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DESULTORY NOTES AND REMINISCENCES
OF THE
CITY OF ROCHESTER:
ITS EARLY HISTORY,
REMARKABLE MEN AND EVENTS,
STRANGE REVELATIONS,
OF THE
MURDERS, MYSTERIES AND MISERIES,
CASUALTIES, CURIOSITIES AND PROGRESS
OF THIS
YOUNG AND GROWING CITY,
FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1868.

THE PROPERTY OF

WM. H. JAMES,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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YOUNG AND GROWING CITY, FOR THE LAST 50 YEARS.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

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1868.

REMINISCENCES.

A few months since, "PIONEER," in the daily Union & Advertiser, gave his remembrances of early times, relating mostly to Exchange street and its surroundings, its history and personalities, with remarkable spirit, truth and distinctness; which were highly relished and approved. He not having followed up a subject for which he was so well qualified, has induced me at an humble distance, to tax my memory for some notable events and incidents relating to Buffalo street, State street and their cotemporaries, many of which were never written, and others only in the public prints, the copies of which through the change of hands, carelessness, or fire, are lost. "O'Reilly's Sketches" are very reliable as an elaborate and general history; but they do not descend into particulars—into the lower stratum—the muddle and minutæ of the mysteries and miseries of a new, struggling and slightly governed, roving population.

These fugitive notes are the result of a month's long evenings of winter, entirely from memory and consultations with three or four old *Fogies* like the writer, without reference to any work except an old directory of 1827 for dates, and it is now put in type for gratuitous distribution, to keep intact a few notorieties from fading entirely from the memories of those that are now living and perhaps those that shall come after the present generation.

That part of the city on the west side of the River, was purchased of Phelps and Gorham, owners of near half of western New York, about 1791, by seven purchasers. P. & G. had given in 1789 a mill lot of 100 acres to Indian Allen, on condition he should build a mill for the convenience of new settlers. Allen was a villainous scamp, a cold blooded murderer and Tory in the revolutionary war, and led many Indian massacres.

This lot afterwards fell into the possession of the English Pultney estate, and in 1802 was purchased by ROCHESTER, FITZHUGH

and CARROLL, and in 1812, was laid out in village lots, and named ROCHESTER VILLE, which was afterward changed by the Legislature to its present name. This was the first movement to form a village, of slow growth at first, which in a little less than 60 years, has grown into a city of 60,000 souls, and which is now blessed with a wise and careful legislative municipality, that are so tender of their dear constituents' interests, that they never suffer the taxation to exceed 3 or 5 per cent.

"Bless the Lord!" as Bloss used to say, for all our mercies.

It is supposed that not a single individual that came to this city of adult age, is known to be now alive that resided here in 1812, except Mr. A. Reynolds, who came in May of that year. Mr. Hamlet Scramton, Sr., and family, of whom Edwin, Henry and Hamlet his sons are now citizens, was an earlier settler than Mr. R. Mr. S. first located on the Eagle lot. Mr. Reynolds paid for his two lots, on which now stands his Arcade building, \$55 for one and \$75 for the other, and was to have the now Elwood corner for \$200; but by some smart management he lost it.

There are still several persons who settled here as early as 1815 and 1816.

A bridge across the River was finished this year, 1812.

Matthew and Francis Brown bought lots—48 and 49—and laid them out in village lots and called them FRANKFORT, its improvements consisted of two log huts, and Charles Harford's Grist and Saw Mill, which was located somewhere where Jones' Foundry now stands, though it was gone before I ever saw it, but I remember a large layer of slabs at the foot of the precipice in the rear of this location, for in 1831, the day before the Fourth of July, a boy in reaching for some berries fell over and we had to run a half mile to reach him; apparently dead, his fall on the slabs had so flattened him, that all his clothes were burst open; he revived, and the next day he was firing crackers with the boys. That boy, now a man, need never be afraid of Railroad collisions or jumping Sam Patch. The distance he fell was measured next day and was 79 feet.

In 1813, the State opened the Ridge road to Lewiston. About this time a Post Office was established and our venerable citizen ABELARD REYNOLDS, appointed P. M. The first quarterly income was \$3.42, now as many thousands.

In 1814, Sir James L. Yeo, with the British fleet, came into the mouth of the River, and threatened to come up and burn the bridge and plunder the log cabins; all the women and children took to the woods, and the men went along to show them the way.

1815. The first religious society was organized this year, and the Rev. COMFORT WILLIAMS, the first clergyman settled in the village, over the Presbyterian society which then consisted of 16 members. The first merchants were IRA WEST and SILAS O. SMITH, who opened small stores. The census gave the village 331 inhabitants.

1816. DANBY & SHELDON this year established a weekly newspaper, called the *Gazette*, afterwards published by Derrick and Levi Sibley, and after by our well known citizen EDWIN SCRANTOM as the *Monroe Republican*, now the *Union Weekly*. In 1817, the Buffalo street road was laid out to Batavia, and the first Steamboat came into the Genesee River, and the price of wheat rose up to \$2.25 per bushel, causing great losses to the millers.

In 1818, the celebrated CARTHAGE BRIDGE was commenced, with a single arch 200 feet above the water, the chord of which was 352 feet and the entire length over 700 feet, which stood one year and one day and fell to "everlasting smash." The only person who saw it fall is still alive, RUSSEL GREEN, then a school boy, now in Indiana.

The ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER was installed this year. In 1820, the County of Monroe was set off. The price of flour this year ran down to \$2.25 a barrel, and our popular miller CHAS. J. HILL, bought wheat at 2s. 9d. per bushel, and paid in "stay tape and buckram."

THE FIRST ELECTION for five Trustees was held in 1817, when Francis Brown, Daniel Mack, Wm. Cobb, Everard Peck and Jehiel Barnard for trustees, and Hastings R. Bender, Clerk, and F. F. Backus, Treasurer—now all deceased. Of the 16 officers of the Fire Department, only two are now alive, Col. AARON NEWTON and STEPHEN CHARLES.

In 1821, THE OLD CANAL AQUEDUCT was commenced, and in October, the 22d, the first boat left for Little Falls laden with flour. Mills, stores and dwellings went up as if by magic, and the incipient city of log cabins disappeared with astonishing rapidity. The census of 1825 gave a population of 4275. The aboriginal and nomadic wanderers to the far west, turned their faces for Rochester, which brought a strong flood of the eastern "BETTER-THEMSELVES" population, who on starting took an everlasting leave of their friends, made their wills, laid in a stock of quack medicines "good for the ager and janders," and left for that far off land, where it was said their crops would be "bull frogs" knee deep and "rattle snakes" enough to fence them.

There were from 3 to 400 buildings erected yearly; its rapid growth created a furore of emigration and brought many singular and eccentric geniuses that our present staid, bustling, business population have no conception of. Of the old stock of citizens of this class I only remember John O'Donohue, the witty and eccentric auctioneer; Gil. Everingham the wholesale merchant, who, on his failure owed 2,200 dollars for cocktails to his landlord, and 22,000 to his creditors; Wm. C. Bloss, an unappreciated genius, even when devoid of religious fanaticism; Gardner McCracken, Col. Herman Bissell, Sam Hatt, Joseph Russel, machine poet, and crier to the courts; Sam Drake the sportsman, who kills with his tongue as well as with his double barrels; Davis C. West, Josiah Sheldon, Benjamin H. Brown, all of whom were gifted with more or less eccentricities—now but one of them alive.

Of the adult early Pioneers now living, I only see still moving in society the following :

Abelard Reynolds, —	N. B. Merrick, —	Derrick Sibley,
Dr. Elwood, —	Jeremiah Cutler, —	H. N. Curtis, —
Preston Smith,	John Haywood, —	Doct. Jonah Brown,
Gen. John Williams, —	Richard Gorsline, —	Joseph Medbery, —
Isaac Hills, —	Frederick Starr, —	Aaron Erickson, —
John H. Thompson, —	James Buchan, —	Samuel L. Selden, —
Gen. A. W. Riley, —	Hiram Blanchard,	Samuel Drake, —
Col. Aaron Newton, —	Thos. H. Rochester, —	David Moody,
Wm. Brewster, —	N. T. Rochester,	Thos. J. Patterson,
Chas. J. Hill, —	H. E. Rochester, —	Lewis Selye, —
Aristarchus Champman,	Ebenezer Ely,	E. B. Whiston, <i>Miller</i>
Judge Gardiner, —	Nehemiah Osborn, —	Ezra M. Parsons, —
Edwin Scrantom, —	Darius Perrin, —	John Robinson,
W. J. McCracken,	Samuel P. Gould,	Benj. Butler, —
Ebenezer Watts, —	George Gould, —	Fisher Bullard,
Levi A. Ward, —	B. M. Baker, —	Orrin Harris, —
Chas. W. Dundas,	ThurLOW Weed,	Ambrose Cram. —
William Pitkin, —		

Here are about fifty names out of over 4,000 inhabitants that resided here from about 1814 to 1820 or '22, all of some notoriety and well known to all business men of that day. There are undoubtedly others that my memory does not recall.

I have before me, furnished by a friend, a list of over 600 names, all of some note, of those who have died and passed away within the last 40 or 45 years, over the Lethean river of oblivion and forgetfulness, to be known no more—a nine day's talk—may be not so much—and our memories “vanish into air, thin air.” It is a fearful show of the vanities and penalties of mortal life, and if properly realized is a striking warning and memento to us all, before “shuffling off this mortal coil,” to show us “what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue,” almost regardless of the great final result.

On looking over this fearful and lamentable list, I note many distinguished and estimable citizens, with most of whom I had the pleasure to be acquainted. Subjoined are the names of the reverend Clergy, Attorneys and Physicians, that resided here in the infancy of this city, and others of later date, well known to the present generation :

CLERGYMEN.

Wm. Miller,	Joseph Penny,	Elon Galusha, —
Comfort Williams,	F. H. Cumming,	Kingman Nott, —
Oliver Comstock,	Calvin Pease, —	James Nichols,
Chas. G. Lee,	John T. Coit, —	R. S. Crampton, —
	Chester Dewey, —	

PHYSICIANS.

J. G. Vought,	James Webster,	G. W. Lewis, —
Solomon Day,	Samuel Hamilton,	Moses Long, —
John D. Henry,	William Bell,	M. M. Rodgers, —
Champion Landon,	A. P. Biegler, —	Simon Hunt,
A. G. Smith,	Lewis Durand,	E. P. Langworthy, —
James M. Smith,	Matthew Brown,	U. S. A.
O. E. Gibbs,	Levi Ward, —	W. W. Reid, —
David McCracken,	F. F. Backus,	Thomas Bradley, —
Anson Coleman,	T. Scott Avery,	Alexander Kelsey, —
E. S. Marsh,	Azel Ensworth,	M. M. Matthews. —
Richard Dibble,	L. D. Fleming, —	

ATTORNEYS.

John Mastic,	Frederic Whittlesey,	Wm. S. Bishop, —
Roswell Babbit,	Timothy Child,	Hester L. Stephens,
W. C. VanNess,	— Charles M. Lee,	M. F. Delano,
Joseph Spencer,	G. H. Chapin,	Jarvis M. Hatch,
A. S. Alexander,	John R. Dixon,	Eliphalet Trimmer, —
Samuel B. Chase,	Hiram C. Smith,	Henry Hunter,
Jesse Dane,	— Selah Matthews,	Anson House, —
D. K. Carter, —	Ebenezer Griffin,	Moses Chapin,
Simeon Ford,	— Calvin Huson,	John C. Nash, —
T. F. Talbot,	D. D. Barnard,	Fletcher M. Haight,
Horace Gay,	E. A. Hopkins,	Alba Lathrop. —
Vincent Matthews,	I. R. Elwood,	

Each one of all the foregoing individuals has a history, which if written the world would hardly contain the books.

I have sometimes wondered what gave the name of Buffalo to our thriving sister city, and I have been told it was adopted from the Indian name of the creek that enters the lake at that point. Now what should give that name to the creek unless the Buffalo ranged that region in olden times. It has generally been held that that animal never crossed the Mississippi River, but it must be a mistake, and there is no doubt but that they once ranged freely over the Prairie land of Michigan, Illinois and Ohio, and even the wild forests of Western New York. Probably the organization of the powerful Five Nations and the consolidation of their numerous bands in the western wilds dispersed and drove them off.

Father LeMoine, a Jesuit Missionary to the Onondaga and Illinois Indians in 1653, on his passing the rapids of the St. Lawrence, says in his diary, "on the other side of the rapids I perceived a drove of wild cows, which were passing at their ease in great state. Five or six hundred are often seen in these regions in one drove." He then made his way up the Oswego River to the chief town of the Onondagas. "We arrived at a small lake and were led to a spring that they dare not drink, saying there was a demon in it which made it poison; having tasted it, I found it a fountain of

salt water, and in fact, we made salt from it as natural as that from the sea, of which we carried a sample to Quebec."

On his return in a storm his canoes were driven on an Island, I should think by his vague description of location, somewhere between what is now Sackett's Harbor and Ogdensburg. He says, "1st September, 1653, I never saw so many Deer, but we had no inclination to hunt them; my man killed three as if against his will. On the 2d, traveling through vast prairies, we saw in diverse quarters immense herds of wild Bulls and Cows; 3d and 4th, our game does not leave us. It seems that venison and game follow us everywhere, droves of twenty cows plunge into the water as if to meet us; some are killed by way of amusement by blows of an axe." Now what could these animals be but the Bison of Zoologists and the Buffalo of the Indians, for there was not a domesticated animal within five hundred miles of that region, if on the American continent; therefore it is a fair conclusion, that the Indians were familiar with this animal and named the creek after them.

They were an animal beyond the ability of the natives to subdue, as they had no horses to follow them, nor any kind of fire arms, only rude spears and arrows. Where he found the "vast prairies" is a little problematical in our heavy wooded country.

Father LeMoine was the first white man that ever discovered or tasted the heaven-sent blessing, the salt springs of Onondaga, a precious gift that ranges side by side with canals and railroads in the settlement and populating the great West.

If our salt springs should become exhausted, which in time may result, what would become of the teeming millions of the western world,—its inhabitants would become nonentities and the soil a chaos of hard clay for want of cultivation, or join the Mormons and go to Salt Lake.

Well, well, what a rambling pacing pony the imagination is, when the ribbons are in the hands of one over 80 years old, who knows a little of everything and not much of any thing; who cogitates and thinks, sometimes right and often wrong, but as I go in for the 27th letter of the alphabet—the letter *slide*—so you must take my crudities as they run as we take our *spare-ribs*, for better or for worse. Writing with an indelible steam pencil that never stops and don't know the word *whoa*, except when it runs off the track. This exordium brings me back to Buffalo street, which was the goal in view many leagues, back if the rambling *afflatus* does not send me a "wool gathering" in some remote quarter. In my first number I proposed to give some early recollections of Buffalo street and its surroundings, and having traveled so many times around Robin Hood's barn, it is fully time to begin; so now, *venez a nos moutons*.

This street was probably named from the fact, that it looked toward that thriving city, which about these days claimed great notoriety, being opposite the enemy's frontier, where the greater part of the war of 1812 was enacted. This street and Carrol, now

State, was a rude apology for a viaduct, for one half of the year it was an aqueduct of mud and water. Some idea may be realized by those who observed the black muck, peat and parts of trees thrown out in excavating last year for the great sewer in that street.

A story was current in those days, that some one threw out a plank to reach a hat lying on the mud, on raising it a voice issued from under, "Halloo there, what are you at?" "I beg your pardon said the citizen, I was not aware there was a man under it." "Well you give up that hat, or you will find there is one, and as good a horse too as there is in this infernal country;" at any rate in spring and fall it was a sea—a volcano of mud,—which sought its own level and saved a great deal of engineering and leveling. Buildings began to be erected and stepping stones and slabs placed for side-walks for convenience of locomotion.

This country was sickly, as all new lands are, particularly at the mouth of the river, where two or three sets of inhabitants died off, and indeed the whole country was infected with agues and fevers, and it is said the physicians of those days helped the destroying angel, by the then prevailing practice of bleeding and calomel, which is now happily gone to the tomb of the capulets.

A traveler was prospecting the country for a new home, when at the mouth of the river, he observed a man so wasted and thin, that but one man could look at him at a time, sunning himself against a house and entered into conversation with him, and asked about the reputation of the country as to health. "Oh said he, it is not bad, pretty good, take it bye and large." "But my friend, your appearance does not justify that opinion." "Oh said he, that is nothing, everybody must get acclimated you know." "How long does it take?" "Oh, four or five years." "Well, how has it operated with you?" "Well the first year I had the shakes, that was pretty tough, I shook so that I split the beams of my house and did some other damage. Well the next year I had the intermittent fever, I got through that pretty well,—a body must become hardened to the country you see,—then for about two years I had the bilious fever and then the lake fever, and I am now tapering off with the mud fever; I shall come out first rate yet." "Well, my friend, I have no disposition to go through the course your college of acclimation prescribes, so I will be going; do you think there is any danger of my being infected?" "No, I guess not if you have a good horse, but you must make tracks I can tell you.

The wind is in the right quarter, let us try to get back into Buffalo street again. On the north-west corner of it and State street Dr. Azel Ensworth built a tavern house, which was a patched piece of additions, though he had often fifty or sixty boarders, and was known as the Eagle Tavern and kept for several years by his son Russ, a person of some peculiarities—both deceased for many years. It has been rebuilt and is now *Powers' Bank*. On the opposite corner east was a rude stone building of rough ashlers, guiltless of axe, tool or hammer or any metal tool, and was the store of Hart

& Saxton. It was burned and another erected of little better finish, known as Burns' Block, lately rejuvenated and beautified, and is now the ELWOOD property. On the south-west corner of Buffalo and Exchange was a rude stone building owned by Silas O. Smith, since rebuilt, an imposing structure, now *Smith's Arcade*. The most remarkable feature that I remember now about it was Stowell's white cockatoo Parrot that was hung out of the window, making the most unearthly screams and screechings to attract visitors to his museum. On the south-east corner opposite was a large brick store with the most goth and vandalish windows ever got up by any native woods architect. It was occupied for many years by Allcott, Watts & Langworthy as a Hardware and Iron Store. It has been since demolished and is now *Masonic Hall*.

Having got the four corners established as a *point d'appui*, other contraptions of all sizes and fashions crept in by degrees, till most of the ground was occupied for considerable space in all directions.

The oldest building I remember, going east from the Eagle corners, was a two story frame house kept for several years by H. Millard as a tavern, and was the first *two-story frame house built in Rochester*. On the erection of Reynold's Arcade it was removed, and is now No. 7 and 9 on Sophia street, a tenant house, filled in with brick, and as such entitled to the reverential notice and respect of all Rochesterians.

Meade's Blacksmith Shop stood where is now the corner of Front and Buffalo streets. The river ran then where now the street is, with a row of brick buildings beyond, stolen out of the river. Poor old river! pinched and crowded out of its legitimate premises. If of the feminine gender, her lordly master, imperious man, has fairly kicked her out of bed, yet sometimes her pliant, yielding disposition is aroused and with her broom-stick, as the besom of destruction, overwhelms all the boasted innovations and obstructions with relentless fury.

Opposite, on the south side, where Barton's buildings were destroyed by the great flood, stood once *Cobb's trip hammer works* and *Thomas Morgan's nail works*, the first inventor of the perfect automatic nail machine; after their deaths it was occupied by *Medbery & Gilbert* as a rifle manufactory. Going west was a long row of shanty buildings used as market stalls, where now stands those stately palatial Hardware Stores. S. M. Smith, Smith & Tower, John H. Thompson, Roswell Babbit; Harrington & Hubbel, confectioners, and Preston Smith were somewhere along that region.

The first building now standing going west beyond the corners, that I can call to mind, is a large unsightly building erected by Dr. Jonah Brown. It was constructed with *rough Ashlers* and a bad foundation; it is stuccoed, plastered and painted like a decayed beauty, until it makes quite a respectable appearance, and is now the *Exchange Hotel*.

Nearly opposite, on a bank of rocks that have long disappeared, stood an old stone building, that no one that I ever heard speak of

it knew who built it or for what purpose ; it was of two stories, without windows or doors, the boys called it the *old Penitentiary* and said it was haunted—that a pedlar was murdered there, whether old split foot flew away with it, or it was pulled down, I disremember.

The next notable place was the notorious *Chicken Row*, on a part of which grounds now stands the best built, and in the severest good critical taste, of any erection in this city, the *Rochester Savings Bank*, whose directors laid out as much money as they knew how. The materials will never decompose and crumble down,—like the bases of the pilasters and columns of the new Court House. Woodworths' chemical works are also on the same ground.

This in those days celebrated rookery, was a lot of low wood buildings, strung together for renting purposes and filled with all conceivable atrocities, from dusky white to ebony darkness, a perfect five points Billingsgate. They were all bipeds, though no *chickens* by any means—a volunteer Pawn Brokers shop, where all lost property was looked for and often recovered. It once took fire at one end, and such getting down stairs was a caution to shins and chemises ; it was early of a Sunday morning and brought together all the loose unwashed loafer b'hoys of the city, and they like an unruly mob, snow-balled the fire out, for the fun of breaking the windows and hitting the flying fugitives by the way of giving them a good start. It has long gone the way of the degenerate.

On the same side, near the corner of Sophia street, yet stands an *old yellow two-story house*, now occupied as a carpenter's shop, and was built by Lester Beardsley, a master builder, for his private dwelling, and he laid himself out to produce something above the vulgar of those days, but is now so far behind the light house of modern improvement, that a minnie ball at a long shot would never reach it. He was an estimable citizen and died of cholera in 1832.

The next noted point that I remember of the mile stones of departed times, is the *old Buffalo Pump* ; and there are many yet living that have worshipped at its shrine. It stood on the north side, about midway between Sophia and Washington streets ; stately and bold, defying with its stout right arm all *concocted drinks*, and was a fountain of the purest drinking water ; though in those days of "do as you d— please," it was not in as good repute as in these days of the *Good Templars*. In those days, when milk and water lived "in single blessedness" and whiskey was eighteen pence a gallon, an old *bummer* said, "what is the use of water any way, when whiskey is so cheap." Yet this blessed fountain was almost the sole dependence of the aboriginals of the incipient city, for their tea, and drink water, and were better off than we are now, with the iron water pipes lying in the gutters. The first great sewer ruined its source of water.

Nearly opposite and not five rods distant, was a fine *sulphur spring*, which was improved by Dr. Vought with bath and shower-

ing conveniencies; a bar room and ladies' dressing room, and had a good deal of popularity and patronage, but is now lost in the abyss of brick and mortar.

The next noted point is the north-west corner of Buffalo and Sophia street, now occupied by a new brick saloon, once covered by the notorious *Love's Block*, a long row of two story, cheap erections, standing on stilts, under which was a standing pool of green stagnant water; the receptacle of all the filth, stench and abominations of a crowded mass of the lowest grade of tenants. During the cholera season of '32, the nuisance was so palpable, and the danger so threatening, and no immediate lawful means at hand to correct it, that a large collection of our best citizens, knowing the law, tolerated the abatement of pressing and dangerous nuisances *vi et armis*, took possession of the implements of a hook and ladder company and at once commenced its demolition. During the operation, some boys set fire to some straw beds in an upper room the tenants had left, and in a few minutes the whole house was in flames. The bells rang and all the fire companies turned out, together with a great mass of the population. The firemen were not permitted to turn a drop of water on the fire, only on other exposed buildings. The whole concern in a few minutes was dust and ashes. Some prosecutions grew out of the affair, but were ignored by the courts.

On the next lot yet stands, about thirty feet back from the street, a two story brick building, now occupied as a boarding house, which was built about the year 1824 or 5, by the celebrated *Morgan* of anti-masonic memory—he being a mason by trade. The antecedents of this house, gave it at one period considerable notoriety.

A little farther up on the opposite side, now stands a queer conglomerate of traps known as *Robb's Block*, which is said to be incombustible, as it is so packed with tenants that no foot square could be on fire, without discovery, by singing some ones head. For the investment, it is said to be the most profitable concern in all tenandom, at any rate, it has the *finest water* and the *poorest whiskey*, that ever passed the portals of a drouthy throat.

To the east and north of Washington street, including part of Sophia and Center Square and that quarter, was originally a most determined, deep, quaggy swamp, where cattle were mired and lost; now by draining and filling up, is built upon and become good and desirable locations.

In those early times, an old fat Mohawk Dutchman lived on the borders of this *campagna* of miasms and malaria. He did'nt seem to mind it at all; his cheeks looked like two fresh smoked hams, and his corporate capacity like a sack of hops; sat one spring morning in all his rotundity in his door, quietly smoking his pipe. A passer-by asked him how he got along in these days. "Ah, fust rate—dip dop, only if it was not for dat tam Buffalo bump." "Why, what has that to do with it?" "Vel den, you see, it is so hanty to Chones' grocery, dat he butts too much vater in mine

viskey." "Well, what again has that to do with it?" "Vell den, you see dis not very healthy times, so when I first gits up, I takes a glass of viskey, for a eye opener, den I smokes a pit, and den I looks out on de swamp, and ven I sees a bit of fog coming, I dakes anoder trink and I smokes agin, as he rises I keeps on trinkin and smokin to keep off de ager, sometimes more den ten times, but dat was tam bad fog, den I trinks mine preckfast and keeps sharp look out for de fog all day."

To the north and west of this is a dry chestnut ridge, where in early times was fine hunting for squirrel, patridge, snipe, deer and wolves were killed in what is now the limits of the city and their vicinity.

As you pass over Buffalo street canal bridge, you come to the old burying ground, where now stands the *City Hospital*. There were probably 5,000 persons buried there, not more than 500 were ever removed to Mount Hope, and the balance are now graded over, sodded and used as pleasure grounds. How would the 4,000 sentient human beings have felt, in the plentitude of their health and strength, if they thought their osseous structures and fleshy integuments were to be desecrated in that manner,—not pleasantly under our prevailing ideas on that subject, but in reality it matters not,

"For when the spirit free and warm,
Deserts it as it must;
What matter where the lifeless form,
Dissolves again to dust,"

and it may not be considering it too philosophically to suppose, that our corporeal atoms may in a few decades form a beer jug, or mortar to stop the winters cold. *Ohe! jam satis.*

On going north on Carroll, changed to State street through enmity and revenge against one of the original proprietors, Col. Carroll, for some transaction the council thought rather selfish and unjust in him. The spite of changing the name was generally thought ungenerous, improper and ungentlemanly. I recognize but few buildings of those early times. Kempshall & West had a rather imposing front of red cut free stone, located about where is now the Ellwanger & Barry Block, and nearly opposite, Brewster & Blanchard erected a block of stores with a grey sawed sandstone front, with rustic corners and courses—now *Concert Hall*, both long since displaced to make room for more modern and imposing structures. About this region on the west side, the Presbyterian meeting house was placed, and the first religious society organized, consisting of 16 members; and somewhere in that vicinity was an apology for a Theatre, afterwards Christopher's lively stables.

Farther along on the east side, at the foot of Platt street, stood the political old *log cabin* in "*Tip, and Ty.—Tippecanoe and Tyler too*" times, where only hard cider was drank and pork and beans eaten on chips, will be well remembered by many now living. Those were lively times; candidates were sung into office and sung

out of office; Dagger, Rope and Ratsbane were of no account. We then assassinated with *quavers and demis-emi-quavers*.

In 1816, W. J. McCracken, in that part of the city called Frankfort, erected the tavern house now known as the *North American Hotel*, and was the only building of any importance for the convenience of travellers and strangers in the city, and the only frame building from thence to the Eagle corners. Old Bully Mac is still living.

The old Cotton Factory stood about where the Shawmut Mills now are; those and the Phœnix Mill of Doct. Matthew Brown, were the first improvements in that time. The present cotton factory is the third edition of that manufacturing business. The two first, one was torn down, the other owned by Sidney S. Allcott, was burned.

About these days, the *Buffalo street Bridge* became unsafe and had to be closed, and Messrs. Mumford & Andrews put over a toll bridge, a few rods above the present Railroad structure, it stood till a new one was built when it went into disuse and decay, and for many years past no vestige of either piers or abutments exist.

The dwelling house built by *Seth Sexton*, one of our early merchants, stood in the rear of Congress Hall and the Waverly Block, and has long since disappeared.

Of the early clergymen I only remember Revs. Comfort Williams, Joseph Penny, F. H. Cumming, Williams James and Orrin Miller. Of early physicians, only Drs. Ellwood, Coleman, Brown and Backus, of any note. In 1827 there were 28 lawyers; they are a prolific breed, their name now is Legion, and the doctors are now as multitudinous, from Catmint, Hoarhound and Boneset, though all the *pathies* up to the clairvoyance and laying on of hands.

A building of some remark on Buffalo street, is the large structure lately known as the *University*, built by Martin Clapp in 1828, and thought in early days to be a wild speculation, as it did eventually turn out—ruining the builder. It was afterwards kept by J. L. D. Matthies as the *United States Hotel*, at the front door of which the *Tonawanda* Railroad, as it was then called, ended and landed its passengers, which is now one portion of the great Central New York road.

The Tonawanda Railroad in those days, almost a visionary project, was commenced in 1835, now near 33 years ago, and was the first rod of road laid in this State, except the road from Albany to Schenectady and the Horse Railroad to Carthage. It was never even conceived, or entered into the imaginations of the half dozen or more capitalists and projectors, that it would ever be connected with the Albany road, great West and the rest of this great continent. Its object was to carry passengers going and coming from the new countries and to bring down live stock and perishable articles, grain and produce during the close of the canals in winter, all for the benefit of our city and home market.

At that time passengers were the great object calculated upon

for profit, and very little dependence was laid on it for freight, now the great reliance for dividends. The passenger cars got up for this road, if they could be exhibited now, would be laughed into utter insignificance. They were 14 or 15 feet long with two cross seats at each end, holding three or four persons each, with an upper story in the center for the same number, and the space underneath for baggage making 24 passengers, where they now carry from 60 to 100.

If those cars could be exhibited as excavated from the ruins of Herculaneum they might be tolerated, but compared with our present palaces, would be the incarnation of absurdity. There is no vestige of them left, nor has been for many years.

The construction of the road was an anomaly among modern constructions; it was laid on sleepers 20 feet long; large logs flattened on one side; a 3x4 pine scantling and a 2½ inch strap rail spiked down together. This rail after a year or two was found to be too light, liable to *snake heads* on every trip; the whole was stripped off and lost and a 3 inch and thicker one substituted; but the whole concern was soon a total failure and the entire rails and superstructure thrown away, which was renewed on the present plan with the T rail. The whole original capital was nearly sunk and lost, ruining several deserving persons. Not one of the original projectors, that I can think of are, now alive.

To show how great oaks from little acorns grow, I will give the receipts of the road for the first two weeks it ran, I am not certain whether to Batavia or only to Byron:

Sept. 22d, 1836, 6 tons of salt; 23d, 500 lbs. ft.; 24th, ft. 25 cts.; 26th, pass. 25 cts.; 27th, pass. \$1.50, ft. 600 lbs.; 28th, pass. 50 cts.; 29th, pass. \$1; 30th, pass. \$1; Oct. 1st, 18 bbls. salt; 3d, pass. 75 cts., 3 bbls. salt; 4th, pass. \$1.63, 17 bbls. salt, ft. 200 lbs.

In comparison with the present traffic it is an *infusoria* to an *Elephant*. Now there pass through this city in the period of the foregoing report, more than 10,000 passengers and 100,000 tons of freight.

What an institution is the genius of man; he scans and weighs the heavenly bodies, decides exactly the materials that compose the sun, and with daring innovation, sends the red artillery of heaven around the earth and hoops it with bands of iron, and compels nondescript monsters to fly careering over and under mountains and rivers, through every part of the globe. Where is it all to end? With our splendid cars and sleeping palaces; why not Boarding Houses cheaper than Metropolitans or Osborn Hotels; yea even ball-room cars, in which a party can dance a figure and *pirouette* at Buffalo and *chasse* back to Rochester. Who knows? Only give us a double track, magnetic wheels and cold steam, and we will live on board in these emigrating domicils and go in for a good time generally.

We are rather a wonderful people; we stop at nothing that the wildest imagination can suggest, only two steps more and we should

be classed by ancient mythology among the Gods,—flying and perpetual motion—there rests the limits of human invention—the *ultima thule* of Yankee genius, we may add the quadrature of the circle and then we are foundered in the quagmire of impossibilities.

It is not generally known that on excavating the Valley Canal, about where Sophia street bridge crosses, that the natural bones of a pre-adamite animal of the *Mammoth* or *Mastodon* species were found and are now in the State Museum at Albany. Two citizens were walking on the unfinished work and discovered among the earth wheeled out, large lumps of a white material like chalk, but a closer examination found they were decayed ivory, with the peculiar concentric rings of that material. By further search they found, the point, or tip of an enormous tusk and several rib bones and vertebrae; they also found the shell or enamel of a part of the tusk, that was eight or nine inches in diameter. On enquiring of the superintendent he referred them to the laborers that worked at that point, but they being Patlanders knew nothing about it, only one said he carried out two or three barrow loads of rotten *hickory maple*; but it was so covered by earth that it was a very serious job to search for them, or the entire skeleton might probably have been found.

This is allowed to be a very meagre country for the mineralogist, with very few mineral specimens, or rare formations worth observing. The scratched and polished rocks underlie the whole drift of this region, and are supposed to be the results of Prof. Agassiz's icebergs, and are in many places very distinct.

There is a singular formation cropping out going up Buffalo street, this side of St. Mary's Hospital, of the *cornitiferous* lime rock and is supposed to be the secretion and deposit of a small animal, and is a coralite or rather a madreporite, and contains often very beautiful and rare crystals of the *fluat of lime*, which with a streak of Galena lead ore, just below the river dam at the rapids, are worth observation.

The most noticeable formation of the rocks of this region are to be examined on the high banks of the river at *Buell's Avenue*. Their general dip is about 55 feet to the mile, a little west of south, and the strata undulates in waves, and the depressions are filled up with the greatest mechanical nicety, till they reach the general level, when another regular course commences, of which there are several instances. In the immediate vicinity, a strata of the *red oxyde of iron*, which underlies this country from near Utica to Niagara Falls, where it wedges out. It is a singular formation composed of the broken members of those articulated sea animals called *Encrinites*, and grouted in with iron, and is composed of about 40 per cent. iron to 60 of lime; and is a fine flux for magnetic and refractory ores.

The *red saliferous sand stone* of the river banks contain no organic remains, except quite on the surface, abundance of *fucoides*; supposed to be the incipient action of prolific nature, to produce

the first attempt of vegetable organization, during the deposition of the sedimentary rocks. On a level and a little north of the paper mills there is a lime stone strata very prolific in the remains of the *pentamerus oblongata*.

There have occurred in Rochester three or four criminal trials of extraordinary interest, the like of which can hardly be matched in the calendar of criminal jurisprudence.

The trial of *Barron* for the robbery and murder of *Lyman*, on Franklin street, on the east side, elicited the greatest concentration and array of circumstantial evidence ever brought before a jury, rendering the fatal result as palpable as a voice from heaven.

The murder of *Little*, an attorney, by Ira Stout, in attempting to throw him off the high bank below the Falls, after stunning him by a blow of a hammer, when they went down together a distance of 150 feet, killing Little his brother-in-law, and himself wounded and arm broken. He was hung, and the wife of Little sent to State Prison for seven years,—since pardoned out and very well married.

The trials of *Biegler*, *Hardenbrook*, and *Robinson*, excited the feelings of the whole city, from the previous high standing of the parties. Being rather recent transactions, are familiar with most citizens. The adage:

“That prisoners must *hang* that jurymen may *dine*,” is often reversed by many of our recondite juries and *escape* substituted.

The murder, many years ago, of Porter P. Pierce, a popular young man, and Emily Moore, an interesting young lady; both of whom were found in the river, and the singular killing of ——— Orton, were exciting topics in those days. In neither instance has the remotest discovery been made of the perpetrators of these enormities, on even well grounded suspicions been adopted, and it would seem almost to ignore and falsify the almost scriptural proverb, *that murder will out*.

On thinking over the varied scenes and events that have passed over my limited vision and memory, I find a few more noted points, that I wish to rescue from the all devouring maw of time, that will soon obliterate their existence from the memories of the present age and be lost to those that shall come after us.

What digression all this is from a history of Buffalo street. But when an old *Covey*, who can better remember about men and transactions fifty years ago, than he can what he ate for dinner yesterday, he must be allowed to tap the barrel and let it slide, promising that the food of the old is retrospection of the past, while that of the young is the present and anticipation. So let us jog along.

As one of the transactions notable in the programme of the drama of the city of Rochester, the feats of the immortal *Sam Patch* must not be overlooked. This amphibious biped, was endowed with a very feeble mind and low grade of intelligence; he

loved the ardent, and resorted to the original device of jumping from great heights to raise the means to gratify his ruling passion, and by a very unintentional exploit, immortalized his feat and his name, and will be read of and quoted, and illustrated, when Webster, Calhoun, Douglass and Sumneret, *id omne genus*, are lost in the bottomless pit of oblivion. Yea, ten thousand years hence, when the brink of the Genesee cataract shall have worn up and destroyed the great ship canal aqueduct, his name and exploit will "point a paragraph and adorn a tale," in the North and South American, West Indian, Kamtschatkan and Cape Horn Magazine," with the caption of Sam's motto, "*some things can be done as well as others.*"

Having performed at Paterson, N. J., and at Niagara Falls, he came to this city and put up notices for jumping down the Genesee Falls, on the 8th day of November, 1829, and on that day, a large concourse of citizens attended the exhibition, and true to his promise, himself and a *tame bear* took the fearful leap and came up safely, to the great satisfaction of all the beholders. Not satisfied with this performance, he then proposed on the 13th of November, to leap from a scaffold erected on the brink of the falls, 20 feet in height, making the descent considerable over 100 feet. On the specified day, the world, his wife and their remotest relations, apparently, were on the ground to witness his great feat; the country ran mad on the subject in almost countless numbers. The river banks, roofs of buildings, trees and every attainable foothold were alive with men women and children. He came on the ground at the specified time, quite tipsy, took a last drink, mounted the scaffold, and after a half hours speechifying and cutting up various monkey capers, took the awful plunge—a profound silence prevailed over the vast multitude,—every eye bent on the rippling waves where he entered the water; a hush equal to the primeval chaos existed for near ten minutes, when spontaneously every mouth proclaimed, he is lost—he is dead! Such a prostration of feeling on this fool-hardy event, took effect on the spectators, that in less than five minutes every animate creature had fled from the premises—silent, sober and melancholy.

Instead of entering the water feet foremost, he struck on his side, with a force it was estimated at the time, exceeding 4,000 pounds.

A story extensively prevailed, that he came up under the rocks and played Possum till night, when he decamped. It obtained a considerable degree of credit, so much so, that Mr. Coit, of one of the eastern towns, being in the city some few months after the affair where the subject was broached, said he knew the fact of Sam's being alive, and he could prove it. The late Mr. Jacob Graves being present, said he would not be afraid to risk all he was worth that it was not so. Mr. Coit replied, "I have a hundred dollars that I will put up, that I can not only prove it, but that I will produce him alive in 24 hours." Mr. G. drew his check for that amount; it was put in a third parties hands.

The circumstances that deceived Mr. C., were these: When Sam came first to Rochester, he stopped at Mr. C.'s house and had a meal of vituals, so that he supposed he could recognise him again. A few days previous to the wager, a poor looking tramp came along and asked for lodging, of very much the same size and aspect of Sam Patch." "How are you Sam?" said Mr. C. "All right," said the counterfeit; and by Mr. C.'s questions, he entered into all the particulars of his escape, completely satisfying him of his identity.

On going home after making the wager, and relating the circumstances of the bet to his man, who he had set to sawing wood, Why, said the pretended Sam, "I am sorry you have done that, for to own the truth, I am not in reality Sam Patch; I let you call me so as I was hard up, and I wanted some place to stay, and if I ever get money enough I will pay it back to you."

The money was cheerfully given up, but I think declined under the peculiar circumstances by Mr. G.

The writer of this article applied to the municipal authorities, to prevent and hinder the dangerous and useless exhibition, but they paid no attention to it.

If time is money, together with the unavoidable expenses of a vast multitude, some from a great distance, it cost the city and county not less than 10,000 dollars, to say nothing of one positive death, several broken limbs, and whole hecatombs of inflammation of the lungs, and incipient consumptions, from standing on the banks two or three hours, in a raw, severe, suicidal day in November.

The next spring his body was found at the mouth of the river, and was buried in the Charlotte Cemetery.

This ends the rather remarkable tragedy of Sam Patch.

About the year 1830, the Mechanics' Institute, now the *Athe-neum*, ordered from *Catlin*, the celebrated portrait painter, (who spent eight or ten years among all the Indian tribes this side the Rocky Mountains illustrating by his pencil and pen their features and habits,) a portrait of *De Witt Clinton*, for which they were to pay him 400 dollars. On its completion, he forwarded it by a young brother, a very promising genius and of fine personal qualifications. After delivering his charge and receiving his pay, he wished to take a sketch of the Genesee Falls, and taking a position on the shore below the high bank, to gain a sand bar in the middle of the river, he disrobed himself and attempted to wade over, but the water being too deep, he sank and was drowned. An old Irishman who was fishing some distance below, saw the whole affair and ran to his assistance, but too late to save him; he immediately gave information, and several citizens went to the spot and found his clothes, but no pocket-book, money or gold watch.

The old man was arrested, his cabin searched, which was a miserable hole, equally house or hog pen. A strong sea chest that he had brought over with him was examined, and among the queerest lot of old hats, coats, petticoats, &c., was found an old stocking

containing 300 English guineas, which he accounted for by stating that although he lived by fishing and begging, the money was rightfully his, and he was keeping it for his children, who he expected would soon be over. Nothing appearing against him he was discharged.

About three or four months after, some boys playing on the shore, on turning over a large flat stone, disclosed the articles all safe and sound. Whether the body was ever found, or what disposition was made with the property, I disremember, or what became of the portrait. It was said at the time of the break up of the institute and change to the Atheneum, that there was some White House operations, this like a thousand other rumors may be mere moonshine.

One of the most noble and noticeable institutions of the city of Rochester, is its *Cemetery*, unrivalled in its picturesque and romantic scenery, diversified with plateau, hill and dale, forest trees and second growth shrubbery, and planted with exotic and native trees,—an elevated dry gravelly soil, its landscape is incomparable, and it may not be making too fine a point to say, it was formed by nature and placed in a position—an elective affinity—expressly for the use of the dead representatives of humanity.

These grounds look down upon the city, the surrounding country and the Genesee River as upon a map,—the vast expanse of Lake Ontario is in full view, which renders its position and formation one of the extraordinary features of this region.

The animal power railroad, fine flagged side walks and iron bridge over the river, render the Cemetery of easy access, and a great resort to citizens and strangers in fine weather.

Yet with all its beautiful imagery and unsurpassed advantages; when the purchase was proposed to the authorities, it met with the most vehement opposition; but better councils prevailed and it became what it now is, the great *agrarian boarding and lodging house in the city of the dead*. The patrician and plebian all sit at the same table, "not where they eat, but where they are eaten" (Shak.), no fault finding or discontent, universal silence, peace and brotherly love prevails, yet with all this quietude and peace, how abhorrent to our nature is its approach.

" But to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; oh 'tis horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

* * * * *

MOUNT HOPE is considered a most proper and happy designation, for the last resting place for the frail tenements of humanity.

Its name combines all the holy and dependent attributes, that we anticipate and trust in life and death. The poet says,

" The miserable have no other medicine,
But only Hope."

This fortunate name was not the result of long and learned consultation, thought and search, but the happy conception of a single individual, a sub-officer of the city municipality, who presented at a meeting of the Common Council, a bill "for work and labor done on Mount Hope Cemetery," it took the usual course of being adopted and published in the next daily papers. It obtained immediate popularity, and was assumed as the act of the authorities, and no further action had, or further question made on the subject.

At the time the purchase of the lot of 100 acres, it was thought by many as a most extravagant outlay; but it has already turned out as altogether too limited, and additional territory has already been procured, the best ground there was adjoining, but not of the best quality for its intentions, and this has occurred even at this early period, not more than about thirty years from its adoption.

When we consider from known facts, derived from the bills of mortality of the civilized world, that a whole generation dies off in 33 or 34 years, that is, as many human beings pass the dark portal, as existed on the globe at that time (1,200,000,000) twelve hundred millions in that short period cease to exist.

Now it follows clearly and beyond cavil, that out of our presumed population, 60,000 bodies must be deposited in this and the Catholic burying grounds within 33 years from this time, and it is a proper enquiry to make and ask, where are they all to be laid? for it is even now a fact, that any one the least fastidious in the choice of a desirable, or favorite location, cannot procure one to his satisfaction.

There seems to be no other resort, but to procure the property lying opposite and across the public highway, which belongs to a gentleman, who duly appreciates its value and means to enjoy it—and does, in a liberal, hospitable and gentlemanly manner.

There is no doubt but that it can be purchased and must so eventuate, but we may have to cover it with golden eagles, and them edgewise.

The grounds of Mount Hope have been greatly improved and beautified, recently by the present superintendent, Mr. STILLSON, and in 50 years it will be a noted point of attraction and visitation by citizens and visitors, as one of the sight-seeing objects so creditable to our civil and religious community, everlasting in its beauty and sanctity.

Rochester Knockings, as weak and silly an imposture as it is, has conferred upon this city more notoriety and local celebrity, than all other occurrences that ever transpired within its boundaries. It has been spoken of and commented upon in Europe and by every press, man and woman in the United States.

An uneducated country girl, Miss Fox, now Fox Kane, and her sister Mrs. Fish, with as some have thought the *spring halt* or some peculiar developed muscle of the *big toe*, with occasional assistance from confederates, deceived the most critical examinations before intelligent public meetings, and at her private residence, where hundreds consulted her as one of the sybils of fate.

After setting the whole country in a blaze of wonder and curiosity, thinking this city too limited a sphere for their operations, went to the city of New York, where they have given private seances for several years.

One of them having failed in securing the property of Dr. Kane, the famous Arctic explorer, claiming to be his lawful wife, and justly as we think, has now opened shop, it is stated, in Philadelphia, under the nose of the brother, the successful claimant, probably to follow her vocation and annoy the possessor of the property.

About the time the advent of the knockings had its day, *mesmerism and table tipping* had a great run; it seemed as if delusion and humbug ruled the hour, engaging the attention of thousands and having many proselytes; but all the vagaries of the day gave way to the more mysterious and mystified delusion of clairvoyance and modern *spiritualism* and writing mediums.

The single fact, that the spirits of those who when in life, were of the highest grade of intellect, of great genius and learning, are called to the presence of pretended mediums, communicating with us freely, and with those, who, while in the body would not be worthy to black their shoes, and yet up to this time, no one instance has occurred, by which mankind have been benefited or enlightened on any of those points which are inscrutable to mortals, while they, the spirits, ranging with the velocity of thought through all space; following the tracks of the stellar worlds—familiar with all the arcana and workings of the wonderful machinery that God has constructed in heaven's great workshop of nature; but not a hint, an allusion to enlighten us in the great mysteries; no illustration of any science; no allusion to the nature of diseases; nothing for the benefit of the toiling millions to improve their condition. In short, not one iota of benefit has been derived from all the pretended communications of spirits from the higher spheres. The Bible, the Saviour, Heaven and Hell are ignored, and every sensible and well established fact and doctrine of the present day, set at naught by visionary theories, without one palpable evidence of their reliability.

Why cannot they satisfy us, whether the sun and solar system are merely satellites or not, to a stupendous central planet around which they revolve. What the constituency of Jupiter's belts and Saturn's rings. Whether there is an outer planet to Neptune. What the periodical shooting stars. Whether the great planets are inhabited, and by what beings. What is the cause of the spots on the sun, and any of the thousand abstruse and inscrutable subjects to us sublunarians. Enlighten us with one question's worth; if nothing else, say if the moon is made of *green cheese*. It is a fathomless abyss of airy nothing—the climax of absurdities.

Balloons. The first attempt at a balloon ascension in this city was made in 1836, now 31 years ago, by a French Aeronaut, named Lauriatt, on the grounds now occupied by the Waverly Block, Congress Hall and the Railroad depot, then vacant lots, all

properly enclosed. There was a large attendance both inside and outside. It being before street gas was introduced, he was obliged to create his hydrogen from acids and iron turnings. On attempting to test its buoyancy, he found it would not lift himself without any ballast, and after adding a keg of nails to his retort, it was no go. He then excused his failure by saying his material was bad by being mixed with cast iron, producing the heavy carbonic gas. He then made proclamation that a fortnight from that day, he would return and do justice to the exhibition.

A lot of roughs fell foul of the balloon, determined to cut and destroy it, and did make two or three apertures, when some one cut the guy rope and away it went soaring swiftly aloft; losing its gas rapidly, it fell in the river a half mile or more below.

On the day appointed he made his appearance and effected a most successful ascension, remaining in sight for over a half hour, and landed safely at Sodus Bay, 24 miles from the city.

The most remarkable transaction, was the falling of the roof of a blacksmith shop at one corner of the enclosure, which was alive with men and boys, some of whom were slightly hurt, and one man fell on an axe that was screwed in a vice with the handle up and forced it completely through the fleshy part of his thigh, between the great muscle and the bone, and such was his situation, that the late Dr. Reid had to saw it in two to extract it, and what is equally singular, it affected him so little, that he was able to perform his ordinary light work, got well, and is now a hearty, hale old man. He was from the country, by the name of Frisby.

Subsequent to this, some years, Prof. Steiner made several successful ascensions, in one of which a lady actress of the city theatre was his companion.

The Pinnacle, a high hill lying south-east of the city, was selected a number of years ago, for a grand and imposing exhibition of the 4th of July ceremonies; the precise year of which my memory is oblivious; but think it was in 1826, the semi-centennial year from the declaration of Independence.

Considerable preparations were made; a 32 pounder cannon was dragged up; a large temporary building was erected and filled with fire works.

The manager and superintendent was a young man by the name of Gilchrist, who, through some oversight, or accident, set fire to some article of the fire works the night before the fourth, when the whole instantly inflamed, together with the powder for the cannon, blowing the whole concern to atoms, and in a moment killing young Gilchrist. The precise spot where this unfortunate accident happened, I am not able to locate, but think it is where now is St. Patricks cemetery.

This transaction is probably not known to one in a thousand of the present inhabitants of this city. So does pass the remembrance of even much more important events, the death of beloved relatives, intimate friends—even war, pestilence and famine, like

“the baseless fabric of a vision,” passes away and is forgotten.

The opening of the Erie Canal is a subject passed from the memories and knowledge of most of our citizens now living. It was then thought to be the crowning achievement of a great and patriotic people; of more importance than a mere idle ditch, as it is now fast becoming. The great and increasing *Railroad* system, is its powerful and determined antagonist, and a most fatal one, and so will continue, until they are forced to pay toll during the canal season. Systematic monopoly, money and corrupt legislation are the bane of this great work; and as times are now progressing, the day is not far in futurity when the noble structure, the admiration and wonder of the world in times past, that a single state in the very gristle of its maturity, should alone and unaided perfect so stupendous a work, and the day is coming when it will become a stagnant pool, mantled over with green frog spawn and duck weed, and 2,000 boats be rotting down in piecemeal—sinking to ruin without making a ripple—silence and solitude ruling the waste.

* * * * *

The announcement that the canal was completed, preparations were made to have a grand celebration. Cannon were distributed at proper distances along the whole line from Buffalo to New York city, and on the 26th of October, 1825, the guns were fired at intervals of one minute and reached New York in one hour and twenty minutes, and was returned in the same time to Buffalo, a distance of over 1,100 miles in less than three hours. The boat *Seneca Chief*, on board of which was Gov. De Witt Clinton and other distinguished individuals, and various committees from every part of the line, who were addressed by Jesse Hawley in behalf of the citizens of Rochester. A tug boat followed, called Noah's Ark, loaded with a great variety of the productions of the west; among which were two Indian boys in full costume, a large bear, two live eagles, two fawns, and many other animals, birds and fish, among which were two highly finished kegs filled with lake water, to mingle with the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, at the marital ceremonies of joining hearts and hands of the great lakes and the sea.

At every village on the line, great preparations were made to receive and honor the celebration and the first through boat.

On the 27th, at 2 o'clock they arrived at Rochester, where was drawn up at the aqueduct, eight companies of militia soldiers, who fired a grand *feu de joie*, and the boat *Young Lion of the West*, was stationed on guard to protect the entrance, who hailed the pioneer boat.

“Who comes there?”

“Your brethren of the west from the waters of the great lakes.”

“By what means have they been diverted from their natural course?”

“By the channel of the grand Erie Canal.”

“ By whose authority and by whom was a work of such magnitude accomplished ? ”

“ By the authority and enterprise of the patriotic people of the State of New York. ”

“ All right ! Pass. ”

The Young Lion then gave way and the Seneca Chief was allowed to enter the aqueduct, when Gen. Vincent Matthews and John C. Spencer, offered the congratulations of the citizens of Rochester. A procession was formed and marched to the first Presbyterian Church, where, after an appropriate prayer by the *Rev. Joseph Penny, Timothy Childs, Esq.*, delivered a most eloquent and pertinent address. After which they repaired to Christopher's Mansion House and partook of a most sumptuous dinner. Gen. Matthews presided, assisted by *Jesse Hawley and Jonathan Child.*

The squadron of boats then departed. The Young Lion of the West, among a large number of citizens, had on board as a committee for New-York, Elisha B. Strong, Levi Ward, William B. Rochester, Abelard Reynolds, Elisha Johnson, Gen. E. S. Beach, Rufus Meech, A. Strong and B. F. Hurlburt. Now, in the short space of 42 years, but one of all the persons named in the whole transaction, are alive, *Mr. Abelard Reynolds*, now eighty-two years of age, enjoying a measurable state of health, and the respect and veneration of every citizen of this broad city. “ None know him but to love him ; none name him but to praise. ”

The Great Flood of 1865 was the most disastrous event that ever occurred in this city, by fire, tornado or any other casualty, doing a damage of more than \$200,000, demolishing buildings, tearing up pavements and sewers, and causing a large portion of the inhabitants of the first and second wards to leave their places of business in boats—a catastrophe to which we are liable again *at every periodical rise of the River*, and even one greatly more calamitous.

The person who had the credit of predicting this great flood, almost precisely as it happened, not only deposited them in the corner stone of the Court House, so certain was he of its fulfilment, put a prescient one of a much more extreme damaging occurrence to which this city is liable, which, as near as I can remember, was about to this effect : He supposes the obstruction to happen at the Aqueduct, by ice or floodwood, until the whole water of the River pours over like a mill-dam, five or ten feet in depth ; consequently the Canal being of the same level would send the water over its banks of the same depth, from Exchange street bridge to the deep Hollow, and through the entire territory of the first, second and ninth wards. This great calamity he predicts will eventually take place, and probably within the life time of many now living, the result of which will be a thousand times more disastrous than the flood of 1865. It might even form a new channel from near the Jail, over Exchange street to Spring, through the natural valley to Buffalo and Sophia streets, sweeping away every vestige of the Canal,

rushing with relentless fury, wash away the entire surface down to the rock, the average depth to which does not exceed ten feet—undermining every structure not founded on the rock, and stone and brick buildings would tumble and crush into fragments like an egg shell, and many wood buildings might be carried over the high banks into the abyss below the Falls.

If this catastrophe should happen in the night, or even suddenly in the day time, a fearful loss of life would be the result. Ten thousand lives might swell the bills of mortality.

"An old weird woman, who had once been well educated and seen better times, in appearance—a regular Hecate and fortune teller, called the witch woman, who lived in a little hut in the west part of the city, was consulted by hundreds on every subject, present and future; and what gave her greater popularity was, that she gave all her answers and predictions in doggerel poetry. On a certain time, on seeing a great rise in the River, she like one of the ancient sybils, uttered the following oracular prediction :

" When the century is filled with 8,
Water the city will desolate.
When filled with the figure 9,
The falls will reach the transit line."

I see no interpretation of the prophecy, unless it intends to indicate the year 1888, twenty years from this time, and the 9, 1999; what the meaning of the *transit line* is is incomprehensible. The whole mere twaddle and flummery.

That there is a great disaster threatening the city even this very year of 1868, no reflecting mind can gainsay. The increasing volume of water every year, and its sudden rise and advance, increases a danger that has already shown us its overwhelming fury; which is increased every year by the clearing up of the natural forests and the drainage of low lands and swamps, whereby instead of percolating gradually through the soil, rushes down to swell the larger streams, and produce great floods, and excessive low water, and whether it is next month or the next decade of years, it is sure to revisit us, as the rain is sure to fall, or the water to run. *Mark well* this prediction.

The change of the face of the country is undoubtedly the remote cause; but the immediate and local cause of the danger, is entirely owing to the narrowing of the channel of the River, by crowding large structures even beyond low water mark, and the faulty construction of the Aqueduct and Main street bridge. Arches are worth but little as a water way, when nearly or even half filled, as their capacities diminish in an inverse ratio. The bridge should have been built on strong narrow straight piers, with an iron superstructure; which would have doubled its ability to pass water. The objection urged to this plan was, that the frequent renewal of the plank covering would be a constant and great expense; but it is quite clear, that the interest of 60,000 dollars would keep it covered with mahogany. The aqueduct is in the same category

and will sooner or later have to be changed to straight piers and a wooden trunk.

Nothing will save the 2d and 9th wards short of a levee on the ~~right~~ bank of the ~~Canal~~, embracing the whole valley of the Valley canal within the city. A very moderate rise of the River would fill and overflow the canal and its *berm* banks, and over-run the Erie at every rod from Fitzhugh street to the deep Hollow, doing incalculable damage.

A large sum was granted by the Legislature to raise the berm bank of the Erie canal, which is totally obliterated in almost every part west of Buffalo street bridge; but our municipal authorities did nothing about it, said nothing about it, and apparently cared nothing about it—the fund cannot be accounted for—is lost—engulphed in the maws of corruption and chicanery of the State managers.

Suspension Bridge.—About 1856 a project was started to construct a wire bridge over the Genessee River at that point called McCrackenville, within the city boundaries, and on the same spot where rose and fell the famous Carthage Bridge.

It was constructed on novel and injudicious principles. The towers that supported the cables which were anchored in the banks, were a combination of four hollow cylinders or tubes of cast iron, screwed together by flangs and bound and braced with wrought iron rods.

There were four of these connected columns, two at each end of the bridge, about ninety feet in height, and placed on the rock terraces below the high bank. It stood for some six or eight months, when, during a night in April, a very heavy, wet snow falling, of about four inches in depth, caused the entire structure to crush and be percipitated into the River, in undistinguishable ruin.

It is supposed by those who closely investigated the cause of its failure, to be the *crippling* of the columns, as there was no wind or other means to cause the catastrophe. No one saw it fall, and it was stated, only heard by the watchman at the Paper mills. It started from the foot of McCracken street, and there is now no vestige left of its existence, and future antiquarians will look in vain for its site.

The Buell Avenue was a road made at an enormous expense, by blasting the entire road way out of the rocks of the high bank, on the west side of the River, for over half a mile, to the head of navigation. There was at the Landing an extensive warehouse, elevator for grain, lumber yards and docks.

The buildings have all been burned. The Charlotte Railroad absorbed all the business, and the whole concern is a failure and ruin, and in a few years the *debris* of the high banks will fill the road and obliterate the whole concern.

The Corner Stone of the new Court House, by its contents, will some day excite the curiosity and risibles of those living at its opening, on the destruction of the building, which without the

intervention of fire or flood, will not be a thousand years hence by a long shot, for in a much shorter period, the Lockport cut stone will decompose, crumble and deface every member and part of the architectural embellishment of columns, pilasters, base and foundation, till it will be as ragged and rough as a singed cat. Even a "certain convocation of politic worms are even at it now." (*Hamlet.*)

In this corner stone is deposited a mixed medley of now-a-days affairs, now "as familiar as household words," but in one hundred years will be looked upon as antiquities—a Noah's Ark of contraptions. The first and last of the City Directories; a scedule of the city authorities; the military, charity and Masonic institutions; the fire companies, churches and ministers; a copy of each newspaper; a bank bill of each Bank; samples of the United States coins; shiplasters from 1814 to 1850; specimens of the old Continental money; Revolutionary relics; daguerreotypes and stereotypes; a phial of the first gold dust found in California; predictions of the probable population of Rochester at one hundred years from date, and the stability and duration of our Republican form of government, &c., &c., totally beyond the reach of my memory. Many items were added to illustrate the state of the arts and trades of that period, and altogether will make an excitable exhibition to the then living humanities of this city, if well preserved.

Being one of the committee for that duty, we had them put into a galvanized copper box and hermetically sealed, and if well preserved, will be probably our last appearance on the records of time.

The Cholera of 1832.—Great inflictions of pestilences have been the fate of large cities and the accumulation of human beings.—The great plague that decimated the inhabitants of London and the great capitals of Europe and the eastern world in former times, after a long cessation, revisited the present generation of the earth with equal violence, passing over entire countries in the form of a new disease, the *Cholera Asphixiae*.

Its first appearance in this country was at Montreal, and it broke out in Rochester on the 22d June, 1832, at a house on St. Paul street, near the canal, and spread terror and consternation in every heart, and in July and August carried off between 400 and 500 persons, which was a fearful amount for the small population of that day. It was very fatal—without any correct diagnosis of the disease, but little was known of its character or treatment—many were supposed to be attacked and lost through alarm and fear—all vegetable diet was *tabooed*, and Brandy was the universal panacea, it is feared, to the future injury of many.

It is a fair presumption that this terrible disease can never prevail again with anything like the same fatality as heretofore. The better understanding of its nature—its admitted contagion—the sanitary precautions—disinfection of exposed locations, and immediate medical assistance and removal, renders it but little more fatal than many ordinary diseases.

It is now held by experienced physicians and physiologists, that

the whole routine of vegetable or animal food has no connection in the production of this disease ; unless in its injudicious use to disturb the stomach and bowels, by repletion or destitution, producing in those whose vital functions and the seeds of disease are in equilibrium, when diarrhoea creates a preponderance in favor of the pestilence.

During the prevalence of this unknown and fearful sickness, so terror-stricken was every one, that the greatest difficulty existed to find assistants and nurses for the sick ; and although there were many unselfish and humane individuals that exposed their health and existence, yet from my position to observe and judge, I cannot omit bearing testimony to the constant devotion and active benevolence to the suffering and afflicted in those calamitous times by *Col. Ashbel W. Riley*, who since, for twenty-five years, has devoted his whole existence to the Temperance cause, both in Europe and America. I trust he will pardon a friend for thus making mention of his name and services.

Being one of the Board of Health, such was his strong sense of duty to alleviate human suffering, fully imbued with his religious faith for sustaining him through this reign of terror and contagion, that he worked fearlessly through the shadows of death, and saw almost every case, and particularly those that were poorly situated in life, and often alone had to set the coffin on its side and roll the corpse into it without any after adjustment—nail it up, when the driver of the dead cart would venture to take one end and help carry it out.

Those were dark and perilous times, when every countenance was filled with gloomy forebodings of the sudden flappings of the wings of the angel of death ; but our friend's faith and trust sustained him bravely through this terrible visitation, and entitled him to a credit that I can never forget, which I am not aware was ever publicly known and accredited to him.

If good deeds are of any avail in the theology of future happiness, he is, in my humble opinion, entitled to advance some steps on Jacob's ladder—the first three rounds of which are said to be **FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.**

Number of Inhabitants.—No good reason can be assigned why Rochester in fifty years shall not contain 100,000 or more inhabitants. Surrounded as it is, by one of the best soils of land in Western New York—with the River, Canals and Railroads passing through the city—its important water power—the best harbor on the Lake, and no possible site for an opposition town in its vicinity—it is bound in time to become an important manufacturing, milling and commercial community ; especially when the Canadas change masters, an event that only requires time and the success and stability of our government to effect—a contingency that may result in either utter dissolution—or the ruling of the world.

Being neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, the unsophisticated opinion of a simple individual may be indulged in a haphazard guess or indication of fears as to the result of futurity.

There are many dangers that threaten the system of the best government that ever was—ever can be or ever will be. Our extensive and constantly increasing States and Territories, embracing so great a variety of local interests and opinions, may prove an incubus to drag us into a worse state than that contemplated by the Southern rebellion. The reckless demagoguism of Congress and the mulish bullheadism of the President looks ominous.

The negro question is bound to inflict great troubles and intestine commotions, and may result in the annihilation of the race, at the expense of another half million of lives—a fearful contingency, in which the drama may not be worth the lights.

But the great and threatening cloud that hangs over the nation, portending a desolating storm, is the *national debt*. When we see that government cannot pay the interest and carry on the present system of expenditure without increasing their liabilities by adding millions yearly to the enormous amount, it almost induces one to think they ought to go into *voluntary bankruptcy—repudiate at once*, and get rid of the wasteful expenditure—the profusion of war traps, rotten ships and shoulder straps—demagogues and shoddy politicians—blood-suckers of the body politic. We are now playing with millions as boys play with marbles.

Few persons realize the enormous sum the nation owes. It exceeds three dollars per head on every soul that now inhabits this globe—man, woman and child—all the Indies, China, Turkey, Europe, Africa and America—the countless hoards of Russia and the islands of the oceans.

Allowing our population to be thirty millions and the debt to be three thousand millions, it would amount, if taxed on the inhabitants of the United States to one hundred dollars per head on every soul, from the infant in the nurse's arms, to the hoary head of the centenarian, or five hundred dollars on every family, rich and poor. *It never can be paid, nor ever will be paid. Mark well* this prediction, an unjust and unpleasant subject to contemplate—but as such, we may as well look it in the face first as last.

The Age of Invention.—That we live in a most remarkable age cannot be controverted; such an age of invention and discovery as never existed before and never will or can occur again. There is not room and verge enough to increase the important devices of labor-saving machinery, locomotion and the exact sciences. The field of invention is almost exhausted, and man to advance much further must become a God.

We have from the introduction of the discoveries of man become “condensed Methusalahs” by enjoying all the wonderful conveniences and luxuries in our short life which those who lived a thousand years of life before us, knew nothing of.

There is scarcely an implement or machine, or household or mechanical necessity, but what are now as “familiar as household words;” in fact, there is hardly anything worth knowing or using but what has been introduced and come into general use in my day.

Of the most important items are Canals, Railroads, Locomotive Engines, Magnetic Telegraph, Steam Boats and Propellers, Iron Ships and Iron Clads, Gas Lights, Wool carding, which was formerly performed by hand cards on a woman's knee; paper making, which was made on a sieve, by hand; Nail and Pin making, all by powers other than taxing the organized thews and sinews of vitality; the Iron Plow, almost as important an invention as the magnetic needle; Fanning Mills, Threshing Machines, Grain cutters and mowers, the Daguerreotype, Photograph, Stereotype, Lithograph, Steam Printing Press, Electro Magnetism, Calcium Light, Friction Matches, Chloroform, Nitrous Oxide, Nitro Glycerine, were all born after I was. The various uses of India Rubber, Percussion Caps, Patent Lever Watch, cheap Yankee Clocks, cooking Stoves, pegged Shoes, the turning Gun stocks, Shoe Lasts and Axe handles, Cast Steel, Malleable cast iron and Zinc, German Silver, Galvanizing, Sewing and Knitting Machines, Clothes Wringers, Kerosene lights and Steel Pens, *et id omne genus* in a thousand forms, of which my memory runneth not.

All these are now prime articles of necessity, which the present generation, if deprived of, would think themselves a ruined community. For example, so simple and unpretending an article as the friction match; how could we get along without it? It would be Milton's "darkness visible."

Chemistry and Geology have only become fixed sciences in my day; and medicine has undergone as important improvements and changes; quinine and morphine have been discovered and come into use in the same period.

The battle of life is now fought with steam and inert substances; every art and subject that can be important to man, his interests and comforts, seems almost exhausted, and may even indicate and portend that coming time when the chief of staff of the great Creator—the summoning angel—shall stand with one foot on land and the other on the sea, and proclaim the union of Time and Eternity; when the globe and all that it inherits shall be resolved a gassious globe and dissolved into its original atomic elements in space; the home of immortal spirits that God breathed into life as his own image, which we hope and trust he cannot, nor will suffer to be more than a thousand times worse than lost, but bring home to everlasting happiness, every iota of that immortal part derived from his own form and nature, without loss or repudiation, to that *mansion not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens*, that others beside sectarians most ardently believe.

One of the noted events that took our population by storm, was the *Navy Island* raid; which was one of those volcanic eruptions that moved the excitable people of this city, and even the whole western region.

There had been for some time murmurs of discontent and rumbling of a coming storm in the Province of Canada West, which was fomented and blown into a blaze during the Summer and Fall

of 1837, by the intemperate ravings of the celebrated McKenzie, who controlled a Paper of the *Brick Pomeroy* stamp; until it broke out into actual rebellion, by incendiary fires, and taking up arms against the authorities, which produced a friendly feeling among almost the entire country on this side.

Some time during the Fall, one *Van Rensselaer*, a man of intemperate habits, with no character, or qualifications for the situation, except his family name, with a few mad caps took possession of Navy Island in the Niagara River; issued proclamations and was soon joined by a large number of our loose population. Without any commissariat, arms, or clothing, houses or tents, they suffered greatly from hunger and want of clothing; but still men kept flocking to them from all quarters.

An active committee in this city advanced large sums of money to procure and forward men and means, by post coaches and wagons, and organized the school districts in the country to contribute means to carry on the War, and so successful was the project that wagon loads came pouring in of all inconceivable things almost, and was accumulated in one wing of the River Market. Stacks of old muskets, almost without Lock, Stock or Barrel, rusty Cavalry and Militia Swords, old Boots, Shoes and Stockings, great Coats, Pants and Comforters, Pork, Beans and Corn, and Blankets and Coverlids enough to cover the whole Island, when the whole community was startled one Saturday night by the astounding news that the British had come over and cut the *Caroline* Steamboat adrift, set her on fire and sent her over the Falls with sixty souls on board. The whole city was aroused—the Mayor had repeatedly to read the dispatch from the Eagle Balcony—the whole militia organization was in conclave and on the point of ordering out the militia *en masse*; the feelings of the populace were up to the fever point and ready to volunteer to annihilate the British Government and conquer Canada.

Sunday intervened and Monday's news confirmed the Steamboat disaster, but without the loss of life, except one man on the dock at Schlosser, where the boat was lying.

The excitement was kept up through the whole campaign, by great public meetings and "high-faluting" speeches, and by the tone of one of our city papers, the editor of which rode post to the Island and published the most inflammatory stories of their ability and certainty of success.

Gun Houses were broken open here and in the country, and Cannon dragged off to the frontier,—the whole population apparently became crazy mad on the subject; when the government interfered and sent Gen. Scott with troops, who cleared off the Island double quick, and sent the miserable concern adrift, which wound up the concern.

The Canadian authorities condemned about a dozen men to transportation for life to Botany Bay. Those that were American citizens were afterward pardoned and returned.

Shortly afterward a Col. Abby, with 17 men, expecting to be joined by the inhabitants, made a raid from Ogdensburgh to Prescott, where he was taken prisoner and hanged.

Bill Johnson, a noted brigand, and his daughter, a beautiful daredevil woman, hung around the Thousand Islands for a time, and disappeared after firing a large Steamboat; and so ended the Navy Island War.

Near forty years ago, during the great religious revival excitement, under the ministration of the Rev. Mr. Finney, the first Presbyterian Church, during the exercises of an evening assemblage, was packed from floor to dome, when one of the king post braces supporting the roof became detached and fell on the lathing of the arched ceiling and projected three or four feet through the plastering with a great crash. An uncontrollable panic seized every soul in the house, and an indiscriminate rush was made for the doors and windows—men, women and children were trodden down and trampled on, until the alleys were a perfect human pavement. No lives were lost, but many were maimed and bruised severely.

One of the most singular features of this *stampede*, was the *debris* of the frightened, rushing streams of humanity. On gathering up the fragments, there was a stack as large as a cock of hay in a farmer's field, consisting of bonnets, vails, shawls, combs, pocket-hankerchiefs, skirts of dresses, shoes and stockings, (ladies wore shoes in those days,) Jewelry, &c., &c.; mens hats, watches, walking canes, coats, and almost everything detachable but shirts and pants. They were gathered in a promiscuous pile, but one-half were never reclaimed.

This Church Building is not now, nor never was considered a permanent structure. It was overhauled and buttresses built on the outside to support the walls, rendering them safe up to the present time.

Another Rochester notoriety deserving mention, is the institution of a singular combination called the *Fantastics*, got up to ridicule the *old militia system*, and which was so effectual, not only in this city, but run like a prairie fire over the whole State, and so completely knocked the entire concern into the middle of all time to come, that the institution ceased to exist, and in one year there was not an organized company of country militia, called *Floodwoods*, in the State.

This burlesque upon the useless fooleries of Company and Regimental training, originated in this city near thirty years ago, and Mr. *John Robinson*, then exercising the Tonsorial art, was the originator of this powerful engine of ridicule, that conquered more than ninety thousand old muskets, mullen stalks and broom handles, in the hands of brave men, thoroughly disgusted with puerile and useless tom-foolery.

It originated at a company training, the originator appearing on parade with complete equipment, but dressed in fantastic style,

with a German cap with an enormous long leather front; green goggles; a very tall shirt collar; a cut-away hunting jacket; yellow short knee breeches, with large bunches of ribbons of all colors at the knees; long stockings and patent leather pumps. His dress was of the best material, got up in good style. He conducted himself with strict order, obeying every command with sobriety and regularity.

His company not being a uniformed corps, he had an undoubted right to dress as he pleased. His unique and fanciful demonstration, took such instant effect with the members of the company that the officers could do nothing with them. All order was lost, and they finally ordered a corporal's guard to march the innocent Mr. R. into a retired location, and drill him the rest of the day on bread and water, all of which he endured with the good nature and quietude of a martyr, like a good, obedient soldier as he was, which so angered and disgusted the company that they enacted confusion worse confounded, and indulged a feeling ready for any fun that would render the institution ridiculous.

A few days after, a motley assemblage of several hundred marched through the streets in the paraphernalia of all things conceivable and inconceivable. A masquerade ball was child's play compared with the *outré* devises of the wearers. The officers had cooked hats large enough for a jib to a small sail boat, with corn-broom brush for epaulets; the Adjutant on horseback, with a live white goose fastened on top of his cap, flying and flapping at every step; the surgeon with saddle bags made of two sides of sole leather, with a compliment of meat saws and squirt guns; the chaplain with a robe ample as the mantle of charity; in short, the whole affair, with many repetitions, was absolutely such a palpable hit and so irresistably laughable, that it was published in all the papers through the country, and became at once the fashion of the day, and so effectually used up the trumpery concern that although the Legislature enacted a new law as long as a Mormon Bible, with three or four hundred sections, it had no effect, and there has never since been a single *floodwood* company organized in this State. The revolution was effected almost as quick as one can say *Jack Robinson*.

The old discipline of a militia training was, to dress company by the cart ruts in the streets; march in serpentine straight lines, filling each others coat pockets with cobble stones, apple chankings and horse droppings; halt; stand at ease; drink a pail of rum and go to dinner.

The accoutrements were old muskets without lock, stock or barrels; shot guns of all sizes and lengths; broom sticks, mullen stalks and ax handles, and with orupper and belly band, they passed muster. What they learned in the yearly three or four days' fatigue, if anything, had to be unlearned before being of any use in service.

The only militia organization of any value to the country, must be simple and unoppressive to the people. We are so constantly changing and drifting on the waves of free principles—universal suffrage—womans' rights—short hours' work, and the extended privileges of "doing as we d— please," that the overbearing brief authority of cocked hats and tinsel epaulets, will no longer be tolerated.

If each town was designated a Military Beat, and a deposit of arms and equipments (of which the State has thousands) made in a suitable building, a man appointed to take charge of them, with a small salary at a County charge, with the appointment of proper officers to take the census of those liable to duty, and to call them together one day in the year without arms; wheel into line simply to answer to their names, with a fixed fine for non-attendance, or sufficient excuse; all of which need not consume over one hour, and it might not be a breach of good morality to let the time be on a Sabbath morning; and when finished, march them in a body to Church.

Let the government find arms and the country men. In case of war or civil commotion, all that is wanted is, who are liable and where they are to be found. The simpler the wheels of machinery and of governments, the more efficient and valuable.

Fires.—The city of Rochester has been remarkably preserved from great and desolating fires: although as many single ones as any city in the Union of its size, often destroying many valuable structures—one half of which were incendiary, either by the owners or the demoralized members, or the b'hoys "dat run wid de machine," who were delighted with a rousing fire and the plunder they could effect, and the treat at the engine house, which became a perfect school of demoralization, and every enormity from marbles to manslaughter, was concocted and perfected among that class, which is now happily done away with, by the introduction of steamers and a paid fire department, the evidence of which is shown by the rare recurrence of fires, and cessation of that desolating music of *Big Tom*, at the Court House.

One cause of the decrease of fires must be attributed to the general use of Anthracite or hard coal, which makes no soot or blaze in the chimney—especially when charcoal is used for kindling—throws no sparks from stoves or grates, and may be trusted at all times, and left without fear or care by night or by day.

What a blessing is hard coal, and yet it lay encumbering the earth for fifty years after it was discovered before the inhabitants of the Key Stone State of brotherly love found out that it would burn; as did the Hydro Carbon Petroleum, which for many years troubled their salt wells, under the name of *mud oil*, which now is as common as monkey hats and bobtails. So we improve in progress, until we arrive at the pitch of physical and political perfection, that it will be just as easy to impeach a man for kissing his wife as for committing a homicide or the breach of the reconstruc-

tion laws. How things do change; the world and all its inhabitants, in customs, habits and principles, from puppyhood of youth to man in his curhood; all have their exits and entrances. One day it is marbles—rolling the hoop—shinny—kite flying—ball playing and croquet—every dog has its day with the juveniles; while with the whiskered youths of a larger growth, *appearance* is the god of their idolatry, and fashion is his prophet. High heels, loafer hats, paper collars and paper skulls; coats "without never a tail," makes the man. The ladies, God bless them, with an old white sheet for a skirt and a long tailed dress with all the signs of the zodiac embroidered, to clean the streets; and clamshell bonnets, like General Jackson at the battle of Orleans, they attack, defend and conquer behind cotton breast works and veiled escarpments. Well, let them all slide; the world turns round, and night and day succeed each other, notwithstanding all these mutations.

Now, what about fires? the pen is off the track. A city with a River and two Canals running through its centre, could hardly be supposed to lack water, yet there are many points beyond the reach of hose, that suffer and will until the introduction of water-works, if such a long looked for prophetic jubilee shall ever transpire.

It has been mooted, what will the consequence be of the water passing through twenty or thirty miles of pine tubes, on account of the turpentine and resinous matter dissolved by the water, as pine barrels and churns are well known to spoil the taste of pork and butter. However, if such is the case, we must take it as medicine, as it is a valuable diuretic, and good for kidney complaints. At any rate, if objected as a beverage, it will no doubt extinguish fire if we are ever so happy as to secure its streams.

On looking over these desultory sketches, I have some misgivings as to the tenacity of my memory as to some immaterial particulars, which the reader must charitably overlook and extenuate, as well as perhaps the indiscretion of publishing, which may be attributed to the lack of conventional perception and the idiosyncratic effects of age and its enervating consequences. *Vale, Vale.*

ROCHESTER, February, 1868.

By L. B. Langworthy
20 Elizabeth St
Died March 29 1880
Aged 90 years



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