

Dublin

By Katherine Josephine Dowling
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NOTE—Dublin was the name given to the territory on the east side of the Genesee River, south of Carthage. It included the south part of the Galusha Tract, the Gorham Tract, the Sherman Sub-division of the Andrews and Atwater Tract, and the Shamrock Tract, all lying parallel with the Genesee River, and east and west along the present St. Paul Street, between Lowell Street and Atwater Street, which later became Central Avenue.

In this volume is published the interesting paper by Mrs. Horace B. Hooker (Susan Huntington Hooker) telling the story of "The Rise and Fall of Carthage." Below appears Mrs. Katherine J. Dowling's history of Dublin. This paper is of permanent historical value, representing a great amount of patient investigation which makes all residents of Rochester, particularly those of Irish descent, her debtors.

This age above all is one of disillusion—of iconoclasm. One hero after another is stripped of his honors—nay, of his very individuality until it seems, if the process be of long continuance, that the historic gallery may eventually be mere rows of empty benches. We now pass one anniversary after another of the discovery of America, with scarcely a paragraph to mark the event. Ancient landmarks are silently disappearing; old oaks and elms are merely timber, and were it not for the efforts of Mr. William F. Peck and other public-spirited citizens a short time since would we not have suffered the irreparable loss of our old historic Indian council rock in Brighton? So to the pioneers of the Phelps and Gorham purchase, those who came forth from their peaceful New England, and to those who left beloved hearthstones in the beautiful Emerald Isle, to suffer hardships and privations that we might inherit this fair city of Rochester, I lovingly dedicate these local reminiscences of the early settlers. All their names are not inscribed on our historic pages and they need no praise from us; as for many herein mentioned, their names have long been written in letters

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of gold in the Book of Life. Here the Red Men dwelt, the Senecas—warrior keepers of the Western doorway. It is but a century since the “pale-face” came and bought the Indians’ birthright—bought their hills, their woodlands, and their valleys on the banks of Gen-is-he-yo; and the poor Senecas soon found to their sorrow that they were “sold” quite badly by these pale-faced Christian traders.

On the 12th of April, 1817, a youth left his home in Queen’s county, Ireland, and embarked for America. After several weeks on the “trackless main” the ship reached Quebec. Hearing glowing tales of a grist and saw-mill near a big falls on the Genesee river, James Dowling pushed forward to this point, reaching his destination July 14, 1817. He purchased an acre of woodland from Nathaniel Gorham of Canandaigua, situated on the west side of St. Paul street, running to the middle of the river. Here he made a clearing in the forest and built a log cabin. There was, at that time, no sign of human habitation between Carthage and Main street, except a deserted shanty built for the miller on what was of late years called “Falls Field.” There was also an abandoned frame house where the Active Hose house now stands on St. Paul street. James Dowling lived in winter in his log cabin, going in spring to work on the canals and public works through the country. Twice he walked from Rochesterville to Pottsville, Pa., the neighbors accompanying him as far as Brighton. The log house stood for thirty years. His two children were born there; Mary Anne in 1833, and Patrick J. on the 17th of March, 1837. Richard Story, the boy’s god-father, bestowed on him the name of the patron saint of Ireland, on whose feast he was born, and the young Irish-American was always proud of his patrician name. He was familiarly called Captain P. J. Dowling. He was captain of Co. K., One Hundred Fortieth Regiment, but was taken seriously ill with typhus fever in Virginia and obliged to tender his resignation. He was supervisor from the Fifth ward in 1862. The acre of land where he was born cost one hundred dollars, ten down, in 1817, the remainder was paid in equal payments in 1821-2-3-4 to Elisha Ely, clerk. Some of the first tax receipts are unique—a mere pittance, and tradition hath it that once at least a tax was paid with a big fat goose. On the same ship with James Dowling from Ireland were Richard Story, Patrick McDonald, and their families. They remained some time in Canada, but

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finally drifted to the young settlement at the "Falls," Patrick McDonald taking possession of the cabin in "Falls Field," and Richard Story the frame house near Main street. Soon after each bought an acre on North St. Paul street and five acres each around North Clinton street, which embraced McDonald avenue, Baden, Vienna, Catherine, Kelly streets, and Buchan park. In 1817 Josiah Bissell, jr., and Harvey and Elisha Ely were building the "old red mill" on Aqueduct street. Palmer Cleveland built his mill in 1818. It stood on the east bank at the Falls. It was built of stone and was sixty-two and one-half feet long and fifty-two feet wide, four stories high, beside an attic. It was afterwards owned by Abelard Reynolds. Mr. McDonald worked in Cleveland's mill.

I have often heard the dear old lady, Mrs. McDonald, tell of the hardships she endured in that miserable cabin from fever and ague, a constant fear of rattlesnakes—their dens were at the lower falls—from the severity of the winters, the bitter cold, dreadful snow storms when the drifts were mountains high, her fear of the wild animals abounding in the forest around her and her loss of sleep from the roar of the cataract in summer. Two of her sons were born in that lonely cabin, Alderman Michael McDonald and Edward. Mrs. McDonald loved to relate an incident of those early days. Her husband worked in the mill at night and her door was never locked. One frightfully cold night she awoke with a sensation that some one was in the room; a terrific snow storm was raging, the door had blown open and the snow drifted in. Hearing loud breathing she was terrified, thinking only of bears and wolves. The bright glow from the sweet aromatic cedar logs filled the little cabin. As she looked across the room she perceived a man standing on the hearth, his hands behind his back enjoying the warmth of the log fire. He stood motionless while she stared at him dumb with fright. At last she spoke in a low tone apparently to her husband, telling him he was lying on the baby. At the sound of her voice the stranger turned, apologized for his intrusion, saying he was the mail carrier from Canandaigua, that he was perishing with cold when he saw the glow of her bright log fire and made bold to enter. Oh! the sweet simplicity and innocence of those dear pioneer mothers! She accepted his explanation and told him he was welcome to remain until morning. In after years she would laugh heartily at her embarrassing situation on that memorable winter night.

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The same sweet old lady has often told me of the many long nights she would lie awake listening to the rough voices of the teamsters calling out Gee! Haw! to the yokes of oxen as they drew the heavy logs over the unbroken forest road from Hanford's landing. There was a dense forest of evergreens, hemlock, spruce and cedar trees. In that year there was a reward of ten dollars for the hides of bears and wolves and men made a living killing rattlesnakes for the three cents bounty offered. The woods were full of rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, and mink, and deer were plentiful along the river banks. Patrick McDonald built a frame house on St. Paul street. It was replaced in after years with the substantial brick residence, which later became the home of Dr. Charles Buckley. Richard Story also built a frame house on his lot adjoining, which in turn gave way to his beautiful brick residence now the home of Mrs. Abram DeVos. Those old frame houses, among the first erected in Dublin, were pretentious buildings for those days. They stood close to the road, were two stories high with long front stoops at the second story from which the children of the neighborhood would jump on the passing horse-cars and enjoy many a stolen ride to Carthage. The words "race suicide" were not included in the Dublin lexicons. Richard Story's family consisted of eight daughters and one son. Mary became the wife of Joseph Cochrane; Catherine, of James C. Cochrane; Sarah, of Thomas Sheridan; Eliza, of Matthew Rigney; Julia Ann, of Patrick Fitzsimons; Jane, Alica, and Margaret were the others and the only son is the Rev. Richard Story, of Brockport. In 1820, John Campbell came from Ireland and bought an acre lot about the present site of Platt street; it was owned in after years by Thomas Sheridan. In those days when a stranger arrived, it was customary to ask whence he came. On this occasion the answer was from "Dublin," so John Campbell was henceforth called "Dublin" and the locality likewise. Nicknames and soubriquets were more common then than now. Through the mist of years I can still see a familiar figure on the streets who was called "Waterloo."

Men were now beginning to leave their New England homes and others were coming from teeming Europe: men of thought, men of action, and hardy toilers, and with brain and muscle they worked together to found Christian homes and build a city until the wilderness vanished, and lo! "the desert blossomed like the rose," and to-day our stately city queens it on the

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banks of the Genesee. From 1817 to 1827, there were thirty-five people in this locality; we find among them the names of Hugh Bulger, Moses Cochrane, Elisha Green, Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, S. B. Bartlett, and Daniel Bowes. Moses Cochrane was the father of Joseph, John, William, Samuel, Mrs. Jameson, mother of Mrs. Jane McShea of Greece, and Mrs. Bemish, mother of Richard Bemish, also of Greece. Moses Cochrane owned the acre next to Patrick McDonald. It is said his fire never went out, and to him the neighbors came every morning for their "live coal." This was before the invention of the lucifer match in 1829. Joseph Cochrane, his son, bought the acre lot adjoining and built thereon his beautiful brick residence, quite palatial in those days. Mr. Cochrane was county clerk and a successful grocer for many years.

In 1834 we find the familiar names of Patrick Buckley, innkeeper; James Costello, Michael and William Fitzgerald, Peter Graham, Thomas Gomme, John Hall, Peter Hart, James Lowry, Richard McCauley, William Morrow, Patrick O'Donoghue, Patrick O'Malley, innkeeper; Richard and Thomas O'Malley, Alexander Roach, Robert Shields, and Timothy Whalen, father of Richard Whalen and grandfather of our distinguished young secretary of state, John Sibley Whalen. There were seventy-three residents in 1834. Michael Fitzgerald and his son William bought an acre lot nearly opposite Gorham street. They built a substantial frame residence and a large cooper shop in the rear. Of the daughters, Mary became the wife of Austin Fitzgerald, Eliza of Jacob J. Hart, and Alice of Lawrence G. McGreal. In 1838 we find the names of Thomas Anderson, Moses Barnard, James and Patrick Buckley, Nathaniel Fenn, tavern-keeper; Wilson Fish, watchmaker; Ezekiel Fox, fruitman; Royal Fox, boat captain; Martin Galusha, Chester Gifford, Horace Hooker, merchant-miller, Dublin street; Orrin Hubbard, Michael Madden, innkeeper; Patrick McMenomy, Thomas Moran, John Martin, James Morrison, William Riley, Dwyer Morton, James Riley, Michael Slammon, and William Wallace.

In 1838 there were 79 in the "Dublin district." Of these there were four on Emmet street, three on Galusha, one on Ward and one on Hand street. Martin Galusha came to Rochester about 1836; his first residence is given at the corner of Andrews and St. Paul streets. He purchased from John W. Strong, who came to Carthage in 1818, the tract of land which

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now embraces Gorham, Galusha, Martin, Almira, Cole and Lowell streets. The latter he named for the great manufacturing town in Massachusetts, for the mills on the river flats and banks were multiplying so rapidly, Mr. Galusha foresaw that some day Rochester would be a city of mills—a second Lowell. Scrantom street was named after Edwin Scrantom and Clifford for his son. It was my privilege when writing this paper to spend a pleasant hour in the old homestead built by John Strong, still standing on Gorham street, and the gracious lady living there under the ancient roof-tree, with her children, descendants of Martin Galusha, showed me with pride her beautiful, quaint old home. Mrs. Galusha is the daughter of Delason Corbin, who way back in 1816 came from his home in Great Barrington, making the long journey in a one-horse wagon, settling first in Hamlin, also called Murray Corners and later changed to Clarkson. In 1847 he removed to Rochester, living first at 25 Gorham street and in 1849 permanently located on St. Paul street near Lowell.

Sons and daughters of Martin Galusha have gone forth from that old home on Gorham street and their descendants to this day fill prominent places in our fair city. How tempting the golden apples in the Galusha orchard always proved to the average Dublin boy on his way to old No. 9, can still be recalled with sorrow. These same apples proved indeed golden to the owner during the Civil war, who tells me they brought \$5 a barrel.

In 1840 we find the names of Patrick Anderson, Charles Buckley, Dennis Carrol, father of former Mayor William Carroll; Daniel and James Claffey, Heman Cole, Patrick Connelly, J. Fox, John Doyle, Owen Donoghue, James Ryan, Francis Farrell, Chauncey Fish, R. W. Goodrich, James Gordon (driver on the Carthage railroad), Thomas Graham, James Hogan, Christopher Mitchell, Owen Sherry, Lawson Twitchell, Daniel Campin, Owen Fee, Martin Burns, Patrick O'Rourke. In 1840 there were seventy-five people in this district. Patrick Anderson lived on Gorham street; the old two-story frame house with its upper gallery is still standing. Mr. Anderson was a miller; his daughter Eliza is the wife of Jacob A. Hoekstra; Fanny was the first Mrs. Thomas Neville, and his son, John K., we still remember with civic pride. J. Cox, another pioneer, lived at 10 Gorham street and the old homestead was long a landmark. He had one son, Barzilla R.,

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and of his daughters the youngest is the wife of our genial townsman, Justin B. Davis of 46 Avenue A. Charles Buckley was a miller, the father of Doctors James and Charles Buckley. Patrick Connolly, a highly esteemed citizen, a successful merchant, and supervisor of the Fifth ward 1863-68, was the father of James C. Connolly of the Rochester post-office; of Mrs. John C. Fee, of Sister Gabriel, the head of St. Vincent's Orphan asylum in Buffalo; and of Mrs. Frank Ashe and Mrs. Fanny Cunningham of this city. Heman Cole, land agent, lived with his mother and sister on Cole street, which is called for him and Almira for his sister. Dennis Cox, father of Joseph, Patrick, Julia, Mary Cox, and Mrs. Eliza Williams, settled first on Gorham street. Daniel Campin reared a creditable family; his daughter Sarah J. is the wife of James Fee, Mary of Thomas O'Rourke, Margaret of Jeremiah Scanlin; another became the wife of Thomas Purcell and Phoebe the wife of Joseph Lipe. James Campin married Jemima, daughter of the contractor John Quinn. He it was, by the way, who raised our first Liberty pole on East Main street. Owen Fee another of Rochester's first settlers, died in his early manhood. No Roman Cornelia was ever prouder of her sons than was Mrs. Margaret Fee, of James, John, Owen, and Joseph. Owen married Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neil and the only daughter, Mary Jane, was the wife of Daniel Scanlin. Owen, Joseph, and James have represented the Fifth ward for several terms on the board of aldermen and held many positions of trust. Patrick O'Rourke was the father of Colonel Patrick H. O'Rourke and of Thomas, Miles, and Bernard. Of the daughters Miss Bertie O'Rourke is one of our most successful teachers; Mary married Patrick McKearney, and Annie was the wife of the late Thomas Griffin of Detroit. Then come the names of John Green, whose son Edward was in Captain Putnam's Company, in the old Thirteenth. Len Hall married a daughter; Harriet was the wife of W. H. Crennell and Adeline of Henry Stockbridge. George Newell was another early settler residing on Gorham street where he erected a large manufactory for frames and mouldings. Mr. McCollum whose home still stands on the corner of Ward and St. Paul street, was an early resident, and his son acquired great fame as an engineer during the Civil war. Then come the names of James Ryan, McDermot, Caley, Considine, Moshier, Lennon, John Gannon, Lynch, Geraghty, Corkhill, Crennell, Callister, Clancy, and the late John Dean, one of the first Dublin boys who was one of the best beloved of

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the police force for many years. Dublin can boast of a mayor, county clerk, aldermen, coroner, school commissioners and supervisors; of singers, musicians, notably the Meyerings, Maddens, and Sarah Ann Duffin; of heroes, sages, and saints I boldly say, for above all tower the men whose saintly calling is to save the souls of sinners. The two sons of Michael Madden were destined for the church. The young Francis died while completing his ecclesiastical studies and the Rev. Michael T. Madden is the pastor at Trumansburg, and did not the hierarchy elevate to a see in the Philippine Islands, an humble priest of St. Bridget's—the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, Bishop of Cebu, “the noblest Roman of them all.”

In January, 1833, a horse railroad was constructed to connect the Erie canal and the Genesee river at Hanford's Landing. It started on South Water street near the mill at the aqueduct, and ran along the river bank to Andrews, where it diverged along the west side of St. Paul street to a point below Lowell, where it again diverged towards the bank and ran along the river to Carthage, connecting with the inclined railway. The passenger cars were long, closed in with canvas; the freight cars were open, piled high with staves, lumber, potash, pearl-ash, and bags of grain. The horses were driven tandem. John Greig, of Canandaigua, was president of the company; F. M. Haight was secretary; Mr. Schemerhorn was treasurer, and Horace Hooker & Co. were the lessees of the road.

There were many famous hostelries located within the small area of Dublin, which, properly speaking, originally extended only from the railroad bridge on St. Paul street to a point below Lowell, including the intersecting streets of Marietta, Ward, Hand, and Gorham. A popular hostelry was kept by Chris. Mitchell; the O'Malley house by Patrick and Thomas O'Malley and in 1844 kept by John Clancy; another by Michael Madden; one by Nathaniel Fenn and one by Patrick Buckley. Mitchell's first hostelry was a frame dwelling opposite Hand street; later he built another about Vincent street which was destroyed by fire. The other taverns were more pretentious, three stories high and built of stone. O'Malley's was on the west side of St. Paul street between Hand and Gorham streets. In front of this stood the “town-pump” at which the cars stopped to water the horses. The next well stood where St. Paul now crosses Andrews street. Men being very scarce, the dear old lady, Mrs. McDonald, told me how she turned the

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windlass and lowered the stone to the man at the bottom of the well. There was one inn in these early days which was the Mecca of the few "exiles from Erin" in the village. It stood where The Post Express building now stands on South Water street and was kept by James Tone and his stately, charming wife. Another tavern with Adonijah Green as innkeeper at Carthage from 1844 to 1879, called the Pavilion House, seems inseparable from my story of Dublin. It was at the Steamboat Landing and was called by some the Steamboat Hotel. It was the gate of entrance, as it were, to the new life—where farewells were breathed to the old home across the sea and brave faces and strong hearts turned towards our fair city. Mr. Green was an old innkeeper, having an inn on Main street from 1834 to '38 and later. He was city assessor in 1853 and was father of famous sons: Seth Green, who became famous in 1869 through the first practical fish-hatching, was born the 17th of March, 1817, and died the 20th of August, 1888. In 1871, together with his brother Monroe, he perfected an arrangement whereby he conveyed the first shad ever taken to California; he became famous, receiving recognition and awards from France and Germany. Monroe, his co-laborer, was an efficient member of the police force for many years. Seth collaborated with Robert B. Roosevelt in writing the book, "Fish Hatching and Fish Catching."

There were many large cooper-shops employing great numbers of men. An immense one owned by Randolph & O'Malley stood on the "Commons" near the famous "Dublin castle." It was destroyed by fire. There were those of Michael and William Fitzgerald. James Buckley had an extensive cooperage on the corner of St. Paul and Hand streets; his daughter was the wife of the Hon. William Carroll, and Catherine of Peter Burns. Mr. Buckley was coroner and health inspector for many years. Coopers never worked on Monday; it was called by them "Blue Monday," and the day was spent in visiting and merry-making. Patrick Buckley owned an immense cooper-shop on the east side of St. Paul near Hand. This cooper-shop was a stone structure three stories high, the lower part used for a cooperage, the upper as a tenement. When one stops to think of it, what a factor these same coopers in those early days were in making Rochester the "Flour City," producing the millions of barrels of high grade which contributed to this result.

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In the upper part of the cooper-shop owned by Patrick Buckley, in 1830, dwelt Tommy, a young Indian, and his pretty squaw, Sally. They had grown up here from childhood, were married, made rattle-boxes, whistles, bead-work, and moccasins and sold them in the village. They were great favorites with the children, who would follow them from house to house and at nightfall to their home, where their mothers would invariably be obliged to seek them. They were familiar figures on the street, the papoose strapped to Sally's back, and they always found ready purchasers for their wares; but alas! Tommy began to imbibe too freely of "firewater;" his quarrels with Sally became so frequent that the tenants complained. The landlord ordered them out and they pitched their wigwam in the woods on St. Paul street, called in later years, Huntington's Grove. They continued their daily trips to the village, but one day Sally was missed and to those who had grown to love the pretty squaw Tommy gave unsatisfactory answers. Some kind-hearted individual, fearing she was ill, went to the wigwam in the woods and found Sally dead; she had been murdered by Tommy; the papoose had died some time previous. Rumors to this effect soon reached the tribe. Tommy was tried and suffered death for his crime. At this period there were many Indian encampments around Norton's creek, on the Wilson farm, and along that sunny slope where stand the picturesque homes of John C. Fee, H. N. Peck, the Huntington mansion and others. The hills, woods, and valleys were dotted with wigwams. A short time ago a charming lady, the daughter of one of the pioneers, told me she remembered Tommy and Sally well and that when accompanying her little brothers for the cows to Strong's pasture, she was always timid passing the Indian wigwams at this point.

Dublin without its castle would be like London without her tower. An immense building, it stood on the commons, where now are located the manufactories of Vogt, Yawman & Erbe, and Stecher. It was known as Dublin castle. Unlike its beautiful namesake on the Liffey, it had neither clock nor tower but surpassed it in being a veritable bee-hive of humanity. It was built of stone plastered on the outside, was three stories high and at each end were outside stairs reaching to the upper story. It was owned by Palmer Cleveland, the attorney who owned the mill. Peter Reeder who drew the stone on his stone-boat with a yoke of oxen to build the "Castle," died on Marshall street in 1902 aged 89 years. It was burned in 1840. The Genesee

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Valley Canal was just completed and the laborers with their families had taken possession of the building for the winter; it is said that there were seventy-five families consisting of seven hundred souls, and yet there was but one life lost—that of a little girl named Holleran. While the fire was raging a terrific fight in which the majority of the participants were Indians, was in progress near the corner of Hand street. Seeing the conflagration they flocked in from their camp-grounds; hearing the next day that the authorities were after them they pulled up their stakes and disappeared completely. The day following that fire was one long to be remembered. The streets were literally lined with cots on which lay the maimed and bruised who had jumped from the upper stories. Household effects, huge feather beds, curious hair trunks, old wooden chests, pans, kettles, cooking utensils of all descriptions littered the street in every direction. All that day and for days following, the charitable ladies of the city ministered to the suffering. Mrs. Samuel G. Andrews in particular was untiring in her efforts; small marvel that she was looked upon as an angel of mercy through the years that followed. Samuel G. Andrews, too, was at that time the well-beloved of the people; his name was a name to “conjure by” and the only candidate for whom tickets were split on election day.

“How well I remember,” said my old neighbor, “the 13th of November, 1829, when Sam Patch took his fatal leap. I saw him throw up his hands and disappear in the seething water below. I watched for him to come up as on the first occasion, but he had disappeared. I could not sleep for many a night after.” Poor Sam Patch! He found to his sorrow that there are some things that baffle mortals, deeds beyond man’s power of doing. And the leaper of the cataract sleeps in an obscure and nameless grave in the old cemetery at Charlotte.

Old No. 9 school stood on St. Joseph street, called Parker street, from 1841 to 1859. It was built of brick, a story and a half high; it cost \$1,500 and opened with 316 pupils. Reuben Johnson, father of Rossiter Johnson and Mrs. E. M. O’Connor, was the first master, having charge of the big boys; the little boys and girls were under the care of Miss Hannah Gould. The day of the “big wind” was one long to be remembered. The building was unroofed on the girl’s side and the walls blown down. Many were seriously injured.

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Among the number were Eliza Wallace, Catherine Buckley, Mary Ann Dowling, Clara Bishop, Miss Pryor and many others. The school was removed temporarily to the second story of the building once called the O'Malley tavern on St. Paul street. Here one sultry day a few weeks later it grew dark and the wind rose; a little girl named Hanora Buckley jumped from the second story window with fright and died from the effects of the fall. How fortunate were those pupils of old number 9 in having such teachers as Reuben Johnson, Michael Douglas, Hannah Gould and Thomas Dransfield. The boys could outstrip any college graduate in practical knowledge. How often in the noble profession of teaching have the ranks of our public schools been recruited from among these fair daughters of No. 9. "How well do I remember," said an old pupil, "crossing through the woods from St. Paul street to tap the maple trees on the way, often getting tubs full of sap which we would boil down to syrup." School children made their own ink of a wild berry called "scoke" the same as poke-weed. The blossoms were white and deep purple, the berries juicy, making a beautiful shade of red ink; they use them in Europe to color wine. The new school on St. Joseph street was occupied in 1861. A humorous tale is told of a young lad who came from Ireland, did chores for his board and attended school. Being detained one evening beyond the usual hour, Mrs. Cochrane asked him what had detained him. "Well, ma'am," he replied, "I stayed because Master Johnson was putting an edge on me feather." They used quill pens in those days. About 1830 Maria Tone, a daughter of William Tone of Wheatland, kept a young ladies' fashionable seminary about where Miss Allen's seminary was located in 1838. In 1834 there was a schoolmaster named Z. Freeman; in 1838 Elizabeth Hunter, and in 1840 Thomas Dwyer. The first school was on Hand street. Before this pioneer mothers taught their children at home.

Some years ago an old settler writing home from the West, asked for news of "Dublin with its pretty girls and fighting boys." The first assertion was true. Dublin was noted for its pretty girls, who might easily vie in grace, beauty and accomplishments with those beautiful women who can be seen any day on Sackville street in Dublin over the sea; said by travelers to be the most beautiful women in the world. I would not be loyal to Dublin did I not say a word in defense of its "fighting

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boys." In the early days they were noted athletes. They had the first boat club in Rochester, called the Tommy Burns Excelsior Club. It was named after an old Dublin boy on Staten Island, a brother of that brave engineer, Mike Burns, who met death at the throttle of his engine. The boat had for captain P. J. Dowling; for crew James P. McKenna, Frank and Charles Wilkin, Tommy McKenna and others. It existed until the flood of 1865 when boat and boat house were swept into the Ontario. The Dublin boys were the proud possessors of the "flats" wrested from the Frankfort boys after many a hard-fought battle. They owned "Goose Island" and every beetling cliff on the Genesee, the "commons" and the green fields of Dublin where they played "shinny," pitched quoits, wrestled, played hand and football, practiced all manly sports until they grew brave and strong; boasted of their muscle and were proud of their physique. So when the Cornhill boys would swoop down to break up a game, they would say to them as did Tom Brown at Rugby: "As to the fighting keep out of it if you can by all means; if you do fight, fight it out and don't give in while you can stand and see." When the battle was fought and Dublin of course victorious, there would be a general handshaking. They were staunch friends through many a bloody and political battlefield, those selfsame boys of Carthage, Dublin, Frankfort, and Cornhill. Of the former the names of Ed. O'Donnell, Seth and Monroe Green, Hosea Rogers, Porter Farley; of Conkey, Polley, Simpson, Peck, Hooker, Gay, Huntington, and Brewer, were household words in my time, testifying to the boyhood love and loyalty that time had proved indestructible.

It is said that a woman carried the first mail to this locality from Canandaigua. It is also said that a woman drove the first mule on the Erie canal; old settlers have described her as wearing a man's straw hat and overcoat. She was not a native of Dublin, but is said to have married later and settled there.

The favorite physicians were Hugh Bradley, Thomas Havill, Philander G. Toby, John J. Treat, and Dr. Kuichling; the favorite clergyman, the beloved curate of St. Patrick's, Father William O'Reilly, and the Rt. Rev. Bernard who became bishop of Hartford and was lost at sea.

From the day Sam Patch took his fatal leap over the falls the adjoining field took on great prominence. What memories arise at the bare name, the "Falls Field!" Like Banquo's ghost,

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“they will not down.” In the early days there was the Indian trail, and a promenade on the east bank abreast of the falls. This was frequented by visitors and commanded a good view of the cataract and the scenery on the river banks. In 1815 the Rochester Circus on Exchange street was an attraction, and in 1826 the Museum, owned by J. R. Bishop. It was in 1838 that beautiful Mt. Hope was purchased for a cemetery; it became the pride of the citizens of Rochester. Who does not remember the famous Palmer Garden with its shady arbors, gravel walks, refreshments, and fireworks? It was owned by Peter Palmer. There were tea parties, and the musical soirees in the hall under the direction of Professors Bauer, Degenhard, and William Moran were popular. Then there were the Botanic gardens, established by Messrs. Ellwanger and Barry. But the Falls Field soon became the most attractive feature of Rochester. It was surrounded by a high board fence under which the small boy burrowed to catch his first glimpse of the circus rider. About 1840 it occurred to some enterprising citizen that a fee for admission should be charged to view the falls. A frame building was erected called “The Falls Field Saloon.” To 1849 it was kept by John Castile, who is still remembered by our older citizens. He made an imposing appearance with his high silk hat and broadcloth suit, and usually carried a cane. All were gentlemen of the “black stock” in those days. The entrance should have been more properly called the “salon,” for the only liquid refreshments sold were lemonade and root-beer; and there were popcorn, bull’s eyes, licorice, peppermint, and wintergreen sticks of candy. This was before our German citizens from the Fatherland invaded “Dublin;” before the great breweries of Rau, Marburger, Baetzel; before those of Henry Bartholomay, Philip Will, Jacob Englert, and the Genesee brewery reared their stately heads on the river bank. John Castile in his “saloon” had an aviary, a remarkable parrot, and the perennial bear. From 1849 to ’57 it was kept by Nicholas P. Demarest. In 1859 it passed into the hands of Frederick Fach; in 1860 it was conducted by Mrs. Fred. Fach. In 1871 it was called the Atlantic Garden and Orchestrian Hall where nightly were discoursed music from the grand operas. On July 4, 1861, DeLave crossed the falls twice on a tight rope at 1:30 and 8 P. M. The price of admission was 25 cents and seats were provided for the public in the “Field” and on the roof of the saw-mill opposite; a canvas screen obstructed the view from the railroad

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bridge. DeLave walked on another occasion, carrying a little English sailor named Smith on his back. The Common Council refused him permission to cross the third time as there was at least one fatal accident on the first occasion. Many gruesome tales are connected with the Falls Field, notably the Ira Stout and Little tragedy, and the flotsam down the river would fill a book. I was told in confidence that the unsightly Cogswell statue in front of the Court House met an untimely fate like Sam Patch; it disappeared, but it didn't go into the river. How many celebrated visitors have gazed at our Falls! About 1795 the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt rode on horseback from Bath; in 1797 came Louis Philippe of Orleans and his brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, with Thomas Morris from Canandaigua; in 1795 Aaron Burr left Theodosia at Avon and turned aside from his journey to view the Falls. In 1851 Daniel Webster in his immortal speech told the men of Rochester "that no people ever lost their liberty who had a waterfall 150 feet high." Nathaniel Hawthorne paid his 5 cents to see the Falls. Chateaubriand undoubtedly gazed on them in 1790 and Charles Dickens visited them in 1868. Besides innumerable other brides and grooms, W. Dean Howells came to Rochester in 1870 on his wedding journey; he says of the "Falls Field" entrance: "A narrow corridor led into a wide festival space occupied by many tables, the walls like those in the Fatherland. A little maid was the guide to the pavilion that stood on the edge of a precipitous stone and commanded a perfect view of the Falls."

In 1854 the first church was erected in the Dublin district. The land was purchased from N. H. Galusha on Summit park, now Hand street. The first pastor, Rev. Augustine Saunier, came from France full of zeal and piety. He soon formed a society of young men called "The Young Men's Mutual Aid Society of St. Bridget's Church," comprising the well-known names of James Fee, James Campin, P. J. Dowling, P. H. O'Rorke, Charles Buckley, M. R. Quinn, and many others. They were uniformed and took part in the processions in 1861, and other civic demonstrations. The fiftieth anniversary was solemnly celebrated, the church having been renovated and beautified by the pastor, the Rev. Daniel W. Kavanagh. What joy the first church must have brought to the hearts of those who as children had "many a time and oft" with shoes and stockings in hand waded across the river on Sunday mornings

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to attend Divine service in old St. Patrick's! The next church erected was the Episcopal church of St. James the Greater; Rev. James H. Dennis, the first pastor, had the care of the souls of this parish for many years. To him Rochester owes a debt of gratitude for his efforts in behalf of the poor and destitute. With Father Thomas A. Hendrick he worked unceasingly for the helpless and erring, saving many children from lives of degradation and vice. These true exemplars, I boldly say, were among our sages and saints.

In August, 1861, came our first wounded hero, Charles Buckley, and Rochester accorded him a worthy reception. He later gave up his young life for the dear flag. His brothers, John, later major, of Utica, and Tom, both shed their blood in the Civil war that liberty might live. The names of Hugh Hogan, Thomas Powell, John Marks, and many other dear sons of Dublin are recorded on history's page. Michael Claffey was one of the earliest volunteers and most meritorious soldiers of the Civil war. He was a member of Company A, Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers. His lieutenant, Dan Draddy, and General Kavanaugh attended the funeral of this "model soldier" in this city. James H. Bishop was lieutenant in the One Hundred Fortieth and Thomas Bishop a captain in the old Thirteenth. Patrick Henry O'Rorke whose name is linked in living letters with that of Gettysburg, completed his studies in the Rochester High School. His proficiency as a scholar and his personal merit won him friends and he was appointed to a cadetship at West Point through the influence of Samuel G. Andrews and the Hon. John Williams who was then a member of Congress. He was at once assigned to military duty on the staff of General Daniel Tyler and was distinguished for his bravery at Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. In 1862 he was engaged in laying batteries under General Gilmore, when he accepted the colonelcy of the One Hundred and Fortieth, recruited in Rochester. He came home on a furlough and was united in marriage to Clara Wadsworth Bishop. She was one of Rochester's fairest and most accomplished daughters. Almost from the altar was he recalled to his post of duty. On the second day of the battle at Gettysburg, on the 2d of July, 1863, after making a thrilling speech to his men telling them the crisis of war was at hand, he led them rapidly up "Little Round Top," and as he waved his colors he fell while still cheering his men on to

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victory. In the ancient cradle of our race, proud old Hindustan, custom demands that a loving wife immolate herself on her husband's funeral pyre. How much longer and nobler the Christian creed which bids the woman await the appointed time and work until the final summons comes! To the bereaved young wife the world held nothing more to gain; Mrs. O'Rorke entered the novitiate of the order of the Sacred Heart at Kenwood, Albany. Her work in the years following testify to her zeal and administrative ability. When the Master's call came at Elmhurst, Providence, R. I., it found her ready.

There is something pathetic in the story of these two beautiful lives—the noble young soldier and the holy religieuse. Each followed the path of duty and died loyally. Colonel Patrick Henry O'Rorke sleeps in our beautiful Holy Sepulchre cemetery on the banks of the Genesee. Peace and honor to the brave and noble soldier! He sleeps as do

The brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.