

**JAMES K. O'CONNOR, HIS VOICE
AND PEN: BEING A COLLECTION OF
ADDRESSES, SPEECHES, NEWSPAPER
ARTICLES, ETC., EMANATING FROM
THE ABOVE SOURCE. PP. 1-183**

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JAMES K. O'CONNOR & MARGARET M. O'CONNOR

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To Judge Ernest Harvier,
the fearless independent,
from one of similar gait,

- J. K. O'Connor,

5-19-'18.



JAMES K. O'CONNOR

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JAMES K. O'CONNOR

---His Voice and Pen

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COMPILED BY HIS DAUGHTER
MARGARET M. O'CONNOR
NINETEEN-THIRTEEN

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AF

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Copyright, 1918
By MARGARET M. O'CONNOR

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TO MY BROTHER
JOHN BARRY O'CONNOR

In the hope that he, too, some day, may thrill listening audiences with his voice and expressed thoughts, this volume is lovingly dedicated.

—M. M. O'C.



FOREWORD



Upon one occasion my father had delivered an address which was particularly well received, and of which the newspapers spoke highly. A few nights thereafter, a caller at the house mentioned it in glowing terms, and chatted likewise of other addresses previously delivered. This friend asked of father why he did not compile and edit his speeches and writings, to which the reply was given that a great many of them had been lost or destroyed and no attempt had ever been made to retain copies.

The result of the conversation was that I was told that some day I could compile the contents of this volume, and after that date we saved most of the products of my father's voice and pen.

The title may sound strange, but I use it because it is his selection. When he made the race for Congress in 1906, against the late Vice-President Sherman, some of the supporters of the latter circulated false and scurrilous matter, labeled by the very title this volume bears. I have, therefore, adopted it so that the public may realize some of the real thoughts which emanated from the pen and the real utterances which were enunciated by the voice of James K. O'Connor.

MARGARET M. O'CONNOR.

Utica, N. Y., July 4, 1913.

MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS.

ACADEMY ALUMNI BANQUET, 1904.

In these days of horseless carriages, wireless telegrams, heartless humans and thoughtless speech, it does not require much agility or a great stretch of the imagination to jump back a quarter of a century—in fancy. Close then your eyes and take the leap with me. The time, 1879—the place, the old Academy building in the Fifth Ward of sacred memory—to John Brandegee, who still clings, and to His Honor, Mayor Talcott, and to myself, who in days of old clung to residences in that bailiwick with as much tenacity as did ever Michael O'Rourke, Dan Shadrach, Couchy Meyers, Cale Dunn or John Davy Hackett.

My, how the memories crowd! First comes the thought of Friday afternoon rhetorical, and how soon every sixth week did roll around. A harsh, strident voice rasps out, "And the rider of that black horse was Benedict Arnold." Poor old black horse, how many times he has ridden across that school platform, and charged the heights. But Arnold was not allowed a monopoly on the charging business, for "Zagonyi's Charge" many a time and oft did faithful duty, but won its greatest favor when accompanied by the graceful presence and pleasing voice of W. Fred Adams. A few moments more and we hear the deafening crash of artillery, amid the blackness of desolate night, only to be relieved by the resonant tones of Herman Reichert, shouting, "Lights! Lights! It is, it is the march of Attila!" And then floats a peaceful calm over the blue ocean while Arthur McMillan assists Herve Riel in the arduous passage of the fleet through the straits. At intervals the tension is relieved by some sweet-voiced maiden reading, and you can gamble that she reads not of Jennie McNeill, The Curfew or The Leak in the Dyke. These have been left behind in the Advanced School. I will name no names, for most of our girls of that day are looking young and girlish yet and I am willing to keep their secrets. Ed Clark apostrophizes the Grecian Isles, Jim Sheffield again makes that maiden effort which bears the stamp of future oratorical strength, and Ote Northrop, with the aid of stiff and squeaky shoes, raises the siege of Londonderry. But, why go down the list? Scarce a soul of them is here to-night. Why have we not been strong with an association of this kind? Why did repeated efforts at organization only meet with dismal failure? Because the many, like Bob Burdette's Swallows, have migrated and built nests of their own in other localities, "and you can't bring them back if you want to."

Another scene is presented. It is the opening of school in the