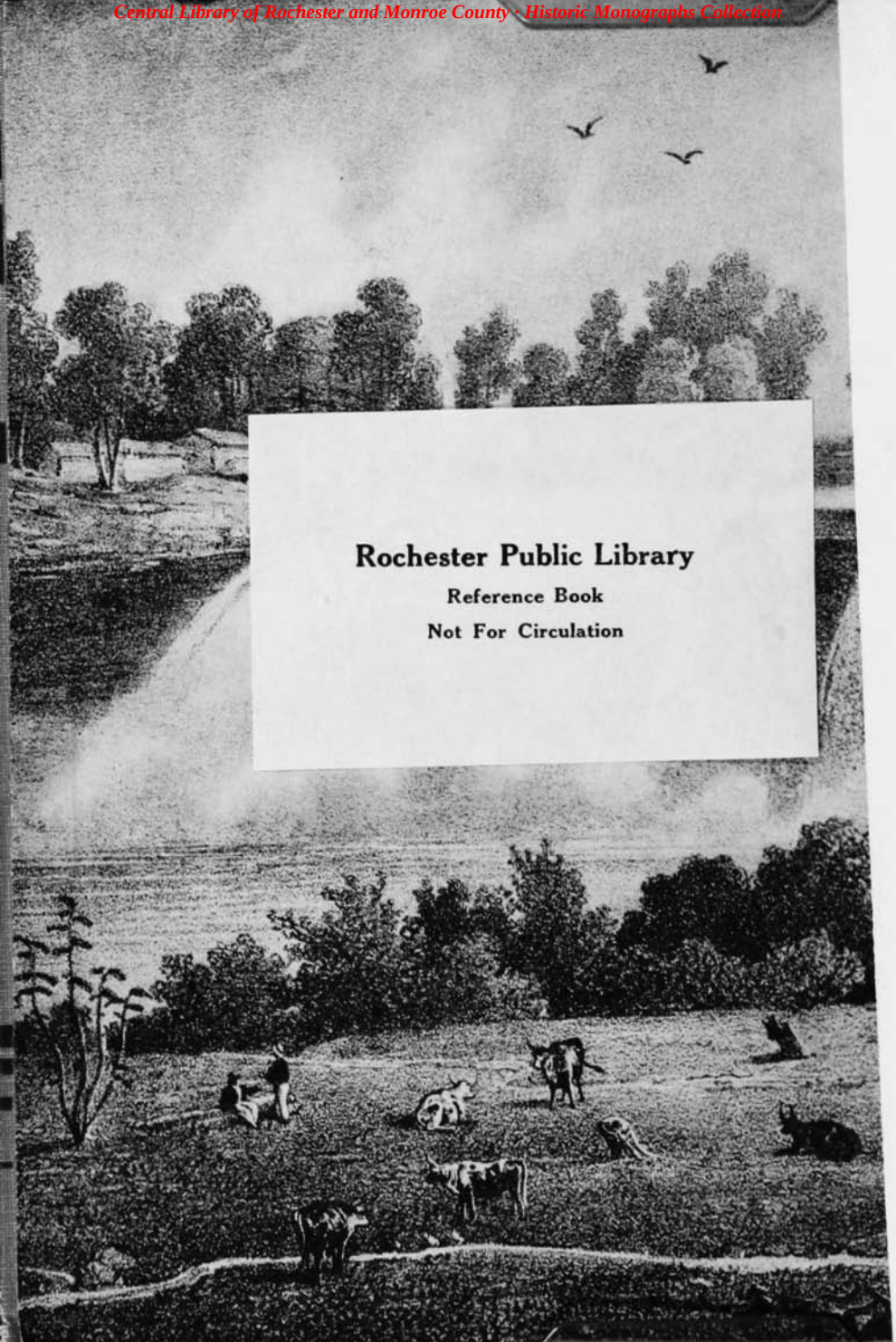
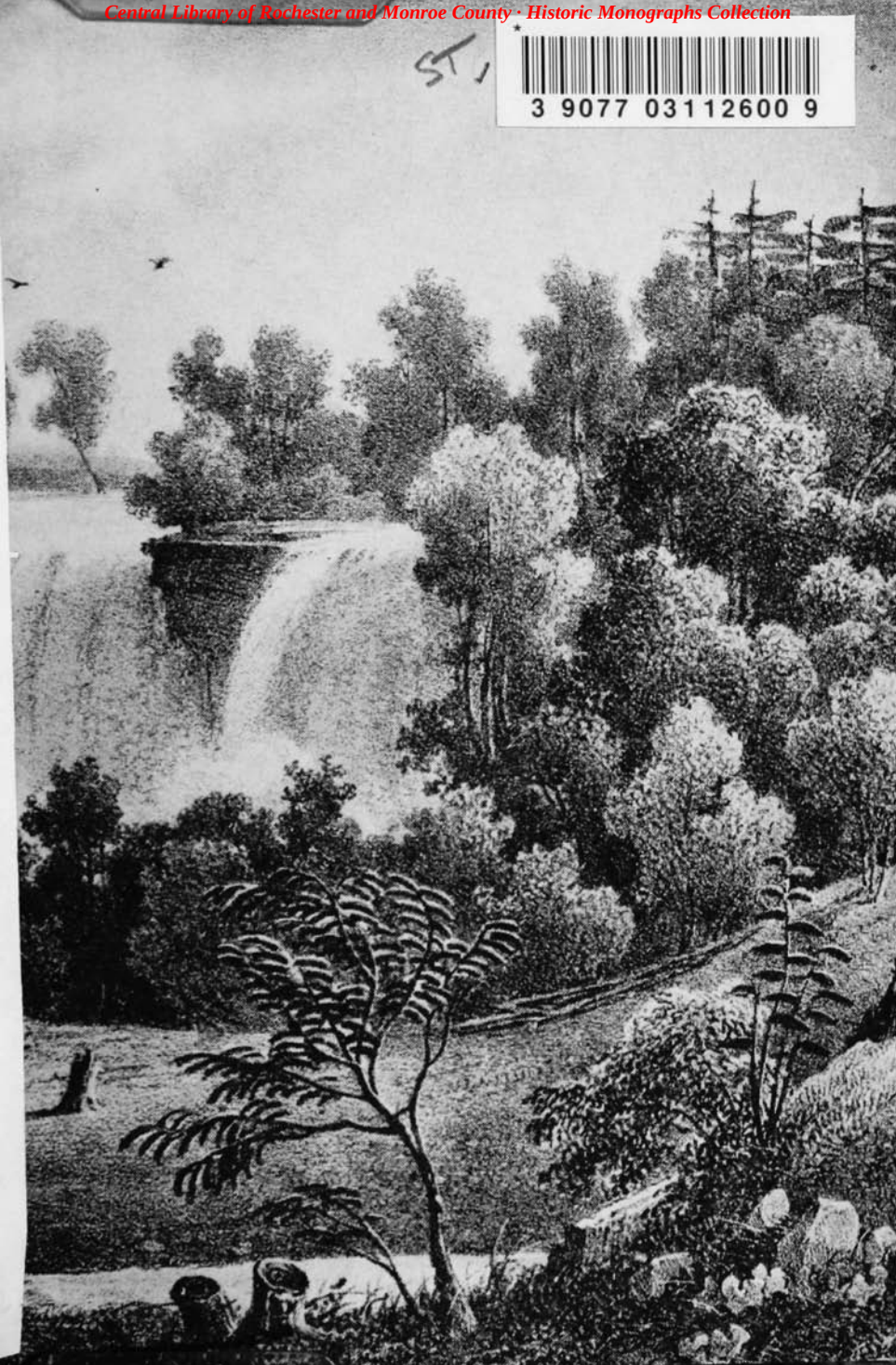
A STORY OF ROCHESTER

BLAKE McKELVEY





LOOKING AHEAD THROUGH 150 YEARS

A Story of ROCHESTER

By BLAKE MCKELVEY

Compiled under the supervision of DEXTER PERKINS, *City Historian*, by authority of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library, from materials in the archives of the Rochester Historical Society

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Preface

This material is designed to fit into the social studies program of the fourth grade. Its preparation was undertaken at my suggestion when the lack of suitable reading matter on Rochester became apparent. Mr. John A. Lowe, Director of Libraries, readily approved the employment of the Historian's staff at this important educational task. My assistant, Dr. Blake McKelvey, has prepared the manuscript and assembled the illustrations, using as a basic source the rich documentary collection of The Rochester Historical Society, now housed adjacent to our office in the Rochester Public Library.

Acknowledgments are likewise due in many quarters. Our special thanks go to Dr. Arthur C. Parker for permission to use selections from his *Seneca Myths and Folk Tales*. Indeed these selections, as simplified by Miss Dorothy S. Truesdale of my staff, constitute the major portion of the first unit. Similar simplified borrowings have been made from the "Old Citizen Letters" of Edwin Scrantom and other original materials with the object of bringing the nine-year-old child as near to some of the choice documents as his vocabulary and taste will permit.

We are greatly obliged to various persons for their criticisms and suggestions. Several of these deserve special mention, notably Miss Julia L. Sauer, head of the Public Library Department of Work with Children; Mr. Walter Cassebeer, an active member of the Historical Society; and Miss Annie H. Croughton and Miss Truesdale of my own staff. Miss Helen Hadley and Mrs. Caroline H.

Brown of the Department of Elementary Grades have given close attention to the plans and purposes of each unit and have read the successive drafts with great care.

During the past spring experimental use has been made of mimeographed copies of this material by the fourth grade children in Schools No. 21, 24, and 43. The page by page notes of the teachers in charge have been of great help in whipping this material into final shape. Therefore our most hearty thanks must go to these youngsters and their teachers, the Misses Evelyn Zabel, Edna K. Short, and Marie Daley.

For the abundant supply of illustrations we are likewise indebted to generous friends. Most numerous are the cuts prepared by H. D. Collins for the Paine Drug Company and generously loaned by Frank H. Goler. Several by Norman Kent have been borrowed from *The Book of the Rochester Centennial.* Others have come from the files of the Museum of Arts and Sciences, and many more from The Rochester Historical Society's *Publication Fund Series.* The Public Library, Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., and Eastman Kodak Co. have each supplied cuts of views illustrating their activities.

It is with great pleasure that I turn this co-operative product over to the Board of Education for publication and use by the approximately 3,000 fourth grade pupils of Rochester.

DEXTER PERKINS

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Introduction

Rochester is not a very old city, but it is older than any person now living. When our grandparents were little children, some of them lived in Rochester and went to school here. They did not have to watch out for the cars or wait for the green lights, because there were no such things here then. But they did have to stay out of the way of the horses, many of them pulling big wagons and others hitched to light buggies in which the people rode about town.

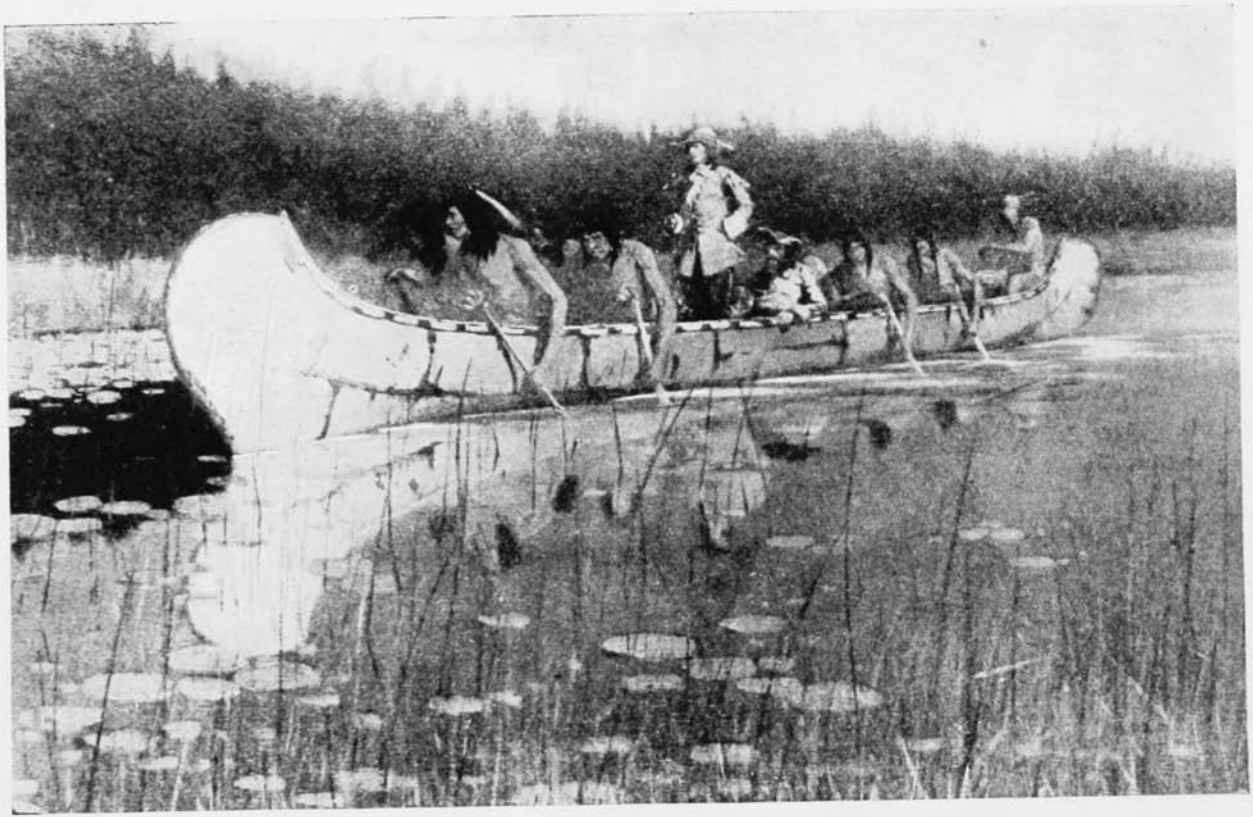
When our grandparents were children, some of them had grandparents of their own still living at that time. These older grandparents often told stories of the time when Rochester did not even have buggies in its streets. Indeed, in those very early days, Rochester did not have paved streets; it was only a village with a few wooden houses facing muddy dirt roads. Slow but strong oxen pulled heavy carts through the ruts and around the stumps of trees that had only recently been cut down. Sometimes dusky Indians came into town

to trade some furs or skins for a bright jacket, a few knives, or trinkets at one of the small stores in the village. That was just one hundred and twenty years ago when our city was called Rochesterville. The village was then not as old as the youngest person in our class, and there were not as many people living in it as there are students in our school building. It had to grow pretty fast to become the great city of Rochester.

These facts make Rochester seem very old, but it is not as old as most of the other large cities in the East. Indeed most of the villages near here are older than Rochester. Canandaigua, Pittsford, Bloomfield, Lima, Avon, and Batavia are older towns. If any of you have visited one or another of these places you know how small and quiet they seem next to our big city. A hundred years ago Rochester was very much like these older villages, but at that time no one of them was more than fifty years old. Indeed the first white settlers who came to build homes and villages in this region arrived only a century and a half ago.

Before the white settlers came, this country was the home of the Indians. They liked this country very much, and they called it the Genesee Country, which in their language meant "beautiful val-

ley." The valley is rich as well as beautiful, for it has much good soil, plenty of rainfall, and a good climate. These three things help the crops to grow. First the Indians, then the early settlers, and later the farmers depended on good crops. Even our city could not have grown very big or very rich without these good crops to supply its food. So the story of our town starts with the Indians, who were the first to live here, and with the white people who settled in the Genesee Country. Then the story tells how a village was built at the falls of the Genesee River, and how it grew and grew until it became the great city of Rochester.



THE INDIANS AND EARLY WHITE MEN TRAVELED IN CANOES

UNIT ONE

The Seneca Indians

The Genesee Country Was Their Homeland

In the days before the white man came, all the country around the Genesee River belonged to a tribe of Indians called the Senecas. In their own language they called themselves Nun-da-wa-o-no, which means "great hill people." But the early white settlers could not understand that; so they called these Indians the Senecas, from the Indian word Ot-sin-i-kas, meaning "stone people." From the shores of Seneca Lake to the Genesee River and, later, beyond to Lake Erie, all the land belonged to them. If you will look at the map, you will see how wide and vast was this country of the Senecas.

To the east of the Senecas lived four friendly tribes. These were the Cayugas, the Onondagas, the Oneidas, and the Mohawks. The Senecas and these four other tribes helped one another, and in time of war they fought side by side. They all

looked upon one another as brothers, and they were soon known as the Iroquois, or the Five Nations. These tribes sometimes called themselves the People of the Long House, because they were like five families living together in one great long house. The Senecas were one of the strongest and most important of these tribes.

According to the Indian legend, the Senecas first came into the world, springing from one of the hills about Canandaigua Lake. That was one reason they were called the hill people. Another reason was the fact that their main villages were among the hills to the south of Rochester. They liked to hunt and fish where our city now stands. Many of their camp sites were within our city limits or very near by. Many of the streets of Rochester follow the old trails that the Indians made through the forest.

The parks of Rochester hold many memories of the Senecas. Seneca Park, which takes its name from them, was one of their favorite camping places. Here Indians, traveling over the Ridge Road trail, met friends who had come from the south along the path which St. Paul Street follows today. Here they would camp for the night before crossing the river. Or perhaps they might paddle

across the river and camp on the west bank in our Lower Maplewood Park. If you are very lucky, you may still find arrowheads along the river bank from Driving Park Avenue to Lower Maplewood Park.

Genesee Valley Park is another place where the Indians camped. In those days there was no Barge Canal, and Red Creek flowed directly into the Genesee River. This was a favorite place for the Indians to land their canoes. The Senecas who came down from their homes further up the Genesee River stopped at the site of Rochester because of the falls. They landed at Red Creek or a little below, and carried their canoes over the trails that led to Irondequoit Creek. Here they launched their canoes at a place called Indian Landing and paddled down the creek to Irondequoit Bay and so out into Lake Ontario. Indian Landing is today in Ellison Park and there you may see the very place where the Indians camped on their way to or from Lake Ontario.

Irondequoit Bay was much loved by the Senecas. Its very name came from their language. We have seen how they paddled their canoes through the bay to Lake Ontario. There were also trails along its shores, and another trail led from

the bay to the Seneca villages near Canandaigua Lake. This bay was very well-known among all the Indians.

THE EAGLE DANCE OF THE SENECAS

There are many other places around Rochester that, if they could speak, would tell us of the Senecas. Spring Street would tell of Indians drinking at the old spring there after a long hunt. East Avenue, Culver Road, Merchants Road, Mt. Hope Avenue are only a few of our streets which can remember when they were narrow forest paths. Indians in soft moccasins passed over these

routes which today are followed by the rubber tires of automobiles. The river would tell us of the canoes of the redmen coming down from Geneseo and Mt. Morris. It might tell how those who had come on foot through the woods crossed the river near Court Street bridge where the water was shallow enough for wading. They called this the fording place.

All this was in the olden days when there were no streets or stores, houses or factories here. The green forest everywhere came down to the river's edge, and only the Indians and the wild animals passed through it.

A Visit to a Seneca Village

Let us pretend that it is possible to go back through the years and really visit a Seneca village. Dr. Arthur C. Parker, the Director of the Museum of Arts and Sciences, has studied the Senecas for a long time. Shall we ask him to be our guide? We will let him describe our trip. (See Dr. Parker's *Seneca Myths and Folk Tales* for a fuller account of such a visit as we are making.)

The time is in the moon Nisha (January), and the whole earth is covered by a thick blanket of heavy snow.

We follow a deeply-worn trail along the bank of a creek. Along the sides of the trail, over the white snow, are other paths that in places show the tell-tale mark of snowshoes. Here and there are deep dents where boys have wrestled and thrown each other into the drifts. All about us are the great trees.

We continue our journey until we come in sight of a little village of log huts and bark lodges. There seem to be no streets in this village, for the houses are set anywhere the builder chose to place

INDIANS PLAYING THE GAME OF SNOW SNAKE

his dwelling. Stretching in every direction are little cornfields, where a few cornstalks stripped of their ears, are still standing like ragged scarecrows in the wind.

Before we reach the village there is an open space. Here and there are a score of boys and as many men shouting and playing games. In an icy trough made by dragging a log through the snow for a quarter of a mile or more, the older boys are playing a game of snowsnake. We find that it is played with two teams. Each has 24 long flat pieces of polished wood called gawasa or snow-snakes. The idea of the game seems to be to see who can throw a snowsnake the greatest distance.

There is a great shout as one boy rushes forward holding his snowsnake by the tip and throws it with all his might into the trough. On it speeds like a living thing. The boys on the other team jeer the speeding snowsnake, while his own team mates cheer it on. Finally the snowsnake slows down and stops. A member from each team rushes to the spot, and together they place colored sticks in the snow to mark the distance it has traveled. Then another snowsnake comes sliding down. It strikes the tail of the first and throws it out of the trough. On it goes and stops several paces beyond.

The trail markers again run forward with their colored sticks. There is a great shout from the winning side.

We look around and see another group of boys playing a game of javelins and hoops. They are trying to throw a javelin through a hoop as it rolls along, and thus stop it. The dogs like to play this game too, and dash after the hoop, barking loudly. The players scold them and yell at them to go away.

In another part of the field we see a group of girls playing football with a small ball stuffed with deer hair. The game is a rough and tumble one, but no one is hurt for the kicking feet are clad in soft moccasins.

We pass on and come to a group of older men sitting on logs beneath the pines. They are waiting for the return of a hunting party. Out on the creek we also see little groups of men fishing through the ice.

We stop to talk to one of the men. He is dressed in buckskin from head to foot. His shirt is long and of a beautiful light tan. About the neck, the chest, the shoulders, the sides, and upon the cuffs, there is a rich trimming of porcupine quill embroidery in various colors — red, yellow, and

white. The leggings are of the same soft tan and trimmed with quill work. Just below the knee is a garter embroidered with long moose hair. Looking down at his feet you will see a pair of beautiful moccasins whose flaps are also embroidered with quill work. We look carefully at the man's cap. It is not at all like the long feathered war-bonnet we have seen in pictures of other Indians. It is a tight fitting cap of fine fur with a wide band holding it tightly to the head. From the center of the hat rises a spool-like socket into which is fitted a fine eagle plume, that turns on a spindle within the socket. Around this are clusters of smaller feathers that fluff over the top of the cap. Across his breast is a red band trimmed with beads. About his waist is a belt of buckskin in which he carries his tomahawk. A bag to hold his pipe and tobacco dangles from his belt. Stooping over, he picks up a pair of overshoes made of woven cornhusk stuffed with buffalo hair. This is the chief of the village.

It is now late in the afternoon and the people are coming back to the village. Some of the men are bending low under heavy loads of game. Several others have strings of fish. Some of the women are carrying long strings of white corn from the storehouse to their long houses.

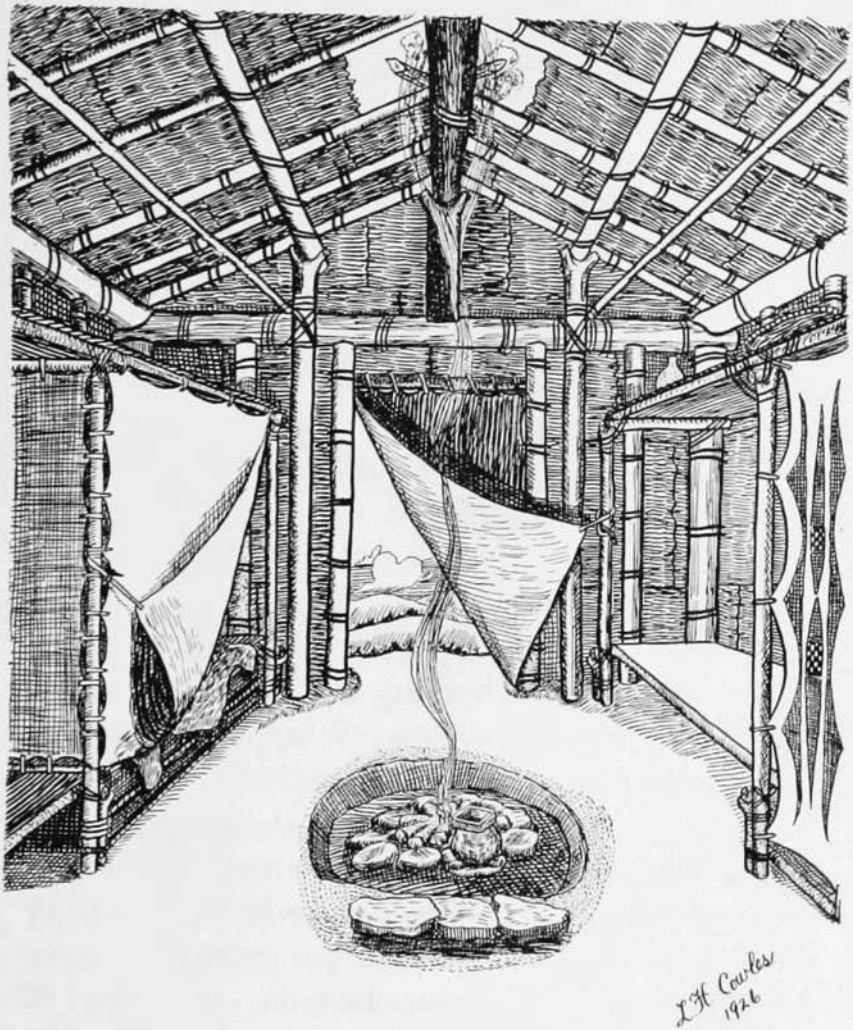
We are hungry and tired after our long journey. The people smile and talk to us, but no one invites us to supper. The chief says, "You may go to any cabin here. Walk in and sit down. You may take off your shoes and put on any warm pair of moccasins you find hanging on the wall. No one will ask you a question. Anything you need, will be given you. Among the Senecas you are always welcome to any home you choose to enter."

Inside a Seneca Long House

We choose a long bark house from whose roof we see smoke rising in six columns. As we draw near, we smell the tempting odors of steaming maize puddings, hominy, and roasting venison.

Over the door we notice a wooden bear's head. This shows that people belonging to the clan of the Bear live inside and that all "Bears" are welcome. But we know that "Turtles" and "Hawks" as well as any stranger can go in, so we push aside the buffalo robe that covers the doorway and step inside.

Before us is a vast hall. On either side are low platforms, scarcely more than knee high from the earthen floor. These are divided into sections large enough to lie in. Above these are other platforms which form a roof over the lower ones. Some of the



THE CABINS OF THE SENECAS WERE MADE OF BARK, POLES, AND DEER OR BEAR HIDES

Indians are sitting or lying on the lower platforms.

An elderly woman comes forward and greets us. Several men also meet us. Someone points out an empty seat filled with fur robes and we are told to place our luggage in the platform above. The center of the lodge is a broad aisle and every eight paces there is a fireplace on the floor. Above each fireplace is a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. The rafters and ceiling are black with soot, for the smoke does not always go out the hole as it should. From the ceiling hang strings of corn, smoked meat, dried pumpkins and squashes, and other kinds of food.

The meal is now ready. Everybody grabs a bark dish and some take out carved wooden bowls. These are filled with hominy and the group begins to eat with wooden spoons. When this course is finished the meat is passed and each person is given from one to three pounds of roast venison. This we eat with boiled corn. We have no forks, but we have our knives to cut the meat which we hold in our hands. If our fingers get too greasy, we have a box of cornhusks to wipe them on. At the end of the meal we receive bowls of hot tea made from the tips of hemlock boughs mixed with sassafras. While we are drinking an Indian girl brings us a

bark tray with slices of sugar-nut bread. This is made by mixing white corn flour with maple sugar, hickory and hazel-nuts. Everyone exclaims, "Oguhoh," meaning "delicious."

The house is full of men, women, and children, for several families live here together. Every child has a dog. If anyone does not wish to be walked on, he had better crawl up on his bed and make himself comfortable in a buffalo robe. The walls are not very thick and it is quite chilly in the house.

As night grows darker, a shout is heard outside and all the children run to the door. "Dajoh, dajoh!" they cry. They rush out and surround a tall man. One takes his hand and leads him in. We can hear them shout, "The story-teller—the story-teller has come!"

He is a jolly looking fellow, this story-teller. His coming has put the young people in a state of great excitement. Even the older people are pleased. One woman draws forth a bench and places it before the central fire. The story-teller sits down and all the people gather around.

The story-teller has two bags. One holds his pipe and tobacco, and the other bulges with mysterious lumps. Everyone waits patiently to see what these are. These are the things that "re-

mind" him of his stories—bear teeth, shells, bark dolls, strings of wampum, and claws of animals.

After smoking a pipeful of tobacco, he throws some of it upon the fire and says a prayer to the unseen spirits about whom he is going to tell us. Finally he plunges his hand into his second bag and draws forth a bear's tooth.

"Ho," he says, "the bear. This is a tale about a bear. Listen, all of you." Then he tells us a story of a boy who was saved by a mother bear. When he has finished that story, he reaches into his bag again and brings forth another object. A new tale is told. So he goes on until the night grows late, and the children can hardly keep awake. Then he closes his bag and begins to smoke his pipe. Everyone gives him some little gift to show him how much they have enjoyed his stories. At the end of this Unit you will find some of the tales the story-teller told that night.

Then the children climb into their beds on the upper platforms and the older people go to the lower platforms. We notice little cupboards at the foot of our bed. These are for our clothing. Beneath the bed is a walled-up space. But only our host has the right to look into it, for it is there that he keeps his greatest treasures. It would be a crime

for anyone else to lift up the floor of the bed and look in. Everyone pulls down curtains that close off each bed like berths in a sleeping car on the train. Soon all are sound asleep dreaming of the stories they have just heard.

Occupations of the Senecas

In the morning we walk through the village and talk to the people. They tell us that the village is very different in summer. Then there is no time for telling stories. There are not so many people around at that time for the men and older boys are away on hunting trips. These trips last several days or even weeks. Game is scarce in winter; so they must get most of the year's supply of meat during the summer months. This keeps the men very busy. Sometimes the women go with them on the hunting trips and help them cut up the meat and tan the skins.

The women work the fields near the village. They raise corn, beans, squash, melons, and tobacco. The women do the farming because they own the land and the houses the families live in. The women are very important in the Seneca tribe. Besides being heads of the family, they have a part in choosing the chiefs of the tribe. If a woman is cap-

tured by the enemy, her people have to pay twice as much to get her back as they do for a man.

We stop at a lodge and watch a woman pounding corn. A piece of log has been hollowed out to form a deep dish, or mortar. In this she places the corn and pounds it with a thick wooden stick until it has been made into flour. Then she sifts it through a sieve basket, adds a little water, and pats it into loaves or cakes which she boils in a clay pot.

Her husband is carving dishes. We watch him carve a bear on the handle of a ladle he has just made. He shows us some of the other things he has made during the winter. There are many different kinds of dishes, snowshoes, and several stone and pottery pipes. He says he is going to make a new canoe this summer. He will make it from bark stretched over a frame of ashwood.

"I wish I could get birch bark for it," he says. "But the right kind of birch tree does not grow around here. So I shall have to use elm bark like everyone else in the village."

One of the daughters is trimming a deerskin shirt with colored porcupine quills. She shows us a pile of skins in one of the upper platforms which she is going to make into clothes for the family.

As we leave the lodge, we meet the story-teller.

SENECA WOMEN GATHERING CORN

We tell him how much we enjoyed his stories the night before. He asks us to come back next month when there will be a great festival in honor of the new year, for the Senecas begin their new year in February. Then there will be dancing and feasting. Everyone is looking forward to it, for the Senecas love games and dances and like to have a chance to show their skill.

We are sorry to leave our Indian friends, but we have a long journey ahead of us and it is time to start for home. We say goodbye to the Senecas and thank them for their kindness to us. Waving farewell, we set off down the trail.

Seneca Myths

By Arthur C. Parker

The Dancing Brothers

Long ago there were seven brothers who had been trained as young Indian braves. The time came when they wished to go forth on an expedition to test their skill. But this was not pleasing to their mother, who loved them dearly and wished to keep them at home with her.

The seven assembled about the war post and began their war dance. They then went into their mother's lodge and asked her to give them food for their journey. She laughed at them and told them they were too young to think of going away.

Again they began their dance. Again they asked their mother for food to take with them. "I will not give you so much as a small cake of corn bread," said the mother, for thus she thought to keep them at home.

So the brothers returned to their dance. A third time they asked their mother for food, and she again refused.

The fourth dance started. But this time, the oldest son began to sing a magic song and the brothers began to dance a magic dance. The mother heard the strange music and rushed out of the lodge to see what was happening. To her amazement she saw her sons dancing in the air over the trees.

She cried, "Return, my sons! This is no way to leave your home!" But the brothers only danced higher and higher.

Again the mother cried, "Oh, my eldest son, will you not return?" But the eldest son would not listen. Then the mother screamed, "Oh, my eldest son, will you not hear your mother's voice? Only look down to me!" This touched the oldest son's heart, but he did not answer.

"Oh, my brothers," he called. "Do not heed any sounds from the earth below. If you look down, you shall fall."

The mother now gave a heart-broken cry and called, "Oh, my oldest son, give your mother one look—one last look or I shall die!" At this the eldest son felt so sorry for his mother that he looked down.

At once he lost his power to dance upon the air and began to fall. He fell so fast that when he

struck the earth he fell deep into the ground.

The mother rushed to the spot, but no trace of her son could she find. Looking up, she saw her other boys dancing far up in the sky. They had become stars, dancing in the heavens.

In deep sorrow the mother sat beside the spot where her first-born had fallen. For a whole year she sat there and wept.

THE BEAR DANCE OF THE SENECAS

Winter came and her dancing boys appeared as stars over the lodge each night. But no sign of her eldest son could be seen.

Finally the springtime came and the time of budding plants. From the spot where the eldest

had disappeared, a tiny green shoot began to grow. This the mother watched carefully. It grew into a tall tree and became the first pine. The winds blew and the tree swayed. It began to speak and the mother knew it was her son talking to her. But she alone could understand the sounds it made.

In time the tree bore cones and these fell and were scattered on the ground. Some of them took root and were the seeds from which more trees grew.

That is how the pine tree came into the world. And in the winter nights the pine tree still talks to its brothers among the stars.

The Coming of Spring

In olden times when the world was new, an old man lived on the shores of a great lake. He was a fierce old man with long white flowing hair. When he went out to walk the ground grew hard beneath his feet, and when he breathed the leaves and grasses dried and fell. The walls of his lodge were built of ice, and the cracks were plastered with snow. Outside it was always cold and the ground was covered with ice and snow. Not even bad animals cared to go near this house. Everything living

passed by at a long distance from his door.

The old man had but one friend, the North Wind. Sometimes he came and sat with the old man by the fire. This fire was a strange fire, for it gave flames and light but no heat.

One cold night the old man and the North Wind were sitting by the fire. They could not think of anything to do or say and so they fell asleep. Toward morning the North Wind awoke and looked out. Suddenly he cried out, "What is the matter with the world? The drifts are sinking and the ice is melting!" But the old man paid no attention. The ice walls of his house were strong and he felt they would last forever. The North Wind was afraid and he rushed out and left the old man alone.

Suddenly there came a knocking at the door. Still the old man paid no attention. Somehow he felt very sleepy. The knocking came again. The lodge shook and trembled. Finally the old man awoke.

"Who is it that dares to come to my house in this way? Only my friend the North Wind can come in here. Go away! No loafers here!"

In answer the door melted and fell down. There stood a stranger. He was a young man and

he smiled as he came in. He stirred the fire and it began to grow warmer.

The old man was very angry and he burst forth: "Why have you broken down my door? What are you doing here? Why do you go about without warm furs when the wind is sharp? Go away before the North Wind returns and blows you over the mountains!"

The young stranger laughed and said, "Oh why not let me stay a little longer and smoke my pipe?"

"Listen to me," yelled the old man. "I am Hatho, the Winter. I am mighty. All snows and ice and frosts are my making. I tell the North Wind to freeze things. Birds and animals run away from the North Wind. I tell the North Wind to pile the snow drifts high around the villages."

Still the stranger only smiled and said, "I like to be sociable. Let me stay a little longer and we will smoke together."

So the old man took the pipe. As he smoked, he grew weaker and weaker, and began to shrink smaller and smaller. His voice became only a whisper.

The young man said, "I am the Spring. I am the chief now."

A rushing wind from the south made the lodge

tremble and fall. An eagle swooped down and carried the old man away toward the north.

The lodge fire was out and where it had burned a plant was growing. The sun was shining and it was warm. So winter went away and spring came.

The Man Who Breathed Fire

A Seneca lived alone in his lodge with his dog. He was always good to the dog, and the dog loved him. Now this Indian would smoke tobacco after he had eaten his evening meal. When he did this, smoke came out of his mouth and sparks of fire flew from his pipe. The dog noticed this.

The Indian was a hunter and had large stores of meat hung up on poles and stored in his lodge. That was lucky for him because during one long winter game was very scarce. Even the wolves could find nothing to eat that year. They came from a great distance towards the lodge of the hunter because they smelled his meat. The dog saw them and asked them what they wanted. They answered that they were hungry and were going to kill the hunter to get the meat. They told the dog they would kill him also if he told his master. This worried the good dog. He thought and thought how he could save his master.

So he said to the wolves, "You can never kill my master. He is too great a wizard. He has the greatest magic on earth. He eats fire and blows it from his mouth with clouds of smoke. If you try to hurt him, he will burn you in the flames. If you do not believe me, come and look after the evening meal and see for yourselves."

The wolves laughed and said, "You are certainly a liar. But we will come and see."

When evening came the wolves gathered around the hunter's lodge and watched him eat his meal. When he had finished they saw him take a brand of flaming fire and put it to his face. Then he waved the flame in front of his face and it disappeared. Then smoke came from his mouth. The wolves thought the fire must have entered his stomach and be burning there. Sparks flew in the wind. The wolves smelled the smoke of the fire. They had never seen such a thing before and were frightened. They did not dare attack the man and ran back to the woods and hid.

The next day the dog went to see them. The wolves said to him, "We can not kill your master. He is a great magician. We are glad you told us."

This is why many men consider their dogs and their pipes among their best friends.

The Flint Thrower

Long ago a young man named Tegwanda married a beautiful Seneca maiden and went far away with her to his hunting grounds. They lived very happily together. Now Tegwanda had a very strange way of hunting. Their lodge was divided into two parts, but the two Indians lived only in one of them. Tegwanda often went into the other, and his wife would hear him singing. Then there would come a crash and soon afterward Tegwanda would appear with some animal he had shot. This made her marvel, but she said nothing.

One day her elder sister and mother said to each other, "Tegwanda is a good hunter. Let us go and live with him. Then we shall always have good food to eat."

When the mother and sister arrived at Tegwanda's house they marvelled at his strange way of hunting. They said to the wife, "How does Tegwanda get his meat? Surely he must be a wizard and likely to eat all of us." The sister said she must go with Tegwanda and learn how he shot the animals.

Finally Tegwanda consented to take the sister into the other part of the house with him. "Do not

move or touch a thing," he said. "Let no fear, let no surprise cause you to stir."

Then he commenced to sing. Soon there was a sudden sound from outside. Tegwanda stopped singing. Outside some animal was snorting, "Swe-i-i-i-sh, swe-i-i-i-sh!"

Picking up a handful of flint chips, the man flung them with all his strength against the wall nearest the sound. The woman was curious to see what was outside. She pushed aside the door curtain. Instantly a large elk rushed in and jumped upon Tegwanda. Then tossing him upon its antlers, it bounded out and fled through the forest. The woman ran into the lodge and told the wife.

The wife burst into tears and scolded her sister for her meddlesome ways. Then she hurried out to save her husband. She carefully tracked the elk and after many days came upon a herd of elk. In the middle she saw a large elk holding her husband upon its antlers. Looking about, she saw a deer grazing nearby. Gently she whispered, "Please lend me your coat. You can do me a kindness by it."

"Certainly," answered the deer, and walking into the bushes she took off her coat and gave it to the woman.

Dressed in the deer's coat, the woman bounded into the midst of the elk. Rushing to the big elk, she caught her husband upon her horns and dashed away. She returned the deer's skin with thanks, and started home with her husband.

He was worn out and covered with cuts and bruises. Sitting down on a hollow log, she wondered how she could cure him. Suddenly a thought came to her. She pushed her husband into a hollow log and gave him a shove with her foot that sent him sliding through. When he came out the other end, he was completely cured.

Together they tramped back home, happy to be together once more. When they reached home, the husband sent the trouble-making mother and sister away. And the husband and wife lived happily once more.

MARY JEMISON

UNIT TWO

The Coming of the White Men

The First White Men Were Called Palefaces

You may have noticed some of the younger Indians staring at us during our visit to their village. That was because we looked strange to them. Many of the older Indians had seen a few "palefaces" before, but we must have looked very pale indeed to the reddish brown Seneca children. No doubt they thought our clothes were just as queer as some of their things seemed to us. When you stop to think of it, the Indians must have been greatly surprised when they first saw a white man!

The first white men to enter the Seneca Country came here a long time ago. More than three hundred years ago a few Frenchmen visited this valley. They came alone or in small numbers, but they did not build homes and raise families. Some carried guns because they belonged to the army. Others wore long black robes because they were Catholic Missionary Fathers who came to teach the

Senecas. These brave Fathers lived here for several years. They worked hard to make the Senecas friendly towards the French, but in the end they were forced to return to Canada. Later some Dutch people, and still later some English people visited this valley.

The white people thought that this was a beautiful country. But for many years none of them came to settle here. They lived many miles away in Canada or along the Atlantic coast; most of them lived across the Atlantic Ocean.

Although they were far away, the white people did not forget about this country. They knew that the Senecas and the other Indians caught many animals to eat as food. Most of these animals had nice fur skins which the Indians dried to use as robes. The white people were eager to get these furs in order to make coats and hats to keep themselves warm in winter. So the white people sent traders to carry knives, beads, and other trinkets to the Indians in trade for their furs.

The Indians and the white men were not always on friendly terms. The Indians did not want the whites to settle and make farms in the east because that drove away the wild animals they liked to hunt. Very often the white men fought among

themselves — the English against the French. Sometimes the Indians got mixed up in these battles and many people were killed on all sides. Several times a few children were carried off as captives by the Indians. That is how a white girl called Mary Jemison came to live among the Senecas. She was called the "White Woman of the Genesee" because she was the first white woman to live here. After Mary Jemison had lived among the Senecas for many years, other white people came to build homes here, and when she was a very old lady Mary told one of them the story of her life in the Genesee Country. But if you wish to read her story you must turn to the end of this Unit.

The Genesee Country was such a rich country that many people were willing to fight for it. Both the English and the French wanted it, and the Indians who lived here did not wish to leave. So there was much fighting in several wars. In the end the English, with the aid of the Colonists and some of the Indians, defeated the French and took this country away from them.

The English agreed to let the Indians live in the Genesee Country. But many of the Colonists living in the east along the Atlantic coast wished to settle in this fertile country. When the Indians

and the English would not permit them to settle here, the Colonists started another war, called the American Revolution. The Colonists defeated both the English and their Indian allies, and after this victory they no longer called themselves Colonists, but Americans. One of the first jobs of the new Americans was to make treaties with the Indians. Such a treaty was made with the Seneca Indians and signed at Buffalo Creek, now in the heart of the great city of Buffalo, west of Rochester. In this treaty the Indians sold most of this rich Genesee Country to Oliver Phelps and several other Americans.

AN EARLY SETTLER'S CABIN

But Oliver Phelps and his friends could not farm the whole Genesee Country. They were glad to sell a large part of it to other men. After several sales, much of the land was finally bought in small plots by settlers who wished to build homes and farms here. The first permanent settlers came into the Genesee Country in the year that General Washington was elected the first President of the United States. That was in 1788, a century and a half ago.

The Genesee Country Pioneers

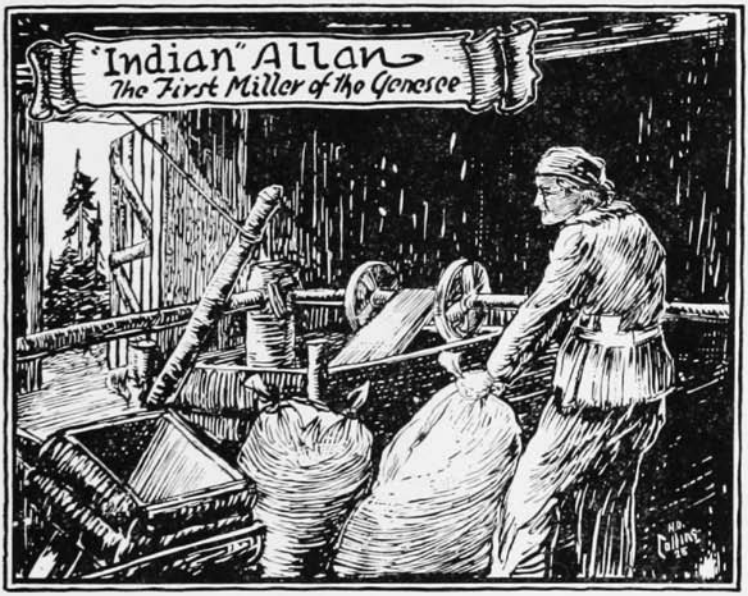
One of the first hardy frontiersmen to settle in the Genesee Country was Ebenezer Allan. He was nicknamed "Indian" Allan because he lived for many years among the Indians. Allan had an exciting time during the Revolutionary War, taking sides with the English against the Americans. But after the war was over, he helped the Americans make peace with the Indians. When Oliver Phelps bought this country from the Indians, he gave Ebenezer Allan one hundred acres on the west bank of the river at the falls of the Genesee. Allan agreed to build a sawmill and gristmill on this plot, which was called the Hundred-Acre Tract. This lot is now in downtown Rochester, and the

Court House and many other important buildings stand on this same one hundred acres today.

Ebenezer Allan built his two mills in 1789. The purpose of the sawmill was to saw logs into boards for the houses of the settlers; the purpose of the gristmill was to grind grain into flour for bread. There were plenty of trees to be cut into logs and sawed into boards, but there were few settlers to do this work, and most of them were so far away from Allan's sawmill that they had to build their homes of logs. Several years passed before much wheat and corn was grown in this valley. Most of the settlers were able to grind their flour by hand or at other small mills they built on the streams near their villages.

Only a few settlers and Indians came to Allan's mills to grind flour. He did not bother to build a house at the falls for his family. After living in the mill for two winters, Allan left his brother-in-law in charge until he sold his lot in 1792. About two years later he moved to Canada. The mills were run for short periods by other men, but they soon fell into decay. Sometimes, when settlers did bring a little grain to the mill, they had to fix broken parts and operate the mill themselves if they wished to get any flour to take back to their cabins. In the

spring of 1803 a flood lifted the wooden sawmill off the ground and carried it over the falls. Four years later the gristmill was burned by a fire that may have been started by lightning. Later the two millstones were found in the ruins.



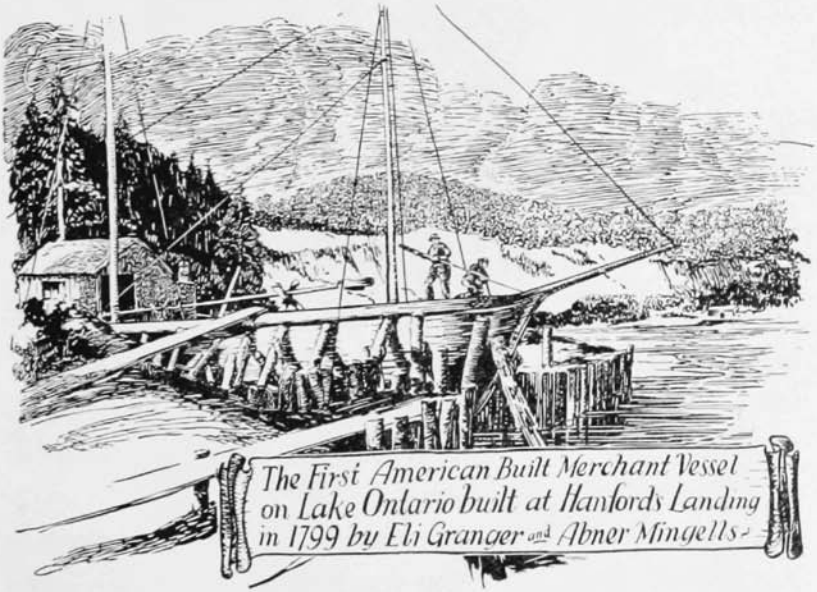
Settlers looking for farm lands came into the Genesee Country in larger numbers every year. They came from the east, cutting down the trees along an old Indian trail that touched the northern outlets of several of the Finger Lakes. If you take a ride along Route 5 or Route 20 today, you will see much of the same country that these early set-

tlers saw, but it will not look quite the same as it did then. In those early years, most of the land was covered with a thick forest because few of the trees had been cut down.

The settlers sought out the open flats near the river or the sides of rolling hills. They built their cabins in the open or on high ground where they could see out for some distance. They did not wish to feel lost in the great forest. This was one reason why most of the early settlers located along the first road in or near the villages of Canandaigua, Bloomfield, Avon, Batavia, and Buffalo. Many settlers traveled along that road, helping to keep each other company. Only a few brave settlers struck off into the forest to the north of the road. Some of these settled at the site of Pittsford on the Irondequoit Creek, Charlotte at the mouth of the Genesee River, and Hanford's Landing on the west bank of the river just below the lower falls near present Kodak Park. The last two of these early village sites are now within the limits of our city.

There were several reasons why the first settlers did not locate at the falls near Ebenezer Allan's old mills. One reason was the lack of roads. The first road crossed the river at the Avon bridge about eighteen miles to the south. A branch road

was opened from Canandaigua to Pittsford, but swampy land separated that village from the site of Rochester at that time, and the early settlers could not drive through it until they learned how to build better roads. Another road was opened along the west bank of the river from Avon through Scottsville to Charlotte, but it was very uneven and few settlers tried to drive their carts along it.



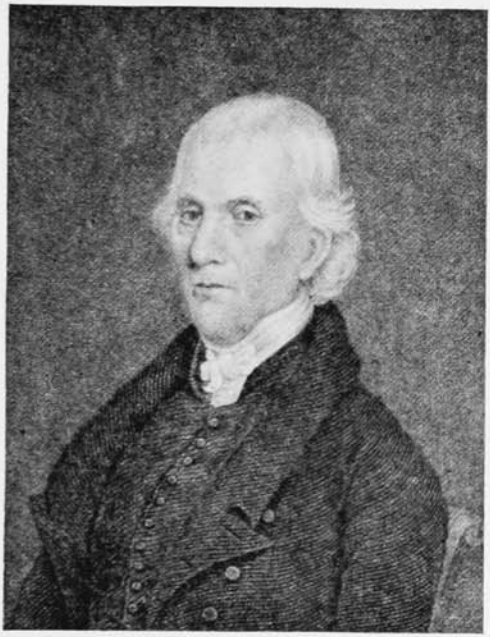
Most of the site of Rochester was covered with a dense forest at that time and there were many marshy spots in the forest. Ebenezer Allan and the other men who stayed for a short time at his mills

had cleared only about five acres. Any settler who wished to clear a place for a farm here would have had to work very hard before he could raise enough food to live on. A few people saw the value of this place as a site for a mill town. But they knew that there was no need for haste because the failure of Allan's mills had proved that no mill could succeed here until enough wheat was grown in the valley to keep a good mill busy.

Colonel Rochester Plans a Village

Among the early settlers who came to look over the lands of the Genesee Country were three gentlemen from Maryland. In 1803 Major Charles Carroll, Colonel William Fitzhugh, and Colonel Nathaniel Rochester rode on horseback up the Susquehanna and Cohocton valleys from Hagerstown to Bath. They visited Dansville, Geneva, Canandaigua, and other villages, looking for mill sites and other good land.

Late in the fall they rode over to the Genesee River and crossed at the fording place which was just above the site of the present Court Street bridge. The Mill Lot, where the ruins of Allan's mill could still be seen at that time, pleased them so much that they agreed to pay $17.50 for each of



COLONEL NATHANIEL ROCHESTER

its hundred acres. That made a pretty large sum for those days, but these gentlemen could afford it for they owned large properties in Maryland. They were wise to buy land here. Ten years later they were able to sell most of it in small town lots at prices more than ten times higher than they paid for it.

Colonel Rochester was eager to move from Maryland. He did not wish to live any longer in a community where black men were owned as

slaves by other people. He freed his own slaves and brought several of them along as servants for his new home in the Genesee Country. He loaded much of his household goods into three big covered wagons. The women and three younger children rode in the family coach. Colonel Rochester with his four older boys and two older girls rode horseback on the long trip to their new home.

When Colonel Rochester moved his family from Maryland, in 1810, he thought it was too early to try to settle at the falls. He built a home first in Dansville and later near Bloomfield. In 1811 he rode again to the falls to look over his mill site. He decided that at last it was time to divide it into village lots and offer them for sale.

There were several reasons why Colonel Rochester began to plan the settlement of his village in 1811. The state had already started to build a bridge across the river at the point where Main Street bridge now stands. This bridge promised to make it easy to reach the west bank of the river. Already a few pioneer settlers were building cabins and living in this area. Enos Stone was living in a board cabin or hut built by his father several years before. This one-room cabin stood on the high ground not far from the east bank of the river and

in sight of the fording place. Mr. Stone was already busy building a larger house for himself and his family. Isaac W. Stone, not related to Enos, was living in a small house near by and he was making ready to enlarge this house into a tavern. He intended to entertain the many travelers who were expected to come as soon as the bridge was completed and the road opened from Pittsford.

West of the river Charles Harford lived with his family in a cabin near Deep Hollow, about at the point where Lake Avenue now crosses that old ravine. Other pioneer cabins stood a few miles further north at Hanford's Landing below the lower falls and at Charlotte near the mouth of the river. Still other cabins stood a few miles to the south at Castle's tavern and further on at Scottsville. Many more pioneers were scattered in little villages in this neighborhood. The census of 1810 reported a total of nearly 5,000 persons living in the area which we now know as Monroe County.

Colonel Rochester realized that a settlement would have to be made quickly if the Hundred-Acre Tract was to become the village center for this community. He also saw that there were already enough settlers raising grain on their pioneer farms in the region to keep good gristmills busy,

MANY EARLY SETTLERS CAME IN WAGONS THAT LOOKED LIKE THIS ONE

and he knew that many new settlers were coming who would need to buy boards from some sawmill. The falls offered plenty of power for these mills. The new roads and the bridge which the state was building promised to make trade easy. Several other mills had been built in this area and Rochester feared they might become the center of the chief town. So, before returning to his home in Dansville, Colonel Rochester appointed Enos Stone to serve as his agent and sell the village lots he had surveyed.

The Early Settlers of Rochesterville

Several persons bought lots in the new village at the falls, but the first to build and settle there was Hamlet Scrantom from Connecticut. Mr. Scrantom came first in February of 1812 and selected a small lot on the north side of the road that led down to the west end of the bridge. This road was called Buffalo Street because its other end pointed west towards Buffalo. The street is now called West Main Street. Tall brick and stone buildings stand today on what was then Scrantom's lot.

It was a long, hard journey for the Scrantom family that spring, but their two sturdy oxen and

one horse finally pulled their wagon over the rough roads from the east through Geneva, Canandaigua, and Pittsford. Finally on the last day of April 1812, they arrived at the Rapids, two miles south of their new home. Here they were ferried across the Genesee River without accident and Mr. Castle gave them shelter in his tavern that night. The next day, May Day, Hamlet Scrantom and his three boys followed the trail north on the west bank of the river until they came in sight of a half-finished cabin. The bridge was only partly built, but they were able to get across by walking carefully on the framework.

On the east bank they found Enos Stone and his family busy moving into a new frame house. Mr. Stone offered to let the Scrantoms move into his old cabin. Mr. Scrantom agreed to take charge of the sawmill which Mr. Stone had built just south of the bridge on the east side of the river. Isaac Stone was busy enlarging his house to serve as the first tavern at the bridge.

With the coming of spring, the workmen returned to finish the bridge. Henry Skinner bought a large lot from Enos Stone, Colonel Rochester's land agent, and hired some of the workmen to build a log cabin on the lot where the Powers Building

stands today. Mr. Scrantom was too busy in the sawmill to finish his own cabin until late in December, so he rented Mr. Skinner's fine new cabin as soon as it was ready. It was on July 4, 1812, that the Scrantom family moved into this snug new cabin. They were the first permanent settlers on the Hundred-Acre Tract that was to become the

EDWIN SCRANTOM'S EARLY HOME

center of the village and later of the city of Rochester.

Among the first settlers to join the Scrantoms in their new settlement was the Reynolds family. Abelard Reynolds, like most of the early settlers in Rochester, came from one of the New England states. He came from Massachusetts and made a tour of the west in 1811 looking for a good village in which he could settle. On this trip he passed through Genesee Falls and decided to buy a lot there from the agent, Enos Stone.

Mr. Reynolds built a frame house on his lot and moved his family into it in November, 1813. This was the first frame house on the Hundred-Acre Tract and it stood where the tall Reynolds Arcade now stands on Main Street. Abelard Reynolds' brother-in-law had helped move the family to the falls. He went back to Massachusetts and reported to their home folks that he had left Abelard and his family in a place where they would surely starve.

Pioneer Stories

La Salle's Visit to the Senecas

One of the Frenchmen who explored America was LaSalle. He always wanted to find and see new places. One day, about 270 years ago, LaSalle met some Seneca Indians who told him of the great Ohio River. He was eager to see this river, so he came to the Seneca Country to ask the Indians to show him the way. With him came two priests who wanted to preach to the Indians. There were several other Frenchmen and some friendly Indians with LaSalle and they paddled their canoes westward along the southern shore of Lake Ontario until they came to Irondequoit Bay. One of the priests, Father Galinée, wrote down the story of their visit to the Senecas. Here is part of it:

We came to a stream [Irondequoit Creek] called Karantagouat by the Indians. As soon as we arrived, a number of Indians visited us. They made us small presents of Indian corn, squashes, blackberries, and blueberries. In return, we gave them presents of knives, needles, glass beads, and other such things. They asked us to visit their village and said that the chief men were coming to take us there.

The next day LaSalle, myself and eight other Frenchmen started off with the Indians to the vil-

lage. About half way, we met another band of Indians coming to meet us. At last we saw a great village in the midst of a large clearing. [This village was near the present site of Rochester Junction and was called Totiakton.]

In order to reach it, we had to climb a small hill, on top of which the village was located. As soon as we had climbed the hill, we saw a group of old men seated on the grass waiting for us. They invited us to sit down, which we did. Then a very old man rose and made us a speech. He told us that he was glad to see us. He said the Senecas were our brothers and invited us to enter the village. An Indian then led us to the cabin which had been prepared for us. It was the largest cabin in the village, and the people who lived there were very kind.

The next day the Indians held a council to learn what we wanted. Fifty or sixty of the chief men met in our cabin. Each one sat down wherever he pleased and at once lighted his pipe. The Indians say that good thoughts come while smoking.

We began to talk business. But we did not know the Seneca language very well, and of course they did not know ours. However, the servant of a French priest living among the Indians could speak

both languages. He told the Indians what we were saying and then told us what the Indians said. We gave the Indians presents of a pistol, six kettles, six hatchets, knives, and large glass beads. We told them that we looked upon them as our brothers, and asked them for a guide to show us the way to the Ohio River. The Indians said that they would give their answer the next day.

The next morning they met again, and gave us presents of wampum belts. But they said they could not give us a guide until some of their people who were away returned.

While we waited for their return, the Senecas treated us in the best way they could, and everyone tried to outdo his neighbor in feasting us. There was not a child in the village but was eager to bring us gifts, sometimes stalks of Indian corn, or sometimes squashes or other small fruits that they gather in the woods.

One day two Indians took LaSalle and me to see a very strange spring about four leagues south of the village. The water is very clear, but has a bad odor when the mud at the bottom is stirred with the foot. LaSalle put a torch in it, and immediately the water took fire. It continued to burn without seeming to burn up. It will not go out until

the rain comes. [This spring is located in the Bristol Valley, about halfway between Honeoye and Canandaigua Lakes, and there you may see it today.]

Meanwhile the Indians told us that the way to the Ohio was long and hard and that there were wicked Indians who would surely kill us. They said that it would be much better to go by way of Lake Erie than to try to reach the Ohio through the Seneca Country. Finally an Indian who lived at the western end of Lake Ontario arrived in the village. He offered to guide us to his home, where we could find guides to take us further on our journey. In that hope, we left the Senecas.

[Thus LaSalle never paddled up the Genesee River or tramped over the trails to float down the Allegheny River into the Ohio where Pittsburgh now stands. Today it will take you only one day to reach Pittsburgh by car, but if LaSalle had followed this route it would have taken him several weeks, and he might have been killed or scalped.]

Mary Jemison's Story

This is the true story of a young white girl who was adopted by the Indians and lived most of her life in a Seneca village.

Mary Jemison was her name. She lived with her parents and brothers and sister on a farm in Pennsylvania in the days when the white people were chopping down the trees to make homes in the wilderness. Houses were far apart and the great forest stood all around them. One year when Mary was about fifteen years old, her father heard that the Indians were attacking white people on lonely farms, but no one near the Jemisons had seen any signs of them. Life on the Jemison farm was peaceful. The boys helped their father plant the spring crop, while the girls were busy with their mother about the house. That spring some neighbors came to stay with the Jemisons.

One fine spring morning the family was busy at their usual tasks. Mary and her older sister were helping the neighbor woman and their mother get the breakfast. Two of the older boys had gone to the barn to look after the cattle. Mr. Jemison was busy sharpening an axe in the yard outside. Suddenly several shots rang out. The girls and their mother rushed to the door. Outside they saw the neighbor and his horse lying dead and their father held by several Indians. The Indians quickly made the frightened women and children prisoners. Only the two boys hidden in the barn escaped.

Having robbed the house of all the food they could find, the Indians started off with their prisoners.

All that day the Indians led them through the woods. It was rough going and the little children cried from hunger and weariness. That night they slept on the ground and the next day went on again. When they stopped for supper on the second night, an Indian took off Mary's shoes and stockings and put moccasins on her feet. Her mother took this for a sign that even if the rest were killed, Mary would be spared. She was right. Very soon Mary and one of the neighbor's little boys were taken off into the woods. Mary never saw her mother and father again.

The Indians took Mary westward to a place called Fort Duquesne. The city of Pittsburgh now stands there. Here she was given to two Indian women who belonged to the Seneca tribe, some of whom were then living on the Ohio River. The two women were very kind to Mary. They took her to their village and dressed her in Indian clothes. They adopted her as their sister to take the place of a brother who had been killed. She was given an Indian name, Deh-ge-wa-nus — Two Falling Voices — meaning that she had comforted them for the loss of their brother.

Mary soon learned to speak the Indian language. She was treated kindly and came to love her two Indian sisters. She helped them plant and tend their crops. Sometimes she went with the other Indian children to help the hunters bring in the game they had shot. She took care of the little Indian children. But whenever she thought of her mother and father, she was sad and longed to return to her own people.

Mary was growing up and one day her sisters told her that they had chosen a young Delaware Indian named She-nin-jee to be her husband. Mary was sad at the thought of leaving her sisters, but her husband was a good man and she soon learned to love him. They lived happily together and had a little boy whom Mary named Thomas after her father.

The Indian family who had adopted Mary were Senecas, and most of their tribe lived along the Genesee River. Mary's Indian brothers wanted Mary and her husband to go to the Genesee with them and live with the rest of their relatives. At last Mary and her husband decided to go, but She-nin-jee wanted to get some more furs. He sent Mary and her baby ahead with her brothers, promising to join them in the spring.

It was a long way from the Ohio to the Indian village on the Genesee. Mary and her brothers had to go most of the way on foot or by canoe. Fall had come and the weather was growing cold. Often it rained and at night they must sleep on the wet ground in cold, damp blankets. Besides this, Mary had to carry her baby every step of the way. There were no bridges across the streams and they had to wade through the water. At last they reached the Seneca village of Genishau and were warmly welcomed by Mary's sisters who had come some time before.

Spring came, but Mary's husband did not arrive. In the summer word came that he had been taken ill and died.

Mary's adopted family was very kind to her and to little Thomas, and they were well cared for. As time went on, Mary's desire to return to the white people began to pass away. She never forgot her mother and father, but they were dead and all her friends were among the Indians.

One day word came to the village that the King of England had offered a reward for every white prisoner the Indians returned. A certain white man came to the village and wanted to take Mary back to the white people. But Mary did not wish

to leave the Indians. Besides she knew that he was a wicked man and did not trust him. One day he saw her working in the fields and she had to hide in the woods to escape him. One of her brothers heard that the chief of the village had decided to take Mary back himself in order to get the reward. The brother said that Mary should stay with the Indians as long as she wished. So she and her baby were hidden until the chief gave up looking for them and went away.

Soon after this Mary was married to a powerful warrior named Hogehdowah. He was much older than she, but he was kind to her, and Mary was very happy. She and Hogehdowah had six children, two sons and four daughters. For many years the Indians and the white people were at peace and life went on very much as we saw it on our visit to a Seneca village. The young men hunted and the women tended the fields. There were games and dances, and stories were told in the winter nights.

One day the Indians heard that the white people were fighting against the King. At first the Indians decided to have nothing to do with the quarrel and to remain at peace with both sides. But finally they were persuaded to fight for the King.

War parties went out from the villages and Mary's husband, Hogehdowah, was one of their leaders.

For a long time, however, the war was only something to talk about around the fires at night. The fighting was far away from the villages on the Genesee River. Sometimes word came that some of the young men who had gone out on the war parties had been killed. And sometimes a prisoner was brought into the village. Whenever the men came back they had exciting stories to tell of their adventures. But everyone felt safe at Genishau.

Then news came that the American settlers were sending a great army against the Indians. The Indians were frightened as they heard how other Indian villages had been burned and all the crops destroyed. No one seemed able to stop the Americans. As the American army came near, the women and children fled away. Genishau was burned, but the soldiers did not know where the Indians were hiding, and they escaped. When the Senecas of Genishau returned to their homes, they found that little or nothing was left. There were only smoking ruins where their houses had stood. Mary Jemison afterwards said there was not enough food left that winter to keep a child from starving.

Mary decided to take her children and leave the village. She went to a cleared place on the river flats called Gardow. Here she knew there was an old deserted cabin where they might spend the winter. But when she reached it, she found that two Negroes who had escaped from their white masters were living in it. Mary offered to help them harvest their corn, if they would give her part of it. In this way she obtained enough food for her children and herself to live on during the winter. The Negroes were kind to Mary and offered to share their cabin with her. So Mary had food and shelter during the winter. When summer came she built a house of her own.

She lived here at Gardow for many years. The Indians gave this land to Mary for her own. Her children grew up and married, and many of them built their houses near her. White people began to come into the Genesee Country. Once more she met and knew people of her own race. Although she had spoken only the Indian tongue for so long, she remembered the English language and was able to speak it with them. Mary Jemison became famous as "The White Woman of the Genesee."

More and more white people bought land from the Senecas until at last Mary Jemison and her

family found themselves surrounded only by white people. The Indians had gone away to reservations. Although Mary liked the white people, some of them tried to cheat her out of her land. She had lived so long among the Indians that she felt much more at home with them than with the whites. She finally decided to sell her land and join the Indians on the reservation near Buffalo. There she died, a very old lady, over ninety years of age.

Today you may see the grave of Mary Jemison at Letchworth Park in the country where she lived so long. There is a statue of her as she looked when she first came to the Genesee Country as a young woman. Nearby is a cabin that she built for one of her daughters. In the park also stands an old Indian council house, in which the Senecas held their councils in the days when Mary Jemison lived among them.

Enos Stone Kills a Bear

By an Old Citizen

Years ago, when the oldest of our grandparents were little children, there was an old man living in Rochester who told many stories. Both the children and the old folks liked to hear these stories; so they were printed in the newspapers. The old gentleman signed them: By an Old Citizen. He was, indeed, one of the very oldest citizens of

Rochester. His name was Edwin Scrantom and he was one of the three boys that clambered over the unfinished bridge at the falls when their father, Hamlet Scrantom, moved here in 1812. He liked to tell about his early experiences and to describe the conditions of the first settlers. When we read the following simplified parts of these Old Citizen Letters, we must remember that he was writing the letters a long time ago when our grandparents were still little children.

It was in his first plank hut that Mr. Stone was troubled with the old she-bear. It was not enough that this bear ravaged his cornfield—where Washington Square now is. She began to come snuffing around the house in the night, making the inmates very nervous. Worse than this, the dog kept growling and barking and flying at the different places where the bear was snuffing.

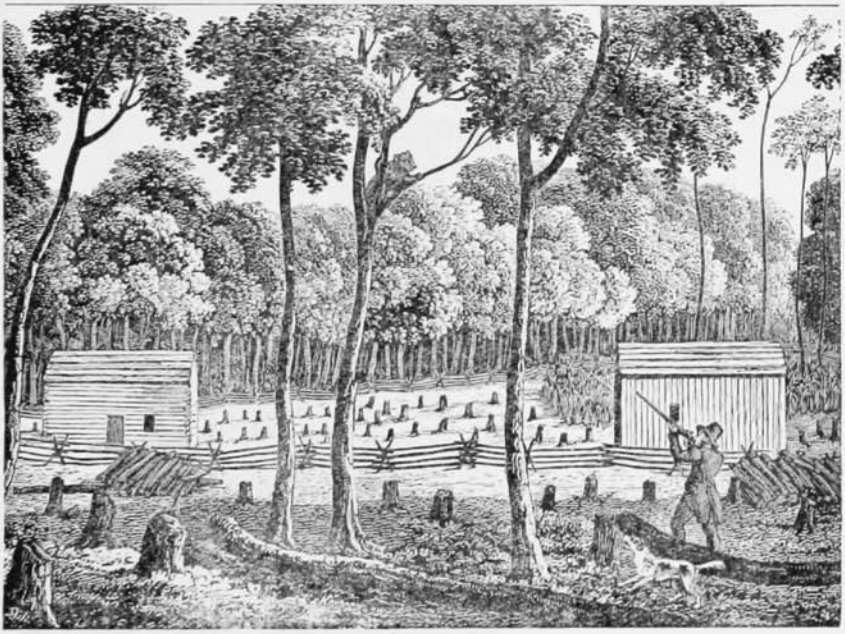
One night he let out the dog, but old Towzer knew better than to try embraces with Madam Bruin. He barked and growled, and jumped up and back, but always at a respectable distance. The bear made fearful lunges, accompanied with wheezy, growling, spitting bursts of spite through her teeth; anyone who ever heard this sound will agree that it gives one a most awful chill of fear. The dog, having been set on twice or three times, only made the bear more determined. She returned every night very soon after dark, and was heard

coming through the bush, growling, spitting, and soon scratching the sides of the cabin.

Towzer could not be set on now—he skulked under the bed and barked there. The bear grew bolder until one night she climbed upon a small pile of wood Mr. Stone had stacked against the house. From the wood pile the bear climbed onto the roof, and stared with her great fiery eyes down the chimney hole, snuffing and bursting with rage. Mr. Stone sprang up, raked open his fire and set a lot of barks blazing. This drove the intruder down, while Stone rapped on the sides of the hut with a stick of wood and Towzer barked until her retiring footsteps gladdened the frightened household. Stone said there was no sleep with that bear around so he managed to get some powder and planned to oust his ugly customer. He loaded his old gun heavily and waited. True to her daring, Madam Bruin returned early the next evening. All that night the fire in the cabin was kept up, candles they had none.

About three in the morning, Stone and a young half-breed French Negro living with him ventured out with their dog. Stone was in front with the gun in his hand, Towzer next, and Alfred Flautnoy, the half-breed, behind. The bear fled before them—

for the men had pine torches—and being hard pressed she went up a tree. They built a fire under that tree, piling on brush and bark, until at length down dropped Bruin, almost into the fire. Stone fired, the dog barked, and Flautnoy ran towards the cabin. The bear gnashed with her teeth, retreated, and was soon up in another tree. Here again, the old fuzee was several times unloaded and its contents sent up to pepper the old pest. The



ENOS STONE'S BEAR HUNT

struggle was long until they finally dispatched her just as the sun rose to peep through the waving tree tops and light up the fearful scene.

There was much rejoicing at the Falls over this victory. The bear was a monster and very fat. There was much feasting during the next few days and everyone had several choice pieces of bear meat. Mr. Stone made the shaggy hide into a big bear robe to help keep himself warm during cold winter nights. Flautnoy got up a song of several doggerel verses which celebrated the victory:

"Old bear, old bear, fell down flat,
Tooral, looral, looder—
New corn puddin' and hot bear fat,
O, what can be good-er!"

My Early Home

By an Old Citizen

Fifty-seven years ago—on May 1, 1812—my feet first met the soil of the now city of Rochester, then known as the Genesee Falls. There had been quite a snow storm the night before and the white blanket lay smooth and even, except where Indian and deer trails crossed our path, or the marks of rabbits and other small game told of their hidden presence in the forest about us.

In order to reach our new home at the falls, we worked our way through a bad road, newly cut out and full of stumps and deep mud holes. The first bridge was only partly built and we crossed by a long ladder propped up against the west end. We went up Brighton Hill and, turning to the right, found Isaac W. Stone and his family in a small house, which he soon enlarged so as to keep a tavern. Going on further south we found Enos Stone and his family in a small frame house he had just moved into. Near him was the old plank house he had left.

Here we took breath and looked around. An unbroken wilderness—not a house to be seen, except those already described. On the west side there was a log shanty and a partly built log cabin. No further sign of human life was to be seen except a few men at work on the bridge and two or three curling columns of smoke above the trees from Indian wigwams on the site of the present Livingston Park. This was the condition in Rochester when we arrived. I have only left out mention of a sawmill that was nearly built on the east bank of the river which we boys hastened to explore that day.

After returning to the Rapids that first night,

we moved our family down to the falls the next day and occupied the plank hut that Enos Stone had left when he moved into his new house. At one end it had a floor of rough boards where we set the table and the bed, hiding the latter by a screen of saplings. At the other end there was a dry wall of stones against which we built our fires; there was a hole in the roof above this spot to let out the smoke, but many times the wind would blow the smoke back into the cabin.

During the next two months the work of roofing Mr. Skinner's log cabin on the other side of the river was finished. On the fourth of July, 1812, we moved into our new home in that log house on the Hundred-Acre Tract. Before our settlement on the west side, we had built a brush fence around the lot on two sides and a pole fence supported by stakes on the State and Buffalo Street sides. In this way we fenced ourselves in, but what we fenced out, I could never discover.

Thus, settled in our new home, we used a double blanket for the door and pieces of white muslin to cover the window openings. Before retiring the first night we gathered chips and built three fires in front of the cabin to keep off mosquitoes and any curious animals that might be prowl-

ing around. Our parents and sisters stayed below, while my brothers and I climbed the ladder to the three-cornered room under the roof. The floor and sides were made of rough boards, but we were glad to retire to our bed mats on the floor. The foxes barked and the owls hooted in the blue beech swamp; wolves occasionally were heard at a distance; strange noises in the bush came to our ears now and then, possibly from straggling Indians, or deer going to the "deer-lick" near Sophia Street. It was past midnight before all was still, save the roar of the river and the distant fall.

UNIT THREE

Occupations of the Settlers

The Settlers Worked Hard for a Living

The brother-in-law of Abelard Reynolds did not see how a man could earn a living in such a small village as Rochester was in 1813. Indeed, the task of earning a living was a major problem for the first settlers and it still is a major problem for most of us, one hundred and twenty-five years later. Many of our parents have jobs in factories or stores where they earn a living for the family. The early settlers had to look about and find jobs —jobs which were so important that other people would pay to have them done. There were no newspaper want ads or employment offices, such as we have today, to help people find jobs.

We have already seen that Isaac W. Stone built a tavern on the east side of the river. This appeared to be a good idea, because many travelers came to this region and they needed shelter overnight or until they could build their own homes.

Several other early settlers decided to open their houses as public taverns—today we would call them tourist homes. When Abelard Reynolds built his first house on the site of the present Reynolds Arcade, he planned to use it as a tavern for travelers stopping on the west side of the river. Soon there were so many taverns that some of the tavern keepers had to find other jobs in order to keep from starving.

Abelard Reynolds found several important jobs and was able to earn a good living for his family.

In November, 1812, even before his family arrived, Reynolds was made the first postmaster in the village. As soon as his tavern was built he brought a large desk in which he kept the mail brought by horseback to the village at the falls. At first there were not many letters coming in or going out, and only $3.43 was received for postage during the first three months. But as more people settled in the village, more letters arrived, and Mr. Reynolds had to build a large stack of cubbyholes to help him keep the letters for each person in a separate pile. A special room was built on the end of the tavern and people came there to get their mail because there were no carriers to deliver the letters

from door to door along the streets in those days.

Mr. Reynolds also opened a saddlery in a rear part of his house. Here he made and repaired saddles and harnesses for the many travelers who rode horseback in those days. It was a good occupation to have in connection with a pioneer tavern. Travelers were always breaking some of the straps that held their saddles in place and these had to be mended while they waited to continue their journeys.

THE POST OFFICE OF ABELARD REYNOLDS

Between these several jobs, Mr. Reynolds kept pretty busy; but Mrs. Reynolds was busier still. When Abelard Reynolds was sick with the Genesee fever during the first year, his wife had to do much of the work in the post office and tavern. They had brought one little son, William, with them from Massachusetts, and in 1814 a second son, Mortimer, was born. He was one of the first babies to come to the pioneer homes at Genesee Falls, as the village was then known. These boys grew up with Rochester and became leading citizens in later years. William, as a young man, was to start the first seed and tree nursery in this region, and that trade later became one of the important industries of Rochester.

There was another important job which attracted several early settlers—that of storekeeper. Ira West was the first person to open a store in the new village. He was a young bachelor who came to the Falls in 1812 and opened a store here in July. He was ambitious to make a good living because he wished to marry Eliza Stone, the daughter of Isaac W. Stone. He made a bet with Jehiel Barnard that he would be the first to get married. But Barnard, the first tailor in the village, won the bet when he and Delia Scrantom were married in October,

1815. Ira West was a good sport and paid his bet by supplying wine from his store to help make the first wedding a jolly one.

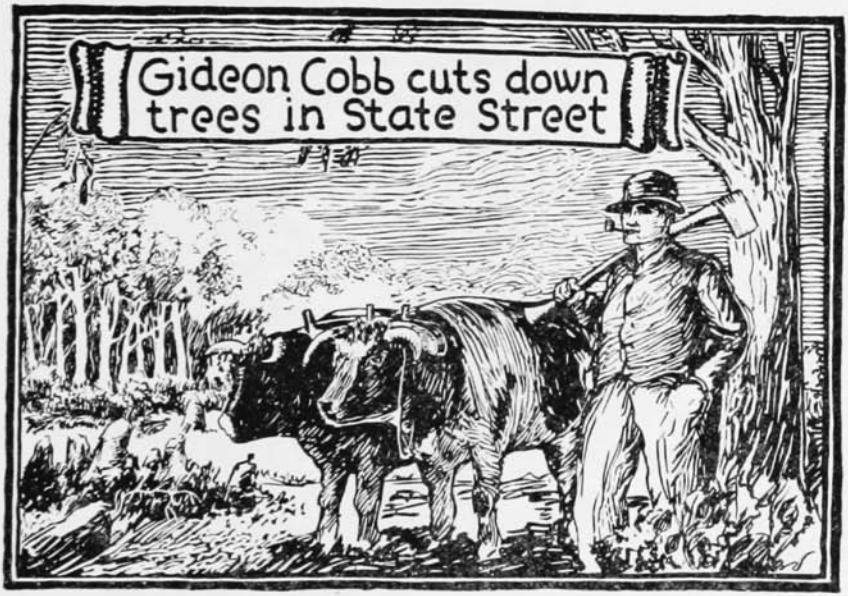
The storekeeper's job was a good one. Several early settlers decided to go into this business. At first most of the stores were opened in the front rooms of private houses, but in 1813 Silas O. Smith built a regular store building. After that many store buildings were erected on Buffalo Street and Exchange Street. As the village grew in size these stores began to specialize, some selling drugs, some groceries, some books; but some remained known as general stores where people could buy almost anything.

Some Found Jobs in the Trades

There was a great deal of hard work that had to be done before the village could grow very large. That was one reason why so many settlers were able to find jobs.

One of the first of these jobs was to cut down the trees. Most of the early settlers helped with this job because they could not build houses until the trees were removed and sawed into boards. One of the men who worked very hard at this task was Gideon Cobb. He cut the trees from State

Street to make a good road north from what is now the Four Corners. Gideon Cobb was a strong and sturdy man who could swing his axe with great force and skill; he had a powerful yoke of oxen to pull the logs down to the sawmill where they were cut into boards.



Of course, the rough conditions in early Rochester were very hard on clothes and shoes. Hamlet Scrantom's brother, Israel, saw the opportunity to open a cobbler's shop in which shoes were repaired. Sometimes new shoes were made there. All the work had to be done by hand with the aid of a few

tools such as hammers, knives, and awls. But it did not take much money to start such a trade and the need for shoe repairs was large. These two facts made the cobbler's trade a good one.

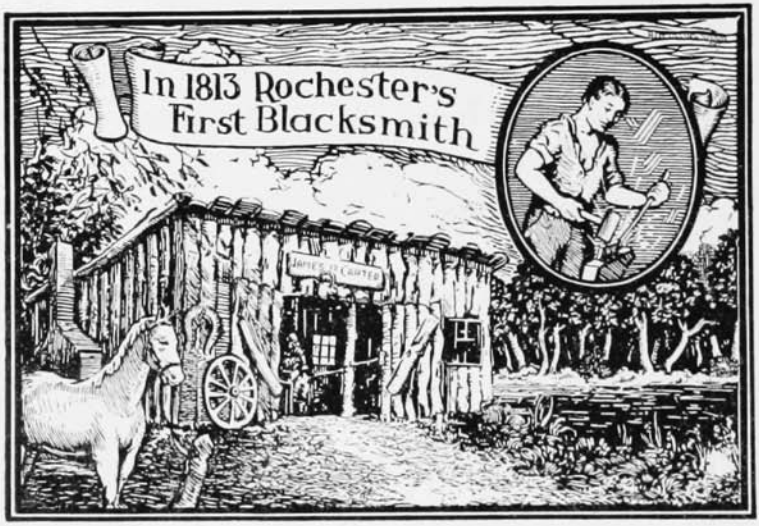
There was also a great demand for clothes and the first tailor was very welcome. We have seen that the first tailor, Jehiel Barnard, was successful in one respect; he was the first to get married in the village. Barnard was, no doubt, one of the best-dressed men in Rochester in those days, which may explain his success in winning Hamlet Scrantom's daughter, Delia, for a bride.

Many years later Mr. Barnard's trade became one of the most important of Rochester's industries and many people are now working in several large men's clothing factories in this city. There are still today many small tailor shops in the city, but even these tailors use machines which Mr. Barnard never heard of. He had to make his clothes by hand with the aid of scissors, needle and thread, and a few simple measuring devices. But his shop was a popular place. During the winter evenings the young people used to gather there with Jehiel and Delia to sing old songs and learn a few new ones.

While Mr. Barnard was busy making clothes for the men, a widow, Mrs. Veazie, found a good chance to earn a living as dressmaker. For many years she visited the different pioneer homes, sewing together the cloth the women made or bought for their dresses and making shirts for all the early settlers.

Many of the early settlers were so busy at their various trades that their wives and children had to help them in the shops. Some of the women did not have time to bake their own bread. Some, who had plenty of time, did not have ovens to bake in, for most of the cooking was done in the open fireplace

in those early days. Since the gristmills were producing many barrels of flour, it was a pity that all the people could not get bread. So in 1816 Mr. Scrantom and his son-in-law, Mr. Barnard, built a



large bake oven and hired Jacob Howe to bake bread for sale to the villagers and travelers. The oven was built of brick and was large enough to bake several loaves at one time.

Later when the people built bigger houses, they made their fireplaces larger and had bake ovens at one side. Still later they bought big iron stoves in which they burned wood or coal to cook and bake with. They put furnaces in their cellars to provide heat for the whole house. Today most houses have

coal or oil furnaces and gas or electric stoves. Only a few houses have fireplaces and these are only to add cheer to the living room.

There were many other trades in the pioneer village. In 1813 James P. Carter opened the first blacksmith's shop. Here he fixed the shoes of the horses that carried so many burdens for the early settlers. This was the first tool shop in the village, and that trade became very important as the town grew into a milling center.

The people began to think of their village as a town with a great future. They desired to put on as good an appearance as possible. Thus it was not long before men wished to have a good barber to cut their hair and shave off their whiskers. They did not have safety razors, and the barber could do a much better and safer job than most of the men with the sharp open razor. John Robinson was one of the early barbers. In 1823 his shop at the Four Corners was a jolly place. Everybody tried to see who could tell the funniest story while he was being shaved.

Others Worked at Their Professions

Most of these trades required much skill in the use of tools. There were many jobs that required

other kinds of training and skill: those of the doctor, the lawyer, the preacher, the teacher, and the printer. These are sometimes called the professions.

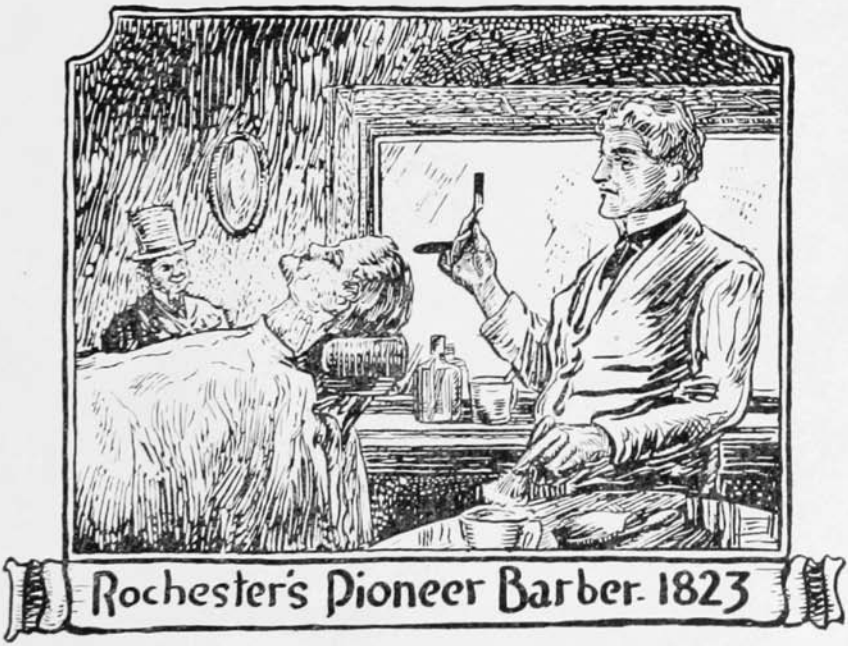
The work of taking care of the sick was very important. Before any doctors settled in the village, the people had to send to other villages to get medical help. Thus in 1812 Dr. Simon Hunt was brought from Hanford's Landing to set the broken ankle of Delia Scrantom. The next year Dr. Jonah Brown moved to town. He was the first doctor to live here. Others followed and they were all kept busy riding about on horseback to care for the sick. When better roads were built they rode in buggies, carrying their bottles of pills and other medicine in small black bags. Some of them learned a lot about diseases, and in time Rochester became a famous medical center. One man who was very fond of his family doctor wrote a short ditty about him:

"So the doctor and his pony
Part for love and part for money,
Through the year time with his pills,
Healed the sick, and paid his bills."

The first lawyer, John Mastick, and the first minister, the Reverend Comfort Williams, arrived

soon after the doctor. But earlier preachers, circuit riders as they were called, had already visited the village. In 1813 one of these, coming on horseback, had held the first religious service in the upper story of Mr. Barnard's tailor shop. Two years later the First Presbyterian Church was formed. In 1816 Rev. Mr. Williams came to preach here, and many preachers of all creeds followed him as the village grew in size.

But the preachers were never able to make us so good that we could get along without lawyers.



Rochester's Pioneer Barber. 1823

They have found many jobs here ever since Monroe County was created in 1821. This brought the court to the village and the first Court House was finished in 1822. Today we have many more lawyers than preachers!

The first teachers in the village were not trained teachers such as we have today. But they knew more than the children. Most of the young people were eager to learn as much as they could. They were glad to go to the school in Enos Stone's barn, taught by Miss Huldah M. Strong for a short time in 1813. The next summer a school house was built

out of boards sawed from trees chopped down by the settlers. Mr. Aaron Skinner was the teacher in this first public school house. The scholars sat on long benches; their only desk was a long shelf fastened to the walls of the one-room school house. When they were ready to recite Mr. Skinner called them to come up to his table near the fireplace, which was the only warm place in the school on cold days. As Rochester grew into a great city, many other teachers came here and better school houses were built, providing large, warm rooms, desks, and other school equipment for every grade.

By 1816 the village was growing so fast that many of the settlers began to talk about the time when they would have their own newspaper. They did not have to wait long. Mr. A. G. Dauby, a young printer, trained in Utica, came to Genesee Falls that year and set up his presses. He not only printed handbills and circulars for the merchants, but he founded the *Weekly Gazette,* the first paper in the village. Another printer and book maker arrived shortly after Dauby. Two years later this second printer, Everard Peck, started the *Rochester Telegraph.* Paper mills were built and the printers began to advertise for old rags which they used in making paper.

The village soon attracted several other printers and its newspapers were sent to many people living in the nearby villages. By this time everybody was pretty sure that the village was going to grow into a big town and even into a great city.

One sign that the village was growing older was the fact that young Edwin Scrantom was growing up. His parents decided in 1817 that he should learn a good trade; so they apprenticed him to Mr. Dauby, the first printer. Edwin Scrantom went to live at the print shop so that he would be on hand when Mr. Dauby needed him. Thus Edwin was going to school to the printer, Mr. Dauby, in order to learn the printer's trade. In those days, when a father wished his son to learn a good trade, he apprenticed the boy to a man working at that trade.

Almost everybody worked from sun-up to sundown on all days except Sundays. Edwin, who was still only fourteen years old, slept in his box-like bunk with another apprentice in the print shop. These bunks had lids which shut down during the day so that they could be used as work tables. One night Edwin was awakened by shouts of fire and the two boys had to flee for their lives from the burning building—but you will want to read his own story about this second fire in Rochester.

The most important occupation was milling. All of the other occupations which we have described were good ones because they performed necessary tasks. But most of these tasks were just as important in other towns as in Rochester. It was the milling industry that made our city different from most other towns. We know that the falls made this industry possible and thus helped Rochester to grow into a great city.

Rochester was not the only town that had good water power. Indeed, water falls were favorite sites for towns and many thriving cities have grown up at such points. In your geography you will read about Little Falls, Fall River, Haverill, and many other such fall-towns. But very few of these towns had four good water falls dropping the river over 250 feet within a distance of two miles.

There were several reasons why Rochester was able to make full use of its water power. The Genesee River not only drained a large and fertile valley, but it provided an easy means to float the wheat grown in the valley to market. For nearly fifty miles south of Rochester boats could pass up and down without difficulty. Thus the products of

thousands of settlers in the Genesee Country were floated to the mill town at the falls. Here they were changed into manufactured products to be sold to the markets of the world. The only natural advantage which Rochester lacked was a good way to carry these products to the sea; later we shall see how this was provided.

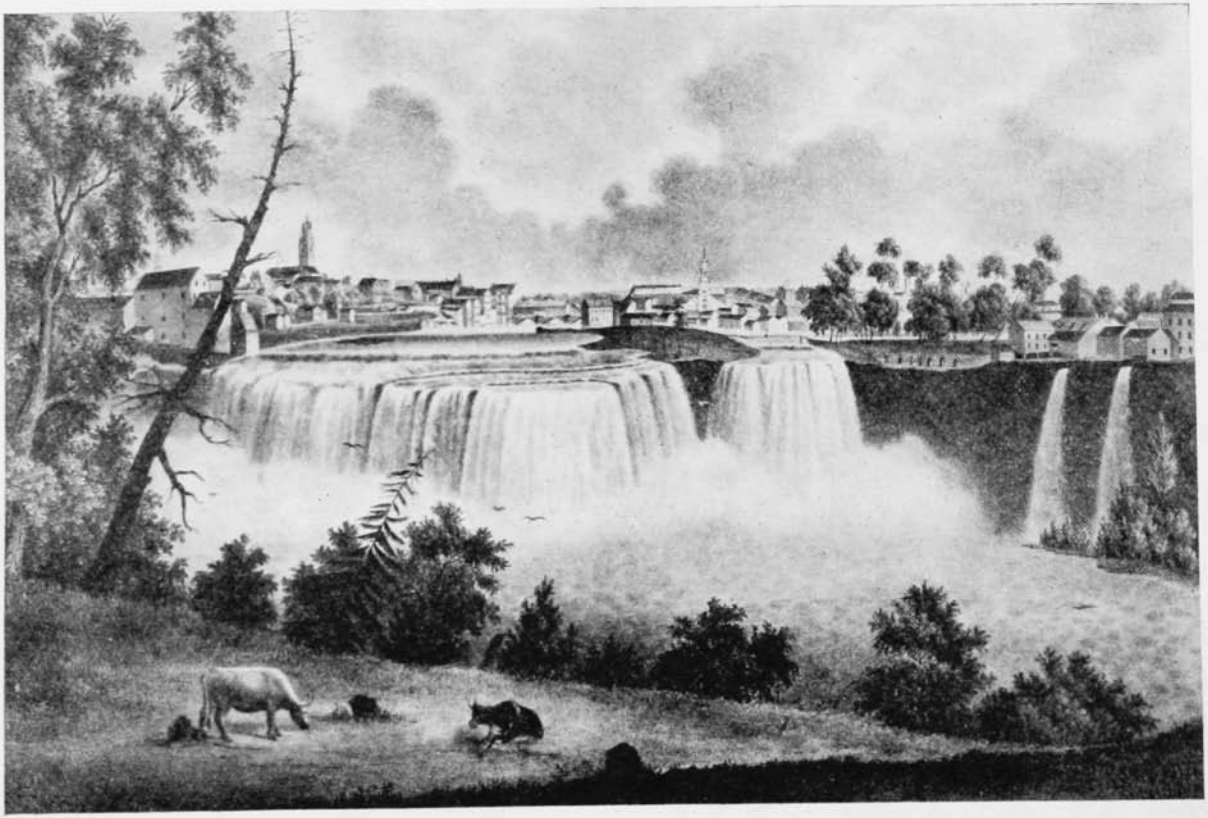
Hard-working settlers built the homes of the Genesee Country. They cut the trees to provide lumber for houses and barns, thus clearing the land for their farms. Many of the logs were floated down the river to the sawmills at the falls to be sawed into boards. After Ebenezer Allan's sawmill was washed away, the next sawmill at the site of Rochester was built by Enos Stone. We have seen that Hamlet Scrantom got the job of running this sawmill when he arrived with his family in 1812. Other sawmills were built here and Rochester remained an important lumber town until most of the trees were cut from the Genesee Country.

In those days lumber was not as valuable as it is today. The settlers were in such a hurry to clear their land that they did not always take the trouble to pull the logs to the river and float them to the sawmills. They wanted to clear their land so that they could raise food for their families to eat. Very

often they just burned the trees in big piles in the fields. But they gathered the ashes and made potash out of them. Several barrels of potash, delivered at Rochester, sold for enough money to buy a cow, an ox, or possibly a suit from Mr. Barnard, the tailor. Sometimes they used this money to pay for their land.

After the land was cleared, wheat became the most important product of the Genesee Country. This was floated down the river to Rochester and there made into flour for bread. For many years the Genesee Country was known as the "granary" or the "bread-basket" for New York State. Rochester was known as the "Flour City" because its mills ground the wheat into flour.

The pioneer gristmills were very interesting places. It was exciting to watch the big water wheel with the water dashing over the top, if it was an overshot wheel, or against the bottom, if it was an undershot wheel. The power of this wheel was usually carried by belts to the heavy millstones. The grain was spread out over the lower millstone, which was fixed so that it did not turn. Then the upper stone was lowered into place against the lower stone and turned round and round by the force of the water wheel. Thus the grains of wheat



THE UPPER FALLS AT ROCHESTER IN 1830

between the two stones were ground into fine flour, which was then gathered into barrels for shipment and sale.

After Allan's mill had been abandoned because of a lack of business, many years passed before another gristmill was built at the falls. But in 1814 three settlers, Josiah Bissell and the two Ely brothers, Hervey and Elisha, built the "Red Mill" on the west bank of the river at the upper falls. Its great overshot wheel turned four run, or sets, of millstones and ground a great many bushels of wheat in a day. Within a few years several other big mills were erected on both banks of the river. Together they turned out so many barrels of flour that people began to call this the "Flour City." They still had to work out some method for carrying these hundreds of barrels of flour to hungry people in the East, but we will take up that problem later.

Tales of the Settlers

Sliding Down Hill in Early Rochester

By an Old Citizen

In the winters of 1812-13-14 we found Indian boys who were glad to share our sport of sliding down hill on the snow. We had to make our own sleds. Each Indian got a strip of bark about a foot wide and several feet long. After trimming one end to a point, the smooth side was turned back in the hand, forming a broad runner, rounded in front. The Indian then stepped onto the back of his bark sled and crouching over started his swift slide down the smooth surface of the hill.

The Indian boys enjoyed this sport. When they got started down the hill, cutting the air like an arrow, their short and long whoops indicated their wild excitment. As they dashed down the hill they shouted "hi-hi-hi-hi" at every ten feet until they reached the bottom, when one general long "wh-o-o-p" rang out from all the Indians. We "palefaces" could not match this Indian feat. We tried it several times on the lower part of the hill,

but two out of three times we would go down sprawling, barking our shins and peeling our noses on the sharp crust. This was always a signal for whoops and laughter among our new playmates.

The greatest feat of this kind of sliding I recollect was made by a young Indian down the Andrews Street hill on the crust. It was in March, about fifty years ago. The spray of the falls was then much greater than now because the amount of water in the river was greater. The spray had settled back upon the snow on the hillside forming a smooth crust. The way that Indian went down that hill was enough to make your hair stand up.

But this method of sliding down hill in Rochester was soon ended. After two or three years there were enough boys and girls of the palefaces to make a jolly crowd. The redmen took up their march to hunting grounds further west.

Hamlet's Letter to His Father

Rochester, Monday, 2nd May, 1814.

Honored Father:

Last Wednesday Mr. Hull brought your letter, and a parcel from Amanda. He stayed with us all night and we had a good chance to hear about the home folks.

Your letter asks about the boys. Harry is working for a merchant, and I have many offers of jobs for the other boys as soon as they are old

An Early Grist Mill

enough. I have the offer of a job for Elbert to tend a carding machine this summer in the village. We wish to locate our other children as near us as possible.

I have not sold any of my land yet, but I have let it this summer on shares. I have already paid eighty dollars on it, but I may not be able to pay the rest when it is due for I have a house to build. I have changed my plan of business, giving up the sawmill, since I have found it is wearing me out too fast. Mr. Barnard (the tailor who boards with me) and myself have erected a large bake oven and established the baking business in this place. We hire a man to bake for us. We have opened a grocery in his shop which is large and convenient. We have just begun, and intend to furnish all kinds of foods and liquors, together with fruit, etc. We believe it is very profitable in proportion to the money we have invested. Yesterday we received two barrels of strong beer from Canandaigua.

You wrote me concerning Guernsey Scrantom. If his trade is nothing but a cabinet maker, or shop joiner, I cannot urge him to come here at present. Houses must be built before people want furniture, and what little furniture is wanted can be had at Bloomfield. But if his trade is a finisher and he is

able to do the inside work on houses, he will find plenty of work here.

If he is a good and faithful worker he can come here and find employ the year round; he can associate with good company and be respected; but if he is lazy and does poor work he will have a hard time. A great difference is made among us between good and poor workers, between orderly and disorderly people.

I have talked the problem over with Mr. Mack, a joiner here. He says that if Guernsey has served a regular apprenticeship, he will employ him six months, will board and wash for him and pay him one hundred and twenty dollars cash. But I should advise him, if he comes, to hire out by the month at first. The business is chiefly done by the job. I hope you will write me as soon as possible for Mr. Mack wishes to know as soon as he can.

As to my family, Elbert has had the fever and ague a month; Hannah, Junior, has the whooping cough; Israel's wife, Matthew, Harriett, and Beriah and their babe have all got the whooping cough, generally pretty severe. Remember us to all relatives and connections. I remain your,

Affectionate Son,

HAMLET SCRANTOM

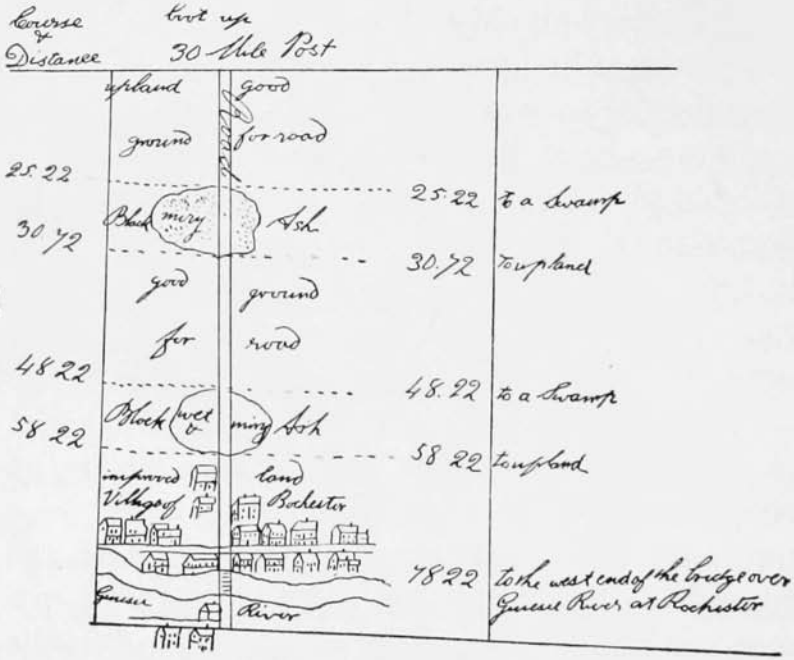
The Fire in Dauby's Printing Office

By an Old Citizen

We retired to our bunks late Saturday night, the fourth of December, 1819. Not more than an hour later the cry of fire was sounded long and loud through the streets. Awakening from our deep slumbers, we found the fire bursting through the wall next to our bunks. My fellow apprentice, Harris, seized an old-fashioned fire bucket, which the law required every shop to have on hand. Opening the front window of our office in the second story, he sprang out and fell sprawling and stunned to the walk below. Picking himself up, he flew to the river, crying "Fire!" in a most unearthly voice. He soon came back and joined the citizens who had collected to do what they could to put out the fire and save the property.

My first effort was to save the desk. Then I began to throw out some cases of type which the people below tried to catch. But the cases were too heavy and fell, smashed and scattered, on the ground. Only one case was caught. Just then two men came up the burning stairs, forced open the door, and shouted to me to get out of the building. At this point, a part of the burning roof fell in. The

blaze struck my back and singed the hair on the back of my head. When I appeared at the front window in a bewildered state, a cry came up from the crowd below to "jump out." This I had to do and landed in the arms of a dozen men amid the wildest excitement. This was the second fire of any amount the village had seen.



A Map of Rochesterville in 1815

UNIT FOUR

Civic Needs in Rochester

The Settlers Needed a Government

Most pioneer settlers soon found that they had many needs which they could not themselves supply. They liked to have neighbors around to help make their lives safe and comfortable as well as sociable. But as more people settled in the community, more of these community needs appeared. Today we call them our civic needs.

Only a few pioneers liked to live alone in the forest. Some people still live alone today, even in large cities, for it is possible to be alone even when you are in a big crowd. People who do not take part in the activities of other people are usually thought to be not very sociable.

There were a few of these unsociable people in this region in the very early days. One of them was William Hincher, who lived for several years after 1791 in a cabin near the mouth of the Genesee River. We are told that when other settlers came

and built their cabins within a few miles of his house, Hincher felt that they were crowding him.

Most of the early settlers were glad to welcome new neighbors. Many strong hands were needed when a settler wished to raise the frame of his house or mill. All of the neighbors would gather and help to raise the large timbers into place. After the work was done, there was much feasting and everybody had a jolly time. There were many of these gatherings at which the settlers helped each other with the heavy tasks of the pioneer's life.

Some of the tasks were so big that they could not be finished in a day or two, even when all of the neighbors came to help. The people had to work together through their government and hire men to do these longer tasks. That was the reason the people formed a government in the first place. We still vote for a new government every few years, because we still have many long and hard tasks for the government to do for us.

Building roads was such a job. We have seen that the settlers needed roads so much that they helped cut down the trees to clear the way. But when the road was to be a long one, the government had to hire men to work at it for many days and months. The trees had to be cut down, the

logs removed, the stumps pulled out or burned, and sometimes bridges had to be built across streams and rivers.

It was hard work to build roads over swamp land. Many times the settlers had to fill the swampy places with brush and lay the smaller trees down crosswise so that their cart wheels would not sink into the mud. The people called these "corduroy roads" because they were rough like corduroy pants. Later they used planks in place of the round trees because they were not so bumpy. If muddy water gathered under the planks, it would splash up and hit the traveler who stepped

on the plank. But they thought that this was better than getting stuck in the mud!

The settlers at the Genesee Falls needed many roads. After the first bridge was built, the road to Pittsford was fixed so that wagons could go over the swampy places on their way to the east. Then the road which we call the Ridge Road was opened to the west so that travelers could go from Rochester to the Niagara River and Falls. Later, as the village grew into an important city, many other roads were opened to the north, south, east, and west. Most of these were built by workmen hired by the government. Sometimes the government built roads in order to have work for poor men who could not find other jobs.

We still expect the government to build good roads for us today, when and where we need them. Recently when men could not find other jobs the P. W. A. gave them jobs building roads. We pay a small tax on every gallon of gasoline we buy so that the government will have money to build these roads.

Another need of the early settlers was for a mail carrier. At first the people asked travelers to carry their letters for them, but they could not always find a traveler going in the right direction. The

government decided to pay special people to carry the mail from one village to another.

Shortly after Abelard Reynolds opened the first post office here, the government hired Mr. Dunham to carry the mail from Canandaigua to Rochester once a week. Many times he was ill or busy, and Mrs. Dunham would take the saddlebags full of mail and carry them on horseback to Rochester. Later stage coaches were used to bring mail and passengers from the east to Rochester and on to the west.

In those early days the people had to go to the post office to get their mail. They did not have stamps or envelopes such as we have today. They folded the paper on which the letter was written and sealed it with wax. They had to pay extra if the letter was to be carried more than ninety miles. It usually took several weeks for a letter to reach its goal.

Today the government has trucks to collect the mail from boxes on the streets several times a day. It is speeded on its way by train and even by airplane and a postman brings it to our doors. Thus you can see how much this civic need has grown due to the increase in the size and wealth of the community.

Many Local Civic Needs Appeared

New civic needs appeared as more people settled in the village. Many of these were local needs which farmers and people living in very small villages did not feel. The people decided that they needed a local government to supply these local civic needs. In 1817 they organized a village government and took the name of Rochesterville. Five years later they dropped the "ville" and took the present name of Rochester. They also increased

the powers of the local government to supply their civic needs.

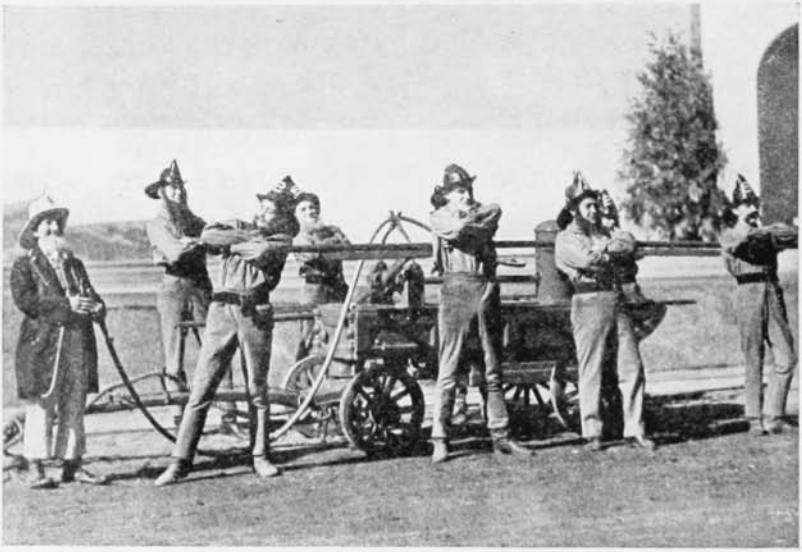
You will quickly guess that one of the first civic needs of the settlers was for a fire-fighting force. At first every house had its fire bucket ready for use; but that was not enough. By 1817 several of the settlers had built houses of two stories, and they voted that Rochesterville should buy hooks and ladders. They used the ladders to climb to the second story when the stairs were on fire. They used the hooks fastened to long poles to pull down the burning walls so that they could throw water on them. In that way they stopped the fires from spreading to other houses.

The next year they voted to buy a fire engine and hose. They voted to raise $1,000 by taxes to pay for this fire engine. The men had to pull this engine themselves and they had to pump it by hand, but it was a great aid. Later they bought more and better engines and used horses to pull them.

Today we have many big fire trucks to fight fires in Rochester. Most of our buildings now have several fire extinguishers on hand in place of the old fire buckets. Every year we have a Fire Prevention Week when we try to learn how to save

our homes and other buildings by preventing fires.

Another need of early Rochesterville was to drain the swamps. Many people became sick, and they believed it was because of the damp swamps. So in 1817 they voted to dig a ditch to drain the



AN EARLY ROCHESTER "FIRE ENGINE"

swamp west of the house of Abelard Reynolds. Later the local government hired men to dig ditches and drain all the swamps around the village. Today you would never guess that swamps used to cover the land along East Avenue, West Main Street, and many other parts of the city.

A lot of water also gathered in the streets of the village. As the streets were not paved, the water and the dirt became mud. Often the mud became so deep that people could hardly cross the streets. Some travelers called Rochesterville the "Village of Mud." The settlers did not like that name any more than they liked the mud; so they voted to dig sewers to carry off the water and keep the streets dry.

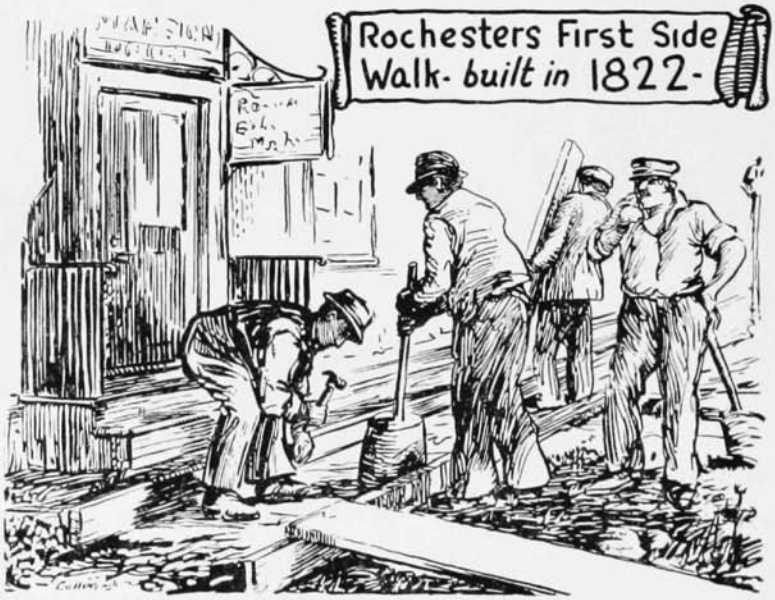
As the number of settlers increased they found that many things had to be done to make the streets safe. They needed sidewalks; so they voted in 1822 to build the first stone walk across the streets at the Four Corners.

They had no street lights at first. But they soon learned that they needed lights at the ends of the bridge so that late travelers would not miss the bridge and fall into the river. They voted for these lights in 1824, and later other lights were placed along the streets. These were oil lanterns fastened to the tops of poles.

Many times the wind blew out the lights so a man called the Night Watch was hired to take care of them. The Night Watch had been hired first in 1820 to keep order. He was the only policeman in the village for several years. Now we have several

hundred policemen and all our streets are lighted by bright electric lights.

The village needed to have a lot of muddy water drained off from its streets and swamps, but the settlers also needed pure water to drink. At first they got most of their water from an old Indian spring. Later a street was built near this spring which we still call Spring Street.



When the number of people increased, this spring was not large enough. The villagers voted to dig public wells. Some of these were large wells

with buckets which the settlers lowered by long ropes, pulling them up full of water. Other wells had pumps which the settlers worked by means of wooden handles. When the people came to these public wells for water the men and women stopped to talk. In the winter the school children used to gather here in the mornings and walk to school together.

It was not many years before the people needed more water than they could get from many wells. Today the city brings most of our water in big underground pipes from beautiful Hemlock and Canadice lakes twenty-eight miles south of Rochester. Each house has its small pipe connecting with one of the larger pipes and we can get all the water we need out of the faucet. We pay small water taxes to the city to help it supply this civic need, but we are glad to get good, pure water so easily.

They Needed Health and Education

We have seen that the settlers drained the swamps in order to prevent colds and fever. They sought pure drinking water to guard against sickness. Still many people got sick, and several doctors settled in Rochesterville to help the people get

well again. But in spite of all efforts many of the sick people died. The village needed a cemetery, and in 1820 the people voted to buy a field to be used as a public burying ground.

The problem of caring for the sick was too much for the doctors. So in 1825 the villagers voted to raise $150 to help support a hospital. Soon after this they voted for a Board of Health. The Genesee Fever killed many people in the early days. After the village became a trading town other plagues were brought in from far-off lands causing much sickness and many deaths. Thus, the problem of making our city healthy has been one of our most important civic needs.

Today we make many civic efforts to safeguard health. We have a large city hospital; we provide dental care to school children; and we have many large parks to which we go for good fresh air and exercise in order to keep well. Every year we add new methods of saving the health that we need in order to keep strong and happy. Some day we may vote to give medical care freely to every person, for our civic needs are still growing very fast.

The early settlers in Rochesterville quickly saw the need for schools. We have seen that they built the first school house in 1814, just two years after

Scrantom moved into his log cabin home on the Hundred-Acre Tract. But not all the children could go to school in those days. The school was not free and the parents had to pay in money or in wood to get an education for their children. This did not seem quite fair and eight young bachelors

THE FIRST "HIGH SCHOOL" IN 1827

in the village agreed that each of them would pay for one child's education. This was a big help to the poor men with large families. In 1841, almost thirty years later, the people voted that education was a civic need and that all children should receive it freely.

As the village grew into a city, many more schools were built. Some of them were public free schools and some were private schools where the

pupils paid to learn special lessons. The people began to see the need for higher schools to teach teachers, doctors, preachers, mechanics, artists, and scientists. Today we have high schools, colleges, and institutes, as well as many public grade schools in Rochester. All of these try to fill some part of our need for an education.

But there are many other ways of getting an education. Libraries, museums, and art galleries are very important aids in getting an education. Many of the early settlers felt the need for good books. They made several attempts to build libraries.

Now we know that these are important civic needs. We have several public library buildings as well as libraries in some of our schools. There are children's rooms in most of these libraries where you can find books that are easy to read and have lots of pictures to look at. We also have two museums to which we can go and see relics and models of many things that we want to learn about. The Museum of Arts and Sciences at Edgerton Park has many large models of Seneca cabins with life-size Indian figures at work in them. There are large and small models of pioneer stores and cabins, and many other things that are interesting

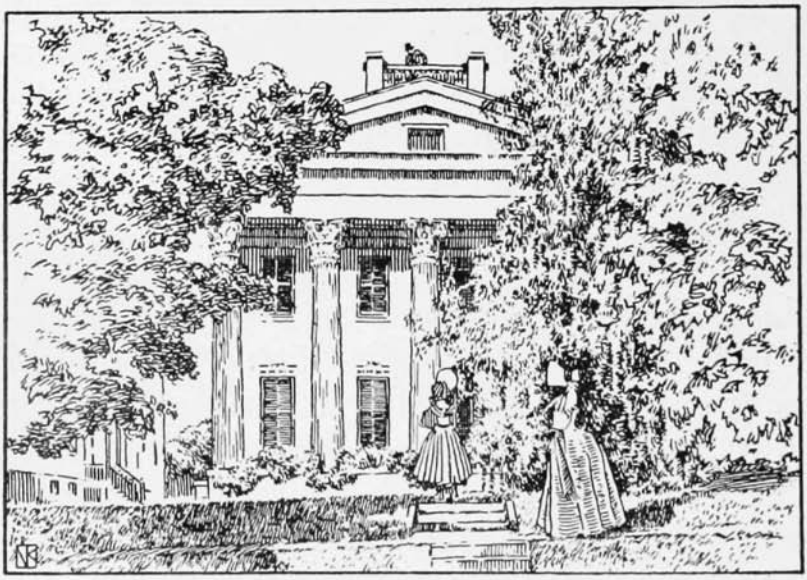
to see. The Historical Museum at 100 Lake Avenue also has interesting things to look at, and a large model of the early post office shows you just how Mr. Reynolds handled the mail.

We also have two art galleries which we can visit when we want to see beautiful pictures. Sometimes they show paintings and drawings or photographs made by school children as well as older people. We even have a City Historian to find out about our history for us. It is his job to tell us how and why we have grown into a great city. I work for him. And that is why I am writing this book for you to read.

In 1834 the village of Rochester was growing so fast and the people had so many civic needs, that they decided they needed a city government. The State of New York gave them a city charter. A charter is something like a license. Just as you must get a license to keep a dog, so the people had to get a charter in order to have a city government and elect a mayor. Jonathan Child was elected the first Mayor of Rochester in 1834.

That was more than a century ago. We have had many mayors since then. We have a city hall and a city hall annex in which the mayor and his many assistants work. Today we also have a City

Manager whose job it is to see that all of our civic needs are taken care of. His name is Harold Baker and he has a very important job. If anything goes wrong in our city, we look to Mr. Baker to help us so that we can live safe and happy lives.



THE MANSION OF JONATHAN CHILD, THE FIRST MAYOR

A LIST OF EARLY ROCHESTER "DON'TS"

The people of early Rochester voted for many things they wanted their local government to do for them. They also voted for laws with many "don'ts" in them. The people had to decide what

they could not do, as well as what they should do. They voted for these laws in order to make their village a safe and good place in which to live.

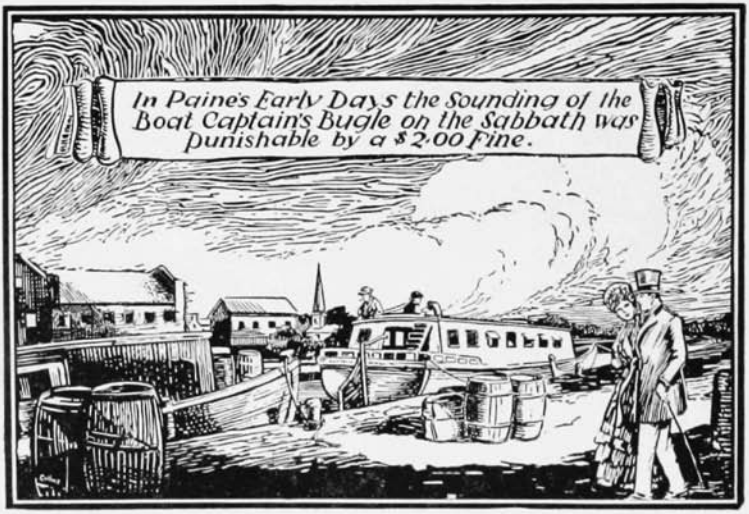
We have many laws like these today. As you read this list, see if you can tell why they voted for each law. Also see if you know of any laws like these today.

List of Laws of 1827

1. People must clean and keep clear the sidewalks and streets in front of their houses. Fine, for neglect, $5.
2. No person may injure any walk, street, sewer, well, or other article for public use. Fine, for each offense, $10.
3. People must sweep and clean the sidewalks in front of their houses every Saturday from the first day of April till the first day of November. Fine, for each neglect, $1.
4. No person shall throw any bad thing into the streets or lanes. Fine, $2.
5. Fast riding or driving in the streets is forbidden. Fine, for each offense, $5.
6. No person may stop his horse or team on any crosswalks or sidewalks. Fine, $2.
7. Fireplaces must be kept in good repair and

they must be cleaned every three months. Fines, $5 or $10.

8. No person may keep more than 12 pounds of gunpowder in any house within the village. Fine, $20.



9. No candle or fire is to be kept or carried in an exposed manner in barns or stables. Fine, $5.
10. Every house must have a safe place for its ashes and it must not be a wooden box. Fine, $5.
11. Every house must have an opening in its roof and a stairway to reach it. Fine, $5.
12. Fire buckets must be kept in each house—one

for every one or two fireplaces or stoves. Fine, $5.

13. All fire buckets must be brought to any fire in the village. Fine, for neglect, $2.
14. No person may fire a gun, nor a rocket, nor any fireworks within the village. Fine, $5.
15. No person may burn shavings, chips, or straw, or kindle any large fire in the streets within fifty feet of any building. Fine, $5.
16. Public bathing is not allowed in any water within the village. Fine, $2.
17. Hogs are not to run at large. Fine, 50c.
18. No horse, mare, or colt is to run at large. Fine, $2.
19. Shows of all kinds, both circuses and theaters, must secure a license. Fines, $5 to $25.
20. Wagons must not be placed across any street nor so near the sidewalks as to block the way. Fine, $1.

Village Stories

The First Village Band

By an Old Citizen

The idea of forming a village band arose in a strange way. In the fall of 1816 a magician strayed out into the West and came to the falls to perform his arts of juggling, sleight-of-hand and other tricks. For some reason he could not get into any of the taverns on either side of the river to display his magic. But Enos Stone let him use the kitchen in his house on St. Paul Street. There he astonished the natives by his tricks.

Since the village did not yet have a newspaper, the magician had to call his audience together by blowing a bugle. He stood on the top of the hill, as we called the corner of Main and St. Paul Streets at that time, and "blowed his own horn"—a stunt that has been copied by too many of our citizens, even to this day.

The magician so charmed the people with his horn, that one young man decided to get a horn himself. Horace L. Sill bought a bugle and learned to play it very well. But he did not want to play

alone. Preston Smith, who had been a member of a band in Boston before he came to Rochester, got out his clarinet. These two and a few others began to talk of forming a band.

A meeting was finally held in the dining room of Abelard Reynolds' tavern. It was agreed that a band should be formed as soon as the instruments could be brought from Utica. This was done in the winter of 1816-1817. The band, formed the following spring, brought music to the growing village, and the young people had many jolly evenings.

The Citizens' Night Patrol

By an Old Citizen

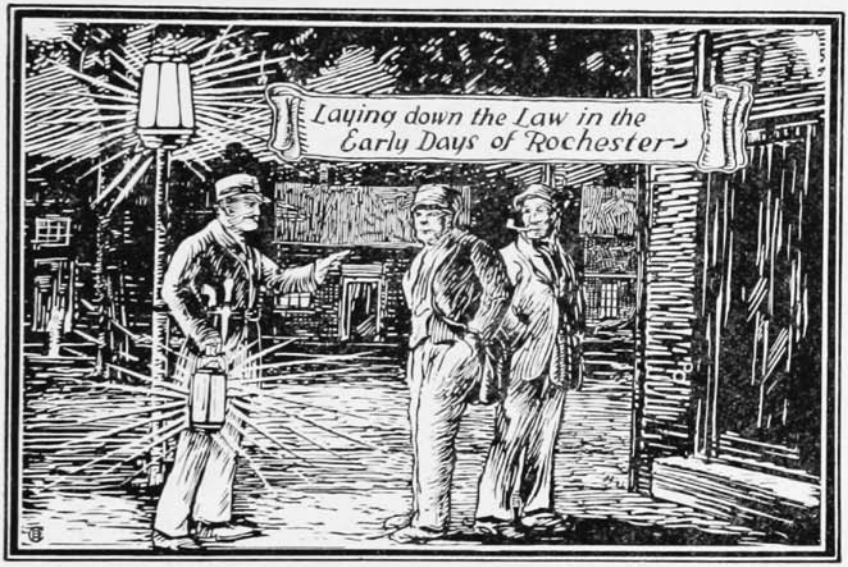
The citizens of the quiet and orderly village of Rochester were much disturbed in early days by the increase of disorder and crime. Burglars had found their way here and some strange fires had broken out. Horse thieves had appeared in the country and the region of Sandy Creek, north of the Ridge Road, was said to be their hiding place.

The villagers asked one another what they could do to protect themselves. At last they formed a Citizens' Night Patrol of men who promised to watch in the night. They usually started each night

with six men, but when the moon came up two would go home to their beds. Each of the men was given a pistol and a knife. They used their old clothes so that any prowler would not see that they were some of the better citizens until it was too late to escape. They meant business, but most of the excitement was caused by jokesters.

One night a strange fellow was seen near Enos Stone's house on St. Paul Street. Mr. Sherman, Mr. Johnson, and Anson House were sent to "hole him." Several times they tried to nab the fellow, but he would take to his heels and run like a deer. One night in his flight a pistol shot or two were fired at him, and he did not appear again! Word went out that he was killed, and great credit was given to the man with the pistol. A hundred stories were told of the close races when it was "nip and tuck" between the watchmen and the prowling rascal, but he had always escaped by running into the woods on South St. Paul Street [near where the new Public Library now stands!] It was later revealed that this rascal was none other than the cunning half-breed who lived with Enos Stone. This Alfred Flautnoy enjoyed his joke on the Citizens' Night Patrol, but he did not wish to try it again after they made use of their pistols!

Much excitement was caused by a stranger on horseback who came to town and stopped at the Reynolds Tavern. After his horse was well cared



for, the man disappeared. Someone started the story that he was one of a gang of horse thieves, and the Citizens' Night Patrol set out to look for him. At length it was reported that they chased a man who, to escape capture, plunged into the river and was carried over the falls.

The story caused much excitement. Several leading citizens investigated and found the horse still in the stable and its owner missing. The whole

village turned out to discuss the case. Many climbed down into the ravine to search the river bed below the falls. No body could be found, and after several days the man himself returned for his horse.

He had been engaged in some business with a man up the river and knew nothing of the general alarm. When he heard the full story he quickly paid his bill at the tavern and mounting his horse started at full gallop, his horse's long tail straight out behind, up Brighton Hill and out of sight—for he did not wish the Night Patrol, which had been so brave in chasing his shadow, to catch him instead.

One of the customs of this Night Patrol was to cry out at the end of every hour: "All's well!" The purpose was to assure the people in the few small houses almost lost in the great forest that they were safe. Possibly the watchmen also wished to keep up their own courage—just the way boys will start to whistle when they are alone anywhere.

One night in Mill Street, back of the Arcade, the watchman was heard to call out, "Twelve o'clock and all's well." A man, nicknamed "Rooster Carter" because he was always crowing about something, heard the call and just for fun he re-

peated in a very loud voice, "TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL."

At this point an Irishman thrust his head out of a window near by. "Off wid ye," he shouted,

"ye lyin' blackguard of a spalpeen, singing out yer all's well forninst my windy when Bridget, my wife, is jist dyin' sick wid atin' sour crout. Out upon ye! Wid ye'r all's wells—it's a lie!" and he shut the window with a slam.

Thus there were many jokes on the Citizens' Night Patrol, but it helped the people feel safe during the early days. Later, paid watchmen were

hired by the village, and now we have many policemen to keep order in our city.

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CHARLOTTE

UNIT FIVE

Routes of Trade and Travel

The Early Trade Routes Were Crowded

The village of Rochester grew so fast that the people soon felt a need for better trade routes. The first settlers, aided by their government, had built many roads. But these pioneer roads could not supply all of the needs of the travelers and traders.

The roads from the east soon became crowded with the loaded wagons of new settlers coming to the Genesee Country. After a rain the wagon wheels made deep ruts in the roads. Some of the wagons had wide iron tires or rims to hold them up. But there were so many wagons that the soft spots in the roads soon became big mud holes.

Sometimes heavy carts got stuck in the mud, holding up long lines of wagons. The men would shout at each other to keep moving. Angry drivers would whip their oxen or their horses to make them pull harder. Some of the men would take hold of the wheels and help to push the wagons through

the worst places. It took a lot of hard work to push ahead as many as fifteen or twenty miles between sunup and sundown in those days.

Travelers could go farther and more rapidly on horseback or even on foot. Stagecoaches pulled by

A Fast Stage Coach

four horses could go pretty fast. But even the fast stages which changed horses every few miles took three days to run from Rochester to Albany. They had to keep the horses trotting most of the way to cover the 225 miles in so short a time. These fast stages did not carry much baggage and they

charged high fares, sometimes as much as three and a half cents for every mile.

The settlers coming from the east had so many things to carry that they needed carts or wagons. After they had settled in the villages or on the farms they had to send their products back to the markets in the east. It took as many as ten days of long, hard work to pull a load of wheat or flour over the early roads from Rochester to Albany. Few men wished to do this hard work.

The roads were very bad during the spring months. The melting snow helped to make a great deal of mud which was the travelers' worst enemy. The roads were sometimes quite bad during wet seasons in summer. They were best during the late fall when the frost made the ground hard. The settlers used big sleds on the snow-covered roads in the winter. But deep snowdrifts would often close the roads for several months at a time. Sometimes the spring floods would wash out the bridges.

The weather was very important to the early settlers and so they talked about it a great deal. They talked about it so much that they got into the habit of discussing the weather. We still have the habit of discussing the weather, although it is not so important to city people today.

The weather was so hard on the early roads that many men were kept busy repairing the roads and building new bridges. The farmers and millers of the Genesee Country saw that they could not sell all of their wheat and flour without the aid of better trade routes.

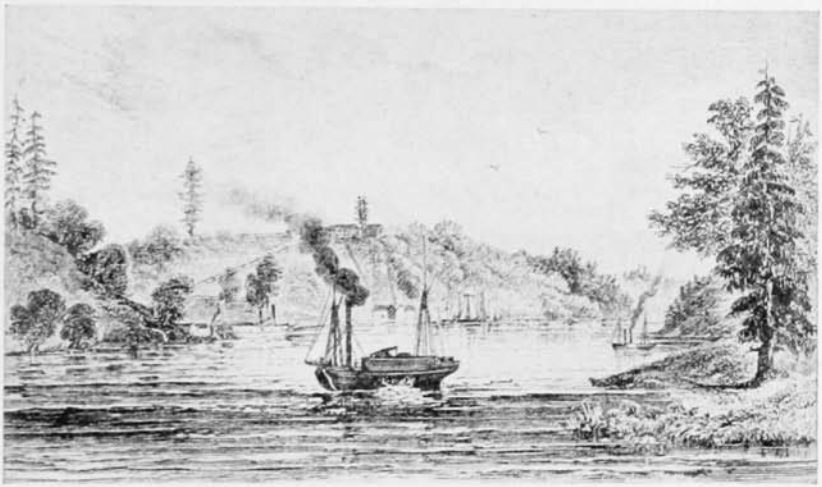
Some of the people shipped their products by water. The farmers used small boats and rafts to float their wheat and potash down the river to the falls at Rochester. They used canoes and light boats to carry small loads of supplies back upstream to their farms.

Many large boats were built on the river below the falls and in Irondequoit Bay. These were loaded with barrels of flour and other products of the growing town. They sailed across the lake to the Canadian towns or down the St. Lawrence River to Montreal and Quebec. Here their loads were placed on larger ships which sailed out to the ocean to far away ports.

The mouth of the Genesee River was a busy trading place over a hundred years ago. The harbors at Charlotte and Carthage were full of ships loading for their lake voyages. Most of the ships were big sailboats with large white sails flapping from tall masts. They had to wait for a strong wind

to blow them on their way across Lake Ontario.

The sailing ships made a beautiful sight and the people liked to watch them from lighthouse hill. The lighthouse was very important because the light from the top of its tall stone tower guided the ships to the harbor on dark nights.



THE EARLY STEAMBOATS ALSO HAD SAILS

Sailing was such slow work that some of the men built steamboats on the lake. The first to stop at the mouth of the Genesee River came in 1817. Not many years later five different steamboats stopped here twice a week, thus making ten visits each week to this busy port. In 1835 a steamboat called the *Genesee* sailed up and down the river

south of Rochester for several months.

The lake ships were very important to Rochester. The people liked to ride on the big boats, some of them going with the wind, and others using steam. These ships were very useful in carrying the products of the settlers to distant markets. In 1820 these ships carried 67,468 barrels of flour and many other articles from Rochester to markets in Canada. Many people in distant lands were able to eat bread made from flour ground in the mills of the Flour City.

The Erie Canal Was a Great Help

The lake boats were a great help but they were not enough. Most of the settlers were coming from New England by way of Albany. The best markets for flour were in Albany because boats could take the products from Albany down the Hudson River for sale in New York City. But Albany was far from Lake Ontario and lake boats could not reach it.

The people thought it would be a good idea to dig a big ditch all the way from Albany to Lake Erie. They planned to fill it with water and haul boats on it from one end to the other. They voted to make DeWitt Clinton governor of New York

State and he hired many men to dig this big ditch. Some people called it "Clinton's Big Ditch." We call it the Erie Canal because it joined the Hudson River with Lake Erie.

The building of the Erie Canal was a big job. It was hard to make water climb over hills so the workmen tried to find a level route. But many times when they could not get around the hills, they built locks to help the boats up or down the hillsides.

When they reached Rochester they had to build a special bridge to carry the canal across the river. They called this bridge an aqueduct. It was built just south of Main Street bridge. It took fourteen months to build the first aqueduct and it cost $83,000. This was many times the price paid for the Hundred-Acre Tract by Rochester, Fitzhugh, and Carroll. But the town and the state were growing rapidly, and the people thought this was a good way to spend the money raised by taxes.

Boats started running over parts of the canal before the whole job was completed. In October, 1822, the first canal boat loaded with flour left Rochester for Little Falls in the east. But that boat had to start from the east bank of the river because the aqueduct was not completed for an-

other full year. In 1824 there was much local trade on the canal, but the big ditch was not opened all the way from Albany to Buffalo until late the following year.

THE FIRST AQUEDUCT AT ROCHESTER

Everybody was glad to help celebrate the opening of the canal. They had a celebration in honor of the event. The celebration was a long parade, but the Governor and other men who took part in that parade did not ride in carriages or on horseback as they usually did in those days, but on canal boats. They rode in these boats all the way across the state from Buffalo in the west to Albany in the east! When they started from Buffalo two cannon were fired to let the people ahead know that the fleet of canal boats, all in one long row, Indian file,

was coming east. Other cannon were located several miles ahead, and so on all the way to New York. As the gunners heard the boom from the west, each fired his own cannon. Thus the message was flashed across the state by cannon in one hour and twenty minutes.

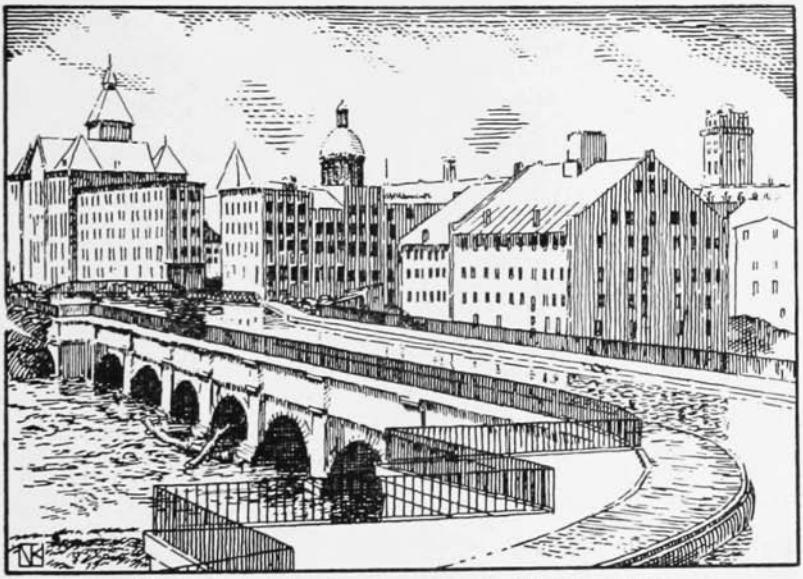
Meanwhile the fleet of canal boats was progressing much more slowly. It did not reach Rochester until the afternoon of the second day. Rain had started to fall but the joy of the people could not be dampened. The name of Governor Clinton's boat was the "Seneca Chief." As it advanced toward the aqueduct it was met by one of Rochester's finest boats, the "Young Lion of the West." When they met, the soldiers on the bank fired their guns in salute, and all the people cheered. Thus the Governor and his friends on the "Seneca Chief" were welcomed in Rochester. They landed and marched to the First Presbyterian Church for prayer and song and then they were taken to the Mansion House and given a big feast. After dinner, before leading his party back to the "Seneca Chief" and on to the east, Governor Clinton arose and said: "Rochester—I saw it in 1810 without a house or an inhabitant. In 1825 I see that it is a rich and populous city, enjoying many blessings."

It was lucky for Rochester that the canal crossed the river right at the place where the village stood. The canal brought a great deal of trade to the village, for Rochester was still only a town of 5,000 people in 1825 when the Erie Canal was opened. Travelers stopped at the taverns in Rochester. They bought many things from the village stores and sometimes they decided to get jobs and stay here.

The Erie Canal attracted new settlers and gave jobs to many people. But most important was the fact that the canal boats carried the products of the Flour City to markets in the east. The year after the canal was opened nearly 200,000 barrels of flour were shipped east from Rochester — enough to make a very large number of loaves of bread.

There were two kinds of boats on the canal. Some were built to carry travelers, and the people called them packet boats. Others were called freight boats because they carried the products of the farms and villages. The first did the work of stagecoaches and the second did the work of truck wagons. Today we have passenger cars and freight cars on our railroads and busses and trucks on the highways.

The canal boats were not like the lake ships. Canal boats were long, narrow, and low. They did not have sails or steam engines to make them go. They used horses or mules to pull them. Young boys drove the mules along the towpath by the side of the canal, pulling the boat at the end of a long rope. Of course it was pretty slow going—a good



THE SECOND AQUEDUCT AT ROCHESTER

walker could easily keep up with the boat. A trip on the canal was much slower than on the fast stage but it was not so bumpy. Two horses could pull a much heavier load on the canal boats than they could pull in a wagon. That made travel on the

canal much cheaper than travel by stagecoach.

The young boys of Rochester thought the canal was great sport. They liked to jump on top of the boat as it moved slowly under a low bridge. In this way they got a free ride out of town where they could jump off at the next bridge and ride back on a boat coming from some distant city.

The older citizens thought that the canal was a great help to Rochester. When the first aqueduct began to leak they had a second and better one built. This aqueduct is still standing, but today the subway runs through the channel formerly filled by the Erie Canal. Broad Street covers the old canal bed in the center of the city.

The Coming of the Iron Horse

The Erie Canal was a great aid to our town. Ten years after the canal boats started running through Rochester the village became a city. But the young city grew so fast that very soon the Erie Canal was not able to carry all of its trade.

The canal had many handicaps. Its boats were very slow—they could not go more than four miles an hour. The canal ran only east and west. Trade and travelers wishing to go north or south had to use the old trade routes or build new ones. And,

finally, the canal had to be closed during the winter.

In November most of the water was drained out of the canal. For several months the big ditch was used only by young people who skated on the ice that formed on the water left standing in the bottom. The high banks protected the skaters from the sharp wintry wind, and they had many very jolly times there. But the traders and travelers who had to use heavy sleds or light sleighs on the snow-drifted roads wanted better trade routes.

The people thought it would be a good idea to build railroads. They built roads and laid short logs or ties crosswise. These were much like the old corduroy roads, but they fastened long iron rails to the cross ties and connected them for miles and miles along these roads. That was why they called them railroads. When they put special wheels on their coaches and pulled them along on the rails it was very smooth riding. Since the wheels did not bump against the logs or stick in the soft mud, the coaches could go much faster. Instead of using four horses to pull one coach, one horse could pull two or more coaches. Later when they used steam, one engine could pull many coaches.

The first railroad in Rochester was built two years before the village became a city. It was a very short railroad, little more than two miles long. Starting at the east end of the aqueduct this first railroad extended north along Water Street and the east bank of the river to the town of Carthage. It carried passengers and freight from the canal boats to Carthage, where they were loaded on lake boats, and it brought other freight and passengers back to Rochester from the lake boats.

The early settlers liked to ride in its coaches, which were very much like stagecoaches. Two horses pulled them swiftly over the rails along the edge of the gorge. The passengers sitting on the west side of the coaches would catch glimpses of the river rushing along among the trees and rocks far below, but they could not hear the roar of the three falls because the clatter of the horses and the coaches made too much racket.

The second railroad was much longer and it soon became very important. It was built from Rochester southwest to Batavia on the Tonawanda River, from which it took its name. Batavia was a thriving village thirty-four miles from Rochester on the direct road to Buffalo. The Tonawanda Railroad brought a lot of trade to Rochester and

helped the city to grow. Later when the Bee Line was built from Batavia to Buffalo, Rochester had a direct and swift connection with that lake port, which was better than the slower and more round-about canal route.

THE "DEWITT CLINTON" AND ITS COACHES

The first steam railroad engine was brought to Rochester on a canal boat! It came late in 1836 and was set up on the Tonawanda Railroad tracks. Early the next spring it pulled the first train out of Rochester. The fireman used wood instead of coal to heat the steam that made it go, and the wood

fire sent up many sparks. Hundreds of people came to cheer it on its way. In about two hours it had reached Batavia. Those who hurried along after it in fast stagecoaches, expecting to find that it had broken down, did not reach Batavia until four hours later. They found the people of that village gaily celebrating the victory of the iron horse.

The Erie Canal which was such a help to Rochester had passed north of Batavia. That was one reason Batavia welcomed the iron horse. East of Rochester the Erie Canal also passed north of Canandaigua, Geneva, and Auburn. These towns helped build a railroad from Rochester towards the east. It was called the Auburn and Rochester Railroad. Its first engine was called the "Young Lion," after the "Young Lion of the West," one of the first canal boats to set out from Rochester fifteen years before.

The Auburn and Rochester opened late in 1840. A few months later travelers were able to ride on the steam railroad all the way from Albany to Rochester and on to Batavia. Late in 1842 one could go on to Buffalo. But travelers had to change cars several times from one railroad to another. It took twenty-five hours of riding time to make the

trip across the state. Today we can make it in five hours on a fast train.

Freight trains were slower, but they were much faster than wagons or canal boats. All year round they carried the products of the growing city to the east or to the west. Many other railroads were also

AN EARLY ROCHESTER STREET CAR

built and Rochester became a railroad center. Later several of these railroads were combined and changed their names. Today the main line of the New York Central runs through Rochester.

Branches of the Pennsylvania, the Lehigh Valley, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Erie also run into our city. Many passenger trains carry people to and from the city every day and many freight trains bring products here and carry the products of the city's factories to distant markets.

If very many of these trains stopped running our factories would close down. Many people would lose their jobs and few of us would be able to earn a living. It would be very hard for Rochester to turn the clock back to the time of the stage-coach and canal boat. Now we refer to those early days as the "horse and buggy days."

Today We Use Electricity and Gasoline

The canal and the railroads helped Rochester to grow into a big city. So many new settlers came here to live that many more houses had to be built. All the streets were quickly lined with houses and new streets had to be laid out. Some of these streets soon became so long that it was hard for the workmen to walk to their shops on time in the morning. Something had to be done to help the people get about their growing city.

In 1862 some men decided to built a street railroad. They began to lay tracks in the streets and

the next year horses pulled the first street cars along Lake and Mount Hope avenues. They used horses at first because steam engines were too big and too fast for the streets. It was almost thirty years before electricity was used to run the street cars. Today we have many hundreds of these cars carrying people to all parts of the city. We use the water power of the Genesee Falls to help make our electricity.

As the city grew in size the traffic on the streets increased. The people voted to pave the streets so that travel would be smooth and easy. The streets were full of horses pulling buggies, carriages, wagons, and even street cars. Man could not get along without his faithful servant, the horse. But one day the first bicycles were brought to Rochester, and the young men began to travel about rapidly on these strange machines.

The early bicycles were strange sights then, and they would seem strange to us today. Most of them had one big wheel in front and a small wheel behind. Many people could not see how it was possible to ride on these queer machines without falling. The riders did fall very many times until they learned to make safety bicycles with both wheels of the same size.

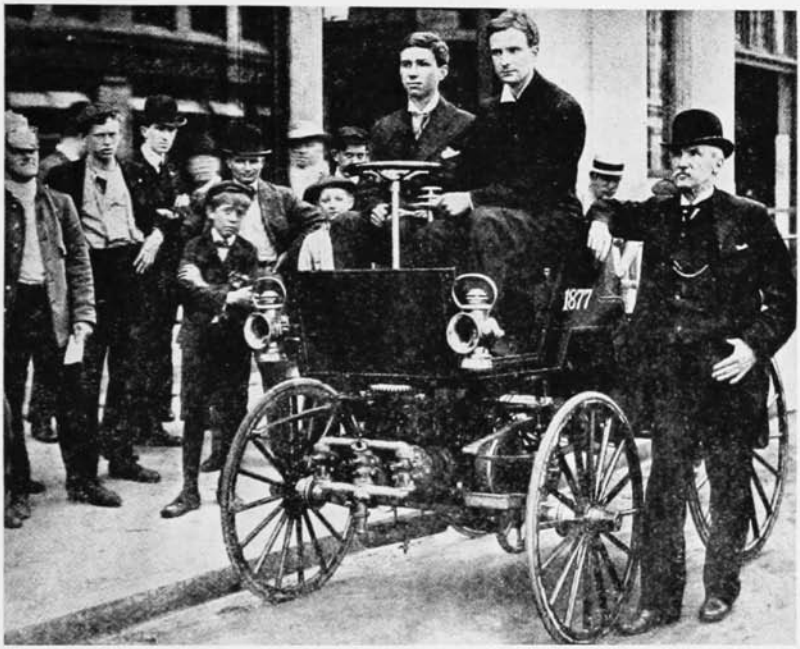
Bicycles became very popular about half a century ago. Large numbers of people rode out to hold bicycle picnics in the country or down at the lake. They had bicycle races and some men did many tricks with their bicycles. Many of us still use bicycles to carry us to school or work or to ride out for a day of sport.

The people were surprised to see the first bicycles, but they were more surprised to see the first automobiles. They called them "horseless carriages" because no horses were needed to pull them.

George B. Selden built one of the very first of these machines in 1877. Most people thought it was a foolish idea, and so he could not get money enough to build others for sale. Twenty years later James B. West ran the first horseless carriage in the streets of Rochester. A policeman tried to keep him off the street because the machine frightened the horses. People were afraid it would explode or run away and kill somebody. But Judge Coxe said the streets were for man's use, and if some men wished to drive horseless carriages he would not stop them.

Today we have many thousands of automobiles in Rochester. They have crowded most of the

horses off the streets. They are even crowding out the street cars, for we are now using busses in place of some of the electric cars. We have so many cars that we have had to widen the streets and build



THIS EARLY AUTOMOBILE WAS BUILT NEAR ROCHESTER

new and better roads. We have red and green and yellow lights at the street corners to tell the people when to stop and when to go. We have voted for many other laws to try to make our streets safe without stopping the travelers and the traders. It

is very important to our city that traffic should run quickly and safely.

The big surprise came when the first airplane was made. For many years boys and girls and a few older people had dreamed of flying like birds. But for many, many years nobody was able to fly. Almost everybody agreed that it was impossible. Then, a few years ago, when your parents were children, the first successful flight was made. The first trial flight near Rochester was made in 1910. The next year John J. Frisbie made a bold flight over the eastern part of the city. His airplane looked more like a big kite than a modern plane. It had only a two-cycle engine. The propeller was placed in the rear pushing the plane through the air, just as propellers push boats in the water.

John Frisbie's ride was quite an exciting one. He started from a field south of Cobb's Hill, and he managed to get up high enough to pass over the hill. He followed Clover Road until it crossed Main Street. But when he tried to turn around his engine stopped. He was only up about 300 feet, not far above the buildings. There was nothing to do but nose the plane down toward the buildings and try to start the engine as we start a car on a down-grade in cold weather. Luckily the motor

started and he levelled off, just missing the roofs of several buildings. He flew west to the river and then headed south. He landed safely in a field near Highland Avenue, and the people shouted their applause of his daring stunt.

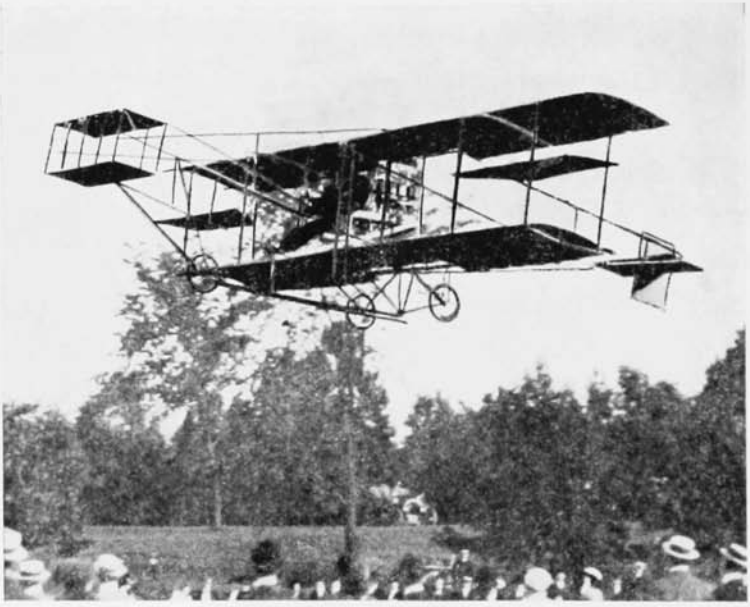
Rochester has a big airport today. Fast planes carry passengers and mail to many parts of the country. Now we can travel one hundred times faster than the early settlers could go in their ox carts and canal boats!

We can send our messages much faster than we can fly. The early settlers had to carry their own messages or send them with a neighbor's boy or by mail. Nearly a hundred years ago Samuel F. B. Morse invented the telegraph to send messages by wire. Hiram Sibley of Rochester helped borrow money to buy the wires and build the lines. The telegraph soon became a very important aid to the people who wished to send messages quickly.

The telephone was invented about sixty years ago. Today we don't think it is strange to talk over wires or even to hear music and speeches over the radio. We explain all this by saying that our inventors have conquered space for us.

We think we have been very smart in making new and better means of trade and travel. But the

funny part is that, as we invent better methods, our needs grow! Maybe we should say that our inventions have conquered us! We surely have to move quickly today to keep up with our fast machines.



An Early Airplane in Rochester

Travel Stories

A Stage Breaks Down

By an Old Citizen

In the old days of stagecoaches, Ebenezer Fisk drove the stage from Geneseo to Rochester. About the year 1826, in November, I was a passenger from Avon. The stage was full, the road was rough, and everything creaked and groaned as we dragged heavily along.

We were within a mile of Henrietta Corners when one hind wheel of the coach flew off. Down went the stage with a smash, as if all were going to pieces. The females screamed and some timid males chimed in, making a fearful shriek. Outside, our good driver roared in agony, for he had been thrown from his high box and had landed upon a frozen rut, almost breaking his back.

This all happened near a schoolhouse. Soon our cries brought the school teacher and all her pupils to our rescue. Half a dozen boys took one old lady who was screaming, "O, I'm dead and kilt, that I am!" and collecting her lost bonnet and cape

led her into the schoolhouse. The school teacher tried to help poor Fisk, the stage driver, who was badly hurt.

While this was going on, another passenger and I started for the doctor in Henrietta. The other man outran me, but when I followed him into the doctor's house, he was puffing so much that the doctor could not understand what he wanted. I explained the case and we soon set out with the doctor. We brought Fisk, shrieking with pain, to the hotel where he was cared for.

Another stage was brought out and the passengers and baggage loaded into it. Thus, we continued on our way to Rochester. Every time the new stage tipped a little the nervous old lady would cry out, "Now we're goin' over sure!" We arrived safely, however, and I reflected that some people make much ado when they are not hurt, while others say little even when they are badly hurt.

Several weeks later I saw poor Fisk, the driver. He was still suffering from his fall, which had broken two ribs. But he hoped to start driving again soon so that he could earn a good living and marry the school teacher who had helped him in time of need.

Willie's First Ride on a Packet Boat

By William H. Wallace

When he was eighty-seven years of age, William H. Wallace of Rochester wrote the story of his first trip on the Erie Canal in 1846. He was then only a small boy, but he had big eyes and big ears and he saw a lot. Here is a part of his story:

After we had come up the Hudson on the night boat from New York, my father left us at Albany. My mother and I took the packet boat bound for Rochester. I was used to big ships, but the canal boat was new and exciting.

The boat was long and low and looked like the pictures of Noah's Ark. The top, or roof, of the boat was its deck. We sat there in the sunshine, watching the farms and their cobblestone buildings glide slowly by. When we neared the landing place of some small village, some passengers would make ready to get on or off. Boys would stand on the landing offering to sell us strawberries and cherries or cakes.

At dinner time almost everyone was sent up on deck while the table was being set. When we were called to dinner we found the table set down the whole length of the cabin. It was just like a big family dinner. The boat captain sat at the head

and carved the meats. The vegetables were placed so that we could all help ourselves.

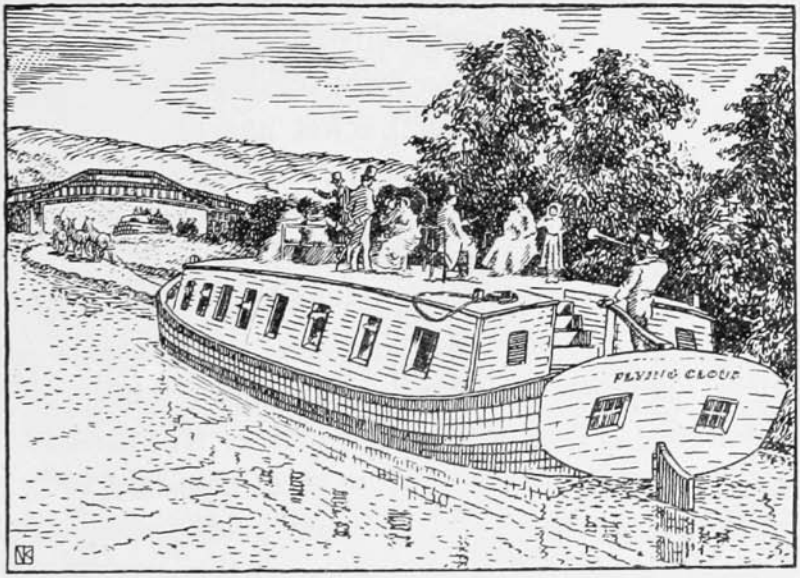
After dinner I hurried back on deck. I was much surprised to see several of the men jump off the boat and walk along the towpath behind the horses. They wanted to stretch their legs after their big dinner. After walking for some distance, gathering a few flowers from the side of the bank, they jumped back onto the boat. They gave their flowers either to a young girl or to one of the old ladies. Then they took a chair and began to snooze. They would wake suddenly when the captain called out, "Low bridge!" I watched the big folks duck and double up so that the bridge would not knock off their hats or push them into the canal. Most of the bridges were high over my head.

About nine o'clock I was put to bed in a top berth. I did not go to sleep for a long time because a group of Negro players began to sing and dance on the deck above me. Everybody tried to have a jolly time on the boat, but my mother was tired of it when we reached Rochester. She said that the berths were not real berths at all; she called them hanging shelves made to hold books or small packages. I enjoyed my first ride on the packet boat, but I was a small package myself in those days.

The Grandest Playground in the World

By Rossiter Johnson

Several years ago one of Rochester's authors, Rossiter Johnson, wrote about the games the boys used to play when he was growing up in Rochester. He called his story "The Grandest Playground in the World," because he had a good time here as a boy. He described the games



A Packet Boat on the Erie Canal

the boys played in the Genesee Gorge and in Deep Hollow, and told about their trips after chestnuts, butternuts, berries, birch bark, whistle-wood, and fish when they were lucky. Rossiter also told about the fun they had on the canal boats:

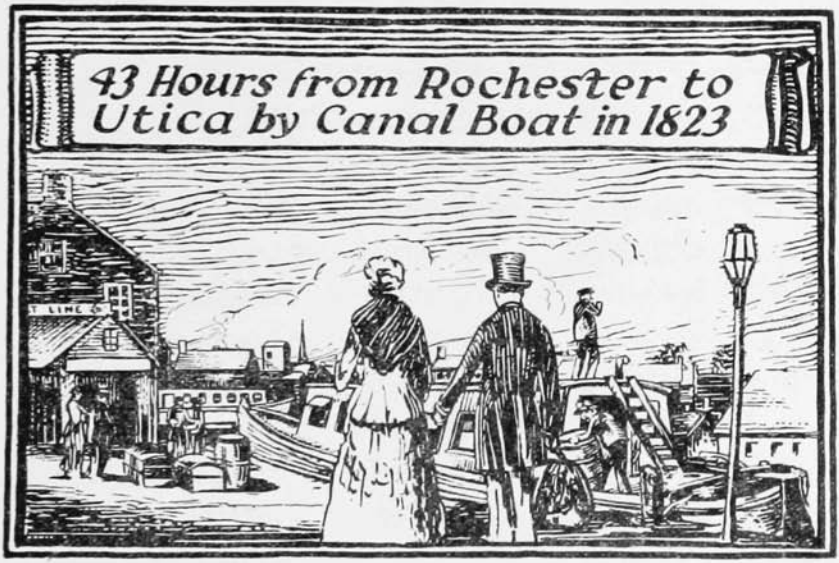
Our playground had still another feature. This was the Erie Canal. Our school geography told us it was the longest canal in the world. It was very pretty to see the packet, *Red Bird*. It had white sides and red window-blinds. Every afternoon it left for Brockport carrying the passengers who had come to the city for the day.

The *Red Bird* was drawn by three horses hitched in tandem, and going at a trot. Boats that it met or passed had to drop their towlines to let it by. At her prow this packet had a sharp iron curved like a sickle. If any driver failed to stop his horses and drop his line under the fast *Red Bird,* the line would be cut in two.

This boat seemed to us boys to be like the scythe-armed chariots which we read about in Bloss' "Ancient History," and we always hoped to see the sharp iron prow cut a towline. But for some reason I never saw a towline meet this fate. And I never saw a high towline or low bridge sweep the deck, throwing the dignified old gentlemen who sat on the deck with their gold-headed canes into the canal. Youth has its disappointments!

Many of the boatmen had not forgotten the days when they were boys. Some of them did not mind when we dropped from a low bridge onto the

top, or deck, of their boats. We would then ride a mile or two out into the country, talking to the helmsman who steered the boat so that it would not bump the side of the canal.



When we were ready to go back the helmsman would run the boat over near the edge and we would jump off onto the towpath. We usually got off near a bridge and waited for a boat going back to town. Most of the boatmen were glad to give us a ride, for their work was slow and tiresome. Few of the boats carried passengers at that time, because most of the travelers in the sixties pre-

ferred to use the trains when they could get them. But we boys never got tired of these slow rides on the freight boats.

Much Ado About Snow Storms

By an Old Citizen

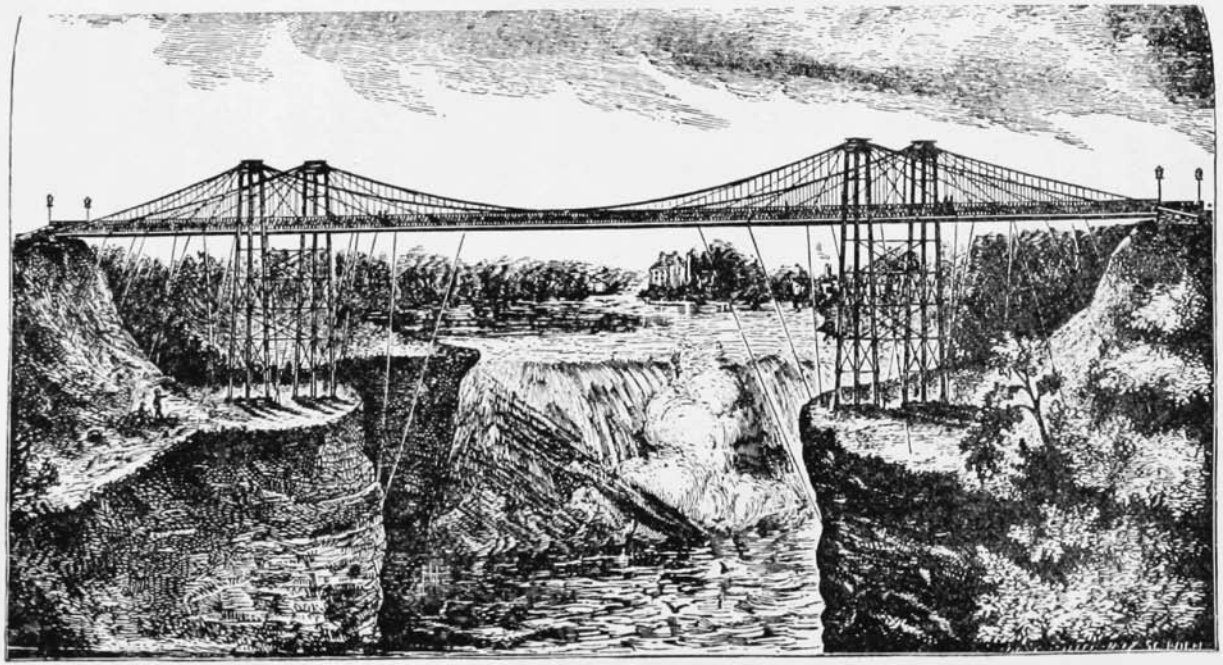
Since the snow storms started last December (1878) we have had a bad winter. The constant fall of snow and the frequent drifts caused by strong winds have blocked many of the streets and roads of the whole Genesee Country. The loss of life and property has been great. And many people have asked me to say whether this is the worst snow storm Rochester has ever had.

Looking over my records I find, beginning in January, 1839, the report of a storm that brought two and a half and three feet of snow to this region. An old resident in this city tells me that he tried to drive to Charlotte during that stormy winter. He found the roads very badly drifted near Hanford's Landing and Hopper's Hollow. At these points the people had tunnelled the drifts in order to get through. This old resident says that his horses did not wish to pull the sled into the snow tunnel and only did so when they received a sharp command from the driver.

Again, nearly ten years later, we had a very heavy fall of snow in January. I remember that Buffalo Street from the Bull's Head to the Old Eagle Hotel corner was blocked with drifts for many days. A few people attempted to break through, but they were completely swamped by the drifts and had to turn back.

In 1856, snow started in January and continued into February and March. The roads and even the railroads were blocked with snow. Then in April the weather turned warm and the snow and ice began to thaw. On Sunday, April 6th, the ice in the river broke up as far north as the rapids and came down, rushing onto Main Street bridge with a mighty wrath. Thousands of people came to watch the slow movement of the great ice jam that gathered between the bridge and the aqueduct. It seemed to threaten the safety of the bridge and of the buildings that lined its north side. But the bridge held, and the first rush of the ice made its way between the piers before the second and third ice flow arrived.

The next year a heavy snowfall came in April. The suspension bridge built a few months before over the Genesee River at the lower falls was loaded with a great burden of wet snow. It could



THE CARTHAGE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OF 1856

not stand the strain and fell into the gorge. It was "a thing of beauty" but did not prove "a joy" very long. Are there not some left, with the writer, who had their hair stand on end as they thought how lately they had crossed that same bridge?

Snow fell all through January, 1865, making it two or three feet deep. There was fair sleighing until the latter part of the month. Then fierce dashing winds piled the great mass of snow in large hills, leaving many fields and roads bare. In March, from the 10th to the 12th, a heavy snowfall again blanketed the valley. The next day south winds brought not only warm weather but also heavy storm clouds and the rain fell in torrents.

The rain fell through the whole Genesee Valley. The deep blanket of the snows of the long, hard winter started to melt. Soon all the water began to run down the many streams forming a mighty flood in the river.

The waters soon filled the river channel, overflowing all banks on their way to the Genesee Flats at Mount Morris. Here and at Geneseo and other places the flood was held back a few hours, long enough to spread great lakes over these flats. Houses, barns, stacks of hay, cattle and sheep, fences and all wooden or light farm fixtures were

floated off the ground and carried into the mighty stream.

Finally on St. Patrick's Day, Rochester had a flood rushing down upon it! The waters rushed over the river banks, they poured over the canal aqueduct and into the nearby streets. The flood waters could not get under Main Street bridge, so they burst through the houses that lined its northern side and surged down Front Street. Parts of houses and barns were mingled with furniture and other articles washed from houses in the city. It was a great sight but it brought loss and ruin to many people. After the water had rushed on to the lake, the people began to clean up and to repair the damage. Many people said that the city should do something to prevent another flood. Someday we may wake up and get ready for the time when angry waters rush upon our city again.

[Many years after Edwin Scrantom wrote his "Old Citizen Letters" the city did wake up and get ready for future floods. Many big stones were taken out of the river bed, and two dams have been built to regulate the flow of water, so that there is little danger that flood waters will rush through our streets again.]

UNIT SIX

Varied Industries and Many People

The City Turns from Flour to Flowers

The years brought many changes to Rochester and the Genesee Country. A fertile soil, a favorable climate, and hard-working people helped our city grow. But the new routes of trade caused this growth to turn in new directions. Several new industries came to Rochester and many different peoples settled here. They soon found jobs beside the grandchildren of the first settlers in the many shops and factories.

The Erie Canal and the railroads were a great help to the farmers and millers. Boats and trains carried flour and other products to eastern markets. But many settlers from the East only passed through Rochester on their way to lands further west. They were soon busy raising wheat and other products on their western lands. Mills were built in younger western cities to make flour. The canal and the railroads also helped these new west-

ern people ship their products to the eastern markets. In time they shipped more wheat and flour than Rochester did.

After nearly fifty years as the chief milling center, Rochester had to admit that it was no longer the "Flour City." A city with a beautiful name, Minneapolis, at the falls of the great Mississippi River, claimed to be the new "Flour City." Several big mills still ground many barrels of flour here, but their owners slowly turned them to other uses. Only one mill still grinds flour within the city today. More than fifty years ago Rochester had to look around for another nickname.

Many other industries were already active in our city over fifty years ago. Some people thought we should call Rochester the "Shoe Town" because so many shoes were made here. Others said we should take the name "Suit City" because we made so many suits of clothes. But everybody finally agreed that "Flower City" was the best nickname for Rochester.

William A. Reynolds, oldest son of the first postmaster of Rochesterville, started the seed business here in 1834. He did not guess that it would some day become one of Rochester's leading industries. He only thought it was a good business to

start in a country that had much rich farm land and a good growing climate.

The seed business proved to be a paying one. Many farmers and other people in Rochester and nearby villages were glad to be able to buy good seeds. After a few years George Ellwanger, a young German who had been working for Mr. Reynolds, decided to buy the business. In 1840 a young Irishman, named Patrick Barry, became his partner, and they soon had one of the largest nurseries in the country. The canal and the railroads helped them to sell some of their young trees and plants to distant markets.

It was not very long before other men started nurseries here. An Englishman, James Vick, settled in Rochester in the forties. Although he held several other jobs, he soon started to grow seeds for sale. He began to ship the seeds through the mails to distant homes and farms. The flower gardens of these many nurseries surrounded the city. They helped to make Rochester into a very beautiful city. Many people stopped to look at these flower gardens. Thus Rochester became known as the "Flower City."

These nurserymen gave more than a name to Rochester. They developed many new plants and

flowers. One of these, an aster, first grown by James Vick, became known as the Rochester Aster. Now the aster is sometimes called the flower of our city. Ellwanger and Barry gave one of their nurseries to the city as its first park in 1887. Today this Highland Park, with its beautiful lilacs and its fine trees, is but one of several large parks in Rochester.

In time the city began to spread out over the fields where the nurseries were located. Homes and streets were built among the trees. This helps to explain why Rochester has so many beautiful streets where the people live in houses surrounded by trees.

Many Genesee farmers thought it would be a good idea to raise fruit for sale. The Seneca Indians had had orchards, proving that the soil and climate were favorable. Some of the Indian trees had small sour apples like our crabapples. The French and Dutch brought apple seeds with them to America and some of these reached the Genesee, adding sweet apples and peaches to the Indian orchards.

The first settlers brought apple seeds and some apple tree sprouts with them from New England. Some of them made use of the Indian orchards that

had been left standing. A man called Johnny Appleseed traveled through a large part of the country planting apple seeds. Soon the farmers along the shore of Lake Ontario, east and west of Rochester were producing many apples. The canal helped them ship many barrels of apples to market. Cider presses were built to make cider out of the apples they could not sell. At the time Rochester became a city there were so many apples that the farmers could not pick them all.

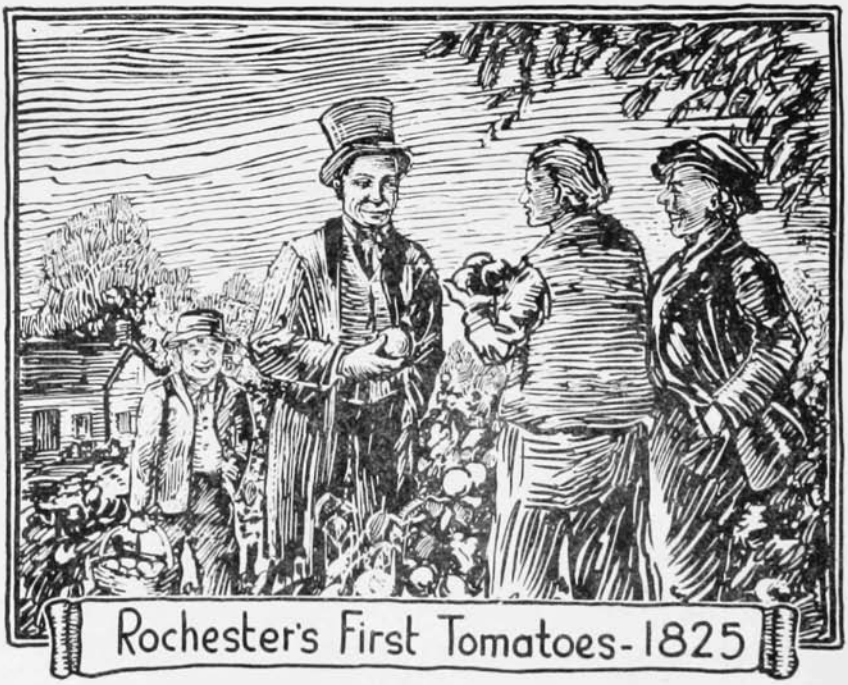
Today we grow thousands of bushels of fine apples, peaches, plums and other fruits. Every fall we have Apple Week to celebrate the harvest of this important crop.

The early settlers had oxen to pull their plows and heavy carts, and they had cows to give milk for their families. After a time the railroad and autos arrived and the farmers did not need the oxen to pull heavy loads. So today these animals are butchered to make beefsteaks. But they did not kill the milk cows because the people in the city needed a lot of milk. The farmers, therefore, raised many more cows. Today when we drive out into the country we can see herds of cows picnicking in the fields.

Other farmers began to grow many vegetables

for sale in the city. The swamp land that gave the first settlers so much trouble proved to be very good land for most vegetables. Among the vegetables that became very popular was the tomato. So many tomatoes were grown that some spoiled. But in 1868 the Curtice Brothers decided to boil these up with spices to make ketchup. This has since become an important product of this region.

In the late summer you can tell where people are making ketchup and chili sauce by the spicy



Rochester's First Tomatoes-1825

odors. Much tomato juice and many other vegetables and fruits are also canned in this region. They are packed in small cans and bottles for sale in our stores and for shipment to distant markets. Thus Rochester still helps the farmer market the products of the rich soil of the Genesee Country, just as the millers did in the early days.

Shoes, Clothing, and Other Industries

As Rochester grew to be a big city, several industries grew up with it. Some of them did not depend so much on the rich soil of the valley as on the skill of the people who came to live in the city.

A few of the early settlers had opened shops in which they made and repaired the shoes of the villagers. They did this work by hand with the aid of a few simple tools. It was hard work to cut the leather and sew the pieces together so that they would fit the foot. In 1852 Jesse W Hatch, one of these shoemakers, first used a sewing machine to sew the pieces of leather together. This was a very important invention and helped Rochester to become a great shoe town. Fifty years later there were sixty shoe factories making shoes in our city. Many people still find jobs in shoe factories in Rochester.

Jehiel Barnard, the first tailor, did not dream that he was starting one of Rochester's biggest industries. But, as the village grew, other men learned this trade in order to supply everybody with suits of clothes. Most of these suits were made to the measure of the buyer. Soon many travelers passed through Rochester on the canal or railroad, and some needed to get suits quickly. So a few ready-made suits of varied sizes were kept on hand. Today most of us buy ready-made suits.

It took a great deal of skill to make good clothes. Many people who knew how to cut and sew came to live in Rochester and they helped this industry to grow. Some people said that these new people were foreigners, but they found jobs, and most people were glad to have them settle in Rochester. The city soon became one of the leading producers of men's suits. Clothes for women, buttons, sweaters, ties, and many other things to wear are now made in Rochester.

As the city grew in size many of the other early trades grew into big industries. This was true of the printer's trade. After Mr. Dauby left the village when his printing shop burned, Everard Peck continued at this trade for several years. Soon other printers came and set up shop here. Many news-

papers and many more books and circulars were printed in Rochester. Today many people work in several large printing houses. You can see the presses running off the daily paper every day in the Times Building at Broad and Exchange Streets. These presses are very large and run swiftly, using electric power. They are not much like the early hand presses which the first printers used.

An industry which grew up along with the growth of printing was that of paper making. The early printers needed paper mills because it was hard to bring enough paper from the east. Later these mills shipped their paper to other parts of the country. About 1880 one of these paper mills started to make paper boxes to ship things in. The people liked these boxes and many different kinds were needed. So this became an important industry for Rochester.

As many more people came to live in the city, more stores were needed. The earliest stores were general stores that sold almost anything. In time some stores sold only one kind of article. Some sold only books; some only vegetables; and some only clothing or drugs.

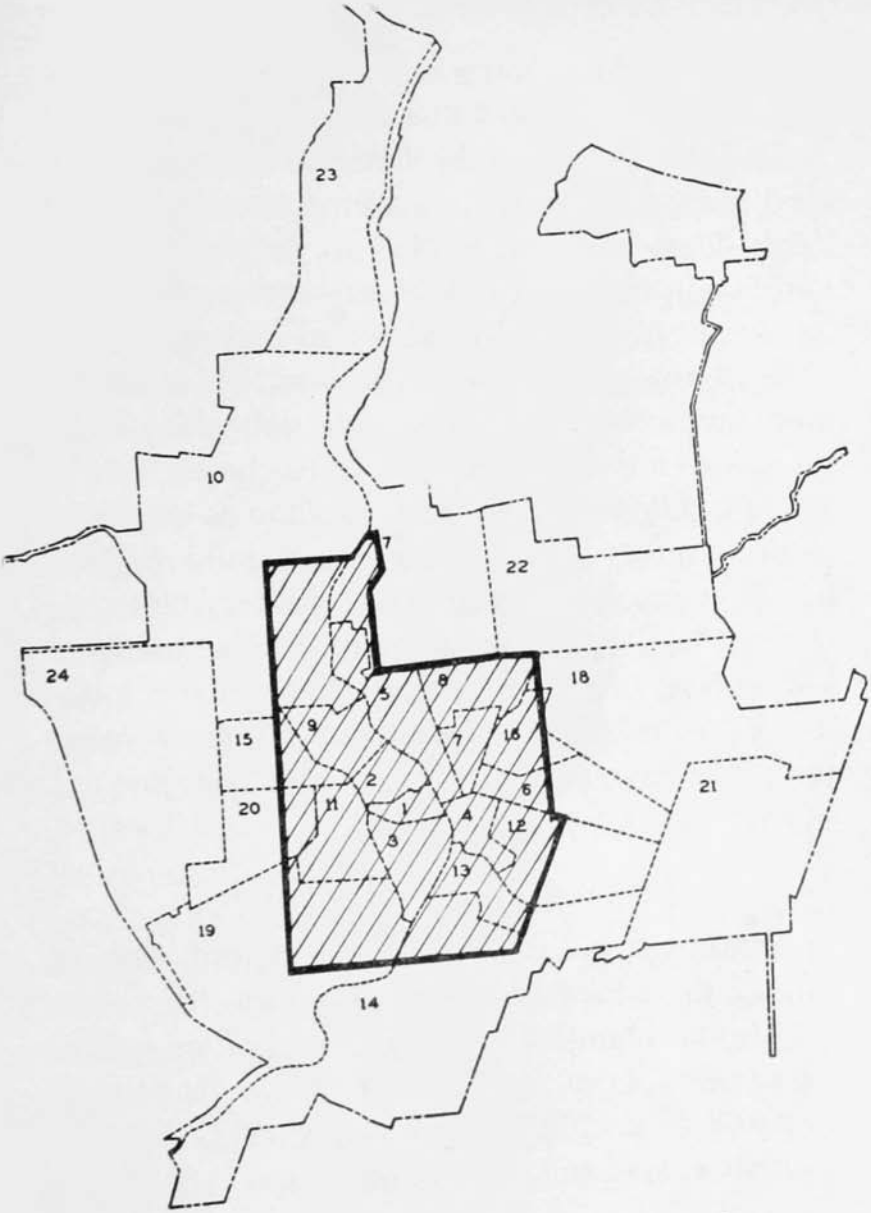
We have many of these small stores today where you can only buy one special kind of article.

But we also have some big stores today where you can buy almost anything you want. We call these department stores and they fill big buildings in the center of the city. Thousands of people wander around the counters on the many floors of these stores every day. There are hundreds of clerks there to sell you what you need. At Christmas time these department stores become very crowded as people rush to buy presents for their friends.

So many travelers came to Rochester that more taverns had to be built. Soon they called these taverns hotels. We have several very big hotels in Rochester today. There are many bedrooms in each hotel, and the travelers rent these rooms for as many days as they plan to stay in the city. If these travelers decide to live in Rochester, they build or rent a house or part of a house, because there they get more room at a lower cost.

The hotels have dining rooms for travelers to eat their meals. So many people now eat their lunches in the city that many restaurants and lunch rooms have been built. Here many people can get food when they are hungry. But most of the people eat and sleep in their homes.

The growth of the city made the building of new homes a very important industry. For many



THE CITY OF ROCHESTER IN 1834 WAS MUCH SMALLER
THAN THE SAME CITY ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER

years most of the people in Rochester lived in their own homes. They bought small pieces of land and hired carpenters to build houses for them on this land. Sometimes they lost their jobs and fell into debt. Then they had to give up their own homes and live in houses rented from other people. Today about half of us live in rented houses or parts of houses called apartments or flats. We still need more and better houses, and the job of building them is an important industry in Rochester.

The building industry has much to do and gives work to many men. They must build houses, hotels, stores, factories, bridges, theaters, churches and schools. Many kinds of jobs must be done. Carpenters, bricklayers, masons, plumbers, plasterers, paperhangers, painters and many other tradesmen help to build the buildings that line our city streets.

Jobs for Skilled Workmen

While the industries we have described were enough to make a large and busy city, Rochester has also become the home of several other special industries. Many fine instruments are made here and sold to people all over the world. This has brought money and fame to our city.

Several of these industries started from the skill of one or two men. When a person makes something that no other person has ever made before, we call him an inventor. Rochester has been the home of many inventors, and their inventions have started several new industries. Large factories have been built and many skilled workmen are needed to keep them running. These industries have grown because many people need their products.

Some of you wear glasses. Very likely the lenses in your glasses were made in Rochester. If you will look very carefully at the lenses, you will see that they are not flat like window glass. When men make window glass they roll it out as flat as possible. But the men who made the lenses of your glasses had to grind and polish the glass in order to shape it to fit the needs of your eyes. This job required a great deal of skill.

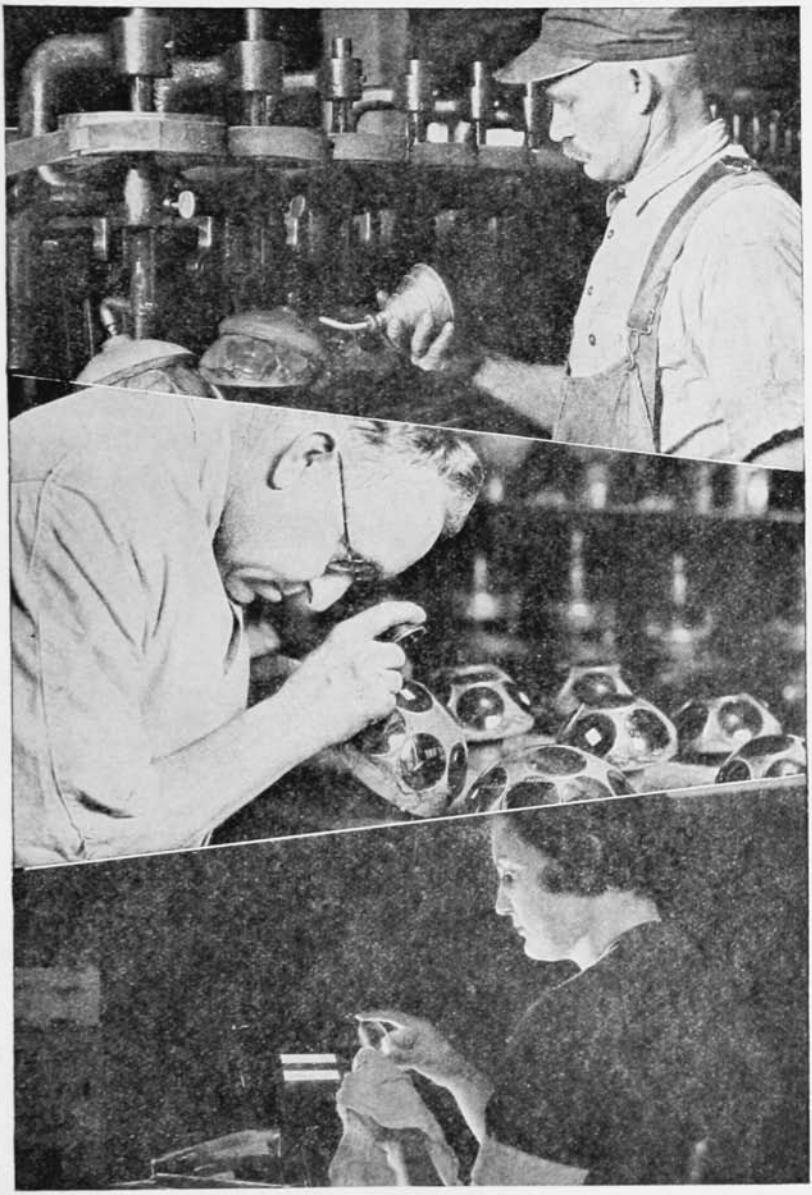
The first man who came to Rochester with enough skill to grind lenses was John J. Bausch. He came from Europe, where he had learned this trade, and settled in Rochester in 1853. Another young foreigner, Henry Lomb, helped Mr. Bausch open an optical store and start a factory. Soon they had so many orders for glasses that they hired

other men to help them grind and polish lenses.

Glass has some very strange and wonderful uses. If it is cut in one way it sparkles in the light. If cut in another way, it makes things look very large. We call such glass magnifying glass and we use it to help us read small print. Sometimes we put this glass in telescopes to help us see distant objects. With a good telescope we can see mountains and lakes on the moon. Doctors use this glass to look at a drop of water or milk. They can see small creatures called microbes in a drop of dirty water. Those small microbes would make us sick if we should drink that water.

There are many important uses for glass that has been carefully cut and ground into different shapes. Thus the industry started by Bausch and Lomb has grown into one of the biggest and most important in Rochester. Many men find good jobs there today.

About the same time that Mr. Bausch began to grind lenses, two other skilled workmen, David Kendall and George Taylor, began to make thermometers. Everybody was interested in the weather. Many bought thermometers to hang on their porches and in their houses. Every morning the father would look at the thermometer to see



MANY WORKERS MAKE OUR LENSES

how cold it was. If it was very cold he would fix a good fire before he went to work to keep the house warm.

It was important to have good thermometers. Kendall and Taylor made very good thermometers so their business grew. Today we use thermome-

IT WAS HARD WORK TO TAKE A PICTURE FIFTY YEARS AGO

ters to tell us when the radiators of our cars are too hot or too cold. We use these instruments in many ways, and the Taylor Instrument shops hire many skilled men to make them for us.

William Gleason was another important Rochester inventor. In 1876 he started to cut gears by

machine in his factory. Gears are wheels with cogs on them and they make other wheels go around. Some gears make the wheels go fast and others make them go slowly. That is why a driver shifts gears on his car when he wants to change his speed. Very many gears are needed in all of our machines, and this industry is a very busy one.

Many other industries in Rochester make important products. Some make the tools and chairs used by dentists when they fix our teeth. Other factories make telephones, radio sets, typewriters, and many other things which we use every day. Recently a factory has been built here to make automobiles.

The Kodak factory is the largest in our city. It was just fifty years ago that George Eastman made the first kodak. It was a simple camera that everybody could use. Before the kodak was invented the camera was hard to use and only very skilled people could take good pictures. Many people bought kodaks and Mr. Eastman had to build a larger factory and hire more men.

When motion pictures were invented, many more orders came to the Kodak factory from Hollywood in the Far West. So many motion pictures and snapshots are made today that the Kodak fac-

tory is very busy. It gives work to many men and brings much money to Rochester.

Before Mr. Eastman died in 1932 he became very rich. He got so much money from his factory that he decided to give a lot of it to our city. He gave many large gifts, but the largest were to the schools. He wanted to help the boys and girls learn to become skilled workmen and artists.

All of these industries need a great many skilled workmen. One kind of skill is needed to grow fruits and vegetables. Another kind of skill is needed to make shoes or clothes. Still other skills are needed to grind glass or make cameras.

Many of the jobs need men and women with skillful hands. That is why we learn to draw and to make things out of plasticine. Many of the jobs need people skilled in using figures. That is why we study arithmetic. We study many other things in school so that we can grow into useful workmen and citizens.

A City of Many Different Peoples

Many people have helped build our city. The early settlers worked hard to clear the ground and put up a few cabins. Every year more people came to join in the work of building the city. The men

who take the census tell us that nearly 400,000 people now live in the Rochester area where only a few lonely cabins stood one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

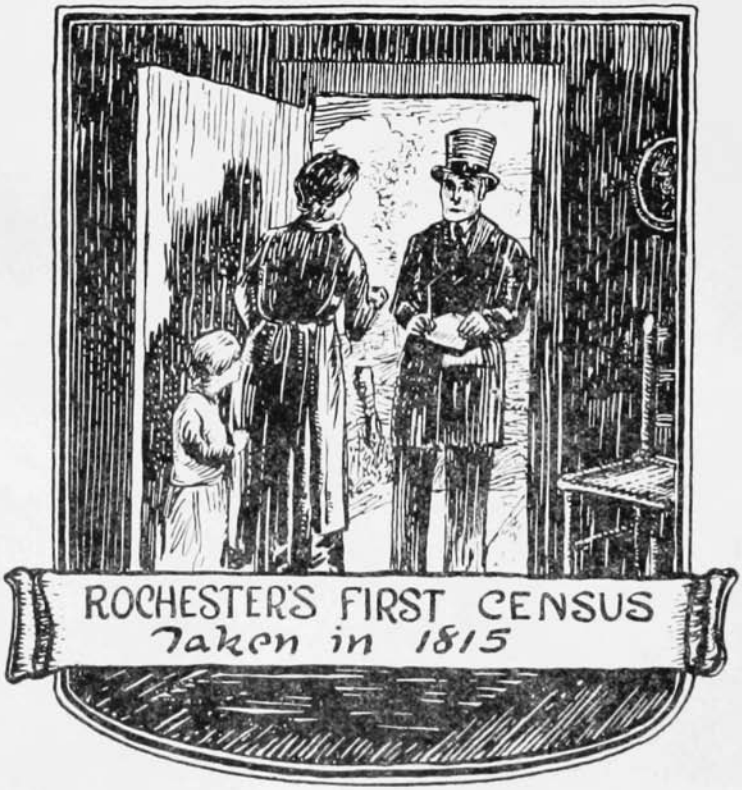
TODAY IT IS EASY TO SNAP A PICTURE

These people came from many different places. They had different creeds. They did not all look alike, and they wore many different kinds of clothes. Some were rich and some were poor, and they had different skills. There were a great many differences, but they all came to settle in one city.

After they had lived together for a time they

learned to work together. The newest settlers always seemed odd to the older settlers. For a time they were called foreigners. But when they found jobs and were able to prove that they had special skills, the older settlers forgot that the new ones had looked funny at first.

After the old and the new settlers had worked together for awhile they began to buy the same



clothes, to go to the same schools, and to marry one another. Thus, in time, they became more like each other. Then, when other new settlers arrived, the earlier groups would get together to laugh at the queer new folks! But it was lucky they could laugh once in awhile, for there was much hard work to be done and many problems to be solved. A little laughter helped them to live together, but sometimes it hurt the new people more than the earlier settlers knew.

Most of the first settlers came from New England towns. They were called Yankees, and the few settlers who came from Maryland and Virginia thought at first that many of the Yankees were a pretty poor lot. But they were sturdy people and did not shirk hard work or spend their money foolishly. Soon they produced some of the leaders of the village. Some of them married the daughters of the southern gentlemen, and their differences disappeared.

These early settlers from New England were not all alike. Some were of English blood and some were Scotch and Scotch-Irish. Some few were of German origin. But they had lived and worked together in New England and eastern New York for so long that it was hard to tell them apart.

For many years more people came from New England and other parts of the East, and more Scotch and Scotch-Irish people came from their homelands. These new settlers spoke the same language, attended the same churches, and had many of the same customs that the earlier settlers had. They soon found jobs and helped to add to the growth of the city.

It was not very long before a new group of settlers began to come from Ireland. They called one of their settlements Dublin after one of their home cities. The earlier settlers thought they were very funny because of their clothes and the queer way they spoke. The earlier settlers laughed at many good jokes on the Irish. But when the Erie Canal was built, the Irish did most of the work. Their Catholic churches grew to be very important. Many of their boys thought it would be nice to become a policeman and wear a uniform. Some found other jobs and many of them have become leaders in politics and other fields.

The Germans began to come to Rochester about as early as the Irish. They spoke a language which the older settlers could not understand. They soon learned to speak English, but many times a German word would pop out in an English sentence. That

caused the older settlers to laugh. It was not very long before most of the strange words disappeared. The joke was really on the older settlers, for many of the strange words were still there, but everyone was using them and so no one noticed that they were strange!

The city was soon glad to adopt the German settlers as well as some of their words. These Germans were good singers, they wanted schools for their children, and they liked picnics and athletic games. They were also good workers; so the older settlers were glad to sell them land or rent houses to them. For a time the Germans lived together in special parts of the city, but their children went to the schools of the older settlers. They liked gardens with lots of flowers and thus they helped Rochester become the "Flower City."

Not all of the Germans went to the same churches. Some of them belonged to Protestant churches, a few to Catholic churches, and many to Jewish synagogues. The earlier Protestants welcomed the German Protestants and the Irish Catholics welcomed the German Catholics. But they all thought the ways of the German Jews were strange. The Jews went to their synagogue on Saturday rather than Sunday, and their clothes were differ-

ent in many ways. So there were many jokes on these new settlers.

But the Jews were skilled people in many ways. They could sell almost anything and they were quick students and learned a lot. Soon they began to make and sell clothing, especially men's suits. Before long the people were all dressing in clothing made by the Jews. If one of the early settlers in the country came to town wearing an old-fashioned suit, he was laughed at as a "hayseed." Thus the Jews had the last laugh at the old settlers.

Not long after the German Jews had won a place in Rochester, a different group of Jews began to come here and find homes. These were the Polish and Russian Jews. They seemed very queer to the German Jews and to the other people of Rochester. But the earlier Jews welcomed them when they saw what good workers they were in the clothing factories. Many of these new settlers found other jobs and showed skill in different ways. Their children made good grades in the public schools and soon they began to feel at home in Rochester.

Many other Polish people and a few Russians settled here. It was hard to understand them at first, but the young people soon learned English

in school. They were hard workers and it was not very long before some of them began to take a leading part in the city's affairs. They adopted the ways and the dress of the other people, but they liked to get together and have parties where they could wear their native clothes.

Another large group of people came from Italy to settle in Rochester. When the first ones arrived over fifty years ago the other people thought the Italians very strange. But as they were usually very gay, the people learned to like them. About thirty years ago they began to come in very large numbers. They were very fond of fruit and vegetables, so many of them opened stores to sell those products. Many started small truck gardens and some started to raise grapes. Others found jobs in the clothing and shoe factories. Today they are one of the largest national groups in Rochester. They are quickly learning to speak English and they have become an important part of our growing city.

People from many other countries have come to Rochester. There are a small number of Negroes living here, and many years ago one of our most important citizens was a Negro named Frederick Douglass. We also have a number of Canadians

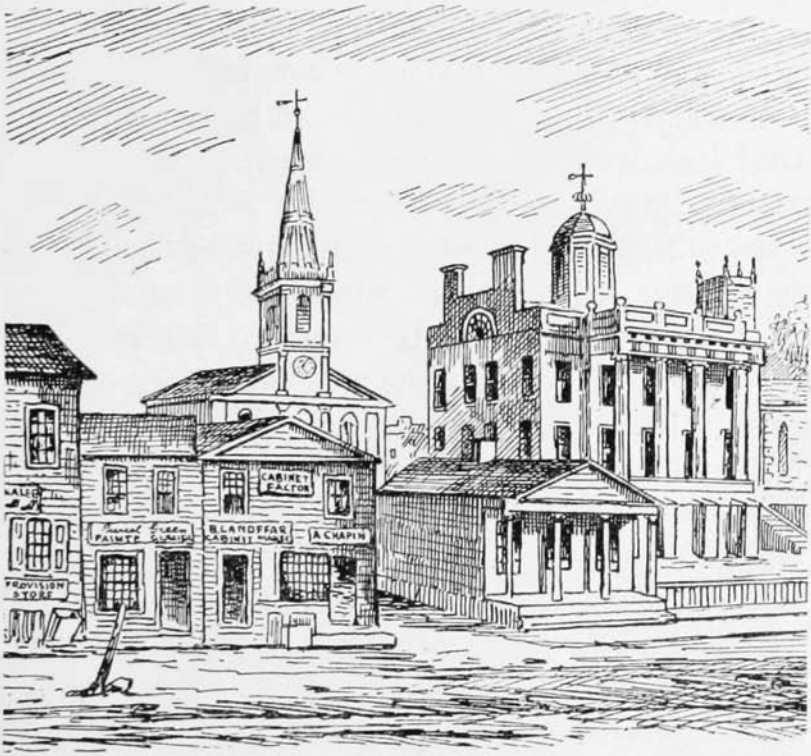
living in our city, and many people from Northern Europe. There are a few from China and other parts of Asia.

We have become so used to seeing so many different faces that we hardly notice the differences any more. Almost the only person who would surprise us today if we saw him in the streets would be one of the original settlers, a Seneca Indian. But as a matter of fact, there are quite a few Indians living here now and some of them have important jobs in our city. We are all a part of a big city, and we try to work together as good citizens.

The story of the growth of our city and our people has not always been a happy one. Some people have had a hard time to earn a good living for themselves and their families. Many of the new settlers had a very hard struggle. Sometimes there were not enough jobs, and sometimes the different people did not treat each other kindly. Many people have become rich but many more are still poor. We have all had many problems and sometimes we have formed clubs or companies or unions to try to help each other solve some of these problems.

We have our city government to help us solve these problems. When we want something done

we vote to give the City Manager power to do it. Already our city provides schools for all the children. Here you can learn about our city and its problems. Some day you will have to take hold of the steering wheel and guide Rochester's future growth.



COURT HOUSE SQUARE, 100 YEARS AGO, WAS NOT AS BUSY AS IT IS TODAY

Stories of Today

From Sunny Italy to Rochester

By an Italian boy who came to Rochester about 30 years ago.

I was not quite sixteen when I came to this country. In the old country I had lived in a beautiful Italian village. I had finished public school and was studying privately with a priest and a music teacher. My uncle had gone to America some years before and he wrote letters to me telling about that country. It seemed to be a wonderful place so I decided to go and join him.

My trip over the ocean seemed to last a year, but it really lasted only thirteen days. After I had been seasick for three days, I thought it was not so nice to leave home. I landed in New York the 21st of May, 1902. There was a great demand in the labor agency for men. My uncle took me with him in a laborers' gang to Vermont where they were building a trolley road. The work was very hard, and we had to live in a rough camp which was not at all like my home in Italy.

I started as water boy at sixty cents a day. But this was not enough to pay for my bed and food, and I soon fell into debt. I was in a very bad fix and it took me three very hard years to learn to speak a little English and to learn how to make a better living in this country. In May, 1905, I came to Rochester where I had some friends.

When I saw the big city I knew that I was the most ignorant person in Rochester. I saw other Italian boys going to work, wearing neat collars and nice clothes; most of them carried newspapers in their pockets. I was sad to see that I was not like these boys in their dress, their talk, in their way of walking, or in their manners. I had heard that Rochester was a great manufacturing town, and so had in mind to get a job in a factory. But when I realized how ignorant I was, I decided to get a job with a shovel at first.

I bought a shovel and set out with it on my shoulder to find a job. I tried a good many places, but the only job offered me was one paying $5.00 a week. I did not take it because I did not want to work for a smaller wage than I had been getting in the country. After a time I found out that hod-carriers were earning $1.84 a day for eight hours. That seemed good to me, and I took a job carrying

bricks in a wooden hod which I placed on my shoulder. The pay was pretty good, but in four months I was able to save only $10. That was because it cost so much to live in the city.

Being almost a stranger in the city I had a hard time to find a boarding place. At that time the Italian colony was not as large as it is today. At the house where my friend was boarding, there was no room for me, but the landlord said he could make room if I got my own bed. I bought a small bed with the little money I had, and it was crowded into a room with three other beds. This left us very little room in the house to sit down. It was not very nice to sit in the alley after coming home tired from work. So most of my free time I spent in a pool room and at the Corinthian Theatre. Here I spent most of my wages.

As winter approached I knew the outside job was going to stop soon. On rainy days I started to look for a factory job. I had bought some better clothes, and I was able to make a better appearance than at first. Finally, in October, I got a job in a wood-working factory. I got $1.30 a day for nine hours but was promised more when I learned the work.

I decided to improve my English and to study

books and music. First I bought some books in Italian. Soon I was able to read them easily again, although I had not read much for many years. Then I bought an Italian-English grammar and started to learn English correctly. After a time I began to take music lessons again. And finally after a few years, I started to go to evening school. I attended Mrs. Lamb's class in No. 18 School. At the end of the season I was surprised at the progress I had made.

After several years I am still going to evening school, and since I am now married I take my wife with me. I have gone ahead quite a little in my work, and I have almost doubled my pay. But the factory dust has made a sore spot in one of my lungs, and I may have to give up my job.

I think we should have more playgrounds, social centers, and a public bathhouse. And then I can safely say that the Italians living in this city would love America.

Jean's Glasses

Just about twenty-five years ago a little girl named Jean came to live with her grandmother in Rochester. There was a lot of sickness in her home town, so she came here to go to school where the

germs would not catch her. Some of her new school mates thought she was very funny because she wore big glasses with thick round lenses. The glasses were so heavy that they often slid down her nose and everybody watched to see them fall off.

But Jean never let her glasses fall off because they were a big help to her. Soon the other children found that Jean could roller skate faster than any of them, even the boys. So they forgot that her glasses looked queer. But none of them ever knew the story about those glasses which I am going to tell you.

When Jean was just a little tot, her mother found that it was hard to teach her anything. She could not play with blocks because she could never place one block on top of another. She could not dress her dollies because she would always get the coat sleeves on the wrong arms or make some other mistake. She was always falling down stairs, or dropping something that had been handed to her, or bumping against a chair. Everybody sighed and said she was a very stupid child.

One day the doctor told Jean's mother that he would bet a cookie that the little girl needed glasses. So they bundled her up and took her to an oculist. Sure enough, they found that she could

not see anything clearly. They made some very careful tests of her eyes, but they could not find any glasses in the shop that would do much good. So they sent an order to the Bausch and Lomb factory in Rochester to have some special lenses ground and polished for her.

When the glasses came, Jean went with her mother to the oculist to try them on. They were big glasses with thick round lenses, but they just fitted her eyes. On the way back home in the trolley car, Jean saw many things she had never before noticed. When she looked out of the car window she saw that the streets were lined with shops. Each shop had a bright sign over it, and her mother said that the signs told what the shop had for sale. She saw many people on the sidewalks and buggies and automobiles in the busy street.

You would never guess what she saw that surprised her most. When they got off the car and walked to their house, her mother told her to pick up her dollie that was lying on the grass. She ran to pick it up, but when she stooped over to get it she saw something that looked strange to her. She saw that the grass was not a smooth green carpet as she had always thought. Instead it was made up of many pointed but soft green blades with

many tiny leaves growing here and there between the blades.

This surprised her very much. When she learned that the leaves were clover leaves, and that if she found one with four petals it would bring her luck, she wanted to find one right away. She could not find one there; so her mother took her into a park not far away.

After looking for a long time, she finally found a four-leaf clover in the park. She tried to guess what her luck would be. But she could not guess; so she gave it up and started to look at all the other plants and flowers in the park. She wanted to know all of their names. Soon the questions came so thick and fast that her mother learned what the luck was. She knew that her little girl was very lucky to have got a good pair of glasses. Now she would not be a stupid little girl any longer.

It was true. Little Jean soon learned the names of all the trees and plants in the park. Later she saw that her story books had writing in them as well as colored pictures. She discovered that the writing had letters that looked like the big letters on her blocks which her mother had wanted her to learn before. Now she tried very hard to learn the letters and soon she could read very fast. When

she started to school, she could read better than any of the other boys and girls.

When Jean came to live with her grandmother in Rochester she was already a good reader. After school she would put on her roller skates and skate very fast. She skated so fast that her two pig-tails would fly out behind. But now that she could see clearly, she never stumbled at the curb or bumped into anybody. She was very careful not to do that because she did not want to fall and break her glasses.

She skated fast because she was in a hurry to get to the branch library on Monroe Avenue. There she would find some books she had not yet read. The librarians learned to expect the little girl with the big glasses, and they always had some good books ready for her.

With her books packed safely in her school bag, Jean would skate back to her grandmother's house. Sometimes she would read her books out loud to her grandmother. But she would always watch to see when her grandmother fell asleep. Then she would read to herself because she could read much faster when she did not have to pronounce the big words. When she found a book that she liked, she would read it over and over.

One book that she read several times was *Pinocchio*. That was a grand story about a marionette named Pinocchio who had been carved from a piece of wood that could laugh and cry and run and do many funny things. Jean liked this story so much that she read it very carefully and soon she knew how everything happened.

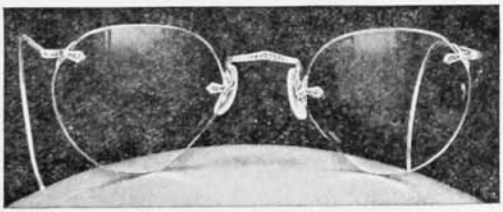
One day some actors came to Rochester to give the play, *Pinocchio,* at the theater. Jean's grandmother decided that they should both go to see it. Jean said that they should sit in the fourth row because she was in the fourth grade. So they went down in front and sat in the fourth row. Jean was very much excited because it was the first time she had been to a real theater. She had her big glasses on so that she would not miss anything.

Suddenly she saw that parts of the story were being left out. Pinocchio did not fall to sleep with his feet on the stove, and they did not catch fire and burn to ashes as in the story; and the old woodcarver, Geppetto, did not return just in time to make a new pair of feet for Pinocchio; so Jean jumped up in her seat and shouted, "That's all wrong! You've left out half the story!"

For a moment everybody was surprised. Jean's grandmother tried to hush her and pull her down

in her seat. But she stood there pointing her finger at the players who had made the mistake. When the actors and the people in the theater saw the little girl with the big glasses, they knew she was right. They all clapped for her because they were glad to see that she knew the story so well.

When Jean heard the clapping she looked around and saw all the people. Then she remembered that it was only a play and so she sat down quickly and let the actors go on. Her grandmother told her that it was only a story, and that the players could change it a little if they wanted to. Jean decided that perhaps it was all right for Pinocchio not to burn his feet, because it might hurt some, even if they were only made of wood. In the excitement Jean's glasses slid down her nose; but now she pushed them up again so that she would see clearly how Pinocchio was making friends with the other marionettes in the circus.



Many Parts of the Genesee River Are Beautiful

UNIT SEVEN

Our City and Neighborhood

What Our City Looks Like Today

Rochester has grown into a very big city. Today it spreads out over an area that is 230 times the size of the Hundred-Acre Tract. When the 1930 Census was taken, 323,132 people were found living within the city limits. Many others live in villages so close by that we think of them as living in Rochester. Counting them all we have about 400,000 living here now.

This population makes Rochester the third largest city in New York State. Only Buffalo, our western neighbor, and New York, the giant city at the mouth of the Hudson River, are larger in size. Several other states have one or two larger cities, but we stand twenty-second in rank. When you think of the size of the United States and you remember that there are hundreds of cities scattered about this vast country, you can see that we stand fairly near the front.

Indeed, Rochester is so big today that it is hard to see just what it looks like. Wherever you stand, you can see only a few of the people and a few of the buildings. If you ride from one end of your street car line to the other end, you see only a part of the city. And if you ride on all the street car lines and bus lines, you see more parts but not the whole city.

After you have seen all parts of our city, they will be like the scattered pieces of a big picture puzzle. You will have hard work putting them all together into one picture. Even if you climb to the top of the pavilion in Highland Park or to the top of the Kodak Building, you will not be able to see the entire city.

Yes, it is hard to get a full view of our city today. It was much easier to see all of it one hundred and twenty-five years ago when the Scrantom family arrived. You recall that after they had climbed over the bridge and up "Brighton Hill," they stopped at the top to catch their breath. Later Edwin Scrantom told how he could see from that spot all the lonely cabins of the entire settlement.

The place where the Scrantom's stopped to look around was near what is now the corner of East Main and South Avenue. If you stand there

today you will be shut in by tall buildings. All you can see is a lot of traffic and many people hurrying here and there or waiting for a trolley. As you look west along Main Street you notice that the street goes down a gentle slope, but you do not think of it as a hill. You cannot even see the river which flows by in front of you. The street runs right over Main Street bridge, but you would never guess it, for both sides are lined with buildings. Indeed, you can only get a peek at the river by walking down to where one of the buildings just off Main on South Water Street has been torn down.

The only way we can get a full view of our city is to take a ride on one of those airplanes you hear overhead. So let us walk two short blocks down South Avenue to Broad Street. Here we can get a Blue Bus that will take us to the airport. But the bus is not due for several minutes; so we have time to look around.

This is an interesting and historic corner. Right in front of us, across Broad Street, is the new Public Library. It is one of the finest buildings in the city. There are almost enough books in that building to supply one to every reader in Rochester, and there are many more books in the other libraries in the city.

THE ROCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARY

Perhaps you have visited the special children's room on the second floor of this building. There you can find many books with lots of colored pictures and good stories for children. I wonder if any of you have been there at 10:30 on a Saturday morning when all the children go through the secret door into the story-teller's room? There you sit around a blazing fire and listen to the story-teller—only this story-teller does not smoke a pipe or pull her stories out of a bag as the Seneca story-teller did!

But we must not stay in this building too long

now, because this is where I work, and today is my day off. You will have to come back here again and again to read the books, to hear the story-teller, and to see the many pictures hanging on the walls.

Outside again we walk around the Broad Street side to the railing where we can look over the river. Yes, that is the Genesee River. Over there, where you see Court Street bridge, is just about the place where the early settlers forded the river before any bridges were built. Of course, you know that Broad Street is built right over the aqueduct. The

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

subway runs under there now. But years ago the Erie Canal crossed the river in this aqueduct.

Now we will go back to the corner and cross over Broad Street. Do you see the stairs at the back of this building? They go down to South Water Street which you see is just about on a level with the old canal bed under us. That is about the place where the old Carthage Railroad "trains" pulled up to a stop when the driver shouted "whoa!" After the horses had stopped the coaches, the driver would call out, "End of the line. All change for the Erie Canal!" That was a hundred years ago.

But now the Blue Bus has arrived. We get on and ride across the river on Broad Street bridge. To the right you can see the river lined with big stone or brick buildings. The older ones are some of the old flour mills, still standing, but used today for other uses. You can see the backs of the buildings along Main Street bridge. I think that bridge is the only one of its kind in America, but there are many like it in Europe. Now we are turning south and soon we will be speeding out the Scottsville Road towards the airport.

An Airplane View of Our City

Here we are at the airport. We get off the bus at the fork in the road and walk past the big new hangar into the ticket office. It is a busy day here, for the clear sky and the late October season make ideal flying weather. We find that we can get a plane to take three of us at a time around the city for $2.00 each. The trip will last only about twenty minutes, but the pilot tells us we can see the entire city in that time.

Here is our shiny black plane with yellow stripes along the sides. A man helps us aboard and we settle back in soft leather seats. Each has a good window to see out. The pilot starts the motor and we taxi across the smooth field until we reach a place where we can head the plane into the light wind. Now we are speeding down the runway, and before we know it we are in the air!

We have taken to the air very much in the same way that you start your kite. You pull it against the wind at a slight angle so that the wind, blowing against its under surface, forces it up and up. Our propeller pulls us ahead, just as your string pulls your kite against the wind. Even if the wind should stop blowing we would not fall, because we

are going so fast that the air pressing against the lower surface of our wings holds us up. Fortunately we do not bob around as much as your kite sometimes does!

But look, while I have been talking we have been climbing very high. We are now about two thousand feet above the ground. Look around and you will see that there are no hills or buildings high enough to hit us. Down below we can see the winding Genesee. We turn north to follow it towards the lake.

"How fast are we going?" you ask. "One hundred and ten miles an hour," calls back the pilot. We don't seem to be going that fast, do we? But if you will look down, you will see that we are traveling right along. We have almost left the green lawns of Genesee Valley Park behind us; so we had better keep our eagle eyes busy or we shall not see all of Rochester.

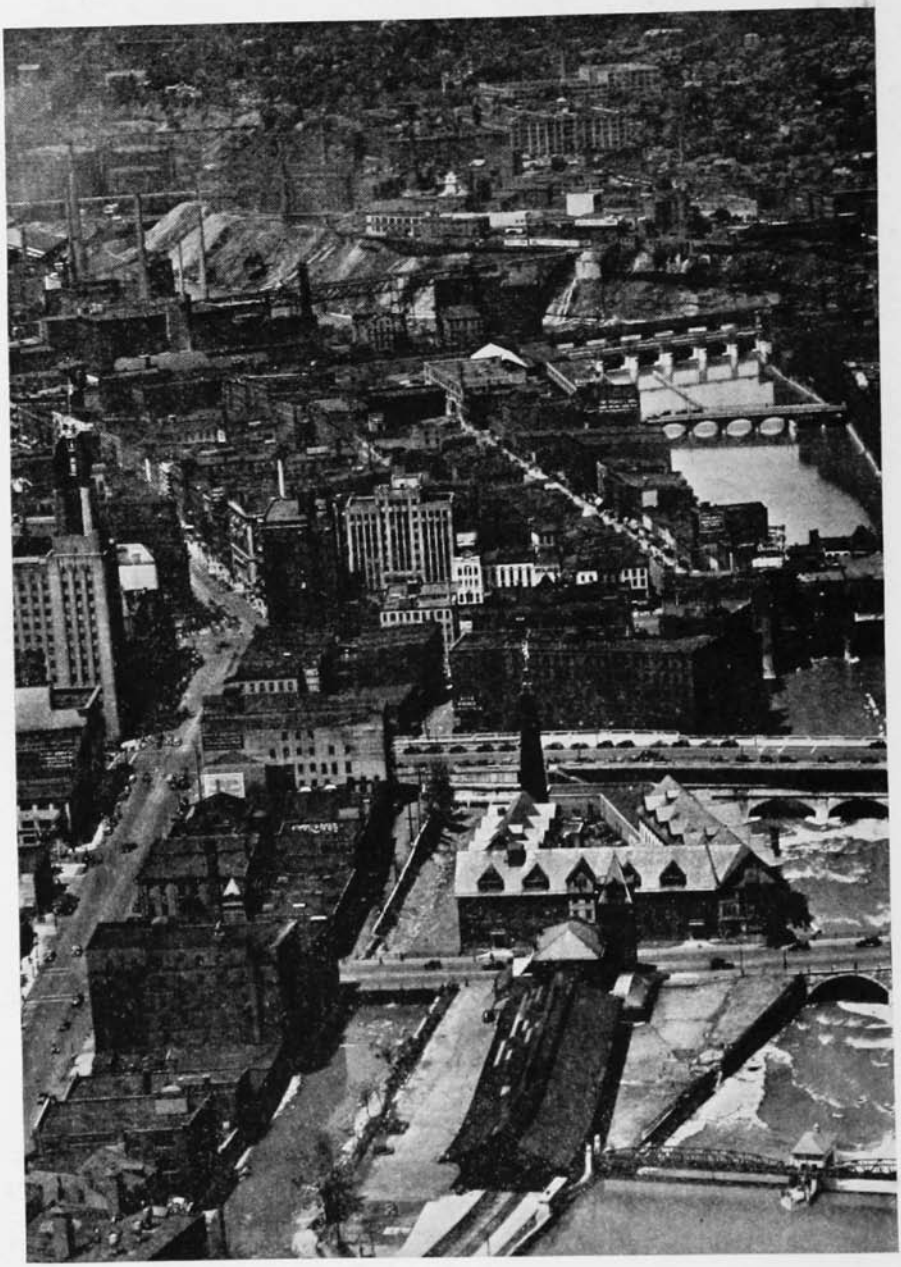
Down there in the bend of the river is the new University campus, and across the tracks is Mount Hope Cemetery. Did you know that the first grave in that cemetery was dug in 1838, just one hundred years ago? Over there to the right are some low hills partly covered with trees. Yes, that is Highland Park, although it does not look so

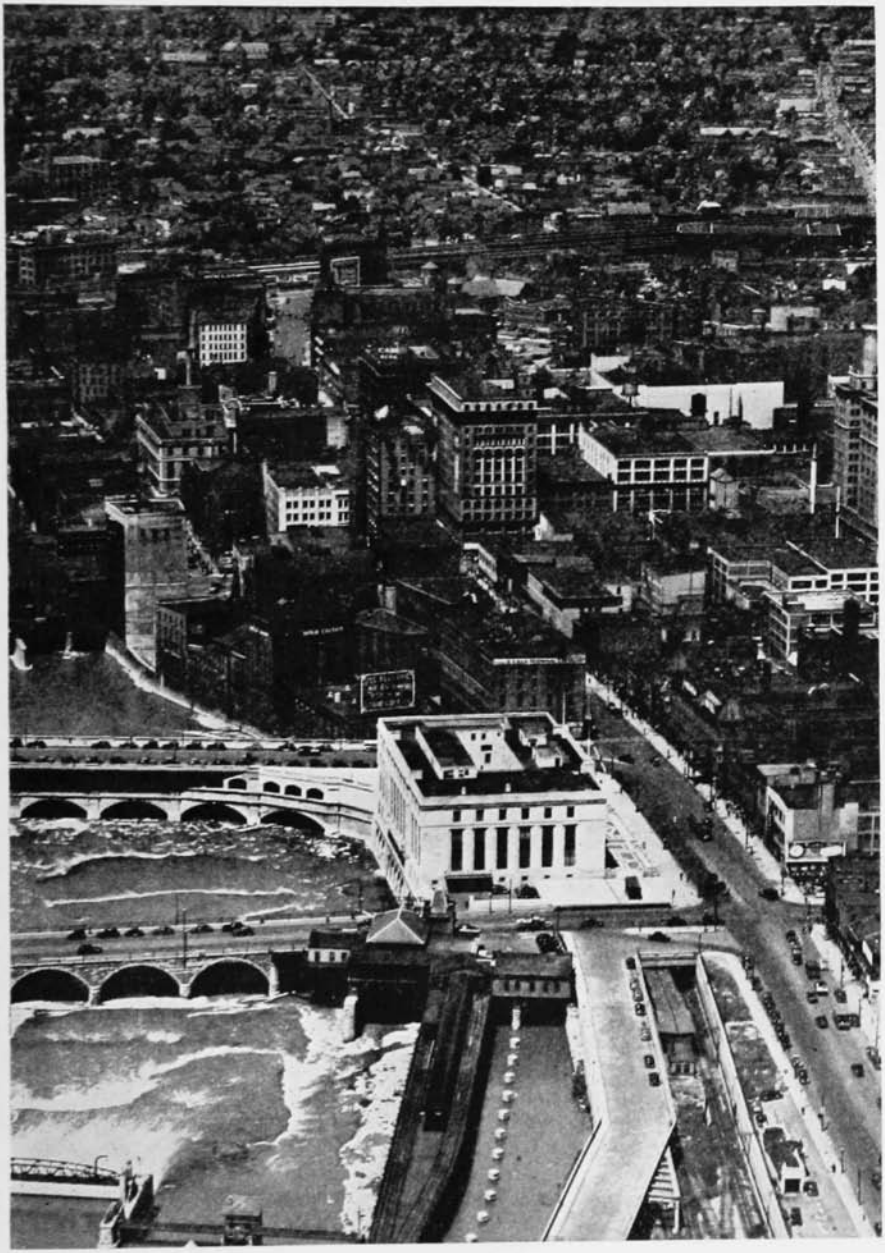
high from here, does it? Fifty years ago, before that park was given to the city, people used to walk in the cemetery on nice Sunday afternoons.

Just look out ahead down there and see what a big city Rochester is! The streets run in all directions, many of them partly hidden in the brown and yellow of the trees. Down through the center flows the Genesee River. Look at the bridges that cross that river, all of them busy with traffic. Yes, those little dots you see moving over the bridges and along the streets are the autos. See how many of them there are down there in the center. They seem to be going pretty slowly, but I guess that is because we are going so much faster.

There! Do you see that wide place in the river where the water seems to be white and foaming? Look closely, for that is the upper falls that we have just passed. It is hard to see much down there right below us, but it looks as though there were several dozen big cannons trying to get a "bead" on us!

Of course, they are only the peaceful smokestacks of Rochester's industries. But judging from the amount of smoke they are puffing up at us, there must be a lot of fire in their furnaces, keeping the people busy making things for sale.





Look ahead of us there, very near the largest smokestack, do you see that long bridge? That is the Bausch Memorial Bridge and that large group of buildings at its northeast end is the Bausch and Lomb optical factory.

The river has turned toward the northwest and we swing around to follow it. Over to the left you can see a large green area dotted with buildings. That is Edgerton Park, and there is one of the museums you go to when you are looking for models of Indian houses, settlers' stores, and many other things. That park is where you went to see the Rochester Exposition.

But look at the Genesee again. It has just tumbled down over another falls, and here is a third one right ahead of us. To get a good view of these lower falls we must look back after we have passed them. There, that is a fine view, with that long narrow bridge below us.

This bridge you recognize as the Driving Park Avenue bridge. But do you know that it crosses the river very near the place where the people of old Carthage tried so hard to build bridges many years ago? Yes, that bridge has a line of noted ancestors. The village of Carthage stood on the eastern bank of the river at this point, because the

river was navigable from the lake up to this point.

To the right over there, you see another green spot partly inside a building. That is the Red Wing baseball stadium where 18,000 people can watch our Red Wings bat out the balls of visiting teams. We call the players Red Wings, but if those earlier bridges across the Genesee at Carthage had not fallen down we might be calling our players the Carthaginians!

The pilot has turned our plane back to the river. On its western bank you see the narrow but beautiful Maplewood Park. Looking down its steep banks, you can easily guess why the Seneca Indians used to come here to hunt. Quickly, do you see that bridge ahead of us? That is the Veteran's Memorial Bridge. Its beautiful round arches make one of the most peaceful and lovely views in our whole city.

To the left, just beyond the park, you see a large group of fine buildings. That is one of the Eastman Kodak plants. When you see the size of those buildings you do not wonder that many hundreds of miles of film are made there every day and shipped to all parts of the world.

Now the river is winding along peacefully in its deep gorge. To our right is Seneca Park, one of

KODAK PARK LIES IN THE NORTHWESTERN PART OF THE CITY

Rochester's three largest parks. There you can visit the Zoo, play one of many outdoor games, or have a family picnic. To our left a little further on are the tree-covered grounds of St. Bernard's Seminary and two large cemeteries.

If you look closely, you can see somebody paddling along in a small boat down there in the river. Just ahead of us on our left is the steamboat *Ontario* standing at its dock making ready for its trip to Cobourg across the lake tomorrow morning. There are many more boats in the river from this point down to the lake. Many of them are fastened to the sides or pulled up on the low banks. Some have sails on them, and others are motor launches.

Ahead of us now is Stutson Street bridge. As we fly nearer we can see the traffic stop at both ends because the central part of the bridge starts to rise. The bridge keeper is raising the bridge to let a sailboat with a tall mast go down the river. Long before the slow sailboat has passed through the open bridge, we have reached the shore of the lake and are swinging around in a wide circle over Ontario Beach. The water is too chilly for bathers today but there are a number of children on the merry-go-round down there. They may be having a lot of fun, but we are going around much faster.

We have already crossed the Genesee and are speeding east far above the summer cottages and lakeside homes that line the beach. Soon we shall see beautiful Durand-Eastman Park ahead. I am afraid we cannot stop now and light a fire in one of its many campers' ovens, but you can come by car some day and roast hot dogs.

Now we are flying over Sea Breeze, and you can see the large expanse of Irondequoit Bay ahead. This is the bay that LaSalle entered when he came to explore this region 270 years ago. We turn our plane south and follow this beautiful bay. It is several miles long, but soon we come to its southern end. Here a broad six-lane highway dips down into the valley and quickly climbs out on the other side. You can see the cars speeding along this highway, Route 104, from the city towards Webster and other towns along the Ridge Road east of Rochester.

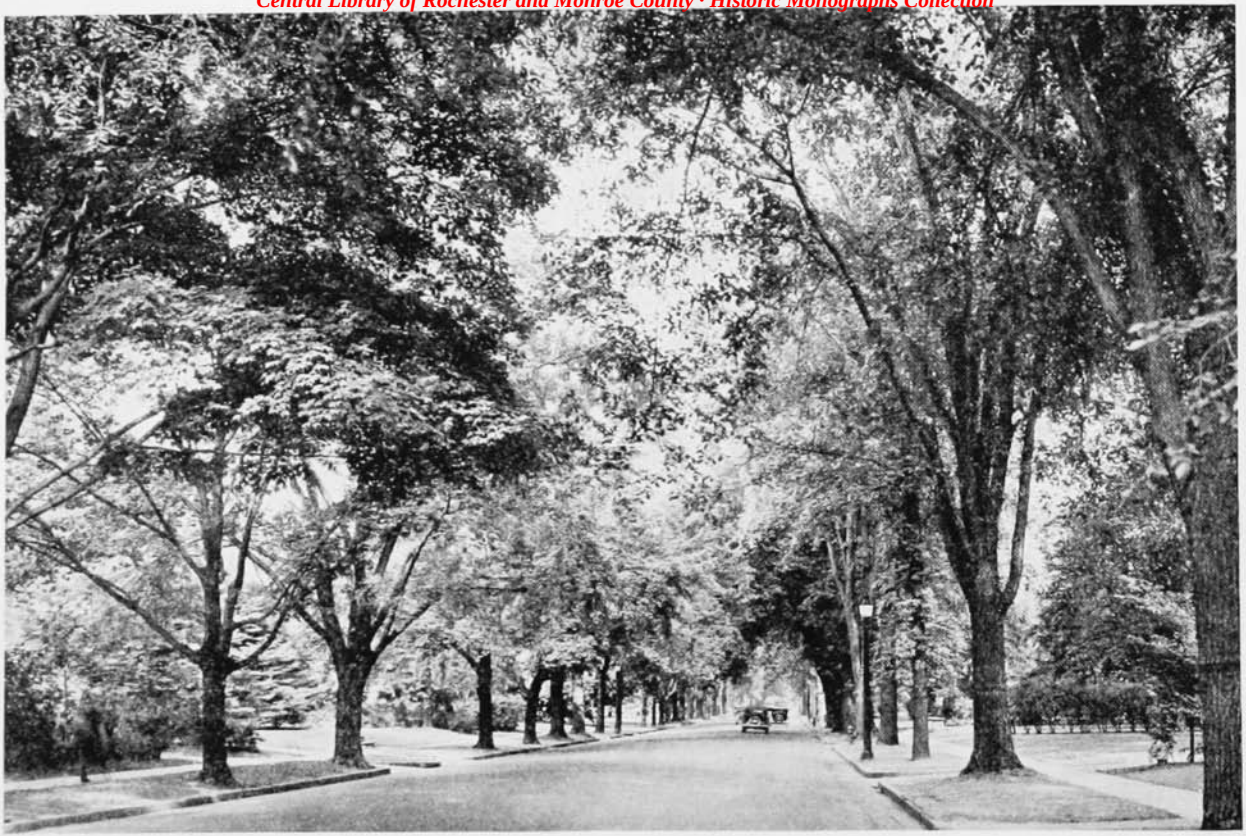
If you look sharply you can see that we are now following the winding course of a small stream. Yes, it is Irondequoit Creek, now much smaller than during the days of the Indians. Ahead of us you see Ellison Park on the marshy bottom of the deep valley. You remember that the Senecas used to paddle up to this point and land their canoes to

pack them over to the Genesee River. You can see the course they followed as they sought the easiest path. Most of them took the course south of that row of hills that lie to our right.

Let us swing to the right and head towards the first of those hills. Yes, it is Cobbs Hill, and that pool on the top is the Cobbs Hill Reservoir. We don't have time to follow any of these broad highways to the southeast, but we know that they lead to Fairport, Pittsford; Powder Mill Park, Canandaigua, and many other places.

We will turn in towards the center of the city again. To our right is beautiful East Avenue with its great elm trees standing proudly in rows. To our left is busy Monroe Avenue, carrying the heaviest loads of cars into the city. Ahead of us we see the big hotels, department stores, and factories. We have flown over this part before, but now let us look for the famous "Four Corners." Yes, there they are where Exchange and West Main Streets meet. There, near by, are the Court House and the City Hall, but the city has grown so that they do not stand out now as they used to in early pictures of the city.

To our left is the old canal bed, now used as a subway. We follow it northwest. Ahead we see the



ROCHESTER IS PROUD OF ITS EAST AVENUE TREES

Ridge Road, just starting its course westward towards Niagara Falls. We turn to the left and see the new Barge Canal ahead of us. It is dodging south of the busy city and we follow its course. We cross the Buffalo and Chili Roads, resisting the temptation to fly to Batavia, and head for the airport.

Well, that *was* a look around! We shall have to catch our breath again after such a fast trip. It took us just half an hour, for we ran over our schedule a bit. Yes, here is the extra fare for our pilot, for it certainly was worth it to get such a full view of our city.

A Tour of Your Neighborhood

Of course we have not yet seen all of our city. Nor do we know all of its history. There will always be more to see and learn. But there is one part I would like you to show me. Now that we have caught our breath and had an ice cream cone, suppose you take me to your school and show me around your neighborhood!

1. First you must show me how we can get there. Shall we take the bus from the airport back to the Public Library corner? We can walk down to Main Street again. But you will have to select

the right car or bus to take us near your school. Which do you select?

2. What direction do we go from the center of the city? That is to say, in what direction does your school lie from the Four Corners? Is it north, south, east, or west? Can you mark its location on the map?

3. Now, before we get there, can you tell me the name of your school? For whom was it named and why? Do you know how old it is?

4. We will get off the car and walk to your school. Do you know where that car goes How far do we have to walk to your school?

5. How far do you have to walk from your home to school? Which one has to walk the longest distance in the morning?

6. All the people in your class come from homes not many blocks from your school. That is what we call your neighborhood. Do you think it is something like a village within a city?

7. Do you have any stores and shops in your neighborhood? Name some of the stores and shops in your shopping center. Were there any such shops in early Rochesterville?

8. Are there any churches in your neighborhood? See if you can tell me their names.

9. Do you have a branch library, and if so, where is it? Do you have a theater in your neighborhood?

10. Is there a large or a small park in your neighborhood? How far is it from your school? Are there any historic markers in the park or in your neighborhood? If so, what historic tale do they tell?

11. Do you have any public buildings in your neighborhood? Don't forget your school house! How about a fire station?

12. Do you know what jobs the people in your neighborhood can get? Are there any factories near by, and if so, what do they make?

The Battle of the Bridges

There are many bridges in the Genesee Country because the people need bridges to help them cross the river. In the early days towns quickly grew up about each bridge. The people who settled in the towns knew that the growth of their town depended on the bridge. So each town wished to have the best bridge.

The first bridge was built at Avon about 1804. A few years later when the people at Genesee Falls (later Rochester) asked for a bridge, the people

near Avon thought it would be a waste of money. But the first bridge was finished here in 1812. Six years later the people at Carthage, just north of Rochesterville, thought they should have a bridge over the river. The idea was not popular in Rochester. But the bridge was built and opened in February, 1819.

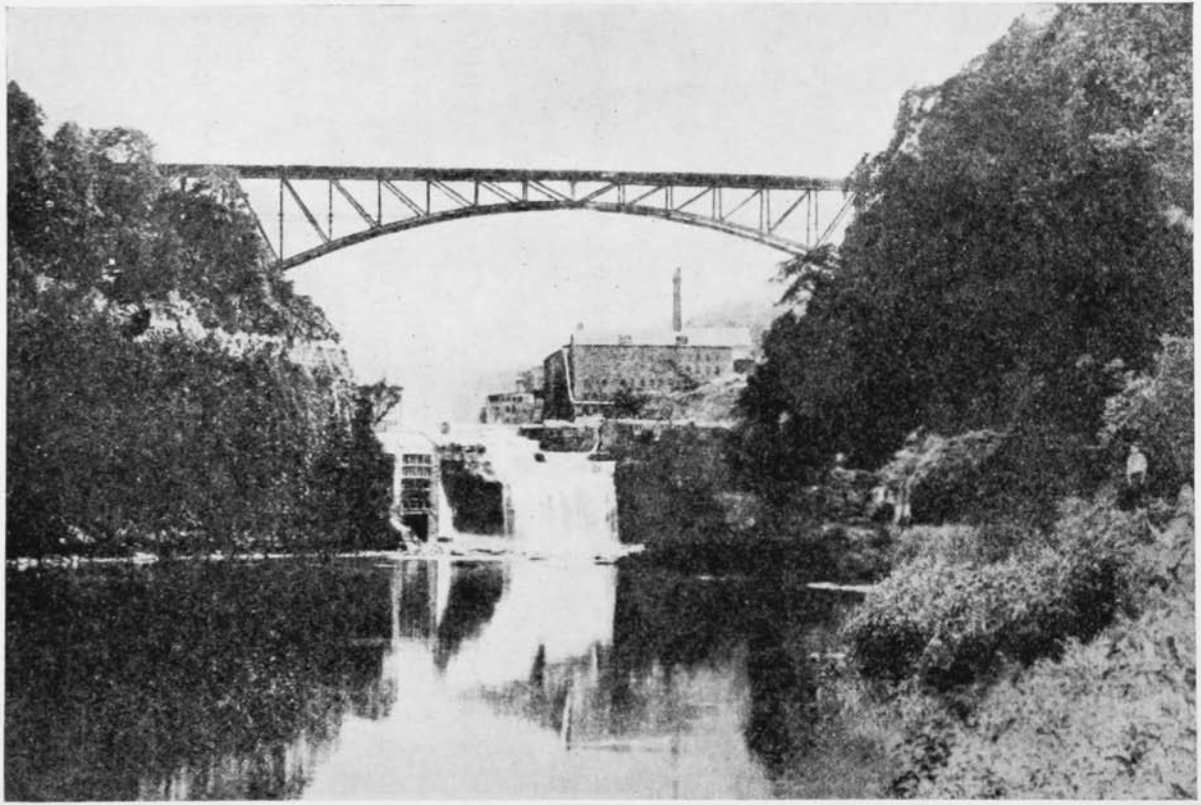
That first Carthage bridge was a famous bridge for its day. It was a single arch bridge built entirely of wood, for in those days there was not enough iron in this region to build such a large structure. The bridge was a few feet shorter than the longest arch bridge of Europe, but the Carthage arch was one hundred feet higher than that of the European bridge. It spanned the gorge just below the lower falls and carried the traffic of the Ridge Road east of the river over to join the Ridge Road west. It promised to make Carthage a trading center fit to rival Rochester, and it did draw many visitors who came to see the wonderful bridge.

But the wonderful bridge did not stand for long. The weight of the logs used in the structure was too great. After fourteen months it suddenly fell like a handful of matches into the gorge. The men of Carthage knew that they would have to

build another bridge if they did not wish all the people to use the Rochester bridge. So they built a second bridge on piers in the river above the lower falls. But the spring flood of 1835 carried it over the falls!

Long before that second disaster, Rochester bridges had really won the battle. Main Street bridge was rebuilt on more sturdy lines in 1824. But the real victory for Rochester came with the building of the aqueduct to carry canal traffic over the river. The first aqueduct was opened in 1823, although the entire canal was not opened until 1825. The first Court Street bridge of 1826 and the first Andrews Street bridge of 1837 merely clinched Rochester's victory.

The people who lived on the site of old Carthage were determined to have a bridge of their own. After they had been annexed by Rochester, they still wanted a bridge. Finally a great suspension bridge was built in 1855 near the site of the old arch bridge. It was quite a remarkable bridge and gave a fine view of the falls and the river gorge. After it was opened in July, 1856, many people in Rochester would drive their buggies or carriages north from the center of the city, over the "Bridge of Sighs" as it was called, and back on the other



DRIVING PARK AVENUE BRIDGE AND THE LOWER FALLS

side of the river to their homes. The next spring a big snow storm loaded the bridge with such a heavy burden of wet snow that it fell into the gorge.

Many years passed before another bridge appeared at this point. Finally, the Driving Park bridge was built of iron in 1890. Today people in that part of the city can use this bridge, or the Veterans' Memorial Bridge further north, when they wish to cross the river.

These bridges came too late to win the battle against the bridges in the central part of Rochester. But they did win the battle against the gorge!

The story of these bridges is very much like the history of houses, of cities, and of countries. At first a few people decide to build something. After much hard work it may be destroyed by a storm or a fire, but they try again. Possibly their sons or their grandsons have to take up the same job in order to finish it. Some jobs, like building cities, are never finished. That is the reason Rochester still needs many skilled workers to carry on the jobs started by our ancestors during the century and a half since Indian Allan built his mills at the falls.