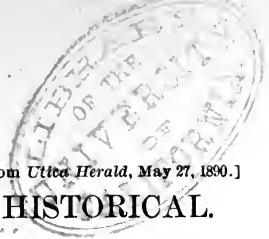


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HISTORICAL.

Address on Judge William Cooper of Cooperstown by Hon. Edward F. DeLancey.

A Tribute to the Otsego Pioneer by the Son of
the First Bishop of Western New York—
The Oneida Historical Society Ad-
Journs to September.

The feature of the regular meeting of the Oneida historical society at its rooms last evening, was the address on Judge William Cooper, founder of Cooperstown, by Hon. Edward F. DeLancey of New York. There was a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen and members of the society. Vice President Charles Hutchinson presided, Rees G. Williams being recording secretary. A number of contributions to the society's collections were received, and thanks ordered to the donors. After the usual routine business, Chairman Hutchinson introduced Mr. DeLancey, who is the son of the late Right Rev. William Heathcote DeLancey, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L. Oxon., late bishop of western and central New York. Mr. DeLancey's profile and face strikingly resemble that of his father. He is an earnest historical student and a frequent contributor to the Magazine of American History and similar periodicals. His address was as follows:

In the history of the practical settlement of this fair land in which it is our good fortune to dwell, the ancient New Netherlands, the Royal Province and now the imperial state of New York, four names stand forth far above all others.

First, Rieter Evertsen Hulst, the sagacious and wealthy Amsterdam merchant and director of the Dutch West India company of that city.

Second, Sir William Johnson, baronet, who both as the agent of his uncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren, K. B., and later on his own account, was untiring in his efforts for practical, permanent settlement, and did far more than any other one man of his day to develop agriculturally the valley of the Mohawk.

Third, William Cooper of Otsego, who first settled, and settled most thoroly and successfully, the beautiful valleys of the Susquehanna, with its mountain lakes and streams and deep, magnificent forests.

Fourth, Colonel Charles Williamson, the first to take active measures in person and thro' agents to bring settlers and domestic animals into the vast, rich, rolling plain lying between the foot hills of the Alleghanes, on the south, and the vast inland seas of Ontario and Erie on the north and west, gemmed with fair lakes and amid flowing rivers, the unequalled and splendid region of western New York, and now the richest and most flourishing part of our own great state.

These four men are striking illustrations of that cosmopolitanism of origin to which our American, and especially our New York people, owe their force, success and power. Each of these great pioneers should have the history of their successful efforts and careers, as the early developers of the material resources and prosperity of New York, fully and fairly written. This society could not devote its energies to better advantage than to issue well prepared and printed, full, but brief, separate memoirs of these chief leaders in the agricultural development and the actual settlement of the great state, of which this fair city of Utica is nearly the geographical center. William Cooper of Otsego was a native of Pennsylvania, a man of position, character, determination, and possessed of moderate means. To the latter of which fact it is owing that he became a landholder and inhabitant just after the close of the revolution of the then new state of New York. His ancestry was English. He became eventually the largest landholder of his day in the Susquehanna region, and he devoted himself to the settlement and development of it in person and with a courage that no obstacle could daunt.

Altho' it was in 1783 when he and Andrew Craig had succeeded in acquiring control of the claims against the Crogh and Potent estates, it was not until 1785 that William Cooper first saw the region it covered. He was then thirty-one years of age, in the full health and vigor of perfect manhood, nearly six feet in height, of fine figure, with a rich, deep complexion. He came to visit and see the region for himself, and to take steps for its survey and settlement, and most thoroly did he do so. Some of his later acquired lands had been originally attempted by former owners on the contract system. Such contracts as existed he of course maintained as the new owner, but all the other uncontracted portion he held in fee under his own system. It is impossible in a paper of this kind to mention the many different measures and the various means adopted by Judge Cooper to advance the interests and promote the industries of the Susquehanna region. One, however, must be men-

tioned, as the subject excited great and general attention. This was the first movement in this state, as a state, to encourage manufactures, and the particular manufacture sought to be encouraged was that of maple sugar. Of Judge Cooper's most interesting and exciting political career I had intended to speak at length, but it would require a paper by itself. No man was ever more fiercely attacked by political rivals, and no man as active as he ever came out of a heated political controversy with cleaner hands. Nothing can more fully demonstrate the singular, important and really dangerous condition of the political affairs of New York, growing out of the adoption of the constitution of the United States in 1787, and the political parties it originated, than the controversy about Judge Cooper and his action in the gubernatorial contest of 1792, which culminated in the success of George Clinton and the defeat of John Jay. A full, true history has never yet been written. Judge Cooper was a successful leader in the field of politics, as he was in that in which he practically developed and settled the splendid region he chose for his home. Force, wit, judgment, decision and determination, united with even justice and high honor, marked every step of his striking career.

At the conclusion of the able address, William M. White moved a graceful resolution of thanks, which was seconded by Rev. Dr. Gibson, who referred to Mr. DeLancey as an old college friend, and recalled briefly some reminiscences of Judge Cooper and Colonel Williamson. Colonel Cantwell also spoke briefly in appreciation of the speaker and the address.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT SCHUYLER.

The following, among the presentations to the society collection, is the original of a letter written by an eye witness of the massacre at Fort Schuyler, (Utica,) and has not before been published:

July, 1777—At three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 27th instant, our garrison was alarmed with the firing of guns. A party of men was instantly dispatched to the place where the guns were fired, which was just on the edge of the woods about 400 yards from the fort, but they were too late. The villains were followed, having shot two girls who were picking raspberries. Two of the girls were lying scalped and tomhawked among the bushes, one dead and the other expiring. She died in half an hour after she was brought home; the third had two balls thro' her shoulder, but made out to run off and get clear of them. Her wounds are not thought to be anyway dangerous. By the best discoveries we can make there were four Indians who committed these murders. We had four men with arms just past by that place, but these mercenaries of Britain came not to fight, but to lay in wait to

murder, and it's equal the same to them, if they can get a scalp whether it be from a soldier or an innocent babe. Oh, George! to what art thou fallen! Like Herod of old hast thou sent forth thy murderers to slay innocent children? Gracious heaven, wilt thou not take vengeance on these things? I send you the following particular account of this affair, the better to deliver some of the inhabitants of this oppressed country from that strange infatuation which is ever wakening them up to a persecution; that they have nothing to fear from the king's wretched murderers, and news of this kind is published with design to decrease them as well as if it should come to the knowledge of some generous Briton, who is still in the service of that tyrant, (for some such I still believe there are) they may blush when they think what a master they serve. But are there any Americans who will still continue to subject themselves to this savage king and join with the barbarous fiends thus to murder the innocent babes of their land? Methinks barbarism itself must stand amazed at the supposition, and every generous breast that is not steeled with savage ignorance weep to think that there are such inhuman monsters who were born and brought up among us and blessed with the same enjoyments. One of the children who was killed and scalped, a girl 13 years of age, was a daughter of one John Steene, who has lived at this place since 1765, getting his livelihood by cultivating a small piece of ground he received permission to inclose near the fort. He served the king of Great Britain during the whole of the last war as appears by his discharge, of which the following is a true copy. He is now an old man and unfit for any kind of service, yet that king in support of whose honor he formerly toiled and fought has thus requited him for his former services. The girl who received the wounds on her shoulder, is 16 years of age, the daughter of one George E. Reyster, who served as a soldier in Captain Dravill's company, the 16th battalion of royal Americans, during the late war. He is at present employed to bake for the garrison. He is also an old man, and to employ him is an act of charity.

He tells me he was discharged by purchase in the year 1765, which discharge is at the German Flats, his proper place of residence. The other is a servant girl of one Mr. Roof, the principal inhabitant of this place, who has lived here since the year 1760, and was formerly baker to the garrison and army at this place. The girl's name is Levea Stephase, aged 20 years. Thus stands the affair. My countrymen, is there a man among you whose soul does not shudder at such dastardly bloody business, or is there a pusillanimous heart which requires arguments to urge him to arms against the king and parliament of Britain, who, despairing of conquering our country by reducing us to a state of wretched vassalage, have declared war against our poor defenseless infants? Are there still any of you who are supinely indulging yourselves with the fancy that you are in no danger, that no harm is intended against you? Are you possessed of more innocence than those poor murdered children? Have you any right to expect better treatment than they have

had if you fall into the same hands? Flatter not yourselves that it is only in this wilderness where such bloody scenes are to be expected. It is true the same kind of murderers may not overtake you in all your habitations, but the same bloody tyrant is employing his murderers of one kind and another thro'out your country, and it is the vilest infatuation to suppose your being only on-lookers will save you from destruction should they get you in their power.

Rouse, then, my countrymen, rouse; it is under God, in your own arms, that you are to look for deliverance, and fear not. God is a righteous God, and in so righteous an opposition success will most assuredly attend you. To doubt of the assistance of heaven in such a cause is to impeach the justice of Almighty God.

These Indians, we are informed, are some of those sent out by those direful emissaries of Britain's tyrant, Sir John Johnson, and Colonels Clark and Butler.

Other presentations were, the commission as postmaster at Trenton given to Dr. Luther Guiteau, father of the late doctor, signed by Gideon Granger, postmaster general, September 20, 1803; also a poem by S. G. Arnold, entitled "The Call of Dr. Judd," published as a pamphlet at Wash-

ington. Dr. Judd was the principal organizer of the Sandwich Island government, and was for some years its prime minister. He was the son of Dr. Elnathan Judd of Paris Hill, this county. The poem is a graphic account of Dr. Judd's life and adventures. It describes how the youthful missionary was urged to take a wife out with him—

"Disturbed in thought, his fate unsettled still,
He reached his loving home at Paris Hill,
And called h's friends around in consultation
That they might know and help the situation."

He evidently knew where to find her, for, having delegated the important matter to his uncle, Hastings, to break the proposal to the maid,

"Hastings at once the needful time bestowed,
And rode to Clinton, where the maid abode."

The question was deftly asked by the ambassador, and the maid blushing answered "yes;" whereat,

"Next they were married, and they did not
fail
To join their friends and take the long drawn
sail!"

