

Fabius Historical Society Membership Application

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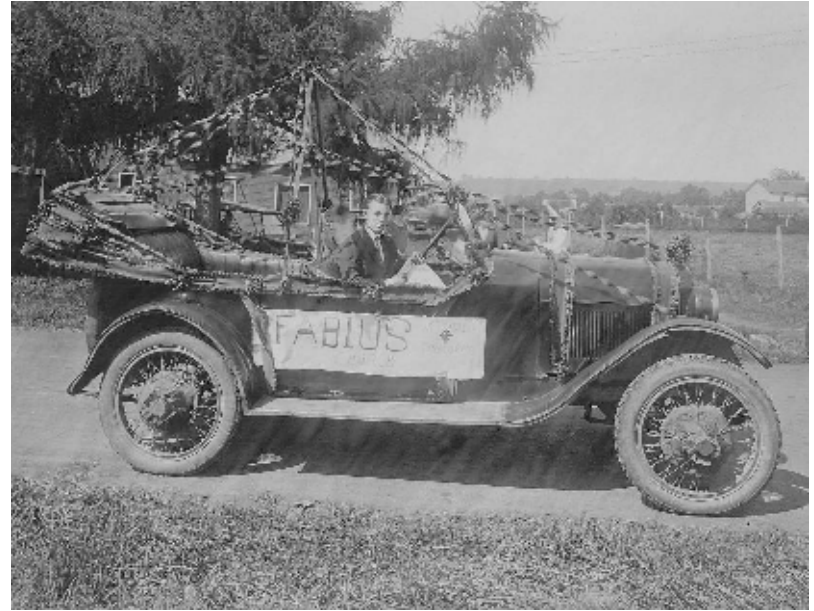
Any comments or suggestions to improve the FHS?

Mail to: Fabius Historical Society c/o Vaughn Skinner
PO Box 106, Fabius, NY 13063

NEWSLETTER
OF THE
FABIUS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

No. 23

May 2012



MEMORIAL DAY PARADE
AND
CELEBRATION
IN
FABIUS, NEW YORK

A Newsletter from the Fabius Historical Society

PO Box 27 FABIUS, NY 13063



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Hello Everyone,

As I babysit my two-year-old granddaughter, I reminisce about the good times I had as a child growing up on the Glasgow farm. I enjoyed the outdoors and playing with the neighbor children and the assigned chore responsibilities developed good work ethics. My parents were wonderful teachers and providers, and they made sure I had fun as well as learn responsibility.

Monday, 28 May: 2012 Memorial Day Celebration
at the Fabius Community Center, 9am -3pm

This year's celebration will feature some new displays and opportunities that you won't want to miss. Items for sale include maps, cards, ornaments, water, ice cream, and more.

The Fabius Veterans Books will be on display.

Al LaFrance, noted archaeologist, will display his local Native American artifacts.

Judy Conway's spectacular local scrapbook collection will again be available for browsing, along with a few on Charlie Shea's life and the Shea Family Genealogy. A section of the room will be devoted to Charlie Shea and his involvement with the Fabius community.

Linda Meyers took on the job of compiling pictures from the Fabius Bicentennial and made them into a coloring book which will be for sale. It's delightful! There are a limited number of copies, so don't hesitate.

Chuck Kutscher, our cinematographer, put together another continuous loop of Fabius memories for viewing.

Lastly, the Fabius Alumni Directory will be available for sale with a limited number being printed. At this point, the first printing is not complete, and we have hope that more classmates will step forward to fill in "the holes" for each graduating class that is incomplete. Future printing expected.

This is also a great time to share your old photos; bring them in and we will photograph them while you wait!

Genealogy requests come from people all across the country looking for information on Fabius relatives. The FHS utilizes all available resources to help answer questions and we generally gain as much information as we share. I even got to meet a couple from California who were looking for William Lewis who is buried in the Fabius Evergreen Cemetery. What an excited feeling I had when I realized they were researching my g-g-g-grandfather!

I want to thank everyone who has given me guidance or helpful information while I am president. I greatly appreciate all of the work that the other board members do to make our society a successful organization. We have another year of great programs scheduled by Chuck Kutscher and hope that you will join us at the Fabius Community Center and bring along a friend or two.

Sandy Beglinger

EXECUTIVE BOARD 2012

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Reminder: FHS Membership dues are due by Jan. 1st of each year. Membership contributions are the major source of income for the FHS. Unless you become a member, you will not receive future newsletters. Please complete the enclosed membership form. If you are current with your membership please pass on the enclosed membership application and encourage others to join. If you would like an email version of the newsletter, contact Bill5308@aol.com.

2012 Paid Members:

Brian Abbott, Sandy Beglinger, Arthur & Joyce Berg, Donna Bernardini-Carr, Pat Bowen, Ruth Bryan, Helen Buehl, Archer Bush, Kathleen Cameron, Joanne & Bill Casey, Janet & Walter Christoffel, Phil & Norma Clapp, Marian Houck Clymer, Mary Coffin, Judy & Jim Conway, David Cuculich, Wm. & Helen DeHart, Leo Demong, Anne & Bob DeMore, Cathy Virgil Devine, J. Roy Dodge, Sylvia & Dan Driscoll, Dave & Linda Duba, Nancy & Don Edwards, Steve & Mary Eidt, Helen Estey, Robert W. Fairchild, John & Debbie Foster, Jane French, Ron & Jennifer Glasgow, Grant W. Goodrich, Nancy Lorraine Hoffmann, Suzanne Hopkins, Ruth Hotaling, Cora June, Rene Kather, Richard & Susan King, Sue Kline, Chuck & Irene Kutscher, Al & Mary LaFrance, Joyce Lock, Barbara Lucas, Ed & Doris Luchsinger, Darla Mawson, Linda & John Meyers, Lisa & Peter Moffa, Gail & Wallace Moreland, Onon. Co. Public Library, Muriel & Jim Partridge, Fred & Alice Partridge, Alice Pitts, Roy & Mae Powers, Steve & Rosie Powers, Eleanor Preston, Amelia & Earl Priest, Mable Virgil Pullen, Donald Ransom, Richard Remling, Barbara Rivette, Royce & Valda Root, Bob & Babs Savitt, Peter Schlicht, Virginia Scida, Gloria & Harvey Skeele, Vaughn & Sally Skinner, Richard W. Smith, Caryl & Roy Smith, John & Pat Thayer, Melanie & Mark Vilardi, Barbara & Dale Wightman, Dick Woodford, Martin & Mary Ann Young, Margretta Bush Zettner.

YOUR TOSS IS OUR LOSS

With Spring Cleaning almost upon us, please keep in mind that the Fabius Historical Society is a great depository of valuable information and artifacts relating to our Fabius area. We are interested in old obituaries and photos of Fabius residents, photos of homes and homesteads, family genealogies from family collections or scrapbooks for FHS Collection. If you have such items and are willing to allow us to make photographic copies of them, please contact Bill Casey at Bill5308@aol.com or 683-5674 & leave message.

The FHS will also be set up to copy images again this year at the Memorial Day Observance at the Fabius Community Center.

FHS PROGRAM LINEUP

**All Meetings are at the Fabius Community Center
Main Street, Fabius, NY**

We try hard to bring you a variety of programs every year and this year is no exception. Please come and join us. The refreshments are great and people really enjoy talking with friends and neighbors.

Chuck Kutscher kutscher@gatling.us 683-9480

UPCOMING PROGRAMS

Mon. May 28, 9 am to 3 pm. Fabius Memorial Day Parade and Celebration in the Fabius Area Community Center. Join us to celebrate our Veterans and Fabius History. Water and ice cream refreshments on sale.

Mon. June 4, 7 pm. Courtney Tucker will present a PowerPoint presentation on "Fabius Soldiers in the Civil War" including photos taken at various battlefields and reenactment sites in Pennsylvania and Virginia. He will begin with a short introduction to the civil war and an overview of New York State and Onondaga County involvement including the composition of local regiments. Courtney will explain aspects of civil war unit organization and tactics and share details about the lives and service of local soldiers.

Tue. June 12, 7 pm. The LaFayette Community Band will perform at the Apulia Station Firehouse. Refreshments will be available. PLEASE BRING YOUR OWN CHAIR.

Mon. July 2, 7 pm. Jane Tracy, Town of Onondaga historian, comes to tell us about an Onondaga county building to which we have not paid much attention -- the "poor house." There was a time when the county's most vulnerable citizens were given food and shelter in this structure. Come and learn the history of the Onondaga County Poor House, what happened to it and when.



Four stone buildings (left to right): Poorhouse addition (erected 1854), First Poor House building (erected 1827), first Insane Asylum (1860), Second Insane Asylum (1868).

Mon. Aug. 6, 7 pm. We are proud to announce the long-awaited presentation of the history of the Fabius Fire Department. We owe so much to these dedicated men and women who protect us so well. The Fire Department has worked to collect information and artifacts of this colorful history and someone from the department will present this program. Come to learn and to thank them for their service.



The Fabius Fire Department and their new truck. The firehouse was then located to the west of the Baptist Church and housed two jail cells above.

Mon. Sep. 10, 7 pm. Steve Jones of Cortland, NY and Naples, Florida will present a program on the history of music. During Steve's long career he has been a teacher, band director, performer and director of choral music. He has an excellent singing voice. Steve will share the history of music from the American Revolution through the 1900's with his vocals.

Sun. Sep. 23 The Bread for Schools Run

For information about the schedule and various lengths of runs, please check out: (<http://breadrunatfabiusny.org>)
Bread for Schools Run, PO Box 57, Fabius, NY 13063

Mon. Oct. 1, 7 pm. Pat Finnegan will come to discuss her research on the linkage between Winston Churchill and this area. Churchill's grandfather was Leonard Jerome who moved to New York City and prospered. His daughter, born there, moved to England, married Randolph Churchill, Winston's father. Come and learn how all this happened.

Mon. Nov. 5, 7 pm. Another Immigrant Tale: Fabius twins Ingrid Gray and Lili Bergs were born in Latvia at the start of WWII. They will share their story about refugee life, the family arriving in the US, and then becoming Latvian-Americans.

Mon. Dec. 3, 6 pm. ***Please Note Time Change***

Our annual banquet and business meeting will be held at an early hour. Bring a table setting, a dish to share and come and enjoy the good company. A musical program is planned.

Lieutenant (jg) Charles F. Shea (USNR) in World War II

by Courtney L. Tucker, former Midshipman (USNR) and Captain (USMC)

Like so many other World War II veterans, Charlie Shea did not talk about his service during the war. I broached the subject one or two times, but Charlie had a way of changing the conversation to less personal, more current topics. The Greatest Generation does not speak about what made them great, and we are poorer for it. My objective is to tell you what we have been able to discover about Charlie's service that he never told us. As a fellow veteran of the Naval Service, it is a personal honor for me to tell his story.

Charlie served aboard the *USS West Virginia* (BB-48), a 32,600-ton battleship first commissioned on December 1, 1923. During the 1920s and 1930s, she served in the U.S. Fleet, taking part in naval warfare exercises to develop tactics, maintain combat readiness and demonstrate the Navy's strategic capability to operate across the Pacific. In 1940, the *West Virginia* was assigned to the large naval installation at Pearl Harbor where she was anchored on December 7, 1941. The Japanese hit the battleship with two bombs and at least seven torpedoes, which blew huge holes in her port side and sent her to the bottom of the harbor. She was raised and repaired, then steamed in April 1943 to the Puget Sound Navy Yard for reconstruction and modernization, not far from my hometown of Fircrest near Tacoma, Washington. The *West Virginia* emerged from the shipyard in July 1944 with a wider hull, improved antiaircraft gun batteries, and equipped with the latest Mark-8 fire control radar.

Ltjg Shea joined the ship in the late summer 1944 and was ready to sail by autumn. Charlie was the Supply Officer for the ship, a division head with the responsibility for dozens of men who manned the ship's store, galley and commissary, procured and stowed food and supplies, and provided the meal service called the "mess" in the Navy. His combat or battle station during "General Quarters" was probably in the code room or a similar combat information center duty station.

The *West Virginia* arrived in the Pacific combat zone in October with Charlie and over 1800 men onboard, and soon was participating in the pre-

invasion bombardment of Leyte in the Philippines. On October 19 from her assigned station in San Pedro Bay, the *West Virginia* sent 278 16-inch and 1,586 5-inch shells against Japanese installations, silencing enemy artillery and supporting the underwater demolition teams (called Navy SEALs today) preparing the beaches for the assault that came on the 20th. For the next two days, *West Virginia* provided antiaircraft covering fire for the unfolding invasion.

On October 25, 1944, Japanese battleships, cruisers and destroyers attempted to make a night attack on the landing area. Detailed to deal with the force heading in his direction, U.S. Admiral Oldendorf deployed his sizeable force—six battleships, eight cruisers, and 28 destroyers—across the northern end of Surigao Strait. The *West Virginia* was at the head of the column in the lead, flying the same colors she flew when she sank at Pearl Harbor. With Ltjg Charlie Shea at his battle station, the *West Virginia* opened fire at 0353 (Fabius milking time). She fired 93 rounds of 16 inch armor piercing shells; her first salvo hit a large armored vessel. At 0419, the Japanese battleship *Yamashiro* sank and the heavy cruiser *Mogami* was badly damaged. The Japanese lost two battleships, three cruisers, and four destroyers to a combination of torpedoes and gunfire in one of the greatest American sea victories, and the last time in world history that battleships engaged battleships in combat.

The *West Virginia* covered the landings on the island of Mindoro in December 1944, and provided antiaircraft fire and naval gunfire support for landings in the Lingayen Gulf throughout January and early February 1945. Her shore bombardments destroyed mortar positions, entrenchments, gun emplacements, ammunition dumps, railway and road junctions, machine gun positions and warehouses. During that time, the ship expended 395 16-inch shells and over 2,800 5-inch projectiles in support of the liberation of the Philippines.

Photo # 19-N-68376 USS West Virginia off Puget Sound Navy Yard, July 1944



On February 17, the *West Virginia* sailed with a task force for Iwo Jima, arriving at 0907 on February 19, 1945. Her crew saw ships bombarding the isle from all sides and the initial landings taking place. At 1125, she received her operations orders, and proceeded to her fire support station off the volcanic sand beaches. At 1245, her big guns bellowed to lend support to the Marines ashore, destroying gun positions, revetments, blockhouses, tanks, vehicles, caves and supply dumps. After replenishment, the ship returned on February 21st and, at 0800, renewed fire. Her 16-inch shells sealed caves, destroyed antiaircraft gun positions, blockhouses and an ammunition or fuel dump. On the 22nd, a small caliber shell hit the battleship near Turret II, wounding one enlisted man. That same day, the Marines took Mount Suribachi, and from their position offshore, *West Virginia's* sailors could see the flag being raised and flying from the summit. For the remainder of February and early March, the *West Virginia* continued her fire support missions, primarily off the northeastern shore of Iwo Jima. Finally, on March 4, the ship set sail for the Caroline Islands to join the task force preparing for the invasion of Okinawa.

Arriving on March 25, the *USS West Virginia* (BB-48) began antiaircraft and gunfire support operations, commencing counter battery fire and shore bombardment of the beaches on Okinawa. On April 1st from their position 900 yards offshore, sailors could see landing craft making their way to the island, and could see the troops landing. All seemed to be going well. However, in the early evening, a concerted air attack upon the fleet sent three enemy planes toward the *West Virginia*. She was hit by a Japanese kamikaze plane that crashed into the superstructure deck forward of a secondary battery. Four men were killed, and seven wounded in nearby 20-millimeter gun stations. The bomb carried by the plane broke loose from its shackle and penetrated to the second deck, but did not explode. It was rendered harmless by the battleship's bomb disposal officer. Although her mess deck, galley and laundry were hard-hit, all areas that were that responsibility of Ltjg Shea, the ship reported her damage as repairable and carried on, rendering night illumination fire to support the Marines ashore. The *West Virginia* buried her dead at sea and continued her bombardment duties well into June.

In a letter to his father dated May 2, 1945, Charlie confirmed that he and his ship “participated in the bombardment of Okinawa” and mentioned that he had talked to Hollis Houck of Fabius, who was stationed aboard the battleship *Alabama*. Charlie also noted that he had received his “orders back to the states” and was expecting to return home sometime in July 1945. My father arrived on Okinawa with the Army’s 1st Rocket Battalion about the time that Charlie left. In a little over nine months, Ltjg Charlie Shea participated in four of the largest, most important battles and campaigns in World War II. After arriving stateside, our information suggests that Charlie was stationed at a naval training center and a submarine base in Key West, Florida. He was promoted to Lieutenant and discharged in mid-1946 to inactive duty in the U.S. Navy Reserve.

We said goodbye to our friend Charlie earlier this year, thanking him for penny candy and all his stories. But now it is our turn to thank Lieutenant Charles F. Shea (USNR) for personally facing the Japanese Empire and ending their attempt at world conquest. In the United States Navy, the ship is the crew, and the crew is the ship. Each crewman has a specific assignment at General Quarters and each task is an important part of the ship’s defense and offensive mission. When the *West Virginia* fired at

the enemy in Surigao Strait, it was Charlie who fired. When the ship was hit by a kamikaze at Okinawa, it was Charlie who was hit. And even though he had probably left the ship a month before, when the Japanese surrendered in Tokyo Bay on September 2, 1945, with the *West Virginia* present, they surrendered because Ltjg Charles F. Shea did his duty for his country and for us. So thank you Charlie, not only from your friends in your hometown, but from citizens of a grateful Nation.



Front Row: Rocco, Boyd, Pappagallo, Sikes.
 Second Row: Tallent, Snitkin, Stuart, McNeill, Owens, Acting Pay Clerk Gottfried, Lieut. (jg) Shea, Smith, Neisler, Zech, Jankoski.
 Third Row: Primm, Stevens, Wick, Walker, Fleming, Peterson, Heard, Wall, Powers, Steffey.
 Back Row: Graves, Whittington, Sims, Gackle, Drake, Stanger, Sertich, Jackson, Randolph, Moccia.

Godspeed with smooth waters and a fair wind at your back.

NOTE: Charles Shea had been searching for the following article, asked FHS member and Town of Manlius Historian, Barbara S. Rivette, for her assistance, and she subsequently submitted it for the newsletter. The presentation by Capt. Thaddeus Joy is about some of our early Fabius settlers (ca. 1800's): Col. St. John of "St. John's Corner" (east cor. of Rt. 80 and Berwyn Rd.), Judge Miles (Apulia Station area), Noah Goodrich, and a window into the early settlement conditions of our town.

Onondaga Standard,
August 7, 1844

From the Albany Evening Journal

ONONDAGA CO. FORTY FIVE YEARS AGO

Reminiscences of the early settlement of the Western part of this State are always interesting, and to us, who resided in Onondaga more than thirty years ago, incidents relating to that now intelligent, enterprising and wealthy county, are peculiarly so. But few of the business men of the present day, are more familiar with the rise and progress of Western New York than our esteemed fellow citizen, Capt. Thaddeus Joy, who came with his father from New England, in the winter of 1800, and settled in the town of Fabius. He left the latter place, however, for the "Genesee country" thirty-five years ago, and has known little of it until recently, when on a visit there, the Farmers of that rich Agricultural town assembled in the village of Apulia to greet their early friend, who addressed them as follows:

"My Friends and Fellow Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen---

I ought perhaps to commence with an apology for this seeming intrusion in attempting to address a collection of strangers, and more especially so, when I have sought the occasion more for my own gratification than with any expectation of being able to entertain those who hear me. But is it really a fact that I am a stranger? Is it possible that here in the town of Fabius, in the county of Onondaga, where I once knew almost, if not entirely, every man, woman and child in the town, and that too when it embrace four times the extent of territory which it now does, that I am a stranger---and the faces upon which I look such as I have not before seen? Strange as this may be to me, I am obliged to answer, it is even so---except there is here and there a grey head, who I have known and loved, but it was so long ago that the hand of time, and the cares and toils of life, have plowed such deep furrows upon our brows that former acquaintances can scarcely be recognized by either.

To such I tender my unfeigned regards. To those who I have not seen before, I present my sincere respects; and I ask the indulgence of both while I give you a little history of my early acquaintance with this town and its vicinity.

It is now 45 years, lacking a few months, since I took up my residence with my father and my mother in this town; and although our family was a numerous one, I believe there has been none of the name left in the town for more than 30 years past; and it is nearly 25 years since I have trod upon its soil till my present visit. And although I have come back into the town almost an entire stranger, yet the early attachments which I formed here, the reflection upon the many pleasant scenes of my youth, and the more grave engagements of my riper years which were enacted here, have given me an ardent desire to revisit the place which these things rendered so dear to me. And as time passes away, these recollections have increased in interest, till at length I could no longer restrain myself from coming out to talk them over with a new generation which has come into existence since the period of which I have spoken.

This town when I first came here to reside, embraced a territory of 20 miles by 10---that is, it took in two of the old Military townships, which were 10 miles square each---or in other words, it included what is now Fabius, Truxton, Tully, Preble, and part of Spafford and Otisco; and although I have said I then, or once knew all of its inhabitants, it may be proper to say, it was at a time when they were few and far between. Notwithstanding this, however they were neighbors and I believe I may add good neighbors---kind and affectionate to each other; without malice---without jealousy, and without strife. And if I was to point to the rising generation for an example to imitate, as belonging to what may be termed good neighborhood, it would be to that state of society, which has always existed in the early settlements of new country, as far as my experience has extended.

At the period of which I am now speaking, there was not a framed house in town. The few hardy adventurers that were here, dwelt in log houses or log cabins, as the more popular phrase seems latterly to term them; and the only guides to these in most cases, was marked trees or the coiling smoke which ascended from their rude chimneys or open roofs. The silence of the dense forest upon the ground on which we now stand and which is now covered by this cheerful and flourishing village, had not been broken; not a mark of civilization was to be seen upon it; the bear and the wolf were the lords of the land---and the deer skip't unconscious of danger, except now and then the unerring aim of the hunter's rifle brought him to the ground. The valley was nature's great pasture---here our cattle roamed and grew fat upon spontaneous herbage which nature had provided for them.

But as this pasture was not fenced, the cows did occasionally take advantage of it and plunge into the depths of forest, out of hearing of the bell and cheat us of our suppers. I have often hunted cattle in the woods on this very ground. And many a time have I heard the howling of the wolf while standing upon this very spot. It was never my favorite music, yet it often had the magic of inspiring a fellow with the spirit of a quick step.

The now venerable Col. St. John, then had a log house within a few rods of where his dwelling now stands, and had cut away the trees so that the sun could shine upon a few acres of ground; but there was no more places for the sun to shine down upon an inhabitant for two miles west of him; and then but two or three, and those near together, till you



reach Tully flats. The only post office then in town was located where the village of Truxton now stands, and the nearest available route by which one could reach it was a long ten miles. I have been there myself to carry a letter, and to enquire for another, when there was four miles in a stretch without an inhabitant.

I also remember the ground where the large village next east of you now stands [Fabius Village], before a solitary tree had there been felled, and when there was not a house to call in at in passing east from that point, till we reached what was Negus's settlement [Gooseville Corners], which was very near the east line of the town. There was, however, one settler in his log house very near where the village now stands, but it was not on the very spot, being a little south of it. --Aside from this the forests stood in all their primitive majesty for many miles around.

Connected with the early settlement of the town, many little incidents are fresh from in my recollection, but as they are quite unimportant, I will not tax your indulgence with the relation of only now and then one of them. The first which occurs to my mind is the hunt we had in the woods for a lost child. The mother of the child was a half sister to my mother. The family had erected their log cabin in the woods a little to the north-west of where we now stand; and it was just after Judge Miles had moved into his log house which stood upon the very spot now occupied by the old mansion. They had three or four small children, and among them a little girl perhaps 3 years old. The children had played about in the bushes near the house as usual, and when night came, they all came in, except the little girl I had mentioned; but she was missing. The mother called, but no voice responded to her anxious and tender cries; and darkness had now filled the woods with total blackness.



It requires no effort in me to describe to you who are mothers, or even those who are fathers, the keen agony which then pervaded this family group. The alarm was given from one to another among such as could be reached in such a sparse population in the darkness of the night, and each with a bark torch-light in hand repaired to the scene of distress; calling and searching was then pursued till the woods around and near the house had been thoroughly scoured, but no child could be found. It was then resolved that as I was in the vigor of my youth, a horse must be procured which was soon done, and I started to extend the alarm as far as the balance of a night's journey would permit. This being done, a considerable force appeared upon the ground soon after daylight the next morning. The men were then marshaled under the command of officers chosen on the spot, and for the occasion, and the search systematically renewed. As the line swept around like the swinging of a gate, words could be constantly passed from one to another so as to keep up a constant communication from one end to the other. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon word came through the line "child found". This broke up all order, and he that could leap the highest, run the fastest, or was nearest the house got there first. Judge Miles, who is now no longer numbered among the living, was the fortunate finder. The child had lain in a nice little bed of dry leaves, between two large logs, and when the Judge stepped up on to one of them, the little innocent was standing on her feet, and looking him up in the face with the smile of affection upon her lip, saluted him with the word "daddy". The child had apparently slept well and showed no signs of material suffering, though the night had been quite a chilling one. When the child was restored sprightly and cheerful to the arms of its agonized mother, her tears of agony were turned into tears of joy, which flowed more copiously than the former. Indeed the scene was so tender, that even the sturdy hunter, and hardy axeman who witnessed it, wiped the rolling tears that stole spontaneously from their eyes.

It is a little over forty years since this occurrence; of course it is not in the memory of persons who are under fifty years of age. I also remember a more melancholy event, which took place within a few rods where we now stand, thirty-five years ago the present summer. A young man with whom I used to be very intimate, by the name of James Dady, ran a foot race with another man, and dropped dead when he had passed over the mark. Some who are now present probably will remember what a sensation this created in our then little neighborhood.

There was another occurrence in this same place, which happened a few weeks afterwards, and though less afflictive, was, nevertheless, calculated to impress us with awe. I allude to the barn of Mr. Noah Goodrich, which stood just across the way there, being struck by lightning, set on fire and consumed. I have mentioned these things, my friends, not because there is any intrinsic interest in them, but it is more for the purpose of presenting you with evidence that I am not an impostor and because it is gratifying to myself to touch upon a few of the reminiscences of a period so long gone by. There are other things, which seemed almost to make it a matter of duty for me to come out and speak of those early events.

It was here that I married the wife who still eats with me the bread of carefulness. This is also the birth place of the two eldest of my family. And it is the soil of the neighborhood that covers the bones of my father. And I felt it due to affectionate remembrance to visit the spot which these things naturally tend to render hallowed to me.

But this is bringing things down to a later period that was contemplated in my opening remarks, I must therefore return to a more remote time in my narrative.

At the time I first came here, the county of Onondaga extended to Lake Ontario on the north, taking in Oswego, and south to the south line of the present county of Cortland; and yet there were then but nine organized towns within its bounds. The same

territory now contains 50 townships. I do not know what the entire population was at that period, but the total number of voters in the county, large as it was, was a little short of 1600.

The number of voters in this town, when it embraced the old town of Tully, or a territory of 20 miles by 10 as before stated, all told, at the period of which I am speaking, was 209. The same territory which was then embraced in this county, now contains a population of more than 141,000. There was then no court house or jail in the county. If it happened to be necessary to put a man in jail, Whitesboro was the nearest "Lock up" that could be found.

The road from Utica to Canandaigua, and so on through the Bloomfields to Geneseo, was cut out in 1790, about 10 years earlier than the time I have spoken of; and during my residence in that portion of the State lying west of here, I became familiarly acquainted with the man who drove the first team through on this road that ever passed into the western country upon it. This man was General Wadsworth, who is now dead, and there could be no mistake about it, for he and his party cut the road as they went along.

I will state another little fact, mainly as a kind of curiosity for those who are young, to reflect upon when they survey this great western part of the State, now studded with great cities and large villages, and filled with a dense population, and that is this: --- there was not, when I first came into this town, a single white person, either male or female, who had been born west of Utica in this State, that had attained a marriageable age. The country along through Ontario county was settled rather earlier than this region was. And many an entertainment have I had in hearing those early pioneers relate the many incidents which occurred in these new settlements in those early times. And among the laughable anecdotes, I recollect one which was so characteristic in a new country, that I will relate it. The man said, when they first got a few scattered settlers into the Bloomfields, and were tearing down the timber and clearing off the land, they used to feel the want of a blacksmith more than anything else; the sturdy oxen would break their chains and yoke staples, and often put them to great inconvenience if not break up their work. Well, an eastern Yankee, by the name of Toby Watkins, packed up his bellows, hammer and tongs, and started on with a determination to supply this indispensable part of mechanism. Well, he got his tools on as far as he could get anybody to carry them, and was finally dropped in the woods somewhere beyond Canandaigua. So, says Toby, if I can't get any further, I'll go to work here. So he offs coat, knocks up a little hand coal pit; and while that was burning, he chopped down a tree, squared off the stump for an anvil block, hung up his bellows on the branches of the trees and went to work hammering away at his trade in the open world. This soon got noised about, and the settlers poured in upon him to get their chains and other things mended. Well, says the latter, I want to find Toby Watkin's blacksmith's shop, can you tell me where it is? Why, says the other, you are in his shop now; but his anvil and bellows are off there, through the woods about four miles. This was said to be the largest blacksmith's shop ever known in the western country.

I am now but a few months short of sixty years of age. --And you will observe from what I have said that the principal rise and progress of the western part of this State has come under my personal observation. I resided in different portions of it for 30 years, and I have dwelt in the city of its capital the last 15 years. And although nothing has occurred in my history to give me any renown, yet I have not been an idle or indifferent observer of the great changes that have taken place. I have seen the wilderness bud and blossom. I have seen the waste places made fertile and a once broken forest teem with plenty. I have witnessed the construction of every rod of internal improvement in the State, from the raising of the first spade of earth on the Erie Canal to the binding together of the east and west with an Iron Rail Road Chain. I have seen the trade and commerce of our eastern cities rise and swell in magnitude in an equal ratio with these other growths.

My friends, although my present visit has brought me here on the 4th of July, a day time-honored as a great National Jubilee, and a day so justly venerated by every consideration of patriotism, it was not my design to adapt any portion of my discourse to the particular circumstances of this birth-day of our Nation. But I have chosen it rather that the sacrifice of time to those who might favor me with a hearing would be less burdensome than on a day not usually set apart for relaxation from labor. But as it happens that I am here on this great National Anniversary, it reminds me of the first 4th of July celebration which was ever held in this town; and which was more than forty years ago. Col. St. John (who is now one of my hearers) had that spring raised a frame barn, and by the 4th of July had got it covered, boarded up, and the threshing floor nicely laid down; this looked so invitingly elegant in comparison with the split basswood floors which the settlers from necessity had laid in their log cabins, many of which were so uneven that when a table was set, the knives and forks would slide off from the plates, it was resolved that this barn should be dedicated by our partaking in it a 4th of July dinner.

The procession was not large, probably not over twenty or twenty-five all told; but among even this small number, there were several who had stood in the way of the bullets, and done hard service in their country's cause, in achieving the Independence which they then celebrated. And among this number was my own revered father.

Our music consisted of one fife. This was played by old "uncle" Nathan Goodale--- a man who had been a fifer in the revolutionary army during the war; and it was the same identical instrument with which he had animated his companions in arms with its shrill and lively tones when marching to the battle field. And although our display was not gorgeous, nor our fare anywise extra sumptuous, yet there was a patriotism there which so pure, that if it was fully imitated throughout our land at the present day, I should feel far less forebodings about the permanent stability of the Government of our devoted country.

I have now my friends only to thank you for the kind reception you have extended to me. To me this has been one of the most gratifying events of my life. It is particularly so because similar circumstances do not often occur and never but once in a man's life time. If I have said anything which has rewarded you for the time and attention you have devoted to the occasion, I shall be still most gratified. If I have failed to interest you, I beg you will not charge me with the want of good intentions and warm desires.

With my best wishes for your future happiness and prosperity, I now bid you an affectionate farewell."