryan Johnson, was a prominent and valued citizen, and contributed largely to the impulse the infant city received in its growth and prosperity. Concurrent with the present century, from the beginning down to a recent date, his father, Alexander B. Johnson, was one of the foremost men of Utica, in commerce, in influence, in finance, in literature. And so it happened that the departed jurist came to his profession through a youth and education of uncommon advantage. All that could be done by affluence, by social position, by appliance, by stimulus to effort, was his; and these advantages fell not on unfruitful ground. He had an intuitive apprehension, a great intellectual capacity, and was quick to appropriate and assimilate the bene-

fits that I have mentioned. He took delight in scientific research, and was a man of general culture and scholarly attainments. Not content with surface views, he liked to think out principles to their last analysis. He was peculiarly well fitted, as I think, for success at the bar, for forensic debate, and for the presentation and argument of the principles that obtain in the administration of justice. He was endowed with a sweet and magnetic voice, and most winning manner.

“But he was not to stay in the arena long. The Bench was his destiny. It was there that the largest portion of his business life was spent, in the exercise of the Godlike prerogative of applying the principles of law to the rights of men. That he performed this duty with inflexible integrity and rare ability, in recorded opinions which stand as landmarks in the troubled sea of controversy, and to the acceptance of all, is conceded by all. I have often thought that if fortune had given him a seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, he would have been most admirably adapted for the wider range of the majestic tribunal, before which come, for adjudication, the conflicting interests of the whole country, and whose voice is authoritative to its utmost bounds.

“I have noticed, by the newspapers, that the Bar of Utica, in his own native County of Oneida, are meeting to testify a similar honor to that which we render to his memory to-day. The City of Utica, as the City of New York, claims him as her own. That city has done credit to her position as the geographical centre of the State, by making it, from early time, the legal centre as well. She has produced the ablest lawyer, as such, whom our State, and, as I think, our country has seen, Samuel A. Talcott. His scarcely less famous partner, William H. Maynard, has sent down to us a reputation for transcendent ability, as a lawyer, and fabulous powers of memory. Since then, she counts, among her ornaments, Greene C. Bronson, Henry R. Storrs, Joseph Kirkland, and his son, Charles P. Kirkland, Joshua A. Spencer, Samuel Beardsley, Hiram Denio, and William Curtis Noyes. She has furnished for our State, in succession, three Attorney-Generals, Talcott, Bronson, Beardsley. At the time of the death of the eminent jurist whom we mourn, she filled two seats on the Bench of the highest Courts of the United States; one in the Circuit Court, which his lamented death leaves vacant, and one on the Supreme Bench at Washington. And even now, at this very hour, the Senatorial representation of the great State of New York is filled by her two citizens, Roscoe Conkling and Francis Kernan. Utica, so highly favored, now enrolls, with pride, while yet in sorrow, the name of Alexander S. Johnson on the bright scroll of her departed sons. We, of New York, claim him too; and there as here, the Bench and Bar, laying this tribute on his tomb, in a common sympathy mourn their loss, and hold his memory in honor.”

Henry Mandeville. Too often have I heard your eloquent voice from the pulpit, not to call thy name. You succeeded the princely preacher, George W. Bethune, in the Reformed Dutch Church, and well sustained the pulpit's reputation. So clear were your discourses that I have often, on returning home, written them off, nearly in full ; and sometimes to your own amazement. Of noble, portly bearing corporeally, and intellectually a grand teacher in Israel. Your work on the "Elements of Oratory" have held the right standards up before our youth. It was with regret, indeed, that I heard that the fell tyrant of our Southern climate had ended your career of usefulness on earth.

Samuel B. Garvin. You came to us from Otsego county. We used to measure swords before Squire Parsons. It was only by skillful dodging that I could avoid the strokes of your ponderous falchion.

We took a pleasant journey together in 1843, just fifty years ago next month. It was to hear the oration of Webster on the completion of the Monument of Bunker Hill. On the way we heard that every bed in Boston was engaged, and so we stopped for the night at Worcester, forty miles this side. But well were we repaid for our delay by a visit to the shop of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith ; though no fire flamed on its forge, and no song sang from its anvil. A card, however, brought him to our rooms in the evening, which was enriched by his discourse. The next morn, with expectation on tip-toe, we stood on the slope of Bunker Hill, thrilled with the associations ; and heard, resounding over the heads of a hundred thousand people, the magnificent voice and periods of the orator. How majestic he stood, as, in his rich, deep intonations, he exclaimed :

"The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the high eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea, and visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the

last, and a monitor to the present and to all succeeding generations.
 * * * * * It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it a character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the speaker of this occasion.
 * * * * * The potent orator stands motionless before us."

When, years after, in 1876, the stately and truthful statue of Webster was unveiled, in the Central Park of the City of New York, and Robert C. Winthrop, and William M. Evarts were dedicating the occasion, as I listened to their eloquence I could not help thinking how appropriate it would be for one of them to have applied to the statue the same language Webster had directed to the Bunker shaft ; that is, "The statue is, itself, the speaker ; the potent orator stands motionless before us."

On the next day after the Bunker Hill oration, I presented you to Mr. Webster, at our hotel, and he traced for you, with his finger, on the table, the evolutions of the troops on that eventful day.

In the afternoon, we heard the eloquent Justice Story deliver a lecture to his class, at Cambridge. It was a memorable journey.

Years after, it came to pass, that I tried many a cause under your presiding justiceship in the New York Superior Court.

You should have lived a hundred years ; for so many, I thought, were bound up in your constitution. But, suddenly, in 1891, you let go your hold on material things.

Charles Edwards Lester. It was at Detroit, and quite recently, that you crossed the line. How well I remember when, in a small room at Pond's Temperance House, you wrote "The Glory and Shame of England," a book that traversed the country like wild-fire. Since then, for many years, we were thrown into intimate communion ; and I listened with delight and wonder, as you dictated to a stenographer portions of that compendious and sparkling history, entitled, "Our First Hundred Years."

Roscoe Conkling. There is no echo. I knew you not

so well: till in after life. A great number of valued qualities centered in you. Unquailing courage, incorruptible integrity, great power of thought, a superior gift of expression, readiness and insight, an intuitive perception of the right, a memory holding its inscription like brass; loyalty to the Republic; a born orator, a noble patriot, with a commanding presence, towering in stature, and handsome in form and feature; such wert thou, friend Roscoe, when, in the Senate you maintained the honor of our State, and when, at the bar, we met you in opposing advocacy. Utica may well record your name high on the scroll of her eminent ones. And all must regret that you do not respond in person, to this day's roll-call.

But I must pause in my enumeration, leaving many cherished ones unnamed, for time will not allow me to call the list to the end. I have chanced on a few with whom I was most familiar.

I could recount various anecdotes, were not the hour glass exhausted some time ago.

As of the old Squire, who, on returning late at night, in his cups, encountered a potash kettle full of water, and must need tumble in. Some early riser found him immersed, with his head over one edge, and his heels over the other. "Why, Squire," he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?" To which the sobered Squire replied, hesitatingly, "I seem to be—in a—potash kettle—as it were."

As of John Butterfield, on the trial trip of his new steamer, on Lake Ontario, to which many, myself included, were invited. He presided at the banquet on board; and on being asked to say grace, bent reverently over the table saying, "Yours truly, J. Butterfield." The most compendious grace, and full of meaning.

As of John Parker, who when a stage driver from the New Hampshire Mountains applied for service, said, "I have a stage ready for a trip to Whitesboro; mount the seat and drive." On their return, he said, as he alighted, "a man who can drive to Whitesboro and back, and hit

every stone, and run through every rut on the way, can avoid them, if he will. I will employ you."

As of Thomas Hastings, the great musician, originator of the "Musica Sacra," and author of many hundred hymns and versions of psalms, who was near-sighted to such degree that walking against a cow in the street he retreated a little, removed his chapeau, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam."

Those times, I have always thought, were the halcyon days of Utica, perhaps because they were rainbowed with the hopes of youth.

The offices were thronged with young men of promise, some of whom I have enumerated. Utica was a more important center, relatively, then than now. Your merchants were affluent and known over the State. Rival cities had not sprung up around you. The great stage and canal routes transferred their passengers here, instead of whisking them through your suburbs.

Here gathered many of the great lawyers of the country, among them :

The imposing and stately orator, Joshua A. Spencer.

The keen, discriminating Beardsley, who, so erect and stern, would see credit perish, and commerce perish, ere he would swerve from what he deemed his duty. In his office I learned to study.

Augustine G. Dauby, always benign and pleasant. It was with a courtly grace you welcomed my crude contributions,—the product of a 'prentice hand,'—to the columns of the *Observer*.

Alvan Stewart, the man of genius, whose eloquence was persuasive, whose philosophy was grand, whose humour was resistless, and whose philanthropy was unbounded.

And Hiram Denio, clear as crystal and solid as the rock ;

And Charles P. Kirkland, whose perceptive organs took in and quickly arranged the most complicated facts ;

And William J. Bacon, who invested with literary grace whatever subject he touched ;

And Benjamin F. Cooper, who would spin the finest texture on the wheel of law ;

And William Curtis Noyes, who was to take his place among the magnates of the great city ;

And the brothers Tracy, Charles and William, industrious and learned ;

And Thomas H. Flandrau, a man who boxed the circle of the Sciences, and whose words fell, from tongue or pen, in classic beauty.

David Wager. A stalwart Titan ; I have good cause to remember him ; for it was by his selection that I was chosen to take position, as attorney, in the office of Henry R. Storrs, in the City of New York, in 1836 ; and thus he was an important factor in the turn of my own fate.

And Charles A. Mann ; whose placid face it was a benediction to meet.

Philo Gridley. The steam Judge ! whose perceptions were electric ; and to whom fatigue seemed a stranger.

Orsamus B. Matteson, who carried an immense enthusiasm into his profession.

James Watson Williams, in whose office I labored, faithfully, on the ponderous tomes, a man of gentle nature and highest culture.

I have confined my brief mention to the men of my own time, in Utica, and omitted the preëminent names of a former generation ; of Samuel A. Talcott, of William H. Maynard, of Greene C. Bronson, and others.

Its business and commercial men, of that day, were high in estimation : John Williams, Samuel Stocking, Montgomery Hunt, Alexander B. Johnson, S. D. Childs, Samuel Farwell, Lewis Lawrence, Alfred Munson, the Brothers Devereux, Alrick Hubbell, Faxton, Holmes,—well, if I should name them all, I should take up all your time in the bare enumeration.

Can any other place, of equal size, parallel this catalogue ? Surely, Utica, and her citizens, though her population should change, and new generations, who know not

Joseph, should fill its marts, its streets, its homes, yet should, and doubtless will, ever take pride in the great and good names which have renowned the city.

With such specimens of grand and noble manhood, and of divine capabilities, and useful lives, within the limits of a single city, and of a few years, we cannot bewail the progress of our race ; but must look forward with pride and joy to its future evolution.

Does this review of our departed friends diffuse any feeling of sadness, or tinge with melancholy, their vacant places ? Nay ; nay ; rather does it impart a sentiment of joy, that they, relieved from infirmities, impediments, struggles, pains, and sorrows, are in the fluent life of the spirit-world ; and that, ere long, we shall embrace them in the renewal of friendships, of a fuller soul-love, and ever enduring.

All these have vanished from the visible sphere. But some there were, of that half century ago, with constitutions of superior texture, and tougher fibre ; and who yet remain. I see them before me. They are yet in active life. Their eyes are bright, and their greeting warm and kindly.

Thus have I contributed a few items of personal incident to the records of your society. A new generation from the one I have been speaking of will soon take up the duty of preserving a record of the men and doings of the present time. It may be, that, a hundred years hence, some mention may be made of this day's proceedings. May all our memories be embalmed on the historic page, as men who acted wisely and well in their day and generation. And may we, our real selves, bending our ears from the celestial dome, feel only joy at the words we then shall hear.

Watauga and Franklin.

TWO EPISODES OF EARLY UNITED STATES HISTORY.

BY REV. OLIVER ADDISON KINGSBURY.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY, NOV. 8, 1892.

It is one of the interesting episodes of our American history that the first free and independent State formed among us was organized, not in one of the older colonies, but in what was then a most remote region. It was organized, too, some years before the Declaration of Independence fired the hearts of the colonists and united them in a common purpose to throw off the yoke of allegiance to the British crown.

The great struggle of the Revolution occupies so large a space in our thought of those times that we are in danger of overlooking the movements that were taking place in the newer settlements into which population had even then begun to flow, and into which it continued to flow with ever increasing rapidity while the war was still raging. It is true, moreover, that the character of the people who formed those settlements, the local government which they set up, the foothold which they gained in the territory west of the Appalachians, were essential elements in the foundation of our whole northwest. We possibly might not have possessed the great interior of our country at all, we certainly should not have possessed it so early in our history, had it not been for the sturdy pioneers who made their settlements on the western slopes of the great mountain chain and in the valleys adjacent.

The earliest date that seems to be assigned for the white man's discovery of this part of the country is 1754. In that year, James McBride, with a small company, passed

down the Ohio river, landed at the mouth of the Kentucky, and marked a tree with his initials. Daniel Boone is sometimes thought to have made an expedition into this territory in 1760, but the date is doubtful. It is known, however, as certain, that early in June, 1769, he came with his companions into the "blue grass" region of Kentucky. His expedition was promoted by Richard Henderson, of North Carolina, who seems to have been something of a speculator, and who availed himself of Boone's knowledge of woodcraft in exploring the country. The first explorers of the region that is now embraced in the State of Kentucky were not able to maintain their hold. The Indians were hostile, and when the war—one of the numerous Indian wars—came to an end in 1774, there were no whites left in Kentucky, nor in what is now middle Tennessee. It may, however, be said in passing, that in March, 1775, Boone succeeded in establishing the first settlement in Kentucky that had the elements of permanency. This was at the town which perpetuates the hardy woodsman's name—Boonsborough.

The impulse to settlement in the region west of the mountains came, in part at least, through the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768, in which the Six Nations agreed to surrender to the English all the lands lying between the Ohio and the Tennessee, which then was called the Cherokee. An old proclamation of the British king had forbidden such settlements, but the colonists were ready to make the treaty a pretext for disregarding the prohibition, and to push into the country, which, after all, was debatable territory. It is not known who were the aboriginal dwellers in this region, the Six Nations claiming it by the right of conquest. By the time the pioneers came to settle in it, it had ceased to be, perhaps it never had been, the settled residence of the more modern aboriginal tribes. The valley in which the early settlements were made lay directly in the track of the Indian marauding parties. It was in the line of the great "War trace," over which the

Algonquins from the north and the Appalachians from the south, passed back and forth in their wars. It is no wonder that the region received its fateful designation of "the dark and bloody ground."

The first permanent settlers of what is now the eastern part of Tennessee, came to that region late in 1768 and early in 1769. They made their homes upon the Watauga. The territory was supposed at first to belong to Virginia, but was found, when the lines were run, to belong to North Carolina. The great mountain wall, however, shut it off largely from the latter colony, while the water courses through the valleys brought it into more easy communication with the former. It was natural, then, that the first settlers of the territory should come thither from Virginia rather than from North Carolina. Some of them came from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and there was in them a large strain of Scotch-Irish blood, enough to give a decided tone to the increasing population. These men were substantial and intelligent, and their wives were like unto them. The women, as well as the men, fronted danger without flinching. It was true of them—if not in the very infancy of their settlement, at least before many years had passed—that "the church, the school house and the college grew up with the log-cabins, and the classics were taught where glass windows were unknown, and books were carried in bags upon pack-horses."

The Watauga and Holston, as has been said, were more easily reached from Virginia than from North Carolina, but the unsettled and unsatisfactory condition of affairs in the latter colony, was a reason for the continual emigration thence to the settlements west of the mountains. The notorious William Tryon was then Governor of North Carolina, and his administration was a series of tyrannies. But the people were as resolute against British rule as their brethren in the more northern colonies. They would not permit a sheet of the hated stamped paper to be landed, and it was in North Carolina that the Mecklen-

burg Declaration was promulgated, antedating the more famous one adopted in Philadelphia. There were many liberty loving and sturdy men that went from North Carolina—largely from its western counties—to the Watauga, and they contributed their proportion to the character of the settlement. The fact that, as always in new settlements, there were some lawless and irresponsible individuals among them, does not derogate from the credit which, as a whole, they deserve. The majority of them went to find a refuge from foreign tyranny.

It was natural that matters in these infant settlements should be in a more or less chaotic condition. The earliest settlers, as has been mentioned, supposed themselves to be within the jurisdiction of Virginia, while, as was found in 1771, they were within the boundaries of North Carolina. They were, therefore, not under the laws of the Old Dominion, nor could they look to its government to guarantee their rights against the Indians. The mountain wall made it impracticable to look for help to North Carolina, even had there been any hope of a just government at the hands of such a man as Tryon. The general claim to the land had been acquired, of course, under the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and there had been some further adjustment of boundaries. But the titles were, after all, precarious; and between "tomahawk rights," "cabin rights," and the lawlessness of some, who, in these days, we would call "claim-jumpers"—men who enforced their demands by giving "laced jackets" with "a few good hiccories" to those who opposed them—there was no end to the confusion. Add to this the trouble made by the mere adventurers who drifted into the settlements, because either they had been thrust out from the older communities, or had floated thence as scum floats on a current. Add still further the perils which continually menaced the settlers at the hands of hostile and faithless Indians, and it will be seen that some strong and wise measures were necessary to preserve the existence and insure the prosperity of the settlements.

But the Watauga pioneers were equal to the emergency. They were not hampered by traditions nor bound by theories. They seem to have had an abundance of good common sense. They saw that in their condition of isolation from the rest of the people, they must depend upon themselves. It would not do to let matters drift; they must have a government of some sort, both for protection from without, and to keep equity within. A convention was called early in the spring of 1772, and it was decided to adopt written articles of agreement by which their conduct should be governed. This agreement was entitled "Articles of the Watauga Association." It is notable that it was not only the first written constitution adopted west of the mountains, but was also the first adopted by a community of American-born freeman. Watauga, in point of fact, heads the list of the republics which have made these United States so great a nation. Its people "never acknowledged British rule, and never required British protection."

The articles of the Association provided for a representative assembly of thirteen members, which was duly elected at a general convention. The assembly chose five persons as a committee or court to carry on both the judicial and executive functions of the miniature government. Prominent among these men were James Robertson and John Sevier, who, differing widely in natural gifts and attainments, were each of conspicuous service to their fellow settlers, and, indeed, in no small degree to the country at large. Sevier afterward became the first governor of Tennessee, when that commonwealth was founded. The system of government which these men and their compatriots formed, was simple and practical. They regarded the essence as of more importance than the forms of law. Justice was speedy, for we read that a horse-thief was arrested on Monday, tried on Wednesday, and hung on Friday, of the same week, in the course of regular judicial process.

Besides thus in an emphatic and summary way keeping the peace within itself, the Watauga government was efficient in protecting its people from the ravages of the Indians, and also in securing to them titles to the lands they occupied. The personal influence of James Robertson, his skillful and courageous negotiations with the Indians—among whom he sometimes went alone—were of great value in protecting the settlements from hostilities; but when hostilities did come, with such men as he and Sevier as leaders, the people were able on the whole to defend themselves. Negotiations in regard to land titles seem, however, to have occupied almost as large a place as hostilities in the history of the infant republic. Richard Henderson, who has been mentioned as backing Daniel Boone in his explorations, formed a company for the further development of the country, and by fair and open negotiation with the Cherokees, at Watauga, in the autumn of 1774, made a treaty by which two deeds were secured, giving title to much and valuable land. These instruments, called the Path Deed and the Great Deed, gave title respectively to lands on the Holston and on the Ohio. Both Virginia and North Carolina claimed the benefit of these cessions, but the "Henderson Grants" seem to have held as the basis of title in spite of the opposition of the older colonies. The Watauga Association, holding its lands under a lease of eight years, obtained them in fee by the payment of "the sum of two thousand pounds, lawful money of Great Britain," to O-con-os-to-ta, "Chief Warrior and first Representative of the Cherokees." The patents to individual settlers of the lands thus secured seem to have held.

The government thus formed and thus administered, continued for six years. While it lasted, the region controlled by the Watauga Association was the best governed part of North Carolina. The Association was not in revolt against the Colony from which some of its people had come. It was simply the expression of the need the set-

tlers felt for self-protection. During the latter part of this time, however, there seems to have been a partial assumption of the government by North Carolina. This came about naturally under the circumstances. The struggle of the colonies with Great Britain was increasing. These men west of the mountains, though isolated, were by no means mere idle spectators of the conflict. Their interests were all enlisted in the struggle for independence. In answer to the utterance of the Virginia Convention of 1776, the inhabitants on the Watauga and Holston set forth that "they were deeply impressed with a sense of the distresses of their American brethren, and would, when called upon, with their lives and fortunes, lend them every assistance in their power." The Watauga settlements do not appear to have been represented in the Provincial Congress which assembled in Newbern, N. C., August 25, 1774, and which was one of the steps which the colonists took toward a complete independence of British rule. But a little later they sent a petition, asking to be annexed to North Carolina. This does not seem to have been because their own government was inadequate for local needs, but because it was felt that strength would come to them from a closer alliance with their countrymen east of the mountains, and who were now fully enlisted in the struggle with the mother country

It is evident that this petition was granted, as there were representatives from this region in the Congress which assembled at Halifax, N. C., November 12, 1776. It is noteworthy that this territory was designated by this North Carolina Congress as "Washington District, Watauga Settlement," which is probably the first use of the name, Washington, in the country. Justices of the peace and militia officers were appointed for the new county, and by the close of 1777 the Watauga Association had come to an end. But it had served a useful purpose during its brief life. It had consolidated the fibre of the young settlements and had made them inviting to new comers.

The foundations of society had been laid in an entirely new country. The soldiers of the little republic had been sent on toilsome and dangerous, but patriotic, expeditions against a savage enemy, but they had thus served an apprenticeship which was to stand them in good stead later on. One incidental but greatly valuable result was that what was known as the Wilderness Road was covered, and so Kentucky and the Northwest was held for the time coming when a mighty tide of emigration under American auspices should pour into it. But the Watauga settlers were not factionists. They met a practical necessity with a practical expedient. When the need came, not simply now for local self-government, but for coöperation with their fellow countrymen in the great struggle for independence, their little State was given up, and the less was merged in the greater. Watauga illustrates the Anglo-Saxon capacity for self-government, its readiness to adapt means to ends, its love of liberty regulated by law.

The Watauga Association came to an end by the close of 1777. The years that immediately followed were the most strenuous of the Revolutionary struggle. This region, however, continued to grow in population in spite of the war; indeed, it grew rapidly. When the earliest settlers felt the need of organization and formed the Watauga Association, there were two or three hundred people in the territory. By 1783 there was a population estimated at upwards of ten thousand souls in the region between the Holston, the Cumberland, and the hills. They were under the government of North Carolina, and had a representation in her Legislature, but naturally they were, to a large extent, isolated. Traveling over the mountains was slow, and travelers were comparatively infrequent. It took considerable time for news to pass from the seaboard into this far-off region.

When the Revolutionary war ended and peace was proclaimed, the country, indeed, was free from the foreign yoke, but it was in a state of exhaustion. The Conti-

mental Congress was but a makeshift ; public matters in general were in confusion ; public creditors were clamorous for the payment of the debts which Congress had incurred in the prosecution of the war. It was recommended repeatedly to the States owning vacant lands that they throw them into the common stock in order to help in defraying the expenses of the war. North Carolina was one of the States which responded to this appeal, taking action at the Assembly at Hillsborough, in June, 1784. She ceded for this purpose twenty-nine millions of acres of her territory west of the mountains, rich grass land and woodland; providing, however, that if Congress did not accept the ceded territory within two years the act was to be nugatory and void.

It was one of the consequences of this action that it practically left the people west of the mountains without a government. The North Carolina Bill of Rights had made provision for the formation of a new State or States out of her western territory. Hence, she did not feel inclined to take any steps on behalf of the people in that region that would involve a charge upon her treasury. The new organization, if one were formed, should bear its own expenses. Congress, on the other hand, would do nothing for these people, for the cession of the lands had not been accepted. It was in many respects a repetition of the early Watauga experience of a dozen years before, only now a much larger population was to be dealt with.

The condition of things was critical. The French and Spaniards looked with unfriendly eyes upon these growing settlements, and they did not hesitate to directly or indirectly stir up the Indians to aggression upon them. There was also the need of preserving order in the community itself, now so much enlarged over former times. But Robertson and Sevier, and their companions, were still prominent in the community, and these men were equal to the emergency. They did over again essentially what they had done in 1772.

A convention was called which met at Jonesborough, August 23, 1784. Resolutions were passed declaring that it was expedient that Washington, Sullivan and Greene counties, particularly affected by the cession bill, should form themselves into an association and "combine themselves together, in order to support the present laws of North Carolina, which may not be incompatible with the modes and forms of laying off a new State." The convention further claimed the right to petition Congress to accept the cession made by North Carolina, and "for that body to countenance us in forming ourselves into a separate government." The right of holding a convention from time to time, as might seem necessary, was also claimed. The resolutions added, "When any contiguous part of Virginia shall make application to join this association, after they are legally permitted, either by the State of Virginia, or other power having cognizance thereof, it is our opinion that they be received to enjoy the same privileges that we do, may or shall enjoy." The convention looked to internal harmony in claiming the right to prescribe such regulations as the good of the community from time to time seemed to require. It had regard to representation in the Federal Government, in that it claimed the right to send a representative to Congress, to present the situation to that body. Such a representative was sent in the person of William Cooke, and due provision was made for his support.

Besides the pressing necessity of the situation, a number of reasons were urged in the convention for the establishment of a separate government. Among these was the belief that such action would induce settlers in great numbers to come into the region, and that thus agriculture and manufactures would be advanced and literature be encouraged. This last item is noticeable when we remember the primitive condition of society and the narrow surroundings in which men found themselves. Then it was urged—the wish being evidently the father of the thought—

that the "seat of government being among themselves would evidently tend, not only to keep a circulating medium in gold and silver among us, but draw it from the individuals living in other States." They had the hope also that many travelers would be drawn to the region, out of curiosity or on business, who would expend a good deal of money among them. Located in this isolated region, they felt that their own interests should not be sacrificed to promote those of the eastern counties. The earnestness of purpose and the high ideals of these settlers are indicated by the following resolution adopted by the convention: "As the welfare of the community also depends much on public spirit, benevolence and regard to virtue, we, therefore, unanimously agree to improve and cultivate these, and to discountenance everything of a contradictory and repugnant nature."

In all this it would seem to be completely evident that there was nothing of a spirit of rebellion against the mother State. It was simply that North Carolina had left them outside of her protection, the Federal Government had not taken them up, and so they did what the circumstances rendered imperative—they set out to take care of themselves. The change was so quietly effected that it scarcely seemed to have taken place. The existing laws of North Carolina were continued in force until a new constitution could be adopted. John Sevier was chosen Governor of the new State, and the men who held commissions from North Carolina were, for the most part, put into corresponding offices under the new regime, an arrangement which gave general satisfaction.

A brief description of the Court House at Greenville, where the convention met to form a new constitution, November 14, 1785, will indicate the primitive condition of things in this region. It was built of unhewn logs, and covered with clapboards. It was occupied by the court at first without a floor or a loft. It had one opening only for an entrance which was not yet provided with a shutter.

Windows were not needed either for ventilation or light, the intervals between the logs being a good substitute for them. But log walls are as conducive as marble to the formation of a good constitution. It is interesting to note the character of a constitution which was proposed to the convention. It was not adopted, indeed it was violently opposed by some members ; but it had some remarkable features, which are an index to the character of many of the people of this isolated little commonwealth.

It was proposed to provide for but a single house of representatives. There was to be a property qualification for voters. Such a provision as the following was proposed, "No person shall be eligible or capable to serve in this or any other office in the civil department of this State, who is of an immoral character, or guilty of such flagrant enormities as drunkenness, gaming, profane swearing, lewdness, Sabbath-breaking, or such like ; or who will, either in word or writing, deny any of the following propositions, viz :

1st. That there is one living and true God, the Creator and Governor of the universe.

2d. That there is a future state of rewards and punishments.

3d. That the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are given by divine inspiration.

4th. That there are three divine persons in the Godhead, co-equal and co-essential.

Imagine such a test in a civil service examination in these days ! And yet this constitution went on duly to provide for religious liberty.

These "backwoodsmen," moreover, put a high estimate upon education, as is evidenced by the fact that one proposition ran : "All kinds of useful learning shall be encouraged by this Commonwealth, *that is to say*, the future Legislature shall erect before the year 1787, one university, which shall be near the centre of this State, and not in a city or town." Certain taxes were proposed to

sustain the institution. It is no wonder that the proposition was warmly opposed, for most of the members felt that the burden would be too great for the young community to carry. But it is somewhat remarkable that under the circumstances it should have been made at all.

Another instance of wisdom on the part of the framers of this proposed constitution was the section providing that the instrument, drawn out into a familiar catechetical form, should be taught in all the schools. Is there not a hint here for our own day?

But this instrument was not adopted, and in its place the constitution of North Carolina, slightly altered, was made that of the new State of Frankland, or Franklin, as it was more generally called. When the break-up came—and it was not long delayed—the new government slipped back into the old as easily as it had emerged from it; which perhaps would not have been the case, had an entirely new constitution been adopted.

The change, as just intimated, had been effected quietly, but trouble began for the new State almost immediately. When North Carolina found that the cession act of 1784 was not accepted by Congress, the act was repealed. She then proceeded to erect a judicial district comprising the counties that formed the State of Franklin. Sevier was appointed Brigadier General to command the forces against the Indians. It was not unnatural, that in view of this change in the status, some of the people should have felt that there was no need of further proceeding in the new State organization. Sevier was among these, but he yielded to the evident determination of the majority. The outcome was that there were two governments, each seeking to exercise its sway over the same territory. They came into inevitable conflict, but the results were not very serious. The North Carolina authorities would secure possession of the books and papers of the Franklin government, and the Franklin officials would retaliate in kind. Some of the inhabitants were obedient to North Carolina,

but the majority, for a short time at any rate, held to Franklin.

It will not be wondered at that some of the bright hopes which animated the organizers of the new State were not realized. Gold and silver as a circulating medium did not flow into the country. Money of any kind was scarce, but taxes could be paid in kind at certain established rates. The salary of the Governor was £200, of the Judge of the Supreme Court, £150, and other officials in proportion. These salaries could be paid in skins; but peltries were, after all, of more value than paper. Indeed, one of the historians of Tennessee, whose work was published in 1823, writing of this use of peltries, says: "And it may be safely said, that at this moment, it would be a matter of great consolation to many of the citizens of Tennessee, had some of their banks been founded on mink skin capital."

If it was owing to the indifference of North Carolina that the State of Franklin had been founded; when it was seen that the people of the new commonwealth continued in their course of self-government, her indifference ceased. The Legislature which convened at Newbern in November, 1785, gave a part of its attention to the condition of things in Franklin. A number of attempts at negotiation were made, and conciliatory measures were adopted. North Carolina, for example, relinquished the taxes unpaid since 1784. At the same time that State maintained its sheriff and justice in the separated counties. It is evident that such a condition of things could not long continue. Governor Sevier had arranged a plan of coöperation with Georgia against the Indians, and had accepted a general's commission from that State, while a force of mounted riflemen had been recruited to aid the Georgia forces against the Creeks. Sevier hoped that this course would occupy the attention of the people, silence malcontents, and restore harmony to the little republic. But Georgia after all did not coöperate, and the movement failed. The

people of Franklin were losing their interest in the new government. Men were elected in August, 1786, to represent this district in the North Carolina Legislature. In September, 1787, the last Legislature of the little State met, a quorum having been got together with some difficulty. Their action was unimportant, and the Governor was scarcely able to secure the passage of an act to provide ways and means for carrying into effect his negotiations with Georgia.

In spite of all this, and in spite of processes issued against his personal estate, and conflicts thereupon ensuing, Governor Sevier retained his elastic and sanguine temperament. He was continuing to inspire his followers with hope even as late as the end of January, 1788. But March 1st of that year was the end of his term of office as Governor, and that proved to be the end of the State of Franklin. The historian Foote says of the whole history of this brief State, "this movement was premature rather than uncalled for."

It remains to be said in connection with this history that Sevier was arrested on a charge of treason, but escaped from the court house at Morganton when brought to trial, to the relief, as it would seem, of the North Carolina authorities. The North Carolina legislature, which ratified the United States Constitution, November 21, 1789, extended pardon to all who had been concerned in the government of Franklin except Sevier, whom it declared incapacitated for holding office. In spite of this, he was elected to represent Greene county in the North Carolina Senate, and when he presented himself there the disability was removed. Soon after this he was elected to Congress, and took his seat in that body June 16, 1790; being its first member from the valley of the Mississippi.

For two years after the Franklin government came to an end the region it had covered continued under the control of North Carolina. It then, by a renewed cession to the General Government, became a part of what was known

as the United States Territory South of the Ohio, in which condition it remained for six years. Then in 1796 the State of Tennessee was formed, and the man who had been most prominent in Watauga and Franklin, John Sevier, became its first governor.

These little communities had each but a brief existence ; a decade covers their combined life. As organizations they had, of course, but a very limited influence: But the fact that the men who founded them were able to meet pressing emergencies with adequate arrangements, counted for much. It was the consolidation of those settlements that prepared the way for those States that were to be, and that put a barrier that could not be removed to the advance of the Spanish and the French into the Northwest territory. The fact, moreover, that communities became solidly established in this region west of the Appalachians, helped to open the eyes of the dwellers upon the seaboard to the importance of the great interior territory, and so, in its turn, led to the overthrow of the French and Spanish domination of the Mississippi valley. The boundary line, running through the great lakes, and west to the Mississippi at the thirty-first parallel, and on the south following the southern line of Georgia protracted to the same river, nominally secured by us at the close of the revolution, was only actually secured by the treaty of Jay and Pinckney in 1795. It is doubtful whether it would have been thought worth while to secure it at all had not the character of the dwellers in those trans-mountain regions been what it was.

The City in the Roman Constitution.

BY BENJAMIN S. TERRY.

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It is an erroneous impression that the city is a discovery of modern times. Europe has known in its history, two great civilizations,—the classical and the modern. In both these the city has figured as an important element,—the unit of political and social life.

It is the object of the present address to call attention to the role played by the city, the *municipium*, or the local civic organization, in the development and decline of the Roman political system,—the channel through which there found expression, “the most stupendous accumulation of political power that the world has ever seen, or probably will ever see again.”

Looking at the Roman polity, not as it appeared at any one period, but rather as it appears through the long unfolding of a thousand years, the first thing to be noticed, is the wide contrast between the government *de jure* and the government *de facto*; that is, the government according to the legal theory, and the government according to the fact.

During the time of the Republic, in theory, the government was in the hands of the people, who acted regularly through their popular assemblies,—the *comitia*,—and the magistrates appointed by them. In fact, however, the people rarely controlled the government, save as the temporary result of revolution. The government was manipulated entirely by an organization that was without legal status, that was constant in its aggressions upon the rights of the people, and that made the Republic *de facto* an oligarchy.*

*See Arnold: *Roman Provincial Administration*, p. 40.

Again, during the time of the Empire, although the popular assemblies soon fell into disuse, the theory of popular government still survived. It was supposed to form the basis of the entire Imperial system. In theory, the Emperor was not master of all, but servant of all. He held his power, and received dignity and honor as the specially appointed representative and minister of the sovereign people. His person was the embodiment of the majesty of the Roman people.

Here, again, during a part of the time of the early Empire at least, there is contradiction—a double contradiction of the theory by the fact ; for while the Emperor was, in theory, the representative of the people, he was, in accordance with the remodeled constitution, actually elected by the Senate,—a close body with whom the people had little in common. But even the part of the Senate in the actual government was only apparent. Apparently this close council board of the state ruled in the person of their chief, but very soon it became painfully manifest that the real authority rested no more in the hands of the Senate than in the hands of the people. The real master of the Roman world was the army. With the consent of the Senate, or without it, only he who pleased the soldiers could hope to retain the dangerous sceptre of Imperial power for any length of time, much more wield it for the real benefit of the Roman people. The real veto power rested with the army, and they did not hesitate to exercise it at times in ways that were most thorough, emphatic, and, withal, unpleasant.

With the end of what Hodgkin has taught us to call the “period of the barrack emperors,” there appears still another shifting of the balance between *de jure* and *de facto*. After the reign of Diocletian the theory and fact of government more nearly correspond. The source of all authority, both civil and military, in theory as well as fact, now rests in the sacred person of the Emperor. Christianity now adds a new element to the theory of the Empire,

which has practically abrogated the old theory of popular representation, and which served much to excuse and even commend the despotism of the Empire to the best men of the day. This new turn given to the theory of Imperial rule, was the principle of divine appointment. After Constantine, the Emperor rules, not as the representative of the people, nor of the Senate, nor of the army, nor of all combined, the state, but as the vicegerent of God upon earth,*—a doctrine which has brought much mischief in its train, giving to us the state church and the doctrine of Divine Right.

It is then to this anomaly that we turn our attention first. Through all the centuries of the growth of the Roman Constitution, there appear these constant shiftings of the fact of government and the theory of government. Through all the years of the decline, not only was the old popular idea of the state retained in the term *res publica*, but all the ancient machinery of administration was carried on under the old forms and under the old nomenclature. “Side by side with the purple buskins and the triple crown and the vast host of officials, who carried the despotic wishes of their master to every nook of the vast Empire, the consuls were elected, the tribunes were appointed, the Senate held its sittings, and all the specious names and forms of popular privilege were maintained”—and this under a despotism, after the third century at least, as complete as any which any sovereign, ancient or modern, pagan or Christian, has ever inflicted upon a people. Strange it is, but, the very year of the deposition of Romulus Augustulus, we know, only by the names of the consuls, magistrates peculiar to the ancient republic, regularly appointed for that year, as they had been for the five hundred years preceding.

This is the anomaly. How shall we explain the careful retention of the forms and names of the republic, side by side with this unquestioned drift towards despotism? The

*For a full treatment see Guizot: *Lectures on Civ. in Europe*. 1st Course, Lecture iv.

right explanation of this is the key to the problem. To understand it, is to understand the growth of the Roman constitution, the place of the city in the Roman polity, and also to understand the fatal weakness of the Empire that rendered it at last a prey to the maladies that destroyed it.

It is an easy matter to cut the knot, and say that the Roman emperors were simply playing a part,—skillful actors, who knew well that behind the mask of the ancient forms of liberty they were concealing the true nature of their despotism. But why then was the mask worn so long and so persistently? Possibly one as shrewd as Augustus, who understood well the part which his ambition had set before him, might retain the form for a purpose, while designedly and persistently, during an administration of forty-four years, he did all in his power to subvert the ancient constitution of his country. But it is not at all probable that the long succession of Cæsars, who followed Augustus, good, bad and indifferent, would have so scrupulously continued this sham of republican names and forms. Are we to suppose that the Cæsar was the only shrewd man in all the commonwealth? Would no one else, in all these centuries, have guessed his secret, and have unmasked the masker, and exposed to the opprobrium of the world the hateful features of the tyrant?*

Whether Augustus was sincere or not, we need not ask. There can be no question that many of his successors were men, far too noble in spirit and pure in purpose, ever to consent to perpetuate the sham. In the words of Claudius to the Roman Senate, we see the view which one of the noblest of the Cæsars took of his high place. The words were written at a time when the great Empire seemed writhing in the throes of mortal agony. Gallienus had dishonored the purple by twelve years of shameful incompetency, and then had left it, stained by the infamies of his reign. A usurper had cut off the great Gallic province.

* Certain passages of Tacitus reveal unmistakably the fact that the thinking men of the early Empire thought that the evils of the government were due, more to the character of the infamous men who had disgraced the purple in the days of the Claudian Cæsars, than to the system itself.

The beautiful and romantic Zenobia had severed Syria and Egypt from the Empire. Petty tyrants had established themselves in many cities east and west, owing to the *laissez faire* policy of Gallienus. Earthquakes, pestilence and famine were completing the desolation of centuries of war, and to add to all, an enumerable horde of savage Goths had broken through the Dacian frontiers, and after killing an Emperor and destroying two Roman armies, were now roaming at will from the Bosphorus to the Adriatic, and from Dacia to the Peloponnesus.

Such were not times for acting. Men must be terribly real. Hear the words of Claudius,—not the imbecile Julian Cæsar of the name, but Claudius Gothicus, than whom nobler head never wore crown. It is a letter by the Emperor, written from the field to his distant Senate. Note the studied terms of respect, the matter of fact way of referring to the republic, the sense of the utter hopelessness of his cause, the sad foreboding of worse evil to come, and yet withal, the stern devotion to the duties of his high place and his willingness to lay down life for the state.

He writes: "Conscript fathers, know that three hundred and twenty thousand Goths have invaded the Roman territory. If I vanquish them, your gratitude will reward my services. Should I fall, remember that I am the successor of Gallienus. The whole republic is fatigued and exhausted, we shall fight after Valerian, after Ingenuus, Regellianus, Lollianus, Posthumus, Celsus, and a thousand others, whom a just contempt for Gallienus provoked into rebellion. We are in want of darts, of spears, and of shields. The strength of the Imperium, Gaul and Spain, are usurped by Tetricus, and we blush to acknowledge that the archers of the East serve under the banners of Zenobia. Whatever we shall perform, will be sufficiently great."

These are not the words of an actor, but of a man sadly, sternly in earnest, who when need is, will lay down his life for the "*res publica*," just as heroically as the fabled

Horatius, or the scarcely more historical Regulus. Moreover Claudius Gothicus, living at the close of the third century of the Christian era, is not talking the language of ancient Rome, but the language of his own day,—the so-called Imperial Rome. To him Rome is still the republic and he is only its chief magistrate.

Capable, as were many of these Cæsars, of playing a part, more of them were either far too noble to stoop to such a mask, or else, were far too despotic to care much about appearances.

This theory of perpetual shamming aside then, we may accept this as an axiom: *First*, any theory of government, that for long holds men's minds and shapes their actions, must have some basis in existing facts. *Second*, the fact of government will sooner or later establish a theory of government of its own.

If there was a theory of popular government strong enough to retain the names and forms of the republic, and powerful enough to influence men's minds during the long and dreary centuries of the Empire, it must have been, that under the surface, in the profounder relations between state and subject, the Roman polity was still popular, and still afforded some play for the political activity of the people. To us, at the present day, distant so many centuries, and looking back upon the Empire through the elaborate machinery of the later despotism, the one prominent and exaggerated feature of the Roman system was the Emperor. But to the citizen of that day, to whom the Emperor was only a distant name, whom only a few had ever looked upon, the most prominent feature of the Roman system was the place where he, the citizen, came in contact with it, the local civic government, the immediate municipium of which, in the early days at least, he was perhaps an active and important member. That is, notwithstanding the oligarchical tendency of the Senate, in spite of the constant drift of the Empire towards centralization, down to the fourth century of the Christian era,

the Roman state in its deeper relation, where it came in contact with the widely extended people under its sway; was popular. It was both in spirit and in fact, a vast federation of little republics, bound together for purposes of general administration into one corporate whole and yielding to one head. In point of fact also, the real revolution which changed the character of this federation, was not that begun by Julius Cæsar and completed by Octavius Cæsar, but that begun by Diocletian and carried out by his successor, the second Augustus Constantine the Great. Augustus Cæsar, and the greater Cæsar who preceded him, changed the constitution of the central government, the federal head, and left the great federation of little republics untouched. But Diocletian and Constantine, by successive subdivisions and the establishment of a complete and elaborate bureaucracy, succeeded in extending the Imperial power not simply over the Empire, but down into every village and hamlet, giving the Imperial will, through the delegated representatives of the Emperor, a kind of omnipresence throughout the vast Empire.

Then at last the theory of the republic gave way. The fact of despotism slowly elaborated its own theory. From the time of Constantine, the Emperor is no longer the representative minister of the people, he is the vicegerent of God. He exercises a species of omnipresent and omnipotent authority, from the immediate surveillance of which the most humble and insignificant subject is no longer exempt. He is in theory, as well as in fact, as irresponsible to his subjects, as the Creator to his creatures.

To explain at length; Guizot long ago pointed out that the rise and extension of the Roman power was in fact the extension of the municipium. The constitution of the later Empire was the definitive form reached by the constant expansion and adaptation of the polity of the original Roman city to the government of her rapidly increasing dominions.

The most peculiar feature of early European history, is

the absence of the vast empires of the orient. There are no monarchs, no monarchies like those of Egypt, Babylon, or Persia. In the west there are no such vast agglomerations of peoples and states as in the east. There are no nations in the modern sense. The nation is nothing. The city is everything. It is the state. It is the one object of patriotic devotion. In different quarters of the Mediterranean, one race or another prevails, but beside an occasional confederation of the loosest ties, never strong, and rarely following what may be called national lines, there is no effort, no idea of consolidation. There is no desire for union. When the Persian war cloud streamed down through the passes of Thessaly, the Grecian peninsula, torn and distracted by its score or more of little republics, presents a very pitiable sight. There is unity neither in purpose nor in action. There is utter lack of what the modern historian has taught us to call national consciousness. A common danger is the only bond which unites the fragments of the Greek race. The most short-sighted selfishness prevails. There is utter blindness to the common danger, and utter disregard of the common interests of the Greek nation. Had it not been for the high-handed action of a few daring and desperate men of Athens, the vast army of Xerxes must have flowed over Greece as easily as it had flowed over Asia Minor.

In the western Mediterranean, with one signal exception, all attempts at centralization fared no better. Everywhere prevailed the same disposition to retain the municipal unit intact, at the expense of anything like a national body. Instead of the great national state, we have the simple municipal state. There are no empires. Only a cluster of fierce and turbulent little municipal republics, solely bent upon getting rich, and jealously guarding against the encroachments of all rivals.

Wars there were, constant and savagely destructive. But the art of state building was unknown. The conquering state did not know how to absorb the vanquished

state and make it forever a part of itself. A duel between rival cities was to the death. Sometimes the vanquished would be held in subjection, and be compelled to pay a heavy tribute—a sort of war indemnity—to the conqueror for the trouble and expense of conquest. So, after the Persian wars, Athens grew prosperous and insolent. By war and the wiles of the council chamber, she had made herself supreme in central Greece. Every year her tribute collectors departed on their mission to the subject cities to receive—more often to bully them into the yearly payment of this tax or fine.

The subject city, on its part, submitted sullenly, and waited only to recover its wasted strength, perhaps to enter some stronger league, before it made one more supreme effort to cast off its fetters. Then came the outbreak. Then more war ; more desolation of intervening lands ; more cities, independent, but not strong enough or wise enough to remain neutral, overrun and swept into the conflict. Then more tribute, or, if the case has been flagrant enough and the war has been brought very close to the hearths and homes of the citizens,—a terrible vengeance, a wholesale slaughter of citizens in arms, and a general selling into slavery of citizens not in arms, with wives and children. Then follow a pulling down of walls and a burning of dwellings, and in a few years a blackened ruin, and a desolate, wind-swept heath, the haunt of the owl and the jackal.

Then the strife goes on. Other cities come to the front. Other confederacies, with league and counter-league, arise ; more blackmail under the specious name of tribute. Then more rebellion, more slaughter, more slaves, male and female,—more razings and burnings, but still no nation, no state in the modern sense.

This, in general, was the result of those urban wars that characterize the early history of civilized Europe. There was, however, one very important exception. Rome, early in its history, deliberately adopted, and steadily car-

ried out a plan of absorption, by which each conquered city, as well as each allied city, became in a certain sense a part of herself. The problem which had been presented in turn to each great city, Rome alone solved, and so succeeded where Athens, and Syracuse, and Carthage, and many others, failed. The spirit of antiquity was exclusive. It saw in every foreigner only an implacable foe to be reduced to slavery, or to be destroyed utterly. But Rome, on the contrary, had the courage to extend the privileges of the municipium until it embraced all, conquered and allied alike, without distinction.

The result of this uniform policy, departed from in few instances only, was that in time of danger Rome was not deserted by her allies or her subject cities. Neither the gold nor the threats of Hannibal could turn the Greeks of Marseilles from their allegiance. When Rome was desolated by the Gauls, all Marseilles went into mourning, and of her own accord, voted a public levy to assist the Romans in the ransom of their capital, nor did Rome, in the day of her prosperity, forget her debt to her generous sister of Gaul.*

Marseilles was not the only city with which Rome maintained this generous interchange of amity. She treated allies and subjects with firmness, but always with dignity. The friendship brought its burdens, but it also had its substantial advantages. All minor federations were discouraged. Each new district added to her dominions, was broken up into its municipal units, with no bonds binding these units to each other, but each doubly bound to the supreme city by the Tiber. In return she offered the equity of her laws, but did not force them or her other institutions upon the new members of the Imperium, save when there was actual conflict. Nor did she on her part hesitate to adopt, or even substitute for her own laws, the laws of subject cities, where she found them more broadly scientific, or better adapted to the purposes of justice. In fact, the

*See Guizot: *Popular History of France*, I: pp. 37 and 38.

entire progress of Roman jurisprudence during this early period of Rome's growth, was marked by the steady and consistent absorption of *jus gentium* by *jus civile*.

The treatment of the laws of the federated cities was typical of the open and free hand with which Rome greeted each new member of the firm. She opened highways for the free interchange of commerce, and enriched her allies as she enriched herself. While she did not hesitate to interfere in the local affairs of subject cities when need was, she studiously avoided interference as a principle, and sought rather to incite confidence and friendship. This generous policy of Rome has never yet been sufficiently recognized; nor is it generally known that many of her allied cities were allowed to retain their independence far into the Christian era. In Trajan's day, there were still many Greek cities whose independence was studiously respected by the Emperor, as based upon long friendship and the plighted word of the Empire. While the distant Cherson, that "long-lived outpost of Greece, and ally of Rome, did not pass from alliance to subjection until the ninth century had run a good part of its course."*

The Roman colonies also held to the mother city by the Tiber a special relation which had no small influence upon the surrounding cities in influencing them to adapt themselves to the Roman system. The colonies were favored daughters. In them, wherever located, whether on the plains of distant Syria, or among the *wealds* of Britain, the civic institutions of Rome were repeated, and her civic rights were freely enjoyed. The Roman colonist was always a Roman. Wherever he settled, he lost neither his rights in the mother city, nor his love for her glory, nor his faith in her destiny. To the other cities, these colonies were telling object lessons, at first they were envied and then imitated. Gradually the other cities also obtained for themselves the regular municipium, or Roman city charter, and became units in the great municipal system.

*See Freeman: *Chief Periods of European History*: pp 84 and 85, and also p. 221, as well as the chapter: *Greek Cities Under Roman Rule*.

The rights of these municipalities, thus federated with the Roman city, were not inconsiderable. They possessed their own local laws and sustained a local judiciary. They elected magistrates who compared in number and in function to the magistrates of Rome. They also gathered their local taxes, and maintained and controled the local police. Some cities even maintained a sort of local militia. They were also exempt from many of the impositions of the Roman provincial governors, and by the right of complaint, which they were not afraid to exercise, they could, in the earlier days at least, deter the Roman governor from interfering with their liberties or infringing upon their rights. These cities exercised all the functions of the sovereign state within their territorial limits, except that of forming leagues with foreign powers, making war, or coining money, and even this latter right was long enjoyed by many of the cities of the east, and by some of the older cities of Gaul.

Thus under the policy of municipal extension, there grew up, throughout the length and breadth of the Roman dominion, a vast number of these cities. Each city was a state by itself, and held a relation to the greater Imperium that somewhat resembles that which our own state governments hold to the general government. We are not to think of these cities as held to their allegiance to the conquering city by show of arms. That would have been impossible. On the contrary, when once a province had been incorporated in the empire, the Romans studiously encouraged the cities to take upon themselves local self-government, and to regard themselves a part of the great body politic. The Roman soldiers were kept on the frontiers, not to intimidate the cities of the Empire, but to ward off the attacks of barbarians. In all Asia Minor, at one time, there were not five hundred soldiers of the general government, and these were retained more as a guard of honor to the provincial governer, than to coërcé the cities to submission.

The whole standing army of the Empire was never at any time sufficient to undertake such a task of military repression. In the first year of the Empire, that army consisted of only twenty-five legions and fourteen cohorts,—that is, computing the legion at 6,300, and the cohort at 610,—altogether 171,500 men. The navy, including both sailors and marines, brought up the total to 192,000. In the *Annals* (IV: 5,) Tacitus intimates that about as many more auxiliary troops were furnished by the friendly peoples on the borders of the Empire. These, with additions made by Nero, brought the whole fighting force of the Empire, at the close of the first century of the Christian era, up to 391,000. The special strain brought upon the state by the attack of the great barbaric confederation of the second century, compelled Marcus Aurelius to raise the legionary force to 258,000 men. All told, then, under a most liberal estimate, in the day of its greatest power, the military force of the Empire did not far exceed 500,000 men,—a force that appears even ridiculously small when we consider the vast extent of frontier to be defended, and the inadequate means at hand for aiding in the rapid movements of large bodies of men. Even the smaller states of Europe, to-day, maintain upon a war footing, standing armies nearly as large, while any one of the great powers, as Germany, France or Russia, far exceeds the armament of the entire Empire. It is absurd, therefore, to represent the vast Empire of the Cæsars, as held together by the simple display of military strength.

Thus Rome, by her own unique policy, of all the other cities of early Europe, continued to grow “great and prosperous.” Her interests, and the interests of the other cities of the Roman allegiance, whether assumed by them voluntarily or involuntarily, were felt to be one. Great wars swept over Italy. The Gauls moved down like an inundation. Rome bowed to the storm, but she did not break. Her allies, instead of taking the opportunity of combining against her, or of breaking away from the great

federation, went into mourning, and voluntarily helped raise her ransom.

Then came the duel with Carthage. Prestige and long use of power were against Rome. The most brilliant and able of the generals of the old world were against her. Again Rome bowed before the storm. Had her allies deserted her then, she must have gone down, as Athens, before the power of Sparta. But the generous friendship of centuries was not forgotten, and Rome rose triumphant, and Carthage retired from the shock, exhausted and shattered.

Carthage, on the other hand, as Athens, as Syracuse, was an illustration of the prevalent mode of dealing with conquered cities. No one can read Salambó,—a fair picture of those hideous old days of paganism,—and not feel that Carthage richly deserved her fate. In her day of power Carthage had been insolent to her allies, tyrannical over her subject cities. She sought to domineer over them, as Athens had lorded it over her allies. They hailed the day of her adversity, the day of her fall, as the day of their redemption.

So the other great cities of early Europe waxed and waned. But Rome continued to grow, continued to extend her outstretched arms until they encircled the civilized world. Thus the extension of the Roman political system was not so much the enlargement of a nation by the accession of vast tracts of conquered territory, or the absorption of conquered races, as it was the constant widening of a vast federation of municipal units. At the last, under the long continued stress of Imperial government, all this was changed, and the municipal unit was, to a degree, lost in the more complete organization of the province; and yet in its origin, the Empire was simply an extension of the municipium.

There was also, in the second place, an expansion of the municipal idea. The original municipium, by the successive grants of its rights to an ever widening circle, was

extended first over Italy, and at last over the whole Empire. That is, in a sense, the entire Roman world, was brought at last within the walls of the original city.

The polity of this world municipium was the result of the successive adaptation of the constitution of the original city to the needs of her rapidly extending Empire, in which all the essential features of the original municipal polity are clearly discernable. The constitution of the ancient city was simple enough. The people met in comitia and elected certain officers annually, to whom were committed certain executive and judicial junctions. Preëminent among these, were the command of armies, the interpretation of the laws, the trial of causes, and the care of the fisc, or the public treasury. Final legislative action, the people retained for themselves. No measure could become legal without final ratification by the comitia. The Senate, in this early constitution, appeared simply as a board of advisers to the magistrates of the people. Other than this, they had no legal standing.

The first expansion of this system was in the management of conquered states. The distinction between military and civic functions was never clearly understood at Rome. Hence, it seemed natural that the men who had administered the laws and commanded the armies, should still represent the state in governing the provinces. Accordingly, the consuls and praetors, after their service at home, were sent into the provinces, there to represent the state and wield its authority.

So far the expansion of the municipium, to meet the constantly expanding demands of the Empire, seems simple enough. But it is right here that our attention is called to the fundamental weakness of the expanding system. Rome shrank from the task of attempting to hold together all her subject cities by external force. She accordingly sought to take her new subjects into the firm and make them sharers of her power, by extending the privilege of citizenship to all who dwelt without her literal walls.

This grant of citizenship carried with it certain immunities that were real. But the right of participating in the general government, was, at best, only a theory, and it is here that the municipal idea failed. The method of modern representative government, or the simple expedient of voting by ballot, by which many millions of voters, scattered over a great territory, meet in their several voting places and make choice of magistrates, or give their decision, for or against certain measures, were methods unknown to the Romans. There was no voting place outside the regular comitia at Rome. Hence, the Roman citizen of Naples, or Arles, or Marseilles, was as effectually deprived of his right of suffrage as the slave who toiled in the mines. He might take an active part in the local politics of his native city, but in the government of the Roman world, he had no place. Thus by distance, the municipal polity found a serious limitation, and the vast majority of Roman citizens were deprived of any practical share in the government.

As a simple illustration, suppose the District of Columbia, or better, the Capitol Square, at Washington, were the only place where a citizen of the United States could vote for the President or the other elective officers of the general government. Practically, geographical distance alone would disfranchise all the citizens of the United States, so far as any part or share in the federal government was concerned, save those who lived within easy distance of Washington. Rome presented a case exactly analogous. The government was left practically in the hands of the Roman mob,—at all times liable to be the tool of some smooth-tongued demagogue.

A change was inevitable. The Council board,—the Senate, steadily encroached upon the authority of the people. The wars with Hannibal revealed the utter incapacity of the Roman democracy to manage the affairs of the state, and left “the Senate the all but undisputed position of the government.”*

* Arnold: *Roman Provincial Administration*, p. 40.

The Senate found themselves no better fitted to wield the power which they had usurped. After the close of the Punic wars, not only was the encroachment upon popular rights constant, but the abuse of power was flagrant and shameless. A close oligarchy had seized the government, and were attempting to carry it on for selfish and corrupt ends. During the last ten years of senatorial power, the government of the Roman world was just about as bad as it could be.

Had the Senate ruled wisely and well, possibly they might have been left in peaceable possession. As it was, the corruption and utter incapacity of the government resulted in the frightful civil wars of the first century B. C. The people, feeling their weakness in the struggle, at last in despair committed their authority to a single champion. In other words, they created a new office in the constitution, high enough and powerful enough to coerce the Senate, and rescue the government of the world from its stained hands. This new officer combined in his own person all the military and judicial authority of the state. He retained the functions of consul, praetor, quaestor, tribune and censor. He was also made head of the religion of the Roman world. More than all, he was the one regularly constituted head of all the armies of the state.

The measure was entirely successful. The Senate was remanded to its proper place and became once more the simple council board of the chief magistrate of the people. The people still retained the right of final legislation. But under the skillful management of Augustus such legislation was seldom called for, and never needed, until at last the comitia fell into decay and ceased to exist, and henceforth the decrees, or edicts of the Emperor became the supreme law of the land.

Such was the origin of the Imperial office. It was after all, nothing more than an attempt to adapt the original municipal constitution of the ancient Roman city to the needs of her ever-widening domain, and the ever-increasing

necessity of the state. The people saw in this new office, with its extraordinary powers, not a revolution, not the subversion of the ancient constitution of the state, but the salvation of it. Hence, the decrees which nominated Julius Cæsar, and after him Augustus, the Savior of the state, were not altogether fulsome. To the people, the citizens of the vast outlying federation of subject cities, the new office was the discovery of an efficient check upon the encroachment of the oligarchy and the reëstablishment of the republic upon its ancient basis. In the Emperor the people ruled. In him their authority was reaffirmed and declared with new emphasis.

The Roman world hailed the change as for the better. The provinces, and even the municipia had been the hopeless prey of the creatures whom the Senate had sent among them,—men who came as Verres into Sicily only to plunder the rich and destroy the poor. Now a new set of governors were sent into the provinces, amenable to a master whose first interest was to build up and nourish the provinces. Some of the older and more settled provinces were still left to the Senate. But the contrast between these less fortunate districts and those governed by the Emperor's representatives served only to heighten the immense advantages of the new system. Even such a monster as Tiberius, cruel and bestial as he was in all his personal relations, could look only with cold and severe eyes upon the man who had been faithless in a public trust—a man who possibly had taken no more than many a noble predecessor of the republic. “A good shepherd,” said the enraged Emperor, “shears his sheep but does not flay them.” Even the despicable Claudius, the mad Caligula, or the infamous Nero, could find it in their hearts to do much for the provinces, and while Rome, the city, lay under a spell of terror, the great world outside, Rome the Empire, from the Irish sea to the Arabian sea, waxed fat and plenteous. The five gracious emperors who followed the wicked Domitian, abounded everywhere in useful works for their people.

The armies were remanded to the frontier. From being a pest, they become the pledge of domestic security and the source of universal peace. In many cities of the Mediterranean, whole generations grew up and passed to their graves, who had never seen a spear thrown in anger or beheld the glitter of marching legions.

This early Empire we may, with propriety, call the Imperial Republic. Its polity may be thus in brief described, a strong central government, located at Rome, whose office was mainly to protect the frontiers against invasion, feed the populace of the capital, and provide its police force, while the actual work of internal administration was carried on by a great number of local courts and magistracies, directly in the hands of the people, and scattered over the length and breadth of the land. This central government sustained itself in the expenditure required in keeping up its standing army, by levying a tax directly upon each of these local republics, for which it held the local magistrates responsible, to whom it also committed the collection.

Up to the death of Marcus Aurelius, the Empire had thus, upon the whole, proved a boon to the Roman world. It had replaced the license and extortion of provincial governors by a system of regular control and definite tariff. The extravagance of such monsters as Caligula, or Nero even, had not led to the imposition of any serious burdens upon the masses. These extortioners had chosen the more direct and expeditious method of compelling the rich courtiers who surrounded them to disgorge their gains, in most cases, illgotten. Considering the vast extent of the Empire and the wealth of the provinces, the quotas levied upon the municipia to meet the general expenses of state were as yet not large, and remained from year to year with little variation.*

The yearly budget included (1) the pay and pension of the legionaries; (2) the regular appropriations of corn

* Capes: *The Antonians*, p. 213.

and money to the people, and (3) the civil list proper, which included the salaries of the Imperial household and of the public servants.

As to the first two, as yet there were comparatively few changes, either in the number of troops or in the expenses of the public service, except in an occasional crisis as in the War of the Marcomani, or the expeditions of the warlike Trajan. At Rome the recipients of the public corn remained at about the same number, as also the recipients of the public bounty in the other great cities of the Empire. As to the civil list, in comparison with later years, it was not large and the salaries of the servants of the government formed as yet no great item in the budget. It was here that extravagant rulers might exhaust the treasury, but on the other hand, wise and thrifty rulers might as readily retrench. All in all, therefore, the enormous power concentrated in the Emperor had as yet been felt by the people only as a wholesome, conservative influence. It was the outward and visible bond of unity between a multitude of otherwise disconnected and unorganized elements, that without it, must have soon fallen asunder. Such was the Imperial Republic at the end of the second century.

The third century was a period of confusion and transition. The Imperial Republic passes into the absolute despotism, purely and simply. The despotic feature of the Roman polity, which had never been entirely absent, now became more strongly prominent, and from an instrument of conservatism passed to a chief cause of decline and decay.

The eighty-four years of Imperial government that followed the death of Marcus Aurelius were far from satisfactory, and revealed the unmistakable weakness of the vast and incongruous system. The barrack Emperors that had been cast up by the mutinies of the army, in consequence of general incapacity, the extreme brevity of their several reigns, the instability of any tenure of authority, seriously strained the whole Imperial system. The municipia especially

suffered severely. They had lost their best friend in the Emperor chosen from the Senate. They were now overrun and plundered by marching armies, that had been recalled from distant frontiers to sustain the claims of rival aspirants for Imperial honors. They became the prey of petty tyrants, who had taken advantage of the general collapse of the central government, in order to establish themselves in the provinces, and had overthrown the urban constitutions and were indemnifying themselves for their trouble, by fleecing the provincials and levying blackmail, under the gracious guise of confiscation or taxation. The greater part of the municipia, however, outweathered the storm and upon the election of Diocletian (A. D. 284), they still formed the foundation of the Roman system.

Then Diocletian, borne to the throne by something very like a mutiny, determined that the age of mutinies should cease. Thinking only of quelling the insubordination of the army, and of establishing a strong civil structure able to control the army, and remand it to its proper place once more, he first divided the Empire into four great prefectures, or administrative districts; then each prefecture, he divided still further into dioceses. Constantine completed the work of organization by separating the civic from the military functions, uniting both in himself and surrounding his throne by a vast army of titled and privileged functionaries.

The first and most obvious effect of this system was a vast increase of the civil list, and a proportionate increase in the burden of taxation. Moreover upon the public service itself, the increase of the bureaucracy led to the adoption of oppressive restrictions. The object certainly was commendable. A vast army of officials were now supported by the government. If the government would not be devoured by its own servants, it must reduce them to order and discipline. Accordingly the civil was now organized after the model of the military service. The gradation of ranks was borrowed directly from the army.

At last even a kind of distinguishing dress or uniform was adopted, commissions were regularly made out in the Emperor's name, while a sort of military discipline was maintained. A regular civil hierarchy grew up with a gradation of honors, and privileges and illustrious titles for each successive rank.*

The state, moreover, now began to tighten its grasp upon its servants. It required from each a long period of service. It refused permission to retire until a substitute had been found. It forced the son to learn to perform the father's task, and when the father retired, to step into his place. Thus the whole civil service gradually developed into a huge official caste, dignified by military forms and imposing titles, in which each generation was bound to a lifelong servitude.

This new system rested with crushing weight upon the municipia. The huge machine of federal administration knew no other method of support than that of increasing the exactions made upon the cities. The local civic life had generally, wherever Italian influence had extended, embodied itself in a sort of town council, corresponding to the Senate at Rome. This order was called the *curia*, and citizens who were eligible to its honors, that is the ex-officials and property holders of distinction, were the *decurions*. The curia formed the basis of the Imperial tax system. Each body of *curiales* were held responsible for the revenues of their district. Hence as the burden of sustaining the government steadily increased, the position of the decurion became no enviable one. During the earlier centuries of the Empire, the honors of the curia had been eagerly sought by ambitious provincials. They had freely given both money and time to the duties of the office. As early as the time of Trajan, however, the growing unwillingness of the wealthy provincials to undertake the burdens of this office had been marked. But without the coöpera-

* It is interesting in this connection to note the growth of militarism in Germany and its influence upon the civil service.

tion of these middle men, the government saw itself severed from the great source of supply. And as it knew no other system of raising its revenues, it beheld with deep concern this spirit of reluctance which was affecting the decurions throughout the Empire. It invented more marks of honor and distinction, in order to tempt men to undertake the ungrateful task. When the members of the curia preferred rather to sell their houses and hoard the proceeds secretly, that they might elude the watchful eye of the state, the state made stringent laws to punish such unpatriotic action, and rigidly enforced them. It forbade the decurion to sell property or to put it out of sight. It forbade him even to travel at ease, for his time belonged to the state. It forbade him to live unmarried, for it was his duty to provide children, who should succeed to his onerous position after him. It was made a crime for a man to refuse these troublesome civic honors, and if he fled, he was hunted down as a common felon, and punished without mercy. Whatever other penalty he might suffer, he was certain to lose all his property by confiscation.

In spite of all the precautions of government, the members of this oppressed class dwindled constantly, until at last the government attempted literally to press men into the hateful service. That a man was bankrupt in fortune, or in character, was no obstacle. The state gave him land and compelled him to improve it. The more unscrupulous the man, the better tax gatherer he made.

Nothing more ruinous to the Empire could have been contrived. For a while the irresistible machinery of the bureaucracy ran with a brave show of power, nor were its evil tendencies at first apparent. But the state was simply undermining its own foundations. It was making headway against the storm, but only by consuming its timbers in its own furnaces.

The removal of the seat of government to the new Rome by the Bosphorus, completed the gigantic scheme of Diocletian. Rome, the ancient city, henceforth lost her su-

premacv among the cities of the earth. It was significant of the fact that the reign of the municipium was ended and that the reign of the absolute despot had begun. The authority of the state, the Imperium, was no longer associated with a city, but with a person. The Emperor had become at last, both in theory and in fact, the absolute monarch of the Roman world.

The Empire, however, had received her mortal wound. The destruction of the municipia, was the destruction of the sources of its life. The old frame stood for a few years longer, worm-eaten, rotten and crumbling, waiting only for the first violent shock from without to bring it tumbling down.

Thus I have tried to explain the anomalies connected with the growth of the Roman constitution, and to show also just in what way the Roman polity itself, became at last one of the chief causes of the dissolution. The doom of the Empire was written in the manner of its birth.

The subject we can understand only by taking into consideration the place of the city in the early history of Europe, the peculiar way in which the Roman Empire developed a federation, or rather a vast agglomeration of subject, allied and colonized cities,—and the part which the Roman municipium itself took, in furnishing not only the model for the constitution of each separate city, but in suggesting the lines along which the general government itself developed.

Herein also lay one of the chief causes of weakness and ultimate decline. Practically the Empire was the extension of the walls of the old Roman municipium, until it embraced the entire circle of the classical nations of both orient and occident. But while such a system was well enough adapted to the government of a group of Italian cities with their outlying districts, or possibly even, the entire peninsula, it broke down of its own weight, when it came to be applied to the widely extended lands beyond the seas. What that task was, which Rome thus imposed

upon her old municipal system, we comprehend somewhat, when we remember, that considering the means of communication, the labor of transportation of armies and supplies, the ignorance of any element of a representative system, "the Roman world was practically larger than the entire globe to-day."*

Yet this was not all. The very efforts which Rome made to save herself, only hastened the dissolution. The whole elaborate frame work which Diocletian and Constantine foisted upon the old system, only increased the weight of the upper mass, which the crumbling foundations, the municipia, were called upon to sustain. By increasing the vast array of officials, by division and subdivision, bringing the tyranny of the government at last to the door of every citizen however humble, by robbing the cities of their autonomy, and at the same time that it diminished the honor, increasing the weight of civic duties, the government hastened the impending catastrophe.

We do not yet see the end of the municipia. They had become too strongly rooted in Gaul, and Spain, and Italy to be easily destroyed. After the crushing weight of the Imperialism of Diocletian and Constantine had been removed by the rush of barbaric hordes, the prostrate forms of the cities of southern Europe began to breathe again. The ghost of Imperialism still hovered amid the ruins of ancient Rome, but its substance had departed, and naught was left of its glories, save the name,—the shroud.

In the battle of Legnauo, the municipia of northern Italy, alone and unaided, received the shock of the armies of the Holy Roman Empire, and on that bloody field, by the overthrow of Barbarosa and his knights, secured their liberties. Since that day the power of the municipia has steadily gained ground, until to-day the municipal idea is once more supreme. The decline of the municipia, more than the insubordination of the army, or the incapacity of the emperors, more even than the attack of the barbarian,

* Andrews: *Institutes of History*, p. 111.

brought about the ruin of the old Roman system. So the revival of the municipia, more than any other cause, has destroyed feudalism on the one hand, and autocracy on the other. From the beginning the municipia were destined to triumph, because the municipia are the people. Their progress toward full autonomy is the progress of civilization.

The Mystery of the Muller Mansion.

BY ROBERT J. HUBBARD,
of Cazenovia, N. Y.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 10th, 1893.

PREFATORY.

The ancient mansion of which I write, is situated in the southern part of Madison County, State of New York, and was built in 1808, by a French refugee, of supposed noble blood, who lived there some six years, under the assumed name of Louis Anathe Muller.

For the purpose of following out our conjectures as to his real name and title, and his purpose in coming to this country, it is necessary to examine some portions of French history.

ROBERT J. HUBBARD.

Cazenovia, N. Y., 1892.

EUROPE AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY.

At the beginning of the present century, Europe was distracted with devastating wars. The cannons of Napoleon Bonaparte were thundering at the gates of nearly every capitol, and with bayonets dipped in blood, he was marking out anew the map of Europe. The fear of him extended everywhere. his successes were so rapid, continuous and irresistible that he seemed almost omnipresent.

The princes of the Bourbon family in exile, anxiously watched his progress, in the hope that his sure defeat would recall them to their lost power. Possibly they listened to, if they did not encourage, plots for the undermining and assassination of the Emperor. We are told that advances were made to the Prince of Condé, January 24, 1802, by an unknown person, to rid them of the usurper, which was rejected with scorn. This person afterwards proved to be an agent of Bonaparte's, dispatched to sound the opinion of the Bourbon princes.

THE DUC D' ENGHEN.

The Duc d' Enghien was one of the most active and determined of the exiled princes. He was born in 1772, entered the Corps of the Émigrés, assembled by his grandfather, the Prince of Condé, on the Rhine, and commanded the vanguard from 1796 to 1799. In this organization, the Duc de Berri was to make a descent on the coast of Picardi, while the Duc d' Enghien was to put himself at the head of the forces of the Royalists in the East of France. At the peace of Lunéville, in 1801, he went to Ettenheim, an old chateau on the German side of the Rhine, where he was residing when arrested by Napoleon.

Irritated by several attempts against his life, Napoleon chose to believe that the Duc d' Enghien was privy to them. He sent across the German border, in violation of treaty rights, on the 15th of March, 1804, seized the Duc and conveyed him to French territory. A mock trial, before a military commission, was conducted in the dead of night, and although not a tittle of evidence was brought against him, he was summarily condemned, and at once executed. This murder filled all Europe with horror. Napoleon failed in endeavoring to explain it away, making various inconsistent and lame attempts to shift the responsibility from himself upon others. In his more deliberate moments, however, he acknowledged that the execution was made by his orders. In his last will and testament, he referred to it as a necessity of self-protection.

This execution was considered worse than a moral crime, it was a political blunder. Napoleon said of it, "I was assailed on all hands by the enemies whom the Bourbons raised up against me ; threatening with air-guns, infernal machines, and deadly stratagems of every kind. I had no tribunal on earth I could appeal to for protection, therefore I had a right to protect myself, and by putting to death one of those whose followers threatened my life, *I was entitled to strike a salutary terror into the others.*"

Offers were made to Bonaparte to rid him of the remain-

ing Bourbons, for a money consideration ; but, with better judgment, he rejected the proposals.

The assassination of the Duc d' Enghien, however, caused a profound sensation and alarm among the remaining princes and followers of the Prince of Condé, and there was a scattering of them to various asylums of safety. England harbored them, but even in that country, there was no assurance of safety, as Napoleon threatened an invasion of England in 1797; and upon the latter declaring war in 1803, the invasion was imminent, and numbers came to America, and hiding under assumed names, their identity lost, built, some of them, mansions as permanent homes.

Among the refugees who landed at New York was the subject of this paper, Louis Anathe Muller.

A bit of French history may make clearer the situation of affairs :

After the fall of the Bastille in the revolution of 1789, many of the nobility emigrated to the Rhine and there organized under the lead of the Prince of Conti. Among them was the Comte d' Artois, brother of the King, (Louis XVI.,) Dukes of Bourbon and Berri, and others of illustrious names. The legislative assembly in October, 1791, occupied itself in relation to these emigrants, who were intriguing with ceaseless activity to bring about a counter revolution. After a long and stormy discussion, two decrees were passed. The first requiring the Count of Province, (afterwards Louis XVIII.,) to return to France within two months, under the penalty of forfeiting his eventual rights to the regency of the kingdom. The second, declaring the emigrants in general suspected of conspiring against France, and enacting that if still found assembled in arms on the 1st January, 1792, they should be punishable with confiscation and death. The former of these measures, the king (Louis XVI.,) assented to, but upon the latter he imposed his veto. This greatly offended and irritated the assembly, and although Louis immediately afterwards issued a proclamation to the emigrants, urging

their return, and threatening severe treatment in case of refusal, his sincerity was loudly called in question, and he was denounced as implicated in all the criminal schemes of the refugees against the country. He was executed January 21, 1793.¹

His son Charles, nominally succeeded as Louis XVII., and by the emigrant army the Count of Provence assumed the title of Regent. The Republic, with Napoleon Bonaparte and his career, followed.

MR. MULLER'S AMERICAN PURCHASE.

In the year 1808, Mr. Muller purchased from Mr. Daniel Ludlow, of New York City, his interest in lots of land, Township No. 6, in Madison county, but recently set off from Chenango county. It was a wild, uncultivated tract of some twenty-seven hundred acres, high up among the hills, with Hamilton, as the nearest village, some eight miles distant.

My father, the Hon. Thomas H. Hubbard, commenced his professional life there in 1803, as a young man just admitted to the bar.

Mr. Muller came to Hamilton with a letter of introduction from Mr. Ludlow to him, and he remained there the first year, or until the house upon his own tract was ready for occupancy, my father appearing as his friend and attorney in numerous suits that were brought or defended by him.

It is stated that, "Mr. Muller came into possession of this Georgetown estate in a manner not agreeable to his sense of justice and honor—that Mr. Ludlow had made friends with him when he first came to America, and that to secure some \$30,000 loaned to Mr. Ludlow by Mr. Muller, the latter had been induced to accept this tract of wild land in payment." The spirit, however, with which Mr. Muller entered into the plan of developing and improving

1. Mrs. Hammond suggests, that Mr. Muller assumed the name of "Anathe," from *anathema*, in consequence of compunctions of conscience in having, while with the army of the Emigrés, fought against France; abandoning his relative, the ill-fated Louis XVI., in his struggles with the Revolutionists.

his property, erecting his village, effecting exchanges of distant lots for those nearer at hand, and contracting for the sale and clearance of the land, does not indicate other than a settled and resolute purpose to carry out his well considered plan of building up an industrial community. A refugee in hiding, he was free to occupy his mind in a useful and pleasing pursuit. This sterile region furnished that isolated seclusion he desired, with abundant opportunity to exercise his manly experience and taste.

The object in selecting this inaccessible situation for his future abode, was a premeditated one, and gave color to the general supposition that he sought safety in his retirement from the wrath of Napoleon. While never revealing his title or individual interest in Bonaparte's defeat, he on more than one unguarded occasion, gave expression to his relentless hatred of that man.

Mr. Muller was a quiet gentleman of culture and refinement, high-born and well-bred. Though small of stature, there was about him a commanding presence, evincing authority. His imperious manner commanded prompt obedience. He is described as apparently fifty years of age, five feet five inches in height, well proportioned, with a dark complexion, black piercing eyes, features sharply defined, the forehead denoting a practical intellect, perfectly in keeping with a fine face.

He brought with him to his wild home, it is said, some \$150,000, much of which was expended in building and carrying out his purposes. A retinue of French servants accompanied him. He made few acquaintances, and when he rode abroad was accompanied by armed and liveried servants. He paid his laborers in gold and silver, and gave employment to the inhabitants in all the country round. Inducements were offered to artizans and mechanics to settle in his new-born village; and to farmers to clear the land and cultivate the soil. He was a man of warm heart and large benevolence, a helpful friend to the sick and needy. His nature could not brook laziness and

inattention on the part of his employees, and prompt dismissals often took place. As a natural consequence, with such traits of character transplanted to American soil, he could not come in contact with the rough natures of our pioneer men, without great friction, and he was constantly embroiled in law suits, in which my father, as his legal adviser, appeared for him. I find among my father's papers, memoranda showing the frequency of such suits. As for instance :

“*Muller vs. Clark.* The latter agreed to build a mill-dam. It was not done according to contract, but in so unskillful, negligent, imperfect and unworkmanlike a manner, as to fall completely into decay, requiring constant repairs, and obliging Muller to lay out large expense upon it, losing also the use of the mill during reconstruction.”

“*Chandler vs. Muller.* Chandler agreeing to work faithfully and without interruption for Muller from April to November, 1810, and board himself. Payment was to be made in fifty acres of wild land, at five dollars per acre, and seventy dollars in money. Chandler worked but part of the time, was boarded by Muller, who paid him \$85.75, being an over-payment. Chandler refused to take the land, and claimed cash for the entire time of contract.”

In various legal ways my father appeared for Mr. Muller during 1809-10-11-12, and as late as September 30, 1813,

Mr. Muller was often imposed upon, through his want of experience in farming matters. It is told of him, that desiring to sow an acre of turnips, he enquired as to the amount of seed required, and was told “a bushel.” So much seed could not be procured in that whole region of country. By sending far and near, he obtained some three pecks. A neighbor asked him what he was going to do with so much seed; to which he replied—“sow an acre of turnips.” “An acre of turnips! Why, sir, you have enough for a township.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE MANSION AND GROUNDS.

The quaint mansion Mr. Muller built on the summit of one of the high Georgetown hills, and about which there

has been so much romantic speculation, was quite in the wilds, far away from any main road, and is so to this day, with no near town of importance.

On the highest of the surrounding hills, a clearing was made of several hundred acres and the house was erected in the open, away from the thick tangled forest, that crowded up from the valleys on all sides. Two streams, rising in the wood behind, crossed this open plateau quite near the house. One supplied an artificial pond, which was well stocked with fish, the other ran down the valley, in a rocky brook, and below, where his villlage was built, was dammed for grist and saw mills. Not far from the house a large park was inclosed, abounding in deer, rabbits and other game. Hunting was a past-time of which he was fond, and he was an expert in the use of the gun.

The building he erected for his home, was seventy feet front by thirty feet deep, facing the south, constructed of wild cherry timber, probably cut upon the place in making the clearing—for this tree grows abundantly at this day in the forest near at hand. The other materials were brought from Hamilton.

This structure is quite remarkable and noteworthy. The heavy sills rested on solid masonry, and upon them, standing on end, were cherry timbers, some ten or twelve inches thick and twelve or eighteen inches broad. In the sides of each were corresponding grooves, and into these planks were fitted, forming a perfect joint, to effectually cover shrinkage and openings between the timbers. They stand eleven feet high. This stockade or fortress-like structure, shows the military precision of the builder. Outside are clapboards, and lath and plaster within. The interior was handsomely and appropriately finished. The faces of the fire-places, it is claimed, were of black marble.

The building was but one story high. A wide hall, ten by thirty feet, ran through the centre. On the right, were four rooms, thirteen by fourteen feet each, opening into each other, and on the left of the hall was a large kitchen,

pantries, a bed or dining room, and stairways leading to the loft above and the cellar beneath. The garret was left unfinished. It is some four feet high at the eaves, where the massive timbers are still to be seen. It is lighted from two windows at each end. Much of the furniture for this house, Mr. Muller brought with him from abroad; some of it was costly and rare.

It is said that statuary embellished his grounds, which were tastefully laid out with walks and shrubbery. His immediate family consisted of his wife and two children, one it is said, was born during his residence in Georgetown.

He was reticent regarding his personal affairs. If he had a confidant, he was not allowed to divulge his secret. On one occasion, when all citizens were ordered out for "general training," the law did not overlook Mr. Louis Anathe Muller. He, however, considered it a personal insult, and to one of his retainers said, "Mr. Bierce, it is too bad—too bad! Captain Hurd sends his corporal to warn *me* out to *train*. He ought to be ashamed! I have been General of a Division five years; I have signed three treaties; I ——" here checking himself, he suppressed his feelings and simply added, "Bierce, it is too bad!" The matter was satisfactorily adjusted and Mr. Muller did not "train," and was never annoyed in like manner again.

While Mr. Muller labored with a contented mind in developing the resources of his sterile region; while his family and his well-stocked library made even his plain abode a place of rest and happiness; his foreign correspondents kept him advised as to the state of affairs in Europe; of the career of Bonaparte, which filled his mind with the gravest apprehensions. He feared lest all Europe should lie at his feet, and that his advancing legions might penetrate even to America. Napoleon himself declaring that America could not stand neutral, she must be either his ally or his enemy.

When, however, Bonaparte advanced upon Russia in

1812, with an army of 450,000 men (scarcely 100,000 returning) he anticipated his defeat, and exclaimed—"He shall be whipped; he shall be driven back!" Possessed with this conviction, and with the assurance which his private correspondence conveyed, he at once prepared to retire to France. This he did, late in 1813 or early in 1814, leaving his property in the hands of an agent, and his wife and children in New York.

He returned in 1816 to this country—"finding that during his absence, the agent had stripped the house of its furniture, disposed of all the movable property, and decamped with the proceeds, leaving behind him desolation and ruin. Dismayed with the air of wanton destruction, which pervaded his deserted village, and the cherished objects which were gathered in the house of his exile; he sold the estate, April 9, 1816, to Abijah Weston, a merchant of New York City, for the sum of \$10,500, and repaired to France, never more to return."

Mr. Weston does not appear to have become the owner for the purpose of restoring the place to its former attractiveness; but suffered it, and the village, to fall into decay, until little remained to indicate that here existed a magnificent ducal residence.

That Louis Anathe Muller was the assumed name of a French nobleman, fleeing from the vengeance of Napoleon Bonaparte, cannot be doubted.

His family physician of the name of Pietrow, who came to Georgetown with him, once said that Mr. Muller was "cousin german to the Duke of Angoulime," but he never divulged his real name or station.* By others he was believed to be the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe, who was known to have come to this country about this time. That he was a military officer of high attainments and ability is undoubted, and at least leads to the supposition that he

* The Duke of Angoulime was the elder brother of the Duke of Berri. He married his own cousin, Madame Royal, daughter of Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette. It might be said, therefore, by one desiring to mystify the truth, that the Duke of Berri was cousin (by marriage) to the Duke of Angoulime.

was one of the celebrated French generals, loyal to the Bourbons, who escaped to America to avoid the impending doom of the guillotine. Again, it is not improbable that this distinguished refugee was the Duke of Berri.* †

In the year 1871 I visited this desolate spot. Nature was largely reclaiming her own, and where was grassy slopes, blooming flowers and winding walks, is now the tangled growth of an ill-kept farm. The village the owner endeavored to foster into life, with its cottages, store-houses and mills, has completely gone. Even places where buildings stood are no longer discernable. The well graded roads are roughened by the winter's storms of three generations. The artificial lake is drained, and nothing remains to indicate where its sparkling waters played in the breeze. The owl hoots in the hollow trees and the hawk soars aloft in security, free from the range of the hunter. The old mansion stands dismal, desolate and weather-stained.

A farmer was the occupant, and the occasion of my visit was especially felicitous. The owner was absent, and the only human being on the premises was an old crone, who sat rocking by the kitchen fire, smoking her pipe. She bade me welcome, invited me to a seat and a talk. "I was young," she said, "when the Frenchman lived here. They called him Mr. Muller; some called him Phillips, and said he was a king, or would be in his own country. But I don't believe he was no king. He kept up, however, a great deal of fuss, and always went out riding with servants about him, and they had loaded pistols, too. He brought his servants with him from France. He had heaps of money, gold and silver, and kept it in a secret place, possibly down cellar; the place can't be found

* Mr James H. Smith, in his history of Madison county, names him positively. as the Duke of Berri. That "as such, he was known to Rev. Matthias Cazier, a highly educated French gentleman, who resided in Lebanon, a town a few miles away, with whom he became intimate, and in whom he confided."

† Mr. H. C. Maine, of Rochester, N. Y., in a recent interesting article in "The Magazine of American History," with much plausibility, endeavors to establish an identity between Mr. Muller and the Count of Artois.

now. He was a severe and haughty man, passionate at times and he used to flog his servants. Once he became so angry that he flogged a man to death and threw his body down the well, then had it filled up. The well was there just outside the kitchen door." "But," I said "how do you know this?" "Because my husband (the man I afterwards married, he's dead now) was a hired man on the place, and had to help fill the well." "Why, aunty," I said, "the place must be haunted, ar'n't you afraid to live here in a haunted house?" "Oh, laws, no! I didn't do nothing to him, why should he spook me." I will not ask you to believe the old woman's story about the murder, but will not take from you the pleasure of believing the place haunted and that untold riches still lie buried in the cellar or elsewhere.

Seriously, we may consider who this gentleman was; who came so unannounced, labored so earnestly, disappeared so suddenly, and passed from our knowledge and following.

Was he in verity Louis Philippe?

Let us briefly trace so much of the career of the Duke of Orleans as leads to the conjecture that he might be identical with Mr. Muller.

The Duke of Orleans disappeared from French politics after the execution of Louis XVI., in 1793; that stormy time of the Girondins and Terrorists, which was succeeded by the Directory, Consulate and Empire. He did not appear again in France until after his return from America and the great Napoleon had run his course. In escaping from France, after disposing of his personal effects, he retained but one horse and about four hundred dollars in money. His faithful servant, Bandoin, being the only one who followed him into exile. His haps and mishaps in Switzerland were romantic in the extreme. In October of 1793, we find him filling a Professorship of Mathematics and the French Language in the College of Reichenan, obtained for him under the assumed name of M. Chaband.

This position he held acceptably for eight months. His father having died he repaired to Hungary to visit his sister, residing there with her aunt the Princess of Conti. He then passed under the name of Corby. Here he intrigued for the establishment of a constitutional monarchy at Paris. But suspicion being aroused, he determined to sail for America. His slender means, however, were inadequate for so distant a journey. In Hamburg he found many Royalist refugees, who recognized him. On one occasion he was accosted and insulted by one in the public street, and stepping back with dignity, he said, "Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction ; but I have done neither. What will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and independent young man?"

Scandinavia seemed to be the most desirable retreat, as being out of the way of French refugees. Procuring a Danish passport under the name of M. Corby, he left for Copenhagen. From there, in 1795, he visited the coast of Norway, Iceland and the North Cape.

While at Bodæ, in Norway, he traveled under the name of Müller. A room in the house he occupied still bears his name. This was in 1796, and returning to Stockholm, he sailed thence to America. Thus just before coming to this country, he passed under the assumed name of Müller or Muller! This is a strange coincidence, and doubtless led to the supposition that Louis Anathe Muller, was none other than the future king of the French. Further dates in his history demolish this conjecture, as, while Mr. Muller was busy with his estate in Georgetown, Louis Philippe was in Europe, where, in November, 1809, he was married to Maria Amelia, the second daughter of the king of Naples. Aside from that, the following letter is conclusive, admitting of no doubt, that while in America, Louis Philippe was known by no other than his own name.

The letter is in reply to one written to the king, by Mr.

John E. Rodman, of Philadelphia, in relation to the king's residence in the United States during his exile. The following is its text :

“ST. CLOUD, 26th of August, 1837.

“SIR :

“I have received your kind letter of the 16th of June last, and I readily comply with your request to answer in my own hand your obliging enquiries.

“During my residence in the United States, I never went by any other name than my own, of Orleans. I have known Mr. Peter Guerrier, of Philadelphia, and later in the Havanas ; but since that time, in 1799, I never heard of him and am totally ignorant of what may have been his fate. I cannot believe that he ever attempted to pass himself off for me, but of this I am certain, that I never assumed his name, nor ever attempted to pass myself for him.

“I believe I never went to Haddonfield, but I am positive that I never lodged or boarded there at your father's house or at any other. It is now so long, about forty years, since I was in Philadelphia, that my recollections are confused, but I believe I dined there since, in company with a member of the Society of Friends, whose name was Rodman, at the house of another member of the same society, whose name was, I believe, John Elliott, and to whom I had been introduced by Mr. Guerrier.

“I regret, sir, to be unable to give more complete information in answer to your inquiries, and I must add, that I highly esteem the favorable opinion entertained of me in the United States, and I thank you for having expressed it in a manner so gratifying to my feelings.

“I remain sir,

“Your sincere friend,

“LOUIS PHILIPPE.”

THE DUKE OF BERRI.

Louis XV. of France, died May 10, 1774, after a reign of fifty-two years.

His son, the Dauphin, was born in 1731, and died in December, 1765. The Dauphinesse, died in 1767. She was a Saxon lady of high birth, and was the mother of the

three sons who survived her, and all of whom, at intermittent periods, were kings of France—the last of the Bourbon Kings.

Louis XVI., born August 24, 1754, inherited many of the high principles attributed to his father, the Dauphin. He struggled in vain against the changing political elements of his country. He lacked firmness and energy, but was animated by the best intentions. They, however, were useless, merely paving the way to his own destruction.

Louis XVIII., Comte de Provence, was born November 17, 1755. At the downfall of Napoleon, and when he was sent to Elba, was proclaimed King; making his public entry into Paris, May 3, 1814, accompanied by the Comte d'Artois and his son the Duc de Berri, and his niece the Duchess d'Angoulime, amid the enthusiasm of the royalists, but wondering silence of the people! The King left France on the return of Bonaparte from Elba, the Duc de Berri following him to Ghent, but the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, brought him back again!* Louis XVIII., died September 16, 1824, and was immediately succeeded by Charles X., the Comte d'Artois, the father of the Duc de Berri. He reigned from 1824 to 1830, when he was dethroned, after "the three days of July revolution," and retired to Holyrood Castle, Edinburgh.

The Duc de Berri, was born at Versaille, January 24, 1778, and was a possible occupant of the throne after the reign of his father, but he was assassinated as he was entering a carriage with the Duchess, February 13, 1820. The fanatic who committed this deed confessed that it was done to avenge Napoleon, and to end the race of the House of Bourbon.

He had at that time no son, but September 29, 1820, shortly after the assassination, the Duchess gave birth to

* A biographer states, that on returning to France in 1814, "the Duc de Berri landed at Cherbourg and at once produced a favorable impression. The abrupt frankness of his manners and his military habits, won the sympathies of the people and were even welcome with the army. He had command of all the troops in and around Paris; with the title of Colonel-General of dragoons."

one. He was the Duke of Bordeaux, and next in succession to Charles X.; who abdicated the throne in his favor, August 2, 1830. He was afterwards styled the Comte de Chambord and designated Henry V. The crown was not destined to descend to him, but was offered to his kinsman, Louis Philippe.*

The Duchess, mother of the Duke of Bordeaux, was a woman of great force of character and courage, and offered to place herself at the head of an army to enforce the rights of her young son to the crown. She, however, followed the dethroned King, Charles X., to Edinburgh. The daughter of the Duc de Berri who was born in 1819, was "Louise Maria Thèrise d' Artois, Mademoiselle de France."

But we will return to consider the personal history of the Duc de Berri.

What little can be gleaned of his movements during the rising power of Napoleon is not minute or satisfactory. History tells us that he passed "thirteen years in England," but gives little account of him while there. It does not seem reasonable that after the plots against Bonaparte, by members of the Bourbon family, for its restoration (which culminated so tragically in the murder of the Duc d' Enghein, and with whom the Duc de Berri was so closely connected), he would live openly in England. Then the emissaries of Bonaparte were keeping a strict watch of the actions and sayings of that family. There is no doubt but plots were formed for ridding the world of Napoleon; that the latter knew of or suspected them, and that the shooting of the Duc d' Enghein most thoroughly alarmed and scattered their instigators!†

* The Comte de Chambord in 1847, married the eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena, but like many of his race he had no children. When he died in 1883, the elder branch of the French Bourbons became extinct, and most of the French royalists now look upon Philippe VII.—the Comte de Paris—as the legitimate successor of Henry V.

† O'Meara in his "Voice from St Helena," quotes Napoleon as saying: "The Duc d'Enghein was to have come to Paris to assist the assassins." The Duc de Berri also was to have landed at a certain place in Picardy, to have excited insurrection and assassination. I got information of this, and Savary was dispatched to the spot to arrest him. If he had been taken he would have been instantly

Why, therefore, should the Duc de Berri remain in England, his life being in evident danger and Napoleon's power at its height? From what few expressions passed the lips of Mr. Muller in America, we have no doubt that he greatly feared the growing ascendancy of Bonaparte and that he might dominate Europe. America surely was a safer place; although we have no knowledge that either he or the Comte d' Artois ever came to this country.

Another less important reason why a residence in England could not be agreeable, was the fact that while at Holyrood Castle, in 1797, his father, the Comte d' Artois was pursued by creditors. The law sheltered him from legal process within the domain of the castle, but he could not leave the limits except on Sunday, when no arrests could be made. Again, Duc de Berri had married an English woman, and against the wishes of his friends. It is possible, that by this marriage he may have acquired the necessary means to purchase the estate we have under consideration.

While my conclusions point to the Duc de Berri as probably identical with Mr. Muller, I cannot insist upon the same as a matter of history until evidence presents itself that he actually came to this country. If I have succeeded in awakening interest in the subject, I shall gladly welcome any positive information that may identify the man be he whom he may.

M. Chateaubriand describes the Duc de Berri as follows: "His head was large, with tangled hair, a broad forehead, a ruddy face, staring blue eyes and thick red lips. His neck was short and his shoulders rather high, like those of all great military families. He was of medium stature. He looked brave and the expression of his face was candid

shot. * * * The place where they were to have landed was near Dieppe. * * * The Comte d' — — and the Duc de B—— were always endeavoring to procure my assassination. Louis, I believe, was not privy to it. They thought, I suppose, that they were at liberty to make as many attempts to assassinate me as they chose, with impunity. As head of the French Government; by the law of politics and by the law of nature, I should have been justified in causing assassination in return; which it would have been most easy for me to have affected."

and clever. His gait was active, his action prompt, his glance steady, intelligent and kindly, and his smile charming. He expressed himself with elegance in ordinary conversation, with clearness when discussing public affairs, and with eloquence when moved by passion. One saw in him the prince, the soldier, the man who had suffered, and felt drawn towards him by the mingled bluntness and good grace pervading his whole person. Exiled from France in 1789 at the age of eleven, he did not see his native land again until 1814. At sixteen, he enlisted in Condé's army as a volunteer, winning advancement at the sword's point. He preferred camp life to any other. When not fighting he traveled over Europe: visited Naples and Rome in 1800, studying painting and music. He sang well, drew well, especially military subjects. He was a gentleman, a scholar, and an artist."

It is stated in "The History of Madison County, by Mrs. L. M. Hammond," that Mr. Muller brought with him to Georgetown an American wife by the name of Stuyvesant. This, it seems to me, lacks evidence. When in England, 1806, as I have stated, he married a very lovely young woman of the name of Amy Brown. She it was, doubtless, whom he brought with him to America and installed mistress of the Muller mansion. Two daughters, it is believed, were the issue of this marriage: the elder born in England, and the younger in Georgetown.

The romance which has been published as a "Story of the Muller House," assumes that his "American wife," with the children, were left in this country, when he sailed for France in 1814. It names her as of good family and gives a harrowing picture of his adieus. This is probably pure fiction. The account, too, of the subsequent sale of the property to those of the name of Stuyvesant, seems to have no connection with Mr. Muller, who sold the estate in 1816 to Abijah Weston. It afterwards passed through several hands, and not until 1837 was it conveyed to parties of the name of Stuyvesant.

It is probable that when Mr. Muller went to France in 1814 he left his wife and children in New York, and returned for them in 1816.*

While we doubt not his attachment to his English wife, we know that marriage has ever been considered a matter of convenience with the Bourbon family, lightly made and easily set aside.

Louis XVIII., directly after he became king, disapproved his nephew's marriage. One of his first acts was to have it annulled. The Pope, Pius VII., who had obstinately refused "to commit a crime before the tribunal of the Almighty," as to dissolve a similar marriage between Prince Joseph Bonaparte and Betsey Patterson, invalidated the union between the Duc de Berri and Amy Brown, after they had lived together for ten years. It should be added, however, that the Pope insisted that the two daughters of the duke, born after wedlock, should be regarded as legitimate, and that they should incur no stigma.†

On being released from his first marriage the Duc de Berri, in 1816, married the granddaughter of the King of Naples, Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise the eldest daughter of Francis, afterwards king of the two Sicilies. She was born November 5, 1798. The marriage took place by proxy at Naples, April 24th, 1816, and the religious ceremony in France, June 17, of the same year. By this marriage he had a daughter and a son. The latter born shortly after his assassination in 1820.‡

Great was the grief and consternation caused by his dia-

* Sailing vessels crossed the ocean at this time in from 24 to 30 days to America, and 18 to 24 to Europe.

† From "The Marriage of the Bourbons," by Hon. D. Bingham, London 1890.

‡ "June 13, 1817, a daughter was born to the Duke and Duchess of Berri, who lived one day; September 13, 1818, a son was born, living two hours. The following epitaph was placed upon the coffin: 'Here lies the body of the very high and very powerful Prince N — of Artois, grandson of France, a son of the very high and very powerful Prince Charles Ferdinand of Artois, Duke of Berry, Son of France, and of Caroline Ferdinande Louise, Princess of the Two Sicilies, who died at birth, September 13, 1818.' September 21, 1819, a daughter was born, Princess Louise Maria Thèresa of Artois, Mademoiselle, granddaughter of France. September 29, 1820, the young Prince, Henry Charles Ferdinand Dieredonne (God-given) Duke of Bordeaux, was born."

bolical murder ; for the Duc de Berri was looked upon as the last hope of the elder branch of the Bourbons. His brother, the Duc d' Angouleme, having no children.

The Duchess of Berri was with her husband when he was wounded. The surgeons summoned to attend the dying man could do very little for him. His couch was soon surrounded by members of his family. He asked to see his little daughter, then five months old, and taking the child in his arms, kissed her and said, " May you be happier than the rest of the family." Then he asked to see his children by his first wife, Madam Brown, and Charlotte and Louise were brought just in time to receive his last counsels and the blessing of their father, who spoke to them in English. He asked his wife to look after the two orphans. She replied by taking them in her arms, promising to be the best of mothers to them. This promise she kept, bestowing upon them afterwards the tenderest and most conscientious care. *

Louis XVIII. afterwards created Charlotte Comtesse d' Issoudun, and she married the Prince de Fancigny-Lucinge, in 1823. The second daughter Louise, born in December, 1809, was created Comtesse de Vierzon, and she married the General (Baron) de Charette, (François de Lorraine,) nephew of the celebrated Vendean chief.

In 1876 Madam Brown died in France, and the certificate of her death contains the following particulars : " Amy Brown, aged ninety-three years, born at Maidstone, in the County of Kent, England, proprietor of the Chateau de la Contrie, daughter of the defunct Joseph Brown and Mary Ann Deacon, widow of Charles Ferdinand, died on the 6th of May, 1876."

In the summer of 1891 I again visited the Muller mansion. From the beautiful village of Cazenovia, the course

* The Duc de Berri was assassinated February 13, 1820. Two eminent qualities he possessed in a high degree--bravery and charity. He was a good husband, a good friend, a good master. His body was taken to the Abbey St Denis, the funeral taking place March 14th. His epitaph is as follows : " The very high, very powerful Prince Charles Ferdinand of Artois, Duke of Berri, Son of France, is dead, Pray God for the repose of his soul."

is due south some twelve miles to the tract known as Muller Hill. One ascends all the way, meeting sometimes a wild neglected country, and again evidences of thrifty culture. This region, however, as an attractive one to agriculturists, has passed its prime. It is too true of many a home here, as elsewhere, that the young brood of children, ripening into manhood, have deserted the old roof for the more tempting allurements of western life, where land is cheap and yields an abundant return for the labor of the husbandman. The parents grow old and die and none returning to occupy the premises, and being unsaleable, the place grows to weeds and wildness, and the house to decay. Such is no fancy picture of many parts of Madison county to-day.

As one nears the hills of Georgetown these evidences of ruin are much more frequent. Prices of land are but little more in dollars than they were in the early part of the present century.

On our last turn from the traveled road we ascend sharply along the border of what is now dry, but where formerly ran a considerable stream. It was along this stream that Mr. Muller built his village. Store-houses, mills, shops and farm houses, have disappeared, or mostly so. Here and there only a remnant of auld-lang-syne exists in a tumbled-down affair and naught to help the imagination fill up the picture of former thrift. Some quarter of a mile of toilsome ascent brings one to the summit of the hill, some 2,000 feet above the sea. Here is a clearing of several hundred acres, and in the centre stands the Muller Mansion.

A private road winds from the one we have left. There are no shade trees or shrubbery about, save some of recent planting; while all around, in every direction, the woods have thickened into their ancient glory.

Although this is a broad hill top, it is so shut in by the surrounding woods, that there is no extended view. Openings formerly existed, doubtless to command a wide range of

country in various directions. We are pleasantly welcomed by the present owner, who is making this a dairy farm, has met with a reasonable amount of success, and the good house-wife is to be commended for the neat condition of the premises. We wandered about it at will—over the plowed ground to the wood beyond, where yet stand in stately majesty enormous wild cherry trees of native growth, indicating that when the house was built and the clearing made for it, the trees were felled on the spot and hewn into the heavy timber that composes its frame-work.

The plan of the house must be now much as it was originally built. The broad hall passes through the centre. On the right are four rooms, which were occupied by the owner for himself and family. One of these rooms, it is said, he fitted as an oratory. On the left are the working rooms of the establishment. The loft remains unfinished, where can be seen the massive cherry timbers, standing on end as built. They bear evidence of having been hewn by a master hand.

No writing is visible on the beams or elsewhere, of the former occupants of this loft. Here we know the retainers of the first owner were accustomed to sleep, and it is somewhat surprising that they have left no record behind. The garret is open in one long room, with two windows at each end. In the kitchen, the old fire place (as it existed some twenty years ago,) has been remodeled to suit more modern ideas. We descended into the cellar, and were astonished at the smallness of it. The space occupied is only about two-thirds the size of the kitchen above. It is lighted by one small window, the sill of which, from the inner cellar wall of stone, to the outer one of the building, is some *seven feet*. There is apparently no reason for this, and evidently between these two walls, is a space, some six by twenty feet with no present access to it. The owner has never gone so far as to wonder why this space exists; nor has his curiosity tempted him to break through the wall to see what is beyond. I endeavored to rouse him to search, by

telling him that Mr. Muller had large holdings of gold and silver, and that somewhere within these walls must have existed a strong room for its keeping. Perhaps, others have investigated it in times gone by. Doubtless the tricky agent, who sold out (if reports be true) the property of Mr. Muller during his absence in France, knew about it, and left little behind to reward the searcher. Be that as it may—it is now an inaccessible corner, that calls for the pick and hammer of the curious.

Over the mantel in my own residence in Cazenovia, hangs a mirror, round in form, the frame of wood, richly carved and gilded. Above, with outstretched wings, is the French eagle; below, are oak leaves with an acorn as pendant, beautifully wrought. At each side is a cornucopia inverted, displaying fruits that gracefully fall over the outer rim, and two candelabra with cut glass bobaches and brilliant drops.

The mirror, a convex glass, is set in a black rim. It was formerly the property of Mr. Muller, from whom my father purchased it, and it hung in the parlor of the old Muller mansion.

There are also in my family two English mezzotint prints, hand colored, most delicate and beautiful, which also occupied a place in the same mansion.

Singularly in connection with this mirror, is a painting of St. Cecelia, by Domenichino [about 1620] which I purchased in 1875, in Florence, Italy. It is of rare beauty and merit. At the time of purchase, its history was withheld from me; but a few years after, I learned that it was from the gallery of the Duke of Modena. The Duke de Chambord (son of the Duke de Berri) married a daughter of the Duke of Modena.

So while the mirror has an interest in having been the property of the supposed Duc de Berri; the picture was from the gallery of the father of his son's wife.

The Madog Tradition.

The Search for the Madogians, and Other Incidents in the Welsh History of Utica,
Past and Present.

BY BENJAMIN F. LEWIS.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT UTICA, N. Y.,
APRIL 10, 1894.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

It is not my purpose to enter upon an elaborate argument to prove that Madog ab Owain Gwynedd, a Welsh Prince, discovered America in the twelfth century ; but as that tradition gave rise to an incident in the early Welsh history of Utica, I may be pardoned for giving a very brief history of the tradition itself, and a summary of some of the real as well as imaginary events that grew out of it.

According to the Welsh tradition, Madog, a son of Owain Gwynedd, a prince who ruled North Wales, from 1137 to 1169, when he saw his brothers fighting for the succession after the death of his father, determined to seek a new home, where he could live in peace, free from the turmoil so prevalent in his native land. Being the commander of what fleet the principedom of Gwynedd at that time possessed, he took three ships, and in 1170 sailed westward, taking a number of his countrymen with him. After some time he returned, and gave such glowing accounts of a new country he had discovered, that three hundred of his countrymen were induced to accompany him on his return ; and in 1172 he sailed again with ten ships, going westward, passing Ireland to the north.

The discovery of America by Madog was not an impracticable achievement. To say nothing of the voyages of the Phœnicians, it is now known that this continent had been discovered by the Northmen more than a century and a half before his time, and the Welsh peo-

ple in the Middle Ages were in the habit of visiting the continent of Europe, and had frequent intercourse with Norway and other Scandinavian countries, including Iceland. It can easily be imagined that Madog, being a sailor, and remotely of Scandinavian descent, had heard of the discovery of land in the far west by Leif Ericson. It is true that Ericson's discovery was accidental, while he was in search of adventure; there is no known reason why Madog could not have been as fortunate while in search of a home, especially with the example of Ericson before him.

Lord Lyttleton, in his History of Henry the Second, endeavored to prove that Owain Gwynedd had no navy for his son to command; but it is a historical fact that a land and naval battle was fought between Henry and Owain in 1157, in which the Welsh were victorious on the water, and the English on the land.

The great contention has been as to whether the tradition about Madog was current in Wales before the time of Columbus. Those who take the affirmative view refer to confirmative expressions found in the poems of three contemporary bards, Cynddelw, Llywarch ab Llewelyn, and Gwalchmai; but the meaning given to these quotations is disputed by those who take the negative side. Cynddelw refers to a Madog that was slain, according to one reading by the sea, but according to another in battle. Llywarch ab Llewelyn was undoubtedly threatened with the fiery ordeal on the charge of murdering Madog, and it has been argued that Madog's return from his western voyage cleared the mystery of his disappearance, and saved Llywarch from the ordeal. Both Llywarch and Gwalchmai refer to a Madog claimed by some to be Madog ab Owain Gwynedd, but by others to be Madog ab Meredydd, Prince of Powys. The next reference to Madog is by Meredith ap Rhys, a bard who lived between 1430 and 1477; and he unquestionably refers to Madog ab Owain Gwynedd as a rover of the seas. In his "Travels," pub-

lished in 1634, Sir Thomas Herbert refers to a Cynvrig ab Gronw as authority for the Madog discovery of a western continent. Five persons of this name are mentioned in Welsh history between 1279 and 1459. It is not known to which, if either of them, Sir Thomas Herbert refers. A Welsh Triad speaks of Madog ab Owain Gwynedd as having gone to sea with ten ships and 300 men, but adds: "It is not known to what place they went." This Triad refers to the "three disappearances of the Isle of Britain;" the first being Gavran ab Aeddan; the second Merddin, the bard of Emrys Wledig; and the third Madog ab Owain Gwynedd. It is found among those known as the Triads of the Third Series, supposed to have been compiled in the fifteenth century from older documents.

In 1156, fourteen years before the date given for Madog's first voyage, there died in Wales a monk known as Caradog of Llancarvan. He left in manuscript a "History of Wales," which was continued, it is claimed, by other monks for succeeding generations. This work was translated into English by Humphrey Llwyd in 1559, and edited and published by Dr. David Powell in 1584. In this history, as left by Llwyd, the Madog tradition is given in detail, with the explanation that the country, from the description given of it by Madog, must have been the same country as that afterwards discovered by the Spaniards. Dr. Powell, the editor, argued that the country discovered by Madog must have been Mexico. He based this upon the traditions of the Mexicans as to their origin, and on "the British names of places used in that country." It is asserted that Llwyd and Powell gave this tradition upon the authority of Guttyn Owain, and that he wrote before the discovery by Columbus. This, if true, is important; for Guttyn Owain was a bard and herald of authority, who was appointed by Henry the Seventh to make out that king's descent from the ancient British kings. The claim is made that he copied the account in 1184 from a manuscript in one of the monasteries.

Others dispute this, and say that Guttyn Owain wrote, if at all, after the discovery by Columbus. It is evident, however, that Dr. Powell did not rely entirely upon written evidence, for he says there were many fables current as to Madog's voyage and return, "as the common people do augment owing to distance of place and length of time ; but sure it is there he was."

This history is supposed to have brought the Madog tradition first to the attention of English readers ; but Sir George Peckham mentions the story in a pamphlet published in 1583. He may have had access to the Llwyd manuscripts, or may have heard the oral tradition.

Ieuan Brechfa, an antiquary and bard who died in 1500, is said to have left a Book of Pedigrees, written about 1460, in which he said that "Madog crossed Morwerydd," the present Welsh name of the Atlantic ocean, but the original meaning of the word Morwerydd was Irish sea.

The story of Madog's adventures once published, was generally accepted by zealous Englishmen, in order to claim for themselves priority of discovery as against the Spaniards. It is found in Hakluyt's "Travels," published in 1589 ; in Raleigh's "History of the World," published in 1614 ; in Purchas' "Pilgrimage," published in 1625, and in the "History of the World," by Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, published about the same time.

James Howell, a Welshman, and a graduate of Oxford, while in Fleet prison, London, wrote a large number of letters, which were published in four volumes, between 1645 and 1655. In these letters he had much to say of the Madog expedition, for it was then a popular subject ; and he improved upon the story by giving what he claimed to be an epitaph found on Madog's tombstone in the West Indies six hundred years before. This epitaph proved to be a garbled stanza from a poem by Meredith ap Rhys. Nevertheless, it found its way into "Hackett's Collection of Epitaphs."

Rev. R. W. Morgan, in his "British Kymry," claimed

that Madog discovered America in 1160, returned in 1164, and with a fleet of 18 vessels and 3,000 of his countrymen, recrossed the Atlantic and "took possession of the throne and kingdom of Mexico." Rev. B. F. Bowen, in his "America discovered by the Welsh," claims the conquest of Mexico for Madog. Rev. Theophilus Evans added to the currency of the Madog story in Wales by incorporating it, embellished by his fruitful imagination, in his popular work, "Drych y Prif Oesoedd." This work was translated and published in this country by Judge George Roberts, of Ebensburg, Pa. Southey's epic on Madog, published in 1805, helped the story along wonderfully. The list of eminent men who believed that Madog discovered America, could be easily enlarged, but the last I shall mention is that great embodiment of brains and bigotry, Cotton Mather, and this naturally brings us to the search for the Madogians on this continent.

David Ingram, a Scotch sailor, who went with Sir John Hawkins to the West Indies in 1568, is the first known authority for the assertion that people speaking the Welsh language were found among the Indians on this continent. In a narrative written by him in 1582, he says he found here a bird called Penguin, "which seemeth to be Welsh," and further claimed to have heard other Welsh words spoken. I remember well the impression made upon my own mind, when a small lad, on reading of this Penguin, which in Welsh means white head, and of my keen disappointment when I was told that the bird's head was black.

One Stedman, a native of Breckonshire, Wales, is said to have landed on the coast between Florida and Virginia in 1670, and is quoted as saying that he spoke to some Indians in their native language, when he was informed by them that their ancestors had come from Gwynedd in Prydain Fawr, (North Wales in Great Britain.) As the title, Great Britain, was not adopted, though occasionally used, until after the accession of James the First, in 603, Mr. Stedman must have misunderstood his Indian friends, or else they were not Madogians.

The most frequently quoted authority for the existence of Welsh speaking Indians on this continent is Rev. Morgan Jones, an Episcopal clergyman. He was a native of Monmouthshire, which Welshmen consider as part of South Wales, and a graduate of Oxford University. He came to America some time prior to 1660. Twenty-five years later he met in New York city an old friend, Thomas Lloyd, who had come here with William Penn, and was afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania. Lloyd having heard the Stedman story in Wales, referred to it in his conversation with Jones, and the latter related his own adventure with Welsh Indians, which was so marvelous that Lloyd asked him to reduce it to writing, which he did. This narrative has been so frequently published that I need only refer to it very briefly. In substance it says that Jones and five others, while in South Carolina, escaped into the Tuscarora country and were taken prisoners and condemned to death. This led Jones to exclaim in the British tongue: "Have I escaped so many dangers, to be now knocked on the head like a dog." He was understood by a chief present, who embraced him and told him in the British tongue that he should not die. This chief ransomed the party, and took them among the Doegs, his own tribe, who entertained the strangers civilly for four months. Jones conversed with these Indians in the British tongue, and preached to them three times a week in the same language. If Mr. Jones, however, a man who left South Wales in the seventeenth century, could talk intelligibly with people who had left North Wales in the twelfth century, he or they must have been endowed with the gift of tongues spoken of in Holy Writ.

Thomas Lloyd sent the Jones narrative to his brother Charles in Wales, and by him it was given to Dr. Plott, who read a paper on it before the Royal Society in London.

Very naturally, the wonderful story related by Mr. Jones, created great excitement, and gained general acceptance

in both England and Wales. Welsh Indians multiplied so rapidly that in 1790, Dr. John Williams, a strong advocate of their existence, included six tribes in his list. Opinion finally centered on the Padoucas as the true Madogians, and when these had to be given up, the Mandans were cherished as the true descendants of Madog. The light complexion of these Indians was to many a convincing argument in their favor.

In 1776 one Captain Stewart saw Welsh speaking Indians on the Red River; and another gentleman saw them on the Ohio. A Mr. Binon, a Welshman, in 1750, saw them westward far beyond the Mississippi. A lieutenant, Joseph Roberts, heard an Indian swear in Kymraeg, in Washington, in 1801; Benjamin Sutton heard some trans-Mississippi Indians speak Welsh to a man named Lewis; a Mr. Burnell heard of some Welshmen who perfectly understood the Natchez Indians; Sir John Caldwell and Captain Abraham Chaplin, during the American war, said they had some soldiers who could talk Welsh with the Pawnees.

The story told by Rev. Morgan Jones is matched by that of Maurice Griffiths. This comes to us at third hand, through Judge Toulmin, of Mississippi, an Englishman by birth, who claimed to have heard it from a Mr. Childs, forty years before he wrote it out. It was published in the Kentucky *Palladium* in 1804. According to this, Maurice Griffiths, who had left Wales when 16 years of age, had been taken prisoner by a party of Shawanese, somewhere near the headwaters of the Roanoke river in Virginia. After staying with these Indians two and a half years, Griffiths and five young braves went out to explore the sources of the Missouri river. They traveled for several months, and their route is described with great minuteness. They were finally taken prisoners and condemned to death by a tribe of white Indians "who spoke pure Welsh." Griffiths, however, spoke to the Indians in his native tongue, and the lives of the captives were spared.

This white nation could muster 50,000 able bodied men, though occupying but fifty miles of the banks of a river, and its tributaries. A recent writer quotes this Loulmin story in all sincerity, and says the "route can be marked out with singular accuracy by the use of subsequent knowledge." He points out that they visited the lead mines of Missouri, the salt licks of Nebraska, and the sandy plains beyond.

A gentleman, supposed to be a Captain Davies, claims to have heard Indians converse in Welsh with Welshmen on the Illinois river, and he said further that those Indians had a manuscript Welsh Bible with them. In 1753 Colonel George Chrochan wrote to Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, that three young French priests had returned from an expedition in search of Welsh Indians, and had brought back with them some Welsh Bibles. To come nearer home, the author of the volume on the "Discovery of America by the Welsh," published in Philadelphia in 1876, gives Governor Morgan Lewis, of this State, as authority for the statement that his father, Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had been taken prisoner by the French at Oswego, and, being assigned to the care of some Indians, had talked with his custodians in Welsh. Mr. Daniel L. Jones, of Brooklyn, heard Governor Lewis relate this incident in his father's life.

In 1843, the New York *Herald* published a statement that Sir W. D. Stewart, (described as the great boar hunter,) had found evidences of Welsh customs and the Welsh language, while hunting in the Rocky Mountains, due to Welshmen cast upon our Western shores long before the time of Columbus. These are only a few of the Welsh Indian stories once current.

Very curious and plausible etymological and ethnological arguments have been elaborated to sustain the Madogian tradition, and to prove that people with Welsh features, speaking the Welsh language, and familiar with Welsh customs, must have lived on this continent before the time of Columbus. As curiosities, I may mention that

the name of Madockowando, that Indian Chief who was the scourge of the New England frontier from 1690 to 1694, was made out to be Madoc gwrando, (Madoc listen ;) that Pantigo, mentioned by Morgan Jones, was Pant y Gof, (Smith's Hollow,) and Nanticoke was Nant y Cwch, (stream of the boat.) Allegheny has been derived from the Welsh words gallu, meaning ability, and geni (to be born.) From the remains of prehistoric inhabitants, it has been argued, also, that the people supplanted and driven west by the Iroquois, were the descendants of the colonies planted here by Madog.

Much has been written to prove the identity of the Madogians with the Aztecs of Mexico. The argument rests upon similarity of customs and alleged kinship of language. Not relying upon what I found in books on this point, I asked Professor Ferguson, of this city, for a list of common nouns and phrases in the Aztec language, and their equivalents in English, which he kindly furnished me. I fail to find any trace of Kymraeg in them.

The wonderful stories of Welsh Indians sent from America to England and Wales, as might have been expected, produced a profound impression. They were taken as positive proof of the claim made for centuries that Madog had discovered America. Now that the descendants of those early adventurous discoverers were supposed to have been found, the religious element came into play, and there was an intense desire to preach the gospel to these benighted fellow-countrymen. With the intention of carrying the "good tidings" to them, a young man named John Evans left Wales in 1792, determined to find them if they existed anywhere on the Missouri river. After many difficulties and privations, he reached St. Louis in 1795. He went about 900 miles up the Missouri, and spent the winter with the Mahas. The next year he traveled 900 miles more and found himself among the Mandans. He returned in 1797, convinced, in his own words, "that the Welsh Indians had no existence." To show the implicit

faith placed in the old story, I may mention that as soon as it was known that Evans was on his way back, that fact was sent to Wales, and a Welsh publication announced that it would publish a full account of the discovery of the Welsh Indians as soon as it could be received from Mr. Evans. The report that Mr. Evans did make was a discouraging disappointment.

Much was expected from the expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804-1805, and their failure to bring back any news of the Madogians was another disappointment.

Notwithstanding the failure of John Evans, who had gone out expressly to look for the Welsh Indians, and the disappointment incident to the failure of Lewis and Clark to find any trace of them, the faith of the Welsh people as a whole, as well as many Americans and Englishmen, continued to cling tenaciously to the tales so often repeated; and if the descendants of Madog and his men were not to be found in one place, it was believed they must be somewhere else. Very naturally the subject excited much interest among the early Welsh settlers of Oneida county. In the early part of this century these were to be found chiefly in Utica and Steuben. It is not my intention to give a history of the Welsh people of Utica, but people of that nationality settled upon the site of the city of Utica very early. From 1795 to 1800 there was a large immigration of Welsh people to this county. In 1801 a union Church was organized in Steuben, and September 12 of the same year a Welsh Baptist Church was organized in Utica, and this was the first religious society organized in this city. On the first of January, 1802, a Congregational Church was organized, and both of these organizations still exist. In 1808 a Welsh hymn-book was printed here for the use of worshipers by the Congregationalists. Many of the early settlers came here from Wales by way of Philadelphia, in which city and its neighborhood a great many Welsh people had settled. Some came over with William Penn, and the immigrants from Wales were quite numer-

ous for fifty years thereafter. The first Welsh book published in America was printed in Philadelphia in 1721. It was a religious book, its author being Ellis Pugh, a Quaker preacher, who went back to Wales as a missionary to his countrymen. This little book was translated and published in English. In 1730 a large folio Welsh Concordance of the Bible was published in Philadelphia, ten years after the death of its author, Rev. Abel Morgan, a Baptist clergyman, and some years before the publication of Cruden's English Concordance.

The Welsh population of this county must have increased quite rapidly, for in an account of a Congregational Gymanfa held in this city, September 9th and 10th, 1822, Mr. Thomas John writes that the congregations numbered at least a thousand, and in Steuben at the same Gymanfa, about fifteen hundred people attended. In Utica the preaching was wholly in Welsh, but in Steuben, one discourse was delivered in English for the sake of some Americans who were present from New York. Mr. John says that the Welsh Independents and Baptists had each a church in Utica and Steuben, "handsome and fairly good-sized edifices." There were in Utica at that time, he further says, seven places of worship; two Baptist, two Congregationalist, one Methodist Episcopal, one Protestant Episcopal, and one Roman Catholic.

I must now go back to the winter of 1818-19. As I have said, these new settlers in Oneida county shared the feelings of their countrymen in Wales as to the existence of Madogians on this continent, and anxiety as to their eternal welfare if they did exist. From all the documents bearing on this phase of the question, I believe a desire for their conversion was the controlling impulse, though the desire to confirm the old Madogian tradition was an important factor in the search for them. With their accustomed energy, the people of Oneida County decided to do something practical, by collecting money to pay the expenses of a searching party. They had great faith that

success would crown their efforts, for Mr. James Owen, of Trenton, wrote to a friend in Wales, under date of April 10, 1819: "I think, if we live a little longer, the door will be opened for us to find out about the old Kymry. We here are determined to make every effort to find them out. We are almost sure that they may be found on the Mud river, twelve miles from the Missouri. Next week we are to collect money to send a man to them. We have many ready to go, but we have decided to send John T. Roberts, who was born near Denbigh, Wales. I feel almost like asking a preaching appointment at Trenton or Steuben for some of the missionaries that will go out from Carnarvonshire on their way to the old Madogians, who are said to speak nothing but Kymraeg, and without any mixture with the other tribes. The men are said to have reddish hair, and the women to be very comely."

The John T. Roberts spoken of by Mr. Owen, was a brother of the late Henry Roberts, (the butcher), and an uncle of Henry L. and Alexander B. Roberts of this city. He was then a contractor on the Erie canal, and died in Sacramento, Cal., when over ninety years of age. He was well qualified for the task of finding the Welsh Indians, and not likely to be easily led astray. He selected for his companion a young man named William Perry. The money for the journey was contributed by the Welsh people of Utica and Steuben.

The two explorers left Utica on the fourteenth of April, 1819. They reached Pittsburg, Pa., in the early part of May, and there found Major Long, who had been commissioned to explore the regions to the South of the Missouri river. When they made the object of their journey known to him, he informed them that he had been advised to take a Welshman with him, and he would take them. To their great delight, he also informed them that General Clark, governor of the Missouri Territory, had informed him that the Welsh Indians lived in a valley near the Rocky Mountains. They met Major Long again at Cin-

cinnati, but here they were told that his party would be divided, one going to explore the Missouri river and the other the Arkansas. He offered, however, to take one of them up the Missouri, while the other might go with the Arkansas party.

No complete account of this expedition was published until 1822, after Mr. Roberts had returned to Wales, with his brother Henry and others of the family, in order to claim some property. In 1822, Mr. Roberts sent a letter to "*Seren Gomer*," (*Gomer's Star*), where two other letters from him had appeared, giving the account of his journey, that I have briefly recounted, dated March 13, which appeared in the April number of the magazine. On the day following, March 14, he sent another letter, identical with the other except in its first paragraph, to the "*Goleuad*," (*Illuminator*), and this also was published in the April number. From these letters it appears that the explorers reached St. Louis May 28, and there decided to inquire among the Indian traders as to the definite location of the Welsh Indians before proceeding any further. He says he saw there many people who had been thousands of miles up the Missouri River; some who knew the languages of all the Indians located near the waters of the Missouri. He saw some that had ascended the Missouri four thousand miles, had crossed the Rocky Mountains, and had gone down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean. They all said they had not seen a tribe of white Indians, but had heard of them before starting, and expected to find them on their journeys. Some said they had inquired about them, but they were then convinced that they were not to be found on the Missouri, nor any of its tributaries. He saw a number of men who had lived many years among the Indians in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. They also said no such people as the Welsh Indians were to be found. He saw two or three men who understood the speech of the Padoucas, but they did not understand a word of Welsh. He inquired in St.

Louis and its vicinity for those who understood the Indian languages, especially the professional interpreters, and pronounced in their hearing the Welsh words for sun, moon, stars, head, feet, hands, but they did not understand one word. He saw a number of strange Indians at different times, and spoke to them in Welsh, but they invariably put their fingers in their ears.

These results were discouraging enough, but Mr. Roberts was determined to make the search thorough. Knowing the value of printer's ink, he went to a St. Louis newspaper office, and persuaded the editors to publish some of the traditions about Madog's discovery of America, and the tales about Indians speaking the Welsh language; and further to announce that two men had come to St. Louis in search of them, and earnestly requesting correspondents to give information about them, if they could. He says that this article was published in papers for hundreds of miles, "even to New Orleans, near the Gulf of Mexico," but there was no response. While at St. Louis, Mr. Roberts read Colonel Stoddard's "History of the Western Parts of America." Colonel Stoddard stated that Indians speaking the Welsh language lived on the Arkansas and Red Rivers, and were known as Ietans or Alitans. Mr. Roberts heard of men who said they understood the language of these tribes; he found them and tried to converse with them in Welsh, but the attempt was a failure. Mr. Roberts staid in St. Louis two years, and though convinced that his countrymen were not to be found on the Missouri, "in view of all that had been said, he could not make up his mind that they did not exist at all." He was satisfied, however, that many of the tales were sheer fabrications.

William Perry appears to have left the search for the Welsh Indians to Mr. Roberts, but he went up the Missouri for 700 miles, and reported to Mr. Roberts that he saw no trace of Welsh Indians in his travels.

In his disappointment, Mr. Roberts consoled himself

with the reflection that if these unfortunate people existed anywhere, they could be reached by sending the Gospel to every nation under the sun.

In March, 1856, a correspondent in the *Cenhadwr*, (*Messenger*,) a Welsh monthly magazine, then published in Steuben, and still published in Remsen, this county, urged his countrymen to raise money to defray the expenses of another expedition to go out in search of the Welsh Indians, "who might," he said, "be talking in the dear old language and holding Eisteddfods somewhere in the northwest." The letter in the *Cenhadwr* attracted the attention of Mr. Roberts, the Utica explorer, who had by that time drifted to Sacramento, Cal., and evidently clung to the hope that the Madogians might still exist. Under date of July 16, 1856, he wrote to the magazine that one Richard P. Pierce, of Anglesey, Wales, had crossed overland to California with five or six others from Wisconsin. After passing Salt Lake, they had seen some Indians who had with them a white man who could talk some Welsh. This man had left Wales when young, had gone to New Orleans, and had gone with the fur traders among the Indians and married an Indian squaw. Mr. Pierce reported this man as saying that there was a tribe of white Indians about two days' journey to the south, who chatted in Welsh; that he could understand some words; but he, himself, had lost most of his Welsh. He told wonderful tales about these people, and offered to lead the travelers to them. Mr. Roberts does not say in his letter who gave him this information; but it was not Pierce, for he adds that he meant to have seen Pierce personally in order to get the full particulars from him, but he had left the place.

That Mr. Roberts continued to have faith in the existence of Welsh Indians is evident from a letter he wrote to the *Cenhadwr*, from Sacramento City, dated November 17, 1857, which was published in that Magazine, March, 1858. In this letter he related what he considered an im-

portant discovery. He says that a Mr. Gilman had been stopping at his house, who said that he had spent the winter of 1852-3 at Salt Lake City. While there he had visited a place about forty miles distant, where an old lady lived with her daughter. While he was at this old lady's house, three white Indians called there, a woman and two young lads; and the old woman told Mr. Gilman she could understand everything they said, "for they spoke Welsh." Mr. Roberts said further, that a family had recently come to Sacramento, who had seen white people among those Indians. Mr. Roberts continues in his letter: "Mr. Gilman had never heard of Madog ab Owain Gwynedd. In my opinion this is stronger proof of the existence of Welsh Indians than anything I had seen before; and I think there is little doubt but they could be found. If I had had such information as this when I was in St. Louis looking for them in 1819, I would have been able to find them. There were but few Welsh people in America then compared to what there are now; and the collection made then was not more than enough to pay two men's expenses to St. Louis and back. We could get no information of them then, and went no further. I think they could be found now without much difficulty."

To the best of my knowledge, the Oneida County expedition was the last effort made to find the Welsh Indians.

In July, 1819, while the Utica explorers were in St. Louis, appeared the first attempt by a Welshman to discredit the Madog tradition. Dr. John Jones, a barrister who had received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Jena, wrote a letter on the subject from London to the "Monthly Magazine," which was published in the September number of the periodical, fiercely attacking the story. He gave great offense to his countrymen by styling the Madogians "Mad Dogs."

In 1876 Rev. B. F. Bowen published a book in defense of the existence of the Madogians. He makes the best use of his materials, and makes out a very plausible case.

Howard T. Jenkins, in his "History of the Township of Gwynedd," published in 1884, asserts that "some of these Madog claims are in modern times accepted as true." Rev. B. F. De Costa, in a little pamphlet published in 1891, on "The Pre-Columbian Voyages of the Welsh to America," says: "The Post-Columbian authorities could be left out, for even then there would be solid grounds for the probability of Madog's voyage." Humboldt said the claims made on behalf of Madog had not received the attention they deserved from historians. Bryant's History of the United States contains the tradition, and gives considerable space to the arguments in favor of its historical character. Due weight should be given to the fact that Giraldus Cambrensis, a Norman Welshman, visited North Wales eighteen years after the alleged voyage of Madog, but makes no mention of such an event in his writings. The most exhaustive work on the negative side of the question, was written by Thomas Stephens, of Merthyr, Wales, who does not believe that Madog ever left Wales. Mr. Stephens, however, is the iconoclast of Welsh literature and history.

There is another tradition about Madog, written in the sixteenth century by Roger Morris, who claimed that it had come down from mouth to mouth, which represents Madog as being fond of a seafaring life, and affirms that he was shipwrecked near Bardsey Island (Ynys Enlli.)

The claim that the Indians spoke dialects resembling other languages is not confined to the Welsh. The same claim has been made on behalf of the Hebrew, German, Erse and Gaelic languages.

That men were occasionally found among the Indians who could speak the Welsh language is not at all improbable; for Welsh people are known to have come over here very early. A company of them settled in Mansfield, Conn., as early as 1640, and a few years later other settlements were made in other parts of New England. They were found in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Mary-

land, the Carolinas, and Georgia, in the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries; and the same spirit that has led so many of them to search for minerals in Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Nevada and California, would carry them in those early days far from the haunts of civilization, and lead them to mingle with the Indians, and live among them, as some are known to have done. To have met one of these men, and talk with him in his native tongue, would naturally be magnified, when the belief in the existence of the descendants of Madog and his men on this continent was so prevalent. Had he been of an imaginative turn of mind, I presume Mr. John T. Williams, of this city, could have told a wonderful tale of the discovery of Madogians on the shores of Lake Superior. In 1868, while prospecting in that region, he found himself among the Chippewa Indians, and talked Welsh with one of their leading men, who proved to be John Parry, brother of Joseph Parry, the great Welsh composer of music. Another gentleman of this city had a similar experience with Mr. Parry two years later.

The only comment I shall make on these and other Welsh Indian stories, is to call attention to the fact that most of them are related by men who did not understand Welsh themselves, and in some cases, at least, took Welsh and white to be synonymous terms.

As to pre-Columbian documents on the question in Wales, it is claimed that such did exist, but were destroyed in the wanton destruction of castles, monasteries, and churches, in the internecine wars among the Welsh themselves, as well as in the almost constant conflicts with external foes. But I have to do with the tradition only.

Long centuries of unquestioning faith in the Madog tradition, a faith imposed upon with many tales of impossible events, and sorely tried by repeated disappointments, has eventually led to an era of extreme revulsion among the Welsh people themselves; a revulsion as unreasoning as the faith was unquestioning. Those Welshmen who

still cling to the old belief, do so, as it were, with the finger-tips of their intellects ; as if they held themselves in readiness to abandon their faith at the first attack upon their credulity ; while with very many, it is considered beneath the dignity of the intelligence of the nineteenth century to put any faith in such an idle tale. It may be so ; but it took eight centuries to prove that America had really been discovered by the Northmen ; what another century and a half may do for Madog remains to be seen. After all, there may be something of history in this dim legend of the long past ; but it is possible, I will not say probable, that the Madog story will be laid to rest with the legend of Arthur and his mailed knights sleeping in a subterranean cavern, awaiting the break of day to go forth to battle for the land of the Red Dragon ; or the knightly, though unfortunate, Dom Sebastian, who was for centuries expected to return from the land of the Moslem, to restore the glory of the Portuguese nation ; or the Cid Rodrigo, who is to redeem the Spanish name and restore the grandeur and power of the old Castilian monarchy ; or Frederick Barbarossa, the contemporary of Madog, who is believed to sleep lightly enough beneath the soil of Thuringia, to be awakened by the wail of Germany's distress, should she ever need the succor of his strong arm ; or The O'Donoghue, that sleeps with eyes and ears open beneath the Lakes of Killarney, ready to right the wrongs of down-trodden Ireland. The Madog story *may* have to be classed with these, but the legend is still unaccounted for on the one hand, while the discovery of a far western country by him, is still unproved, on the other.

The fact that the Welsh people of Oneida County made an effort to discover the Madogians, invests the tradition with local interest for us, and with this I leave the Madog tradition.

The census of 1890 gave the Welsh-born population of Utica as 1,314; the Welsh-speaking population, affiliating with the Welsh people more or less, is probably double

that number; while those speaking the language imperfectly, and those that do not at any time associate with the Welsh, would probably bring the number of Welsh-speaking people up to 3,000. These figures are likely to be over rather than under the mark. Like the other citizens of Utica, the bulk of the Welsh population is composed of working people: carpenters, masons, stone cutters, clerks, servant girls, and the like; but a goodly proportion can be found among our enterprising and successful business men; they contribute their full share to the professions, among them those of law, medicine, dentistry, and journalism. They support four churches, and other societies, not including musical organizations of intermittent existence.

As one who has lived thirty-five years in Utica, and is fairly familiar with its Welsh population, I feel safe in asserting that our citizens of that nationality have every reason to be proud of their record in the past and of their character and standing in this community to-day. In devotion to religious principles, in works of charity and benevolence, in the intelligent pursuit of literary advancement and musical culture; in the cardinal virtues of industry, thrift, honesty and American patriotism, their record for the past one hundred years is one that maketh not ashamed. Claiming no superiority, we admit no inferiority to the best to be found among the different nationalities of our population. We respect the good people of Utica of every nationality. We differ from each other in some respects, but we are all wonderfully human; with some faults, foibles and peculiarities; but above all with warm hearts, earnest sympathies, helping hands, bound together in the bonds of a common brotherhood; proud of our beautiful city, which has furnished so many illustrious names for our country's roll of honor; proud of our fertile and prosperous county; proud of our magnificent imperial State; and over and above all, proud of our glorious country, a country that we intensely love, whether it be ours by birth or ours by adoption.

Reminiscences of the Utica Literary Club and its Earlier Members.

BY REV. A. G. VERMILYE, D. D.

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It is now twenty-six years since the formation of this, the oldest city club, the exact date of which was January 5, 1866. That it has continued so long in vigorous existence, speaks well for the culture and literary spirit to be found in Utica. It is, however, of its early years and members that I propose some reminiscences—before my own residence changed to another city, in 1871. Up to that date, as within my own knowledge, the club had a place and a healthful influence in social life. Its members were all well-known citizens. And since, of the original number (in all fifteen), the larger part have passed out of Utica life by death or removal, the present sketch, it is to be hoped, may not prove unbecoming or uninteresting to the Oneida Historical Society. There was indeed printed in 1885, “for members of the club only,” a “brief sketch” by Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Brown, ex-President of Hamilton College, and at the time of its issue recently deceased. In the main it was drawn from the records. But, in addition to the memoranda thus put together by his graceful pen, there is room for personal recollection and incident.

To begin with, let us give a moment's attention to the word club. With the tap of a sword on the shoulder kings formerly dubbed knights—invested them with honors and a title which were not theirs before. How many words, if we trace them up, have meanings which were not theirs originally; are—as Trench calls them in his “study of words”,—“concentrated

poems"; that is, are words whose different meanings, based on some delicate or beautiful resemblance between things by nature dissimilar, reveal a fine poetic fancy.

We have in hand, then, at the suggestion of our subject, the word club. What connection or resemblance can one find between (let us say) a policeman's club and the Utica Literary club? The former (the policeman's) a hard stick with a superficial polish, intended for the pates of obstreperous offenders; and which, when it discusses a subject, does so in a knock-down style destructive to all good fellowship. It is "destructive criticism" physically applied. The "literary club," on the other hand, a collection of sedate, cultured gentlemen, of various gifts, who pass a quiet evening together, under a domestic roof, in the discussion of some chosen theme; who, at ten o'clock precisely, partake of a supper (as the rule says) "simple and unostentatious"; and who then return uprightly to their families, without fear of the policeman and *his* club. Nevertheless, there is a connection between these two, the one word grows out of the other. "Clava," in Latin, was a branch, a stick, a club, and its diminutive "clavula" or "clabula", a twig or slip for planting; something larger or smaller, that is, cleft or cloven from the tree for a special purpose. Such seems to be the main idea. If, then, our etymology be correct, we have here a natural and easy, but still poetic, transfer of meaning. Undoubtedly, the club or cudgel came first, for self-defense or braining an opponent. And then came, in due time, the idea of persons, a selected number of individuals, adapted to the end in view, separated and separating themselves from the larger society around, "clubbing" together, for purposes political, social, literary, as the case may be. In this sense, the term was English and native to the soil; whilst in other countries, which have since used it, it was like French champagne, entirely an imported article. Into these English "clubs" early gathered the wits, the authors and men of mark intellectually, "the porcelain of earth's clay," as into a stock

exchange. No "half-inch person," (to use Sidney Smith's phrase) would have been at home in such a circle, nor elected to it. Dr. Johnson's famous "literary club," established in 1764, and still existing, and in which were Burke, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick and others, for several years numbered but twelve members, out of all London—so cautious were they in choosing fit timber for the purpose. Carlyle, with all his genius, could never have made a "clubable" man. For, though a good talker, if he chose to talk, it was his infirmity to look upon mankind as "mostly fools", and talking, in general, as "sinful waste"; nor, with his rude manners, could he have made a good listener, or have been pleasant in companionship. Undoubtedly Johnson himself was a bear, of a kind such as no club would now desire to have let loose among them. He domineered and monopolized. Boswell he bowled over unceremoniously; whilst "poor Pol" Goldsmith often limped away with his sensitive vanity much in need of splints. Even Burke and Fox and Gibbon, it is said, sat silent in his presence—awed and subdued by his rough and ponderous speech, which he wielded after the manner of Hercules, the great club-man of antiquity. Johnson, great and learned as he was, could never have received a vote, had he lived an hundred years later, into the "Utica Literary Club". Happily there were enough in Utica, in 1866,—more than enough, in fact, could its membership have been enlarged—of scholarly and agreeable men, to start this admirable exponent of its social life and character; men who could talk well, and who, by clubbing their particular informations could contribute to the benefit of all, and make even an unpromising topic ultimately rich in profit and pleasure; men to whom an evening so spent together, once a fortnight, was not a tax, but a rest, a satisfaction, an enjoyment.

It may not be uninteresting, just here, to advert to its subjects and discussions. Dr. Brown, in the sketch alluded to, has given a list of 43 subjects discussed during

the first two years, a large number ; subjects literary, Shakespearean, historical, biographical and miscellaneous. But the interest and advantage of such a club depends not alone upon the subject. By the heat of the forge, by hammering, by turning this way and that, by an anvil chorus of blows that make the sparks fly, is the solid iron shaped to useful results. Our club brought to each subject the beneficial interaction, the concurrent study of different minds. Seven minutes was the statutory time limit ; which, if occasionally exceeded, still left something for others to say ; a rule which suppressed tediousness and prevented talk-rambles all over the lot ; which required of the speaker condensed milk or cream, with coffee so well concocted as to stimulate the mutual brain and banish any creeping somnolency ; in short, which required (if his genius favored it) that what he said should be in form and substance after the pattern of a needle, one-eyed and sharp pointed, should be a short thread with a rigid stop-knot at the end. Of course, if one wished to take part he must have his thoughts somewhat arranged beforehand, just as, owing to the narrowness of the gangway, the animals were taken into the ark. Nevertheless, the drawing of his name from the urn was not mandatory ; each might remain silent, if he so chose, until, as the old Persian rule demanded, he had in mind, or thought he had, something worth saying. A rule, however, it may here be said, not always a good one. How dull it would make society, the dinner table or a club ! Dr. Barrow's fine description of wit, than which no analysis could be better, includes as one of its versatile forms "acute nonsense," a sudden attack, a kodak shot at a thought, thought on the wing, in itself too trivial for serious utterance ; but how it may light up and vivify a discussion, as does the touch of an electric button a room at night-fall. Moreover, our club had in it some modest Uticans (it was twenty odd years ago), who, however well informed, were more apt than not to think, at least, that they had nothing worth saying ; just as we have

seen girls in bathing dresses shrink, when the time to plunge came, and, from a habit of hugging, insist upon hugging the shore. Still, the club was never stupid nor in want of talkers on any selected topic. Its effect on members was seen in the late Judge Ward Hunt, elected February 27, 1866. From the first none was more punctual, none more completely interested. It led him into fresh studies, to acquaint himself well with the various subjects that were presented; of all this the club had the benefit, in the clear, concise sentences by which his trained, legal mind expressed itself. Mr. Robert S. Williams had, even at that time, a good library. But books would occasionally be mentioned as rare or valuable, which at once excited his bibliolatriy and thirst for possession. It was so, I know, with Wilson's American Antiquities, for which he had to wait long and pay high; but he got it, doubtless yet has it, as one of a since largely increased family, one ever crying for more book-shelf, more room. It may be mentioned, also, that the club had its influence upon families. Subjects and incidents of meetings were talked over in them, and as these families met much in society, at the next party they were quite likely to come up for pleasant chat. The influence exerted was like that of the picture gallery which, for several seasons, the artistic taste of Mr. Thomas H. Wood and others collected from the best artists. The pictures were well studied, with critical help, and then many crude ones disappeared from parlor walls and better ones were bought; during one season, I think, to the amount of \$4,000.

Dr. Brown records with appreciation and as a feature of the club, during those years, the work of its secretaries. These were, in turn, Dr. Bagg, Professor Sawyer, and the late J. Watson Williams. To speak only of the latter, he was one of Utica's most scholarly men. Both in style and matter his public addresses were admirable. He once told me that, when Gov. Seymour and himself were young, the

former, hearing that he intended to enter political life, begged him not to do so, but to stick to law as he himself meant to do. "I did stick to the law," (said Mr. W.), "whilst the Governor has scarcely opened a law book from that day to this!" Nevertheless his tastes were literary and he loved to write. As secretary, he sometimes excused himself from speaking, that he might catch and minute down the substance of the discussion. Thus the regular minutes grew in bulk, and occupied quite a while in the reading; but they recalled and also preserved much of, what had been said. "A labor, though a labor of love," on the part of Mr. Williams, as Dr. Brown observed, a labor which extended to "ten, twelve or fifteen pages of fine, clear writing." Undoubtedly a labor it was, as the present writer can testify from his own recollection. And Mr. Williams excelled in such work, which to him was a pleasure. But had the Doctor looked more closely at the handwriting and signature he would have discovered, appended to some of those ten, fifteen and even seventeen pages of reporting, the name of a secretary pro tem., who was drafted into service during Mr. W.'s frequent absences. I had learned in the Seminary to take down spoken lectures by merely using the main or necessary words of a sentence. It saved hours of re-writing. And in this same way I could report the members quite fully, with a difference, of course, between what was spoken informally and written connectedly.

I now come to the members, of whom so few remain; briefly, only as their connection with the club recalls an incident. Its originators were Dr. Bagg, Professor Sawyer, Professor Heffron, Dr. Wolcott, Ellis H. Roberts and Mr. Charles M. Davis of the staff of the Utica Herald; and these, at the first meeting, elected Rev. Dr. Campbell of the Westminster church, and Mr. Robert S. Williams. But of these, Rev. Dr. Campbell and Mr. Heffron speedily removed to other cities, whilst Mr. Davis' bright, young career was soon terminated by consumption.* At the next

*The Club erected a suitable monument at his grave.

meeting (January 16) Dr. Gray and myself were elected and were followed in order by Judge Bacon, Mr. James K. Hitchcock, Mr. J. Watson Williams, Judge Hunt, Rev. Dr. Fisher, Mr. Alexander Seward, Mr. John F. Seymour, Mr. Erastus Clark, Judge A. S. Johnson and (as one born out of due time) Rev. Dr. Brown, of Hamilton College. Dr. Brown had, in fact, been for years a most punctual member, before he accidentally discovered from the minutes, as he mentions in his sketch, that he had never been elected. He had come at the first upon my invitation as an out of town visitor ; had enjoyed it so much as to come again, and continue on, certainly a most welcome guest. When, in 1879, he discovered and mentioned how long he had been present on probation, the hands of the recording clock were at once turned back and located at February 4, 1868, as the date of his election. I can only say of him, as all would say, how greatly his regular presence contributed to keep discussion at high water mark. His mind was a bee which had visited many fields of reading and research ; which, with keen instinct and discrimination, had collected from every field the best pollen to be stowed away as knowledge ; and which could at once take up a line of thought, and go direct to the point without hesitation, uncertainty or preliminary circling in the air. His well matured views were always hospitably at the service of the club, and expressed in a melody of words and with an easy flow which greatly added to the pleasure of hearing him. As a preacher, however, this same easy, quiet flow of beautiful language, as the dress of thought, made him much less effective than his distinguished son, Professor Francis S. Brown, whose short, terse sentences, projected with nervous impetus, have the force of bullets.

It is in the order of time that I should here allude to that distinguished alienist and physician in general, Dr. John P. Gray. Of course, when he came, his genial manner came with him ; he did not seem the hard-worked man he was. But back of the manner there was much else, solid and

fine. Dr. Gray may have had equals or even superiors in extent of professional reading, but in his case, reading was always supplemented by keen analysis. In addition, he had rare habits of observation, his eyes were always about him, observing persons and things in the way of professional study, and he had rare experience. A husband once brought his wife to the asylum, and the assistant was taking the history of her case from him, when Dr. Gray entered the room. As he did so, some little thing made him suspect the truth, and he said "I think you have the wrong party." It took but a moment to prove it. The woman had allowed her husband to bring her, as a means of getting him there—the really crazy one! With Dr. Gray, however, the bottom quality was an inherent, quick and sure common sense, better than mere learning, the best commentator and judge of theories or the meaning of facts.

Dr. Gray was always exact in statement, lucid, and when the subject touched his own vocation, or was psychological, was remarkably instructive. A Shakespeare subject involving discrimination of character, such as Hamlet or Macbeth or Lear, in fact, almost any one, was sure to bring from him something worth hearing. But for his large-hearted kindness, and the good he did outside his professional duty, it might even be said that the club saw him at his best. I will only add a little incident in which we were both concerned. After one of the early meetings of the club, with some mutual matter in hand, Dr. Gray and myself walked from it together towards the asylum. Where Court and Columbia streets meet we stopped under a lamp-post awhile, and then walked back again. A second time we returned to the lamp-post. Presently a policeman came up and viewed us, but made no allusion to the club, nor did we! We talked a while longer, and then parted. But at a house on Hopper street there was alarm. It was late, at the house where the club had met the lights were out, and the club had certainly long ago adjourned; but

where was the head of the family? Ugly noises had been heard in the unfinished Tabernacle Baptist Church next door, which might mean murder! However, just as a search was organizing, the unexpected happened, the head of the family walked in. At the asylum the same scenes were enacting. Dr. Gray had not come home; Dr. Gray must have met some mishap on the road! The watchman was kept on duty, rules were broken. At last the carriage was ordered out; but as it reached the gate, he very quietly turned the corner. In fact, so regular were the usual proceedings and hours, that to plead, detained at the club, or, the unusual interest of the subject, were not available excuses! Nor—as every one knew—were any members of this club night birds, owls, bats or night hawks, given to nocturnal wanderings, out after late suppers and the like. Hence the alarm and commotion caused by this episodical incident.

Our oldest associate was Judge Bacon. As his life has been published, brief words concerning him may suffice. The lines in his face seemed to say that he had borne heavy sorrows; and so he had. But in public and among us he was ever bright and genial. It was part of a winning yet firm character which made him every where beloved, trusted and influential. The ebb of his years or how far he had already floated down the stream we scarcely noticed, so genial and young continued his spirit. He was much past the seventy, I think, before he even gave up skating. As a reader his especial fondness was for the classics, and English literature. For a fine passage in either of these he had the palate of a connoisseur. And so, at the club, if such a subject was up, he would sit with (perhaps) the tips of his fingers put together, or a hand stroking his white beard, whilst, as it were, he tasted the flavor of this or that author, and compared the different brands; certainly with keen relish to himself, and for us the benefit of a most excellent and sound critical opinion. These evenings were a grateful relief to him, something to think about, when battling with insomnia.

My next reminiscence is of Rev. Dr. Fisher, ex-President of Hamilton College, and ex-pastor of the Westminster church. Dr. Fisher was a very able man and a laborious student. It was his habit, when his mind tired, to recreate his mental muscle with a proposition of Euclid, just as Napoleon did with Logarithms. He seemed to think it as wholesome as a course of dumb-bells, certainly it was more to his taste. His mind ran that way, to the logical and strong. His sermons, however, abounded in beautiful passages; and having a voice of compass and clearness, combined with a delivery of oratorical force, he was the most popular preacher in Oneida county. His best sermons were really an intellectual treat. Moreover, one little circumstance helped him greatly. Although not what would be called an emotional man, yet, when his theme warmed him, an infirmity of the eye would often supply him with an effective tear. But in the club, when his turn came, he sometimes took up the cudgels warmly on a subject; that is, if an opinion or an author's views did not please him. This was mostly where some moral principle was involved. For light literature, certainly for the popular fiction of the day, if that were the topic, he had no taste, no side, scarcely the patience to read it. Where the goat is tied, there must he browse; and his mind naturally held him to the sphere of principles and the elucidation of truth. Even as a recreation, elephants do not catch mice nor eagles catch flies. Merely to skim the surface of a lake and feed on ephemera, as swallows do, when there are fine fish down below to reward the fisher's skill with the rod, did not suit Dr. Fisher. But let a question be up which involved principles, on the moral side of things, or some point be advanced which lacked, perhaps was injurious to, truth; and he was plain-spoken, earnest and positive; not as a partisan, nor as representing a school, he was too broad-minded for that. Trojan and Tyrian, for praise or blame, he treated alike. Nevertheless, he was positive. Nor did he always chop and trim his words

for gentle use upon the sentiment he opposed. He wielded a veritable club. Just as when Æneas put his foot in Charon's boat, to cross the Styx to the world below; it was not with the soft and unfelt tread of the ghosts and spirits that ordinarily went that way; but he made the old ferry-boat tremble with his corporeal stride. Or, to relate a little event of the city—a lady who, at the time, lived on Genesee street was attracted to her window by a great chattering of birds in the tree outside. It was full of sparrows, and in the midst, on a branch by itself, was one poor little sparrow. Evidently a culprit! Nor was the sentence long delayed. Certainly it was something heinous and the offender probably caught in the act! As was to be seen the community was in dead earnest; for a time the discussion and excitement was intense; but then, with a final, unanimous, and shrill chatter, the verdict was given, the sentence, death! No delay, no dallying with justice, no tricks and quibbles of pettifogging lawyers! But immediately out flew a fierce official who knew his duty and meant to perform it; clutched that poor little sinner by the throat, and shook it and shook it—shook the life out of its body; till it fell down dead at the foot of the tree. Then the rest all flew away. Such and so summary was this execution in bird life. And like it was sometimes Dr. Fisher's dealing with false or pernicious ideas. He gripped and shook them with logic and argument and strong language, till, undoubtedly, he thought them dead, or that they ought to be.

What I have said above of his distaste for light literature does not imply in him any want of imagination. He had, in fact, a fine imagination. If fond of analysis and mathematical accuracy, he could embellish and illustrate, upon occasion, with charming grace of rhetoric. But it must be a fine novel that could please him or sufficiently interest his mind to rest it. And it leads me to allude to two other eminent Uticans of that day, who, however, were not members of the club. I have understood that Judge Denio,

after his retirement from the bench and after a life of strictly legal thought and practice, for awhile, at least, occupied his leisure with two or more serial novels, as the chapters came from the press. That was his mode of taking mental relaxation and rest, of restoring the bent bow to its equilibrium. The last man, one would say, to find interest in light reading—one in whom, to all appearance, imagination was but a rudimentary organ. Nevertheless, it was change and consequent rest. On the other hand, Judge Gridley, during his judicial career, would pass more or less of the night in novel reading. With a constitution of great, even irritable, nervous activity, an intense worker during the hours of work, to lie in bed and read a novel was a sort of air-brake pressure which gradually brought his mind to a standstill and sleep, somewhere along towards morning. Better, of course, to have worked with less speed and jump and vital expenditure—it, at last, broke down his health. But such was the man and his mental habit. After his death a committee drew up for publication a sketch of his life. When shown to me, I said, you have left out the very thing which characterized Judge Gridley and first brought him into public notice. I then mentioned that whilst out sailing upon the Merrimac with two eminent lawyers, they had referred to the famous “Caroline case” which Judge Gridley had tried and that they had especially noted, in connection with it, one act of his at the close. The trial had run well into the evening. As an international case, the interest in it had been great. Every one was tired, no one dreamed that after the verdict would be anything but an adjournment. As soon as it was rendered, however, Judge Gridley immediately called the next case, in fact the whole calendar, (since no one was ready) and put every thing over to the next term. Possibly he himself went to bed with his usual posset, a novel. But the committee thought the incident of sufficient interest to stop the press and insert an allusion to it.

When Dr. Fisher came to Utica, he thought he had

before him ten good years of work. It was not to be. The Presbyterian reunion movement, in 1870, in which he was prominent, greatly absorbed him. A profuse nasal hemorrhage should have warned him, but it did not. Without cessation he worked a dry axle, till the fibre yielded. There came a Sabbath of stumbling performance in the pulpit, and at night, an attack of cerebral effusion, from which, his physicians said, a timely stimulant might have saved him. It left him with that curious disease, aphasia, in which one's words get so badly jumbled. Dr. Fisher would say: "I will see you again yesterday!" If his ideas kept the track, as they seemed to do, the express car behind the words, which expressed his meaning, would sometimes shoot off into something else, to the dire confusion and wreck of his sentence. That was the end of it so far as his usefulness was concerned. It is a sorry thing that thought, viewless and intangible in itself, but which gives distinction to men, should thus often impair and shorten valuable lives.

The "Transactions" of this Society for 1891 (No. 5,) contain a full and just account of Mr. John F. Seymour, deceased in 1890. That account very properly brings to the front his sweet and beneficent personality. In public, that is, in political life, he was content to efface himself; he walked, and was content to walk, in the shadow of his more distinguished brother, the Governor; acting as his agent and subserving his interests with hearty zeal. Nevertheless, in some attributes of character, he was the superior of the two. If he pursued paths less likely to make him known, he did the most good—did it with a natural and simple grace and charm of manner, a manly piety, a spirit that never tired wherever personal service or influence could be of use to others. I will mention but two instances of those known to me, as indicating his spirit. During the summer of 1863 a number of regiments passed through Utica, on their way home from Port Hudson and the Mississippi. Such of them as stopped long enough, were wel-

comed and fed at the depot by committees of ladies already assigned to this work. By the Massachusetts Sixth, as I know,—for in it were members of my own former congregation at Newburyport—the bountiful kindness here received was not forgotten nor unmentioned when they reached home. But from the Massachusetts Forty-Seventh one man named Chandler, a Boston man, was taken by Dr. Churchill, himself an army surgeon, and myself, with the consent of the officers, as too sick to go farther. He died that night in the hospital. Mr. Seymour was at the time State Agent, and the State funds in his hands were for State soldiers. Nevertheless, he immediately authorized me to write to the family that he would send the body home without cost to them. Nor was it a pauper's coffin. His own feelings were too refined for him not to think of theirs. Meantime the regiment arrived in Boston. A mother and sister had set the table and gone to meet the returning soldier. He was not there; had been left somewhere on the road—it was all they could learn—sick. My letter conveyed to them the first and only definite news. And when, in due time, letters came in return, they did not fail in gratitude for Mr. Seymour's kindness. From the Connecticut Twenty-Eighth regiment, also, a young man named Bunton was taken and at once sent to Fuller's hotel, near by—an extreme case, since he was already in a state of collapse. Dr. Churchill supposed he would hardly survive the night. But Mr. Seymour took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and hour after hour rubbed and nursed him. Nor would he let me help him. That young man owed his life to Dr. Churchill's skill and Mr. Seymour's unflagging care; and was the only one saved of nine soldiers thus left behind in different towns of the State. It was an old Latin saying, that “the true goddess is known by her walk”; and in Mr. Seymour's case, his face, what he said and did, showed clearly and constantly the true, Christian gentleman. Modesty could not disguise it, it betrayed itself unconsciously, at every step. One little modest attempt of his at concealment I have only just dis-

covered, after all these years. On turning to his "State agent's report," published in 1864, I found that in a letter of Miss Chandler to me, wherein she had expressed the obligations of the family to Mr. Seymour by name, he had, in the printed copy, stricken out his own name and replaced it with the words "some unknown friend". No, not "unknown"; nor has the concealing earth, under which he would have buried his kindly act, prevented its resurrection, to his credit and honor.

These that I have mentioned I knew best of the older, but now departed members. A little Utica girl, whose bump of language had early developed, said to a family visitor, who did not admire Utica: "you have not uttered one enthusiastic epitaph since you came." Whatever one may now say or write of the city or people of that day, must be an epitaph, but composed of pleasant and appreciative epithets. It was a pleasant city to live in, with a most pleasant and intelligent society; and to this, those I have mentioned, and many others, contributed a full quota of ability and influence and refined character. But others are replacing them, the city of that day has already changed, has already outgrown its earlier clothes. As Shakespeare says:

"Since I saw you last
There is a change upon you."

It seems, therefore, the duty of the "Historical Society" to perpetuate what it can of a period which will soon be only history. And as to the "Literary Club"—we are told that Rome apotheosized but two of her eminent men under the Republic, Romulus, who founded, and Cæsar, who destroyed it. In the same way, let its founder or founders be assigned to honor; but should any Cæsar arise, in degenerate times, to move the destruction or perversion to unworthy uses of this venerable Utica institution, let the "Historical Society" be his Brutus, and forbid the perpetuation of his name in and through its annals. Why should it not rival, in years, Dr. Johnson's famous London "Literary Club."

The Indians of New York.

BY HON. ELLIOT DANFORTH.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY, MAY 8, 1894.

When the learned men of Europe were told that the newly discovered continent of America was peopled by a race of men, "some of whom had very good features, whose bodies and limbs were well-proportioned, who had black hair and eyes, but whose skin was yellow," the question arose, whether the ten lost tribes of Israel had not been rediscovered, and much ink was spilled in the attempt to prove or disprove the descent of the American Indians from the children of Israel. What I shall tell you to-night, may help you to decide this vexed question, which you will be able to do when told, that the Indian tribes, east of the Mississippi, must be divided into twenty-nine linguistic families, subdivided into sixty-four dialects. The Reverend Mr. Megapolensis, the first minister of the gospel at Albany, and a missionary to the Mohawk Indians, whose language he studied, says of this branch of Indian language: "When I first observed that they pronounced their words so differently, words meaning the same thing, I asked the Commissary of the West India Company here, what it meant. He answered that he did not know, but imagined they changed their language every two or three years."

I must ask you to bear in mind, that in speaking to-night of the Indians of New York I shall divide them into two great families, distinguished from each other by their language, the Algonquins, living formerly in the country east and west of the Hudson River, south of Albany, and the Iroquois, occupying the country north, east and west of Albany. The first of these families had many subdivis-

ions, designated by the names of their localities, they will be called local tribes of Algonquin race. The Iroquois of New York were divided into five tribes, each of which was again divided into local tribes.

I have just now mentioned the Mohawk Indians as living near Albany. They were, when this State was first settled by Europeans, a preëminently New York Indian tribe, but belonged to a confederation, which might be called the prototype of our great republic, the United States. The first map of the territory, now called the State of New York, was made in Holland in 1614, not from an actual survey, but from information given to the mapmaker by three Dutchmen, who had been prisoners of the Indians for about three years, and of course had been obliged to accompany their captors on every hunting expedition. This map of which a fac-simile is deposited in the State Library, at Albany, calls Lake Champlain the Lake of the Iroquois, that is the confederation, to which the Mohawks belonged. The land east of Lake Champlain is called Irocoisia, but the Mohawks sit on the north side of the Mohawk River, not far from its mouth, while the Senecas, another tribe of the Iroquois Confederation, sit near the heads of the Susquehannah. According to the same map, the country on both sides of the Hudson River between Albany and New York, was occupied by the Mahicans, the Manhates lived on the island, which is now New York City, and the Mahicans on Long Island.

The Iroquois Confederation, consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, were on all sides hedged in by the great Indian family, which the French called Algonquin, and are now often called the Lenape. A tribe of the Iroquois, which later joined the Confederation on New York soil, the Tuscaroras, lived, also surrounded by Algonquins, in North Carolina. As the Algonquins were numerically superior to the Iroquois, it is perhaps proper, that I should first speak of the New York members of this great family.

Beginning with the Manhates, the predecessors of the inhabitants of New York, we learn from their traditions the following account of the first arrival of Europeans on New York Island. They tell: "A long time ago, when there was no such thing known to the Indians as people with a *white skin*, some of our men who had been out fishing where the sea widens, saw at a great distance something remarkably large swimming or floating upon the water. Hastily returning ashore, they informed their people what had been seen. A great commotion arose, some taking the apparition for a large fish or animal, others declaring it to be a house. As the thing moved towards the land, the Indians prepared for the reception of what they had concluded must be a large canoe, carrying the great Manitto, or God, who was coming to visit them. The floating house or canoe stops, a smaller one comes ashore with a man, dressed in red, and some others. He of the red coat must be the great Manitto, for the coat shone with something the red men could not account for, namely, the gold lace, but why has he a white skin? A large hockhack (bottle) is brought forward by one of the Manitto's servants, and from this something liquid is poured into a small cup, the Manitto drinks, has the glass filled again, and offers it to the chief. The chief receives the glass, but only smells at it, and then passes it to the next chief, who does the same. The glass thus makes the round among all assembled, without any one having tasted its contents, and it is about to be returned to the Manitto, when one of the chiefs, a spirited man and great warrior, jumps up, addresses the assembly on the impropriety of returning the glass without doing with the contents what Manitto has shown to do with them, and declares that, since he believed it for the good of the nation, that the contents offered them, should be drank, and as no one was willing to drink, he would, no matter what the consequences might be. It was better in his opinion, for one man to die, than a whole nation to be destroyed.

He then took the glass, and bidding farewell to the assembly, emptied it into his mouth. Every eye was fixed on their resolute companion, to see what effect this would have on him, and he soon beginning to stagger about, and at last dropping to the ground, they bemoan him. He falls into a sleep, and they look upon him as expiring. He awakes again, jumps up, and declares that he never felt himself so happy as after he had drank the cup. He asks for more, his wish is granted; the assembly soon joins him, and all become intoxicated." Rev. John Heckwelder, for many years a missionary to the Pennsylvania Indians during colonial times, to whom this tradition was told by aged members of his Indian flock, adds, that the Delawares called New York Island Mannahattaninch, or the place of general intoxication. Although the story, as told, seems to refer to the first landing of Hendrik Hudson, it looks very much as if two stories had been merged into one, for in colloquial Spanish we find the word monhado, meaning a drunken fellow, hence probably the name of the Manhates, and an indication of a previous Spanish visit.

The Indians of Manhattan and Long Island at first caused very little trouble to the first settlers of the State of New York, even though the measures of the local government towards their savage neighbors cannot be said to have been those of conciliation or prudence. At first the Indians had been treated fairly and kindly by the traders, but when these began to exercise fraud and treachery, confidence in the whites became impaired. Liquor, also, was frequently sold to them, although both their chiefs and the Director-General of the Province, made efforts to stop this dangerous traffic. Murders on Staten Island, perpetrated by a New Jersey branch of the Algonquins, called by the local name of Raritans, in September 1641, precipitated the hostile feeling between the Dutch and the Indians, already kindled by the wanton murder of a white man living at what is now the foot of East Forty-Fifth Street in New York. The tribal family of the murderer, the Wichquaes-

gecks of Westchester County, had been asked to surrender the criminal and had refused. A punitive expedition was sent out against them, but returned without having seen the enemy. Other murders, committed by Orange County and Manhattan Island Indians, led to new hostile expeditions against them, which resulted in the killing of many members of these tribes. When the two detachments returned to New Amsterdam, now New York, with prisoners and trophies, there was much exultation among the settlers, not seeing the Nemesis standing in the dark future, who was to smite the land with desolation and blood for deeds as barbarous and unjust as they were impolitic. To add to the enmity of the Indians, now spreading widely throughout the land, a foray was made, by inhabitants of a Long Island settlement against the Marechkawiecks, a peaceable tribe of the Algonquin family, living near the present Brooklyn, several of whom were killed in the defence of their property. By these various atrocities all the red men in the southern part of New York were aroused to a feeling of revenge, and became united against their common foe. Upwards of eleven local Algonquin tribes were soon in combination for the destruction of the whites, both on Manhattan Island and its vicinity. Settlements were attacked and devastated, cattle and crops destroyed, houses burned, and the families on the farms killed or carried into captivity. Roger Williams, who was then at New Amsterdam, now New York, intending to sail for Europe, says of this desolation and havoc: "Before we weighed anchor mine eyes saw the flames of their towns and the flights and hurries of men, women and children, and the present removal of all that could for Holland!" With some difficulty a peace was made, according to which all injuries mutually received were to be forgiven, and the Indians were to give notice of any plots by other savages not represented in the treaty. A few months after the peace, an Indian chief, friendly to the Dutch, gave such warning, telling of the intentions of the Tankiteke (now Sullivan County) and Wap-

pinger (now Dutchess County) tribes to make under the lead of Pacham an attack on New Amsterdam. Before the preparations to resist this assault could be made, some boats laden with beaverskins and manned by Indians appeared in August, 1643; bent on trade, the Dutchmen were suddenly attacked and twelve of them killed. Long Island and Westchester County tribes disregarded the stipulations of the lately made treaty of peace, and joined the enemy Indians. But all were finally subdued and severely punished, so that when the time for planting their crops in the spring of 1644 came, some of the hostile tribes, the Weckquaesgecks and Crotons of Westchester County, the Wappingers of Dutchess County, and the Mattinecocks of Long Island made overtures for peace. The negotiations, often endangered by Indian forays coming to the wall, from which Wall Street in New York now has its name, continued until August 25th, 1645, when Sachems of the Hackingsacks, of the Tapaans, of the Mahicans, delegates of the Weckquaesgecks, Sint Sings, Kicktawanks, Wappinecks, Nayacks, all local Algonquin tribes, met the officers of the Colony in the open square of the fort, which stood facing the present Bowling Green in New York. There too were Mohawk ambassadors with their own interpreter, giving assent for the Great Iroquois Confederacy.

Ten years passed, during which this treaty, so solemnly made, was kept. No one of the inhabitants feared an invasion by the natives, even though one or the other settler might by ill treatment, have given reason for reprisal. At last even Indian patience gave way. An Indian squaw, gathering peaches in an orchard, was wantonly killed. This roused the ire of all neighboring tribes and they united to avenge her death. Stuyvesant, the Director-General, or Governor of the whole Colony, was absent on the lower Delaware with all his available forces to drive out the intruding Swedes, when he was recalled in all haste by the following letter from the members of his council, left behind at New Amsterdam: "In the morning of

the 15th, (of September, 1655) many armed savages came, forcibly entered the houses and killed some people. We opened fire upon them and they retreated to their canoes, of which there were sixty-four. Soon we saw the houses at Hoboken and Pavonia (now Jersey City) in flames. God has delivered us from a general massacre last night, for the savages are too hasty and rely too much on their superior numbers." The Indians, elated by their success on Manhattan Island and thirsting for still more blood, crossed over to Staten Island, where they killed and took prisoners twenty-three out of a population of ninety. This storm of Indian warfare raged for three days, during which one hundred of the Dutch were killed, one hundred and fifty were taken prisoners, and over three hundred lost all their property in buildings, clothing and food.

After this unexpected onslaught, New Amsterdam and the surrounding country on Long Island, Staten Island, in Westchester and New Jersey, were not again troubled by Indians swinging their tomahawks and war clubs, or filling the air with swift-flying arrows and hideous warwhoops, except of late years by the Indian actors in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

The farmers among the Dutch population had discovered good farming lands in the country on both sides of what is now called the Rondout Creek, and had begun to settle there shortly before the last attack on New Amsterdam. They had acquired the land in consonance with the rules of the West India Company, which said: "Whosoever shall settle upon any land, shall first be obliged to satisfy the Indians for it," that is to say, they had paid for it. The first of these settlers came from the older settlement of Fort Orange, now Albany, in the neighborhood of which they had lived scattered in perfect security on their farms among what a cotemporary Jesuit missionary calls the most warlike, ferocious and irascible of all the Indian tribes, the Mohawks. Relying on a like security, they built their farm houses here and there in the midst of the acres,

honestly purchased, but they had not Mohawks as neighbors; the surrounding woods were peopled by Mincis or Mahicans, a sub-tribe of the Algonquin race, who soon saw opportunities for plunder and scalps, to be gained by falling upon the isolated farms. Two such breaks of more than ordinary extensions had been made, when in 1661, Stuyvesant compelled these scattered farmers, for their own safety, to form a more compact settlement, which we now know as the flourishing city of Kingston in Ulster County. The new village was guarded by a stockade and a small garrison, but had to submit to an Indian surprise with accompanying loss of life and property in 1663. This led to a war against the Esopus Indians, the local Algonquin tribe, which resulted in their defeat by the Dutch, the destruction of their fort in the fastnesses of the Shawangunk Mountains, and their complete subjection forever. The New York tribes of the Algonquin race disappeared with this Esopus war from history, showing themselves henceforth only as grantors in deeds for land, and as the subjects of the numerically smaller, but more powerful Iroquois.

I have told you that the map of 1614 puts the Iroquois east of Lake Champlain. The first European traveler, however, who has left us a cartographic account of them, the Chevalier Champlain, places the eastern division of them on New York soil along the south shore of Lake Ontario as far west as the western boundary line of Pennsylvania. This division became known as the Five, later, Six Nations, and we shall have to do only with them to-night, mentioning the western division, composed of Wyandots or Hurons, of Neutrals, of Erigas or Eries, and of Andastes only, to tell of their extinction by the Five Nations.

When Champlain arrived in Canada, the Five Nations were engaged in a deadly war with all the Algonquin tribes within their reach, and it is remarkable, that an Iroquois nation, the Wyandots or Hurons, were the head and principal support of the Algonquin Confederacy. This fratri-

cidal war continued with intermissions during the first three-quarters of the seventeenth century, and resulted in the extinction of the Eries or Cat Nation and of the Andastes, while of the Neutrals only a remnant survived at a village called Gandougarac, under the control of the Senecas, and the Wyandots or Hurons were pushed northward into what is now Canada.

Already before the arrival of the Europeans the Five Nations had acquired a decided superiority over their Algonquin neighbors, and several causes may be assigned for this ascendancy. Their geographical position was fortunate and they had the wisdom to remain concentrated in their primitive seats, instead of extending and spreading themselves, even at the time of their greatest successes. Wide ranges of mountains on the south side of Lake Ontario on the north protected them against any sudden or dangerous attack ; swift-flowing streams, the Mohawk running east, the Allegany west, gave them means to make rapid descents on their enemies in either direction. What was of still greater importance, particularly in savage warfare, they were without doubt more brave and more ferocious than any of the other nations.

Their five tribes were, from east and west, the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. Domine Megapolensis, pastor of the Reformed Church at Albany from 1642 to 1649, gives this account of the most eastern tribe, the Mohawks :

“They are divided into three families, which are called Ochkari, Anaware and Oknaho, that is the Bear, the Tortoise and the Wolf. Of these the Tortoise is the greatest and most eminent ; they boast that they are the eldest children of their mother, who fell down from heaven and landed upon a tortoise, swimming in the water, which then covered the whole earth. This woman sitting on the turtle grabbed with her hands in the water and scratched up some earth, whence it finally happened that the earth became elevated above the water. This Turtle family have made a fort of palisades, which they call Asserué, near the present village of Fort Hunter in Montgomery County.

The Bear family are the next to the west and their castle is called Banagoid, near Indian Castle, in Herkimer County. The Wolf family are a progeny of the Bears and have a castle called Thenondiogo, near Canajoharie.

“They are entire strangers to religion,” continues the Domine, “but they have a being, upon whom they look as upon their God ; but they do not serve or present offerings to him. They worship and present offerings to the devil, whom they call Otskon. If they are unlucky in war, they catch a bear, cut it in pieces, which they roast and then offer to Otskon with the words : Oh, great and mighty Otskon, we know that we have offended against thee, inasmuch as we have not captured, killed and eaten any of our enemies, forgive us this. We promise that we will kill and eat all the prisoners whom we shall take hereafter as certainly as we have killed and now shall eat this bear.”

“These Indians are very slovenly and dirty ; they wash neither their face nor their hands, but let all dirt remain upon their yellow skin, and look as dirty as hogs. The government among them consists of the oldest, the most sensible, the best speaking, and most warlike men. These commonly resolve what the younger men have to execute. But if the common people do not approve of the resolution, it is left entirely to the determination of the crowd. The chiefs are generally the poorest among them, for instead of their receiving from the common people, as among Christians, they are obliged to give to the mob. There is no legal punishment here for murder and other villainies, but every one takes the law into his own hand. But although they are so cruel and live without laws, or any punishment for evil doers, yet there are not half so many villainies or murders committed among them as among Christians. They do not, or at least very seldom, kill people, unless it may be in a great passion or in a hand to hand fight. Wherefore we go wholly unconcerned along with the Indians and meet each other an hour’s walk off in the woods, without doing any harm to one another.”

This description of the Mohawks applied to the other four of the Five Nations, and the immunity with which a Dutchman could go among them dates from the first meeting of Mohawks with Hendrik Hudson in September, 1609, a meeting of greater importance to the United States, than

it is usually thought. Hudson introduced the Indians to fire-water, which has become to them a more deadly enemy, although more insinuating, than the firearms, with whose messengers of death they had become acquainted a few months before, when they had met Champlain at the head of an Algonquin war party near the lake, now bearing his name, and had by him been fired at with a most disastrous result, for the war-chief of the Mohawks had been killed. The Mohawks and their brother tribes never forgot these two introductions; the former, to powder and ball, had made them most bitter and irreconcilable enemies of the French, the latter, to fire-water, had as strongly attached them to the Dutch, and when the French found that Hudson's River was more convenient for trade and other reasons, than the St. Lawrence, and therefore wanted to drive the handful of Dutch settlers from the valley of the Hudson, the Mohawks said: "No, you French cannot come there, for there our friends, the Dutch, live." If the Hudson valley had become an annex to French Canada, the so-called Old French Indian wars from 1755 to 1760, would not have resulted in the overthrow of French rule north of us.

From Champlain to Montcalm, one hundred and fifty years, the French, by diplomacy and religion, by threats and by flatteries, and by all the resources of Gallic wit, address and force, had endeavored to gain over the Iroquois to their king and cause; but ever loyal to the covenant made in early colonial days with the Dutch settlers of Albany, and confirmed by the surrender of New Netherland to the English, they adhered to the Teutonic race. They stood as a stone wall, a breakwater, keeping off the storm and tide of French aggression, and assisted the English colonies, who fed the Indian's strength, to win from the Gaul and from Latin ideas of civilization, what are now some of the most important States of the Union.

We first meet them in the description of Virginia by Captain John Smith, who encountered a band of Iroquois

in several canoes on Chesapeake Bay in 1607, going to war against Powhattan's tribe of Virginia Indians. At the time of Hudson's visit, in 1609, they were in possession of the territory between the Connecticut and Genesee Rivers, upon which they afterwards continued to reside until near the close of the last century, and within the boundaries of which some of them still have their reservations under treaties with the United States and with the State of New York. At that time the Five Nations, into which they had become subdivided, were united in a league, called the League of the Iroquois or the Ho-De-No-Sau-Nee. The project of this organization was first suggested by the Onondagas as a means to enable them more effectually to resist the pressure of contiguous nations. After the formation of the league, the Iroquois rapidly rose in power and influence. It gave them additional strength by concentration of effort ; a constant increase of numbers by the unity of the race, and a firmer establishment through their more ample means for self-protection and foreign conquest. One of the first results of their federal system was a universal spirit of aggression, a thirst for military glory and political aggrandizement, which made the old forests of America, from New England to the Mississippi, from the northern confines of the Great Lakes to the mountains of Tennessee and the Carolinas, resound with the dreaded warwhoops of the Iroquois. The name even of the Iroquois had become a terror among their neighbors of the Algonquin race. Cadwallader Colden, Royal Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New York, says in his history of the Five Nations, published in the middle of the last century : " I have been told by old men in New England, who remembered the time, when the Mohawks or Iroquois made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in their country, their Indians raised a cry from hill to hill, ' a Mohawk,' ' a Mohawk,' upon which they fled like sheep before wolves, without attempting to make the least resistance."

Since this Iroquois race must ever figure upon the opening pages of the history of our State, it becomes our duty to inquire into their mode of government, in which we shall discover that the territory occupied by them, was ruled by a retinue of officials, according to a defined system of laws, each member of the league having its own organized government, shaped and directed by the will of the majority, and the Five Nations confederated together in a barbarian republic upon the unique plan afterwards adopted by our States and our National Republic.

Tradition has preserved the name of Da-ga-no-we-da, a wise man of the Onondagas, as the founder of the League, and points to the north shore of Onondaga Lake as the place where the first council-fire was kindled, around which the chiefs and wise men of the several nations were gathered, and where, after a debate of many days, its establishment was effected.

The central government was organized and administered upon the same principles which regulated that of each nation in its separate capacity; the individual nations sustaining nearly the same relation to the League, that our States now bear to the Union. This organization was externally so obscure, that many people believed the relations between ruler and people were simply those of chief and followers,—the earliest and lowest political relation between man and man,—but in reality the Iroquois had a well organized systematic government.

At the institution of the League fifty prominent sachemships were created, with a special name for each, which descended to the successors, and in the sachems, who held these titles were vested the supreme powers of the confederacy. The names translated into English are peculiarly Indian, but do not give us any idea of what the first bearer of it had to do, with the exception of four. These four were "Tangled," of the Bear family in the Onondaga tribe, which was considered the most dignified title of the fifty, "A Long String," and "On the Watch," of the same family

and tribe, were the hereditary counsellors of "Tangled," and "Ho-no-we-na-to," of the Wolf family in the Onondaga tribe, who was the keeper of the wampum or records. I must leave the translation of his name to my hearers. Other names of these Indian Senators were "Small Speech," "Man Covered with Cat-tail Down," "Man Swallowing Himself," "Large Mouth," "Hair Burned Off."

These titles were hereditary in the totem families of which each nation was composed, that is to say, in the families of the Turtle, the Bear, the Wolf, the Beaver, the Deer, the Heron, the Snipe, and the Hawk, and they have been borne by the sachems of the Iroquois from the formation of the League to the present time. Of these totem families the Senecas had eight, the Cayugas eight, the Onondagas eight, the Oneidas three, and the Mohawks three, but the sachemships were not distributed altogether on the lines of the totem, for while the Senecas, the most powerful of the Five Nations, had eight titles, the Cayugas, with the same number of totems, had ten sachemships, the Onondagas had fourteen, and the Oneidas and Mohawks, each with only three totem families, the Turtle, the Bear and the Wolf, had each nine sachemships. We would suppose that a larger body of sachems of one tribe would exercise a greater influence in general council, but we shall see that as each nation or tribe had only one voice, this disparity gave no increase of power.

Another apparent inequality between the nations of the League is observable in the award of the two highest military chieftainships to the Senecas, of whom the eighth sachem, "Open Door," was charged with the duty of watching the door of the Long House, the emblem of the political capitol of the League, and to whom a sub-sachem, or assistant, was given, to act as runner, attendant, and counsellor. This feature is explained by the circumstance, that when the Iroquois constructed their political edifice, the Long House, with its door opening to the west, they

admitted the supposition, that all their enemies were to be expected from that direction, and on placing the Senecas as a permanent shield before its western entrance, these war-captains were chosen from that tribe, as among the means needful for its protection.

The Mohawks, living in the extreme east of the Iroquois territory, were appointed receivers of tribute from subjugated nations, of whom most lived eastward of this tribe.

The Onondaga Nation, being situated in a central position, were made the keepers both of the Council Brand and of the Wampum, in which the structure and principles of their government and their laws and treaties were recorded. At stated periods, usually in the autumn of each year, the sachems of the League assembled at Onondaga, which was in effect the seat of government, to legislate for the common welfare. Exigencies of a public or domestic character often led to the summoning of this council at extraordinary seasons at other places than Onondaga.

The several sachems in whom, when sitting in the Long House, were vested the supreme powers of the League, formed when at home in their tribal territory, the ruling bodies of their respective nations. As the sachems of each nation stood upon a perfect equality, in authority and privileges, the measure of influence was determined entirely by individual talents and address. In the councils of the nation, which were of frequent occurrence, all business of tribal concern was transacted, and although the questions moved on such occasions would be finally settled by the opinions of the sachems, yet such was the spirit of the Iroquois system of government, that the influence of the inferior chiefs, of the warriors, and even of the women, would make itself felt, whenever the subject itself aroused a general public interest. Indian treaties and deeds for land, preserved among the archives of the State, seem to indicate that whenever the question before the tribal council related to the sale of land, certain women, called the "Governesses," were consulted and had a vote. This was

no more than right, for upon the women of the tribe devolved the duty of tilling the land and raising the corn and beans, the Indian's staple of consumption.

The councils of the League were of three distinct kinds, and they may be designated under the heads of civil, religious and ceremonial. Their civil councils, or the "advising together," (Ho-de-os-seh,) were such as convened to transact business with foreign nations, like a Committee of the Whole on Foreign Relations of our United States Senate, and to regulate the internal administration of the confederacy. The religious councils were, as the name imports, devoted to religious observances. The ceremonial or mourning councils (Hen-nun-do-nuh-seh) were summoned to "raise up" sachems to fill such vacancies as had been occasioned by death or deposition, and also to ratify the investiture of such chiefs as the nation had raised up in reward of public services. This latter act was similar to the mustering into the United States service of volunteer officers, commissioned by the governor of a state.

The mode of voting in civil council was peculiarly Indian. All the sachems of the League, fifty in number, were required to be of "one mind," to give efficacy to their legislation. Unanimity was the fundamental law. The idea of majorities and minorities was entirely unknown. To arrive at unanimity required much time, as you can well imagine from this picture of the proceedings. The founders of the confederacy, wishing to obviate as far as possible altercation in council and to facilitate their progress to unanimity, divided the sachems of each nation into three to five classes, the Mohawks, Oneidas and Cayugas had three, the Onondagas five and the Senecas four classes of sachems. No sachem was permitted to express his individual opinion in council until he had consulted with the others of his class upon the opinion to be expressed, and had been commissioned to act as their speaker. Then the speakers of each class would come together to agree upon the decision of their nation, likewise appointing a speaker. The seve-

ral nations having by this ingenuous method become of one mind separately, it only remained to compare their several opinions, as expressed by the five tribal speakers, and to arrive at the final sentiment of the League by a conference between them. This very rule of unanimity led to the disruption of the League. If any sachem was obdurate or unreasonable, and could not see the question under consideration in the light in which his colleagues wished him to see it, and when consequently all efforts to produce unanimity failed of success, the whole matter was laid aside. All the great wars, in which the whole League has taken part, were the result of a unanimous decision. But at the beginning of the great struggle for independence, the throes with which the United States were born, the Iroquois could not agree in council, which side to take as a unit. A number of the Oneida sachems firmly resisted the assumption of hostilities, (probably saying in their own language, "It is none of our funeral,") and thus defeated the measure as an act of the League, for the want of unanimity. Some of the nations, however, notably the Mohawks, were so closely connected with the British, (I remind you of Molly Brant,) that neutrality was impossible. Under this pressure of circumstances, it was resolved in council to suspend the rule of unanimity, and leave each nation to engage in the war on whichever side they thought proper. The League has never acted as a unit since that day.

Next to the sachems, in position, stood the Chiefs, an inferior class of rulers, the very existence of whose office was contrary to the spirit of the Iroquois oligarchy.

When the power of the Long House began to develop under the system of oligarchies within an oligarchy, there sprang up around the sachems a class of warriors, distinguished for bravery and enterprise upon the war-path, and eloquence in convention, who demanded some share in the administration of public affairs. As this would have required a radical change in the frame-work of the govern

ment, the sachems, for a long period, objected to the creation of a new order, but they were finally compelled to yield, when this class became too powerful and overbearing, and they admitted all, thought worthy of the honor, to the subaltern station of Chiefs. The necessity for creating this class arose subsequent to the commencement of intercourse with the white people. The office of Chief, or "Elevated Name," was made elective, and the reward of merit, but not hereditary like sachems. No limit to the number of chiefs in any nation was established. After their election, they were raised up, that is commissioned, by a council of their nation, but they had to be confirmed by a general council of the League. At first their powers were extremely limited, and confined to a participation in the local affairs of their own nation, in the management of which they acted as the counsellors and assistants of the sachems, rather than as rulers.

In the years 1714-15 the confederacy of the Five Nations received a great accession of strength. Southwards about the head-waters of the Neuse and Tar Rivers in North Carolina, and separated from their kindred tribes by the intervening Algonquin communities, dwelt the Tuscaroras, a warlike people, belonging to the generic stock of the Iroquois. The wrongs inflicted by white settlers and their own undistinguishing vengeance, involved them in a war with the colonists, which resulted in their defeat and expulsion. They emigrated northward to the Five Nations, whose allies they had been in former wars with southern tribes, and were now gladly received, being admitted as a sixth nation into their confederacy, but they were never allowed to have a sachem, who could sit as an equal in the council of sachems. He was in the same position as to-day a delegate from a territory in the House of Representatives at Washington. He had a seat on the floor of the Long House, but no vote. Part of the Oneida territory was assigned to them as their home, and at a subsequent period the Senecas gave them a tract on Niag-

ara River, where their descendants still occupy a reservation near Lewistown. After their admission the Iroquois, who had so far been called by the English the "Five Nations" were known by them under the name of the "Six Nations."

The government sat lightly upon the people, who in effect were governed but little. It secured to each that individual independence which the Iroquois knew how to prize as well as our forefathers, who threw off the yoke of Great Britain.

The powers and duties of the sachems and chiefs were entirely of a civil character and confined, by the organic laws of the League, to the affairs of peace. No sachem could go upon the warpath in his official capacity as a civil ruler. If moved by his belligerent spirit to make an expedition for plunder or scalps against a nation outside of the League, he laid aside his civil office for the time being and became a common warrior. It was lawful for any warrior to organize a war party, and he enlisted all who were impelled by the same desire for plunder or gore, by first giving a war-dance. In such ways many expeditions originated, for a favorite leader, who had acquired the confidence of his people by previous warlike achievements, had not to pay any enlisting bounties, but was soon surrounded by willing followers. Many of the bellicose transactions of the Iroquois were probably nothing but such private expeditions and personal adventures. A war, in which the whole League took part, was officered differently. There was no distinct class of war-chiefs, raised up and appointed to command the army, nor do the sachems appear to have had the power of creating such general officers. But to obviate the dangerous consequences of disagreement, when the several nations were prosecuting a common war and their forces united into one body, the founders of the League had established two supreme war-chieftainships, and given them to the Senecas, as the door-keepers of the League, who would first take the warpath

to drive back an invader. The officers as well as the names were hereditary, like the sachemships with their names, but the names of these war captains did not carry with them a martial sound. They were "Needle Breaker," and "Great Oyster Shell."

When, after the establishment of friendly relations with the Dutch settlers of Albany, the Iroquois came into the possession of firearms, in the use of which they rapidly became experts, they soon began to make rapid strides towards the supremacy over other Indian nations. In 1643 they expelled the Neuter Nation from the Niagara peninsula, now Niagara County, and established a permanent settlement at the mouth of that river. They nearly extinguished the Eries, who like the Neuters apparently belonged to the same linguistic family as the Iroquois. The Jesuit Relations for 1654 inform us, that in May of that year some Onondagas came to Montreal to return some French prisoners in their hands. They told Onontio, the "Big Mountain," as they called the Governor of Canada: "Our young men will no longer fight against you French; but as they are too great warriors to do anything else than fight, we let you know that we shall carry our arms against the Eries, alias the Cat Nation. The earth shall tremble on that side while everything is quiet here." This war, thus announced, settled the fate of the Eries as an independent tribe, and another war, begun two years later, in 1656, but lasting sixteen years, until 1672, nearly wiped out another tribe in our sister State, Pennsylvania, the Andastes or Guyandots, whose chief town is supposed to have been near the present Pittsburgh.

In the same year, 1672, the Five Nations subdued and made tributary the Shawnees, who, according to the English geographer, Mitchell, of the last century, were the original proprietors of the country west of the Alleghanies. The efforts, successfully made by the Five Nations to push westward, did not please the French, for these Indians, still faithful to New York, still keeping the Covenant Chain,

made at Albany, bright and unbroken, brought the English to the western lakes, and after exterminating the Eries, made war upon the Twightwees or Miamis of Ohio, and other nations, who yielded the most profitable trade to the French. At a conference between the French and the Five Nations, held at Kayahoge, supposed to be Salmon River, the latter gave as one reason for their war against the Miamis, that these had brought the Satanas or Shawnees into their country to assist them in their struggle. The war was disastrous to the western nations and others in the French interest, for the Five Nations of New York added to the population of their villages many prisoners taken in the West.

In August, 1692, the Commander-in-Chief of New York was informed that Satanas Indians, lately at war with the Five Nations, had come, numbering one hundred warriors, as far as the Delaware river, to negotiate a peace with the New York Indians. It was considered that such a peace would vastly contribute to their Majesties' interest, as then the Five Nations could more forcibly wage war on the French, while a war against the more distant Shawnees "much diverted and hindered them in their efforts against Canada." The Shawnees were invited to come to New York for deliberation of their project, and came, led by a Seneca chief, Malisit, who was returning with them from an expedition he had made as far west as the present Chicago. He, for his part, favored a peace with the Shawnees, but he had not considered what his tribal brethren would say to this plan of opening a direct intercourse between their enemies, the Shawnees, and their friends, the English. As soon as the news of these intentions reached the villages of the Five Nations, the Long House informed the Governor and Council of New York, that a treaty as proposed, could not be made without their consent, and only in their presence. Their jealousy was cleverly appeased by a message from Governor Fletcher, and when they met him in conference in July, 1693, they said: "We are glad

that the Shawnees, have made their application for protection to you last of all, and that you sent them hither to Albany to make peace with us." They were now admitted to the Covenant Chain and reported that three hundred of their tribe were to follow them east in a short time. Their adherence to the English interest lasted for some years, for during Queen Ann's war, they sent war parties to assist the Senecas against the French, but in 1736 they refused to follow the evil advices given by their old allies, the Iroquois, and would not take up the hatchet against the French.

The readiness of the Governor of New York to enter into a treaty of peace with the far western tribes, and to have the Five Nations live in peace with them, was part of the colonial Indian policy of the government. The Five Nations had already, in 1687, admitted that to make peace with the far nations, which name includes all living west of New York, was well-meant advice, but in 1699 they had not yet made up their minds to follow it.

To give you a complete picture of the position which these New York Indians held in the history, not only of our State but also of the United States, I must continue telling of their wars against other Indian nations, and I shall, later on, speak of their wars against the white people, both of French and of English nationality.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by New York to induce the Five Nations to make peace with the Miamis, efforts which the Board of Trade in London and Governor Spotswood of Virginia urged on, and notwithstanding the wishes of the Miamis to the same effect, the first half of the eighteenth century had nearly run its course before these Ohio Valley Indians were admitted to the New York Covenant Chain. At an Indian treaty, held at Lancaster, Penn., in 1748, the Iroquois presented some deputies from their former enemies, with the request to have them considered as bound by the Covenant.

Negotiations to allow another nation, the Waganhaes of

Michigan, to come into the Covenant, were of a similar tedious character. Onondagas informed the Governor of New York in 1701, that the Waganhaes wanted to make peace with the Five Nations. and had appointed the "hunting place, called Tingsagheonde," now Detroit, for the meeting. They wanted an agent of New York to be present. If none was sent, then Dekanisore, the great sachem of the Onondagas, declared he would never concern himself again in public affairs. A messenger, who had been sent to look into the matter, reported that a treaty with the Waganhaes was really meant to be negotiated, and then the Commissioners for Indian Affairs sent deputies to represent Corlaer, the Indians' name for England, at the treaty, and to tell the Five Nations, that they must be on their guard at Detroit, for Onondaga, where the Long House of the confederacy stood, should have been selected as the place of meeting. The negotiations at Detroit were apparently not quite satisfactory, or resulted only in a truce between the warring tribes, for in April, 1709, a message reached the Governor of New York from the Five Nations, that four tribes of the Waganhaes wanted to make peace, and had again named the place for a conference. The Five Nations remembered the reminder given them on the former occasion, refused to go to the place appointed by the western Indians, and named a place in their own territory. A New York agent was again sent to be present at the meeting, in order to secure for the Province free trade with the West. But Indian peace treaties seem to have had very little binding force, and required always additional pow-wows. In 1710 the far nations, including the Waganhaes, wanted to come into the Covenant Chain, but a year later the Five Nations of New York asked the Governor for powder and lead to go to war against the Waganhaes. There were, however, refused. We do not know when the peace between these hostile tribes became final, but may presume it was perfected in the following decade, as Captain Peter Schuyler, sent as agent to live among the

Five Nations for a year, received the following instructions in September, 1721: "You are to inform all the far nations, that the road through the Five Nations for trade with this Province shall be kept open and clean." His brother Abraham, who relieved him the next year, was told to promise to the far nations a free passage through the country of the Iroquois, and to inform them, that he was settled in the Seneca country for their ease and encouragement.

In 1680 we learn of a war party of six hundred Senecas in the country of the Illinois nation upon the banks of the Mississippi River, while La Salle was there, preparing to descend that river to the sea. So great was the dread and consternation of the Illinois, that they were inclined to abandon their villages and retire from the country to escape the fury of the all-conquering Iroquois. At various times, both before and after this period, the Iroquois turned their warfare against the Cherokees along the Tennessee River, and the Catawbias in South Carolina, frequently returning from their distant expeditions with numerous captives, to prove the fish stories told of their invasions. All the intermediate country between the Alleghany Mountains and the Tennessee acknowledged their authority, and the latter river became the southern boundary. I have already told you what terror the appearance of a single Mohawk would cause among the Indians of New England. No distant solitude or rugged fastness was too obscure or too difficult of access to escape their visitation; no enterprise was too perilous, no fatigue too great, for their courage and endurance. The fame of their achievements resounded over the continent. Up to the year 1700 the Iroquois were involved in an almost uninterrupted warfare, and at the end of this period they had subdued and held in nominal subjection all the principal Indian nations occupying the territory now embraced in the Northern States, east of the Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and West Virginia, Maryland, a portion of the New England

States, and the largest part of Upper Canada, or as it is now called, the Province of Ontario. Over these nations the haughty and imperious Indians of New York exercised a constant supervision. If any of them became involved in domestic difficulties, a delegation of Iroquois chiefs went among them and restored tranquility, prescribing at the same time their future conduct or punishing the whole tribe for their misbehavior. In this way the Delawares on the lower Delaware and Susquehannah Rivers were forbidden by the New York Indians to go out on the warpath, and, according to Indian notions, were given the petticoat with the title of women, who henceforth had to confine themselves to pursuits appropriate to the Indian female, that is caring for the pappoose, hauling wood on the toboggan, having always a meal ready, when the lord and master of the wigwam came home, and tilling the few yards of corn and bean plantation. A treaty which Sir William Johnson, the great Indian Commissioner of New York in colonial times, held with the Indians of his department in 1756, and which the Delawares attended, was concluded by Sir William with the ceremony of taking off from these humbled Algonquin followers of the Iroquois, the petticoat and that, to a warrior, invidious name of woman. This was done in the name of their "father, the great King of England," with the promise to induce the Iroquois to do the same. As soon after the Delawares acted independently from their former masters, it is most likely that Sir William's well-meant and good natured, but impolitic example was followed, for they soon joined the French and later, in Pontiac's conspiracy.

When we see these redmen of New York going as far afield as the Mississippi for the sake of glory and plunder, we need not wonder that their immediate neighbors on the St. Lawrence, the French, had constant visits from them, in which they gratified their feelings of hate and revenge, and which continued with more or less frequency from 1640 to 1700, interrupted occasionally by negotiations and

brief intervals of peace. As the Iroquois possessed both banks of the upper St. Lawrence and the shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, they intercepted the fur trade, which the French were anxious to maintain with the nations living farther West, for upon this trade much of the prosperity of the new colony depended, furnishing the chief article of export and yielding most profitable returns, while it also gave to the Jesuit missionaries the welcome chance of spreading Christianity among the western nations. But the war parties of the League ranged through these territories so constantly, that it was impossible for the French to pass in safety through the lakes or even up the St. Lawrence above Montreal. Their traders were captured and the rich furs of the West not only became the spoils of the victors, but the traders themselves were often led into captivity and perhaps to the stake. So great was the fear of these unexpected attacks, that both the traders and the missionaries were obliged to ascend the Ottawa river from Montreal up to near its source, and then cross over to the Sault St. Marie and the shores of Lake Superior. One of these Jesuit missionaries became the first priest of his church, who officiated in the city or State of New York, and he did so unintentionally, for when brought into the present State, he was a prisoner of the Iroquois. His history, while a prisoner, is such a monument of piety, religious enthusiasm, personal bravery, and heroic firmness, and at the same time an example of how far the Iroquois could go in their ferocious cruelty to their prisoners, that I give you here a brief outline of it culled from his own writings.

Father Isaac Jogues was stationed with others of his order on the shores of Lake Superior, when necessities arose, which required one of the party to return to Quebec and procure what was needed. Father Jogues was sent, and having transacted the business which had brought him down, he and a party of forty, of whom a few were Frenchmen, the rest French Indians of the Algonquin race, started back in August, 1642, on their long journey to the mission

in the wilderness. On the second day after leaving Three Rivers they were attacked by seventy Mohawks, who took most of Jogue's party prisoners. One of the Frenchmen had killed during the fight one of the bravest of the enemy, and in order to revenge this loss on the spot, Father Jogues says: "he was first stripped naked, all his nails torn out, his very fingers gnawed, and a broad sword driven through his right hand. Then they fell upon me, and with their fists, thongs and clubs beat me till I fell senseless. Scarcely had I begun to breathe again, when some others attacking me, tore out by biting almost all my fingernails, and crunched my two forefingers with their teeth." The same was done to another Frenchman of the party, but the Huron captives were left untouched. In this condition the Jesuit Father had to march barefooted from the St. Lawrence to the village of his captors on the Mohawk. He remained a prisoner of the tribe for about a year, when, through the instrumentality of the Dutch Reformed Minister at Fort Orange, he found a chance to escape to New Amsterdam, and thence return to France. The efforts of the Dutch authorities at Fort Orange to ransom him had always met with this answer from the Mohawks: "We shall show you, the Dutch, every kindness in our power, but on this subject you must be silent. Besides, you know well, how they, the French, treat our people, when they fall into their hands." Not frightened by the treatment which he had received on the occasion of his first rather unwilling visit to New York State, Father Jogues, after recovering his health, came back to Canada and thinking the Mohawk villages a good field for missionary work, he requested to be sent to them. His request was granted. He left Three Rivers in September, 1646, had passed Lake George, and was within two day's march of his destination, when he came upon a war party of the Mohawks, who again treated him with unmerciful beatings. "You shall not be burned," the captors told the brave priest, "you shall die beneath our hatchets, and your head shall be

fixed on our palisades, to show your brethren whom we take." This threat was carried out shortly after, and the Catholic church may well be proud of their first priest in the State of New York, while they should not forget what their ecclesiastical enemies, the Dutch colonists, did and tried to do for their hero.

The French of Canada were extremely anxious, either to detach the Iroquois from the English and gain their alliance, or to reduce them to subjection by conquest. They tried each successively and in both were equally defeated. The untractable and politic Iroquois were averse to the former and too powerful for the latter. On many occasions the ambassadors of the League appeared at Montreal and Quebec to negotiate with the French Governor for an adjustment of the difficulties and the exchange of prisoners. Some of these negotiations would lead to peace, or at least an armistice, but these respites from warfare were only of short duration. Such a covenant of peace between the New York Indians and the French in Canada was made in 1666; but a few weeks after signing the treaty the Governor of Canada writes to the magistrates of Albany: "The Iroquois have always broken their word, (they never did it to the Dutch or English) and made use of so many cruelties that it would not be prudent to lose the opportunity of destroying them. . . . They never fail, notwithstanding the obligations they owe us, to commit many acts of hostility towards the people under our government." The ravages committed upon the French settlements were so frequent and disastrous, as to place the colony in imminent peril. To retaliate for these frequent inroads, and if possible to prevent their recurrence, the country of the Iroquois was in turn often invaded by the French, but after the most toilsome expeditions, prepared at great expense, into the heart of the wilderness of New York, now so highly cultivated and prosperous farmland, they returned without having accomplished sufficient to reward them for the fatigues and perils of the enterprise. In 1665

Governor de Courcelles, of Canada, led a strong party into the country of the Mohawks, but the hardships they encountered rendered it necessary for them to return without having accomplished their purpose. The next year a detachment of twelve hundred French and six hundred of their Indian allies, renewed the invasion with better success. They captured Te-a-ton-ta-lo-ga (now one of the principal villages of the Mohawks, at the mouth of Schoharie Creek, but after destroying the town and the stores of corn found in the caches, they were obliged to retire without meeting an opposing force, for it was the policy of the Iroquois never to enter into a fight with an enemy whom they knew to be superior in numbers, and armed with more effective weapons than the tomahawks and bows and arrows.

Again in 1684, Governor de la Barre, of Canada, entered the country of the Onondagas with about eighteen hundred men. He reached Hungry Bay, of Lake Ontario, met a delegation of Indian chiefs, and after exchanging recriminations and mutual defiance, a species of armistice was made without a blow having been struck.

This is the Indian's account of de la Barre's expedition, and the cause for re-opening hostilities a few years later.

"Governor de la Barre," is their tale, "came with an army to Cayuhaga, a day's journey from Onondaga. Peace was made there and then, which we observed, but the Ottawawas (French Indians) included in this peace murdered the Seneca chief Aanhaak, who had gone to the Ottawawa Castle for trade, even though the Black Gown there (meaning the missionary priest) endeavoured to save him. Young Seneca warriors, in retaliation, captured an Ottawawa chief, to give him to Aanhaax' family, but while trying to run away he was killed. This is all the evil we have done to the French and their Indians, except that with Corlaer's, that the Governors of New York, permission we have plundered all Frenchmen coming to our side of the lake without a pass from the Governor of Canada."

The next expedition was made in 1687 by a force of 2000 Frenchmen and 600 Indians, who started from Kingston, Canada, and landed in Irondequoit Bay in the territory of the Senecas. I shall again let the sachems of the Senecas tell the story, which is a continuation of the preceding, a report of "How the French invaded their country," made to Governor Dongan, at Albany, in August, 1687. They begin this report with the statement, that four or five years before the Governor of Canada had requested them to plunder all such of his people as came trading without his pass, "which we did, taking however only their brandy and leaving them their furs. Three years ago we met a party of Frenchmen near the castle of the Kichtagoes (Illinois), our enemies, to whom they were bringing powder, lead and guns, which we did not like and we took away these goods, throwing them into the water. Besides thirty years ago a French priest was killed, when we took a castle of our enemies, which business the French always rip up. A short time ago Onontio, the Indian's name for France, or the French Governor of Canada, sent us word to come and speak with him at Cadarachqui, (Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, Canada,) but we refused, being English subjects. Then we were told that he meant war on us, and upon learning that he had been seen with many canoes halfway between Cadarachqui and Onondaga, we sent one hundred men to reconnoiter. A French bark was seen off Irondequoit, a canoe with four men went out to hail them and inquire what they wanted, but the messengers were told, "Enustogan horrio Squa," (the Devil take you.) A warparty of Indians came as friends of the French overland from the setting sun, and as the forces against us were overwhelming, we resolved to carry our wives, children and old men to Cayuga, and to a lake south of the Seneca castle, near Victor in Ontario County. The men who had escorted the women to a place of safety, coming back joined the 350 young men living in this neighborhood on Canandaigua Lake and in the village, situated

at the bend of Honeoye outlet, west of Mendon, Monroe County. They were all young men, say the sachems in their report, so eager to fall on the enemy, that the officers could not put them in the proper position for an engagement ; they went about half a league from the castle to a small hill, and there waited for the French army, but the officers could not persuade them to be in order, all being so fiery to engage and having scouts out, they were informed that the enemy was approaching and how they marched, namely the right and left wings being Indians, and the centre French. When they came in sight of our men, whom they did not see, they sat down to rest and the Indians, their allies, likewise. Our men seeing this advanced upon the left wing, the Indians, which the French perceiving, they stood by their arms and gave the first volley. They were immediately followed therein by the Indians on their left, whereupon the Senecas answered also with a volley. This occasioned so much smoke that they could hardly see one another, wherefore they immediately run in and came to handy blows ; they put the left wing to the flight and when that wing was broken they charged and fired upon the French, who retired about 150 paces and then stood still. Our men continued the fight with their hatchets, but perceiving at last that the French were too numerous and would not give way, some of the Senecas began to retreat which made the French Indians call out "The Senecas Run," and the rest hearing that followed the first party which had given way. In their retreat they were pursued about half a mile, and if the enemy had followed farther, the Senecas would have lost abundance of people, because they carried off their wounded and were resolved to stick to them and not leave them. The Seneca army numbered 100 men and 350 boys and among them five women, who fought as well as the men, and were bound not to leave their husbands, but intended to live and die with them." In reply to Governor Dongan's advice, that they had better make peace with the Indian na-

tions, living west of them, as that would weaken the French, they said: "We intend to wage war with the French as long as we have a man left."

The advantages derived by Governor de Nonville in this campaign of 1687, must be considered small, even though the losses of the Senecas in buildings and crops were considerable. The village in the neighborhood of which the just described fight took place, was destroyed, so was Dayo-de-hok-to on the Honeoye outlet, where the French Governor took formal possession of the Seneca country in the name of France, a ceremony of equal value as that of Nine Tailors in Tooley Street, London, who declared themselves the government of England. Four other villages with their extensive corn fields, then growing, were devastated and then the French army retired.

To retaliate for this invasion, a formidable party of Iroquois made a few months later a sudden descent on Fort Chambly, near Montreal. Unable to capture the fort, which was well defended by the garrison, they ravaged the adjacent settlements and returned with a number of captives. About the same time a party of 800 attacked Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, Canada, and laid waste the farms surrounding it. In July of the next year, 1688, the French were made to feel still more sensibly the wrath and revenge of the New York Indians. About 1,200 of them made a descent upon Montreal Island with so much secrecy and alacrity that the inhabitants had no time to prepare for defense. The loss of the French is figured at about 1,000 lives and nearly all the farms and buildings on the Island. When the work of destruction was completed, the Iroquois retired, bearing with them the plunder and about 200 prisoners.

Overwhelmed by this sudden disaster, the French destroyed their own forts at Niagara and Frontenac, thus yielding the whole country west of Montreal to their enemies, the Iroquois. Count Frontenac now returned to Canada as Viceroy, and immediately set to work to punish

these fierce enemies, who could reckon upon the active support of the English, as war had been declared between England and France. After the more or less successful campaign of the winter of 1689 to 1690, during which Schenectady was burned, he sent in the winter of 1692, a detachment of 900 French and Indians, who after traveling upon snow-shoes through the dense forests, finally reached the neighborhood of the Mohawk villages, which they surprised, and where they took 300 prisoners with a loss of thirty of their own men. I shall let the Indians again tell you what they did during the summer of 1695. They report that a party of Onondagas went to Canada, where they killed several French officers and Indians, and took some prisoners. Another party went below Montreal, killed a French captain and took several scalps. One hundred and fifty Onondagas came upon a party of Waganhaes, Western Indians, on Lake Cadarachqui (Ontario) took ten prisoners and burnt nine of them on their return home. Praying Indians, that is converts of the Mohawks, had a fight in which they killed fifteen Frenchmen and three Indians and captured ten Frenchmen and fourteen Indians. The Governor of New York did not think that these, his Indian allies, had done their share of the work sufficiently well, and at the annual meeting at Albany, in September, 1695, he told them: "I find you have been asleep and have allowed the French to take again possession of the Fort at Cadarachqui (Kingston.) All your misfortunes have been caused by your own drunken, negligent, supine and careless humors. It is now late in the year and little prospect of bringing any considerable force of men over ice and snow, sufficient to drive the French from a regular fortification, built of stone and lime, when there is no possibility, by your own acknowledgment, to carry cannon and wagons and to march horses and dragoons, so that I can only advise, direct and command you, to pursue your former methods posting yourselves upon the carrying places, by which you will prevent any relief, either

of provisions or men, reaching the fort. This course will have the former effect of forcing the French to desert that post. For the better performance of this duty, I present you in the King's name, 1,000 pounds of powder, 2,000 pounds of lead, 100 hatchets, 350 knives, 2,000 flints, and some frieze-coats, and I renew the ancient Covenant Chain in behalf of all the English colonies." The Five Nations accepted this bribe for their loyalty to England, with profuse thanks, and promised to do better, But Count Frontenac knew how to circumvent his wary foes. He led in person, a large force of French and Indians against the Onondagas and Oneidas in 1696. Having escaped the vigilance of the enemy's outposts along the St. Lawrence, he reached Fort Frontenac (Kingston) and thence coasted the eastern shore of Lake Ontario to the mouth of the Oswego River. From here the army marched to the saltsprings, near the present City of Syracuse, and up the Onondaga valley to the principal village of the Onondagas. He found it, as usual, deserted, and destroyed it with all the stores of corn. A detachment was then sent against the Oneidas, and after laying waste their fields also, the French army returned to Canada.

This was the last French invasion of the territory of the Iroquois, and although a general peace soon followed, the grievous damage inflicted upon the members of the League was not forgotten. At the annual meeting between the Governor of New York and the Five Nations, at Albany, in the fall of 1696, they said, thanking for the presents, which this year amounted to nearly \$1,700: "We desire that since the great King of England, our father, has canoes of seventy guns apiece, and many soldiers, you may acquaint him that it is a great pity we should be so plagued by so small an enemy as the French and Indians of Canada. We are not able ourselves to destroy them, for we are become a small people and much lessened by the war. If the people of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and New England, who

have all put their hands to the Covenant Chain, will join with the inhabitants of this place, we are ready to go and root the French and all our enemies out of Canada." The next year they met the reproach of having entered into negotiations for peace with the French by not quite so fierce an expression of hatred, they only said, they would never make peace with the French, unless with the consent of New York. But the peace made in 1696 continued without interruption until the war of 1755, which, as the final result, gave Canada to the English in 1760.

Let us now look at the purely geographical and political relations held by the Iroquois to the colonists of New York. The villages of the Mohawks were chiefly located in the valley of and upon the south side of the Mohawk River. Around and near Oneida Lake sat the Oneidas. The Onondagas were established in the valley of the river called after them, and upon the adjacent hills. On the east shore of Cayuga Lake and thence stretching eastward were the settlements of the Cayugas. In the counties of Ontario and Monroe were found the principal villages of the Senecas. This location of the League upon the headwaters of the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Ohio and the St. Lawrence, rivers flowing to the sea in every direction, placed them in command of the country, which, as told above, they finally conquered. At the same time Lake Ontario and the Adirondack mountains on the north, the range of the Alleghanies on the south, made it difficult for their enemies to successfully attack them.

To this race came the English navigator, Henry Hudson, sailing under a Dutch flag, and the tradition, current among the descendants of the Indians, whom he first met at or near the site of our present State Capital, Albany, tells that upon the landing of Hudson the Indians immediately joined hands with the white people, and becoming friends, said, "Here we will give you a place to make you a town." The friendly relations between the aboriginal red owners

of the land and the settlers of European race continued during the whole time of Dutch rule in the valley of the Hudson, that is, up to 1664. Some historical writers have stated that the Dutch were never disturbed by their fierce neighbors, the Mohawks, because, being afraid of them, they yielded to all their demands and had never roused their wrath. But I think differently, and after hearing what I have to tell you, I believe you will agree with me. The rule made by the West India Company, under whose auspices the State of New York was first settled, required that all land upon which a white emigrant wished to settle, should be fairly bought from the Indians. This rule was obeyed in the settlement of Albany, as in all other cases, and as the Mohawks had made their first treaty with the Dutch, near the present site of Albany, also purchased from them, it continued to be one for which they always cherished friendly feelings. We may safely assume that the social and political system prevailing among these Dutch settlers, attracted the Indians because of its similarity to its own. James Fennimore Cooper says: "In all the tribes of this part of North America something very like a principle of democracy was the predominating feature of their politics." History informs us how truly democratic the Dutch people, like all others of the same race, had been from the earliest days of their political existence, and though the League of the Iroquois was a trifle more aristocratic, the similarity of their political ideas proved a bond of union between the red and the white race.

The men who settled at Albany had not come from their homes in the Netherlands for political or religious reasons; they wanted to improve their fortunes and amass wealth. This led them to trade with the Indians in goods, which by their nature injured the moral and bodily condition of the redmen, or which might have been turned against the white settlers with disastrous results. It was the trade in firearms and firewater, and experience soon told the authorities that an indiscriminate distribution of these articles

among the Indians might end in the complete destruction of the colony. Various laws were therefore made, limiting such sales, and the Indians themselves were in favor of entirely prohibiting the trade in liquor. They were the ancestors of our present Prohibition party. At a conference held at Albany in September, 1659, they said: "It is very disagreeable to us that our and other Indians drink so much liquor. We have to watch our enemies, the French, but if we become drunk we cannot fight. Therefore do not sell liquor to us, hut stop up your barrels. When we go away from here now, we shall take along plenty of liquor, and after that no more, for we will burn all our kegs." The liquor question was then, as it is now, an important factor in the politics of this State. It was never settled in colonial times, when Indians would be found drunk in the streets of Albany, for the records tell of one being taken to the Fort on a brewer's dray, being too drunk to walk. (October, 1656.)

Having been cruelly persecuted for religion's sake by Spain, the Dutch had learned to treat with tolerance all those who had a belief different from their own, and therefore their intercourse with the Indians was one of fairness, probity and charity, of the same character as they met in their own countrymen. To show the red man that he was entitled to the same protection, suggested by law and fairness, as the white, an ordinance was passed commanding all settlers, whose land was contiguous to Indian plantations to take care that their cattle be well fenced in and prevented from damaging their Indian neighbor's crops. This ordinance, like all others relating to intercourse with the Indians, was duly communicated to them, and we can well understand that the red men, though uncivilized, could appreciate to its fullest extent a measure intended for the protection of their rights, and that in consequence their friendship for these white neighbors increased. Even occasional and individual harsh treatment did not diminish this bond. In the interview of September, 1659, quoted

above, the speaker says : "The Dutch must stop their wickedness and not beat the Indians so much as they have done."

The New Englanders had, during the whole period of the 17th century, to suffer from the nightmare and actual presence of "French and Indians," with the accompanying midnight slaughter and conflagration, but the handful of Dutch, who unwittingly had taken possession of the key of this great continent, were protected against such horrors by the Iroquois, who always fondly remembered one of the great men of the colony, Arent van Corlear. In September, 1688, they said to Sir Edmund Andros, then Governor of New York : "Corlear, for you were pleased to accept the name of a man who was of good dispositions and esteemed dear among us, to-wit, the Old Corlear." Corlear represented to the Iroquois power and strength, tempered by justice, and remained the Indian name of the Governors of New York, implying England, until it was displaced by that of another Dutchman, Peter Schuyler, pronounced by the Indians, "Veedor."

When the New Netherland became New York, in 1664, the English authorities comprehended that to follow the Indian policy of the Dutch was a necessity for them, if they wished to retain the colony on the Hudson. Hence they endeavored by all means to preserve the friendship of the Five Nations during the whole colonial period. Soon after the English flag was hoisted over the fort at Albany, the commander made a treaty with representative sachems of the League, which stipulated that the Indians should receive from the English "all such wares and commodities as heretofore they had from the Dutch ; that wrongdoers of either side should be tried and punished by their own people, and that these rules should extend to all English colonies on the continent."

The friendly relations between the English and their Indian neighbors in the Province of New York, were only once seriously disturbed, for having seen how wise a policy it

was, the English adopted from the Dutch, in never settling upon Indian land, unless they had by treaty or deed first bought it. But the very rules adopted by the government for the protection of the Indians led to trouble. These rules were, that the white man, who had looked upon the red man's land with covetous eyes, should first obtain from the Governor and Council, a license allowing him to purchase certain Indian lands. The purchase had to be made, and a deed given by the grantors, in presence of some magistrate. Then the purchaser petitioned for a survey by one of the regular official surveyors, upon whose return to the Governor finally, a patent was granted. It is impossible to tell at this date, whether the surveyors then employed, were incapable of making correct measurements or dishonest, but the most critical period in the struggle for supremacy on this continent between England and France, in the summer of 1753, the Mohawks had good reason to say to the Governor of New York, Admiral George Clinton: "When our brethren, the English, first came among us, we gave and sold them lands, and we have continued to do so ever since, but it seems now as if we had no land left for ourselves, for when we sell 1,000 acres the surveyors measure off 1,500, telling us it is 1,000. It is with great concern we tell you, that the ancient alliance and friendship made between you and us, seems for sometime past to be forgotten. It is by your means that we stand every hour in danger, for at your request we fought the French, and if you don't endeavor to redress our wrongs, the rest of our brethren shall know of it, and all paths will be stopped."

The Turtle family of the Mohawks, that is to say the most exalted among them, living at Canajoharie, were already so incensed against the English that they did not attend this meeting. Governor Clinton, in his high position as Admiral of the British Navy, and as a member of the family of the Earls of Lincoln, bore himself too coldly and haughtily to reconcile the proud chiefs of the League, and thought-

ful men in the English colonies began to look with anxiety upon the growing defection of the Iroquois, and dreaded that in the coming war with France, the ancient friends of England might be found among her enemies. But in this ominous conjuncture, one strong influence was at work to bind the confederate Indians of New York to their old alliance, and this influence was wielded by a man, whose name will always be recalled when the Iroquois are spoken of. He was Sir William Johnson, a young Irishman, who had come to America in 1734, to take charge of an extensive tract of wild land in the valley of the Mohawk, purchased from the Indians by his uncle, Sir Peter Warren.

Now, when the blindest could see, that between the rival claimants to the soil of America nothing was left but the arbitration of the sword, no man friendly to the cause of England could fail to observe, how important the friendship of the Iroquois was to either side. It is true they had not quite gone over to the French, but they were wavering and lukewarm, and it was to be feared that they might allow the numerous tribes from the great lakes and the Mississippi to grind their tomahawks and turn loose their ravenous war parties upon the British colonies.

General Johnson, afterwards Sir William Johnson, who had been charged with an expedition against Crown Point on Lake Champlain, induced his neighbors, the Mohawks, to join his little army, and when a council of war was called in the English camp, which resolved to send a detachment of one thousand men on a reconnoiter, old Hendrick, the Mohawk chief remonstrated, saying : " If they are to be killed, they are too many ; if they are to fight, they are too few." The battle fought the next day went against the English, and the first campaign in this war had brought in its train many disasters on the same side. Braddock had been defeated in Pennsylvania, then followed the fall of Oswego, and the retreat of General Webb. All these defeats had given to the Indians a contemptible idea of British prowess, and some of the confederates actually took up

the hatchet on the side of France, and there was danger that the rest might follow their example, which they probably would have done, if their sachems had not been swayed by cooler judgment ; for they could see that in the colonies of France lay the only barrier against the growing power and ambition of the English provinces, whom they now aided, to destroy Canada.

The country was scarcely transferred to the English, when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be audible among the Indian tribes, from the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. Under these circumstances it behooved the English to use the utmost care in their conduct towards the redmen, but the ignorant arrogance, habitual to the English people when brought in contact with other nations, soon increased the ill feeling and finally led to a dangerous outbreak. Said a Seneca chief to the Wyandots and Ottawas of Detroit, in July, 1761 : "The English treat us with much disrespect, and we have the greatest reason to believe, by their behaviour, they intend to cut us off entirely ; they have possessed themselves of our country, it is now in our power to dispossess them and recover it, if we will but embrace the opportunity before they have time to assemble together and fortify themselves ; there is no time to be lost, let us strike immediately." This was the first note in the opening chorus of the great historical tragedy, called the Conspiracy of Pontiac. The second came also from an Iroquois sachem, who at a conference in Philadelphia, in August, 1761, said : "We are penned up like hogs. There are forts all around us and therefore we are apprehensive that death is coming upon us."

The discontent of the Indians gave great satisfaction to the French, who saw in it an assurance of safe and bloody vengeance on their conquerors. Canada, it is true, was gone beyond hope of recovery, but they still might hope to revenge its loss. French traders and bush rangers could be found in every Indian village, holding councils and urg-

ing the Indians to take up arms against the English. Of the New York Indians, the Senecas were more especially incensed at English intrusion, since from their position they were farthest removed from the soothing influence of Sir William Johnson, and most exposed to the seductions of the French. They were the only members of the League of the Iroquois, who joined the tribes ready to rise up against the English,—the rest being kept quiet by the influence of Sir William, whose utmost exertions, however, were barely sufficient to allay their irritation.

As the New York Indians interest us chiefly to-night, I shall tell only what they did during this Indian copyrighted tragedy. A large body of Senecas marched upon Fort Venango, on the Alleghany river, not far from the City of Erie, in Pennsylvania. They gained entrance under pretence of friendship, then closed the gates, fell upon the garrison and butchered them all, except the commanding officer, Lieutenant Gordon, whom they forced to write, from their dictation, a statement of the grievances which had driven them to arms, and then they broiled him over a slow fire, for several successive nights, till he expired. This done, they burned the fort to the ground, and departed for Fort Niagara, which they blockaded for a few days, with no other effect than that of confining the garrison within the walls. Despairing of success they abandoned the siege.

While Colonel Bouquet was fighting the rebellious Indians, near Pittsburgh, Penn., and Captain Dalzell attempted to surprise Pontiac, the leader, in his camp near Detroit, Mich., Sir William Johnson was engaged in the more pacific, and more important task, of securing the friendship and alliance of the Six Nations. By a dexterous mingling of arguments, threats and promises, he drove out of their minds all thoughts of war, and almost induced them to take up the hatchet against the hostile Indians. He presented to them a black war-belt of wampum and a hatchet, which they did not refuse to accept, but only small parties actually took the field.

In spite of the friendly disposition to which five of the Six Nations had been brought, the Province of New York suffered not a little from the attacks of hostile tribes, who ravaged the borders of Ulster, Orange and Albany counties, and a singular incident occurred in this border warfare, near the town of Goshen, in Orange County. Four or five men went out to shoot partridges, and chancing to raise a large covey of birds, fired at them almost simultaneously. The inhabitants of the village, already alarmed by reports, hearing this firing, supposed to come from an Indian war party, and instantly fled in dismay, spreading terror as they went. The neighboring country was soon in a panic. The farmers cut the harness off their horses, and, leaving their carts and plows behind, galloped off for their lives. Others, snatching up their children and their most valuable property, made with all speed for New England, not daring to pause until they had crossed the Hudson. About five hundred families, says a newspaper of the day, left their habitations and fled. Not long after this absurd affair, an event of a widely different character occurred in the northwestern corner of the state, near Fort Niagara, in which again Senecas played the roll of "leading men." On the 14th day of September, 1763, a numerous train of wagons, guarded by twenty-four soldiers, was on its way from Fort Schlosser, above the rapids, to Fort Niagara, at the mouth of Niagara River. They had reached the place, three miles below the cataract, which is called the Devil's Hole, when they were greeted by the discharge of about one hundred rifles. At the next instant, a host of Indians broke screeching from the woods, to finish with rifle-butt and tomahawk, the lives not ended by leaden balls. Tradition relates, that the drummer-boy of the detachment was caught in his fall over the precipice among the branches of a tree, where hanging suspended by his drum-strap, he escaped the murderous savages, and finally could run into safety. The distant sound of the Indian rifles had been heard by a party of soldiers, camping near the mouth of

the river. Forming in haste, they eagerly rushed to the rescue, but only to meet with the same fate as their comrades of the wagon escort. A small remnant only escaped to report the disaster at Fort Niagara. Major Wilkins, the commander, marched out with nearly his whole garrison, to the place of the slaughter, but the Indians had disappeared, leaving behind seventy dead, naked and scalplless bodies, so horribly mangled that many of them could not be recognized. This ambushade of the Devil's Hole has gained a traditionary immortality, adding fearful interest to the history of the Indians of New York and their fierceness in war. Several weeks after this affair, Major Wilkins was marching to the relief of Detroit, but again Senecas interfered by attacking the boats, slowly forcing their way past Goat's Island, and driving them back to Fort Schlosser.

The winter following these disasters to English troops, had much to do with the pacification of the Senecas. In common with the tribes west and south of them, they began to suffer through the execution of Pontiac's plan, to snatch the European colonies from the English grasp and return them to the French. The suspension of the fur trade deprived them of the chances of obtaining ammunition, clothing and other articles of necessity; the promised assistance of the French was not forthcoming, and above all, the knowledge that some of their own people of the Iroquois, had taken up arms for the English, quenched their thirst for war, but they were still in doubt about making peace. They made a preliminary treaty with Sir William Johnson early during the summer of 1764, and pledged themselves to appear at Niagara in July to ratify and complete it. But they broke this promise, and it soon became known that they had leagued themselves with a large band of hostile Delawares, who had visited the Seneca country. A message sent to them, that unless they came to Niagara an English army would pay them a visit and burn their villages, had the effect of bringing them to

terms, and the peace was concluded with them at Niagara on the 18th of July, 1764.

For quite a number of years, the Indians of New York had no occasion to dig up the hatchet and go on the war-path, for after the peace of 1764 the word of Sir William Johnson became absolute law to them. He was peculiarly fitted for the office entrusted to him by the government. Broad shouldered and athletic, fond of wild sports, inflexibly honest and truthful to a proverb, the Indians had come to love him as a brother. In 1764 he founded the village of Johnstown, erected there a baronial mansion and gathered about him a colony of Catholic Scotch Highlanders. He married in early life a daughter of one of the German settlers in the Mohawk Valley, and his relations with these people were always those of intimate friendship. The whole population looked up to him as a leader, consulted him on all important affairs, and never found their confidence misplaced. No man in America equaled him in influence, and had he lived, the history of Central New York during the War of the Revolution would have been very different, for it is questionable whether he would have unloosed the savage hordes about him upon the friends of his youth and manhood. But in July, 1774, just as the conflict opened, this great man died. His title and estates descended upon his son, Sir John Johnson, his office as Superintendent of Indian Affairs fell to his nephew and son-in-law, Guy Johnson. Sir William had been the benefactor of the Mohawk Valley, his successors became its scourges. With the exception of the Catholic Scotch in and around Johnstown, the settlers of the valley were in sympathy with the friends of liberty, and early in the spring of 1775 a committee of them wrote from Palatine to the committee of Albany: "It is our fixed resolution to be free or die." Meantime the Johnsons were fortifying their homes along the Mohawk. Still no act of violence was committed by their partisans. The Indians had not risen, and Colonel Guy Johnson, the new superintendent, declared

his purpose to maintain their neutrality, if possible. Indignantly he disclaimed the idea that he could be capable of setting the savages on his peaceful neighbors, and yet while the words were on his lips, he had received secret instructions from the crown to induce the Six Nations to take up the hatchet against the King's rebellious subjects. At first, Colonel Johnson made little headway in following out his orders. He called an Indian council at his residence, but felt himself so hampered by the suspicious men about him, that he removed to Ontario with his whole family and retinue. With him went two persons of great influence among the Indians; the one was Molly Brant with her eight children by Sir William Johnson, the other was her brother, the famous Joseph Brant, Thayendanegea. Brant had been educated at an English school in Connecticut, and had there acquired the self-control of the white race without losing the endurance and the cunning of his own. By the force of his character he obtained a great influence over his people, the Mohawks, but neither his intellectual power nor his influence could gain for him the office of sachem, which was also denied later to Red Jacket, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, the most gifted and intellectual of the race of the Iroquois, if not of the whole Indian family, to whom, as the great Indian orator and patriot, the Historical Society of Buffalo erected a monument in 1891.

When Brant went to Canada with Colonel Johnson, he acted as his secretary, but in 1776, he was made the principal war chief of the League, and when another Indian council was held at Ontario, he and his sister Molly induced all the Six Nations, except a few Tuscaroras, and about half of the Oneida family, to pledge themselves to the support of the English cause. However, they made no immediate move, even though rumors of Indian invasions were heard on every side. But in 1777, the storm, so long threatening, broke over Central New York. History has told you of the plan of campaign, thought out with great

elaboration in England, which sent Sir Henry Clinton up the Hudson, Burgoyne from the north to Saratoga, and St. Leger from Oswego into the Mohawk Valley. We have here to accompany only the last one, with whom marched the Six Nations under Brant. When the news went down through the Mohawk Valley, that St. Leger, with his force of British troops, Tories and Indian allies were on the march, offering a reward of \$20 for every American scalp, the whole people were aroused.

On August 6th, 1777, the battle of Oriskany was fought and had a bad effect on the Indian allies of St. Leger, for when they joined the English army, it was solely upon the promise of Sir John Johnson, that there should be no fighting, simply scalping and plunder without danger to themselves. But this battle had changed the arrangement. In that engagement and in the sortie from Fort Schuyler (Utica), the Indians lost nearly one hundred of their bravest warriors, and now they swore this loss should be avenged. They kept their oath most fearfully. In June, 1778, Brant and his savages burned the settlement of Springfield, in Otsego County. In the following month a force of one hundred and fifty Indians invaded the valley of the Cobleskill and laid it waste. A little later McDonald, one of the Johnson royalists, with three hundred Indians and Tories, ravaged the Schoharie Valley, and early in September, the settlement of the German Flats had been destroyed by Brant. The approaching winter led the people to believe that for a few months they would be able to breathe more freely, for they knew that in the winter the Indians were rarely to be found on the warpath. But on the 11th of November the village of Cherry Valley met the same fate as its sister settlement. Forty-eight people fell to be scalped, and with the exception of the fort, everything was laid waste. The atrocities committed here were so dreadful that they moved even the heart of an Oneida Indian on the American side to vengeance. A few months after the engagement near Sharon, where the Americans

were commanded by Colonel Willett, by the Indians called "The Devil," occurred a battle near Johnstown, in which the same Colonel Willett, with about five hundred men, defeated a force of Tories outnumbering his own, exclusive of about one hundred and thirty Indians. In the flight of the English, Walter Butler, the author of the Cherry Valley massacre, lost his life by the tomahawk of an Oneida Indian, who, when Butler begged for mercy, replied in broken English: "Sherry Valley, remember Sherry Valley," and then parted the Tory's hair and skull in the middle.

The border wars of the Revolution, in which the Iroquois participated, and the devastation which they committed in the valleys of the Mohawk and Susquehannah, form the most tragical chapters of our history. Not less tragical is their punishment and subsequent fate.

The irruptions into the border settlements were so frequent, and the track of their invasions was marked with such desolation, that the American authorities were finally obliged to send against them a powerful detachment with orders to lay waste the Indian villages, and overawe the warring tribes with the fear of complete annihilation. General Sullivan, in 1779, led an army of four thousand men, mostly regulars, into the country of the Senecas, the most populous of the Six Nations, where he penetrated as far as the Genesee River, at that time the center of their population. After destroying their principal towns, their fruit orchards and their stores of grain, he returned to Pennsylvania, having first sent a smaller detachment into the territory of the Cayugas, to ravage their settlements in the same manner.

The treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, made in 1783, took no cognizance of the Iroquois, who, abandoned in adversity by their allies, were left to make the best possible terms with the successful republic. The jurisdiction of the United States was extended over their ancient territories, the political trans-

actions of the League were substantially closed, and they became individual, dependent nations.

The Mohawks had left their country, or rather, what the landsharks among the English had allowed them to retain of it, and live now partly on the Grand River in Canada, or near Kingston, upon two reservations secured to them by the British government.

Notwithstanding their friendly attitude during the war, the Oneidas fared in the end little better than their Mohawk brethren and neighbors. The tide of immigrants set in their direction soon after the establishment of peace, and rendered their lands useless to them for hunting. Negotiations commenced by the State for the purchase of the land, narrowed their original possessions to one small reservation. A portion of the tribe emigrated to a reservation on the Thames River in Canada, another and larger band removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where they still make their homes. A small remnant of scarcely two hundred heads have remained around the seat of their ancient council fire near Oneida Castle, in Oneida county, and are now more or less prosperous farmers.

Although enemies to the Americans during the war the Onondagas have been the most fortunate nation of the League, for they still retain their beautiful valley of Onondaga, with sufficient territory for their maintenance. After the Revolution they granted their lands to the State by treaty, reserving for themselves the tract, which they now occupy, the proceeds, as in other cases, being invested by the government for their benefit, and their interests are looked after by agents appointed yearly by the Governor of this State, who have to report annually to the Comptroller a correct enumeration of such of the Onondaga Indians as are entitled to receive annuity moneys from the State, stipulated by the grant of their lands. About two hundred and fifty Onondagas live with the Senecas on their reservation, a small party joined their Iroquois brethren on the Grand River in Canada, and a few have

removed to the west, but the main body are still at Onondaga.

The fate of the Cayugas awakens a feeling of regret and sympathy, for they have been the least fortunate of their unfortunate race. The tide of immigration, which became so inconvenient to the Oneidas, drove this tribe completely out of their old domain. In the brief space of twelve years after the first house of a white man was erected in Cayuga County, in 1789, the whole nation was uprooted and gone. In 1795 they ceded by treaty all their lands to the State, excepting a reservation, which they also finally abandoned to the State about the year 1800. A portion of them removed to Green Bay, another to Grand River, and still another and much larger band settled at Sandusky, Ohio, from whence the United States government removed them about the middle of this century into the Indian Territory west of the Mississippi. Some of them, loth to leave their old hunting grounds and the burial places of their ancestors, went to live with the Senecas, where they share with their tribal kindred in the west the State annuity of \$2,300 secured to them upon the sale of their former possessions, to a share of which the descendants of the Canadian Grand River Cayugas have begun to make a claim during late years.

The Senecas reside now on the reservation called the Cornplanters, the Alleghany, the Cattaraugus and the Tonawanda, and are legally known as the Seneca nation, residing on the first three named, and as the Tonawanda nation. They have passed through the same ordeal, to which the other nations have been subjected, by means of which they were speedily induced to grant away their lands, not by townships or counties, but from river to river, reserving here and there a small oasis, sufficient to rescue a favorite village with its burial place. They who formerly roved without let or hindrance, over the present counties of Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, Erie, Genesee, Wyoming, Alleghany, Livingston, Monroe, Orleans, Niagara, Wayne,

Ontario, Yates, Steuben and Chemung, are now shut up within the small reservations, which united would not cover the area of one of the smaller counties in the State. A small band of them joined, after the Revolution, the emigrants of the other nations in Canada, where we now find a miniature representation of the Old League, as every member of it has its branch there.

The Tuscaroras, after removing from the Oneida territory in consequence of the sale to the State, finally located near the Niagara River in the neighborhood of Lewiston on a tract given them by the Senecas.

The last census fixes the number of Indians upon their reservations in this State at about 5,000, in which number only such of the Oneidas and Cayugas are included as live among the Senecas, Onondagas and Tuscaroras, for they no longer occupy reservations or maintain tribal relations within the State, having either sold their lands and removed from the State, or partitioned their lands and become citizens. The Senecas residing on the Alleghany and Cattaraugus reservations abolished in 1842 their government by chiefs, and adopted a constitution providing for an elective council. They hold annual elections at the council house, either on the Cattaraugus reservation or on the Alleghany, according to the directions of the preceding annual election, and vote for a President, eight Councillors, three Peacemakers, a Treasurer, and a Marshal. The Senecas on the Tonawanda reservation are governed by a Marshal and three Peacemakers, while the chiefs, in council assembled, act as a legislative body. Only the first two named officers are made elective. Every male Seneca Indian of full age, and living on one of the reservations, who has not been convicted of a felony, is a qualified voter, and eligible to office, except that the Marshal, Peacemakers, and Councillors of the Alleghany and Cattaraugus reservations must be residents of the respective reservations, and that the Peacemakers of the Tonawanda Senecas must be chosen from among the chiefs.

The chief ruler of the Onondagas is practically the agent, appointed by the Governor. No Onondaga Indian can make a contract with a white person, for, or concerning any stone or wood on the tribal lands of the nation, without the written consent of the agent, but no individual Onondaga has the right to lease any land allotted to him, to be used as a stone-quarry. Such a contract requires not only the consent of the agent, but also of the majority of the chiefs of the nation. These chiefs form the internal government of the reservation.

The Tuscaroras are still governed by chiefs or headmen, who assembled in council, allot land to the members of the tribe, and have a clerk appointed by them, to keep a record of these allotments.

The policy of our State towards the Indians within its boundaries has always been enlightened, humane and just, the government seizing upon every opportunity to promote their welfare, to protect their interests, and to extend to them facilities for education.

It is a pleasing and a proud reflection that there is a universal spirit of kindness, sympathy and benevolence towards these original owners of the largest part of the State, among the people of New York, who as a whole do not agree with the New England sentiment, that the "only good Indian is a dead Indian." They would shield them in their defenceless condition, stimulate their efforts for social improvement, encourage their aspirations for a higher life, and finally, when they have become sufficiently advanced in agricultural life, raise them to the condition of citizens of this great State.

Amendment to the Constitution.

ADOPTED FEBRUARY 14, 1893.

ARTICLE IV.

Resident male members shall pay an admission fee of two dollars, which shall be full payment for the first year, ending the second Tuesday in January following, and thereafter an annual fee of two dollars. Any member in arrears for annual dues on the second Tuesday in January in each year, and who shall have received notice thereof from the Treasurer as early as the preceding first day of October, shall no longer be considered a member of the society.

Amendment to the By-Laws.

ADOPTED JANUARY 9, 1894.

1. The regular meetings of this Society shall be held at four o'clock P. M., unless a different hour shall be designated by the previous meeting.

Consequent upon the amended Article IV, of the Constitution' as above, the members of two historical associations in the city of Utica, the first of which had been in existence nearly, if not quite as many years as this Society, and the other for a dozen or more years, both systematically pursuing the study of history, were both elected, in a body, members of the Oneida Historical Society, namely: The Friday Morning Club, and The Wednesday Morning Club, and the names of the members appear in the catalogue of Resident Members hereinafter. Female membership having thus been established, and followed with equal appropriateness, has proved a most useful and attractive feature of the Society.

Resident Members of the Society.

By Article 4 of the Constitution, Resident Membership expires if the Annual Dues, \$2.00, are unpaid on the Second Tuesday of January in each year. By Article 8, \$25.00, paid at one time, makes a Life Member, who is exempt from annual dues.

- Abbott, Henry G., Utica.
 Agne, Jacob, Jr., Utica.
 Armstrong, Jonas W., Rome.
 Bagg, Egbert, Utica.
 Bailey, E. Prentiss, Utica.
 Baker, Smith, Utica.
 Baker, Thomas F., Utica.
 Ballou, Daniel, Utica.
 Bannister, Thos. L. New Hartford.
 *Barber, A. Dutton, Utica.
 (June 28, 1892.)
 Barrows, Samuel J., Utica.
 *Batchelor, Daniel, Utica.
 (Dec. 14, 1893.)
 *Beach, Bloomfield J., Rome.
 (March 21, 1894.)
 Beare, Henry C., Utica.
 Beckwith, Henry, Utica.
 Benham, Thomas L., Utica.
 Benton, James, Utica.
 Benton, James, Jr, Utica.
 Bierdemann, Gustavus A., Utica.
 Bigelow, Dana W., Utica.
 Bigelow, Horace P., Waterville.
 Bissell, John G. Rome.
 Blumer, G. Alder, Utica.
 Borst, Charles A., Baltimore, Md.
 Bradford, George L., Utica,
 Brandegee, John E., Utica.
 Brower, Abram G., Utica.
 Brown, John G., Utica.
 Browning, George W., Clinton.
 Bulger, Patrick F., Utica.
 *Butler, Morgan, New Hartford.
 (August 3, 1894.)
 Campbell, Samuel R., N. Y. Mills.
 Canfield, Mortimer T., Utica.
 Capron, John S., Utica.
- *Chamberlayne, John K., Utica.
 (October 5, 1893.)
 Chapin, Charles W. E., Utica.
 Child, Elias, Utica.
 Childs, Lucius C., Utica.
 Churchill, G. Clarence, Utica.
 Clark, Edward P., Utica.
 Clark, Frank H., Utica.
 Clark, George A., Utica.
 Coggeshall, Henry J., Waterville.
 Comstock, Edward, Rome.
 Constable, James, Jr., Utica.
 Cooper, G. Edward, Utica.
 Cooper, Henry H., Utica.
 Coventry, George, Utica
 Crumb, Everett F., Utica.
 *Curran, Edward, Utica.
 (June 3, 1894.)
 Curran, George L., Utica.
 *Davies, Peter, Utica.
 (Oct. 7, 1893.)
 DeAngelis, Pascal C. J., Utica.
 Deecke, Theodore, Utica.
 Dennison George E., Utica.
 Dering, Sylvester, Utica.
 Devereux, Nicholas E., Utica.
 Dimon, George D., Utica.
 Dodge, Melvin G., Clinton.
 Dorrance, Daniel G., Oneida Castle.
 Doux, Jules, Utica.
 Dunham, Moses E. Whitesboro.
 Dunmore, Watson T., Utica.
 Earll, John L., Utica.
 Edgerton, Everett E., Clayville.
 Fincke, Frederick G., Utica.
 Fish, Winslow P., Utica.
 Fisher, Caleb E., Utica.

*Died since last catalogue published, 1892.

- Ford, Willis E. Utica.
 Foster, David, Utica.
 Frank, George D., Utica.
 Fuller, Earl D., Utica.
 Gardner, Abner B., Utica.
 Gibson, John G., Utica.
 Glass, James H., Utica.
 Goodale, John A., Utica.
 Goodwin, Alexander T., Utica.
 Griffiths, Thomas J., Utica.
 Haberer, Joseph V., Utica.
 Hieber, John C., Utica.
 Hopper, Thomas, Utica.
 Hopson, Henry, Utica.
 Horton, George C., Utica.
 Hoyt, John C., Utica.
 Hunt, James G., Utica.
 Hurd, DeWitt C., Utica.
 Hurlburt, Frazier W., Chicago, Ill.
 Hurlburt, Henry, Utica.
 Hutchinson, James M., Utica.
 Judson, Henry R., Utica.
 Kelley, John E. H., Utica.
 *Kernan, Francis, Utica.
 (Sept 7, 1892.)
 Kernan, William, Utica.
 Kernan, Nicholas E., Utica.
 Kinney, Thomas E., Utica.
 Kimball, C. Cotton, Utica.
 Lewis, Benjamin F., Utica.
 Lewis, David R., Utica.
 Locke, Francis C., Utica.
 Lynch, J. DePeyster, Utica.
 *McMillan, Andrew, Utica.
 (July 27, 1893.)
 McQuade, Thomas R., Utica.
 Maynard, Isaac N., Utica.
 Maxfield, Rouse B., Utica.
 Merwin, Milton H., Utica.
 Miller, Addison C., Utica.
 Millar, Henry W., Utica.
 Mooney, Thomas N., Utica.
 Moore, Horatio S., Utica.
 Morrill, Albro D., Clinton.
 Munson, Edmund L., Utica.
 North, Edward, Clinton.
 Olmsted, Charles T., Utica.
 Osborn, William, Waterville.
 Owen, John, Utica.
 Owen, Philip, Utica.
 Palmer, Henry C., Utica.
 Peattie, John, Utica.
 *Peckham, Merritt, Utica.
 (April 13, 1893.)
 Perkins, David W., Utica.
 Pixley, Henry D., Utica.
 Powell, Edward P., Clinton.
 Prescott, Cyrus D., Rome.
 Proctor, Thomas R., Utica.
 Putnam, Frederick W., Waterville.
 Ray, Franklin T., Utica.
 Risley, Edwin H., Utica.
 Roberts, Ellis H., Utica.
 Roberts, John C., Utica.
 Roberts, John E. San Diego, Cal.
 Rockwell, James, Utica.
 Rogers, Publius V., Utica.
 Rogers, Charles B., Utica.
 Root, Oren, Clinton.
 Rowland, Eugene A., Rome.
 Rowley, Warren C., Utica.
 Russell, Charles P., Utica.
 Sawyer, George C., Utica.
 Sayre, Theodore S., Utica.
 *Sayre, Charles H., Utica.
 (April 27, 1894.)
 Schiller, Charles H., Utica.
 Schreiber, John C., Utica.
 Schuyler, William J., Utica.
 Scranton, William C., Utica.
 Shaver, Charles C., Utica.
 Sheehan, John H., Utica.
 Sherman, Richard U., New Hartford.
 Sherwood, Joseph B., Utica.
 Simmons, Arthur R., Utica.
 Smith, William B., Utica.
 Smith, William T., Utica.
 Smyth, Chas. H., Jr., Clinton.
 Spencer, Thomas W., Utica.
 Storrs, William M., Utica.
 Symonds, Charles S., Utica.
 Swan, Joseph R., Utica.
 Tallman, Edward A., Utica.
 Terrett, William R., Clinton.
 Terry, Israel N., Utica.
 Thomas, Thomas R., Utica.
 Thorn, John, Utica.
 Tompkins, Henry H., Utica.

Ulrich, Joseph, Maynard.	Wells, Edward L., Utica.
*Van Embergh, Thomas, Utica. (June 11, 1892.)	Wells, Edward H., Utica.
Vose, Riley A., Utica.	Wheeler, Russel, Utica.
Wager, Daniel E., Rome.	White, William M. Utica.
Wager, Edmund J., Utica.	White, N. Curtis, Utica.
Walcott, W. Stuart, New York Mills.	White, Hugh, Utica.
Warnick, Leslie A., Utica.	White, W. Pierrepont, Utica.
Watson, James T., Clinton.	Williams, James H., Utica.
Watson, William H., Utica.	Williams, Rees G., Utica.
Weaver, Abram B., Deerfield.	Winston, Dwight D., Utica.
Weaver, George M., Utica.	Wood, Henry J., Utica.
Webster, William P., Utica.	Woodward, George E., Utica.

 LIFE MEMBERS.

Armour, Philip D., Chicago, Ill.	Handy, Truman P., Cleveland, O.
Armour, Herbert O., New York.	Hutchinson, Charles W., Utica.
Bachman, Robert L., Utica.	Jenkins, Thomas C. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Bagg, Moses M., Utica.	McIntyre, Donald, Utica.
Crouse, Daniel N., Utica.	Osborn, Amos O., Waterville.
Darling, Charles W., Utica.	Sanger, William Cary, Sangerfield.
Everts, Daniel T., Utica.	Seward, Alexander, Utica.
Gibson, William T., Utica.	Shurtleff, George K., Denver, Col.
Guiteau, Frederick W., Irvington.	*Thomson, Milton H., Utica. (March 5, 1893.)
Hartley, Isaac S., Great Barrington, Mass.	Williams, Robert S., Utica.
	Wright, Ebenezer K., New York.

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Lady Members.

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|-------------------------------------|--|
| Bagg, Sophia Miss, Utica. | Miller, Blandina D. Miss, Whitesboro. |
| Bartlett, Charles L. Mrs., Utica. | Proctor, Thomas R. Mrs., Utica. |
| Beardsley, Arthur M. Mrs., Utica. | Rogers, Publius V. Mrs., Utica. |
| Buell, Harriet Miss, Utica. | Seward, Alexander Mrs., Utica. |
| Butler, Charles A. Mrs., Utica. | Schantz, Louisa G. Mrs., Utica. |
| Carmalt, James E. Mrs. Clinton. | Sheffield, F. W. H. Mrs., Utica. |
| Churchill, G. Clarence Mrs., Utica. | Sheffield, A. H. Miss, Utica. |
| Churchill, Emma D. Miss, Utica. | Swan, Joseph R. Mrs. Utica. |
| Clarke, Wallace Mrs., Utica. | Walcott, W. Stuart Mrs., New York Mills. |
| Coxe, Gertrude H. Miss, Utica. | Wardwell, Frederick E. Mrs., Utica. |
| Crittenden, S. W. Mrs., Utica. | Watson, William H. Mrs., Utica. |
| Crouse, Daniel N. Mrs., Utica. | Watson, Lucy C. Miss, Utica. |
| *Crouse, John M. Mrs., Utica. | *Wetmore, Cornelia L. Miss, Utica. |
| (June 29, 1893.) | (May 21, 1893.) |
| Dimon, George D. Mrs., Utica. | Wheeler, Frank E. Mrs., Utica. |
| Ford, Willis E. Mrs., Utica. | Williams, Robert S. Mrs., Utica. |
| Gilbert, Sarah E. Miss, Utica. | Williams, Rachel M. Miss, Utica. |
| Goodale, John A. Mrs., Utica. | Wood, Francis G. Mrs., Utica. |
| Gray, John P. Mrs., Utica. | Wright, Erastus Z. Mrs., Utica. |
| Jackson, William B. Mrs., Utica. | |
| Lynch, Louisa A. Miss, Utica. | |
| Maynard, J. F. Mrs., Utica. | |

HONORARY MEMBERS.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Hunt, Ward, Manitou, Colorado. | Trumbull, J. Hammond, Hartford, Conn. |
| Seymour, Horatio, Marquette, Mich. | |

To the Friends of the Oneida Historical Society :

The following forms are suggested to any friend of the Society who may have in mind the generous thought of increasing its very limited endowment by gift or bequest :

No. 1. FORM OF A SPECIAL BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the Oneida Historical Society, a corporation, located at the City of Utica, N. Y., the sum of..... dollars towards the running expenses of the Society.



No. 2. FORM OF A SPECIAL BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to "The Oneida Historical Society," a corporation, located at the city of Utica, New York, the sum of.....dollars, which sum I desire that the said Society shall preserve by proper investment as a perpetual fund, to be known as The.....Fund, the yearly income thereof, and no more, to be expended annually in the publication of its papers, purchase of books, periodicals, prints, maps, or other works to increase or improve its library.



No. 3. FORM OF A GENERAL BEQUEST.

I do hereby give and bequeath to "The Oneida Historical Society," a corporation of the State of New York, and located at the City of Utica, in the State of New York, the sum of.....dollars.

2 10



HELEN ELIZABETH MUNSON WILLIAMS.

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
Oneida Historical Society,
AT UTICA, N. Y.,



1895-97.

MUNSON-WILLIAMS MEMORIAL.

No. 7.

UTICA, N. Y.
HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1897,



Prefatory Remarks.

At a regular meeting of the Oneida Historical Society, held January 12, 1897, in "Munson-Williams Memorial," it was resolved, that Volume VII of its "Transactions" be published as soon as it can be made ready by the Committee on Publications.

In view of the fact that much material has accumulated relative to the new and beautiful home of the Society, it has been deemed fit and proper that this volume shall mainly consist of matter which relates to the new building. The Committee on Publications have decided therefore to make use, in this connection, of the various articles which have appeared in the newspapers from time to time, and which relate to this munificent gift of the late Mrs. James Watson Williams.

CHARLES W. DARLING,
WARREN C. ROWLEY,
BENJAMIN F. LEWIS,

Committee on Publications.

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Committees.

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GEORGE C. SAWYER,

ALEXANDER SEWARD,
MOSES M. BAGG,
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*Hall and Entertainments.*WILLIAM PIERREPONT WHITE,
MARY L. S. FORD,ALFRED C. COXE,
FREDERICK T. PROCTOR.

Publications of the Society.

1. Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Oriskany: 1877. Address by Hon. Ellis H. Roberts.
2. Historical Fallacies Regarding Colonial New York. Douglass Campbell. Annual Address: 1879.
3. The Men, Events, Lawyers, Politics and Politicians of Early Rome. Hon. D. E. Wager: 1879.
4. Articles of Incorporation, Constitution, By-Laws, Officers, Members and Donors of the Society, and Proceedings of Annual Meeting: 1879.
5. Early History of Oneida County. William Tracy. Annual Address: 1880.
6. Transactions (1) of the Oneida Historical Society, with Annual Address and Reports for 1881, Paris Re-Interment and Papers read before the Society from 1878 to 1881: 1881.
7. Semi-Centennial of the City of Utica and Supper of Half-Century Club: 1882.
8. A Long Lost Point in History. L. W. Ledyard. Annual Address: 1883.
9. Col. John Brown. Rev. G. L. Roof, D. D.: 1884.
10. Transactions (2) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1881 to 1884, containing Whitestown Centennial, Whitesboro's Golden Age, Wagner Re-Interment, Old Fort Schuyler Celebration, and Dedication of the Oriskany Monument: 1885.
11. Transactions (3) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1885-1886, containing Early Protestant Missions among the Iroquois, The Streets of Utica, The Utica Water Works, Forts Stanwix and Bull and other Forts at Rome, Memorial of S. Wells Williams. The Utica High School. List of the Birds of Oneida County: 1886.
12. Amended Constitution and By-Laws and Catalogue of the Members of the Oneida Historical Society: 1887.
13. The Historic Difference of English and Continental Civilization. Rev. Dr. William T. Gibson, LL. D.: 1888.
14. Transactions (4) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1887-1889, containing the New Hartford Centennial, Is Local History worth Studying?

Geology of Oneida County, The New York Iroquois, The Bleecker Street Church, Ancient Utica, and Botany and Botanists of this Vicinity.

15. Catalogue of the Library of the Oneida Historical Society, Manuscripts, Maps, &c.: 1890.
16. Col. Marinus Willett. Hon. Daniel E. Wager: 1891.
17. Transaction (5) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1890-1892, containing Geographical names as monuments of History, Gen. John A. Dix, Iroquois and Colony of New York, Early Welsh Settlers of Oneida County, Fairfield Medical College, Chapter in Glacial History, Silas Wright, Pre-Historic Remains in Sweden, Sangerfield, Laying of Historical Stone of Utica Y. M. C. Association, John F. Seymour, Constitution, and By-Laws, Officers, Members, Publications and Addresses Oneida Historical Society: 1892.
18. Transactions (6) of the Oneida Historical Society, 1892-94, containing The Dutch Our Allies in the Revolution, The Unresponsive Roll Call at Tattoo, Watauga and Franklin, Two Episodes in Early United States History, The City in the Roman Constitution, The Madog Tradition, The Mystery of the Muller Mansion, Reminiscences of the Utica Literary Club, and its earliest members, The New York Indians: 1894.

Addresses and Papers Read Before the Society.

[NOTE.—The Oneida Historical Society has not published all of the addresses delivered before it for the reason that some of the manuscripts have not been left with the Society by the authors, while others have not been considered appropriate for publication by a local historical society.

There are yet several excellent papers which are to appear in Volume VII, and which it is to be hoped will be soon forthcoming.]

1. 1878. October 29—The Genealogy of a Utica Newspaper. Alexander Seward.
2. November 26—The History of Journalism in Rome. Hon. D. E. Wager.
3. December 10—The Needs and Purposes of the Oneida Historical Society. S. N. D. North.
4. December 17—The History of the Title to the Oriskany Battle Field. Alexander Seward.
5. December 31—The Telegraph and Associated Press. Alexander Seward.
6. 1879. January 14—Historical Fallacies Regarding Colonial New York. Douglass Campbell.
7. January 28—The Men, Events, Lawyers, Politics and Politicians of Early Rome. Hon. D. E. Wager.
8. February 25—The Herkimer Family Papers. Matthew D. Bagg.
9. May 6—The Castorland Colony. Dr. Franklin B. Hough.
10. July 29—The Earliest Factories of Oneida, and their Projectors. Dr. M. M. Bagg.
11. September 23—Johannes Rueff, the Pioneer Settler at Fort Stanwix, N. Y. Rev. Dr. F. H. Roof.
12. November 11—(1st) Description and Analysis of the Massachusetts MSS. in the State Library, relating to the removal of the Seneca Indians in 1838. (2d) The Pompey Stone, with Inscription and Date of 1520. Henry A. Homes.
- 13.

14. December 23—The Civil, Moral and Social Condition of the People of England at the Commencement of the Reign of George III. Daniel Batchelor.
15. 1880. January 13—Incidents Connected with the Early History of Oneida County. Annual Address. Hon. William Tracy.
16. February 17—A Glance at the First Volunteers from Central New York, in the Early Days of the Late War. Gen. Wm. H. Christian.
17. May 11—The Palatines and their Settlement in the Upper Mohawk Valley. Hon. Samuel Earl.
18. July 13—The Syracuse and Utica Railroad. Hon. Daniel E. Wager.
19. November 9—Andrew A. Bartow and the Discovery of Water-Lime in this Country. Hon. Samuel Earl.
20. December 21—The Continental Congress: Some of its Actors and their Doings, with the Results thereof. Annual Address. Hon. William J. Bacon.
21. 1881. March 2—Letter of Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell, 1804, relative to the Louisiana Purchase, with Biographical Sketch of Dr. Mitchell. Morven M. Jones.
22. April 6—Biographical Sketch of Dr. Matthew Brown, of Rome, afterwards of Rochester, N. Y. Dr. M. M. Bagg.
23. May 31—The Early History of the Mohawk Valley. Rev. Geo. A. Lintner, D. D. Read by C. W. Hutchinson.
24. December 7—The Golden Age of Whitesboro. Hon. D. E. Wager.
25. 1882. January 10—Historical Sketch of the New York Historical Society. Annual Address. Dr. M. M. Bagg.
26. February to May—Golden Age of Whitesboro. D. E. Wager.
27. 1883. January 9—A Long Lost Point in History. Annual Address. L. W. Ledyard.
28. April 10—Extracts from a Journal of a First Sandwich Island Missionary. Mrs. Maria S. Loomis. Read by A. Seward.
29. May 8—Political Poem. John H. Lothrop. Read by Dr. M. M. Bagg.
30. June 5—Antiquities of Onondaga. Rev. W. M. Beauchamp.
31. September 11.—Eulogy on George P. Marsh. Rev. Dr. S. G. Brown.

32. October 9—Familiar Talk about Mexico. Dr. E. Hutchinson.
33. November 13—The Streets of Utica. L. M. Taylor.
34. December 11—Cannibalism. General C. W. Darling.
35. 1884. January 15—Social System of our New York Indians. Annual Address. Rev. Dr. Charles Hawley.
36. February 12—Ancient Utica. Prof. George C. Sawyer.
37. March 31—Memorial of S. Wells Williams. T. W. Seward.
38. Extracts from Military Journal of Col. Frederick Visscher. S. G. Visscher.
39. April 28—Col. John Brown. Rev. Dr. G. L. Roof.
40. November 24—Fort Stanwix and other Forts at Rome. Hon. D. E. Wager.
41. 1885. January 13—The Greek Idea of the State. Annual Address. Prof. Edward North.
42. March 30—The Gazetteers of New York. S. N. D. North.
43. September 28—The manuscripts of His Excellency Daniel D. Tompkins which have recently come into possession of the State Library. Henry A. Homes.
44. October 26—Lecture on Iceland. Rev. T. R. G. Peck.
45. 1886. January 12—Early Protestant Missions among the Iroquois. Annual Address. Prof. A. G. Hopkins.
46. January 25—The Utica Water Works. Thomas Hopper, Esq.
47. February 22—The Principal Works on the Botany of this Vicinity. Dr. Joseph B. Haberer.
48. March 29.—Origin and Early Life of the New York Iroquois. Rev. W. M. Beauchamp.
49. April 26—Annotated List of the Birds of Oneida County, N. Y., and of its Immediate Vicinity. Major Egbert Bagg.
50. May 31—Prehistoric Remains in Sweden: translated from the Transactions of the Royal Historical Society of Sweden. Thos. R. Colling.
51. September 21—Sangerfield, N. Y.: Its Development and its Industries. Hon. Amos O. Osborn.
52. November 29—Prehistoric Remains in Sweden (continued): T. R. Colling.

53. 1887. January 11—Is Local History worth Studying? Annual Address. Prof. Francis M. Burdick.
54. March 28—Recollections of Joseph Bonaparte. S. L. Frey.
Were Shikellimy and Logan Oneidas. Rev. W. M. Beauchamp.
55. April 25—Reminiscences of the Early History of Oneida County.
Col. J. T. Watson.
56. May 30—The Bleecker Street Church. Thomas W. Seward.
57. September 26—Gen. Oliver Collins. Charles D. Adams.
58. October 31—Visit to Gibraltar and Tangier. Rev. T. R. G. Peck.
59. December 19—Rev. Beriah Green. Dr. Smith Baker.
60. 1888. January 10—The Value of Local Historical Research. Annual Address. Prof. Oren Root.
61. January 30—Early Methods of Travel in the Mohawk Valley and Central New York. Prof. A. G. Hopkins.
62. March 26—The Historic Difference of English and Continental Civilization. Rev. Dr. W. T. Gibson.
63. April 30—Reminiscences of New Hartford. Henry Hurlburt.
64. May 28—Geology of Oneida County. Rev. A. P. Brigham.
65. September 24—Earlier Poets of Utica. Dr. M. M. Bagg.
66. December 3—Early Welsh Settlers of Oneida County. Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.
67. December 17—The Insurrection and Conquest of the Tuscarora Indians. Col. Edward Cantwell.
68. 1889. January 8—Geographical Names as Monuments of History. Annual Address. Rev. Dr. Willis J. Beecher, of Auburn Theological Seminary.
69. January 28—History of the Presbyterian Church at New Hartford. Rev. Edward H. Payson.
70. February 25—Earliest Instance on Record of Complete Anæsthesia produced by Nitrous Oxide. Dr. M. M. Bagg.
71. May 15—Early Northwestern History, with Stereopticon Views. A. A. Graham, Secretary Ohio Historical Society.
72. October 28—Silas Wright, Governor of New York from 1845 to 1847. Rev. Daniel Ballou.

73. November 25—Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New York. Col. James T. Watson.
74. December 30—Gen. Wm. H. T. Walker and Gen. John W Fuller. Alexander Seward.
75. 1890. January 14—Life and Character of Governor John A. Dix. Gen. James Grant Wilson. Annual Address.
76. January 27—The Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon. James H. Kennedy.
77. February 24—The Iroquois and the Colony of New York. Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, S. T. D.
78. March 31—Fairfield Medical College. Lucien B. Wells, M. D.
79. “ “ Early doings of the first Spiritualists. Alexander Seward.
80. April 8—The Leisler Troubles in New York, 1689 to 1691. Rev. A. G. Vermilye, D. D.
81. April 28—John Jay. His origin, character and public services. Frank B. Parkhurst.
82. May 26—Judge William Cooper of Otsego, the Founder of Cooperstown. Hon. Edward T. DeLancey.
83. October 29—The Colonial Press of Boston and New York. Cel. William L. Stone.
84. November 24. Life of Col. Marinus Willett, prior to his command at Fort Stanwix. Daniel E. Wager.
85. December 29. Col. Marinus Willett. Part 2d, Hon. Daniel E. Wager.
86. 1891. January 13—The Making of a Constitution. Professor Benjamin S. Terry. Annual Address: 1891.

Popular Educational Lectures.

BY PROF. BENJAMIN S. TERRY,
History and Political Science in Colgate University.

87. February 13—The Barbarian Nemesis.
88. February 16—The Gothic Invader.
89. February 20—Gog and Magog.
90. February 23—The Kites and the Crows.

BY PROF. ALBERT P. BRIGHAM,
Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

91. February 25—Rivers.
92. March 2—Glaciers and Glacial Periods.
93. March 4—The Ice Age in North America.
94. March 6—Lakes and Underground Waters.

BY PROF. ARTHUR S. HOYT,
English Literature in Hamilton College.

95. March 11—Macbeth, Illustrating the Power of Shakspeare.
96. March 13—Wordsworth, the Man and Poet.
97. March 18—The Jew of Marlowe and the Jew of Shakspeare.
98. March 20—Tennyson and Modern Schools of Poetry.
-
99. May 12—Benjamin Fletcher, Colonial Governor of New York, 1692-8. Gen. Watts De Peyster.
100. 1892. January 12—The Evolution of the Factory System. S. N. D. North. Annual Address: 1892.
101. February 9—Extracts from Memorial History of Utica. Dr. M. M. Bagg.
102. March 8—Visit to West Indies, Brazil, Spain and Portugal. Rev. Dana W. Bigelow.
103. 1895. January 8—The Study of History. Rev. Prof. W. R. Terrett.
104. April 9—The Invasion of the Mohawk and Schoharie Valleys by Sir John Johnson. R. A. Grider.
105. November 12—New England in New York. Judge Stephen Holden.
106. December 10—The Political and Social Life in Washington during the administration of President Monroe. Robert J. Hubbard.
107. 1896. February 11—The Egyptian Soudan and General Gordon. Col. H. G. Prout.
108. March 10—The Mayflower Pilgrims. Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, LL. D.
109. April 14—Van Corlaer's Journal of 1634. S. L. Frey.
110. 1897. January 12—The Federal Party in American History. Rev. E. P. Powell.



Oneida Historical Society.



Munson-Williams Memorial.



Munson-Williams Memorial.

[*Extract from the Utica Press, March 14, 1894.*]

The death of Mrs. J. Watson Williams occurred at her residence, No. 318 Genesee street, at 4.30 P. M., yesterday. Her death was caused by heart weakness, and while quite sudden, was easy and peaceful. The news of her decease spread rapidly and was everywhere received with expressions of profound sorrow.

Helen Elizabeth Munson was born in Utica, August 28, 1824. She was the daughter of Alfred Munson, who came to Utica from Connecticut in 1823, and who was interested in all the leading manufactories of Utica. He was also interested in the railroads of this vicinity, and for a long time was president of the Oneida Bank. His daughter was educated in the Utica Female Academy when Mrs. Nott had charge of it.

September 30, 1846, she was married to James Watson Williams, who died in March, 1873. Mr. Williams was a fine scholar, for two years he was editor of the *Weekly Observer*, and for some time clerk in the Court of Chancery. He was mayor of Utica, had been School Commissioner, manager of the Utica State Hospital, and held many other positions of public trust. Since her marriage, Mrs. Williams had lived in the house 318 Genesee street, which was built for her. Her father was one of the wealthiest men of Utica at the time of his death, and he left his property to his two children, Mrs. Williams and her brother, Samuel A. Munson. This brother died in 1881 and left half of his property to his sister. Mrs. Williams was a remarkable woman and possessed many of the traits which made her father one of the most prominent and useful men the city has ever known. Although she was one of the wealthiest women in the city, yet she never made a display of her wealth and she avoided all show. Well educated, cultured and refined, she shrank from notoriety and publicity, possessing in a rare degree the virtue of modesty which so well becomes a woman. In business matters her judgment was excellent and she had great executive ability. The best evidence of this is the fact that she not only retained,

but she increased the property which she inherited. She was greatly devoted to the city of her birth and had done considerable to further its interests. In 1888 she went abroad and spent two years in European travel.

Of her father, Alfred Munson, it has been written: "Although benevolence was unquestionably a characteristic of Mr. Munson, yet he refrained from inconsiderate giving. He was anxious with respect to his benefactions, as with his business enterprises, that they should be conducted on right principles and so as to secure the best results. This was equally true of his daughter.

Mr. Munson purchased the lot on which Grace Church stands, and had drawn the plans from which the present church was built. On his death he left \$15,000 to the church, \$30,000 to the Utica Orphan Asylum, and to other charities enough to make his public bequests \$60,000. Mrs. Williams had been confirmed in Grace Church, and she took the same interest in its welfare that her father did. She also took pleasure in giving during her lifetime so that she could see the good accomplished. For the past twenty years she has done much in the way of improving and beautifying Grace Church. Her first effort in this direction was to finish the tower and spire, and while this work was in progress she had the lives of the men who were at work on the building insured, so that in case of accident to them their families would be provided for. She next had a tile floor placed in the church, the seats re-arranged, and a new heating apparatus put in. In 1885 she had parish rooms built, and in 1888 the choir room was constructed. In 1890 the church decided to purchase a new organ, and as the chancel was not large enough to contain it, Mrs. Williams had a new and larger chancel built in the most appropriate style of ecclesiastical architecture. She also obtained from abroad the stained glass windows for the chancel, together with a beautiful altar and reredos of marble and Caen stone. Her gifts to this church alone amounted to about \$75,000, and they were all gifts which she made of her own volition, because she saw and realized the needs of the church.

She contributed also liberally to the support of the Utica Orphan Asylum, and served for years on its Board of Managers.

To the House of the Good Shepherd she gave a large sum as a

memorial, and she also gave a considerable sum toward the endowment of St. Luke's Hospital.

She was a liberal and constant contributor to the funds of the Woman's Christian Association and was always greatly interested in its welfare.

For the Oneida Historical Society she purchased the ground at the intersection of John and Elizabeth streets and Park avenue, upon which it was her intention to erect a suitable building for the exclusive use of this society. It would be impossible to enumerate all her benefactions, many of which were never known to the public. No one in Utica gave more liberally for charitable and benevolent objects than Mrs. Williams, and because of this fact, many over-estimated her wealth and reported it at fabulous figures.

In case of calamity by fire, flood or drought in any part of the country, she was generally looked to for a large subscription which she usually freely gave. Nearly all her gifts were made without suggestion from anyone, and many who were engaged in projects of a public nature were agreeably surprised to receive from her, checks for liberal sums in advance of any public appeal for aid. She gave liberally to the various Episcopal Churches of the city and to all its charities.

Those who were engaged by her in the erection of buildings were always kindly remembered at Christmas, and her gifts were always thoughtful, kindly and timely. She never gave where she did not think it needed, and never did any thing with an idea of winning favor or approval. Her acts in these directions were good examples for those possessed of large means. In all that she did in the way of benevolence she was very conscientious and acted only after having fully acquainted herself with the facts and circumstances in each case. In the construction of buildings she frequently surprised the workmen she employed by the knowledge she displayed of what constituted good material and workmanship, and her taste in this, as in other matters, was excellent. She had considerable literary ability, and in her younger days had written much that was meritorious.

Mrs. Williams was prominent in the best society of the city, and she treated all her friends with equal courtesy no matter what might be their rank or station. Her whole life substan-

tially had been spent in Utica, and a large portion of her funds were invested in her manufacturing enterprises. Those who knew her best loved her the most, and her sudden death was the cause of great sorrow throughout the city. She was the mother of three children, one of whom Grace Elizabeth, died in childhood. She left two daughters, Miss Rachel Munson Williams and Mrs. Thomas R. Proctor. George D. Dimon, a nephew of her husband, is another relative.

To the deeply bereaved family the sincere sympathy of many friends is extended.

NOTE.

It was the wish of Mrs. James Watson Williams that Messrs. Richard M. Hunt and Richard H. Hunt, of New York, should be employed as the architects of the "The Munson-Williams Memorial." These gentlemen therefore made their first visit May 1st, 1894, to consult with Miss Rachel M. Williams and Mrs. T. R. Proctor concerning the plans for the building.

[*From the Saturday Globe, July 14, 1894.*]

Mrs. James Watson Williams last fall informed the Building Committee of the Oneida Historical Society that she proposed to erect a building on the space at the intersection of John and Elizabeth streets and Park avenue and give it to the Society, imposing as the only condition that it should be known as the "Munson-Williams Memorial." It was to be in memory of her father, Alfred Munson; her brother, Samuel A. Munson; and her husband, James Watson Williams.

Her intentions will be generously carried out in full by her daughters, Miss Rachel M. Williams and Mrs. Thomas R. Proctor. The design is in the style known as the Flemish Gothic, Mrs. Williams having herself suggested that style for the building. The foundation will be of Indiana limestone and the superstructure of Roman brick, old gold or speckled, laid in cement, with stone cornices. The roof will be slate, with gutters and valleys of copper. The interior woodwork throughout will be quartered white oak. The entrance on Park avenue is by a hall thirty feet by twenty-six, and from that to the stairway hall in the tower, about twenty-eight feet by sixteen feet, both of which have tiled floors, and will afford an excellent place for statuary

and busts. On the Elizabeth street front is shown the entrance to the audience room, between coat and toilet rooms on either side. The auditorium will seat two hundred persons, and windows are in the upper part over the coat rooms. At the upper end of the John street front is a room thirty feet by twenty-eight feet where the historical and scientific collections may be kept. This room may also be used for the smaller meetings until the growth of the society renders the use of it for that purpose less convenient than the auditorium. There is also a committee room shown, with a porch looking out towards Chancellor Square. It is intended that this room shall have a fireplace and be used as a room for reading and conversation. The rooms on the second floor will furnish ample accommodations for the library and there is a large room on the third floor for books, magazines, newspapers, etc.

On the first floor is a fire proof vault for the safe preservation of valuable historical documents. The dimensions of the building are eighty-four feet by eighty-eight feet.

[*Extract from the Utica Morning Herald, January 9, 1895.*]

At the annual meeting of the Oneida Historical Society, held in the spacious rooms of the society in the Arcade building, George D. Dimon stated that the plans and specifications for the new building had been drawn up and everything was progressing satisfactorily. He said that the ground would probably be broken early in the spring.

[*From the Utica Morning Herald, May 18, 1895.*]

Architect Richard H. Hunt came from New York yesterday, and contracts were let for the Munson-Williams memorial building to be erected for the Oneida Historical Society on the triangle bounded by Elizabeth and John streets and Park avenue.

Five bids were received for the construction of the whole building, but the different parts of the work were let separately, as follows: Mason work, Pius Kerner; carpenter work, Roberts & Williams; steam heating, Utica Steam Gauge Company;

plumbing, Breen Bros.; electric wiring and fittings, Nightingale & Johnson.

The figures of the contracts were not given out, but the total cost of the building will be forty thousand dollars. The structure is after the Flemish style of architecture, which will be new in Utica. The walls will be made of pressed brick with Oxford blue stone foundation and trimmings, and terra cotta ornaments. A tower over one hundred feet in height will rise from the easterly corner of the edifice. The building will contain an auditorium to seat two hundred people; rooms for the collections and library of the society; store-room, and a fire-proof vault. The interior will be finished in oak. Work will be begun on the building immediately. The Oneida Historical Society will properly arrange for interesting ceremonies in connection with the corner stone laying, which will take place in the summer. The Munson-Williams Memorial will be one of the handsomest buildings in the city.

[*From the Utica Observer, Friday, May 24, 1895.*]

The Building Committee of the Oneida Historical Society, consisting of William M. White, Dr. M. M. Bagg, Alexander Seward, Rev. Dana W. Bigelow, General Charles W. Darling, and George D. Dimon, at 10 o'clock this morning commenced the work of excavating for the Munson-Williams Memorial. Each gentleman took one shovelful of earth and deposited it outside of the lines. It is expected that the building will be enclosed before winter, and that it will be finished in about a year. Arrangements will be made for laying the corner-stone when the walls are in a condition to receive it.

[*From the New York Evangelist, July 11, 1895.*]

The Munson-Williams Memorial, now about to be erected in Utica by Architect Richard M. Hunt, for the use of the Oneida Historical Society, is to be a fine substantial structure in the Flemish style, costing fifty thousand dollars. The walls will be made of pressed brick with Oxford blue foundation, trimmings, and terra cotta ornaments. A tower over one hundred feet

high will rise from the easterly corner of the edifice. The building will contain an auditorium seating two hundred people; rooms for the collections and library of the society; store rooms and a fire proof vault. The interior will be finished in oak.

[*From the Utica Press, Monday, July 15, 1895.*]

At a joint meeting of the permanent Building Committee and the Board of councillors of the Oneida Historical Society, final arrangements were made for the laying of the corner stone of the Munson-Williams Memorial Building. The stone is to be laid on Monday, July 29th, at 2 P. M., by John Stewart of New York, grand master of F. and A. M., of the State of New York. An invitation has been extended to Hon. James S. Sherman to make an address.

The committee to collect articles to place in the box to be deposited in the corner stone, consisted of William M. White, Gen. Charles W. Darling, Dr. Moses M. Bagg and Robert S. Williams. Previous to the laying of the corner stone there will be a parade of Masons from the foot of Genesee street to the side of the building, on the corner of John and Elizabeth streets.

[*From the Utica Morning Herald, Monday, July 15, 1895.*]

At a joint meeting of the Oneida Historical Society and the F. and A. M., held at the residence of Charles W. Hutchinson, on Saturday evening, there were present Vice President William M. White, Gen. Charles W. Darling, Dr. Moses M. Bagg, Alexander Seward, Rees G. Williams, N. Curtis White, Robert S. Williams, Rev. Dana W. Bigelow, Dr. J. E. West and Mr. Hand, the clerk of works for Architect Hunt.

The Masonic fraternity was represented by District Deputy Grand Master George Beal of Hamilton, Worshipful Master Robert Dodd of Utica Lodge, No. 47, and Worshipful Master D. G. Abrams of Oriental Lodge, No. 224.

Hon. C. W. Hutchinson, president of the society, was in the chair, and John L. Earll acted as secretary of the meeting.

Hon. James S. Sherman was selected to act as speaker on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone at 2 P. M., on

Monday, the 29th instant by Grand Master Stewart. The silver trowel to be used by him will be a gift to him from the Oneida Historical Society, and an elegant one is now being made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of New York.

The copper box for the corner stone, which is to contain sundry articles of value contributed by friends, is now ready, and persons desiring to add to its contents are invited to send the articles either to the rooms of the Oneida Historical Society, in the Arcade building, or to Robert S. Williams, president of the Oneida National Bank.

The corn, oil and wine to be used in the ceremony will be contained in vessels of gold and silver, which vessels are always the property of the F. and A. M.

[From the *Utica Press*, Wednesday, July 17, 1895.]

The joint committees of the Oneida Historical Society, and the Free Masons, will meet at Bagg's Hotel, at 8 o'clock this evening to make the final arrangements relative to the laying of the corner stone to the Munson-Milliams Memorial Building, by Most Worshipful Grand Master Stewart, on the 29th instant, at 2 P. M.

George D. Dimon and his associates on the permanent building committee are to be congratulated on having reached this new epoch in the history of the Oneida Historical Society, and it is a well deserved reward for the earnest, faithful work which they have performed in the extensive field which they occupy.

Numerous promises of books, relics, curios, etc., have been made by the friends of the society when the new building is occupied, and the society has the promise also of a much larger field of usefulness.

[From the *Utica Morning Herald*, Thursday, July 18, 1895.]

Representatives of the Oneida Historical Society and the Oriental, Faxton and Utica Lodges of Free Masons met at Bagg's Hotel last evening, to arrange for the laying of the corner stone of the Munson-Williams Memorial building. William M. White, Gen. Charles W. Darling, Dr. Moses M.

Bagg and John L. Earll represented the Historical Society. Oriental Lodge was represented by Past Masters Jacob Scheehl and Henry Lancaster, Master D. J. Abrams and H. K. Heffron; Faxon Lodge by Past Master Roderick Campbell, Master W. E. Bailey, L. N. Southworth and R. G. Williams; Utica Lodge by Past Master Charles P. Glatt, E. G. Brown and Andrew McCarthy.

Vice President White of the Historical Society was made chairman of the meeting and John L. Earll, secretary.

The three lodges formally accepted the invitation of the society to take charge of the ceremonies on July 29. The secretary read a letter from District Deputy Beal of Hamilton, in which it was stated that the Grand Master would like to have the masons meet him at Bagg's Hotel on the morning of the day the corner stone is laid, and escort him to the scene of the ceremonies.

A letter was read stating that Congressman James S. Sherman had consented to act as the orator of the day.

It was left with the Masters of the three lodges to notify District Deputy Beal of the action taken in regard to the formation and line of march of the parade.

[From the Saturday Globe, Saturday, July 20, 1895.]

Monday, July 29 will be a great day for the Oneida Historical Society, as then the corner stone will be laid of the Munson-Williams Memorial Building, in which the society will at length find a home.

There is no more useful or important association in Utica, than the Oneida Historical Society. Composed of men prominent by birth and position in the community, it has done a most valuable work in perpetuating the memory of important personages and events.

The chief officers of the Oneida Historical Society at the present time are as follows:

President, Hon. Charles W. Hutchinson; Vice Presidents, George D. Dimon, Thomas R. Proctor, Hon. Daniel E. Wager; Corresponding Secretary, Gen. Charles W. Darling, A. M.; Recording Secretary, W. Pierrepont White, LL. B.; Librarian, M. M. Bagg, M. D., Treasurer, Warren C. Rowley.

[From the *Utica Morning Herald*, July 29, 1895.—EDITORIAL.]

We reproduced to-day from the *Utica Herald* of December 2 and 16, 1876, the record of birth of the Oneida Historical Society of Utica. We print also the complete roster of members of the society from its beginning. The names of the living and the dead commingled, without note of the departed, at the suggestion of a life long member of the society, who remarked a stellerent list would appall the community. Not nineteen years have elapsed since the organization of the society, and of the thirty-three gentlemen comprising the first board of officers and counselors, only eight survive. From the modest beginning of December, 1876, the society has progressed on the lines laid down in the statement of its purposes. The interest manifested in this organization at its birth has been maintained by its founders and associates, who have connected themselves with it since. Valuable relics have been brought together, papers of great literary excellence and of permanent literary value have been prepared and read before the society, and in its archives are preserved incidents in and of the history of this and adjacent counties which otherwise would have been lost to the future. If the Oneida Historical Society had done no more than project and carry to completion the monument that marks the battlefield of Oriskany, it would have earned the gratitude of the State and the Nation. To its endeavorers and representatives also is due the tardy action of the State in providing that a suitable monument be erected and cared for at Danube, the spot where Gen. Herkimer's dust lies. The present will be a red letter day in the life of the society. The generosity of one whose good works in life were constant, but always if possible, without the public knowledge, enables the laying of the corner stone of a splendid structure to be its home. It will be a red letter day for the city of Utica, for this building will be one of its chief points of interest. It is a happy circumstance also that associates with this event the great fraternity, of whose benevolence the city of Utica has a noble testimonial in the home within its gates. To the Grand Master of Masons, his associates of the Grand Lodge, and the members who assist in the ceremonies of the occasion, Utica extends a cordial welcome.

[From *Utica Morning Herald*, July 29, 1895]

The corner stone of the Munson-Williams Memorial Building will be laid this afternoon by John Stewart, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York.

Mr. Stewart and many other Grand Lodge officers arrived in this city at 10.52 A. M. Among those registered at Bagg's Hotel were the following:

Jerome E. Morse, Rufus J. Griggs, Frederick I. Milligan, John R. Pope, W. I. Maxwell, E. Lowenstein, Andrew Ferguson, George Skinner, J. P. Solomon, W. Townsend Scudder, C. W. Cushman, George Hayes, Alexander T. Goodwin, Jerome B. Gillie, Thomas Moore, Charles M. Wickwire, Byron J. Strough, W. J. Wiley, W. J. Mathews, Arthur MacArthur, George Beal, M. D. Morley, M. Kalb, S. P. Sturtevant, William J. McDonald, Herman C. Carter, W. A. Sutherland, Robert B. Money Penny, George Clark, Leopold Sulzer and Philip M. Nast.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the local lodges of masons will form in line on Bagg's square, under Grand Marshal Manning, and march up Genesee street, and through Elizabeth street to the site of the Munson-Williams Memorial Building. At the City Library Building the members of the Oneida Historical Society will join the procession.

The committee of arrangements adopted the following resolution.

Resolved, That all who are or have heretofore been members of the Oneida Historical Society are cordially invited to assemble at the City Library Building at 1.30 o'clock P. M., Monday, July 29, to join the procession and participate in the laying of the corner stone of the building now being erected for the use of said society.

Robert Dodd, Master of Utica Lodge, D. J. Abrams, Master of Oriental Lodge and W. E. Bailey, Master of Faxton Lodge, will act as aids to the grand marshal.

The Grand Master will lay the corner stone according to the Masonic ritual, and Prof. A. L. Barnes will furnish the music.

The oration will be delivered by Hon. James S. Sherman, M. C.

The work of the Oneida Historical Society is well understood, but the following accounts of its origin and membership are of great interest.

CEREMONIES CONNECTED WITH THE LAYING OF
THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MUNSON-
WILLIAMS MEMORIAL.

[*From Utica Morning Herald, July 30, 1895.*]

The corner stone of the Munson-Williams Memorial, now in course of erection on the Kinney triangle, was laid by the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York in the presence of a large crowd of people yesterday afternoon. The occasion was an important one in the history of the Oneida Historical Society, for whose occupancy the handsome memorial structure to be erected is intended. The exercises throughout were very impressive and were followed with deep interest by all present.

The corner stone is located on the northeast corner of the building, facing Elizabeth street. Surrounding it was a large platform for the Grand Lodge officers, Oneida Historical Society members and other invited guests. Shortly before 2 o'clock, Grand Master John Stewart and the other officers of the Grand Lodge were escorted in carriages from Bagg's Hotel by about two hundred members of Utica, Faxon and Oriental Lodges of this city headed by the Old Utica Band, under Grand Marshal James F. Manning, with the Masters of the Utica lodges, D. J. Abrams of Oriental, Robert Dodd of Utica and W. E. Bailey of Faxon Lodge as aids. Between Utica and Oriental Lodges, W. D. Jones, U. S. Champlin, Charles Sladen and Andrew Steates, representing the three lodges, carried the copper box placed in the corner-stone. The procession marched up Genesee street to Elizabeth, to the City Library Building, where members of the Oneida Historical Society, Mayor Gibson and members of the Common Council took a position at the left of the masons. The procession continued over Elizabeth street to the site of the Memorial, where the members of the three lodges opened ranks and the Grand Lodge officers, the orator of the day, Congressman James S. Sherman, Vice President William M. White of the Historical Society and Rev. Dr. A. B. Goodrich of Calvary Church passed in review and took position on the platform.

The Grand Lodge officials were Grand Master John Stewart, New York; Deputy Grand Master W. A. Sutherland, Rochester; Acting Grand Senior Warden William J. McDonald, New York;

Acting Grand Secretary Rees G. Williams, Utica; Grand Treasurer Jerome E. Morse, New York; Grand Junior Warden Charles W. Cushman, Buffalo; Grand Marshal James F. Manning, New York; Grand Senior Deacon Robert Money Penny, New York; Acting Grand Standard Bearer W. S. Thompson, New York; Grand Sword Bearer Frederick J. Milligan, Grand Junior Deacon J. P. Solomon, Grand Librarian E. Lowenstein, Grand Pursuivant George Skinner, Grand Tiler Andrew Ferguson, New York; Grand Stewards George H. Clark, Buffalo; William J. Maxwell, Brooklyn; Leopold Sulzer, New York; J. Frederick Lenhardt, Brooklyn; Commissioners of Appeals Rufus T. Griggs, Brooklyn; John H. Cunningham, Utica; Townsend Scudder, Glen Head; Trustees of the Masonic Home Hon. A. T. Goodwin, George Hayes, Byron J. Strough, Frederick P. Morris, Thomas Moore, C. M. Wickwire and James B. Gillie; Herman Carter, treasurer of the Masonic Veteran Association; Arthur McArthur, Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery; District Deputies Matthew Caswell, second district; William H. Miller, fifth; George W. White, sixth; William J. Matthews, seventh; Joseph Lane, eighth, New York; Moses D. Gelty, ninth, Yonkers; Wilber Combs, sixteenth, Middletown; George Beal, seventeenth, Hamilton; William H. Rockwell, nineteenth, Weedsport; Emera A. Cobb, eighteenth, Binghamton; E. G. Howe, twenty-second, Rochester; Darius A. Daniels, twenty-third, Friendship; Alfred Osterrland, twenty-eighth, Brooklyn; Luca Francia, twenty-ninth, New York; Noble F. Martin, Utica; and W. J. Wiley, Master Copestone Lodge, New York.

Others seated upon the platform were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Proctor and Miss Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Dimon, representing the family of the donor of the building; Congressman James S. Sherman, Rev. Dr. A. B. Goodrich, Dr. M. M. Bagg, Gen. Charles W. Darling, Vice President William M. White of the Historical Society; W. Pierrepont White, Dr. Watson, Roderick Campbell, Thomas N. Mooney, E. A. Hammond, Rev. T. Lewis Banister, New Hartford; Rev. Prof. Oren Root of Hamilton College; George Graham of Oriskany and other invited guests. Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Proctor, the latter a daughter of Mrs. Helen Munson-Williams, are in Europe.

The exercises were opened by a selection by a sextet, consisting of A. L. Barnes, M. T. Brown, Perle W. Harter, W. J.

Brown, E. A. Ballou and Elliot Stewart. William M. White in behalf of the Historical Society then presented Grand Master Stewart with a silver trowel with an ivory handle. The trowel was inscribed; "Presented to M. W. John Stewart by the Oneida Historical Society, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Munson-Williams Memorial Building, Utica, N. Y., July 29, 1895."

Accepting the trowel Grand Master Stewart said: "The Grand Lodge is assembled in Utica to-day by the invitation of the Oneida Historical Society for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of this memorial building. Between this society and the Masonic fraternity there exists a bond of sympathy which makes it pre-eminently fitting that the Grand Lodge should lay the corner-stone of this building. This society inspires the pursuit of knowledge and is a useful medium for the advancement of the moral and intellectual interests of the community. It has been the custom among the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons from time immemorial on invitation to assemble the craft and lay, with appropriate ceremonies, the foundation stones of public edifices, those devoted to educational or benevolent purposes or dedicated to the worship of God. The performance of those ceremonies is always a pleasure to the craft. As our work is of a similar character our sympathy with the Oneida Historical Society and all kindred organizations is great. Another tie that binds us and makes us interested in this beautiful valley of the Mohawk is the home which this great fraternity has created, those who believe in "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." The work of this society and other kindred ones is a testimony to their usefulness."

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Goodrich, after which the box was placed over its receptacle and a list of its contents was read by Acting Grand Secretary Rees G. Williams. The box, which was sealed, was of copper, twelve inches long, six inches wide and nine inches deep, inscribed as follows:

"In the name of the supreme architect of the universe to whom be all praise and glory, amen. The corner-stone of this building, to be known as the Munson-Williams Memorial and erected for the exclusive use of the Oneida Historical Society of Utica, N. Y., was laid with all the honors of free masonry at

two in the afternoon of July 29, A. L. 5895—A. D. 1895, by the Most Worshipful John Stewart, grand master of Masons of the State of New York, the entire membership of the craft of Utica attending.

And now abide faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

The ritualistic services of the corner-stone laying then followed, participated in by the Grand Master, deputy grand master, senior and junior grand wardens.

The box was lowered into position, and the corner-stone placed over it. The deputy grand master applied the square to the corner-stone, the senior grand warden the level, the junior grand warden the plumb, after which Grand Master Stewart declared the stone to be well formed, true and trusty, and correctly laid. Corn, as an emblem of plenty; wine as an emblem of joy and gladness, and oil as an emblem of peace and blessing, were then scattered on the stone, followed by the invocation by the grand master. The corner-stone was struck three times by Grand Master Stewart, and Grand Marshal Manning announced the laying of the stone. The sextet sang an ode, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Goodrich.

The orator of the day was Congressman James S. Sherman, and he was received with applause when introduced by Grand Master Stewart.

ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES S. SHERMAN, M. C.

The event, which is the occasion of this presence, marks an epoch in the life of this Historical Society. It cannot pass without bringing forcibly to notice the object for which this association was organized, what it has accomplished, and what, with the added means this building gives, it may hope to accomplish in the future; nay, more, what duty it assumes in accepting this generous benefaction.

In the autumn of 1878, a number of gentlemen met in the office of Hon. C. W. Hutchinson, happily still surviving to lead the labors then begun, to consider the advisability of organizing an historical society. This meeting resulted in the formation of the society, in whose interest and at whose invitation we are assembled to-day. From its inception it was remarkable. The

men who composed it had been for years leaders in politics, in business, in the professions and in society. For forty years they had been making history, extending widely the fame of their city and county. They were the connecting links between the pioneers of the early days of this settlement and the earnest workers of the busy present. They brought to the young society elements of worth and of solidity, a wealth of knowledge and experience, which at once made the organization an honor to the community.

Less than seventeen years have passed since that first meeting and yet of the thirty-four who were declared to be the managers and first board of council of the Oneida Historical Society, barely more than one-fourth survive. Singly, quietly, and at such intervals have stars appeared in the list, that we have scarcely realized our great loss. But as we group them and recall their services, we appreciate our bereavement and the rich legacy which they have left. Call the roll of the first managers and councilors; listen in vain for the response from Horatio Seymour, Edward Huntington, Morven M. Jones, William S. Bacon, John F. Seymour, Daniel Batchelor, Richard U. Sherman, Roscoe Conkling, Pomroy Jones, Luther Guitau, Daniel B. Goodwin, Charlemagne Tower, John Stryker, Ward Hunt, Dewitt C. Grove, Francis Kernan, John H. Edwards, Michael Moore, Alexander S. Johnson, Othniel S. Williams, William D. Walcott, John P. Gray, John G. Crocker and Theodore S. Faxton. What a galaxy of names! How inseparable the growth and worth of our community are connected with their lives. How much richer are the archives of the Oneida Historical Society because of their deeds. These names lead on the perpetual honor roll of this society.

When the edifice, whose corner-stone has to-day been laid, shall be completed, let the roster of the first managers and councilors be written clear and full upon its walls, so blazoned that their names be not forgotten and their services and worth shall inspire each coming generation.

The purposes of the society are clearly stated in its constitution. Aside from all that relates to the growth and progress of Central New York, its object is the discovery, collection, preservation and publication of the history, records and data relating to that portion of the State formerly known as Tryon county.

Than this section none can be richer in historical facts. It embraces all the territory extending from Schenectady on the east and Schoharie on the south to the western boundary of the State. Here were the hunting grounds of the Iroquois; their homes and the council fires of their "Long house." In this immediate vicinity dwelt the famous Oneidas, the tribe that struggled so bravely with the colonies in the fight for Independence. Here can be seen the "Sacred stone" the emblem of their worship. Here Dominic Samuel Kirkland passed his life of heroism and self-sacrifice, leaving as his monument the college on the hills to the southward. In this territory, Sir William Johnson spent many years of fruitful toil. The savage and relentless massacres by the Indians found their leader in Joseph Brandt of the Mohawk Valley.

Prior to the Revolution, Colonial and English leaders had recognized the strategic importance of the upper Mohawk as well as the upper Hudson Valley. Six block houses were erected to protect the lines from Saratoga to Fort Stanwix.

In the summer of 1760, Lord Amherst, English general-in-chief, gathered his forces for the final blow at French power in America. From the upper Hudson, Gen. Haviland marched to the St. Lawrence. From Quebec, Murray moved up the river toward the Mohawk Valley. On the river—a fuller stream than to-day—rough batteaux carried the artillery and supplies. The low stage of water in the late summer forbade the usual route ending at Fort Stanwix; and at Fort Schuyler, near the point where Genesee street crosses the river, the stores were landed and the army struck westward through the forest. Hitherto it had been the hunting ground of the redman only. The French Jusuits from their mission, at Oneida, had perhaps threaded the forest aisles, or a rare adventurous white hunter followed here his game. But the paths were Indian trails, from the fishing places on river and lake, to the maize fields and orchards on the hills.

Now the axes of Colonial pioneers gleamed in the forest and awakened prophetic echoes among the hills. The August sunlight shone at once on the homespun of the frontiersman and the scarlet of British regulars.

From Fort Schuyler to Oneida Lake marched Lord Amherst and his army, through New Hartford and Westmoreland and

Vernon. No such army thank God has marched there since. From Oneida Lake to the Oswego River and Fort Ontario, they moved across the great lake to meet Haviland and Murray at Montreal and accept from the French Governor the surrender of New France to British power.

Thirty years after, the early settlers of Westmoreland and Vernon found the lines of the old military road still marked, and within two decades, farmers have found in breaking up their old time meadows, the log causeways laid by Amherst's Colonial pioneers and over which his army marched.

In 1768, at Rome, there was held the last great conference between the Iroquois and Royal authorities, settling a treaty whereby a boundary line was "fixed forever" to English possessions, and that "property line of '68 is fittingly marked near the foot of College Hill. When the war of Independence came, the dwellers in Tryon county felt the full force of the conflict. The Six Nations, all Royalists, save a part of the Oneidas, always and everywhere, menaced the homes of the settlers. Nor was it mere border warfare. Find me a more glorious page in that story of heroism than the defense of Fort Stanwix; a bloodier battle or one more replete with valor than Oriskany. The results were rather commensurate with the valor and heroism, than with the numbers engaged. Oriskany and Fort Stanwix blighted the well laid plane, for the severance of the colonies by the utter crushing of New York, and the blight became destructive in the surrender of Burgoyne. After the war ended, on the hills of Oneida, northward of the Mohawk, was the chosen home of Steuben, who gave the untrained defenders of liberty the disciplined steadiness of the troops of the Great Frederick. In the near vicinity was the last home of William Floyd, signer of the Declaration of Independence and patriot leader. Within the territory covered by the intent of this society the war of 1812 had some of its most noteworthy conflicts. In the onward march here too, were other crises developed. When the war of secession came, the story of earlier sacrifices and heroism was re-written by men of Oneida, though happily on distant fields.

Prolific and fruitful indeed is the section covered by the Oneida Historical Society. The mingling of the rigid Puritan and the vigorous Hollander, resulted in a people that did much

to secure our National Independence and were foremost in field of conflict but were active as well, in the development of all the arts of an advanced and thoughtful civilization. Pioneers of the forest, leaders in the establishment of a government, the sturdy inhabitants of this section became as well the pioneers and leaders in the business and political world. Here were found the first cotton and woolen industries incorporated by the State. Here was inaugurated the great system of express companies. Here the railroad and the telegraph were first placed in practical operation upon this continent.

Such is the magnitude and extent of the field covered by the organization in whose interest we have gathered to day. None could have greater interest or yield a richer harvest.

During the seventeen years of existence, much has been done towards the discovery, collecting and preserving data of real historical value and interest. The work has gone steadily and quietly on until a collection of no small value and no little merit has been secured. The books, the publications, the relics and specimens now owned and preserved by the Oneida Historical Society have opened up a mine of rich information and will become increasingly valuable. In addition, much work of a public character has been accomplished. The stately column, which marks the battle field of Oriskany, the splendid monument to that fearless hero and patriot, Baron Steuben, and the movement, now crowned with success, looking towards a marble shaft that shall mark the last resting place of that brave and quaint old Dutchman, Gen. Nicholas Herkimer, are among the results of the efforts of this society.

Great though the work has been, steadily though the object has been pursued, rich though the society is in its relics and facts, the field has by no means been fully harvested. With all the fruitful past from which to gather, only a beginning has been made. The present attainment is but the promise of a fuller future. With the completion of this splendid structure, the society will enter upon an enlarged life. No organization can be regarded as permanent until it has its own home. Until a settled abode is secured, the length of its existence is at best problematical. The home becomes the center around which the society works.

There will be advantage not only in the fact of permanency,

but in the added security for the relics placed in the keeping of the society. Doubtless many interesting objects of historical worth have been withheld by the owners from the sense of fear for their safety. Valuable as the collection now is, it will become far more complete when this building is finished. The possessors of such relics will feel assured that the institution is permanent and that their treasures will be secure in its custody.

With this edifice will come an enlarged life, greater opportunities and increased responsibilities. The society will be expected to take a decided step in advance and fashion its work along the line of its advantages. Much still remains to be done in addition to the collection and preservation of historical data. The field legitimately within the province of the society is dotted with fields of battle and massacre. Tablets and memorial stones should mark each historical spot. It should be the aim of this organization to so educate and mould public sentiment that every place of historic interest will be noted by some appropriate emblem. More than this, every school in our beautiful city, aye, every school and educational institution in our rich county ought to make local history a part of its curriculum of study. The rising generation should know the wealth of historical facts, clustering in Central New York. What nobler work can this society do than to urge this movement upon every school board and school trustee with a persistency that will brook no refusal.

Under the auspices of this society a manual should be prepared doing for this section what Hendrick has so well done for the State. Let there be prepared an historical map of Oneida county. Thereon let there be marked the course of Amherst's army moving to the conquest of Canada; the property line of 1768; the old Seneca Turnpike; the route by which Gerritt Smith and his abolition friends fled from the riot in Utica to the peaceful hills of Peterboro. Let the sites of Fort Stanwix and Fort Schuyler be marked; the lines of the old patents and the early homes of infant industries; the cotton and woolen ventures; the glass factories of Vernon with these the places of other earlier struggles. Let the manual tell the story of Stanwix and Oriskany; of the political fame of the times when Seymour and Calvin Comstock and Kernan; Ward Hunt and Roscoe

Conkling planned National as well as State projects. Who will estimate the advantage thus to accrue to the youth of our city and community.

Loyalty, courage, endurance, reverence and steadiness of purpose are all wrapped up in the history of the pioneers of Central New York. With a thorough knowledge of what has been done with conscious pride in our importance as an historical center, the new generation, soon to rule the destinies of our community will with the knowledge of the past so favorably gained be the better patriots and the stronger citizens.

May I not therefore, urge upon the members of this organization the importance of entering upon this work of education. Place at the disposal of the rightful authorities, under proper restrictions and safeguards, your valuable library and relics, and let there be a genuine revival of interest among old and young in all matters pertaining to our local history. Such a course will insure the future, for it will prove to be the greatest means of perpetuating the society. It will bring into its membership young men, who through the knowledge thus gained, will have become interested in the purposes and aims of your organization.

In thus urging active exertion for the future I rely with confidence upon the devotion and efficiency of the present management of the society. Highly as we consider the original council, those who are active to-day are no less worthy. Many can be relied upon for vigorous aid; two at least can be trusted for earnest constant, unremitting effort.

It may cause the crimson to flush beneath his crown of silver hair, but this day may not pass without tribute to the talent and the wisely directed efforts of the curator of the society's collection, and records, Dr. Moses M. Bagg. By his volume on "The Pioneers of Utica" and his "Memorial History of Utica" he has done his full share in the work which this society is set to do.

Nor can I refrain from naming here for your high honor the indefatigable corresponding secretary of this society. He has kept it always at the front, a live thing. He has given time, talent and means and thus made others labors of most avail. The society owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. M. M. Bagg and Gen. Charles W. Darling.

Most of all should it be remembered to whom we are indebted for this day. The beautiful twilight of her life faded into night, before her beneficent purposes was an accomplished act. She left no mandate for its execution, but in their love for her and their appreciation of the worth of her purpose, her posterity accepted her wish as their law. To her charities manifold, though often hidden, they add another to bear record that the serene benignancy for her presence, was fit token of her spirit. The gathering here of the potent influences of the past; their use as an inspiration of the future, will perpetuate as few monuments can, the name and memory of Mrs. Helen Elizabeth Munson-Williams.

Mr. Sherman's scholarly effort merited the close attention it received from those in attendance at the services. He was frequently applauded. The oration closed the exercises, and the Grand Lodge officers were escorted to Bagg's Hotel by the local Masonic lodges.

CONTENTS OF THE BOX.

The list of articles to be deposited in the copper box which will be sealed in the corner-stone, is as follows:

Articles of incorporation, constitution and by-laws, list of officers and members of the Oneida Historical Society.

Photograph of Mrs. Helen Munson-Williams, by whose generosity the Munson-Williams Memorial Building is erected.

Transactions of the Oneida Historical Society, No. 1, 1881, and No. 6, 1891.

Photogravure of ex-President Benjamin Harrison and of the late Mrs. Harrison.

Copy of Utica Daily Press, Monday, July 29, 1895.

Copy of Utica Morning Herald, same date.

Copy of the Utica Sunday Tribune, July 28, 1895.

Copy of the Utica Daily Observer of July 23 and one of July 27, 1895.

Copy of the Utica Saturday Globe, July 20, 1895, with pictures of officers of the Oneida Historical Society.

Copy of the Utica Deutsche Zeitung.

Copy of the Utica Volksblatt.

Official list of the subscribers of the Central New York Telephone and Telegraph Company, 1895.

Finding List for the Utica Public Library, 1895.

First Presbyterian Church Manual, 1890.

Programme of the second annual meeting of the New York State Bankers.

Pamphlet on the semi-centennial of Utica, 1882.

Copy of the Parish Register, Grace Church, April, 1894.

Report of the Utica Public Schools, 1894.

By-laws of the Firemen's Benevolent Association, 1885.

Sketch of the family of Eli Butler of New Hartford, 1795.

Engraved portrait of Jedediah Sanger.

Copy of industries of Utica and vicinity, 1888.

Steel likeness of T. S. Faxton; also of Rees G. Williams.

Copy of by-laws and list of members of Utica Lodge, No. 47, F. and A. M.; same of Oriental Lodge, No. 224, F. and A. M.; same of Faxton Lodge, No. 697, F. and A. M.; same of Oneida Chapter, No. 57, R. A. M.

Copy of early history of Free Masonry in Central New York, 1888, by Rees G. Williams.

Annual Report of Home for Aged Men, Utica, 1895.

Annual Report of Home for the Homeless, Utica, 1895.

Report of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., New York State, 1895; same of Grand Chapter, R. A. M., New York State, 1895.

Reports of semi-centennial work and general summary of the Y. M. C. A., Utica.

Map of the city of Utica, 1895, by J. E. Williams.

Copy of Utica Directory, 1894, Retail Merchants' Law and Commercial Association.

Indian arrowhead, from Oriskany battle ground.

Medal, Columbian Centennial, World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.
Naval review.

Columbian half dollar, 1893.

The following tokens, or coins, from Arthur J. Lux; Constitution forever; copper cent, no date; Union forever, no date; flag of our Union, 1863, Dix; our country; horrors of battle; the blessings of peace; flag of our Union, army and navy; United States of America, 1863.

W. P. Carpenter, shinplaster, 25 cents, 1862.

S. W. Chubbuck, shinplaster, 1 cent, 1864.

New York Central ticket, Fonda to Utica, 1857.

From Dwight Williams, Japanese copper coins half yen and one yen; silver coin, 10 yen; ancient Chinese coin.

From Anthony J. Windheim, a 10 cent Confederate stamp, with envelope; copper cent 1800; copper token, William Henry Harrison, 1840; same, U. S. Grant, 1870; same, Horace Greeley, 1872; half cent 1832; \$5 bill, Unadilla bank, 1859; \$5 bill, Fort Edward bank, 1863; 3 cent piece and 5 cent piece Washington series; 5 cent United States postage stamp; 10 cent stamps, unused; Meredith profile, 3 cent currency, Bogart Bros., Schenectady; 5 cent currency, Albany, Eli Perry, mayor, 25 cent currency, bank of Whitesboro, 1862.

From J. E. H. Kelley, Baggs' Hotel, impression of seal of Seneca Road Company, 1850; impression of seal of Paris Cotton Factory, 1831.

From T. J. Griffiths, copies of Y Drych, Cyfaill, Cambrian, Y Wawr, Christian Worker, July, 1895; continental currency 1778, \$30; Colony of New York currency, 5 shillings, 4 pence, 1776.

From Charles W. Hutchinson, 25 cent coin, 1894; two 5 cent coins, 1892; two 10 cent coins, 1893; two 1 cent coins, 1893; one copper coin, 1862; one pfennig, 1865; one Chinese coin; two Belgian cents; one silver kreutzer, 1796; one copper pfennig, 1867; one silver kreutzer, 1805.

Sterling silver spoon from C. C. Shaver.

Silver fork from W. B. Wilcox.

Copper copy of the original seal of Whitesboro, depicting Hugh White wrestling with an Indian; reverse, "Presented by William M. White."

There was also placed in the corner-stone the copy of a poem, written by Mrs. Helen Munson-Williams, which was found among her papers after her decease. The manuscript was dated November, 1879, and it beautifully expresses the spirit which dominated the life of Mrs. Williams. It is as follows:

HOC AGE.

“Do whatsoever thy hand findeth to do with thy might, for there is no work nor device in the grave whither thou goest.”

Do this—do what ? The prophet saith,
Do what thy hand doth find to do,
For whither thou dost shortly go,
Into the idle realms of death
There is no work for thee to do.

Do this—do what ? One moment pause;
There is both wrong and righteous work,
Each in the other's guise may lurk;
Ponder in Holy Writ God's laws,
And ask His blessing on thy work.

Do this—do what ? From sun to sun
So much seems waiting for thy hand;
Haunts thee perhaps the stern command
Do this and leave not that undone
But which shall first engage thy hand.

Do this—do what ? Remember Christ
Hath said to thee “Take up thy cross
And follow me;” count it not loss
To do the work that nearest lies
And is to thee the heaviest cross.

Do this, thy work, while 'tis to-day,
Thou canst not work in the coming night;
The least thou find'st do with thy might,
Complete thy work while yet thou may
And welcome so the coming night.

November, 1879.

The Dedication.

[*Utica Morning Herald, Wednesday, December 2, 1896.*]

The dedication of the Munson-Williams Memorial, the beautiful new home of the Oneida Historical Society, is an event of surpassing interest and importance to the people of Oneida county. It means a large usefulness for an institution whose every effort has been for the uplifting of the community. It comes within the province of the society to guard in honor the ideals of citizenship which enter into the life of the people, to preserve from the past all that can be of benefit in the future. This work it has well done during the twenty years of its existence, but the gift so worthily bestowed last evening will open to it new and enlarged opportunities, which are the beginning of the full fruition of the hopes of those who founded and have kept the Oneida Historical Society.

The gift to the society is munificent, but not more so than the virtues of those it is designed to commemorate. It will stand as a lasting monument to three of Utica's honored citizens—Alfred Munson, James Watson Williams and Samuel A. Munson—and will be as well, a memorial of one who designed and those who fulfilled the gift.

The exercises of the dedication were inspiring, and formed an auspicious beginning to the many gatherings which will be held at the home of the society. The presentation address of Mr. Dimon, and the suggestive speech of Judge Coxe, who received the gift on behalf of the society, and the address of Chancellor Upson, were eminently fitting. The chancellor's consideration of the characteristics of the people of Oneida county shows in what regard he holds his former home of many years.

The Munson-Williams Memorial was presented to the Oneida Historical Society and dedicated last evening. Six hundred of Utica's best citizens attended the exercises. The capacity of the society's new home was severely tested. The main hall, the

museum and statuary hall were filled. Several hundred folding chairs were put in use. The exercises were simple but impressive. During the afternoon the building was open for public inspection, and several hundred people availed themselves of the opportunity. Members of the committee consisted of Hon. John G. Gibson, T. R. Proctor, Rev. Dana W. Bigelow, Dr. G. Alder Blumer, N. Curtis White, Warren C. Rowley, Thomas E. Kinney, Hon. Watson T. Dunmore, T. W. Spencer, Rev. T. Banister, Dr. J. V. Haberer, William L. Watson and Thomas F. Baker. The committee will hold a meeting in a day or two to wind up its affairs.

The lecture room, statuary hall and museum were tastefully decorated with American flags and bunting. The lecture room was in green, gold and white. On the walls were old paintings of General Herkimer, Governor Seymour, Governor Clinton and Historic Scenes. Indian relics and curios were hung about the rooms. The decoration was done by the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution. Among the ladies who devoted their time to the work were Mrs. G. Alder Blumer, Miss Barnard, Miss Theodora Dickinson, Miss May Merwin, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Miss White, Mrs. W. E. Johnson, Miss Catharine Brayton, and the Committee of the Historical Society in particular, Mrs. A. H. Munson, Miss J. F. Grosvenor, Mrs. W. Stuart Walcott, Mrs. W. E. Ford, Miss Cornelia Williams and Mrs. Spencer Kellogg.

Hon. William H. Watson, regent of the University of the State of New York, presided. He opened the exercises by briefly stating the occasion of the meeting. With Dr. Watson on the stage were Chancellor Anson J. Upson, Rev. Dr. Charles T. Olmsted and Judge A. C. Coxe.

The choir of the Reformed Church, under the leadership of Professor A. L. Barnes, sang the anthem, "Great is the Lord," (Lohr.) The members of the choir were Miss Roberts, Miss Richards, Mrs. Hoff, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. McGucken, Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. Dye, Messrs. Ballou, Wenzel, McInerow and Tourtellot.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Charles T. Olmsted, Rector of Grace Church. The choir sang "At thine altar lowly kneeling," (Hanscom,) after which all sang this hymn:

O God, beneath thy guiding hand
 Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
 And when they trod the wintry strand,
 With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

Thou heard'st well pleased, the song, the prayer,
 Thy blessing came, and still its power
 Shall onward through all ages bear
 The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod
 The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here thy name, O God of love,
 Their children's children shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And spring adorns the earth no more.

GEORGE D. DIMON'S ADDRESS.

*Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oneida Historical Society, Judge
 Cox:*

I have been appointed by the committee in charge of the arrangements to-day, and have been requested in behalf of Mrs. Frederick Town Proctor and Mrs. Thomas Redfield Proctor to present the keys of the Munson-Williams Memorial to the Oneida Historical Society, and to hand to you the deed which conveys the title to the ground on which it stands.


The gift thus made is a beautiful and complete consummation of a generous intent on the part of one who is now gone from us, carried out without the slightest reservation, by her daughters, in the way it is believed it would have been done had their mother lived.

On the first day of December, 1876, just twenty years ago this evening, a meeting was called in the office of Hon. Charles W. Hutchinson to discuss the formation of a Historical Society. It was preliminary, and a second meeting was arranged for a fortnight later at which a constitution was adopted, officers elected and members proposed.

We think it thus appears that the first suggestions for this Society came from Mr. Hutchinson, who was one of the first vice presidents, for many years its president, and by whose



GEORGE DOLBEARE DIMON.

Elected President of the Oneida Historical Society January 12, 1897. 
Died April 12, 1897.

recent death that office is at this time left vacant. Mr. Hutchinson was always interested in the objects of the Society, and especially in the erection of the monuments which mark the places where the dead heroes of the Revolution—Steuben and Herkimer—lie buried, and where the battle of Oriskany was fought. He gave to the Society the triangle of land on which he built the foundation for a monument to mark the location of Old Fort Schuyler, where now three cannons stand guard, further down Park Avenue.

The first president of the Society was Horatio Seymour, a man whose memory every true Utican cherishes with fondness. He was greatly interested in the objects of the Society. The first work taken up was the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Oriskany. Governor Seymour did much to make that celebration the grand success that it was, and to accomplish afterwards the erection of the handsome monument which marks the battle ground.

John F. Seymour was one of the organizers of the Society, vice-president for several years, and greatly interested. He did most of the planning and arranging about the erection of the Oriskany Monument, and during his life was chairman of the committee for its care. To all who knew him his kind and genial manner and warm heart need not be recalled, for they will be forever fresh in their memories.

The Society has but recently been called to mourn the loss of one of its vice-presidents, who was also one of the councilors, the Hon. Daniel E. Wager, of Rome. He was a careful investigator and a thorough historian, whose publications were always of great interest and value.

Another name cannot be forgotten by those who are among the earlier members of the Society. That is Morven M. Jones. He was its first corresponding secretary and librarian, and for many years devoted a great deal of labor and thought to its welfare. We all remember his white hairs and benign countenance, and feel that the existence of the Society owed very much to his labors. But were I to indulge in the reminiscences that the names of the first officers of this Society bring up, it would not be possible to confine my remarks to the time that can be used by me to-night. The Hon. Edward Huntington, of Rome, was another of its vice presidents.

The following were the first councilors, among the number only two are now living: William J. Bacon, Daniel Batchellor, Storrs Barrows, Trenton, Roscoe Conkling, Dr. Gilbert A. Foster, Dr. John P. Gray, DeWitt C. Grove, Daniel B. Goodwin, Waterville, Dr. Luther Guiteau, John H. Edmunds, Hon. Ward Hunt, Pomroy Jones, Judge Alex. S. Johnson, Francis Kernan, Michael Moore, Trenton Falls, Rutger B. Miller, Edward North, Ellis H. Roberts, John F. Seymour, Richard U. Sherman, John Stryker, Rome, Charlemagne Tower, Philo White, O. S. Williams, William D. Walcott, Daniel E. Wager.

No wonder that the Society has had a life of continued usefulness. Not only were its objects good, but there were enlisted in its work a selection of names that would honor any institution in the land. Among the officers and members there were others, many of whom still survive, that were most efficient in organizing and conducting through its early years the Society which still honors them and values their membership and services.

But to turn from the recipient to the gift itself. I will not undertake to say a word in description of it, but will express the hope that the Society may be able to care for it and use it in a manner that is worthy of so magnificent and beautiful a structure.

In making this gift the donor made certain conditions, which were as follows:

UTICA, N. Y., NOVEMBER 17, 1893.

Mrs. Helen E. M. Williams proposes to purchase a lot and erect a building for the use of the Oneida Historical Society, as a memorial to her father, husband and brother, on the following conditions:

I. The gift shall be known as the Munson-Williams Memorial, and the building shall be so designated on the elevation, and the name shall be permanently incorporated in its front.

II. The site proposed is the triangle at the junction of Elizabeth and John Streets and Park Avenue if it can be secured.

III. The building shall be erected according to plans and specifications made in competition by three architects to be selected by Mrs. Williams, which shall be submitted and approved by her in every particular. It may cost forty thousand dollars and shall be for the use of the Oneida Historical Society exclusively.

IV. The deed of gift shall be to trustees for the benefit of the Society, to

be named by Mrs. Williams, but the property is to be forever under the control, care and management of the Oneida Historical Society, and so accepted by it.

These conditions were agreed to, and it is difficult to see what objection could be made to them. So it is trusted that all friends of the Society will unite, in the first place, in giving to its new home the name of the Munson-Williams Memorial. To add the word "building" only makes the gift smaller, and does not, in fact, comply with the condition.

It is not understood that the condition in regard to the use of the Society will prevent its use for such purposes as is thought desirable, not being in conflict with the purposes of the organization.

It is hoped that the object intended by Mrs. Williams that of a memorial will be fully understood. It was to be a memorial to her father, husband and brother. To the wisdom and care of these dear ones she owed the opportunities to attain the generous purposes with which her life abounded, and she wished to commemorate the reverence and love she bore them.

Alfred Munson came from Connecticut, where he was born in Barkhamstead, May 21, 1793. He was descended from Thomas Munson who came early to this country and joined the settlement at New Haven, where he was one of the signers of the "Plantation Covenant," the rock on which the colony and church of New Haven was built, and on which that commonwealth rested for many years.

Thomas Munson was a man of ability and integrity, as was evidenced by the positions of trust to which he was called by his neighbors, and the large and respectable family of Munson, whose members are found in every part of this country do honor to the name of their ancestor.

Alfred Munson, before he removed to Utica, was engaged in conducting the home farm, a saw mill and a grist mill owned by the family. The manufacture of buhr millstones was also begun in Connecticut.

In 1823, when thirty years old, he removed to Utica and prosecuted the manufacture of millstones, but a man of such energy was not to be confined to a single line of business. He was also interested in packet boats on the canal, and steamboats on Lake Ontario, and later in the building and management of

the railroad between Utica and Schenectady, and was a director of the New York Central R. R. for many years. The Utica and Binghamton R. R. also was promoted by him and he was its president. The Syracuse and Oswego R. R. was another that he helped to build. He was extensively engaged in the manufacture of iron in Baltimore, Md., and established and owned Franklin Iron Works, near Clinton, in this county. He was one of the originators and first president of the Utica Steam Cotton Mills and of the Globe Woolen Mills. He was the first president of the Oneida Bank, and so continued until his death. He was one of the Managers of the New York State Lunatic Asylum from the opening of the institution, and chairman of the board until his death. The erection of the beautiful Grace Church was most largely due to his taste and judgment as well as to his generosity.

I regret that I can only mention some of the more important points of his career and character, and will quote, as to the latter, what I find in the lately published History of Oneida County.

“His mind was unusually active and clear. He was prudent, penetrative and sagacious, and was possessed of sound common sense, discriminating judgment and remarkable wisdom. Bold, foresighted and eminently calculating, his plans, when matured, needed only will of execution—his most conspicuous and commanding trait—to overcome every obstacle and insure success. He was influenced by purity as well as rigor of purpose, and was liberal minded and public spirited. He loved to engage in large, but strictly legitimate business enterprises, and especially in such as tended to promote the welfare and prosperity of the community. The rare combination of business elements in his character, his resolute determination, his constant watchfulness, his self reliance, lent a prestige of success to every scheme in which he embarked.”

He was married to Elizabeth Munson of Northford, Conn., May 29, 1823. He died May 6, 1854.

James Watson Williams was born in Utica, May 18, 1810. He graduated at Hobart College, studied law in New York city, and practiced his profession in this city, was Clerk of the Supreme Court after his father's death. He was Mayor of the city of Utica in 1847. He was a man of cultivated taste and

finished attainments as a student of literature and history. While he had arrived at some political preferment his disposition was rather retiring, and he withdrew from public life. It is to those who knew him best that we turn for the warmest praise. I will quote what one of those has recently written: "He was not a politician in the ordinary sense of that much abused word, but he was a politician in a far higher sense, he studied the constitutions of various lands to know the causes of success or failure. He studied political history for its lessons and its warnings. He was a good Latin scholar; he kept his knowledge of Latin fresh to the last. The history and the literature of many lands were known to him. His conversation and his writings bore witness to the extent and value of his researches. He did not pretend to science, but his address on the Atlantic Cable in 1858, and his address to the Germans celebrating the centennial of Humboldt bear witness that he knew its history and its triumphs."

But it was in the home life that his warm and loving heart was known best of all. His daughters and his sisters still testify to that, and the memory of his affection will, by them, be kept forever green. He died May 21, 1873.

Samuel A. Munson was born in Utica April 8, 1826, and died at his home on Fayette street, May 26, 1881. He was educated at the Utica Academy, and was soon engaged in the manufacture of iron in Baltimore, Md., and later in the Franklin Iron Works in this county, which were successfully operated under his management. He was not actively engaged in any business afterwards, although he was largely interested in many enterprises. He was a director of the Western Union Telegraph Co., in which he had invested a large amount, but he declined to accept a part in the direction of many other corporations. I cannot do better than to quote from what was said at the time of his death by one who knew him intimately:

"In estimating his character and genuine worth, it would not be just to leave out of account physical infirmities, inherited traits and native aptitudes."

"As a business man, he was methodical and painstaking, prompt, true to his word, and honest to the last degree. He formed his opinions independently and dispassionately, by a careful study of all data within reach."

“Where his opinions were once formed, he seldom had occasion to reverse them. His deeds of charity and kindness were habitual, but the right hand made no report to the left. What he gave to those in trouble was given so quietly that the world never knew it, with his consent. Apparently, it only gave him pain to see his name in any public announcement of a liberal act. Fortunately he was not shut out from sources of pleasure that are elevating and pure. He loved his books, his peaceful garden, his rare paintings, and all the gentle ministries of a true home life. If ever he forgot his habitual reserve, it was in the presence of sunny childhood, or a rare exotic flower, or one of the grand epics of the easel.”

His fellow townsmen generally were not well acquainted with him; but he had friends who testified warmly to his kind heart and genial temper.

But now I come to speak of the one whose thought lives in these walls, Helen Elizabeth Munson Williams. She was born in Utica August 28, 1824. She attended school at the Utica Female Academy. She was married to James Watson Williams September 30, 1846. There were three children, the eldest of whom, Grace Elizabeth, died at the age of twelve years. Naturally of a retiring disposition, she was fond of reading and study, and many hours were spent with her husband and daughters in the quiet enjoyment of their books. She was fond of paintings, and the walls of her house bore testimony to her taste and judgment, in the number of beautiful pictures and other objects of value that they carry.

She was thoughtful, cultivated, of most excellent judgment, and refined taste, and generous with a liberality that knew no bounds, except a fear that she might do harm or an injury by her gifts. They were made without ostentation and were not publicly known, except where it was impossible to cover them because of their greatness. Of her many magnificent gifts, there are none more complete and beautiful than this one to the Oneida Historical Society. Her failing health prevented her from formulating entirely the plans for it, but she thought about and discussed them, and so far as they could tell, her daughters have carried them out exactly as they believe their mother would have done, with a liberality and love that is unlimited.

I forbear further to speak of the living, for fear that the words that should properly express my feeling, would seem to lack in sincerity because of their profuseness.

The result of their munificence and generosity is exceedingly beautiful, and this building, which is in the Flemish Gothic style, selected by Mrs. Williams herself, was designed by Mr. Richard H. Hunt, of New York.

This Society will be weak indeed, if it fails to be greatly strengthened and assisted in its work by this auxiliary. It is an instrument in its hands which, like the churches erected to the worship of the Most High God, in the hands of the faithful, must be used for the cultivation of the highest artistic and finer part of our natures, a temple of art, as well as a monument of history.

In order to attain to the greatest degree the good objects which it is intended to further, it must be managed with a liberal policy.

As through my hands pass the tokens of this princely gift, I trust I may be pardoned for expressing a very deep sense of personal gratification.

ADDRESS OF HON. A. C. CONE.

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Dimon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been chosen by the Oneida Historical Society to receive this deed and these keys. We accept them with mingled pleasure and regret; pleasure that we are permitted to occupy a home so commodious and ornate; regret that the generous donor is not here to witness the full fruition of her munificence. To this gentle lady and to her daughters, who, with devoted liberality have executed the trust thus bequeathed them, the thanks of this Society are due so long as it continues to exist.

In this fair land of universal freedom, where the air is surcharged with liberty superlative and supreme, where the poorest and lowliest may reach the highest station, where young men who begin life with no capital but honesty and industry become the merchant princes and financial kings of the next decade; In such a land the charlatan who creates discontent and bitterness by attempting to array the poor against the rich is a hateful and despicable creature. Unreasoning as is this attempt to

array the masses against the so-called classes—there are no classes in America—the effort will probably never cease so long as failure is compelled to witness the ostentatious prodigality of success. The vulgar selfishness of American millionaires so accentuates and embitters poverty that it becomes a fertile field for socialism. From hunger and envy the steps are short to hatred, malice and anarchy. If the noble example of generosity which we meet to commemorate were more often followed the aversion for the rich, of which we have heard so much of late, would soon be changed into admiration, esteem and friendship.

Gentlemen and ladies of the Society, this home is ours. What shall we do with it? With its occupation comes increased responsibilities. We can keep it selfishly to ourselves, or we can open wide its portals and welcome every man and woman of Utica, not only, but of Central New York, who has a taste for history, or literature, or art. We can make this a cold and cheerless shrine, where a few devotees shall worship, or we can transform it into a veritable Pantheon, the home of all the gods and all the muses. We can light here a fadeless beacon which will summon the disciples of culture from afar to come and worship at her “pilgrim-circled hearth.”

When I say that our future policy should be on broad and liberal lines I believe I express the wishes of you all. How can this be accomplished? First and foremost by increasing our membership. We can accommodate five hundred members as well as two hundred. Many prominent citizens of Utica and the surrounding towns are not members to-day, simply because they have not been asked. A little energetic and systematic work like that undertaken of late by the committee on membership will secure this increase. To this end the annual dues should be placed at a sum so reasonable as to be within the means of every clergyman and school teacher in Oneida county. The Society will be much more successful with a membership of five hundred paying two dollars per annum, than with two hundred paying five dollars per annum. If the annual dues are not decreased at least the initiation fee might be dispensed with. I am personally acquainted with several citizens who would make admirable members, and who wish to join the Society but do not feel able to pay the initiation fee in addition to the annual dues. Give us members and enthusiasm and the finances

will take care of themselves. Secure the coöperation of all in the community who are interested in the objects of this Society and "abundant streams of revenue will gush forth." With the membership thus increased, our meetings should be something more than dry discussion over "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore." They should be enlivened with debates upon the important topics of the day, and addresses by distinguished specialists at home and abroad. They should be popularized by the presence of members of kindred societies, and humanized by the introduction of music. The moment the Oneida Historical Society becomes popular, active and aggressive its success is assured. What boundless possibilities await it.

There are in this city many relics of the revolution and the civil war, which, in the nature of things, will be scattered and lost. The owners of these relics and manuscripts should be encouraged and urged to deposit them here where they will be safe for all time. These walls are bare. They should be covered with paintings. The Utica Art Association has a fund of several thousand dollars. I know it was the hope of the early members that this fund should some day be used as the nucleus of a permanent art gallery in Utica. For many years the association has made no sign and its money has remained idle in the bank. Has not the hour arrived when this fund should arise from the vault where it has slumbered for nearly twenty years? If economically and judiciously expended it will purchase a score of pictures from the pencils of the best American artists. Even that number would adorn these walls and the art collection thus begun would, as in other cities, receive additions from time to time from public enterprise and private gift. It is not too much to hope that we will all live to see the day when Uticans are as proud of their art gallery as Parisians are of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. I have no right to speak for the Art Association, but this suggestion has met with the hearty approval of the few members to whom I have broached the subject.

Again, I trust the day is not far distant when the triangles on the south and east of this building are adorned with statues of some of Utica's illustrious dead. What, for example, can be more appropriate than that we should raise a memorial to him who, exactly twenty years ago to-day founded this Society?

Every man and woman, boy and girl in Utica would thus become familiar with the graceful figure and noble brow of the typical American gentleman, Horatio Seymour. Auburn has a statue of Seward, St. Louis of Benton, Chicago of Lincoln and Douglass, New York of Webster and Conkling and Boston of Everett and Sumner. Why should not we erect a statue of Seymour and the other illustrious men who have made our city famous in the past?

Before the Society celebrates the half century of its existence her museum should be filled with relics, her walls covered with paintings, her triangles adorned with statues, and the Oneida Historical Society should be famous throughout the land. You may think I take too optimistic a view, but with such a home as an incentive what may not enthusiastic endeavor accomplish?

The great galleries and museums of Europe, which are now the delight to travelers from every land had most unpretentious origins. Most of them are not as old as the present century. The National Gallery of England, which has a frontage of five hundred feet upon Trafalgar Square, and contains a collection which is the admiration of the world, is only about seventy years old. Its first exhibition was in 1824 in a private residence of Pall Mall. The collection has been increased since then, principally from private gifts until it now contains over fifteen hundred pictures divided about equally between English and foreign Schools. "A man who cannot spare time," says Charles Kingsley, "for a daily country walk may slip into the National Gallery. That garden flowers as gaily in winter as in summer. Those noble faces on the wall are never disfigured by grief or passion. There, in the space of a single room, the townsman may take a walk beneath mountain peaks, through green meadows, and by rushing brooks, where he lingers till he almost seems to hear the ripple of the stream and to see the fishes leap." What a delight would it be were there here such a retreat from the leaden skies and unvarying monotony of a Mohawk Valley winter:

The South Kensington Museum was established in 1852 from a surplus derived from the National Exhibition of 1851. It was then but forty-five years old, and be it observed, it was founded as I have suggested the Utica collection shall be founded—from the surplus derived from an art exhibition.

At Antwerp the splendid building which contains the museum was not completed until 1890. The Royal Picture Gallery at Brussels was not purchased by the city until 1845. Of the Art Gallery at The Hague it may fairly be said that it is less than eighty years old. The famous Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, which contains Rembrandt's masterpiece, The Night Watch, was finished only about ten years ago.

Encouragement may even be had while contemplating the progress made in Paris, the great art school of the world. Pilgrims from every clime go there to drink inspiration from her innumerable fountains. The city is one vast treasure house of art. The stately temples, the classic facades, the graceful columns, the statues which almost breath, the artistic fountains, the unrivaled arches, the glittering domes, the noble bridges, all attest the aesthetic character of the French people. The French are the evangels of modern art, and nowhere, except possibly in the Athenian Republic, has there been such intellectual activity and coöperation in the field of the fine arts as in their capital. When one realizes that this tremendous progress, this national revival is the work of less than a hundred years, dating only from the revolution, and that some of its most brilliant achievements have been during the regime of the Republic, there is room for hope that other nations, even though republics, may yet achieve a similar pre-eminence. Even the Turk is awakening. Within the last decade there has been established at Stamboul a museum of art and archaeology which has already far outgrown the building provided by the government. These and many other instances which might be mentioned illustrate what an art-loving people may do in a comparatively short space of time. They show what enthusiasm and determination, even in the most unsympathetic and hostile environments, can accomplish. Is it not time that the American people begin actively to consider this subject, to collect the priceless relics of our struggles for independence and national existence, and cherish them for the benefit of posterity? That we have been almost culpably remiss in this matter cannot be denied. While cultivating the useful the ornamental has been neglected.

A recent writer in Scribner's Magazine says:

"The beautifying of our cities with monuments and build-

ings should really be, and I believe will eventually become the American way of displaying wealth. Considering what our wealth is, and what the burden of our taxation is, and, as shown by the Chicago Exhibition, what the capabilities of our native architecture are, the condition of our leading cities as regards monuments of sculpture or architecture is one of the sorrowful wonders of our condition. We are enormously rich, but except one or two things, like the Boston Library and the Washington public buildings, what have we to show? Almost nothing. Ugliness from the artistic point of view is the mark of all our cities. The stranger looks through them in vain for anything but population and hotels. No arches, no great churches, no court houses, no city halls, no statues, no tombs, no municipal splendors of any description, nothing but huge inns."

Why should not the work of regeneration begin right here? Few cities are better fitted to lead in the coming renaissance, few cities have such proud traditions, such illustrious names, or a more refined and cultured people. Few historical societies have accomplished so much during so short a period. The shafts at Oriskany and at Little Falls and the monument at Steuben are largely due to its energetic patriotism. It is for us to see that its light continues to shine with a brighter flame and over a wider horizon. Let us then resolve to make this Society worthy of its home and an honor to the city and the State.

CHANCELLOR UPSON'S ADDRESS.

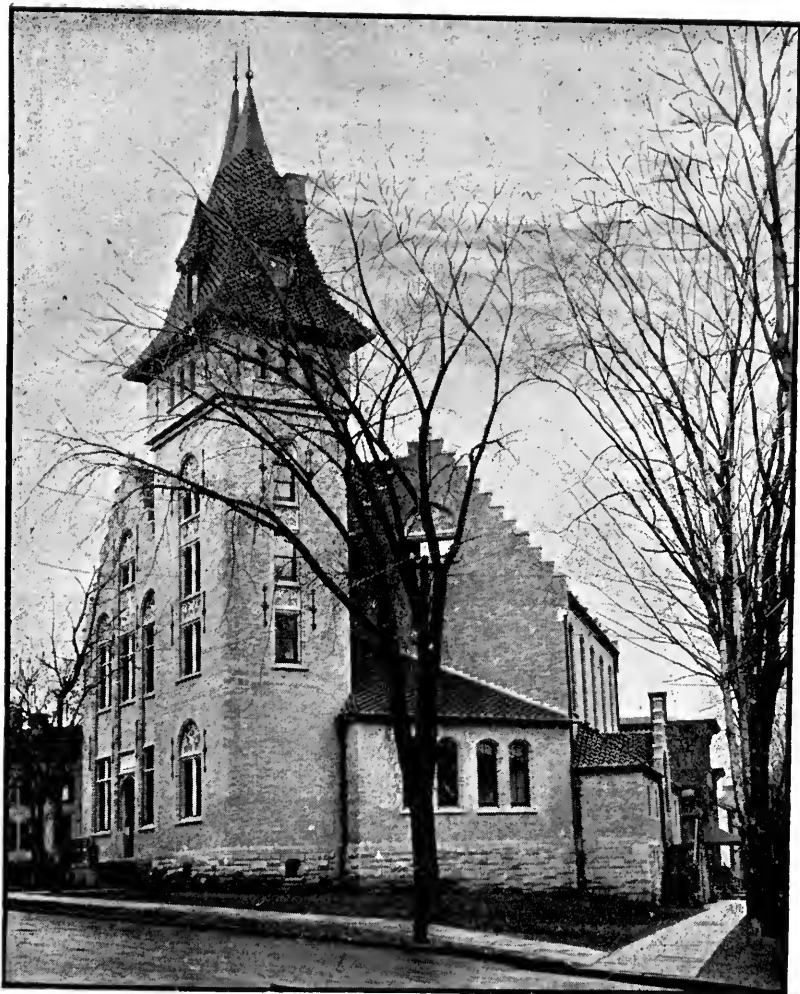
Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:

No theme seems to be suggested more naturally by this historical occasion than a discussion of some of the characteristics of the inhabitants of the County of Oneida.

I hope it will be pleasant for us to recall some of our own virtues, and perhaps it will be profitable to remind each other of some of our faults.

It is only one hundred and ten years ago, in 1786, that the actual sovereignty of the Oneida Indians in this county forever ceased. By treaty with commissioners representing the authority of this State, they acknowledged fealty to the State government, surrendered most of their lands and became tenants of the soil

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MUNSON-WILLIAMS MEMORIAL.

which the God of nature had given them and which they had so long called their own.

Other peoples, in considerable numbers, had already begun to take possession of these fertile lands. That remarkable mingling of various races, so characteristic of the State of New York, had begun to show itself in this county. We are told that in 1800, the ninety houses only, at that time in Utica, contained already representatives of ten or twelve different nations. And this variety has been characteristic of all our population, ever since. The races represented in this audience to-night, are very numerous. I would not attempt to count them. We are so accustomed to this ancestral variety that we seldom think or speak of it. A visit to France where almost all the residents are French, or to Germany where almost all are German, or to Scotland where every man you meet is a Scotchman, or to Ireland, or even to England—reveals the uniformity of the population there, and by contrast the variety here. One need not visit a world's exposition to see representatives of all nations. Walk down Broadway, New York, and almost every other man or woman or child you meet represents a different race.

In the settlement of this county, the New Englanders were the advance-guard of the incoming host. It seems as if the ford of the Mohawk, at the foot of Genesee street, in this city, were a barrier which stopped for a time the progress westward of the Palatinate Germans, who had held the river from Canajoharie to this point. Under the leadership of that sturdy pioneer Hugh White, the New Englanders led the way. They came from New Hampshire, from Massachusetts, from Connecticut and from Rhode Island. Most of us readily acknowledge New England's precedence in the settlement of this county; but I think that few of us realize how almost unexceptional it was in every town. Of the twenty-eight townships in the County of Oneida, New England men and women first settled twenty-three. And in three of the remaining five towns, they shared the first settlement. In a recent visit to the Connecticut town where my father was born and is buried, most of the names of persons I heard were but repetitions of familiar names in this county. The New Englanders, with their strong hands, clear minds, independent thought and energetic purpose, came first,

and have exerted a controlling influence. Yet that influence has been modified, essentially modified, and, I believe, much improved by the subsequent or almost contemporaneous immigration of other races.

The Hollanders, such as the Mappas and the Vander Kemps in Trenton, Van Epps in Vernon and the Bleeckers, the Van Rensselaers and the Varicks in this city—the Hollanders brought with them to this country a generous hospitality, a thrifty enterprise, a dignified courtesy and a tried and victorious patriotism.

Later came the Welsh in large numbers—some of them in strange costumes—the women, as I have seen them on Whitesboro street, wearing men's high hats and knitting stockings, as they walked. Almost without exception, the Welsh were and are thoughtful, acute, industrious, ambitious for the best things in music, literature and religion, frugal, steady and virtuous.

The Irish immigrants, such as Devereux and Lynch and McQuade and their descendants have modified and, I believe, improved the prevailing New England character of the population. They have cheered the life of this county by their inexhaustible humor and their ready wit. The Irish among our population, have given to us all a keener sense of the ludicrous, which has improved our manners and refined our taste. Their Celtic temperament has encouraged in our American life, expression rather than repression.

Later, many Germans have come. While we have made these Germans a little less free in their thinking, they have taught us thoroughness in our intellectual and philosophical work, as well as much delicious and inspiring music and how to enjoy it.

The Scotchman with his stalwart limbs and clear eyes has sometimes overmatched our Yankee shrewdness and thrift; and so taught us to be modest and cautious.

Now and then a French Huguenot, like the Guiteaus and Augustine G. Dauby, has enlivened our social life, giving us a continuous lesson in kindness and courtesy, no matter how adverse our circumstances may be.

Men and women of all these various nationalities and their descendants—these Puritans and Dutchmen and Welshmen and Irishmen and Germans and Scotchmen and Frenchmen and

many more, have, within the last one hundred years, in the providence of God, so coalesced, become so twined and inter-twined, so united as to be, verily, one people, having characteristics of its own, which may be always and easily recognized.

You will not charge me with indulging in extremely extravagant eulogy, when I say, deliberately, that the business men of this united people in Oneida county, have been characteristically honest. I do not say that this is true without exception. Far from it. And yet I think that the eldest here will agree with me in saying that the tone of public sentiment in the County of Oneida, the prevailing trend of public opinion, in its practical expression in business, almost invariably, strongly favors the honest man. It disapproves dishonesty, no matter how successful, apparently, it may be. Such vulgar slang, as "he'll get there anyhow," finds not much favor here. Nothing may be said about it publicly, but the dishonest man is distrusted, and he feels it. I knew such a man, who always walked in a back street to and fro between his place of business and his home.

Perhaps the noble example of Jedediah Sanger, the first settler of New Hartford, has had something to do with this prevailing respect for an honest man. You remember that just before he left his New Hampshire home, he was made bankrupt by the burning of his dwelling house and store. But as soon as he became successful in New Hartford, far away from his creditors in New Hampshire, he paid the principal and interest of all his debts in his former home. Such an example, and others like it, have had their legitimate and inevitable influence upon public opinion and upon personal conduct.

As a class, our bankers inspire confidence. Who could doubt the integrity of Publius V. Rogers? In medicine, quacks are not trusted by most of our people. Our merchants not only give credit but are themselves trusted. Who would not trust George and Henry Huntington, Benjamin and William D. Walcott and Samuel Campbell, William G. Tracy, John J. Knox, Salmon Case, John Camp, and James Sayre? Our lawyers are not inclined to be technical and trickish in the management of cases, or mercenary in the encouragement of needless litigation. We have had unscrupulous attorneys of course; but our lawyers, as a class, have not been unscrupulous. Did anybody ever charge William Curtis Noyes, William and Charles

Tracy, Kirkland and Bacon, Joshua A. Spencer, Henry A. Foster, Timothy Jenkins, Ward Hunt, Charles A. Mann, John H. Edmonds, Edward S. Brayton or John F. Seymour with being mercenary lawyers? I trow not. Am I not right, when I say that the tone of public sentiment in the County of Oneida encourages integrity and discourages dishonesty?

This county has been criticized for its conservative methods in business. They call us "slow." We certainly are not "fast." And yet, standing as we do, to night, near the end of one hundred years of our history, a fair minded critic would not hesitate to say that, in most respects, our progress has been satisfactory, our growth has been substantial, our improvement real.

Say what you please about what you may name our cowardly fear of taking too many risks, your thanks are due to the wise and conservative policy of your leading business men. This conservative policy carried this county in comparative safety through such panics as that of 1837 and 1857 and 1873 and 1893. We have had but little or no reckless speculation. Yet, now and then, the most conservative community will lose its self possession. Our distinguished civil engineer, Lorenzo M. Taylor, in a paper read before this Historical Society, told a story which sounds strange to Oneida County ears. He told us that in 1836-37 a speculative fever set our people crazy. Lots, hundreds of so-called "handsome green lots," along the southern bank of the Mohawk river, in front of where the State Hospital now is, were sold over and over again, at high prices, lots that are from once to three times a year under six feet of water.

And pardon me, if in this assembly of old friends and neighbors, I tell you of another example, in more private life, in which our very conservative community seemed to forget, for a time, its wise caution. In the early spring of 1842 or 1843, a Frenchman came to town and opened a vacant store in what was then known as the "Hurlburt Building," on Genesee street, just above the corner of LaFayette street. He stocked the store with shrubs and plants in profusion. None of the shrubs or plants were in bloom, of course, in those cold March days; but the wily Frenchman hung the walls with matchless pictures of the wonderful flowers these plants would surely bear in the early

summer; brilliant blue peonies, yellow lilacs, bright green roses, and black geraniums as big as platters!—learnedly accounting for these strange monstrosities by mysterious allusions to the wonderful effect of hybridizing. Our cautious fellow citizens could not resist his fascinations. Barrow loads, and, in one instance, a wagon load of these marvellous plants, purchased at fabulous prices, were carried away and doubtless planted in the gardens of this conservative town. But no one has ever told the story of the blossoming and the blooming! Not one of the cautious purchasers has hitherto been found to acknowledge that he bought a single shrub or plant! You will not lose all respect for your speaker, if, in the strictest confidence, he tells you now, that on that memorable occasion, though he was a poor boy, he purchased for \$1.50 a cutting of a rose bush that was promised to bloom as a mouse colored moss rose! It did bloom later, but I must tell you that the blossom was a very common May rose.

Conservatism indeed, sometimes "o'erleaps itself," but it has not, in this county, checked enterprise and killed invention. Our cotton and woolen mills, which line the two remarkable creeks of the county, are the result of the invention and enterprise of men like Dr. Capron and his compeers and successors. It is generally believed that the first mills for the manufacture of cotton goods and also the first mills for the manufacture of woolens ever built in the State of New York were built in Whitestown, in this conservative county of Oneida. And the mills in this city, which give employment to so many, are also the creation of the industry, enterprise and public spirit of conservative men in this conservative town. The historic John Butterfield and Theodore S. Faxton, those leaders in our material development, with their restless enterprise and their undoubted genius for organizing, are not so exceptional as we are in habit of thinking.

Another characteristic of the people of this county is their interest in public affairs. From the beginning, they have not been so busy, so self-reliant, so self-satisfied with their personal success, that they have cared only for themselves as individuals, neglecting the interests of the community.

Most of the early settlers, coming from New England, brought with them the town meeting. In fact, they could not live long

together here without a town meeting. And the new comers who were not Yankees soon conformed to the custom. Less than four years after the landing of Hugh White, at the mouth of the Sauquoit Creek, the first town meeting was held in his barn. And the next year, the next meeting was held in a barn then owned by Needham Maynard, on the road leading from Whitesboro to Middle Settlement. At these meetings, supervisors and town clerks, assessors and other town officers were elected, beginning thus the practice of a hundred years. At the second meeting there was much excitement, showing the deep interest already felt in public affairs. At that meeting it required two days to do the public business.

The people soon found that provision must be made to "keep the peace." Crime must be detected and punished, disputes must be settled, boundary lines between the farms must be fixed by authority. To this end, courts of record were organized. The people were too much interested in the peace and prosperity of the community not to establish and maintain these courts. And they were too much interested in good order to permit their judges to neglect their duty. Justices of Sessions were fined for non-attendance. In the second year of this century, the grand jury of the county indicted six highly respectable gentlemen for neglecting to sit on the bench with the first judge, as they had been appointed to do.

In the progress of the century our people have not become indifferent. Their interest in public affairs has not, I think, diminished. We have had undiminished confidence in our courts as interpreters of the law, because, as a rule, our judges have been just and our lawyers trustworthy. I cannot name these just judges; they have been so numerous. I might as well undertake to call the roll from Nathan Williams through Samuel Beardsley and Philo Gridley and Hiram Denio down to the present time.

Long before Lincoln, our people believed in a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." We have had and still have too much interest in public affairs not to believe in the duty of suffrage, as well as in the right of suffrage. In Oneida county politics, we have had some bad leaders who have not been always deserted and condemned as they should have been. And we have had some very good political leaders.

Jonas Platt, Horatio Seymour, Roscoe Conkling and Francis Kernan never deceived the people. They had too much frankness and public spirit, and independence, and patriotism, too high a sense of honor to deceive anybody.

The frequent changes of political opinion in this county, like the frequent political changes in this State, not only prove the intelligence of the people, but also their interest in public affairs. Indifference to public affairs produces a monotonous suffrage. Strict allegiance to party, God be thanked, is becoming obsolete. It seems unaccountable that the childish game of "follow your leader" was played seriously in politics, by so many adults, years ago. Readers of a partisan newspaper really believed every word of it! As a boy I read the *Albany Evening Journal*, edited by Thurlow Weed. Mr. Weed abused, daily, his rival editor of the *Albany Argus*, Edwin Crosswell, calling him all sorts of hard names. As I read the *Journal*, believing all I read, I wondered how the people of Albany could permit such a scoundrel as Mr. Crosswell to live. Great was my subsequent surprise when I learned that the two apparent enemies were personal friends, and that their readers had been deceived for political effect only.

Such is our common and growing intelligence in public affairs, that we take and give much more freedom of expression of opinion now-a-days; and we are not afraid to do it. The right of free speech and of the people to assemble freely and express their opinions is more universally acknowledged in this county now than it was in 1835, when the first anti-slavery convention was broken up by a riot, and Gerrit Smith, in consequence became an abolitionist. You could not stir up such a riot now. It would be equally difficult, if not impossible, to induce any of your respectable citizens now to enter a printer's office and throw his printing materials out of the second story window, as was done in this city in 1835, because, forsooth, the printer was an abolitionist!

But this increasing and intelligent interest in public affairs, I am compelled to say, has been a failure thus far in one respect, in this county as well as in many other counties in this State. I refer to municipal reform. Municipal reform has been attempted here, as elsewhere, many times, in recent years, but such reform has not been lasting. It has been spasmodic only.

It has not been permanent and satisfactory, because undertaken by political parties and conducted on political party lines.

In the words of St. Clair McKelway, "National politics need not enter and should not enter into the laying of pavements. There is no Democracy, necessarily, in street cleaning. There is no Republicanism, necessarily, in the removal of garbage. There is no Populism, necessarily, in police guardianship, or in the extinction of fires." Municipal reform can be made permanent, abuses in city government can be corrected, capable and honest administration in our cities can be secured, only by substituting for national political parties in city elections, municipal parties. Let city elections be held at a different time from political contests, State and National. Let the people divide themselves, if they must divide, on questions of city administration. Let the people, for that day or for that election, have nothing whatever to do with National or State politics. When, sometimes, the very existence of a city is threatened from within, why not for the time, for the occasion, for the special purpose of that election, put party politics on the shelf?

Another characteristic of the people of this county is patriotism. Our people in general are affectionately attached to this county. When we think of it, while away from home, our thoughts are pleasant. When we compare it with other portions of the State or country, we are not ashamed of it. In traveling, when we announce the place of our residence, we do it with the air of a man assured of his social position. Oneida county people recognize in each other the family likeness; and they love to do it. They have for each other a feeling of comradeship. We are glad that we live here, or that we have lived here.

And I think it can be said truly, that we have been and are patriotic in a broader sense. We are interested habitually in our whole country. Most of the people of this county, many times, have made sacrifices of property, of opinion and of long cherished attachments, for the sake of promoting the highest and best and broadest interests of our whole country. But, sometimes, we have claimed more credit for Oneida county patriotism than we ought. As a county, we have glorified our revolutionary achievements, when we really did nothing in the revolutionary war. The people of what is now Oneida county,

did not fight in the revolution. Except a few stragglers and half breeds, there were no white people here to do the fighting. There were no white settlements in what is now this county, except those of the town of Deerfield, before 1784; and that date was one year after the close of the revolution. Yet we glorify Fort Stanwix and Oriskany, as if our Oneida county ancestors did the fighting there! We forget that Gansevoort was an Albanian, and that Willett came from New York city, and Herkimer from the lower Mohawk. So far as I can classify the names of the soldiers on the roster at Oriskany, every one of them except four or five, was a German or a Hollander. And yet, we can not honor too highly these heroic Dutchmen. They have hallowed this ground for us. They enacted these historic events upon our soil. These events are entrusted to our patriotic remembrance. These events are as much our own as are the hallowed graves of Baron von Steuben and William Floyd.

But if the people of this county came too late to exemplify their patriotism in the revolution; they were here to do good service in the war with England in 1812-15. This war with England was no picnic, as many seem to think it was. It was a serious conflict, resisting the asserted right of the British government to search our ships for deserters, on the high seas. It was no sham fight. At one time, 6,000 men were drawn from four counties of Central New York, and were assembled at Sacketts Harbor under the command of Gen. Oliver Collins of New Hartford, Oneida county. Commodore Melancthon T. Woolsey, much of whose life was spent in this county and whose grandson holds high place among us, was a patriotic, naval leader in this war. Commodore Woolsey was as sagacious and skilful, as he was brave. In command of his vessel, significantly named the Oneida, he repelled at Sacketts Harbor a British squadron of five vessels, after an engagement of only two hours. During most of the war, he was the scourge of British commerce on the lake. Early in my life, I learned to believe that this war with England was indeed a serious conflict. My grandfather, the late Capt. William Clarke of this city, in the assault upon Queenstown Heights under Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, was picked up for dead. He carried a bullet in his body during the rest of his life; and he received a captain's commission for his gallantry in that

assault. Let me thank the soldiers of this city for the flag they place upon his grave in your cemetery, every Memorial Day.

But still further, the historian of this county need never doubt the patriotism of our people, so long as he can record the impressive fact that at least ten thousand of your fathers and brothers and husbands and sons, residing in this county, enlisted in the war for the Union. How impossible it is to appreciate a tithe of the significance of this immense number—ten thousand men from a single county! Only as you begin to think of the individuals in their vast array, some of whom you have known and some of whom you have loved as your life; what they were, and what they did, and the heroic purpose they helped to accomplish; only then can you faintly appreciate the patriotic significance of this incalculable sacrifice of health and strength and life for our country! I am aware that with what I am about to say, all may not agree, but for myself I believe that, with a strict protection from fraud, a sufficient pension should be given to every man who by enlistment risked his life for the life of our land. No matter what the man is or has been or may be; so long as he has risked his life for his country, as he did by his enlistment, that country—a wealthy nation like this—is bound by every motive of generosity and justice and patriotism, to give him an adequate support for the rest of his days.

In this County of Oneida, we cannot claim to be a highly literary people. But we have believed in education, we have believed in the need, for a successful life, of acquiring knowledge. We have believed in the importance of mental and moral and physical training. I have never noticed in this county any serious lack of faith in classical training, among those who believe in a thorough education. So far as I am informed, there has been no widespread fear of educating our boys and girls overmuch, “out of their sphere”; as if there were in this country any fixed conditions of life out of which it would be “an impertinence” to rise! or as if an education were not valuable for its own sake, as well as for the money that can be made out of it. This county has held high rank for the number of its college graduates in its own high places, and for the number of its young representatives, from time to time, in various colleges. Many a second edition of an educated father

is now being "revised and corrected" in the very college, perhaps, where the father was graduated.

Influenced by these educational ideas and others like them, many schools of all grades have been established in succession, in this county. One of these was the "Utica High School" of Mr. Charles R. Bartlett, highly successful for eight years. Among its excellent teachers were Fay Edgerton, Asa Gray and Uridge Whiffen. "The Utica Free Academy," which crowns deservedly your excellent system of city schools, has been honored by having as its historian that graceful writer and cultivated gentleman, James Watson Williams, who, with a style as charming as Charles Lamb's, has given us character sketches of its teachers and trustees. Suffer me to say that Mancer M. Backus, its principal, from 1838 to 1841, was the best teacher, of my life. The school for girls, chartered as the "Utica Female Academy," has been for years a center of refined culture, benefiting this community not only, but also innumerable homes in all parts of our land. "The Clinton Liberal Institute," established at Clinton in 1832, and now at Fort Plain, has given a good education to hundreds of Oneida county young men and young women. And very successful and useful has been "The Houghton Seminary," established at Clinton in 1854. "The Oneida Institute," founded at Whitesboro in 1827 by the Rev. Dr. G. W. Gale, who was succeeded in 1834 by the celebrated Beriah Green, illustrates educationally, how a plausible theory may fail practically. The theory was excellent. The students were to labor on a farm, four hours every day; but the harder they worked on the farm the less they could study. The more they studied, the harder it was for them to work. Dullness reigned, out of doors and in. After a varied experience of sixteen years, "The Oneida Institute" ceased to exist. Its memory lives, like that of "Brook Farm," as a warning to educators who continue to be fascinated by this plausible theory. The plain words of Horace are still true: "You cannot drive out nature with a fork."

The successor of "The Oneida Institute," in 1844, was "The Whitestown Seminary," unsurpassed by any school of its grade in the State. It lived for thirty-six years; and when the noble James S. Gardner, its principal for thirty years, deceased in 1880, its life went out. In the first twenty-five years of its ex-

istence, not less than ten thousand young men and young women were helped to higher ideals by the discipline and nurture there afforded. I will not draw a parallel between the brilliant logic of Beriah Green and the plain, practical sense in education of Principal Gardner. It is enough to say that the loss of "Whitestown Seminary" to the County of Oneida was so great as to be almost shameful.

"Hamilton College," I need not tell you, has contributed much to the educational forces of this county. Without the proximity of "Hamilton College," its facilities and its attractions, hundreds of young men in this county would have received no college education. Every department of business in this county as well as professional life here, has felt its influence. It has blessed your county, through the practical education of its graduates, filled as they are with the spirit of adaptation to any and all the conditions of life into which they may be called. And yet, I make no apology for saying that benefits received have not been fully reciprocated. Many of its graduates and friends in this county have acknowledged liberally their obligations, but the wealth of this county ought to have made and will yet make this historic institution more truly worthy of its name and of the memory of Samuel Kirkland, its illustrious founder.

I have no patience with the dull moralizing we often hear about the disastrous effect of the mental dissipation caused by the reading of newspapers. You can say the same about the reading of miscellaneous books. Compared with severe study, such books mentally dissipate. In both cases, the danger lies in excess only. I rank the newspapers of Oneida county, as to their educational influence, next to our schools. These historians of public events, these guides of public opinion by their enterprise, their thoughtfulness, their purity, their comparative independence, have won our respect and confidence. We have learned to respect them, as our teachers. The editors of our newspapers are worthy of honor at the bar of public opinion—an honor higher than political office. And all the more should these editors be honored in their day and generations, and be remembered in the history of the county, because their editorial productions are inevitably so short lived.

In our Oneida county education, we have reason to be thank-

ful also, that the wretched system of so called "District School Libraries," has been abolished. In sustaining this District School library system, our State has wasted \$3,000,000. But now, not only those specially interested in the work of education, but all the people of this county have reason to be gratified that by their own agency, assisted by the State through the Regents of the University, other libraries better and larger and more carefully managed, are being rapidly established in this county. And we are grateful to those public spirited citizens, who, as trustees, are willing to serve the public so beneficially in the care and distribution of invaluable books.

Some time in the winter of 1852-53, Ralph Waldo Emerson was a guest at Bagg's Hotel. He honored me with his acquaintance. And among other questions, asked in his repetitious, hesitating way, was this: "Who are your poets in this neighborhood?" The question troubled me. It was as if the Bostonian expected to find a stock of poets in every town he entered. I was confused. Pardon me, dear friends, if the only poet in the county I could think of just then, was our illustrious negro poet, years ago, Joseph C. Pankco. Seeing my painful confusion, Mr. Emerson added: "I mean, who are your literary men, your authors?" I could not think of one. It was a strange forgetfulness produced by my mental search for the poets only, that kept me from remembering Asa Gray of Sauquoit, then Emerson's neighbor as professor at Harvard, who had already written numberless botanical books. How could I forget James Dwight Dana of Utica, then at Yale, at that time, already, the leading geological author of the country. And think of a Utica boy, when the reputation of his home was challenged, forgetting Wells Williams, that citizen of the world, who had already immortalized himself by "The Middle Kingdom." It was a shame to forget the essays of Alexander B. Johnson which contain more profound thought on the philosophy of language than Emerson ever dreamed of. George Spencer, principal of the Utica Academy, had just then published one of the most satisfactory treatises on English Grammar ever written. Was it my deplorable ignorance of the higher mathematics that made me forgetful of my friend George R. Perkins, who had written six widely circulated higher mathematical treatises which had been translated into Spanish, and

was just then, at the very time that Emerson was asking his questions, writing his last treatise on "Plane and Solid Geometry?" The professors of Hamilton College have always been too busy in their work as teachers, to write many books, but Henry Mandeville had only just then finished his most original and useful book, "The Elements of Reading and Oratory." Pomroy Jones, the laborious and useful annalist of this county was then smoking his pipe at Westmoreland; and Ellis H. Roberts, one of the best historians of this imperial State, was doubtless then planning his interesting and valuable history. Even if Vander Kemp of Trenton was not an author, strictly, I might have named the learned Hollander as knowing more about authors than Emerson himself. But strangest of all, how could I have been so ungallant as to forget the graceful stories of our own "Fanny Forester" then living at Hamilton, or the inimitable "Widow Bedott Papers" of Mrs. Frances Berry Witcher, then nearing the close of her life at Whitesboro; or the literary work of Mrs. Thomas J. Sawyer, then living at Clinton. The truth is, so far as I am informed, not much poetry has been written in Oneida county. There may be piles of unpublished verse in our garrets, scores of "mute inglorious Miltons" in our homes. And some truly graceful and beautiful verses have been printed for private circulation. There are, doubtless, thousands of readers, who keenly enjoy reading the best poets; but, somehow, our literary atmosphere is not poetical—does not inspire poetry. Some of our people actually sneer at "bards." One of the ablest lawyers in this city, years ago, with inexpressible contempt in his voice, said of one, in a neighboring county, who called himself a lawyer: "Oh, he is only a poet." When our distinguished geologist, James D. Dana first saw the cliffs of Dover, clad in all the beauty of their delicate coloring, they excited in him no imagination or fancy, no sentiment. In the English channel, on shipboard, he wrote to his friend, Wells Williams: "Would that you were here. We would take our sledge hammers and disembark and knock some of those chalk cliffs in pieces and find specimens." In our Oneida county education, imagination and sentiment should be cultivated more than they are. I am thankful that Hamilton College long had in its faculty, as one of its professors, one who ranks as an acknowledged poet—a poet whose

verse is recognized by competent critics as most refined in sentiment and fancy, and picturesque in its imagery and altogether delightful. And I am glad to know that our college has a president, who not only writes inspiring verse, but himself inspires imagination and sentiment in the graduates of the college and in the students. If Emerson could come again, he might repeat the first question he asked me. It could be answered readily now.

Religion is "the recognition of God as an object of worship, and of love and of obedience." This recognition of God, this worship, this feeling of obligation to love and obey God may express itself through various forms; but the erection, by numerous denominations, of houses of worship in all parts of this county, and their occupancy, and their pecuniary support, and the maintenance of religious services therein, all together show that our people in general are more or less religious; and so they are.

This sense of obligation to God, and this desire to practise the duties which this obligation imposes, this under-current of religious thought and conviction pervade and have pervaded this county from the beginning. All the races that make up our cosmopolitan population are alike in this. Try to name any conviction among us, that is deeper or more universal than this, and you cannot do it. Religious belief in one form or another is almost as much a matter of consciousness with us, as a belief in our own individual existence. We know that we are neither pagans nor atheists.

Not that this religious belief has controlled our conduct invariably. Far from it. This county is by no means, a congregation of the saints. I could fill you with disgust and horror by naming a tithe of the vices and crimes that stain our annals. But you and I know that take away the restraint which this belief in God imposes, and you would turn your county into a pandemonium. Our people agree with Washington in the conviction that morality cannot be maintained without religion. One evident result as well as proof of this prevailing religious conviction is found in the demand which each town in the county makes for religious leaders. This religious conviction it is that demands and supports so many pastors or ministers or priests, whichever you choose to name them. And these relig-

ious leaders at the same time represent as well as lead and control the ethical convictions of the people. This county has seldom had any leaders of its churches who were not good men. And our people did not have bad men to lead their churches because they would not have them. None but good men, of sincere religious belief, would represent the convictions and principles of the people.

And these good leaders have been found in all denominations. There is no difference. What a band of noble men they have been and are. The Rev. Dr. Asahel Strong Norton, of Clinton, was a leading moral force in the town of Kirkland for forty years. People of all sorts believed in his sincere, christian character; and they followed him with an attachment like idolatry. The name of Bishop Henry B. Whipple, "The Apostle to the Indians" cannot be mentioned in Rome to-day without reverence. It was not because the Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune was so eloquent, so scholarly, such an accomplished gentleman, so much a man of the world, that he was so influential in this county. The people believed in him, not for these things only, rare as they were, but because "he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus." Not only the Rev. Samuel Kirkland and the Rev. John Sherman of Trenton, but within our own knowledge, not to mention the names of the living, the Rev. Doctors Fowler and Corey and Coxe of this city, and the Rev. Dr. Brandegee, who gave his life to Grace Church, and the faithful Roman Catholic priests, whom I well remember, Father Quarter and the gentle, saintly Bishop McFarland; all these and others like them, were influential religious leaders because the prevailing religious convictions of our people were in sympathy with their fundamental beliefs, their life and their work. Bigotry and narrow sectarianism have found not much encouragement in the free air of Oneida county. A tradition survives that John C. Devereux collected the offerings in the First Presbyterian Church of this city on Sundays years ago, when no Roman Catholic church was here, and that he contributed \$300 toward the erection of the First Presbyterian Church.

This Oneida county is filled with homes. These homes are characteristic of the county. I can appeal to your own experience when I say that the best of these have been Christian homes, hallowed by a mother's prayers and blest by a father's

precepts and example. Criticized sometimes in the past as too strictly governed, occasionally caricatured as uncomfortable and severe; I may be mistaken, but I believe that few of us brought up in such a home, who have reached adult age, are now willing to admit that in our youth, we were too strictly governed.

Numerous hospitals and beneficent institutions are more and more characteristic of this county—for the poor, for the sick, for young men and young women, for old men and old women and for the orphan. The Masons have honored our county by building here "The Masonic Home." And the State has honored us by permitting the beneficent institutions of this county to be crowned by the great "State Hospital" for the insane, which, by its endless benefactions, is continually comforting the people with the conviction that even that soulless thing, the State, has a heart and a conscience. But let us never forget that whether our beneficence be exercised privately or through our public institutions; in order to make it permanent and enduring, it must spring not only from sympathy with the suffering, but also from a conscientious conviction that thus we are obeying the will of God.

The usefulness and growth of most of these churches and homes and hospitals and benevolent institutions—certainly those erected by the people of this county, have been promoted very largely by Oneida county women. Honor the women.

"Ehret die Frauen: Sie flechten und weben
Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben."

To-night we would honor our matrons, our wives, our sisters and our daughters, for their beneficent devotion. How far beyond all calculation do such feminine achievements rise above what could possibly be attained in vulgar partisan contention or through ostentatious, social ambition.

In all these homes and hospitals, from time to time, an "angel in the house" appears in the person of the beloved physician. There is hardly a family represented here, that cannot now recall the name of some physician, who has been their friend, their counsellor, their reliance in sickness and trouble, on whose knowledge, judgment and skill they have relied many times for the preservation of their lives, yes, for the preservation of lives dearer to them than their own. I have no patience with any

who depreciate the usefulness of these our physicians who are so helpful. This county may not surpass other counties in its medical corps, but as I have read the record which our painstaking, accurate historian, Dr. Bagg, has made of some of our early practitioners, I have recognized in them the prototypes of those whom we have known—intelligent, energetic, indefatigable, resourceful, self-sacrificing, devoted, poorly paid, heroic helpers of us all.

Outside of the medical profession, I know of few examples of heroic devotion to the sick and the suffering equalling those of Joseph Kirkland and William Williams and Spencer Kellogg in the summer of 1832. The cholera had come for the first time. Terror was universal—terror increased if not caused by ignorance. The people were pale and paralyzed by fear. Strong men rose in the morning to die and be buried before sunset. Hundreds fled from the city—most of those who could go, went away. But your first mayor, Joseph Kirkland could not be induced to leave his post. "Among the calmest and the truest and the bravest, he never for a moment yielded to unmanly fear or omitted a duty to which he was called." And nothing daunted William Williams and Spencer Kellogg. Nothing withheld them from the bedsides of the sick and the dying; or even from the offices needful for the dead. In the appreciative words of Judge William J. Bacon, "the cheerful, beaming face of William Williams carried in itself benediction and healing; and the firm determination of Spencer Kellogg inspired courage and hope in almost despairing hearts." If we had no other examples in our history of unselfish heroism, these would hallow that history forever.

And now, let me thank your committee for their repeated invitation which gave me courage to lay this poor tribute upon this altar of my affection. None can be more sensible of its inadequacy to the occasion than I am. This county is not my birthplace; yet forty-seven of the happiest years of my life were spent within its bounds. Here, where my kindred are buried, I would ever be at home. I am no deserter:

"Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

Too much cannot be said of the generosity which prompted this superb gift which we dedicate to the "muse of history" to-night. Our benefactors will permit me to add a few earnest words to the eloquent expression of our appreciation already given by Judge Coxe.

The grace of the gift is all the greater because it was so spontaneous in the mother and was confirmed so freely and unreservedly and voluntarily by her children. Deserved honor is here paid in this "Munson-Williams Memorial," first of all to Alfred Munson himself. "He being dead, yet speaketh." We are reminded by this tribute to his memory of his inspiring example in the activity of his life in this city, in the acuteness and rapidity of his mental action. Here we honor him for his life-long energy, his far-sighted enterprise, his wise discretion, his habitual adaptation of the best means to accomplish the best ends, his most uncommon common sense; and we honor him for the remarkably persistent will which shone in his eyes, invigorated every line of his slender form and characterized the man. Most of all, we honor his memory for his elevated life, his unswerving integrity and the generosity of his benefactions.

Through this "Munson-Williams Memorial" we are permitted also to honor the memory of James Watson Williams. We remember his refinement, his modesty, his grateful courtesy, his culture, his taste, his delicate humor, his literary acquirements, his classical scholarship, his varied knowledge. Above all, we honor his memory to-night for his affectionate nature and public spirit, which prompted him to devote, so generously, so much of his time and competent attention to education in this city, to our schools and our library—objects closely akin to that which this building, dedicated in part to his memory, is designed to subserve.

In this "Munson-Williams Memorial" we honor also a beautiful example of filial devotion in fulfilling the wishes of a departed father, as expressed to his children and grandchildren, in his last will and testament.

I am permitted to copy a clause of the will of Alfred Munson, which will gain a renewed significance, a tender and touching significance from the circumstances which surround us now.

"I desire to record my gratitude to Almighty God for the signal prosperity with which he has been pleased to bless me and

to enjoin upon those who, after my death, shall enjoy my estate that they live prudently, usefully and unostentatiously, and that they be always kind and liberal, according to their means, to the sick and needy."

But we honor our benefactors most, when we endeavor to fulfill the object of their gift. Through this substantial as well as beautiful building, permanency is given to the work of "The Oneida Historical Society." The long life of this association is hereby assured. Here its appropriate work will be continued. The invaluable records of the past will be rescued, collected and preserved. In the epigrammatic words of President Stryker when he asked me to send to Hamilton College library some documents of much interest to me—"Elsewhere they are only souvenirs; in our possession they are history." Hereafter, such invaluable papers as those of Baron Steuben and Henry R. Storrs and the Vander Kemp correspondence, shall not be hidden away in New York or Buffalo or Syracuse, because there is no appropriate place for them in their own county. From this historical publishing house, shall be sent forth year after year historical papers and discussions as valuable even as those already published.

We will continue to raise monuments that shall perpetuate the memory of "men and events in the County of Oneida;" and we will take adequate measures to protect these monuments from a vandalism as barbarous as that suffered by ancient Rome. And with the aid of "The Daughters of the Revolution," we will so mark historic places that they shall never be forgotten.

The time will come when these walls will be adorned with historical pictures, painted by illustrious artists. One of these may be a picture of the young Samuel Kirkland, as he is about to start for the first time from Johnson Hall; and in the dreary desolation of winter, in company with two Indians with whom he cannot exchange a word, strike off into the forest on a journey of nearly two hundred miles into the wilderness.

Another picture may be that of James Deane standing in the midst of the council of chiefs who had decreed his death, while three Indian women, with blankets thrown aside and knives in their hands, threaten their own death if his life be not spared.

Another picture may be the raising of the first flag at Fort Stanwix. And still another may be Baron von Steuben laying

the corner stone of the Hamilton Oneida Academy. There could be no more appropriate picture to illustrate traffic in the early life of this county than that of Peter Smith, the father of Gerrit Smith, and John Jacob Astor trudging on foot from old Fort Schuyler to Schenectady, with packs on their backs, stopping here and there to pick up furs at the Indian settlements. Let there be hung on these walls, in places of special honor, two kindred pictures of events in our later history. Let one picture represent the departure of the Utica Citizens' Corps to do their duty in the war for the Union. In it let there be depicted heroic men in the strength of middle life and fair young faces, bright with courageous faith and hope. Let the other picture represent the return of the 26th Regiment as I saw the begrimed and wearied veterans turn the lower corner of John street up into Genesee street, beneath an arch crowned with the children singing "Home, Sweet Home."

But whether these historical pictures are ever painted or not, with God's help, we will make this building an impregnable historical fortress, from which shall be sent forth the forces of memory to wage continually a perpetual fight against oblivion.

Rev. Dr. W. DeLoss Love, Corresponding Secretary of the Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford, wrote: "The Connecticut Historical Society presents its congratulations to the Oneida Historical Society on the dedication of its new home—the Munson-Williams Memorial Building. As our State contributed largely her best blood in the early settlement of Oneida county, we have a material interest in your affairs and are pleased to learn of your prosperity. We trust your new building will greatly increase the interest in your work, and we believe your society will in the future reflect a lasting honor upon the donors."

Henry Hurlburt of New Berlin wrote: "I heartily congratulate you and the other members of the Oneida Historical Society upon having such a substantial and beautiful home."

Director W. M. Beauchamp of the Onondaga Historical Association, Syracuse, wrote: "I have always referred to the example and work of the Oneida Society as an object lesson for

its older but less aggressive sister, the Onondaga Historical Association."

Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow, president of the Egypt exploration fund, wrote: "I know no more active, progressive, useful a local society in America in the historical field, and I count it no mean honor to be connected with it."

Oliver R. Hubbard of New York wrote: "I congratulate the society most cordially on this valuable acquisition, so honorable to the liberal benefactors and an evidence of its successful growth and guarantee of its permanence and prosperity."

General G. P. Thurston, vice president of the Tennessee Historical Society, Nashville, Tenn., wrote: "The Tennessee Historical Society of Nashville begs to present its congratulations to the Oneida Historical Society upon the completion of its new home. We desire also to commend the wisdom and the splendid liberality that so generously provided this permanent building for so useful and noble a purpose."

District Deputy Grand Master George Beal, F. and A. M., Hamilton, wrote: "I very much regret my inability to be present at the dedication of the Munson-Williams Memorial this evening, to which you have so kindly given me an invitation. I highly appreciate the honor of the invitation and thank you most sincerely. Congratulating the society on the beautiful home it will occupy and wishing it the most abundant success in the future," etc.

William H. Seward of Auburn, in expressing his regret at being unable to attend the dedication, said: "I beg you to accept my most hearty congratulations upon this important event in the history of your very useful and successful organization."

General James Grant Wilson, the well known editor and writer of Historical and Biographical Works of New York, wrote: "I very greatly regret that a previous engagement in Connecticut will prevent my being present on Tuesday evening at the dedication of the Munson-Williams Memorial Building, which I hope to see at some future day. Had I been so fortunate as to be free, I should have deemed it both a pleasure and a privilege to have been present on so interesting an occasion. With best wishes for its perfect success," etc.

The following congratulatory telegram was received yesterday afternoon:

BUFFALO, December 1.

Congratulations to the Oneida Historical Society. Its treasures are choice and rich and well deserve the handsome home which in the future will hold and keep them. For great men Oneida has been the banner county, and all other sections of the Empire State look upon the record and the roster of names with pride.

NORMAN E. MACK.

LETTER FROM HON. LUTHER R. MARSH.

Among the letters of regret received was one from Hon. Luther R. Marsh, the well known New York lawyer, as follows:

I have to express my thanks, for remembrance, and for your kind invitation to the dedication ceremonies of your new Munson-Williams Memorial Building on the first of next December. A great achievement in twenty years.

I rejoice that you are to have so safe and convenient a depository for the valuable historical collections now in your custody. They should not remain where any mischance could destroy them, injure or impair them.

Your new temple will give a fresh impetus to your project of gathering and preserving the memorials of former times, and of the present era, for the benefit of the oncoming generations. There are, I doubt not, in the old baronial houses of Oneida, many a trunk containing records of the past, of nestimable value, in illustrating the stormy period of the beginning. No region richer in deeds of valor, and in men of renown.

What has become of Richard Varick papers which was in the possession of the late Chapman A. Mann?—among them was the draft of a petition to congress from that noble hero, the Baron Frederick William von Steuben, drawn by the immortal pen of Alexander Hamilton; and the various inter-lineations in which showed how careful the writer was that his phrase should be perfect. A memorial of the grim old Prussian general would be something to be cherished. You remember that when his patience was exhausted in trying to teach tactics to an unmanageable awkward American squad, and having exploded all the German oaths he could muster, he cried to his aide: "Come, and swear for me in English; these fellows will not do what I bid them."

He learned his art under the Great Frederick, and he practiced his men so that, on the battlefield, they maneuvered with as much coolness and precision as if they were in a grand parade.

There was, too, in the office of Justus H. Rathbone a trunk of papers left by Mr. Talcott, a lawyer of Utica, and a brother of the greatest of American

lawyers, Samuel Austin Talcott of Utica. I remember one of the papers—an imaginary account of a convention of dogs, with their speeches; which was most amusing. I never explored the other papers in the trunk, but anything relating to so eminent a man as Samuel A. Talcott should be preserved.

I mention these two cases to show how a diligent quest would bring to the light many a manuscript, illustrating the former times; and which would increase in interest and value as the years go on.

I fear it is too late to obtain any new knowledge of the great Oneida chief, Skenandoa, who died at the age of 110 years, in March, 1816; who had been reformed from early habits of intemperance by Rev. Mr. Kirkland of Oneida, and who said he wanted to be buried near his minister and father, so that "he could go up with him at the great resurrection."

"I am," he said, "an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top. The generations to which I belonged have run away and left me; why I live the good spirit only knows." Neither Logan nor Red Jacket ever expressed themselves more poetically or with deeper feeling.

Your enterprise is worthy of all commendation. We can embalm, if we cannot enact, history.

The truth is, that people are not yet aware what invaluable treasures you possess. They are now so crowded as to be practically inaccessible, jammed in pigeon-holes, covered up on shelves, and in corners; and hidden under accumulations equally valuable. Now, in your spacious edifice, they can be spread out for the enjoyment of the public eye, and the education of the public mind.

Your institution will now become a magnet, which will draw to it many an interesting letter, and manuscript, and testimony, which else would be in time, scattered to the winds and forever lost.

I had the pleasure to have been acquainted with your architect, the late Richard Hunt—a man of genius—which he has evidenced in the beautiful and stately structure which is to be your home.

It is hoped that you will so diffuse historic knowledge, that such mistakes will not again occur as that of the traveler, who as the train passed through one of your towns, inquired how the name of "Oriskany" came to be applied, and was told that it was in honor of General Oriskany, who was killed in a famous battle at that spot.

To many it is a pleasant theory to imagine—to me it is a glorious reality to know—that John F. Seymour can look down with a proud satisfaction on the triumphant success of the institution, which twenty years ago he labored so hard and so faithfully, to inaugurate and establish; and that Miss Munson and her husband, James Watson Williams, have seen arise the noble structure which, while it commemorates the two eminent families of Utica—the Munsons and the Williamses—will hold in perpetuity, the relics, the manuscripts, the memorials, the evidences, which will carry down the advancing ages, the past and present records of so grand and prominent a center as old Oneida, and the counties that touch its borders—indeed, old Tryon county. Nor will it neglect the names and portraits of the chief men who have borne the achievement on their shoulders to its success—among them:

Charles W. Hutchinson, in whose office the society was born.

Dr. M. M. Bagg, the historian of Utica.

William M. White.

General C. W. Darling, sought for by numerous societies over the world.

Warren C. Rowley.

Robert S. Williams.

Rees G. Williams.

My old friend Alexander Seward.

George D. Dimon.

Horatio Seymour, our honored governor.

Edward Huntington.

S. N. D. North.

Daniel Batchelor.

Morven M. Jones.

And others whom I cannot pause to enumerate.

And your boards of councilors, which embrace the names of United States Senators Roscoe Conkling and Francis Kernan, of United States Judge Ward Hunt, of Ellis H. Roberts, D. E. Wager, A. S. Johnson, Dr. J. P. Gray, Charlemagne Tower, and many others—names whose reputation State lines could not confine, but have grown into national fame.

Your graceful act is an example for other historic centers to emulate. We have a history worthy of perpetuation. It lies loose all around. It needs to be gathered, concentrated, and made safe from fire, calamity, negligence and dispersion. Much has already been squandered; but much remains, and will oft be found where least expected.

I look forward, and plainly see the time when this Memorial Building of Oneida will loom up in public estimation; and become a shrine for visitation by historians and archæologists, and students of all degrees, and patriots with glowing hearts. Then, as now, will the founders' names be held in honor.

I regret that circumstances will not permit me to witness the imposing ceremony which will consecrate this historic temple to its public use forever.

Letters of regret were also received from Secretary B. S. Lyman of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs Charles S. Fairchild, New York; Mr. Ledyard, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Dr. J. E. Kittredge, Geneseo; Secretary Eastman, New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord; Secretary Grider, Mohawk Valley Historical Society, Canajoharie; Dr. Samuel J. Parker, Ithaca; R. A. Brook, Secretary Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.; Hon. James E. M. O'Grady, Rochester; Dr. John S. Billings of New York; Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane, Albany; St. Clair McKelway, Brooklyn; Hon. A. B. Colvin, Glens Falls; Professor W. H. H. Beebee, New York; William Poillon, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. H. G. Hanchett, New York; General S. E. Marvin, Albany; Secretary

E. A. Gretchell, Historical Society of Old Newbury at Newburyport, Mass.; Colonel H. G. Prout of New York; Dr. Polk of New York; Rev. Dr. Jay Dana, Housatonic, Mass.; Judge Stephen Holden; Sherburne; Rev. Dr. Caleb Davis Bradlee, Brookline, Mass.; General Greely, U. S. A.; General W. H. Morris, Fordham; William C. Bryant, Buffalo; Rev. J. E. Coley, Secretary Westport Historical Society, Westport, Conn.; Rev. W. Frothingham, Fonda; Secretary Adams, American Historical Association, Baltimore, Md.; Curator Peter Neff, Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, Ohio; Colonel E. M. L. Ehlers, Grand Secretary F. and A. M., New York; State Librarian E. C. Spencer, Lansing, Mich.; Secretary I. R. Trowbridge, New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, Conn.; Earl B. Putnam, Philadelphia, Pa.; Eben Storrer, New York; General George S. Batchelor, Saratoga; Librarian E. M. Barlvin, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.; E. G. Munson, Cohoes; Hon. H. J. Coggeshall; Willis J. Beecher, Auburn; V. B. Snow, vice president Cayuga Historical Society, Auburn; Robert M. Lanney.

The Mission of the Society.

It is the mission of this Society to cover in its collections and researches the entire territory embraced in the original civil division of Central New York—the county of Tryon, erected in 1772, rechristened Montgomery in honor of Gen. Montgomery, and in contempt of a royal governor, in 1784; divided in 1791 into the counties of Montgomery, Otsego, Tioga, Ontario and Herkimer, Oneida county being erected out of the latter in 1798. It is a wide field, for the boundaries of Tryon county included all the territory lying west of a line running nearly north and south through the present county of Schoharie. All the State of New York west of that line is our particular field; but we go beyond this, and exchange publications with many kindred societies in the United States and Europe. The county of Tryon included the hunting grounds of the Five Nations of Iroquois, who were the owners of this soil before our fathers possessed themselves of it, and whose civil and military achievements form a glorious chapter in the aboriginal history of America. We are the centre of the famous “long house” within fifty miles of the spot where the council fires were held, and so directly in the home of the Oneida tribe of Iroquois—the only one of the original Five Nations which stood by the colonists in their struggle for independence—that Utjca is the custodian of its “Sacred Stone.” In many ways the original Tryon county is peculiarly interesting, in a historical point of view. Here lived, labored and died, Sir William Johnson, in many respects the most prominent figure in the colonial annals of America. Here also lived his sons and their ally, Joseph Brandt, who made the Mohawk Valley forever memorable as the scene of the fiercest and most relentless Indian and Tory massacres. Hither migrated the chief segment of the exiled Palatinates; and the story of their pioneer battles with the wilderness, their revolutionary patriotism under circumstances the most perilous that tested the nerves of any colonists, with the later record of their remarkable assimilation with the Amer-

ican race—a story never yet fully written out—offers inspiration for song, romance and history. Here, also, were the frontier and defensive forts and castles of the French, the Indians and the English, as well as of the colonists—Fort Bull, Fort Plain, Fort House, Fort Fort Hill, Hunter, Fort Dayton, Fort Schuyler, Fort Stanwix, Fort Oswego and Fort Brewerton. Here passed and repassed along the water-courses, over the Indian fords and through the trackless forests, the military expeditions of French and English, until the prowess of the latter at length determined that the English race and civilization should predominate upon this continent. Here were fought the battles of Oriskany and Saratoga, upon whose fields the war for independence ceased to be a rebellion and became a revolution. Here the Western Inland Lock Navigation Company made the first attempt at artificial water navigation in America, an attempt which soon developed into the Erie canal, upon whose waters the commerce of a continent traverses from the lakes to the Atlantic. Here was the scene of the romantic adventure and the untoward fate of the Castorland Company, and here is the grave and monument of the brave Baron Steuben. Here was tested one of the first railroads ever built. Here was organized the first express company. Here the telegraph was put to its first practical utility. Here were erected the first cotton factory and the first woolen factory chartered by the State of New York, and here has been the home of more than a due proportion of the statesmen whose life-work is a part of the history of New York and the Nation.

The Oneida Historical Society is the proper custodian of the documents, the manuscripts, the relics, the memorials, of every kind and description, which relate to and illustrate this remarkable history. Because our organization was late in the field, many of the most valuable and interesting of these memoirs have gone elsewhere. It now remains for us to faithfully gather and preserve the valuable materials of local history that still remain scattered and are fast disappearing in the homes of central New York.

The Oneida Historical Society has in no way done more to preserve and keep alive our local history, than by the monuments to Gen. Nicholas Herkimer, at Danube, and other monuments which it has helped to erect. The beginnings of our city are

defined and perpetuated by the memorial of old Fort Schuyler. The settlement of the county is forever traced back to its pioneer by the monument to Hugh White in the town which bears his name. The towering column at Oriskany teaches for all time the strategic and commercial relation of the valley of the Mohawk to the continent, while it gives immortality to the yeomen who withstood the armed hosts of invasion. For these this Society may claim its share of credit. The monument to Baron Steuben, due in large part to the thoughtfulness of our German fellow-citizens, at all its stages had the favor of our distinguished president, the late Gov. Horatio Seymour, whose eloquence crowned its dedication. He also contributed to the memorial to that earlier soldier—the soldier of the cross—Samuel Kirkland, missionary, leader in education in central New York, and efficient patriot, by whose grave the hillside above Oriskany Creek is made ever consecrated ground.

Following is an extract from a letter written before his decease to the Oneida Historical Society, by General R. U. Sherman.

It is only one of the numerous communications, expressive of similar views, which are frequently being received by this Society, from many prominent men and historical organizations in the United States and Europe.

Such missives show a proper appreciation, on the part of the writers, of the usefulness and activity of this widely known organization.

In this sentiment we hope the intellectual citizens of Oneida county who may not already have manifested an interest will cordially unite.

EXTRACT.

“I fully appreciate the value of The Oneida Historical Society, and the honor of a connection with it. No society of the kind in the State of New York outside of the Metropolitan City can rank with it in the scope and value of its work.

I shall always take a great pride in this Society, as the most honorable local organization in the county.

Yours truly,

R. U. SHERMAN.”

Articles of Incorporation.

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, residing in the County of Oneida and State of New York, and being also citizens of the State of New York, of the age of twenty-one years and over, do hereby associate ourselves and form a corporation, pursuant to the provisions of the statutes of the State of New York, and particularly under Chapter 267 of the Laws of 1875, as amended by Chapter 53 of the laws of 1876.

The name by which such corporation shall be known in law is "The Oneida Historical Society at Utica." Said corporation is formed for historical and literary purposes, and the particular objects and business thereof shall be the discovery, collection, preservation and publication of the history, historical records and data of and relating to the territory or districts of country formerly occupied or claimed by the Oneida and Mohawk tribes or nations of Indians; the collection and preservation of books, pamphlets, maps, genealogies, portraits, paintings, relics, manuscripts, letters, journals, surveys, field-books and any and all other articles and materials which may establish or illustrate such history, or the growth and progress of population, wealth, education, agriculture, arts, science, manufactures, trade and commerce in said territory or districts.

The principal office and place of business of said society shall be in the City of Utica, in the County of Oneida.

The said corporation shall be managed by its President, three Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer and five members of said society, who shall constitute its Board of Managers. The names of said managers for the first year of the existence of said corporation are Horatio Seymour, President; Charles W. Hutchinson, Alexander Seward and Edward Huntington, Vice Presidents; S. N. Dexter North, Recording Secretary; Morven M. Jones, Corresponding Secretary; Robert S. Williams, Treasurer; and William J. Bacon, John F. Seymour, Daniel Batchelor, Richard U. Sherman and Simon G. Visscher, said managers, and Roscoe Conkling, Pomroy Jones, Luther

Guiteau, Philo White, Daniel B. Goodwin, Charlemagne Tower, John Stryker, Ward Hunt, Ellis H. Roberts, DeWitt C. Grove, Francis Kernan, John H. Edmonds, Michael Moore, Alexander S. Johnson, Edward North, Othniel S. Williams, William D. Walcott, Daniel E. Wager, John P. Gray, John G. Crocker and Theodore S. Faxton, constitute a Board of Councillors of said society—the foregoing being all the officers of said society for the first year.

[SIGNED] Horatio Seymour, Deerfield, N. Y.; Alex. Seward, Utica, N. Y.; Charles W. Hutchinson, Utica, N. Y.; Pomroy Jones, Lairdsville, N. Y.; Robert S. Williams, Utica, N. Y.; Ellis H. Roberts, Utica, N. Y.; M. M. Bagg, Utica, N. Y.; John F. Seymour, Utica, N. Y.; E. D. Buckingham, Utica, N. Y.; S. N. Dexter North, Utica, N. N.; Andrew McMillan, Utica, N. Y.; Harold Frederic, Utica, N. Y.; M. M. Jones, Utica, N. Y.; James Benton, Utica, N. Y.; Francis Kernan, Utica, N. Y.; Samuel G. Wolcottt, Utica, N. Y.; Joseph E. West, Utica, N. Y.; S. G. Visscher, Rome, N. Y.; Richard U. Sherman, New Hartford, N. Y.; J. L. Earll, Utica, N. Y.; Edgar O. Wagner, Utica, N. Y.; P. G. Webster, Fort Plain, N. Y.; W. H. Christian, Utica, N. Y.; George Graham, Oriskany, N. Y.; Matt D. Bagg, Utica, N. Y.; William J. Bacon, Utica, N. Y.; DeWitt C. Grove, Utica, N. Y.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
ONEIDA COUNTY, CITY OF UTICA, } ss.

On the 18th day of September, 1878, personally appeared before me, Charles W. Hutchinson, Alexander Seward, Robert S. Williams, and on the 30th day of September, 1878, personally appeared before me Moses M. Bagg, John F. Seymour, E. D. Buckingham, Andrew McMillan, Harold Frederic, and on the 7th day of October, 1878, personally appeared before me, James Benton, Joseph E. West, S. G. Visscher, Richard U. Sherman, Peter G. Webster, S. G. Wolcott, Francis Kernan, and on the 18th day of October, 1878, personally appeared before me, Horatio Seymour, Pomroy Jones, William H. Christian, George Graham, M. D. Bagg, William J. Bacon and D. C. Grove, all of whom are to me well known and whom I know to be the persons

who execute the above written articles of association, and they severally acknowledged that they had subscribed their names to said articles of association.

M. M. JONES,

Justice of the Peace, Utica, N. Y.

ONEIDA COUNTY, }
CITY OF UTICA, } ss.

On the 26th day of October, 1878, before me personally came Ellis H. Roberts, S. N. Dexter North and Morven M. Jones, who are to me well known, and whom I know to be three of the persons who executed the above written articles of association, and they severally acknowledged that they had subscribed their names to said articles of association.

GEORGE L. ROBERTS,

Notary Public, Oneida County.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
ONEIDA COUNTY. } ss.

I, TALIESIN EVANS, Clerk of said county, hereby certify that Morven M. Jones, who subscribed the within certificate of acknowledgment as a Justice of the Peace, and George L. Roberts, who subscribed the within certificate of acknowledgment as a Notary Public, were during the months of September and October, respectively, a Justice of the Peace and Notary Public of Oneida County, duly sworn and residing in the City of Utica, and were duly authorized to take such acknowledgments, and that their signatures are genuine.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand
[L. S.] and affixed the seal of said county, at Utica, November 14, 1878.

TALIESIN EVANS, *Clerk.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
ONEIDA COUNTY, } ss.

I hereby consent to and approve of the foregoing certificate, and of the objects therein expressed, and of the Society therein named.

M. H. MERWIN, *Justice Supreme Court.*

Utica, N. Y., November 6, 1878.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, } ss.

I have compared the preceding with the original certificate of incorporation of the Oneida Historical Society at Utica, with acknowledgments thereto annexed, filed in this office on the 16th day of November, 1878, and do hereby certify the same to be a correct transcript therefrom, and the whole of said original.

Witness my hand and the seal of the office of the Secretary of State, at the City of Albany, this nineteenth
[L. s.] day of November, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eighth.

GEORGE MOSS,
Deputy Secretary of State.

Certificate of incorporation, &c., also filed in Oneida County Clerk's Office, on November 21, 1879.

Constitution.

AS AMENDED TO DATE.

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be called THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT UTICA.

ARTICLE II.

The objects of the society shall be the discovery, collection, preservation and publication of the history, historical records and data of and relating to that portion of the State of New York formerly known as Tryon county, and originally occupied or claimed by the Oneida and Mohawk tribes of the Iroquois; the collection and preservation of books, newspapers, pamphlets, maps, genealogies, portraits, paintings, relics, manuscripts, letters, journals, surveys, field-books, and any and all other materials which may establish or illustrate such history, or the growth and progress of population, wealth, education, agriculture, arts, manufactures and commerce in Central New York.

ARTICLE III.

The society shall consist of resident, corresponding, honorary and life members.* The names of all candidates shall be referred to the committee on membership, and action shall not be taken until a subsequent meeting, when, upon a report from that committee, a majority of votes shall be required for election.

ARTICLE IV.

Resident members shall pay on admission an initiation fee of ten dollars, which shall be full payment of initiation and annual dues for the first year, ending the second Tuesday in January following, and thereafter an annual fee of five dollars. Any member in arrears for annual dues on the second Tuesday in

*It will be noticed that the former limitation of resident members to Oneida County has been removed.

January in each year, and who shall have received notice thereof from the Treasurer as early as the preceding first day of October, shall no longer be considered a member of the society.

ARTICLE V.

The officers of the society shall consist of a President, three Vice Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Librarian and a Treasurer, who shall be elected annually, on the second Tuesday in January, by a majority of ballots; and who, (except the Librarian,) together with an Executive Committee of five, to be elected annually in the same manner from among the number of the Board of Councilors, shall constitute the Board of Managers of the society, exercising the duties and discharging the responsibilities which belong to boards of trustees in general. Five members of the Board of Managers, if the number include the President or one of the Vice Presidents, shall constitute a quorum at any regularly called meeting.

ARTICLE VI.

There shall be a Board of twenty-six Councilors, who shall hold office for life or so long as they shall continue to be members. An Executive Committee of five shall be elected annually from among the number of the Councilors. All vacancies in the Board of Councilors shall be filled at the next succeeding annual meeting of the society, by a majority of ballots, on the nomination of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VII.

None but resident or life members shall be eligible to office, or qualified to vote.

ARTICLE VIII.

Life membership. The payment of fifty dollars at one time shall constitute a life member exempt from the payment of annual dues. The proceeds of all life membership dues, and all donations, unless otherwise designated by the donors, shall be held and safely invested under the advice and consent of the

Committee on Finance, by the Treasurer, as a permanent fund, the income only of which shall be available for the payment of the necessary current expenses for the maintainance and care of the building occupied by the society.

ARTICLE IX.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the society, regulate its proceedings, and have a casting vote. He shall be chairman of the Board of Managers. Either of the Vice Presidents may discharge the duties of the President in his absence.

ARTICLE X.

The Recording Secretary shall have the custody of the constitution, by-laws and records of the society. He shall give due notice of all regular and special meetings, and keep a record of the proceedings of the same. At least two days' notice shall be given of all special meetings. He shall be Secretary of the Board of Managers, and keep a record of its proceedings.

ARTICLE XI.

The Corresponding Secretary shall have the custody of all letters and communications on the business of the society, and shall submit to the society all communications received by him as such secretary. He shall, under the direction of the society, prepare all communications to be addressed to others in the name of the society, and keep true copies of such as may be important.

ARTICLE XII.

The Librarian, under the direction of the Board of Managers, shall have the custody of the library and cabinet, including all manuscripts, documents, coins, relics, pictures and maps, and shall prepare and continue a catalogue of the same. He shall arrange the collections of the society in a manner suitable for convenient reference and inspection. He shall keep a record of all donations to the society, and make a report of the same at each regular meeting and shall prepare and read at each annual meeting a statement of the growth and condition of the library and collections of the society.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Treasurer shall receive and keep all securities and moneys due and payable or belonging to the society. He shall keep the funds of the society on deposit to his credit as such treasurer, in some institution to be approved by the Board of Managers, and shall pay such sums as the society shall direct, upon the written order or warrant of the President, or in case of his absence or disability, one of the Vice Presidents, or the warrant of the chairman of a standing committee directed by the society to incur a particular expense. He shall keep a true account of his receipts and disbursements, and render a statement thereof at the annual meeting of the society, or whenever called upon to do so by the society or the Board of Managers. He may also be required to give such bonds as the Board of Managers may direct.

ARTICLE XIV.

It shall be the duty of the Board of Managers to discharge towards the society the duties which ordinarily belong to boards of trustees of corporations, subject only to the restrictions of this constitution. It shall exercise a general supervision over the funds and affairs of the society, and at any time may restrain any appropriation of money ordered by the society, which in its judgment is not warranted, or is forbidden by article eighteen of this constitution. It shall make annually, on the second Tuesday in January, a detailed report to the society of its transactions for the preceding year with such recommendations for the development of the society as seem to it best.*

ARTICLE XV.

All officers shall continue in office until their successors are elected. Any vacancies in office, except in the number of the councilors, may be filled for the unexpired term at any regular meeting of the society.

*As to the number and charge of same, liabilities and duties of Managers, see Sections 4, 8 and 9 of Chapter 267, Laws 1875, as amended by Chapter 98, Laws 1880, or 3, R. S. (8th ed.) 2,026-7.

ARTICLE XVI.

Regular meetings of the society shall be held monthly, on the second Tuesday of each month. The President, or either of the Vice Presidents, may direct the call of a special meeting at any time.

ARTICLE XVII.

Seven members who shall attend any regularly called meeting of the society shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XVIII.

No debt shall be incurred in the name of the society, for any purpose whatever, beyond the amount of its unappropriated funds in the hands of the Treasurer at the time any expenditure may be authorized. Nor shall any officer incur any obligations in the name of the society without authority previously conferred by a vote of the society, or by the written order of the Finance Committee.

ARTICLE XIX.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at a regular meeting of the society, provided notice of the proposed amendment is given at the previous regular meeting, and notice thereof published in at least one of the daily papers of Utica.

By-Laws,

AS AMENDED TO DATE.

1. The regular meetings of this Society shall be held at the rooms of the Society, in the City Library Building, at 4 o'clock P. M., unless a different hour shall be designated by the previous meeting.

2. Special meetings may be called at any such time and place as the President or either of the Vice Presidents may designate. The Recording Secretary shall give notice through the press or otherwise, of both regular and special meetings of the Society.

3. Any meeting may be adjourned to such time as a majority of the members present shall determine.

4. The annual meeting of the Society shall be held on the second Tuesday of January in each year. The election of officers shall then take place, and the annual reports of the officers of the previous year shall be received, and if approved, adopted. At each annual meeting there shall be an address delivered before the Society, by some person to be appointed by the Society, on the recommendation of the Committee on Addresses.

5. At the next regular meeting after the annual election of officers, or as soon thereafter as may be convenient, the President shall appoint from among the active members of the Society, the following standing committees, viz.:

To consist of three members each—

1. A Committee on Finance.
2. A Committee on Library and Exchanges.
3. A Committee on Donations and Collections.
4. A Committee on Property and Fixtures.
5. A Committee on Addresses.
6. A Committee on Publications of the Society.
7. A Committee on Natural History and Specimens.
8. A Committee on Biography, Necrology and Historical Material.

9. A Committee on Statistics.
10. A Committee on Membership.
11. A Committee on Monuments, (of five members.)

[Special committees have been appointed, under resolutions, and yet exist, viz.:

A Committee on Early Utica Publications.

A Committee on a Permanent Building for the Society.

A Committee to Procure an Appropriation for Preserving and Designating the Grave of General Nicholas Herkimer in Danube, Herkimer county.]

6. The President shall be *ex-officio* chairman of the Committee on Finance. It shall be the duty of such committee to supervise the books, accounts and reports of the Treasurer, and the financial receipts and expenditures of the Society; it shall also be its duty to consider and recommend all suitable measures to increase the revenues of the Society, and promote economy in its expenditures. It shall examine and report on all accounts and claims against the Society, and upon all propositions for the appropriation and expenditure of its funds, when such propositions have not been made or reported upon by some other standing committee of the Society. It shall also recommend to the Society a proper investment of its funds.

7. The Committee on Library and Exchanges shall have the general charge and supervision of the library, and of all propositions in regard to its use, increase and management; or in regard to the procurement, exchange, or other disposition of books, periodicals and pamphlets, or their binding and preservation. It shall supervise the cataloguing of the collections of the Society, and shall take such steps, from time to time, as may be necessary to secure a proper accountability for said collections and library.

8. The Committee on Donations and Collections shall have supervision of the discovery, solicitation and transportation of donations for the collections of the Society; it shall make such recommendations to the Society in regard to the procuring of historical materials, by purchase or otherwise, as shall seem to it desirable.

9. The Committee on Property and Fixtures shall have the charge and supervision of the rooms of the Society and its prop-

erty, otherwise than its catalogued collections; shall keep the same in repair, and shall recommend such additions, from time to time as the growth of the Society shall render necessary.

10. The Committee on Addresses shall arrange for the delivery of papers and addresses on historical topics and investigation connected with the objects of the Society, to be read at the regular meetings, and shall recommend an orator to address the Society at its annual meetings.

11. The Committee on Publications shall have the charge and supervision of all the publications of the Society, in order that the same may be properly and correctly printed whenever directed by the Society. It shall also recommend for publication by the Society, such material as it may deem desirable.

12. The Committee on Geological and Natural History Specimens shall have the whole charge and supervision of these departments of the Society's collections, their procurement, arrangement and cataloguing, and shall make such recommendations to the society regarding these departments, as the needs of the cabinet may require.

13. The Committee on Biography, Necrology and Historical Material shall have charge of the procuring of details and data respecting the history of Central New York, and the individuals prominent in that history; and it shall be the duty of its members to prepare and arrange these data in a manner suitable for preservation and reference.

14. The Committee on Statistics shall have the charge and supervision of the collection and arrangement of statistics of the manufactures, trade, commerce, agriculture and business of Utica and Central New York, and place them in proper shape for preservation and reference.

15. The Committee on Membership shall enquire into the qualifications of candidates proposed for members, and promptly report thereon to the Society; and it shall be its duty to labor to increase the membership, by inducing all proper persons to become members.

16. All reports of the standing committees shall be made to the Society in writing, and placed upon file; but the committees may report by resolution if they shall deem it expedient.

17. All books, manuscripts and other articles belonging to the Society shall be plainly marked with the name of the Society,

and with the name of the donor. They shall be numbered and entered correspondingly in the catalogue.

18. No books, maps, charts, manuscripts, or copies thereof, nor any other article belonging to the library or cabinet of the Society, shall be taken from its rooms without the written permission of the librarian, who shall take and file a receipt for the same.

19. No books or other articles placed on deposit with the Society shall be removed from the library except on the written consent of the owner.

20. The printed books in the library of the Society shall be accessible to all members, whether resident, life, honorary or corresponding, and its manuscript collections, at the discretion of the librarian. To visitors who are not members, access to the manuscript collections of the Society can be had only by the consent of the librarian, or a member of the committee on the library.

21. Any member of this society may be expelled by the affirmative vote of two-thirds of all the members present at a regular meeting, but no such vote shall be taken unless notice of the motion to expel shall have been given at a meeting held at least four weeks previous thereto.

22. Any of these by-laws may be suspended in case of a temporary emergency, by the unanimous vote of a meeting, duly organized. They may be amended from time to time, by a majority vote of the members present at a regular meeting, provided notice of the proposed amendment has been given at the previous regular meeting.

23. At the regular meetings of the Society, the following shall be the order of business:

1. Reading of the minutes of the previous meeting.
2. Acknowledgement of donations to the Society.
3. Reports and communications from the officers of the Society.
4. Reports from the standing committees.
5. Reports from special committees.
6. Election of members.
7. Miscellaneous business.
8. Reading of papers and delivery of addresses.

Resident Members of the Society.

By Article 4 of the Constitution, as amended April 14, 1896, Resident Members shall pay, on admission, a fee of \$10, which shall be full payment of initiation and annual dues for the first year, ending the second Tuesday in January following, and thereafter an annual fee of \$5.

Agne, Jacob, Jr.,	Utica	Clark, Frank H.,	Uaica
Allen, W. Frederick	"	Clark, George A.,	"
Allen, Benjamin,	"	Clark, Erastus,	"
Armstrong, Jonas W.,	Rome	Comstock, Edward,	Rome
Avery, David A ,	Utica	Constable, James, Jr.,	Utica
		Cooper, G. Edward,	"
Bagg, Egbert,	"	Cooper, Henry H.,	"
Bagg, Miss Sophia	"	Coventry, George,	"
Ballou, Daniel,	"	Cookinham, Henry J.,	"
Bailey, E. Prentiss,	"	Coxe, Alfred C.,	"
Barrows, Samuel J.,	"	Crumb, Everett F.,	"
Baker, Joseph R.,	"	Cross, Theodore L.,	"
Bartow, Pierrepont,	"	Crouse, John M.,	"
Beckwith, Henry	"	Crittenden, Cornelia Goldthwaite	"
Benham, Thomas L.,	"	(Mrs. Seth W. Crittenden.)	"
Benton, James	"	Crouse, Mary Conklin,	"
Bergen, Thomas J.,	"	(Mrs. John M. Crouse.)	"
Bigelow, Dana W.,	"	Crouse Sophia Maynard,	"
Bigelow, Horace P.,	Waterville	(Mrs. Daniel N. Crouse.)	"
Bissell, John G.,	Rome	Curran, Lucy H. D.,	"
Blumer, G. Alder,	Utica	(Mrs. Edward Curran.)	"
Borst, Charles A.,	Washington, D. C	Curran, George L.,	"
Booth, Wilbur H.,	Utica	Curran, Sherwood L.,	"
Bosworth, Frank A.,	"		
Bradford, George L.,	"		
Brandegee, John E.,	"	Davies, John C.,	Camden
Brower, Abram G.,	"	Day, J. Francis,	Utica
Brown, John G.,	"	DeAngelis, Pascal C. J.,	"
Browning, George W.,	Clinton	Deecke, Theodore,	"
Brown, Melville C.,	Utica	Dennison, George E.,	"
Brayton, M. Jesse,	"	Dennison, Charles M.,	"
Brandegee, Martina Louisa,	"	Dering, Sylvester,	"
(Mrs. John J. Brandegee.)	"	Dering, Brunley Sylvester,	"
Bulger, Patrick F.,	"	Devereux, Nicholas E.,	"
Budd, Francis F.,	"	DeForest, George,	"
Burch, Robert,	"	Dimon, George D.,	"
Butler, Charles A.,	"	Dimon, Harriette Annie Camp,	"
Buell, Miss Harriett,	"	(Mrs. George D. Dimon.)	"
		Divine, Frederick D.,	"
Campbell, Samuel R.,	N. Y. Mills	Doane, John K.,	"
Canfield, Mortimer T.,	Utica	Downing, William L.,	"
Capron, John S.,	"	Doolittle, Julia Tyler	"
Churchill, G. Clarence,	"	(Mrs. Charles H. Doolittle.)	"
Chase, Charles E.,	"	Dunham, Moses E.,	Whitesboro
Chamberlain, Theresa W.,	"	Dunham, George E.,	Utica
(Mrs. Ephraim W. Chamberlain.)	"	Dunmore, Watson T.,	"

Earl, John L.,	"	Lawrence, Lewis H.,	Utica
Edmonds, Eugenie D.,	"	Lewis, Benjamin F.,	"
(Mrs. John H. Edmonds.)		Lewis, David R.,	"
Fincke, Frederick G.,	Utica	Lewis, William E.,	"
Fish, Winslow P.,	"	Locke, Francis C.,	"
Ford, Willis E.,	"	Lowery Emily Gale,	"
Ford, Mary,	"	(Mrs. James L. Lowery.)	
(Mrs. Willis E. Ford.)		McQuade, Thomas R.,	Utica
Fraser, Robert,	"	Mather, Charles W.,	"
Frank, George D.,	"	McLaughlin, John E.,	"
Frisbie, Emma Phelps,	Camden	Maine, August,	"
(Mrs. Willard J. Frisbie.)		Maynard, Isaac N.,	"
Fuller, Earl D.,	Utica	Maynard, Mary Adams Beardsley	"
		(Mrs. John F. Maynard.)	
Gibson, John G.,	"	Merwin, Milton H.,	"
Gibert, Benjamin D.,	Clayville	Meyer, Otto A.,	"
Gilbert, Miss Sarah E.,	Utica	Millar, Henry W.,	"
Glenn, Hugh,	"	Millsbaugh, Edward J.,	"
Glass, James H.,	"	Mooney, Thomas N.,	"
Goodale, John A.,	"	Moore, Horatio S.,	"
Gouge, Frederick H.,	"	Munson, Alfred H.,	"
Goodwin, Samuel W.,	Waterville	Munson, Edmund L.,	"
Goodrich, Arthur L.,	Utica	Munson, Council,	"
Goodrich, Miss Susan,	"		
Gray, Mary Buckminster Wetmore,		Nelson, Edward B.,	Rome
(Mrs. John P. Gray.)	Utica	North, Edward,	Clinton
Graham, Cornelia Cooper,	"	Noyes, Wilbur T.,	Utica
(Mrs. E. A. Graham.)			
Green, Sarah Kettle Huyn Swartwout		O'Donnell, Miss Helen J.,	Utica
(Mrs. W. Jerome Green.)	Utica	Olmsted, Charles T.,	"
Griffiths, Thomas J.,	"	Owen, John,	"
Griffiths, Thomas Jay,	"	Owen, Philip,	"
Griffith, George,	"		
Gridley, Miss Caroline,	"	Palmer, Henry C.,	Utica
Guile, Elias B.,	"	Palmer, Harold L.,	"
		Parker, Matthew M.,	"
Hæberer, Joseph V.,	Utica	Peck, Fayette H.,	"
Hall, Benjamin,	"	Pease, Herbert J.,	"
Hart, H. Gilbert,	"	Perkins, David W.,	"
Harding, John R.,	"	Pierce, Robert D.,	"
Heath, William R.,	New York	Pixley, Henry D.,	"
Hieber, John C.,	Utica	Prescott, Cyrus D.,	Rome
Hopkins, William Edwin,	"	Proctor, Miss Anne D.,	Utica
Horton, George C.,	"	Proctor, Miss Lomy R.,	"
Hoyt, John C.,	"	Proctor, Thomas R.,	"
Hunt, James G.,	"	Putnam, Frederick W.,	Waterville
Hurd, DeWitt C.,	"		
		Ralph, Cornelia Marion Barnes,	Utica
		(Mrs. George Frederick Ralph.)	
Irish, Charles G.,	Utica	Risley, Edwin H.,	Utica
		Roberts, Ellis H.,	New York
Kathern, Helen M.,	Utica	Roberts, Frances White,	Utica
(Mrs. Charles Kathern.)		(Mrs. Henry L. Roberts.)	
Kellogg, Frederick S.,	"	Roberts, John A.,	Utica
Kernan, William,	"	Rockwell, James,	"
Kernan Nicholas E.,	"	Rogers, Charles B.,	"
Kernan, Leslie W.,	"	Rogers, Elizabeth Butler,	"
Kernan, Francis, Jr.,	"	(Mrs. P. V. Rogers.)	
Kernan, Walter N.,	"	Rowland, Eugene A.,	Rome
Kinney, Thomas E.,	"	Rowley, Warren C.,	Utica

Root, Oren,	Clinton	Thomas, Thomas R.,	Utica
Rudd, Joseph,	Utica	Thorn, James E. B.,	"
Russell, Charles P.,	"	Tourtellot, Louis Andral,	"
		Town, John J.,	"
Sawyer, George C.,	Utica	Trevvett, Edward,	"
Sayre, Theodore S.,	"		
Schiller, Charles S.,	"	Ulrich, Joseph,	Maynard
Schreiber, John C.,	"		
Schantz, Louisa Cooper Graham,	"		
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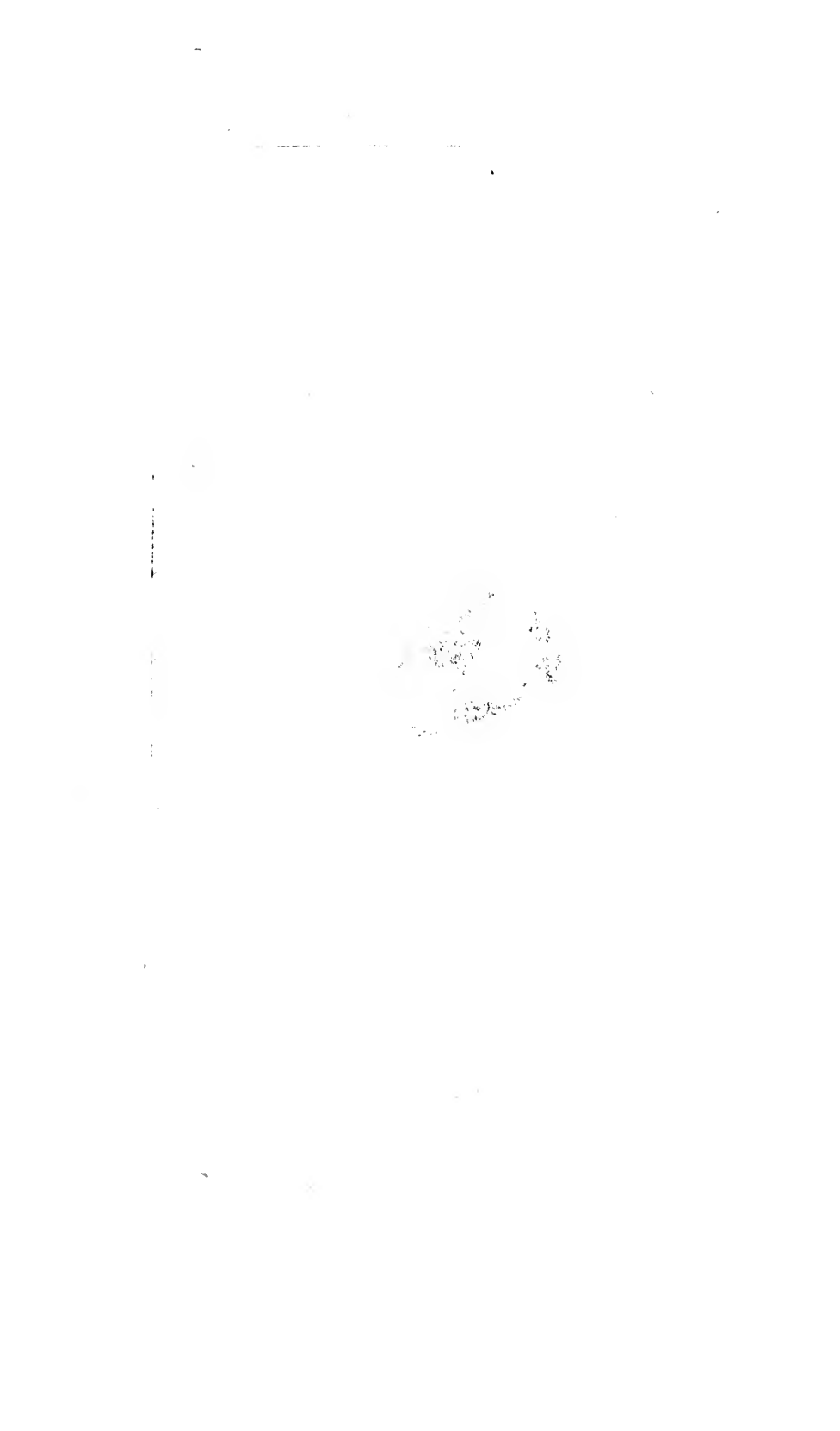
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THOMAS R. PROCTOR,

President of the Oneida Historical Society, Utica, N. Y.

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OF THE
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1898.

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The Mohawks.

AN ENQUIRY INTO THEIR ORIGIN MIGRATIONS AND INFLUENCE UPON THE WHITE SETTLERS.

BY S. L. FREY.

The student of the early history of New France and New York begins very soon to recognize the fact that there is a potent and mysterious influence at work for good or evil, and entirely outside of civilized and European ken. There are hints of a people powerful and warlike, intellectual and organized, hidden somewhere in the vast and boundless wilderness. These people were a potent factor in the Revolutionary struggle. Our patriot sires of the Mohawk Valley met them face to face, and it is with their obscure and uncertain history that this paper has to do. The beginnings of this history are remote, and far outside the Mohawk Valley.

In the sixteenth century Europe swarmed with a restless population of adventurous spirits. All avenues for romantic achievements had well nigh closed. The crusades were finished, chivalry and knight errantry had waned, the era of trade and commerce for all mankind had not yet dawned, and generations of men, bred to arms, were fit for nothing else but wild exploits by land and sea.

The discovery of a new world came in a good time for Europe. It cleared the air, turned the minds of all to new thoughts and new pursuits, and instilled new life and new hope and new energy into nations and individuals.

The greed for gold, the ardent desire to make proselytes to the true faith, the love of adventure, the jealousy of nations, these were some of the motives that sent men sailing out into the unknown from all the harbors of Spain and Portugal, France and England, and Holland and Italy.

Columbus believed that he had discovered the most eastern extension of the Spice Islands of the Indian Sea, and if he continued sailing to the west he would reach China and Cipango.

An imperfect nautical knowledge that led to errors in latitude and longitude fostered these errors in later years, and caused an untiring search for a waterway through the American continent. In consequence of this every river and every arm of the sea was explored from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Among the many bold adventurers who at that early day went sailing out into the west, was one who was the first to come in contact with the aborigines of the Mohawk Valley. On the 16th of May, 1535, Jacques Cartier, with a goodly company of gentlemen, sailed from the ancient fort of St. Malo. He was to search out some new land where troops of converted pagans would compensate for the ravages made by Luther and Calvin upon the church.

His fortune led him to enter the great river which he named St. Lawrence; but although he did not and could not realize how great a discovery he had made, still when he saw how vast was the stream he was filled with high hopes that he had indeed found the way to China.

Carefully and slowly he glided on between banks of autumnal foliage; wild fowl in immense numbers clamored in the water, and herds of deer fed in the coves and bays. He passed the grim gorge where the Saguenay is seen, and at the rock of Quebec he found the Indian village of Stadaconnè. Here the Frenchmen were welcomed by dancing and shouting, and held an audience with the "king," the great Donnacona. We have reason to think that these are the first Mohawks that appear in history.

But they learn that still further up the great river, many days' journey, there lies another town far larger and more important. It was called Hochelaga, as was also the river and the country around. Continuing his journey, on the 2d of October 1535, Cartier reached this great town—this unknown and mysterious Hochelaga. And as this is the very beginning of the history of the Mohawk Valley—Stadaconnè and Hoche-

laga belonging to the same tribe—and the first we hear of that race of savages, who in the after time were such prominent actors in all of our border warfare, it may be well to describe somewhat minutely the town and people.

That they were Iroquois and Mohawk I shall, as I proceed, attempt to demonstrate, as far as the uncertain data will allow, but at the same time I do not insist upon a theory founded upon what may be considered unsatisfactory evidence. Cartier's account of Hochelaga and its people I will give in the graphic language of Francis Parkman, the most fascinating of all our historians.

“Where now are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and as it grew dark fires lighted up the night, while far and near the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze. At dawn of day, marshalled and acoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led them through the forest which covered the site of Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp, the leaves were changing hue, and beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns.

They soon met an Indian Chief with a party of tribes men, or as the old narrative has it, “one of the principal lords of the said city, attended by a numerous retinue.” Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital for his eloquence two hatchets, two knives and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. This done they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grain gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frost, rose the ridge back of the mountain of Montreal, and below encompassed by its cornfields lay the Indian town.

Nothing was visible but its encircling palisades. They were of trunks of trees set in a triple row, the outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit while the

upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength.

Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of assailants. It was a mode of fortification practiced by all the tribes speaking dialects of the Iroquois.

The voyagers entered the narrow portal. Within they saw some fifty of those large oblong dwellings so familiar in after years to the eyes of the Jesuit Apostles in Iroquois and Huron forests. They were fifty yards or more in length and twelve or fifteen wide, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark, and each containing many fires and many families.

Here Cartier and his followers stopped while the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates—swarms of children, and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about their visitors crying with delight, touching their beads, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn.

Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and glittering halberd, helmet and cuirass—were the marvellous strangers demigods or men? Due time allowed for this feminine rapture the warriors interposed, banished the women and children to a distance and squatted on the ground around the French, row within row, of swarthy forms and eager faces, “as if” says Cartier, “we were going to act a play.” Then appeared a troop of women bearing a mat with which they carpeted the bare earth for the behoof of their guests.

The latter being seated the chief of the nation was borne before them on a deerskin by a number of his tribesmen, a bed-ridden old savage, paralyzed and helpless, squalid as the rest in his attire, and distinguished only by a red fillet, inwrought with the dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, encircling his lank black hair.

They placed him on the ground at Cartier's feet, and made signs of welcome for him, while he pointed feebly to his powerless limbs, and implored the healing touch from the hand of the French chief.

Cartier complied, and received in acknowledgement the red fillet of his grateful patient. And now from surrounding dwellings appeared a woeful throng, the sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the decrepit, brought forth and placed on the bare earth before the perplexed commander, "As if," he says, "a God had come down to cure them."

His skill in medicine being far behind the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners, a portion of the Gospel of St. John, of infallible efficacy on such occasions, made the sign of the cross, and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. Next he read the passion of the Saviour, to which, though comprehending not a word, his audience listened with grave attention.

Then came a distribution of presents. The squaws and children were recalled, and with the warriors placed in separate groups. Knives and hatchets were given to the men, beads to the women, and pewter rings and images of the Agnus Dei flung among the troop of children, whence ensued a vigorous scramble in the Square of Hochelaga."

Then there was a blare of trumpets, and bidding their hosts farewell, they formed their ranks and defiled through the gates once more. "A body of Indians followed and guided them to the top of the neighboring mountain. Cartier called it Mount Royal—Montreal—and hence the name of the busy city, which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga."

From the summit Cartier looked out "east, west and south, and saw the mantling forest over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the river glistening amid a realm of verdure. Beyond to the bounds of Mexico stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battleground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor wrapped in illimitable woods."

Such was Hochelaga, and it is evident from Cartier's account that it was an Iroquois town.

The mode of fortification and the surrounding corn fields would prove this, for the Iroquois only lived in such towns, and were an agricultural people. All the Algonquin hordes were nomads, living the wandering life of hunters, gorged at one time with food, and shivering with cold and hunger through the long winters.

There were also certain affinities between their language and that of the Iroquois. Cartier says that the native name for the country around Quebec was Canada, and Canada is a pure Mohawk word signifying town or village.

Colden, also, says in his history of the Five Nations, that the Mohawks had a tradition, that they were formerly settled at Montreal, and that they were driven out by the Adirondacks.

And last, but by no means least, is the archæological evidence, which will receive particular attention when we come to examine the prehistoric village sites of the Mohawk valley.

Seventy years after Cartier's time the whole region was occupied by Algonquin tribes, and no trace remained of Stadaconè or of Hochelaga.

What had become of the people? An overwhelming force of wandering Algonquins had destroyed their towns, but it is not to be supposed that so fierce a race of savage warriors as these old Hochelagans were exterminated. To what new land had they gone? I think we shall find them seated in impregnable strongholds among the hills and in the dense forests of the Mohawk valley, fleeing, for the time being, before their enemies, and biding their time to wreak a sure and terrible vengeance on them all. They had put the impassable wilderness of the Adirondacks between them and their northern foes.

Seventy years had passed away, and now we come to the opening of the seventeenth century full of great events and the most picturesque characters. The gentlemen and the free lances of England led by Sir Walter Raleigh; the days of Jamestown and of John Smith; of Pocohontas and Powhattan; the days of Hudson and New Amsterdam; the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Mayflower and the Plymouth Rock.

The century is full of action, of motion, of unrest, of cruelty, war and conquest; all the seas of the world are whitened by the sails of discoverers, bucaners, pirates, traders and missionaries.

France remembers the St. Lawrence, and the crowds of heathen in Hochelaga, and sends Samuel de Champlain to found a New France in North America; and Holland, the most wonderful and interesting of all nations, fosters science, and the arts, at home not only, but colonizes the East Indies, and sends Hendrick Hudson to found a new Amsterdam beyond the western sea.

Hudson and Champlain, in the same year—1609—began to make the history of our State and of the Mohawk valley. Of the former we need say little at present, for we shall see the results of his discoveries further on in the settlement of New York, Albany and Schenectady. Of the latter, and of his first fatal interview with the Mohawks, which was so far reaching in its effects, and is so intimately associated with our early history, we must treat somewhat in detail.

In our prosaic age we look with wonder and astonishment upon such men as Champlain and his company, who came into a dismal wilderness of woods, tenanted only by savage beasts and savage men, with plumed helmets and silken doublets, with scarlet breeches and diamond shoe buckles, with lace and frills, and all the refined tastes, and fastidious habits of the gentlemen and scholars of the most luxurious country of Europe. It would seem to us that such a style of dress was illy fitted for the rough life of soldiers and discoverers in a land of such savage aspect as the Canada of that day. But it was the way of the world in those days, some of the last lingering remains of an age of romance, which has, as we look back upon it, such a highly decorative aspect.

Champlain had been in Canada since 1603; untamed by adversity, undaunted by dangers and disappointments, he was ever ready to reach out into that unknown wilderness of which he had heard from his Algonquin allies who came from far up the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence.

“During the last autumn a young chief from the banks of the Ottawa had been at Quebec, and, amazed at what he saw, he had begged Champlain to join him in the spring against his enemies—these enemies were a formidable race of savages, the Iroquois, or Five Confederate nations dwelling in fortified villages within limits now embraced by the State of New York, and who were a terror to all the surrounding forests.”

This is the first we hear of these people, and the first rumor that reached the ears of the French concerning them.

Champlain consented to go with the young chief, but it was not until May, 1609, that he started on his hair brained expedition—an expedition that in the after years resulted in so much woe to the colony of New France, for as well might he have ad-

ventured into the wild wolf's den, as to have aroused the fierce hate of the savage Mohawks.

But Champlain despised the whole Indian race, and with a courage begotten of ignorance, he set out with a few companions and a motley horde of Algonquins and Hurons. Their course was up that river of many names, "The River of the Iroquois," the Richelieu; the St. John; the Chambly; the St. Louis; the Sorel. It is the outlet of the lake that bears his name. By slow stages the mongrel crowd of savages felt their way by canoe and on foot through the tangled woods, and past the roaring rapids.

The glistening waters of the lake came into view, and great mountain peaks were seen, far off, and near at hand, and beyond, far to the south in secluded valleys, and fastnesses of the hills, lurked the Mohawk. At last, not far from Ticonderoga, they came in sight of their enemies, and Champlain, like Great Heart, assayed to meet them with all the nonchalance of an old fighter.

The account says: "Over his doublet he buckled on a breast plate and a back piece; on his thighs were plates of steel, and on his head a plumed casque; across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's war.

Then from out their barricade marched some two hundred strong men; the finest fighters in North America. Champlain stepped forth and stood face to face with the Mohawks, planted his arquebuse, lighted the fuse and fired. Two chiefs fell dead, and after a fierce battle the Iroquois were routed and driven into the woods.

"Thus," as Parkman says, "did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations; Champlain had invaded the tiger's den, and now in smothered fury the patient savage would lie, biding his day of blood."

But we are not to follow the fortunes of New France, although that is a subject profoundly interesting, and intimately associated with the history of our own valley. Let us go back with

the remnant of the Mohawks, who escaped the fatal fray with Champlain, and enter with them into their strongholds, among the dense forests of the Mohawk. The long and weary way leads from Lake George along the eastern edge of the Adirondack wilderness, and strikes the Mohawk river at some point west of Amsterdam, or perhaps the way may be across to the Sacandaga, and so through the forests to their villages.

And now, in investigating this obscure and prehistoric period of the Mohawks, I have to reconstruct it as I may from personal investigations among the sites of their old villages. There is no written record, and if inferences are drawn and theories suggested it is with diffidence, and not with assertion.

It will be remembered that the period suggested was after the destruction of Hochelaga—somewhere between Cartier's visit in 1535 and Champlain's attack in 1609. That the Mohawks had not been settled in the Mohawk valley for a very long period is, I think, proved by the few sites of prehistoric villages that are found. There are only two with which I am acquainted. It is probable that there is one more, unknown, for in the after years they always had at the same time three villages to correspond to their three principal clans, the Tortoise, the Bear, and the Wolf. And as it was their custom to occupy a site only as long as the palisades lasted, and the supply of wood was abundant, it is evident that the two old sites could have been occupied only for twenty-five or thirty years, and as all of the many other sites of their villages in the valley come within the historic period—as proved by the white traders' wares found on them—it is evident that they could not have occupied the valley very long in the prehistoric period.*

If they had been here for hundreds of years, or a thousand, the sites of their old villages would be very abundant; as there are

*Since this paper was written two other prehistoric sites have been found and examined; and from the similarity of the relics in all of these sites it is evident that they were occupied at the same time.

The first of these newly discovered sites is on the bank of the Cayadutta creek, which enters the Mohawk at Fonda.

The second is similar in all respects to the other three, and is on the bank of a stream which is also an affluent of the Mohawk. They are both only a few miles from "Garoga."

only two, it points very strongly to a short occupation. If they were the refugees fleeing from the ruined Hochelaga, they were a remnant who sought to hide themselves from the fury of their Algonquin enemies; and thus we find that these two old villages were not on the river where they could easily be reached, but far back in the dense forests, and upon the highest and most inaccessible points that could be found. They are both upon the banks of streams that are affluents of the Mohawk. The most western one is on the Otstungo, a branch of the creek that enters the Mohawk at Fort Plain. This village site was described and illustrated by Squire and Davis in their "Ancient Monuments of the State of New York," one of the publications of the Smithsonian Institution.

Squire says it was the work of the "Mound Builders," that convenient and mythical people who preceded the Indians, and knew a great deal more than they did. Then he says that iron axes and gun barrels have been found on the site of this Mound Builders town. It is not necessary to controvert Squire's account, his own statements overthrow his theory. A little digging in the refuse heaps along the steep banks would have proved that the place was absolutely Mohawk, and prehistoric.

The other town site is on the bank of the Garoga creek, about ten miles from where it empties into the river, and as this one has never had the honor to be investigated and described I will give some account of my own investigations at the place, especially as the archæological evidence is of importance, as bearing upon the origin not only, but the manners, customs, industries, and after migrations of the Mohawks.

For convenience we will call the old village "Garoga." It is a rough and rugged section of country where the old glaciers have scattered bowlders in countless numbers, and where hills and great banks of sand and gravel show the tumultuous action of currents, and swirling eddies of water.

The hill on which the town was built is very steep on all sides but one. The banks rise at a sharp angle for one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, but the top of the hill is level and contains several acres of land. Palisades, similar to those of Hochelaga, undoubtedly protected the town. The Iroquois and cognate tribes alone built these defensive structures. We have

minute descriptions of them in the Jesuit Relations, and other old writers. Sometimes there were as many as five concentric rows of palisades, the highest being thirty feet. Inside of this there was a row about six feet shorter, and these two rows were connected by a platform upon which the defenders of the town could stand, and upon which there were piles of stones, and also tanks of bark for holding water. In case the enemy succeeded in starting a fire the whole place could be deluged. This primitive and prehistoric water works and fire brigade was of the utmost importance, for in attacking these wooden defences, fire was the most efficacious weapon, and one which was dreaded more than all others. The danger was great at all times from the great mass of palisades; the piles of wood for fuel, and the extensive long houses of bark and poles.

Such a fortification could not be built without great labor; especially was it difficult for a people absolutely in their stone age.

In the defences of "Garoga" they must have used several thousand trees. To cut down a tree is a simple matter with a steel axe, but the way these savage men did it was slow and tedious. They first built a fire around the tree, and as the wood charred they hacked it with their stone axes, then they cut the logs the required length by the same process of burning and hacking, afterwards the palisades so formed had to be dragged or carried to their place, the holes dug; then elevated and securely fastened. To dig such a vast number of holes too was a great labor, for they had no hoes, or spades, or shovels, nothing but sharpened sticks, the shells of the tortoise and the fresh water clam and their hands.

As we reflect upon this great work, our admiration for the savage man increases, and our inherited and traditional ideas about his laziness suffer a change. His environment was hard, and if he survived at all he could not be lazy.

Within this palisaded enclosure were the "Long Houses," peculiar to the Iroquois. Some of them one hundred feet long, but the largest over five hundred feet. They called themselves "the People of the Long House." The Mohawks guarding its eastern door and the Senecas its western.

The description already given of these houses at Hochelaga,

will apply to them all in the Mohawk Valley; their position at "Garoga" can be traced even at this late day, by the dark earth, the burned stones, the clam shells, and fragments of bone and pottery.

In all these communal houses, and everywhere within the palisades there was of course a constant accumulation of ashes, bones and debris of all kinds, and although savages have little idea of neatness or of decency, still these accumulations had to be removed, and as this was done from time to time, they were carried out and thrown down the steep banks outside the palisades. Naturally where there was so much refuse many implements and weapons would be lost and carried out with the rest.

In the course of years these banks of refuse accumulated to an enormous extent, and they resemble very closely the same class of remains found in many other countries, and which in Denmark have been called by the archæologists "Kjokenmoddings," kitchen middens.

These refuse heaps are prolific sources of information in regard to the people who lived at Garoga. The rains and winds of ages, and nature's chemistry have sweetened them, and we need not fear to dig among this dust of the past. Perhaps it would not add to our comfort to reflect upon what they once were.

When the place was occupied, no woods or trees were allowed to grow near at hand, the town stood bristling with its palisades on the "crown of this difficult hill," and no enemy could approach without being seen. Now the steep banks are covered with a heavy forest, and it is no easy task to open the refuse heaps among the tangled mass of roots. But the hard work is forgotten in the fascination of the quest.

We dig a trench as near as we can about twenty or thirty feet from the top of the bank. The earth is black and filled with charcoal, ashes and innumerable *Unio* shells, which are usually of the one species, "*Unio Complanatus*," and identical with those found at the present day in the Mohawk and its tributaries.

As we go deeper into the bed of ashes, we begin to find fragments of that archaic pottery, which is peculiarly Mohawk. It

is "sui generis," and is one of the principal links that connect into one continuous whole the long line of Mohawk village sites, and not only so, but that connects these sites unmistakably with Cartier's village of Hochelaga; for in the museum of the McGill University can be seen many fragments of pottery, dug up on the site of Hochelaga which are identical in material, color, form and decoration to this Mohawk pottery which we find so abundantly in the refuse heaps of Garoga, and in all other Mohawk village sites. Although no whole jars are ever found, the fragments are often large enough for us to determine the shape and size, and to see that it was all made without the use of the potter's wheel. They were of all sizes, from the tiny toy made for the children to the great jar, solid and heavy, that would hold several gallons. At Garoga the pits from which the clay was taken can be plainly seen. The whole work was done by the squaws. It was worked into the proper consistency and mixed with pounded shells, or some kind of granite rock, to prevent cracking during the firing. All the jars were round on the bottom, as they were to stand upon the ground or in the ashes; and they had a flaring rim so that they could be suspended by a cord if necessary. The decoration was invariably certain conventionalized patterns of incised straight lines, but so varied that no two jars are ever precisely alike; there is a striking resemblance, but great variety, and they never advanced from the straight line in their decoration. Not a curve is ever seen. The only departure from this general uniformity is where the jar was made in a basket, in which case the imprint of the crossed meshes can be seen; or where, in very rare instances, the human figure was used as a decoration.

As the digging proceeds we find the bones of many wild animals and birds, nearly all of them broken so that the marrow could be extracted. The comparative anatomist of the Smithsonian Institution has reconstructed for me the fauna of Garoga, so that now we know pretty well what wild animals roamed the woods of the Mohawk valley in the prehistoric days. But we also find many bone implements, such as harpoons, ornaments, awls and needles, and many the use of which we can only conjecture. The piercing implements are the most abundant; these were used for making their buck skin garments, and many of them

are as smooth and hard and sharp as they were when first made. They are usually of the tibia of the deer, a very close and hard bone much like ivory in its texture. We find specimens of what may be called the jewelry of the Indians, and it shows how innate is the love of ornament in all mankind; these things at Garoga are generally exceedingly rude; a round piece of turtle shell; a piece of a deer's jaw with the teeth still in place, the canine teeth of the bear; the cutting teeth of the beaver; and necklace bones made either of the tarsus and metatarsus of the deer, or of human phalanges. All these are perforated for suspension, and many of the latter are elaborately smoothed and worked.

Stone implements in a more or less perfect condition are quite common either in the beds of ashes or scattered on the surface of the field where the village stood. The axes are all of the kind known as celts. No grooved axes have ever been found at Garoga,

The arrow heads are commonly of one type, what have been called "war arrows," made with barbs, so that it would remain in the wound when the shaft was withdrawn. There are also spear heads and scrapers, drills and knives, usually made of the mineral called chert or hornstone, and similar to those found among all savage men.

That the dwellers in Garoga had considerable artistic sense is shown in their fictile wares, in various carvings of bone, and more especially in their pipes, which are usually of clay molded in the form of various animals, and of the human face.

The chief interest that attaches to these relics—as far as the present paper is concerned—is that they connect Garoga backward to Hochelaga and forward to the Mohawks in all the subsequent periods of their history, as long as they remained in the Mohawk valley.

At Hochelaga and at Garoga the same pottery and pipes, the same bone implements and arrow heads, identical in shape and material, and suggesting strongly the same savage people. And as we follow the tribe in its migrations from one village to another, we shall notice the same similarity, only that there will be a gradual change as the white man's wares increased more and more in variety and quantity, and as the savage, unable to understand the new and higher civilization so suddenly thrust upon him, assimilated all of the vices and but few of the virtues

of the white man, and so lapsed from a state in which he was abundantly able to take care of himself to a state of dependence and weakness.

After Champlain's battle with the Mohawks we hear little of them for some time. He was untiring in his exploration and headed one warlike expedition into the country of the Western Iroquois. This is principally interesting in this connection, as he gives a rude drawing of an Indian town with palisades defences and long houses, similar to those of Hochelaga and Garoga.

In 1626 New France saw for the first time those devoted followers of Loyala, the Jesuits, who were to fill such an important place, and upon whom we look with astonishment and admiration. Men who cared for nothing but to save souls, and who ever coveted the crown of the martyr.

Their history is closely interwoven with the earliest recorded events of the Mohawk Valley. It is a chapter written in blood and fire, but the perusal of which will enable us more truly to understand the perils and dangers to which our revolutionary ancestors were exposed long afterwards.

The Mohawks had in the mean time grown strong, isolated by distance and a vast wilderness from their enemies, safe in palisaded fastnesses, they had increased in numbers and had perfected that wonderful league which made them by far the most powerful, as they were by nature the most intellectual, the most ferocious and the bravest of all the Indian tribes, so that at this time they began to be a constant terror to all the weak outlying colonies of New France. From their situation, not only but an account of the old hatred that they had for the French and their Algonquin allies, the Mohawks were the most dreaded of the Five Nations, and as the eldest brother of the Confederacy they could at any time exert their influence to induce the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas to send their combined forces for an attack upon Canada.

The Dutch had now, following in the lead of Hendrich Hudson, come into the land and possessed it. New Amsterdam was founded and soon that great land grabbing mania broke out, and manors like principalities were carved out of the

Indian territory; traders ever sharp to see a good thing were already scouring the woods for beaver skins, and both in New France and New Amsterdam, an adventurous and license loving race of young men filled the forests with the songs of Provence and the speech of Holland.

These Coureurs des Bois of the French, and these Bos Loopers of the Dutch were runners of the woods that carried far into the Indian country the unimagined wealth of the white man, for which the simple natives would barter their costliest furs, while they had a fascination of manners and a beauty of form and face that took by storm the hearts of all the young squaws.

It was probably about this time, when the Dutch were seating themselves securely all along the Hudson and the French were colonizing Canada, that the Mohawks having grown strong, and long residence had weakened their old palisaded towns, and caused a scarcity of fuel, that they came out of their prehistoric seclusion and boldly built their villages immediately on the banks of the river. Then it became known as the River of the Maquas, the River of the Mohawks.

Here the Dutch traders found them and began immediately to draw away from New France all the beaver skins of the wilderness, giving in exchange everything that could make glad the heart of savage man. To take the place of their rough beads of clay, bone and stone, these were the dazzling beads of Venice, made specially then as now for savages all over the world. These were of all sizes and patterns, shining with all the colors of the rainbow. The trader had copper pendants, chains and rings, arm bands and leg bands of silver; iron axes made at Utrecht specially for the Indian trade, stamped with three crosses. These have been found by hundreds in the refuse of the villages of this period, and are wide spread from Maine to California. In the traders' pack were jewsharps, padlocks, keys, hammers, hoes, files, chisels, white clay pipes from England and Holland whereon may be seen the makers' name and mark; steels and English flints, mysterious and wonderful to the savage accustomed through the ages to make fire with the revolving drill. Besides these wonderful things there came the white man's wampum, turned in a lathe by the thrifty burghers

of Albany, smoth, accurate, uniform, three purple or six white for one penny, or much more than this equivalent in beaver skins.

Also there were all kinds of precious stuffs in this wonderful pack: Strouds and duffles, blankets and Indian stockings, Penniston shoes and belts with shining buckles, and others whose names are still more unfamiliar to the modern ear. Also knives and scissors, awls and needles, and in limited numbers *Gres de Flanders* wares and Fulham jugs.

All these things came to the Mohawk when he was blustering with new strength and swelling with pride, and they made him still stronger and more ready and able to follow his favorite way, the warpath. But there were three other things that the trader brought to the Indian, which while they for a little time added to his power, in the end proved his ruin—guns, steel trap; and rum. With the steel trap he could fill the long houses of his village with furs, with furs he could buy guns, and with rum added to his natural ferocity, he was ready for all the atrocities that could enter into the imagination to conceive. All these things and many more the Dutch trader brought up the Mohawk in canoes, made as the Mohawks made them of elm bark, or at a very early period, in batteaus.

Coming thus at any time after the little settlement of Albany began, he would see the first village perched like an eagle's nest on the crest of a commanding hill, where now the Jesuit shrine of "Our Lady of Martyrs" marks the spot where their early brethren suffered such cruel mockings and torture and death. This was *Osseruenon*—of the French—the *Assarue* of the Dutch.

Going westward a few leagues the trader would come to *Andagoron*, the village of the bear clan; and still further up the river, on a high and sightly elevation, he would come to *Teononlogon*, the great village of the turtle clan, looking down upon the plain where now lies the quiet little hamlet of *Sprakers Basin*. All palisaded, all swarming with savage life and industries.

From these far away strongholds, bands of fierce warriors armed with guns and axes and scalping knives, as well as with the still lingering bow and arrow, fared forth by the devious paths of the wilderness, and infested all New France, from Montreal to Quebec. They had bided their time in patience, and now their day of blood had come.

In the meantime the Jesuits had spread far out into the unknown regions of the west. They had many missions among the Hurons on the Georgian Bay; they had penetrated to Detroit, to Mackinaw, to Green Bay. They were constantly pushing forward still further into the wilderness, and their frail canoes skirted the shores of Lake Superior and floated on the Mississippi.

On the 2d of August, 1642, one of these missionaries, Isaac Jogues, with three companions and a band of Hurons, were returning from Montreal to the Huron Country. While slowly following the shores of Lake St. Peter, an expansion of the St. Lawrence, suddenly from out the rushes rose up a party of Mohawks, and with fearful yells and the report of guns they started in pursuit. They soon succeeded in capturing the party and Jogues and the three other Frenchmen, were beaten and tortured with savage ferocity. The savages tore out their nails with their teeth, and gnawed their fingers like dogs.

Then with their prisoners, twenty-two in number, they started on their homeward journey, up the river Richelieu and Lake Champlain, then by the way of Lake George to the Mohawk.

Through all the weary way they were tortured and lacerated, beaten and burned, bearing heavy burdens, with insufficient food and tormented by clouds of insects. At last, after thirteen days, "they reached the wretched goal of their pilgrimage, a palisaded town standing on a hill by the banks of the river Mohawk.

This was Osseruenon, the most easterly of the Mohawk towns. Here they were received with blows and with cruel tortures that at last ended in the death of one of the Frenchmen.

The story in detail is too cruel and heartrending to repeat, the lamentations, the burnings, the hunger and nakedness; the necessity of viewing so much wickedness; the filth and vermin which surrounded him; the constant sight of burning prisoners, put to death with all the extremes of torture; the cannibal feasts, and above all his inability to do anything to save the souls of these poor children of the devil; all this to the refined, peaceful, delicate, educated Isaac Jogues was torment and torture daily and hourly repeated, as he was led back and forth through their villages for the space of a whole year.

The Jesuit Relations of that year give minute details of all

that happened, and much that is of interest about the Mohawks and of their life.

The story is a long one, and should be read by all who would realize what were the beginnings of our history, and what a ferocious foe our Revolutionary ancestors had at their very doors.

Jogues made his escape by the aid of the Dutch, but returning again to "The Mission of the Martyrs," he was killed as he was entering one of the Long Houses by one blow of an ax.

The raids of the Mohawks became worse and worse. In 1650 they were at the height of their power. They numbered about nine hundred warriors, of whom four hundred were armed with guns, supplied to them by the Dutch of Albany. They infested Canada; no one was safe in all the borders of New France; they killed and scalped, tortured and burned, and led away captive scores and hundreds to be put to death in their towns by slow torture in all ways that savage ingenuity could invent.

The Mohawk Valley was a pandemonium; raging with an insane love of blood and conquest, they not only brought French civilization nearly to an end, but they hunted their ancient Algonquin enemies far into the frozen north, even to the shores of Hudson's Bay, and then they turned their arms against their own kin and exterminated with relentless cruelty the Hurons, the Eries, the Neutral Nation, the Tobacco Nation, and even the Illinois, for they were undaunted by distance, or cold, or hunger.

This continued from the time of Jogues in 1642 until 1666. Then the French sent an army of fifteen hundred men, led by De Tracy, through the ice and snow of the wilderness, and burned their towns, and utterly destroyed everything pertaining to the Mohawks; even the caches, where was stored their corn, were found, and thousands of bushels were burned.

These strange aboriginal magazines or storehouses can be seen in numbers even at the present day. Some of them are in the dense forests, others lie in the open fields. They are looked upon with curiosity by the country people, who regard them as the graves of the Indians.

These caches or pits are always in groups of from thirty to sixty, and are—when undisturbed by the plow—from three to

five feet deep, and from six to eight in diameter, shallow excavations overgrown with trees and bushes. There are many of them in the town of Palatine. In them the Indians stored their corn, first lining them with bark, and when filled, protecting them with conical roofs of the same material. They were always in some secluded place some distance from the village. It was a wonderful instance of provident care in a savage people, a provision against catastrophe and misfortune, against drouth and famine.

The French were astonished when they came to view these Mohawk towns. Profiting by observation and the teaching of the Dutch and of the Jesuit fathers, they had greatly strengthened their palisades by bastions, and in some instances had replaced their long houses of bark by substantial log houses of squared timber, and in them was found an astonishing variety and quantity of provisions and property of all kinds, tools and utensils, clothing and blankets, brought to them by their friends, the Dutch.

This wholesale destruction wrought by De Tracy greatly weakened the Mohawks. Upon the sites of these towns there have been found great numbers of relics. When Teonontogen was cleared and plowed for the first time a wagon load of trade axes came to light, and here in the refuse heaps, mingled with the white traders' wares, are many fragments of that distinctive Mohawk pottery that we have seen in Hochelaga and Garoga.

They continued to make their native wares, notwithstanding the abundant introduction of the far better and more serviceable wares of the white man. But in some things there is a change, showing the use of iron tools; marks of knives, and saws, and files can be seen upon the bone combs and needles, and there is a far more abundant use of beads and wampum.

After the destruction of these towns in 1666 they again migrated to the north side of the river. Here in 1677 they were found by a trader named Greenhalgh, who thus describes their villages:

“The Maquas have four towns, viz., Cahaniaga, Canagora, Canajorha, Tionondogue, besides one small village one hundred and ten miles from Albany.

Cahaniaga is doubly stockaded round; has four ports about

four foot wide apiece, conteyns about 24 houses, and is situate upon the edge of a hill about a bow shot from the river side.

Canagora is only singly stockaded round, has four ports like the former, conteyns about 16 houses; itt is situated upon a flat a stone's throw from ye water's side.

Canajorha is also singly stockaded, and the like number of ports and quantity of houses as Canagora, the like situation, only about two miles distant from the water.

Tionondogue is doubly stockaded around, has four ports four foot wide apiece, contains about 30 houses; is situated on a hill a bow shot from the river.

* * The Maquas pass in all for about 300 fighting men.

Their corn grows close by ye river's side."

The sites of these four towns, it is reasonably certain, lie in the towns of Mohawk and Palatine in Montgomery county. On them we find the same great beds of refuse, the same proofs of savage occupation. We see that they subsisted on the same kind of food as had their ancestors. The bones of the wild animals are about the same. There were bear and deer, elk and moose, and many smaller animals. The wild turkey was not yet extinct, and the shells of Unios are just as abundant. There is also much of the same kind of pottery heretofore described. It is decorated in the same way, but there is also a departure from the original in the more frequent use of the human figure in decoration.

The bone implements show a marked improvement, for they were made with steel tools. The harpoons and combs are fine specimens of savage handicraft.

But there is also mingled with these native wares far more of those things brought to them by the traders, for at this time a fierce rivalry had sprung up between Albany and Schenectady, and the Indian country was flooded with all sorts of goods.

The Mohawks were in their decadence. From nine hundred fighting men they were now reduced to three hundred. Constant war had told upon them, and the unlimitable supply of Dutch rum and French brandy had corrupted and demoralized them.

The protests of some of the chiefs against this traffic is pathetic, where they lament the debauching of their people

from this cause. But it could not be stopped, for both France and England were reaching out far into the wilderness for the fur trade, and there was no currency so powerful as rum and brandy.

Later on the Governor General of Canada protested to the Governor of New York against the traffic, but Dongan replied that he could not see that Dutch rum was any worse than French brandy.

It seems probable that from this cause and their constant wars they would soon have become extinct if it had not been for their custom of adopting prisoners into their tribe to take the place of those who were killed in battle. In this way they kept up their number, but became a mongrel nation. There were Andastes, Hurons, Eries, men from the Neutral Nation, Illinois, and many others brought in by those far reaching raids that extended from Hudson Bay to the Carolinas.

Another thing shows their increasing weakness, or perhaps as well the decreasing necessity for defensive structures. Instead of four or five rows of palisades there were now but two, and in some cases but one.

But still our valley was but a wilderness. The trader going to the Indian country from Albany, or from the hamlet of Schenectady, plunged at once into the woods. No white man was there. No grants of land had yet been made. The Mohawk was on his native heath, the monarch of all he surveyed. He was at peace with his Dutch neighbors, and often sent deputations to trade or to talk. With the rest of the world he was at war, especially with the French of Canada. After De Tracy's expedition there was a reasonable state of peace for nearly twenty years, and they even begged humbly that the French would send blacksmiths, surgeons and Jesuits among them.

In answer to this request the Mission of the Martyrs was again established, and Frèmin and Puiron were sent to the Mohawks.

It is due to their ministrations that we have at least one Saint in the Mohawk Valley. This is the Iroquois maiden, Te-gah-ko-wita, known as St. Catharine, the Lily of the Mohawks.

She was born in one of the Mohawk villages in 1656, and

obtained such a reputation for sanctity that both the Indians and French came from great distances to pray at her tomb, and many by her intercessions were cured of their maladies. Among the rest was the famed DuLuth that invincible and untiring Coureur de bois, who more than any other exemplified the daring and license of these Runners of the Woods.

He certifies, that having said one Novena in honor of St. Catharine he was entirely cured of the gout with which he had been afflicted for many years.

But now the 17th century was drawing to its close. The Jesuit Missions among the Mohawks, and the other tribes of the Five Nations had upon the whole been a failure. It is true that the teaching and example of these fearless and sincere men had had some effect upon the Indians, in showing them at least that there was a higher life, and that civilization was better than barbarism. A few Mohawks listened and went away to Canada, settling in a village near Montreal, and thereafter they were known as the "praying Indians."

For a while the Jesuits also used their influence politically to the advantage of New France, but they were unable finally to control the Indians of their missions, and after twenty years of fear and Jesuit occupation, the Mohawks were again upon the war path, burning and scalping and leading away captive many a luckless Frenchman from the weak settlements of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec.

Thus the Jesuit Missions came to an end, and the Mohawks soon forgot all their teachings. And now there is nothing to tell us of this episode in our early history, but the record of their sojourn, the narrative written by their own hand, the defaced and yellow pages of the "Jesuit Relations" written with lacerated fingers, in the smoke and din, and discomfort of their Mohawk lodges.

As reminders of those old days that are full of realistic interest, we also find in the refuse heaps of the villages and in the graves of the dead sundry medals and crosses, rosaries and rings, to remind us that Christ was preached to the Mohawks as early in our history as 1642.

The medals are usually about the size of a dime, made for suspension, and have upon them various devices; the figure of

the Virgin or of some Saint, with an invocation or legend in French or Latin around the edge, and upon the reverse various symbols, crosses, stars, the pierced heart and the crown of thorns. The crosses have similar devices, and the rings have the letters I. H. S. or I. N. R. I. upon them.

But the Indian could not resist the oncoming flood that in ever increasing volume came to the New World. Kings and governments, with insane blindness, drove out the best and most useful of their populations, and English Puritan and French Huguenot, and Swiss, and Dutch, and German, crowded all the ships as "westward ho" was the cry. Of this oncoming flood thousands strengthened New France, thousands New England, thousands the Southern Coasts, while a mixed multitude of English and Dutch and Huguenot began to lay broad and deep the foundations of our own State of New York.

In the closing decades of the century Canada was being parcelled out into great Seignories, and New York, from New Amsterdam to Albany into great Manors, but our valley was not yet invaded by these lordly usurpers of the Indians' rights.

In 1690 Schenectady was a small, poor village, occupied by Dutch traders, peasants and farmers, with a mingling of squaws and half breed children.

The little town was protected by a palisade, but they left the gates open, as they did not fear their neighbors and kinsfolk the Mohawks, and Canada was far away, and it was winter time.

But the French and Algonquins and the "Praying Indians" came down as is well known and burned the town, and killed and carried away captive all who did not escape to Albany.

Then the burghers from that town and the Mohawks from the wilderness, led by Col. Peter Schuyler the Mayor, or "Quider," as they called him, went in pursuit through the snows of winter. All of which is well known, for the story of the burning of Schenectady has often been told.

One incident of the pursuit, as it illustrates the innate savagery of the Indian, even after so many years of Jesuit instruction, may be mentioned. The pursuing party were illy supplied with provisions, but Col. Schuyler saw that around the Mohawk camp fire a great carousal was going on, and the

kettles were boiling and food seemed to be abundant, but when there was ladled out and offered to him a human hand, he knew where the abundant provision came from, for they were cooking one of their Algonquin enemies whom they had killed.

Two years before the burning of Schenectady, in 1688, one man had gone up the Mohawk Valley and settled in the very heart of the Indian country, forty miles to the west. He was a Swiss from the Canton of Zurich, and as far as is known was the first settler of the Mohawk Valley west of Schenectady. He and his family were always on friendly terms with their Indian neighbors from whom he had bought his land, spoke the Mohawk tongue, and suffered no molestation of person or property in any of the French wars, or even in the fierce raids of the Revolution.

It is probable that about this time, in some of the years immediately before the close of the century that the Mohawks left their villages described by Greenhalgh in 1677, and made their final migration to the south side of the river where they continued to occupy sites until they left their native valley for Canada.

There is some obscurity in regard to the location of some of their villages at this time, but when they came to be well known to the whites they were seated at three points. The most western of these was the Castle of the Can-a-jo-har-ees, which was at the place still known as Indian Castle, the first station on the West Shore Railroad east of Little Falls. This was the village of the Bear Clan and was by far the largest and most influential of the three. It was Brant's home and here Sir William Johnson built a church, which is still standing and in use.

The second village was the "Castle of Taragorees," which was on the hill east of Fort Plain, known now as Prospect Hill, but called by the Indians Tsi-dros-o-wen-gen.

The third village, which was known as the Lower Castle of the Mohawks, was at Fort Hunter, at the mouth of the Schoharie creek, only a mile east of the old town of Osseruenon, where Jogues was killed.

None of these towns was palisaded, for the necessity for such protection was fast passing away, and the Indians were becoming

more and more demoralized, less self-sustaining and independent and were fast adopting the habits of the white man.

They were still hunters, but the use of the bow had nearly ceased, and they depended upon the white man for guns. There seems to have been many animals still, but the beaver, on account of persistent trapping, was virtually extinct.

In these villages they seem to have abandoned the use of the communal Long House, and had adopted in a measure the houses of the white settlers. By degrees they came to live in log houses, and even framed dwellings were not unknown. They still made in ever lessening quantities their native pottery, still decorated with varied arrangement of straight lines as of old, still unglazed and round on the bottom, with a flaring rim even as it was in Hochelaga and Garoga.

Stone axes and arrow heads, knives, and drills, and scrapers, bone implements and pipes of native make finally gave place entirely to those brought from England and Holland, while cotton and woolen cloths, blankets, leggings and stockings in a great measure superceded buckskin and the furs of wild animals.

By degrees there came a change, too, in their village life. As danger from sudden attack became less, they seem to have been more given to wandering, families living by themselves in huts scattered through the woods by the sides of streams and lakes. They wandered about in bands, became basket makers, and haunted the white settlements as these increased, ever on the lookout for strong drink, a weakened, discouraged and sullen race, unable to understand or assimilate a civilization brought to them so suddenly.

But notwithstanding all this the Mohawks retained their ancient tribal customs, they had their councils, their feasts and their dances. Their chiefs were men of dignity, sagacity and ability. They had not forgotten their warlike ways, their love of danger, of conquest and of blood, and so they were by no means a people to be despised or slighted, especially as the white settlers began to find their way in large numbers into the Mohawk country, and they all looked with longing and covetous eyes upon this fair land of hill and stream, of woodland and far reaching plain, that was the heritage of the Mohawk nation.

They were becoming more and more the neighbors of the

white man, and soon it was difficult to say whether the white man lived among the Indians, or the Indians among the whites. Considering their savagery, their antecedents and their ferocity, it was a dangerous experiment, and one which in the after years terminated in blood and fire.

But now in these opening days of Queen Anne's reign all was peace, and the good Queen and her ministers, and the Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, all were interested in their children the Mohawks, and made much of them, and "Quider" must have a band of chiefs cross the Big water with him. They must go to London to see the Queen, and so there was great excitement in England in 1710, for in the early days of spring there had come from Queen Anne's Plantations in North America five redoubtable chiefs from the great Iroquois Confederacy in the Province of New York, and splendid garments of scarlet cloth had been prepared for them, as they were to have an audience with her majesty. And the Lord Chamberlain conveyed them in the great lumbering coaches of the day with much ceremony to St. James' Palace, where one of their orators made a speech full of natural eloquence.

Col. Schuyler had taken them to England at his own expense. He was good man, and one whom the Indians loved, for he was always just to them, and they called him "Quider," for that was as near as they could come to Peter.

And now the good Queen Anne and her servant the Governor of New York, bethought themselves of the fact that the Mohawks had souls that were perhaps worth saving.

That the Jesuits had thought of this long before was not considered, for the days of those good men had gone by, and the English hated those priests, and determined that they should no more come among the Five Nations, and passed a law that no Jesuit should come among the Indians under penalty of death.

It seems that the Mohawks were anxious for a teacher, and their appeals to "Corlaer" for a church, and a minister, and that the traffic in rum might be stopped are touching and pathetic.

We do not know whether the power of the Queen could

prevent the traders from taking rum into the Mohawk country, but the constant appeals for a church and the visit of the five chiefs to England with Colonel Schuyler, at last had the desired effect, and it was decided that a church should be built for the Mohawks. It was to be within a fortified enclosure, built to protect the exposed frontier from hostile Indians and the French of Canada.

There is coming into the Mohawk a few miles west of Amsterdam a large stream, which, rising in the Catskill mountains, runs north one hundred miles. It is a beautiful and picturesque river, and was known to the Indians by various names, one of which, the Schoharie, remains to this day.

At the mouth of this stream the fort and chapel were built in 1712, and called Fort Hunter, after the Governor of the Province. Here was the lower castle of the Mohawks.

A contract made with certain Dutch carpenters of Schenectady was for a fort of squared logs one hundred and fifty feet on each side, with a wooden chapel within the enclosure. This latter, however, was built of stone, with port holes on each side and a vault beneath for a powder magazine.

It was a day of great rejoicing when it was finished.

Here came the soldiers of Queen Anne, armed with enormously long muskets, and here came the Indians, and after a time came to them the Rev. Petrus Van Driesen to learn their language, and to teach and to preach to them.

But Queen Anne not only built them a chapel, but also gave them a beautiful and valuable communion service. It was of silver and consisted of five pieces, each piece bearing the following inscription: "The gift of her Majesty Ann, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of her Plantations in America. Queen, to her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks."

This service continued at Fort Hunter until the Revolution, when it was taken by the tribe to Canada. It is still in constant use; three pieces at the Mohawk Church at Grand River and two at Deseronto. At the former also can still be seen the fair white linen cloth for the communion table, embroidered with the armorial devices of the royal donor, and sacredly kept as an heir loom and a memorial of the days of old.

Several ministers labored in this unpromising field, one of whom said: "There is no hope of making them better, heathens they are and heathens they must be."

But although the white man's example, as is usually the case, was mostly bad and demoralizing, it is nevertheless probable that at Queen Anne's Chapel her ministers did teach the Indian girls and boys something, and that the tribe learned in a dazed and confused way what the religion of the white man was.

The new fort so protected the Mohawk country that it began to be safe for emigrants, explorers and adventurers to penetrate the beautiful land in much greater numbers, and they coveted the fair heritage of the Indian and took it all from him in various ways and by many ingenious devices.

Now the theory was in those days that the whole country belonged to the Queen by the right of discovery, but it was always allowed that the Five Nations owned the country in which they lived. So it came to pass that when any one wanted a large, fair stretch of country which he may have seen while wandering to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it, he, in the first place, bought it of the "native Indian owners," and received from them a deed with all the savage emblems of their clan duly painted thereon. But after this was done to make the purchase more legal and sure, they procured from the Queen a Patent, elegantly written on parchment and with the great seal of the Province dangling at the bottom.

There is a certain tract of land containing twenty thousand acres which was bought of the Mohawks by certain gentry of the Province. It was a fair and beautiful domain of hills and meadows, of forests and streams, of trout brooks and natural deer parks; the very centre of the Mohawk country, and on which were the sites of many of their old villages, and for the whole of it they gave to the poor Indian "three pieces of strouds, six pieces of garlin linen, three barrels of beer, six gallons of rum, and a fatt beast," and to make the enormity of the transaction the greater, they had the effrontery to say in the deed that "the Indians were fully satisfied."

Whatever success the Rev. Petrus Van Driessen may have had

in Christianizing the Indians, he certainly received recognition and a great temporal reward from them, for there was conveyed to him by fifteen men and women of the Mohawks a tract of land two and a half miles long by one and a half wide, and the consideration being curious, is quoted from the yellow old deed as follows:

“For and in consideration of the Love, Good Will and Affection which we have and bear for the Rev. Petrus Van Driessen, Minister of the gospel, and also for and in consideration of the great Zeal, unwearied Pains, Expenses and Troubles for the twenty years past, by the above mentioned Petrus Van Driessen, and his fatherly Care in the Instruction of us and our People in the Christian Religion, and Faith, bringing us into the Fold of Christ’s Church and partakers of his Sacraments as a good and faithful Pastor of Christ’s Fold ought to doe, to our great Satisfaction and Content; and further for the Consideration of the sum of 62£. 10 shillings, current money of New York, to us in hand paid.”

The first patent granted in the Mohawk country was to Capt. Harmanus Van Slyck of Schenectady, and was a deed of gift from the Mohawks to him, their “loving cozen and friend, whose grandmother was a right Mohogs squaw, and his father born with us, it being his, the said Harman, by right of inheritance from his father.”

This land is in the town of Palatine, and extends along the river for six miles, and upon it is probably the site of Greenhalghs village of Canajorha of 1677.

After this the Indians were in constant turmoil, distress and trouble about their lands. It was parcelled out in immense tracts the whole length of the valley, and their village sites, and their corn fields, to say nothing of their hunting grounds and their fishing places, were given to the white man.

Is it any wonder that they felt sore and aggrieved. This was their homestead, but not only was that [given to others, but great states contended for the vast territory claimed by the Five Nations by right of conquest, reaching to the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

But the Indians were constantly protesting against these encroachments. The councils held in Albany were many, and

they were carried on with all the decorum and attention to precedent and custom so necessary, but they accomplished nothing for the Indians, for they had now grown poor and dependent, and when they went to Albany with grievances they were cajoled and flattered, and their eyes were blinded with presents.

At a great council held in Albany in 1714, for the adjustment of grievances, the following presents were given to the Indians: 100 bags of powder, 45 gallons of rum in 15 kegs, 37 red coats, 4 ps ticks, 1 cask pipes, 3 casks tobacco, 12 dozen knives, 2,000 flints, 20 guns, 25 cases lead, 2 cases shott, 1 ps duffles, 42 yards do, 1 keg paint, 88 tom hawks, 5 ps strouds, 5 pairs blankets. And to the sachems in private: 14 blankets, 18 bags powder, 12 shirts, 2' gallons rum.

What an insane policy it was to put into the hands of these savages, irritated by the loss of their lands such an abundant supply of guns, tomahawks and scalping knives.

In speaking to the Mohawks at this council, Governor Hunter reminded them of the fact that their chiefs when in England had asked to have a church built and a minister sent to them. He hoped that now the church was built, and a good and pious man was settled among them, that they would attend the services and take heed to his instructions. To this they replied:

“ Brother Corlaer:

You put us in mind that we desired a Missioner in every one of our castles to instruct us in the way to eternal life. We own that we desired it. But when we consider that the Christians here, when it is Sabbath Days, what fine cloathes they have when they go to church, and that goods are still so dear that we can not purchase Sunday cloathes, but would be necessitated to go to church with an old bear skin and deer skin—We have deferred that matter till goods are cheaper, that we may have cloathes suitable to go to church withall.”

This has a certain ring of civilization about it, but it shows a sad degeneracy. The proud and haughty Mohawks of Hochelega and Garoga, clad in robes of fur and embroidered deer skin did not fear to stand before kings and assert that they were the “Konoshioni” men before all others.

The building of a church and the establishment of a fortified post at Fort Hunter gave a sudden and wonderful impetus to immigration and the settlement of the Mohawk Valley.

As early as 1713 there were some settlers as far west as Palatine; but the great immigration of the Palatines did not take place till 1723, when several great patents were granted, and these continued in ever increasing numbers until all the lands of the Mohawks were taken up, and they lived upon their old domain only by sufferance.

As the white population increased traders and merchants established themselves in the very heart of the Mohawk country and drew to themselves the Indian trade in furs, much to the disgust of Schenectady and Albany. There also began very soon to be a surplus of white products and it was apparent that the bark canoe was not sufficient to transport the traders' merchandise up the river, or the increasing quantity of grain, of pot and pearl ash and ginseng that was to be shipped to a New York and European market. And so at quite an early day certainly as soon as 1730 flatboats and batteaus were used for this purpose, and a "King's Highway" was laid out along the bank of the river.

The trade in ginseng had at this time assumed great proportions. It was and always had been regarded in China as a panacea, and immense quantities were imported into that country. The source of supply had heretofore been the regions of Korea, but as soon as it was discovered that it was abundant in the Iroquois country, the trade became immense. And the Indians, from their minute acquaintance with the country, became the principal ones who dug it up and brought it in. So persistent was the search for it that at the present day, over great sections of the Mohawk country, where once it grew in abundance, now not a single plant can be found.

After a time other nationalities, Scotch, Irish, English, helped to settle the Mohawk valley, but at first Dutch and Germans were the people who entered this beautiful region; a sturdy, hardy, liberty loving people who feared God, dealt fairly well with the natives, and were among the first to dispute in America the divine right of kings, and to assert in unmistakable terms their determination to resist all forms of oppression to the end. They were passing far up the valley as early as 1730, even to the German Flats and Kingsland.

Among the great Indian traders who at this early day came

into the Mohawk country was Jelles or Giles Fonda, afterwards Major of Militia, and the friend and neighbor of Sir William Johnson. He was located at Cachnewaga, and his trade was far reaching and extensive, having agents at Fort Stanwix, Oswego, Niagara and Detroit, who bought furs and ginseng of the Indians, thus forestalling the traders of Albany and the French of Montreal.

His yellow old papers, letters and account books give us a realistic glimpse of the times and condition of things in our valley at that day. We seem to stand face to face with men who long before the Revolution wrote letters from Niagara, and Detroit, and Fort Stanwix, who tell us how the "Sinica" Indians have gone out to dig ginseng, and how many packs were ready to be sent down from Niagara; how "Bully Roof" had turned his cows into the king's garden at night under the walls of Fort Stanwix, and how low the supply of rum was at Detroit.

We read the names of the old batteau men, and how many trips they made to Niagara, and what they were paid, and how many packs of furs they brought.

We can look into Fonda's old trading fort, and with the time stained bills in hand, see the kinds of goods upon the shelves for white man and Indian. There were pewter basons and gilt cups, herring bone, thread and worm lace, nests of gilt trunks, scarlet striped gartering, stag couttoe knives, buck spring knives, yew handled fish knives, Irish and garlin linen, looking glasses with painted frames, Russia wrappings, fine chintz and white cotton molteons, strouds and Indian blankets, Penniston shoes, and hundreds of other things for the settlers and Indians. One great bill of goods amounting to £915 was to be paid for in seven months in ginseng root at three shillings per pound. This would require over 6,000 pounds of ginseng.

Here is a long account of sales in London in 1767, of one hogshead of "Furrs" on account and at the risk of Mr. Jelles Fonda, Merchant at Cachnewago, foxes and martins, muskrat, fisher, otter, wolves and squirrels, but no beaver; they were practically extinct. The amount of the bill was £250, and the deductions for commissions, brokerage, freight, trimmage, purage, duty, bill money, landing, housing, sorting, beating, warehousing, &c., were £69 10s. 5d. But as an object lesson

showing to us the status and condition of the Mohawks whose fortunes and changes we have followed in this paper from Hochelaga to this time.

“The Indian Book, for Jelles Fonda, at Cachnewaga, 1763,” is by far the most interesting and important.

The French wars had closed; the Battle of Lake George had been fought, the village of the Palatines at the German Flats had been destroyed, Niagara had surrendered to Johnson, Quebec had fallen and the reign of New France had ceased.

In all these events the Mohawks had taken part, following in Johnson's lead with more or less discipline, but still wreaking vengeance in their own savage way upon their ancient enemies. And now in the great Conspiracy of Pontiac they held aloof and refused to fight against their friends the English, or to help in establishing a universal Confederacy of the Indian Tribes.

So we see them in this year 1763 while the whole western country was convulsed by Pontiac's war, at home in their Castles, restless under the restraints of an ever advancing civilization, indignant at the aggressions of the settlers, constantly complaining and protesting to Sir Wm. Johnson that their lands were being taken from them unlawfully. Finally, to give them something to do Johnson sent some two hundred of them to fight against the Delawares on the Ohio.

What kind of savages were these Mohawks, who were the neighbors of the whites and who traded with Major Jelles Fonda at Cachnewaga? In the first place we can see the names of some of them in the old account book; they are childish, foolish and contemptuous, and show how low the Indian had fallen, and how he was despised by his white neighbor. A few retained their Indian names, but by far the greater part in this book are named as one would name dogs and horses: Old Brant, Brant in Thomas, Wide Mouth Jacob, Brant's Nicholas, Young Aaron of the Hill, Jan from the Hill, Young Moses, Snuffers David, The Squinty Cayuga, are few of them. A page from the book will serve as an example.

"YOUNG MOSES, DR.

1762.		£.	s.	d.
Sept. 20,	To one French blanket,	0	16	0
	To one small do	0	12	0
	To 4 Ells White linnen,	0	8	0
	To 1 pair Indian Stockings,	0	6	0
	To 1 hat,	0	8	0
	To 1 pint of rum and one dram,	0	1	4
	To 1 quart rum,	0	2	0

I have in pledge two silver wrist bands."

But rum and beer are the principal commodities charged to all the Indians, although many bought blankets and stockings. Wide Mouth Jacob is charged with a horsewhip, and is credited with a saddle.

Many left in pawn silver arm bands, and wrist bands, and "draw bands." These were like bracelets, but the ends were free and perforated so that they could be made large or small. The "draw" bands were for the hair, to be drawn over the braids, and were made telescopic, one sliding into another so that in some cases the whole long braid was cased in silver bands.

Montreal was the great source for the supply of these silver ornaments, and of others of similar decorative character. They are found through a wide region of country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

Wampum bands and belts were also among the things left as pledges of the honesty of the customer; but all of these pledges were uniformly redeemed, and, in fact, to the credit of the Indian be it said the accounts all seem to have been paid.

The mother-in-law of young Moses bought a gallon of rum and left in pawn "2 stele traps" and two silver crosses. The latter were probably heirlooms from the time of the Jesuits.

We have now come to the time when for a mess of potage the Mohawks, and other nations of the confederacy, sold to the white man all of those vast landed possessions that were theirs by the same right that civilized nations claim theirs—the right of conquest.

For \$10,000 and rum without limit they sold Kentucky, West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania, and were thereafter of little account as owners of the soil.

They continued to reside in the valley, they met in councils innumerable and stated their grievances constantly; they haunted Johnson Hall, and swarmed through the orchards and gardens, for Molly was the mistress, and her nation were licensed to do as they pleased.

But there was a growing sullenness and discontent among them, for they saw their goodly land in the hands of the white man, and there was no help for it. Sir William died during the first mutterings of the storm, and Sir John, his son, reigned in his stead.

It is not my purpose to enter into any details in regard to the great struggle. The story has been written many times. It has been said that Sir John has been traduced and slandered, but it is doubtful whether any of the descendants of the Mohawk valley revolutionary patriots can ever be convinced that he did not do an atrocious deed when he incited the Mohawks and their kindred to lift the hatchet against the people of the Mohawk valley.

How magnificent was the bravery and love of liberty of these foeman of the Mohawks. Isolated on an exposed frontier, they not only had the British soldier to fight, but they had the foes of their own household, and last and worst of all they had the bloody Mohawks smarting with injuries real and imaginary, and stimulated by British gold, and led on by John Johnson and Guy—by the Butlers, by Croghan, and all the rest of the Johnstown retainers.

Scant justice has been done to our valley by the historians, scant justice to a people who through all the long struggle were a bulwark on the most exposed frontier, who kept back that ever besetting tide from the north, which was ready to sweep down and overwhelm the Hudson and all New England; scant justice to men who faced all the horrors that savages can inflict, and who suffered more for the cause of liberty than any other section of the thirteen colonies.

They fought Briton and Tory and Mohawk alike through all the long struggle, and at its close there was a wide waste of ruined farms, of smoldering houses, and churches, and barns, and three thousand widows and orphan children.

Scant justice have the historians done to the Mohawk valley.

Lexington ! Concord ! Bunker Hill !

These are the names that the historians, and poets, and school book makers love to honor.

This is well. Not that we love Cæsar less, but Rome more, would we be rejoiced to see the men of the Mohawk valley recognized, and Oriskany, and Stone Arabia, and Sharon, likewise receive their due meed of praise and appreciation.

But the men of the Mohawk valley have never been celebrated for that sublime self assertion that distinguishes the men of New England. But whether the deeds done here are appreciated or not, we have the consciousness that our forefathers did their duty nobly, and we honor their memory.

We have come to the closing scene of our sketch of the Mohawks.

In a few canoes a wretched band are seen skirting the shores of the Bay of Quinte. Discouraged, poor, homeless, they seek a site for a village in a new land. They have left their native valley, their churches, their hunting grounds, and the graves of their dead, and the white man occupies all the goodly land.

A few years ago two Mohawks passing down the valley on the Central railroad were seen upon the platform of one of the cars with animation pointing out to each other the objects of interest in this ancient seat of their tribe. They had a traditional knowledge of it all, and the old Indian names of the hills and streams were familiar to them. They could see the church at Indian Castle which Sir William Johnson built for their fathers, and the spot at Fort Hunter where Queen Anne built her Indian chapel of the Mohawks. They passed by the sites of Teonontogen and Osseruenon, and they saw the hills among which Garoga stood.

Stoical as they naturally are, these red men shed tears, no doubt, of regret and sorrow that in this old stronghold of their tribe they were nothing but strangers.

Notes on Arendt Van Corlaer's Journal of 1634.

BY S. L. FREY.

This old manuscript which has lately come to light in Holland and been published by Gen. James Grant Wilson in the *New York Independent* of October 3rd, 1895, is of peculiar interest to us, as being the first written account we have of the Mohawks and their villages.

Among the many who came to America as soldiers or as settlers, there were but very few whom the natives had any reason to love or venerate. Las Casas among the Spaniards, Penn among the English, Frontenac among the French, and Van Corlaer among the Dutch, were exceptions to the rule. There are a few others, such as Schuyler, whom they called "Quider," and Sir William Johnson, their "Brother." The Dutch as a rule were always kind to the Indians, and Van Corlaer was so preëminent for truth and honesty that his name became generic for all the future governors of the province of New York. At the time he made his journey, the Mohawk valley was an unknown wilderness. A few traders may have been there, but for the most part all that was known to the Dutch came from the Indians themselves, who traded at Fort Orange. To the French, at Montreal, it was a region of death; to the priests, the home of the devil. Van Corlaer undertook this hard, dangerous trip in the winter of 1634, not from curiosity or philanthropy, nor desire for scientific knowledge, but simply because certain Mohawks had brought the unwelcome intelligence that there were French traders among the "Sinnekens," (Oneidas,) who were paying more for beaver skins than the Dutch were, and consequently drawing away a lucrative trade to Canada that rightfully belonged to Fort Orange. So early did the fur trade fight begin.

He left Fort Orange with five Mohawks as guides, and was accompanied by Jeronimus la Crock and Willem Tomassen.

They traveled "mostly northwest," about eight miles, (Dutch,) and came to "a stream that runs into their land, and of the name of Vyoye." This is sufficient to designate the stream as the Schoharie, which is about that distance from Albany, if we follow the trail. They did not go by the way of Schenectady; had no occasion to go so much out of their way as that.

Going down the "Vyoye" in one hour they came to the fishing villages of the Mohawks at the mouth of the stream, and "to the branch that runs into our river." This "branch" was of course the Mohawk, and "our river," the Hudson or North river. It is uncertain whether he crossed the river, or only the broad mouth of the creek. It was so dark he probably did not know. As the "Castles" were all on the south side of the river, we would naturally think that they would not cross to the north side, but it makes little difference, for after wandering about in darkness and cold, and ice and water, they were obliged to pass the night of the 12th at a little house half a mile from the first "Castle."

"December 13th," (says the diary,) "in the morning we went together to the castle over the ice that during the night had frozen on the hill, and arrived at thier castle, which is built on a high mountain." Here *hill* should read *kill*, and *mountain* should read *hill*. Then we can understand that they either crossed the Mohawk from the north side on the new ice, or that they walked on the ice that had formed on the flooded flat lands on the south side.

The statement that they traveled eleven Dutch miles on the 12th shows that we need to pay little attention to Van Corlaer's miles. This distance would have taken him nearly to the western limits of the Mohawk country, whereas they were only at the first castle, which I think was the same as the Osseruenon of Jogues—1642. In fact Van Corlaer says that the "Vyoye" empties into the Mohawk near the first castle. On Van der Donck's map this castle is named "Carenay." The site is now definitely marked by the shrine erected by the Jesuits in memory of their brethren at Auriesville.

This castle contained thirty-six of those long houses of which we hear so much in after years; these were three hundred feet long, and laid out in regular rows, but the village was not.

palisaded, which is a surprise, for only eight years after this, when Jogues saw it, it was strongly palisaded. The condition of things showed that already there was much intercourse with the whites; doors with iron hinges, iron chains, harrow irons, hoops, nails, etc. "All probably stolen somewhere," as Van Corlaer remarks, but more likely bartered for beaver skins.

"The houses were full of corn that they lay in store, and we saw maize; yes, in some of the houses more than three hundred bushels." This is so obscure that it is difficult to understand it. Perhaps if transposed so as to read as follows it may convey Van Corlaer's meaning: "The houses were full of corn that they lay in store; yes, in some of the houses we saw more than three hundred bushels of maize." "They make barrels and canoes of the bark of trees, and *saw* with bark as well." If we substitute *sew* for *saw* it will probably be Van Corlaer's meaning, for the Indians did *sew* a great deal with bark. The small pox was already destroying the Indians, and it appears that bears and deer and wild turkeys were abundant, that there was plenty of food, and that these savage Mohawks were hospitable and kind.

"This chief showed me his idol; it was a waterhead, with the teeth sticking out." What he means by a "waterhead" it is hard to say, but the idol was perhaps a totem; they are found on the village sites; a bear, or a wolf, or a tortoise, carved from stone or bone, as of lead cast in a mold.

December 16th—He calls this first castle "Onekagoncka," making a distinction between "castles" and villages. Among the Mohawks there were generally three castles, one for each of the clans of the tortoise, the bear and the wolf. Sometimes there were four. Passing two small villages they reach the second castle at 2 o'clock P. M.; this he says was named Metdashet, and then immediately after says it is named "Canagere."

General Wilson in a note says this was the present Canajoharie, but this could not be for various reasons, the principal one being that there never was a castle at that place. The castle of the "Canajoharees" was of Sir William Johnson's time, and was where the village of Indian Castle now is. This second castle of Van Corlaer's journal was evidently the "Andagoron" of Jogues, the "Canagero" of Van der Donck's

map, and was located a mile or more to the westward of Fultonville.

December 17, 18 and 19 they remained at this castle, and we gain some insight as to the life of the Mohawks from the few incidents recorded. The sulphur that they threw into the fire seems to suggest that they knew something about the healing qualities of the mineral springs that were abundant in their vicinity, Saratoga, Sharon and Richfield. The women who came from the "Sinnekens," with salmon and tobacco, show that there was considerable barter at that time; and the seawan spoken of suggests that already the lathes of Fort Orange had begun to supply this much desired commodity to the Indians, and that beer, salt, tobacco, brandy, axes, awls and knives, were becoming necessities to them.

December 20, they went from the second Castle to the third, crossing on the way a large stream full of floating ice. This stream was one of the creeks emptying into the Mohawk below what is now known as "Nose Hill." It is not strange that Van Corlaer does not mention all the streams that he must have crossed, for, as they were buried in ice and snow, he would scarcely notice them. This was the Wolf Castle of the Mohawks and he calls it "Sohanidisse." It is probably the Te-on-on-to-gen of Jogues, the I-on-non-te-go of the Van der Donck map. It was on a high hill, at the present village of Sprakers' Basin. The woods are still full of oak and nut trees, and the wide corn lands of the Indians stretch along the river side. This is one of the villages destroyed by the French in 1666, and many evidences of savage life have been found here.

December 21. Going on to the westward he came to a village called "Osguage," near a big stream. Is not this the Fort Plain creek, the Otsquago of to-day? There is a site of a village at this place on the hill to the southeast of Fort Plain, where Venetian beads and other traders' wares are found.

December 22. Crossed the streams and passed the village of "Cawaoge." This was probably about on the site of the present village of Fort Plain. The trees he speaks of as resembling the "savin," (red cedar-juniperus sabina,) may have been either white pine or hemlock, which when old has a rough bark:

Then they traveled "another while," and came to the fourth Castle "by land;" that is they walked on the shore, or over the high land, and not on the ice of the river. This Castle was named "Te-no-to-ge," and contained fifty-five houses. It was the first Castle protected by palisades, and was a large and populous village. The people were full of curiosity to see the white strangers, it being no doubt a novel sight to many of them. There was an abundance of food as usual, beans, corn, pumpkins, dried strawberries and bread, "baked with nuts and dried blueberries, and the grains of the sunflower." Travelers and historians have said that the Indians only used the oil expressed from the seeds of the sunflower as a dressing for the hair. Here we see the Mohawks using the seeds as food.

The Mohawk ran past this Castle and it was the last one and at the extreme western limit of the Mohawk Country. The probable location was at or near Indian Castle, where was the Castle of the Can-a-jo-har-ees in after years.

December 24. We need not laugh at the antics of the two Indian doctors, or the strange method of treating the sick. It was no whit more foolish than what might have been seen by the sick bed of any patient in Europe; indeed the proceedings and medicines of the European doctors were far more astonishing and disgusting than those of the Indian..

December 26. He took his departure with a guide for the "Sinnekins;" passed much flat land, and crossed a hill where the water was knee deep. This should be kill instead of hill. They traveled west and northwest and took a course away from the Mohawk to the south among the hills for they saw mostly beech trees.

December 27. Still among the hills; saw no Indians. The reason was they were passing through the border land, between the territory of the Mohawks and that of the Oneidas.

December 28. To-day they reached a stream which the guide said ran into the land of the "Minquassen," and then after awhile another which "runs into the South River." The way led through a forest of big beeches.

December 29. This day through forests of oak and hickory to within four miles of the "Sinnekins Castle."

Where was this stretch of country with beech trees, high hills,

and streams, running, not north into the Mohawk, but south into the Susquehanna, which Van Corlaer confounds with the Delaware or South River. It is plain it was far away to the south of the Mohawk and among the hills of Madison and Oneida Counties. They were taking a direct and short course to the "Sinnekens' Castle."

December 30. From some high hill the guide pointed out "the branch of the river that passes by Fort Orange and past the land of the Maquas." They looked down on the Mohawk, and then passed on to the "Sinnekens' Castle." Of course they were in the Canton of the Oneidas; the Senecas were far away in the wilds of Western New York. "When near the Castle, to the northwest, we saw a big river and on the other side thereof tremendously high land that seemed to lie in the clouds."

I think that this Castle of the Sinnekens was on the Oneida Creek and far back among the hills, and that the river he speaks of as in the distance may have been Oneida Lake.

Van Corlaer learned that the report about the French traders was correct; the way was easy for them; their shallows could come into the heart of the Oneida country and draw away all the beaver skins to Canada.

Van Corlaer stayed with the Oneidas till the 12th of January, 1635, and he gives us a fairly good picture of the savage life of these old Iroquois at their Castle of "En-ney-ut-te-hage." They seem to have been more prosperous, to have had better houses and to have differed somewhat in their customs from the Mohawks. The food problem was easier to them. With a lake close at hand swarming with salmon and wild fowl of all kinds, they never could have been straightened for food. The abundance of wampum is perhaps not surprising, when we consider how many Dutch lathes were busy turning it out. The Indians had made it to some extent, but it was not abundant till the whites made it by the bushel and filled the Indian country with it. Most of the wampum belts in existence are made of this white man's wampum. On prehistoric village sites shell wampum and beads are rare.

The return journey to Fort Orange was quickly made, and without particular incident. Van Corlaer probably succeeded

in securing the beaver trade for Fort Orange. There was a fierce rivalry between the French and Dutch, but the latter had the advantage, as there was perpetual peace between them and the Iroquois.

In summing up I will say that I do not ask any one to accept my explanation of Van Corlaer's itinerary if a more plausible one can be found. I have been guided principally by my acquaintance with the numerous sites of aboriginal occupation along the valley. If any one can follow more closely in Van Corlaer's footsteps, I will be glad to know it. The numerous small villages Van Corlaer saw explains why there are so many sites that show short occupation. The "Castles" containing many long houses, and a large population, and occupying the place for a long time, can be easily identified. This applies equally to the prehistoric sites and to those of a later period than Van Corlaer's, when the Mohawks were on the north side of the river. For convenience I have tabulated the sites mentioned by Van Corlaer, Jogues and Van der Donck. They may not be identical but they are near enough so for all practical purposes, and are all on the south side of the river.

There appear to be some errors in translation, and some typographical blunders; it may be that a careful revision might clear up some of the ambiguities.

Table of Mohawk "Castles" and their approximate location at Van Corlaer's time:

On-e-ka-gonc-ka, Van Corlaer, 1634; Os-se-ru-e-non, Jogues, 1642; Carenay, Van der Donck, 1656—First Castle, at Auriesville.

Se-nat-sy-cro-sy, Van Corlaer; Schan-a-tis-sa, Van der Donck—Village of twelve houses.

Met-da-shet, or Cana-ge-re, Van Corlaer; Can-a-ge-ro, Van der Donck; An-da-go-ron, Jogues—Second Castle, at Ful-tonville.

So-han-i-dis-se, Rehan-i-dis-se, Van Corlaer; Te-on-on-to-gen, Jogues; l'I-on-non-te-go, Van der Donck—Third Castle, at Spraker's Basin.

Te-no-to-ge, Te-no-to-ge-ha-ge, Van Corlaer—Fourth Castle, at Indian Castle, the Castle of the Can-a-jo-har-ees, or Upper Castle of Sir William Johnson's time.



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