

Stories of Rochester

Logan

STORIES OF ROCHESTER

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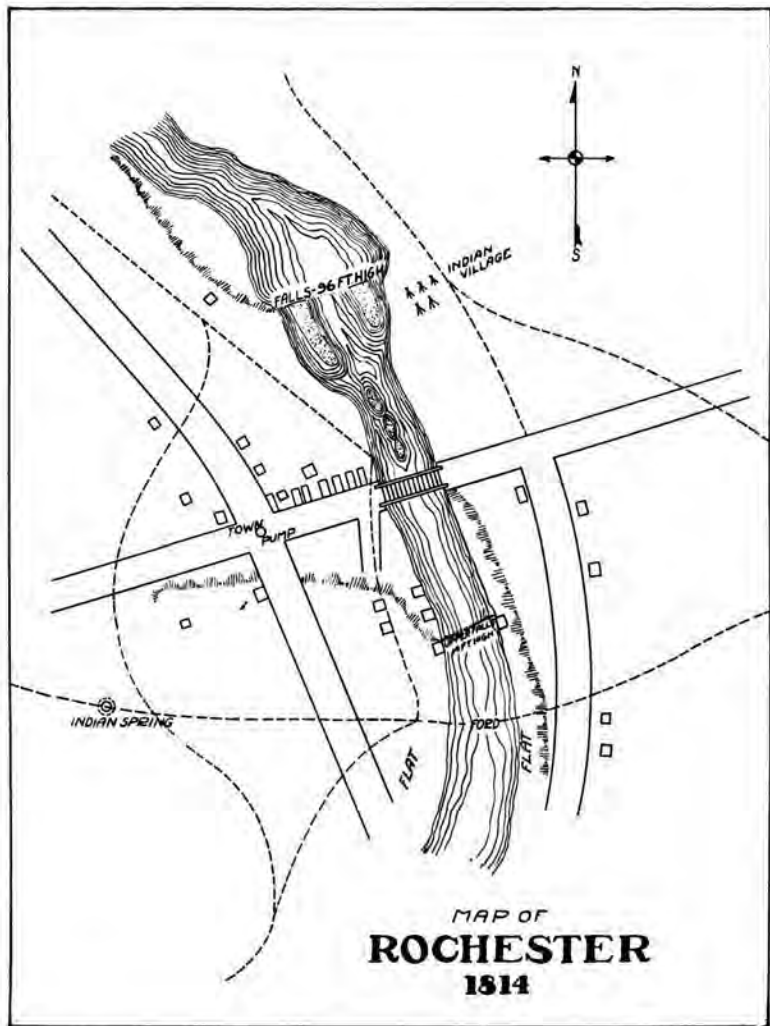
By M. Frances Logan

Principal No. 34 School



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TO MRS. CLINTON ROGERS,
ONLY SURVIVING GRANDDAUGHTER
OF COLONEL NATHANIEL ROCHESTER,
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY THE WRITER.
NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-ONE



MAP OF
ROCHESTER
1814

FOREWORD

This wee book has a reason for its existence. It has been prepared to meet a recognized need in our school work.

No argument is necessary to prove the theory that children should know something of the history of the beginnings and the growth of the city in which they live. The foundations of the city of Rochester were laid by men of intellect, character and social standing, who deserve to live in the memory of all who are loyal to our city.

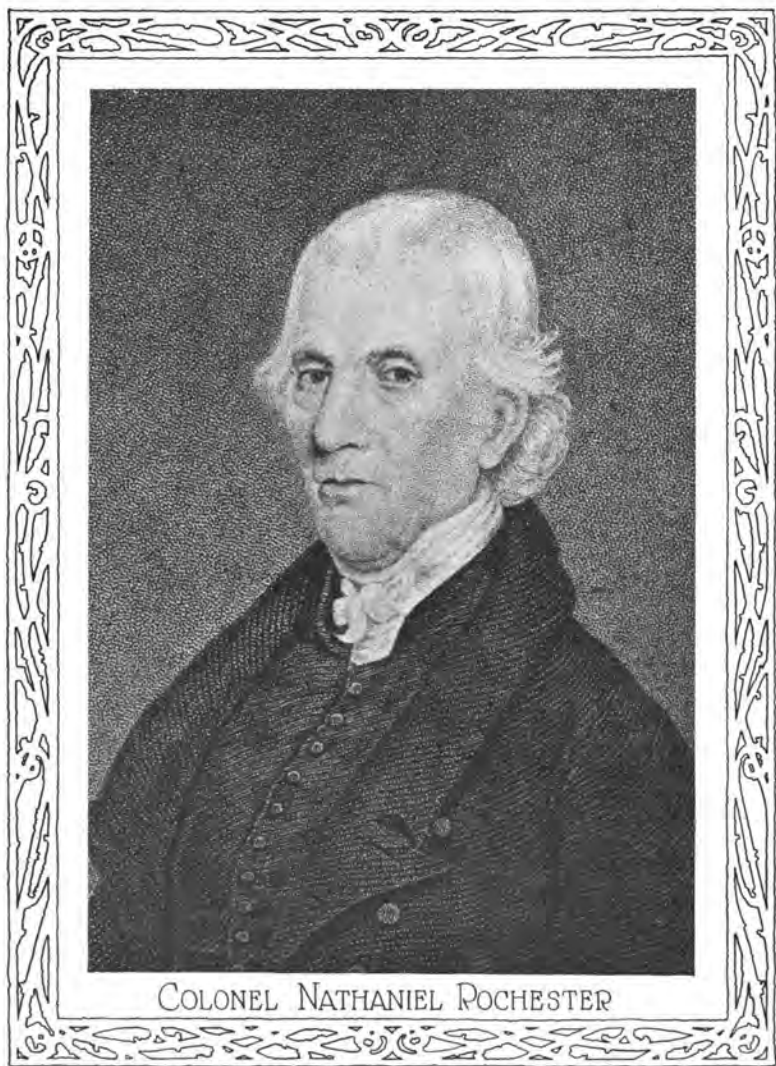
To familiarize our children with these beginnings, the writer has tried to put into interesting form some of the conditions of the pioneer years in the valley of the Genesee. The children of some of the stories are imaginary, but, through them, she has pictured the real living conditions of the time. With this beginning, the children may trace the growth of the log house settlement into a sturdy town, and the further development into Rochester, the City Beautiful on the Genesee.

M. Frances Logan.

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COLONEL NATHANIEL ROCHESTER



THE MAN FOR WHOM ROCHESTER WAS NAMED

Over a hundred years ago there lived in Hagers Town, in the state of Maryland, a man of whom the boys and girls of Rochester have a right to be proud. His name was Colonel Nathaniel Rochester. Let me tell you about him.

If you had visited his home, in that long ago time, you probably would have seen a fine large house with wide lawns and beautiful gardens. Inside of the house, with its large rooms and cheerful fireplaces, you would have seen his wife, a beautiful woman, and their ten children. You also would have seen many negroes about, doing all sorts of work, for, in that part of the country, the negroes were the slaves of the white people and did all of the work.

Behind the large house, I think you would have seen some small houses, the cottages in which the slaves lived, both those who worked in the house and the others who did the outside work. You may be sure that they all would have been happy, singing and whistling perhaps, for Colonel Rochester was a very kind master who treated his slaves well. He gave them good food and clothing and had them well cared for when they were ill, so they all loved "Massa Rochester," as they called him.

One day, his oldest son, William, wrote a letter to his father and left it on his desk for him to read. In this letter, William said that he thought it wrong for anyone to own slaves, and asked his father to allow him to move to the northern part of the country, where there were no slaves, but where everyone was free and was paid for his work. He said that, if he were to have children of his own, he would not want them to live where there were slaves who could be bought and sold like horses and sheep. Colonel Rochester himself had never thought that it was right for one person to own another, even if he did treat the slave kindly, so he de-

cided to move his entire family to a part of the country where there were no slaves.

A few years before that, he and three other men had visited the country of the beautiful Genesee River in the state of New York. Here they had found forests of fine trees, good soil for farming and splendid falls that would furnish water power. They saw that boats could come up the river as far as the falls, for the water was much deeper then than it is now, and that these boats could take lumber and wheat across the lake to other places. Three of these men—Colonel Rochester, Mr. Carroll and Mr. Fitzhugh—had bought a great many acres of this land, the land that is now the city of Rochester. Mr. Rochester now decided to move his family to a new home in the Genesee Valley.

Before leaving his old home, he set all of his slaves free. They could then go to work for other people and receive pay for their work. Ten of them stayed with Mr. Rochester to help him move his family and to work for him in his new home.

One beautiful, bright day in May of 1810, Colonel Rochester and all of his family left the warm, sunny south land and started on their

long trip to the north. You may be sure that their friends in Hagers Town all came to bid them good-by and to hope that they would like their new home so far away.

Ten negroes came with them to drive the horses and to help in all sorts of ways. They had been his slaves, but were free now and were all going to work for him for pay; all but one woman, old, black Mammy, who would never be asked to do any work. She had been nurse to the children, had cared for them when they were sick, had rocked them to sleep and had sung to them the sweet negro songs that the slaves made up and sang in the south. She loved the children and they loved her, and now they were taking her with them to their new home to care for her as long as she lived.

They did not travel in a railroad train, as you would do nowadays. Oh, no! This is how they made that long, slow journey. Their furniture, bedding and clothing were packed in three very large wagons. There were also two carriages in which some of the family could ride, and several saddle horses. Colonel Rochester and five of his sons and one daughter rode horseback all of the way. One of these children was a boy

only four years old. Think of a little fellow like that riding several hundred miles on horseback! I am sure that many times in the long afternoons he must have grown very tired and sleepy, and that he would then climb into a carriage and go to sleep on his mother's lap or in old, black Mammy's arms.

The journey was very slow, for the roads were not nice and smooth as our roads are now. They were very rough and many times ran through the woods. The wagons must have bounced and swayed along, and it is a wonder that some of them did not tip over. When they reached a river, if there were no bridge, they had to find a shallow place and cross through the water.

In this way they went on for several days, at last reaching the Genesee River. Mr. Rochester knew that the land that he had bought in what is now our city was still covered with woods, with no house on it for his family, so he took them to Dansville, forty-five miles away, where they made their home. You may be quite sure that they were all very glad when the journey was over. The little four-year-old boy loved to ride horseback, but he had had enough

of it for a while, and he was very glad to go to sleep once more in his own nice soft feather bed.

As Mr. Rochester owned a large amount of land here, he had to ride back and forth forty-five miles on horseback very often to look after it. So after a while he moved to Bloomfield, only fifteen miles away, which made it easier for him to make the trip back and forth.

All of this time men were cutting down trees and making a road through the woods near the Genesee Falls. That road is now Main Street. They had built a mill and a number of houses, mostly made of logs. Mr. Reynolds lived in one of them, and Mr. Scrantom had built a log house at the corner of State Street, where Powers Block now stands. There were some stores and shops, the boats took lumber and wheat down the river to the lake, and there were boys and girls playing around in the woods. When Mr. Rochester saw what a pleasant little village had grown up here, he thought that he would like to live in it himself.

A little way off in the woods was a spring of clear, cold water. For many years the Indians had visited this spring, and one of their trails led to it, so it was called "The Indian Spring."

The white people had made this trail into a road and had called it Spring Street. In the year 1818 Colonel Rochester built a home for his family on Spring Street, not far from The Indian Spring, at the corner of what is now South Washington Street. There they lived for many years. He had many grandchildren, all of whom grew to be fine men and women.

Facts furnished by Mrs. Clinton Rogers, granddaughter of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester.



THE WAMPUM BELT

Grandmother was in the attic one rainy day. Grandmother had such pretty white hair, with a tiny lace cap on it, and soft brown eyes that always smiled when they looked at Carl and May. When things went a bit wrong with the children, grandmother's brown eyes had a habit of seeing some way of making them right again, and smiling the trouble all away. The brother and sister were with grandmother in the attic to-day, and O, goody! she was opening the little blue chest, the one that held those old old treasures of hers. Some of them were a hundred years old, and some of them were very queer, but the children thought it a great treat to be allowed to look at them and to handle them.

Just now, grandmother took out a belt made of small shells and bright colored stones and wooden beads that the children knew to be an

Indian wampum belt. Holding it around Carl's waist, she said, "How would you like to be an Indian runner, Carl, and wear such a belt as this? No one would be afraid of you when once you showed the belt," she added. "Why not?" asked Carl. "I thought that everyone was always afraid of the Indians in those old days about which you tell us, the days when your father lived here in the woods where the city now stands."

"They usually were," replied grandmother, "and the Indians of one tribe were afraid of those of another tribe. But when an Indian came showing a belt like this, everyone knew that he was friendly and meant no harm. I'll tell you a story about that belt if you like," said the old lady.

"A story? Good! Come along, May," called Carl, and down they sat where they could look right at grandmother while she talked.

"When my father was a little boy," began grandmother, "he lived in a little log house in the woods where Exchange Street now is, near the canal bridge."

"Oh! Oh!" cried May, "think of woods where our streets now are!"

“Yes,” said grandmother, “at that time there were thick dark woods where Rochester is now. Main Street was only a road through the forest, and where we have tall buildings and fine stores, there were large trees and bushes, with deer and rabbits and sometimes a bear roaming around.”

“Why did the people come here, then?” asked the little girl.

“Oh! it was because of the river,” answered grandmother. “You see, men had found our fine river with such splendid falls in it, and they knew that it would be a good place for a town.”

“Why?” again asked May.

“Because people could use the river to travel on, and besides, the water tumbling over the falls would be fine for turning the wheels of the mills which they would build. These mills would cut up the trees into boards for houses and would grind the wheat into flour for their bread.”

“Oh, May! do stop asking questions and let grandmother go on with the story,” cried Carl.

“Very well,” and this is grandmother’s story.

One day her father, whose name was Dan, was out with his gun, hidden in the woods,

about where the Court House now stands. He was only a boy then, and he waited quietly in hope of shooting a fat wild turkey for dinner. Suddenly up ran a playmate, Bob Moore, who lived in another log house in the woods where State Street now runs. He was out of breath and badly frightened. "Dan, Dan," he called, "there is a big band of Indians coming up the trail. They are coming right this way, and maybe they mean to kill us all. Let us go and warn the people in every house, so that they can get their guns and everything ready to fight."

Up jumped Dan, forgetting all about his turkey, and ran off to his own house first to tell his mother. Then he and Bob went on calling to the people in every house that the Indians were coming. At once, the women called in all of the children and closed the doors, putting up the heavy bars that held them shut tight. Before going in herself, each blew a loud blast on a horn or shell, to let the men at work in the fields know that there was danger. Soon they came running to the houses to find out what was the matter. Each took his gun and made ready to fight.

“How did you find out about the Indians, Bob?” Dan asked. “It was this way,” said Bob. “Our old cow, Bess, strayed away this morning, and father sent me to look for her. I thought that she would go down the Indian trail that runs along the high bank of the river, so I went that way. About two miles down, I climbed to the top of a tree to take a look around, when away off in a little clear place I saw the Indians coming this way. You may be sure I climbed down fast enough and ran all the way home to warn everyone.”

“I’ll tell you, Bob. Let us go down the trail a little way and hide. Then, when we see the very first of the Indians, we can tell just what they are planning to do,” said Dan.

“All right, Dan,” said Bob, and away they went to hide in the thick bushes beside the trail. That trail, as grandmother told the children, was afterward made into a road by the white men, and is now State Street and Lake Avenue.

The boys were hardly hidden in the bushes, when away down the trail they saw someone running toward them. “Look, Bob, look!” said Dan. “Here comes a runner. Watch him and see what he is going to do.”

Both boys looked out from the bushes, and in another minute, Dan jumped up, saying, "It is all right. He is a friendly Indian. See his wampum belt." Sure enough, the Indian boy held in his hand a wampum belt, like the one



that grandmother had put on Carl, and the boys knew that they were safe. So they came out from the bushes and ran along with the Indian boy to the village.

When the Indians, in those old times, wanted to let other people know that they came as

friends, they sent a runner ahead with a wampum belt. When the whites saw this belt, they knew that the Indians did not mean to harm them.

The three boys ran on to the village. There the Indian told the men that his tribe were on their way to another part of the country, and wanted the white people to allow them to pass through the village. The white men gladly allowed them to do so.

In a few minutes, the band of Indians appeared. Up the trail they came, dressed in skins, with their feathers, but no war paint, which showed that they were not going to fight, but only to hunt. The women and children had been left at the home camp. Only the men came, tall and straight, with their bows and arrows and also guns.

When they reached the village, they turned into what is now Main Street, and crossed the river at the ford where Court Street bridge now is. Then they went on up the trail through the hills that are now Mount Hope Cemetery, and away out of sight.

As they passed through the village, the white men made them gifts of food and bright colored

beads. They were very glad to make friends with the Indians, and were always kind to them when they had a chance. Dan and Bob, who liked the Indians when they were friendly, went with them as far as the hills and then came back to the village.



BABY STONE

One pleasant Spring day, the children of the little settlement on the Genesee River were playing in the woods down by the water. They had had a fine time all afternoon. The boys had played Indians and had frightened the girls with their wild shouts. They had found rabbit holes in the rocks and squirrel holes in the trees. They had even met a snake or two, which had made the girls run and scream. They had played around the mills at the river's edge where their fathers had their logs sawed into boards and their wheat ground into flour. They liked to watch the great water wheel turning around as the water fell on it, and to see the saw cut into the big logs.

Now the boys were shooting at a mark, and the girls were looking for wild flowers near the water's edge.

"There comes Sam Clark across the river in a boat," said Kate, pointing out over the water. "Yes, and Ben is with him, and Grey Fox, the Indian," said Bessie. "Boys! Oh, boys!" called the girls, "come here, someone is coming."

Away ran the boys to the river's edge. "Yes, sir," said Jack, "and they are having a hard time to cross, too, the water is so high and runs so swiftly. See how hard they are working."

"What would happen if they were not strong enough to pull the boat across?" asked Bessie. "I am afraid that this wild water would carry them down faster and faster till they would all go over the falls," said Tom. "A man and a boy went down that way last year and were never seen again." "Oh!" said Kate, "I am frightened. Pull, men! Pull hard!" she called out to the men.

"They are safe, Kate," said Tom. "Don't you see the boat coming along all right? See how that Indian paddles. My! isn't he strong!"

"That is Grey Fox," said Jack, "one of the Seneca Indians, and a fine man he is, too. It was he who taught me to use a bow and arrow, and who went through the woods in the winter, thirty miles, to get a doctor for my father when

he was sick. My mother thought that he would die, but Grey Fox looked at him a minute and said, 'White woman no cry. Grey Fox get medicine man,' and away he went through the snow and cold after the doctor. I tell you my mother thinks a great deal of Grey Fox."



"Once, in a fight with a bear, his arm was badly bitten and crushed. Mother found it out and sent father after him. He came to our house, and she took care of him for two weeks till the arm was well again. Since then he has called my mother 'White Dove.'"

By this time the canoe had reached the shore, and the men stepped out. "What do you suppose, children?" said Mr. Clark. "There is a little baby boy over across the river at Mr. Stone's house, little James Stone." "Oh! Oh! A baby! Isn't that lovely!" cried the little girls, while Grey Fox smiled and pointed over the river at a little house in the woods and said, "White papoose, little chief."

"I am going home to tell mother and ask father to take me across the river to see the baby," said Bess. "Come along too, Kate," and away ran the girls to tell the news.

Little James Stone was one of the first white children born in Rochester, and you may be sure that everyone loved that baby. Even the Seneca Indians came from their camp down in what is now Seneca Park to see the little white papoose, bringing him strings of colored beads and quills. And what kind of a cradle do you suppose little James had?

A short piece of a big log was hollowed out by his father with his chisels. Into this his mother put a little feather bed and a pillow. There baby James slept just as well as if his cradle had been made of gold, like that of a king's son.

“Oh! Oh!” said Kate, “I am glad that Mr. Stone killed that big bear that got into his cornfield the other day. What if it were to come now and carry off the baby!” and Bess nearly cried just thinking of it.

“He had a hard time killing that bear,” said Ben. “The bear fought for his life, but Mr. Stone got him at last. Now his skin will make a nice rug for little James to play on.”

The cornfield where the bear was killed and Mr. Stone’s house stood near the spot where we now find the east end of Court Street bridge. Around them were the woods. Here little James Stone grew and played, and before he became a man Rochester was a good big town.



THE WHITE DOG

Haven't you another story for us, grandmother?" asked Carl. "I like Indian stories." "It seems so funny to think of Indians and woods right here where our streets are," said May. "Do you know where Mrs. Kimball's beautiful home on Troup Street is?" asked grandmother. "Oh! yes, there are lots of pretty houses around there," said Carl. "I'll tell you a story that my father used to tell, of something that happened in an Indian camp on that very spot," said grandmother. So she told them this story:

One day, when her father, Dan, was a boy, his father came in and said, "Dan, get your cap and come with me. I am going out to the Indian camp. They have been holding a religious festival which comes once each year. It lasts for seven days, so let us go out and see what they are doing to-day."

So Dan and his father went out the road that is now West Main Street, and, turning into a smaller road, soon reached the Indian camp. While they were on their way, Dan's father told him what the Indians were doing.

"The Seneca Indians," he said, "believe that



they can drive the sins of the whole tribe into dogs. These dogs being killed, their sins are entirely taken away. Then the Great Spirit, as they call God, is no longer angry with them, and will send them a good harvest.

“Once a year, then, they take two dogs, as nearly white as they can get, and kill them at the door of their council house. Then they are painted with bright colors, trimmed with feathers and hung up high in the house.”

“For the next five or seven days, the people hold a festival, feasting and dancing and doing no work. On one of the days, the men and women dress themselves with trinkets and feathers. Then, with an ear of corn in the right hand, they dance in two bands, men in one and women in the other, around a fire, keeping step to the music of the Indian drums. After this, they go to each wigwam in the camp and dance around it in the same way. This is to bring a good harvest.”

When Dan and his father reached the camp, they found a number of white men sitting off to one side, so they took seats with them. In a few minutes, they saw ten or more Indians coming into the center of the camp. They were dressed in the skins of animals, and had hideous masks over their faces, and came in making such dreadful noises and waving their arms so wildly that Dan crept a little closer to his father.

“No fear, Dan,” said his father, “they won’t

hurt you. They are the very men whom you like so much, with whom you go hunting sometimes, and who have taught you to use the bow and arrow. They are doing all this to scare away the evil spirits."

Just then the mask over the face of one of the men slipped off and Dan saw that what his father had said was true, for there was Big Wolf, one of his best Indian friends.

After dancing and shouting in the center of the camp for a while, the men went around among the wigwams in the same way, each making all the noise that he could make. In and out, round and round they went. Then they went into the wigwams, took the coals from the fire and threw them and the ashes around on the floor. Out again they went, around the camp. By this time the evil spirits were thought to be frightened away.

After a little more dancing and shouting, all the sins of the whole tribe were supposed to go into one of the Indians. He in turn sent them into the bodies of the dead dogs.

The next day Dan went out alone to the camp. He was friendly with these people, so he had nothing to fear.

This was the last of their feast days. The dogs were taken down and laid on a pile of wood. One lit the fire under the wood, while all of the others stood around and threw tobacco and other plants on the flame. The odor of these things would please the Great Spirit, they thought, and make him good to them.

When the dogs were partly burned, one was taken out of the fire and put into a kettle with vegetables and cooked. All of the tribe ate some of it. Dan was very glad that they did not ask him to have some.

After that, some of the men, with faces lined up with war paint, danced the war dance, waving their bows and arrows and spears so wildly, jumping and yelling so fiercely, that Dan was glad to know that they were his friends. Then other men came out and danced the peace dance. Round and round the fire they went, sometimes half bent down and again up straight. All of this time, the musicians were hammering on their drums and striking the sticks together, now loudly for the war dance, now more softly for the peace dance.

By this time it was nearly evening, and Dan knew that he must go home. The fires shone red

in the dim light, while the woods beyond looked very dark. The dancers all sat down and the entire tribe gathered in a circle around the large fire in the center.

A pipe was lighted and passed to one who smoked a minute in silence, then passed it to the next, and so on around the circle. Then each lighted his own pipe and smoked quietly. And there Dan left them sitting in a circle, each with his blanket around his shoulders and smoking his pipe.

“That,” said grandmother, “was the last time that the feast of the dogs was ever held by the Seneca Indians in this part of the country.”

“Such a strange thing to do!” said May.



THE BRIDGE

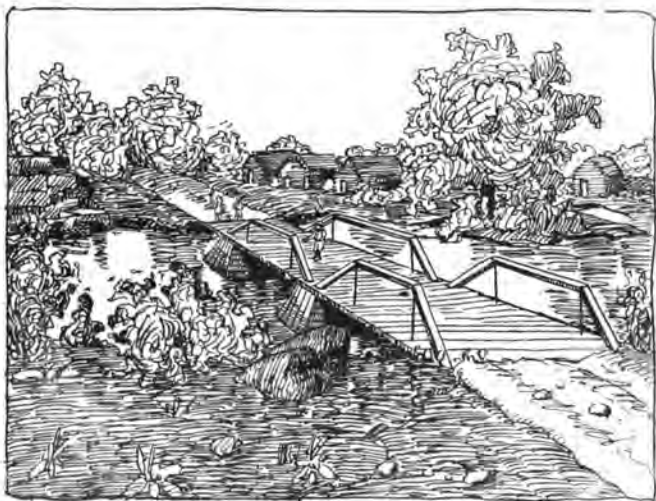
“Hi! Jack, Will, come quick!” shouted Sam, running down the road. This road was what is now Main Street in Rochester, but at that time there were only a few houses on it. Some of these houses were made of logs. “What is it?” called the boys, running out. “Soldiers,” called Sam, “a lot of them coming down the road toward the river.” Away they ran to the river, and there, sure enough, were the soldiers marching down to the water on the other side.

“Are they our own soldiers?” asked Jack’s mother anxiously.

“Oh! yes,” said his father. “They are American soldiers, so don’t be frightened.”

The boys knew that the Americans and the English were at war, and that both American soldiers and English soldiers were marching around through the country fighting and killing one another. They only wished that they

were old enough to be soldiers, too, and each wear a uniform and march to music. Tramp, tramp came the soldiers, nearer and nearer, down to the river. "How are they going to cross?" said Will. "There are not enough boats to carry them over, and the water is pretty deep



at the ford." There had never been a bridge over the river. When anyone wished to cross, he had to use a canoe or go to the fording place and wade across.

Up the river, about where Court Street bridge now stands, was a shallow place where people could ride across on horseback, or even wade

over when the water was low. This was called the ford, but when the water in the river was high, it was not safe to cross even there. The water in the river was much deeper then than it is now, so it was far harder to cross, and some people had lost their lives in trying to do so. At the time of this war, the men were building a bridge where Main Street bridge now is, but it was only partly done.

“Halt!” called the captain, and the marching stopped. “How can we get across the river?” he said to the men at work on the bridge.

“You will have to go up to the ford,” they said. “Do you see that large rock on one side and that big tree on the other? You will find the water shallow enough there so that you can wade across, if you are careful.”

“Oh! I don’t want my men to have to march all day in wet clothes,” said the captain. “I wish this bridge of yours were finished, but you have only a few timbers laid, I see.” “Why don’t you crawl across on those timbers?” said Jack. “I could.”

“Yes, yes, let us do so,” said the soldiers. So they got ready to crawl over.

“Hold on tight,” said Sam. “The water is

very deep here, and if you fall in, you will go over the falls and be drowned sure."

"All right, my boy," said the soldiers. "We'll be careful. We have heard of these high falls of yours, and we don't want to go over them."

So down went the soldiers, and, crawling carefully, crossed the roaring water on the narrow timbers. The boys stood watching them and laughing at the way in which some of them scrambled along. One had such long legs that they seemed to get in his way, and another was so short and fat that Sam called to him that he might as well roll across.

At last they were all over, and had gathered around the town pump for a drink of nice spring water. The pump stood just where Main and State Streets cross each other. There the people of the village used to go with their pails for water. "What village is this?" asked the captain. "Rochester," answered Will.

"Well, it seems strange to find a town away out here in the woods," said one. "What do the people here do?"

"Oh!" said the boys, "most of them are cutting down the woods and making the land into farms. They raise wheat and corn and lots of

other things. Some of the men work the mills that grind the wheat and corn and saw the logs into lumber. Some haul the lumber and grain to the lake to be taken away in boats. Mr. Ira West keeps the store down the road a way, and they all find plenty to do."

"But tell us," said Jack, "what you and the English soldiers are fighting about. We don't hear the news away up here in the woods."

"Oh! because the Englishmen steal the sailors off our ships and make them fight on English ships, and we mean to make them stop it."

"Fall in, men!" just then shouted the captain, and the soldiers dropped into line and marched down the chief street of the village, out the road that is now West Avenue, and off through the woods toward Niagara Falls.

The boys went with them a mile or two, listening to the stories of the men, and then turned home again, wishing once more that they were old enough to go off with the soldiers and fight brave battles.





SOME BRAVE MEN

One beautiful day in May, after the bridge was finished, Will and Jim were in the woods down where Lake Avenue now is. At that time Lake Avenue was only a road through the woods. The war was still going on, and the people of Rochester feared that the soldiers would come and take their horses and food and perhaps burn their homes. All winter the horses and oxen had been hidden in the woods, and the boys had had to go out every day to feed and care for them.

“I wonder if the English soldiers really will come up from the lake and burn the town,” said Will.

“If they do, I hope that they won’t get my pony,” said Jim. “I have found a place in the

woods where I shall hide him, and I think that they cannot find him."

"I promised my sister, Bess, that I would take her home some wintergreen," said Jim. "I am going down this way to look for some."

In a moment he came running back, shouting, "There is a horseman galloping this way as fast as he can go. I think that there must be bad news." Away ran the boys back home, forgetting all about wintergreen, sassafras and flowers.

When they reached the village, they found the people greatly excited. The horseman had brought the news that the enemy had come into the lake with thirteen ships full of soldiers and Indians, and were to come up and capture Rochester. The men were hurrying to get their guns and make ready to start for Charlotte to stop them, and the women were hurrying, too, to shut up their houses and take their children to some safe place. There were only thirty-one men in all, and Oh, how the boys did wish that they were old enough to go with them!

The little company was soon on its way down the road. Then the women took the children and went over the bridge to Stone's tavern, that

stood not far from where St. Paul Street now is. They thought that if the English soldiers did come, they could burn the bridge, so that the soldiers could not get across the river and capture them. Mrs. Reynolds, her son and a friend were the only ones brave enough to stay on the west side of the river. They were in Mrs. Reynolds' house, where the Arcade now is, and there they stayed all night.

"Let us follow the men part way down," said Dan to the other boys, so away they went, as far as the Deep Hollow, a gully that crosses Lake Avenue. Here the men cut down some trees which they piled up across the road to stop the soldiers if they came that far. On the top of this they put a cannon and went on down to the lake, while the boys returned home.

When the men reached Charlotte, sure enough, out on the lake were the thirteen boats full of soldiers and Indians, ready to land and march to the city. They wanted the food and powder and horses that the people of Rochester had. Some more American men had come from the country around, but there were not enough to fight the soldiers. Colonel Stone then decided to play a trick on the enemy.

He made all of the men march around a small hill where the men in the boats could see them. They then went through a woods where they were out of sight, came back and marched around again and again. The English thought that there were several hundred men, so they were afraid to land.



Finally they sent a small boat ashore with this message, "If you will give us your stores of food and powder, we will go away without hurting you." Captain Brown read the message and sent back word that he would never do it.

The English captain then sent another soldier to say that if the stores were not given up, he would land and take them, but General Porter answered that the Americans would fight first. Then, instead of coming ashore to fight, the English fired a few shots from their cannon and sailed away.

How the boys and girls laughed when the men came back and told of the trick that they had played on the soldiers! "They thought that we had hundreds of men," said Dan's father. "We kept marching round and round that hill."

"They can't beat our men," said Kate. "They may as well stop fighting and go home."

"Yes, sir," said Dan. "No one can beat the American men," and what he said was true, for the American men have never yet been beaten.

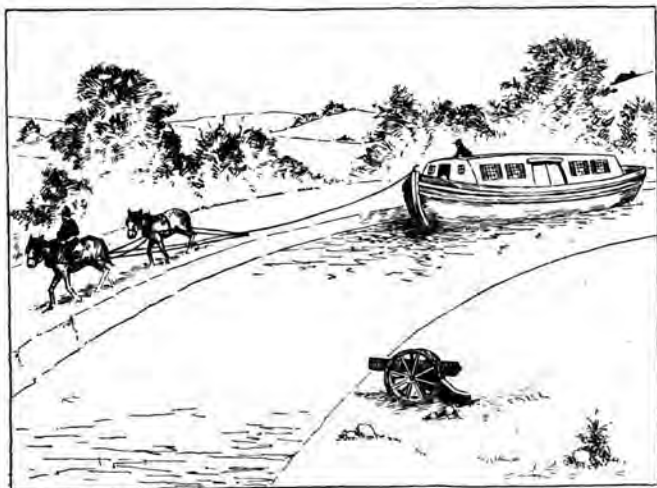


OPENING THE CANAL

“Hi! Jim! Come out here quickly!” called Ben. He was running to the house of James Stone, his boy friend, which was on Spring Street. By this time the woods around Rochester had been cut down, and a great many streets had been laid out. The houses were larger and better. There were churches and schools and larger flour mills. It was a busy town. “What is the matter?” said James coming to the door. “Don’t you hear the cannon?” asked Ben. “Come down to the canal and see the boat come through,” and away the boys ran.

For eight years men had been at work digging the Erie Canal. It was more than three hundred and fifty miles long. There were no railroads at that time, and the farmers had no good way of sending their wheat, corn and other things to New York to be sold. The millers in Rochester wanted to send out the hundreds of

barrels of flour that they were making every week. So everyone was glad when Mr. Clinton said he could build a canal that would do all that. Now the canal was finished. The first boat had started from the western end and was traveling through to the other end of the canal.



All along the way, the people had hung up flags on its banks. In the cities, men made speeches to the men on the boat, and in the evening they were greeted with fireworks.

Every few miles along the way, cannon had been placed, and as the boat passed each of these, it was fired to let the people ahead know that

the boat was coming. As soon as they heard it, they began to get ready their flags and guns and fireworks.

It was this cannon that Ben had heard, and the boys knew that the boat was near. They had never seen a canal boat, so away they ran to the side of the water. Everyone else was running there, too. Down by the canal, a platform had been built and trimmed with flags and lanterns. A cannon also had been put there. The chief men of the village were going to their seats on the platform.

Our boys found a place near this platform, and in a few minutes, the church bells began to ring merrily, and away up the canal they could see the boat coming. It was all trimmed with flags, colored cloth and lanterns. Four horses were pulling it, and instead of walking slowly as the horses do now, they were trotting along rapidly. The horses were changed every few miles, so that they did not have a chance to grow tired.

As the boat came nearer, hats, flags and handkerchiefs were waved. The guns went "Bang! bang! bang!" and the boys, with everyone else, shouted themselves hoarse.

When the boat stopped in front of the platform, those on board came ashore. The men shook hands with them and they sat down while a speech was made telling them how glad the people of Rochester were over having the canal. They could now send their flour and other things away to be sold quite easily. They could travel on it, too, much more easily than on horseback or in a wagon, as they had done. The roads at that time were very rough and traveling was very uncomfortable.

When the speeches were done, they all went to one of the houses for dinner and to have a good time.

By the time the dinner was over it was night, and our boys went back to the canal to see the rest of the fun. The lanterns along the banks were lighted and also a good many bonfires, while fireworks of all kinds showed how happy the people were at having the canal finished.

Jack and Ben were standing quite close to the boat when the men came down to go on board. The four fresh horses were brought and hitched to the long tow-line and another driver took his seat on one of them. The bells began to ring, hats and flags were waved, the last of

the skyrockets were sent up, and everyone shouted at the top of his voice as the boat started. Then the cannon was fired to let the people in the next place know that the boat was coming, and everyone gave a last shout.

What a fine day James and Ben had had! As they went home, they were tired and happy.

“I wonder how this city and this new canal will look a hundred years from now,” said Ben. “The city will be larger of course,” said James, “but I think the canal will look about the same.” In a few more years, children, it will be a hundred years since then, and you will see for yourselves how it looks.



LA FAYETTE'S VISIT

For a long time after the Erie Canal was finished, people traveled from place to place on it. They were glad to do so, for it was a far nicer way to travel than by horse and wagon over the rough roads. There were fine boats with dining rooms, state rooms and sitting rooms. They were drawn by four horses which were kept trotting along, so that they moved more rapidly than they do now. The horses were changed very often, so that they did not grow tired.

Many years before there was any Rochester here, our country was at war with another country. Our soldiers were having a very hard time, when a fine young man named La Fayette came from France to help us. He fought bravely with our soldiers till the war was over. Washington loved him very much, and, because

he loved Washington, when he went back to France he named his son George Washington La Fayette.

A few years afterward, France had a war, too. After a while La Fayette was captured and sent to prison. His friends feared that his son would be killed, so they sent him to America.

As soon as Washington heard that La Fayette was in prison, he sent money to his wife, and when his son came to America, Washington did all that he could for the boy. The young lad was sent to school in New York and well cared for in every way.

For five years American people tried hard to get La Fayette out of prison, but could not do so. At last, however, he was free and his son went back to France.

Now this Frenchman was making a visit to this country, bringing his son with him. The people loved him, and in every city they were glad and happy to receive him. He was coming to Rochester on the canal.

One day in the summer, just at that time, Dan saw Will coming from the town pump with a pail of water for his mother. "Will! Oh, Will!" he called. "La Fayette is coming to-day.

Hurry with your work and get the other boys. We'll go over to the canal and see all the fun."

"Let us take Bess and Kate with us," said Will. "They want to see it all, and we can help them to get good places." "All right," said Dan, "but let us hurry."

In a short time the boys and girls were on their way to the canal. The boat was to stop at Child's Basin, where Exchange Street now is, and there the girls and boys found a crowd. Jack soon found a place on a pile of boards from which they could see all that was done, so up they all climbed.

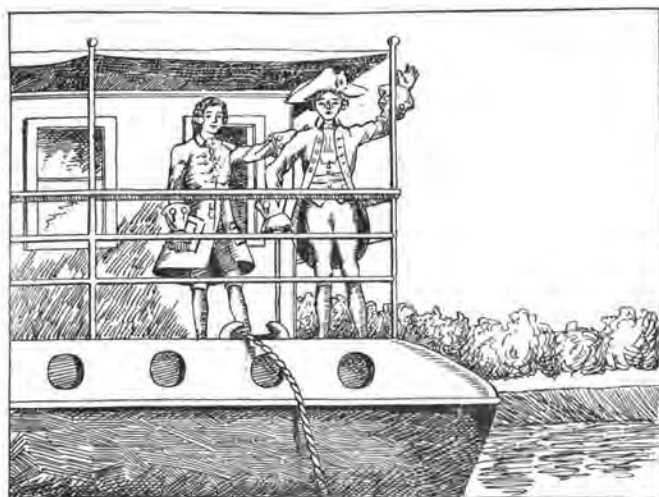
"Some of the men have gone three miles out to meet him," said Jim.

"Yes," said Kate, "and two girls—Cornelia and Louisa Rochester—have gone to give him bouquets of beautiful flowers. How I wish that I could have been one of those girls! I would be proud of it all my life."

Just then, away up the canal, the people began to cheer, and they knew that the boat was coming. The boys and girls stood up on the pile of lumber and waved their hats and shouted at the top of their voices. In a moment the boat came into sight. On the deck stood La Fayette

and his son, George Washington La Fayette, smiling and bowing to the people, who cheered and waved hats and flags.

When they came on land, Mr. William B. Rochester made an address of welcome. The



people gave them a fine dinner and a good time for a few hours. Then they started on the boat again for the next place. Our boys and girls went to the dock once more to wave them good-by.

“Just think,” said Will. “It is nearly fifty years since La Fayette came here from France

to help us win our war. He must be glad to see that we are such a fine country now."

"He must have been brave, for he was only nineteen years old when he came," said Kate.

"Wait till I am nineteen years old and see what I shall do," cried Jack, as they ran home to supper; and when Jack was nineteen years old, he was out west, fighting bravely in one of the Indian wars.

Facts taken from Parker's "History of Rochester" and Elbridge S. Brooks' "True Story of La Fayette."



HELPING THE SLAVES

One winter evening, Carl and May were in grandmother's room. They were sitting on the floor, one on each side of her, before a nice bright fire, all ready for a good talk.

"Grandmother," said Carl, "I heard to-day that, long ago, the white people owned the black people and could buy them and sell them as we can horses and cows. Is that true?"

"Yes, Carl, that is so," said grandmother. "In another part of this country the negroes were slaves; that is, the white people owned them, and bought and sold them, as you say. The slaves had to work very hard for no pay, and many times were greatly abused. Fathers and mothers were sold away from their children, and boys and girls were sold away from their fathers and mothers and never saw them again."

“Oh!” cried May, “little girls like me sold away from their mothers!” and she jumped up on the arm of grandmother’s chair and clasped her tightly, as though she were afraid that someone would take her away.

“I should think that the slaves would have run away,” said Carl. “I would have.”

“Many of them did run away and tried to reach the northern part of the country, where the white people would help them to get to Canada. If they could only get there, they would be free.”

“Did the people in Rochester help them?” asked May.

“Yes, indeed,” answered grandmother. “The people here believed that it was wrong for one man to own another, so they helped the slaves as much as they could. If the slaves were caught, they were taken back to their masters and punished. If the white people who helped them were caught, they were put into jail and made to pay heavy fines. The slaves would hide in the woods all day and travel north at night, till they found some white man to help them. I’ll tell you a true story of one of these slaves.”

“Goody!” cried the children, and May got

down on the floor again, with her head against grandmother's knee. Then grandmother told this story:

When she was a child, she knew a little girl, Millie Burtis. Millie lived on Genesee Street.



Her father was a nurseryman; that is, he raised trees and sold them to the farmers and others. Many of these trees he sold to the people in Canada, sending them across the lake in boats from Charlotte. He was one of those who helped the slaves.

One evening, the family were all in their sitting room, little Millie on a stool near her mother, learning how to piece quilts. Suddenly a tapping came on one of the windows. At once her father laid down his paper and left the room. This had happened so many times before that they all knew just what to do.

When Mr. Burtis had shut the door and pulled down the shades, he put out the light. Then he opened the outside door, and in crept a black man on his hands and knees. Neither spoke till the door was closed. Then the black man said, "Have I got to the right house? Are you Mr. Burtis? Help me! Oh! help me, I beg of you."

"Yes, my man, I am Mr. Burtis, and I will help you. You need not be afraid. You are safe here for a time."

"We have heard of you away down south," said the slave, "and that, if we could only get to your house, you would help us to get to Canada. Oh, Mr. Burtis, if I could only be free!"

"We'll do our best for you, my man," said Mr. Burtis.

Mrs. Burtis then came out and gave the poor, starving man a good supper. He was then taken to the barn and hidden in a corner behind the

hay. They did not even let the housemaids know he was there, for fear of his being found and sent back. Mrs. Burtis herself took his food to him. The only ones whom they told were Mr. Isaac Post and his wife, Amy, who helped slaves in the same way. Many a time had poor, starved, trembling slaves been hidden in the cellar of their house, which is still standing on Plymouth Avenue North.

The next evening, Mr. Burtis and Mr. Post were at an entertainment in Washington Hall, where Sibley's store now is. In the middle of the entertainment, a man came out on the stage and said, "A slave has run away from his master. He has been traced to this city. Someone here is hiding him. We know the people who hide these slaves, and their houses are going to be searched. If he is found, he will be sent back to his master, and the ones who have hidden him will be put in jail and have to pay a fine. If anyone knows anything about him and will tell the officers, he will be well paid."

"Oh! Oh!" said Carl. "That was pretty bad," while May got up to her knees and took hold of grandmother's hands, she was so afraid that the poor slave was going to be caught.

Mr. Burtis and Mr. Post looked at each other, but did not dare leave the hall for fear of people knowing that they were the ones. When the entertainment was over, they drove home rapidly. All night Mr. Burtis lay awake, fearing that the officers were coming to search the house, but they did not come.

The next day, Mr. Burtis went to Charlotte with a wagonload of young trees. He drove along slowly over the rough country road, so that it was nearly dark when he reached the lake. There he found a boat ready to start for Canada. He knew the captain of that boat and knew that he could trust him, so he told him about the slave who wanted to get to Canada.

Then the men began loading the trees on the boat. When they were nearly all off the wagon, the captain walked along the dock, looking up and down. He then came back to Mr. Burtis and said, "All right. There is no one in sight." At that, out from the bottom of the wagon, from under the last of the trees, crawled the slave. He stooped down, ran to the boat and crept in. In a few minutes the boat started, and, as Mr. Burtis watched it sail out on the lake, he said, "There, that is one more slave who is safe."

“Oh! I am so glad that he got away,” said May, as she once more sat down on the floor at grandmother’s side.

“Yes, and Mr. Post and Mr. Burtis and Mr. Asa Anthony helped many more slaves to get to Canada before the war set them all free,” said grandmother.

Story told by Mrs. Millie Burtis Logan, who, though a small child at the time, remembered the facts distinctly.



ROCHESTER'S FIRST POST OFFICE

