SEMI-CENTENNIAL

OF

The City of Utica,

MARCH 1ST, 1882,

AND

FIRST ANNUAL SUPPER

OF

THE HALF CENTURY CLUB,

MARCH 2D, 1882.

PUBLISHED BY

THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

UTICA, N. Y.

CURTISS & CHILDS, PRINTERS, 167 GENESEE ST.

MDCCCLXXXII.

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Proceedings of Semi-Centennial.

The Charter of the City of Utica was adopted February 13, 1832, and by its provisions it went into effect on the first day of March. The anniversary of the fiftieth year from its organization, it was thought by many of its citizens should be commemorated by an appropriate public observance in which former residents should be invited to participate. The arrangements for such observance were assumed by the Oneida Historical Society, which at its meeting, in February, 1882, appointed Robert S. Williams as Chairman of a Committee for the purpose, with authority to select his associates. The Committee thus formed issued the following circular which was sent to some three hundred persons, former inhabitants of Utica, and leading individuals of the vicinity.

1832-1882.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1882.

DEAR SIR:

The Oneida Historical Society proposes to commemorate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Charter of the City of Utica, by appropriate exercises, on Wednesday, March 1, 1882. It cordially invites you, as a former resident, to be present on that occasion. The exercises will be a Symposium of brief addresses, letters, reminiscences and social intercourse. In the event of your ina-

bility to come, the Society solicits from you a letter which may be read on the occasion.

An immediate response is requested.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, Chairman.

WILLIAM J. BACON,	JAMES McQUADE,
ALEXANDER SEWARD,	ALEXANDER T. GOODWIN,
M. M. BAGG,	E. PRENTISS BAILEY,
ELLIS H. ROBERTS,	MILES C. COMSTOCK,
CHARLES E. BARNARD,	THEODORE S. SAYRE,
C. W. HUTCHINSON,	MORVEN M. JONES.

The larger Utica Opera House having been pre-engaged, the Committee was compelled to take the City Opera House for this Semi-Centennial meeting. This they adorned by hanging above and around its stage portraits of former village and city officials, among whom were included :

Rudolph Snyder, President of the village in 1818–20, also Alderman in 1832.

Gen'l Joseph Kirkland, first Mayor of the city, 1832.

John C. Devereux, Mayor 1839–40.

Joshua A. Spencer, Mayor 1848.

Alrick Hubbell, Mayor 1856–57. Alderman 1840-41.

Theodore S. Faxton, Mayor 1864.

Thomas Walker, Trustee 1821–24. Overseer of the Poor 1822. Treasurer 1833–35.

Thomas Colling, Trustee 1827–31, Clerk 1832–33.

Aldermen,—E. S. Barnum, 1832–33, 1836, 1842 ; Harvey Barnard, 1832–33, 1837, 1847 ; John A. Russ, 1832 ; James Sayre, 1834 ; Spencer Kellogg, 1839 ; Michael McQuade, 1839, 1847–48, 1850–56 ; John J. Francis, 1840–43 ; Jared E. Warner, 1841–44 ; Hiram Greenman, 1842–43.

Orsamus B. Matteson, City Attorney 1832–33.

Thomas Broadway, Clerk of Clinton Market 1832.

Alexander Coburn, City Clerk 1845.

Cards of invitation, of which the following is a copy, were sent to a very large number of citizens, to more in fact than it was feared the hall would accommodate :

1832-1882.

Semi-Centennial Anniversary

OF THE

CHARTER OF THE CITY OF UTICA, N. Y.,

Wednesday, March 1, 1882.

The Oneida Historical Society respectfully invites your attendance at a Symposium, at the City Opera House, Wednesday evening at 7.30, March 1, 1882.

COMMITTEE :

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, Chairman.

WILLIAM J. BACON,	JAMES McQUADE,
ALEXANDER SEWARD,	ALEXANDER T. GOODWIN,
M. M. BAGG,	E. PRENTISS BAILEY,
ELLIS H. ROBERTS,	MILES C. COMSTOCK,
CHARLES E. BARNARD,	THEODORE S. SAYRE,
C. W. HUTCHINSON,	MORVEN M. JONES.

ADMIT GENTLEMAN AND LADY.

SHOW THIS TICKET AT THE DOOR.

All through the day and evening of March 1st, rain fell in torrents, and though this had the effect of limiting the audience, yet this audience was a full and a thoroughly representative one, the older and better known of the people of Utica and its neighborhood being, for the most part, present. While the hall was

filling the Philharmonic Orchestra, led by Prof. Lombard, played in pleasing style and with acceptance the Grand National Overture.

Upon the stage were seated, besides the speakers of the evening and the Committee of Arrangements, Mayor James Miller, Ex-Mayors H. H. Fish, Ephraim Chamberlain, DeWitt C. Grove, Theodore F. Butterfield, Charles K. Grannis, James McQuade, M. C. Comstock, Theodore S. Sayre, Chas. W. Hutchinson, Chas. E. Barnard, Hon. M. H. Merwin, Hon. A. T. Goodwin, and other honored guests, including James C. Delong, Alderman in 1835, 1837–38, now in his 92d year, and Liberty Powell, who was born in Utica in 1796.

The exercises of the occasion were conducted nearly in accordance with the following programme :

THE PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE—Grand National. - . *D. Weigand*
PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
PRESENTATION OF LETTERS, . . R. S. WILLIAMS
1 THE FIRST TWO MAYORS, . . Hon. W. J. BACON
2 EARLY UTICA, . . THOMAS ALLEN CLARKE, Yonkers
3 THE CLERGY OF UTICA, . Rev. D. G. COREY, D. D.
PICOLO SOLO—La Flute Enchantée, . . — —
DR. P. MELFI.
4 UTICA AND THE NORTH, WALTER B CAMP, Sacketts Harbor
5 OUR CHARITIES. . . . Hon. JOHN F. SEYMOUR
6 OUR SISTER CITIES, . . . B. B. BURT, Oswego
7 THE MENTAL AND INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY OF UTICA, ... Hon. ELLIS H. ROBERTS
8 OUR LEARNED PROFESSIONS, . Hon. FRANCIS KERNAN
9 CONGRATULATIONS OF A SISTER SEMI-CENTENNIAL CITY, . . . F. F. FARGO, *Buffalo
WALTZES—Sweet Sixteen, . . *A. Aronson*
PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
10 OUR EARLY PUBLISHERS, . Hon. DEWITT C. GROVE
CORNET SOLO—The Favorite, . *J. L. Gartland*

*Mr. Fargo did not appear.

11 READING OF THE CITY CHRONICLES, Dr. M. M. Bagg
12 THE MILITARY HISTORY OF UTICA, Gen. James McQuade
13 OUR LATE COMERS, . . . Rev. I. S. Hartley

Polka De Concert—Le Dame de Cœur, *P. Farbach*
Philharmonic Orchestra.

Galop—Bascher Entschluss, . . *C. Faust*
Philharmonic Orchestra.

At 7.30 P. M., Robert S. Williams, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called the meeting to order and invited Hon. Wm. J. Bacon to preside. Judge Bacon, took the chair amid the hearty applause of the audience.

Chairman Williams said he had received letters of regret from over one hundred former citizens of Utica and vicinity, all of which it would be impossible to read. He read extracts from a few of them which were listened to with pleasure, and were read with delight in the papers of the following day wherein they were printed more at length. These letters appear below, arranged in alphabetical order.

HON. WILLIAM J. BACON.

Judge Bacon opened his address in his usual happy and facetious style, and then spoke as follows of "The First Two Mayors of Utica":

What little I have to say on this occasion will be simply introductory, and have relation principally to a mention of the two men who stood at the head of the city government, your first two mayors, and to the remarkable visitation which signalized the administration of the first. As most of you will readily recall, the first mayor of Utica was Joseph Kirkland: the second was Henry Seymour. The first was elected in 1832, and the second in 1833. Without dwelling on their

special characteristics, which time will not allow, I can comprehensively and truthfully say of both, that they were model mayors. They were dignified and courtly in manner, perfect gentlemen of the old school, men of clear, cool heads, of unquestioned integrity, and who properly magnified their office and faithfully discharged its duties. In their days "the righteous flourished like the palm tree, and corruption stood afar off."

In the first year of the city government that dreaded scourge, the Asiatic cholera, made its appearance here. It came upon us almost unheralded, and what gave to fear additional wings was the fact that instead of first assaulting the homes of the vilest and the lowest, it struck down as its earliest victims some of our best and most worthy citizens. The consequence was that universal terror reigned, places of business were mostly closed, and the silence of death reigned in the streets, and soon an alarming exodus prevailed among the people. The multitude was paralyzed with fear, and the "*Sauve qui peut*" after Waterloo was the general cry. There is no doubt that mere physical fear added greatly to the malignancy of the disease, and set almost at naught the prescriptions of the physicians and the solicitous nursing of the most devoted friends. Many a man rose from his bed with the morning sun apparently vigorous and cheerful, upon whose grave the twilight shadows fell. A few brave and self-sacrificing spirits stood up, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," but the mass verified Byron's description of the shipwreck:

> "Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
> Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
> And some leaped overboard with frantic yell,
> As eager to anticipate their grave."

Among the calmest and bravest was the mayor, General Kirkland, who never for a moment yielded to unmanly fear, or omitted a duty to which he was called. I saw him every morning, as he quietly looked over the sick and the death roll of the preceding day and gave the necessary orders for removal or interment. And without disparagement to others, let me mention here two men most conspicuous in their service and most helpful by their activity, until each in turn was stricken down by the fell disease—not fatally, indeed, but most seriously

Henry Seelig Mayer

SEELIG MAYER.

and alarmingly. Those men were Spencer Kellogg and Colonel William Williams. Nothing daunted them, nothing withheld them from the bedsides of the sick and dying, or even the offices needful for the dead. The cheerful, beaming face of Williams carried in itself benediction and healing, and the firm determination of Kellogg inspired courage and hope in almost despairing hearts.

This much I have felt it due to say of an event the darkest and most mournful in our history, and which was coeval with the first year of our municipal existence. If we are ever visited again with a like calamity, may we find officials equally prompt and brave to meet it, and citizens adequate to the toils and sacrifices it calls for.

Let me claim your indulgence for trespassing a little beyond the space I had allotted to myself, by mentioning very briefly one other of the early mayors of Utica, whose name ought not to be forgotten on such an occasion as this. Edmund A. Wetmore was an alderman, and for two consecutive terms Mayor of the city. But perhaps the most conspicuous, and certainly the most valuable service he rendered, was as Commissioner of our Common and Advanced Schools and Free Academy. Of the system which has worked so admirably, he was mainly the author, and he was chosen to that position for twenty years and would have been even longer continued but for his voluntary retirement. He was a Trustee of our Female Seminary, and largely confided in by its conductors as their wise and trusted adviser. He was the first Treasurer of the State Lunatic Asylum and continued in that office until his death. And he was a Trustee and for many years President of the old iron Savings Bank, which has been so beneficent and helpful a friend to those especially in the humbler walks of life. He was, indeed, ever and always the poor man's friend, and when he was laid away to rest, the tears of many such bedewed his grave. No citizen of Utica, it may be safely said, ever gave to its people a more useful or disinterested service, and not one that has borne office among us, has left behind him a purer or brighter record.

In conclusion Judge Bacon read the resolution limiting the speakers to ten minutes.

THOMAS ALLEN CLARKE.

(LATE OF NEW ORLEANS.)

When I received the circular invitation to be present on this occasion and my eye traversed the names of the committee, I felt a glow of excitement. All were familiar, each name suggested a father of the hamlet. The form, features, walk, and character of each appeared before me as in very life. But when a special invitation to address you came, I said to myself, if I allow the flood gates of memory to be unlocked, I shall overwhelm and drown; and then I thought that there was no need to bring before you in large and exhaustive statement, incidents of lives so well and faithfully recorded by my life-long friend, Dr. Bagg, whose book detained me, when I opened it, far into the night, with exciting pleasure.

I will detain you with but few reminisences, though they bristle around me. I wish rather to impress you with the mighty potentialities of this small and simple village life. It is said that in old age, while the memory of the recent is blank and unfaithful, the buried treasures of childhood rise with freshness to the heart and beam forth in the countenance. I feel myself to night a boy again. I tread the unpaved streets within the limits of Broadway, just by the eastern boundaries of Judge Cooper's farm, in front of Judge Ezekiel Bacon's early home and by the tannery of David P. Hoyt. I see the white grave stones in the distance, near Mr. Potters' farm house. I ascend by the birthplace of Henry Inman towards the hill, cross Liberty street just in sight of James S. Kip's then palatial stone mansion, lingering to play in Mr. Thomas Walker's yard, and then without crossing a canal—for there was none then constructed—across field and through woods, reaching Genesee street not far above General Kirkland's mansion, Mr. Plant's farm lying in sight: then down by the homes of the Van Rensselaers, (now the site of the Butterfield House,) and those of Arthur Breese, father of United States Senator Breese and the Commodore Breese, A. B. Johnson and Thomas E. Clarke: crossing eastward over field to the bridge road, then to what was planned to be Chancellor square, and onward to the creek, where Butcher Brown kept his sham-

bles; thence toward the river, tarrying at Judge Miller's for fun and frolic with the boys, one of whom was a future general in the army; then flanking or jumping over the ruins of old Fort Schuyler, reaching the swimming place. What a congregation of boys! On an equality as pure as nature. If I had possessed a prophetic ken, I would have seen in Hans Crocker, the enterprising millionaire of Wisconsin, the son of a mason, the renowned Harry Rockwell, equestrian, dashing water over doctors of law, medicine, divinity and renowned civilians, known in all ranks of life, senators, judges, governors, swimming in competition with professors of oriental and scientific lore, a grand counsel of harmonies made up of the unharmonious. But I hasten on by the river bank to the landing near the foot of Genesee street. Boats of commerce propelled by poles with auxiliary sails are loading and unloading—the great four-horse wagons are passing their loads to the boats and receiving new to carry to the then far west of Onondaga and the Genesee country. Ah! the distant sound of the horn intimates the speedy arrival of the stage coach. All run to witness a bustling scene—the proud horses dashing around the square in full career to the door of Bagg's Tavern, the passengers alighting, wearied but delighted with the promised rest and food. But John Butterfield or Theodore Faxton beckon to me I run to accept the invitation and to jump upon the box beside him and ride around—a proud boy—to the stable. Meeting there the then venerable Jason Parker, and by invitation accompany him to his farm, where I was petted with all sorts of good things, and a promise of a colt. I have passed around the boundaries of the village.

At a little later period when Chancellor Square has been laid out and the building known as the Academy has been erected, and the United States Court is to hold sessions there, during court time the boys of the Academy are let loose with freedom. Ah! they will not forget to go in the early morning to the vicinity of Mr. Bagg's tavern to see the forming and movement of the procession to escort Judge Conkling to the Court House. The constabulary of the county, with the marshal and his deputies, precede the lawyers, who are followed by the Judge in robes.

I would like to enter the court room with you and see the orderly administration of justice, witness the sharp encounters of the great lawyers of the state, to tell you about each—Aaron Burr, Jonas Platt, Samuel Beardsley, Joshua A. Spencer, B. F. Butler, Henry R. Storrs, General Kirkland and others. Your own county men were by general judgment the peers of all.

I wish you to walk with me up Genesee street, starting from Whitesboro street. I would like to introduce you to all the worthy men by the way: talk with Dr. Hitchcock about the wonderful virtues of Dr. Roberts' Welsh medicamentum. That fine, tall and portly gentleman standing at his door and dangling his watch chain with its heavy seal is Ebenezer B. Shearman, the father of the cotton manufactory of the county. Look at that sign opposite Broad street, "Seward & Williams, Booksellers." A little farther along look at this building of more than the usual architectural appearance: it is the Ontario Branch Bank: this sign, "James H. Hackett, Grocer;" and this, "James Dana, Hardware."

Asahel Seward, the senior, is a quiet earnest citizen; his boys are with you now. William Williams, the busy man, fills a large place in the village activities. Colonel of the militia, elder in the church, foreman of the only fire company, editor of the leading newspaper, and probably one of the most earnest and popular men of his time. His sons went forth from their home to become missionaries, one to China as a printer has become one of the best known orientalists of the times. The government has often demanded his services as Chargé d' affaires. He opened, as interpreter for Commodore Perry, the way of communication with the Japanese, and now as a Professor in Yale and as President of the American Bible Society, S. Wells Williams is spending the evening of his honored life. Another son spent his life in endeavoring to awaken the fatalistic Moslem to an understanding of the faith of Jesus Christ. I need not make to blush by notice another who is present to-night. Within that bank are two men of marked but different character and disposition—the one dividing his time between finance and lexicography—the other attending diligently to his work, but evidently longing for a diversion into the realms of literature and art—and to minister

at the altar of hospitality. In the former you see potentially the great and esteemed jurist who but recently departed this life. In the other—a divine, for long years edifying and blessing the people of Boston—and a naval commander of the highest rank in a sister republic, who to defend a friend whom he deemed unjustly accused and whom he had been compelled to supercede, exposed himself to the sure perils of a pestilential atmosphere, dying to defend the honor of his profession. James H. Hackett, himself the most distinguished "Falstaff" of his time—potentially John K. Hackett, Recorder of New York, one of the best administrators of criminal justice known to that city. "James Dana," a faithful christian gentleman—potentially in James Dwight Dana—as I have been often told, since Humboldt, the best known and most esteemed abroad of the geologists of his time.

We are just above Liberty street. Do you see yonder instruments for survey? Do you note the two men directing their movement in the hands of subordinates? The younger one is the bright, alert, and handsome Holmes Hutchinson. His name is familiar to you to-day, and you have honored it with the chief magistracy of your city. The elder of the two is Henry Seymour, Canal Commissioner, a man to attract your attention, and if you know him, you admire him for his placid, dignified bearing, strong judgment, and undeviating truth. As ardent an advocate of the canal and as earnest worker for the object as DeWitt Clinton. No wonder that his sons and his son's son have taken up their father's work, that his labors may have fruition in the freedom of this great artery for the commerce of the world.

It has been my privilege to meet in familiar converse men of influence and distinction in all political parties from all parts of our country, and though differing from him in many points, yet all concur that for political sagacity, large and broad views of public policy, learning, and wisdom, and all endowments of statesmanship, with eloquence and energy, no one in this land of ours surpasses, if any are equal, to the eldest son of Henry Seymour.

These men, Hutchinson and Seymour, are apparently preparing temporary obstruction in the street just near, north of the dwelling of Samuel Stocking, but in their minds they are

opening across the street the water way by which the commerce of the great west may reach the ocean. They lived to see the event.

Pardon a personal allusion to an historic event. I saw myself the spade remove the earth at this point, and the waters from the west break for the first time from the western level into the eastern. And later on I was present at the bridal of the great western lakes with the ocean at Sandy Hook. DeWitt Clinton, the great high priest of improvement, performed the ceremony, and I witnessed the marriage and heard the benediction pronounced by his eloquent lips, and which has had such abundant fruitage.

I would like to carry you around the village and introduce you to each and all, that you might see in detail the simple village life with its unconventionalities. For I believe there was a time when I knew every man, woman and child, as they also knew me. But one or two incidents, somewhat personal, I must not pass before I relieve your attention, especially as one illustrates the proper subordination of the military to the civil. The Academy to which allusion has been made was sixty years or more ago under the charge of Captain Charles Stuart, a half-pay officer of the British army. He organized the school with a military command, submitting to the boys all authority, only reserving to himself the privilege of musician. He was the sole musician—the instrument a flute. His uniform, the same as his ordinary dress—a Scotch plaid straight collar, single breasted frock, nankeen pantaloons, and low glazed leather cap. An election of officers was had, and will you believe it, the youngest and smallest boy in the school was choosen major general. His chief duty was to walk beside Captain Stuart with such provision of uniform as a boy's toys may afford. Why this choice was made I never knew, but in reading history after the event I presume it was another illustration of thwarted ambition, as in the case of a cardinal who was elected pope because the condition of his health implied that he would scarcely survive the cardinalship. Or the case of the Grecian general who, though least esteemed, received all the votes of his associates for chief command, because each one expected it for himself, and all voted for the man least likely to be voted for. But it happened in the school that the

general outside was guilty of insubordination. Then must come punishment, and to his chargin the captain, Stuart, impressed the lesson which all military men should heed: "Tommy, you are my general out of school; I am your general in school." His military honors soon terminated. He has had none since. His fellow-citizens have never been so careless as to bestow upon him their suffrages. But he prides himself as having had under his command, and "the boy is father to the man," men of the loftiest civil, military and naval rank. This is all the military or civil glory he has or to which he aspires.

The forefathers of this village believed in a personal God. They unitedly established worship without distinction of sect. Roman Catholics and Protestants united for some time in public worship in such hall as they could obtain. It is, I believe, a well authenticated fact that John C. Devereux, a distinguished Roman Catholic, carried around the plate to gather contributions for the maintenance of worship. And afterward, when from the influx of an Irish population it was deemed for the public interest to found a Roman Catholic Church, the people generally contributed to that end, and quite a large wooden edifice, of graceful proportions, was erected at the corner of John and Bleecker streets. I well remember the first priest of that church, Father Farnum. He was a person of fine appearance and manners, and known familiarly in society. I remember his oft kindly greeting when I was a boy. The other clergy of that period were men of learning and piety and held a commanding influence in the church. Few of us can remember Henry Dwight—afterward the distinguished banker of Geneva—but many will remember Elon Galusha, Dr. Aikin, Dr. Bethune, Henry Anthon and William Hague. What channel of public influence has not been followed by your townsmen.

Upon what point can you stand of art, (Inman and Palmer were of this village,) letters, science, philosophy, theology, law or statesmanship—the Senate of this Union—the highest judicial tribunals, State or National, and not feel assured that the impress of the minds of this valley is felt. It has been my privilege to meet in different parts of this land citizens of Utica, and they have all testified their pride of origin.

It seems to me that all the highways have a beginning at Utica. Certainly the avenues to the Pacific slope, the course of the electric current carrying words to and from all quarters of the globe, and the great express companies owe much, if not their beginning, to T. S. Faxton and John Butterfield. There is one avenue yet for a son of Utica to tread, and it is not too much to expect that at no remote period that to the White House, will be trod in state by some one of your worthy sons.

There is a vast distinction between property and wealth. A nation may spread itself over thirty degrees of latitude and as many of longitude and yet be poor indeed. On our southern border lies a country sweeping south into the isthmus, and washed on her eastern and western shores by the great oceans of the world, upon which nature has bestowed latent resources of wealth, rivaling those of ancient Egypt—the granary of the then known world. And yet how poor! Compare it with England, so insignificant in her home territory that you might place it upon a single province of Mexico. Not her beds of coal nor iron, nor her ponderous engines, nor her valleys, nor her hills, nor her cities or her towns, nor her armies or her navies, but that life blood which circulates through all these great arteries, pulsating with the swelling of her great heart, makes her preëminent among the nations in wealth and power. It is the living man who touches with his wand the latent powers of earth, and wealth flows forth to refresh and sustain.

Friends and townsmen, you may to-night permit me to address you with something of the prophet, but more of the dogmatist in the well-known apostrophe to Cato—

> "No pent up Utica contracts your powers,
> But the whole boundless continent is yours.

WALTER B. CAMP.

Hon. Walter B. Camp of Sacketts Harbor, then spoke on "Utica and the North," as follows:

The question may naturally arise in your minds why a stranger to most of this assembly should be introduced, when so many of your own and honored citizens are ready to pay

homage to the good name of the city of their adoption or birth, and to whom you are pleased always to give a listening ear. I beg the privilege of entering into your joy this evening, not as an apparent heir, but heir apparent by direct descent to some of the rich legacies Utica has bequeathed with unsparing hand to her favored and grateful children. She gave our house an honored parentage, entered into under the benedictions of that worthy divine, Henry Dwight. At this favored hour we come to wave a censer of sweet odors in honor of her name.

In 1809 Talcott Camp, our ancestor, was chosen President of the village of Utica, and this is the fiftieth anniversary of his death among you, falling a victim to cholera, in 1832, on its introduction and dreaded march over our continent. How fitting that he retire to rest, when the Utica of his love, the child he fostered at the cradle, could stand at his bier adorned in robes of full municipal power, to cast a token of her affectionate regard.

Utica and Sacketts Harbor were closely allied by the stirring events of the war of 1812. Through your valley and village hastened troops from the east, carrying with them many of your patriotic citizens to that lake port, zealous to defend our land from invasion by the powers of Great Britain, or to be aggressors upon the soil or the waters of our enemy. Nicholas Smith is recorded as arriving to the distinction of Colonel. Col. William Williams, with his companions, volunteered *instantly* on the call for recruits, and in a few hours were on their way to the Harbor. Notably among the *boys* were Theodore Faxton and that printer, Thurlow Weed, who still lives, and but lately, with vigorous pen held up for emulation the stalwart worth of your fathers.

Lusher, Van Santvoord & Co. furnished the army with supplies, and met all the demands of trade by the means of river and lake navigation. The first steamboat on lake Ontario, or any lake, was built by M. T. Woolsey, Samuel F. Hooker, Elisha Camp and Hunter Crane at Sacketts Harbor, in 1816, Lusher, Smyth, and Gen. Jacob Brown claiming the right to steam navigation upon this lake, by privilege from Mrs. Robert Fulton.

When no longer the Mohawk river was desirable as a medium of transportation, Mr. Van Santvoord made New York his home, becoming foremost in establishing steamboat lines of transportation on the Hudson. His son Alfred, called the Commodore, inherited his father's tastes, and now unchallenged sends those swift palace steamers through the length of that beautiful river. Utica having originated and being the great stage center of the State, remained in supreme command till Faxton and Butterfield fired the fatal shaft at their own enterprise, by aiding or constructing the inevitable railroad. For relief and fresh air Mr. Butterfield sent his coursers from Missouri over the Indian territory, the stake plains of Texas, through the cañons to Santa Fe, till he marked the course for another railroad to the Pacific. If the proclivities of this life are followed in the better country, we may presume "Uncle John" has driven his tandem team to the North Pole, and as the last place on earth to press his leader, leaving there some memento of his visit.

Expectations of a great city at the foot of all the lakes induced merchants, artisans, professional men, divines, and that wealthy innkeeper, White, from their avocations here, to become citizens of Sacketts Harbor. My father, after the dissolution of the firm of Camp, Merrell & Camp, moved his press there and started the first newspaper, in May 1817, calling it, of course, *The Gazette*. In 1816 officers of the army and navy, with our citizens, "called" Rev. Sidney Snowden of New Hartford, who married Susan Breese, to be pastor of the Presbyterian Society. He was followed, in 1827, by the eccentric and gifted evangelist, Jedediah Burchard. In 1836 you also gave us George Wilson, whose memory is precious and his works impressed on your lives. In turn, we gave you the gallant and brave Woolsey, and the Reverend for whom Mr. Burchard preached on a memorable Sabbath, and prayed "that the Lord would give him a baptism of fire, for he had been feeding the people six years with water—diving into an ocean of metaphysics and bringing up a continent of mud." He then implored for "more fire and less water." Our commerce flourished till the construction of the Rome and Watertown Railroad, in 1851, when our merchants sought the growing West, with which they had been closely allied. When Chicago

was a hamlet, they sent the first vessel that entered that creek with 50 barrels of pork and the same of flour, as a venture. The return of that cargo has been marvelous. Railroads are now traversing all the old stage routes to the lake and river. Our merchants again are active, forwarding the products of land and lake. The iron horses of Thorn & Maynard are refreshed every few hours with a sip of water from Ontario.

A further notice of Talcott Camp seems appropriate at this time. At the age of nineteen he left an unfinished course at Yale, to engage in the War of Independence. Being attached to the Commissary department, he was soon made aware of the sufferings of the army, and her limited supplies. Immediate action on the part of Washington was taken to prevent the already disheartened troops from knowing the condition of affairs and by some means secure subsistence before the rations were exhausted—a dreaded calamity, for starvation ends patriotism in mutiny and a lost cause. Our overweighted forces were surrounded by the enemy who were ready to take advantage of our misfortunes. Young Camp was chosen for the emergency to convey to a distant post the information. Riding all night and well into Sunday, he overtook a man and wife horseback, on saddle and pillion, going to church. An exchange of horses was requested,—to meet a decided refusal. When the emergency was made known and the commander's orders to press into service all needful helps, the loyal and losing owners of a splendid animal willingly gave it up. "For Washington says so." In a moment more the tireless rider and the beautiful grey mare flying on their mission—supplies were secured, and forwarded in time to avert the impending disaster.

Before coming to Utica, he traveled into the far West, horseback, in company, so said, with the renowned Commodore Paul Jones, to locate land, settling at last near Fort Washington. Here he laid out what comprised half of the city of Cincinnati, in 1828. An unfaithful or treacherous agent took advantage of distance and let this valuable possession pass out of keeping. For no inducements or consideration would the original owner or his heirs distress the innocent occupants in after years. My father was in that city during the winters of 1828–30, and at the time of the great flood. At night he heard a call for help and

periled his life in a small boat to rescue a young man clinging to a tree top yet left unsubmerged. It proved to be the son of the unprofitable agent.

His namesake and nephew, T. H. Camp, son of George Camp, has for many years managed the largely increased interests of the Jefferson County Bank, Watertown, N. Y., as President, of which F. White, before mentioned, was about its first, in 1816. His brother, G. H. Camp, left Utica for Georgia, in 1842, and soon became interested in cotton manufacturing. When Gen. Sherman broke the Kenesaw barrier for Atlanta, his extensive works were given to the flames. They would have remained uninjured, but for a "Truly Lile" young spinner, with a little mill below, raising a French flag. He and Napoleon, in Mexico, were going to "do the business," which flaunt was met by ordering my brother's establishments burned,* by supposing him the offender.

Mr. Henry Merrill, son of Andrew Merrill and Harriet Camp, left Utica in 1839, and the employ of the Walcotts, for the South, and became a contractor and owner of cotton factories in Georgia and Arkansas. During the late civil war, he was attached to Kilby Smith's Staff as Chief Engineer, and was entrusted also with means to purchase machinery in England to construct factories in Texas. While there an end came of the Confederacy. Mr. M. deposited the funds, half to the order of Kilby Smith and the other to the U. S., and with honorable mention by Mr. Seward, returned to allegiance.

To show how ubiquitous your inhabitants are, I will relate Mr. M.'s account of a stage ride in Texas. Expecting an attack from rangers for plunder, they were not surprised at hearing the driver say, "There they are," as he stopped the stage. The party sprang from the vehicle with their revolvers, to "do or die." Along an edge of elevated ground were the enemy in position, standing in formidable array against the moon." "What ye going to do?" says the driver. "These screaming varmints are Cy-otes." A few months after Butterfield's driver (left in Dixie on secession) nudged his passenger on Genesee street with the suggestive inquiry: "Did those robbing Cy-otes ever trouble you again?"

*Gen. Hooker.

One unpublished incident I relate and finish. Your imagination will picture the road and vehicle that conveyed three printers to New Hartford, with their instruments of music, wherewith to make merry at the marriage of William Williams and Sophia Wells. Thomas Hastings played before his companions and friends, George Camp and Ira Merrill, the wedding march composed for the occasion. Their rehearsal with clarionet, bassoon and flute must have been satisfactory, for all were delighted with the stirring melody

How much the world, in its broadest sense, is indebted to the parties of that hour, can never be recorded. Wherever poetic fire and sacred melody swell the "heavenly flame," Thomas Hastings' name is revered. Ira Merrill had the gift of impressing those in his employ to high and worthy motives, and implanting his virtues on his descendants. Of the other it is not for me to eulogize; his memory is sacred in our keeping. His virtues are for others to praise.

Of William Williams, are not his name and deeds written in the book of "The Pioneers?" The results of that union have effected "earth's remotest bounds." Their children have told emperors, shahs and sultans "they are the inhabitants of no mean city." Wells Williams, with the gifted sons, stands today alone preëminently above all men for his knowledge of the Chinese language and empire, and is equaled by few for his varied learning and qualities of heart.

Citizens of Utica, build your Walhalla conspicuous and ample. Preserve in statue and painting the forms of your ancestors and worthies. Record the deeds of your statesmen and divines, merchants and projectors of great enterprises, and don't forget the printers' corner.

NOTE —Mr. Camp was a twin brother, married Nancy Hale, twin sister with Eunice (daughter of Captain Jonathan Hale who died on Jamaica Plains, 1776) and had born to him twins, Nancy and Eunice. The latter married Mr. W. F. Potter and became the mother of twin daughters. Dr. H. C. Potter, Mrs. Helen Warner, Mary and Elizabeth still survive her and deserve honorable mention.

REV. DR. D. G. COREY.

Rev. Dr. Corey spoke of the "Clergy of Utica," as follows:

Mr. Chairman—I have been requested to occupy five or ten minutes on this occasion, and devote them to some thoughts concerning former ministers of the gospel in this city. Of course, in so short a time, the view presented must necessarily be very imperfect.

The history of Utica, like all other cities in this Christian land, has been associated with the presence, power and influence of the Christian pulpit. From the beginning, good men, and true, by the inculcation of the great principles of religion and morality, have contributed to our temporal and religious prosperity as a city. My personal acquaintance with some 60 of these men, since 1842, enables me to speak positively of their moral worth, and devotion to every good word and work.

Among the number of ministers who have labored in this city, there were some men of marked ability, and extensive influence in the various denominations to which they belonged.

Among these were Samuel C. Aikin, D. D., who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church eighteen years. He was a model man in character, a good preacher, and greatly beloved by all the people. P. H. Fowler, D. D., was pastor of the same church twenty-two years. His influence for good will long be felt in the city. Dr. Pierre A. Proal, for twenty-one years, was rector of Trinity Church. He was a man of commanding presence, and of decided influence among his own people and in the city generally. Rev. Elon Galusha, William Hague, D. D., and Edward Kingsford, D. D., of the Broad Street Baptist Church—now Tabernacle, were men of uncommon pulpit power. My predecessor in the Bleecker Street Baptist Church, was Edward Bright, D. D., now publisher and editor of "*The Examiner*," printed in the city of New York. As the first religious organization in our city was composed of Welsh citizens, recently from Wales, as an act of justice, it should be said, that from 1801, until the present, religious services have been sustained in the Welsh language. Among the ministers have been some men of great ability, and effi-

ciency in this work. Dr. Brandegee was the laborious rector of Grace Church. After struggling against disease for years, he fell in the midst of his usefulness. Among the large number of Methodist ministers who have labored in the city, William Bristol, D. D., deserves special mention as an eloquent preacher and eminently patriotic during our recent war. Samuel Fisher, D. D., of the Westminster Church, was a prince among preachers. He was suddenly stricken down in connection with his highest usefulness. Not to speak depreciatingly of others, two men, former pastors of the Reformed Church, deserve special mention as men of eminent ability. Dr. Henry Mandeville was eminent as an elocutionist, both as a teacher and preacher G. W. Bethune, D. D., was a ripe scholar and an attractive preacher. He was not always as careful as some others, perhaps, to show the clergyman by speech, coat and hat. Not unfrequently he enjoyed a pure witticism and a dry joke. For example, one day he made some inquiry of a gentleman in this city—now dead—as to his personal interest in the subject of religion. "O!" said the gentleman, "I inherited my religion from my father." "Well," said Dr. Bethune, "your father must have had very little religion or a large number of children to supply." This is all that the time will allow me to say upon the subject assigned me. I close by simply saying, that embracing all denominations, we have now thirty-two churches in our city.

Dr. P. Melfi, of the Philharmonic Orchestra, played his piccolo solo, *La Flute Enchantée*, in exquisite style and was warmly applauded.

HON. JOHN F. SEYMOUR.

Before opening his address Mr. Seymour said he was curious to know how Chairman Bacon kept his time, and fearing that he would not be correct, he would keep his own time. If he was permitted he would like to give part of his time to his old friend,

Mr. Clarke of Yonkers, with whom he used to race down Genesee street. (Laughter.)

Judge Bacon—Who won the race? (Laughter.)

Mr. Seymour then spoke as follows on "Our Charities:"

To speak of the charities of fifty years ago is to speak of the sainted women of that time, who here, as well as in other portions of our new country, so lived and helped others to live as to cause that reverence for women which I trust will always characterize the men of America.

When roads began to stretch out towards the west through the forest there was no despairing poverty, but a new world of hope before all. To every new-comer sympathy and encouragement were always extended. The settlers were mostly from New England. After a while the thrifty Welsh appeared among us; the women, wearing tall hats, carried knitting in their hands as they passed through our streets; and then as canals and other works were called for, Ireland, that birthplace of workers, sent over her people. The forests began to disappear from our hillsides; this was no longer the far west; the throng of emigrants passed beyond us to unoccupied fields, but many, captivated by the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, made this their home, and thus, by magic, our city grew. Jason Parker carried the first mail and established a line of stages, and a Butterfield, and a Faxton were among the drivers to acquire wealth and means to apply their hands to enterprises greater than ever entered the minds of their employers. With the population of a city came its unfortunates, its needs, and then the commencement of systematic charities.

Mrs. Divie Bethune, the mother of the Rev. Dr. Bethune, came among us, and a school to teach young children to sew and to read was established in the old brick Methodist Church at the foot of Main street, and Mrs. Sophia Bagg, and Mrs. Judge Morris Miller and Mrs. Varick were its managers. Subsequently, when a change of location became necessary, John R. Bleecker of Albany, built for the use of this school, the brick building on Bleecker street, now occupied by the establishment of Mr. Jules Doux.

In 1826 a Society of Industry was established, of which Mrs. Sophia Bagg was president and treasurer, and Mrs. Ann Breese was secretary. Subsequently three children "were suddenly left by the death of their parents without protection or means of support." Mrs. Bagg brought before her associates the case of these three children and at her suggestion it was determined that the society should not only support these orphans, but that an orphan asylum should be established. And accordingly a charter was drawn up, and on the 7th day of January, 1830, a public meeting for the organization of this asylum was held at Washington Hall, on Broad street. Mrs. Maria W. Williams was made first directress, Mrs. Jerusha Lothrop, second, and Mrs. Sophia Bagg, third directress; Mrs. Ann H. Denio, secretary; Mrs. Eliza Goodrich, Mrs. Abby L. Johnson, Mrs. Esther O. Dorr, Mrs. Abigail Bacon and Mrs. Martha Hastings, managers. Thomas H. Hubbard, Asahel Seward, Joseph Kirkland and Henry Seymour were made an advisory committee. Descendants of some of those whose names I have mentioned are still found among the managers of this institution, which is now self-supporting. It now owns four acres of land (three of which were donated by B. F. Jewett and his sister) on Genesee street, with suitable brick buildings accommodating 140 children, with school rooms and admirable teachers, and plenty of play ground, and with money invested sufficient to maintain it. So many have helped to sustain and endow this valuable institution—now filled to overflowing—that I am afraid if I mentioned the names of Alfred Munson, Mr. and Mrs. Silas D. Childs, J. R. Warner, Francis Ramsdell, Dr. Samuel Healey of Syracuse, Benjamin F. Shaw, Theodore S. Faxton, Mrs. Alfred Churchill, Nicholas Vedder, Hiram Munroe of Paris, A. Wilmot of New Hartford, William Bristol, Robert Disney, J. B. Wasmer, Sevilla Dudgeon and Augustus White, I shall omit many others, as time would not suffice to mention them all and I am compelled to stop for want of permission to give the name of our "unknown friend."

There is also another orphan asylum, called St. John's, which was founded by John C. Devereux and Nicholas Devereux. They paid of their own money over $10,000 for lots and buildings located upon them for the purposes of this asylum, and for several years they largely contributed to maintain this

valuable institution, which subsequently became partially self-supporting with the aid of annual donations from other sources. The success of this asylum is wonderful. It maintains and clothes an annual average of 100 orphan girls, whose lives show how admirably it is conducted.

And there is St. Vincent's Male Orphan Asylum occupied by the managers of the Protectorate and Reformatory for destitute children from Oneida and adjacent counties, located on Rutger street: this is largely attended.

A Home for the Homeless aged and indigent or infirm women, who are unable to support themselves, was founded in 1867. Theodore S. Faxton contributing $20,000 and other citizens $27,000. Here sixty-one aged women find comfortable homes.

There is also a Home for Old Men which contains twenty inmates with room for more; it is not endowed, but is dependent upon the donations of our citizens. The managers of this home are women, they owe nothing, they have no money but would like some. A portion of their building is occupied as a hospital, called Faxton Hospital. It cost not less than $50,000, and was donated by Mr. Faxton, and he leaves by his will $25,000 additional for the support of the Hospital, which has already treated many patients and accomplished much good.

We have also the St. Elizabeth Hospital, which was established by the Sisters of St. Francis, in 1866, and who by their devotion and skillful nursing have maintained it in successful operation from that year to this. It will compare favorably with any other hospital in the land. Connected with it is an eye and ear dispensary, which, since 1870, has taken care of 3,300 cases gratuitously. Nearly every operation known to surgery has been successfully performed in this hospital. It is sustained by private charity, and occasionally by patients who can afford to pay.

St. Luke's Home and Hospital, located west of St. Elizabeth's, is successfully maintained under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, but by donations from people of all denominations. It does a noble and great work. The arrangement of its rooms makes it more like a private hospital and home than almost any institution I know. It is successful in the treatment of the sick, its doors are open to all conditions and

creeds of suffering humanity, and the amount of good accomplished is so great that I regret that I can not mention the names of its many donors. But I am sure that I shall be pardoned if I mention the name of Truman K. Butler, whose gifts of lands and buildings have made so much good possible.

The House of the Good Shepherd, in East Utica, incorporated in 1872, for the care, maintenance and instruction of friendless, neglected or destitute children, irrespective of age, sect, creed or condition. This institution is supported by our citizens, and has not room for all who apply for its care.

Some time in the summer of 1853 a committee consisting of the late William Tracy, James Watson Williams and H. H. Fish was appointed to mature plans and make specifications and estimates of cost of a suitable building for a City Hospital, to be submitted to the Common Council. The principal labor of this committee devolved upon Mr. Fish, who, after visiting the hospitals of other cities submitted the plan of our hospital on South street, which was adopted, and the buildings were subsequently erected under his joint supervision with the late Thomas Lane, for a little less than $14,000, showing the possibility of then securing fair equivalents in public as in private transactions. Some repairs and modifications have of course from time to time been made to adapt these buildings to changing exigencies of the service. But they still stand intact in their general features, and, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, give gratifying evidence (in the present condition of both material and workmanship) of the fidelity and skill of William Metcalf and the late James Brady, who built them. Here our Charity Commissioners have been able to greatly extend the field of their usefulness by introducing order and system and consequently securing economy in the administration of our charities. During the last year 191 patients were received at this hospital.

Faxton Hall, as it is called, cost about $12,000, in addition to the land upon which it is located, and was given by Mr. Faxton to the city for the benefit of the operatives of the Globe Woolen Company and Steam Cotton Mills, and for evening schools, lecture room and library.

The beautiful mortuary chapel at the cemetery, which cost $15,000, was paid for by Mrs. Roxanna Childs, a daughter of Jason Parker, whose name I have already mentioned.

In addition to these charitable and benevolent societies, there are 19 others which I would like to present to your consideration on this occasion if time permitted. I have not even mentioned the State Lunatic Asylum in our city, which is one of the largest public charities in this country. It was opened January 16, 1843, and has admitted within its walls 14,451 patients bereft of reason, the most pitiable of all objects, but it has restored to reason 5,270. From its long and successful course, it has become the foremost institution of its kind in this country, and perhaps in the world. With its hundreds of patients, and with its attendants, it is like a village in population. Very few, even in our own midst, are aware of the amount of good accomplished by this great institution.

I must not fail to mention our Savings Bank as one of the charitable institutions of Utica with its Devereux and Williams and Childs and Denio and Wetmore and others.

The benevolence which characterized the early history of Utica has not died out from among us. The beautiful spire of Grace Church, which points to heaven as the source of all charity, stands also to record the liberality of one who furnished the means to build it. In the winter of 1876 and 1877, when thousands of honest men were idle, one individual alone fed from 350 to 400 persons daily, from the 1st of January to the 1st of March. Assembling in the twilight of those winter mornings, men, women and children came long distances for their warm morning meal and returned with their pails full for those at home. When the full light of the last day shall be shed upon the world, it will reveal thousands of charitable deeds now unknown. It is impossible in the ten minutes allowed me to mention even the names of those whose good works are well-known. We have but to lift our eyes heavenward and behold what a throng of just men made perfect, and what countless numbers of sainted women fill the vision of our recollection.

HON. B. B. BURT.

Chairman Bacon said he took pleasure in introducing his old pupil, Hon. B. B. Burt, of Oswego, who would speak on "Our Sister Cities." Mr. Burt, after a brief introduction, said:

I was not born in Oneida county, but I was born in Onondaga county when it joined Oneida on the west at Oswego. My father had a farm where is now the city of Oswego, and I could look from this into Oneida county. I came to Utica in 1836 and entered the law office of Kirkland & Bacon, and continued there till July, 1837, when I was admitted to practice. I practiced in Oswego till 1841, and in 1844 returned to Utica. During that stay in Utica I gained many pleasant recollections. I became acquainted in the city very generally. I became acquainted with my wife and did my courting here, and that, if for no other reason, is why I have a strong attachment to Utica. In regard to our sister cities, I have learned one thing. Utica bears a very high position in the scale of the cities of the State of New York. There were only five cities incorporated in this State prior to Utica. They were New York, Albany, Troy, Hudson and Schenectady. In 1832, the same year that Utica was incorporated, Buffalo was also incorporated. In 1834, Brooklyn, which has now 550,000 inhabitants, had its charter. Rochester was incorporated the same year; Syracuse in 1847; Auburn and Oswego in 1848; Poughkeepsie in 1854; Newburg and Lockport in 1865; Ogdensburg in 1868; Rome in 1870; Binghamton in 1867; Kingston in 1872, and so on. There are now in the State of New York 23 cities; 17 have been incorporated since Utica was. I have been in all these cities and know something of all of them. I think they compare favorably with the cities of any other state in the Union. I can speak more particularly of Oswego. Of Utica I can tell you little that is new. When I was born, Oneida county extended to the Oswego river. You had a port of entry on Lake Ontario. The whole of northern New York comprised only two customs districts, which were formed in 1792. The first collector at

Oswego was an uncle of mine. He was appointed March 3, 1793. I have in my pocket his commission signed by Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, and I prize it highly. For several years Oswego did not amount to much as a collection office. The collections did not amount to enough to pay the collector's salary. Oswego county was organized and carved out of Oneida and Onondaga counties March 1, 1816, just sixteen years prior to the organization of your city. The customs have increased from that small amount until last year they reached $1,100,000. Oswego is about the sixth or seventh port of entry in the United States. This speaks well of Oswego, which was formerly your port of entry. I believe there is no better place to live in than Oswego to-day. With its fine water powers, large manufactories—

Here the hammer fell amid the applause of the audience.

HON. ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

"The Mental and Industrial Activity of Utica" was the subject of Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, who was greeted with applause and spoke as follows .

In sooth it was

> "A goodly place, a goodly time.
> For it was in the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

The legend on your programme, copied from a medal issued at the time of the opening of the Erie canal, in 1824, claims that Utica was "inferior to no village in the western section of the state, in population, wealth, commercial enterprise, active industry and civil improvement." The claim at least indicates the standard which the inhabitants set up for themselves. In 1832, the city, with 9,000 population, ranked third in the State, its assessed valuation was $2,672,575, its schools and churches were fully adequate to the demands, it was foremost in establishing manufactures on the musical streams which rippled in its vicinity ; within its own borders it had a

marvelous diversity of industry, it was affluent in voluntary organizations for culture and moral progress, and for intellectual breadth and vigor no part of the commonwealth surpassed it. We have now a population of 35,000, with an assessed valuation of $16,914,825, and we have inherited all that the brains and culture of that day sowed in this soil.

We come here with a large measure, not to speak it profanely, of conceit in our well-being and in our reputation. For myself I confess that I am proud of Utica. It was my cradle and it shall be my grave. The delectable mountains continue as fifty years ago to look down upon it from every side. The creeks still flow, perhaps with less charming melody as with less of volume, than then. We are still here in the Long House of the Iroquois, in the pathway of empire, and the growing current of the world's traffic passes our doors. We love the city, as we honor it in its Semi-Centennial Anniversary to-night, and we would decorate it and make it continually worthy of its early history.

That was a notable community which dwelt here fifty years ago. The mental and industrial activity which those nine thousand men, women and children exhibited, is not often excelled in any land. What they did and what they were it requires some grasp of mind to appreciate. Out of their number arose the leaders in building telegraphs, in pushing the overland mail, in extending communication in many parts of the country, as here they centered for a while the stage routes of this part of the state when stages were the fastest ministers of travel. With 9,000 population, Utica had among its citizens, Parker, Faxton, Butterfield, Munson, and their fellows. Can we match them to-day in dash and courage, and that indomitable will which compels success? If we could do that, can we show their equals multiplied four-fold, as our greater population requires? The present rank of our cotton manufactures in the world's markets is a source of worthy pride, and our woolen fabrics challenge comparison with the best anywhere produced. Our shoes make beautiful the feet of maidens all over the continent; and in men's clothing and knit goods the production is very large. But after these industries what has modern Utica to exhibit for the industrial achievements of this generation? Concede full credit to the revival

of manufactures now so manifest; it is in cotton, in which Oneida county was a pioneer. This is well, but that prosperity is safest which after the fashion of half a century ago, rests on the broad base of diversified production.

Let me not declare that there may not be to day in our streets, perhaps in this audience, some village Hampden, some Milton, yet mute and inglorious, who may hereafter

"Read their history in a nation's eyes."

But I do not see about us the temper and the spirit which elicited the wonderful activity and development of fifty years ago. The young men of those days were studious, thoughtful, with talent which arose in many cases to genius. There were poets then whose productions may not have won fame, but they are like the song of Longfellow,

"From beginning to end,
Found again in the heart of a friend."

No village of its size sent so many missionaries abroad to preach the gospel as the Utica of the half century past, and the names of Williams, Bennett and their associates adorn the martyr list.

Fifty years ago Utica contained young men who are among the foremost in their vocations, not only here at home, but in all parts of the United States. F. S. Winston holds a rank at the head of one of the greatest institutions of this age. Edward Bright still adorns the profession which he entered upon here before our charter was adopted, and religious journalism may well honor him as one of its fathers. Henry Ivison, then a bookbinder here, now a prominent publisher in the metropolis, illustrates the intelligence and worth of the skilled mechanics of Utica's early days. E. D. Palmer, fifty years ago, among our residents, and soon to become a skillful model-maker, was doubtless beginning to dream of the Sleeping Peri, the White Captive, and the Angel at the Sepulcher, which were to crown him as a master in the art of sculpture. Time will not let us follow those who, in so many walks, have honored their old home, but recall this one fact. Among those who were boys here half a century ago, were developed professors in the universities of Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Madison, and the theological seminaries of Lane and Auburn. What other town of like size has such a

record? All of these left us more than a generation ago, and all except one were natives here. It is at least curious that since the boys of the half century, Dana and Williams now at Yale, Gray at Harvard, Morris at Cornell, and Beebe at Madison, and Morris at Lane, and Upson at Auburn, Utica has furnished only two professors in any college—Lewis at Madison, and Mann at the Buffalo Medical College. Such a change in the ratio is noteworthy, and suggests inquiry. Will you tell me the cause?

Let me not disparage my neighbors, but can any one show me any such ratio of work and progress among our 35,000 people as that little band of fifty years ago presents? Concede that the natural capacity is here. The institutions are lacking for its development. So the fire, the power, the spirit are not visible. You may tell me that mind is as fruitful here now as then; that genius is as daring, as constructive, as progressive. The proof of the allegation is not forthcoming.

I am not to trench upon the field assigned to others, and therefore do nothing more than allude to the glories of our Bar, and to the political record of the city in the recent past. That diversion explains in part the lack of candidates for distinction in other walks. But in estimating Utica of fifty years ago, remember that out of 9,000 population blossomed these flowers which in science, and literature, in self-sacrificing missionary service, in the sphere of productive industry and of material enterprise, you so much admire.

We have grown in wealth, and luxury has come in full degree. Our industries have been concentrated. Our people have become cautious, and have fortified their position rather than attempted new ventures. Capital sleeps and is selfish. Talent is indolent or is self-seeking. Enterprise is timid and lacks foresight. Industry runs in ruts and is not creative. In some departments we have no need to be ashamed; in organized charities, as Mr. Seymour has so well told you, the best spirit of the fathers is preserved in its vitality. Of political influence the city has maintained its full share. Can we boast anything like the public spirit of the citizens of half a century ago? The secret of diversity of industry has been thrown away. The zeal for intellectual achievements for its own sake does not bear fruit, if it exists.

The age of Pericles gave to Athens its glory and its adornments. After that period it began to totter towards its decadence. A city can not live on its reputation. Multiply by four the demands of Utica as they were in 1832, and this generation must respond to them. Individual benefactions for the common good have not been too numerous in our days. Childs and Faxton were young men here fifty years ago. Who will follow them in liberality for culture and religion and charity? Other cities, like Cincinnati, when wealth increases, find that some of the surplus is devoted to parks which beautify, to public edifices which educate and inspire, to libraries which are the arsenal and armory of intellectual training and conquest.

The half-century bids this generation arise and go forward. We cannot rival other cities in population. We can make Utica increasingly the most attractive home in the land. We can cherish art and culture, while we add impetus to our productive industries. We can surround our youth with every influence which ennobles and elevates. We can set at work the causes which will call forth out of the callow elements about us the successors of those who in every place adorn the memory of Utica, and illustrate whatever is most beneficent and worthiest in mental and industrial activity.

SENATOR KERNAN.

The orchestra played, and then Chairman Bacon said the audience would have the pleasure of listening to our distinguished fellow citizen, Hon. Francis Kernan. The audience applauded and Senator Kernan spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I thank the gentlemen who originated and have arranged this commemoration of the birthday of the city of Utica. I heartily approve of the practice of publicly celebrating important events in the history and progress of our country. Such celebrations keep in memory the virtues of those who have passed from earth; and they tend to stimulate the living to follow their example.

The character of a city, the estimation in which it is held, depends upon the characteristics and conduct of its people—upon the manner in which they discharge their private and public duties.

Utica has been fortunate in the character of its people. I do not speak of those now living. We must be judged by those who succeed us. I speak of those who lived in Utica fifty years ago, and many years afterwards, but who have now passed from earth. As a whole, they so acted their part that they made for our beautiful city a reputation of which we may justly be proud. They were a law-abiding, patriotic people. In every walk of life they exhibited intelligence, industry, energy and honesty. They were not wanting in zeal and liberality for the prosperity of our city, and the spiritual and temporal welfare of its inhabitants. They never failed to respond generously to appeals to their charity and benevolence.

I have been asked to speak briefly in reference to the Bar of the city of Utica, as it was when the city was organized. As a member of the legal profession and as a citizen of Utica, it gives me pleasure to do so. The Bar of Oneida County justly acquired at an early day a high character for learning, ability and integrity. Utica has contributed its full share of leading members of the legal profession in the country. Among those who resided in our city half a century ago, were Samuel Beardsley, Greene C. Bronson, Joseph Kirkland, William H. Maynard, Hiram Denio, Joshua A. Spencer, William Curtiss Noyes, Thomas E. Clarke, Walter King, David Wager, Charles A. Mann, William Tracy, John Bradish, John H. Edmonds, Thomas H. Flandrau, J. Watson Williams, E. A. Wetmore. These are no longer living. They were able lawyers. They were honest, honorable members of our Utica bar. They did not pursue their profession in a mercenary spirit. They never encouraged needless litigation. They, with zeal and fidelity, sought what they believed to be justice for their clients by honest and honorable means—and by these means alone. Beardsley and Bronson was each attorney general for our state, and each of them was a justice of the supreme court of the State New York. Denio was the circuit judge and vice chancellor of of the fifth circuit for a number of years, and afterwards a judge, and also chief justice of the court of appeals of this

state. Beardsley, Bronson and Denio were learned, and just judges. Their monuments will be found in the records of the highest courts of our state. There are other distinguished members of the legal profession who were associates in Utica of those I have named. But they are still living and hence I do not speak of them. May it be long before we are called upon to mourn their loss. I will mention, however, two members of the Utica bar who were younger in the profession than those I have named, but who were largely associated with them during life and who sleep with them now. I refer to Alexander S. Johnson and Charles H. Doolittle. Each was a distinguished and learned lawyer; each served upon the bench with usefulness to the public and with credit to himself.

The gentlemen whom I have named were not only leading and honored members of the legal profession, they were estimable, public spirited and useful citizens of our city. They did their part in promoting its prosperity, and in giving to it the good repute which it enjoys.

May we of the present generation do our duty as faithfully as our predecessors, and may our beautiful city during the next fifty years be even more prosperous and her people more happy than during the last half century.

JOHN C. HOADLEY.

In the absence of Mr. Fargo of Buffalo, who was to give congratulations, John C. Hoadley, of Boston, was called on. After a brief introduction Mr. Hoadley said :

I cannot quite claim to be a native of Utica. My eyes first opened to the light fifty miles from Utica, and about half a dozen years before I came here. But if memory be part of living, let me say that my memory first awoke when I came here. My memory goes back to the first of January, 1825, when the completion of the Erie canal was celebrated with fireworks. I remember the occasion when General LaFayette passed through on a packet boat and how he patted on the head a boy who had acquired great skill in beating the snare

drum. Utica was a small town then, but the stamp of progress was on it, which stamp it bears to-day. The lower end of Genesee street was a fine place, as it is to-day. It is as much to-day as it was then. I recognize the front of the old Ontario Branch Bank. It would be unnecessary to say that in those days there were no railroads and telegraphs. There were even no matches; even the old lucifer matches had not come into use. Utica had the old First Presbyterian Church. It is true another edifice occupies the site now; but to me who saw the spire of the old First Presbyterian Church over the Deerfield hills, on my way to Potsdam school, and two years later in returning; to those of us who remember the old house as it stood in its grandeur, with its spire soaring up higher than any other has since; to us nothing soared so near heaven as the spire of this church. I have since then stood under many domes and have seen the tall domes of the Yo Semite, but nothing soars so near heaven as the spire of that old church.

It is about forty years since I left you, but I always carry around with me an atmosphere made up of the kindness, hospitality and generosity which I received from men who were then prominent in Utica. I remember General Kirkland, the first Mayor of Utica, and remember well his election. I remember also Joshua A. Spencer, Samuel Beardsley, Samuel Farwell, Holmes Hutchinson, Dr. Peckham, Dr. McCall, and others. And wherever I go I remember their kind, courteous and generous recognition which has surrounded me like an atmosphere, and has given me confidence. I thank you for your attention, and shall carry away an enduring remembrance of this new kindness and courtesy on your part. [Applause.]

HON. DE WITT C. GROVE.

Judge Bacon said they would now hear about "Our Early Publishers," from Hon. De Witt C. Grove, of the *Observer*. Mr. Grove spoke as follows:

The early publishers of Utica, whom I am expected to commemorate, were printers, moved by their own enterprise and encouraged by local public spirit, to establish newspapers in

new settlements, where readers were few and advertisers far between. They struggled for existence as best they could, their main purpose being, as with their successors, to make an honest living. To a great degree, they were their own editors, set their own type, mailed their own papers, and collected their own accounts. If a more promising field opened to them, they removed without hesitation and with little trouble. Many of their papers had but a short lease of life. The Whitestown *Gazette*, our earliest newspaper, established at New Hartford, in 1793, was removed to Utica in 1798, and five years thereafter was absorbed by a younger and more prosperous rival. The Utica *Observer*, established at Utica in 1816, was removed to Rome in 1818, becoming then the Oneida *Observer*. In 1819 it came back to Utica and resumed its original name. Others changed pastures with equal facility, or dropped out of existence as quietly. The success of our early publishers is not to be measured by comparison with present standards, for the modern newspaper is essentially a modern creation. Of many of them little is remembered except their names and their good repute. But their work was useful, and recognized as such. The publisher was respected and honored. The business of printing was considered a profession. There is a professor of the art now living among us who remembers when he was asked if he "practiced" printing.

By the time Utica assumed the dignity of a city, however, the business of publishing had put on something of its modern character. Our newspapers, although small and issued but once a week, were journals of importance and reputation, read at home and quoted abroad. And there was also in Utica a lively development in the line of religious publications, which acquired large circulation and extended influence. The names of Northway, Danby, and the Maynards, of Skinner and the brothers Grosh, of Deacon Bennett and his associates, and of the choice spirits who clustered about the office of the *Friend of Man*, are fresh in the recollection of those familiar with our early city life. I think it may truthfully be said of them all, that they were men well fitted for their respective tasks, men of excellent intentions and effective practice, that they made themselves felt within the community and were an influence for good without, and that they are entitled to a full share of

the credit of establishing the character and reputation of Utica. Their example was good, and affected for good all who grew up within their influence.

Generally the early publisher was his own editor, but in some cases others were employed, and frequently leading politicians took a hand in editorial work—to advance their peculiar views or their personal interests. Sometimes this worked well. Politicians worked themselves into the legislature, and even into congress, through this instrumentality. In many more cases they missed the object at which they aimed. Sometimes the outside editor got the concern into trouble. This misfortune happened to one Quartus Graves, a publisher who moved his paper here from Waterville in the early city days. In 1835 his editorial help became infected with the abolition taint, which was unpleasant to some of our citizens, and they entered his office one afternoon and threw his printing materials out of the second-story window. Of course, this only resulted in the early establishment of another and a stronger abolition print, but Quartus, the publisher, did not wait to see this come to pass; he had departed to be seen here no more. I remember the matter well, since my earliest knowledge of printing was derived from picking some of his type from the gutter, where it became the common property of the street boys; and I remember it, also, as the only instance in our civic history where a publisher or his paper was maltreated for opinion's sake.

Of course our early publishers sometimes received substantial tokens of the respect of their fellow-citizens. The offices of county clerk and of postmaster were considered specially his fair perquisites, if he could get them. Sometimes he succeeded; generally he did not. But the idea that the newspaper was the best stepping stone to office was one that largely prevailed in the early days, and it is possible that it inspired greater activity and better work.

If any portion of the work of the early publishers is criticised; if their papers seemed sometimes bigoted, intemperate in speech, personal even to abuse, and almost malicious in their treatment of opponents, we must remember that they but reflected the manners of their age, and furnished such nutriment as delighted their readers most. I think our fathers, as a rule, liked strong things better than we do. Perhaps they

were more in earnest. But the early publishers of whom I speak, if rough in manner, were at least fortunate in avoiding personal taint. It is something of which we of the profession have a right to be proud, that from the earliest settlement of Utica no one of our publishers, political or religious, has stained his name with crime, or scandal, or fraud, or peculation: and that each departed one has left only honored memories. And we can wish no better fortune for ourselves, and for those who come after us, than to be remembered as pleasantly as those who have gone before.

Major J. L. Gartland played his "Favorite" cornet solo with magnificent effect, and created considerable enthusiasm, which developed into long-continued applause at its conclusion.

OUR OLDEST NATIVE CITIZEN.

Chairman Bacon then presented to the audience the venerable Liberty Powell, who was born in Utica 86 years ago—remarking that he was a very well preserved and fine-looking boy. The veteran was greeted with a double round of applause.

DR. M. M. BAGG.

Chairman Bacon said that Dr. Bagg would read a document known as "City Chronicles," a reminiscence connected with the first common council of the city of Utica, in 1832.

This council consisted of Ephraim Hart, Charles A. Mann, Robert McBride, Rudolph Snyder, Ezra S. Barnum, Harvey Barnard, John Williams, Augustus Hurlburt, Chauncey Rowe, John A. Russ, John H. Ostrom, Rutger B. Miller. The charter officers were

Joseph Kirkland, Mayor; Ezra S. Cozier, treasurer; David Wager, city attorney; and Thomas Colling, clerk. These latter were all chosen by the common council. The following account of the election was published at the time in the village paper, and was attributed to the pen of T. H. Flandrau:

THE CHRONICLES OF THE GREAT CITY.

CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass when the people waxed fat and became puffed up with pride and vanity that they said one to another, let us make unto us a city, that the fame of us may be great through the land.

2. And they arose with a great noise, and with tumult, and made them a city, and named it a name, and became great in their own eyes.

3. Then said they let us choose unto us rulers to rule over us, great men of the city, learned scribes and mighty warriors, and they did so.

4. Twelve rulers, three from the north, and three from the south, and three from the east, and three from the west, chose they unto themselves.

5. Now these are the names of the rulers—Harvey, who was a cunning workman in tapestry and fine linen, and wrought in adorning men's houses.

6. Charles, the son of Abijah, of the sect of the Pharisee, and he was a man without a wife, albeit no woman would marry with him.

7. John, otherwise called the crafty, who was a strange man, and no one knew whence he came, and he dealt in spices and was a hoarder of pieces of silver and of pieces of gold.

8. Rudolph, sur-named the obstinate, who was a man after his own heart, neither hearkened he to any one lest peradventure he should unawares do a wise thing.

9. Ezra, the peacemaker, of the tribe of Levi, who was aforetime a ruler of the people.

10. John, the Centurion, who tarried near the stump, a

leader of hosts and a man of valor—howbeit certain of the people doubted thereof.

11. Chauncey, the quiet, a trafficker in the notions of the east, yet of him no man knew ought save that he came from a far country.

12. Ephraim, the tinker, who abode in the land of the Huddle and dwelt among publicans and sinners.

13. Augustus, who was reckoned among the wise men of the city, for as much as he held his peace and no man knew ought to the contrary.

14. Robert, the delver, who wrought in pools and was a digger of deep ditches, inasmuch as great vessels floated thereon.

15. Rutger, the law maker, chosen in the stead of Hiram Ben Israel, whom the people had cast forth from the synagogue.

16. And John, the carpenter, who dwelt near the outermost gate of the city.

17. Now when the rulers gathered together to counsel one with the other, they said let the doors be fastened within and without and let the windows be closed that no man may enter in, lest the people shall see our folly and shall laugh us to scorn.

18. And when they had fastened the doors, then said they among themselves let us choose a chief man to preside over us, yet agreed they not who should be chosen.

19. For some said Ezra and some Henry and some Josephus, and some Joseph, yet did they not agree who it should be, so they cast lots, and it fell upon Joseph.

20. Then proclaimed they aloud that they had chosen Joseph to be a chief over them; and when they had done so, they said let us choose unto us a ready scribe, who shall write down in a book those things which we shall do, that the people may know thereof.

21. And some said let it be John, who was scribe aforetime, and some said Henry, because he had besought them in the matter.

22. Then arose Ephraim, the tinker, and lifted up his voice and said, not so; let it not be John, nor yet let it be Henry, but let it be Thomas, I pray you, for he has entreated earnestly with me concerning this thing, that he should be scribe, and is

also of kin to me, in that he has taken my handmaid to wife wherefore I have promised him that he should be scribe; now therefore, let him be the man, that my word may not be of none effect; and when Ephraim had said these things he made an end of speaking.

23. (Now Thomas was a man who had sojourned in the islands beyond the sea, which lie toward the rising of the sun; wherefore the multitude called him Veridicus, which being interpreted signifieth Longbow.)

24. Then the rulers after they had consulted together, said unto Ephraim, asy ou have spoken so be it, nevertheless charge Thomas strictly that he put not down his own words, lest when the people shall come to look upon it, they say, behold it is a lie.

25. And when they had done this, then said they let us choose a great man, one learned in the law to counsel with us, that what we do may be done with great wisdom, and all the rulers said, who shall it be?

26. Then arose Charles, and spake unto the rulers, saying, wot ye not of David of Gath, who is a man of mine household, and how that by reason of his great stature, he holds the place of him called Justus. Verily, if ye shall choose him ye shall do well, and so shall I reap great profit for well know I that he will divide unto me the things whereof he shall make gain.

27. Now, David was of the seed of Goliah, and the measure of his stature was of this sort: From the crown of his head to his shoulder, half a cubit; and from his shoulder to his loins two cubits, and from his loins downward fourteen cubits.

28. And when Charles had done speaking the rulers answered and said unto him, let it be as thou hast spoken.

29. And it came to pass that when they had chosen Thomas and David, that they would have chosen a man worthy of trust, to keep the treasure of the city, and they knew not wkom they should choose.

30. Now there was a certain high priest of the city, named Ezra, who was loved of the people, and the people would that the rulers should have chosen him to be the chief man of the city.

31. Therefore, said the rulers one to another, the people would that we should have chosen this Ezra to be the chief man of the city and we have chosen Joseph; now let us choose Ezra to keep the treasure of the city, lest the people murmur and great evil befal us: and they did so.

32. Now the other acts of the rulers of the great city, shall they not be written?

Many of the audience recognized the hits in the chronicles and were much pleased with them.

GENERAL JAMES McQUADE.

On appearing to speak of "The Military History of Utica," General McQuade was greeted with applause. He said:

Honored Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Not until within the past forty-eight hours, was I advised of the desire to have me speak upon the military history of Utica. The theme is one so suggestive, so deserving of greater consideration than can be accorded in the brief period to which responses are limited this evening, that I distrust my ability to do it justice. Even had the time allotted for preparation been more extended, I doubt whether I could treat the subject in a manner commensurate with its merit. I shall not attempt, therefore, to do more than to present, with some comments, entirely devoid of elocutionary pretense, a list, hastily gathered, of those who held commissions in the Union army, during the war for the suppression of the rebellion. This list is necessarily incomplete, for I have had no opportunity to examine records, and have been compelled to trust to my own memory, aided by such fortuitous inquiry as chance meetings in the streets afforded.

I shall premise with a cursory glance at the history of military organizations before the war, for it was in these that was engendered and fostered the soldierly spirit which responded to the country's call in the hour of peril with a promptness, zeal and enthusiasm unexcelled in any city of the

Union. My recollection of the military of Utica does not reach back to the efficient militia which existed prior to the period of independent companies. Some of you may recollect that in the earlier days, while the inspiration of the last war with Great Britain still lingered, the militia was well equipped and that a certain degree of discipline obtained. The militia that I remember had greatly deteriorated, military duty was performed in a loose, shambling and disjointed way; the force lacking that firmness and cohesion which can only be acquired by constant drill and faithful performance of military exercises. Our defenders were then commonly known as the "floodwood militia." The letter of the law was regarded, so far as the assemblage at stated periods of those liable to duty was concerned, but in the matter of the arms and equipments enjoined, there was a lamentable breach of observance. Instead of appearing "armed and equipped as the law directs"—which was the language of the warning—umbrellas were often substituted for firearms, walking sticks for bayonets, while the powder-horn was represented by a flask, which, although capable of producing a "horn," was useless as a receptacle to keep the powder dry. Two days in the year were devoted to the acquisition of knowledge of the art of war. The first was the company muster, where each contingent assembled at some place within the military district, and the other, the regimental muster or general training. The largest company in Utica (excepting perhaps the Fourth) was that of the first ward, which mustered in front of Trinity church. Mott. Brown, a member of the Corps, familiarly known as "Old Rosin the Bow," was captain. I think B. F. Ray and Fred. Fargo were lieutenants. I used to sit on the steps of Samuel Stocking's house, directly opposite, and view with rapt admiration the quavering and uncertain line of doughty warriors, in shirt sleeves and straw hats, who, after answering to roll-call, were wont to slip around the corner "to see a man."

The general training, however, was quite an imposing demonstration. Here was some semblance of organization. As a rule, the levies from the verdant hills of Deerfield wore improvised uniforms, and were the objects of special youthful commendation. They had black beaver hats of the stovepipe pattern, embellished with cockades, and their shoulders were

ornamented with epaulets of sheepskin. Then they carried muskets and powder horns, which, in a military point of view, possess certain advantages over canes and umbrellas. These exceptionally fine soldiers were described by the envious and sarcastic floodwoodery of the city, as the Deerfield rangers. At the general training, there was an enormous consumption of sweet cider, gingerbread and honey in the comb. It was a great day for the boys.

When even perfunctory compliance with the obigation to do military duty had passed into desuetude, and militia parades became farcical, there sprang up the independent military companies, the precursors of the present national guard system; the school in which was taught that familiarity with arms which proved so advantageous to the Union cause when the land was plunged into actual warfare.

First deserving of mention, for it is nearly as old as the chartered city itself, is the Utica Citizens Corps This noble company has for forty-five years maintained its efficient organization, and exhibited a martial proficiency and decorous deportment which justly entitle it to the high place it has always held in the estimation of the citizens of Utica. Perhaps to say that it maintained its organization for forty-five years is not strictly correct. One April morning, in the year 1861, it disappeared from the streets of Utica, and emerged at the rendezvous in Albany as Company A, 14th Regiment New York Volunteers, enlisted to fight for the Union. But it reorganized after the war, and has flourished vigorously ever since, retaining its old traditions, proud of its renown, exemplifying in an eminent degree the close affinity of the soldier and the gentleman.

The Corps made its first parade in the year 1837, under the command of Major E. K. Barnum, U. S. A. Its captains in succession were W. W. Backus, H. R. Hart, Alvin White, Edward Broadwell, James McQuade and C. A. Johnson. For three years before the war, an officer was elected to command who declined to serve, and, the company refusing to elect any one in his stead, the command devolved upon Lieutenant Horace Barnard. At the reorganization, Colonel T. M. Davies was elected captain: he was succeeded in turn by Captain James Miller, John H. Douglass and Major D. T. Everts, who is the present commander.

The day after the firing upon Fort Sumter, the Corps offered its services to Governor Morgan, and subsequently organized as a company of volunteers under the first call for troops. The tender of services was made by resolution, as follows:

Whereas, It is the duty of every citizen to respond promptly to the call of the country for aid; therefore,

Resolved, That the Utica Citizens' Corps hereby tender their services to the Governor of this state as volunteers to join any force that may be raised to meet the demand of the general government for forces against the traitors in the South.

Resolved, That the Corps will be ready to march at forty-eight hours notice, fully armed and equipped.

H. BARNARD, *Lieutenant Commanding.*

J. F. MCQUADE, *First Sergeant.*

The order for the departure of the company marks an event that will live long in the memory of the spectators.

The Corps was the nucleus of the 14th Regiment New York Volunteers, which, before it received its numerical designation, was described as the Corps Regiment. United with it were the Washington Continentals, (Co. B) Lafayette Rifles, (Co. C) and Seymour Artillery, (Co. E.)

A ROLL OF HONOR.

The roll of the Corps, from its organization to the present time, bears the names of the following officers who held commissions in the Union army:

Maj. General Daniel Butterfield, colonel U. S. A.
Bvt. Major General J. W. Fuller.
Bvt. Major General James McQuade.
Bvt. Major General J. J. Bartlett.
Brigadier General J. H. Ledlie.
Brigadier General J. H. Oley.
Brigadier General N. G. Williams.
Bvt. Brigadier General C. A. Johnson.
Bvt. Brigadier General W. H. Christian.
Bvt. Brigadier General W. W. Robbins.
Colonel Alvin White, 117th N. Y. V.
Colonel R. C. Enright, 63d N. Y. V.
Colonel J. F. McQuade, A. D. C. 5th Army Corps.
Bvt. Colonel F. X. Meyers, 117th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Reynolds, 14th N. Y. A.

Bvt. Colonel T. M. Davies, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant Henry Fowler, 63d N. Y. V.
Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Bronson, 57th N. Y. V.
Bvt. Lieutenant Colonel Egbert Bagg, 117th N. Y. V.
Bvt. Lieutenant Colonel J. Stuart Lowery, 146th N. Y. V.
Bvt. Lieutenant Colonel D. F. Ritchie, 1st N. Y. A.
Major T. F. Lynch, 63d N. Y. V.
Major D. T. Everts, 89th N. Y. V.
Major N. Garrow Throop, 57th N. Y. V.
Captain W. R. Brazie, 14th N. Y. V.
Captain G. T. Hollingworth, 14th N. Y. V.
Captain G. A. Reynolds, 14th N. Y. A.
Captain T. H. Bates, (14th N. Y.) 1st N. Y. A.
Captain T. J. Sawyer, Jr., (14th N. Y.) 47th N. Y. V.
Captain A. G. Bice, (14th N. Y.) 92d N. Y. V.
Captain G. W. Cone, (14th N. Y.) 146th N. Y. V.
Captain C. B. Mervine, (14th N. Y.) and A. A. G. 5th Corps.
Captain M. McQuade, Jr., (14th N. Y.) and A. D. C. 5th Corps.
Captain E. A. Tallman, (14th N. Y.) and 24th N. Y. Cav.
Captain R. P. Egan, 14th N. Y. Cav.
Captain Samuel Stocking, (14th N. Y.) and 25th N. Y. V.
Captain S. Walter Stocking, (14th N. Y.) 1st N. Y. A.
Brevet Captain W. Wright, 146th N. Y. V.
Brevet Captain A. G. Spencer, 14th N. Y. V.
Brevet Captain James Miller, 14th N. Y. V.
Brevet Captain John O'Brien, 14th N. Y V.
Lieutenant William K. Bacon, (14th N. Y.) 26th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant John O'Neil, (14th N. Y.) 3d N. Y. A.
Lieutenant G. W. Abbey, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant E. H. Lloyd, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant G. W. Griffith, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant Henry Purcell, (14th N. Y.) 13th N. Y. A.
Lieutenant E. Woodward, 2d N. Y. A.
Lieutenant R. D. Crocker, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant J. Augustus Curry, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant A. B. Grunwell, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant John S. Hunt, 4th U. S. Artillery.
Lieutenant A. J. Heffron, 14th N. Y. V.
Major J. E. West, Surgeon.

Major E. Hutchinson, Surgeon.
Brevet Major W. Brodhead, Q. M. 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant W. E. Richards, Q. M. 117th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant A. Marquisee, 117th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant C. M. Scholefield, Paymaster U. S. A.
And in the Navy:
Admiral Melancthon Woolsey, U. S. Navy.
Assistant P. M. Frank Bissell, U. S. Navy.

So far as can be ascertained, there was but one member of the Corps in the Confederate service—Elisha Rogers, who served with Stonewall Jackson and attained the rank of Brigadier General.

I have devoted so much time to this company because it is an independent, distinctively Utica organization. It has existed through all vicissitudes of the past and promises a long career of prosperity in the future. The history of the Corps is part of the history of Utica. Indeed there are few places of business on Genesee street which have not at some time contributed to its membership; few of the older families which have not had representatives in its ranks. The surviving members of the original Corps of 1837 are: Grove Penny, William N. Weaver, George Westcott, Thomas J. Newland and Albert Spencer, of Utica: W. W. Backus, of Brooklyn: John Bryan, of New York: William C. Johnson, of Newburyport, Mass., and Stephen O. Barnum, of Buffalo.

Albert Spencer, who made the first parade with the Corps, is still a regular attendant at the convivial meetings, and, although he can no longer shoulder a musket, he is not a veteran who "lags superfluous on the stage," but one who retains the ardent warmth of a youthful heart under the snows of a "frosty pow." He paraded with the Corps of '37: his son fought with the Corps of '61.

There were other excellent independent companies in Utica which were most creditable organizations during their existence, and formed valuable recruiting agencies for the Corps; that company absorbing many of the members after their disbandment. The first in seniority, I believe, was the Light Guard, commanded by Captain W. H. Chase. There are many here who will remember that this company excelled in skirmishing and street-firing. On one occasion, while practicing firing on

Genesee street, the waggish druggist, Uriel Kellogg, shot off the plume of William Stanton's hat, to show his proficiency as a marksman. General H. Seymour Lansing, of the Union Army, was an officer in the Light Guard.

Time will not permit me to do more than mention the other companies in a desultory manner. There was the Union Guard, organized by Sergeant McNab, a recruiting officer for the regular army, stationed here. The captain was W. L. Cowan, afterwards a captain in the 14th Regt., N. Y. Vols.; the Emmett Guard, Capt. John Flanagan; the City Guard, Capt. James Mapes. Capt. M. Cossleman, 26th N. Y. V., killed at second Bull Run, belonged to this company. The Washington Continentals, Capt. R. H. Richardson, Colonel 26th N. Y. V. (Bvt. Brig. Gen. R. Daggett was in the Continentals;) the Seymour Artillery, Bvt. Lieut.-Col. Lewis Michaels, Bvt. Major Edward Warr, and Capt. A. Sears, all of the 14th N. Y. V., belonged to this company. The LaFayette Rifles, Capt. F. Harrer, killed at Gaines' Mills, while commanding Co. C. 14th N. Y. Vols. Col. Peter Claesgens belonged to the Rifles: also Lieut. Smith and Lieut. Alfater. The Utica Grenadiers, Capt. A. Brendle, 26th N. Y. V.

There was a company of cadets, Capt. Jedediah Tallman, which was succeeded by another juvenile company, the Columbian Artillery, Capt. J. L. Beardsley, who lost his arm while firing a salute from the corps' gun on Chancellor Square one 4th of July. Bose Roberts was another unfortunate who lost his arm on the occasion. There are but seven survivors of the Columbian Artillery: Harvey Barnard, Dr. C. B. Foster, Irvin A. Williams, G. H. Snyder, J. E. B. Thorn, T. R. McQuade and the speaker. The appearance of the company as flying artillery elicited much comment. Recently we had the Adjutant Bacon Cadets, Capt. O'Donnell.

In addition to the names I have mentioned connected with the several independent companies, I have gathered the following, who held commissions in the army during the war:

General James A. Mulligan, of Lexington, Mo., fame.
Brevet Brigadier General W. R. Pease.
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel James McQuade, 63d N. Y.
Brevet Colonel A. Churchill, surgeon 14th N. Y. V.
Colonel John H. Howell, 3d N. Y. A.

Brevet Lieutent Colonel C. H. Ballou, 39th N. Y. V.
Captain J. F. Kerrigan, 117th N. Y. V.
Captain E. O. Jones, 146th N. Y. V.
Captain J. F. Bates, A. D. C. 3d Corps.
Captain Enoch Jones, 26th N. Y. V.
Captain W. E. Mercer, 3d N. Y. A.
Captain George Klinck, 2d N. Y. A.
Captain C. K. Baker, 100th N. Y. V.
Captain Harrison Pease, 117th N. Y. V.
Captain G. W. Ledlie, 16th N. Y. A.
Brevet Major Louis Faas, 14th N. Y. A.
Captain N. W. Palmer, 26th N. Y. V.
Major C. J. Hill, surgeon 91st N. Y. V.
Major H. H. Curran, 146th N. Y. V.
Captain H. W. Fowler, 16th N. Y. A.
Major W. B. Coventry, surgeon 26th N. Y. V.
Captain C. K. Dutton, 146th N. Y. V.
Captain William Fowler, A. D. C., 5th Corps.
Captain H. R. Lahee, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant M. M. Jones, 2d N. Y. A.
Lieutenant W. H. Ellis, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant J. M. Latimore, 16th N. Y. A.
Lieutenant C. L. Buckingham, 146th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant J. A. McDonough, (14th N. Y.) 78th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant H. H. Timerman, 16th N. Y. A.
Lieutenant J. T. Kingsbury, 26th N. Y. V.
Lietenant James Handwright, (14th N. Y.) 146th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant Hugh Duffy, 14th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant Noah Wadhams Rae, Illinois Regt.
Lieutenant B. F. Miller, 117th N. Y. V.
J. C. Farrer, 14th N. Y. V.
Captain Dodge, 146th N. Y. V.
Captain Lewis, 146th N. Y. V.
Lieutenant W. J. Hunt, (14th N. Y.) 117th N. Y. V.
Captain Smith, 26th N. Y. V.
H. C. Matteson, P. M.
George Pomeroy, P. M.
Alrick Hubbell, P. M., 14th N. Y. V.
C. E. Hewes, chaplain 14th N. Y. V.
Rev. D. W. Bristol, chaplain 26th N. Y. V.

Lieutenant William Abner Hopkins, 97th N. Y. V.

Lieutenant S. H. Beckwith, U. S. Mil. Tel.

It would be impossible to make a list of the non-commissioned officers and privates from Utica who served their country gallantly. They are too numerous. But this array of officers demonstrates how valuable was the contribution of enlisted men; and I take occasion to say here that the private soldier who discharged his duty faithfully is entitled to equal merit with the officer. It was the fidelity and devotion, not the rank, that deserves praise. A good corporal is worthier of commendation than a poor major general. Our war was not a triumph of generalship, but success crowned the indomitable pluck, fortitude and endurance of the intelligent rank and file.

I have made here no mention of the National Guard, which has always borne an excellent reputation, from the days when the orderly 45th regiment was evolved from the chaotic 134th, until this sad epoch of disbandment. The record is so mixed up with that of the independent companies that it is difficult to dissever the components. Nor have I gone back to the days of the rifle company, in which Jesse W. Doolittle and John H. Ostrom were officers. I might speak of the Mexican war, where Captain Walrath and Lieutenant (now General) C. A. Johnson served with the 10th United States Infantry, John S. Reed, of the corps, being 1st sergeant. Henry Perry also served there, in McClellan's Corps of Engineers, as well as Michael Donalty. General Christian went out with Stephenson's California regiment. But I must forbear or I will get back to the war of 1812, with reminiscences of our lately-departed friends, T. S. Faxton and Leonard Moore. Thurlow Weed was a printer in Utica when he went to Sacketts Harbor in 1813.

In its military history, Utica presents a brilliant record. Here were organized the 14th, 26th, 117th and 146th regiments, and, to some extent, the 97th regiment of New York Volunteers. The 2d Artillery was also partially recruited in Utica; as were Bates' Battery, companies of the 14th Artillery, 16th Artillery, 24th Cavalry, the 57th Infantry and others. It would not be becoming for me, perhaps, to speak in laudation of the services of Oneida regiments, nor to individualize gallant deeds. While Utica furnished no renowned soldiers to emblazon the pages of history with the glory of distinguished

achievements, it may be said that those who went from here did their devoir, wherever they were placed, with unswerving fidelity and unflinching heroism. The names of Bacon, who left the studious retreats of peaceful Hamilton, a mere stripling, to shoulder a musket in the ranks of the Corps when it volunteered for the war, and died on the field of honor, adjutant of the 26th Regiment; of faithful Griffith, who fell with his face to the foe at Malvern Hill; of Lloyd, whose bones lie mouldering on the spot where a bullet stopped the beating of his noble heart; of impetuous Harrer, shot while leading his men to the charge; of the chivalrous Curran, the dashing Throop, Buckingham, Rae, Cossleman—all these are forever enshrined in the grateful memory of Utica. The bloody fields of Gaines' Mills, Fredericksburg, Fort Fisher, Gettysburg, of the Peninsula and the Wilderness, attest the valor and devotion of Utica soldiers. And in the magnificent fabric of the history of the war for the union is interwoven a strand of imperishable luster—the military history of the city of Utica.

REV. DR. ISAAC S. HARTLEY.

The sentiment "Our Late Comers," was responded to by the Rev. Isaac S. Hartley, D.D., who spoke as follows:

A few years ago a noble ship, under full canvass, was skirting along the sandy coast of South America bound for her northern home. With her wide spreading sails and whitened hull, she appeared like some fabulous albatros, alternately plowing and plunging through the crested waves, seeking her daily food. Far, far to the east lay the arid shores of Africa: while some fifty miles or so to the west, were the fragrant meadows of Brazil. As she sped on her course, bounding and careering, suddenly the air became filled with the sweetest music; so sweet, so loud, so full that for the moment the helmsman let go the wheel, and abandoned the craft to herself. Recovering himself he grasped anew the wheel, and as she again received her course, again and again were heard the same sweet sounds. Though the brave steersman had

become bronzed by his experiences among the warm waters of the tropics, never before had he heard such sweet music amid the restless billows of the sea. A few months later he learned, that on that very day and at that very hour, immediately abreast his course, convent bells had been tolling the beginning of a religious festival. As a strong westerly wind bore the music across the water, the bended sails of the ship catching the sounds delivered them to that steersman, almost with the same fullness as they fell upon the ears of those whom they awoke to religious joy and thanksgiving.

In some such manner, may I say, has it been with me as I have been listening to the remarks and memories of the long line of worthies who have preceded me. As in imagination I traveled with them along the shores of fifty years ago, I heard sounds quite as sweet as convent bell ever rung out; and of those whose forms I never knew, whose voices I have never heard, and whose hands I have never grasped.

Fifty years ago! what a period! and during their revolution how marked the changes! Fifty years ago France was Bourbon, Germany and Italy largely Austrian, and continental Europe under the dominion of the miscalled "Holy Alliance." Fifty years ago there were no steamships, no ocean cables, no telegraphs, no telephones, no sewing machines, and but few of the many arts now in daily use. Fifty years ago the hero of New Orleans occupied the Presidential chair, and numerous were the pilgrimages made to the old Hermitage. Fifty years ago but four and twenty jewels glistened in our national coronet, and the population of the United States was less than twelve millions. Fifty years ago Mexico was possessed of our richest beds of gold and silver, and petroleum, with all its magnificent dyes, lay undisturbed in its slimy bed.

Here in our own city, fifty years ago, the place on which these memories are being rehearsed was quite upon the outskirts of the town. Then, but few of our streets were paved: and only here and there along our sidewalks grew the elm and maple to shade the busy civilian or the traveler as he journeyed. The flash of gas was nowhere seen, nor did the water mains as living streams lace and interlace our thoroughfares, nor was there a single fountain to throw high in air the cooling spray. There were no homes for the homeless, no hospitals for the sick, no

retreats for the aged, nor asylums for the young. Thus might I continue. These honored men, whose glow and life the artist has caught, and who, as I speak, are looking down upon us from the silent canvass, were here and as active in life as have been their children.

But what changes have these passing years wrought? Few of the many that were then brave and venturesome remain; and from a village we have grown to the proportions of a prosperous city. Among all the cities in this vast republic we are first in health, while in loyalty, benevolence, stability, culture, and in all that constitutes abiding progress, we have but few superiors. And dear fathers and brethren, under God, to none are we more indebted than to you—you who have lived among us for fifty years and whose personal counsel and unwavering zeal and devotion have made us what we are. Grand and rich and influential have been the cities which have dotted our globe, but no city makes its citizens; it is the citizens that make the city. As is the seed, so is the bloom and the fruit.

But I have no time to speak as I should, and as this happy occasion so naturally demands. Let me then say, in the name of those whom I have the honor this evening to represent, that with a true and full heart we thank you for the wisdom, and zeal, and faithfulness which you have so plainly exhibited in the past, and for bequeathing to us your immediate successors, such a noble heritage. We thank you for guarding our liberties, for securing to us so many blessings and privileges, for the homes, and hospitals, and asylums, and numerous other charities which you have founded in our midst: for your courage, your devotion and your thoughtfulness: in a word, for devising and continuing in successful operation those numerous and happy forces which have given the city of Utica throughout our broad country such a fair and enviable name. I can only say, in return for your loyal and loving labors, that we who are behind you will endeavor to guard most zealously the great interests entrusted to us, and so to conduct ourselves as to merit not only your approbation, but a kind remembrance also by those who are to be our successors. And now as symbolizing the victory which you have achieved, and as a pledge likewise that "the late comers" shall preserve green the memories of this hour, and of your toil and devotion, permit me, Mr. Presi

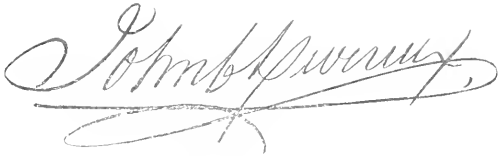
dent, as most worthily representing those over whom you now so happily preside, to lay upon your honored and reverend head this humble wreath of laurel. May God grant that, when you and I and the many whom we unitedly represent are called upon to leave this city—the city in which you have passed more than three score years—and the city of my adoption, it may be to pass within the pearly gates of that upper city, where brows are crowned with sparkling gems, and whose serene atmosphere throbs with greetings joyous and innumerable.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

The enthusiasm which followed Dr. Hartley's unexpected crowning Judge Bacon, the venerable chairman, with a wreath of laurel, was one of the remarkable incidents of the evening. The doctor's address was beautiful in thought and it was delivered with remarkable effect. Judge Bacon had no suspicion of what was to follow, and was so much affected that he could not speak. Round after round of applause followed. Professor Lombard and the orchestra took up the notes as they were dropped by the ladies and gentlemen, and played the farewell selection—*Rascher Entschluss.*

Judge Bacon then declared the symposium at an end and expressed the hope that all had enjoyed the reunion and reminiscences of days that were hallowed by happy memories.

The exercises closed at 10:50 P. M.



LETTERS RECEIVED.

FROM HON. T. G. ALVORD.

ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—Permit me to acknowledge your invitation either to be present in person or by letter, on the occasion of the commemoration of the "Semi-Centennial Anniversary" of the "Charter of the City of Utica," by appropriate exercises, on Wednesday, March 1, 1882.

I desire in this connection to say, that my residence in Utica commenced fifty years ago, but was a brief one of little over six months. While there it numbered among its inhabitants, my esteemed uncles, Rev. Dr. Lansing and the honest and upright Alexander Seymour, merchant, and it would be impossible for me not to recollect my esteemed tutors in the law, Charles P. Kirkland and William J. Bacon, whom I have always respected and who I am happy to say, I love, and have reason to believe that they have never lost interest in my life or career. Your distinguished fellow citizen, Hon. Horatio Seymour, has been for a life time intimately connected with me in public duties, and our friendship, although we have diverged politically, still remains intact.

It would take too much space and occupy too much of your time, in relation of incidents or in reference to persons, the recollection of whom have always bound me with cords of affection to the people, and have always made me anxious for the prosperity, of the city of Utica.

I hope that you will receive this letter in lieu of a personal appearance, inasmuch as my attendance on my legislative duties has never yet been broken save by illness.

Yours with respect, THOMAS G. ALVORD.

FROM DR. J. B. ANDREWS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS:

Thanks for the invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary. I recall with pleasure my long residence in Utica, and retain a warm interest in all that relates to the welfare of the city and its citizens. I regret my inability to be present. J. B. ANDREWS.

FROM REV. EDWARD BRIGHT, D. D.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, etc.*

My Dear Sir—I have your invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, and it would give me great pleasure on many accounts to be with you on that interesting occasion. But the nature of my engagements is such for the next two weeks that it will be impossible for me to do so.

Many of the pleasantest recollections of my life are connected with Utica. It was my home from early boyhood to early manhood, and it was the place of the beginnings of all that made my subsequent life. To be with you at the coming anniversary would be both pleasant and sad—pleasant to see again how your goodly city has advanced in population, wealth and intelligence, and sad to see how few are left of those whom I knew as boys and as men. The only familiar name on your committee, of whom my personal recollections go back through all the period of my Utica life, is that of the genial and gentlemanly William J. Bacon, one of the best models I have ever known of a truly Christian gentleman. Other names are familiar, but the men who now have them are of another generation than those with whom my earliest recollections are associated. Such are the names of Williams, Seward, Bagg, McQuade and Sayre.

But I have some most interesting Utica ties in this great city. Here are my Sunday school teacher, Frederick S. Winston, Esq., my fellow Sunday school scholar, Mr. Henry Ivison, and Hon. T. L. James, a boy in the first Sunday school of which I was superintendent, all of whom maintain, without a jot of abatement, the noble characters that had their earliest developments in Utica.

Hoping that you will have such an anniversary as will meet all your wishes, and be worthy of the city whose fiftieth year it is to commemorate, I remain,

Very truly yours, EDWARD BRIGHT.

FROM STEPHEN O. BARNUM.

BUFFALO, Feb. 22, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, etc., Utica*:

Dear Sir—Business engagements render it impossible for me to accept your invitation to be present at your meeting. I will, however, give you a few of my recollections of the old business houses, which may recall pleasant memories of the

past to a few of your society who were boys with me fifty years ago.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BUSINESS SIGNS AND MERCHANTS ON GENESEE STREET FIFTY YEARS OR MORE AGO.

While on a visit to my native city a few years back, standing in the door of our old friend Davies, the jeweler, and while they were repaving Genesee street, we recalled the site of the old town pump that stood at the junction of Whitesboro and Genesee street, which led us to think of how few of the old business signs and men remained now, that we could recall to memory, of those days. We began with the old sign on the red covered bridge over the Mohawk, "One dollar fine for crossing this bridge faster than on a walk." Then Pocock, the tinner, later Evans; Edward Baldwin, flour and saw filer; Hinman, dry goods; Samuel Lightbody, leather; J. E. Warner, now Ray's, drug store; Oren Clark, "variety store;" M. Hitchcock, drugs and post office; Dr. Marchisi, drugs; Hoyt, the tanner; Joseph Ingals, the hair dresser; J. S. Porter, the jeweler; Barnum's, afterwards Vedder & Oley, shoes; Thomas Davies, jeweler; Samuel Stocking, hatter; Williams, Seward & Tracy, books; Merrill, bookbinder; Thomas Walker, printer; Tom Tracy, dry goods; T. S. Gold & Samuel Thompson, dry goods and carpets; A. B. Williams, tailor; the Ontario Bank and residence of Thos. Rockwell, cashier; Wells, dry goods; John & William Williams, drugs and groceries, checquered store; Elisha B. Wells, shoes; Swartwout, dry goods; James Dana, hardware; Parker, fancy groceries; Robert Disney, afterward O'Neil & Martin, tin and coppersmiths; William Stacy, succeeded by Golden & Walker, dry goods; Otis Manchester, afterward Manchester & Penny; John & Harry Camp, dry goods; Spencer Kellogg, Dry goods; Bristol, drugs; John & Charles Doolittle, dry goods; Hinman, confectioner; Cross, marble cutter; John Baxter, groceries. On the opposite side, and below the bridge, we had James Sayre, and later Sayre & Townsend, hardware; National Hotel, kept by Welles, later by Chatfield & Hardaway; Gaylord's, looking glasses; Thomas Field, crockery; Williams & Kent, Tailors; McDonough's grocery; Alfred Hitchcock, drugs; Murdock & Andrews, jewelers; Isaiah Tiffany, books; Newell & Macomber, now N. C. Newell, paints; Barnum's bazar, later S. V. Oley, shoes; Everson & Bryant, later Barnum & Jones, and Robert Jones & Sons; Anson Thomas, later Dutton; George Dutton, music and millinery; Bidwell, dry goods; Harvey Barnard, paper hangings; Stalham Williams, millinery; Woodruff, dry goods; Boughton, furs; Captain William Clark, exchange and lottery office; the Temperance House; Sibley, tin and coppersmith:

Alverson, grocer, later Livingston & Butler, dry goods; Barnum & Son, bazar; Comfort Butler, succeeded by Walton & Hardaway, saddlery and harness; Reynolds, museum; J. R. Warner, Hatter; E. B. Shearman, drugs and groceries; Hurlburt, cotton goods; Hubbell & Curran, hides; Joab Stafford, hardware, later Roberts; John Adams, grocer.

Respectfully, STEPHEN O. BARNUM.

FROM JAMES P. BRADISH.

WHITESTOWN, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1882.

GENTLEMEN—As reminiscences of the early days of the city are now called for, please accept the enclosed patriotic effusion of Utica's sable bard, Joseph Pancko, a lament for the loss of several of our brave generals at the battle of Chapultepec.

Very respectfully, JAMES P. BRADISH.

COMPOSED BY JOSEPH C. PANCKO, OF UTICA,

Set to the Air of "Bonaparte crossing the Rhine."

My once dear Master, they do say
His soul to Heaven has made its way:
But if it is not so, we regret,
For while on earth his name was great.

Brave General Worth, it has been said
Was numbered with the unlucky dead:
It is but a rumor, yet we fear
It may to us in truth appear.

Brave Brigadier General Persifor Smith,
Whose service we shall never forget,
Has shared the same in this affray,
We hope its but an idle phrase.

Brave General Pillow, hear again,
It states was one among the slain:
But yet we hope its not the case,
But if it is, its no disgrace.

Those Generals which I did relate,
Has striven for the United States,
And gem embellishments have proved,
Which caused the union them to love.

Brave General Worth we once did have
To shield Columbians from the grave:
His name in history ere must stand,
And honored through the Christian land.

FROM HON. LEVI BLAKESLEE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1882.

HON. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, and others*:

Gentlemen—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to be present and participate in the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, and I greatly regret that I am unable to do so, for wherever my lot may be cast, my heart will always turn with fond remembrance, to the many kind friends of my earlier years, in Utica and vicinity. Very few cities can show such a long and honored list of names of men, now or formerly citizens, eminent in public station, or able and successful in the management of large business enterprises, and I have felt it a sufficient honor, to warrant a journey of two hundred and fifty miles and return, each year for the last eight years, to cast my vote with my old neighbors, and thus retain an unquestioned right to subscribe myself "A citizen of Utica."

Very truly yours, LEVI BLAKESLEE.

FROM B. B. BURT, ESQ.

OSWEGO, Feb. 24, 1882.

MY FRIEND, MR. WILLIAMS:

I have received the invitation to be present at the exercises to commemorate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica on Wednesday, March 1, 1882. I hope to be present on the occasion.

Cordially yours, B. B. BURT.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman.*

FROM JAMES H. BUTLER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman:*

Gentlemen—Your kind invitation requesting me to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, March 1, 1882, is duly received, with many thanks. I sincerely regret my inability to be present on that most interesting occasion, but I assure you I will be with you in spirit if I cannot be in person. I have always felt proud to say that Utica was my native place; I was born on Genesee street two years before it became a city. It would give me great pleasure to accept the invitation, but my business engagements will make it impossible for me to be absent at the time of your meeting. Hoping you will have a cheerful and happy time. I am very respectfully, yours truly,

JAMES H. BUTLER.

FROM MR. BUTLER'S AGED MOTHER.

BROOKLYN, April 24th, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, Esq., *Chairman:*

My Dear Sir—Being an old resident of Utica, I think that perhaps I can add a little to the reminiscences of former times, of which I suppose you have many contributions. I settled in your city with my husband, Colonel Comfort Butler, in 1815, at which time there were very few inhabitants.

Mr. Butler was, I think, the first one who commanded the militia in Utica, and on the occasion of the reception of General LaFayette he took an active part. One of my sons has now in his possession two commissions signed by Governor Clinton, which were issued to Mr. Butler. He was one of the original projectors of the old Mechanics' Library Association, and while reading the second book, which he had drawn, he lost the sight of one eye, and in less than two years after, he became totally blind, from which he never recovered during the remainder of his life, a period of about thirty seven years.

After a residence of thirty-seven years in Utica we removed to Brooklyn, where, twelve years later, Mr. Butler passed away.

I am now eighty-five years of age and still have vivid recollections of Utica, and my thoughts often wander into the past, recalling many happy days spent there.

With my best wishes for the success of your association, I am, Very respectfully,

MARTHA BUTLER.

FROM HON. JOHN D. CATON.

CHICAGO, March 7, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, Esq., *Chairman, &c.:*

Dear Sir—Your circular invitation by the Oneida Historical Society to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the City of Utica, on the 1st inst., was not received in time to enable me to reply before that date.

This reference to the event which you have just celebrated revives memories of fifty years ago, when I was working hard there, trying to understand what Blackstone, Chitty and Kent said about the law. There I learned the rudiments of my profession so as to barely pass an examination by an Illinois judge, across an oak stump on the banks of the Illinois river by moonlight. There I listened to the law lectures of Beardsley, Spencer, Denio, Maynard and others, not in a law school, but in the court, and the principles thus learned have, I think, been the most staying of any.

Utica was the first considerable town I ever saw, and when at ten years of age I first passed down Genesee street, I thought it the most gorgeous place existing in the whole world, and its glittering signs and sights were fairly photographed on my memory. It seemed to me that I had suddenly dropped into Elysium. Those joyous sensations are still as vivid in memory as they were but a day later. It was love at first sight and I have always loved her since with unabated affection, and so shall I always love dear old Utica. Hence I suppose it is that Uticans have always seemed nearer to me and better, too, than other people. Long may they live! Long may they prosper!

The event which I most vividly recollect was the preaching of a sermon, the Sunday after the city was incorporated, in the old Reformed Dutch Church by the Rev. Mr. Doremus, or Doame, or some such name (all preachers were not doctors then), on the great event in the history of the city. He was an able preacher, and the discourse was interesting. I wonder if there is another person living who heard that discourse and remembers it.

A new generation has grown up and taken the places of those who were then just assuming the cares and the responsibilities of life. And another generation shall grow up and grow old when another fifty years shall have passed. May they be as worthy of those whom they shall succeed as these are of those whose places they have taken.

Most truly yours, J. D. Caton.

FROM HOVEY K. CLARKE.

Detroit, Feb. 25, 1882.

Robert S. Williams, Esq., *Utica, N. Y.:*

My Dear Sir—I am much obliged to you for the invitation which came to me a few days ago to attend the exercises by which the Oneida Historical Society proposes, on the 1st of March, to commemorate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica. I am glad to be recognized as one who would be interested in such an event; but the hindrances to my acceptance of your invitation are so many, that I need not even try to overcome them all.

And, as to "reminiscences," I doubt whether I have any that are quite suitable to the event you are to commemorate. My life in Utica began in December 1816, and ended in July 1831, just after I had completed my 19th year, which was before the commencement of the half century of Utica as a *city*. What I could say would interest only the boys! I could tell about our schoolmasters—at least, of those who held that relation to me, after I was too big a boy for my mother's school—of McCloskey, who kept a school on the north side of Broad

street, between Genesee and John. He was an Irishman, whose badge of authority and instrument of discipline was the "taws." He was a cripple, who could move about from place to place only by the aid of two crutches. Nevertheless, it was not easy to defy him. Dick somebody did it one day—I have forgotten his other name, but "Dick" describes him well enough—he was an uncommonly exasperating boy, and one day when Mr. McCloskey started for him he ran behind a long desk turned to the wall; the only way to get at him was by the hole he went in at. But the retreat was too deep for McCloskey's crutch, thrust in after him as though he were a woodchuck in his hole. Dick triumphed! Was there ever a school that would not sympathize with such a hunted outlaw? I think we did, and that is why I remember it so long. Your brother Wells and I formed a reading-class of two, at this school, in the Autobiography of Dr. Franklin. Another of my schoolmasters was Bartlett (Montgomery R.) whose school was on the east side of Hotel street. He is memorable chiefly for his skill in teaching arithmetic, and the severity, or rather the violence of what he probably intended as acts of discipline. Another of my teachers was Winston—afterwards Rev. D. M. Winston—a brother of the present President of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. His school was in Minerva Hall, in the third story of a building on the east side of Genesee street, just below Broad. Here occurred an event, like which I remember none other in my school experience. I was feruled with two other boys—George Burchard and John Edmonds—for decorating the walls of the schoolroom with charcoal sketches, during a noon recess. John "cut up" during his punishment in a way that made the whole scene rather entertaining even to me, though mine was yet to come. Doubtless we should have all fared better in these days of decorative art In the Academy we had Hervey. Dwight—Harrison Gray Otis Dwight,—Stuart—Rev. Captain Charles Stuart—who, of all teachers that I ever knew, was peerless in the play-ground, and in the manifestation of a real affection for his scholars. He would tolerate no disorder in the schoolroom. Even in the prayer with which he opened the morning session, no prank was permitted to escape his notice. He astonished one with, right in among his usual petitions—"James Dana, sit down." "Jim" sat down without a moment's hesitation.

We boys had politics in those days. During a noon recess at Mr. Winston's school we were gathered in front of Pax. Gould's law book store, which was just across the street, in the window of which were displayed the portraits of the various candidates for President at the election then pending—Adams, Jackson, Crawford, Calhoun and Clay. We had our reasons for our preferences, and our declaration of them almost made a

riot in the street. But that was no more peculiar then than it is now.

Those were the days when the Erie canal was a novelty. But one of the uses to which it was put was appreciated by the boys more than it was by the public. The most superior skating was always at the Starch Factory pond; and the canal made a very acceptable way on our skates to the splendid skating on the pond.

And the Mohawk as a place for swimming does not now seem very attractive! Yet, it was the only place we had—and the location, right opposite the east end of the station buildings of the Central railroad. I always, when passing through Utica by daylight, spend a few moments in meditating from the car windows upon the good times we had, long ago, in "going in"—for these were all the words ever thought necessary to express our purpose.

Of all the industries carried on in those days whatever may have been the opinion of our seniors, we did not underrate that conducted on the present site of the Oneida Bank, by Mr. Kingsbury.

As to our holidays and entertainments—Paas in the spring had not entirely lost the favor with which the first settlers in the valley regarded it. But the tricks of the Dutch boys, in emptying their egg shells and filling them with plaster—or substituting for them chalk eggs half concealed, gave the sport of "butting eggs" a hazardous character, which I dare say, by this time, has banished its use. The "general training" and the Fourth of July were the only regularly observed annual holidays. "Thanksgiving" came every year, of course. But that was more of a holy than a holiday, to many of us. But there was nothing in any of these which afforded anything like the satisfaction which was to be obtained from a fire! I suppose, because it gave unlimited license to noise, and gave the boys an apparently equal place with the men in a great public endeavor. To "holler fire" all the way from Genesee street to Harden's brewery, on a Sunday too, if, as I think it happened on a Sunday, and then to join the lines of the fire-fighters—on the empty bucket side of course—made a day long to be remembered—and you see I have not forgotten notwithstanding the lapse of more than half a century. (Was not Harden's brewery burnt twice?)

The boys were not unobservant of the march of social usages. Fitch Porter told us one day that his father was having made in his shop some silver forks for Mr. Seymour. A great dinner party was impending, very likely a semi-state affair, and this was one of the extra preparations for the event. It would be interesting to know whether this was not the first

breach into the steel fork usage, which Dr. Bagg mentions in his "Pioneers" as prevailing at that time?

We were occasionally favored with the sight of historical celebrities, La Fayette, Aaron Burr, Red Jacket, Martha Bradstreet! The day given to La Fayette, as he passed through Utica on his grand tour of the United States, was a very memorable one. Aaron Burr occasionally attended the sessions of the supreme court at Utica. He was a great lawyer: he had been very conspicuous in the political history of the country; but the estimation in which he was then held will appear from what one boy said to me as he was passing along before us—"There goes the man that killed General Hamilton." Red Jacket I saw at the stage office adjoining the Canal Coffee House, where he was waiting for the stage, by which he was to pursue his journey west. A large framed stalwart Indian, bearing on his breast, the medal, then somewhat dingy in appearance, said to have been given to him by Washington. He was a stupid looking man—but this may have been owing to the "fire-water," to which it was said he was somewhat addicted. And, Martha Bradstreet—a stout, imperious, or rather a dogmatic-looking woman, with an appearance of smartness and sauciness which may possibly have been owing to the consciousness, that when she was in Utica she was among a people by whom she was not specially admired!

But, speaking of celebrities, we did not know then that two of our boys, then not very much unlike other boys, would within the coming half century achieve for themselves a world-wide reputation for character and learning, which would make their birthplace always proud of them—whose names will never lack honored remembrance in any history of the city of Utica—the names of SAMUEL WELLS WILLIAMS and JAMES DWIGHT DANA.

I wish I could believe that you can be as much interested in what I have written as I have been in recalling the scenes of my boyhood. I wonder if it is not the reason why old or elderly people are called childish, that they are apt to give such exaggerated importance to the scenes of their youth! Nevertheless, I have enjoyed the writing of it, and if, I, by the means of it, have emphasized my appreciation of your invitation, I shall be satisfied.

Very truly yours, HOVEY K. CLARKE.

FROM THOS. ALLEN CLARKE, ESQ.

YONKERS-ON-HUDSON, Feb. 21, 1882.

MY DEAR MR WILLIAMS—I thank you for your invitation to be present at the proposed Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica. I accept the invitation with

pleasure. Nothing now foreseen will prevent my being with you on an occasion so full of interest. The names attached to your circular recall a crowd of memories of the families they represent. Most of their fathers were of my friends.

Faithfully yours, THOS. ALLEN CLARKE.

ROBT. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman.*

FROM HON. ROSCOE CONKLING.

29 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Utica:*

My Dear Sir—Many thanks for your invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of Utica, on the 1st of March.

Whether it will be my privilege to meet the cherished neighbors and friends who then assemble can not now be foreseen. If I can arrange it, I will do so; if not, the loss will be mine.

Under all circumstances, my heart and thoughts will be with you.

Cordially yours, ROSCOE CONKLING.

FROM REV. S. HANSON COXE, S. T. D.

KINDERHOOK, Feb. 23, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Semi-Centennial Committee:*

Gentlemen—I have had the honor to receive an invitation to attend the Semi Centennial commemoration of the charter of the city of Utica, on Wednesday, March 1, 1882. It would give me pleasure to do so, but engagements for the very day you name will prevent. Having passed twenty of the best years of my life in your beautiful city, and observed its progress during all that time in every department of improvement, I should be pleased to review with you its history.

I congratulate you on the great names which have been identified with your city in the past, especially in the department of law; for where in any place of its size have there been resident so many distinguished judges, of high character and celebrity: on the benevolent institutions which have there been multiplied; on the annual courses of lectures by the most talented lecturers which have so long been sustained; on your annual art gallery, so refining, elevating, and improving in its influences: on the number and strength of your public buildings, all so creditable and adorning. If the next half century shall do as much for the city as has been done in the past, it will continue to be unrivalled by any, of its own proportions.

Not long after Utica, by charter, became a city, I visited it as a school-boy, having ascended the Hudson river to Albany by steam-boat; thence traveling to Schenectady by horse railroad, and thence by canal packet drawn by three horses so as to move rapidly. I remember the high white steeple of the Presbyterian Church, the Trinity of those days, which I entered and strolled through, and its neighbor, the old Reformed Church on Broad street, where I heard Dr. Bethune's farewell sermon (June 29, 1834,) from the appropriate and tenderly affectionate text, Philip iv: 1.

Gentlemen, you have my best wishes for your prosperity, and a successful commemoration, and I remain

Very respectfully yours, S. HANSON COXE.

FROM PROFESSOR JAMES D. DANA.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 23, 1882.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman of the Committee of the Oneida Historical Society:*

My Dear Mr. Williams—I have received your letter of the 17th, and would ask you to thank the committee for their invitation to the Utica Semi-Centennial. The occasion will be one I should greatly enjoy: for I have not lost my affection for the city of my old home and my schoolboy life. But college duties now in progress confine me here, so that I shall have to forego the pleasure.

Very truly yours, JAMES D. DANA.

FROM DR. THEO. DIMON.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, Esq., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—Your letter inviting me, as a former resident, to be present on the first of March, at the commemoration by the Oneida Historical Society of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, is received with peculiar pleasure. For the only house I ever owned stood in Utica; in Utica my wife and two of our children were born; in Utica are now the only descendants of my father's five sons who bear the family name, and the memory of the years I lived in Utica is bright with the dearest friendships and happiest associations of my life.

. . . "Oh, those were pleasant days,
. . . I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried then so many hopes!
I had not buried then so many friends!"

Those days when Barnum was mayor, "Bill Dick" was a man of letters known on both sides of the great canal, and we were

young. William J. Bacon and James Watson Williams were then just old enough to be always put in quotation marks for the younger set of us; they being the good young men of our day.

My classmates at Yale, Alick Johnson, even then of presence fit to be a judge, and John Seymour, then, as ever since, doing good to others; Frank Kernan, digesting law enough at Joshua Spencer's office to grow into a senator: J. K. Hackett, since the fierce recorder, then occasionally serenading a Broad street young lady under an umbrella: Ned Brayton, always singing "Sparkling and Bright," and "hardly ever" "Tippecanoe and Tyler too;" Alick Seward, sitting on a camp stool smoking segars (not fiddling) while sedately contemplating the burning up of all the law in Kirkland & Bacon's office, where he was a student; Jack Edmonds serenely sleeping behind his great spectacles in attentive attitude (like Huntington's dreaming Mercy) through the sermons at the First Presbyterian Church, are among the many of my remembrances of those days. And the young ladies of those days! There never were anywhere else, and there never will be, such refined, beautiful and lovely girls as the girls of Utica forty years ago. Whitesboro street, Broad street, Chancellor square, Rutger street, Fayette street, and the hill are all classic ground to me.

With such recollections to call me to your meeting, I need not assure you how greatly I regret that I cannot be present to compare wrinkles with those by whom I was received with hearty welcome and friendship when I first came to Utica, forty two years ago.

Very respectfully yours, THEO. DIMON.

FROM WILLIAM H. DUTTON.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Utica, N. Y.:*

Dear Sir—I have received yours of the 17th, inviting me to the commemoration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, on March 1, 1882, and deeply regret that pressure of business will prevent my attendance. Meanwhile I cannot express to you the pleasure it would give me to revisit dear old Utica, and with heartfelt greeting meet the many companions of my early days, which this occasion will call together. Every name in the list which you have sent me suggests bright and affectionate memories in my mind, of boyhood's playmates, kind neighbors, good friends, none of whom can I ever forget. From 1821 until 1865, I lived in beautiful Utica, and you can easily understand that *after* no other home could claim me this side of the infinite, and that

like myself, all wanderers from the "lovely inland city," wherever they roam, always must remember with pride and pleasure, as the years increase, the early sunny, golden days of youth in the ever charming Mohawk valley.

With kindest remembrances to each member of the committee, and regards to all of my old friends in the society,

I am truly yours, W. H. DUTTON.

1,115 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM REV. B. W. DWIGHT.

CLINTON, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1882.

DR. M. M. BAGG:

My Dear Sir—The circular of your Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Oneida Historical Society, on March 1st next, came to hand yesterday. It is not stated in it at what place or at what hour it is to be held (whether by day or by night). Whether I can be present I do not yet know. Probabilities look strongly the other way.

I believe heartily in such organizations in all the counties of the state and in all parts of our land. We have had, and are progressively having such a history as no part of the world ever had before; and the time to gather for sure preservation the records of the early beginnings of the history of Central New York is now, when we are so near to them as to be thoroughly accurate, if we will, in our work. The past, so far as it has been right and true in aim and achievement, keeps ever growing more and more precious, as we are continually receding from it. Oneida county has been from the first behind no county in the state for size, in sending forth men of talent and nobleness of character to do the very best work of the times in the affairs alike of the State and of the Church. Whether I ever meet with you or not, you will always have my spontaneous appreciation and warm sympathy with you in your honorable and useful work.

I am yours truly, BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT.

FROM HON. S. EARL.

HERKIMER, Feb. 27, 1882.

GENTLEMEN—Your letter of the 17th inst., inviting me to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, to be commemorated on the 1st proximo, was received in due time. I have held back my response to your kind invitation until this moment, hoping I might be able to so arrange some appointments set down for that day, as to enable me to be present. But I regret to be obliged to say

that I cannot, and must therefore forego the pleasure of meeting with you and other citizens of Utica on the occasion of so much local interest. I regret this the more, because as a native of Herkimer, I feel a just pride in the growth and prosperity of Utica, which Herkimer looks upon, as indeed she is, her younger sister on the banks of the Mohawk. Herkimer gave to Utica some of her earliest inhabitants, among whom were John Bellinger and the late Col. Nicholas Smith; and her first merchant, John Post, was a resident of Herkimer before he became a citizen of Utica.

In a matter of so much interest in a family as a semi centennial celebration of a birth, it seems especially fitting, that every branch of the family should be represented at the banquet: and I hope some other representative, from Herkimer, will appear and join in the festivities of the occasion! Between the two places, linked together, as they are by the beautiful Mohawk, there has always been, and I trust there always will be, intimate social and business relations—and why should there not be? Herkimer is not envious of the larger growth of her younger sister, but on the contrary rejoices in her career of prosperity, and in her proud position as the Queen city of the valley of the Mohawk. It is not many years since, and it may be within the memory of persons still living, when all the present site of Utica was embraced within the county of Herkimer: and at that time Herkimer was the larger of the two places. It would make this letter too long to enumerate, even, the causes which have made the more rapid growth of Utica, as compared with the slow progress Herkimer has made in that direction. It is sufficient to say, and Herkimer fully acknowledges, that the growth of Utica in all the elements which make up a city is a fact, and that its position as the leading city in the valley of the Mohawk is established. The only thing I claim for Herkimer, as against Utica is on account of her age.

That she is small for her age is not the fault of Utica. Here a village stood for more than fifty years before there was a civilized habitation where Utica now stands; and here there was a village sacked and a Christian church burned, by an invading army, more than a quarter of a century before Utica was known even as a stopping place for the weary white traveler on the "mighty Mohawk." And here, too, there was a Priest's house, a rendezvous for Christian missionaries, a half century at least before a house for a Christian minister was built in Utica. It will be seen from this that there are some things which age can claim. Herkimer was settled as early as 1723—Utica nearly two thirds of a century later. Herkimer, though small for her age, and of but little reputation as compared with Utica, is thoroughly loyal in her affection and admiration for

her, and is proud of her present greatness as a city of a half century's growth. Time was when Herkimer was larger and better known than Utica. Often the anxious and weary traveler up the valley of the Mohawk who was destined for Utica, but not knowing where it was, whether on the north or south side of the river, would stop at Herkimer to inquire his way. But from the following extracts, taken from the journal of an intelligent and somewhat distinguished traveler during the latter part of the last century, I should say it was at that time rather hard on a hungry traveler to stop where Utica now is. The extract is as follows:

"*September*, 1788. From Colonel Sterling's Schuyler, Herkimer county: I began to travel the wilderness bordering upon the Indian Territory. The road is almost impassable; I was upwards of three hours in reaching the Mohawk opposite old Fort Schuyler, a distance of only six miles: here I reluctantly forded the river, being alone and without a guide and both shores being alive with savages. Having fasted twenty-four hours in consequence of a severe headache the day previous, I was by this time excessively hungry and fatigued; as there was no tavern, and there were only a few scattered houses, I proceeded to an old German log house on the margin of the river and implored for something to eat. At length, after much difficulty, I prevailed on an ill natured German woman to spare me two ears of green corn and some salt."

The same intelligent traveler, in speaking of his experience, in 1821, says: "I never suffered more from hunger in all my wanderings than I did in 1788, on the spot now occupied by the large and flourishing village of Utica."

At that time, I think it safe to say, the same traveler would have most likely been treated to spring lamb and chicken had he arrived in Herkimer in the same starved condition as he did at old Fort Schuyler. Taverns, so necessary for the comfort of the weary and hungry traveler, then abounded in Herkimer; so much again in favor of Herkimer on account of age. But as the age of towns and cities in this country has but little significance as bearing on the question of their size, it is not either strange or surprising that though Utica is now but little more than half as old as Herkimer, it should be more than twelve times its size. Such apparently anomalous things do happen in this country.

I know of no better time than the present to tender to the Oneida Historical Society, for preservation, an old map showing the location of the Palatines' village here as it was in November, 1757, when it was sacked by the French and Indians and many of its inhabitants taken prisoners and carried captive to Canada; among whom was the *Mayor* of the village. The map purports to show the location and shape of the houses

which constituted the village, including the church, the priest's house, and the house also of the mayor. It must have been made from memory by a person previously acquainted with the locality, and considering that it was made without an actual survey, it is quite accurate. The village, as shown by the map, is where Herkimer now is—and it had a *Mayor*—and this, too, seventy-five years before such an officer was known to exist in Utica. Here again Herkimer shows age, but age alone, as all here well know, does not make a city. Herkimer, too, has a proud and honored name, and that, too, we find does not make a city. The classic name of Utica which was given to a small settlement on the lovely banks of the Mohawk, where old Fort Schuyler stood, has now been the name of a city for a full semi-centennial period, but the name did not make a city; that was made by forces which are still at work and are likely to continue and yearly add to the growth of Utica as time rolls on.

Hoping that the Semi-Centennial Anniversay of the birth of the city of Utica, under a legislative charter, will be fitly commemorated, and that its growth and prosperity in the future will justly entitle it to be called the Queen city of the Empire State. I am, with great respect, yours, &c.,

S EARL.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman and others, Committee.*

FROM DR. THOS. M. FLANDRAU.

ROME, Feb. 24, 1882.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, &c.:*

Dear Sir—I shall be much pleased to attend the symposium in which the Oneida Historical Society proposes to commemorate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the city of Utica.

Notwithstanding the erasure in your note of invitation, I consider myself entitled to be classed with the "former residents" of your beautiful city. It was my privilege to spend the year 1832 on Whitesboro street, the year which you now celebrate. But aside from this, having passed so many years in Oneida county, I shall take great interest in the manificent record of growth and prosperity which Utica will be able to present on her fiftieth anniversary.

Very respectfully, THOS. M. FLANDRAU.

FROM NICOLL FLOYD, ESQ.

MORICHES, SUFFOLK CO., N. Y.,

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS: March 6, 1882.

I was not able to accept the invitation to the celebration given by the Oneida Historical Society, though I had at one

time some hopes of doing so; but I beg to convey through you to the committee, my very sincere thanks for their remembrance of me as a former citizen and constant friend of Utica.

It was a great pleasure to find every name on the committee that of an old acquaintance and often a personal friend.

Many years must pass before it will cease to be a matter of pride to any one in the legal profession to be able to say that he comes from Oneida county.

In the debt which the state owes to her for the mighty men of law she has sent forth, those following their footstep "*haud equis passibus*" bear a double portion. Her best friends must be satisfied if she continues to live up to her record.

Yours very truly, NICOLL FLOYD.

FROM HORACE W. FOWLER, ESQ.

257 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—I regret very much that my engagements for Wednesday are such that I must give up my intention to attend your exercises on that day.

I am surprised to learn that the city of Utica is only fifty years of age. It would appear from that fact that neither the city nor I were of age when we first became acquainted; and that we were, therefore, children together. That may account in some degree for my love for it.

If I remember rightly, Utica, before it was a city, was about the centre of the strength of the five nations: and the whole Mohawk valley has run red with the blood of conflict, and has been the scene of many unheralded sufferings in behalf of civilization and national independence. The time may come when it shall receive its proper share of credit, and when the story Tryon county has to tell can be heard through the din and clamor for glory that New England makes.

But when history at last begins to tell the truth, and narrates with proper prominence the battles which have been fought in the Mohawk valley, and the sufferings that have there been endured, it will probably record more important, but cannot possibly record more numerous fights than I have had in the streets of Utica.

I would name the men I have whipped, except for their feelings. I would name the men who have whipped me, except for my feelings. I was not quarrelsome, either. But I have fought on Whitesboro street, I have fought on Seneca street, Liberty street, Hotel street, Genesee street, Carnahan street, Union street, at the 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th locks of the Chenango canal, amongst other places.

I don't think I have ever fought with any gentleman on your committee. I think one or two of them may have chased me once or twice.

If you think these few historical facts would be of interest, you may use them.

Yours very truly, HORACE W. FOWLER.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman:*

FROM DANIEL J. FRANCIS.

No. 123 SOUTH SALINA STREET,
SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 24th, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *and others:*

Gentlemen—It is with great pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to the Semi-Centennial Anniversay on Wednesday next.

I regret that my business engagements are such as to prevent me from being present upon that occasion. As one of the many sons of Utica, I take the greatest interest in all that concerns her, whether of the past, present or future. A cousin, Mr. Daniel J. Morris, long a resident of this city, and a native of Utica, has handed me a programme of the exercises of the Uticà Academy, held forty-two years ago, which I enclose, trusting that it may prove interesting to some who may be present at the celebration, next week.

To any student of those days, when M. M. Backus was principal, and George R. Perkins professor of mathematics, it will revive memories of faces and friendships that the busy duties and cares of after life may have rendered dim and obscure. It may carry them back to the times when they were boys, and remind them of those who entered with them upon the duties of life, of ambitions and hopes, that have been realized or shattered as Dame Fortune has seen fit to will it.

The programme contains the names of Professor Anson J. Upson, who delivered the valedictory; of ex-Postmaster Thomas L. James, M. L. Langford. Henry M. Peckham, C. K. Grannis, H. A. Daniels, and many other well remembered names.

You are welcome to place the programme among the archives of the society, if it is thought worthy of a place.

The thoughts of Utica's absent sons will be with you at the celebration, and I congratulate the society upon the success of the same, which the names of the committee ensure.

Very truly yours, DANIEL J. FRANCIS.

FROM N. F. GRAVES, ESQ.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 27, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 17th inst., inviting me to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica has been received. Soon after the settlement of Utica my father came on horseback from Connecticut, and stayed over night at Utica, in a log tavern, on his way to Westmoreland, where he settled on a farm, now occupied by one of my brothers. My father often described the appearance of Utica at that time and thought the surroundings did not promise well for one who wished to cultivate a farm. The landlord advised him to remain there and purchase land close to the settlement, predicting that some day there would be a city there. The prediction was received with peals of laughter. The cedar swamps were dense and formed a jungle nearly impassable, and looked then as though it might be a better place for bears and wolves than for raising wheat, corn and oats, and so he passed on to Westmoreland to procure good land, and in that he succeeded. My father lived to see Utica a prosperous and beautiful city, and to know that a single lot of the land that he could at first have purchased for a few dollars an acre was worth more than his whole farm.

I often went to Utica when a boy with my father and believed that Utica was the fairest and most beautiful city in the land. I was a boy then, and had not seen other cities, but have since seen the principal cities of the world, but after all I must say my first impression remains, and in my eyes Utica is "beautiful for situation" and one of the fairest cities of this or any other land. I read law in the office of Joshua A. Spencer and there formed the acquaintance of many prominent men, and of many others that have since become distinguished. No city of its size has sent out such an army of men that have made their influence felt far and wide, and that have reflected such honor upon their native city

Respectfully yours, N. F. GRAVES.

FROM A. H. GREEN, ESQ.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 27, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, and others, Committee, etc.:*

Gentlemen—I regret that I cannot accept the esteemed invitation of the Oneida Historical Society, communicated through your committee, to be present at its proposed commemora-

tion of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica.

I hardly need say that the society deservedly celebrates so important an event in the history of a community distinguished for the worth and intelligence of its citizens, the successful enterprise and large public spirit of its business men, for its social refinements, and for the remarkable number of eminent public men it has produced, whose names are intimately associated with the government of the state of New York and of the United States.

Hoping that Utica may have a future greater and more prosperous than even its past, I am, gentlemen, with much respect, Very truly yours,

A. H. Green.

FROM THOS. D. GREEN.

Syracuse, Feb 28, 1882.

R. S. Williams, Esq., *Chairman, etc.*

Dear Sir—Since giving my acceptance of your invitation to be with you in your commemoratory doings to-morrow, I have been a few days from home and have taken a severe influenza, which I find will prevent me keeping my engagement, and deny me a great pleasure. In your remembrances of me as a "former resident" of Utica, I am led to reflect a good deal upon the changes, now near the third decade of years, since I went from the old home farm on the outskirts of your city, having remained under the paternal roof during my minority. Looking to the bright side alone, we have seen in the time, your city reaching out on all sides and more than doubling in population; and from its being the home of men eminent as statesmen, jurists, evangelists, as well as manufacturers and men engaged in trade, giving you a reputation that is world-wide.

A couple of weeks ago I saw, as I passed your city east, what thirty years ago was a single track, ironed with the old strap rail, with but one short side track, and known as the Utica & Schenectady railroad, but which is now a part of the great N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., with its four tracks, and the only four track road in the world, its side tracks now extending so far that they reach quite to the Starch Factory creek, one and one half miles. I think I am correct when I say, that a public street has been laid out by your city, on what was the east line of my father's farm, which we used to call two miles from Genesee street. I would have had great satisfaction in a reunion with many old time friends and acquaintances, and as I look over the names of the gentlemen of your committee of invitation, I am pleased to see many who were boys with me

at the old Academy, and who have attained honorable distinction in the city of their birth.

I feel honored by your remembrance, and am

Very truly yours. THOS. D. GREEN.

FROM T. P. HANDY.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 23, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

My Dear Sir—I am in receipt of yours of 17th inst., inviting me to the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of your city on the first proximo, and regret that I cannot be present to participate in its exercises.

The memory of my boyhood days in and about Utica is always pleasant to me when I recollect that the first beginnings of my business life were also formed there nearly sixty years ago, resulting in my being transplanted to Cleveland with others of your valued citizens. I cannot look upon it and its growth during the last half century but with increasing interest. The old Mohawk river, with its Durham boats propelled by long poles up and down its then broad current, being at that time its only avenue of commerce. The old red warehouse, used by Devereux and others, near the foot of Genesee street, were then among the wonders of my early days.

The changes during the past fifty years have been marked by more steady and substantial improvements, and while its growth has not equaled that of some of our western cities, it has always been distinguished for a solid and healthful progress among others of greater population. More than all, it can boast of its distinguished men and women, of its abounding charities, and its religious and benevolent culture, the influence of which has been felt all over our western fields. Few cities have contributed so many able representatives both in our national councils, on the bench and at the bar, as has the city of Utica.

The names of many of these men, both among the dead and the living, will doubtless be suggested in this review of its past history. I heartily congratulate you all, in its increasing prosperity and commanding influence, and trust the occasion will be one of great pleasure and profit to those who are permitted to share in its exercises.

Thanking yourself and the committee for your kind invitation, I remain,

Yours very truly, T. P. HANDY.

FROM HON. J. T. HEADLEY.

NEWBURG, Feb. 27, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS *and others:*

Gentlemen—It would give me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation to be present at your Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, but it will be impossible for me to do so. My recollections of Utica are of the most pleasant kind, though I suppose I should hardly recognize it now. At the time I was there, if I remember right, it contained a population of only about 13,000, and a short gallop in every direction but one brought me into a most beautiful country, while a short walk in the latter took me into a natural forest. Then, too, if I remember right, there were but two hat stores and one hotel, deserving the name, in the place, while Genesee street meant Utica. Now all this is changed. The old Indian name, signifying "around the hill," though somewhat indefinite, expresses the idea I have always had of the natural beauty of the place.

Utica has also other associations that make it very dear to me. It holds the ashes of one whom I revered and loved above all else on earth. The history of Utica is of great interest from its first settlement as a mere outpost, up to 1798, when it was incorporated as a village, as well as since, and I know I should listen with great pleasure to the reminiscences that will be evoked at your Semi-Centennial Anniversary.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. T. HEADLEY.

FROM JOHN H. HENSHAW, ESQ.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—I regret my inability to accept your invitation on behalf of the Oneida Historical Society, to attend the commemorative exercises of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica. My early associations and childhood days spent at my old home on Fayette street are very dear to me. My maternal grandmother, Abigail Handy, with her husband, settled in Utica many years before it received its charter, and identified themselves with its growth and progress. My father also Mr. J. Sidney Henshaw, during the years he was permitted to live in Utica, took ever an active interest in its welfare and prosperity, and at the time of his death was writing and compiling a history of the place. Had I access to his manuscripts and papers, I have no doubt that I could find many valuable documents, pamphlets and books

that would prove very interesting reading upon an occasion like the present.

Yours respectfully, JOHN H. HENSHAW.

FROM JOHN W. HITCHCOCK, M. D.

MT. VERNON, JEFFERSON CO., Ill., Feb. 25, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, Hon. W. J. Bacon, et al., of Oneida Historical Society:*

Gentlemen—I have received within the last hour your invition to be present on Wednesday, prox., when your society proposes to commemorate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica. How happy I should feel if possibly I could be at the home of my nativity next week to meet those whose names—honored names—bringing to my mind recollections of my boyhood days, touching my heart as only such reminders can—make me young again, and I see the good people whom I knew so well and reverenced, *e. g*, the Williams, the Bacons, Comstocks, Sewards, Baggs, Roberts, Barnards, McQuades, Goodwins, Baileys, Sayre and Jones of 60 or 70 years ago—and, moreover, I see scores of others, who by precept and example, prompted refined thoughts and noble action. When I think of Utica of long ago, I am reminded of certain words of Shakespeare in Richard II. "This other Eden, demi-paradise," and fifty-two years in the great west have failed to produce to me its superior; hence my gratitude and thankfulness for this note before me, dated February 17, 1882, to which this scribbled acknowledgement carries but a feeble return. If Judge Breese was here, as he formerly came, we would consider historical and other facts pre-historical (?), would judge and bring forth such as we were conversant with near the beginning of this century, and write you a letter perhaps worth reading on the first of March at Utica. I have time to write very briefly and hastily. Your kind note was a week coming hither. It should have come in two days. The fact is, recent deluging rains have so broken up all railroads that transportation and travel are seriously interrupted. For five or six days we have not received mails which usually arrive here daily, and the possibility of getting hence to Utica is only ideal, and my desires are, as it were, in *mediâs res*, that is, mixed in floods, washouts, broken bridges, blockades of cars, dismal prospects, uncertain locomotion. The prospect is more discouraging than I had in 1830, when, having waited a day or so on account of a heavy rain storm, I started from home and drove one good horse about six weeks to the "far west," a myth, supposed to be near where I halted on the Wabash. My long ride carried me into

regions of some historical note; brought acquaintance with General Harrison and the good and great Abraham Lincoln; gave me acquaintance with the Black Hawk war, as volunteer and otherwise; led me upon mounds upon which I stood considering archæological questions. First among them I asked: Who were the mound builders? And next, when did they build? I dug for relics without learning the who, the when, the why satisfactorily. Out in the great prairies I went, where trees were not to be seen, and I reflected upon the causes, the great convulsions, which drifted soil so widely, so smoothly, and to such great length. I stepped upon a solitary boulder, an immense rounded rock, lying upon the surface of the prairie and wondered how large a piece of ice would be required to transport it to the spot where it apparently had been dropped. I have been at times so lost in wild contemplation of bewildering scenes new to me fifty years ago, that only a rattlesnake, buzzing near me, could change my reflections. I did not indulge such vain things very often, but occasionally I could not escape what Hamlet characterizes thus: "Thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." The great varied earth's surface and what it covers, between the muddy waters of the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean, will not let our thoughts rest. "Knowledge is power," (Bacon,) and it stirs our weakness to reach, that is if our minds are right.

May every good aid your efforts historically and otherwise. With great regard I am truly yours ever,

JOHN W. HITCHCOCK, M. D.

FROM J. C. HOADLEY.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 22, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, etc.:*

Your circular, bearing date February 17, current, inviting me to attend a commemoration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, on Wednesday, March 1, came to hand last evening, forwarded from Lawrence. I take great pleasure in accepting said invitation, and shall not fail to be present unless something now unforeseen should occur to prevent.

I shall, if possible, start on Monday. I recognize as old acquaintances, M. M. Bagg, C. W. Hutchinson and M. M. Jones, of your committee.

Yours truly, J. C. HOADLEY.

FROM JOSEPH B. HOYT, ESQ.

CAZENOVIA, Feb. 27th, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *and Gentlemen of the Oneida Historical Society:*

Your favor of the 17th instant came duly to hand. It has been well said that "history is philosophy teaching by example." Such being the case, it is manifest that Historical Societies, with periodical celebrations of important events, must be of great use to the public at large, in preserving the memory of such events, and thereby keeping alive public spirit in the minds of citizens generally. Hence I am highly gratified that the "Oneida Historical Society" propose to celebrate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the granting a city charter to Utica, my native city, where I have resided the largest part of my life, and been honored by three annual elections as alderman of the second ward, and three more as supervisor thereof. It was thirty years the 25th instant since I left Utica to reside at Cazenovia. During that period many of Utica's most esteemed and highly honored citizens have gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Among them, I flatter myself, I had as many friends as usually fall to the lot of humble individuals like myself. At all events I cherish their memory with much respect and with heartfelt gratitude for their friendship. I remember also with great pleasure my career as alderman and supervisor in your beautiful and flourishing city.

It is unnecessary, however, for me to dilate on this part of my life, as your public records will show what part I had in your city affairs.

Utica is still my favorite city, wherein I have the satisfaction of believing I have many true friends, among whom I hope I may be permitted to number the members of our very useful "Historical Society."

Did my health permit, I should very much enjoy being present at our meeting on the 1st of March, to take part in the Semi-Centennial exercises on that very interesting occasion, and to meet the well known faces of my old friends in Utica and its vicinity.

With much respect and regard, gentlemen, I remain

Yours most truly, JOSEPH B. HOYT.

FROM HON. WARD HUNT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23, 1882.

HON. R. S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—I feel a deep interest in your celebration, as I remember well when the village of Utica became a city, with Joseph Kirkland as its Mayor. I was absent, but recall the ardor which I felt when informed that Mr. Kirkland had accepted the nomination.

Many men of note have filled the office since then, such as Henry Seymour, John C. Devereux and Charles P. Kirkland, and at a later day, Horatio Seymour and James Watson Williams, all of whom were well known to me. I bear in mind the names of Bleecker Lansing, Jared E. Warner, Joseph B. Hoyt, Charles Tracy and George Tracy among the aldermen.

At the time that Utica became a city I was but a lad of twenty-one years of age; now I rank among its oldest living Mayors. Indeed, I know of no one, except Thomas Hopper, Norman C. Newell, Theodore P. Ballou and Daniel Shadrach among the natives of the city who are older than I am.

On this account, and from so many years' attachment to the place, it is a sincere regret that, owing to ill health, I cannot be with you in its celebration.

Yours respectfully, WARD HUNT.

FROM HENRY HURLBURT.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Feb. 28, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Utica, N. Y.:*

Dear Sir—I am sorry I cannot be at the Semi-Centennial celebration to-morrow. There is no place but Utica that seems like home to me, and that, I think, is the brief history of the feelings of all its old inhabitants. And what an eventful history has the last half century been to most of us who are now living! In this period we have seen the rise, progress and fall of nearly all those we loved and honored of its old inhabitants. Trusting you may have an interesting celebration and resolve to restore your city councils to the hands of men of the respectable character that at first were called to them,

I remain yours very sincerely,
HENRY HURLBURT.

FROM HENRY IVISON.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1882.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS:

My Dear Friend—I have received the printed circular of the Oneida Historical Society, calling a meeting of the Utica boys on the 1st of March, or a response in writing.

The position which I occupied in Utica from 1820 to 1830 was of so quiet and unimportant a character to every one but myself that I can say nothing that would be of interest to any one now residing there. I was an honored member of your father's family during those ten years, and I shall, while life lasts, hold in grateful remembrance every member of that dear family. Utica has no reason to be ashamed of her sons; they are known and honored in every calling and profession and in every part of the world. I sincerely hope that you may have a large and delightful gathering, and that I shall have the pleasure of reading the proceedings, as I cannot be present in person. With kindest regards to yourself,

I remain yours truly, H. IVISON.

FROM HON. THOMAS L. JAMES.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *and others, Committee:*

Gentlemen—I thank you for your invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, to be held under the auspices of the Oneida Historical Society, on Wednesday, the 1st of March.

As a native of Utica, at this remove, marking her steady and solid growth in population and wealth, in manufacturing industries and railway facilities, which make her the center of a large and growing trade: noting the charities of her citizens, as shown in the erection of asylums and hospitals, and proud of your admirable system of public schools, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet, on such an occasion as this, the men to whose energy, enterprise and zeal the city owes so much of its prosperity, and to listen not only to the historic reminiscences of the last fifty years, but to the golden prophecies and promises of the future; but, much to my regret, my business engagements conspire to prevent my being with you, and I am reluctantly compelled to decline your invitation.

Thanking you again for your courtesy, and trusting that the occasion may be one of great interest,

I am very truly, THOS. L. JAMES.

FROM W. C. JOHNSON, ESQ.

NEWBURG, Monday, Feb. 20, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, etc., Utica, N. Y.:*

Dear Sir—I am favored this day with an invitation from the "committee of the Oneida Historical Society, to take part in a celebration of the Semi Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica.

It is with extreme regret I foresee my inability to be present in person, a regret the more poignant as I recognize in each member of your committee, from my venerated preceptor in the law—still happily enjoying an honored aftermath—down through the list, each and all pleasantly remembered associates and friends of my early years.

Who may measure or explain ". . . *qua natale solum dulcedine captos ducit.*"

I can only say that as Utica was, so it ever has been and always will be "home to me." Though circumstances led me hence "*Nihil Uticense alienum me puto.*"

From its very beginning the home of my ancestors, it still holds most who are dear to me amongst its living and its dead, and with true heart, in the house I long ago prepared, I shall, ere yet a little while, myself be laid to rest "till the shadows flee away."

Pardon the personal character of this note. Time is not sufficient for maturing anything of general interest, were it otherwise in my power, and kindly express to your associates the high appreciation of their remembrance of

Yours very truly, W. C. JOHNSON.

FROM J. WYMAN JONES, ESQ.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 22, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, &c.:*

My Dear Sir—The invitation of the Oneida Historical Society, to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, on the 1st of March next, is received. I sincerely regret that an imperative engagement in the city of St. Louis, on the second day of March, renders it impossible for me to accept the invitation.

The city of Utica was to me a charming place of residence for ten years. It is the birth-place of my children and their mother—the sepulcher and present abode of many of their kindred—the home of some of my most cherished friends.

It is endeared to me by most delightful memories, of professional intercourse with its able lawyers—of its social life—its

devotion to art, music and literature, and the high character of its men of business.

It is my belief (speaking from impressions derived from my residence there) that in *no city in the world* is there more delightful and rational home-life, in proportion to the population, than in Utica. Neither is there a city of its size so distinguished for the ability of its professional men, for the general culture of its citizens, and the courageous enterprise they have displayed.

Being, therefore, as fond and proud of old Utica as if she were my native city, it would give me unqualified pleasure to unite in the exercises proposed in commemoration of its charter, were it possible.

With kind regards to your committee, nearly every one of whom I recall as a personal friend of the good old "days o' lang syne."

I am, sincerely yours,

J. WYMAN JONES.

FROM HON. POMROY JONES.

LAIRDSVILLE, Feb. 25, 1882.

TO THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

Gentlemen—I am too infirm to attend your meeting on the 1st of March. My eyes are so dimmed that I have to employ an amanuensis to put down my little jottings. I was born in Whitestown, Montgomery county, not the diminutive town it is now in area. Within the town bounded as it was then, there are now over one million inhabitants. In a few years they spread Herkimer, and then Oneida county, over my residence, and yet I have lived all my life within thirty feet of where I was born. The farm on which I live was the westernmost clearing in the state except Indian settlements. I can just remember the 7 by 9 log cabin in which I was born. It soon gave way to a more pretentious log house. The first time I was in Utica was in December, 1794; then a few small houses graced the plot of what is now the lower part of the city.

The next time was in 1798. Then two or three small stores had been started on what is now the lower part of Genesee street. I did not see the fictitious store of John B. McNamara, late of New York, who advertised West India rum at seventy-five cents a gallon, and other things equally low, who, when inquired for by a person from the country, was uniformly directed to the printer. These little stores were soon replaced by two-story framed buildings, and in a few years these in turn gave place to structures of brick, and some of the brick buildings have got into their third edition. And what has made Utica in its present location?

Judge Sanger, the master spirit of the Seneca Road Co, got the road incorporporated in 1800, and it must needs pass through New Hartford and strike the Mohawk below, at the most convenient point, which was found to be the lower part of Genesee street. New Hartford, at one time, it was said, did more business than Utica, but with the location on the Mohawk and other advantages, Utica soon outstripped New Hartford. I remember the first stage coach that Jason Parker ran west from Utica. In a few months he advertised to run a stage three times a week to Canandaigua and back. He soon started a daily line, and then four daily lines, each way. On one occasion an individual called on Mr. Parker to hire out as a stage-driver. Mr. Parker said he wanted to hire one, but he wanted one that could drive. The individual claimed he had had experience in New England. Mr. Parker "said, there is a team and coach in the yard; you may drive me to Whitesboro." The driver had something of the rogue in his composition, and he struck every stone in the road going and returning, so that Mr. Parker's position in the coach was not a very settled one. Mr. Parker saw that it was done on purpose, and when they got back to Utica he says to the driver: "If you can hit all the stones, you can miss them; I will hire you."

POMROY JONES,
Aged 92 December 30, 1881.

FROM SAMUEL A. JONES, M. D.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Feb. 22, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—The invitation of the Oneida Historical Society awakens the memories of forty years ago, and I am filled with such music as I had not hoped to hear this side of heaven!

To meet with you on March 1st, will be to go back to boyhood, and to know again some superlative girlhood. Oh! how the roses did bloom some forty years ago!

But, alas! to come back to Utica is to find many and many a "vacant chair," and to grow tear-blind over graves filled by an untimely fate. Yet one can be proud even in tears, and Utica may be all that: her dead ones are an honor: her living not a disgrace.

God willing I will share your joy in thankfulness on the appointed day.

Sincerely yours, SAMUEL A. JONES.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

FROM REV. GEORGE LEEDS, D. D.

171 PARK AVE., BALTIMORE, Feb. 25, 1882.

MESSRS. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *and others*:

Gentlemen—I must ask your indulgence for a seemingly late reply to your favor of the 17th inst. for it came in my absence on a melancholy duty in Boston, from which I have just returned. Though it is not in my power to accept your invitation to the Semi-Centennial commemoration of the charter of the city of Utica, to be held the 1st prox. under the auspices of the Oneida Historical Society, it would in ordinary circumstances have given me a rare pleasure to do so.

Allow me to say, that I regard your beautiful city as one of my homes. Forty years ago next autumn I began my ministry in Utica, when the fathers of the generation now upon the stage were its active citizens. As I recall the worth, the solid intelligence and true refinement that I used to meet with at that early period, I can hardly credit the fact, that it was all the product of a single generation of culture in a modest, though aspiring town. The explanation, no doubt, was to be found in the character and talent and taste that had been brought together from various quarters, to make up its infant settlement. I can wish nothing better for the future of Utica than that it shall be like her past. The crowning privilege of a people is an honored parentage.

I am happy to be recognized by you to-day as your former fellow citizen; and I cherish the hope that I shall yet be counted of your number again, when we too shall be gathered unto our fathers and our dust shall mingle with the sacred ashes of many, once dear and never forgotten.

I am yours, gentlemen, with sincere and grateful esteem,

GEORGE LEEDS.

FROM JAMES M. LEWIS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, etc.*:

Dear Sir—I thank you much for your invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial celebration of the charter of your city on the 1st proximo. I exceedingly regret that my engagements here will prevent my accepting the invitation extended to me as a "former resident."

In the month of April, 1832, I became a resident of your city, almost at its birth, and during upwards of twelve years' residence I made many friends, most of whom have gone to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns;" but I am

happy to say that a few of the friendships then formed exist to the present day, and I assure you it would afford me pleasure to meet them on the occasion to which you refer.

The growth of your city for the last fifty years, though perhaps not so great as many of her sisters, has been steady and substantial, of which her citizens may justly feel proud.

Again regretting that I cannot be present, I am

Yours very truly, JAMES M. LEWIS.

FROM J. A. LINTNER.

ALBANY, Feb. 27, 1882.

MR. R. S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman:*

My Dear Sir—Your invitation to unite in the exercises commemorative of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, on the first prox., is received. I regret that I am unable to be with you on that occasion, promising as it does, to be a most interesting one. The reminiscences of fifty years ago, and of subsequent events and progress, in view of your present proud position, cannot fail of being delightful. You will have much of which you may justly boast. Although but for a few years I had place among your citizens, yet I retain many pleasant recollections of my sojourn with you; and from the honest pride that I feel in my relationship to one whose labors contributed so largely to the growth of your city, I venture to bespeak in behalf of the memory of Holmes Hutchinson, the tribute of mention and a thought, as you will recall the honored ones, no longer with you, who aided in making you the Utica of to-day.

I am, sir, very truly yours, J. A. LINTNER.

FROM W. K. LOTHROP.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—I received your invitation at the proper time, but failed to notice your request for an immediate response, for which pardon me.

I regret I cannot come. Business, that inexorable master of the average "American citizen," says "No," and I submit with as good grace as I can.

I left Utica in the fall of 1831, and emigrated to Syracuse, then in its infancy. I followed the example of my immediate ancestors and "went West" then. The first twenty years of my life were spent in Utica. The remembrances of them are pleasant. I recall the pranks of my boyhood with a mirth difficult to express in any language now in use. I have ever been

proud of my native city and county, and have striven to so "behave myself" that said city and county should not be ashamed of me.

What more can I say? What more can you expect of a man whose head, for years, has been "an ant hill of units and tens."

> "Man, through all ages of revolving time,
> Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
> Deems his own land of every land the pride,
> Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;
> His home the spot of earth, supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Very respectfully, WM. K. LOTHROP.

FROM REV. S. K. LOTHROP, D. D.

12 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, Feb. 27, 1882.

HON. R. S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, etc.:*

My Dear Sir—I thank you and the committee for the invitation with which I have been honored, to be present at the commemoration by the Oneida Historical Society of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, on Wednesday, March 1st, 1882. I have not been quite so well as usual this winter, and greatly regret that the present state of my health forbids my acceptance of this agreeable invitation. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to be present on this interesting occasion.

I ceased to be a resident of Utica in 1817, sixty-five years ago next September; but in all this time never, I think, have more than two years passed without my making a visit to my relatives and friends there. I have a pretty distinct recollection of it as far back as 1808–9, so that I have been more or less familiar with it for nearly seventy years, and have, as it were, seen it grow from a small village, on the bank of the Mohawk, up to its present extended limits and beautiful aspects, through which it may fairly claim to be the Queen City of Central New York. A very large proportion of the names in that interesting volume, Dr. Bagg's "Pioneers of Utica," and all the engravings in it, save that of Mr. Alfred Munson, I recognize as the names and portraits of persons who were familiar to my childhood, and some of them to my maturer years. From that book, as well as from my own memory and observation, I know that the growth of Utica has been solid and substantial; that, through the wisdom, public spirit and beneficence of her citizens, everything pertaining to the highest and best interests of a community—schools, academies, churches, institutions for the relief and comfort of suffering humanity—all these have been established and maintained in a flourishing condition.

I know the high standard of intellectual and moral character of the people of Utica, and what a large number of eminent men in all the walks of professional life have, from time to time, been reared or gathered within its borders, or have gone forth from it to fill with honor and usefulness important public positions.

In short, as one of her sons, I am proud of Utica, its past and present, and its promise for the future. I never visit it without satisfaction, and never leave it without rejoicing, that while I go back to Cape Cod for my first American ancestors, and after a residence of more than sixty years, cannot help being loyal to Massachusetts, I have yet, by right of birth, by the memories of childhood and the associations of maturer years, a claim upon me, which I delight to acknowledge, for loyalty to New York—especially to the Mohawk valley, Utica and Oneida county—all three of which, in their history and in the character of their people, are as honorable as the valley, the city and the county are remarkable in their beauty.

With my best wishes for your commemoration, that it may be in every way a success—a just tribute to the past and an inspiration to the future,

I have the honor to be your friend and obedient servant,

S. K. Lothrop.

FROM A. R. MACDONOUGH, ESQ.

New York, Feb. 28, 1882.

Dr. M. M. Bagg:

Dear Sir—I have delayed answering the polite invitation of your committee, in the hope of being present in person on the occasion.

But, life is made up of hopes, delays and disappointments, and I find but a moment left in which to express my regret that I cannot take a part in the interesting celebration proposed.

Yours very truly, A. R. Macdonough.

FROM DR. M. D. MANN.

Hartford, Feb. 25, 1882.

Mr. R. S. Williams:

Dear Sir—I regret that I shall be unable to be present in Utica on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial.

I shall always take a great interest in Utica and all that pertains to it, and it would give me great pleasure if I could be there, but it is impossible for me to get away.

I am yours very truly, M. D. Mann.

FROM ELI MANCHESTER, JR.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 27, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—Your circular which you sent my father duly received. As father is unwell I would say in answer that he would be very happy to be present at the anniversary, but that it is impossible on account of a hard cold which keeps him within doors. Enclosed you will find a letter written to him by his brother, Otis Manchester, formerly a resident of Utica, and also one of the former aldermen, which we think you may like to read on the occasion. Father does not feel able to write, so sends this instead.

Whether you make use of the enclosed or not, please be kind enough to return it promptly, as father values it highly as written by his brother, who has now passed away.

Hoping your anniversary will prove a success in every way,

I am yours very truly, ELI MANCHESTER, JR.,

152 Columbus Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

FROM LUTHER R. MARSH, ESQ.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1882.

MESSRS. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, and* WILLIAM J. BACON, *and others, Committee*:

Gentlemen—I seize the earliest intermission, to thank you for your kind remembrance, and to express my regret that I cannot be with you to enjoy so pleasurable a reunion as that of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of Utica. The occasion would be one of great interest to me: intertwined, as your city is, with the pleasing memories of youth. You might also have included, in the same celebration, the centennial commemoration of the first settlement of the central city of our state, for it was a hundred years ago that two log houses arose to keep each other company, on the site, which soon became old Fort Schuyler, and, afterwards, Utica.

Your present charter—practically the fourth—was not a very ancient document when I went to Utica to live: but its locks are now somewhat sprinkled with grey by the lapse of fifty years. It has guarded well the interests and advanced the prosperity of your lovely city; a city, which, whether from the glamour of youthful imagination, or for more substantial reasons, always stands before me as one of peculiar interest and romance. I cannot help thinking that I had the good fortune to reside at Utica in its very halcyon days. There

were still living many of the old pioneers—men of wealth, character and strength—to whom your town was indebted for its prosperity and repute, and who gave it dignity. The pulpits were filled by men of exceptional learning and eloquence. There came also for a residence at Utica, the chiefs of the bar, to disport themselves and test their intellectual might, before courts and juries. Enthusiastically as I enjoyed the society of Utica, of its brilliant young men, of its peerless girls, its hospitable courtesies, I yet looked with still greater interest upon those giants of that profession to which I was to devote my life. There came also young men from all parts of the state, as to the great center of legal education, to learn in the offices of the masters, and to list their high debates in the grove of the academy. There, in a room in Pond's Temperance Hotel, was written "The Glory and Shame of England," a book which swept over the country like a prairie fire; and whose lessons, in the present attitude of England toward us, might well be rehearsed. There, was the center and animated impulse of that anti-slavery agitation—with its moral and intellectual heroes—which, encountering the fiercest opposition, and triumphing over mobs by its brave determination, at last upheaved the deep foundations of society throughout the nation, and culminated in that fiery battle storm, that left the air pure, and the land free, of our whole domain, and revealed the escutcheon of America, with every stain erased.

But there would come to me a mingled sentiment of sadness, amidst all my rejoicing; for, not only have most of the men of that day, who renowned your city, gone to join the majority, but the generation of young men, also; as, William Wallace McCall, Huet R. Root, Henry R. Hart, Charles Hurlburt, George Thomas, John H. Edmonds, William C. Barrett, Mathew D. Bagg, John K. Hackett, and many others—youths, then, full of vitality, and entering on the competition of life with ardent hopes and prospects all aglow.

Your city, in concurrently contributing the two United States Senators from New York, and, at the same time, a Judge of the Federal Court, continues to maintain the influence and reputation she formerly held, when she filled the office of Attorney General of the state, with three successive appointees, Talcott, Bronson and Beardsley.

Utica has been fortunate in her historian; for few would have had patience to gather, and the skill to weave, the incidents of her early life, and the biographies of her early citizens, so well as it has been done in the "Pioneers of Utica." He has brought the record down to near the end of the "Third Dynasty;"—not trenching on the period of your present charter—and it is to be hoped that this anniversary will stimulate the author to resume his labor of love, and volume the

history of Utica, from the time he left it, in 1825, down to this blessed year of 1882. That would be so in the line of the object of your society, that I doubt not you would cordially hail his resolution to attempt it. I have felt the need of this continuation; for, often in looking through its pages for some familiar name and family, I have found they were excluded by the inexorable date of 1825.

Wishing you, and all who shall have the privilege of attending the anniversary, the "pleasures of memory" in recalling the past, the joys of reunion in contemplating the present, and the "pleasures of hope" in forecasting the future,

I am, cordially yours, LUTHER R. MARSH.

FROM MRS. CORNELIA W. MARTIN.

WILLOWBROOK, N. Y., Feb. 28th. 1882.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS:

Dear Sir—Mr. Martin acknowedges with many thanks your kind invitation to him to be present at the meeting of the Oneida Historical Society, to commemorate the Semi Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica on Wednesday, March 1st, 1882.

As Mr. Martin is not well enough to comply with your request to be present on an occasion which cannot fail to be one of great interest to the citizens of Utica, he has requested me, in expressing the regret he feels in being unable to join the friends who will meet together on Wednesday, to say something in relation to my own early associations with Utica. My father came to Utica in the year 1800, and when the charter was obtained constituting our little town a city, he was elected alderman. The occasion called forth "the chronicles of Utica," by Thomas Flandrau, a paper which I hope may be produced at the meeting of the Historical Society on the first of March. 1882. That year, 1832, was memorable on account of the presence in our city of the Asiatic cholera, when Mr. and Mrs. Williams gave themselves to the care of the sick and dying, going from house to house to minister to all classes of the community and helping by their faith and fortitude and tender ministrations to encourage the faint hearted and to administer relief to the suffering. Their work of faith and labor of love can never be forgotten, and will no doubt be recalled by many with the memories of the year when Utica first became a city,

With the assurance of our deep interest in this Semi-Centennial Anniversary, and many thanks for your kind remembrance, believe me,

Very sincerely yours, CORNELIA W. MARTIN.

FROM HENRY MERRELL.

CAMDEN, ARK., May 4th, 1882.

To DR. BAGG *and others of the Publication Committee, &c.*

Gentlemen—Thanks for your circular letter of the 12th ultimo giving absentees from the Semi-Centennial an opportunity to amend their written responses. I will avail myself of this option to send in place of my former letter a sketch of

THE WHITTLING CLUB

of fifty or sixty years ago in Utica. Although sufficiently judgmatical in its lucubrations it was not in the least a court of record. In point of fact, it cannot be said to have been ever quite conscious of its own existence as a club. It never convened, in the technical sense of that word, and it never adjourned. There was, probably, never a full meeting of the club, and certainly it was never without a quorum when so many as one member was present, for any one of them by himself alone, could whittle away and be happy; seeing they were, primarily, for the most part old bachelors and therefore pretty well used to that mode of existence.

Now and then an elderly married man—a man of experience—would drop in for an hour or so, but never, (you may rely upon it,) to stay many minutes after the nine o'clock bell.

Their time of meeting was after business hours any night in the week excepting Sunday; with the benefit of a doubt still lingering in the minds of several whether the Sabbath did or did not begin in New York State, as it always had done in Connecticut, at sundown the day before.

Their place of meeting was on Genesee street opposite Catharine, in the back end of a brick store occupied by the firm of John Camp & Brothers. The Camp Brothers, three in number, John, Harry and Charles, were one and all, of the same persuasion as to matrimony: they were bachelors, and as such may be set down as the nucleus of the club. Every member was supposed to carry somewhere about his person a penknife; that being, in those days, a necessary part of one's outfit, be he business man, professional gentleman, or a big boy at school. An exact line between the refinement of pen-making and mending, and the vulgarity of whittling has to be drawn somewhere and it may as well be laid down just where the penknife left off and the jackknife began.

The whittling club, notwithstanding its name, was, of course, superior to jacknives. Each member, as he dropped in after tea, before taking his seat quietly and as a matter of course, (if he felt inclined to whittle,) reached up and took his own particular shingle from its place just where he had left it, perhaps

a month before, when about to set out on that hazardous and fatiguing journey to New York city and back; the whole of which he was full ready to narrate for the asking, with particulars of perils from the Yancies at Little Falls, a missing linch-pin at Tribe's Hill, damp linen sheets at one Dutch tavern on the road, and shocking pillow-cases at another; and worst of all the man who snored in his berth below-decks on board the Hudson river boat, the "North America."

The seams and fissures of the posts and wood-work overhead, in which those reserves of white-pine shingles bristled, were manifestly the results of a kiln-drying process of long standing, occasioned by the glowing heat of that remarkable stove around which the whittling club assembled. That rude forefather of all Utica stoves had come down to them from a former generation—before ever even the Taberg furnace was in blast. A more inartificial stove there never was. It was a stove adapted to the understanding of any wild Indian who bartered his furs and ginseng root, at John Post's store, for drink and ammunition; because, like his own wigwam, its heat and smoke were free to escape together through a hole in the top. A stove which twenty years later gave assurance of a warm welcome to many and many a Welsh-speaking woodman approaching the town with heavy sleigh-loads of potash and some vension from the new clearings beyond the Deerfield hills. A stove to make them feel at home close around it, for was it not akin to one of their potash kettles inverted, squared, truncated, and mounted on slender legs, and at the same time, like unto their camp-fires, consuming always the maximum of fire-wood to the minimum of heat.

If this writing were a fable, in which a cast-iron stove might be said to have a moral nature, and be a very hard case at that; we should say Utica society had been full lenient towards that stove in its old age; considering what is known of its vicious career. Believed to have been the incendiary which in February, 1804, burned John Post's store to the ground, it survived that conflagration, in which it ought to have perished, to flourish fifty years longer, corrupting each rising generation of new and improved warming stoves by its own reckless waste of fuel and its unsightly appearance.

Was it then a wholesome lesson for the rising generation, when that disreputable old stove, instead of being ignominiously smashed into pot-metal, was borne in triumph down Genesee street to a certain hardware store, then and there to receive the apotheosis of brass knobs, and thus mounted to be esteemed for want of something better, as a sort of palladium to the city of Utica?

After what has been said, there can be no reasonable objection to a short sketch of some notable conversations touching

current events, which might have been overheard by that stove, if those brass knobs had been there from the first, to serve as ears, and provided always that what they heard had not "gone in at one ear and out the other," to as little purpose as the fuel went in at that stove's door, and as smoke went straight out at the chimney.

What very circumstantial narratives might not the members themselves have given of events within their own knowledge along the Canadian frontier, during the war of 1812 to 1815. How, for instance, several of them had won imperishable renown by volunteering, out-of-hand, to march for the immediate relief of Sacketts Harbor, *after* the British were come and gone; and what discussions were there not, to settle the grave question whether Harry Camp was legally a dead man, or still alive to all intents and purposes. It seems that he had been drafted for the war, and instead of going himself had hired a substitute, and that substitute was killed in battle; the question then being, was Uncle Harry, after the killing of his substitute, to consider himself, in point of law, as good as dead? The conclusion reached at last was that, as it could not be affirmed that going into a battle in place of his substitute, Uncle Harry's legs would have let him stay there long enough to get himself killed, therefore he was still alive, and might have been drafted to go again.

Born in Utica several months "before the Indian was hung," the writer was, of course, too small a boy to join in conversation with such "grave and reverend seniors" as those who frequented the Whittling Club. How it happened that ever I was privileged to be present at any of its sittings, even as a stow-away, I cannot tell, unless it may have been that my small escort was convenient to my grandfather, Talcott Camp, Esq., who was the venerable father of "the boys," as he called the firm of John, Henry and Charles. An old-time gentleman he! Dignity and self-respect characterized his deportment always and everywhere. How often did he remind me, in so many words, that there were no boys of late years like the boys of his own time! Often, when a freshman at old Yale, had he, without grumbling, brought salt water in a clam-shell all the way from Long-wharf to "the Hall," at the behest of a senior whose protection he enjoyed as "fag." He once told the writer, with evident satisfaction, that in all his raising—at Durham, in Connecticut—he had never presumed to pass either in or out at the front door of his father's house without lifting his hat and saluting its threshhold with more less of a bow!

It was to me a Rembrandt picture always, that Whittling Club, dimly lighted up by one fish-oil lamp, or at most by two of Nehemiah Brown's tallow dips, with tin candlesticks and iron snuffers, all plain enough and wasteful enough to match that

stove around which it was their pleasure to sit in stout Windsor chairs of Jacob Snyder's make. Conservatism could go no farther than when it reconciled those substantial men with such an outfit to that degree they never did, as a club, give way to the innovation of lighting by gas, or making themselves comfortable over a coal-burning stove.

If there ever was any smoking of tobacco in the club, I do not remember it. There were several mouldy casks in the cellar, containing whatever was left of the old trade in rum; (for that was the tipple in those days) but its sale in that house had stopped short off at the first intention of the temperance movement, and none of the old liquors that remained ever made their appearance in the club, so far as I know; yet the firm were not of the style to knock in the heads of their casks and spill all their contents on the ground in a moment of enthusiasm. I have no idea that in their wildest dreams of dissipation, such a thing as a "Symposium" until 6:30 the next day, ever entered their heads.

More conscientious men than they were never lived, at least, that was the impression their conversation made upon the writer. So long as the national measure of stopping the Sunday mails was an open question, we find them investing and losing money with resignation in the "pioneer" lines of public conveyances to run at extra speed six days and rest on the Sabbath. Their swift-running packet boats, with hulls painted red, made all the speed that towpath regulations would allow. But when "Johnson's Report" (as it was called, but understood at the time to have been written by Amos Kendall,) disconcerted the urgent measures of Jeremiah Evarts (the father of our late cabinet officer), who had that measure in hand and took its failure very much to heart, the Whittling Club had not a word to say against the majesty of a law, and I think that afterwards they became rather averse to all the *Antis* which about that time began developing their tendency to become more and more the disturbing forces in American politics.

At one time the Whittlers were considerably exercised over the fluctuations of a protracted law suit brought by certain Whitesboro farmers against a mill dam which then spanned the Mohawk river near the foot of Genesee street. Its waterfall propelled a grist mill which was very convenient to the country people and useful to the city. The dam was but about seven feet high. We boys thought it great fun, of a Saturday afternoon, to drag an old Indian dug-out canoe, as best we could, up the declivity by land, and then to paddle it down again over the fall, which was not very abrupt.

It was claimed by some farmers, who cultivated bottom lands as far up the river as Whitesboro, that the Utica mill dam of seven feet high flooded lands not formerly subject to

overflow, although the sum of all the shoals between them amounted, say, to twenty feet fall. Plaintiffs' demand was that this dam should be removed. Defendants' counsel ridiculed the complaint as manifestly absurd, and in the first instance found it easy enough to gain a verdict. But, with the appeal to a higher court, came evidence so conclusive that the verdict of the court below was reversed, and the obstruction had to be removed. Two results so different, and the latter so contrary, as they thought, to common sense, was sufficiently perplexing to the club; for was it not self-evident that water will find its level? But that lesson was, more than once, very useful to the writer afterwards in his engineering career. The lesson that water is a very imperfect fluid, and that running water will, under certain circumstances, pile up and overflow beyond all reasonable bounds, is a good lesson for one to know beforehand, whose lot is cast anywhere in the Mississippi valley.

But the innovations which most sorely exercised conservative members of the Whittling Club, must have been the inevitable railroad and the magnetic telegraph. It is scarcely necessary to say, in this connection, that Theodore Faxton and John Butterfield were not members at all. They were a power, but they were apart to themselves. They did their own thinking and kept their own counsel, finding it, doubtless, for their interest to do so. The Erie canal was already a grand success, and those who had, from the first, predicted its failure ought to have been ashamed of themselves; for were there not precedents for the canal? There were canals in Holland and a large one even in conservative China. But where was the ancient authority for railroads? And as for the present time, engineering skill had not greatly distinguished itself in America. In the dense populations of Europe, long lines might succeed, but never in this wild country. There was rumor of an ambitious southern section of railroad running on stilts through the swamps back of Charleston, in the Carolinas; and there were, to their certain knowledge, sixteen miles of flat rail and snake heads between Schenectady and Albany. But a good Morgan horse could get over the same ground in less time, and without such intolerable dust and sparks. The locomotive on that road was a tricky machine, and the passengers had no way of knowing what it would do next. It might jump the track at any moment, and it might refuse to stop or stand, or go backward when it ought to go ahead; and it was far less sightly to look at than a spanking team of stage horses. The motion of its engine was vertical and connected with its one crank by a working-beam and pitman, speeding up the driving-wheels by a spur-weel working into a smaller pinion. And when you reached Albany it seemed that you were not yet there, for you

must keep your seat, and be let down an inclined plain by means of a rope and a hoisting apparatus; arriving at last, if nothing broke, through a series of mechanical devices which did not at all commend themselves to nervous gentlemen.

It was very much in this shape that a first call came for the men of Utica to take stock in an extension of the Schenectady railroad westward along the route now known as the "New York Central"—a mighty thoroughfare at this late day, with its four tracks of steel rails, but of doubtful expediency at that time, in the opinion of the Whittling Club. They figured up, conscientiously, the daily arrivals and departures of passengers by the stages and canal boats, and even allowing that some well-to-do farmers from the country might leave their Dearborn wagons and teams at home, and make their periodical family visits to Connecticut and back again in the cars; they could not see where the money was to come from, more than enough to defray running expenses,—let alone dividends to the stock holders. There were other questions as to the cost of a right of way through lands along the Mohawk valley, many times more valuable than the sand-plains of Schenectady were at that time, and about the probable cost of running over dumb brutes: but the question of profit and loss was, of course, paramount in their calculations.

The writer remembers this railroad discussion more distinctly because that was the first time he ever ventured "to speak in meeting."

If you please, gentlemen," said I — and, right here, if the boy had not been "father to the man"— if he had not been fully possessed with the "courage of his convictions," the instant silence of the club, and the look of amazement with which, one and all, its members present turned their faces in the direction of a small voice which proceeded from behind a pile of merchandise, would have disconcerted the speaker, and so his opinion on the railroad question had been lost to the world. As it was, he made his deliverance, pitching his voice half an octave higher and in words to the following effect:

"It appears to me, Uncle John, that the gentlemen don't look far enough ahead. The canal is doing first rate now. The emigrants are beginning to just swarm, going west, and they don't talk any more like stopping at the Western Reserve in Ohio—they are bound to go farther, Indians or no Indians.

"What goes up must come down,
On the head or on the ground."

Those new settlers will soon be shipping produce this way, and wanting supplies back again. Help build this railroad and the increase of trade and travel will surprise you. The new 'Cumberland Turnpike' will be just nowhere, and New

York city will have twenty years the start of Baltimore and Philadelphia. If I was you, I'd take stock in the railroad."

By this time the boy's short range of consecutive thought was exhausted, and his mind as well. He paused for a reply but there was none. The members of the club only exchanged glances and resumed their whittling in a very thoughtful way, and soon after began dispersing to their several places of abode, as the jury is said to do when the judge has got done with them. The essential fact is, that road was built and many conservative gentlemen took stock in it, never afterwards having to regret that they had done so, unless some may have sold out their stock too soon.

The writer would not like to be understood—not in the least—as encouraging the average small boy to be forward in the expression of his opinions, but would just intimate that some little credence is due to that fable in which the mouse is said to have gnawed through the net that imprisoned a lion.

We do not know that the Whitling Club ever pooh! poohed! the Magnetic Telegraph. Probably they did not, for by that time public improvements were becoming lively. The first telegraph dispatch that ever reached Utica came by the hand of Horatio Seymour. The writer, still a youth, happened to be conversing with his Uncle John Camp, standing on the side-walk in front of his store, when Mr. Seymour, then a young man and as yet in no public position, except as already an influential orator of his party, came walking up the street in his quiet gentlemanly way, and stopped a few minutes to exchange salutations with Mr. Camp, and to show him a slip of paper which he carried in his hand. It was a riband of thick white paper, indented with marks and dots in a manner that required explanation. He said he had just returned from Washington city, and the paper in his hand was the fragment of a message received in his presence by Morse's Telegraph, just then for the first time in working order between Baltimore and the seat of government.

Of course, after that, it was scarcely possible for even the Whittling Club to question the practicability of telegraphing; but its general utility was, with them, for a long time, still an open question, and we doubt if any one of them ever got over that depressing emotion which accompanies the receiving and paying for a dispatch—contents unknown—which may be "the bearer of unwelcome news."

The Whittling Club came to its end as it began, without any violent dispersion of its members. Public events became too fast for them. The saddest event which happens unto all, now and then left a vacant chair. Several of their number, when well advanced in life, surrendering to the inevitable, became exemplary married men, who probably found it better for them

to spend their evenings at home. Uncle Harry Camp was the last surviving member, and still a bachelor when the writer paid him a visit near the close of his life in his lone office on Liberty street. He was still as careful about fire and lights as of old, and far more precautionary against burglars, for he had more reason to expect them. Judging from his conversation, you would conclude that the club in which his habits of thought were modified must have been in the main composed of good-natured men, for he never spoke ill of any one.

Utica owes a debt of honor to those its "pioneers." Its present substantial prosperity is due mainly to the sound principles of those who were better qualified to enjoy its early village life than the more enterprising spirit of a full-grown city. Their aversion to debt, and their distrust of innovations did not deter them from accepting ripe improvements, after others had been at all the risk and expense of demonstrating their utility. Their large gains in worldly estate were rarely, if ever, the chance profits of speculation. And what is more and better, they trained up the generation to come after them, with education suited to their several walks in life, taking good care to provide each with a visible means of livelihood. For they had the sagacity to foresee that which of late years has become manifest to every right thinking man: and they never would have sanctioned the popular fallacy that education *per se* is the saving clause in our social and political constitution. They knew full well that to educate a mass of any people above their lot in life, and then provide them with no corresponding career, is but to fill with hopeless aspirations a formidable, discontented class, dangerous to society and to the state.

HENRY MERRELL.

FROM HON. C. L. MERRIAM.

LOCUST GROVE, LEWIS CO., N. Y., March 1, 1882.

. . . We, in this Black River country, owe so much to the kindly, healthful influence of Utica's sons and daughters that my recollection of such men as Joshua A. Spencer, and the majority of his generation, now gone, is only grateful. During my five years' residence there as a boy, I learned what our fathers always told us, "That to know the people of Utica, was to respect and love them." . . .

Truly yours, C. L. MERRIAM.

FROM GILBERT MOLLISON.

OSWEGO, Feb. 27, 1882.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, and others, Utica, N. Y.:*

Gentlemen—I have to-day received your invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, on Wednesday, March 1, 1882.

I regret that I shall be unable to attend. It would be very pleasant to hear the reminiscences that will be given on that occasion, and to hear especially of the men who moved the mercantile interests of Utica during 1838 to 1843, the years I was a clerk in your city. How familiar to me yet are the names of Williams, Dana, Sayre, O'Neil, Dutton, Newell, Butler, Farwell, Livingston, Dows and others, with whom my business relations brought me in contact.

Believing you will have a Semi-Centennial worthy of your good and prosperous city, believe me,

Yours truly, GILBERT MOLLISON.

FROM REV. E. D. MORRIS, D. D.

LANE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
CINCINNATI, Feb. 22, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, &c.:*

Allow me, my dear sir, to express to your committee, through you, my sincere regret that I cannot be present at an anniversary which will present so many attractions to every loyal son of Utica. I have been glad to note the organization of the Oneida County Historical Society, and feel myself honored by even a nominal connection with it. The association will certainly render very valuable service to the future by gathering up the *memoranda* of a vanishing past, and by commemorating such significant historic events as the one you are celebrating. And as for the good city of Utica, sitting as queen in the center of the good county of Oneida, all her sons near and far will unite in sending her, on this anniversary of her coronation, their loving and hearty, All hail!

Yours truly, E. D. MORRIS.

FROM HON. DAVID MOULTON.

FLOYD, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1882.

R. S. WILLAMS *and others, of Committee:*

Gentlemen—I am in receipt of your honored invitation for the Semi-Centennial Anniversary for March 1st, 1882. It fills

me with profound gratitude; and in my declining years recalls a flood of pleasant associations of early days. For eighty years I have resided upon the confines of Utica. I have witnessed its infancy; I have seen it grow from a wayside village to a flourishing city; I have rejoiced in its prosperity; I have had intimate relations with nearly all its men of prominence, who have added their tributes to its renown; they were intellectual giants, possessing the best elements of true manhood; they have passed away like green leaves in autumn, bearing good fruit in the harvest. I heartily join you in commemoration of their virtues, and their works. They have passed, but the city they founded still lives and still flourishes.

You that are young and in prime, have taken up the thread of its life and its prosperity, and are carrying it faithfully forward into the future. In turn you will be, as I have been, practically relieved by the crowding march of youth upon the heels of age. Thus youth renews itself and its works.

My infirmities will not admit of my personal presence among you. I regret it, for it makes me wish I was young, but my heart is with you in all its youthful spirit. I cannot refrain an expression of gratitude for the kindness of your invitation, and the honor and distinction you would confer. Again tendering my earnest thanks, with blessings for you all, I am with high esteem and regard

Yours truly, DAVID MOULTON.

FROM RT. REV. H. A. NEELY, D.D.

PORTLAND, Feb. 27, 1882.

My Dear Sir—I greatly regret that my many home engagements at this season will prevent me from accepting the cordial invitation of the Oneida Historical Society, for March 1. It is now just thirty years since I took up my residence in Utica, and I may, therefore, reckon myself among her older citizens, for as I have not renounced my citizenship there, so I am not aware that I have been declared to have forfeited it. True, I have not paid any taxes in Utica for several years, but that is only because no bill has been sent to me, and my own gratifying inference from the latter fact is that I have the freedom of the city.

In Utica I began my life work, and gained some of my most valued experiences. There, too, I found some whom I still hold as among my dearest friends, and I rejoice to see the names of not a few of them on your committee of invitation. Alas, there are many more upon your mortuary records; yet not there alone, but cherished in my heart, and in many hearts. And what a galaxy of illustrious names it is which appears as you unfold the roll of the half-century, of men who have

adorned and ennobled every profession, and every best walk in life. Truly one may well wish to claim Utica for his city, though his own name be not Cato, and I esteem it a high honor only to have been recognized and encouraged by such men in the days of my youth.

With my hearty greetings, and trusting that the commemoration may afford much pleasure to all who are able to engage in it, I am,

Very sincerely yours, HENRY A. NEELY.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, etc.*

FROM PROF. EDWARD NORTH.

CLINTON, ONEIDA CO., N. Y., Feb. 20, 1882.

DR. M. M. BAGG:

My Dear Sir—I thank you for the invitation, and hope to be present at the Half-Century Symposium on the 1st of March.

Yours very truly, EDWARD NORTH.

FROM AMOS O. OSBORN, ESQ.

WATERVILLE, Feb. 28, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, &c.:*

My Dear Sir—Having been invited by the Oneida Historical Society, through you, to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, I should be very happy, were I able, to be present at the symposium. Just what this word means, as used in your invitation, I do not certainly know, but that it is something good I have no doubt.

While a citizen of Utica, as a student in the office of Joshua A. Spencer, Esq., I made acquaintances whose friendly intercourse has given me great pleasure through my subsequent life, and as a native and citizen of the county whose interests have always been nearly identified with that of the city—its hub and exponent—I have cherished and shared in the pride of its people, for its position as a representative of most of the valuable interests of human society.

As a city and county, possessing these in a marked degree, it is not surpassed by any other. It is everywhere known for its representative men—in science (notably in geology and botany,) in statesmanship, in educational institutions, in mission enterprises, in politics, in manufactures and in fine stock raising.

It is also equally well known for its great physical features in geology, which have given it an equally wide reputation.

The Trenton limestone, the Clinton group, the Oneida conglomerate, the Oriskany sandstone are all named from localities within its borderers. And last, but not least, Utica slates, have they not always furnished the important elements and factors in the machinery of county, state and national polities?

In commemoration of the jubilee celebrated this day, it has been proposed, and may very likely be carried into effect, that a memorial hall be erected in the city, for the use of this Historical Society, and two or three other associations.

I propose, in view of the facts above stated, and the great fitness of the enterprise, that there be added at least another room to be used for the work of another county society, and to be a Natural History Society, whose work shall chiefly be, to hunt out and preserve and study the curious things so providentially furnished for our ready finding, within our county borders. It is singular, in view of so eminently proper an organization, that such an one has never been formed.

The time is now suited to vigorous action, and it can be done. The interest in science it would be likely to command, the uses it would subserve in education and general knowledge, and the more complete and rounded character it would secure to the city of Utica and vicinity would more than pay for the money expended.

Truly and respectfully yours, A. O. Osborn.

FROM E. D. PALMER.

Albany, Feb. 27, 1882.

To Robert S. Williams, *Chairman, Utica*:

Dear Sir—Your esteemed favor of the 20th inst., inviting me to participate in the ceremonies of the proposed Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of Utica as a city, is received.

I shall be unable to accept the invitation; and in expressing my regret therefor, there seems very little that I can say instead. It is gratifying to me to believe that the fact of my having been a resident of Utica is not wholly unknown in that beautiful city.

I presume the number of those who were in Utica 50 years ago is not large: and therefore I think a word in the way of biography of any of those who were, will not be unwelcome at the meeting of your society.

In the town of Pompey, and soon after the beginning of the present century, Erastus Dow Palmer was born. The home of his early years was the then secluded little vale of Limestone Creek, and only a few miles from the honored birth-place of the good Horatio Seymour. In May, of the year 1826, the boy

Erastus, then just nine years of age, with his parents sailed from the peaceful glades of Onondaga toward the village of Utica. The ship which bore these wanderers, was the fast-sailing canal boat, "DeWitt Clinton." The voyage was fraught with interest and peril, to be sure, but in due time the spire of the village church appeared in view, and not long thereafter, a safe landing was effected.

Becoming a resident of the village, Erastus remained as such, and was actually present at the birth of the city of Utica. In the course of time and events, Erastus became a man, and ultimately rose to the crowning distinction of having executed a colossal statue of a sheep, which still (I believe) adorns the pediment of one of Utica's great edifices.

During all the half century just ending, Utica has been one of the homes of the writer of this biography, and indeed, it seems almost his native place; and more than this, it is endeared to him by its having been more than 70 years the home of one of his earliest and best friends.

With my sincere wish that the Semi-Centennial will prove an event of interest and pleasure to those who can participate in it,

I am very truly yours, E. D. PALMER.

FROM HON F. B. PENNIMAN.

HONESDALE, PA., Feb. 21, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman*:

Dear Sir—I have received the invitation of the Oneida Historical Society to be present at the commemoration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the city of Utica. I greatly desire to participate in the exercises of the occasion, but imperative reasons forbid me that gratification.

In Utica I was born and bred, and came to man's estate and loved and married, and there the bones of my dead are buried. Forty-eight years have come and gone since I made my home elsewhere. But in hours of retrospection memory pictures anew the peaceful valley, the gentle acclivities, the graceful contour of the hills, the luxuriant verdure of summer, the vast and whirling snows of winter, the familiar streets and haunts, the schools, the solemn churches crowded with worshipers, the thronged assemblies of the people, the courts of law at which I looked with young and curious eyes, and many other on-goings of the olden time. The men of those early years, who laid the foundations of your city, are in their graves, but the face of nature remains essentially the same about you, and has charms for me superior and more endearing than those of any other spot of earth.

Yours very truly, F. B. PENNIMAN.

FROM JAMES A. PLATT.

MINERAL POINT, WIS., 26th February, 1882.

MESSRS. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *and others, Committee of Oneida Historical Society:*

Gentlemen—My residing at this time upon my farm, a few miles out from the town where I have been in the habit of taking my mail, coupled with the inclemency of the weather at this season, accounts for it that it was only yesterday that I received your letter inviting me to participate with you in a memorial feast on the 1st of March prox., commemorative of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of Utica, my native city's corporate life. The proposal, I assure you, meets with ready and favorable response in my feelings, and, did circumstances permit, corresponding action should certainly follow. But it seems unavoidable now that I forego the gratification which meeting with you on this occasion would confer.

I need but to look at the names appended to your note to be made sure that there survive among you those who would have many interesting remembrances of early days in common with me. Your chairman, I query to myself—is he a son, or grandson possibly, of William Williams, the stationer and bookseller of those early times, whose store was on Genesee street, at the head of Broad? Mr. Bacon (I am not ignorant of his present distinction as judge, but in this connection I prefer to think of him as untitled) was a young lawyer whom I remember as some years my senior, taking part occasionally in public debates before the village lyceum. I have distinctly before my mind all the members of his father's family. They were our next neighbors for several years on Broad street. I remember his estimable wife, Eliza Kirkland that was. Alexander Seward; was he not my class-mate and room-mate for a season at Clinton? So long has been the interval since we last met, and such the changes, often-times, which years bring over our countenances, it might be that unwarned of one another's approach, we would pass by each other on Utica's streets without recognizing; yet how surely, upon a second look, manifold pleasant memories of boyhood days would be quickened within us; and how we should laugh at the thought of the Old Man With The Scythe having power to lay low those heart-amaranths. Mears Bagg; (I omit the M. D. and give him the cognomen of his early youth,) were we at Mr. Bartlett's High school together? I forget. We "played horse" together on Broad street often, I venture to say, before that. I wonder if, seeing that the era of stage coaches is so long past, and that the rising generation of boys must be ignorant of the lively sensation of wonder, amounting to admiration, which the rapid

whirl of the arriving "stage," heralded by the far sounding horn, produced in those days in the minds of us gamins of old Utica, the imitative turn shows itself in young boys now-a-days "playing horse" as universally as formerly. I take it, not. This piece of philosophical history aside! It would be a pleasure to compare notes with Bagg about the revolution which time has wrought in therapeutics (particularly as to the liberal use of violently operative drugs) since we were students together in the office of Dr. Charles Coventry. I should have to congratulate him, too, upon his appearance since before the world as a student of antiquarian lore. Hutchinson, McQuade, Bailey, Comstock, Sayre, Jones, all are names which my mind easily associates with old Utica.

New Utica, I take it, began with the completion of the New York Central railroad, and the present may be called the railroad era of its history. It has not been in accordance with my wish, but decidedly under constraint of circumstances connected with business interests, that I have been so completely a stranger to my native town during this period. From being a country village, as my earliest recollection pictures it, without even such modern necessities as sidewalks and street crossings, it has come to be a populous city. Yet the project you announce to me of an anniversary celebration shows that its citizens of to-day still have pleasure in calling to mind "the block from which they were hewn." I have satisfaction in saying I know of no surviving representative of old Utica who feels not a measure of responsibility resting on him to bear himself as one who, in the eyes of others, *inherits* a certain dignity.

Fraternally yours, JAMES A. PLATT.

FROM JOHN H. PRENTISS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—Please accept my thanks for the invitation from the "Oneida Historical Society" for March 1st, and regrets that I cannot be present.

Respectfully yours, JOHN H. PRENTISS.

FROM L. H. REDFIELD.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 27, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—My father, Mr. L. H. Redfield, has received your communication of the 17th inst., inviting him to attend the

Symposium of the Oneida Historical Society, to be held on Wednesday, March 1, 1882.

He regrets extremely that his feeble condition will prevent his accepting your polite invitation. He would be glad to write you personally, but is not equal to the effort.

He has been confined to the house for thirteen weeks. He suffers little, his disease (if disease it can be called) being a general giving out of the power of nature. He has entered his ninetieth year, and while we indulge the hope that he may continue with us months, possibly years, we cannot expect a return of his old-time vigor.

His interest in all historical societies and their work is unabated, and were he able, he would gladly contribute something from his memory that might interest in itself, or serve to elicit valuable matter from others.

Very respectfully (on my father's behalf),

MARY E. BAGG.

FROM HON. LORENZO ROUSE.

PARIS, Feb. 25. 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, and others, Committee:*

Gentlemen—I have recently received your kind note of the 17th instant, inviting me to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, to be held on the 1st of March next.

Be assured, gentlemen, I should be highly pleased to be able to attend your celebration were it possible for me to do so, but I regret to say, that having been confined to the house for several weeks by a serious illness, I see no present prospect of my being able to attend, at the time named, which, probably, no one will have occasion to regret so much as myself.

Having been a resident of the county of Oneida for two-thirds of a century, I, of course, long since came to feel myself fully identified with it, and, consequently, with everything affecting its prosperity, including all relating more especially to the city of Utica—the nearest objective point of importance, to what has for so many years, been my principal location—in fact my real home.

Permit me to say, just here, that when I first visited Utica, in the days of my boyhood, I found it to be, in my imagination, merely a thriving inland village, not much larger than the village of New Hartford now is, but still, a place of much more business. Produce had been mainly exchanged previously in barter: but Bryan Johnson had commenced paying cash for produce, and the eagerness to obtain this much coveted medium of exchange, drew most of this produce, and especially

wheat, to Utica for a market, which tended, almost immediately, to a wonderful increase of trade at Utica. But the village of Utica had, for its chief competitors for prominence, the villages of Whitesboro and Rome, at that time the two half-shire localities of the county, which was much larger, originally, than at present, a considerable portion of it having been detached in 1816, at the time of the organization of Oswego county. The towns then detached, and embraced in the new county, were Bengal, Constantia, Mexico, New Haven, Richland, Redfield, Scriba, Volney and Williamstown, most of which towns, being large in extent of territory, have since been subdivided, and ten other towns formed from them, making now 19 towns in all, formerly included in this county. Pardon this digression. My purpose was, mainly, to speak more especially, of Utica; but I was led to explain how it came about that, at so early a day, the county of Oneida should have two county seats, and neither of them located at Utica. Now the fact seems to have been, that Utica, at that time, was part and parcel of the town of Whitestown, and remained so till 1817, while Whitestown, as such, having been settled nearly 30 years prior to the time when the first settlement was made at Utica, and being included in Herkimer county, it seemed an eligible site for the location of a Court House, and jail. After the organization of Oneida county, in 1798, embracing, as it did, an almost indefinite amount of territory to the north and west, it seemed to render the selection of another place as a half-shire town, very desirable, to say the least. Rome, having become comparatively an old town, situated as it was at the site of the old Fort Stanwix, and at the head of the "carrying place" between the Mohawk river and Wood Creek, had, for many years been considered an important point, and was consequently selected as the other half-shire town of Oneida county.

As Utica increased in size and population, a rivalry soon sprang up between her and Whitestown with reference to the possession of the county buildings, and the place for the transaction of the county business. After this contest was decided in favor of Utica, and the county business formerly transacted at Whitesboro was transferred to Utica, then Rome seemed to assume that rivalry, which is still continued in some degree. If that rivalry shall be continued and be characterized by a rational and considerate spirit, as it is hoped that it may be, perhaps it may not result in injury to either place; for a laudable rivalry, properly conducted, may perchance be made to inure to the benefit of both. As I have already stated, when I visited Utica, in 1816, it was a quiet, though rather a thriving inland village with a population of about 2,000 inhabitants all told. I am aware that higher estimates of the population were made at the time, but such estimates were doubtless exaggerated, as they

are quite liable to be in most such cases. The villagers were mainly clustered near the river and on Main street, and the places of business were about Bagg's square and below; also on the lower portion of Whitesboro, street and on Genesee street as far up as the Ontario Branch Bank building, where W. S. Taylor's jewelry store now is. A half hour's walk was sufficient to enable an active person to visit every part of the village. The chief points of interest, in a business point of view, were, then, the Bank of Utica, on Whitesboro street, the Ontario Branch Bank, on Genesee street, the County Clerk's Office on Whitesboro street, the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, far up Genesee street, where the County Clerk's office now is (then termed "on the New Hartford road") and William Clarke's lottery and exchange office, and auction rooms, (where lottery tickets were sold for the benefit of Hamilton College) not omitting to mention the post-office, for Utica had a post-office at that early day.

The Gazetteer of that time, spoke of Utica merely as "a thriving village of Whitestown, on the river, four miles below Whitesboro, with which place it seems likely, at some day to become a dangerous rival. It has a post office, and the County Clerk's office, together with three taverns, three churches, besides several stores." Whether Utica finally succeeded in her rivalry with Whitesboro, I leave it to others to determine. Up to this time Utica had never been favored with either of those essential adjuncts to civilization, to wit, a court house or jail. Prisoners were detained in the jails, either of Whitesboro or Rome, and when, in the summer of 1817, (I think it was,) John Tuhi, the Brothertown Indian, who had been been convicted of murder and confined in the jail at Whitesboro, was brought from that place to Utica for execution, great indignation was expressed by citizens of the former place, who felt it to be a direct infringment upon their rights, and censured the sheriff, Apollos Cooper, therefor, on the ground of improper favoritism to Utica, of which place he was a resident. The execution was consummated on the eastern slope of Cornhill, at that time the open country, but long since entirely built over as a part of the city. True, that event did add to the notoriety of Utica, as people came with their teams from all parts of the adjacent country, within a circle of twenty-five or thirty miles from Utica, to witness the execution, the number thus attracted being estimated anywhere from 20,000 to 30,000. At the time which we are thus reviewing, railroads, as a means for travel, were not even dreamed of, and the idea of connecting the great lakes of the west, with the Atlantic, by means of a canal passing through the center of the state, was deemed, by the majority of the people, to be a visionary project, as yet but dimly seen by its projectors, through the misty vail of an uncertain and indefinite

future. Very few, at that time, thought of building, for business purposes, so far up town as where the canal now crosses Genesee street; and I very well recollect that when John H. Handy, (for whom the late James Sayre was then a clerk) commenced to build a brick store, on the east side of the street, near the present canal bridge, and Levi Cozens was putting up a wooden tavern, nearly opposite, with a view of catching the farmers as they came in from the country, they were both deemed very unwise, to build so far out of town, and they were both jeeringly asked, why they did not build up at New Hartford, while they were about it.

But subsequent results have shown that these men "builded more wisely" than others then knew or conjectured. With these few reminiscences, hastily gathered from memory's storehouse, allow me to close, with the expression of the great satisfaction I have experienced, in looking over the list of names of the gentlemen composing your committee, to find so many honored names of worthy sires, whom I recollect bearing an active part in the business affairs of the village of Utica and of the county of Oneida, prior to and at the time when the theretofore humble *village* of Utica became legally entitled to take her stand by the side of her sister cities of the Empire State.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the courtesy of your invitation to me to participate in the Semi-Centennial celebration of that event, I remain, with great respect, very truly yours,

LORENZO ROUSE.

FROM GERRY SANGER.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 26th, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Dear Sir—My father (Gerry Sanger) regrets his inability to be with you on Wednesday night, having been seriously ill the past four weeks, and just recovering from a fit of apoplexy, which has left him very weak, and his eyesight so poor that it would be hazardous to let him go anywhere, unattended. He is now in his 84th year, and until the past two months has enjoyed perfect health, and seemed as young and buoyant in spirits as ever. Father truly appreciates your kind remembrance of him, and were he able, would like to meet all his old friends once more. He often speaks of his childhood home and its old associations, the many loved and well-remembered friends, now gone forever, and that soon he will be numbered amongst them. He is "only waiting," are his words to me, when I try to cheer him up after a day of unrest.

Father thinks Utica has changed so much, he would be lost; so many old landmarks are removed, and fine buildings

in their stead, that it would rather sadden than give him pleasure to visit it.

Father has lived to vote the straight ticket 60 years; and though some spurious tickets were sent him, he laughed, and said he was not so blind—he *could see right from wrong;*—he wanted to vote for "Garfield," our martyred President and was gratified at the result, but sadly grieved at his death.

Father wishes to be kindly remembered to all his friends.

Respectfully yours, MRS. JOEL PECK.

FROM HENRY SANGER.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1882.

R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—I am exceedingly obliged to you for the paper sent me containing an account of the proceedings of Utica's Semi-Centennial celebration. I have read them with great pleasure. The speeches and letters called up names and scenes familiar in my boyish days. Congratulating you upon so successful a result, I am

Very truly yours, HENRY SANGER.

FROM WILLIAM PITT SHEARMAN.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 28, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, &c., Utica:*

My Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowedge the receipt of the kind invitation of your committee to be present on the occasion of the commemoration, by the Oneida Historical Society, of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica.

I thank the committee for their courtesy and regret that my engagements are such as to prevent my being present on that interesting occasion.

The earlier portion of my life was passed in the city of Utica, of which very pleasant memories remain. May the city of Utica continue to be, as she has always been, a prominent center of wealth and intelligence, and the nursery of able, virtuous and illustrious citizens, jurists and statesmen!

Kindly present my compliments to the individual members of your committee, and believe me, dear sir,

Very truly yours, WM. PITT SHEARMAN.

FROM ROBERT B. SHEPARD.

HUDSON, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—While thanking your committee of the "Oneida Historical Society" for an invitation to attend the "Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica," (which circumstances compel me to forego,) I cannot refrain expressing the pleasure it would give me to be present and join in the exercises proposed upon that interesting occasion, and at the same time the interest and pride I have ever felt in the growth and material prosperity of your beautiful city; a place endeared to me by many pleasant associations and sacred memories, which time and distance have failed to obliterate; and still more have I been proud of the intellectual culture and wide-spread moral influence of its sons and daughters. May its future remain as true to the exalted character and principles of its founders as has been its past history.

I address this to you, personally, at this late hour, not for publicity, but as an expression of my unalterable love and respect for dear old Utica, and the friends still living and of "auld lang syne."

Very truly yours, ROBT. B. SHEPARD.

ROBT. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Utica.*

FROM J. R. SIMMS.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Gentlemen: Under different circumstances and at a less inclement season of the year, it would afford me very great pleasure to accept your kind invitation and be present at your approaching city festival, and enjoy with you that "feast of reason and flow of soul," sure soon to transpire.

Nothing could interest and please me better than to join the committee and other friends in celebrating the semi-centennial growth of a young city, to a generous and dignified manhood. Such has your town become on the site of *the true Fort Schuyler*, erected when the city's present streets only felt the footfall of Indians and beasts of prey. When Fort Schuyler was erected for the better protection of the present Herkimer county settlements, covering what was then known as Western New York, how little did the projectors of that military post imagine that in 75 years a city charter would cover its site; and that at the end of a half century more, a brilliant festival would tell to the world that Utica had reached a noble manhood in both soul and body; for its mental has kept a steady pace with its physical growth. And as an evidence, look at the men of full stature she has sent into almost every civil

office and dignified position in life, embracing teachers, professors, etc. Its distinguished judicial ermine has never trailed, while our legislative halls have often felt the influence of the "central city." More than this, Utica has furnished the United States Senate, at one and the same time, two members of marked ability (and what other city of the union, great or small, has ever done this?) And better than all, she has given the state an honest and model governor, who in his retired life, as a far-seeing statesman, is the peer, to say the least, of any other man in our wide-spread union.

Thus may we see that Utica, young as she is, when compared with many cities in our land, has never been wanting in material manhood to fill the most important positions in life—hence is far from being unknown to fame—saying nothing of her thousand and one great men who have remained unknown to fame, because circumstances never placed them in the pool of preferment. Hence like hidden flowers which bloom unseen, they were left to dry up at their own domestic firesides—and more's the pity.

Gentlemen, thanking you for your very kind invitation to the approaching festival, wishing you all a happy time; and invoking for your charming city a still more prosperous Semi-Centennial, if possible, 50 years hence than the last has been, I remain,

Yours with great respect, J. R. Simms.

FROM ANDREW A. SMITH.

Brooklyn, Feb. 24, 1882.

Robert S. Williams, Esq., *Chairman:*

My Dear Sir—I gratefully hold your invitation to the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica with will and heart to accept it, and participate in the proposed enjoyments. If I may not, then my loss will be chargeable alone to business engagements.

That I was a Utica boy from six years old to sixteen, and, part of that time, a student at the Academy under Messrs. Prentice and Barber, and at a later period in the employ of Milton Brayton and J. W. & C. R. Doolittle, are facts which, of however little concern to others, no doubt have had their force in the make-up of my manhood, and have wrought among the influences of a later and not inactive life. Other moral springs had issue in those years.

I think the time has never been when the comely city of Utica—could there have been the need—would not have found me ready to affirm,—"Such as I have give I unto thee." Surely, she has ever maintained her own as against all compe-

titors, and hence her "Oneida Historical Society" will have treasured only her praise.

My "two mites" cast into this treasury would be lost in the abundance of those who shall, on this occasion, enrich the archives of your society, but it would be all the boy had. If, therefore, I may come to the feast, it must be as receptive, rather than contributive.

With lively anticipation, most truly yours,

ANDREW A. SMITH.

FROM JOSEPH STRINGHAM, ESQ.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Feb. 23, 1882.

MESSRS. R. S. WILLIAMS, *and others:*

Gentlemen—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your note of the 17th inst., inviting me to meet with the Oneida Historical Society to commemorate the Semi Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, and regret very much that it is impossible for me to comply with the invitation. I share with you and all the citizens of Utica in the pride you feel in your city. My recollections of it are amongst the most cherished thoughts of my life. They go back some years further than to the city charter—to the village of Utica, when the Erie canal was completed and the canal boat carrying General LaFayette and Governor Clinton arrived at the Genesee street bridge. A great holiday and a glorious occasion, indeed!

A grateful and reverent memory of one who was to me a kind father and faithful friend—Montgomery Hunt, Esq.—binds me to Utica by the sacred ties of home and gratitude, to which is added a vivid recollection of the men who then lived in Utica, and whose names are worthily and justly honored in Dr. Bagg's "Pioneers of Utica"—a true picture of society in Utica at that time.

Hoping, gentlemen, that you may, in your coming anniversary, enjoy the presence of many of the distinguished citizens and good men who have given character to Utica and Oneida county, and thanking you for your recollection of me on this occasion, I am,

Yours, very respectfully, JOS. STRINGHAM.

FROM HON. JOHN STRYKER.

ROME, Feb. 23, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman of Committee:*

Dear Sir—I have received your invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, on the first day of March, and requesting a response.

My health will not permit my personal attendance, as I should be glad to do. I well remember the passage of the charter and the first organization of the council. Among its members were Messrs. Williams, Ostrom, Barnard, Barnum, R. B. Miller and Mann, all of whom were very valued personal friends. All of them have passed from earth, but their good works follow them: as they with others aided in the foundation of such steps and measures as have placed Utica in the front rank of the cities of the state and insured her prosperity.

Very truly yours, JOHN STRYKER.

FROM SAMUEL THOMSON.

OAKLAND, Cala., Feb. 27, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Appreciated circular. Too late. With you in heart that day. SAMUEL THOMSON.

OAKLAND, Feb. 25, 1882.

To R. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, etc.:*

Dear Sir—It would have given me great pleasure to have responded to your polite circular of the 17th inst, if you had mailed it a few days earlier: as there are but three days prior to your celebration, my letter would not reach you.

My pride would say, don't use this note, but it is the best I can do, finding myself in my eighty-seventh year, partially blind. With great respect to yourself and associates,

Yours respectfully, SAMUEL THOMSON.

FROM STEPHEN S. THORN.

NEWARK, N. J. Feb. 27, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *and others*:

Dear Sirs—Your note of the 17th instant inviting me to be present at the Semi Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica finds me so engaged with business that it will be impossible to be present at your exercises. It has been more than thirty years since I left Utica, the city of my nativity, and where I resided until arriving at manhood. Time has not sufficed to weaken my affection for it, nor the many friendships formed there in my early days.

At the time of my leaving Utica it was but a small city. In visiting the city in late years I have been struck with its wonderful improvement evidencing substantial prosperity, and a glowing testimonial to the enterprise, thrift, and diligence of its citizens. Utica may be justly proud of its success in the

many instances in which it has competed with other localities in the onward march of progress. Her industrial pursuits stand to-day beside the foremost in the country, and have gained for it a fair fame, while the increase of its churches, educational institutions and charities, and its growth in beauty and its attractiveness as a place of residence afford abundant evidence of the culture and elevated morality of its citizens. Its distinguished citizens have made for it a proud recognition throughout the land. I shall always cherish with pride the remembrance of the city of my birth.

Regretting that I cannot be present in person, as I shall be in spirit, and thanking you for your kind invitation, and with the best of wishes for the success of your celebration, and continued prosperity of Utica, I am yours sincerely,

STEPHEN S. THORN.

FROM WILLIAM B. THORN.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 24, 1882.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman of the Committee of the Oneida Historical Society:*

Dear Sir—Your kind invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial reminds me that I am growing old, for had I been born one year sooner, I would have been as old as the city of Utica, my native place. All the names signing the invitation are familiar to me. The last two signers, Theodore S. Sayre and Morven M. Jones, bring to my mind a little incident of nearly thirty years ago, which may not be historical, but is one of my reminiscences of old Utica. In the year 1832, when Utica was visited with the cholera, I was clerking in the hardware store of the late James Sayre, one of Utica's oldest and most honored citizens. Fearing I might be attacked with the cholera at any moment, I procured of a friend (who doctored the stuff) a bottle of brandy. One morning, in a boyish freak, I said to George Pomeroy and Theodore S. Sayre, you both look very much like having the cholera. So we all took a homœopathic drink of this doctored brandy, which made us all sick. On my way home, up Fayette street, I was very, very sick, and I tried in every way to heave up Jonah (or the brandy.) I was opposite where it was reported (and I think it was true) a man had died, the night before, with the cholera. I was going through all sorts of contortions when Morven M. Jones approached me and said, "What's the matter, Thorn?" Sick as I was, here was my time for fun again. So I said, "I do not know; must have the cholera," when away Mr. Jones ran like a *white head!*—which, it seems to me, he must be by this time.

Trusting you may have a large, pleasant and social gathering,

Yours sincerely, WM. B. THORN.

FROM MONTGOMERY H. THROOP, ESQ.

302 STATE STREET, ALBANY, Feb. 24, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—I have received the letter of the committee, of which you are chairman, inviting me to attend, on Wednesday next, to join with the Oneida Historical Society in commemorating the Semi Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica. I thank you for remembering me by a title I am proud of bearing, that of a former resident of Utica. It would give me the greatest pleasure to participate in the interesting exercises, indicated in the committee's letter; to grasp by the hand the survivors of the many warm and valued friends which I made during my residence of nineteen years in Utica, and to recall and honor the memory of those who have passed away. But imperative engagements here will compel me to forego that pleasure. I shall, however, be with you in spirit. With kindest regards to the members of the committee, in each of whom I recognize an esteemed friend,

I am very sincerely yours, MONTGOMERY H. THROOP.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, etc.*

FROM ISAIAH TIFFANY.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, Feb. 21, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

My Dear Sir—The kind invitation extended to me by the Oneida Historical Society through you its chairman, to be present at its Semi-Centennial celebration of the anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica was duly received.

Nothing, my dear sir, would be more gratifying to me than to be able to meet you and the gentlemen whose names are attached to the invitation on such an occasion. They are all those for whom I feel the greatest esteem and with whom I have always held the most kind and friendly relations, one of them, the Hon. William J. Bacon, for more than half a century. "May his shadow never be less."

I remember well the occasion which you meet to celebrate, and also the election of the first mayor elected under that charter, the pure, high-minded and patriotic Kirkland. For nearly half a century Utica (*never* "pent up") was my chosen and happy home; in fact, my dear sir, it is my home yet, though absent in body "my heart is in the Hielands, my heart is not here." Nothing but infirmities incident to the life of an octogenarian prevents me from accepting your kind invitation.

With many thanks and the kindest remembrances for yourself and other gentlemen whose names accompany the invitation, I am, my dear sir,

Yours sincerely, I. TIFFANY.

FROM CHARLES TRACY, ESQ.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—I regret to find that a business engagement will deprive me of the pleasure of the meeting of your society to-morrow, to which you have so kindly invited me; and it is now too late to give my letter thoughts worthy for the occasion. With my best wishes for the success and honor of the society,

I remain yours truly, CHARLES TRACY.

MR. ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman of Committee of Oneida Historical Society:*

FROM GEORGE TRACY.

MILWAUKEE, May 25, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—Your invitation to attend the commemoration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica received, and for this kind remembrance I tender you my sincere thanks.

It would be a great gratification for me to meet the many old friends and fellow citizens who will be gathered on that interesting memorial occasion, could I do so. Please present them a cordial greeting for me.

I well remember when the good people of the village of Utica concluded to take on themselves the airs of city life, and the lively interest taken in the first election under the new charter, and that Mr. John Williams, General J. H. Ostrom, Ephraim Hart and our genial old friend Robert McBride, and many others of our most prominent citizens of those days, were much pleased to be selected as the first aldermen of the new city; and the universal gratification given by the common council in electing General Joseph Kirkland as Mayor, as the very man for the position, and then the appointment of our old fellow citizen, Mr. Thomas Colling, as the first city clerk. Why, it for the time seemed to elevate him even above the prominent position he held in the old Bank of Utica, which we boys of that day thought he must own.

But I will not enlarge, as there will be many with you at the meeting who will tell the story of Utica and its city origin and developments orally, in a much more interesting way than I can write it.

I will only say in conclusion, "May Utica and her good people be abundantly prospered," is the earnest desire of an old Utican. Very truly yours,

GEORGE TRACY.

FROM H. D. TUCKER, ESQ.

ROCHESTER, Feb. 7, 1882.

GENTS—I am reluctantly constrained, by reason of a bodily injury, which I by accident received recently, to forego the pleasure of attending the Semi Centennial Anniversary of the charter of your city.

Utica, as a village, was connected with my earliest recollections, having been born within two miles of its present limits; and as a city I passed my youth in it.

My mind involuntarily reverts to many of the great men, who, about the beginning of its chartered city existence, filled a large space in the public estimation, and still larger in my own youthful estimation of great men. There was General Joseph Kirkland, one of your city's first mayors, both in point of time and also of merit—a courteous, dignified, polished gentlemen of the old school; Charles P. Kirkland and William J. Bacon, then vigorous in life's meridian, the latter of whom is still among you, beloved, respected and honored, whose "eye is not dimmed or his natural force abated;" Samuel Beardsley, the distinguished jurist and politician, and famous for his successful tilt with the old United States Bank under General Jackson's administration; Judge Hiram Denio, the incomparable judge; the witty and humorous John G. Floyd, who wrote "The last political Will and Testament of David Moulton of Floyd," one paragraph of which read, "Item: To my beloved friend and Pitcher, Major I. M. H., I give one empty cow's bladder, which he is to receive in remembrance of me, *and in resemblance of himself;* Matthew Talcott, who boarded at Bagg's Hotel so many years, the lawyer whose last utterances on his death bed, to his friend, the eccentric but kind-hearted Charles C. Broadhead, were: "I regret that my free and lavish mode of life has made me, at this time, a burden upon my friends, and that I cannot die and be buried like a gentleman;" Joshua A. Spencer, the great advocate and excellent man, and the eccentric Alvan Stuart, of mirth provoking notoriety: Rev. Samuel C. Aikin, of the First Presbyterian Church, with "meek and unaffected grace," and in whom all the virtues of a good life were illustrated. These and many more, both good men and good women, who have many years since passed over to the other side, whose names are still fresh and green in my memory, illustrious alike for their examples of faith and life, crowd upon my recollection and of whom your city is justly proud.

Of the gradual, but sure, growth which Utica has made in its material wealth within the fifty years of its chartered city existence, and its enterprising and public-spirited citizens who

piloted it onward and upward in its career, it is not for me to speak. In short, gentlemen, if Utica, of ancient renown was a "pent up Utica," such can never be the fate of our Utica enthroned in the centre of the Empire State.

I am, gentlemen, truly yours, H. D. TUCKER.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, and others:*

FROM REV. ANSON J. UPSON, D. D.

AUBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
Feb. 28th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. WILLIAMS—I regret exceedingly that unavoidable engagements prevent my attendance at the commemoration on Wednesday evening.

Though not "native," I may claim to be "to the Manor born." My grandsire was one of the presidents of the village of Utica. As president, he welcomed La Fayette in 1825, and in October of the same year represented the village at the opening of the Erie canal. As a boy in one of your homes, I earned my first shilling, by reading aloud the Governor's message for that year. I made my first speech in one of your schools, and preached my first sermon in one of your churches. The first journey I remember was with the venerable president aforesaid, on the second train that ever ran on the railway to Syracuse. I remember only two things about the journey. One was seeing a man on horseback, standing against the sky, in the narrow roadway, just then cut between the trees, through the forest, where is now the populous village of Oneida. Some years afterwards, Luke Hitchcock, Esq., of Vernon, told me it was he who stood there, that day, as the train passed by.

You will commemorate the first charter to-morrow. That charter was a blessing to one of your boys, especially; for it gave me an opportunity to gratify in my boyhood, my life-long passion for listening to public speech. At almost every session of the common council, before I went to college, I sat on the back seats in the old council chamber on Hotel street, listening to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the fathers of the city! And what a luxury is was during some of those years, to sit in the gallery of the old Second Presbyterian church on Bleecker street—now Dr. Corey's Baptist church—and listen, as I did, to the anti-slavery eloquence of those days—the early days of the chartered city! I may be mistaken, but it seems to me now as if no speakers were ever so eloquent as Gerrit Smith, and Beriah Green, and Alvan Stewart, and William Goodell and Frederick Douglass, and now and then Theodore Weld. At any rate they stirred one young heart with indignant conviction.

No city in all the land is more attractive to her sons than Utica. There is no more stately avenue in this country than Genesee street. And the lengthened strength of John street, with Miller Place at the head of it, and Broad street with its quiet dignity, and the cheerful beauty of Rutger street, are almost as attractive. Among your absent sons I am not alone in thinking of Utica always as my home. Nowhere else have I had so many friends. May I not "claim kindred here and have the claim allowed?"

Your envious neighbors sometimes say that Utica is not progressive. But in 1832 you had no railway, no telegraph, no daily newspapers, no city hall, no Butterfield house, no opera house, no asylum, great or small, no hospital, no benevolent homes, no large manufactories, no steam woolen or cotton mills, only two banks, no seminary for young ladies, no art gallery, no beautiful cemetery. You have now all you had then and much more.

"Old Saratoga" can still wake the echoes, though Lyman Adams does not direct the firing of that "one gun at daybreak" on the 4th of July. Bagg's hotel still opens its hospitable doors. Some of the old church buildings are gone, but old historic Trinity remains. There never will be a spire so high as that of the old First Presbyterian Church on Washington street. The spire at Strasburg, when I saw it, seemed to me much shorter. I shall never see again such majestic columns as those that towered above the pulpit in that church, in front of that organ from which George Dutton drew lightning and thunder!

But you have many more and better churches, and just as good clergymen, and physicians and lawyers and judges. No city in the world of equal population can rival you in the number and character of high official dignitaries, whom in their retirement you deservedly honor.

The tone of your social life has not essentially changed. You never had cliques and you never will. You never encouraged ostentation, and I believe you never will. Ostentatious pretension has never felt at home in your city. A refined simplicity, inherited from the founders, has always characterized your social life. So may it ever be.

Please present my thanks to the committee for its cordial invitation, and my sincere regret that I cannot enjoy with you, what I know will be a delightful reunion.

Very truly yours, ANSON J. UPSON.

FROM. HON. S. VAN DRESAR.

ROME, N. Y., Feb. 27.

Be pleased to accept my thanks for the invitation from the Oneida Historical Society to attend the Semi-Centennial exercises of Utica's charter. It would afford me much pleasure to be present, but other engagements prevent.

I do not consider myself an old man, nor have I ever been a resident of Utica, yet I well remember when Utica assumed her city garb, and I have a most pleasant recollection of many of her citizens, then young men, but who subsequently became conspicuous actors in the politics and affairs of county, state and nation.

Fifty years are considered a long time in the life of an individual, and but a short period in the annals of a city; and yet when those whose memories go back for half a century, recall and note what Utica was when she cast off her village robes and what Utica is to-day, the thought and feeling are thrust upon us, that her age is understated, or that her progress has been beyond her years. Trusting that the celebration will be one of unalloyed pleasure and gratification.

I remain yours truly, STEPHEN VAN DRESAR.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *and others of the Committee:*

FROM J. C. VAN RENSSELAER, ESQ.

11 LIVINGSTON AVE.,
NEW BRUNSWICK, April 22, 1882.

MY DEAR DR. BAGG:—We were greatly gratified, this morning, my sister and myself, to find, on receiving the circular which you had the kindness to send us, that the committee of the Oneida Historical Society contemplated publishing, in book form, the proceedings of your Semi-Centennial Anniversary, together with those of the Half Century Club, at their supper on the evening of the following day.

How can I express to you the extent of my regret that I should have been deprived, by my unfortunate illness, of the pleasure of being of those who were made happy by the charm of those two occasions. I was too ill even to write, and was compelled to avail myself of my daughter's services, and to express through her my appreciation of the kind courtesy of the committee's invitation. I was born in Utica in February, 1812, and my recollections of the place and people, very distinct and clear, run back very far toward that date. As a boy, there were few between "Whispering" Ferguson's down the river and the western outer limits of the town whom I did

not personally know. Many a time since I left Utica in 1837, traveling far and wide over our common country, have I encountered Utica boys, grown to manhood, and although, in many cases, not being able to recall them at once to my memory, been saluted by them with an earnestness of recognition which showed the loyalty of the tie which bound them to the place of their birth and any one whose name or presence could remind them of it. The universal answer to my question, "How does it fare with you?" was, "Success." The Utica of the present day is the legitimate outcome of the men, the measures and the days of those who made the Utica of the early stage. How spontaneous was the recognition of this fact, the applause that followed the crowning of the honored citizen, who connects so well the men of its present with that of its past, well testifies. Let me give you here, in a copy of a letter which I have before me, a graceful evidence of the high breeding which characterized the society of Utica and its neighborhood in the olden time. It is a copy of a letter written to my father by Francis Adrien Van der Kemp, of Olden Barneveld, near Trenton:

"DEAR SIR—As both your mother's grandmothers descended from the Dutch Beeckmans—being daughters of Henry Beeckman and Joanna de Lopes, whose father expatriated—and Mrs. V. D. K. descended from the other branch, which remained in Holland, this short extract from her genealogy cannot be unacceptable. I shall be happy if the discovery of distant ties of relationship with her can induce you, when you visit once more this village, not to pass by our cottage unnoticed. In this manner I shall anew be indebted to Mrs. V. D. Kemp for an increase of happiness, as I appreciate every kindness received—on whatever score it is—and it will encourage me to use with more freedom the civilities of Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer. I am yours sincerely,

FR. ADR. VAN DER KEMP.

OLDEN BARNEVELD, 24th March, 1814."

This letter was accompanied with a genealogical letter of descent of my father's mother, and of Mrs. V. der Kemp's ancestry uniting in 1550.

The spirit of courtesy which inspires that letter was characteristic of the time and the society of Utica then existing. The men of those days were as enterprising and energetic as they were graceful and well bred. Their honored names are well known among you, and well worthy of all honor in those who bear them now. Of the ladies of those days, through whose means organization was given to benevolent effort, there were —made prominent by their virtues, by their efforts and by the selection of their friends—Mrs. John H. Ostrom, Mary Walker,

Alida Van Rensselaer, afterwards Mrs. Charles H. Carroll, and Sarah Malcolm, now Mrs. Ball. The last—now very, very aged—is the sole survivor of the three. I do not know that there are yet living at Utica any of the companions and friends who remember her life of goodness and bounty in her early days with them. If any still live, it may be a pleasure to them to read a late letter of her's to my sister, which I lend to you. You will be so kind as to return it to me.

My sister and myself are the only ones left of my father's family. I have lost the sight of one of my eyes, and I lead a quiet life, most of the time in my library. Once a year I visit the town my father founded—Rensselaer, Jasper county, Indiana, now but two hours and a half from Chicago, by the Louisville, Northwestern and Chicago Railroad. There he died and was buried in the spring of 1847. His memory is there honored as the founder of the town, which is thriving and prosperous. I occupy myself now in writing the history of its early settlement and that of the surrounding country. More than two hundred and fifty years ago the country and the Indians who inhabited it were under the power and subjection of the wonderful organization of the "Six Nations," whose power was nearly central where Utica now stands. It was not long after before the soil was trod by some of the heroic band of Jesuit Fathers, the history of whose courage and devotions in face of tortures and death among the same six tribes, will never be forgotten.

What a wonderful history is yet to be written of the Mohawk. Perhaps some day Utica will bear another name, more in harmony with its antecedent history.

With great regard, yours truly,

J. C. Van Rensselaer.

FROM C. VAN SANTVOORD.

55 Broadway, New York, Feb. 25, 1882.

Robert S. Williams, Esq., *Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee of the Oneida Historical Society:*

Dear Sirs—I thank you for your courtesy in inviting me "as a former resident" to be present at the commemoration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica.

Abraham Van Santvoord, my father, was a resident of Utica, when it was, as described in the *Gazetteer* of New York of 1813, (Spafford's) "a flourishing, incorporated post village, the commercial capital of the great western district of this state, where are many mills, factories, machine shops and a vast many buildings other than those enumerated. Several

printing offices and large bookstores, where weekly papers are published, which are widely circulated through the surrounding country. The hotel, which is an elegant establishment, and the many fine private mansions of gentlemen of taste and opulence, give Utica a character in this respect worthy a great commercial town."

Before Utica had attained this greatness my father went there as a boy of eleven years of age, in 1796, and was a clerk to his great-uncle, John Post, in whose employment he traveled among the neighboring Indians and bartered goods for ginseng. John Post was a brother of my father's grandmother.

Afterwards he was a carrier on the Mohawk river, in connection with Walton & Co., of Schenectady, and a member of successive firms of carriers, Walton, De Graaf & Co., De Graaf, Van Santvord & Co., and finally A. Van Santvoord & Co.

The course of trade and navigation during this period and later, before and after, was by sloop on the Hudson, between New York and Albany, across the plains to Schenectady by wagons and teams, then by boat (Batteaux) up the Mohawk to Rome, through a short canal at Rome (1½ mile in length) to Wood creek, by Wood creek to and through Oneida lake and by the Oswego river to Lake Ontario. There was a side cut with locks around the Little Falls at Herkimer, and there were dams in Wood creek to hold back the water with side cuts and locks, a portage around the falls at Oswego.

The growth from a small hamlet, as found by my father on going there at the first, in which were more stores than dwelling houses, until its recognition, in 1813, as a great commercial town, was largely owing to expectations founded upon the aforesaid facilities for internal intercourse and navigation, that Utica would become and remain the permanent center for the distribution of stores, provisions, and other supplies, and merchandise and manufactured goods through the northwest and west.

I was born in Utica, but as my father removed from there with his family, including me, in 1819, before I was six years of age and was still in kilts, I was in some doubt before consulting with my good friend, Luther R. Marsh, whether it would be proper for me to consider myself "a former resident of Utica." I think I may so consider myself, claiming to fall back, if necessary, to support my title, upon my right as representing my father.

The Hon. Charles P. Kirkland, whom you all know and honor, has sometimes said to me, your father and mine always wore ruffled shirts, and you and I belong to the ruffled shirt party.

If this is sound there can be no question but that I am a "former resident of Utica" and I am proud of it.

My brother, Mr. Alfred Van Santvoord, late of Albany, now of New York, was born in Utica, and might claim to be a Uticatensian on the ground of origin and the possession of the faculty of successful adaptation of instrumentalities in use to accomplish better results, and at less cost, to his own advantage and that of the public, which was a distinguishing and prominent trait of the men whose lives are sketched in the book of Pioneers of Utica.

My knowledge of Utica from tradition through Abraham Van Santvoord, my father, antedates its incorporation as a city. But I know from studies in State History, and information from and intercourse with its citizens whom I have known and know, and other sources of information, that Utica the city has not disappointed the promise of Utica the village.

It has always had an invigorating air, and citizens distinguished for good practical sense and enterprising spirit, of noble aspirations and generous impulses.

It never was a "pent up Utica," and is no mean city. With much respect, your obedient servant,

C. Van Santvoord.

FROM WILLIAM WALKER.

87 East 53d Street, New York, Feb. 23, 1882.

To R. S. Williams, Esq., *Chairman:*

Dear Sir—Acknowledging the receipt of the invitation of the Oneida Historical Society, forwarded by you, as chairman of the committee, I am very sorry that I am obliged to decline. I am so near my 80th birthday that I do not feel equal to the fatigue and excitement of the trip.

I left Utica in the year 1820, so that two generations have passed away since I left. Those now on the stage are, with few exceptions, descendants of old friends and acquaintances. In your name and the names of several of your committee, I recall those whose influence and example had much to do in shaping the character of your people, the distinguishing characteristics of which I think are conservatism and sound morality.

With the hope that your gathering may be a successful and happy one, I am

Your obedient servant, William Walker.

FROM SAMUEL E. WARNER.

98 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, Feb. 22, 1882.

Dr. M. M. Bagg:

My Dear Sir—I have just received from the committee, of which I see you are a member, an invitation to attend the Semi-

Centennial Anniversary of the incorporation of our native city. As my business engagements will not allow me to be present on that interesting occasion, I am compelled to send my regrets, with cordial thanks for the honor of the invitation.

Of course I can be expected to recall few memories of that important event that occurred in such an early period of my boyhood. The authorities of Utica, whether as a village, or under the more ambitious control of a city corporation, were of little consequence to the boys of my time, whose main concern was to secure the greatest amount of play that home duties and school requirements would allow. And that we enjoyed the fullest liberty in this regard, my pleasant recollections abundantly testify.

My early asssociations of Utica are identified with the old Second ward; so that the city must have been fully incorporated before I was conscious of the great civic change. I can recall the patriotic pride with which in our juvenile contests at school and upon the street, we defended our claim to its supremacy above the other wards. Did it not have the imposing common council room, and the Mechanics' Hall, with its glittering dome, within its borders? Were not the most powerful fire engines, the pride and admiration of the boys, located there? Did it not have the largest church, the highest steeple, and the loudest fire-bell, which rung out such stirring music when "Uncle Isaac" was at the rope? Were there any bridges over the canal so fine for coasting, or rather for plain "sliding-down-hill," as we phrased it in our uncultured days? And was any ward so sure for a rousing Whig majority in those by-gone times when boys were such heated and intelligent partisans?

As I recall it in those happy days, the Second Ward was worthy of local pride. It had enterprising, public-spirited citizens for its residents. Utica cannot forget, and will always hold in honor, such names as Horatio Seymour, David Wager, Nathan Williams, John E. Hinman, George Dutton, E. M. Gilbert, Jesse Doolittle, Theodore Faxton, Hiram Greenman, Erastus Clark, James McGregor, Thomas Walker, General J. H. Ostrom, my own honored father, J. E. Warner, several times alderman of the ward, and others whose useful lives were spent in that ward, and some of whose descendants are yet among its residents.

I especially recall one feature that marked the ward, making it the favored locality of a class of immigrants, who early were attracted to Central New York, and made Utica their center. The Second ward was the headquarters of the Welsh, who at one time constituted an important portion of its population. Here were their two largest churches, and the church then was the favorite institution of the Welsh, as those well remember

who lived in the vicinity, and who could hear, if they could not understand, the almost uninterrupted sounds of music or preaching in the numerous services from early dawn till late at night each Sabbath day. The sight of strange costumes, the women wearing men's high hats, and knitting their stockings as they walked, was more frequent in the streets of Utica in those early days than it is now even in Wales. They were an industrious, frugal, steady, virtuous class of population then. Whisky drinking was unknown among them, and liquor saloons had no attraction for them. I hope these traits still characterize their descendants.

I have no time to prolong my reminiscence of the old Second Ward, dear to me in my boyhood, and remembered still with affectionate pride.

I trust that the approaching celebration may serve to revive many delightful and honorable memories and associations of the home of our fathers: and may inspire the present generation with new attachment to the beautiful city that has always borne such a high name for intellectual culture, financial integrity and moral worth.

Very truly your old townsman, S. E. WARNER.

FROM PETER G. WEBSTER.

FORT PLAIN, Feb. 27, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, &c.:*

Dear Sir—I have just at this late day learned that a prior professional engagement cannot be postponed, in order to enable me to participate in the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica. I would greatly enjoy the renewal of old friendships, and the rehearsal of early reminiscences concerning the living denizens and the early history of your enterprising and thrifty town; while at the same time, in recurring to the past, I should also be saddened by kind and endearing remembrances of so many esteemed relatives and friends, and especially of one other dearly beloved one, who were years since intombed in your beautiful city of the dead, the inscriptions upon whose marble tablets recall to memory many of your most distinguished, talented, energetic and useful citizens, who, within the last half century, walked your streets in the dignity of manhood and with the elastic grace of womanhood—all gone, gone, gone forever.

How relentless and remorseless the ravages of time and death, which have no regard for artificial or natural landmarks, or for age, sex or condition in life.

In the last year of the last century, my father, Doct. Joshua Webster, a young Yankee from the (present) State of Maine,

who had just completed the study of medicine in Ulster county, N. Y., with Dr. James Oliver, who was then a state senator, requested his preceptor to inquire of other senators in regard to a good location in which to settle. The senator in the Oneida district named Deerfield, in your county, and our senator recommended Palatine, Montgomery county. My father proceeded at once to Deerfield Corners, in Oneida county, where he found the ground preoccupied by the late Dr. Coventry, Sr. He tarried over night at the small tavern, occupied by Moses Bagg, Sr., on the south side of the Mohawk river: then wended his way back to Palatine, nearly opposite and a short distance from this place, where he remained three or four years, and then settled at what is now called Fort Plain.

In 1815, or thereabouts, Dr. John McCall, of Hebron, Washington county, N. Y., who had just resigned his position as surgeon in the army at the close of the last war, wishing to find a location for practice, was advised by his army friend, Major Myers, to settle at Palatine, near Fort Plain. He gave the doctor a letter of introduction to Captain James Cochrane, informing him that there was no chance for him there, as his friend and family physician, Dr. Webster, supplied all the professional needs of that section, and named Deerfield, in Oneida county, for the young doctor. Whereupon he, with his wife and furniture journeyed on and located at Deerfield, and soon after formed a copartnership with the late Dr. Coventry, Sr. They subsequently moved to Utica, where Dr. McCall for many years continued a very large and lucrative practice. He, though deemed somewhat peculiar in some respects, was learned and very skillful in his profession. In the year 1832, when Asiatic cholera was desolating the land, and many citizens and physicians fled for their lives, Dr. McCall, a fearless and faithful professional guardian of the remainder, stood manfully and undaunted at his post, to combat the dreadful malady.

He was a courteous gentlemen of extensive and profound general knowledge, in practice adopting the maxim of Jefferson, "that an ounce of positive knowledge was better than a pound of conjecture." He was remarkably accurate in his recollection of dates and local events, and often entertained and interested as well as amused others by the relation thereof.

As a sequence to the preceding coincidences, in 1844 the writer hereof became united in matrimony with Miss Helen Mar McCall, the highly intellectual, accomplished and dearly beloved daughter of Dr. McCall, whose remains were a long time since deposited in your beautiful cemetery, and now lie by the side of her parents and her brother, Wallace McCall, one of the most clear-headed, laconic, talented and promising

young lawyers in the state, where she awaits the final resurrection of the dead "who die in the Lord."

Excuse this extended communication, accept my thanks for the very kind invitation to be present on the occasion referred to, and express to your committee my regrets at my inability to attend.

Yours very truly, PETER G. WEBSTER.

FROM HON. THURLOW WEED.

NEW YORK. February 27, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 17th inst., inviting me to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica, was duly received, and, if my health permitted, the invitation would be cheerfully accepted. My recollections of Utica in its village days, and of its early inhabitants, are equally agreeable and enduring. Of those inhabitants then actively connected with its various pursuits and enterprises few if any survive. The late Theodore S. Faxton, between whom and myself a warm friendship existed for nearly seventy years, was probably the last link in the chain which united the present with the past.

Utica, I doubt not, owes much of its prosperity to its pioneer professional men, merchants and mechanics. Prominent among the latter class were the Danas, the Culvers, the Hoyts, the Stockings, etc., etc.

I went from Onondaga to Utica in November, 1812, and was fortunate in obtaining employment in the printing office of Seward and Williams. Late in January, 1813, on a report that Sacketts Harbor was to be invaded William Williams, then a lieutenant in an infantry company, promptly volunteered his services, and consented to enroll me in his company. We started for Sacketts Harbor in sleighs, traveling night and day. Volunteers joined us at Rome, from Lee and Western. The British, however, did not put in an appearance. The most interesting event in that brief campaign was the arrival of the 6th regiment of United States Infantry, commanded by Colonel Pike, having marched from Plattsburgh through the Chateaguay woods to Sackett's Harbor on snow shoes. On returning to Utica, after an absence of six weeks, I was pleasantly employed on the *Columbian Gazette*, a republican paper published and edited by Thomas Walker, Esq., who was also the village magistrate. In September of the same year Captain Thomas Skinner's company of artillery was ordered into service. Our foreman belonged to that company, but as he did not, and I did, want to see service, I was accepted as his substitute, and after doing duty three months at different stations on the shores of

Lake Ontario, was mustered out and returned to Utica. Captain Skinner, for what reason I do not know, remaining at home, our company was commanded by Lieut. Eells, of Whitesboro, with J. B. Pease as second lieutenant. Mr. Higby, of New Hartford, was our orderly sergeant, and Mr. Richardson, of the same town, our first corporal. While we were stationed at Brownville an aged Quaker lady died. While attending her funeral in a Quaker meeting house, the silence was broken by the sudden entrance of a military officer in full uniform, who strode up the aisle with a heavy broadsword dangling on the floor, and took his seat with the mourners. That officer was Major General Jacob Brown, a son of the deceased, then in command of the army at the Harbor, who had hastily ridden on horseback to attend the funeral of his mother. The contrast between the simple costume and quiet manner of the Friends and the rich military trappings of the general was highly dramatic.

The *Utica Sentinel*, a federal paper published by Ira Merrill, was edited by William H. Maynard, a young lawyer, who subsequently became a prominent politician, and died of cholera, in 1832, while attending an extra session of the senate, of which he was an eloquent and influential member. The late A. G. Dauby was then an apprentice in the *Sentinel* office. We became and remained warm friends for more than half a century and until his death.

The citizens of Utica during my brief residence among them "pursued the even tenor of their ways" undisturbed by excitement or sensations. The leading members of the Oneida bar, as I remember them, were General Kirkland, Nathan Williams, David W. Childs, of Utica, with Jonas Platt, Thomas R. Gold and Mr. Sill, of Whitesboro. John H. Ostrom and Charles P. Kirkland were reading Blackstone and reciting Junius.

My cherished friend, Governor Seymour, so long an honored citizen of Utica, was born in Pompey, in 1810. In two years I became a resident of Utica.

Colonel Walker, who resided near the south line of the village, was much respected as a citizen, and venerated as having served on General Washington's staff. Bagg's Hotel was an institution. Canals, railroads and telegraphs had not then been even dreamed of.

There is no better way of contrasting the facilities for traveling in 1812 with those of the present day than by recalling the fact that a daily line of stages between Albany and Utica, and a stage every other day between Utica and Buffalo, with an occasional "extra," accommodated the traveling public. At least two-thirds of the passengers were merchants and lawyers—the former going to Albany or New York to purchase goods, the latter attending courts. Jason Parker of Utica,

Sherwood of Skaneateles, Thorp of Albany, were the widely known proprietors of the line of stages.

Very truly, THURLOW WEED.

FROM JAMES C. WETMORE.

12 ELM STREET, ELIZABETH, N. J., Feb. 25, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, and others, Committee of the Oneida Historical Society, Utica, N. Y.:*

Dear Sirs—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to be present at the meeting of your society on the first prox. to commemorate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica.

Regretting that my engagements are such as to prevent me from being present, and as you further honor me by asking for "a letter that may be read on that occasion," I take the liberty of penning some of my "recollections" of the dear old city of Utica and the county of Oneida. To establish my own status, I will state that I was born in Whitesboro on the 1st of May, 1813, and resided there, with my parents, and at Trenton and at Utica up to September, 1832.

My "recollections" are so full of pleasant incidents *to me*, I hardly know what first to pen that would be either likely to interest or amuse you, or add to the local history of your society.

"EARLY HISTORY."

Some of the senior members of the society may remember that in "old times" there was much *rivalry* and jealousy existing between Utica and Whitestown. In this, the boys of the two villages keenly participated. On Saturdays they would meet in considerable numbers, between the two places, and have regular pitched battles. On one occasion the Whitesboro boys being victorious, they took a number of prisoners and dragged them along up to and underneath the *leaks* of the then new aqueduct, over the creek, near the "Wetmore Mills," and gave them a good shower bath. As it may be imagined, it was *dangerous* for any Whitesboro boy to be seen in Utica for some time after that. In the skating season there were certain marks on the river and canal, above or below which no Utica or Whitesboro boy dared venture.

While the boys were fighting it out on their respective lines, the older people were discussing the advantages of their respective places. The Uticans contended that they were at "the head of navigation," to which the Whitestown people would persistently respond by calling Utica "a hole," "that no one having regard to his *health* or *respectability* would live in."

Whitesboro at that time claimed, and justly, too, to have the "best society" of any place west of Albany. While the citizens of the two places were contending for the new settlers that were just coming in from New England, Judge Jedediah Sanger conceived the idea of leaving the contentious people of Utica and Whitesboro "out in the cold," by turning the Genesee turnpike abruptly south to New Hartford. The latter place being upon higher ground, and offering some facilities for mills, etc, would very naturally attract settlers; but as we all know now, the "barge navigation" on the Mohawk and subsequently the canal settled the question in favor of the "place in a hole."

The leading men engaged in the navigation of the river in my boyhood were the Dows, of Deerfield, one of whom I remember injured one of his legs so that it had to be amputated, and while the doctors were sawing it off in a bungling manner, Mr. Dows, with a chip between his teeth, said: "This is —— sight harder than poling a boat up the Mohawk." He lived many years afterwards and became a very heavy, stout man and a substantial farmer, on the flats opposite Whitesboro. Some of his descendants have continued the "forwarding" business to this day. Mr. David Dows, of New York city, I believe, is a grand or a great-grandson of the Mr. D. referred to.

My father, the late Rev. Oliver Wetmore, settled in Oneida county about 1806, having been sent there by an orthodox Congregational Society of Connecticut, as missionary. Duty called him at one time to the "Montezuma country," where there was at that time plenty of "fever and ague." When he was about to return, the people desired to pay him something for his services: not having any "dollars of their daddies," and little or no market for their wheat, they gave him a barge load of that then comparatively valueless commodity, which he caused to be brought to Whitesboro.

Our communication, with the world, at the time I refer to was confined (at least, in the section of the country we lived in) to a two-horse covered wagon, owned and driven by an old man by the name of Parsons, who wore a long "linsey woolsey" overcoat and a wide-brimmed hat and had one eye that was awfully askew. We did not mind *that*, however, for we were always glad to hear his horn and see him, for he brought tidings from old Connecticut. That was enough at that time to make him welcome for heads of families at least. Seats in his stage had to be engaged months ahead. At the time appointed the good Parsons would drive around to the different settlements for his passengers. It took him two weeks to make the trip to Hartford. I was a passenger once, so my mother informed me some years afterwards.

I cannot drop this *stage* business without at least having a word to say about the

"GREAT STAGE LINE"

of Jason Parker & Co., that *was* an *institution* in its time, that was managed with great success and tended to the building up of Utica and of waste places along the line generally. Their success tempted several "opposition lines," which soon came to naught. One that lasted the longest was a "Great Temperance Line of Stages" from Albany to Buffalo.

It may well be asked what temperance had to do with "horses and stage coaches." I do not know that I have been able to this day to settle, in my own mind, that question. I well remember the plumed horses, the blowing of long tin horns, and the cracking of whips by the *temperance* (?) drivers, as they drove up Genesee street to the "Coffee House" (kept by Mr. Wells) which was situated on the southeast corner of Genesee street and the canal. *Time*, the settler of all human show and pretence, brought the "Temperance Line" to an auction block, while the "Old Line" went on its even way, making money for its owners, till the iron rails put a stop to it. The people for a long time tried to account for the failure of the Temperance Line. Some said that the taverns which the T. Line stop at were altogether *too* temperate in the provision they made for the "dry and hungry passengers." The horses, some said, "were kept on too low a diet," while others who were more elevated and religious in their thoughts accounted for the failure by saying that there were more "sinners that traveled than righteous men," ergo, the transgressors all went the "old way," which I think the people of Utica, from the experience they have had in the way of gifts and bequests from some of the "Old Line" proprietors, thought was the right way. Long may the memories of them remain green in the hearts of the people.

To continue my "recollections" chronologically. The hanging of John Tuhi, an Indian, on Corn Hill, back of the present residence of ex-Senator Conkling, was a great event, and created great excitement at the time. People from all parts of the country went to the execution. The name of an Indian at that time was a terror to all children.

The next great event was the celebration of the completion of the Erie canal. Soon after followed the visit of

GEN. LA FAYETTE, 1824.

He came, as you all know, from Buffalo by the canal. The people flocked *en masse* to the line of the canal to see and bid him "welcome." He was received by the citizens of Whitesboro, on a lawn in front of the beautiful residence of Judge Jonas Platt. A platform was erected under two large elms, the trunks of which supported an arch on which was inscribed, "*Welcome, La Fayette.*"

Refreshments were provided in the Judge's house. Soon after, the General was taken over across the "green," to see the old home of Hugh White and to pay his respects to some female members of the Judge's family that were then living there. Soon after which the "Utica Committee" took charge of the distinguished guest, and he was escorted by a number of horsemen, followed by the people in carriages and wagons, to Utica. In crossing the canal bridge, midway between the two places, it was said that the general asked a halt, that he might see one of the prettiest views he said he had looked upon in all his travels. Soon after passing the bridge a double brown house, shingled, on the north side of the road, was pointed out as the first dwelling in the county that had *glass* windows; oiled white paper being universally used in those before erected.

On reaching Utica the procession turned to the right and passed along an open, unpaved street, with but few, if any, houses upon it, which was, I believe, christened at the time "La Fayette Street," in honor, of course, of the distinguished visitor. The street, as well as Genesee street, had several arches thrown over it that had appropriate mottoes or words inscribed thereon. On reaching "the square," the general alighted and was shown into the right hand parlor of Bagg's Hotel, (I believe it was called "Bagg's Tavern" then) and he took his position in the southeast corner of the room. My father, holding me by the hand, presented me. The general, putting his hand upon my head, said many pleasant things which I was too confused to remember afterwards. His features and the occasion I shall probably never forget. I had the satisfaction, twenty-five years later, of visiting his tomb in a small churchyard in the city of Paris.

THE REVIVAL.

The next great sensation in Oneida after the visit of La-Fayette was the "Great Revival" of the Rev. Mr. Finney, when the "terrors of the law" were preached with all possible vehemence. Daily services, particularly evening services, were held to late hours of the night. Prominent citizens were named in prayers. On one occasion *I heard* a very distinguished citizen in the community prayed for in the following language: "Oh, God! wilt thou take that old sinner, Col. M——, and shake him over hell," etc. The clergyman that made the prayer was a minister by the name of Smith. The people, as you may imagine, did not take to him *much* and he "went west." The colonel, as it turned out, was neither vexed nor disturbed by being so publicly noticed "in meeting." The young people of the village were horrified at the thought that any one should pray that so good a man as Col. M—— should be placed in so imminent a peril.

THE WAR OF 1812-'13.

Oneida was in the way of troops passing to and from the lakes. This naturally created in the minds of the youth a military spirit, which lasted for many years. Nothing in my boyhood was more impatiently looked for than the annual training day of the county, Whitesboro being the most central. The one regiment of infantry, one or two companies of cavalry and foot artillery made up the "great parade."

The streets of the town and the road bordering the parade ground used to be lined with farmers' wagons loaded with barrels of cider and huge flat cakes of gingerbread. The *menu* prepared by the tavern-keeper consisted, so far as my memory serves me, of

ROAST PIG—Tail turned up, with a turnip in the snout.
SPARERIBS—That were spare-ribs.
BOILED HAM—*au naturel.*

DESSERT.

PUMPKIN PIE. RICE PUDDING.
APPLE PIE. BREAD PUDDING.

FRUIT.

APPLES—In abundance. APPLE CIDER.
COFFEE—*a la* Rye.
TEA—*a la* "Schew Shong."

The furnishing of the feast was contended for by all the tavern keepers. The privilege of holding an officer's horse was esteemed very highly by all the boys. If the boy had a good stock of courage, he would lead the spirited animal up to a fence or a block and mount and walk him about very gently.

In what I have said above, I do not wish you to suppose that the early settlers of Oneida, who were "well to do" in the world, lived upon "hog and hominy." Quite the contrary, for no "new" community probably lived better or more refined than did the best people of Oneida. Their "dinners" and their "evening parties" had a wide-spread reputation. While they did not have fancy or mixed beverages, they had "Maderia" from the Island of that name direct. More attention was paid to kitchens in those days than at present. I will venture to say that no kitchen in any one of the palatial residences of your beautiful city can compare with the kitchen of Judge Platt at that time—a large square room with light and air all about it. Its walls covered with brass and copper platters, dishes and covers, that shone like mirrors, and with a floor as white and clean as any "man-of-war's" deck. Poultry that had been stuffed *before* killing, was to be met with, on every lady's table. Great attention was paid, in those days, to the gardens and grounds about the dwellings. Judge Platt's, Thomas R. Gold's, Mr. Tracy's and Mr. Berry's, in Whitestown, were particularly fine, as were the gardens (in Utica) of Judge Morris Miller, foot of Main street; Mr. Kip's, on the

south side of the canal, on Washington street; Mr. Wells', on the canal, back of his house where your city market and other buildings are at present; and Judge Williams' and the Hon. Henry Seymour's, at a later date, on Whitesboro street.

About 1828, as many of you probably remember, the "Asiatic" cholera made its appearance in India, and slowly worked its way into Europe, when our people began to count the years and months when it would reach America, and when it did, that would be the end of things. It did reach us, as many too well and sadly remember, in the summer of

1832,

the year that Utica was incorporated as a city, which circumstance in its history your society is to meet for the purpose of commemorating.

It was expected that it would first make its appearance in New York, where almost everything foreign does appear first, but, to the astonishment of every one, it was first announced as having appeared in Canada. How it came there no one could tell. It was not long before it appeared on the south side of the lakes. Fear seemed to take possession of every one. Everybody that had a cellar, yard or out-building that had never been cleaned before, began to remove and expose to the summer's sun, dirt and vegetation in every conceivable state of decomposition, the result of which was fearful mortality.

It broke out in Utica on a Sunday morning, while *most* of the people were in their respective places of worship. Those that attended the First Presbyterian were informed of it just as they were coming out of church. And when they learned that it was Mr. Rockwell, one of the most estimable citizens of the place, who lived just below the church on the opposite side of the street, that had died of the disease, the *alarm* was fearful. Every one seemed possessed with a desire to flee. Being somewhat younger then than I am now, I was disposed to flee to; so, as early in the week as "arrangements" could be made, Thornton Kirkland, (now dec'd) a son of Gen. Joseph Kirkland, the first Mayor of the city, and myself, took a horse and buggy and turned our faces westward: to where, we did not know exactly ourselves. The first *stop* we made was at the Turnpike Gate, half way between Utica and New Hartford, (you must remember that everything from Utica was quarantined at that time) but when we reached the gate beyond New Hartford we met with a very different "keeper" from the one we had just left behind. He was determined that we should show a clean bill of health. We put on the best faces we could; said some things and left some things unsaid, the result of it all was, the man became satisfied that we were not *very dangerous*. The gate was opened and we passed through, breathing a little more freely.

We drove on till night overtook us; who or what good Samaritan took us in, I do not now remember. We continued our "Westward Ho" till we reached the beautiful lakes of Geneva, Seneca, etc. At the end of about two weeks we returned to Utica, decidedly in a better frame of mind than when we left. That was the last of my running from diseases. Wherever Providence has cast my lot since, and cholera, yellow fever or small pox has appeared, I have met it as in duty bound, without fleeing from them.

In September of the cholera year I left Utica for the city of New York, to live. The following summer I made a visit to Utica, and when about to return to New York I was invited by my friend, George W. Clinton, (now dead) a son of the late Mrs. Abram Varick, by her first husband, to go with him in an "extra," which he had taken to Schenectady. The trip was to be the quickest *ever* made. I of course accepted, and had my first experience in

"RAPID TRANSIT."

The coach drove up to the door of Bagg's Hotel, about sunrise. I got in and took my place on the *back* seat, while he got on with the driver. The whip was cracked and we crossed the bridge on to the "dyke;" all speed possible was given to the horses. Change of horses were ready at every relay. What with the bridges and *O* rails that we crossed at full speed, and the banging I received, there was not much left of my new high crowned hat when I reached Schenectady, which was while the tavern bells were ringing for supper. The time was pronounced the quickest that had ever been made. *We* were "lions," of course, at the tavern where we took our suppers that night.

Believe me, very respectfully and sincerely yours,

JAMES CARNAHAN WETMORE.

FROM RICHARD WHALEN.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman of Oneida Historical Society:*

Sir—I am honored by the receipt of your invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the city of Utica.

Being bound to your beautiful city by many ties of friendship of a personal and public nature, it would afford me the greatest pleasure to be present at the exercises commemorating "Utica City's" 50th birthday. I very much regret that a previous engagement will prevent my being present. Though absent in person, I shall be there in spirit.

Yours respectfully, RICHARD WHALEN.

FROM SQUIRE WHIPPLE.

ALBANY, Feb. 27, 1882.

To ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman, and others of the Oneida Historical Society:*

Gentlemen—"*Morituras saluto vos;*" and thank you for your kind recognition of my humble self, and your invitation to a symposium on the first proximo.

Once I was young, now I am old. I have often seen the innocent oppressed and the unjust sitting in high places Nevertheless, time wags on, and has wagged out of life many of those whom I knew best while a citizen of your goodly city. I should greatly enjoy the meeting of such old friends as have thus far witnessed the buffets of time, and the successors of such as have departed. But age and bodily condition render it imprudent for me to entertain such a purpose. But your kind compliment excites a few rambling thoughts and reminiscences, which I may be allowed to express in writing upon this occasion, commonplace though they may be.

In 1833, I believe, I became a resident of Utica, being then employed in the office of the late Holmes Hutchinson, Esq., whose genial friendship and kindness to myself will ever be gratefully remembered. The son of that gentleman, whose name I recognize among those who unite in this kind recognition of myself, and who held honorable relation to the affairs of your city, was at time about what might be expected of a bright lad three or four feet high. But they say we were all boys at early periods of life, though we do not all subsequently attain to the honorable position of chief magistrate of a city like our genial friend C. W. H.

Considerable changes have taken place since the period above alluded to, in Utica as well as other parts. Then your city contained some twelve thousand people. Since that time the population has more than trebled, and taxation has increased in a duplicate ratio to increase of population—unless Utica has fared better in that respect than most other municipalities.

As this is a matter of some importance to the present generation, let us test the question by figures, which some say will not lie, though others are skeptical upon the subject. If I am not misinformed the early city charter restricted the amount to be raised for municipal purposes to the sum of $8,000. Assuming that to be so, the population having increased in a three fold ratio, the duplicate of which is nine fold, multiplying $8,000 by nine gives $72,000 for the municipal tax of 1882. Now, if Utica gets off with less than that, she is lucky and my estimate is an exaggeration.

Albany, with a population only about double that of Utica, raises a municipal tax of more than six times $72,000. But it may perhaps appear inopportune and ungracious to be croaking about taxation on this occasion, and some of the later accessions to the population of Utica, who thirst for historical knowledge, may be glad of the information that the writer hereof, soon after becoming a resident of the city, bought a lot of the late George Hopper, Esq., and built an unpretentious domicile in the then open field, on Steuben, twenty or thirty rods beyond South street, in the part of the city now called Cornhill. Why it was thus named I know not, but I do know that the ground thereabouts at that time had lately borne a crop of corn, and the corn-hills and stubs were still conspicuous.

That humble domicile of mine stood there many years alone in its singleness, a somewhat conspicuous landmark, visible from the hills on both sides of the Mohawk valley. It is now, however, almost in the heart of the city; insomuch that recently on visiting the place I had difficulty in identifying the locality.

I left the Central for the Capitol city in 1850, leaving many very good friends, and no enemies that I am aware of. For many years thereafter, on my casual visits and short sojourns in your place, I was wont to meet many old acquaintances and familiar faces. But latterly, I have walked the length of a large portion of Genesee street without seeing a familiar face

The city still contains some reminders of the writer's former labors, but they will soon have to give place to works more in accordance with modern tastes and ideas. Every generation hopes and strives to make its mark a little higher than its predecessor's, and the track must be cleared for the march of progress.

The Erie canal, the pride of the state, half a century ago, is now obliged to play second fiddle to the railroad, and they say it must work for nothing and find itself, even to enjoy that humble privilege. Call it progress or retrogression, as you prefer.

The electric telegraph, the photograph, the telephone, electric illumination, electromotion and ocean steam navigation, have all had their birth, and grown to lusty proportions within the period you commemorate: and, whereas, there were not, in 1832, one hundred miles of railroad on the continent, the miles of iron way are now numbered by hundreds of thousands. Moreover, at the risk of being charged with an exhibition of bad taste, I will add, that, while fifty years ago there was not an iron truss bridge upon this continent, if there was upon this globe, in 1882, there is almost no other, at least, of recent construction; and Utica is the point whence that ball was first set a-rolling, and has gone on like fame, "*crescens eundo.*" Utica,

the city of half a century: Utica, the home of eminent statesmen and jurists, of philosophers and scholars, and men of enterprise and distinction in all the honorable departments of human affairs. Cheers for Utica and all its people.

May your celebration be joyous and your future prosperity continuous.

Very respectfully, SQUIRE WHIPPLE.

FROM HON. PHILO WHITE.

WHITESBORO, Feb. 25, 1882.

Gentlemen of the Committee of the Oneida Historical Society:

I am honored with your circular invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of the "village of Utica," on the 1st of March proximo. I was first a resident of the "village of Utica" in the years 1812 and 1813, being then a pupil in the seminary there, of which Eliasaph Dorchester was the principal of the faculty. Those years, marking an interesting era in our "second war of independence" from England, Thomas Walker, senior, the founder and proprietor of the *Columbian Gazette*, at Utica, persuaded Mr. Dorchester, who enjoyed a fair scholastic reputation, to associate with him as an assistant editor, the thrilling events of the then war bearing heavily upon Mr. Walker's journalistic labors. Mr. Dorchester's editorial services did not, however, it seems, fulfill Mr. Walker's anticipations, and his connection with the *Columbian Gazette* ceased after a year or two. Most of the members of our Historical Society are doubtless familiar with Mr. Dorchester's subsequent course of life. He acquired a smattering of the typographical art while connected with the *Gazette* office, and some year or so after his severance from that establishment, he was encouraged by a segment of the democratic party, styled "buck-tails," to start a third newspaper in Utica, named the Utica *Observer*. The objective aim of the "buck-tails" was to subvert the regular democratic (subsequently known as the "Clintonian") party, and, by an adroit widely-published "pronunciamento," signed by "fifty-seven high-minded federalists," (as they styled themselves,) who, together with numerous other and miscellaneous accretions, augmented the "buck-tail" party into a majority in Oneida county. The *Observer* having been their political organ, Mr. Dorchester, its editor, was elected county clerk as a reward for his editorial labors. This was the climax of his auspicious fortunes. Placing the *Observer* establishment in the hands of the late A. G. Dauby—by whose enterprise, tact and talent that paper became the leading political journal in Western New York, and under the judicious executive management and expert journalism of Messrs. Grove

& Bailey, assisted by the surpassing editorial ability of Colonel Theodore P. Cook, the *Daily* and *Weekly Observer* of the present day ranks as one of the most prominent and ably conducted democratic journals in the state. Mr. Dorchester prospered during the four years' assiduous devotion to his clerical duties. Afterwards he resumed his former vocation as a classical teacher. But, as increase of years decreased his faculties of gaining a livelihood, he died at an advanced age in penury and want.

I may be pardoned for here recurring to my own case: After Mr. Dorchester resigned his position as teacher to assume that of co-editor, I continued my academic studies under the tuition of William H. Maynard, who, I think, taught a select school, Simeon De Witt Bloodgood and Thomas H. Flandrau being among my fellow students. Eventually, however, instead of matriculating as a "freshman" in Rev. Dr. Azel Backus' college, at Clinton, I was persuaded to be inducted into Mr. Walker's *Columbian Gazette* printing office, to learn the "art" of printing and be taught the craft of journalism. I continued in that "institution" a course of four years, practicing typography and scribbling for the *Gazette*—the latter clandestinely at first, but subsequently as an acceptable contributor. During this period William Walker (eldest son of the editor) and myself started a small weekly publication which we called the *Youths' Monitor*. Quite soon, however, a rival (similar) sheet appeared, the *Aurora*, gotten up by other tyros of literature, emulous of the *eclat* of journalism! Literary and scientific improvement was the professed design of these juvenile "periodicals." But a laudable emulation and natural rivalry between the two was soon fanned into flames of effervescent disputation in their columns, embracing not only mooted fortuitous problems of discussion, digressing eventually into fields of irrelevant criticism of men and of corporate authorities, &c., so pungent as ultimately to cause their *quietus*. I may here refer to one notable instance: There was then a prominent citizen of Utica named Oudenaarde. He was reputed wealthy; went precisely clad, was social, genial and generous with all whom he met on the street. Now, in Williams' directory of Utica, 1817, the profession, trade or vocation of every male was given. Oudenaarde had no visible "business" nor was he a professional man; accordingly "gentleman" was placed opposite his name, he being the only one who was thus dignified in the directory of that year. This was rich food for the *Monitor's* and the *Aurora's* sarcasms. They proclaimed it as a shameful scandal, that our favorite "Utica" should possess only one "gentleman" among all its population. Their satire became so caustic, on Oudenaarde especially, that the seniors of the village put their heads together and interdicted any further

issue of those small-fry "periodicals." Thus did I "graduate" as a public journalist, which was the cardinal profession of my after years, bearing me successfully through a lengthened career of private and official life, at home and abroad.

My health is fairly good; but I exceedingly regret that a temporary bronchial affection will prevent my mingling in your interesting Semi-Centennial on Wednesday next.

Very truly your fellow countyman, PHILO WHITE.

FROM A. WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 25, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ., *Chairman, and others:*

Gentlemen—I thank you most heartily for your invitation to take part in the Semi-Centennial celebration of the birth of my native city. I recall many pleasant memories connected with my early home.

At this distance, and with only the recollections of my early years, I recall many events happening in Utica which are perhaps of more interest to me than would be interesting to others on this occasion. The time seems long, to look at the cold type, which gives the years 1832–1882. I have lived through the whole period. I did not think I was so old. I have been thinking I was still a young man, wondering when some of these old men were going to get out of my way, when here comes a reminder telling me I am an old man myself. I used to think a man who had lived fifty years had lived long enough, but now I am willing to extend the time.

Utica to me, who have been absent so many years, will always seem to be the great stage and packet boat center. My conscience! How the whips would crack and the tin horns peal forth their music. Butterfield and Greenman were the great new lights that were rushing business. The old CoffeeHouse had to give way to the new and grand National Hotel, while the days of the York House were numbered in the face of the competition centering about the Genesee street bridge. The attractions for me amid the excitement of the packet boat season, caused such delays in movements as produced very serious unpleasantness between Schoolmaster Barber and myself. What boy of fifty is there among you who has not resolved to whip Schoolmaster Barber? The city was chartered in the year of the death of my uncle, Ezra S. Cozier, who lost his life in the discharge of a heroic duty during the terrible cholera of that year, and many who take part on this occasion will remember him and his self-sacrificing devotion to Utica in its infancy, and the sorrowing scenes amid which he lost his life. My father, Abraham B. Williams, after a long residence, died there

in his prime, and his bones and those of my mother repose in your beautiful cemetery. If my connection with the honored dead herein mentioned had alone prompted the invitation which you extend, I should feel honored and gratified beyond my ability to express.

As my birth place, and for a long period my home, I feel a great pride in the acknowledged commercial position of Utica, and in her able and good men. I regret that business engagements will prevent me from taking part in this celebration. Again thanking you for your remembrance at this time,

I am yours respectfully, ABRAM WILLIAMS.

FROM REV. H. WILLIAMS.

THE PARSONAGE, SO. PORTSMOUTH, R. I.
Feb. 23, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir—I am sorry that I cannot look forward to the pleasure of joining in the commemoration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of my native city, as proposed by the Oneida Historical Society, the 1st of March, to which you have done me the honor to invite me. As I read the names of your committee, I see an ample provision for your evening's entertainment. My memories are chiefly of my boyhood, before the founding of the city, and having more of the sportive character of Remus than of the gravity of his brother. Children now a days are very much neglected, are put out of the way, by themselves, to enjoy themselves after their own manner, which needs no oversight; but then, as I recall it, the whole village, with many wide streets, was given up to boys and girls for a play ground. Mud pies were provided for at every crossing, and one had only to step out of the front door to find a running stream or a small lake to sail his boat in. In the winter it was not enough that we could go to school on skates, but the mighty Mohawk sometimes covered the fields with ice for the especial delight of boyhood. In those days—but you have changed all that, since you became a city—sunshine made a real holiday; the children looked forward to it and looked back upon it for a long time.

If at your symposium there should be one venerable gentleman, who can recall the military glories of the Utica Academy, he should be called upon to tell of the wonderful exploits and more wonderful equipments. These last consisted in part of the discarded habiliments of some company of full-grown soldiers—the head gear particularly, as being too large for them, was allowed to descend upon our shoulders, which it literally did in many instances at first, till stuffed and wadded with newspapers and pocket handkerchiefs. As instead of heavy

muskets we had harmless wooden guns, and instead of plumes on our tall leather hats a curious formation of wool batting—we used to hear at the corners of the streets the derisive shouts of envious boys, out-siders, "Red broomsticks, fire buckets and rams' tails."

The Utica of old is chiefly noted for the great men who died there; but our modern city for those who have lived and still live in it. As an absent native I am proud of this; but I sometimes ask why is it that your distinguished citizens are so anxious to get away from their privileges, and betake themselves to such dull places as Albany or Washington; and our best lawyers, just as they ripen, will not be pent up any longer, but transplant themselves to New York. And I reply, it is that spirit of self sacrifice which is cultivated in your borders, but is more needed in other regions where wisdom and virtue less abound. I cut from yesterday's Providence *Journal* an announcement of a new, large, public park. It is many years now since I visited my old home and it is probable that in the midst of such a beautiful country an artificial park is not required: a drive like the Commonwealth avenue, Boston, a wide, open street, planted on both sides of a walk along the center, and leading to one of your pleasant villages around, might be less costly and more attractive for residence. I am, dear sir,

Most truly yours, H. Williams.

FROM HON. S. WELLS WILLIAMS.

New Haven, Feb. 27, 1882.

Robert S. Williams, *Chairman of the Committee of the Oneida Historical Society:*

Dear Sir—It seems to me to be a suitable manner of celebrating the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the city charter, and I can do no less than send a short reply to your kind invitation to join in the symposium.

When the city charter was granted I was at school in the Rensselaer institute at Troy, and never had the opportunity of voting at any municipal election. During the fifty years which have since passed, I have spent hardly one of them in Utica altogether, but the scattered visits have served to revive and strengthen the attachments of youth to the town and its citizens. I can be now personally known to comparatively few of the latter, but it has been a source of grateful surprise to me, on my return there at intervals of twelve or fifteen years, to find that I had been kept in memory by so many friends of my parents and brother.

Out of the fifty years now brought to their close, I have spent forty-three years in China, or (with few exceptions,) away

from Utica. During that period I have been permitted to see and aid in one of the greatest improvements of this century —the introduction of China and Japan into the family of nations. Before this century those populous countries had been known rather as vast outlying regions, where untold millions of our fellow men lived and died in their own special spheres, irrespective of the rest of mankind—somewhat as the outlying planets Uranus and Neptune, which had travelled on for ages in their remote orbits quite unknown to us, until recently discovered.

I arrived in Canton October 25, 1833, and was reported to the Chinese authorities, (who took cognizance of all foreigners coming to dwell in their land,) as a *fan kwei*, or "foreign devil," who was to reside in the American, or *Kwang-yuen* hong. Kingqua, its owner, was the special Hong merchant who had the oversight and responsibility of my good conduct. As it turned out, I never saw my guardian, and the American missionaries, four in number, all remained under his nominal cognizance as long as he lived.

The different state of things when last I left Pekin, October 25, 1876, will indicate the great changes which had passed over the empire in the intervening years. Instead of one port where foreign ships of every flag were obliged to trade, thirteen were opened. Nine foreign ministers had their legations at the capital, instead of their several mercantile consuls at Canton, who acted as go-betweens in behalf of their countrymen and the native officers; nor could these be induced to receive anything directly from the hands of the foreigners themselves, while the Hong merchants would accept nothing if not drawn up in the form of a petition.

In November, 1874, the United States minister, Mr. Avery, delivered his credentials to the Emperor Tungchi, and I interpreted them and his address to his imperial majesty. The last refuge of Chinese supremacy over other nations had been removed the year before, by the emperor's peacefully yielding the point of prostration whenever plenipotentiaries from foreign lands came into his presence. The last and most important change during the period of my residence was the facility possessed for travel and missionary labor. At my arrival, the land was shut up to foreign travelers for any purpose; while converts in the Protestant mission at Canton numbered only two or three under the care of two missionaries. At my departure, the work was spreading into each of the eighteen provinces, and its legality had been secured and guarded by the sanction of treaty. In forty years, from 1833 to 1873, China had been introduced into the fraternity of nations, where, I hope, she will be allowed to stay and exercise her rights. The other governments are likely to make her fulfil her duties.

In the opening of Japan I also had a share. In 1837 I was passenger in the American ship Morrison, which was bound to Yedo for the purpose of restoring seven shipwrecked Japanese to their homes. The vessel was repulsed by four cannon brought to bear upon us from the shore, but happily no serious damage was received during six hours of firing. After our return three of the men were employed in my printing office, and I learned in a rather rude fashion, the use of their native tongue. In 1853 I was one of Commodore Perry's suite, which landed within a short distance of the spot where the four cannon had been placed sixteen years before; here, on this occasion, we delivered President Fillmore's letter asking for better treatment for American ships than the Morrison had received. During this short visit and the five months that the squadron was in those waters the next year, I was able to explain much of the purpose of the American expedition to the officials and people at the three ports and the Lewchew islands, and perhaps remove their fears that its real design was conquest or pillage.

During the half century of your charter, these two ancient nations have undergone the most rapid and thorough changes which have ever happened to any nation recorded in history—changes involving their political, religious, and social life, and which are likely to obliterate the action of their former ages. It was a great satisfaction to me to have been a close observer of and co-worker in these mighty alterations. Most of them tended to the elevation and benefit of the two nations involved; and with the political and commercial relations established by the treaties of 1858, came also the toleration and teaching of the Holy Scriptures among the people in their own tongues, thereby giving them valid reasons for the changes proposed.

Few of the citizens of Utica who will join in this half century commemoration have gone further than I have or stayed away longer: yet my love for the old homestead seems to grow with increasing years. Three of my former schoolmates visited me while abroad in the first twelve years—John T. K. Lothrop, Joab Brown and Lieutenant M. Hunt. Out of the whole period I spent twenty-two years in the employ of the American Board of Missions, and twenty-one in the service of the United States; but my sole aim in all of them was to promote the welfare of the Chinese.

Allow me, in conclusion, to thank you for this opportunity of joining in your civic celebration. As I cannot tell you anything about Utica, I am constrained to say what I do about the land of my adoption—speaking with pleasure of the wonderful advances it has made within the past five decades; and I believe that during the next five, the Governor of the nations,

whose wisdom and power are now seen, as his promises to the land of Sinim are fulfilling, will show even greater things for the ancient race of Ham.

Wishing for my native town all the blessings which will promote her true interests,

I am your fellow-citizen, S. WELLS WILLIAMS.

FROM BENJAMIN WRIGHT.

[TELEGRAM.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Feb. 28, 1882.

ROBERT S. WILLIAMS, *Chairman Semi-Centennial Anniversary:*

Utica well represented in this city last kissed by the setting sun, and her golden gate always open for others to come.

BENJ. WRIGHT.

The Half Century Club.

ITS ORGANIZATION.

The approach of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the charter of Utica as a city suggested to some gentlemen the propriety of commemorating the accomplishment of its first half century with becoming observance; and to this end, a meeting was held, at which it was resolved to form an organization, to be composed of natives of the village of Utica, under the name of the Half-Century Club. In the preliminary selection of officers, it was decided to name as President and Vice Presidents those eligible to membership who had held the position of Mayor of Utica, giving precedence in the order of official seniority. Accordingly, the Club was organized with the following ex-Mayors as officers:

President..	Hon. WARD HUNT, -	1844.
Vice Pres..	Hon. DEWITT C. GROVE,	1860.
	Hon. JAMES MCQUADE,	1866.
	Hon. THEO. F. BUTTERFIELD,	1872.
	Hon. CHARLES E. BARNARD,	1876.

No further action was taken towards the furtherance of the object for which the Club was initiated beyond the enrollment of names of those qualified to become

members, for which purpose Mr. Eugene Stearns was appointed Secretary.

The Oneida Historical Society having provided for a Semi-Centennial Celebration, in the form of a literary symposium at the City Opera House, it was proposed to supplement this commemoration with a supper, after the old fashion, at Bagg's Hotel. To make arrangements therefor, a meeting was called at "Bagg's Tavern, in Woodmarket Square," (which was the original designation of the inn,) on the evening of February 25, 1882.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. John F. Seymour, on whose motion General James McQuade was chosen Chairman, and Col. Egbert Bagg, Secretary. After consultation, it was resolved to give a supper on the evening of March 2d, 1882, that date being selected to avoid interference with the Historical Society symposium, to be held on the first day of March, the actual anniversary. A motion for the appointment of a Committee of Arrangements having been adopted, the Chairman appointed the following :

Benjamin Allen,	N. A. White,
John F. Seymour,	Harvey Barnard,
Egbert Bagg,	B. F. Davies,
Charles H. Sayre,	Eugene Stearns,
Isaac Whiffen,	John G. Brown.

On motion, the Chairman was added to the Committee.

At a meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, held the same evening, B. Allen was chosen Chairman, E. Bagg, Secretary, and I. Whiffen, Treasurer.

The following sub-committees were appointed:

Supper—James McQuade, I. Whiffen, B. F. Davies.
Invitations—Eugene Stearns, C. H. Sayre, J. G. Brown.

It was resolved to make the organization of the Half-Century Club permanent; to elect officers at the supper; and to enlarge the qualification for membership by making a residence of fifty years in Utica, without regard to nativity, the sole requirement. A resolution was adopted designating General James McQuade to preside at the supper; and inviting Rev. Dr. A. J. Upson to act as Chaplain, and in the event of his inability to be present, substituting the Rev. Dr. D. G. Corey to officiate.

The Supper.

The supper was held as appointed, and every seat in the dining-room and adjoining ordinary of Bagg's Hotel was filled; there were present

Mayor Miller, ex-Mayors James McQuade, D. C. Grove, Theodore F. Butterfield, Miles C. Comstock and Charles E. Barnard; the Hon. A. T. Goodwin, the Hon. John F. Seymour, the Hon. John C. Devereux, Recorder Bulger, City Clerk McQuade, the Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Police Commissioners McIntosh, Flanagan and Davies, Charity Commissione, Thomas, School Commissioner Symonds, Supervisors Mooney and French, Judge R. O. Jones, Justice M. M. Jones, Superintendent McMillan, County Treasurer Kohler, Col. J. S. Lowery, the Rev. Dr. Corey, the Hon. W. B. Taylor, Dr. M. M. Bagg, R. S. Williams, W. Jerome Green, Maj. D. T. Everts, W. M. Storrs, J. G. Brown, Edward Sturges, M. B. DeLong, Albert Spencer, Horace W. Fowler, Dr. C. B. Foster, John D. Kernan, Harvey Barnard, E. S. Brayton. Benjamin Allen, Isaac Whiffen, B. F. Ray, Joshua W. Church, Moses Bailey, Harold Frederic, B. F. Davies, T. R. McQuade, Robert Middleton, W. W. Coffin, A. L. Woodruff, Richard U. Owens, Coroner Hunt, Lyman B. Adams, William Dunn, William Lent, John W. Bates, Henry Hopson, Joseph A. Shearman, John Butterfield-E. A. Tallman, W. H. Scranton, C. F. Palmer, F. W. Pratt, Otto E. C. Guelich, F. M. Kendrick, J. W. Bond, P. F. De Lester, John G. Fowler, George Washington Keating, Henry Barnard, John H. Davies, E. D. Buckingham, F. W. Hurlburt, N. C. Newell, Selden Collins, H. W. McKay, James Ballou, Moses Bailey, Thomas J. Griffith, Daniel McGucken, George Booth, B. A. Clark, George A. Clark, Alderman Carpenter,

Corporation Counsel Barrows, Rudolph D. Snyder, David Hull H. T. Miller, Eugene Stearns, Charles Downer, Colonel Egbert Bagg, H. D. Pixley, N. F. Pegg, John S. Hill, Col. C. H. Ballou, E. Z. Wright, G. L. Bradford, Walter C. North, Cordon Hackett, Alfred S. Hubbell. Henry Hubbell, E. V. W. Griffiths, John Cummings, Walter I. Martin, Thomas Hollingworth, Wm. Heath, George D. Dimon, Robert McElwaine, W. B. Smith, S. C. Davis. Wallace Burt, H. I. Johnson, Theodore P. Ballou, Lute W. Cafferty, John T. Stevens, James Sayre, Samuel C. Davis, Dr. J. E. West, James Greenman, George Allen, Charles Sayre, John O'Donnell, James H. Howe, J. E. B. Thorn, Thomas Crowley, William Dagwell, Thomas Welch, John Gray, Edward Clark, James Thompson, William H. Farwell, Daniel Batchelor, D. L. Vanderheyden, Thomas E. Patterson, Chauncey Palmer, William Blaikie, Charles Thorne, John Springler, J. Burton, P. C. J. DeAngelis, W. W. Fowler, Morris Dickinson, Robert Baxter, Moses M. Bailey, Charles Barnard and Thomas B. Howell. Among the participants from out of town were Messrs. Brainard and Cooper, of Waterville, Clarke, of Yonkers, Camp, of Sacketts Harbor, Hoadley, of Boston, Burt, of Oswego, George W. Pixley, of Fort Wayne, Ind., J. T. Brush, of Indianapolis, Ind., and George C. Mason, of Lima, Ohio.

The unique bill of fare was described in the daily papers, as follows:

The bill of fare, designed as a memento of the occasion, was much approved. The paper was rough, and the covers were illustrated with three old-time wood-cuts, one of M. Bagg's Tavern in 1832, one representing a stage-coach of Parker's famous line, and a third depicting one of Greenman's equally famous canal packets. Inside were the names of the Half-Century Committee, Benjamin Allen, Harvey Barnard, Benj. F. Davies, N. A. White, John G. Brown, Egbert Bagg, James McQuade, Charles H. Sayre, John F. Seymour, Isaac Whiffen and Eugene Stearns, surmounted by the Yah-nun-dah-sis seal of the city. The tempting *menu* was set forth with many local

"hits" of the olden time, and will be generally appreciated and enjoyed:

Oysters on Half Shell.
(From Clam Perkins'.)

—

Purée of Chicken.
(From King Welch.)

—

Broiled Shad.
(From Herring & Whiting's.)
Potatoes.
(From Sergeant John Hasson.)

—

Filet of Beef, with Mushrooms.
(Hugh Crocker's best.)
Potato Croquets.
(From Pat. Dixon.)

—

Potted Pigeons.
(Shot on Corn Hill.)

—

Roast Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.
(From Broadway's.)
Green Peas, (From John Campbell's.) New Potatoes, (From Calvin Stearns'.)

—

Champagne Punch.
(By Bobby Barnes,)

—

Roast Mallard Duck, Currant Jelly.
(From John Beston's.)
Dressed Celery. Lettuce, (From Chauncey Phelps'.) Olives,

—

Vanilla Ice Cream, (Peter Palmer.) Jelly Rolade, (From Wm. Hackett.)
Bismarck Slices.
Cocoanut Kisses, (From Spurtzell.) Victoria Fingers, (By Miss Derbyshire.)
Assorted Nuts, (From Arnold.) Fruits, (From Wilbur.)

—

Coffee.
(By Mrs. Churchill.)

—

The Dressing Room will be in charge of J. Ingalls and D. Saumet.

—

"Pizarro" at Dyke's Catharine Street Theatre this evening.

Before sitting down to table, grace was said by the Rev. Dr. D. G. Corey.

Immediately in front of the presiding officer's chair was a magnificent basket of flowers, with the monogram "M" interwoven with the legend "1832—1882," and a card, bearing this inscription: "To General James McQuade, the faithful law clerk of my husband in days of auld lang syne, with the compliments of Mrs. O. B. Matteson."

After the bill of fare had been discussed with great acceptance, General McQuade called the assemblage to order, and said:

I beg leave to thank the Committee of Arrangements for the honor conferred in my selection to preside at this commemorative supper. I feel that I am not entitled to the distinction while there are so many here with superior claims, both from seniority and greater consequence in the community; and yet my somewhat varied experience, which brought me in contact with a number of the old residents identified with the early history of the city, may afford some ground for the suggestion of the appropriateness of choice. It would be mere affectation for me to refrain from expressing my appreciation of the beautiful souvenir before me, recalling as it does a happy period in my careless youth when I was a law student in the office of Matteson & Doolittle. I experienced from Mr. Matteson so much thoughtful and lenient consideration, that I may be pardoned, although merely a personal matter, for taking the opportunity afforded to acknowledge an old-time obligation, which is recalled to memory like the perfume of some long-faded flower, freshened and vivified by the scent of the newly-blown roses before me.

And I am reminded, too, that Mr. Matteson, who has occupied a prominent place as a citizen, and held high public positions, is now the sole survivor of the city officers of 1832. In that year he served as City Attorney, and there is not living a member of the Common Council or a city officer who was associated with him. He is, I believe, the only resident of Genesee

street who lives in the same place he occupied when the city was chartered, fifty years ago.

As we are in a gossiping mood, and disposed to the playful vein rather than the serious and solemn, it is permissible for one to talk about himself and his neighbors without becoming amenable to the charge of egotism. We come here to talk cheerfully about the old times, and to enrich this feast with tender recollections of the old friends who occupy no chairs at the table to-night, but who are present in our hearts.

I did not become deeply versed in the profundities of legal knowledge whilst in the office of Matteson & Doolittle. It was "in my salad days when I was green in judgment," and, unfortunately, the corner window I occupied was a "coigne of vantage" which commanded a clear view of the fashionable crossing at the corner of Broad and Genesee streets, where the fickle eye was allured from the perusal of musty Blackstone, Kent and Chitty, to the critical contemplation of glowing beauty, *en promenade*. I suppose I may as well admit, in the words of the poet:

"Though wisdom oft has sought me
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me."

It was while floating idly along in the plain sailing of *Indebitatus assumpsit*, or getting involved in the tortuous channels of *Cestui que trust*, that a financial avocation, growing out of the business of the office, and connected with the adventurous merchant and manufacturer, Frederick Hollister, brought me into intimate relations with the late A. B. Johnson, who, then and afterwards, manifested much interest in my welfare, both in private life and public station, giving me the benefit of wise counsels and unvarying friendship and support. Mr. Johnson, it is hardly necessary to say, was a man of varied attainments, of inflexible integrity and, though inexorably just and judiciously discriminating, of a kindly disposition.

Before entering the office referred to, I was for a time a student with the famous firm of Spencer & Kernan. Joshua A Spencer will always be regarded as one of the greatest advocates of his day, and Senator Kernan has added to a reputation

for forensic ability the lustre of able, prudent and unsullied statesmanship. In the course of my revolutions as a rolling stone, I became an officer in the old Bank of Utica, on Whitesboro street, when W. B. Welles was Cashier, R. H. Shearman, Teller; Thomas Colling, Bookkeeper; and T. C. B. Knowlson, Clerk. Upon those halcyon days of banking I often look back with a sigh of regret, like one who has left the cool retreat of some sequestered nook, where he was lulled to repose by soothing murmurs, to encounter the heat and dust of an arid plain, amid the glare and turmoil of unremitting business activity. There was an air of imperturbability about this dignified institution, a placidity of demeanor, in marked contrast with the commonplace bustle which pervades the banking offices of this utilitarian period. Yet we were, to some extent, fast even then. The bank clock was ten minutes ahead of the town clock, so we opened the bank for business by city time and closed it by bank time; following Charles Lamb's example, who made up for reaching his office late in the morning by leaving early in the afternoon.

These names, so familiar to the older residents, are not paraded here for the purpose of demonstrating that at an early day I was thrown into the good society of my elders, but are recapitulated by way of an apology for the action of the Committee in designating me to preside at this notable symposium. While my own merit would not accord me the position, I derive, from close association with these honored pioneers of Utica, some reminiscent claim to be regarded as not altogether out of place. I serve as a sort of connecting link with the past, and as the shades of those who have left us are evoked in the course of these garrulous remarks, I present a shadowy title to the chair which I fill with a too substantial presence.

Appropriately are we assembled here in Semi-Centennial observance. This is a festal hallowed ground. This is the renowned hostelry, which has stood for over three-quarters of a century, a monument of bountiful hospitality, enwreathed with joyous memories, reaching back beyond the personal recollection of any present to-night, but preserved as cherished traditions. This venerable landmark, which, like some slender sapling, planted long ago by careful hands in congenial soil, has thrived and expanded into a wide-spreading tree, capable of

affording shelter to numerous guests, is a fit place for the establishment of those who are gathered to emphasize an important event in the history of Utica. These walls have resounded with many a sound of revelry, these rafters have rung with shouts of merriment, aroused by the song and story, the quip and jest, of our jovial ancestors, who entered into enjoyment with a zest and fervor unknown in these colder-blooded days of pseudonymous propriety. The exuberant spirits of those hearty men often found vent in unrestrained mirthfulness and *abandon* which would grate harshly on the fastidious ear of this generation: but they were honest, true hearted gentlemen, who lived cleanly lives, and scorned cant, hypocrisy and pretense. The man who had the respect of the community then was one who deserved it for his good qualities. He was just, sincere and truthful, performing his duty in the pursuit of peaceful vocations with knightly courage and honor.

> "The knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust:
> His soul is with the saints, I trust."

But I shall not engross your attention by extending any further this lengthy apology for my appearance as presiding officer, but will call upon my friend, Mr. John F. Seymour, who bears a beloved name, "familiar as household words" in Utica, and illustrious everywhere, to speak for the "old residents of Utica."

Mr. Seymour said:

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the compliment you pay to the name of Seymour, and I regret that the elder brother is not here to make suitable response. It is a great pleasure to have the name associated with the history of Utica, one of the best cities in the world. "A city set upon a hill, from whence it overlooks the bright fields which in summer stand dressed in living green beyond the swelling flood" of the Mohawk, while the river, its banks crowned with elms and willows and golden rods, flows in graceful curves from one side of the valley to the other, as if it would prolong its stay by all manner of excuses.

The school days of "us boys" were mostly passed at Bartlett's High School in East Utica, which commanded a view of that part of the valley towards the east which was our daily admiration, and here I met Uridge Whiffen, a brother of our fellow

citizen, Mr. Isaac Whiffen, and my teacher in Greek and Latin. He was a fine scholar and a good boxer. He drilled me with Greek and Latin during school hours, and pounded me with boxing gloves out of hours, but gradually I learned to get in blows which made me happy, and fitted me for the brushes of out-door college life, and if I did not learn much of Greek and Latin it was not his fault.

The friendship formed with Mr. Whiffen was for life, and I am glad that I have this opportunity to pay tribute to the memory of one whose purity and single heartedness and scholarly attainments won for him the respect and affection of his pupils. At this school was also Professor Fay Edgerton, from Bennington, Vermont, who taught us Botany, Chemistry and Mineralogy, and walked with us from Troy to the White Mountains with knapsacks on our backs, gathering minerals by the way, and health and strength for the journey of life. By us I mean Professor James D. Dana, Professor S. Wells Williams, Judge Alexander S. Johnson, Dr. M. M. Bagg, Matthew Bagg, James L. Butler, William Snyder, Edward P. Handy, George Bemis and others: boys then, but old men now, such as survive, with warm hearts under frosted heads, and with fresh and happy recollections of a journey, the memory of which has been a life long pleasure.

Professor Edgerton shared in the affections of the boys with Mr. Whiffen by making us his companions. There are some here to-night who are engaged in the noble work of teaching, whose hearts may sometimes fail them because their pupils are wayward or thoughtless, let them always remember that in due time they will reap a harvest of gratitude provided they do not faint in the work.

It was my intention to tell you about two beautiful residences and large grounds with trees which were once on the east side of Genesee street, just below the Johnson place, opposite the City Hall and the block below, one being the home of Arthur Breese, and the other that of Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, but I see here my old schoolmate who, when we were boys, beat me in running a race down Genesee street. As he was the winner then he is entitled to the course now, and I introduce him to you as Thomas Allen Clarke, a son of Captain William Clarke, one of the most energetic of the early settlers of Utica.

Mr. Thos. Allen Clarke said substantially as follows:

This concession of my friend Mr. Seymour is but one of the many kindnesses I have experienced from him. In the races to which he has referred, the short ones I may have won, but

in the long he was victor. I was but a quarter horse, he had the staying qualities of a four-miler; but in the long race of over sixty years, in friendship we have been side by side. Better would it be for him to continue to-night his recital. I have, what with the boy's ramble last night, and the fuller reports in the papers of to-day, occupied enough of your time.

Many of those before me are my boyhood friends, and many names that have been mentioned recall memories of their fathers. Immediately before me is my friend, Mr. Ballou, of one of the earliest and most esteemed families. I see Mr. Shearman's familiar face which reminds me of three homes in which the noisy plays of, I fear, rather rude boys were encouraged, certainly very mildly checked. My boyhood friend, Mr. Grannis, looks just as he did long years ago. He "stood by the staff," and so the Baggs, Williams and Sewards. But I must not call the roll of the village. I have been repeatedly asked to day, "Did you know my father?" I have been happy to say invariably, yes, with some recital of circumstance. I doubt not that I could give like answer to inquiries from such as you. By my side is my young, gallant and humorous friend, who reminds me of his father, Michael McQuade, with all his genial qualities, and who, the last time I was here, gave me for an hour his interesting reminiscences. When I used the word "gallant," just now, the Citizens' Corps and its history sprang up before me. Men, possessed of the courage of their convictions, who have been generously rewarded with the honors of fame. Toward this Corps which had been recently organized when I left for my Southern home I have had a feeling of tenderness since I was told by my friend, Morris Miller, far away from here, of the honors done by them to one inexpressibly dear to me. I was happy, to-day, to meet the commander on that occasion and to find him the son of my long-time friend, Thomas Davies, who closed here recently his long and useful life.

This ancient hostelry in which we meet has historic associations. In this room the great men of the state have been entertained. LaFayette dined here. Gouverneur Morris, Tompkins, DeWitt Clinton, John Wells, Emmett, Butler, Burr, Foote, Marcy, Young, and all who grace the early annals of the state, sat at this board gracefully presided over by Mrs. Bagg. Her coffee was famed for its delicious flavor. Her plans of benevolence were formed and discussed, and in the hall above the beauty and grace of the state have "tripped on light fantastic toe."

A Virginia friend told me, years ago, that in England and on the continent he had heard so much of the enjoyments of this country house, that he determined to visit it on his return before going to Virginia. He came from New York then, in

point of time, seven-fold the distance of to-day. His anticipations were realized. Virginia did not furnish a parallel. This is high praise, as you know a Virginian never yields the palm for anything, whether quadruped or biped, from the blood of her renowned Sir Archy, to that of his "first families."

With all the staidness of the early population the village was enlivened by humorists of whom Hackett was *facile princeps*, having good foils in Ephraim Hart, Joseph Porter, Montgomery Hunt and a numerous circle of our Irish friends, to name whom would be to call up all the sunny faces of that race. Practical jokers there were. One of their pranks will amuse you, as it had a good end and may serve as a useful precedent. A tramp was employed, at extravagant wages, to stand all day at the junction of the four streets on the square just before us to serve as a guide board. For an hour he was quizzed by all sorts of questions by the wags following each other in rapid succession, until, exhausted, he incontinently fled the village, without wages, a wiser if not a better man.

The old bell of the village was an institution. It awoke sleepers in the morning, bid to breakfast and dinner, bade the toiler cease work at six and go to bed at nine, announced lost children. Besides its Sunday calls to worship, it admonished the departure from earth of each soul by tolling the age. On the Fourth of July its tones were jubilant. We all had an affection for the old bell. Its tones often sounded in the ear of memory to me in my distant home. Ah! the wail of its last notes to many hearts, when by ruthless hands precipitated from its high place.

You have reason to be proud of the conservative character of your population. Notably of your financial institutions. *Esto perpetua.*

Since I came here I have heard some whisperings that in prosperity the city is not advancing, especially as indicated by a not proportionate increase of population. As I have passed through your streets I have witnessed no evidence of decay, unless more splendid habitations, art galleries, lofty manufactories and a degree of luxury unknown to your fathers is an evidence of decline. There is a marvelous contrast with the appearances of a half century ago, in the equipment for business and for home dwelling.

I suppose if inquiries were carefully made, many of you would be found to have followed Faxton and others, sending out your surplus capital and expending your energies to develope the resources of the continent. In early days I remember it was said of Samuel Stocking that he was the richest man in the town, his fortune estimated at $40,000; that he pressed his business at home to its capacity, built houses and stores and had a surplus of capital and credit enough with Astor to de-

velope the fur trade of the north west, thus adding to his own and to the town's prosperity.

A village certainly affords in many respects advantages for individual discipline and growth—a closer contact of man with man, or rather boy with boy, more equality of intercourse, more activity by friction, life more transparent, interest for one another increased by interaction, more sympathetic, and the whole pride kept alive in and for the progress of its sons; while the city has perhaps greater advantages in presenting broader views and smoothing off tendencies to provincialism. But I am running into philosophy.

I hope that fifty years hence those who meet at this board may have pride in the review of the intervening years, fully equal to that you have to-night in the record of the past.

May peace, prosperity and happiness attend you and yours.

The Chairman said that benefit of clergy was a boon ordinarily called for at a late stage, but in the apparent healthiness of this entertainment he would not regard the ministration as a necessity, but would give the cloth the precedence to which it was entitled by merit. He asked Rev. Dr. Corey to respond for the clergy; which the latter briefly complied with.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the Chairman said that among the three learned professions, law, physic and divinity, the legal, with characteristic audacity, put itself foremost. In giving precedence to divinity, he had, no doubt, incurred severe pains and penalties which he would suffer were he ever so weak as to become enmeshed in the toils of litigation. But everyone must take risks in the stern and faithful performance of duty. There could be something good said even of lawyers (by themselves) and he would call upon Mr. John D. Kernan, worthy representative of the firm which is the lineal descendant and residuary legatee of the fame of Spencer & Kernan, to plead in mitigation for being retained here without a fee.

Mr. Kernan said:

I am exceedingly gratified, Mr. Chairman, on behalf of the legal fraternity for your just recognition of the intimate relation that exists between theology and law, between clergymen and lawyers! Indeed lawyers have rather the advantage in the comparison, because while our clerical friends "preach the law," lawyers, as is well known, "*practice it.*"

It is the fashion of these semi-centennial days to picture the wealth of intellect, the integrity and earnestness of purpose, and

the great success of the lawyers of an early day in their forensic struggles. I am not disposed to pursue the theme in that aspect. We lawyers of the present generation feel that in this there is evident malice towards us, on the part of the seniors of the profession, many of whom here present were partakers in that early glory. To demonstrate how small we are, by picturing how great they were, is to us *damnum*, though perhaps *absque injuriâ*.

That branch of the subject to which I would briefly call your attention would be properly entitled thus:

IN ANY COURT.

IN THE MATTER
OF———
COSTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

This important branch of legal practice has always been much neglected by lawyers!

The ancient lawyer, like unto us of the present day, lost in anxiety for the success of his client, striving for fame and seeking to gather in the approbation of his conscience rather than pelf, often overlooked this little matter of costs and disbursements. They came to him rather as votive offerings than as exactions! His mission was mainly benevolence: the discouragement of litigation; the calming of neighborhood passions; the untangling of limitless pleadings and *decisis stare!* I ought to state perhaps that I am presenting the professional view of this question rather than the *unanimous* verdict of clients.

At an early day, when the client had reached red heat and was determined to law his neighbor about a line fence through a stump lot, he came to one of these distinguished ancient practitioners from across the Deerfield hills, with his retainer loaded on a bob-sled, in the shape of cord wood. As the suit progressed he plied the lawyer with *refreshers*, such as dried apples, butternuts, calf skins and second-hand buggies. They were all received and duly credited towards costs and disbursements. The cellar and backyard of the lawyer, holding many briefs, groaned with costs and disbursements paid in kind. At the end of the litigation professional etiquette required the lawyer to take the balance of the farm. I owe my own introduction to active practice in justice's court to a practitioner of the early bar, Judge William H. Pratt. My first earnest effort was in a calf suit at Deerfield Corners, as associate counsel with Judge Pratt. I plunged the jury into much law. Notwithstanding my efforts to thus distract them from the merits, they emerged under Judge Pratt's guidance with a verdict for our side. I remember this suit particularly, because true to the early traditions which there cling, the client paid entirely *in kind;* corn was the kind in that case—corn in the juice at

that! I desire to say to my own credit as a precocious collector that the Judge had great difficulty in obtaining his fair share of the counsel fee. To dilate further would be to encroach upon the five-minute rule. This opportunity to give outsiders a word of advice free ought not to be lost however. The courts are open; the lawyers are ready. Permit no trifling with your rights! Stand up like men and repel every menace. Take no law in your own hands, but take it at the hands of lawyers! Be Machiavelian in your policy, and in peace prepare for war! Let those not already engaged in litigation seek and retain lawyers that their lamps may be trimmed when the chance to litigate comes. My legal brethren will recognize the millenium that lies concealed in this advice. To trim a client before suit provokes pleasant sensations. Allow me, sir, to say, but a word in seriousness. In the beginning of this century Utica held Courts for the State. To her Terms there came Hamilton, Burr, Hoffman, Talcott and the distinguished lawyers of the country. Here their wit flashed and their learning sowed seed, which blossomed and ripened into a generation of lawyers, who were very able as practitioners and irreproachable and profound as judges, who, as statesmen, have made the name of Utica a household word in the land.

In proposing a toast to the medical profession, the Chairman said that it was not alone in his character of physician, but as the industrious historiographer of Utica, that he would call upon Dr. M. M. Bagg to respond. To Dr. Bagg's patient, painstaking research, which collected the facts, and his facile pen, which embellished them with literary graces, we were indebted for a vivid picture, replete with graphic individualizations, and accurate presentments of the traits and peculiarities of primitive Utica.

Dr. Bagg said:

I have been asked to speak of the former doctors of Utica. There have been many of them. To speak of a few only might be invidious; to introduce them all, in the brief space of time allotted me, would be but to give a mere catalogue of names. Many of them I have elsewhere discoursed on. Besides, I have observed that the laity have their partialities about doctors; they like well enough to hear about their own, but are indifferent to the profession at large. The place where we are seated suggests other themes on which I can be more unrestricted and less in danger of repeating myself. I prefer to relate a few incidents of which I am reminded by the house that now harbors us.

Let us go back in imagination to the close of the last century or the very beginning of this one, when the oldest semi-centenarian of us all was yet unborn, and picture to ourselves a plain, two-storied, wooden building that stood on the corner of the site of this one. It is a commonplace country tavern, as humble in appearance and surroundings as any that can be met with on a retired country road. Its landlord is a plain, though intelligent and amiable man, of an accommodating temper, fond of humor and endowed with a fair share of sense and shrewdness. Next to his house on the north there lived a blacksmith, their grounds adjoining in the rear and separated by a fence, which, if not of brush, was not much better in structure. This blacksmith was a good enough neighbor in the main, but if he thought himself aggrieved disposed to make trouble. Looking out in front, one day, the landlord saw this neighbor driving off some swine which he knew were his own, and whose place was in the rear of his yard. "Where are you driving my hogs?" said he. "To the pound," was the answer. "Oh! no, neighbor Hobby, you wouldn't drive my hogs to the pound, would you?" "They have been trespassing on my grounds, and I mean they shall be shut up." "Leave them to me and I will see that they trespass on you no more." "No! I mean they shall go to the pound." Finding persuasion useless, our landlord returned to the bar-room and hastily filling a measure with oats or meal from a bin that was near at hand, he reappeared outside, and giving the pigs a sniff of the appetizing fodder, he soon coaxed them away from the irate Hobby and back into the cover of his own premises. The incident I relate, not so much to characterize the men of whom it treats, as because it reveals the simplicity of those early days, when provender for beasts was kept in proximity with the bar-room, when alongside of the tavern-keeper was a blacksmith, their backyards being separated merely by a fence so frail that hogs could make their way through it. Another fact in illustration of the difference between the Bagg's Hotel of that day and this: This landlord had a saddle-horse which he often let on livery, and which was a general favorite with the villagers, by reason of its sagacity and gentleness as well as its other good qualities as a horse for riding. When the party hiring him came back from his ride, he had only to turn the horse loose and it was sure to find its way to the stable, for every one knew Saladin, and no one would interfere with his movements. In sooth, those were primitive times in Utica, which incidents like these best enable us to realize.

This wooden tavern stood until the beginning of the war of 1812. So small was it that when the first Board of Canal Commissioners visited the place in the course of their preliminary survey, in 1810, two of them, Messrs. Stephen Van Rens-

salaer and Gouverneur Morris, with their attendants, occupied so much of the room that the rest, who arrived later by the Mohawk, were foreed to go to the York House for quarters. In 1812-15, Moses Bagg, Jr., who had succeeded his father in 1808, removed the wooden structure and put up on its site the corner portion of the present brick one. This he conducted until 1825, when having prepared a home for his family on Broad street, he rented the tavern for three years to Abraham Shepard, of New London, Conn. Mr. Shepard was followed by Alfred Churchill, of Otsego county, brother-in-law of Mr. Bagg, who kept it in company with the latter until 1835, and left it to manage a temperance house, newly built on the west side of Genesee below Broad street, being sueceeded, for a single year, in the hotel by a man named Ottey, from Canada. A strip was ere this time added on the north. In 1836 the hotel was sold to a company, of which Mr. Churchill was one, —the purchase including also the Bleecker House, the large structure adjoining on the north, built by one of the Bleecker family of Albany, and opened by Ransom Curtiss. The dining-room wing on the east having been added by this company, the whole was now incorporated under the charge of Mr. Churchill, who eventually bought out his associates and continued to run it until his death in 1865. His successors have been in turn James A. Southworth, and since the fall of 1869 Thomas R. Proctor, the present incumbent. Here then we have a continuous series of landlords from the settler of 1794, who welcomed guests in the log-house wherein at first he dwelt, and erected afterwards the scarcely less humble structure I have above described, to the present proprietor of this and two vast establishments beside.

So much for the keepers of the house. But what of the kept? What guests it has sheltered—how many and who—in the course of its lengthened career, it were in vain to endeavor to tell. Nearly all who, ere the days of the canal and the railway, would make their way through Central New York, whether moving by stage or by boats on the Mohawk, must needs stop in Utica, and where so natural a place for refreshment and sleep as the stage-house by the river. As the chief resting-place on this great highway of intercourse, it must have received and entertained not only the most of the tourists from Europe and the eastern parts of our own country, but no small portion of the frontier settlers of New York, Ohio, Illinois and the neighboring States. It has entertained them on their journey outward, and it has entertained them on their business trips to the metropolis. If other houses were good, this was the most convenient one, an advantage it has held ever since, despite the changed means of conveyance, while in comfort and fare it was the equal of any.

These flying visitors of all ranks, professions and degrees of distinction, I should essay in vain to enumerate, for though I might name a few of the notable ones, very many of consequence must of needs be forgotten. Some who have been longer participants of the hospitalities of the house may be briefly alluded to, as the Commissioners who had in hand the construction of the Erie Canal, and who often journeyed to and fro in the course of their duties, the judges and lawyers of the Supreme Court of the State, who were every year quartered here for weeks at a time, and the old-time citizen-boarders.

Of one of these commissioners, the brilliant and versatile Morris, we are told that he showed himself while here to be a lover of good things to eat, and not only a lover but an adept also in their making, and that more than once he has descended to the kitchen and instructed the cook in his method of preparing some savory viand. In this, by the way, he rivalled the American Bonapartes, who, when they tarried a few days while on their course to visit Le Ray de Chaumont, brought their own cook along. The honey of Oneida Mr. Morris specially prized, and ordered a hive every year for consumption at home.

The learned and stately bar of former times others remember better than I do. Indeed you have already been told of those dignified processions from the hotel to the Court House, when led by some such princely-bearing Sheriff as James S. Kip or John E. Hinman, with drawn sword at his shoulder, there set forth Judges Van Ness, Yates, Platt or Thompson, or Nelson, Bronson and Cowan, followed by Burr, Hoffman, Van Buren, Oakley, Ogden, Williams, Wells, Henry, Storrs, Talcott or others, awing all beholders by their august presence and the gravity of their state and functions. These sights I have heard of but do not recall, since during court sessions the children of the household were condemned to Coventry, to bide with country cousins or friends. Tradition has told me of Aaron Burr that he never slept without a lighted candle at his bedside, and that once when, at 4 o'clock, his relay was exhausted, he appeared below stairs in his night gown, in quest of another, and startled the cook who was busy at pie-making.

Among the boarders of shorter or of longer continuance I might speak of Dunlap and Inman, the painters, of the earlier and the later Freeman; of Col. Nelson and Major Barnum, U. S. A., the latter the organizer of our Citizens' Corps, and of that other captain so universally known as a shot that he had only to raise his gun to an aim when the coon would cry out, "don't shoot, Captain Scott, and I will come down:" of the courtly Major Satterlee Clark, the Paymaster, and his polished wife, who had a home in the house until they went to occupy the Van Renssalaer Mansion on the hill, and the contemporaneous inmates, James H. Hackett, the merchant-actor, his wife, and

Mrs. Sharpe, sister of the latter, and like Mrs. Clark, a skillful pianist and singer, pending whose stay there was small lack of music and of merriment to enliven the place; of Col. Combe and wife and the accomplished family of James Lynch, domiciled here while their subsequent homes were in preparation—Col. Combe, officer of the first Napoleon, who returned to France on the accession of Louis Phillippe and was killed at Perpignan at the head of his regiment, his wife the daughter of our own Col. Benjamin Walker; James Lynch, afterwards Judge of the Marine Court of New York, and his daughters interlinked with widely different circles: of the Gray family, one of whom was married in the hotel to Alexander W. Bradford, of New York; of the Tiffanys, who something later, received with courtesy, at Hamilton in Canada, the directors of the Oneida Bank, drawn thither in pursuit of Harvey, the robber of their funds; of the testy, fitful Charles Brodhead, the intelligent, well-bred William B. Welles, and the self-conserved, *soi-disant* genteel Matthew Talcott, three long tenants of the house; of M. Vicat and Charles de Ferrière, true samples of the old regime of France; of the flighty Bainbridge, "nephew of the commodore," and the ponderous Alvan Stewart, "*boreal's lux*" of the anti-slavery sentiment of the neighborhood: of David Wager and Charles A. Mann; of Cattell and Camp and Root; of Hart, Edmonds, Doolittle, Kernan, Barret, Marsh, Butler and the jolly fellows of more recent date.

The house has witnessed many births, many deaths and no small number of marriages. It stood sponsor at the christening of Utica, and has noted its measured growth from a hamlet of one or two hundreds to a rank with the first fifty cities of the Union. It was the clustering point of its early business, the trysting place of its news loving towns-folk, the scene of not a few of its festive gatherings. A contemporary of the rough boatmen of the Mohawk, it has seen the struggles of runners for the packets and the stages; it has heard, and resounds to this day with the battle cry of porters, besieging the outflow from the railroads. It welcomed, on its right hand, the first locomotive from the east, on its left the electric wire that joined us more closely with the west, and again it rejoiced with the assemblage in the square when they met to triumph in the newly-laid cable to Europe. It has been worked into a scene of one of Miss Leslie's novels, and it was the study where the eloquent Bethune penned a few of his youthful sermons. Within it, was devised the first society to advance the agricultural good of the county, and here are now held the weekly sessions of the Board of Trade of Central New York. It aided in the honors rendered to LaFayette and to Kossuth, to Clinton and to Peters, to Webster and to Clay. It has been the headquarters of multifarious conventions, and it has looked out

upon a variety of civic assemblies gathered for purposes of public interest or display. It has, in fact, a history hardly equalled in length or exceeded in detail by any hotel in the country. To passing travellers it is all of Utica the most of them know of; for ourselves, though but a point on our borders, it has a claim to regard unsurpassed by any building in our midst. Long may it continue to stand—to outsiders an attractive type of the hospitality of the city, to citizens themselves a cherished link between the present and the past!

The chairman said that, while Utica was renowned for statesmen, politicians and men of affairs, and, indeed, gave just cause for the popular complaint against a monopoly of public honors, the city was indebted in a great measure for this preëminence to the press, which no where had abler conductors. He called upon an editor, who occupied a foremost place in the profession of letters, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, to respond for the press.

Mr. Roberts said:

These half century reminiscences make one feel old. It is not so long ago when we all thought that a man of fifty ought to be buying a coffin, and yet all this circle of boys of half a century look and act as though they had in them life enough for twice as long a period of enjoyment in the future. I may as well confess that my connection with the press began just about half a century ago. It must be about that date that I was sent to the Lancastrian school on Catharine street, just where our friend Delong's furniture store now is. The teacher was Eliasaph Dorchester, who had been an editor of the *Columbian Gazette*, one of the sources of the present *Utica Morning Herald*, as he was also the founder of the *Utica Observer*. He was easy-going as a teacher then and afterwards, but occasionally pranks would arouse him to practical protest. Was it prophetic that his ferule was applied with such vigor as to give me my first serious introduction to the press, and to suggest as Saxe tells of, an irate mother:

> "If the boy had been a tub,
> She'd knocked the bottom out?"

One of the pioneers in the newspaper enterprise in Utica, was brought so early and emphatically into the sphere of my experience.

I count it one of the determining influences of my life that I was early taken into the office of William Williams, where my brother was employed and where he was in the later years of that establishment the foreman. My memory is very distinct

that on more than one occasion, upon an imposing stone now in my own office, I folded copies of the *Elucidator*. The chronicles show that that journal ceased to exist in 1834, so that my service must have been rendered before my seventh year, and it was doubtless brief and perhaps incidental, although it remains as so vivid a memory with me.

When I began to frequent the office of Mr. Williams the traditions were fresh of S. Wells Williams, of North, of Sampson and of Webster, who had gone forth as missionaries, and of Everest, of George S. Wilson, of Shepard, of Frederick S. Winston, of Henry Ivison, and others, who had been connected with the business in one capacity and another, and most of them as printers or binders. They had left a halo about the old stands and cases which served for an inspiration to those who came after; they had left proof that a printer's apprentice or clerk, or a book-binder, might rise to high service for humanity, and might rival those of any class in the career of usefulness. After such a brotherhood it was my good fortune to be enrolled among those who became connected with the printing-office of William Williams, and I was probably the last person ever employed by him in his printing-office, for part of my early labors were to assist as a little lad might do, in closing up his affairs.

Into that office came in those early days Ira Merrell, then a venerable man, full of instructive talk and skillful as a printer. He had learned his trade with William McLean, who, in 1793, started the *Whitestown Gazette*, origin of the present *Utica Morning Herald*. Mr. Merrell had been himself a publisher, and the typographic art in Utica owed much to him. Not in that office, but revered in my boyhood, was Thomas Walker, who, in 1799, started the *Columbian Patriotic Gazette* in Rome, and four years later removed it to Utica. To secure facilities for circulating his paper to the northward, he organized post routes into Lewis and Jefferson counties, and with such enterprise and rare intelligence he served his generation. Mr. Walker was modest to a fault, was accurate and systematic and successful in business, and full of public spirit. Many were the kindly words which he addressed to me, as doubtless to other lads within his circle. Courteous gentleman and worthy citizen, the influence he exerted on the press and on the community was beneficent and beautiful.

Rufus Northway was an apprentice of Ira Merrell and had learned his trade two years before I was born. To my memory he rises as the equable, patient, plodding publisher of the *Oneida Whig*, goaded by competition into starting the *Utica Daily Gazette*. He had the toil of journalism without many of its rewards. A printer rather than an editor, something of a politician in his way, and too cautious to win prominence on a

large field, perhaps he did as well as any one could the initial work essential to successful daily journalism in Utica.

Dolphus Skinner was a notable figure here when we were boys; editor as well as clergyman, and a man of mark in any capacity, as he proved often by stepping aside from both vocations and winning laurels as a sound and convincing speaker on the political rostrum. Nor could one fail to be impressed with the courtly appearance and the impressive bearing of A. M. Beebe, editor of the *Baptist Register*, printed by Bennett & Bright. He was a type of scholarship and fidelity to his vocation worthy to be studied in these days. Rev. Dr. Rudd, too, although to me hardly more than the shadow of a name, we all recall and connect him in some indefinite way with his colored man, Harry, who still survives. Shining in the galaxy of that period and shedding his rays down to almost the current time, was that elegant gentleman whose mind was stored with the lore of our history and with incidents of the politics and politicians of the century, and with studies of affairs in all ages and in all lands, whose spirit almost seems to hover about this house in which we are assembled, Augustine G. Dauby.

It was a privilege to know even afar off such men as these, and to enjoy personal acquaintance, as a young man may with his seniors, with some at least of them. If he were not yet an ornament in our community, and brilliant in an unfailing youth, I would not fail to mention in this list William J. Bacon, as early as 1824 an editor of the *Sentinel*, and then of the *Sentinel and Gazette*. And although he does not know it, until these words reach his ears, to him I am indebted for not a little of the inspiration which turned my steps to a training for editorial work and for life-service on the press. Now in any gathering he would rival most of us in any competition which would involve sprightliness and manly vigor, for all scholarly accomplishments and social graces.

With such influences gathered about the press of Utica my fingers were taught to handle the types; and one of my teachers in the art preservative of all arts was that venerable gentleman, whom you may see at yonder table, William, the Baron De Britt, as with mingled affection and respect we learned to style him in those far-gone days. Except my brief connection with the *Elucidator*, my labors on the press may be dated from the *Democratic Rasp*, a campaign paper printed by my brother in 1840, and edited in large part by General Richard U. Sherman, on which I set type, and served as the only carrier. In my library is treasured a volume presented to me at the close of the campaign for fidelity in the duties entrusted to me.

All of the dailies which Utica has ever possessed have had their birth since I became connected with printing here, and over the graves of those which have passed away, and their

name is legion, the mourners have gone in and out within my sight.

It is not my purpose to adopt Walt Whitman's verse:

> "I celebrate myself and sing myself,
> And what I assume you shall assume,
> For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

For I am impressed as I recall the days which have rolled away, of the admirable men who have shed honor on the press of our city, every one a gentleman, pure, worthy, useful and generous-hearted. Yet the connection which it has been my good fortune to enjoy with those who in turn carry the history of our press to its beginning, is the burden of my thoughts to-night. Who will say that half a century hence any one will have as much occasion to boast of the men who are in the fore-front to-day? We are celebrating the anniversary of our city, and joy and hilarity become the occasion. But reminiscences always have a sad side to them. I could recall those who have been our companions and have joined the silent majority. Their services and character justify me in saying here, not for the men of to-day, but for those who are no longer among us, that the press of Utica has in all times been worthy of the intelligent and progressive population whom it has addressed, and has produced characters who have honored their home and their vocation. I speak not only for those who have wielded the pen, but for those no less worthy who have from the case and the press gone forth to wider and more influential careers, and have adorned scholarship and religion in other continents and conferred lasting blessings on those who have come within the sphere of their influence.

But I fear I am taking advantage of the privilege of an old man, and growing garrulous, although neither you nor I, Mr. Chairman, feel a day older than when we used to play mumble the peg, down in Cooper's woods in intervals of swimming, and whenever a circus came to town, tried to rival the acrobats in throwing handsprings and risking somersaults wherever we could find a haymow or a soft bit of ground. So I commend you again to Walt Whitman, with his boast, fitting doubtless for the master of ceremonies in a celebration like this:

> "I loafe and invite my soul."

At the symposium, last night, the Chairman said, Mr. Burt was fortunately interrupted by the Procrustean hammer of Judge Bacon, enforcing the ten-minute rule, or he might have convinced his hearers of the commercial supremacy of Oswego, a harbor on Lake Ontario, over Utica, which is a port of entry on the Erie canal. Perhaps the Hon. W. B. Camp, a descendant of one of the old Utica families, may excite our envy, and

possibly our patriotic incredulity, by dilating upon the merits of Sacketts Harbor.

Mr. Camp said:

After the complimentary introduction, and the liberty gratuitously accorded me by your distinguished Chairman, I feel justified in speaking a word in honor of the village of my adoption.

No detractions of Utica are in order, or possible. Strained comparisons here would be odious. This feast would cease to be appetizing if the spicy reminiscences of her victories were not added to give flavor—as it does cloyless satisfaction—to our enjoyment. Names mentioned here come to me like the sweet influences of an opening season, after a long winter—an odor ever fresh and pure. They carry me back to childhood hours, when the nursery tale presented some one of them as a model for emulation; or a tuneful melody, with song or hymn to bless a night's repose, brought a worthy exemplar to mind and heart. I am not alone: Utica's impress is diffused in distinctive strain of generous blood over our own and distant lands. Her sons to-night, everywhere, are happy in their mother's arms.

For Sacketts Harbor I will say, you and the world at large are indebted to her for the discovery of chloroform, and no one agent has been so potent as a mitigator of human suffering. In 1831, Dr. Samuel Guthrie reported his discovery, as you find by reference to Silliman's Journal, and the U. S. Dispensatory. Soubeirin and Liebig are accredited as discoverers also, in 1833; but our distinguished townsman,—we proudly claim him,—is entitled to full and first recognition above the eminent names mentioned Strange it seems, no fitting monument commemorates the event, or that a should-be grateful people have forgotten the man.

Dr. Guthrie is also entitled to distinction as the inventor of percussion powder, and the lock for the explosion of firearms. While we were indifferent to its adoption, France took the hint, and sent to this country three barrels of metallic caps for him to charge, rightly thinking a tube to hold a cap in some respects preferable to the exposed chamber, for the "punch" and pellet of powder. To repay them for their appreciation of his invention, he not only gave them the formula for making his powder, but described a method by which to load the caps. The effect of this last invention has been to change the whole manner and mode of warfare among civilized nations, and gives the sportsman a perfected weapon to pursue the enjoyments of the field. Cast your sight back to the days of fuse and flint,

and see how insignificant and uncertain were the *then* superior engines of aggression and defence.

Suspended from my wall, a cherished relic, hangs the old ancestral fowling gun—a rare piece of workmanship, with ornaments of silver, ivory and brass of manifold windings. With this our venerated grand-parent often sought some favorite spot on the Mohawk in pursuit of game, and to relieve himself from the onerous duties of office. When the pigeon came with the green leaf, and the wild fowl with the russet, there was no place like Genesee street bridge to fill a hunter's bag. This, too, could be accomplished without derangement of his accustomed dress, in ruffled shirt, knee breeches, and silver-buckle shoe If any gentlemen present doubt the bridge a good place for ducks, I advise them to seek the old haunt while now the morning hour approaches, "lay low," and await results.

Archæologists and ethnologists place man in successive steps among the ages, formulating them,—old stone, new stone, bronze and iron ages. It gives me pleasure to night to add two more to the list, and shall call them flint-lock and cap-lock. Last night we celebrated the former; to-night the cap,—both loyally and royally.

The firm of Puck and Morse girdle the earth to-night with messages greeting our friends who would gladly participate in our festive celebration. Before morning the telephone may be perfected, allowing us to say to them, audibly, as we close this happy and long-to-be-remembered occasion: "Good day to you —good by to you!"

With this sentiment I leave you: May the virtues of the flint lock age be engrafted on the cap; if calamities or trials assail us, individually or as a nation, may we imitate their courage, "peck flint and try again."

The Chairman said that Mr. Camp had forcibly advanced the claim of Sacketts Harbor to two inventions, one of which accelerates the infliction of pain, and the other alleviates it, but, deterred no doubt by his warning, no allusion had been made to trade and commerce and its necessary adjunct, banking, without which it would be impossible to conduct business of modern magnitude; banks being the adjusters and regulators of values in business. The reputation of Utica in this connection was well established on a sound basis. He desired to preface the next toast with an anecdote.

Some forty or fifty years ago, his father, the late M. McQuade, was collector of the city taxes. It might be remarked parenthetically, as evidence of the simplicity of the times, that it was his habit to place all the moneys received after banking

hours in the drawer of a wooden desk in Platt & Pease's warehouse, at the Catharine streep slip, for safe keeping during the night. Some legal question had arisen regarding the validity of an assessment upon the Bank of Utica, and when the collector called to receive the tax, payment was refused by the cashier, Mr. Welles. The collector informed the cashier that he would be compelled by the instruction of his warrant to levy on sufficient personal property to satisfy the tax, and, as the most convenient form of personal property was the "portable," he would levy on cash. In order to evade the seizure, the cashier caused all the money to be placed in the vault and locked the door. Mr. McQuade made a formal demand for access to the vault, in the discharge of his duty to distrain, and being refused, left the office, saying that he would return with a key. Shortly afterwards he reappeared, accompanied by the late Harry Bushnell, armed with sledges, chisels and the formidable tools of his trade. The cashier was informed that unless the tax was paid, forcible entry would be effected, and a levy made on the cash; whereupon, after sundry negotiations, the cashier surrendered at discretion to the collector and payment was satisfactorily arranged.

This was the first attempt made by Mr. McQuade to break a bank literally, although he made many indirect essays in the same direction by indiscriminate and injudicious endorsement of promissory notes. The late Briggs W. Thomas, for a long time notary public of the Oneida Bank, used to say, occasionally, "this is one of my off days; I have no notice of protest to serve on Michael McQuade."

Having thus referred to an effort to break a bank, the Chairman would call upon a gentleman who has aided, by long-continued, capable service (making him the senior bank officer of Utica) to build up the staunch financial institutions of the city. He asked Mr. Robert S. Williams to respond for the bankers.

Mr. Williams said:

When the early settlers of that beautiful valley first saw the Sauquoit creek, wasting all its energies madly bounding over its rocky bed, fed as it was by the innumerable small streams and rivulets flowing down from every hillside, not one of which alone possessed any special power, they at once foresaw that the

waters of this stream possess a reserve force when aggregated and applied by the use of proper dams, which would make that valley a garden of industry and enterprise, cheered by the hum of wheels, spindles, and forges that would give to their successors a wealth of prosperity which would insure them a good name abroad and a paradise of beauty at home. So the founders of the banking institutions of this city, by gathering up the small surplus savings from the early comers to the place, soon gained sums sufficient to form the capital of the Bank of Utica, which was chartered in 1812, of which institution the present First National Bank is the lineal descendant. This was in due time followed by organization of the Ontario Branch Bank, in 1815, and in 1836 the Oneida Bank, which was the last bank ever chartered by the legislature of the State of New York. And from these small beginnings of aggregated capital have gradually grown some of the most substantial as well as the most prosperous financial institutions of the State and the country; and to whose kindly aid is due the success of many business and manufacturing enterprises which have their home in Central New York and of which we are so justly proud.

But I will not take up your time, Mr. Chairman, with this detail, but rather will I refer to the banks of fifty years and more ago and their ways of doing business. There were no express companies in those days, and the transportation of bank notes and coin was a considerable problem, and all sorts of methods were resorted to in order to carry money from one place to another. I have often heard my step-mother, who was the daughter of the late Henry Huntington, for many years president of the Bank of Utica, relate this circumstance: She was returning to Rome from a visit to New England, and was about to take a sloop for Albany, and just before leaving her friends in New York, her uncle carelessly threw a small bundle in her lap, simply saying "take that to your father from me." She put the package in her carpet bag and scarcely thought of it again till she reached home nearly two weeks after, (for the trip by sloop to Albany and stage to Rome was not then made in a day,) when her father asked her, on the evening of her arrival, "Did your uncle Havens send anything for me?" She produced the package which contained $35,000 in bank notes.

Another method was to cut the large bills in two pieces and send them each piece by a different mail, and when both arrived at the proper destination to paste them together again. In those days too, "circulation" (which then cost only the printing) was the great source of profit to a bank, when deposits were usually small; bank bills were often marked and punched with small holes, to test the sincerity of the borrowers to whom loans were made on condition of giving "*first rate circulation*"

to the notes of the lending bank. It may not be known to many here that the brick building on the south side of Catharine street, near the canal bridge, was once occupied for bank note engraving, and that there were printed the notes for the Bank of Utica, Ontario Branch Bank, and many other interior banks. I can remember, as a child, seeing these sheets of bank notes brought to my father's house, now the residence of Merritt Peckham, and there trimmed before being signed by the bank officers and issued for circulation. To contrast the methods of fifty years ago with our own, both as to security and stability; we have seen during the past few months the erection of the elegant vaults and safes for the First National Bank, the cost and safety of which far exceed that of all the banks in the place fifty years ago. When the Oneida Bank was reorganized as a National bank, in 1865, I put in a new "Herring's safe," and thinking to utilize the old safe for storing vouchers and papers, which safe formerly belonged to the Utica branch of the old *United States Bank*, and had been in constant use for forty years or more, a safe formidable only in appearance, thickly studded with huge headed nails and double bands of (sheet) iron, I carefully locked the safe door and told the porters to swing it around to one side of the vault; the two men took good hold of the door handle and pulled with all their might; the massive door flew open and landed both men flat on their backs. When I came carefully to examine the door I found that the bolts struck against the jamb, and that the door of that safe had never been really locked during the forty years of its service. We took it out, broke it up, and found that this formidable looking safe was made of rotten oak plank steeped in muriatic acid and bound with one eighth Russia band iron, so that all its safety was in appearances.

I wish, Mr. Chairman, that your time or my ability would admit the proper recital of the *personnel* of the men of those early days, of their character and energies. They were just passing off the stage of active business life when I began as clerk in one of the banks, thirty years ago. Such names as Alfred Munson, a synonym of successful enterprise in every avenue of business, for many years president of the Oneida Bank, and to whose indomitable energy and activity Utica owes much of her manufacturing success; Charles A. Mann, his successor as president, the worthy associate and helper in many of his enterprises, a man of rare virtues, the best of advisers and the warm friend of every one who needed his aid.

A little incident comes to my mind connected with Mr. Mann, showing how impossible it is for one to get beyond Utica or Oneida county men. We were traveling in the summer of 1859 in the upper Lake Superior region in quest of health and recreation. Landing from a steamboat after mid-

night, we rode through the lonely woods for nearly an hour, when we arrived at the small tavern and roused up "mine host." Mr. Mann remarked, "I think we have about reached the end of creation; no one here probably ever heard of Utica." The landlord finally appeared with his tallow dip and we registered our names and requested rooms; the man looked at the names and drawled out, "Charles A. Mann, Utica, N. Y. Why," said he, looking up, "didn't he marry Moses Bagg's daughter? I used to live in Oneida county." Mr. Mann laughed, and said, "Its no use, I give it up: Oneida county men are known everywhere—and the sun never ceases to shine upon them."

Augustine G. Dauby, was from its organization to his death a director of the Oneida Bank, a man whose natural politeness of manner always won friends, and whose cordiality and kindness towards "bank clerks" made him the model director. My time will not admit of more than to name Thomas H. Hubbard, Samuel Stocking, Bryan Johnson, David Wager, Silas D. Childs, a noble man, one who was never known to speak ill of any one, Naaman W. Moore, Martin Hart, John Camp, Alex. B. Johnson, Bleecker B. Lansing and many others, but there is one man that my affection will not allow me to omit, a man that I love to honor with a tribute of my poor praise, for his more than twenty years of unbroken, cheerful kindness to me. James Sayre was a director in the United States Branch Bank, the Ontario, and for over thirty-five years in the Oneida Bank, of which he had been the president for seventeen years at the time of his death. With a heart full of sympathy and tender as a woman's, he felt his *first* duty was to the interest of the bank, and for that he earnestly sought; and if ever his sympathy got the better of his judgment he always erred on the right side. By a long life of economy, careful, honest industry, he amassed a large fortune, but the richest, noblest heritage he left to his children, was his spotless reputation and his unsullied honor.

But, Mr. Chairman, I have taken up too much of your time. I am glad of this celebration and congratulate the founders of this Half Century Club—it makes us the connecting link that binds the past to the future, it stimulates us all to higher and nobler aspirations for good. As we call to mind and admire the virtues of the men of fifty years ago, so may we hope to emulate their goodness, and hand down to those who shall be members of this club fifty years hence, no dishonored heritage of worthless work, but profiting by their example, encouraged and stimulated by their success, when the Centennial Anniversary of this city charter comes to be celebrated, may our names be surrounded by a brighter halo of success, and we then be remembered for the good we have done, while we were upon this

active stage of life, in endeavoring to make this lovely city of our birth the most desirable spot on earth in which to live, as well as to be the most beautiful place on earth in which to die.

Undoubtedly, said the Chairman, the claim of Boston to be regarded as the "hub" was generally acknowledged by the ignorant world outside of Utica, but Uticans knew that their city was the veritable, only genuine Hub. No argument could convince them to the contrary: still, in a spirit of hospitality, an opportunity would be afforded Mr. John C. Hoadley, of Boston, formerly a resident of Utica, to advocate the claim of his present home, if he so desired. It was probable, however, in view of the manifest futility of any effort to that end, howsoever eloquent, that he might be loath to engage in a task of which absolute failure might be predicated at the outset. The Chairman felt assured that Mr. Hoadley would not make the fruitless essay, but would renounce allegiance to Boston and return to his first love.

On revient toujours à nos premiers amours.

Mr. Hoadley rose, and without noticing, perhaps without having heard, the form of the President's introduction, spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: The hour admonishes me to be brief, and I certainly will not detain you long. Our Boston poet, the genial Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, exclaims in a manner to challenge contradiction:

> "O! what are the trophies we perish to win
> To the first little shiner we caught with a pin?"

If this be true, and who can doubt it?—then the supreme reward of earthly endeavor came to me under the shadow of Whitesboro street bridge, out of the limpid waters of Nail creek. Times are changed since then. I don't suppose that boys catch shiners in Nail creek now—perhaps there are no shiners there—perhaps no boys! But life, fortunately has other prizes. If we can't always go a-fishing—and we can't, certainly, always be catching our "first little shiner,"—there are other rewards, some of them inferior only in that they are not the first. One such I recall in the generous, whole-hearted kindness of Holmes Hutchinson. Tell me not of common generosity! No man ever gave as he gave. He gave more than all that he had, he gave all that he was,—he gave his friendship,

—he gave himself! It was one of life's best prizes that he patted me on the shoulder, a boy of fifteen, me, a stranger, with no claim to his notice, asked my name, gained my heart by his cheerful smile and his pleasant words, took me into his house,—into his library,—offered me books to read, and told me to come as often as I liked to bring them back and get others. He left the choice to me. He didn't say: "Here, now, is a good book, read it, 't will do you good; and when you have read it, bring it back and I will give you another." Had he said this, or something like it, I dare say I should not have read his books, and I am certain they would have done me little good if I had read them. No: he said: "Take what you like, read it if you like it, and bring it back and get more." And I did. About once a week I washed myself very clean, dressed myself carefully in my best clothes, and went to his pleasant house on Chancellor square, where I was always admitted at once to the library and left there by myself, returned the book I had brought back, uninjured, to its place, and after rummaging for half an hour or more took away another. I used to read the Penny Magazine; and long years afterward, when, as I was climbing a short, broad flight of stone steps at the British Museum, a liveried attendant approached me with the bow and smile which I had learned to interpret as the lively expectation of a shilling, and said:—"If you please, sir, the Portland vase is in a private room, just here. It is not commonly shown, but intelligent gentlemen like yourself are much interested in it, and are quite welcome to examine it." I recalled at once the account of the Portland vase which I had read in the Penny Magazine: how it was found as fresh as if just fresh from the artist's hands in a tomb in Etruria, how it was bought by the Duke of Portland for £1500, and deposited in the British Museum; how a madman dashed it upon the marble floor and shattered it into thousands of fragments; how its pieces were carefully gathered up, sorted out under a microscope, spread out on a sheet of paper, drawn and engraved, and then all put together again so that it shows traces of the disaster only on close inspection; and how it has since been kept locked up from public view. All this came back to me in an instant, and as I looked with curiosity and interest at this beautiful relic of a remote antiquity, I blessed the memory of Holmes Hutchinson for his Penny Magazine. Again, beneath the same roof, when I came across the famed Rosetta Stone, I remembered that its tri-lingual inscription, in archaic Greek, in Coptic and in sacred hieroglyphics, had proved a key to unlock the mysterious inscriptions on the tombs and temples of Egypt, closed for four thousand years; and when I recalled the description of this stone in the Penny Magazine, I once more blessed the memory of Holmes Hutchinson. And I read

many other books from his library, and no reading of my life has been more profitable or better remembered.

Well, the time came when he said to me one day:—"Hoadley, you'd better go to school this winter." Now I didn't like to ask my over-burdened father, with seven children, of whom I was the oldest,—and all the rest girls,—for time and money, too; so on getting joyful permission to go if I would pay my own tuition, I made a bargain with the officials of the Utica Academy to supply them with some much needed black-boards for a term's tuition. I made the black-boards—and I trust they were good, honest black-boards—and attended the winter term of 1835–6 at the Utica Academy, under Professor Prentice, whom I learned to love very much, and his assistant, William W. Williams, than whom no better teacher in his favorite branches of the mathematics ever lived;—and pursued a special course of study, embracing algebra, geometry, surveying, and a little Latin. Mr. Hutchinson continued to encourage me with his friendly interest, and to ask me to come and see him; and one morning in the spring—and it was the first day of May 1836,—as I was about to enter his office in Bleecker street, just as he, with others, was coming out, he placed a tape-line in my hand and said:—"Come, young man, come with us!" And this was the beginning of nine years constant occupation, and the decisive event as to my whole course of life.

And there were other prizes,—the stimulating and encouraging words of many men and many noble women, whose memory is dear to me.

One among many, I will mention,—General Spinner. Francis E. Spinner, best known in those days as Frank Spinner, was one of several sons of the venerable Dominie Spinner, of Herkimer, whom I well remember, with his flowing, silvery locks and beard, at a time when full white beards were less common than I see them around me now. He was said to be a ripe classical scholar, but so little confidence had he in scholarship as an aid to a useful and happy life, that he denied it to his sons, and brought them up to be plain farmers. But Frank Spinner was not contented with this out-look. He descried a larger horizon and sought for wider fields of usefulness. Mr. Clarke, the father of your eloquent and honored guest, had drawn a plan, or set of plans of a lunatic hospital to be built at Utica, his plans had been approved by the Governor, and the work had been begun under his supervision as the acting member of a Board of Commissioners; and I had been detailed by the Chief Engineer, with the consent of the Canal Commissioner, as by statute provided, to furnish all needful engineering assistance, surveying, leveling, measuring quantities of excavation and brick and stone masonry, and instrumental work of all kinds; and when, a little later, a new Board of Commis-

sioners was appointed, and Mr. Spinner became the acting Commissioner, I, continuing to do the same duties as before, became very well acquainted with him, and formed for him a friendship which I have delighted to keep up. We were both young,—he a little the older, it is true,—but as there is equality among gentlemen, so between those who can still claim the glorious heritage of youth, there is equality of youthfulness despite some disparity of years; and we loved to confide to each other our plans, our hopes, our expectations. We were soon widely separated, and met but rarely, but I always loved, when in Washington during his long residence there, to call on him and revive old and pleasant associations.

And there were others—but I fear I have already gone to the extreme limit of my promise on rising, and perhaps already tasked your patience, and close with the assurance that all my memories of Utica are pleasant memories, and that not among the least agreeable or the least enduring, will be the memory of your kindness and courtesy.

THE OFFICERS.

Here the proceedings were interrupted for the purpose of electing officers of the Half Century Club, as provided at the meeting of February 25, 1882.

The following named gentlemen were duly elected:

President—Colonel Egbert Bagg.

Vice Presidents—John G. Brown, Chas. H. Sayre, General James McQuade.

Secretary and Treasurer—Eugene Stearns.

Executive Committee—Benjamin Allen, B. F. Davies, Isaac Whiffen, N. A. White, John F. Seymour, Harvey Barnard, W. B. Taylor.

Historical Committee.—Alex. Seward, DeWitt C. Grove, Ellis H. Roberts, Erastus Clark, R. U. Sherman, M. M. Bagg, T. R. McQuade.

Prof. A. McMillan, Superintendent of Public Schools, being called upon to speak in behalf of the institutions entrusted to his wise and faithful guidance, discoursed as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I feel it an honor to be called upon to respond to the sentiment "Our Public Schools," yet at this late hour you will hardly expect me to make any extended remarks. I will simply give a few statistics, enough for a general comparison of the schools of the city as they existed fifty years ago with the schools of to-day. Fifty years ago there was only one common school in Utica. This school was established in 1816, the village of Utica being at that time a part of Whitestown: the school house was located in Catharine street at the head of Franklin street. The teachers were Eliasaph Dorchester, principal, and Susan Wright assistant. In 1831, a school district was established in the eastern part of the city, the house to be located at the corner of Minden and East streets, but the school was not opened for the reception of pupils until the winter term of 1832. Hence there was, as before stated, but one public school in operation fifty years ago to-night. The number of common schools continued to increase as the population of the city increased, under the old school district system, until 1842, when an act was passed by the Legislature placing the schools of the city under the control of a Board of School Commissioners. This system has been in existence since that date. The names of the first Commissioners elected under this act were Rudolph Snyder, Spencer Kellogg, Hiram Denio, Robert T. Hallock, Francis Kernan and James Watson Williams.

At this date the number of schools had increased to twelve. Many of these, however, were infant schools, conducted in rented rooms, there being only two school houses owned entirely by the city—one located in Columbia street and the other corner of Bridge and Bleecker streets. To show that the school officers of that date were not extravagant in the matter of school furniture I will give a verbatim statement of personal property belonging to the city in one of the schools as found in the first inventory taken by the newly-elected School Commissioners, in 1843:

1 stove and pipe	$ 3 00
4 school desks, 8s	4 00
1 table 3s., one chair 1s	50
5 National readers 4d	20
1 blackboard 12s., 2 brooms, 8d	1 66
1 pail 1s. 6d., 1 cup 6d	25
1 pair shovel and tongs 6s	75
6 Emerson's arithmetics 6d., 6 testaments 6d	72
Total	$11 08

The total amount of all school property owned by the city in 1843 was $3,169.50. The amount now is $708,570.82. The number of pupils enrolled in 1832 was 200; in 1843, 1,100; and in 1882, 5,318. The amount of money received from the

State the past year for the support of our schools was $20,587.57 as against $689.88 in 1832.

Had I time I might give a detailed statement of the yearly growth of our excellent system of public schools. Enough has been stated, however, to show that this important factor in the growth and prosperity of our city has kept well abreast with the other institutions that have done so much towards giving Utica the high standing she has taken among the cities of the country, for the enterprise, culture and refinement of her citizens.

While I am not "to the manor born," yet as an adopted citizen I feel proud of the good name Utica now bears in regard to the moral and intellectual culture of her citizens.

Twenty-five years ago I came to this city a stranger and *the boys of the Advanced School* "took me in," and we have lived together in harmony during a quarter of a century, ever striving for our mutual benefit and for the welfare and advancement of all enterprises that would tend to the prosperity of our beautiful city.

While listening, as I have with pleasure during, the past twenty-four hours to the laudation of the fifty-year-old boys, I cannot refrain from giving the boys of to-day credit for possessing quite as much talent and culture. In fact we claim that the boys of to-day are and ought to be, with the higher privileges they have, far superior to the boys of fifty years ago, in all those acquirements that fit them for making not only their native city, but the world at large, the better for their having lived in it. We have only to look around us and we will find young men, late graduates from our public schools, holding prominent positions in all departments of industry—busy all—in the workshop, in literature, in the professions; ever active, working their way to eminence, often against strong competition, yet with a preparation for their work and a will that warrant success.

While a few isolated cases of marked success have been mentioned among those who were educated fifty years ago, a much larger number of the boys of to-day can point with equal pride to their attainments in all departments of life, and yet you must remember we are still in our infancy compared with the fifty year-old gentlemen I see before me.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, we cordially invite you to meet with us at this same Bagg's Tavern fifty years from to-night, and we will astonish you with the wonderful stories we shall be sure to relate, concerning the transactions of our half-century of endeavor and achievement.

The Chairman called upon Hon. A. T. Goodwin to speak to any topic that might suggest itself, the regular list of toasts

being exhausted. Mr. Goodwin would be allowed the largest liberty incident to the late hour, compatible with the gravity of the occasion and a strict construction of the Constitution. Although not a native of Utica, and, unfortunately, some years behind the venerable stage of the semi-centenarian, which would render him eligible to membership in the Half-Century Club, he was free of the guild by adoption, as a member of the family of the late David Wager, first City Attorney. The Chairman had not suggested a toast for Mr. Goodwin's response, as his ready eloquence could not fail to adorn any subject which he might be pleased to select.

Mr. Goodwin spoke, as follows:

Mr. Chairman:—The hour is late. Already the clock has struck two, and still we linger, talking of playmates and companions; of the days of childhood, and of the old familiar places and faces, nearly all of which are gone. To me, sir, the symposium of last evening, and this gathering of Utica's boys of fifty years ago, have been events of the deepest interest and delight; and why I have been honored by a place at either festival, cannot well be explained, unless it be that *adopted* sons have favors bestowed which rightfully belong to more deserving members of the family. Much has been said,—too much cannot be said,—of the beauty of our city, its growth in wealth, intelligence and refinement; of her sons, distinguished in the professions, in art, science, politics, and in all manufacturing and industrial pursuits. We are justly proud of their names, and of their deeds, and of their influence in the development and growth of a commonwealth which has become the Empire State of our grand Union. To sound their praises, is not my privilege to-night. That has already been done eloquently and well by the distinguished gentlemen who have had that duty in charge. Nor will I trespass by speaking of the benevolence of our women, to whose perseverance, zeal, self-denial and faith, we owe our noble charities "that soothe and heal and bless" so many of the unfortunate in our midst.

I desire, Mr. Chairman, to speak only a word for the hospitalities of the citizens of Utica, and to remind her sons, that among all the precious jewels which adorn her crown, there are none more beautiful and durable.

I speak, sir, to-night, for thousands who have shared that hospitality. I speak for those who have come among you as strangers, and have been received as friends and brothers. I proclaim to those who are coming among you, that here in

Utica they will receive encouragement and kindness, and will soon learn to know that *here*, we "weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better." It has been so from the beginning. Dr. Bagg tells us in his "Pioneers of Utica," that the manufacture of silver spoons was among the first of our industries,—in order, doubtless, that we might the more acceptably entertain the numerous and distinguished visitors who so frequently came among us.

That old silver goblet, Mr. Chairman, which stands before you, and from which I have just quaffed the famous "Mountain Dew," reminds me and others here, of the good cheer and hospitality of its original owner,—your own revered father. The women of Utica, whose strong good sense has done so much to develop and strengthen the characteristics which have distinguished so many of your citizens, have ever and always been hospitable. Their graces and their virtues, as brilliant as their beauty, have shed a lustre over your homes which refines and purifies, as well as attracts, all brought under its influence. And now, my friends, those of us who were not born here, but had the good sense to come here, how are we to pay the debt we owe to Utica? Shall our Chairman, when he presides, as we hope he may, at the Centennial Anniversary of the Half-Century Club, be obliged to exclaim:

> "Fair Utica! sad relic of departed worth!
> Immortal, though no more, though fallen, great!"

Shall it be said of us, that

> "We carved not a line and we raised not a stone."

Or shall we, by emulating the examples of the founders of Utica, extend her borders, promote her growth and prosperity, preserve her high moral, intellectual and social character, so that our children may say of us, as we now say of those who have committed the fair heritage to our keeping, "We bless you all, for what you have done for Utica"?

Mr. C. S. Symonds, who was called upon by the Chairman as the gentleman present most familiar with the subject, his varied experience having embraced a wide range of objects, responded briefly for the ladies, the lateness of the hour precluding an extended treatment of the transcendent merits of the case.

The festivities thereafter assumed an informal character, and the symposium was prolonged until a late

hour by a number of good companions. Colonel J. Stewart Lowery recited with thrilling effect the trials and tribulations of the poor "Irish Emigrant Boy." Songs were sung by Mr. John D. Kernan, the veteran Sergeant Albert Spencer, of the Utica Citizens' Corps, Dr. C. B. Foster and Eugene Stearns. Ex-Mayors T. F. Butterfield and C. E. Barnard related amusing anecdotes of their early contemporaries, Geo. Martell, John Post, Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, and others. Captain Horace W. Fowler made a witty speech; and Col. T. M. Davies, W. M. Storrs, Moses Bailey, Edward Sturges, W. Jerome Green and M. B. DeLong, interjected pungent remarks. It was a feast worthy of the olden time.

As a fitting conclusion of the symposium, General McQuade sang Moore's beautiful ballad:

> "Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
> That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
> Then think on the friend who once welcomed it too.
> And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you."

Thus joyously Utica entered the threshold of the

SECOND HALF CENTURY.

The Old Families.

The following, whose names appear in the Directory of 1832, are still residents of Utica:

Adams Lyman,
Bacon William J.,
Barnes Abram A.,
Bailey Moses,
Ballou Theodore P.,
Bates John W.,
Benton James,
Butler T. K.,
Carpenter Clark,
Cassidy Patrick,
Comstock Roderick J.,
Crocker John G.,
Curtis George,
Dagwell John,
Douglass Dr. Isaac H.,
*DeLong James C.,
Dickinson Morris G.,
Estes Isaac,
Foster James S.,
Grannis T. O.,
Griffiths John,
Hecox George,
Henry William,
Higgs Thomas,
Hopper Thomas,
Horton Thomas,
Hull David,
Hunt Ward,
Hurlburt Burton D.,
James Joseph,
James William,
Jewett B. F.,
Jones Ebenezer,
John John,
Latimore John,
Lawrence Lewis,
Lewis David,
Lewis Reese,
Loucks R. N.,
Lyon Ziba,
*Marchisi John B.,
Matteson O. B.,
McQuivey Solomon,
Miller Henry T.,
Newell Norman C.,
Newland Thomas J.,
O'Hara John,
Osburn Henry W.,
Owens Thomas M.,
Palmer Chauncey,
Penny Grove,
Perkins Thomas P.,
Porter John W.,
Rich James,
Richards Owen,
Roberts Henry,
Robinson Alexander,
Rockwell James,
Rodgers Junius,
Sammons Benjamin,
Schwab David,
Seymour Horatio,
Shadrach Daniel,
Shearman Joseph A.,
Spencer Albert,
Swartwout Rugene,
Thomas George,
Wells Dr. L. B.,
White Isaac,
Wilson Charles S.,
Williams John D.,
Williams Rowland.

*Recorded also in the Directory for 1817.

The following is a list of residents of Utica in 1832, now deceased, whose posterity reside here :

Abbey Stephen,
Adams Charles,
Adams John,
Allen James,
Allen Job,
Arnott Benjamin,
Bacon Ezekiel,
Baker John K.,
Bagg Moses,
Bailey John,
Bailey Robert,
Baldwin Ebenezer,
Ballou Levi,
Ballou Peter P.,
Ballou Philo C.,
Barber William,
Barnard Harvey,
Barnum Charles,
Barnum Ezra S.,
Barnum Levi,
Beardsley Samuel,
Beattie Henry,
Bedbury Joseph,
Bellinger John,
Bigg William,
Blakeman Moses,
Bloodgood Lynott,
Boice Philip H.,
Bogart Thomas S.,
Bond Isaac,
Bowen Jerome,
Bradish John,
Brand William,
Bright Edward,
Britt Nathan,
Broadwell Ara,
Brooks B. F.,
Brown Abram,
Brown John,
Butterfield John,
Camp John,
Carpenter Clark,
Carton John,
Carver Frank,
Case William P.,
Chase Ira,
Christian George,
Christian Nathan,
Christian Thomas,
Church Joshua M.,
Churchill Alfred,
Clark Chester D.,
Clark Erastus,
Clark William,
Cleghorn Charles,
Cole Andrew,
Cole Barnard,
Colling Thomas,
Corbally Patrick,
Corey Francis D.,
Costleman Jacob,
Coventry Dr. C. B.,
Crocker Hugh,
Crocker James,
Cronin David,
Crumley James,
Culver Abram,
Cummins Jason,
Curran Edward,
Curry John C.,
Curtiss Ezekiel,
Curtiss Philo C.,
Dana James,
Dana George S.,
Darling Cook,
Davis Evan L.,
Davies Griffith,
Davies Thomas,
Dempsey James,
Denio Hiram,
Dennison Abisha,
Devereux Nicholas,
Dickinson George L.,
Dobbie Thomas,
Dobson William N.,
Donaldson David,
Doolittle Charles R.,
Dorchester Eliasaph,
Dowd Lawrence,
Downer Norman,
Dudley Richard H.,
Dutton George,
Edmonds J. H.,
Edwards John,
Edwards Robert,
Ellis Evan,
Evans Griffith J.,
Evans Jonathan,
Eversen Adam,
Fairbanks Isaac N.,
Farnon John,
Farwell Samuel,
Fisher Frederick,
Foster Gilbert A.,
Foster George D.,
Fowler W. T.,
Francis John J.,
Frear John I.,
Frederic Henry,
Garrett James,
Gardner Morgan,
Gay Samuel,
Gilbert E. M.,
Goodliff Joseph,
Grannis Cyrus,
Green Henry,
Greenman Hiram,
Griffith Rev. David,
Griffith Evan,
Griffith Owen,
Grosvenor F. D.,
Grove John,
Hackett William,
Haley James,
Handy John H.,
Harrington William,

Hart A. C.,
Hart Ephraim,
Hart George W.,
Hart H. R.,
Harter Joseph,
Herrick Edward,
Hopper James,
Hoyt David P.,
Hubbard G. W.,
Hubbard T. H.,
Hubbell Alrick,
Hughes Richard,
Hunt Montgomery,
Hurlburt Kellogg,
Hutchinson Andrew,
Hutchinson Holmes,
Irons Reuben,
Isham John W.,
James David,
James Thomas,
Jarrett William,
Jennison Henry,
Johnson A. B.,
Jones Lewis,
Jones Richard T.,
Jones Robert,
Jones Rowland,
Jones Thomas,
Keating Barnard,
Keeling James H.,
Kellogg Spencer,
Kirkland Joseph,
Kittle John F.,
Kitts Adam,
Knowlson T. C. B.,
Lane Walter,
LaPaugh C. N.,
Lathrop A. J.,
Latimer Robert S.,
Lawson George,
Leach Ebenezer,
Ledlie George F.,
Leonard James,
Litle John,
Lumbard Royal,
Lumbard Theophilus,
Magee John,
Maine Dr. Z. P.,
Mann Charles A.,
McCoy Baker,
McElwaine John,
McVey Tully,
McNall John,
McQuade Michael,
McQuade Thomas,
Marcy Stephen,
Marshall Richard,
Martin Henry,
Mason Harvey,
Meeker Moses T.,
Merrell Bildad,
Merrell B. S.,
Midlam Francis,
Miller Jabez,
Miller William G.,
Miller Rutger B.,
Mooney Thomas,
Moore Leonard,
Morrin Edward,
Morris David E.,
Mortley John,
Munn John,
Munson Alfred,
Neejer George,
Newell Jesse,
Newland John,
Newland Dr. P.,
Nightingale William,
Norris Edward,
Norton Dr. Heman,
O'Neil Owen,
Osborn John,
Owens David,
Owens Owen,
Owen Thomas,
Palmer Stafford,
Parker Job,
Pease John,
Peckham John S.,
Perkins David,
Perry David,
Perry Richard,
Phelps Chauncey,
Pollard Richard,
Pomeroy Dr. Theo.,
Pond Andrew S.,
Pond H. C.,
Potter Thomas G.,
Potter William F.,
Prentice David,
Purcell William,
Queal John,
Quin Hugh,
Reed David,
Reed John,
Rees William,
Richards William,
Riley John,
Roberts Evan,
Roberts John,
Roberts Hugh,
Roberts Robert W.,
Roberts Watkin J.,
Rockwell Philo.
Rockwell Thomas,
Roper William,
Rose Elias,
Rose Hiram,
Russ John A.,
Saumet Dennis,
Sayre James,
Scranton Lyman,
Schwab John,
Seward Asahel,
Sexton Michael,
Seymour Henry,
Shearman E. B.,
Smith Nicholas,
Snyder Jacob,
Snyder Rudolph,
Spencer Norman,
Spencer Julius A.
Spurr Elisha,
Stearns Calvin,
Stearns Gordis,
Stevens Nathan,
Stevens William,
Stocking James M.,
Stocking Samuel,
Stone James,
Storrs Charles,
Storrs Shubael,
Supple William,
Swartwout Cornelius,
Timerman D.,
Timon James,
Thoman Anson,
Thomas Daniel,
Thomas Levi,
Thorn Steven,

Trembley Jonathan,
Tunbridge John,
Vanderheyden Jacob,
Van Size Tunis,
Vedder N. F.,
Vinn Thomas,
Wade Anson,
Wager David,
Walker Thomas,
Warner J. E.,
Weaver N. N.,
Wetmore E. A.,
Wetmore Oliver,
Wheeler John,
Whiffen John,
Whipple Otis,
White Alvin,
White Noah,
Wilcox Erastus,
Wilcox Morris,
Williams Rev. Abram,
Williams Elhanan W.,
Williams John,
Williams Nathan,
Williams Stalham,
Williams William,
Williams J. Watson,
Wood David,
Woodward Solomon,
Wratten Jacob,
Wright Josiah,
Yates A. P.