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ROCHESTER
AND ITS EARLY CANAL DAYS

Horace Pierce Marsh

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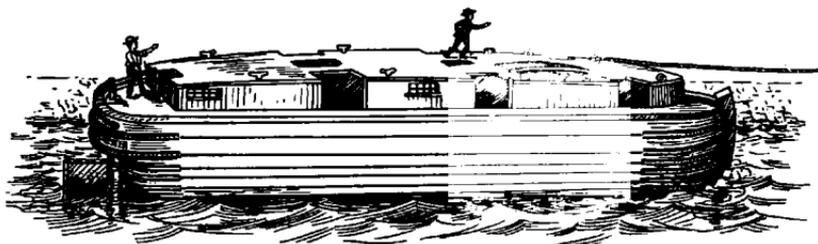


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ROCHESTER *and its* EARLY CANAL DAYS

By
CAPT H. P. MARSH



*Type of Rochester Bull Bullhead Boat "The Onward,"
Captain Delos Polley of St. Paul Street, Rochester, N.Y.*

Reminiscences of the Author

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

1914

ROCHESTER *and its* ^{///}EARLY CANAL DAYS

*Reminiscences of the Author, while engaged
on the New York State Waterways, the
Erie, Genesee Valley, Black River,
and other lateral canals.*



THE LAST KNOWN ACTOR IN THE HUDSON RIVER MYSTERY

By CAPT. H. P. MARSH

^{///}
1914

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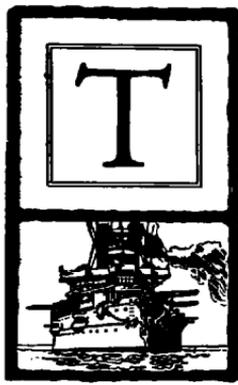
*Dedicated to the Foster Parents of the Author.
They were true friends to the Orphan Boy.*

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PREFACE.



THIS is not a history of the New York State canals, but recollections of the writer while engaged in the transportation business on those waters, although some history will be quoted for the benefit of those not familiar with its early chronicles.

It is what the author has seen through his own experience, and heard recounted by others. The exact dates cannot be given in all instances, as no diary was kept, but I think this account in plain words, by one familiar with the circumstances, will be more interesting and truthful than a more noted author's history who

had no experience or way of getting it, only through old musty records.

The truth will be adhered to, for my motto will be, "what to say", and not "how to say it" Those acquainted with the early days of canal history will be my witnesses of its truthfulness.

The romance which it contains is true in its every detail, nothing fictitious but the names, nor would *they* be, only that some of the actors and their families are still living. the author being one of them, and proving the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction"

The romance or story was brought about by two men who for twenty-eight years believed each had murdered the other. Can the reader even faintly imagine the reaction occurring in the bosom of each, when they fully realized they were innocent of that terrible crime, when they came face to face with each other, and the dark cloud which had overshadowed their lives was dispersed. Who can but think that the overruling power of a Supreme Being had guided them and brought about the happy reunion.

And to think the whole trouble came from a somewhat burlesque love affair!

1869 39-03-130

REMINISCENCES OF ROCHESTER.



UPPER FALLS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAPTER I.

The Erie Canal was commenced in the year 1817 and finished in 1825. I do not know at what time they commenced enlarging it, but it was a number of years before it was completed, and during the process of completion they necessarily had to use a part of the old canal and part of the new, thus keeping up the navigation until it was finished. The writer, who commenced going on the Erie Canal about the year 1853, can remember that when two of the large class boats met in the old Erie part, there would be a wedge, which made it hard for the horses to pull the boats through, although two of the smaller boats could pass readily enough.

When the Erie canal was first commenced it was considered a great undertaking although at this age of inventions and improvements it would not be deemed of much account.

One old man near Port Byron came along where they were digging and accosted them thus: "You can dig the canal all right but you can never make water run up hill" He did not know that no matter how high the level was, there was water still higher up to feed it, and with the use of the locks the ascent was easily made.

What would the old man think of the machinery that is being used now in the construction of the Barge Canal, which does the work of eighty or one hundred men with pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow, and only three or four men to operate it. And the man who said when he saw them putting up the telegraph poles and wire, "Perhaps letters might go through, but newspapers never would", would think you had gone stark mad if you told him of the telephone and the wireless telegraphy.

Perhaps it would interest our readers if they are not familiar with the waterways of the great State of New York, to know that the Erie Canal was not the first waterway for boats from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes. I do not know when the first route was discovered, but I think some time during the French and Indian wars. I know it was before the revolution. It was before Rochester, Syracuse or Buffalo were ever thought of; those places were then vast wildernesses, no white man had ever trod their wilds, and Oswego was a fort, in-

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habited only by soldiers and others necessary for the defense of the borders. They, together with their munitions of war, and other supplies, came on batteaus, a sort of boat that navigated the waters from New York City to Oswego. They came up the Hudson river, then to the Mohawk, a carrying place for boat and cargo, at Fort Stanwick where is now the city of Rome, to Wood creek, near Fort Bull, then down the creek to Oneida lake, and down that outlet to the Oswego river, then to Oswego on Lake Ontario; from there by sail boats to Niagara river, a carrying place above the falls, then Erie and the other Great Lakes. Those batteaus could come up the Hudson and Mohawk rivers by oar, or sail if the wind was favorable, but on Wood creek they had to pole them along with pike poles, as the creek was too narrow for any other propulsion. Walking planks were on each side of the boats where the men stood to push. The size of the crew depended on the size of the batteau, one man to steer, which was generally the captain. The boats were long and narrow, with a cabin to live and sleep in. The ruins of Fort Bull can still be seen, a few miles west of Rome, where those batteaus unloaded supplies for the fort, and I presume there are plenty of people living along Wood creek to-day that do not know it was once a highway for commerce. It must have been rather lonely as well as dangerous for those hardy boatmen gliding along through that wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and still wilder savages, and undoubtedly if that creek could talk it would tell many a heartrending story of events which transpired during the early days of transportation.

In the unbroken forests, while resting from their labors, those boatmen must have heard the dismal hooting of the owls and screech of the wild cats, and perhaps trembling with fear at every snapping bush, in anticipation of an attack by savages.

That laborious and slow way of transportation, caused the officials of the State to endeavor to find a better way, and the Erie canal was projected and realized under Gov. Clinton, called by his political opponents, "Clinton's Folly", and afterwards "Clinton's ditch", and from that day to this, every time the administration changes they change employes. It is controlled by the party in power. When the canal was finished the first boat from New York City to Buffalo carried a load of water as freight, and Gov. Clinton and staff as passengers.

There were cannons placed a short distance apart the entire length, and when the boat arrived in Buffalo the water was emptied

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into the lake. There was great celebrating and rejoicing. The cannons were fired, everywhere people cheering because the great work was accomplished. The pouring of the water into the lake from the ocean represented the mingling of the waters.

The Erie canal was soon to be the greatest highway for commerce and passenger traffic that was ever known. It opened up the great West for settlement, it was the only thoroughfare between the two sections, as well as New York State itself, which in many places was an unbroken wilderness; one place in particular, Montezuma marsh, six miles across it, where drivers were afraid to drive at night for fear of wild cats which infested that region.

Rochester was then but a small village not as large as some of its nearby towns. Penfield was settled before Rochester. Buffalo was a very small city, and would not be termed at the present time a first class village. A few small sailing vessels for traffic with other lake towns, and nothing but wagons in summer and sleighs in winter to transport provisions from the country and the country people to take in exchange, such groceries, or produce needed by them or to stock country stores. It was no uncommon thing for people to travel in wagons eighty and one hundred miles and perhaps more, loaded with provisions or lumber to trade for tea, coffee, calicoes, tobacco and whisky. They used to consider whisky as necessary, if not more so, than any of the other articles. We are heartily glad that public opinion in this has changed with other things.

Rochester, through the instrumentality of the canal in a great part, is now a first-class city, with over 200,000 inhabitants. The Erie canal made the country prosperous all along the line. There were no railroads when the canal was first built. The first one was a puny affair, running from Albany to Schenectady. The writer can remember, when a boy of five or six years, coming with his father from the east, and riding on cars which looked like old-fashioned stage coaches without thills. From Schenectady we came to Rochester on an Erie packet, then changed to a Genesee Valley packet for Mt. Morris, the nearest station to the place of our destination. Before the Valley canal was finished steamboats were run up the Genesee river nearly to Mt. Morris for freight and passengers. A steamboat left Rochester for Genesee every other morning, thirty-five miles away direct route, but probably twice that distance by river. People living near the river now would hardly believe it possible, it is so low in dry times, brought

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about by the forests being cut away which retained the moisture. I remember Capt. Phillips, who ran a steam craft on the Genesee. Before canal times passengers or freight going south from Three River Point on Oswego river sailed, rowed, and poled, their batteaüs up Cayuga and Seneca outlets to the lakes across them to Ithaca, Geneva, Watkins and all other settlements on those waters. The magician's wand has turned the useful bateau into the pleasure canoe and motor-boat of the present day.

The Genesee Valley canal in 1842 or 1843 was finished only to Dansville. I can remember the name of the packet boat that ran from Rochester, where we engaged passage. It was the Caroline. I was hit by a bridge and would have been knocked overboard, only my dress caught over an iron cleat and saved me. I had not arrived at pants age at that time. Passengers when on the deck of those boats had to stoop over to keep from being knocked down or overboard. They were notified by the steersman, who was instructed to sing out very loudly, "Low Bridge!" when approaching one of those structures.

The Erie canal at that time was a busy thoroughfare during the months of navigation, commencing in April and closing when it froze up in December. Now it is opened some time in May and closed in November, as there is but little traffic on waterways at the present time. As the country became settled, especially the West, the business increased to immense proportions. All kinds of groceries were transported West; lumber, shingles, staves, and millions upon millions of bushels of grain sent to tidewater from the great West.

Different companies had boats by the hundreds, and men hired to run them. The crews consisted of two steersmen, a cook and captain. The drivers and teams were stationed some twelve or fifteen miles apart, where a station master had charge of teams and boarded the drivers, they taking their meals on the boat only when on the passage to the next station.

The crews of an individual boat owned by the captain consisted of two drivers, two steersmen, a cook and captain, and sometimes a bowsman when the times were good.



CHAPTER II.

Being a bowsman was the first business the author ever did on the canal.

I will mention a few of the lines doing business on the canals in those days; they will be familiar to the old inhabitants of the canal sections. "The American Transportation Co.," "The Western Transportation Co.," "The Combination Line", (usually called the "Combo Line"); these run from Buffalo. Then there was the Rochester and New York Transportation Co., with a man by the name of Fish as president, and who was afterwards mayor of the city of Rochester, and assistant canal superintendent. There was also the "New York and Genesee Valley Line", running from New York to Dansville. They did not run the line boats to Olean, as there were so many locks. Some individual boats run as freight packets. I can remember a man by the name of Arnold run one of them, and Hank Munsey had a freight boat. Any of the boats would carry merchandise that water would not hurt, as they had open decks, but the freight and passenger packets were covered all over.

When the canal was finished to Oramel, they run a passenger packet from there to Portage, it did not pay the owners, so they abandoned it. A stage ran in opposition, and at one time they carried passengers free, the one to outdo the other, till the packet to still show her prowess gave free dinners to her passengers, as she could do so on board the boat. Opposition is the life of trade but in this case it was the life of the packet. The stage kept running until the Pennsylvania Railroad put it out of business.

I can well remember the packet, the name of which was "The Frances", and how beautiful it looked to my boyish eyes, prettily painted and majestically swinging around the bend from the feeder into the main canal at Oramel.

Those days are passed, the writer is an old man, the boat has crumbled to dust, its crew and passengers have all or nearly all crossed the dark river; the same sun shines as brightly to-day, but it shines not on the glassy waters of the feeder, but on its rapidly disappearing track, a fit home for frogs and malaria, and but few there are now

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who ever heard the lone toot of the crooked brass horn of the captain echoing among the green clad hills of Crawford creek, as a signal to the passengers that the boat was getting ready to start. It is the course of all things, the old must give way to the new, but only for death could we have life.

*All aboard for Portage and intermediate ports
by canal packet boat Frances!*



THE PACKET BOAT FRANCES LEAVING HER DOCK AT ORAMEL FEEDER FOR PORTAGE 86 YEARS AGO.

The steersman and bowsman getting ready to cast off the lines as the last notes of the crooked brass horn vibrated among the wooded hills of Crawford creek, the passengers coming and getting aboard the boat at the packet dock in Oramel.

There was the old and the new Oswego lines, coming into the Erie canal at Syracuse; Rome and New York line and Black River line running from New York City to Carthage on the Black river. There were plenty of other lines in those days of canal usefulness whose boats carried passengers as well as freight. Thousands of emigrants were transported, they and their household effects from New York to Buffalo, then by steamboat to all points on the lakes. Packets beautifully painted carried passengers and their baggage, also express packages, while others carried both passengers and freight; they paid double toll and had the right of way, like the passenger trains on the railroad. Where boats were congregated at locks, waiting

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their turn to lock through, these packets could pass them all, which called forth many an oath from other boat captains there in waiting.

Sometimes a heavily loaded freight boat would pay double toll and pass all others waiting at the lock, making the other boatmen more angry than for the passenger boat to go by them, and sometimes they would get into fights. The rate was two cents per mile for light boats, and different prices for freight, according to the distance carried. Boats were so numerous at that time on the Erie canal, that a broken lock, or a boat crosswise, would in one-half hour cause an accumulation of dozens of boats on either side of the obstruction.

About the commencement of the Civil war there was a break at Little Falls; the boats going east reached from Herkimer to Syracuse, sixty-nine miles, and as many the other side of the break coming west.

I can remember a little circumstance which never did, nor never would, happen again. While waiting in the crowd of boats, I left my boat, with some others, to stroll along down the canal. I passed the waiting boats, and in rotation not far apart, were three, one whose name was "The Star"; the next one "The Spangle", and a short distance in line was the "Banner". They might run on forever and never happen to be placed in such rotation again.

Hundreds of boats towed by steamboats up and down the river from New York to Albany every day. Boats were cleared from Buffalo by the hundred some days, and sixty or eight most every day of canal navigation.

Tonawanda, with its lumber laden boats and huge rafts of ship timbers going to tidewater, added to the list, kept the lock-tenders busy. Those rafts were composed of sections called cribs, as long as could be locked; there were six of them fastened together but they must be uncoupled to pass through the locks. The raft's crew lived in a sort of rough board shanty. They needed no steersman, for it would drag close by the towpath side, and boats kept the outside, and the crew of the raft carried the towing line of the passing boat over the raft. If there were crowds of boats at the lock, the lock-tender would lock one crib or section of raft, then a boat and so on, therefore while one whole raft was being locked through, six boats would be locked, making it slow work for the raftsmen and hard for the poor horses.

The traffic of the lateral canals swelled the Erie to huge proportions, the Genesee Valley coming into the Erie at Rochester from the Allegany river, running through Portville, Olean, Cuba, Belfast,

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Mt. Morris, Scottsville, and other towns, and a branch twelve miles from Sonyea going to Dansville.

Many of the places have changed names since old canal days. Spencerport, now called Fowlerville; Shakers, now Sonyea; Brushville, now Tuscarora; Messenger's Hollow, now Oakland; Mixville Landing, now Rosburgh. Three or four miles below Caneadea is a beautiful temperance town called Houghton, with a noted theological seminary; there is also a fine grove with an auditorium where each year in August is held a week's camp meeting, attended by thousands of people and many noted speakers; it was once called Jockey St. and contained a low, vile tavern.

East of the Genesee Valley at Montezuma there came into the Erie canal hundreds of boats from the coal chutes on both the Seneca and Cayuga lakes. The Oswego canal running from Lake Ontario to Syracuse, the Black river coming in at Rome, the Chenango at Utica, and the Northern canal from Lake Champlain to Troy. By the time all the boats from these different waterways reached the Erie they could be counted by the thousands, and thousands of dollars worth of property was floated to and from tidewater. Every hour of the day you could count from any canal bridge, the whole length of the canal, eight or ten boats going east or west, and at night the headlights from the boats looked like a torchlight procession.

At the present time you can watch the canal all day without seeing one boat. Carrying freight on the canal now is like angels' visits, few and far between. Railroads have superseded the canals, for they can move freight so much faster; the building of the Barge canal looks to me like a useless expense; but then it makes business along the line, work for poor men, and will be an ideal place for pleasure and motor-boats.

In the old days of canal usefulness there were many occasions for quarreling among boatmen, and fighting was an every day occurrence, especially among opposition line boats. Captains would hire men more for their fighting abilities than their seamanship in managing a boat. Some boats which had difficulty in passing each other, have been known when meeting again, to tie up alongside of each other and go to fighting; when one gave up and said, "enough", they untied and went their different ways, as though nothing unusual had happened.

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There were canal bullies all along the line, one, a colored man, called "Sleepy Frank", was a match for any one; he could jump clear across a lock fourteen or fifteen feet; the locks are wider now. Then there was old Ben Streeter, all Valley canal boatmen knew him; he was generally feared for his fighting qualities. He lived at the Rapids, at that time out of the city of Rochester, but now the city runs clear by it. Ben Streeter steered the first canal boat that ran up from Rochester to Mt. Morris. He was called the Rochester bully, and fought the bully of Buffalo in the old Reynolds Arcade for one hour and licked him; no officer dared interfere at that time.

The times have changed for the better. They could not fight there now for five minutes without being arrested. Policemen were few in the city then, fighting was considered a manly art, and the best man in a fight, was praised and feared; now fighting is called brutish unless in self-defense. One thing in their favor at that time, they used only their fists or their boots, while at the present time, when a fight is on, a gun or knife is used, many times fatally; at that time I never saw any deadly weapons used or anyone killed or disabled to any great extent; when a man said enough they quit and sometimes shook hands, and the vanquished would apologize and say "you are the best man, sure", and perhaps go to some tavern and drink together. One small-sized boat captain used to jump off his boat at any little misunderstanding and fight; he invariably got the worst of it, but that did not prevent him from jumping off at the next quarrel, and I never saw him without a scratched face or a blackened eye. All of the side-cut canals had their fighting men, and in fact nearly all boatmen prided themselves on the then called, manly art.

I can also recall to memory many a good man on the Valley canal. They did not pose as fighters, they were too gentlemanly for that, and would avoid getting into trouble, but I would not advise anyone to impose upon them too much. Geo. Eggleston of Brockport, Johnnie Rover of Dansville, the Burke Boys of Mt. Morris, and plenty of others, good fellows and good boatmen, ready to give a helping hand to any needy one.

Whisky or strong drink, then as well as now, was the principal cause of quarreling and fighting, not only among boatmen but teamsters, log cutters, mill hands, and even farmers would get together on certain occasions, generally after pay day, and the principal idea was to have what they called a good time, drinking, treating and

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carousing from one tavern or saloon to another, until their money was all spent, some staggering home, others dead drunk in the lock-up, or cared for by their families or friends. That was the way they generally disbanded, to get together again at the next pay day or some noted occasion, and go the same disgraceful rounds again; and yet they were called civilized human beings. Such customs and drinking habits, have created endless sufferings and poverty in the families of such drinking men. Although strong drink often brought about a tragedy I knew of cases where it brought a comedy as well.

There were two men who were running a boat together. They arrived in the city of Rochester late one Saturday night; one sent the other with a dollar to get provisions to last the boat's crew over Sunday. When he returned he had a jug of whisky and one loaf of bread. The other partner was looking at the purchases, when his mate said, "What are you thinking of?" "Oh, nothin', only I would like to know what in H—— made you get so much bread!" The canals, like other sections, have reformed. The temperance wave is spreading. When the writer was a boy almost every man drank and used tobacco, and even the women smoked and used snuff; a snuff box and tobacco pouch were reckoned as household utensils, whisky, cider and tobacco were considered as essential as any other groceries. There was a grocery at every lock, and sometimes two, on the Erie canal, where intoxicating liquors were sold. It was customary with the grocery proprietor to treat the captain when purchasing supplies for his boat, and the whole crew, if the trade was heavy, then the crew would get money of the captain on their wages and treat each other, and so it went; whisky was considered essential. What a change! The old uninhabitable wrecks of some of those grocery hell-holes can still be seen rotting down. No more liquor is sold in them, and the few boatmen navigating the Erie canal to-day, are mostly temperate. Up the Genesee Valley there were whisky shops in every town. From Jockey Street to Belfast, only seven or eight miles, there were ten or more miserable apologies for hotels. It was a new country, steam and water saw mills dotting the valleys. Teams drawing lumber, shingles, stovebolts, railroad ties and cord wood were on every road; all families used wood for fuel, in fact, they knew of nothing else to use. Wood was used in all the cities, and the first railroads burned millions of cords to fire their engines.

Deer were numerous in Allegany County in the early stages of canal navigation, making it an ideal place for hunters, and among all

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the inhabitants of that section at that time I knew of only one strictly temperance man; I presume there were others. He came from Orleans county to superintend the construction of the locks at Oramel, and the aqueduct at Caneadea. He married Hannah Emery, of Marsh settlement, and built a sawmill in the town of Caneadea on Shongo creek. He advocated temperance at all times, when to do so brought slurs and curses from those around him, strongly addicted to the liquor habit so prevalent at that time.

Yes, David L. Dudley was the name of that Nature's nobleman, and the foster parent of the writer, who will never forget while life lasts the temperance lessons and fatherly advice that have perhaps saved the foster-son from stumbling into many pitfalls. The germs of temperance cultivated years ago by that blessed man probably had something to do with making some prohibition towns along the abandoned waterway of the Genesee Valley canal. This is not intended for a temperance lecture, but the love I have for my fellow boatmen, as well as all humanity, causes me to advocate it everywhere, knowing as I do the terrible curse intemperance has entailed among its many victims. A majority of people have been taught to believe that license to sell this poison in a town makes more business. Yes, indeed it does, some kinds of business. Business for the doctors, to cure diseases caused by the terrible stuff. Business for lawyers to settle quarrels caused by the same. Business for poormasters to supply necessities to poor families made dependent by strong drink. More business for taxpayers to get money to pay for murder trials caused by drunken brawls, and last, but not least, business *in hell for the devil*. We hear it advocated that the world is getting more wicked, but I can prove it otherwise; where I once saw drunkenness I see it no more. Buildings can be raised and harvesting can be done without whisky, which once was impossible. I can remember many fatal accidents caused by strong drink served at raising. Temperance waves have washed away the whisky fumes of Jockey St., now Houghton, Burrville, Caneadea, Willard's tavern and Youngs, at Oramel feeder, and many other places.

Oramel at that time was a business place. It was calculated by its founder, Oramel Griffin to become a city. There was a hotel, a number of saloons, a drug store, and several other stores, a paper was also printed there by Purdy, and many dwelling houses that all signs of are now obliterated. The canal feeder at Oramel was lined with

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lumber, shingles, stave bolts, etc., to be loaded on boats for Rochester, New York, and intermediate ports. Oramel lost a good share of its business when the canal was finished to Olean. There was a great celebration when it was finished to Belfast. The first boat carried a load of passengers to that place; they had a cannon on board and fired it frequently, while the banks were lined with the cheering inhabitants of the surrounding country. Belfast was quite a village at that early date, and when the canal was finished the sleepy old town awakened, and has been wide awake ever since. Business men came from other places to work in different capacities.

There was a warehouse and drydock built by a man from Dansville, S. Titsworth, who did quite an extensive business as commissioner merchant and repairer of boats. Geo. Chamberlain from Rochester bought lumber for the Hollister Lumber Co. in that city.

There are a number of the old Genesee Valley boatmen still living in Belfast and near towns, the Burke Brothers, James Fox of Oramel, C. Reeves, and Aaron Stone, near Oramel, and others, all good business men. Some are farmers and instead of the question being interchanged "What are they paying for lumber shipped to Rochester?" they sing out when meeting, "What's cheese bringing this week?"

Through the courtesy of one of those prosperous ex-boatmen, Captain Aaron Stone, I have been able to secure some more data of the early days of the Valley canal. The first boat arrived at Cuba in October, 1856. Whit Gould was the captain. Crowds escorted it into Cuba with a band of music; it was a great day for that village, whisky was plentiful and free to all, both on the boat and at other places.

The last boat there was in the year 1878, left on the bottom of the canal near where is now the Cuba Cheese and Cold Storage plant, when the water was drawn off and the Genesee Valley canal was abandoned and water communication to Cuba was ended. The boat was the Cuba lighter, owned by Messrs. Cutter and Bishop. This bit of history was secured from an old copy of the Cuba "*Patriot*"; in the old canal days it was handy for the farmers along the line, for it fetched a market right at their own doors for oats, hay, pork and all other things they had to spare. Horses were in great demand at all prices, from hundreds of dollars to four or five, according to the wealth of the boatmen. Some poor boatmen would be necessitated to use horses too old or poor to be of much service.

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The boats built on the Genesee Valley were very pretty, generally round bow and square stern, nicely painted, some fourteen feet wide, and eighty feet long. There was a cabin at the stern for living purposes, and a hands' cabin or for horses at the bow. They served as a nice little home for the waterman and his family; they would carry ninety tons, if loaded with lumber, fifty to eighty thousand feet, according to its degree of seasoning, and forty or fifty cords of wood. They could load three and one-half feet, that was the law; if loaded more than that, it was hard for the poor horses, as the boat would drag the bottom of the canal.

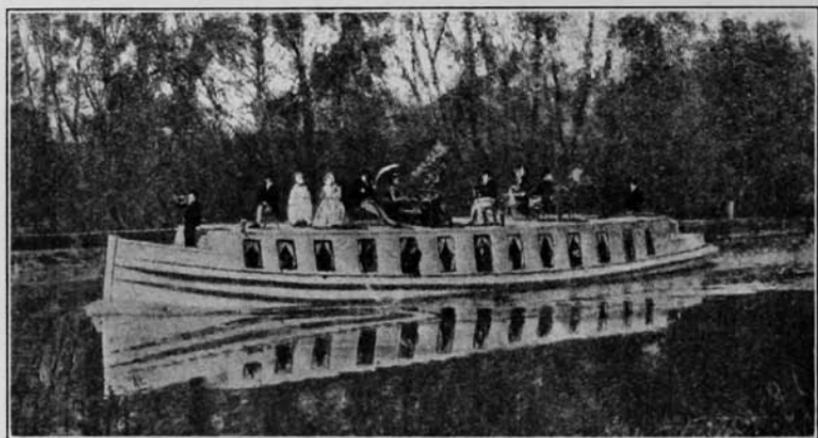
I presume there are some living now who can remember the names of some of the Valley boats. Nelson Lareau of Tuscarora; Burns and Wave, The Bersey-King, and the Diantha Mariah, all of Dansville; Fashion of Castile, Homer of Cayuga, C. J. Warrington of Crescent, and the A. S. Baker. I could mention many more but these are sufficient.

One of the Munsey girls, Hank Munsey's sister, was a natural boatwoman. She steered her father's boat across the river below Mt. Morris when the water was so high it was dangerous, and no man dared to steer or even go in the boat with her. She made the lock on the other side of the river all right; if she had not, the boat would have went over the State dam which would undoubtedly have drowned her and sunk the boat. She afterwards built and run a boat herself. I think she married one of the Wiley boys of the Rapids. There were the Blodget boys of Dansville, good boatmen, also the Burkes of Mt. Morris, the Donnellys of Spencerport, and plenty of others, but we cannot enumerate them all.

Below Oramel was a widewater called the Basin, used for storing ship timbers, to be made into rafts. Oramel was a busy place then; no more will boatmen crowd its streets or their loud voices be heard singing out "*Hurrah—lock*", or "*Go on, Johnnie*", when the boat was locked through. The old tumble-down locks can still be seen all along the Pennsylvania Railroad from Olean to Rochester, and some of them are still in a good state of preservation. Now the railroad follows on the towing path of the old canal. It takes about three hours to get to Rochester from Belfast; when the writer was a boy, it took twenty-four hours. You took the stage in the morning at Belfast or Caneadea, arrived for dinner at Portage, then stage through Brooksgrove, arriving in the afternoon at Mt. Morris, then took the

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packet boat ride all night, and if no detention occurred to the boat you arrived in the city next morning. You could sleep on the boat and get your meals if you wished. It was splendid board, equal to any first-class hotel, and many times, superior. You had your berth assigned to you the same as on a railroad sleeper. The berths were made of canvas, called sacking frames, hung on irons fastened on the inside of the boat, put up by the steward at bedtime, and taken down in the morning to make room for breakfast service and parlor conveniences. The deck made a fine, picturesque promenade, especially on moonlight nights. The horses would trot, giving the boat the



A PASSENGER PACKET ON THE ERIE CANAL OVER 60 YEARS AGO.

speed of a light carriage and horses. It was a nice, sociable way to travel with your friends, and that included all of the passengers on the boat, giving you the pleasure of an outing or picnic combined with business travel.

I can remember the names of the packet boats running from Mt. Morris to Rochester when I was a boy. Two left each place every night, Sundays excepted, one carrying freight and passengers, the other passengers, baggage and express. Their names were, "The Diamond", "May Fly", "May Flower", and "Dansville". The boats docked, discharged cargo and passengers, in a slip, just back of where lunch and eating rooms are located at the present time on Exchange street, at the west end of the aqueduct. The building was a

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warehouse directly opposite the Clinton hotel, a noted hostelry in those days. It is where Dan Bromley moored his packet, the "Red Bird" of the Empire line.

In packet days boats vied with each other to be the faster, and it was ten dollars fine for boats to pass through the canal at more than four miles per hour. Boat captains, wishing to keep ahead and outrun rival boats, would jump off at each collector's office and plank down a ten dollar bill when offering their clearance to be signed. That saved arrest, stoppage of boat, and a trial by Court. The next captain coming after, did the same thing, making it quite expensive, as there were collectors' offices in every large town. The passengers were as enthusiastic as the crews to keep ahead, and would help the captain pay the fine, and in shallow water or when passing boats, where it was hard work for the horses, would jump ashore, grab the towing line and pull on it, all the time shouting for their boat. Even bystanders in towns and farmers in the country had their favorite boat or line, and would get excited and help pull the boat on an emergency, if they happened to be there singing out, "Hurrah! for the 'Red Bird'" or "Hurrah! for Capt. Stevens", or whatever the name of the boat or captain of their choice. Money changed hands equal to betting at a horse or boat race at the present time. When I was a boy I hired out as bowsman on Jacob Grow's boat, the "Homer" of Cayuga. He was commonly called Uncle Jake. He had always been a farmer, but when the Valley canal was finished, he sold his farm and bought a canal boat, with Edward Washbourn for steersman, Uncle Jake's son Devillo as cook, an Irish boy for driver, and myself as bowsman. That constituted the boat's crew, besides the Old Man. All captains were called "the old man" by the crew, no matter if they are but boys in command of any water craft. Once coming through the locks below Fillmore, Uncle Jake got excited and got some oakum that had been put by accident in the place he kept his tobacco and he was calling down the groceryman for selling him such poor tobacco before he found out what it was. They used oakum for calking the boats; it very much resembles tobacco and is probably not half a hurtful.

One evening my old friend Devillo cut up about a bushel of potatoes and threw them out of the window, thinking them poor by the dim light, when they were only pink inside, and at another time he went to drain the potatoes over the taffrail of the boat, when the cover slid off and our dinner of potatoes tumbled into the canal; and so the

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laugh came first on one and then the other. On one trip a funny thing happened, which brought the laugh on me. Just below the Scottsville lock I saw, as I supposed, a wild duck swimming behind the boat. I ran down into the cabin, got the shotgun, and fired at it, killing the supposed duck. Giving the driver a pike pole, he left his horses and went back and fished out one of my own mittens that had fallen unperceived overboard, the thumb looking like a duck's head. It was a long time before I heard the last of duck, Devillo of rotten potatoes, or Capt. Jake of oakum tobacco. I mention these incidents to let the reader know there were occasions for sport on board those water crafts.

Boats, according to canal regulations, must turn to the right when passing. That was the old law; now on the Erie those going towards tidewater, that is east, must drop their line to let the western boat go over, and not stop towing, for the current generally runs east, thus floating the tidewater boat on the current, and not usually affecting its speed, when if the west boat stopped for the line to sink under the other boat, the current being against it, would greatly retard its headway.

Boats wishing to pass each other, and going in the same direction, the head boat going slower, must steer over to the berm bank, or more commonly called the heelpath, stop, and let the other and faster one by. Steam boats always take the outside of heelpath of horse-towing boats, so as not to be mixed up with the towing lines. Boats when within a certain distance of the lock cannot be passed until they are locked through on to another level.

Some of the old groceries and wrecks of warehouses can be seen all along the canals at this date (1914), and at Mt. Morris can be seen Burk's old tavern, where the packets discharged their passengers and freight. Fillmore has still the old store and warehouse of J. B. Whitbeck, and at Caneadea only a part of the warehouse wall is visible, opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad depot. It was once kept by Mark Titsworth, formerly of Dansville; he is brother of S. Titsworth, who built the Belfast warehouse and dry dock. The enterprising and beautiful village of Belfast was disgraced a few years ago by the turning of that historical building once used for transportation purposes into a low brothel, where two murders were committed. That crime awakened the honest citizens to their duty, and the consequence was a temperance town. At Rockville there was a small lake made for a

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canal feeder, and further up, near Cuba, is a much larger one. Both of those reservoirs were not sufficient in very dry times to furnish enough water for transportation purposes, and boats have laid in that vicinity for weeks, waiting for a rain, before there was water enough to float them.

Boat crews many times would get into mischief while waiting during those obstructions caused by breaks in canal, lock, or low water, and although there were many good honest law-abiding boatmen, there would, in a crowd of boats, be more or less rowdies among the crews, who would take advantage of their idleness to get



SCENE ON LAKE CUBA, WHICH IS NOW A NOTED SUMMER RESORT. IT WAS BUILT BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK TO FURNISH WATER FOR THE GENESEE VALLEY CANAL.

into mischief. They pretended to be fighting men, and were generally feared by the citizens along the water highways. I remember when some boats were stalled in the village of Cuba waiting for water, the rough element of the boats' crews would get together, swagger around town, insult the citizens, and offer to fight every one they came in contact with, climb stovepipes in hotels and make nuisances of themselves generally. One night they, through some pretext or other, got a number of the fast boys around town to come aboard one of their boats, which was anchored in the middle of the canal, and the boat ruffians were secreted under the decks. When the boys all got aboard they pulled in the running plank and set to pounding and kicking their visitors, then threw them overboard, and some would undoubtedly have been drowned had there been water enough for navigation. There

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was great rejoicing when there come sufficient water for the boats to sail away to their respective ports.

Olean was at that time but a small village, but, getting its start from canal days, is now a smart little city, and many houses are built over the decayed hulls of old boats left in the canal basin. Western's Mills, three miles from Olean, shipped millions of feet of lumber by canal. Portville, the last village on the canal, was a great shipping port. Boats could go two miles from that place, lock into the Alleghany river, and load lumber from mills on that water.

In the early canal days there were boats owned by companies, called Line boats, they hired captains to run them, who were generally of the rough class. The companies did not care if their boats were rushed to their greatest capacity. The captains would hire their own crews, who were generally as vicious as themselves, and their cooks were usually hired from an intelligence office; such outfits as this gave the canal a bad name. There were, however, some of the captains who were respectable, and had their wives, sisters or mothers attend to the office of cooking, although most of the Line boats had rather hard cases for their crews.

The individual boats, owned by the captain, usually hired a more respectable crew. Many of them lived on their boats in the winter. When the business began to fail there were no more Lines, and a man who wished, could, by being saving, purchase a boat, and was not a loafer; temperance and respectability took the place of intemperance and fighting, and now the watermen are as respectable as any other class of people, no matter what their vocation.

The two terminals of the Erie canal, Buffalo and New York, is where most of the boats tie up for the winter. Erie Basin in Brooklyn is set apart for the use of boats, and when boating was good it was quite a city of water craft, and temperance and virtue was as highly prized as in any community on shore. In the writer's time of canal and river business religious meetings were held there on a covered canal boat, fitted up for that purpose.

The McCauly Mission started the first boatman's revival; although rather belligerent, it served a good purpose. I think it was John Allen who was keeping a low, vile dance house on Canal street, in New York City, with drinking and debauchery as its main attraction. He became converted, knocked in the heads of his liquor barrels, discharged his dance girls, after giving them good advice, and started a prayer meeting in his bar room. It was sold to McCauly afterwards.

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One night a half drunken Oswego boatman, who was a noted bully and fighting man, stumbled into McCauly's mission, intending to break up or disturb the meeting. Instead, he got converted himself, and like Paul, he saw a *great* light, went home to his boat at Erie Basin in Brooklyn, and the next day rigged seats and put up stoves to warm the boat; being decked all over, it made a very comfortable place to hold meetings. Then he went around to all of the neighboring boats, told the captains there would be services held on his boat in the evening, and if they did not come he would give them a D—licking, and that they would catch H— if they omitted being there. It was a pretty effectual invitation, as the whole boat colony turned out. He engaged ministers, who were only too glad to come and preach the Gospel, with the consequence that nearly every boatman was converted, and the effect was clearly seen the following summer, when many boats were tied up on Sundays, and their occupants went to church whenever possible. And the Oswego boatman, I have heard since, converted his boat into a floating Bethel, and held meetings wherever they chose to anchor.

That religious wave surged over the canal doing an immense amount of good. Poverty and disease changed to health and wealth, vice to virtue, unhappiness to joy and gladness, friendly conversation taking the place of drinking and fighting. Well-dressed families wended their way from their floating homes to places of worship on Sundays, far different from the drunken, quarreling crews that went from the ale houses to fight their wives and families on getting back to their beautiful and graceful vessels, disgracing the noble calling they were engaged in. Their boats, in sheer disgust, strained at their anchorage, to get away from their debased owners, and the bright, sparkling waters underneath, roiled themselves in anger. Thank God, the old drunken days of boatmen are over, or nearly so, and how can any one, no matter what his belief is, say there is nothing in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, when its effects are so apparent on drinking men.



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CHAPTER III.

Rochester was a small city when the writer commenced running his boat from Belfast to that place on the Genesee Valley canal. The largest building the city contained at that time was Reynolds Arcade; the boys used to crowd around and look with wonder on such a noted traveler and ask him if he had seen the Arcade. He took some of his old schoolmates occasionally on his voyage, and the wonders they saw was material enough for many day's conversation among their friends on their return. The name of the boat was the A. S. Baker of Middleport. He had for a partner a man by the name of Delos Hoffman. They made a number of trips to Rochester, then loaded at Portville for Albany; after unloading, the boat was found to be unseaworthy and was abandoned in Troy. There they parted, Delos to tow a boat with his horses to Oswego, and the writer to go as pilot on an Erie Line boat. But before I engaged in that capacity, I took the cars for Rochester, and met with the experience I will now narrate.

I arrived in the city in the afternoon, and just at dark sauntered up to Exchange street bridge. At that time it was a common high bridge, before hoist or swing bridges had been invented. I was standing on the bridge, watching the boats gliding underneath, when a man with rather unsteady steps came up to me and said, "Do you know where I can get a steersman?" I told him I could steer a boat, was out of a berth and would engage with him for \$30.00 per month, including board; he said, "all right, my other steersman will meet us at Pittsford to-morrow, where we will load with potatoes for New York City. We usually carry flour, as my boat is a Rochester Line boat, but there is no load ready at present"

At that time Rochester shipped thousands of barrels of flour every day during canal navigation, mostly from Whitney's elevator, and it was conceded all over the world to be the best flour manufactured anywhere, and for that reason was called "The Flour City" Now it keeps its name on account of its beautiful flower nurseries, but that has nothing to do with my experience that night.

The captain said to me, 'Go aboard and tell the cook to dish you up something, if you are hungry; there's the craft in the slip', motion-

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ing towards a nicely painted ball head boat, lying in the old packet basin. Those boats were built in Rochester, decked all over and called "bald head" for being round on the bow, but by constant use the name was perverted to "Bull head boat (*See picture on cover.*)

The captain stumbled along towards Wheeler's grocery and day boat barn, and Wheeler's, like all canal groceries, kept a bar. It was on the tow path side, and the building can still be seen just above the Exchange street bridge. I went aboard, knocked at the cabin hatch before going down and being hungry told the girl what the captain said. She did not speak at first, but looked frightened, and placed some cold meat, potatoes and bread and butter before me, and said she would warm up the potatoes and make tea, but as there appeared to be no fire, I told her not to do it, as that was plenty good enough, and ate all I wished. She looked as though she had been weeping and seemed afraid.

I made my way to the hands' cabin, in the forward part of the boat. Having matches, I struck a light, found the lamp, stirred up an old bunk, and turned in for a good sleep. I did not go to sleep, however, but thought of the sad-looking girl in the captain's cabin. I concluded it was his daughter and he had scolded her, or she expected him back drunk, or both, as that is what I thought his condition would be as he staggered towards Wheeler's grocery. I must have fallen asleep, but the captain coming aboard awakened me; then there were voices apparently in argument, the captain swearing, and knowing he could be swearing to no one but the girl, I opened the door leading from the hands' cabin into the midship. Hearing scuffling, I dropped down from where I was, and walked back under deck to the cabin aft, where I learned that the girl was not the captain's daughter. Then she screamed, and I heard the captain chasing her, but sprawling unsteadily around.

The door leading from his cabin into the midship was not fastened, so I pushed it open, and as he came to that side, I reached into the cabin, grabbed the skipper by the legs and jerked him through the door. He fell heavily on the keelson, which is a heavy piece of wood running through the middle of the boat from stem to stern. It was about breast high from the midship to the cabin floor, and thus stunned him when striking.

I did not stop to see whether he was alive or not, but climbed up through the hole where I had pulled the captain, shut and bolted the door, and said to the trembling girl, "You are all right, now, don't

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be afraid. If he isn't dead now, I'll kill him any way. Pack up your things if you have any, and I will go with you to the police station, and you can tell your story to them." Then she cried and said she did not want to go anywhere but home.

I then heard the captain swearing and stumbling around inside, so I ran up on deck, forward to my cabin, ran down, shut and bolted the door leading from there to the midship, where the captain was. Then I knew we were safe, for without outside help, or tools, he could never get out. I ran back, got the girl and her small bundle ashore, then yelled to the captain, who was mumbling curses, to shut up, or I would go down and brain him! I could be brave then, on the outside, and Cap a prisoner, and I had an old single barrelled pistol and one load, about as dangerous as a mosquito's bite.

The girl said she lived about six miles up the river, and that she could walk, for she had seen all she wanted of Rochester. Her home was near to what is now called the Junction, and is on the Pennsylvania Railroad where it crosses the West Shore, in one of the houses on the river road from Plymouth avenue in the city, through the little village called the Rapids at that time.

No one had heard the rumpus, as that was the only boat in the slip that night and policemen were scarce in the city at that time. Such a commotion now in that vicinity would fetch a dozen of them, as well as hundreds of citizens. As I could not persuade her to go and enter her complaint at the Station, I concluded to walk home with her, so taking the small bundle, we started on our long night's walk, with no electric lights as now. She knew that I was her friend and told me how she came to be on the boat. Some of her neighbors told her if she wanted to get work in the city, all she had to do was to go to an intelligence office and they would get her a position. Her mother was a widow, and being poor, with nothing to do in the country, she thought, as she was fifteen years old, she could help her poor old mother keep their little home if she could get work. So that morning she had bid her tearful mother good-bye; she did not want her child to go, she would sooner starve. But the girl, like many others, was a little willful and thought she could take care of herself in the city, and that was the way she did it.

She went to the intelligence office, and they caring nothing for the girl except to get their fee, persuaded her to go as cook on the captain's boat, for he had just then applied for one, and she went along with

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him, as innocent of harm as though she was with her own father or brother. After being aboard a short time she began to consider her position, and the rough talk of the captain had opened her eyes, and the sad looks when I came in for supper, was the consequence.

I know not what would have been the outcome if I had not providentially arrived upon the scene as I did, and the poor girl was about tired out before arriving at her home, near morning, having traveled the same road twice that day, besides the experience and one dollar out for her fee at the intelligence office; but she bravely plodded on, stopping to rest occasionally. She had ample time to acquaint me with her history; she had had experience enough now, through not obeying her mother, to take her advice ever afterwards; and with tears in her eyes she said she would starve before she would ever visit the city again without a protector.

I was not much of a philosopher in those days, but I told her that to obey her mother and listen to her counsels, would be the greatest protector she could ever get. We walked upon the towing path of the canal from the rapids until we came to what is now the River View House, then turned off on the river road and arrived at her home a mile or so up the river. She awakened her mother, and the "God blessings" I received after acquainting her of her daughter's escape from the drunken canal captain, if worth anything, would put a regiment of sinners through purgatory. I believe they were good for something, however, as I felt like a hero after the praises that were heaped upon me by those poor people.

They rigged me a bed upstairs and although near morning, I had quite a rest before coming down to breakfast, which must have been near noon. The simple menu consisted of baked potatoes, gravy and tea, but the grateful looks of both mother and daughter sufficed for bread and dessert. No one with plenty of wealth and relations could have received more blessings and tears when going to the wars, than were given to me when parting from them that day. All the capital I owned then was good health, a good trade of boatmanship, six dollars and a little change, but no home, and no berth on any boat, as I had sacrificed my position engaged the previous night, but I left them a five dollar bill. They did not want to take it, and would not until I told them I had plenty in the bank. My bank was the banks of the canal and the money could only be drawn after I had steered a boat through them.

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I walked back to the city, arriving there at about three or four P. M. I was weaving air castles all along the road, about how I would some day come back to see my little sweetheart, as I now thought of her. That was young man fashion, but it never materialized, for I never saw them again.

I looked for the boat on which I had hired out, but she was gone. The skipper must have routed out someone who had opened his prison doors, hired help, and gone to Pittsford to load. Then I conceived the brilliant plan, being out of a job, of going down and hiring out to him again, for it being dark when he hired me, he could not recognize me only by my voice, and being as drunk as he was, he probably could not have done it by that. If he had not hired a man yet, my chances would be good, as well as a good joke on the captain.

But I did not get to Pittsford, for at Brighton locks I hired out to John Packard, captain of a Western Transportation Co.'s boat, the "New Jersey", loaded with wheat for New York.

I did not know the name of the boat upon which I had had the adventure, nor the captain's name; I only knew that it was a Rochester ball head boat, but could never know it if I met it, as there were so many of them built just alike.

A few years ago I delivered a lecture in a schoolhouse in that neighborhood, and went to the house I was pretty sure was the one my rescued girl and her mother had lived in. It looked like the place, only improved, with additions built on it, and when giving the young lady a lecture bill, I asked her if she ever knew of a widow and her daughter living there. She said "What were their names"? and I could not tell her: if I ever did know, I had forgotten; she said she never knew of any residing there. After getting some distance from the house I figured up the time passed since that ever-to-be remembered night, and realized the passing of time. It must have been near fifty years, and I felt the absurdity of asking that woman about the family that had lived there undoubtedly twenty-five years before she was born. The question must have been asked as in a dream.

The reader can see that the inland waters of navigation are not devoid of adventures. They have their lovers, their mysteries, and crimes, as well as any other section of country. The above narrative would furnish material for a first-class novel. I have had many other adventures, but none as exciting in so short a time.

CHAPTER IV.

Many boats, mostly coal carriers, left the canal at Montezuma, towed by horses to Cayuga lake and to Geneva or Seneca lake, could load with coal at Coal Point, or they could go into the Chemung at Watkins, for Corning or Elmira. In busy times I have seen from sixty to eighty coal boats towed into Geneva by steamboat—then the hustling to get teams out and their boats under way for their different ports of destination.

Seneca lake in storms was dangerous for loaded boats, and its bottom is lined with wrecks. I know of a boat loaded with coal in a sinking condition, which was cast off from the others, her crew got on to the steamboat, when it sank, turned over, dumped her load, and came to the surface, bottom side up. The steamer picked it up, towed it to Geneva, rigged tackles and overturned it and pumped out the water; the crew then moved on, went back, loaded coal again, and met on the canal the same boats coming back light that was in the tow when they sank. It was an open boat, or it could not have dumped its load.

There is no boating of any account on those lakes now. The railroads have taken the business, and the Chemung canal is a thing of the past. The boats have rotted away, the crews disappeared, and all that remains is the crumbling walls of the coal trestles—monuments of a past age.

The Fall Brook Coal Company had many boats. They were all named "Fall Brook" but numbered so as to distinguish them. Ithaca, on Cayuga lake, was a noted place for building beautifully modeled boats. They were called Ithaca Lakers, and could sail up and down the lake for loads, but generally were towed by steamboats. A man felt proud when he owned or commanded one of those pretty lakers. No more boats are built there, or at any of those places, except a few ugly looking scows to carry what little coarse freight is offered, at different places where boats were built, all had different models, and any experienced boatman, seeing one, could tell where she was built.

Rochester was a noted boat building port. They were decked all over, and the decks were high, running from bow to stern, making

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them very handy to work upon. The Meyers Brothers built many of them. I piloted one of them for two seasons. Its name was "The Onward", owned and run by Delos L. Polley, who then lived in Carthage, three miles from the city; now the city takes in the village and a long ways below. That spring the Meyers launched three other boats, the "Manchester", "Catawba", and "A. W. Scott". During that season freights were good, and it was not uncommon for grain boats to clear one thousand dollars or more, besides expenses, on a trip, which usually took three or four weeks. They built many boats besides ball heads, called lakers. They were nicely modeled boats, but much heavier than the others.

The Genesee Valley, Chemung, Black river and Chenango boats looked very much alike, and could run on all lateral canals. The Pennsylvania canal boats were a different model, but very pretty, and could run on all of the New York State waterways, and when freights were good in Buffalo many of them loaded at that port.

The Delaware and Hudson canal coming into the river at Round-out was owned by a coal company as well as the boats navigating it. Those boats run all day and until twelve o'clock at night, when the lock gates were fastened until morning, except Saturday nights, when they were kept fastened until Sunday night at twelve o'clock. They could run on the Erie canal, but not on the laterals, being too long to pass through the locks. The boats run on the Morris canal through New Jersey to Hoboken were different than any of the others. They were called double jointers, having two sections coupled together very closely; very nice in case one section should become disabled or sink, the other would be dry. This canal had no locks, but boats were hoisted and lowered by inclined planes. Boats were floated onto cars, then the cars slid up or down, according to which way they were headed, one section at a time, getting the power from a stationary engine.

On the "long level", so called, as there were no locks from Syracuse to Utica, sixty miles, there were many boats built, all or nearly, all scows, mostly square bows and sterns, awkward looking, but good carriers of lumber.

There used to be an old story that those boat builders, made the hulls by the mile and when a man wanted to purchase a boat, they would saw off any length he wanted, plank up the ends, and his boat was ready. Durhamville, State Bridge and other places on the long

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level, were noted for boat building, as well as Oneida lake and all ports on the Oswego river. Rome had a line running from there to New York City, also a railroad from Watertown, on Lake Ontario.

The Black river canal ran from Rome on the Erie, to Lyons Falls, on Black river. Then the river was navigable to Carthage, some forty miles. The feeder was nine miles long from Forestport to Boonville. The canal was only thirty-six miles long, and full of locks. A line ran from Carthage to New York, called the New York and Black River Canal Line. The freight from New York was merchandise, and that from the Black river was cheese and lumber. The writer run a number of boats on that canal, the "Northern Light" of Boonville, "N. Harris", "Francis L.", "Arthur J. Collier", of Forestport. When the canal was first built a man by the name of Hulbert owned quite a number of wood boats. I think he built the Hulbert hotel at Boonville. His son owned a steam saw mill, four miles from that place. Mr. Hulbert senior owned a large tract of woodland that they cut off and shipped to Syracuse by his own boats.

No fuel but wood was used in those days. It was before kerosene oil was discovered, and the canal was a great highway for transporting the commodity. Many boats were built for that purpose only, Genesee Valley boats to supply Rochester, Tonawanda creek had many boats running into Buffalo with wood, besides huge Canadian scows too large for locks on the canal, but towed by tugs to Canadian ports, loaded with hundreds of cords, just to supply the city of Buffalo. There were many poor women and children ready to pick up the chips and bark that fell from the wood while being tossed ashore.

Many a "God blessing" I have received upon giving a poor woman a whole stick of wood. I have sold wood in the city of Utica, maple, eight and ten dollars per cord, and beech, six dollars, while limbs and soft wood went readily at five dollars. Now it is used nowhere but in the country, and less and less even there, as many farmers use coal and even gas in Western New York and Pennsylvania. In places where coal is being unloaded, or along the railroad tracks, it is picked up by poor people to-day as was the wood in olden times. So as Christ says, "the poor ye have with you always", and it is caused mostly by what? Intemperance. In my day I have had many opportunities of seeing poverty in its lowest dregs.

I had many experiences while navigating the Black river canal,

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and like the other waterways it had its fighting men, but I don't think they were as numerous and were not bullies either, but minded their own business. But woe to the upstart that encroached upon their rights. I remember the Phillips boys, good honest fellows. Allen, one of the brothers, did not allow any insults, and the man giving them soon saw the folly of his ways. There were others, but I haven't the space to enumerate them.

The writer got the name of a fighting man once because he licked a man, and made him get on his knees and ask his pardon for an insult to a lady. After that the boat boys, when seeing his boat coming, would sing out, "Look out! there comes the bully of Black river", although that was the only quarrel or fight he ever engaged in on that water.

I was christened by some the "Black River Owl", as I never allowed any boats to get the start of me in the morning, for it was quite an object to be the first boat out of any port, as the locks were so close together. Seventy locks from Boonville to Rome, so a boat being ahead had the advantage of the lock tenders. No boat ran night and day, continually, but all of them ran late and early, although some would run all night, making it hard for horses and crews, as they had only one team and a day crew. The lock tenders had from one to six or eight to tend, so could not help but one boat at a time.

The boats owned, built and run by men living on or near the canal all knew each other, and when tied up near together over night, or waiting for loads, or to discharge cargo, the crews would get together and visit, equal to a neighborhood on land. Sometimes a boat from some other canal would stray up the Black river for a load; they were called "wild boats". and would cause jealousy among the home boats. One of them was laid up for the night at Boonville with the writer's boat, both loaded and bound down the canal toward the Eric at Rome. The captain of the wild boat, while in the canal grocery of Nick Swineburgh, heard of Captain Marsh being noted for starting out ahead. He made bets and bragged that I would never beat him; I was told of it, then turned in for a little rest, and at two o'clock at night my crew was at their stations and the team on the towing path. Mr. Wild boatman heard me getting under way, and hustled after me as fast as possible, but I got my boat in lock seventy, two miles from Boonville, ahead of him. That made him so mad he would lock down, before my crew could open the lower gates of the next lock,

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making it slower work and hindering me, as well as himself, for he could not get by me in the locks.

Boatmen all know that on those short levels, the boat behind should not lock down until the head boat is through the lock below, as it floods the level, sending the surplus water over the upper gates of that lock, causing delay. He kept doing this, however, in three locks, and at the fourth after I had opened the lower gates, his boat was on the level above. As the lock tender was gone I hoisted both lock paddles, and jumped on my boat, which was going out of the lock pretty fast. Well, I was not bothered any more with the "wild boat", for before the lock tender got down to shut the paddles, the water was drawn all off the level, leaving his boat in the mud. The lock-tender, who was my friend, did not fill the level very fast, and I never saw the wild boat man again, but on going back up the canal, the lock tender said he never stopped swearing until he arrived on the Erie at Rome. He never tried the Black river again.

Freight that was shipped on the canal from Utica to Binghamton consisted mostly of coal. In its early days, like other waterways, it had its passenger and freight boats. Colonel Brown, with the 157th New York Volunteers, rode on it when starting for the seat of war.

Considerable freight came from the Northern canal, running from Waterford to Troy. The boats were good carriers, suitable for canal or river. Boats secured their loads from commission merchants in Buffalo and other large ports. They were called scalpers by the boatmen, as they usually got as large commission as possible for getting loads for the captains, and the poorer the time the more some took advantage of it, and charged additional commission. Shippers of freight looked up those commission men, instead of themselves engaging the captains; those agents advanced money to the captains to run their boats, and pay insurance, as all freight had to be insured, and generally the boat.

For repair work the State built scow boats, manned them with captains and crews, who were under orders of the section superintendent, and a state carpenter, the canals were divided off in many sections, each with a superintendent and carpenter, and all under the state superintendent, chosen from the ranks of the party in power, from head superintendent to lock tenders, bank watchmen, captain and crew of the repair boats, and many times more for their political influence than their ability to repair work. When the administration

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changed, the employees must change their politics or get out. About election time large forces were required to repair the canal and swell the votes. When necessary the scows were used to convey voters to political meetings, but as both parties when in power did the same thing, they had no fault to find with each other. Those scows were built to be comfortable to live in, handy for their work, the crews consisting of captain, driver, cook and from six to eight men for crew.

I have tried in a brief, and perhaps bungling manner to explain the old time way of transportation on our state waterways. It was slow freighting and traveling those days, compared to our present rate of rushing through the country, and some might think it tedious but it was not to those who loved their business, although there were many hardships, working in all sorts of weather, late and early, high freights or low, leaky and unseaworthy boats to run, and all sorts of help to contend with, made it many times discouraging; but to offset those bad features in the life of the waterman were pictures on the other side.

A good boat and crew, good freights, and a man with his family on board is at home every night, and day, sailing quietly among green forests and fields, or viewing the cities and towns while passing through; the beautiful and ever changing scenery, like a dissolving view, is passing before his vision at all times. The sparkling waters of lake or river make a picture long to be remembered by a lover of the beautiful in nature, and after the voyage is ended, and the boat snug in its harbor, the freight collected, crew paid, then the hard earned money to be used for necessaries and some to spare for luxuries or pleasures, in attending a theater or other amusements. Such a boatman is, or should be, happy, those pleasures would offset the hardships of the voyage.

Those former days of boating are passed. Whether the few navigators of the new Barge canal, with its concrete locks, worked by electricity, and barges towed by steam instead of mules or horses, will have less work and hardship than our old boatmen did, remains to be seen, and will they sing the same old song as we did of old?

The sun is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a good boat, a crew,
We say let the storm come down.
And this song we will sing one and all,
While the storm around us pelts;
Oh! a life on the muddy canawl,
We don't want nothing else.

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CHAPTER V.

This story, true in every detail, commences in the city of Buffalo, the western terminal of the Erie canal. It was in the summer of 1862, when our country was in the throes of that terrible Civil war. Boating at that time was the best it had ever been. Freights were the highest and all water crafts were running at their greatest capacity.

The government was chartering many boats for use in southern waters, and much grain was being shipped to Liverpool from New York. From the West it came down the lakes to Buffalo on sailing vessels, and from there on canal boats to New York City.

It was about sundown when two boats loaded with wheat were poling along the canal, side by side. The meaning of poling is, boats being propelled by men pushing with pikepoles in places where steam or horses cannot be used. The boats were left in the narrow canal by the tugs that had towed them from the grain elevator in Buffalo creek. The two steersmen on these boats before mentioned were doing the pushing, while the drivers did the steering, turning the tiller whichever way the steersmen told them. Each boat carried two steersmen and two drivers, a captain and cook, making six people for a boat's crew. At the present day such a crew can manage two boats lashed together, and sometimes more, with a pilot house on one boat, and steered with a wheel like a vessel.

Our two boats moved slowly along until the light boats moored on either side of the canal, blocking the channel; so our boats separated, one dropping behind the other. The two captains had gone ashore to get their clearances, leaving their crews to manage the boats. They stopped in front of the canal grocery as ordered by their captains. The head boat was named "The Octoroon" of New York, run by Captain Dan Somers; there was no woman for cook, but the other boat, named the "Oriole" had a beautiful woman to serve in that capacity, the captain's wife, Mrs. Ada Loverage.

The boats were hardly stopped when the captains, who were good friends, arrived, bought groceries, put them aboard, untied their boats and dropped them below the grocery near the dry dock. After supper Captain Mark Loverage told his crew they had better turn in for a good night's rest, for they would start very early in the morning.

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A good many boats did that way, for it was quite dangerous getting down through Black Rock harbor, although the shippers thought the boats they loaded started immediately, as most of them did, especially boats owned by a company or those run by hired captains. Captains owning their own boats were more careful. Captain Dan came on deck, lighted a cigar, and said to the crew of the other boat, "Come on, boys, with us; let's go down on Canal street to a dance house for a little while"

He did not invite Captain Mark as he knew he would not go. They, being friends, always tried to keep their boats as nearly together as possible, although their characters were the opposite.

Mark Loverage was a gentleman, and his wife a lady, and they moved in the best society in the city of Rome, Oneida county, while Captain Dan was fond of his whisky, and somewhat of a loafer or sporting man. "Come on, Hank Millions, let's have some fun", he says, beckoning to one of the steersmen aboard the Oriole.

"No", says Hank, "I have no use for Canal street" "All right", says Dan, "be a saint if you want to; come on, boys", and he jumped ashore, followed by his crew. Ada who was seated in the hatch, gently clapped her hands and said in a low voice, heard only by Hank, he being near the stern of the boat, "Oh, I'm so glad!" Hank looked up, and seeing her, asked her why she was so pleased. "Because I believe you are too much of a gentleman to disgrace yourself by going to such places."

All who knew Buffalo at that time were aware that nearly all the habitations on Canal street were houses of ill-fame. "You and Jack are so much different," said she, "from all the other steersmen we ever had. You neither drink nor swear, and must have had better bringing up than most canal boatmen: you keep yourselves well dressed and stay with us longer. We can trust you in port or afloat."

"I appreciate your opinion," replied Hank, "and am glad we were not educated for loafers, and although I feel that your compliments are undeserved by me, I shall endeavor by God's help not to disgrace myself, or get lower in the scale of humanity than I now am." The captain coming aft just then, put a stop to the conversation.

Henry Millions, usually called Hank, and his partner, Jack Needham, the other steersman, were dispositioned very much alike, quiet, good-hearted, temperate young men, rather a scarce article those days on the canal. Their tastes were similar, rather be reading when not at

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work than laying around public places, both about the same size, rather under medium, and although not quarrelsome, each had the courage to stand up for their rights or for the rights of their captain. Never were they known to back down when in the right or to be second best in a fight if it came to that. Although sociable, and apparently enjoying life, there was in each face a sadness of expression, as though some deep grief was ever present in their thoughts. Perhaps that was the reason for their being such good friends, being able to sympathize with each other, although they never confided their secrets, one to the other, if they had any. At this stage of the story they had been shipmates but a few days. Hank Millions had been on the Oriole ever since she was launched from the ways, brand new, in Rochester, where she was built.

We give this extended description of the two steersmen, as they play a considerable part in this romance, one of them in particular. The crew of the Oriole was up early next morning and aroused the other boat's crew, but not easily, as they had been out nearly all night carousing. The boats were under way by daylight, and while waiting for the lock at Black Rock, the crew of the Oriole saw a woman on the Octoroon, apparently getting breakfast. Knowing that Captain Dan had no wife, they concluded he had hired a cook while ashore the previous night. When changing horses at 7 A. M., they ran close alongside of Captain Dan's boat, and saw a young and pretty girl, officiating as mistress of the boat.

Ada said, "Oh! what a shame! to have that young girl on board with those rowdies", and the rest of the Oriole's crew coincided with her opinion. Jack said to his chum, when changing tricks at the tiller: "If Captain Dan's cook was old and tough-looking, it would be all right, but to think he has got such a nice-looking girl is beyond my comprehension." "Perhaps it's his sister," said Hank. "Well," responded Jack, "whoever she is, she apparently wants to be there."

At Middleport, where the boats stopped to buy oats and groceries, they lay side by side, so the cabins were close together. Then what did Mrs. Loverage do, but start a conversation with the new cook, who she learned was about sixteen years old, and a farmer's daughter, who lived in the town of Manchester, near Palmyra. She had been influenced by a girl some older to leave her home and go to Buffalo; she did so under the pretense of visiting her married sister in Palmyra. After their money ran out they took the advice of a man,

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and fetched up on Canal street. They were young and rather wild, but as bad as they were, Canal street disgusted them, and the Manchester girl thought she had better get away from there; she in some way came across Captain Dan, and hired out to cook on his boat. Ada coaxed the girl to leave that degrading position at the first favorable opportunity, and go home. She promised to do so. The boats soon separated and kept apart until Rochester was reached. A crowd of boats was there, waiting their turn to be locked through.

The girl came aboard the Oriole to see Ada, who still advised her to leave the Octoroon and come aboard the Oriole, until they arrived at Palmyra at her sister's; she also made her realize her deplorable condition, and with tears streaming down her face, she promised to do as Ada told her, but went back to her boat to avoid suspicion. Captain Dan seemed rather pleased to think Ada would notice his cook. His pleasure was soon over, for at the lower lock at Brighton, his cook with her little bundle of clothes, jumped ashore and ran back up the canal. When the captain saw her, he told his crew to stop the boat below the lock and wait for him. He then started on the run after her.

The Oriole was just coming out of the middle lock at Brighton. Ada, who was on deck and expecting the girl, told her husband to stop the boat and get her. The captain and his crew had heard from Ada the girl's story, and lost no time in obeying orders from his wife.

Both steersmen jumped ashore with pikepoles, while the captain and driver stopped the boat and ran a plank ashore. Captain Dan had just caught the screaming girl, when steersman Hank came up and made him loosen his grasp. The captain then made a lunge for Hank, who promptly knocked him down. Jack came up to help his partner steersman, who said, "Get the girl aboard, I will attend to the captain," who was knocked down every time he got up.

Captain Mark then came up and put a stop to the fight. Captain Dan slunk away to his own boat, pretty well used up, cursing the Oriole's crew, Hank in particular, swearing he would get revenge some time. Thus ended the friendship of the two boats.

The girl was cheered up and made as comfortable as possible, until the boat arrived at Palmyra the next day. The Oriole tied up at the dock, near the collector's office, which was a little west of where now stands Cleavland's Canal Grocery. Ada went with the girl to her sister's, which was not far from the canal. The sister had not heard

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that the girl had left home until informed of it by Ada. The wanderer asked her sister's forgiveness, and the sister in turn promised never to let the parents know but what she had been with her all of the time. It would have done no good, and made them feel very badly, to learn of their youngest's daughter's escapade, and undoubtedly they were always kept in ignorance of it. She was gone only a week, but nevertheless had in all probability learned considerable in that brief time of human depravity. She tearfully parted with her benefactor, who tripped lightly back to her floating home, where she was welcomed by the whole crew, who looked upon her as superior to most of the human race; and was she not? How few there are in church or out of it that would care, or do, as did Ada Loverage. Many even, professing Christians, are too absorbed in their own affairs, or too dignified to throw out a helping hand.

Christ says, "I came to call sinners to repentance, not the righteous." Ada Loverage was one of His true followers, believed in helping the downcast and sinful, and in this case her efforts were crowned with success, for the writer lived some years in Palmyra and learned that this wayward girl married and lived happily with her husband, respected by all her neighbors, who undoubtedly never heard of her experience.



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CHAPTER VI.

The crew's conversation for several days consisted chiefly of the events just narrated, and all were fearful that Captain Dan would seek revenge in some way on the Oriole's crew. Hank said Dan was a coward, and he could lick him, drunk or sober; all believed he was only quarrelsome when in liquor. He was considered among boatmen to be a fighting man, and bully, large of stature, but rather clumsy, while Hank was small, but very quick and apparently knew nothing of fear. One day as the Oriole was laying in a crowd of boats tied to the bank and near noon, both steersmen were below in their cabin, talking about the rumpus at Brighton and Jack says, "Ada is a true Christian to do as she did by the girl", while Hank says, "Yes, she is an angel"

The captain being in the midship, near the hands' cabin, unobserved by the boys, overheard their conversation, and at dinner, sitting by his wife, kept feeling of her shoulder, greatly to her embarrassment, when she says, "Why; what are you doing!" "Oh!" says the captain, "feeling to see if your wings have started, for the boys say you are an angel; if you are, don't fly away with one of them." You could have lighted a match on the boys' faces, and Ada says, "I appreciate your remarks, but if I run away with them, I fear I would be a fallen angel." Captain Mark was a noble, true-hearted man, with no feelings of jealousy, even if his wife was admired by his boat hands. We give this conversation to show the harmony and good fellowship among the crew of the Oriole.

It was slow getting along that trip, as there were so many boats, they had to wait at every lock, there being but one lock at that time where now there are two, side by side, and the outer, or heel path side lock, is long enough to admit two boats at a time, so three boats can lock now where but one could at the time of our story. They also have machinery at present to draw two loaded boats in the outer lock, a great help to the poor horses.

Our good boat Oriole finally reached the long level between Syracuse and Utica, and one night about twelve o'clock, while Jack was steering he heard a familiar voice sing out, "Hold on above, and take

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out a line, boats on the towpath"!—an accustomed salute when there is some obstruction that stops navigation; breaks, sunken boats, boats crosswise, or any other thing to prevent a clear passage. The boats slowly drop down close to the last one, then the crew of that boat, if the obstruction is to last long, go to sleep, leaving the other to keep watch until another comes in sight, sing out, "Hold on above", and when the approaching boat has stopped behind them. Then they, in turn would lop down to rest on deck, while the driver hitches his team nearby, and with horse blanket or old coat over him, falls asleep, and so it goes, boat after boat with their crews all asleep, except the last one to keep watch for the next one. When the obstruction ceases, and boats are running, the crews must keep up, or at least one of them, generally the steersman, on his trick at the tiller or wheel, must carry over the lines of boats going in the opposite direction, or keep their boats pried off the towing path, clear of the bank, so the coming boat can drop its line under the boat moored to the shore. They do whichever way is most convenient.

The stopping of the Oriole that night when ordered by the boat's watchman ahead, was near Dunbarton, and when the Oriole stopped a few feet behind the boat, her head light shone bright on the name and in large letters, Jack read "The Octoroon" "Well, Ed, how are you?" he sung out to the steersman. "All right," said Ed, "I'm glad to see you, but I am afraid there'll be a hot time on the old boats to-morrow when our captain gets up, for he swears he will kill Hank if he crosses his path again." "I agree with you", said Jack; but their predictions did not come true at that time, for when the morning came Captain Dan, although not so familiar, greeted the crew pleasantly, telling Captain Loverage there was a serious break near Herkimer, the boats reaching clear across the nine mile level to Utica, and from there clear to where they were stopped, all headed for tidewater; and as far back as could be seen from our two boats, others lined the bank, and before the break was repaired, they reached to Syracuse, entirely across the sixty mile level, all headed east, and as many more below Herkimer, bound west.

At the time of this story, passengers traveled mostly by railroad, but about all freight was shipped by canal, even groceries of all kinds, coal, wood, and lumber, and all varieties of grain, on line as well as on individual boats. There were so many boats on the Erie canal at that time, if placed forward and aft, as sailors say, or as our boatmen

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would say, "bow and stern", they would make a bridge, so you could step from one to the other, reaching from Buffalo to Albany.

Some might think that story exaggerated, but it is not, for all boats on all New York state canals were registered, their name, hailing place, and length, so it was easy to figure up. Of course, they could not all be on the Erie canal at once, hundreds in tows on the Hudson, many lying in New York City and Buffalo, waiting for cargoes, or unloading in those terminals, as well as in all towns along the line of the canal, even warehouses outside the city and villages on country roads, were built to receive or ship freight, to accommodate rural communities, and towns lying miles away from the canal. This is a little divergence from my story but I mention it for the benefit of the younger generation, who can know only by history or by aged people, the immensity or workings of our inland waterways. You can now hardly trace their crooked pathways, and many do not know from the sight of their crumbling stones that they were the locks that lowered or raised the prettily painted boats. Sadly we will bid adieu to the past, to the crumbling, weather-beaten old warehouses, and locks, soon to be obliterated forever, and return once more to our two boats.

Captain Dan that morning even made a bow to Mrs. Loverage, who was trembling while looking out of the window, expecting to hear quarreling, or see fighting, but she saw nothing of the kind, greatly to her satisfaction. During the day some of the boats ahead doubled up in some manner, so our two boats dropped ahead nearly half a mile, and the Octoroon lay alongside of an old sunken wood boat moored to the berm bank, more commonly called the heel path. Its crew consisted of captain, steersman, and driver, also a young girl, the captain's sister, as cook.

They were Germans and all young, apparently twenty to twenty-five. The driver was considerably younger. They lived in or near Verona, on the sixty mile level. In that vicinity nearly all the inhabitants were boatmen, but these people knew but very little about boats. The captain had been coaxed into buying the old boat of a wood company, and was to pay for it in wood boating, and this was his first trip, loaded for Syracuse Salt Works. The boat having been so long empty, had dried out, and being loaded so quickly before the seams soaked up, she sank. They had unloaded her deck, thus raising it from the bottom, so the upper cabin and works of the hull were above water, had borrowed pumps, and were pumping for dear life.

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Jack and Hank, having nothing to do, strolled on to the sunken craft and offered their assistance at the pumps, and as the captain's sister looked pleased to see their exertions, they pumped the harder: but they did not gain on the water much until Jack, who had had some experience with leaky boats, found some sawdust in an old abandoned ice house, which they threw around on the outside of the boat. It drew into the seams, thus stopping the leak. The pumps kept going, but in a short time they were heard to suck, which told them the water was out. Then the boys made themselves useful by building a fire in the wet cabin, mopping it up, and handing down dishes and other cabin fixtures to the girl, while she was smiling pleasantly at Hank, greatly to the discomfiture of Joe Gallus, the steersman of the wood boat, who it appeared was the girl's lover. When Jack went aboard the Oriole, he said, "You need never look for Hank any more, for the Dutch girl has captivated him. She cannot talk much English, but love needs no language to understand itself."

In the meantime the captain of the Octoroon was getting filled up on poor whisky at a nearby grocery where liquors were kept; he finally came reeling aboard his own boat, but noticing the Dutch girl, stepped onto the wood craft, passing Hank, who was trying the midship pump, and yelled out, "Say, you wood girl, don't you want a berth on a nice clean grain boat? I hain't got no cook!" The girl's brother says, "Sir, my sister don't go on *no* boats, but her brother's!" "Oh!" says Captain Dan, "You need not get stuffy about it, you ————" That started Hank, who says, "Shame upon you, don't you know any better than to insult those poor people, who have had such bad luck?" "Shut up, you whelp", says Dan, and made a lunge at Hank, who promptly knocked him down, then motioning to the wood boat's captain to grab him by the heels, he taking him by the shoulders, they carried him across the wood boat and slung him heavily on the deck of his own. He struck so hard, he laid there until his crew took him down into his cabin and Hank yells out, "Keep aboard your own boat; if you ever come near me, I'll kill you, if I hang for it" To avoid further trouble Captain Dan's crew, let go their lines and dropped the Octoroon below the wood boat, then the Oriole moved alongside of that ancient craft, greatly to Hank's satisfaction.

Ada hearing of the trouble, went aboard the old boat to talk to the German maiden, although her English was rather limited, she smiled when kindly spoken to, and was profuse with her thanks to all

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members of the Oriole, and thought Hank was a hero for licking the big captain, as did her brother and the other spectators of the incident.

The next day the owners of the cord wood sent a team to help tow the boat by the crowd of boats. Hank and Jack helped load the wood that had been thrown off. The captain wanted Hank to go with them to Syracuse and manage the boat. He could not resist the smiles of the Dutch girl, so asked the privilege of Captain Loverage to go, and as there would be but little to do, there being so many boats ahead of them to go through the locks, Captain Mark gave his consent, telling him he would probably make the trip to Syracuse, and then catch them by the time they reached Utica.

Ada was delighted; although she disliked parting with Hank, she thought he would be doing his duty to help those poor people who were in trouble. Hank was a good boatman, and knew all the ropes while they were green at the business. Ada told her husband she could help some in the locks if their steersman failed to meet them at Utica. About the time the wood boat started the break was repaired, and boats were on the move, making it easier for the wood boat to navigate, as they met the boats, instead of finding them tied to the towing path.

There arrived at Syracuse in about two days, unloaded and run back to Verona, where the boat's crew lived. Hank thought that Captain Swarts would hire him, he being such a good boatman, and discharge Joe Gallus; but instead of that, Captain Swarts and his sister moved off from the boat to their home, giving it back to the wood company, and recommended Hank as capable of running it. The owners offered the job to him, but he did not want any boat without the captain's sister aboard. He offered to hire out to steer it, or take it himself, if he could hire Swarts and his sister to go with him, and said he would drop a line to Captain Loverage that he would not meet him, and for him to get another man.

He did not write, for he could not persuade Swarts nor his sister, they had gotten enough of the boatsman's life. The girl Margaret wanted Hank to take the boat, so she could see him often. She told her parents what a hero he was, and how he had fought for them. They in turn persuaded him to stay; their efforts, however, were fruitless, much to the satisfaction of Joe Gallus.

Hank bade them good-bye, the girl walked a short distance with him, and in broken English, the tears coursing down her cheeks, said

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she would never forget him, and to come and see her every time he could.

They kissed at parting, she to go home and smile on Joe Gallus, while Hank endeavored to soothe a lonely heart, and build air-castles about the Dutch girl and himself, on his way to Verona Station, where he took the train to Little Falls. He learned at the collector's office that the "Oriole" had not passed there, so he took the towing path on foot, and met her near Sandy Rankin's grocery; but before he did, he passed the Octoroon underway, as she was ahead of the Oriole. Captain Dan swore he would kill Hank if he was ashore, while Hank says, "All right, I am with you in the killing business."

The Oriole's crew were glad to see Hank, as it was tiresome running short-handed. He resumed his trick at the tiller, and nothing unusual happened until they locked into the Hudson river at Troy. They hired a tug to tow them to Albany, for the large steamboats tow for New York City. When the night's tow was made up, four boats abreast, four more hanging behind, and so on until all going down the river were made fast to one another, the head boats towing behind the steamboat with hawser running from the outside boats. The Oriole was the right head boat, and fate or some other freak of circumstances, brought the Octoroon the fourth and outside one with the other hawser. The crews chatted together and all thought there would be no trouble, unless Captain Dan should get full of whisky.

But as the steamer whistled, to cast off shore lines, Captain Dan walked aboard his boat rather unsteadily, and a flask was seen protruding from his coat pocket. When under way, the steersmen took their regular watches, although there was nothing to do except to keep a lookout, and when all was running well, the one on watch usually went to sleep on the deck box. This night Jack called Hank at one o'clock, then went below to his bunk, while Hank took his place on the box. The steersman on the Octoroon called Captain Dan at one o'clock also, for watch duty, as his other steersman had quit at Troy. Usually when there was but one steersman going down the river, a driver was pressed into the service of keeping watch, and nearly always in the after part of the night everyone was asleep. Even those supposed to be on watch were lying somewhere about the deck asleep, and this steamer tow was no exception.

Why Captain Dan did not have his driver called instead of himself, was considered proof that he wanted to pick a quarrel with Hank,

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knowing that the after part watch was his. The captain, after taking a good swig says to Hank, who was lying on the deck box of the Oriole, "Now is your time—come over and let's see who is the best man." Hank says, "I can lick you in about two minutes." Well, one word brought on another, the same as in all quarrels, calling names more forcible than elegant, until Hank got so mad, he ran over the other two boats to the Octoroon. As soon as Captain Dan saw him, he made a lunge for him. Hank dodged down, grabbing Captain Dan, and with all his strength pulled or pushed him to the outside of the boat, then with a mighty effort sent Captain Dan overboard.

What a thought for Hank, when a few minutes had elapsed, and he had come to his normal senses, and fully realized the situation. He had drowned the captain, for he well knew no one could stay one minute in that rushing, whirling current, made by the steamer and its tow of boats.

What to do he did not know, believing he would be accused of murdering the captain, as both crews had heard him say he would fix Captain Dan. He walked quietly back over the two boats between the Octoroon and Oriole. No one had seen the scuffle, for no one appeared to be awake on any of the crafts in their tow, and no lights except the headlight on each outside boat, and the red and blue lights on the tow boat. Day was breaking, and as Hank looked towards the shore he saw a bum boat, headed for the tow. These are large row-boats, loaded with all sorts of vegetables in their season, also milk, butter, and groceries, to sell to the boatmen on the tows.

Why they are called bum boats, I do not know. They are run from groceries, and are on the watch for tows up or down the river. They fasten their lines to a cleat on a boat and tow along until all the boats in the fleet are visited for trade.

Hank motioned for the bum boat to come alongside the Oriole, which it did, and Hank says "I wish to get ashore and take the early morning train for New York, so as to find where to unload my wheat; now what will you ask to row me ashore?" The man said, "I could not do it, I would lose my trade." "I know it," says Hank, "but your profit on trade would not be over four or five dollars. Now I will give you ten to set me ashore, for it is worth that much to me." "Done," says the man. Hank quietly descended into the hand's cabin, took his pocketbook and a few trinkets, but left his valise and clothes, no one being awake, he let go the painter from off the cleat, and slid

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aboard the bum boat. For the benefit of landsmen unacquainted with sea phrases, I will say that a painter is the rope fastening a small boat to a larger one. The man turned his boat shoreward, and Hank took his last look at the Oriole. He never saw her again, but branded in his own heart was the word, "Murderer", one more victim to a bad temper.

When he got ashore, instead of going towards New York, he went in the opposite direction. The bum boatman thought of course Hank was captain, was glad to make such a good morning's work, and thought no more about it. Hank took the first train he could get to Albany, got his moustache cut off at a barber's, and tried to eat, but could get nothing down, but a cup of coffee. Not being a spendthrift, he had considerable money, so bought a suit of clothes, thinking to further disguise himself, but he could not rest easy, and kept walking around until he spied a recruiting office. He enlisted for the war, and before night he was on his way to South Carolina to join his regiment.



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CHAPTER VII.

Now comes another incident in Hank's life, which saved him much trouble in after years, especially when he applied for a pension. Henry Millions was an assumed name; a few years before our story opens, he had got into a scrape in the neighborhood where his people lived, not a very serious one, but having a high sense of honor, and being sensitive, he had left the home he thought he had disgraced, and changed his name. Now, thinking he was a murderer, and no one on the boats knowing of his first offense, or where he came from, he thought of the two evils he would choose the least; so he took his own name, and kept it ever afterwards, but to save the readers getting mixed by names, we will still call him Hank Millions.

We will not follow his military history, in fact, we could not do so if we would. His honorable discharge is proof of his having done his duty. From what we have heard he was foremost in danger, even to being reckless; he did not seem to care much for life, rather reserved, but a good comrade. He kept a diary, and on many pages was written the name Margaret Swarts, the pretty Dutch girl of Verona. Only for thoughts of her, he would probably have gone mad with recollections of his terrible deed, and the excitement and hardships while engaged in legal murder, soothed his conscience some for his illegal murder on the Hudson river. When the war was over, he steamboated it on the Mississippi river, sailed on the lakes, but at all times he had a longing for his old home and the Erie canal, as well as to know the whereabouts of the Oriole and her crew. His greatest desire was to know about Margaret, whether she was married or was still single.

The remorse of conscience kept him uneasy and unhappy, and he made up his mind to try the Erie canal once more. He being so much altered, getting gray, and older, he thought his companions of recent years would not know him if he met them. He went to Verona, hired his board, and those who had formerly seen him did not recognize him.

He learned that Margaret's parents were dead, her brother had enlisted, went to the war, and had never returned. Joe Gallus had

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never married Margaret, but some one else had; no one seemed to know his name, but they had gone to Buffalo and run a grocery. Later accounts from neighbors said her husband had died and she was a widow. This was told them, they said, by some of the long level boatmen living near Verona. He was careful about getting his information, and to allay suspicion he pretended to be looking for a wood lot to purchase for the New York Central Railroad. Railroads at that time used wood for fuel. He left Verona, and fetched up in Buffalo, and walked the streets, hoping to meet his Margaret, not knowing her name or the street she lived on. He finally gave it up as a hopeless task, concluded he was foolish to think of her, and finally bought a boat, loaded her with wheat, and started for New York.

He was a boat captain now, although fearful of coming across some one who would recognize him; but being a lover of the water, he would run the risk.

We will now leave Henry Millions and go back to the Hudson river tow of boats the night he left it, believing he was a murderer. During the fore part of that eventful night, unbeknown to the after watch on the boats, the steamer had stopped and hitched on to Captain Dan's boat a small Chemung boat loaded with oats, consigned to different ports along the river, and had left their last unloading place to go to the next stopping point below. The crew of the oat boat being tired, and knowing the tow boat would whistle to wake them when the time arrived to cast off at their stopping place, went below to rest what they could. As no danger of rain was expected, they did not replace their hatches covering the oats. Hank knew nothing of this, and of course concluded he had pitched Captain Dan overboard, when instead he had pitched him into the open hatchway onto the oats; he was not hurt, only stunned a little, and when he had collected his thoughts he had the impression that he had sent Hank overboard, for he heard a splashing, or thought he did, at that time. What he heard must have been a long wooden fender, which got knocked overboard, as there was one missing from Dan's boat, and in after years, when comparing notes, they concluded that was what made the splashing they both heard.

The thought that he had drowned Hank somewhat sobered him. He crawled out of the oats, and gained his own boat, and seeing nothing of Hank was proof enough of what had become of him. He

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crept quietly into his cabin, although not to sleep, his conscience would not let him. With fear and trembling he lay in his berth until late in the morning, pretending to be asleep, when the one officiating as cook called him to breakfast. He ate but very little, and going on deck, saw all the boatmen of the four boats gathered together in groups, talking about the disappearance of the Oriole's steersman, who had not been seen since the forepart steersman, Jack Needham, had left him sitting on the deck box of the Oriole.

Then Captain Dan knew, he was a murderer. Trembling he sought his cabin, took his empty flask and threw it out of the window, and never afterwards did he touch a drop of intoxicating liquor. He saw that whisky had been his undoing, and had made him a murderer. He knew from his acquaintance with Hank, that he was a good, moral man, a gentleman, above him in all noble qualities, and himself a depraved drunkard, and worse than all, a criminal.

Reader, how many such cases do you know, or have heard of, where those devoid of any noble qualities, when in their drunken state, have murdered, maimed, or ruined those who are far above them in all the qualities pertaining to nobility or humanity. There appears to be no law in nature to hinder a drunken loafer from ruining or killing virtue, as well as vice, or a fool from killing a philosopher. Captain Dan realized all that, and his remorse for the deed was terrible, as well as the fear of arrest, for he knew it could be proved that he had threatened Hank's life more than once.

All the boats were searched, but no Hank was found. Suspicious glances were cast at Captain Dan, when it became known that those two had been on watch at the same time. Both boats' crews believed that Captain Dan had killed, and pushed Hank overboard. The other boats' crews had various opinions, when they had learned of the circumstances, but as told to them, it looked suspicious for Captain Dan.

Ada, who always had so much charity for everybody, was sorry to lose their gentleman steersman. Everything looked as though Hank had been made away with by Captain Dan. Still, she wanted to think it was not so, and said "perhaps he had accidentally fallen overboard." They concluded he must have gotten into the water in some way, for they did not know at that time of any way he could have gone ashore, even if he had wanted to. Then, another thing, if in some way he had gone ashore unbeknown to any one, he certainly would have taken his valise, and books he had prized so highly. This was positive proof

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that Hank was in the bottom of the Hudson river. If he had had any relatives or influential friends, his disappearance would have been investigated, but as no one seemed to know him except his shipmates, nothing was done about it.

Captain Dan was questioned, and of course he knew nothing about it, and had not seen Hank when he came on deck at one o'clock for his watch; he had lain on his deck box and slept until near morning, then seeing everything was running smoothly, he went below and slept until called for breakfast.

Captain Mark and his wife thought if Captain Dan was guilty his conscience would be an everlasting punishment, and so it was. Now in this case, as in all others, there was all sorts of rumors, many inconsistent ones and others reasonable. One story was that Hank had seen someone who had recognized him as guilty of crime, and he had gone ashore on the oat boat, when it was known it had lain alongside. His clothes having been left overbalanced that theory. Then another, and lucky for Mark and his wife that they did not hear it, that the missing steersman had thought too much of Ada, making Captain Mark jealous, and he had pushed Hank overboard. All such stories tended to divert suspicion from Captain Dan.

The two arrived in New York on time, and separated to discharge their cargoes in different slips; they did not go up the river together, and never afterwards were together as friends. When passing one another on the canal, their salutations were very brief. The crews of both boats were strangers, excepting Jack, who stayed on the "Oriole" until she tied up for winter in Rome. That winter he enlisted for the war, had the usual perils and hardships of a soldier for three years, received an honorable discharge, and like a duck started for the water again. His voyages were on the Black river, and Erie canals, the Hudson river, then on the Genesee Valley canal. Finally, as business grew more slack and his boat getting old, he ran it only daytimes on short trips. He occasionally met Captain Mark Loverage, and when possible had a good visit with him and his estimable wife. Once or twice he met Captain Dan, who greeted him kindly, but he could not get over the belief that Captain Dan had murdered his friend and shipmate, Hank Millions. He, like Ada, had a large amount of charity, and believed his conscience would punish him enough if he was guilty, for he looked worn and dejected, like a man of sorrows, which he was. No peace of mind by day, and troubled dreams by night.

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It made a man of him, however. He married one of his school-mates in his native village in Pennsylvania; he was kind, temperate, and a devoted husband. No one in his home town knew of his bad habits, or of the circumstances we have related. His wife accompanied him on his boating trips, and never knew of the secret gnawing at his heart, unless he, in after years, revealed it.



CHAPTER VIII.

After the curious, and we might say mysterious events we have related, we will proceed to narrate what once more brought them together, producing a joy to their poor, tired souls that they never expected to experience again. Hank, during his boating days, like all boat captains, had to have hired men to assist him, and among them was a steersman who knew where the grocery was, that was kept by Margaret, but had not seen her since her husband died. His name was Miller. Hank was happy at this news, and immediately got ready to find her, thinking she must still be a widow, and his chances would be good, by the way she appeared when last he met her. He would tell her his terrible secret, thinking, of course, she would never divulge it, for was not the whole trouble on her account, or mostly? So when his boat was fast to the dock in Buffalo, and he had left his clearance at the collector's office, he lost no time in walking the whole length of Ohio street. His steersman knew the street, but not the number. The only grocery he came across by the name of Miller was rather a dirty looking place, the sign leaning against the house as though the occupants were too lazy to nail it up to its original place. It read, "Grocery by Mike Miller". The place did not look very inviting, but our hero concluded she was poor and could not have things any better, and, if it was Margaret, he would marry her, put his money in the business, and they would have a first-class grocery, paint the old tumble-down building; many more such air-castles ran through his head ere he concluded to enter, as his time was getting precious. So, with a beating heart, he opened the door, and was greeted by the yells of half a dozen children, dirty and half dressed, and a slovenly red-faced woman, sorting potatoes, with sleeves rolled up showing grimy arms. The whole place looked like a pig pen, with a strong smell of stale beer.

Hank made a bow, that the woman did not seem to notice, and said he would have a cigar. She yelled out to one of the ragged boys to take her place at the potatoes, while she went to the bar-room. Hank passed through the door on the customer's side. There were a few rough-looking men in there, who were playing cards or dice, with half emptied glasses of beer on their table.

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A good many city groceries had bars attached, with a partition between. She handed him a cigar, which he lighted, and walked out into the other room, she following, after serving beer to the men at the table. Hank was doubtful about this being his spruce little Dutch girl of the wood boat, so he plied her with questions, saying "Is your name Miller?" "Yosh, it once vosh." "Well," says Hank, "you remind me of some one I once knew years ago," which she didn't. "Did you ever live in Verona?" "Yosh, I vosh borned der." "What was your name them?" "Margaret Swarts, Meester. Vat yoos vant to know fur?"

This was a stunner to Hank, his knees got weak, he could have been knocked down with a feather. He was so frustrated he could not say anything, until finally he mumbled out that she reminded him of someone he had seen in Rochester, and to draw her from her inquisitiveness, he ordered bread and a peck of potatoes, which she promptly set about preparing for him, smiling the while. He said at parting, he should remember where to find such good cigars, although the one she sold him sickened him, before he threw it into the gutter outside. His purchase of the groceries made her look pleased, and Hank says, "It must be hard for you to tend store to support your children, with no husband." She looked up surprised and said, "I done cot von already. He ish Dick Blum, a dock wappler", meaning dock wallaper, or more properly known as stevedore, one whose occupation is to load or unload vessels in port.

Hank waited to hear no more, but made a hasty retreat with his bag of potatoes under one arm, and bread under the other. He felt sick, whether it was the knowledge he had received, or the filthy cigar, he did not know, but when out of sight of the grocery, he gave the bread and potatoes to a hungry looking boy who must have thought him crazy or else drunk, but ran off with them in the direction of the grocery. Our hero was badly put out with the knowledge that his pretty little Dutch girl had evolved into that slovenly beer seller. He could have seen the comical side of it had it not been for the tragedy brought about through his defense of the girl. He could not help being amused, however, to think how his matrimonial hopes, which he had cherished for so many years, were blasted. Even had he found her a widow, she was too tough for him. He was disgusted with himself in his musings to think he was a murderer for championing such an object as she now appeared to be. "Well," he thought, "I must

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make the best of it, but I wonder what Jack Needham would say if he could see her now, or the other members of the good boat Oriole."

Such thoughts made him laugh aloud, making a passing policeman think he was drunk. He went aboard his boat, and kept secluded, read newspapers and books, going out but little, as his shippers knew where his boat lay, and could send for him when they wanted to ship a load by him, as freights were low and scarce.

We will now leave him, and hunt up Captain Dan, who had prospered in the boating business, and at present owned two good new grain boats. Boating had been getting poorer all of the time, as new railroads were being built. Captain Dan, being now temperate, and having a good, prudent wife, had acquired considerable property, so had concluded this season would be the last of their boating days. They had bought in their native town in Pennsylvania a nice home. He had promised his wife that he would sell their boats, and settle down for the remainder of their days. She had wished him to do so before, but the water held a fascination for him, especially the Hudson river.

She had never heard of his trouble with Hank Millions, and no rumor of the tragedy or of his intemperance, had ever reached his childhood's home. He had always been a kind and devoted husband, honest and temperate, but she had noticed that he was often melancholy, especially on the Hudson river, and had urged him not to take any more freights to New York, as she had concluded the river had a depressing effect upon him, which she could not understand.

The day before the events now to be recorded, Captain Dan's two boats arrived in Buffalo, and as freights were scarce and he would be obliged to wait several days before he could expect a load, he paid off his crew, excepting one man. His wife thought this a favorable opportunity to visit their home in Pennsylvania. So early the next morning she took the Lake Shore road for her destination.

Captain Dan was left alone with his unhappy thoughts, and although prospering financially, there seemed no rest for his troubled mind, which was more active when not employed with work or business. He was getting old and gray, life did not seem to be worth the living with that terrible shadow still hanging around him. He could end it all, by stepping to the side of his boat, jumping off, thus getting the same death he gave his victim, twenty-eight years before. He hastily dismissed that idea when he thought of his faithful companion.

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Strolling down town he bought a newspaper, returned to his boat, went down into his cabin, and after perusing it awhile, dropped asleep on the locker, when something slid alongside of his boat, jarring it considerably. He went on deck and saw a tug going up Buffalo Creek; he also heard a splashing close by, looked in the direction, and saw a man struggling in the water.

It took but a moment to grab a loose wooden fender with a rope attached, sling it in reach of the drowning man, who grabbed it, and Captain Dan towed him to the stern of his boat, where he grabbed the rudder blade and climbed aboard. He was not hurt, only strangled somewhat, and nimbly stepped onto the boat's deck, and confronted Captain Dan, who jumped back and came near falling down, giving a surprised exclamation of "Oh! My God!" The rescued man stopped, glared at the other, and spoke about the same words. Captain Dan, who trembled all over, muttered something about "You look like ——," then checking himself, he stared at the man he had saved, who in turn stared at him; both now unable to speak.

Twenty-eight years had passed since they had met face to face, and although much changed, each knew the other, or thought they did. The suspense could not last forever. Captain Dan says, "You look like, like, one dead, like Hank." "Well, I am, Hank, but in a nightmare, or seeing a ghost." "Well, I'm no ghost," said Captain Dan, "but you are," as he reeled around like a drunken man, and grabbed Hank by the arm to see if he really was flesh and blood. Then, feeling funny, he says, "Well, old boy, you are here all right, but you came up a darned long ways from where you went down." Hank who began to realize that it really was Dan in the flesh still, blurted out, "Well, Dan, it appears you got out in time to save my life."

Then they grabbed each other, shook hands, shouted, and I don't know but they kissed one another, and those two stout able-bodied men actually cried and shed tears of joy. Their hearts were lighter than they had been for many a year, while the lone boatman on board Captain Dan's boat, believed they had both gone stark mad. No one can imagine their feelings, unless placed in similar circumstances. It was the sudden reaction from sorrow to happiness, upon learning they were innocent of murder. The dark cloud hanging over their lives had been dispelled.

Reader, will not that same feeling come to us all in a more or less degree, according to our sins, when we stand before the Supreme Judge of all, and have him say, "Your sins are forgiven."

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Will not the brief history of those two men be a lesson to us all to keep temperate, and strive to control our bad tempers. How they suffered, and many others have suffered, and will continue to do so, if slaves to intemperance by strong drink or passions. Be a true follower of the lowly Jesus and no tempter, or temper can harm you.

Our two heroes then narrated their different experiences on that memorable night on the Hudson, when each thought they had murdered the other, and their miraculous escapes. Although neither of them had ever experienced religion, they felt like kneeling down and thanking their Heavenly Father for freeing them from their terrible bondage, by his great and sovereign power. Both Captain Dan and Captain Hank now believed some good had come from that never to be forgotten night's adventures, for it had effectually cured Dan of drunkenness and other debaucheries. Hank never had the appetite for drink or other debasing habits, thus avoiding much trouble. His temper had gotten him into the aforesaid difficulty, and he knew it, therefore he broke himself in a measure from its baneful influence. He once tried to drown his trouble in drink, but as he had no acquired habit, he did not succeed. Here is a case, where the same thing produced opposites. Dan quit the habit through remorse, while Hank would commence it for the same reason.

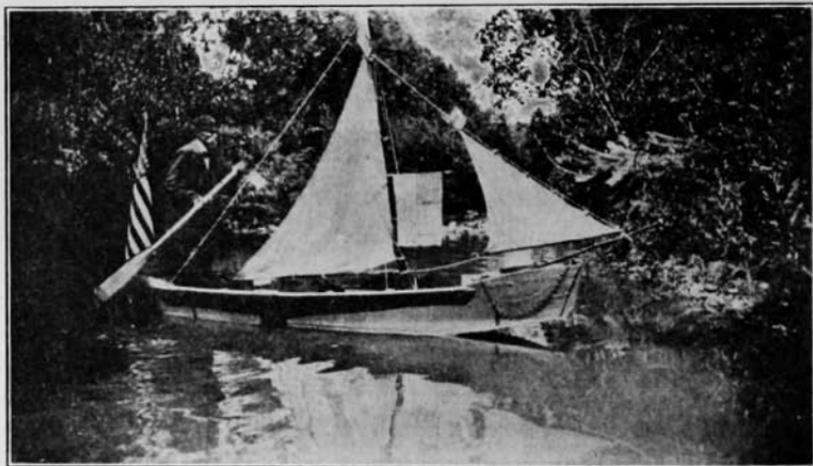
Our friends, as we must call them now, stayed together that afternoon, supped together or as fashionable people call it, had dinner, at the best eating house in Buffalo. Late in the evening Hank left Captain Dan and returned to his own boat, some distance up the creek, where he found his only man worrying at his long absence, fearing he was drowned as the tug men told him he had got on their boat when leaving the foot of Main street. As he was not with them then, he must have fallen off or jumped ashore when near some dock. He came aboard the tug in this manner.

He was on the wharf where the shipping offices were at that time located, below the foot of Main street. Those shippers charged a percentage on all freight they secured for boatmen, who called them "scalpers", and I presume the name was well applied. When Hank learned the tug was going by his craft, he stepped aboard, and sat on the stern unnoticed, as the crew had gone forward. The jar caused by the tug hitting Captain Dan's boat, was what threw Hank into the water. Who can say that it was not by the hand of Providence? To think that he would be dumped at that particular spot is one of the

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mysterious things about it, and of the thousands of people around the docks in Buffalo, the one to save his life was the one he thought he had murdered. Saved by a fender, similar to the one knocked overboard, the splashing of which meant so much to each. It was a singular coincidence.

We will now change this drama, or supposed tragedy to a comedy.



THE LAST CRUISE OF THE OLD BOATMAN.

CHAPTER IX.

Dan and Hank were together the greater part of their time now, taking their meals together, either on their boats or at some city eating house.

One day an amusing thought came to Hank, so he asked Dan to go with him along Ohio street, and when opposite the Miller grocery, asked his companion to come in and have a smoke. Captain Dan consented, but after entering, he thought Hank not as fastidious as formerly. Margaret was behind the counter, and upon seeing Hank she burst out in a hearty laugh, making her appear more hideous than ever. Then she said, in her peculiar dialect, "Fat for you's git drunk? ha! ha!" "You are mistaken," said Hank, "I never drink liquor." "Den I tinks you pe one pig crazy; you gif my poy Shoir potaties, und breads, I lays oop faw yoos,," and reaching under the counter she produced the identical packages he had bought of her, and given, as he supposed, to the hungry-looking boy, but instead to Margaret's own son.

The transaction was so comical, Hank in turn had also to laugh, causing Dan to think him on good terms with the grocery woman, and undoubtedly where he purchased his boat supplies. As there was no one in the tap room, they sat down, while Margaret began her conversation again with Hank and seemed pleased to get the trade of such well-dressed gentlemen.

"I had a man working for me once," says Hank, "who knew you when you lived in Verona" "Vats he name?" says she. That was a stunner, but Hank says, "I forget his name, but he said you had a sweetheart by the name of Joe Gallus. Can you tell me where he is?" "Oh! he killed. Got shot in te pig wars; he no lof me. He no coot at all at all." "There was another one, my man says, helped pump out your boat, then went to Syracuse." "Ha! ha!" laughed Margaret, "I tinks me knows heem; pig fool too; no takes boat, caze I woont go. No brains, ha! ha!" This staggered Hank, who said, "Didn't he get into a fight on your account?" "Oh, ya! He von pig divil. Trow heem on hees own boat all no notinks, all drunk, ha! ha!"

Hank got up and started for the door, while Dan followed him.

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hardly knowing what to think of it all. He almost came to the conclusion, that for Hank's own good he might better have remained dead, as he supposed he was. Margaret picked up Hank's bread and potatoes and told him to take them, which he did, but threw them away again after finding a suitable place. He then told Captain Dan who Margaret was, making another surprise. "To think," says Dan, "of that woman being the innocent cause of nearly all our troubles." "There are two more causes," says Hank, "Poor whisky and bad tempers"

Reader, what trouble, quarrels, and murders, have been caused by those two agencies.

One day, after the occurrences just narrated, Jack Needham came to Buffalo, looking for a canal boat suitable for his business, as his old one was worn out.

It being about noon, he went into a nice-looking eating house on Main street, and when nearly through his dinner, two well dressed gentlemen passed him and took seats at a vacant table. They seemed to be in very friendly conversation, which Jack took but little notice of, until he began to recognize something in their voices which sounded familiar. Then, looking in their direction, he saw Captain Dan and to his great amazement, sitting beside him, was his old friend and shipmate, Hank Millions.

It seemed more like a dream, as he listened, and soon knew it surely must be Hank; although considerably changed, he knew his voice, so jumping up, he walked over to their table, and said, as he grabbed Hank by the arm. "Is this your ghost? Has the day of resurrection come? At all events, the days of miracles have not ceased. Say, old boy," said he, seizing Dan by the shoulders, "When did you fish Hank out of the river"? He made this expression in his excitement, little knowing at that time that Dan had really fished him out. Captain Dan said, as he in turn, grabbed Jack, "You know what it says in the Bible, 'Cast your bread upon the waters. and after many days it will return unto you' " "Yes," says Jack, "but Hank isn't bread, he is meat, but is probably turned to fish now. Got any scales?" and he rubbed his hand across Hank's shoulder. "Well," says Hank, "I may have scales on my body, but they have fallen off my eyes."

"Yes," says Dan, "ever since he found Margaret."

"What about her?" says Jack. "Oh, we will tell you after you have eaten dinner with us." "I have already eaten, thank you," says

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Jack. "It makes no difference, you must eat with us," which he did, to the discomfort of his digestive organs. His attention was occupied, listening to the rehearsal of each of their strange tales, till at last the dinner was eaten, probably much to the satisfaction of the waiters. Our heroes shook hands again and again, and sauntered down to the boats of Dan and Hank, that were now moored side by side.

On the way down to the waterfront, they passed Margaret's grocery. They had told Jack who she was, and while they walked slowly along, Jack stepped into her place, and bought a cigar, and as a purchase of any kind made her very sociable, Jack says, "Did two well-dressed gentlemen stop here yesterday and purchase cigars and one took potatoes and bread he had bought a few days previous?" Margaret laughed and said, "Oh! shoor and he did. "Did you know them?" says Jack. "Yash, me tinks dey pig fools, funny fools." "Yes," says Jack, "they were not responsible, however, for they had just escaped from a lunatic asylum." "Och! an me taut so"! says Margaret, convulsed with laughter.

Jack took his departure, and after catching up with his companions, he told them of his conversation with the grocery woman, which made them laugh heartily. Dan says, "she is right, we were both fools," and Hank replies, "yes, it makes the old saying true, 'Children and fools tell the truth'" "I don't agree with you there," says Jack, "she knows enough to make money and support her children, with probably a worthless husband. I don't know how you fellows are situated, but I have nothing to brag of". Dan says, "Yes, boys, that women in her ignorance is smarter than we are, for she has apparently filled her station in life honorably, while we, considering ourselves superior, have fell far short of it."

Then said Hank, "That is so, but as we cannot now help the past, we will take it as a lesson and do better in the future" Jack stayed with his old shipmates that afternoon, and slept on Hank's boat that night, and with many a handshake parted with them next morning, and never saw them again, although he frequently heard from them.

Dan ran his boats until the canal closed that season, then sold them, and with his wife moved to his farm near Erie, Pa. Hank and Jack ran boats a few years longer, but never happened to meet so as to see each other. When passing, it was in the night, or else one or the other laying in dock. Boating had begun to be unprofitable business.

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Less freights every year, until short trips, and lightering in New York harbor was about the only place where could be found business for boats. Hank quit dreaming of the Dutch girl, and married a nice, respectable lady of his own town, living a happy life on his boat, engaged in lightering around New York, when he could find work, combining business with houseboating. Jack finally gave up the business, but as he was always fond of the water, he like a duck waddles down to some lake or to some river flowing towards the city of Rochester, and has the time of his life in a rowboat or motor boat. Even like a frog, he would be happy on a log, if boats were not available.

Captain Mark Loverage ran boats a few years after that trip of curious events on the Hudson. He sold the Oriole, and went to Nebraska, where by honesty and ability, he secured places of trust and for a number of years was sent to the Legislature of that State, his wife, Ada, filling faithfully and gracefully her part in the drama of their lives.

And now when bidding my readers good-bye, I would say, for aught I know every one of the principal actors in this strange story are living yet, or they may be all dead, except the writer. It is hardly possible that they are all living, for they are all past the three score years and ten.

Alive or dead, God bless, and be with them, till we meet again—on this, or Eternity's shore.





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