

**A SKETCH  
OF OLD UTICA**

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A Sketch of Old Utica by Blandina Dudley Miller & Helen Lincklaen Miller

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**BLANDINA DUDLEY MILLER & HELEN LINCKLAEN MILLER**

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*Blantina D. Miller*

# A Sketch of Old Utica

*Blandina Dudley Miller*

EDITED BY

Helen Lincklaen Miller

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**In Memoriam**

**B. D. M.**

She hath gone forth where Silence needs no speech,  
    Into the music of the chanting spheres,  
Safe harbored now beyond all sorrows' reach,  
    Beyond the mists of pain and human tears.

Yet here is left a Song that still shall sing  
    Above life's strident ways, and softly bless:  
She hath gone forth into that final Spring,  
    Leaving the echo of her loveliness.

*—Thomas S. Jones, Jr.*





## Miss Blandina Dudley Miller



A woman of considerable accomplishment, superior character and representative of the best intellectual endowment of this region died Saturday evening in the home she and her devoted sister have made for several years past in the Olbiston. She was Blandina Dudley Miller, known to the old readers of *THE OBSERVER* for a long time as a regular contributor to its Saturday issues.

She was from historic families, as is shown in other columns of the paper. Her father was the Hon. Rutger B. Miller and her mother was one of the beautiful and noble sisters of Governor Horatio Seymour. She was not only a niece of the Governor by blood but of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling through his marriage to one of her aunts.

She came early to a love and reverence for local history which was characteristic of her family on both sides. Thereby she was inspired to be a writer and her utterances were of note. Her writings, we may admit, helped to inspire that spirit which has lifted to its present state the Oneida Historical Society of which the Governor was for years the President and whose fine building is one of the ornaments of this city.

She has not lived in vain. Her Christian character was exemplary. Refinement was native in her breast and was in all the breathings of her spirit. To what sweet sleep she goes!

—*E. Prentiss Bailey*

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