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Reminiscences of James Cornes

James P. Cornes

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James P. Cornes lived from 1845-1934 and was the son of Thomas and Sarah Cornes. Thomas was prominent in village business and civic affairs. His son James was also prominent in the village and a veteran of the Civil War. In this body of work he talks about those early days in the village. He speaks about the people and places, as well as stories of his boyhood. What we believe is that much of what is written appeared in the Brockport Democrat. Which in circa 1925 merged with the Brockport Republic and all the old original papers were lost. Later on Harold Dobson and A.B. Elwell gathered this body of work of James Cornes and re-typed it into this one piece of work. As one can see at one point in this body of work we see that it starts to repeat with small changes. We believe this was kept in by Harold Dobson and A.B. Elwell to show some sort of draft material James Cornes had.

James Cornes Reminiscences

Note:

This is a rough version to get this document out we will have a more complete version out in time.

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By James Polk Cornes

In those early days elections were held at Sweden Center and all voters from Brockport had to go there to participate in the same, but as I am not writing of the ~~same~~ whole town of Sweden at the present time, but more especially of the village proper, I will leave the remembrances of the hotel and store kept at the Center by ~~Archie~~^{U. S.} Johnaton, and the many political squabbles in the Democratic and Whig caucuses, with some interesting reports of the same, kept by the secretaries of the meetings, a number of which I have in my possession. One which took place before I was born, I will insert here, with a promise of others in the future:

To the Honorable, The Canal Board of the State of New York:

The undersigned respectfully ~~submits~~^{states} that he was one of the secretaries at the Town Convention held in the Town of Sweden on the 18th day of January last past, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the County Nominating Convention to be held on the 20th of January, aforesaid, and also to designate by ballot the choice of the Democrats of said Town for the candidate for canal collector of Brockport. The undersigned further states that at said Town a vote was taken by ballot for such choice for collector and upon counting it was found that Mr. Alfred Smith of said Town of Sweden, had received seventy-eight, Mr. William Skidmore, sixty-three and Mr. Daniel W. Shepard five of the ballots so cast. That it was then resolved that Mr. Smith be considered by said Town Convention unanimously ~~elected~~ nominated of said Town for Canal collector of Brockport as the choice of the Democrats and that the delegates be instructed to vote for and use their influence for said Smith in County Convention for

collector; that the undersaid said nothing unfair in Said Town Convention and he is confident that Mr. Smith received such town designations fairly and as the choice of the Democrats for said office; that it is true that several illegal voters attended said Town Convention and offered to vote but their votes were rejected by the chairman and tellers of said election meeting.

Dated, February 2, 1844.

Signed,

Erastus Root.

Ranging from 1847- 1857, remembrances of the Hart Cider Mill where the boys from miles around, east, west, south and North including Brockport, used to go to drink new cider and eat apples to their hearts content, having a good time generally; the ashery, the lime kiln, the crazy house in Bascom's barnyard and many other recollections of boyhood days must be left for some time, while I get around to some of the prominent men of those days and tell of many of their characteristics as remembered by me from personal acquaintance. But before I get to them, I will give my readers a little history of long ago, as related to me by one of the old settlers, in 1883, at which time I had an idea of compiling some historical facts about the early days of this village and the surrounding towns, based on facts, by those having personal knowledge. But before I had got fairly started in the undertaking both the old men passed away and so I had but few remembrances of the Town of Sweden from the lips of those who actually took part in settling the same, but what I learned from those old men I now cheerfully give to my readers;

My father came to the Town of Sweden from Cambridge in the

Sp

Spring of 1811, driving an ox team, and leading his only horse which was an old mare behind the ox-cart. This conveyed all his household effects and I am assured they were few, by those members of our family who could recollect the circumstances, for at that time I was not a being of this world. I was born on the 7th day of July 1815 in a little log house on the old Raleigh farm, about a quarter of a mile south of the railroad bridge, now rented by the Johnson Harvester works, and owned by the ^{Duck}Raleigh sisters. The house has long since passed away. It was situated just north of the present house known as the Raleigh homestead. Edwin H. Raleigh, commonly called Uncle Ned kept a hat store and manufactured hats of all kinds in a little brick house which was torn down about five years ago, but the cellar wall still remains. It was situated just south of the Raleigh homestead and it is well remembered by a great many in Brockport to-day. (1833). After a few years Uncle Ned purchased the farm of about six-four acres for three dollars per acre, and which to-day is the property of his heirs.

The two first settlers in the Town of Sweden were Nathaniel Poole and Walter Palmer, who came here in 1807. Edward Parks and John Reed came in 1808, and others came soon after, of whom we will speak in some future time.

My most distinct recollections are of Uncle Ned Parks, who was a grey hunter. He lived in the brick house now known as the Humphry Palmer homestead, on the east side of Main st. and just south of what is now known as South avenue. ~~There~~ was no South Avenue then and but little cleared land in that part of the town, but all was woods as far as you could see. Well

do I remember the deer, squirrels and very often a wild cat, hedgehog, porcupine and other kinds of game that were brought

down by Uncle Ned's smooth bore. My readers must remember that where the village of Brockport now stands, all was forest with by-paths from one house to another, excepting the Lake Road, which was then far different from what it is now. This was in 1833. (What would the old gentleman, who was talking with the writer then, think if he could come back and see that same road now,)

"In 1819 came Stewart Brown, who settled and built a log house, which has long since passed away, opposite the farm owned by John Hartshorn. Orlando Bailey, father of Horace Bailey, came in 1825 and settled upon the farm now owned by Hod. Upon this farm were two large asherys, remains of which can be seen to this day (1883). Mr. Bailey purchased 120 acres of land, paying \$20 per acre for the same."

"One old settler, whom we will speak of again, is Uncle Isaac Palmer, father of Hiram Palmer, who now lives on the old homestead, in the brick house about a half mile on the east side of the Lake Road south of Brockport. He came here about 1813. I have often heard Uncle Ned Raleigh tell that the first three years he lived in the Town of Sweden that six months of each year he had the fever and ague so that he could do nothing but shake and sweat, but, as there is no great evil without some little good, so it proved in his case, for, being drafted in the war of 1812, by pleading sickness and furnishing a substitute, he was allowed to remain at home.

The next settler of importance was Sylvester Alford, commonly called "Speck". He was a retired sea captain and in those early days, after coming here and after the opening of

the Erie Canal, he was captain of a canal packet for some years. He settled in this town about 1823 and lived for years on the southwest corner of the fourth section road, south of Brockport, in the house later owned by and occupied by Heman Barlow.

"In those days we had to go to Canandaigua for our mail and if we were fortunate enough to get a letter, had to pay 25¢ for postage to receive the same. We had to go to Rochester to mail, taking three days to go and return, and the grist had to be laved for fear of losing it. Money was so scarce in 1825-6 that you could go to Rochester with a load of wheat on a cart drawn by a ^{Yoke} load of oxen and sometimes you would not get money enough to pay the expences of the trip."

A few more historical facts, as related to me, have been mislaid, but will be forthcoming later. On and in order to fill in the space for my readers and being in a reminiscent mood myself and wondering what would be the acts and thoughts of some of my ancestors, if they could revisit this old Mother Earth, I reproduce a poem I used to speak at school when a boy and which seems to me appropriate to this article. The selection is taken from Leavitt's Fourth reader.

Edited in 1847 but no author's name given

Old Time and New.

I mused upon the Pilgrim Flock,
 Whose luck it was to land
 Upon almost the only rock
 Among the Plymouth land.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
 The weather beaten -bark.
 Before them spread the wintry wilds,

Behind, rolled ocean dark.

Imagination's pencil then

That first stern painted

When more than half their number died,

And stout heart's fainted.

I knew I was alone- but lo/

(Let him dares deride me-)

I looked and drawing up a chair

Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air

Was somewhat strange and foreign-

He civilly returned my stare,

And said , " I'm Richard Warren."

You find my name among the list

Of hero, sage and martyr,

Who in the Mayflower's Cabin, signed

The first New England's charter.

" I could some curious facts impart,

Perhaps some wise suggestions-

But then, I'm bent on seeing sights,

And running over with questions."

Leaving the south side of the town and village we will come back to the south and west side.

First north of the railroad, on the west side of Main street lived Dr. Huntley, father of Byron Huntley, whom many Brockporters remember as being prominently identified with the Lafayette Silliman Manufacturing Company, and still later with the Johnson Harvester Company.

Next north of the Huntly house came a brick house, the family residence of William Raleigh, who was a son of ~~Uncle~~ Ned Raleigh, and one of the first children born in Sweden after its settlement. William Raleigh was the son of Waterman Raleigh, who died about six months ago leaving a family of, I believe, eight boys and three girls, so that Uncle Ned Raleigh as he was always called, has now living in Brockport descendants in the fourth and fifth generations.

William Raleigh was in his generation a great dancer at Country dances, as were also his brothers, Wells and John, and many times have I seen the three brothers vie with each other in cutting the pigeon wing, both single and double. John Raleigh died in Brockport many years ago. He had one son and two daughters. Jim Raleigh was a schoolmate of mine, but I lost track of him many years ago and know not whether he is living or dead. Miss Mary Raleigh of this place is a daughter of his (John) and I think, the only living descendent of his and the branch of Uncle Ned's family. Wells Raleigh went west some time in the sixties and I do not know where he is located, nor whether he has any living descendants. William Raleigh told some time ago before his death that his father kept a diary from 1808 to the time of his death in about 1837. It included his journey from Cambridge, Mass. to the Town of Sweden in 1811, he said, and was all written in ink. He said it was a large bulky book and that his brother, Wells, took it to Michigan with him. He was going to send there and get it, in order to help us in our work of writing a history of the Town, which we contemplated in 1833, but he was taken from this life before he wrote for the book. I have often thought what a priceless gift that will be in the hands of future historians of the Town of Sweden, if it falls to the right person.

Next came the family residence of Charles Brockway, son of Heil Brockway, the founder of the village of Brockport. It was a one and a half story brick house and stood on the corner of Main and Collage streets. It was torn down some three or four years ago and the site is now occupied by the residence of John D. Burns. Charles Brockway, Sr., had three sons; Hiel, Charles, Jr. and Alonzo. Hiel died some twenty years ago, leaving no descendents that I know of. Charles wa an odd character. You will hear more of him lateron. He died about 1880, leaving one son, Charlesthird and one daughter. They both left Brockport some time agoandI have not heard from ~~them~~ in some time. Of Alonzo, my boyhood days are more closely related, as he was about my age. We were schoolmates at the old East District School and the Brockport Collegiate Institute. Lon, as he was always called, was queer from boyhood, but was harmless. At one time, when he was about thirteen years old, he disappeared from home and for about two weeks the surrounding country was searched for him. He was finally located near Albany, N.Y., where he had arrived as a driver on a Canal boat. At Albany he had left the boat and was wandering around the city, talking in an incoherent manner, declaring that he was going to sea, was going to be a sailor, etc.. He was taken care of by the Authorities, his home finally located and he was sent bak here. A short time later he was taken violently insane and sent to an asylum in Rochester, where after about a year he was discharged. At the breaking out of war he enlisted in Company H, 1th in N, Y. VI Calvary withe Captain George Barry, but was discharged as insane, upon application of his father. He retruned back to Rochester Brockport, where he lived until his death in the eighties.

He married but left no family. I saw an account somewhere, a short time since, where he was reported a deserter, but that is an error, as I remember the circumstances well and remember, when he came home from the Camp in Rochester. I knew him all my life. He afterwards tried to enlist in the 108th regiment with Capt. E.P. Fuller, but was rejected on the same grounds, that of being demented.

Next west of the Brockway place on College St. came the home of Mr. Daniel Holmes, who is still living here in Brockport, and is so well known that it is useless for me to say much of him. He has been identified with Brockport since my first recollection. About my first remembrance of him is as police justice with his office in the second story of about where Duffy's Restaurant now is. Here was where a prisoner being sentenced to the penitentiary, drew a knife and cut his own throat (It is history that this was the first time Holmes was heard to swear), but the particulars of this affair will be more fully related in its proper time and place. Of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes it is also useless for me, at this time, to say much, as she was so well known and is remembered by most all Brockporters of to-day. Well do I remember when her first book, "Tempest and Sunshine", appeared, and the intense interest it was received by the people of this place.

Next west of the Holmes's residence was the old stone house occupied by Levi Cooley. I have forgotten who lived there in the late fifties.

The home of Rush Reed came next. He, for many years kept a dry goods store, about, where is now the Log Cabin bakery, succeeding Gould and Roby in the business. There are but few

left in Brockport who remember Ralph and Dick Gould. Ralph was the oldest boy and left Brockport about 1857 or 8, locating near Utica, N.Y.. Dick, his brother, was one of the best known dry goods clerks in this part of the country, and well do I remember hearing it said by many that Dick Gould could wait on more customers and give better satisfaction than any other clerk in this section. He left Brockport in 1860, going to the oil fields of Pennsylvania. There he took to drinking. He got into trouble of some kind and finally dropped from sight altogether.

With the event of Rush Reed came another dry goods clerk in the person of ~~Haney~~^{Handy} Wood, a brother-in-law of Reed, who for many years was well known to Brockporters and people of the surrounding country. Many people, who came to the village to do their shopping, thought that no one could wait on them with satisfaction but Hunkey Wood. He drifted into politics and in 1871-2 was canal collector of this village. It was largely through his activity that the proposition to sell the old village hall property (now the first National Bank building) was submitted to the people, and, after a hard fight, the same was carried and the property sold, thus doing away with one of the old historical landmarks of the village. Wood left Brockport about 1878-9 and entered the employ of Burke, Fitz-Simmons, Hone and Company of Rochester. He was with them a number of years but finally about 1884 dropped from sight, and I have not heard from him since.

Next west of the Reed house came the residence of Thomas Buckley. He was one of the early settlers of Brockport, coming here about 1824² or 5 and was a constable from my earliest recollection. He also was a poundkeeper, collector, and at one time, chief of the fire department, in the old times of

RedJacket and Conqueror No 2, hand fire engines. He was a gre great hunter and fisherman, keeping from two to five guns in the house all the time. In those days Brockport was noted for its many sporty men, especially hunters. Among those who used to come to Brockport to ~~hunt~~ get Mr. Buckley to hunt and and fish with him was Seth Green, who afterwards required fame as fish commissioner and the originator of the artificial propogation of fish from Spawn, stripped from living fish. Others, who were always looking for "Old Tom", as he was called, were William Bowman, Rufe Palmer, Clint Cary and others to numerous to mention. Buckley also kept from three to six hunting dogs, gill nets, fyke nets and a complete assortment of fish lines, hooks, fish-poles and fly hooks for all kinds of fish, the latter being a rarity kept only by professional fisherman in those days. He, also, in conjunction with Bowman, Green and others, owned two or three boats, which were kept at the lake and usually left in charge of the fisherman or farmer nearest to the fishing grounds. There generally was a boat at Spring Brook Marsh, on at the ante-marsh and still another at the mouth of Sandy Creek, or more commonly called Straight Lake, and anyone going from Brockport to either of these points, who wished to be sure of a boat, would go to Buckley and get an order on the keeper for one of them. But of the lake and the hunting and fishing of early days I will leave until later. Tom's yard on College about where Tom Wilson lives was a sight to see in those days. The fences at all times were full of seines, from five to twenty-five rods long; gill and fyke nets covered the grass all around the house, reaching almost up to the railroad. There were but few houses on Utica St., and from Main St, back of the Huntly and Raleigh

houses, west of Utica St. and south of the Daniel Holmes, Rush Reed and other houses on College St., there was one unbroken strip of land to the railroad track. The barn back of Buckley's house was covered with coon's skins, while bobbers and sinkers belonging to the nets, were strewn around promiscuously, and as the old man generally kept a cow and one or two pigs, it was a sight to behold. As anyone approached the house the would be welcomed by one or two dogs, and, if there was no one outside the house, upon rapping at the door, the first sound would be a "barking of a dog. Then with "down Joe" or be quiet "Joe" "flash" either Mr. or Mrs. Buckley would appear at the door, with a hearty welcome for the caller, whoever it might be, and upon entering, the caller would be greeted by four or five more dogs and the sight of guns fishing tackle, cleaning rods for guns, powderflasks, powder horns, shot pouches of probably five or six varieties, and, if the old gentleman was at home, find him either cleaning a gun, repairing a net or fixing up some fly hooks, preparatory to fish or hunt on the morrow. But my readers must bear in mind that, although Mr. Buckley had about everything of his own, which went with a hunter's and fisherman's outfit, William H, Bowman, Rufe Palmer, Albert Holmes and several hunters from Rochester used to leave their guns and hunting outfits with him, so as to have them handy when they wished to hunt or fish. All they had to do was to notify Mr. Buckley a day or two ahead, set the day and all would be in readiness. Besides two or three dogs of his own I have known Mr. Buckley to have many more belonging to other hunters, keeping them for their owner's use when they wanted to hunt. Of course these people paid him well for his services, for, as most of them had money, they were

able to do so, and so Mr. Buckley made quite a sum from the same. He was a good dog trainer and, as a hunting dog was not considered much unless he was well housebroke, the old gentleman had plenty of dogs on hand at all times. In housebreaking a dog it is necessary to first teach him to bring to feet any article you ~~bring~~^{bring} for him to bring, after he is broke to fetch; then comes teaching him to find an article, wherever it may hide, after he is learned to find and fetch; then comes his teaching to downcharge, wherever he may be, when the command is given, "incloser", etc., well understood by old hunters. In those days a dog was not considered fit to take into the fields until he was at least a year old, well housebroke and used to the report of a gun, as a hunting dog scared of the report of a gun is far worse than no dog at all. Mr. Buckley, had, at one time, together with several other dogs, a black pointer, which was considered by all the sportsmen around here, as one of the most ~~intellect~~ intelligent and best housebroke dogs in the state. His name was Joe and most every one knew "Buckley's Old Black Joe". At that time about 1855 or 6 Mr. Buckley was constable, at the ~~same~~^{same} time clerking in the grocery store of Randolph and Pease, and it was a favorite practice of his to start for the store from home or somewhere else, and when about half or a third of the way from his destination would drop his pocket diary, or bunch of keys, jack knife or something belonging to him, and after an hour or more would say to the dog: "Joe, I have lost something; go find it". Off would go the dog, and without fail he would fetch the article the old gentleman had left. I remember a party of hunters, consisting of William H. Bowman, Rufe Palmer, Jay Davis and Mart McIntyre of Rochester, as well

as Mr. Buckley, one or two others and four or five dogs- Bill Bowman's double nosed pointer, one or two from Rochester and old Black Joe- were coming home from a hunting trip and upon arriving in the village, they drove up in front of the store of Randolph and Pease. Then someone called attention. He had a shot pouch in his mouth, which turned out to belong to Joe Davis, and, as near as they could figure out, it had been lost out of the carriage four or five miles from Brockport and Joe had brought it along.

Next week we will give some happenings of the old college grounds and the burning of the college, etc.. In those days the fourth of July and general Training Day were the most important and generally observed holidays known in this country. There were not as many legal holidays before the Civil War, as now, and those most generally recognized as such and looked forward to with pleasure and anticipation by all, both young and old, were July 4th or Independence day, Washington's birthday, Feb. 22nd: Christmas, New Year's and always, of course, Thanksgiving day, whatever that may be, according to proclamation by the president and government of the State. Fourth of July usually began at midnight of July 3rd and ended in the early hours of the morning of July 4th. Great preparations would be made by the men of the village and the boys proper. What I mean by this is that old men, young men and boys, did not congregate and discuss their plans of business or pleasure together, as is the custom of the present day. Then, the young men, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, were taught to take counsel from their parents or older people and carry out the old saying "old men for counsel and young men for war", while those under eighteen years of age were con-

sidered as children, who should be seen and not heard, so that while the older men or heads of families were laying out the program for the general exercises of the day, including those already mentioned, the reading of the declaration of Independence, Washington's farewell address, speechmaking, singing, etc., including the usual display of fireworks on the night of the fourth, the young men were making preparations to have a good time introducing the occasion of the night of the third by the ringing of bells, firing of cannons and anvils, drumming on the base drums, of which there were quite a few owned in the village and town, and also making a most hideous noise on what was called a horsefiddle, which was made by stretching across the top two or three strips of horse hide, making a bow of the same material, knocking out a hole in the bottom, and an instrument was perfected to produce the most hideous noise that can be imagined. Then the material, with which to build the bonfire at night was to be looked after, and, as to the merchants and citizens were wise to the facts of what was likely to occur on this night, they would hide or put ought of sight all available material, in order to keep it for the fire of the night of July 4th, to which as a general thing, everybody contributed, in order to make the windup of the day celebration a success.

There was a class of young men in those days who were full of good nature and liked sport of all kinds that contributed to the community in general, which still did not consist of any of the essence of meanness. To them fell the lot, of seeing that the cannons, anvils, ammunition, etc., were ready and available at the proper time. There were mostly the sons of men of prominence of the town, and among the few whom I will mention were ; Ira and ED. Holmes, Sid. Greenleaf, Henry Seymour

Ralph and Dick Gould, George R. Ward, Charley Palmer, (son of Aaron) Hank and Charley Joslyn, Jim Witney, W.W. Cornes, Dolph and Eugene Randall, Ilias F. Joëyln, Fowers Wicks, Eugene and Heber Fuller, Ed. Dayton, George Barnes, High and Charley Brockway, George Graves, Fred Barry, Jake Sleaster, the Skidmore a and Seely boys and many others I will not mention at present. These young men were generally well supplied with money and furnished the necessary funds, and then came the boys to take charge of the cannoms, anvils, base drums, horsefiddles, etc. and carry on the actual work of making July 3rd after the midnight, the garbinger of what was to be the next 24 or 48 hours. Beside the instruments some boys would manage to slyly gain entrance to the belfrys of the different churches and attack a cord to the bell, drop the same outside to someone in waiting then taking the same to the opposite side of the street lie in wait until midnight for the signal, which would usually come by the booming of a cannon and then the fun would begin; pandemonium broke loose, bells ringing, cannons booming, all the other instruments going, groups parading with the horsefiddle up and down the street, the bonfire started, most always in olden timew about in front of where the Methodist Church now stands, boys and girls and young men coming from all directions with boxes, barrels, cord wood and every and anything that could be found in the suburbs, that would burn; it would be the younger class of boys, those who were not at the fire-making all the noise possible with small cannoss, shot guns and any and every thing that would ^{add} to the pandemonium. This would generally be kept up almost all the people in the village had been awakened, and were cross enough to want to lick someone, and at the same time know it was no use to frumble or Or find fault as there was no remedy until the sport was ended

which gradually died down about 3 or 4 in the morning, or at least in a measure and quiet would reign for a few hours until daylight on the fourth came, then the program of the day spoken of before would take place and then would come the night of the day proper; then would be a repetition of the previous night with the exception that at most every house in the village in the early part of the ~~morning~~ evening would be given a display of fireworks consisting of firecrackers, pinwheels, Roman candles, skyrockets, etc., until the time came for a general display of the same on an elaborate scale by the citizens committee in charge. Said display was usually made from a platform built at the corner of Main and Market streets, most generally in charge of Thomas Buckley, Andrew Murphy, Tom Barry and others. Besides the usual display of rockets roman candles, red lights, etc., there would be large elaborate pieces illustrating the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Washington Crossing the Delaware and many others pertaining to the day and the occasion. The display would begin about nine or halfpast and last until midnight; then when the display was over would come the big bonfire, which would burn up everything; watches would be kept all over the village to guard against any accidental fire and the barrels, sugar barrels, empty of course, except now and then a tar barrel, ~~sugar barrels~~ half full would accidentally find its way onto the pile, 4-foot hard wood, dry goods boxes and almost anything that could be found, most the same contributed by the merchants. All and everybody joined in the fun and had a good time. Such a fire would light up the whole village and could be seen for miles, and as the village was scattered then, with lots of commons and many trees, and houses were

far apart, the scene from the surrounding country would look as if the whole village was burning up.

Of course during all this time, the groceries, dry goods stores, hotels and all other places, were doing a good business and, once in a while during the day, would ring out the cry "a fight". Then the crowd would rush that way, only to find the fight was over, and some new attraction would then draw their attention elsewhere. Very few drunken men were seen on the streets, although the most common drink was whisky- three cents per drink-but the places were different from those we now have. The hotels all had bar rooms attached and most of the groceries had the same, but, as the general rule, the farmers and the customers, who came to trade, were accompanied by their wives and families, so drunkenness in the stores was rare and if any one was intoxicated they were generally quiet.

In the ballrooms of the hotels before the Civil War no person under the age of sixteen years was allowed, and but very few under the age of Twenty-one. There were of course, exceptions, but that was the rule most always enforced. And boys under the age of eighteen, were not always allowed in either bowling alleys or billiard rooms,

In those days there were no saloons, as now, where the exclusive business is selling all kinds of beverages, and anyone who has the price. Very few men were arrested for intoxication, unless they were fighting, disturbing the peace and caught in some unlawful act. There was some fighting, on certain occasions, of which I will write later, but the fourth of July was usually a day of amusement, patriotism, fun and good nature. Here we will leave the old time national holiday and

get back to the history of old time Brockport.

The Collegiate Institute was, in the early days, one of the most noted institutions in the State, and, with the terminus of the canal at this point, probably had as much to do with the growth of Brockport as any other enterprise connected with the village. From the old college ultimately grew the present State Normal School. Of the inception, foundation and fight for and against of the same you will hear more later on.

On Sunday morning, (according to history) April 2nd, 1854, at 11 a.m., while the people of Brockport were at Church, the alarm of fire was given, by the bells of the Institute and the churches, and as the people rushed from their places of worship and congregated from all points, it was discovered that the most important building in the village was in flames. The general alarm was given, and soon the inhabitants of the village were at the scene, but it was seen that all hopes of saving the building were hopeless. I was present at the time and well remember some funny things that happened. The fire had got good headway, before it was discovered, and as most of the family faculty and scholars were at Church, a good amount of property was lost that might otherwise have been saved. As it was, the property of the students was carried out by the townspeople and laid in scattered heaps all around the grounds, far enough away from the burning grounds building to ensure safety, but dropping some promiscuously here and there, as it was brought out, so that the students arriving at the fire from Church and thinking to find their property, which had been saved, created an added confusion to the scene, as, some in tears, and others, almost verging on tearshysterics, were seen rushing from one place to an-

other, looking for their effects. Some of the property was saved, but a great many lost most everything in their rooms. One or two of the funny things that happened will be worth relating here and probably be remembered by a few still living in Brockport, who were at the fire.

One young man named Harris who was at the school and resided in the eastern part of the State, rushed into the burning building. Reaching his room he threw his trunk out of the window and rushed downstairs and out onto the lawn, carrying a coat on his arm and a pair of his shoes in his hand. He afterwards said that, although he might have had plenty of time, he was so excited that he never thought to put anything in his trunk, but threw out the darned thing, grabbed what he saw and ran. It turned the trunk was nearly empty and he lost most of his effects.

Charles Brokway, Jr., about twenty years of age, and Hit Seeley, about the same age, both boys of Brockport, were at the fire and assisted in saving property from the burning building, and, as the fire gained headway, and it was seen that the building was doomed, they became excited and were seen in one of the rooms, throwing things from the windows, and was related at the time, they threw out a large bureau and looking glass and two or three chairs. Then Brockway grabbed a feather bed and Seeley took the bed clothes and both rushed downstairs, carrying the things to safety. It was never really determined whether it was excitement or pure delivery that caused them to be so careful of the above mentioned property.

Now came the warning shouts to keep away from the danger-

ous walls and at last the bell in the belfry dropped, sending up showers of sparks, and the Brockport college was in ruins a thing of the past, to be rebuilt and reopened the following year and known as the Brockport Collegiate Institute.

On west of the old college was all farm land, with but few if any, houses until you came to the house of Dexter Baldwin, now known as the Uplands, but better known for long long years, and up to within a short time, as the Orland Gardner farm. In my first recollection this property was owned by Dexter Baldwin, who was a well known politician, sporting man, farmer and all round business man. In the late forties and early fifties he owned and operated one of the largest, and in those pioneer days, best known saw and lumber mill in this section and, as that was before the New York Central railroad came through Brockport and freight was carried by the canal or came through mostly by ox teams over the Ridge Road, and Rochester was a small city of 15 or 18,000 people, Brockport being but a hamlet, Deck Baldwin was a very important and well-known person. He left here and went to California about 1851 or '2, coming back for the first time, in 1877, when he spent two or three days with my father. Then I met and had some very interesting visits with him. Of some of the recollections of old times, as talked over by him and father (Thomas Cornes) you will hear later. His saw mill, well do I recollect, although it was almost a thing of the past and was used but little in my time, but the old waterwheel, upright or jig saw, the dam and waterfall, the running stream and deep pools of water, where I and my boyhood companions used to go and fish, the rocks, the snake den and many other things, in connection with it, are still fresh in my mind. They were there up to the late fifties and almost up to the

late fifties and almost up to the breaking out of the Civil War. A very small portion of the old ruins can be seen.

On the south side of the railroad from about where Utica street runs north and south, there was an almost broken stretch of forest and this old mill was situated about where now is the east part of the small remaining piece of woods on the upland farm. The stream that ran the old saw mill was a broad creek that had its beginning in what was called the old Hart Swamp. It crossed the fourth section road just east of the old Horace Baily farm and came down in a rushing torrent in spring and fall, and was the year around from one to two or three rods wide in different places. There was a waterfall of from 7 to 10 feet just above the mill, a slight portion of the old ruins still remains; what has changed the typical aspects of these old woods is more than I am able to explain. The bed and sides of the old stream were very strong and the large land ^{around} about was covered with large rocks. In the woods a little west and ~~south~~ north of the saw mill was a large den or formation of rocks which were known far and wide as the snake den, and it was often told that in the ~~early~~ days of Brockport there were many rattlers and moccasins found there; there were no poisonous snakes around this vicinity that I ever met with personally, although I have heard of some being killed in those days near the village, but as late as 1857 or 8 there were to my personal knowledge plenty of snakes and ^{many} of them were good sized in all the woods and swamps around this vicinity. I remember an incident that I still relate which took place in those same woods and within a few rods of this old saw mill. Thomas Buckley, before spoken of, had a large family and two of them are still living in the City of Rochester (they

were both here during Home Week) and I doubt not, but what Charles Buckley will remember many of the things of which I have written. Tommy Buckley, ~~son~~ son of Buckley, Sr., was a schoolmate and boyhood friend of mine, we were constant companions and chums; in our early days when you found one you usually found the other and, as we both loved to hunt, and fish we spent many a Saturday in the woods and on the banks of the streams around Brockport. I had in those days a double barreled gun and it was the envy of most of the younger hunters among my associates, as usually the boys and lots of the grown men had only single barrel guns, mostly old-fashioned smooth bores or rifles. Of these old iron barreled muzzle loading gun I will have occasion to speak more of later on, but suffice it now to say that about half the time it was in the hands of Ammia Blake or Charles Jenner for repairs, either a nipple blown out or a main spring broke or something else needed fixing, and as they were both known as gunsmiths, that was where the old gun was a good share of the time. Albert Holmes was quite fond of hunting and fishing and very often employed Mr. Buckley to go with him for company and to find the best cover for birds or the best spot on the creeks for ~~the~~ fishing of which in these parts knew better than Mr. Buckley; about this time, 1856 or 7 Albert owned a number of nets, seines, guns, fishing tackle, etc., and he usually had Tom take care of them for him and have them ready for use when wanted. Among the guns he owned and which Mr. Buckley had in his possession was a small single barrel shot gun and young Tom most always used this, when we went hunting, although he could have had of 6 or 8 guns which were most generally in his father's possession. Young Tom was most terribly afraid of snakes big or

little, dead or alive, and the cause of that was when he was a little boy of 5 or 6 years of age an older boy by the name of Mort Randolph had killed a garter snake about two feet long and taking the dead snake in his hands had come suddenly up behind young Buckley and wound the snake around his neck, crying out, "look out h'll bite, he is a rattler"?. Thereby scaring Tommy so th at he almost went into convulsions and for ever after was terribly frightened at the sight of a live or dead snake. The incident which I started to relate before I progressed to Mr. Buckley ~~was~~ Albert Holmes in order to lead up the subject, occurred as follows:

One Spring day in about 1856 young Tom Buckley and myself concluded that we would go to the Baldwin woods, where we would fish and have a ^{good} ~~good~~ time generally, incidentally taking our guns, with which we might get a squirrel, or perhaps a stray pidgeon, as both of those game were quite common those days. So off we started, one with a double barrel and the other with a single barrel gun. We took the railroad track to the west switch, which is about where ~~there~~ is now the west line of the Rowe Coal yard, and which was then the west line of Willaim Randolph's premises, and then struck the woods to the saw mill track, which was our objective point for hunting and fishing. As we went through the woods and fields, with an occasional opening, birds of all kinds would spring up before us, robins, blue birds, orioles, jay birds, meadow larks, bob o-links, and many others of the feathered tribe, which are ~~new~~ unknown in this section, and every little way a red squirrel or a chipmunk would run across our path and a stray pidgeon would fly out of some bush or tree, but we paid no attention to them, keeping on our course, intent on reaching the stream

and woods, for which we set out, and where we intended to have a day's sport, returning home in the early evening, which was no uncommon thing for us youngsters to do. Tommy was in the lead and, as we struck the path which entered the woods and led up the saw mill, he was talking with me, as only boys will, who are enjoying themselves, free from care, and bent on having a good time. We had entered the east side of the woods, had left the clearing and were about ten rods or more up the path when, without any warning, Tommy uttered a shrill startled cry and dropping his gun, turned in his tracks and, with eyes almost protruding from his head, lips pale and face as white as a corpse, he rushed past me and fled down the track, over which we had just come, Startled, well I guess I was. For a moment I stood still, not knowing what was up, what had happened, nor what to do. I was shivering in my shoes, stricken dumb, watching Tommy disappear down the path toward home, with that startled cry ringing in my ears. Then slowly my faculties returned and, seeing nothing approaching, I started forward. The first thing I saw was the little 14 gauge single barreled shot gun, which Tommy had been carrying and I stooped to pick it up wondering all the while what had caused the fright and sudden running away of my chum. Then casting my eyes up the path, I discovered the cause of his alarm and for a moment was almost paralyzed with fear. (If I had had the same experience that he had I would probably have fled as he had.) For there, in the middle of the path, leading to the creek, over which it was necessary for me to travel to get to the fishing grounds, was a nest of snakes, basking in the sun.

Next week we will take up Monroe stree to the forks or the intersection of what is Monroe Avenue and Ho;;ey St., when there was but one house either side of the road from Main to the forks when there stood the old Methodist parsonage, Elder Metcalfn mimister, over which I have in boyhood skated every foot, and taking but a short time since with one of our towns men, John Shepard, he remembers , when a boy he used to drive cows to pasture up to Uncle Ned Raleigh's, and at that time h he live in the west part of the village, where he was born, Therer were but three houses on what is now Monroe avenue.

From Main St. out to the mile bridge, going out Monroe Ave the country was woods and farming land, with few exceptions. On the corner of Main St. and Monroe Ave., was the residence o Francis Haight, now owned by Dr. Hazen; next west on Monroe ave. was the residence and marble shop of Austin Harmon. Fro there to the forks of the road was an unbroken strctch of swampy land with only one house pn the north side, and I two on the south side, until you reaches Holley Road. From Main St. west I have, when a boy, in the winter time, skated over every foot of ground both sides of the road. In the house now owned by Myers Young, lived a family by the name of Spaulding, They owned the house and farm and were reput- ed wealthy. They only came here in the summer tims, their home being in N..Y. city and they simply occupied the place as a summer residence. Next east of them was the house of O. B. Minkler, New York Central Ticket Agent, and up to about 1856 Or 7 was these were the only ^{houses} ~~houses~~ west of Main St., un til you reached what is now the Farm home of George Simes, excepting of course, the Uplands or the Dexter Baldwin, Or-

lando Gardnerhouse. With the advent of the railroad the west part of the village began to grow, but slowly, and upon the breaking ^{out} ~~pot~~ of the Civil War College St. was fairly built up Monroe St. had probably on both sides from Mainst. to the old yellow house at the forks, perhaps 6 or 7 houses on each side of the street. This part of the village took on growth slowly until the big fight for and locating the Normal school here in 1867 or 9, the beginning of which, the final outcome of and the causes for the ~~outcome~~ of contest will all be discussed in their proper time and place.

Of the old boat yard and dry dock of Hiel Brockway, Elias and Joseph Holmes, the burning of the same, the capture of the incendiaries, the turning of the states evidence of one of them, and the sentence of from 1 to 10 years in States prison; the feud thereby engendered between relatives and friends of the parties may be told at some later period.

Introducing of gas into Brockport, the first filling of ~~the~~ ^{the} gasometer about 1857, the first gas fitter, a German named Synder, the pigeon shots from traps back of the old gas house, old Mr. Brook's mud house, and many other things pertaining to the west part of the village in the fifties must be left for later on. Whilst we come down to about 1867-8 when the whole country was aroused to excitement and wonder ~~and excitement~~ of a little Frenchman who was surprising the country with his feats of daring on a tight rope suspended across the cataract of Niagara Falls.

Monsier Blondin, the celebrated tight rope walker, had twice crossed the river at Niagara Falls. Once he had performed the feat with his feet encased in peach baskets and

again he had crossed carrying a man on his back. The country was excited by the then unheard of performance and it was by many pronounced as foolhardy and an act that should be stopped by the authorities, but still the attraction went on. During the time of Blondin's stay at the falls the railroads were crowded with passengers, going to see the sights; and almost all of the young men in this section caught in the tight rope fever and it was no uncommon sight to see boys from 6 to 7 years of age walking the top of fences, on top of houses, on the grape harbors at their homes, at the arch of the canal bridge and almost everywhere, some with improvised poles, some from without, all doing or trying to do stunts a-la-Blondin. The Brockport boys had caught the fever and two of them proposed to carry the same to perfection therefore they proceeded to procure the necessary paraphernalia to carry out their plans. The time came at last when the great event was to come off, and I herewith give my readers the account as taken from the Brockport Daily Advertiser of Aug. 5th, 1856. "Brockport Ahead- Mons. Blondin fairly Beaten by a Raw Hand.

The

About two years after Mr. Dauchy sold out the hotel and moved on a farm north of Adams Basin near Hinkleyville. Al and Bill went to school at the old Brockport Collegiate Institute, with Professor Burbank, principal, and at the breaking out of the Civil War both entered the Northern army. Al was wounded at Antietam in 1862, and died in the hospital, William I lost track of and do not know whether he is living or not. Next south of the Porte hotel came the brick house first owned and occupied by Uncle Ned Parks and afterwards by Humphrey Palmer. Of these old residents you will hear more later.

Next south of the house spoken of above was the brick house of Uncle Isaac Palmer, the father of Rufe and Hiram, and a large family of girls, all of whom have been identified with the early history of Brockport and of whom we will write more by and by,

South of the railroad bridge on the west side of Main St., lived William Randolph. Next to him lived a family named Weedham and from there south there were no houses in the early fifties until you came to the family residence of Uncle Ned Raleigh and his early brick building, where in early days he manufactured hats. This was the first hat manufactory in the Town of Sweden. Next south of there, in the stone house now owned by Charles Ellis, lived a quaint old character named Thomas Bascom. He was a man full six feet tall, with broad shoulders and weighed close to three hundred pounds. He had a voice like a fog horn, which could be heard from his farm to the railroad station, and when he was aroused there was something doing. He was a great collector of old wagons, ploughs, harrows and everything that pertained to farming,

and with his cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, etc., all running loose among his conglomeration of utensils his old barnyard was the talk and comment of all the country around. he always drove a team of oxen and to see Tom come to town driving his said team, in his shirt sleeves, high knee boots and broad brimmed hat and hollering: "Gee-haw; steady there Tom; go easy Bill," in a voice that could be heard half a mile off, all the time cracking his the old hickory whip stock with the long rawhide lash, was a sight to draw a crowd anytime. He, at one time, had a pet bull, which he broke ~~the~~ harness and worked on the farm, but he had never ventured to drive him on the road until one early Spring morning, and as, he was busy with his plowing and his oxen and horses were all in use, he thought he would drive his pet to the village and deliver a load of cornstalks. He accordingly yoked up the bull on a one ox cart and loaded on the stalks. Everything worked all right and the pet went plodding down the road as sedate and quiet as any animal could. Tom was perched on the top and, ~~whip~~ ~~ping~~ with his long whip flying. He was nodding and saluting everybody he met with: "Mr. and Mrs. So and So; what do you think of my horse?, etc." Everything went lovely, until now and then the animal would shy a little at some new and unknown object, until the railroad bridge was reached. The animal became nervous and was inclined to balk and fight shy of going under, but with many cracks of the whip and much hollering from the old man the bull had got almost under the bridge, when a train of cars unexpectedly came from the west with a bellow which almost drowned Bascom's voice, who was hollering "whoa, whoa, stop him", the animal started on a run down

the street. Almost the whole town as out. Never was there before, nor never has been since, such a run-away in Brockport. Down the the street they went, and about opposite whwere John .R. Davis' store is now the outfit collided with a load of wood; across the street went the frightened animal, bellowing and shaking its head and again they collided, near where Smead's restaurant now is, with a large apple tree; over went the load of stalks, rack and all, with Bascom hurled beneath the same. There soon were willing hands to remove the load and help Bascom out from his uncomforeable position. He immediatelt started to catch his wild steed, but on went the animal, with the running of the ox cart, until he came to the Main st. bridge, wh where one of the wheels ran one side of the arch, and catching fast, tore the yoke free from the old fashioned thills, made from saplings, and threw the animal on his side, but he was up about as soon as downand with a wild bellow and shaking his head he made for the crowd that had gatjered to stop him. That charge scattered the crowd mighty quick; on went and on he went and was finally found by his owner about two weeks after quietly feeding with some other cattle on the farm of old Dr. Baldwin, in the town of Clarkson. Bascom was not injured, but his ride and run-away were long remembered and are to this day by some old time Brockporters. Many people living in Brockport years ago, used to think that our authoress, Mary Jane Holmes, now deseased, took the character of old Middletown in her firect book, Tempest and Sunshine, ~~is~~ from the life of Thomas Bascom. Of him and his son, Si, you will hear again.

In those early days there was no Adams St., nor Fair St.,

nor South Ave..There was no street south of the railroad, until about 1854-5. Fair st. was opened about 1858, when the Fair of the Brockport Union Agricultural Society was organized. The first fairs of 1855-6-7- were held on the farm of Orlando Gardner, known as the plands.

I have started in on Uncle Ned Raleigh's farm, about where Charley now lives and gathered beechnuts, chestnuts and hickory nuts, Most of that track of land on the west and south of the railroad in my boyhood days was woods. In my next you will hear some pioneer history as related by some old residents to the writer 35 or 40 years ago, also Dick Baldwin's saw mill, the burning of the old ~~school~~ college, etc..

In the years before the war there were in Brockport a great many peculiar characters and also a great many eccentric men and women, who have passed away and are not known to the present generation, although we constantly read of such characters in the far west and south western states.

Among the few of the prominent men of this type and of whom I shall have occasion to make mention before getting down to war times, and after the war, to the great fight for the location of the State Normal School in Brockport, will be some names well remembered by many people still living in this village and the surrounding towns, such as Hiel Brackway, founder of the village of Brockport, and of whom it often has been said that he would deal in anything from a jack knife to a running horse or a hundred acre tract of land, and it was generally understood that he always intended to get the best end of the bargain.

Another prominent man in his day and just as much of a character in his line, although altogether different ~~in his line~~ from Hiel Brockway, was his son-in-law, Dr. David Carpenter, who was a member of Congress from his Congressional District in or about 1850. Of him I shall have some interesting stories to tell later. One that used to be told of these two will suffice for now and we will then pass on to some others and return to these again at the proper time.

As the story goes Dr. Carpenter married Mr. Brockway's daughter, who, in after years, was familiarly known by almost every resident of Brockport as Aunt Zubie Carpenter. Hiel was a large boned and large framed man being over six feet in height and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts. Carpenter was tall, angular and large-boned weighing about two hundred pounds, while Aunt Zubie was a large fleshy woman, good looking and what was generally called a bouncing girl. They had been married but a few months when Mr. Brockway, on arriving home from his place of business one afternoon, found his daughter there. He, of course, was glad to see her, supposing she was home on a visit, as would be quite natural and, after the usual greetings, the old gentleman passed on to prepare the supper. After cleaning up he returned to the sitting room to visit with his family and especially his daughter, while waiting for the evening meal. Passing into the room he made inquiries as to her health, happiness, etc., and as to how the doctor was, and as the story goes, was very much perplexed at Zubie's ^{incoherent} answers and general demeanor. At length he pumped the question: "What in the devil is the matter anyway; out with it girl; what is it?. Let us know." Zubie burst out crying and between sobs and much chocking at last managed to

tell her father that she had come home to stay and that she was not going to live with Dr. Carpenter any longer. Pressed as to the reason she managed between sobs to say: " I won't li live with him. He whipped me/" . Supper was just then announced and the family adjourned to the supper table and in comparative silence the meal was eaten, being only broken once in a while by the exclamation of Mr. Brockway of umh, um, the clatter of knives and forks and the usual requests for the passing of this thing or that. The meal was finally over, and the family or, part of them, returned to the sitting room, and then the old gentleman turned to Zubie with the question: " So Dr. Carpenter whipped you, did he?" . " Yes, yes, he did." Again came the umh, um from Mr. Brockway and he at once left the room, returning with a rawhide riding whip in his hand. He walked right up to the astonished wife of Dr. Carpenter and exclaimed in that loud, gruff voice of his: " So Doctor Carpenter dared to whip my daughter, did he? Then by the gods, I'll whip Dr. Carpenter's wife. And he proceeded to carry out his threat by then and there giving her a sound trouncing. Then making get on her things he accompanied her home. He left her at the door and told her to go in and make her own peace with her own husband, which she did, and although rumors in after years were that the doctor and his wife had their family jars, she never again took them home to her father. They both lived a long and honored life in Brockport and died at a good old age some thirty years ago.

The next prominent man, of whom we will relate an anecdote, and who was an old settler and well known business man and farmer in his day, will be Frederic Brewster. He owned and

lived in the house now owned and occupied by Mrs. Charles Blodgett. Brewster was a retired merchant and in his later years was engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He owned a farm on the Town Line. I think about where Mrs. Cassy Hovey now lives or where Tom Burnett lives. In those days, at certain times of the year, help was scarce and, as Mr. Brewster was noted for being close fisted in money matters, it was sometimes hard for him to get help in haying and harvesting. There lived then a quaint old character, a shoemaker, named Sherman Harrington. He was one of three brothers, Hank John, and Sherm. I shall have occasion to write of them all late on, but at the time I now mention Mr. Brewster had a twelve acre lot of hay, which was very heavy and needed cutting badly, but help was scarce and mowing machines were few those days, almost all the mowing and harvesting being done by hand. Now Sherman Harrington knew Brewster and also knew of this field of hay, and one day, meeting him on the street, he stopped him and asked him why he didn't cut it. "Why," Mr. Brewster said: "I have been trying to find some one to cut it". "What do you ask a man to pay a man to cut it?" said Sherm. "Well", said Brewster: Money is pretty scarce tight and I thought I might get someone to cut it on shares." "What shares do you want to give?" was the next question. "Well, I don't really know", was the reply. "How much is there of it?" asked Sherm. "About twelve acres of it, I think, was replied. "Would you give a man half to do it?" was the next question. "I think that would be pretty high", said Brewster. "Well, said Sherm, help is pretty high scarce and money is tight. I am not doing much just now and I don't know but I would cut half of

it for iy. (Note the offer). Brewster who was a trifle deaf, stopped a moment and then said to Sherm, "Well I guess you can cut it", "All right," said Sherm, and remarking that he would hurry right away and get to work, he started off. Brewster said afterwards that he thought as Harrington had no team or wagon to draw his hay away with, he could, by using his own teams help him draw his half of the hay away, get something to even up with him on halves. But Sherm was too sharp for him, and as there were no writings drawn up or no witnesses, Brewster had to take his medicine, which he did, but he never got over it. Meeting Harrington about a week after the above related conversation, he stopped him with the remark; " Say Harrington, I was over to the farm yesterday and I see you have only got half the hay out.

not complete

From my earliest recollection until about 1866 or 7, there stood about where Gordon street intersects State st., one of the best known and prosperous steam flour mills in this section of the country. It stood about where the Stebbin house now stands. It was owned by Roswell Smith and almost all the land south of State St. to Spring St. on both sides of what is now Gordon St. was owned by him. There was no Gordon St. then and most of the land lying south of State St. was ~~wet~~ and springy and at time considered undesirable for building purposes. Smith also owned a large tract of land south of Spring St.. and the springs of water on his lands were noted far and wide for their purity and coldness. In front of his house on Spring St. where now resides Mrs. Sarah Steele, there was a Spring of water boxed in by a square wooden casing, and there were always a ~~cup~~ ^{tin} cup kept there for the use of those passing by for drinking purposes. most of the inhabitants in that neighborhood

their water forhouseh old use frok this spring. Where Mrs Conklin's house now stands, corner of Spring and Gordon Streets, was a large ~~Spring~~pond, part of which was walled in and in this pond Mr. Smith had placed a large number of fish and was known over the village as Mr. Smith's fish pond; the outlet ran north down through what are now the gardens on the east side of Gordon st., across Stae at. east to the canal culvert, thence under the canal and so on down to Lake Ontario. More about these springs later.

Of the old mill, as I said, it set back from State St, and it was approached by a semicircle from State St., and on the west and back from the road about where now lives Mr. Rooney was the shed to the mill. It was no uncommon thing in those days of the fifties and early sisties to see the old shed about 100 or more feet ~~away~~ long covered with teams, and the street lined from east of the mill a quarter of a mile or more, and on the west the same with farmer's teams; especally in the fall of the year; just after threshing, all waiting their turn to unload their grist, or get their flour for th wheat that they had left before. Stephen Gretton was a miller there for years, and farmers who took their wheat to the old Roswell Smith mill in those days were sure to get full returns of flour, bran keriel and all the products from their wheat that was coming to them. (Do you get it now-a-days?) Of the old mill I shall more to tell later on, and also of the old Latta Tannery, situated just South of where John Kinsella now lives. But for the present I am going east and try to bound the village in that direction, as it was in those early days. Then I will return, and give you some of those that came in the late fifties and early sixties, say from about 1855 or 6 up t to the closing of the war in 1865.

Next east of the Smith steam mill came a vacant ~~back~~ of land

on the south side of State St., extending east to about where Fred Schlosses now lives, and south about ~~where~~ half way to Spring St.. Here in about 1852, was started a lumber yard by Chapel and Boyd, the firm consisting of Guy Chapel and Thomas Boyd. The family of Guy Chapel, as far as I know of, is extinct. of the family of Anson ~~Chapel~~, a brother of Guy Chapel, several are now living. Of them you will hear later on. Of the family of Thomas Boyd, Andrew, our late townsman, who was for years engaged in the grocery business, died about 1900; Robert, the next oldest son, is now living in Adrain. Mich; Nellie, the oldest girl, married a man by the name of George Tripp. She is now a widow, I believe; Jennie, the youngest girl, married Edward Losee and still lives in Brockport. This lumber firm became involved in financial difficulties and went to the wall about 1859 or 60.

On the opposite side of State, as I have stated before, at that time, 1852 or 3, and occupying the ground where is now the west part of the present Gordon Lumber yard, was the Hood, Walker and Buswell yard, which later became Hood and Walker and still later Hood and Gordon. Finally about 1859 Hood sold out his interest to Luther Gordon and removed to Medina, where for years he carried out a lumber business with his son-in-law, under the firm name of Hood and Perry. Of them I shall have more to say. In 1859 Mr. Gordon moved to Brockport and erected the Gordon house, corner of Main and South st., and assumed control of the business, gradually extending the same east to where it now is, excepting the eastern part or that tract of land lying east of their planing mill, which, until about four years ago, was known as the old tannery lot. It was purchased in 1906 or 7 by the Gordon boys and their lumber yard now occupies a track of land of which you will hear ~~lots more~~, much soon.

In the fifties, there was an old wooden planing mill where the Gordon mill now is, that was owned and conducted by a man named Deville Hill. He was about 35 or 50 years of age, tall and angular lantern jawed and one of the meanest men in my recollections Of old time Brockporters. In those days it used to be the custom of all the boys of the east side of the village to go in swimming in the canal and their favorite swimming place was just east of Hill's planing mill where the slope wall extended out to the muddy bottom, and from the bottom of the slope the small boys could wade out 6 or 8 feet before the water became deep enough to be dangerous, and there they would learn to swim; while the other boys would make a spring board and from that take a dive or a jump into deep water. As there were but one or two houses in that part of the village and as the banks were pretty well shaded with willow trees and shubbery and the planing mill and the old tannery with its high piles of tan bark was between the canal and the road, there were but very few persons that even bothered the youngsters or found fault except the man Hill. Sometimes the boys would tie one another's clothes in a hard knot or perhaps three or four. Sometimes one who was little more inclined to deviltry would sneak up the bank when some chum was in swimming, and against whom he had grievance, and watching his chance grab his chum's clothes and then tie them, pants, shirt, coat sleeves and all in as hard knots as possible, and then wait until the swimmer came out and watch him untie the same. Sometimes they would wet the shirt sleeves to make them untie the harder, But as this was a common prank played by all on one another, there were seldom any hard feelings laid up. But Hill was always finding fault with the boys, and was detested by them all, and whenever he got a chance he would sneak out of his mill, and when the swimmer who was unfortunate enough to be the owner of said garments found them, they would

generally be found soaking wet and tied in such a shape that it would take an hour or more to untie them, and perhaps they would be slit with a knife or perhaps the collar torn off the coat or some other mean contemptable thing done, but for a long time no clue could be found to trace these doings to the right party, and so the boys simply laid it onto one another, and many was the fight caused by the same, as the same old trick was carried on by different ones. Of course the more times the clothes were found wet and tied in hard knots the stricter watch was kept by the boys in swimming, and when one of the gang that was suspected was caught trying to swipe any clothes from the bank the whole crowd would get after him, and if he was caught he would be pretty sure to get a black eye, or at least a punch in the nose or somewhere else from more than one boy whose ire had been aroused, not on account so much of the tying of the clothes, for that was recognized as legitimate fun, or a way of getting even for some fancied wrong, but for the wanton destruction of our clothes by cutting and tearing them.

Things went on for a long time in this way and every time any one was caught they would, in the end, own to having tied somebody's clothes up, but we could never find anyone, who would acknowledge that they injured anything. But at last, for some reason or another, suspicion was aroused against Hill, and it was soon spread among the boys that he was the one who was doing the mischief. Some doubted, some believed, but all agreed that it was worth while to watch and, as at times there were one hundred or more boys in swimming, in squads of from four or five to twenty or more in a bunch, all looking for something in the same direction, something was bound to happen. Among the boys whom I remember were Horace, Joe

and Bill Beldon, Lucian and Wallace Cornes, Albert Weyburn, George Lyman, Tip and Charlie Witney, Nels and Charley Clayton, Dick Hammond, William and Joe Johnson, Tony and Bill Thompson, the Maloy boys the Igo boys- Hank, George and Albert; Ed. Brewster, Eddie Harrison, Orijon Pease, Wilbur Swett and about 75 others, most of whom you will hear about later, but whom, for lack of space, I don't care to mention here.

Well after about two weeks or more of watching and nothing doing, there came a day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the crowd, larger than usual, gathered just between the planing mill and the tannery for a swim, and, as there were two or three rival factions in the bunch, there was some fun doing. It was a favorite practise for some to jump on another swimmer's back, when he was unprepared, give him a ducking and then swim away, only to swim against someone else, who would give him a ducking, as he had just given the other fellow. Then the fun would begin and soon there would be a battle royal in the water, everyone trying to duck someone else and still keep from getting ducked himself. At these times the banks would be lined with onlookers to see the fun. Some would be those who worked in the mill, some who had come down to go in swimming and, seeing the water and not wishing to take part, were waiting for the crowd to thin out so they could swim in peace and others were passers by, who, attracted by the shouting and laughter would stop to see the fun. This day everyone's eyes were on the swimmers and for at least a half or three quarters of an hour the fun went on, but at last they became tired of the sport and began to thin out and put for the shore. Then, all at once, from a half dozen or more voices rang out: "Who in h-l tied my clothes?" "Find the skunk? Who was it?" From another "Did a d-m good job here. My shirt is soaked and tied in a dozen knots." "Here to", from someone else.

Next" My coat sleeve is turned and tied", etc. but no one had seen or ~~he~~ knew who the slippery eel was who had been doing this thing and having all the fun. On the bank stood at least thirty or more onlookers, but no one had seen anything suspicious, nor had they noticed anything unusual, for everyone had been busy watching the swimmers, except the hands in the tannery and planing mill. They were in and out at intervals, sometimes watching the swimmers and then again carrying into the tannery tan bark from the piles. The hands in the planing mill were carrying in lumber from the piles along the canal bank, where it was piled and seasoned, cut in the right lengths for use. (No steam dry kilns in the lumber yard or planing mills in those days). No one thought of them, and, as Mr. Hill had not been seen that day, the conclusion arrived at by the eight or ten boys, who had suffered from wet and knotted clothes, was that there was a slippery cuss somewhere who had got to be caught. But how? All at once Neise Clayton discovered that his vest was missing and search along the banks failed to discover it anywhere. It was then getting along toward six o'clock, the swimmers were thinning out, the men had quite work and so the search for the vest was given up, thinking perhaps that someone had taken it by mistake and that it would turn up all right in the end. At about 7 o'clock the mill, tannery and swimming ground were abandoned and everything was still and silent around there, when two boys were seen coming down through the Hood and Walker Lumber yard, going toward the canal where the swimmers were a short time before. On the north side and facing the canal was a shed, which belonged and was attached to the old planing mill with an open doorway, where was piled a lot of long strips, which came from the lumber as it was sawed ready to be planed. The strips were called edgings and sometimes the boys would get one of them to use as a fish pole. The door was generally

open and so it was an easy matter to take one, which was often done and, as there was a great deal of travel down through the lumber yard, Old Man Hill, as the boys called him, had among his grievances complained that passers by used his shed to commit many nuisances laying many of the same to the boys who went in bathing in the canal,

Well, as I said, the two boys, Albert and James, were coming down through the yard when their attention was called to something floating down the canal, they could not make out what it was, and began to throw stones at it to wash it nearer the shore, but not succeeding in this and having followed it down until almost to the planning mill. Albert started toward the old shed spoken of saying, "I'll get a pole", and at once entered the shed. By this time it had begun to get dusk outside, and of course in the shed it was quite dark, when all at once, and hardly before he had got into the shed was heard, "I have got you now" you young rascal" and then began thump, whack, whack, as some one striking with a club or a board and Al's voice was heard, "Help, Help/ O God, don't/ Don't/ Let me go/ Help/ He'll kill me? Don't/ Don't/ Help/Help/" All the while the whacks going louder and louder. Jim stood as if petrified for a moment, and then started for the shed, but was met by Al coming out, his hat gone, his nose bleeding, his coat almost torn off, whilst close to him was a man in an awful rag with a strip of scantlin his hand and trying hard to overtake him. Run, Jim, run/ w was shouted by Al with what breath he had and they took leg bail back the way they came with the man standing and shouting and shaking the club at them.

Well/ We/ Well/ here we are again, as Dan Rice used to say to the citizens of Brockport, after the absence of a year, when he used to travel with his one horse show and was recognized and was

recognized as the greatest drawing card in the circus line in the whole United States.

Ew left Al and Jim going up the old back alley or road from the planning mill of Devilla Hill; Al with clothes torn, nose bleeding and generally the worst from wear on account of his with said Hill, and the old man at the back door of his mill, with hair disheveled, blood in his eye, club in his hand and uttering dire threats against the two fast disappearing lads. It behooves us to relate to readers the outcome of and windup of this affair, which began in a friendly frolic, a bathing and swimming contest in the old canal, and which came near ending up in a tragedy, and for a time created considerable excitement.

Al told Jim as he entered the door of the old shed connected with the planning mill, intending to procure one of the long stripes of edging in order to reach the object floating down the canal, he was grabbed by the collar of his coat and at once received blow after blow from a club or stick on his head, shoulders and arms and everywhere the same happened to land, while all the time the person wielding the weapon was crying out; "I'll teach you to trespass on my property; I'll learn you", etc., etc.. Taken by surprise all Al could do for a moment was to protest his face and try to break away, but the gripper held fast and Al became bewildered and confused, not knowing who was assaulting him or for what reason the assault was made. But at last after jerking and struggling, he managed to partially free himself from his assailant, and recognizing the voice as that of Mr. Hill's (he began to think that he was in the hands of a crazy man and would probably be murdered) he shouted for help. It was then that Jim rushed toward the scene. The sight of Jim caused a start on the part of the old man and he slightly released his hold on Al and the latter broke away. Jim and Al can-

passed the situation over and finally concluded that the best thing under the circumstances was not to say anything about the occurrence, for if they did Mr. Hill might tell anything he wished to; that his side of the story would be accepted and that their parents would be more than likely to consider they were wrong, being up to some kind of mischief, and would give them both another trouncing, it being the accepted maxim of olden times "spare the rod and spoil the child". So, brushing brushing the dirt off from his clothes, washing his face and hands at the old town pump and concealing his bruises as best he could, the two boys separated, each going home with the agreement to meet in the morning, at which time they would consult with some of their chums and decide some means of getting even with Mr. Hill. But the best plans of mice and men oft ganaway and, instead of meeting in the morning, things took another turn which looked serious for a time, was disastrous for one person and broke up the friendliness of Al and Jim, but which came out all right in the end.

Al had three brothers at home and as they all slept in the same room it was impossible for Al to conceal his condition, when he retired for the night, and as his rumpled appearance was at once noted it was quite natural for his brothers to ask questions as to what was the matter, where he had been, etc., to all of which Al's only reply was: "Oh, nothing; haven't been anywhere in particular," but when he began to undress and his bruises began to show, there was no more use of evading the questions and soon the whole story was told. At once the indignation of the brothers was aroused and they proposed to go out and seek Mr. Hill, and wreak dire vengeance on him. But upon Al's urgent request the idea was abandoned, but a decision was made then and there that their father must be acquainted with the whole affair and that at once. Hank, the oldest brother, agreed to

go with Al and see the father and thell him the whole story. It was then only a few minutes after nine o'clock, so that they put on their clothes and started to find hãm. Fortunately they found found the old gent at home and Henry told him the story. He of course questioned Al as to how he came to go down there, who was with him, why he went into the shed, etc., and at last being satisfied that his boy had been pounded, misused and maltreated by and old crank, for no provocation, and only through pure meanness on the part of Devilla Hill. The old gentlemen, who was quite a scrapper himself and a perfect devil when aroused, but a great joker abd quiet as a lamb when left alone, at once donned his boots (all boots those days) and coat and reaching for his hat said to Al: "Come with me. We will go and find theg-d d-m old pirate and we will make himd-m for this. My boy, if I thought you were in the wrong, I'd give you a good licking myself." Off they went and the other brothers, havin been informed by Hank as to what was going on, at once got into the clothes and were soon on the trail, and it was not very late, they met some of theit chums on the way, to whom they gave a brief synopsis of what was going on, and soon it became generally noised around that Mr.- was looking for Mr.Hill and that when he found him there would be something doing. Al was a favorite with the younger boys and Hill was universally known as a crank, so there was great interest manifest in the outcome of the meeting.

Al accompaniee hid father first to the Hill home, where, upon making inquiries, they found that the person they were seeking was not at home but was in the village somewhere, so proceeding downtown they came across three men in front of John Light's candy store, which was about where Johncharles Gartley's new's room now is, and downstairs, under wgere Grover's bakery now is, as a grocery store kept by Ward and Hubbard, the late George Ward, and

and John Hubbard, who is still living, I think, in Rochester, and , who has long ago passed his eightieth birthday. Hill generally spent a portion of his evenings in the store and on this particular evening had been reciting to his hearers his adventures with two desperate characters at his planning mill, who he caught in the act of either committing a nuisance on his premises or else were there for the purpose of stealing something. He did not know which, but , who upon accosting them, had assaulted him and, after a desperate battle had succeeded in putting to flight. Some asked him if he had notified the constables or made any attempt to find out the trespassers and have them arrested and punished for their assault. He said he had not, but that he had used a club on one of them and he guessed they wouldn't bother him any more. Rumors had reached most everyone in town by this time and when Hill left the store for home many conjectures were made and many different opinions expressed as to his story and the many rumors that were flying around. Al and his father met him as he came up the street, and as it was only a short distance from the grocery, there were quite a few persons around who saw the meeting and what occurred.

The old man accosted Hill with "you d-m old cuss (both men were about of an age) what do you mean by thrashing my boy with a club tearing his clothes and treating him as you did to-night/". Hill bristled up and showed a bold front, trying to bluff the thing through on the line to bear out the story of two desperate characters attacking him which he had been telling all the evening, He began to tell that he was on his own premises, that he had been assaulted before he knew what he was going on and that he was in fear of his life, but he was interrupted by Al, who said to him: " You know you are telling what is not so; you know you grabbed me and

pounded me with a club, before I got into your shed, and without saying a word to me." Hill replied: "I thought you was a man; I did not know who it was; I was afraid." He got no further for Mr.-, who had been getting madder and madder, and seeing by the evident confusion of Hill that he was all to blame, with a roar of "you scoundell," grabbed him and raising him off his feet he shook him as a terrior would shake a rat. Then cuffing first one side of his head then the other, (he scorned to use his fist) he slammed him and banged him in every possible way, saying "you scoundel, you dirty dog, you cur; pound a boy with a club." Slam, bang, bang, slam, first down on the sidewalk and then lifted to his feet was Hill, who all the while was trying to resist, but he was like a two year old child in the hand's of Al's infuriated father. All the while the crowd looked on, but no one saw fit to interfere, some because they saw that Mr.- was only using the flat of his hands, while others because of what they had heard, thought he was only getting what he deserved, and still others who were afraid if they did interfere and got Mr.- agoing, there might be something doing, for Mr. had some friends in the crowd who could trot some, if necessary, and who would back him in a scrape, if the occasion required. So, when Mr.- finally let Hill go Al's condition was not a patch to that of the latter. His clothes looked like a rag peddler's outfit; his face was red and inflamed; one eye was shut and he was as limp as a rag. He staggered against the side of the building and finally, after recuperating, he went away with some of his friends. Mr.- then took Al by his arm and they started for home.

There were all sorts of surmises and conjectures among the villagers that evening and for days afterwards as to what would be the outcome of the whole affair, and in certain circles things were at fever heat and talk of suits for assault and damages on both sides were freely discussed, but as things went on from day to day and

and nothing was heard from either side of a startling nature the matter dropped almost out of the minds of all; except those directly interested and the matter was almost forgotten. About two after the meeting between the two men, rumors began to be circulated in a vague way that something sensational might be expected at anytime, and that ~~something~~ ^{the} would be completely vindicated, and that there would not be likely to be any law taken on either side, but that there would be some interesting developments soon. To return to old man and Al whom we left going home. They reached there and the old man told the boys, who had arrived home by this time, to go to bed and also told Al that he wanted to see him in the morning before he went to school and the boys retired. Al and Jim did not meet for several ~~weeks~~ days after the occurrence of the events narrated, but finally one day upon their meeting, Al told Jim that his father took him to task the next morning for the affair of the night before and told him that although he believed his story- and also thought that he had not done anything intentionally wrong that the affair might turn out more serious than they might think; that in all likelihood there would be a lawsuit over the whole matter, and that in the end it might cost him a lot of money, whichever way it turned out. He also told him that although he might not have intended anything wrong that he had no right on Mr. Hill's premises, unless it was in the day time and he went there on business. That he surely had no business there at that time of the night and that the whole affair looked bad, and finally ended by forbidding Al to have anything more to do with Jim and for him to be in the house every night at 8 o'clock. Al wanted to know why he shouldn't have anything more to do with Jim, saying, "Jim hadn't done anything and wasn't to blame and was the only person that knew the whole matter and could corroborate the story," but the old man was adamant and so Al told

his chum it was all off for a time anyway. He said Hank and George
 still stick by me and we will catch that old cuss (meaning Hill)
 yet and show him up. The old man give him a good trimming anyhow. For
 a time the chumming of the two friends was broken up, but their
 friendship for one another was still retained. A few days after
 Hank and Jim met and after talking sometime came to the conclusion
 that someone connected with the planning mill knew more about the ty
 ing of the clothes of the clothes of the swimmers than anyone else
 than they were willing to tell and also they both expressed an opin
 ion that the old man Hill was at the bottom of the whole affair. So
 So they determined to sift the whole matter out, and as every boy
 and young man almost was interested their concluded their chance
 for doing so was good. There was at that time a young fellow ~~at that~~
 in Brockport whom we call Tip, his other name for certain reasons we
 will pmit. He was a schoolmate and playmate of the boys that asso
 ciated together in the eastern and southern part of the town, but
 was not well liked by any of them as he was a note liar, always
 quarrelling with someone, a tale bearer and an all round mischief
 maker, and furthertha n all this when you pinne' him right down he
 was a great coward, This fellow at this time was working in the
 planning mill and after consulting with some of the other boys in
 the village, amongst whom it will be remembered had lost his vest at
 the the swimming contest, Charlie and Ed Oliphant, Tip Whitney, Tip
 whom we knew of the affair. In my next you will learn all about the
 result of the boy's work in the detective line, the finding out of
 the guilty ones, the final ending of the whole thing; then we will
 tell pou about the burning of the distillery and slaughter house
 of Thomas Cornes that stood just east of the present mill of L.
 Gordon and ~~the~~ company., the old tannery just east of there, some anec
 dotes of Horace. Fred and Bill Beldon, John Selleck, Luke and Dutch

(W.W) Cornes, the Noble boys and many others, the re-appearance of the Wick's- Patterson Theatrical Co., etc, etc..

The next morning the story told by Tip was on the tongue of every interested person in the village and much talk was the result, some taking one side and some the other, but no more talk was heard of prosecution by either party, and as Mr. Hill soon took a business trip out of the town and was gone for some time the whole affair soon dropped out of sight and was forgotten. Near where the Gordon planning mill now stands, a little east and south, in 1848 my father, Thomas Cornes, owned and carried on a distillery and slaughter house. In those days a great amount of corn whiskey was manufactured in this state, much more than wheat or rye whiskey. The two buildings were in close proximity to each other and the hog yard was on the east side of the buildings, so situated that the offal from the slaughter house could be thrown out to the hogs, while the distillery part was close enough so that the sour mash from the distillery could be thrown in the same yard. It was customary to keep from ten to thirty stock hogs, so that quite a little mash was thrown out about every three or four days, enough so that the animals required a liking for the same. At that time there was a large killing of hogs in this section and Brockport was noted far and wide as one of the best pork markets in the state. There was also butchered a large number of sheep, the animals being killed largely for their pelts. The carcasses except the hind quarters of hams was boiled for tallow. You could buy a whole sheep for twenty-five to fifty cents. The pelts were shipped to the eastern market.

In the season of 1847-8 there was butchered in my father's slaughter house for a Utica firm nearly seven thousand sheep; the carcasses were boiled or tried out for their tallow and along with other grease beef tallow. Neatsfoot oil, etc., there was a large amount

of said article on hand, ready for shipment, when this fire occurred.

According to my fathers account the fire occurred about 1:30 p.m. I think, sometime in the forepart of the month of March, just before the opening of navigation on the canal. There was no railroad then and all the freight was shipped by canal. The fire fighting facilities were very crude, consisting of a hand engine and the old fashioned bucket brigade, so that when a fire was fairly under way there was but little use trying to fight it.

After the fire once got into the grease, tallow, etc., the water only served to spread the flames, so the attempt to save the buildings was given up and attention was given to the saving of such property as possible. The hog yard fence was torn down and the animals set at liberty and such barrels of tallow as could be reached were rolled away to a safe distance. Soon the buildings were burned to the ground, then the engine was set to work and the debris was drenched with water and there it was left to die down of its own accord. For many days after the fire men were at work digging up tallow, grease etc., which they disposed of for what it would bring as soap grease.

I have many persons tell that after the fire the ground for a large space was covered with grease, dirt and etc., to the depth of from two to six inches. The country around was then new. The woods came up to near to where Washington street now is and of course, when the hogs were released they wandered in all directions and for days nothing was done toward hunting them. Father having started a slaughter house on the bank of the creek, running north from where is now east ave., to Blodgetts mill pond, thought it about time to hunt them up and had made arrangements to take some of his men and start a search for them, when it was rumored that some of them had returned and were rambling around among the ruins of the old distillery and slaughter house. It being ascertained that such was the

case , father concluded that he would wait a few days and perhaps the most of the hogs, if not all of them, would return, that day some eight or then returned, and they kept coming and were nosing about the slaughter yard for something to eat. One night the people in the vicinity were kept awake by the grunting and squealing of the hogs. They could not imagine what was the matter. Some residents went to the ruins in the morning and found the hogs on a rampage, as they called it. The fier had burned out and the sour mash from the distillery had cooled so that it was good eating and the porkers were filling up. Upon the arrival of every returning wanderer, they were satisfied for a while at some of the warm mush, As they had free access they hog like gorged themselves and most or all he become intoxicated. The news spread and soon a good share of the inhabitants of the village were on hand to see the fun. After a while a fence was built around the animals and another around the mash pile to keep them away from it and they were left to sober up as best they could,

Just east of the slaughter house stood the old tannery, run in my early recollection by John Latta and Abraham Moore. Among the men who worked there was John Maloy, Abe Moore, Mart Sedgwick, James Wallace and a number of others. All around the old tannery was ^{the} tan bark in piles from 10 to 30 feet high. On the north side was a large double door with a platform extending out on the berm bank of the canal for the purpose of loading and unloading the hides, leather, etc. on the canal boats. The east end was the engine room and the next to that was the mill for grinding the tan bark; in the center were the vats for soaking and tanning the hides; in the west end were the benches where the workmen did the work of removing the hair from the hides as they were taken from the pickling vat; upstairs were the finishing rooms, where the hides were finished, glossed and blackened and packed in barrels, ready for shipment.

Many times have I stood in that tannery and seen the hides taken from the ~~vats~~ vats and hung up to drain and new ones put into the pickle. Then the ones which had been taken out were thrown upon the long scraping tables and the work of removing the hair was begun, which was the first process in preparing them for leather to be used for boots, carriage tops, etc..

After the tanbark had been ground and used in the vats until the strength was all exhausted, it was thrown out into the yard of the tannery and left to dry. On the south side was a space about one hundred ~~yards~~ square, where on Saturday afternoons and most every day in the week the school boys used to congregate and have a good time. The tanbark would be anywhere from six inches to two feet deep, making a bed almost as soft as sawdust, and here the boys learned to turn hand springs somersaults and all kinds of boyish ~~tricks~~ feats performed by boys and young men up to twenty or more years of age. Some of the boys were Horace, Joe and Fred Beldon, Sam and Bill Johnston, Dick, Hammond, Andrew and Robert Boyd, the Maloy boys, the Wickes boys, Wilbur Sweet, Lucian Cornes—generally called Luck, Wallace Cornes, Dick and Ralph Gould, John Sellick, the Wright boys (their father kept a grocery, dry goods and general store in the fifties, where Duffy's saloon now is) the Noble boys (who lived on what is now Washington Street) the Clayton and Whitney boys, the Coates boys—Frank, Ann, Cornelius and Mart, the Berry boys—Tom, Jim and Robert, and scores of others, whom I will have occasion to mention later on.

Up to about 1851 there was situated about where the eastern end of the factory—~~piano~~—now is a building 365 feet long by 50 feet wide in the main, and the upper or south end for 60 feet long and 50 feet wide was a two story frame building built originally for a coonery or place for raising silk worms. It was owned and run as a silk

worm factory for years by the late George H. Allen. It was sold to my fater by ~~Mr. J.~~ Allen in 1851 and he converted it into a slaughter house. For years from 1851 until it was ~~converted into a slaughter house~~ finally destroyed by fire in 1870, the slaughter house barns and buildings were owned by Thomas Cornes and situated where the wheel works, piano factory and some of the buildings on the fair grounds now are, were known all over the country in those days, and many times have passengers on R.R. trains passing look out of the windows of the cars to inquire what those buildings were. Of the old cocoonery, the slaughter house, its leaded windows and many interesting events connected therewith I will tell in some future article, the old slaughter house on the Lyman farm, the negro settlement made and maintained by him, old man Lyman colored family of coons, Mace, Bill, ^{L. Mace} ~~Mace~~ and old man and old mammy, relics of the Gelespie family and old slave days, the slaughter house and N.Y. central R. R. thieves and their rounding up old uncle Ned Parks, Ned Raleigh Isaac Palmer, father of Rufe and High, old Horace Bailey and his father and the early days of the Indian trail as told by Hod to the writer of 1881, will have to be left to some future time.

On the fifty acres of land purchased by Thomas Cornes, on which stood the old cocoonery before spoken of, There were no woods or timbered land, but to the south and east the country was an almost unbroken track of woods, except now and then a few acres of cleared land, which was called farmland or clearings. of the many buildings on this farm- the slaughter house, the ice house, in which the ice was packed in ground tan bark, the basement cellar, in which was annually packed tons of hams, shoulders, dried beef, etc., the barn 326 feet north and south by 50 feet east and west, the shed extending west 100 feet and south 70 feet, forming an L,

in the basement of which were stalls enough to accommodate thirty odd head of stock; of the times the boys used to have on the hay mows, the sight of 6 or 8 men in the haying and harvesting fields, one following the other with scythes and sickles, before the mower or reaper came into general use, and many other things which happened on that farm might be left for future time, while we proceed around the circle of old time Brockport.

The New York Central Railroad was completed to Rochester in 1850 and the Niagara Falls branch of the same was finished through Brockport in the summer of 1852. At that time the woods came up to the route of the railroad and most of the way from Rochester to Lockport the track on both sides was bordered by woods. The railroad through Brockport ran through a portion of my father's farm, and on the south side of the track from the west end of what is now the old dump ground of the village, to the east it was all woods. I have ^{remembered} when a boy of 10 or 11 years old started in the woods at the east line of my father's farm, and entered a thin piece of woods on the Lyman farm, and from there on I have traveled east and gone five miles, crossed the railroad track, gone south and hunted the woods to the fourth section road, and turned west and came back home, and never was out of the woods from the time I entered them in the morning until I returned at night, except to cross the railroad or some wagon road, in those days squirrels; red, grey and black were in abundance in the woods, also partridges and quail, wood cock and snipe abounded almost everywhere, and pigeons flew so thick that it was nothing to think of getting 10 or 20, or more than one could carry in two or three hours of time of hunting. At almost any time of the year and in early Spring when the pigeons were returning from their annual flight to the south, it was no unusual thing for hunters to shoot two or three hundred a day. I have seen them fly so th

thick in almost continous flocks, both Spring and fall that they would almost darken the sun. I have seen from 20 to 50 men and boys with guns stationed some in the eastern part of town, some in the south and west and, in fact everywhere in and out of the corporation all shooting pidgeans. The flight spoken of would sometimes last for eight or ten days, and then for a month or two after, pidgeorns would fly in their ordinary flights which would mean 25 or 30 flocks a day containing from a hundred or more birds, to a flock consisting of thousands, and such flights were ordinary and caused no comment. I remember one Spring when birds flew so thick that the late Charles VanEps stood opposite my father's house on South St. and in front of D.S. Morgan's barn and before 10 o'clock in the morning had some pidgeans he could carry home.

At this time there was a farm barn where ~~stands~~ ^{now} stands the brick barn of Mrs. Morgan, the premises being owned by J. R. Ostrom. The grounds on which the Morgan house now stands were a commons, in the center of which was a large boulder. There was an open ditch running on the south side of the lot and on the north side of South St. said ditch running into an open ditch on Main St. and crossing the road under the street continued on west through Monroe St. (now Monroe Avenue) to the line of Utica St., thence north and on west gradually, through devious routes, until it found its way through the culvert, under the canal, west of where is now the gas works, and thus on until it reached various streams to Lake Ontario,

The commons then known as Ostrom's commons were grown up with weeds, cattails and old Canal thistle. A foot path ran diagonally from northwest to south east through these commons and through this path most of the travel was done by people living in the south east part of the village. Hundreds of times have the boys and I

who lived in this part of the village, played soldier on these commons, using the boulder before spoken of as a fort and the cat tails and bull thistles as the enemy. Then with our wooden swords, made out of lath or any piece of wood that would answer the purpose, we would charge down from our fort upon the enemy and, after cutting down a sufficient number of them, would retreat to our stronghold to prepare for another assault. This rock was buried on these grounds about three or four rods north of where is built the present Morgan house by Mr. Ostrom in about the year 1854 or 5, and is, without doubt there now eight or ten feet underground. Among some of the boys who played on these grounds whom I remember were John and Frank Dodge, Lon Morehouse, Charley Davis, Charlie Kellog, Eugene and Dodge Randall, Will and Ed. ^{Wm} Barnett, Tom Olden, George Benson, cousin of our present George, and I am not sure, but think our present George and our town constable, Ed. Coates were among those with many more, whose names will be mentioned later.

The corner where the Gordon residence now stands was a commons until 1858 or 9. Next last was the old Dodge house where lived the widow Dodge with four boys: Alfred, Fred, John and Frank. John died in service during the Civil War. Fred commonly called Filer has not been heard of in a number of years. Frank died in Rochester about 1889 or (0 and Alfred, I think is now living in Missouri. There was one girl, Emeline, who married Frank Smith, son of Roswell Smith. They went to New York City about 1856 or '57 to engage in Young Men's Christian Association work, he being one of the earliest and most active workers for this cause. He died in that city many years ago. and his wife died here in Brockport some time later.

Next east of the Dodge family on ^{Smith} St. came the Morehouse family, of which there were the father and mother and two sons, Jo and Alonzo. Next to them east came the house of Thomas Cornes,

built by him in 1831-2, and where he lived until his death in 1878. Herer his whole family were born and grew to manhood and womanhood. East of this home it was all commons until about 1850, when a house was built by a man named Lisk. This house was about where Luther Gordon now lives. After Lisk went west it was owned and occupied by the late George Chadsey. It has changed hands several times since. Another house was built east of the Lisk house and first in my recollectio was owned and occupied by Charles A. Bolt: then after him by Amos Coates, fater of our present Edgar Coates. Many a time before these houses were built have I gone to the fence between my fathers house and these oldcommons and watched the putting up of the tents and feeding of the elephants, as the circus was getting ready foe the parade abd show, as these old commons on the east end and south side of South st. were the first circus grounds in Brock - port of my recollection.

The house on the corner lately owned by Mrs. Baker was originally the home of Charles VanEps and was moved by him to its present location from the premises now owned and occupied by Dr. Wills C. Cook, when Mr. VanEps erected his new house. many times during the moving have other scholars and I attending the old district school, NO. 13 taken shorts rides during recess and at the noon and night hour in this old house.

Between the corner of South St. and the railroad in 1852 there were but threehouses on the west side of the st..

First south of the Cornes house lived a German named Lapkey. He had one son Julemwho was a schoolmate of mone. Next came James Vanderhoof, a carpenter, well known in later years by all employees of the Johnson Harvester works. Next came a man named Cook. I have forgotten his first name, but he had two sons, Alfred and Ed., both classmates of mine. Alfred moved to theeasternpart of the state

years ago and and is, I believe, still living. Ed will be remembered by all the old residents of Brockport and many of the present ones as he worked for years in the Johnson Harvester Works, after removal to Cleveland, Ohio. He returned here four years ago, staying a year or such a matter, and about a year ago he went back to the west. You will hear more about Ed. later on. He will be more readily remembered when I state that he was and used an iron attachment to his shoe, commonly called an iron foot.

Next to the cooks lived the Clayton family, of which I have spoken before - Nelse, Charley and Fanny Clayton. The house in which they lived was bought about 1855 or '6 by John Maul, who converted it into a hotel, and it was gradually enlarged from a dwelling house and a small beginning as a hotel, until, in later years it was known as the ~~Heinrich~~ ^{Hotel} House. The premises on which it stood are now occupied by Moore-Shafer shoe Company. I remember when John Maul first started to keep boarders and sell lager beer in this house. He bought it in a single keg and drew it for his customers in earthen or common tea cups.

On the west side of the street, until you came to the corner going east of High St., there was only one house and that was occupied by a family named Whitney. They were very poor. The house stood about where O'Brien's coal office was before the new York Central freight depot was moved to its present location. There were two boys and two girls in the family. Mr. Whitney did odd jobs around the town and worked at anything he could get to do to make a living. The oldest boy, was a good worker and was naturally smart. He was considered among the boys of his age (about 15 years) as one of the liveliest boys in town. In a scrap he could handle most any of his companions, but he was never quarrelsome, although he always took the part of the smaller boys, which made him a great favorite.

Tip's brother , George , was three years younger than himself and small for his age. Mr. Whitney used to manufacture a liquid silver polish and put it up in one ounce vials, which Tip and George peddled around town at five cents a bottle. Mrs Whitney used to make a white sugar candy, which she cut up in sugar kisses, and every morning the boys would each take a tray, containing from twenty-five to thirty of these kisses and would go around town selling them. Then, when the railroad trains were due at the depot, they would be on hand to go through the cars and sell the same to the passengers. It was no uncommon sight to see from two to ten boys, ranging from seven to fifteen years of age peddling candy, oranges, pears, apples, etc. at the depot during traintime and around the village on the canal docks and other places during the day. The Whitney boys, after the coming of the railroad, added to their stock of candy and silver polish, apples, oranges, pears and grapes in season and were always on hand at the trains. As there was a constant stream of immigrants going west and lots of cattle carried from the west to Albany and New York, the drovers of which generally had a caboose on their train, they were good customers for such things, so the Whitney boys, Tommy Buckley, Mart Coates, Ed. and Alfred Cook and lots of others, who peddled at the trains, made good money.

In my next I will tell about the terrible accident of the coming together, head on, of two passenger trains, right in front of the depot in Brockport, when the engineers of both trains on one track, mistakes which occurred quite often in the early days of railroad-ing, of the terrible injuries sustained by by George Whitney, of the old pumping station, the railroad woodshed, with thousands of cords of wood, the sawing machines and the gang that ran them, etc..

As I told you, about all the boys in this section of the village

were interested in finding out the mystery of the tying of the boys' clothes, while they were in swimming, and as Hank, Al and Jim were all members of the Wicks Patterson Theatrical Company they soon had everyone on the trail. At this time the boys had moved the theater from the bin in the warehouse to the old tannery barn (the circumstances of the moving and the cause will appear later) and it was up to them to in some way get Tip to join the troop. He was working in the planning mill for Hill, the barn was nearby and it was not a very matter for the boys, as they were passing back and forth, to ask Tip down to the barn to see them rehearse. Tip was caught without much trouble and was only too glad to get in with the boys. The next thing was to get him to become one of the members and then worm out of him all he knew about the matter. One of the troop lived near the mill, in fact lived at that time in the house now owned and occupied by Mrs. Frederic Schlosser, and so it was left to this member, Jim Maloy, to get Tip to consent to join the troop which he did in the following manner.

Tip was quite a good singer, and as the boys were at this time putting on a negro minstrel act and were introducing clog and jig dances (those were the days of Dick Slighter, John McCrackin and the Morris minstrels, shows which included such songs as "Way Down On the Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," etc.) Jim Maloy, living near Tip's place of work, made it a point to go over and talk with Tip about the show and tell him what we were doing, finally asking him to join and sing some songs for us. Tip readily consented and Jim informed the company that Tip would join us and would come down the next night and rehearse with us. We had seven or eight lanterns and a dozen or more candlesticks, with lots of candles, and so we had a pretty fair light and could rehearse until nine or ten o'clock at night. There was no gas in Brockport then and kerosene was

unknown. The lamps in use burned camphene or fluid and the street lamps few and far between, burned tallow candles.

Well, the next night came and Tip was on hand and was met with the usual warmth by all the boys. There was considerable excitement in theta neighborhood over the fact that there was going to be a minstrel show in the old barn and quite a number of men were there, some bringing their children to see what the boys were going to do, We concluded among ourselves that admitting a few of the boys and girls to rehearsal would be good advertising and would arouse the curiosity of others. So, on the night of Tip's admission, there were present John Maloy, father of Jim and his daughter, Carrie, a miss about nine or ten years of age ; James Wallace with one or two of his girls about the same age and Mark Ledwick and his gail. These men all worked in the tannery and were quite interested. A few of the young boys living in the east part of the town, although not members of the company were also admitted, because of their friendship with the members. When Tip appeared he was received with applause and after rendering one or two songs, for which he was encored by the audience and the boys of the company, who, not being obliged to appear on the stage at the time, had gone out among the audience in order to join in the allpause and make Tip feel that he was welcome and a valuable member of the company. The program worked wonderfully and after the rehearsal was over the boys began to put things in proper shape, after which most of them went home only a few staying to have a little visit. Among these who stayed were Jim and Ed Maloy, Dick Wicks Walt Vail and one or two others, who were most friendly with Tip, it not being thought best for those to stay who were known or supposed to be unfriendly.

After getting things in proper shape, and having settled down to talk, tell stories , some to smoke, etc., the subject of the

subject of the swimming episode was brought up, and Jim Maloy put the question point blank before the house, by turning to Tip and saying-"Tip, I think you know more about tying those clothes than anyone in the house. How was it done and who did it?" Tip was evidently taken by surprise and also very much confused, but replied:"I do not know anything about it, I wasn't in swimming at all. "This created a laugh among the boys and at once some one spoke up: "Of course you were not, if you had been, nobody would have thought you had anything to do with it. Come Tip. own up and tell how it was done. It will be alright. We want give you away. We are all friends, and we only want to have the laugh on some of the other fellows. Darned well done anyway, from another, the only mean thing it was Neis Clayton lost his vest. Outside of that it was a good joke. Yes, and well played." These and other remarks were banged around from one to another all in good nature, but Tip was game, and would acknowledge nothing, but from his manner and evident confusion, was ill at ease, Finally some one said, "Well, let the thing go, it is a good joke anyway. Let's go home. We will have another rehearsal tomorrow night and next week we will be ready to give a public show," So the party broke up with the understanding to meet next night at the usual time. Some of the boys lived near the tannery and some lived in other parts of the town. Before breaking up some of the boys managed to whisper amongst themselves, "We will know more about it tomorrow night: he knows; he will weaken ; we will fetch him yet etc.. Hank, Jim and Tip lived in the same part of town and went along together, and finally separated and went home. Not a word more was said on the subject but the talk was all of the show and tomorrow's rehearsal. All the evening and during the whole talk not a word had been mentioned about Al's getting walloped or the meeting of Al's father and old man Hill.

The next day the boys began gradually to gather at the old barn to get things in shape for the coming event, which was their performance soon to take place.. Of course boys like they were all enthusiastic in their undertaking, for the readers must remember this troupe was composed of boys ranging from 13 or 14 years of age with two or three older ones. Most of them were encouraged by their parents who were more than enthusiastic over the show. On this morning several of them talking over the price of admission and were generally agreed that 10 cents was about the proper thing to charge as an admission fee. There were not many very rich men in Brockport in those days and millionaires in the United States could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, and as this was a boy's entertainment and composed of home talent the price was considered fair and still high enough, as those expected to attend were not among the moneyed class, but were mostly on poor or moderate circumstances. But the enthusiasm aroused amongst the school children and sisters and brothers and playmates of the actors, a good attendance was expected and I will say our hopes were realized.

While the boys were congregating Jim Maloy appeared and after they had all got together Jim opened up the matter of the quizzing of Tip the night before by producing to the eyes of the astonished boys Nelse Clayton's long lost blouse and saying: "What do you think of that?" "Where did you get it?" "Tell us about it Jim" came from the crowd, for there was not one who did not recognize the lost article at a glance "found it up in Hill's mill" was the reply. "How" "When" and a dozen different questions at once came from the crowd. Finally Jim proceeded and told the anxious listeners that he had gone over to the mill to talk with Tip about the show, as had been his custom for some time, and to be sure to have him on hand at night. After talking with him a few minutes and being

assured that he would be on hand, he thought he would look around the mill and see the different machinery, and as he knew the men, or most of them who worked there, nothing was thought or said of the young man walking around. While thus looking at things in general he espied the vest behind some window sash frames, and thought it looked familiar to him and having the thought of Tip and the swimming matter on his mind, he watched his chance and got possession of the same. Nelse claimed his vest and was going at once to the mill to raise a rumpus, but after talking the matter over and with the assurance that no one had seen Jim get the vest, it was concluded that the best thing to do was to wait until night and there confront Tip with the vest and force in some way to tell all he knew. So laying the vest aside the boys went on with their arrangements for the night.

Night came; Tip was on hand and things went on as the night before. The rehearsal went off all right, Tip taking his part by singing two or three songs; Ed. Maloy and Eugene doing their clog and jig dance and all the actors taking their parts to the satisfaction of all. Then the dead head audience went home, but all the members of the company stayed, as some of them said, to talk over arrangements and perfect everything for the regular performance soon to come.

Things had gone along so nicely that Tip was not in the least suspicious and entered into the arrangements and general talk with good nature, not noticing the sly winks and grins that passed between the other members.

At last after everyone had gone except the members, Polk Paterson called the boys to come to order, as there was a matter of special importance to attend to. Order being obtained James Maloy was called upon to explain the matter of interest for which the meet-

ing had been called. Jim at once produced the vest and asked if any one recognized the article. Nelse came forward and claimed the vest as his, proceeding to tell how and when it was lost. The ownership was vouched for by about everyone in the room, they having seen Nelse wear the same on many occasions. Tip, realizing what was coming had nothing to say, but anxiety was displayed on his features. Jim Maloy then stepped forward and told of the finding of the vest and turning to Tip he said: "Tip, I think you can tell us how this thing came where I found it. Now come out and tell the whole thing. We will all stand by you; you won't be harmed and you will make better friends of all the boys. But, if you don't tell we are going to find out and you will get the worst of it." "Well," Tip said, "I suppose I'll lose my job, but I can't stand this much longer. Let me think a little and I'll tell the whole thing". "Good for you; go ahead," came from a dozen voices at once and so Tip at last began as follows: "On the day that crowd was in swimming I looked out to see the fun go on and saw two or three fellows who were always tying some one clothes. I have had none tied four or five times. While I was looking on Mr. Hill came along and I told him I would like to tie two or three of those fellows clothes. Hill said they all ought to be tied, but that there were too many for that. I said, "I can get some of them." He said, "Go ahead, but don't get caught, but you had better bring in some of that sacking. We will want to use some of that soon." I started out, and as you know, the piles are near the bank and some of the boys had undressed near them. When I went out after the lumber, I would pile two or three boards on my arms, then grab up the first article I could reach, put three or four more pieces of boards on my arms and then start for the mill. I would then tie what I had, put it under my apron and out I would go again. The first two or three pieces I tied myself, but about the

third trip the old man had got the men to ⁶⁸work and, and as I came in the next time, he picked up some of the pieces and began tying them. He appeared to enjoy the fun, and said to me: "Hurry up; let's tie all we can, but don't get caught." Sometimes I would get three or pieces and sometimes only ~~three~~ ^{two} or ~~four~~ ^{two}. I had to keep my eyes open and when I carried them out again I was not very particular, where I dropped them, so that is why the clothes got so mixed up. I came near being caught two or three times, as some of the boys would start to come out of the water, but as everybody was watching the fun and I generally had some boards in my arms I would at those times stand by and watch the swimmers until things were all right, then I would go into the mill. I didn't think there was going to be any fuss about the matter any more than usual and I don't think Mr. Hill did it only for a joke. That vest was one of the last things I got hold of and before I got a chance to drop it back everybody was dressing and swearing vengeance against the one who did the business. I had tried to get some way to get it back where Neise would find it but could not. Mr. Hill don't know anything about it. I had it hid and if I had left it where it was Jim wouldnt have found it, but you fellows getting after me last night, I thought I would take it and throw it over in Neise's yard and run chances.. "There you have the whole thing, you can go back on me if you want to, I think you fellows would tie the clothes as quick as I would. I don't think old man Hill is such a bad old cuss if he is an old crank and I think he is sorry for what he did to Al, but he got his medicine and I thought last night I was going to get mine, but I have told the whole thing. I expect I'll lose my job, but I hope not." There was silence for a moment than that old barn rag with cheers, hurrah and pandemonium broke out loose. For a few moments every boy wanted to shake hands with Tip at once. "All right tip we would have done

the same thing. Hill dassent say a thing, you won't lose your job; when we tell the whole thing the joke will be on Hill.

Coming back to the Wicks, Paterson Theatrical Company, which we left in the bin of the old warehouse, just about to start for the barn, where they had their first and last banquet on the stables and drinkables, the result of their raid on the closed store of Palmer and the bakeshop of Harry O'er, suffice it to say they enjoyed themselves, one and all, to the limit. And upon the breaking up of the evening's fun they had laid plans for another good time in the near future, with visions of a more extensive spread, made up for the convenient store of good things, which were so near at hand and easy of access, But the best made plans of me and mice oftimes gan awa. Of the upsetting of all the plans of the theater com any the finding of the door in the basement closed and fastened upon the inside, upon the next attempted raid by some of their numbers, of their hurried report to the rest of the boys, of the trailing of the raiders of Thomas Buckley, of the lost jackknife, of the eventual rounding up of the troupe, of the actions taken by the parents of the boys, respective members and the final outcome of the whole affair will be gradually disclosed as our narrative continues and the proper time and place for the development for the same is arrived at, but to carry along our narrative so that the reader can keep clear in his mind the run of events as they occur, it will be necessary to keep the locations of the old buildings and surroundings in view. The members of this old theatrical group were all born in Brockport, growing up to manhood here, and from the time I am supposed to be writing about the middle and late fifties until the beginning or end of the Civil War, were all well known and more or less identified with the village and town. Almost all of them are dead, but a few are living, of whom I shall have occasion to write more or less before these recollections are ended. But here I will

say that these boys and others, whom I shall have to bring into these writings, and their parents are necessary adjuncts to an old time history of this village. Some of these people died in rebel prisons, some died on the field of battle, some came home from the war and have since passed over the dark river, while others never entered the army but went to different parts of the world to carve out a name and fortune for themselves. Some succeeded in this far beyond their expectations and others, as is inevitable in this world, failed to make any more than a commonplace existence and are still plodding along, waiting for something to turn up for the sounding of the last trumpet that shall sound "Taps/", "Lights Out".

We started for our old bin in the warehouse, where we were with our plunder, when (Shopy) Eddie Harrison suggested that we make an Alli Babba's cave of Mr. Allen's barn, and, as it was the next building east of the warehouse, we had no trouble in reaching it, but upon arriving at the end of the warehouse there was no way to gain entrance to the barn, except by going ~~to the bar~~ outside and entering through the door which faces the south. This would of necessity, compel us to come out in view of anyone that might, at that time, be in sight of the barn. At that time the barn was unoccupied and we might, there being so many of us, attract undue attention, so the boys, one and all, began looking for some means to gain an entrance without attracting attention. After some skirmishing a door or opening was found on the east and north side of the warehouse, at the lower floor, which had previously been used for loading and unloading such freight from the canal boats as did not necessitate the using of the large crane at the front. This door opened on the canal dock. From long disuse it had become rusty and was hard to open, but by dint of prying and pounding and a good deal of per-

severance, such as youngsters engaged in like undertakings will enter into, the door was at last opened. From the dock to the basement door of the barn, which had by this time been opened by some of the boys, was but a short distance and the Wicks, Fatterson Theatrical Troup stood inside the long sought and much desired cave. From the basement to the ground floor and from the ground floor to the hay loft was but a few moments work, and there were ready eager and anxious for our banquet, which suffice, at the present to say we had. As one of the emebers said then and remembers it to this day, the underground passage from Main St. proper or Harry Over's bakeshop to Phil Allen's barn, or the Alli Babba's cave, was an accomplished fact. As I have said before, the trailing of the raiders by Mr. Buckley will appear in some future article. Next to the old barn was a vacant space on the east and then came the old Josiah Harrison warehouse, with the old canal slip on the east where all the boats that wished to turn around and go in an opposite direction from which they were headed, used to have to go and as they used to say in the language of the old time boatman "go to wind around". Right east and south of said warehouse was another frame building which in those days was used as an adjunct to same as a store room for wool, sacke hops, etc.. It was in later years used by D.S. morgan Co. as a paint shop. A little south of this was the moulding and Machine shop of Roby, Morgan & Allen. Co.. Of this institution from about 1855 to 1866 until its finale wind up of Messers. Seymour, Morgan & Allen of Arron Palmer, Thos. Motley, Hank Pease, Joseph Bordwell, Elihu Wilcox you will hear in a separate article on Market St.. From the corner of the alley running north to Harrison's warehouse and extending east to the canal bridgewas a string of warehouses that extended back to the canal, and up to about 1871 or 2 this was a place of great activity. These old warehouses were grad-

ually absorbed by the Morgan Co., and were probably known as a part of that industry by the younger generation, and many of the readers of these articles, but there are still many who are still living who will remember such names in connection with these old warehouses as Wm. Barry and his two sons; George and Fred, the Buskirks, old man, Levi J. Pond and his son, Nathan F. Pond commonly known as Nate at the present time city editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, at one time sheriff, Captain and Colonel ~~of~~ in the 3rd regiment N.Y. volunteer Cavalry during the Civil War. Harrison, Elmore King & Co. and many others, at the corner of Water st. and the alley running south to Market St. the ruins of which are still standing, and which was used for a few years back as a cooper shop by Thomas Tobin, was in these early days the largest manufactory of sash, doors, blinds, etc. in the western part of the country. It was owned and run by Levi Cooley, afterwards Levi Cooley and son, and later still by Levi Cooley, Jr.. Here worked such old time carpenters as Samuel Patterson, Frank Parker, Samuel Lisk and Isaac Bradt, all considered as first class workmen in their day. There are others, some still living who worked there. In the brick house on Water St. where now David Bennett resides was old Chauncey Weighburn, a tailor by trade and a great hunter. He worked for years for Jonas Minot and was very deaf. He had a son, Albert Weighburn who was a boyhood chum of the writer, and his mania was the getting up of lotteries among the boys of the village. Of both the old man and Albert you will hear later and I will take up further descriptions of Market St. from Main to Park Ave., formerly Mechanic St. later on. In the old stone building which is now occupied as a fruit warehouse was one of the largest flour mills in this section. It was owned and carried on by Avery and Beldon. O. B. Avery was the father of our present assistant postmaster and Daniel Beldon was the father

of the late Horace Beldon. The mill was burned in the middle fifties and well I remember the fire and the speculations which were made by the onlookers as to whether the walls were ruined beyond future use. It seemed to be the general opinion that they were ruined and cracked so that they never could be used again, but still they stand and I have seen since that fire in that building heavy machinery and the following different manufactories. A molding shop in the basement where was done lots of work for the D.S.Morgan Co.. In the upper part was all kinds of machinery and here for years was built the Little Giant Mower, a one wheeled mowing machine manufactured by Seymour and Pease. Here was also manufactured the Pease Rotary Pump, a force pump that was an improvement on the old ^{rotary} ~~Cay~~ pump, [^] Here was also built the first, last and only fire engine manufactured in Brockport. It was the outcome of the genius of Henry Pease and was built by Pease and Henry Seymour who furnished the capital. It is well remembered by lots of the present inhabitants of the village. Henry Pease was also the inventor of lots of other useful articles from which other people reaped the benefit and in after years became rich, among which was the seamless bag, which is now in universal use the world over. But with all his inventions Mr . Pease died a poor man. In this old stone building since the fire has been carriage and wagon manufacturing, carriage painting, fruit warehouse cold storage and other industries too numerous to mention, and still it stands an old landmark that was supposed to have been ruined years ago. Across the alley from the old stone mill was the residence of Resolved Reed, also one older son whom I do not personally remember . He went west years ago, but I have often heard the other boys tell of him. of the girls in the Reed family, was Mrs. Abner Franklin, mother of Carrie and Len Franklin, both

now living in Brockport; Mrs. Samuel Paterson, now living and Mrs. Eliza Clow who lives on Spring St.. Of the boys Mort enlisted early in the Civil War in Captain George Barry's Company H. 8th N.Y. Calvary, and after serving three years, reenlisted and served to the end of the war. He entered the service as a bugler and came home a 2nd lieutenant. He is a printer by trade and lives, I believe, in Chicago. Jay, the youngest boy, enlisted in 1863, in the same company with the writer in Captain Edwards Co. C, 22d N.Y. Calvary, and served to the end of the war, or August 1865, having about two years service. Of the Reed boys and girls you will hear more in the later history of the village. Mr. Reed was a carpenter by trade and made a specialty of ladders in the shop which was situated about where the old barn burned, a few months ago, and in his yard, was, before the war, and for a good many years afterwards, large piles of ladders, from step ladders 4 to 6 feet high to ladders 24 feet. He did a thriving business and supplied most of the ladders used in the vicinity.

Just back of the old stone mill and close to the canal, was the old Densmore stave factory. It was afterwards purchased and run by a man named Campbell of Rochester with Clayoff Fortune, as superintendent. It was in the Densmore stave factory about the year 1854 or 5 my first acquaintances with our present townsman Charles W. Root began. It was about that time he came to take charge of the stave factory and with him starts my first recollection of seeing barrel staves out from stave bolts, ready for use by the cooper, after being piled and seasoned. In those days almost everything was done by hand and a new piece of machinery was a curiosity. As the stave cutting machine was a new article, when it became known such a machine was in use at the Densmore factory almost everyone in the village and lots from the country were there daily to see it operate, and, as Mr. Root was com-

paratively a new comer here it soon got noised around that in order to have the machine properly operated and taken care of, that an expert man had been sent with the same, and many a time have I heard men in those days, that were considered as a no. 1 man for general work, say, "by George" or by Gosh" or some other impression, "I wouldn't run that machine if you'd give me \$5 a day" or some one would say "I wouldn't run it for all old man Densmore is worth, etc." Then they would say look how easy he handles the machine", "see it slice off the staves!" " what if his hand should slip, etc. I am now speaking of the stave cutter that was run by steam, and in those days by Charles Root, who was considered one man in a thousand that could be relied on to take charge of it.

At the east of the stave factory was the little brick steam dry kiln, where the bolts were steamed before cutting and after cutting were all dried in piles before being used for making barrels. I have seen thousands of piles of staves piled around that old factory and, as it was run for a number of years after the war, it is still remembered by many of the present day. On top of the dry kiln was a sort of brick rampart, which was raised about two feet higher than the roof proper, and anyone upon the roof, sitting down, was out of sight from anyone ~~upon the roof~~ on the ground. Lots of us kids, and sometimes those who were too old to be called kids, used to climb used to climb up on the piles of staves and frok there onto the roof of the kiln and play cards. Hood, Walker and Boswell kept a lumber yard next east, adjoining the stave factory and yard, and there were other industries beyond them. There was considerable travel down that road, which is now mostly taken up by the railroad. For that reason we were generally pretty quiet when up there playing cards, speaking in a low voice, but sometimes we would get excited and raise our voices. This had gone on

for a long time and we had never been unlucky enough to be caught, but there has always to be a first time, and one bright afternoon there were five or six of us up in the air, playing what was a popular game with cards, called smut. The game had progressed some time and we were all quite excited and interested, when on eof the party, having drew from the pack ~~of cards~~ the card require to complete his hand, looked at it for a second and throwing down the cards, raised his voice so that you could almost have heard him to Main St., crying out, "smut, by G-d." As if in echo to his voice, but in different words came a voice from the ground, almost under the kiln, "George, Ge George H., Come I want you." Looking over the rampart we saw the father of the young man named and blood was in his eye. ~~The continuation~~ of the meeting of son and father and the scattering of the other players will be told later.

George, according to the command of his father, descended to the ground by the way of the barrel stave route, or rather by the way we descended, which was by way of climbing from one pile of staves to another until we reached the outer and lower piles. These piles which had not been completed, formed a series of steps, so that it was comparatively easy to reach the ground, and, as I have said before, there were a great many piles of staves reaching in all directions from the kiln. When the ground was reached we were several rods away from our starting point and, as the area on which the staves were piled covered about an acre, it was as easy to ascend in one direction as another, so that by the time George had reached the ground, where his father was waiting him, the other boys had scattered in other directions, all anxious ~~to~~ get away without being known. George finally reached the ground and was accosted with the query, "Well, young man, what was you doing up on that kiln?" "Nothing/" "Nothing/" "What did you mean by that expression I heard as I came

along?" "I didn't mean anything. We were just playing- playing." "Playing what? Who were those boys with you?" "Why we were just playing smut." "Smut" "What in the devil is smut." "Why are't you in school?" "Smut is just a game we play." All this time George and his father were going along the road toward the destination that his father was going to, when he discovered him. "A game, what kind of a game; a game of cards?" "Yes, sir." "Wellm you haven't answered my questions. Who were those boys with you and why ain'y you at school?" "Well, the teacher let me go at recess and those were some of the otherboys." "Some of the other boys?" "Young man I don't believe that you have been to school and you needn't tell me that's some of the other boys. I'll find out when I see the teacher. I dont believe the teacher let all you boys away from school at recess to come down here to play cards or anything else. Who told you that you might go up on top og that building?" "Nobody." "Well, you best tell me the truth now. What was you doing up there and how long has this thing been going on?" Of course under the severe questioning of his father, George had to tell the whole story of the boys being in the habit of almost every day of going up on the kiln and playing cards, but concealing, as well as he could, the fact that more time was actually spent there by the boys than was spent in school.

They went on down to where the father was going, all the time talking, the old gentleman gradually getting out if Goerge the true facts, and George, as he told us, all the time trying to, by one excuse an another, to get away from his father, so that he might get home and confide in his mother and his sistern whom he knew, from former experiences, would take his part, shielding him from the wrath of his father and the inevitable trouncing which he knew he would get for lying to him, when he was found out, for he knew that he would be, as soon as his father met the school teacher. But his efforts

were in vain; his father kept close watch and he had to go along, and when the business was finished the old gentleman started with him for the schoolhouse, arriving there just as the school was out and the scholars were going home. Of course a great many of the scholars were knowing to the fact that George and others had run away from school, more or less, some of them being in the same predicament, knowing all about the dry kiln and the card game, but they had not to be so unlucky as to be caught, as yet. Seeing George and his father coming to the school at that time of day aroused their curiosity and they were full of anxiety to know the cause. But, despite the anxious looks and motions that were made by them to George, they could find out nothing, so straight on went the two and entered the schoolhouse.

At this time there was a teacher in the east district school, No 13 named Thorp. I have forgotten his first name, but well, I remember him. He was a tyrant in every sense of the word, a strict disciplinarian, a harsh punisher and was hated by every scholar in school, but as those were the times that the old people believe in the axiom, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," Thorp was kept as teacher by the trustees, for the sake of the discipline he administered to the scholars. When George and his father entered the schoolhouse and met the teacher it took but a short time before the facts came out. That George and about 7 or 8 boys had been in the habit of running away from school and were absent more of the time than they had been present, but through some unaccountable cause the thing had been overlooked, and while their parents had thought them in school, the teacher thought they had been kept out for some reason unknown to him, and as he knew the feeling most of the scholars had for him, he had been loathe to investigate fearing it might be to his disadvantage, but now was his opportunity. He was more than pleased to take advantage of the same, and so by dint of questioning George and referring to the roll call

of the school his memory of the boys that should have been there, that they soon knew every boy that was in the habit of playing hockey, and where they spent their time. Well, George's father told the teacher he would see that his son was at school in the morning, and that he would leave his punishment in his hands, and at the same time told him to see the fathers of the other boys and he would also see them, and he would guarantee they would uphold him in any punishment he might see fit to administer, and having settled this matter, he proceeded home with George. As we were told afterwards, the mother and sister were made acquainted with the situation and although they tried to get the father to take him out of school until the matter was settled had blown over, well knowing that trouncing the boys would get from Thorp, it was of no avail. The father was aroused and he was bound that discipline that discipline should be enforced or that the school might just as well be closed and the teacher discharged if he was not upheld by the parents of the pupils, and so that evening he saw as many of the fathers of the boys as he could, and told them the case as he saw it, and as the teacher also saw them they all arrived at the same conclusion that the teacher might be upheld and the boys must be left to his consideration and receive whatever punishment he might consider. So the next morning at 9 o'clock every boy whose name was on Thorp's black list, arrived at the schoolhouse either accompanied by his father or older brother or some other guardian, to make sure that they were at school, and I am aware that every boy was seen safely inside the schoolhouse before they were left. At the opening of there was wonderment and surprise among those who were constant attendants, at the unusual influx of the general absentees, but the wonderment was of short duration. As after the opening of school which in those days consisted of reading a chapter from the Bible by the teacher and sometimes followed by a prayer then the singing of some patriotic song, generally the star spangled Banner, the whole school rais-

ing and joining in the same, at this time folding doors dividing the two portions of the school room, the north side or elementary school being for the younger scholars, and the south side for the older or more advanced scholars. After the opening exercises were ovwe the doorn were closed and the roll was called. No scholar that was late or tardy was admitted further than the entry until after the exercises were over, then he or she was supposed to step up to the teacher's desk and give their excuse, on said excuse being accepted or rejected, depended whether they got a black or demerit mark or not, and which affected their standing at the end of the term. As every persons' name was called they were supposed to answer and if the teacher had any little difference to settle with them upon answering to their name they were generally called to the platform near the teacher, there to wait his pleasure. This morning, as the roll went on, there was an unusual amount of "please come forward" from teacher thorp upon the answer to nmes and upon the finish of the calling of names there were at least fifteen or more pupuls on the platform, some for one reason or offense., and some for another. All were more or less lectured until the teacher had worked himself up in a proper spirit to deal with boys whose parents had turned them over to his tender mercies, and it seem seemed as if he dwelt in unnecessary lenght in scolding the minor delinquents, in order to prolong the mental torture of the boys who who were awaiting for what they knew was inevitable- a good thrashing.

At last the suspence was over, in a measure, and taking the boys in a group he commenced calling each and every one by name and stating to the school the enormity of their offense and predicting all the dire calamitiesthat would overtake them in the future, dwelling on all the evils that would resylt unless we ere brought to the proper ways in which to walk and live, to grow up as good and useful men,

telling us how we had sinned, nearly breaking the hearts of our parents by our ungodly ways, and that "as the twig is bended, so grows the tree"; how sorry he was that he was obliged to take the course which he felt that he was compelled to take, in justice to himself and to our fathers and mothers, but that he was obliged to meet out to us that punishment which our wrong doings called for. At times we thought we were going to get off with a lecture, but at length we found out that Thorp wasn't built that way, for then he ceased talking and took from the drawer of his desk that old three foot ruler, about two inches wide by one inch thick, made from seasoned hickory, which we had all seen used and most of us felt, we knew what was coming and that we were in for it. As a place of punishment, in other than ordinary cases, the teacher used the entry way, a room about 16 by 18 feet. After being requested to take off our coats or jackets, which we did, the teacher called on one of the older scholars to take the chair and we were marched to the entry. There the teacher took a piece of chalk and drew a circle on the floor, about ~~24~~ 25 or 30 feet in circumference, and seating himself in the center thereof ordered us, one and all, to get down on our hands and feet and play circus, by running around that ring. We all proceeded to obey and as we went around, whack whack whack/ would go that ruler, as each individual boy came in front of the teacher. Upon receiving a stroke the recipient would jump up with an "oh"/Then would come the command "down, sir, d down," with a whack across the hands, back, head or any place convenient to reach. This was continued without variation until from sheer exhaustion, the old cuss had to give up and we were called to resume an upright position and again enter the schoolroom. "He seemed to really enjoy it and I have never gotten over the idea to this day but that he did. Anyone who heard the cries that came from that entry, after the boys had been there five minutes, will never say they

thought the boys enjoyed it. All that day there was a great deal of squirming among a certain lot of pupils in that school, as they tried in vain to find some soft spot on their seat where they might sit easy, and for some time they found it a great deal more pleasant to stand up than than to sit down. There was no more running away from school that term.

Next east of the stave factory was the lumber yard of Hood, Walker and Bushnell. Their office was situated facing the north, and in the rear of where Charles W. Root now lives, and the house that Root now owns then the residence of Mr. Walker. Of all the members of this firm you will hear later, as they were all of them prominent men of Brockport in those days. Right in that neighborhood and where the house of Jewet Butler, Jr. now stands, lived the Gelispee family. They were among the first settlers in this section, and we were, I heard tell by old residents, the only people who ever lived in Brockport and were slave owners. They lost their slaves in 1846 when the law was passed freeing the slaves in New York state. They became reduced in circumstances and for years kept what was considered the most exclusive select school in Brockport. Of them you will hear more later. Next came Isaac Johnston, commonly called old chairman Johnston. His house was the house now occupied and owned by Mrs. Jewet L. Butler. Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Vunk were daughters of Mr. Johnson and Dean L. and Jewet Butler, Jr. are grandchildren. He had three sons, Samuel, William and Henry. Of Henry's death by drowning I have written in a former article; of Sam and Bill you will hear later on. The old man's chair factory was at the east end of the lot and on the corner of State St. and the alley running north through the Gordon Lumber yard. The house on the corner was not built then. Old man Johnston was well known and respected in the whole community. He was a character in a way and I

shall have reason to say more about him later. In my next I will tell you about the old steam flour mill on the corner of what is now known as Stae and Gordon streets, the Chapel & Boyd lumberyard, p planning mill of Devilla Hill, the old distillery and slaughter house owned by my father, burned in 1848, the flow of tallow and grease, how the hogs got drunk, the old John A. Latta and Abe Moore tannery and those that worked there, and the Indian encampment, the squaw baskets makers, the old cocoonery, afterwards turned into a slaughter house, etc..

The Old Cocoonery.

The old cocoonery, which was afterwards my father's slaughter house was built in the early fifties and thousands if not millions of silk worms there spun their cocoons and died. It was quite noted in its day and was visited by many people from far and wide, The country was new and at time it was built you might say it stood in the woods.

Mulberry trees, upon the leaves of which the silk worm feeds were plenty and until the gradual clearing of the land, the cocoonery thrived, but upon the disappearance of the mulberry trees it gradually diminished in number of worms and at last was abandoned as a paying investment, and the property sold.

When father purchased the farm in 1851, there were quite a few mulberry trees scattered over it, but they gradually disappeared.

On the roadside or the south ~~side~~ line of ^{State} ~~State~~ street extending from the premises owned by Thomas Wallace, east to the east line of the present fair grounds, there were a row of Lotust trees interspersed here and there with weeping willows, and during my father's life not one of those trees was allowed to be disturbed. After his death in 1878, they gradually began to go down and the last disappeared in 1886-7. As to the old cocoonery, the upper story where

the silk worms were confined, was almost one continuous line of windows, resembling a hot house. These windows instead of being puttied in were fastened in with lead, the same shape as putty on ordinary windows when dry. It was said that it was run on the frame when hot, but by what process I never knew and the lead was used to keep the worms from eating their way out.

The hunting was good in those days. Squirrels, pigeons, quail, partridge, woodcock, snipe, in fact all kinds of small game was plentiful. Almost every family had one or two rifles and two or three shot guns and almost every boy was a hunter. My brother Wallace was a lad about 12 years of age. He was the possessor of a double shot gun and as most of the other boys that associated with him were the owners of single barrel guns, he was the ~~key~~ ^{key} of all and mostly in demand to go hunting, on such days as they were not in school and were allowed to take their guns to the woods, which was generally on Saturdays. There was an old gentleman named Parks, commonly called Uncle Ned Parks, who lived in the house owned by Edwin Palmer deceased. These premises were afterwards owned by Humphrey Palmer, father of Edwin, and was in later years known as the Humphrey farm. Old Uncle Ned Parks was a noted hunter and a great lover of children. He was always willing to help the young boys have a good time. He was the owner of several guns, among which was an old smooth bore rifle. This he used to loan the boys. In those days the boys were not generally the possessor of powder flasks but used the old fashioned powder horn. Shot or rifle balls were carried in a canvass bag or loose in their pockets. Lucky was he who owned a shot pouch but once in a while a leather one with a brass charger would be found among the crowd and when such was the case it would be used by every boy near the owner when he wanted to reload, otherwise he would take a handful of shot from his pocket

and guess at the amount needed for a change with the result that at every discharge the gun would kick about as far backwards as the shot went forward and most of the young hunters were constantly complaining of lame shoulders. There were no breech loaders in those days; all were old fashioned muzzle loaders with percussion caps, and, once in a while, an old fashioned flint lock musket. Ammunition was hard to get and, as money was scarce with most of the boys lots of times they were at their wits end to know how they could procure the necessary ammunition for their usual weekly hunt. But on the discovery of all leaded windows in the cocoonery, which were for a time obviated the boys would go upstairs in the building and loosen up one of the strips of lead, with which the windows were fastened, and upon pulling the same would run off a strip measuring from about four to eighteen or more inches long, according to the luck of striking the right sash of the window. They would then take the same to one of the hardware stores and exchange it for powder, shot and caps or if they wanted bullets for their rifles, they would melt the lead in the arch or on one of the old kettle stoves in the slaughter house and run their own bullets. Every hunter owned ladle and bullet moulds and they made their own bullets. the great difficulty in getting the lead in this way was that upon the removal of the lead from the windows the glass was loosened and it was only a short time before the windows were all out. Father soon discovered what the boys were up to and, looking the situation over, came to the conclusion, after giving the boys a good lecture, that the easiest way to solve the problem was the best, so he had a man remove the lead fasteners and had the windows puttied, which ended that source of ammunition for the boys. Of some of the hunting trips of these boys I will tell you later.

East of the Allen farm, or, as it was known from '51 until later years, the Thomas Cornes farm, was what is now the Dunham farm. It was in those days the Lyman farm. Mr. Lyman lived in the house, corner of Park Ave. and Market streets, now owned by Henry Harrison Company. He opened what is known as Washington St.. In my first recollection there was but one house on that street and that was owned and occupied by a family name Nobles. There were two boys and a girl, Henry and Frank Nobles were both noted wrestlers and were well known hereabouts. In about 1848 there was a family of negroes, who were said to have been slaves to the Gillispie family, but had been free according to the law, by the State of New York. The head of the family, William Coon, was an old man, at my first recollection of him. He was very tall, something over six feet 4 and was said to have been about half Indian blood. Old Mama Coon as she was generally known, although she was often called Jule was a large fat wench, black as the ace of spades. They had a large family and worked more or less for Mr. Lyman and as he owned a farm on the Town Line, now called West Avenue, and a large tract of land, north of the Canal, he had considerable work for the older members of the family and at last built them a shanty on his new street. It was known for years that he gave them the premises rent free. There was Mace, William, George, Tommy and at least four girls, and, as they grew to manhood, the Lyman settlement increased until about 1855 or 6, when there were twenty-five or more in the family all living in one shanty. It was commonly known as Lyman's nigger settlement. Of the members of this colored family I shall have occasion to speak later.

In the early fifties the two most important places in Brockport were the canal docks and the railroad station. Of the docks I have spoken before and shall have more to say later; of the railroad

Next east of the Lyman farm was the Sedwick place; then came the Od-
 ikerk place; and then the Preston farm/ The latter place was the camp-
 ing place for the Indians who visited this place annually. As I have
 said before, the country was mostly woods. They came up to the east side
 line Washington St, almost to Noble's house, extended south to the
 railroad and thence on South almost continuously. Then came up to
 south side of the Preston house and continued east to the North and
 South road from Cooley's basin. There was only one tier of lots cleared
 along the Canal road, and in some places the woods came even out to
 the road. In front of the Preston house was a grove, or in those days
 a thin piece of woods. In these woods the Indians would camp and pro-
 ceed to make baskets, willow mats, etc.. The first intimation the in-
 habitants would know of their arrival would be the appearance of the
 Indian squaws on the streets, vending their wares, and the appearance
 of the young and old bucks with their bows and arrows ready to show
 their skill. Then would be the sports. business and almost everybody
 on the streets be seen sticking up the old fashioned copper cent on
 a stick or on the cork of a bottle for the Indian boys to shoot at, the
 copper to belong to the one who first hit it with his arrow. I have
 seen at one time, seven or eight Indian boys and men along Main St.
 thus shooting at copper cents. Sometimes someone would put up a silver d
 dime. Then you would see a half dozen braves., all eager to get the
 first shot, for the one who struck the coin claimed it, but if he
 struck the stick or bottle and thus jared the coin off, it was replaced
 and the next one took a shot. I have seen the squaws come into Brock-
 port carrying on their heads and backs a load of baskets, from six
 quarts to one-half bushels in size, which would puzzle an ordinary
 drayman to load onto a one-horse cart.

Upon the advent of the Indians becoming noised about, half the inhab

itants of the village would be down to the encampment watching them ply their avocation of basket making and all the features of Indian life. Then would usually come the Indian show, generally given in the old village hall, that stood at the corner of Main and King streets, now occupied by the First National bank. At the shows would usually be given an illustration of Indian warfare, trials of marksmanship with bow and arrow, the Indian war dance, the big medicine man driving out the evil spirit from the sick woman, etc.. These people would be dressed in all the glory of the primitive Indian- buffalo and bear skins and bear skins and buffalo heads for disguises. Then the regular Indian tombs, their war whoops, throwing knives and tomahawks, imitation of scalping, etc., are all remembered by the older inhabitants.

I think the last performance of this kind given by genuine Indians was about the year of 1866 or shortly after the Civil War.

Of those who lived east of the Preston farm and this side of Cooley Basin road, I will speak briefly. There were two characters, one of whom was Nathaniel Palmer. He was a teacher in the east district school of quaint individuality. One of his favorite methods of punishment for whispering was to put a sticking plaster over the mouth of the offender. Another was Colonel Charles James, a noted politician of his day, and about war times a collector of the Port of San Francisco, Cal..

In front of the old yellow building in which a swing was located and where "Gassy" was got the orange in his eye, was the old collector's office. The office was built by my father in 1848 and deeded to the State in fee, provided it was used for the collection of Canal fees tolls. At that time the office of Canal collector was a most important office, either politically or "otherwisw" in Brockport, and the canal was the most important factor in the prosperity and business of the

village.

From the first completion of the canal the office of the collector had been changed from one place to another. Sometimes upon the towpath side, then again upon the heel path, one year upon the west dock, then again on the heel path, the east dock, etc.. upon the beck or will of the person who held the office of collector of tolls.

My father was at that time, engaged in business on the east dock and seeing the inconvenience to the boatmen of the shifting of the office from place to place, made a proposition to the Canal board, to build an office on the east dock for the purpose of collecting the tolls, upon the canal, providing the office was permanently located upon said east dock. As he had recently purchased the property upon the said east side of Main St. and also the dock property, where the business was located, the business part of the proposition will be apparent to all. Follows is the original proposition, as made to the Canal board in 1848:

To the Honorable the Canal Board: I hereby offer and propose to erect on the south side of the Canal, just east of Main Street bridge, in the village of Brockport and County of Monroe, a good brick, fire-proof building, well finished, of suitable dimensions for the collectors office and deed the same to the State for that purpose, in fee, on conditions said office ^{here} permanently in said building. And I would respectfully represent that there are now annual contests for the location of said office, effecting more or less the appointment of collectors; that said office is shifted about from one place to another, with nearly every change of collector, and is now on the north or tow path side of the Canal, where it is convenient for boats to lay up; that the places in which it has hitherto been kept are inconvenient and greatly exposed to destruction of fire; that nearly all the business of said village is done on the south or heel ^{side} side of said canal; that on the south-west side of said bridge there will not be space for such an office between

the canal and the American Canal, when the canal is enlarged there, but there will be space on the said south -east side of said village for the proposed office, notwithstanding the enlargement, and it will quite as convenient for boatmen there, as at any other, except the south-east side, where there will not be space for it, and much more so than where it is now. Reference may be had to the accompanying diagram.

Thomas Cornes.

Jan. 27, 1848

In those days, as in the present days, political and party strife ran high, and at once there was an opposition started to the locating of the office in any one permanent spot. The rent of the office itself was not only quite an item, "in these early days," but the patronage in trade from the boatmen, who were obliged to have the clearances signed, was a large item. With all of the opposition, however, the proposition of Mr. Cornes, was accepted by the legislature. State authorities, the building was erected in 1848, and duly accepted by the State auditor in April of the same year.

For about five years it was continued in the same place, despite the opposition of the enemies, both political and personal of Mr. Cornes. But as in all things there came a change. In 1852 the completion of the canal board changed and then, those who had been hostile to the location of the office came into their own. Politics then as now, without regard to person or property, ruled the day and by a resolution of the canal board abandoned the office or rather the location of the office. The next year 1852 saw the office on the west dock and up two flights of stairs, in the second story of what is now the American hotel. The entrance was at the west end up an outside stairway, which is remembered at this late day by some of the older residents.

The spring of 1852 came and canal navigation opened. Business was rushing, with three or four hundred boats passing Brockport every twen-

ty-four hours. The docks were full, streets lined with farmers from the north country and south, boatmen busy unloading freight, packets blowing their horns every two hours, and with not one boatman in one hundred knowing where the collector's office was and where to go to get his clearance signed, pandemonia reigned and, in the language of lots of old residents, "hell" was to pay. A boatman who had come down or up the canal the year before, and for two or three years previous, and who knew where the office was, would jump from his boat, with his clearance, perhaps a quarter of a mile from town, expecting to go ahead and have his clearance fixed in proper shape, (which sometimes took fifteen or twenty minutes, according to how busy the clerks were and how many boatmen were waiting) to find the office of last year closed. Then would begin the inquiry, "where's the collector's office?" "West dock", someone would reply, and off would start the boatman. On the west dock the same inquiry would be made and again the ^{reply} would come back "go ahead". The grumbling and swearing the boatman would at last find the stairs which marked the entrance to the office and, after spending ten minutes to a half hour, he would come ripping, tearing and swearing down the stairs from said office to find that his boat had gone on, up or down, and that he was in for a stern chase, which would enable him to catch up with his boat in about time to drop into the next collector's office, which would be Spenceport on the east and Albion on the west. I have known boatman to be delayed so long here that rather than take the chase they would wait for a railroad train and go ahead and board their boat at Rochester or Albion.

This was the situation for several years, from about '51 to '58, the old office having been abandoned and thrown back upon Mr. Cornes.

The second enlargement of the canal was begun in '51 and finished in 1856-7 and during this enlargement, or a portion of the time, the office reverted and became the property of Mr. Cornes. In those days the emigrants to this country were mostly from Ireland and the laborers

on the canal were almost exclusively Irishmen. Our present townsman and well known grocerman, John Owens, then a young man, rented the old collector's office of my father in '52 or 53 at the nominal rent of \$50 a year, and there began his long and successful business career. He was engaged in the grocery business in the old collector's office until the enlargement work upon the canal encroached so near his door of business that he was, through helplessness, obliged to move up and onto Main Street. The enlargement came so close to the office that there was only about eight or ten feet between Mr. Owen's front entrance and the water of the canal, making it both inconvenient and dangerous for customers to enter his store. If I remember rightly he moved from the east dock into the store in the old Collin's block, owned by my father, said store being about where the Wilson and Freeman general agricultural supply store is now.

I will now write a few words from my own view point of Mr. Owens, and then I will continue on around the circle of Brockport.

John Owens is one of the pioneer Irishmen of Brockport. He has been engaged in business ever since my early recollection and in all that ever went for the welfare and good of the town of Sweden and the village of Brockport he has always been on the right side. I am not writing to praise, gain favor or knowk anyone, through differencew which have occurred in the past, but when I come to any of our old townsmen of the fifties down to the present time (living or dead) I will give my own personal views regarding the same. Mr Owens has held offices of public trust and has always been considered one of the leading citizens of the village. Through his business career he has turned out more successful young men, who have been clerks in his store, than any one merchant whom I can recollect in Brockport, and I can remember quite a few. He is a Democrat in politics and has always been true to his party, and although never looking for office himself, he has been for for-

ty years a factor to be reckoned with and his recommendations to the political leaders of the Democratic party in Monroe county, for anyone in the Town of Sweden looking for a political appointment, has had more weight than any one man in that party for the past thirth-five years.

Well, to gat back to the Cölector's office. After five or six years of hard personal and political fighting Mr. Cornes, in 1855, succeeded in getting the State to again locate the office on the east dock. The following letter will more fully explain the situation:

To the Honorable the Canal Board of New York State:

The petition of Thos, Cornes of the village of Brockport, in the County of Monroe, respectfully shows: That in and about the year 1848 under resolution of the Canal Board and pursuant to the location of th State Engineer certified to considerable expenditure in erecting a brick, fireproof building for a collector's office, on the Erie canal at said village, having first pulled down a building freviously standing on the site selected by daid engineer, to make room for said office and your petitioner, about the same time. procured a deed thereof to be executed and delivered to the canal board of the state for the purpose aforesaid. That in preparing the groundfor and erecting said office, your prtitioner incurred a loss and expenditure of about \$1,000 , no part of which has ever been paid to him; that said board having rescinded the resolution of April last and the present collector refuses to continue the office, in said building, and the same being thrown back on your petitioner, and nearly useless for any other purpose, and he having lost the bebenefit of the location of the office tharein , common justice requires that some compenaation should be made to him for his loss and wxpenditure; and your petitioner , therefore, asks your honorable body to take the matter into consideration and that such loss and expenditure may be made up to him and that such damages may be allowed and paid to him, as he had sustained in the premises, #

and as evidence of the justice of this claim he respectfully refers you to the communications of the present collector, on file.

And Your petitioner will ever pray.

Thomas Cornes.

The present old collector's office was built and the stone over the old door of the old office, in which was cut the figures 1848, now remains over the door of the present building which was erected 1858.

I have been asked by several old residents, why I don't mention this person and that person and in answer to all will say: It is impossible for me to write about a person in the early fifties that I never knew of until the sixties, or to write of a person in the east part of the village that properly belongs to the west or south, unless some circumstance connects him with the locality of which I am writing. Among some few of the names, of which I will touch, as I come to them giving the anecdotes and the characteristics of the men as I knew them as men and boys will be: Elias B. Holmes, Hay Lothrop, Joshua Fields, Josiah Harrison, Asa Perry, Thos. Bascom, Andrew Johnson (Kentuck), Martin Coates, G. H. Whiteside, Isaac Joslyn, E. Whitney, Geo. Benson, M. O. Randall, D. S. Morgan, Austin Harmon, E. Orcutt, Wm. H. Setmour, Joe Ganson, Ralph Bould, Daniel Belden, Platt Belden, and many others. I expected to get away from the east dock and the old collector's office before this and get down to the old warehouse, formerly owned by Jeremiah Cogswell, known for fifty years past as the Harrison warehouse, and also to the old canal basin and the Barry and Gremell warehouse, but memory and recollections come fast, when I get to writing and again get to talking with some of the old timers, and so I shall have to ask the readers of these articles to have patience, and, if I am a little tedious, I will get around to them all to the best of my ability in time.

In the early fifties the two most important places in Rockport were the canal docks and the railroad station. Of the docks I have spoken before and shall have more to say later; of the railroad station, its surroundings and some happenings of those days I will try and recall.

The first station agent in this place, as they were called, was O. B. Minkler. He lived in the house now owned by Myles Yoings on Holley St. and was considered quite an important person, as were all railroad employees in those days. He had one son by the name of Morris, (commonly called Mot) who was the undoing of his father, as will be related later on. Mr. Minkler died in Rockport about 1887 or '8. He was ~~sw~~ ~~ton~~ of the High Street cemetery the last few years of his life.

The first freight agent of the railroad in this place was Alinon Wa Ward. He retained the position until about 1898 or 9, when he was retired on account ~~of~~ of age. His place was taken by Joseph Wendover. Mr. Ward is probably remembered by many residents of this place, as he was for years a familiar figure at the freight station and on the streets of this village and has been retired but comparatively a few years. He had two sons, Ralph who was a tinsmith, being in the employ of Cary, and afterwards of Wells, Minot and company, and Henry, or Hank, who was also a tinsmith, being in the employ of Hinman and Fowler for a long time. The latter will be remembered by many of our present young men as Two Tom Hank. He had two perfect formed thumbs on his right hand, of which he was very proud, showing them to any one on request and also showing them how he could manipulate them and do many things that others, possessing only one thumb, could do. He is now and has ~~be~~ been station agent or ticket agent at the Lake Shore Railroad at Rochester, N.Y.. Ralph, I think is in Lynn, Mass.. Mr. Ward lived in the first house south of the old freight house that stood on the south side of the track, which was moved east of Park Ave. a few years ago, and is now owned and occupied by William Dailey as a warehouse. The house

house faced on what is now known as Park Avenue, then Mechanics St..

The first baggage master at the railroad was Solomaom Southwick, wh lived in the first house south of the railroad, on the west side of Main St.. He had one son, Charlie, and one daughter, Libbie. Charlie became an expert telegraphoperator and it was said that he was one of the first, if not the first, to read telegraph messages by sound. The last I heard from him he was general train dispatcher on the Rock Island and Pacific railroad ^{and was} stationed in Chicago. Libbie married and left Brockport. She died some years ago, I understand.

Where the Larkin house now stands was a house, bar room and bowling alley combined, which was owned and conducted by Walter Warren, father our townsman, Charles Warren, who now keeps a flour and feed store on Main St. The most famous bowlers in Brockport, in those days, Charles Warren and Steve Mead (California Steve); the two most sporty bowlers were the late John R. Randolph and Phil Allen. Of these two you will hear more by and by, but suffice it to say, that I have that I have known them to take the alley and keep it for seventy-two hours straight beginning to roll for ten dollars a game. Then was the harvest time for the boys who set their pins.

Where the Brockport now stands was the Johnson hotel, kept by Andrew Johnson, commonly known as Kentuck. The hotel was brick and stood a little back from Main St. and a little north of what is now Railroad Avenue. The barn was north and east of the hotel, with a shed extending west from the south side of the barn, for the farmers horses, when they came into town to do trading and attend to business. The hotel was one of the oldest in this section and Kentuck was well known and liked, the shed was generally full and the house did a good business. The old man was a quaint odd character in his way. Many leading politicians used to congregate in that hotel and many political slates were made up there. For a number of years the caucusses of both parties were held there and

for years it was the polling place on Election days. The bar rooms were open on those days and as the voters would pass out of the election polls and go to the bar for a drink, Old Pop, as he was called, would place the glasses on the bar, with a decanter of liquor in one hand and the peppermint bottle in the other, he would sing out, "Peppermint, gentlemen, Peppermint; have a little peppermint and dash would go a squint of the same in every glass on the bar. The customer who got away without a taste of Pop's peppermint, whether he wanted it or not, was lucky. He had a large family of children and some of them inherited a great many of their father's eccentricities. Acquirios, who was the oldest boy and a man grown when I first knew him, was as queer a character as his father. He kept a hotel for years at Jenkins Corners, in the Town of Greece, on the road to Long Pond and Braddock's Bay and but very few Brockporters ever passed his door, on their way to those resorts, hunting or fishing, without stopping to see Que. He died some twenty years or so. Another boy, Alex, was a chip off the old block. He was for years, after his father, the proprietor of the Johnson Hotel, and, if I remember right, was the last one to keep it before it was torn down in 1871-2, to make way for the present building. He went from here to Waterport, N.Y., and kept a hotel there, until his death some ten or twelve years ago. Of the daughters, the oldest one, whose name I have forgotten, married Nelson Rice, father of Calvin and Ed. Rice, both of whom are well known in Brockport but of whom few think of as being grandchildren of one of the oldest settlers of the town of Sweden and village of "Rockport. Mr. Rice having come here, according to information gained by me from William Raleigh (during his lifetime) about 1819-20. The next oldest daughter married Milo Palmer, son of Humphrey Palmer. Her name was Betsey. She is still living here in Brockport and her two sons, Frank of this village, and Charley, who lives on a farm on the Ridge Road, west, are well known through-

out this vicinity. The third oldest daughter, Ora, married Cassius Hoyey. She is still living on the farm on the Town Line, west, about a mile from this village, and is the mother of a well known attorney, Fred C. Hovey.

In those days six or seven hacks or busses, as they were called, ran daily to every railroad train and there were lively times at the depot. A bus ran from each hotel and two from some of them, with a driver and footman for each, and often the proprietor would be at the depot soliciting the patronage of every new arrival for his hotel., which made the rivalry very hot. And, with the cries of the drivers and runners, each for his own hotel, things were made both interesting and amusing. The hotels were as follows: The Eastern Hotel kept by Albert Butler, 2 busses; the Western Hotel kept by Brainard and Cary, one bus; American hotel kept by a man named Tennant and a Perry, one bus; a private hack owned by Duncan McPherson and one bus run by Lorenzo Porter, who kept a hotel known as Porter Hotel, which is ^{now} likely owned and occupied by Mr. Pettit, , late superintendant of the Wheel Works. For many years this hotel was known as one of the best hotels in the country and up to about 1867 or '8 did a large business. Of the house and many things that happened there before, during and after war times you will hear more later on.

Some of the persons who used to drive the omnibuses to the railroad will be remembered by the older residents when I mention the names of Thomas Chappel, George Roakefellow, George and Ed. Brayman, William and Jimmy Mitchel, Alimze Butler, Pat O'brien and scores of others, some of whom I shall have occasion to speak of later on. Among them will be Ed. Sloan, Nat Hulburt, Joe Sharpstine and William Harwick, but as we are now in the middle fifties, about 1855 or '60 we must relate things as they ~~were~~ were and as they come.

The common sports at that time were altogether different from

what they are now, one of them being, among a certain class, that of pitching cents, quarters or half dollars, or cracking lews for the drinks. I have seen on the east and west docks, some of the best known business men of this village, in groups of three, four and five engaged in the pasttime of pitching quarters and half dollars for keeps, while it was a common occurrence for a business who wished to have a glass of ~~beer~~ ale, (no lager beer those days) or something stronger, to enter a place of business, where those articles were sold, and instead of the custom of the present time of saying: "I'm just going to buy a ^{little} drink; what are you going to have? he would pull a cent or half dollar from his pocket and address the first person he met by saying, "I'll crack you for a drink or "I'll go you once for the horse, best two in three." Then up would go the coin and the one whose coin struck and stayed nearest the crack won, but the coin must be flipped high enough to strike the ceiling or it was "no go" and would have to be flipped over. At the depot the general amusement amongst the hack drivers and runners was also the pitching of cents or half dollars. Those who were well fixed would often pitch half dollars and the one whose coin struck nearest the hub would take all; others would pitch the old fashioned copper cents, three or five at a throw. They would two stakes, about ^{two} three inches high in the ground, about twenty feet apart, and then, standing on one, would pitch their pennies at the other stake. The one who pitched the penny nearest the stake would have the first flip, which consisted in placing the pennies on the palm of the hand and tossing them into the air, eight or ten feet high. Those landing head up belonged to the one flipping the pennies, while those landing tails up were left to be flipped by his opponent, and thus they continued alternately until they had all been flipped and landed head up, when they would pitch over again and begin anew. This was a very fascinating game for the players and lookers on. The station from one-half to three

quarters of an hour before the arrival of a train and the game would soon be on. Most of the hack drivers were noted scrappers, so there were plenty of fights among themselves over their games, which were expected and looked for experiences. One of the chief causes for these scrapes was what the boys used to call "quivering" which consisted in placing the pennies on the palm of the hand, heads up, and then throwing them in the air in such a manner that, while they would look as if they were turning over to an unpractised eye, they were simply quivering in the air and would land on the ground, heads up, the same as originally on the hand. The general pitching place was just north of the depot, which stood then where it does now, and there would usually be, at each train from two to five ^{different} squads, pitching pennies, etc., with anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred spectators. Every few minutes you would hear cries of "foul", "no quivering" and then would come a cry of "fight, fight" and away would rush the crowd in that direction.

In those days a "liar" meant a fight as soon as the word was spoken and if many of the words used by the present generation in ordinary conversation, had been used in those days, before the Civil War, a murder or something very serious would probably have been the result. Well when the cry of "fight" was heard, some one would cry out "train coming: train is here". Then the fight would end at once and everybody would start for the platform in front of the depot and, as the train crew in, a babble of voices would begin: "Right this way for the American Hotel, first hack": "Right this way for the Eastern Hotel, best furnished and equipped house in the Country, hack free; "Hotel, sir"? and a half dozen would be around each and every passenger, as he alighted, and sometimes two or three drivers or runners would have hold of the same traveler's sachel and the latter would have a serious time until he was safely landed in some one's hack, when the runner would ap-

proach him, all smiles, and find out whether he had a trunk or any other baggage. If so, he would procure his check and would go to the baggage pile and get his baggage, while the same performance was going on with the other hotel men. Thus things would go almost every day.

Next we will give you some more history of old times about the railroad and tell you about Uncle Ned Parks, Uncle Ned Raleigh, Oliver Bailey, father of Horace Bailey, and other prominent men of the early times of Brockport.

Among the names of old resident business men and firms, how many are now living who remember the time when John D. Spring, who for many years conducted the drug now occupied and conducted by Thomas Dobson, was the agent of the American Express Company in this place, and who, in connection with his other business, made a specialty of selling railroad tickets for all points in the west: who remembers when Jonas Minot was the sole and exclusive agent for the Grove and Baker's Celebrated Family Sewing Machine, of which he advertised: "It will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for one cent an hour"; who remembers the hardware store of Cart. Brainard & Co., also hardware, stoves, paints and oils, sold by Harvey D. Leonard: the American Hotel kept by Morris Gifford: the Holmes House, kept by J. E. Skidmore: T and A. Frye, druggists and stationers: Randolph and Pease, groceries, provisions, Yankee notions, wines, liquors, four nails, etc.; John Owens, groceries and provisions at actual cost for sixty days; willow baskets made to order by John Vanderburgh; sheep for sale, thoroughbreds, for cash, or good paper on time, E. L. Wood, agent for owners. And while thinking backwards brings to mind an anecdote connected with his name E. L. Wood and the late Rufus M. Palmer, of whom my readers will probably hear considerable later on.

E. L. Wood was the first dentist in Brockport, in my recollection

and for years was the only one, although some of our regular doctors would sometimes pull a tooth, but Wood was the only regular dentist. My first remembrances of his office was in the early fifties. It was in the rear of Josiah Harrison's store, upstairs, about what are now the rooms over the Billiard parlor on Market st.. Rufus M. Palmer, commonly called Rufe, kept a grocery store at that time about 1854 or '55 about where the Wilson Agriculture Store is now. E.L. Wood lived at the corner of Main and Monroe St, in the house now occupied by Mrs. Foster Idell. Wood was a man like many others of those olden times, perfectly good and responsible for all his debts, but awful slow in getting around to settle, being always dead to promise and just as ready to forget his promises. He was a customer of Rufe's and owed quite a bill for ~~vegetables~~ groceries, and, as the story goes had promised time and again to settle, but, as usual, forgot the promise as soon as made. Rufe was quite a practical joker, in his way, and was well known by the majority of people in the county of Monroe. He was closing out his business, preparing to go west, and was anxious to get things squared on his books. Therefore he was quite incensed against Wood for his many promises made and broken and he was determined to bring about a settlement, if such a thing was possible. So, going to Wood's office he, in the presence of some customers who were there, demanded Wood to come to the store and settle his account or he would ~~see~~ and proceed to collect. Wood was full of promises and said he would ~~settle~~ as soon as he could dispose of his customers, but Rufe was determined to press him to an accounting and soon settled down in a chair, saying he would wait for him to attend to his business, for he was going to leave town and was determined to get the matter settled. Wood went about his work pulling a tooth or two for a patient, and then proceeded to do some ~~th~~ other work, while Palmer still waited. At last Wood, seeing that Rufe was bound to get matters fixed up some way or another, and still wishing for time, at last spoke up and said, "Mr. Palmer, when do you expect

pect to leave for the west?" Palmer said he wanted to leave just as soon as possible, which could probably be in the course of ten days or two weeks, or just as soon as he could get matters, among which was this, straightened to his satisfaction. "Well," Wood said: I am very busy to-day and have not got the money with me, but, but next-(mentionf a certain day about a week off) I will have the money and then will come and pay my account," "The same old story," replied Rufe. "Now, see here, Wood, you have promised me time and time again that you would settle and your promise dont amount to anything. Now I am going to wait on you any longer. You settle to-day or I will get out a summons and you will have to pay/ You are good and I can collect." A ll this time there were several persons in the office who heard all or part of the conversation. At last Wood driven to corner, said:

" Now Rufe , dont be too hard. You and I have always been good friends and I will surely have the money for you next-."

"How do I know you will?" said Rufe. "Well said Wood," I have sold to so and so a number of sheep to be taken next-, and will be sure to have the money." How do I know anything about that, and if it is so, how do I know that you will come and pay me? You have promised more than forty times already." Well, said Wood, " As God is my judge, if I am alive I will come to your store next- at nine c'clock in the morning, afternoon, and will pay you my bill." "Well, said Rufe," Then I will wait on you once more," and calling the attention of one or two who were present to Wood's statement, Rufe left the office with the remark; "Elijah, dont forget that next-at nine o'clock. In those times it was the custom, upon the death of a person to toll the bell of the Church to which the deceased person belonged, the bell announcing the death. At the time the old Baptist Church, then situated about where the present church now is, was entered by a long flight of steps: in front of the Church was a burying ground, in the basement was the sundayschool room and in the rear of this room were the living rooms of the church

sexton. In my early childhood says the sexton of the church was William Coon. He had two sons and I think two daughters. I presume there are still some people living in Brockport, who remember the church, as it was then, and also the Coon family. George, the oldest son, died in a hospital during the Civil War and Allie left Brockport some years ago. The girls I have lost track of entirely. Well the day set by Mr. Wood rolled around and on that morning about 10 o'clock, the bell of the Baptist Church began tolling out the slow, measured announcement that someone was dead and, as was usual, people began inquiring who the person was. At first no one seemed to know, but soon it was reported that Dentist E. L. Wood was dead. Doubt was expressed by some, as to the truth of the rumor, as the dentist was around all the day before, until late in the evening. (The places of business did not close at 6 or 7 p.m., but were likely to keep open till 10 or 11 o'clock) and some were found who asserted they had seen him on the street that morning. At last some of the most curious and unbelieving ones went to the Church to find out from the sexton, who the bell was really tolling for while other went to the dentist's office to satisfy themselves as to the truth or falsity of the report. Those who went to see the sexton were informed that the bell was being tolled for Dentist E. L. Wood, aged 48, and, on being asked who instructed him to toll the bell, was informed that he was instructed and requested by Rufe Palmer, who informed him as to his age and that he knew from personal knowledge that that Wood was certainly dead. Those who went to the dentist office soon came back with the report that Wood was in his office, was all right, and was attending to business as usual. He was surprised at the usual number of callers on this particular morning and was, to all appearances much put out at the many callers who informed him of his reported death and the tolling of the bell, but, aside from that, paid no attention to the matter. But the many rumors and conjectures on the street, between those who went to call on the dentist and those who called on th

how he came to give the report to the sexton, when there was no truth in the same or apparent foundation for it. Rufe was in his store, when he was approached by some of the party and asked why he told Mr. Coon that E.L. Wood was dead. Rufe's reply was that he knew he was dead, was sure of it, for the reason that Wood was a man who was never known to break his word or fail to keep his obligations, and knowing these things to be true (note the sarcasm) and having his personal word of honor as a man, that if he were living, he would meet Palmer at his store that morning at 9 o'clock sharp, and having waited until 9:30 and Mr. Wood not keeping his solemn given word, he knew for a certainty that he must be dead, and so informed the sexton, as he thought it his duty to do, ending up with the inquiry: "Why, isn't he dead?" This was greeted with a roar of laughter and cries of "Rufe, you are a good one. That is another one of your jokes." Then, Rufe, with a sober face and not a smile, remarked to the crowd: "well, if he ain't dead, then he has lied like the devil to me and I am going for him pay what he owes me or know the reason why." At that he started for the door, with the avowed purpose of getting a summons for Wood, but at the door he was met by that same gentleman who accosted him with the question: "Say, Palmer, what do you mean by circulating reports that I am dead and having the bell toll for me?" "Well", replied Rufe, "If you 're not daed your word AIN't worth a d-m and you ought to be dead," "Why, what do you mean?" said Wood. "I don't understand you. Bless me. I'm not dead and I hope going to die right away. What is the matter, Mr. Palmer?" Rufe looked at him in astonishment for a moment and then broke out in laughter, for which he was noted, finally gasping out: "Well by B. God, you beat them all? Didn't you promise me last week before witnesses, on your word and honor that if you wrer alive you would you would be at this store this store this morning at 9 o'clock and settle your account with me?" Wood stopped, thought a moment and then said: "Well I declare, I had for-

gotten all about it." "Well, I hadn't," replied Rufe, and "as you didn't come I concluded you were dead, but seeing you are not dead suppose we proceed to business and settle up." "Well" seeing that he was caught and no way of slipping out, I guess we might as well." And so he was often done in those days, they settled accounts, took a drink and parted as friends. The papers got hold of the story and it was spread over the country and for years after many a laugh was had over Rufe, Wood and the tolling of the bell. They both lived to a good old age and, at this late day, you will hear some of the old timers tell the tale.

How many are living to-day who remember when James Adams, father of our Jim, kept a crockery store and advertised: "Stone chinadinning plates, all wants in the crockery, glass and house furnishing lines supplied at lower rates than ever before offered in this market"; "Cash for hides and sheep skins at the shoe store of George C. Latta"; Wholesale and retail grocery and provision store, 14 main St."- Follock and Bradley-also "1000 tons of anthracite coal delivered to any part of this town, \$5.50 per ton"; "New clothing store, cutting down on short notice" *Gould and Morrison; "Great decline in bread stuff at the new flour and feed store, good hard wood for sale cheap".-O.B. Avery; "Gates and ladders, corner of Mechanics st.. near the steam flouring mill"- Resolved Reed; "Lime/Lime/Lime/ All kinds of Mason Work done on short notice, 14 Main st. up-stairs- Georga Igo.

Among the first settlers of the village was Humphrey Palmer, great grandfather Of John H.. On taking up his abode here Humphrey Palmer purchased all the strip of land on the east side of south Main St. from the New York Central railroad bridge to the Fourth Section Road. With the growth of Brockport, the lane was divided eventually into building lots. Five generations of the Palmer family have called this village home, Frank, the 15 year old son of Mr. Palmer, being of the last generation.

employ of Mr. Whitney for over 23 years. He went to Kalamazoo in 1862 and engaged in the drug business. He died about five years ago. In those early days Whitney handled almost everything in the line of a general store, dry goods, groceries, wall paper, butter, eggs, etc.. I could tell lots about this store and I had plenty of opportunities to hear things that happened and discuss, but my space is too limited to go into lengthy detail now, but am in hopes to tell you more about him and his brother-in-law of later years, Lucius Ashley, in some later article.. Will say Mr. Whitney was a strong supporter and able ally of my father, Thomas J. Cornes, Edward Harrison, the late L. T. Underhill and for others but for whom the State Normal School would never have been located here in Brockport. Of these men and others and the great Normal School from 1867 to 1870 you will hear more at the proper time. The Whitney store is now owned and occupied by Julius Lester.

Next south and on the opposite corner was the old village hall, a two story brick building, which should never have been sold, but the two buildings on the south should have been purchased, as they could have been in the late sixties, for a nominal sum and our public building should have been located there with a frontage on Main St., a rear and side entrance on King St..

On the ground floor of the old village building hall was the engine room where was stored the old Conqueror No. 2 on the North, and the Hook and Ladder on the south, In the second story was the old village Hall. At the head of the stairs on either side was an ante room. At the rear of the engine and hook and ladder rooms on the ground floor was the old village lock up. All of these places will receive attention later on. The many political squabbles, pulled off in this old hall, the Indian shows, etc., the many escapes of persons from the old lock up, including Fife Dodge, Winsfield S. Arnold and many others, including the song and how it came to originate, which ran as follows: Boys Run, boys run,

Old Worden is nigh.

H e'll take you to the lock up and keep you till you die."

The premises of the old village hall are occupied by the first National Bank. Next door was the furniture and undertaking establishment of Sam Lisk and Frank Parker. During the war or part of those years the Western Union Telegraph office was located there, with Hank Osborne as operator, and in later years it was occupied by Hinman and Fowler. Next south was the grocery store of Gould and Roby, afterwards for years George R. Ward. Next was the Lyons Millinery store, of which you will hear more later. Next was the Maddox place, later occupied by William L. Stafford, father of Major Syafford, and later by L. J. Pease as a family residence and a few years since the same was remodeled by Mrs. Sybil Millard and is now occupied as a barber shop. Next came the old Broxton exchange bank which went to the wall in about 1851. About these times and also of President Thomas, Jay Pease and some other depositors I will write later. Mr. Thomas lived and owned in those days the house on the corner on State St. and Park Ave., now owned or controlled by Morris Rapaee. This place at my first recollection was owned and occupied by Doctor Hammond, father of our former postmaster, H. C. Hammond, next by Banker Thomas, later by H. N. Beach, next where the stores of W. S. Lee and P. A. Blossom now stand and back from Main St. about three rods was the dwelling of Elias B. Holmes. Mr. Holmes was one of the earliest settlers in this vicinity and was considered a very wealthy man. He was a member of Congress in the early fifties and was for a number of years engaged in the banking business and located in the same place where Thomas, as a banker, failed. Of Mr. Holmes and his sons, Ed. and Ira, you will hear more later, and also of Ira's talking horse, Old Dan, who would shake ~~hands~~ his head for "no", nod his head for "yes", shake hands and numerous other things; of the time the boys, Ira and Albert Holmes, Wallace Cornes, always called "Dutch Corners", George Palmer, Luck Corns and others used to have hitching

Dan to a long one hundred foot line and attaching the same to an ordinary row boat and then go down the canal a mile or two, coming up in true packet style, with one or two in the boat, horse on a run, and fish horns blowing, and seven times out of ten the wind-up the rider of the horse would manage in some way to manouver in some way to spill the occupant of the boat into the canal. So much for Main St., State and Erie.

I thought to give my readers a short sketch of the business places and the proprietores thereof on both sides of the street according to my recollection back in those olden days, but the east side of Main St. I will have to leave until another time.. Memory comes fast sometimes when jotting down things of the past, and many things that come to mind have to be left out for want of space, and many items of interest have necessarily to be made brief, but if I become too tedious in my writing of things and times of the past, I beg the indulgence of the readers and will try and make things clear as I go. So that when we get to times within the memory of the younger readers they will understand the causes of and the effects of the same in latter years.

George Benson, SR. was one of the pioneer harness manufacturers of this place and in the middle fifties and up to the breaking out of the Civil War he employed from 15 to 20 hands. He conducted one of the largest establishments for the manufacture of hand made harness, saddles, etc., there was in Monroe County and perhaps in Western, N.Y. He was located in the opening of the war about where the barber shop in the Tulley block now is. I believe he sold out to Charles M. Scranton in about 1862 and later owned and conducted a store about where is now the Stock store. He was the father of our townsman, George Benson. He died sometime in the late eighties and is well remembered by many living now. Of others who were in business on the west side in a later

day or from about 1857 or '8 down to the remembrance of the present generation I will speak later.

Of early recollections of the east side we will begin on the north or toepath side with the old Eastern hotel kept in '52 or '3 by Albert Butler, later by Dick Gifford, later by Gifford and Barnes, later by later by Albert Butler and then by Luke Taylor. Of the old times in an around this hotel I will have more to say later and some anecdotes of Ed. Dayton, George Sloane, also the fight between the chambermaid and the cook in the winter 1859 and '60, when the cook cut off the chambermaid's nose with a chopping knife, etc..

On the south side of the canal was, ~~back in~~ back as far back as 1854 to 1872, continuously, the Thomas Cornes meat market. My father was here first in 18²29, working one year for a butcher named Peters. The following winter he went back to Waterville N.Y., where my grandfather lived, staying there for a short time. He returned to Brockport in 1831 and resided here until his death in 1878. From 1831 until his death he was in business continuously, excepting for five years, from 1866 to '71, during which time he sold his old established business and leased his premises- market, slaughterhouse, etc., to ~~Schlester~~ ~~John~~ Stanley and Cornes. When their lease expired in 1871, father took back the business and Stanley and Cornes moved to the premises now occupied by Charles Warren as a flour and feed store, where they continued in business until 1882, when they purchased the market stand of T.C. Cornes and were in business ~~until~~ ~~th~~er for a number of years. The old stand was owned by William Stanley at his death and is now known as the Charles Lawton market. These premises were known as the market and do not relate to the market on the dock.

Of those who kept the dock market from the middle fifties until 1871 or '2 Ed. White, Old Uncle George Lyons, R.M. Palmer, Thomas Buckley, Cornes and Hutchinson, John Bradley, Fred Schlosser, Sr., John Owens and James T. Cornes. The old dock as a business place, was virtually

abandoned about 1877 or '8 soon after the abolishing of tolls and making the Erie a free canal. Some of the old collectors of canal tolls were Levi Pond, E.T. Bridges, Elias B. Holmes, Capt. Henry Warren, Thomas Cornes Rufe Palmer, Henry Cary, H.N. Beach, Hank Wood, A.P. Butts, E. Harrison and William Bunn. I am not sure, but if memory serves me right, William Bunn was the last collector, before the canal was made free., with By Wicks and Sid Bunn as collectors, clerks. I have probably omitted the names of some who were collectors, but have given enough for ordinary purposes.

On Main St. the old Green grocery was kept by Hank Gaul, Charles C. Cornes, L.J. Pease, afterward by Randolph and Pease, before they went over on the west side by Igo and Bendle, then by Daniel Belden and his son, Horace, as a feed store, and finally it was moved by Thomas Coenes to the south side and last house at the east end of Spring St. where it now stands owned by H.N. Johnson. It is one of the old historical landmarks of Brockport and was for fifty years or more known as the old Green Grocery. It was moved from Main St. to its present location in the spring of 1867. At that time a family named Bignal lived in the second story which was rented for living purposes. The Bignal family retained their residence and were moved in the building. The first Sunday the house with its occupants rested about in front of where Abe Smith's bakery now is, the next Sunday they were about in front of where Frank Sparlin lives and the next Sunday they were in their own location, but old home, being the only family having a record of living on every foot of ground in the village of Brockport, from the canal, on Main to State St.. from Main to Park Ave.. on State, from State to Spring, up Spring to the end thereof. Spring St. was not opened any farther east than what is now Oxford St.. northward until 1881 or '2 and the property now occupied by the piano factory, case works, wheel works and fair grounds was owned until his death by Thomas Cornes.

Next south of the "green grocery was a grocery store kept by R.M. Palmer afterwards in 1856, ~~by John Palmer~~ by John Owens, later by Charles Warren and Miles Upson as an office for the purchase of general produce and a flour and feed store, later by Andrew Boyd and L.T. Cornes as a flour and feed store and later by A.B. Raymond and sons. Next was the baker shop of Harry Over, after him came Peck and Thomas and after them came our present townsman, A. Smith.

I must go back a little after John Owens moved out of the store which stood on the site of what is now the J.P. Dauchy store. A partition ran through the center thereof where for years Troy White kept a barber shop. A. Smith, if I remember right, worked a time for Beck & Thomas, about 1858 or '9, and then went into business for himself. He eventually bought the block of father or in about 1869 or '70 and kept his business there until the fire of about 1884, when he removed to his present location

Next was Miss Olivw Gibbs, later Gibbs and Smith millinery store, two old maids, "As I have written in former articles Miss Jane Allen Smith later became Mrs. Jane Ann Barry (Right here let me say if my readers dont get tired of me and I dont get disgruntled with Editor Wilson or he doesnt get disgruntled with me, we will continue to give you a crude history of Brockport, her different people, some of their characteristics, their business, different locations and changes from time to time from the middle fifties until at least the leaving of the Johnson Harvester Works in 1882. I have been criticised more or less, but that I expected when I began writing these articles. I will say that I may err sometimes in regard to certain details and expect to do so, but I would most respectfully ask my critics to make their differences with the writer known to Editor Wilson and I will then have a chance to explain and perhaps gain some knowledge ~~some~~ of things and events that happened years ago. in Brockport and which may be of interest to my-

self and the editor but to the whole community of the Town of Sweden.

The next person that I remember occupied the Gibbs millinery store was Solomen Kettner, who came here in about 1858. He continued in this store until about 1866, when he removed across the street and a young Jew from N.Y, was located there in the clothing business.. His name was SCH wab. I think he closed out his business about 1868. Then Frederic Schlosses moved into the store and eventually bought it of his father in 1868. These three last mentioned stores were burned in the year- and have since been replaced by the stores occupied by J.F. Dauchy, Freeman and Wilson and Frederick Schlosser. The third store in the Ostrom block was occupied by the Greenleaf brothers as a jewelry store and afterwards by Ez. Gager. The Greenleafs went west to Minnesota and during the late sixties Ez. Gager had a jewelry store on Main St., Buffalo, where I often called on him. I have lost track of him and don't know if he is living or dead. Next time I think Charlie Merriman with a furniture store, I mean the same stand. There were several others and then about 1869 or '70 Stanley, Sleaster & Cornes opened a meat market. remaining until about 1882 or '90, when they removed to where Charles Lawton now is. After Stanley and Cornes moved up Main St. James Bordwell and several others kept a grocery store there.

Back in the fifties there was in under the store where Charles Warren now has a flour and feed store, one of the most up to date saloons and billiard parlors in Brockport. It had been kept by such men as A sa Perry, Nate Davis, Hank Kellog, commonly called Silver and others. The last ones I remember were AD. Curtis and Fred Dodge. Ad went to California in 1860 and Fred or Fife Dodge, as he was commonly called, ran the place until it was finally closed up. The entrance was made by a wide flight of about eight or ten stone steps, which extended out Main st. about ten or twelve feet. The bar was a finely fitted one for those days and the billiard parlor was one of the old fashioned wooden

bed, sin pocket tables, size 8 by 12 feet, taking up more room than two ordinary tables of to-day. It almost took the strength of an ordinary man to drive the ball around the table, but it was a valuable piece of property, costing with balls, cues and outfit about \$800. The rush was so great to play on the table that a rule was established that no two players could hold the table for more than two games. In the same basement and run by the same proprietor was a bowling alley which was under the store about where the State Bank of Commerce now is. In fact in under the whole of the Ostrom block was a saloon billiard parlor and bowling alley. There are men now living in Brockport who have both played billiards, rolled ten pins and set up pins in the old Alhambria saloon, as it was called in those days, but no boys under sixteen years of age were allowed in that place.

The next door south of the latter place was the Haight and Graves clothing store, after they moved from the west side of the street and after the big burlary of clothing took place of clothing took place and the chasing of the canal boat which was supposed to have stolen goods on to New York city. The many rumors afloat in Brockport at that time and the sudden rushing up of things are remembered to this day by old timers.

After Haight and Graves and after the burning of the Ostrom block and the building of the new or present Minot block came Janas Minot and Charles Minot, then, about 1868 Steve Frost, and so on down. Next south, where the bank now is, was Mr. Wood, commonly called Whipsocket Wood, and his son, Oscar. They manufactured whips, gloves, etc. and handled trunks, hats, caps, etc., Afterwards the firm became Wood and Rider, and after that Wood and Gerry, the later being the late Thomas Berry. After that came George Graves and down.

Next in the old Latta block came the grocery store of one of the Seely brothers, of whom I spoke of last week as being in business on the west corner, where John Owens now is, and after a brotherly quar-

rel separated. I wrote last week that Joseph went over to the east side but I was informed one day last week by one of my critics that it was William who went over and not Joseph. But as he had not any record, excepting his memory, I can't just tell which one of us is right, although one of us must be, as we both agree that they did dissolve partnership and that one of them went into business in the Latta block, where the Perry C. Shafer Co. now is. There have been so many different parties in business in that old store that I will only mention a few. Among them are E. H.arrison, John Owens, Belden and Harrison, D. J. Butler & son and many others whom I do not just recall.

Next door, on the corner where the Misses Fagan now are, from my earliest recollection ~~are~~ until his death (which occurred some time in the eighties) was the boot and shoe store of John A. Latta. Of men who worked for him as cutters, cobblers and fine boot and shoe makers you will hear later. Among them will be James Stone and Sherm and John Harrington, all fine boot makers (Everyone wore boots before the Civil War), of Dennis Duffy, John Healy, George Parker and Waterman Martin, for years head cutter and fitter, of Mr. Latta himself and many others.

Next corner where the ^omead restaurant now is, back as far as I can remember, was a tin shop, then a grocery store, from '68 to '71 a meat market, then a saloon, kept by Peter Guelph, then by Joseph Bierson and others, down to the present time.

Next for years was the feed store of Pratt & Daniel Beldon & Horace. Later James East and his father-in-law, Mr. Pert, kept a grocery and meat market; after them came James Vickery, who, also, at one time kept on the west side, where Gallagher's market now is. Of those who come later, about the eighties, I will write now.

Next for years was Austin's Harmon's marble shop; next was the old block on the corner, where James and W. Seymour kept way before my personal recollections. The first person I remember there was William

L. King, a dealer in dry goods. He dates from the retirement of W. H. Seymour from the dry goods and grocery business, when he joined partnership with Morgan and Allen about 1846 or '7/ W. L. King, dry goods on Main St., with Jerome Fuller, afterwards county judge, occupying the second floor as a law office, are my recollections of that corner from about 1852 or '3 until the building of the new block by J. D. Decker.

And now as the weather is uncomfortably warm, I will close for this week Old Home Week has about fagged me out.

I omitted some names of old business men and firms on both sides of the street. Some were omitted for a purpose and others were omitted unentionally or forgotten. Of those who were left out for a purpose I will say that the years in which they were in business on the proper time to introduce them had not, in my opinion arrived, but as I requested in my last article that if any one who differed with me in my statements, would, please be known to either the writer or editor, we would cheerfully do our best to rectify mistakes. Some of my critics have been very harsh, whilst others, a large majority, have, in a very friendly spirit, called my attention to some mistakes, and, as we come to them, they will, as far as is in our power, be corrected. To the harsh critics I have only this to say: I have record documents for some of my statements and as to those statements made solely from memory I may err in some particulars, but will probably be near enough to bring back memories of olden times to many of the old residents. And, if any statement is made that is of any great importance or nearly relates to any of my readers, in which there has been a serious mistake or misstatement, we will cheerfully correct the same, if our attention is called to the matter and we are convinced that we are wrong.

Among the names omitted from my history of the west side of Main St were those of Edward Harrison, clothing merchant, who was for years in business on that side., but as he was not there until the middle sixties

I omitted him . to be heard of later. The name of John Bradley was

I omitted him, to be heard of later. The name of John Bradley was also omitted. He was for years in business on the west side, but as he was on the east dock during 1863 to '6, I conclude to leave him and bring him along later, or where, it seems to me, he properly belongs. There are other names on both sides of Main St., both docks north, north or towpathside and many other locations in the village, which will be well remembered by old residents and which are closely identified with old time Brockport. These have not as yet been mentioned, but they will all be brought to mind in due time. There are also among those omitted and which have been brought to my attention, since my last writing the names of Edwin Diver and Richard or Dick Mockford, both bakers before Abe Smith; Gurdeon Richards, where the Ferry Shafer company now is; Benedict Arnold, hat and cap store, where Charles Warren now is, the man who was supposed to be responsible for the fire which burned the old Ostrom block in the winter of 1859-'60, the work that was done by the insurance co. in ferreting out the same, the arrest of Arnold and his sensational escape from the old village lockup; Peter Guelph's saloon on the corner of Main and Water St.; the temperance crusade in 1872-3 and 4, Guelph and the W.C.T.U., headed by Mrs. John A. Latta; John Welch, Sr., on the west side in continuous business for twenty-five or thirty years, and others will all come in due time.

Back to the east side was, was on the corner of Main and Water St., a harness belonging to William Richardson long before the war, and during war times in the same place was the Cornes and Bowman market, later T. and C. C. Cornes, then the Peter Guelph saloon and next Joe Bierson's, etc..

I will now proceed up the west side of the street and give recollections around the village until I have circumvested the village proper inc. Then I will come back with doings of those early days and bring to my readers mind the doings of a later date, say about 1860

the Fremont and Dayton⁹ or know nothing⁰ campaign until about 1865 or from 1856 until the ending of the war(civil war).

On the south corner of Main and Market streets in my early recollection there was a hat and cap store kept by Joseph Harrison and in this store was a post office was the post office with, I think, old man Wikey as postmaster. It stood where the M.Heffron restaurant and billiard parlors now are. There was no building on the corner, where Kinsella's saloon now is, until about 1858 or 1859 when there was a small frame store erected which was occupied in 1862 or there about by Harrison, Elmore and King as an office for buying produce. The present brick building was erected in 1868 by Josiah Harrison, and the mason work was done by John A,Getty, who occupied it for years as a hotel and restaurant. About the time Getty went in on the corner, Frank Peck opened a saloon where Heffron now is. Some anecdotes of Frank will be given later, also of Getty. Next south in the fifties was M.O.Randall's jewelry store, and as he owned the building he occupied the whole of the ground floors for years, or until about 1859 or '60, when partition was put through, and a vault built and Albert Holmes, occupied the part now occupied by J.H.Engel as jewelry store, as a bank. Before the bank was started, the whole store was occupied by Mr. Randall and in part of the same was the Post Office, with Dr. S.M.Olden as post master. Next south was a hardware store, kept by whom I am unable to remember. I know that my father bought the property in 1863 of a man named Grenell, and that he had a fine time getting a clear title as the deed only conveyed the frontage on the ground, so many feet and so many feet back, and two stories high, the third story or the rights in the air above the second story story or rather the 3rd story of the old block, that was burned, having been conveyed by deed to the third story, and upon the burning of the property, the owner of the 3rd story contended that his right in the air still existed and that no one could give a title to the ground and also convey a

title above the second story. This matter was in obedience for several years, until father at last bought the property in the rear of the premises where Lawton's ice house now stands and with that purchase got a deed, relinquishing the former owner's right to the third story in the air, I shall have more to tell about this in some future article, but this will suffice to explain why Thomas Cornes ~~kept~~ kept a little one story slant roof wooden building for a meat market, where Charle Lawton now is, from 1863, the time of his purchasing the property, until 1872, the time he erected the present building. Next was the millinery and dress making store kept by a Mrs, Wentworth, late by Mrs. Edwin Rop, 1 later was a barber shop kept by a Mr. Wadsworth and at last a hardware store by Chas. VanEps, now Mr. Greenough. Next to Wentworth millinery store in those days was a grocery store kept by Josiah Randolph, a half brother of John Randolph, but by nature and disposition so much different that a person not knowing the fact would never by intercourse or dealings with the two men have thiyght or mistrusted that there was any relationship or anything in common between the two men. Both strictly honest in their business relations with the community, one was a sport for as people in those days were wont to say of John- he is a dead game sport and was in for the same at any time and at a moment's notice; whilst Josiah was the direct opposite, steady going in his habits, and a close dealer in all his transactions, almost to parsimoniousness, There were many stories related as to this trait of Josiah's character, in those early days, and called Penny Randolph. One of ~~the~~ most stories will serve for the present to illustrate his peculiar saving disposition. A person, so the story goes, asked Eugene Randall one day why why Mr. Randolph was called Penny Randolph, and Eugene's creply was " because he is so d-d close that when he doesnt have wany customers to wait on, he spends his time catching flies on his counter and brushing the sugar off their feet back back into the sugar bowl." Josiah in the early sixties moved across the street, and for a good many years kept a grocery store, where Curvin's lunch room now is. After him in the east side store,

him in the east side store came James Wheelan, and later Prentiss & Davis, then John R. Davis. Next door south in early days was a grocery store kept by John A. Hubbard of whom more later, after Hubbard came, I think Andrew Boyd. Next where Harrison's clothing store now is was in those early days the clothing store of Gould and Roby. I remember Dick Gould was in those days considered one of the best dry goods clerks in the village. He in after years went to the oil regions of Pennsylvania and I finally lost track of him. I last saw him in 1868 when he came back to Brockport and staid for a short time, and then disappeared and as far as I know he has not been heard from since by any of his boyhood acquaintances. He was quite a character in his way and we will hear more about him when we get to the early days of the war. After Gould and Roby came Rush Reed, who kept dry goods store for years with Henry Wood, his-brother-in law, a clerk. Of Hank and Hunky Wood I have probably spoken before and will probably have more to say about him later. He was well known as a dry goods clerk, and in later years after the war, and during the excitement of Normal School times when the big fight for the location of the school was on entered into politics, and for a time was quite a factor in public affairs and in 1871-2 held the position of collector of Canal tolls with the late Maurice Stark and John Gage as clerks. He left Brockport about 1878 or '9 and entered the employ of Burke, Fitzsimmons, Hone, & co., and for a time held a very responsible position, but drink had got the best of him and the last time I saw him was in Rochester in 1882. At that time he was a total wreck and I have not seen or heard from him since. Next to Rush Reed came Wm. I. King who for years kept another dry goods store, having moved uptown from the old stand on the corner of Main & Market streets in 1858. There was a grocery store down in the basement of the old Smith block which was kept George R. Ward. It was here that I first remembered seeing a flying top. George R. was always in

signment of toys, among which were these large round tops which wound up with a string, and when the top was wound up by pulling the string it would spin through the air like a bird and remain spinning from 3 to 5 minutes. G.R would spin the tops for amusement of the boys and to the danger of the shelf goods among which the top would spin regardless of consequences and I have many times seen a line of shelf goods come rattling to the floor whilst Ward was chasing the top, laughing and cracking jokes with his customers all the time, only to get another one going, whilst his clerk would be righting things up in shape, the clerk scolding and Geo. R. laughing. Anything with him to have a good time himself and make amusement for others. He afterwards moved across the street where Fred Shafer now is and ran a grocery store until his death. He also raised the building and built ~~him~~ the upper or third story the Ward Opera House which was destroyed by fire about three or four months ago. Upstairs and next door south about this time there was a man named John Light, who opened and conducted a candy store and ice cream parlors. He ran the same about one year and in the fall of 1859 sold out to J.A. Getty who opened in connection with the candy store a saloon with Albert as clerk and bartender. He also brought here a professional candy maker and in the rear of his store and upstairs opened a candy manufactory. He placed a wagon on the road and employed four or five hands. He supplied most of the grocery stores and surrounding villages until the big fire in 1860 when he went out of the candy manufacture and opened a saloon and eating house where LeVan Store now is.

Next to Mr. Getty's store was a jewelry store, kept by Ed. Blossom who married one of the Peck girls. He afterwards went to Hudson, Mich. and died about 1868 or 9. E^U was a genius in a way and always

of a joke on whoever they might get a chance, but Ed. was unlike Getty. He could take as well give a joke, which Jack was always fond of giving but never could take one without getting mad. In my next article I will tell you something about the mysterious disappearance of Ed. Blossom, the hunt and futile search for him for over a week and his sudden return, of his trick on Getty with his patent clarinet, of him and W.H. H. Smith, the editor of the Brockport advertiser, of the magic chair, John and James Smith and their big furniture manufactory, the making of the H. Pease rotary pump, some anecdotes of W.H. Jenner, the big fire of 1869 which swept from the last store south on Main St north to where M. Heffron's restaurant is now, the dwelling house, barn, etc. of Josiah Harrison and then back again to the Wick's, Patterson Theatrical Co., again resuming the thread of events which happened long ago and from which I broke off to say a few things about Main St., on account of Old Home Week, which has come and gone.

In those early days elections and caucuses were held at Sweden Center and all voters from Brockport had to go there to participate in the same, but I am not writing of the whole town of Sweden at the present time, but more especially of the village proper, I will leave the remembrances of the hotel ~~and~~ store kept at the center by Arcurious Johnstone, and the many political squabbles in the Democratic and Whig caucuses, with some interesting reports of the same to be kept by the secretaries of the meetings, a number of which I have in my possession. One which took place before I was born, I will insert here, with a promise of others in the future:

" To the Honorable, the Canal Board of the State of New York:

The undersigned respectfully that he was one of the secretaries at the Town Convention held in the Town of Sweden on the 18th of January

last past, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the County Nominating Convention to be held on the 20th of January, aforesaid, and also to designate by ballot the choice of the Democrats of said Town for the candidate for canal collector at Brockport. The undersigned further states that of said town a vote was taken by ballot for such choice for collector and upon counting it was found that Mr. Alfred Smith of said Town of Sweden, had received seventy-eight, Mr. Wm, E. Skidmore sixty-three and Mr. Daniel W. Shepard five of the ballots so cast. That it was then resolved that Mr. Smith be considered by said town convention unanimously nominated as the choice of the Democrats of said town for canal collector at Brockport, and that the delegates be instructed to vote for and use their influence for said Smith in County Convention for solicitor; that the undersigned saw nothing unfair in said Town Convention and he is confident that Mr. Smith received such town designations fairly and as the choice of the Democrats for said office; that it is true that several illegal voters attended said Town convention and offered to vote but their votes were rejected by the chairman and tellers of said meeting.

Dated, Feb. 2, 1884.

Signed,

Erastus Root.

Hanging from 1847 to 1857, remembrances of the Hart cider mill, where boys from miles around, east, west, south and north, including Brockport used to go to drink new cider and eat apples to their hearts content, having a good time generally: the ashery, the lime kiln, the crazy house in Bascom's barnyard and many other recollections of boyhood days must be left for some future time, while I get around to some of

the prominent men of those days and tell of many of their characteristics as remembered by ~~many~~ me from personal ~~experiences~~ acquaintances. But before I get to them I will give my readers a little history of long ago, as related to me by one of the old settlers 1883 at which time ⁺ had an idea of compiling some historical facts about the early days of this village and the surrounding towns, based on facts, by those having personal knowledge. But before I had got fairly started in the undertaking both the old men passed away and I had but few remembrances of the Town of Sweden from the lips of those who actually took part in settling the same, but what I learned from those old men I now cheerfully give to my readers:

" My father came to the Town of Sweden from Cambridge in the Spring of 1811, driving an ox team and leading his only horse (which was an old mare) behind the ox cart. This conveyed all his household effects and I was assured they were few, by those members of our family who could recollect the circumstances, for at that time I was not a being of this world. I was born on the 7th day of July, 1815, in a little log house on the old Raleigh Farm about one quarter of a mile south of the railroad bridge, now rented by the Johnson Harvester Works and owned by the Misses Raleigh. The house has long since passed away. It was situated just south of the present house known as the Raleigh homestead, Edwin H. Raleigh, commonly called Uncle Ned, kept a hat store and manufactured hats of all kinds in a little brick house which was torn down about five years ago, but the cellar wall still remains. It was situated just south of the Raleigh homestead and is well remembered by a great many in Brockport to-day, (1883). After a few years Uncle Ned purchased the farm of about 64 acres for three dollars per acre, and which to-day is the property of his heirs,

The two first settlers in the Town of Sweden were Nathaniel Poole

and Walter Palmer, who came here in 1807. Edward Parks and John Reed came in 1808 and others came soon after, of whom we will speak at some future time.

My most distinct recollections are of Uncle Ned Parks, who was a great hunter. He lived in the brick house now known as the Humphrey Palmer homestead, on the east side of Main St. and just south of what is now known as South Ave.. There was no South Ave. Then and but little cleared land in that part of the town, but all was woods as far as you could see, Well do I remember the deer, squirrels and very often a wild cat, hedge hog, porcupine and other kinds of game that were brought down by Uncle Ned's famous smooth bore. My readers must remember that where the village of Brockport now stands, all was forest with by paths from one house to another, excepting the present Lake Road, which was then far different from what it is now. This was in 1883 (What would the old gentleman, who was talking with the writer then, think if he should come back and see the same road now.)

"In 1819 came Stewart Brown, who settled and built a log house, which has long since passed away, opposite the farm owned by Hid. Upon the farm were two large asherys, remains of which can be seen to this day (1883). Mr Bailey purchased 120 acres of land, paying \$20 per acre for same.

One old settler whom we will speak of again, is Uncle Issac Palmer, who now lives in the old homestead, in the brick house about a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on the east side of the Lake Road, south of Brockport. He came here about 1813. I have often heard Uncle Ned Raleigh tell that the first three years he lived in the Town of Sweden that six months of each year he had the fever and ague so that he could do nothing but

shake and sweat, but as there is no great evil without some little good, si it proved in this case, for, being drafted in the war of 1812 by pleading sickness and furnishing a substitute, he was allowed to remain at home.

The next settler of importance was Sylvester Alford, commonly called Spe^{ck}. He was a retired sea captain and in those early days, after coming here and after the opening of the Erie Canal, he was Captain of a canal packet for some years. He settled in this town about 1823 and lived for years on the south west corner of the Fourth Section ~~Dr~~ road south of ^Drockport to the house later owned by Heman Barlow.

In those days we had to go to Canandaigua for our mail and if we were fortunate enough to get a letter had to pay 25cents for postage to receive the same. He had to Rochester to mill, taking three days to go and return and the grist had to be laid ^{up} all the time for fear of losing it. Money was so scarce in 1825 that you could go to Rochester ~~in 1825-6~~ with a load of wheat on a cart drawn by a yoke of oxen and sometimes you would not get enough money to pay the expenses of the trip.

A few more historical facts, as related to me, have been mislaid, but will be forthcoming later on and in order to fill in the space for my readers and being in a reminiscent mood myself and wondering what would be the acts and thoughts of some of our ancestors, if they could revisit this old Mother Earth.

First north of the railroad on the west side of Main St. lived Dr. Huntley, father of Byron Huntley whom many ^Drockporters remember as being prominently identified with the Lafayette Stillman Manufacturing Co. and still later with the Johnson Harvester Co..

Next north of the Huntley house came a brick house, the family residence of William Raleigh, who was a son of Uncle Ned Raleigh, and

one of the first children born in Sweden after its settlement. William Raleigh was the father of Waterman Raleigh, who died about six months ago, leaving a family of, I believe, eight boys and three girls, so that Uncle Ned Raleigh, as he was always called, has now living in Brockport descendants in the fourth and fifth generation. William Raleigh was in his day a great dancer at country dances, as were also his brothers, Wells and John, and many times have I seen the three brothers vie with each other in cutting the pigeon wing, both single and double. John Raleigh died in Brockport many years ago, He had one son and two daughters. Jim Raleigh was a schoolmate of mine, but I lost track of him many years ago and know not whether he is living or dead. Miss Mary Raleigh of this place is a daughter of John and, I think, the only living descendent of that branch of Uncle Ned's family. Wells Raleigh went west some time in the sixties and I do not know where he is located, nor whether he has any living descendants. William Raleigh told me some time ago that his father kept a diary from 1808 up till the time of his death in about 1837. It included his journey from Cambridge, Mass., to the town of Sweden in 1811, he said, and was all written in ink. He said it was a large bulky book and that his brother, Wells, took it to Michigan with him. He was going to send for it and get it, in order to help us with in our work of writing a history of the town, which we contemplated then (1883), but he was taken from this life before he wrote the book. I have often thought what a priceless book that would be in the hands of future historians of the town of Sweden, if it falls to the right person.

Next came the family residence of Charles Brockway, a son of Hiel Brockway, the founder of the village of Brockport. It was a one and one-half story brick house and stood on the corner of Main and College street. It was torn down some three or four years ago and the site is now occupied by the residence of John D. Burns. Charles Brock-

way, Sr., had three sons; Hiel, Charles, Jr. and Alonzo. Hiel died [?] some twenty years ago, leaving no descendents I know of, Charley was an odd character. You will hear more of him later on. He died about 1880, leaving one son Charles third and one daughter. They both left Brockport some time ago and I have not heard from them in some time. Of Alonzo, my boyhood days are more closely related, as he was about my age. We were schoolmates at the old east district school and at the Brockport Collegiate Institute. Lon, as he was always called, was queer from Boyhood, but was harmless. At one time when he was about fourteen years old, he disappeared from home and for about two weeks the surrounding country was searched for him. He was finally located near Albany, N.Y., where he had arrived as a driver on a canal boat. At Albany he had left the boat and was wandering around the city, talking in an incoherent manner, declaring that he was going to sea, was going to be a sailor, etc.. He was taken care of by the authorities, his home finally located and he was sent back here. A short time later he was taken violently insane and sent to an asylum in Rochester, where, after about a year he was discharged. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in Company H, 8th in N.Y. Vol. Cavalry, with Captain Geo. Barry, but was discharged as insane, upon application of his father. He returned back to Brockport, where he lived until his death in the eighties. I saw an account sometime later, where he was reported as a deserter, but that is an error, as I remember the circumstances well and remember when he came from the camp in Rochester. I knew him all his life. He afterwards tried to enlist in the 108th regiment with Capt. E.P. Fuller, but was rejected on the same grounds, that of being demented.

Next came the home of Mr. Daniel Holmes, who is still living here in Brockport, and is so well known that it is useless for me to say much of him. He has been identified with Brockport since my first

recollection. About my first remembrance of him is as police justice, with his office in the second story of about where Duffy's restaurant now is. Here was where a prisoner, after being sentenced to the penitentiary, drew from his pocket a jack knife and cut his throat.' It is history that this was the first time Daniel Holmes was heard to swear), but the particulars of this affair will be more fully related in its proper time and place. Of Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes it is also useless for me at this time to say much, as she was so well known and is remembered by most all Brockporters of the present day. Well do I remember, when her first book "Tempest and Sunshine" appeared, and the intense interest with which it was received by the people of this place.

Next west of the Holmes residence was the home of Levi Cooley. I have forgotten who lived there in the late fifties.

The home of Rush Reed came next. He for many years kept a dry goods store about where the Log Cabin Bakery is now, succeeding Gould and Roby in the business. There are but few left in Brockport who remember Ralph and Dick Gould. Ralph was the eldest boy and left Brockport about 1857 or '8 locating near Utica, N.Y. Dick, his brother, was one of the best known dry goods clerks in this part of the country, and well do I remember hearing it said by many that Dick Gould could wait on more customers and give better satisfaction than any other clerk in this section. He left Brockport in 1860, going to the oil fields of Pennsylvania. There he took to drinking. He got into trouble of some kind and finally dropped from sight altogether.

With the advent of Rush Reed came another dry goods clerk in the person of Hank Wood, a brother in law of Reed, who was for many years well known to Brockporters and people of the surrounding country. Many people, who came to this village to do their shopping thought that no one could wait on them with satisfaction but Hank Wood. He drifted into politics and in 1871-'2 was assessor collector in this village. It

It was largely through his activity that the proposition to sell the old Village Hall property (now the First National building) was submitted to the people, and, after a hard fight, the same was carried and the property sold, thus doing away with one of the old historical landmarks of the village. Wood left Brockport about 1878 or '9 and was with the firm of Burke, FitzSimmons, Hone & Co. of Rochester. He entered the employ of Burke, FitzSimmons, Hone & Co. of Rochester. He was with them a number of years but finally about 1884 dropping from sight and I have not heard from him since.

Next west of the Reed house came the residence of Thomas Buckley. He was one of the early settlers of Brockport, coming here about 1824 or 5 and was a constable from my earliest recollection. He also was pound keeper, collector, and at one time, chief of the fire department in the old times of Red Jacket and Conqueror NO. 2, hand fire engines. He was a great hunter and fisherman, keeping two or three guns in the house at all times. In those times Brockport was noted for its many sporty men, especially hunters. Among those who used to come to Brockport to get Mr. Buckley to hunt and fish with him was Seth Green, who afterwards acquired fame as fish commissioner and the originator of the artificial propagation of fish from spawn, stripped from living fish. Others who were always looking for "Old Tom," as he was called, were William Bowman, Rufe Palmer, Clint Cary and others too numerous to mention. Buckley also kept from three to six hunting dogs, gill nets, fish nets and a complete assortment of fish lines, hooks, fish poles and fly hooks for all kinds of fish, the latter being a rarity kept only by professional fishermen in those days. He also in conjunction with Bowman, Green and others owned two or three boats, which were kept at the lake and usually left in charge of the fisherman and farmer nearest to the fishing grounds. There generally was a boat at Spring Brook Marsh, one at the ante-marsh and still another at the

mouth of Sandy Creek or more commonly called Straight Lake and anyone going from Brockport to either of these points, who wished to be sure of a boat, would go to Buckley and get an order on the keeper for one of them. But of the lake and the hunting and fishing of early days I will leave until another time. Tom's yard on College St., ~~also~~ about where John Wilson lives, was a sight to see in those days. The fences at all times were full of ^{guns} ~~Sugns~~ from five to twenty-five rods long: gill and fyke nets covered the grass all around the house reaching almost to the railroad. There were but few houses on Utica St. and from Main St. back of the Huntley and Raleigh houses, west of Utica and south of the Daniel Holmes, Rush, Reed and other houses on College street there was one unbroken strip of land to the railroad track. The barn back of Buckley's house was covered with coon skins, while bobbers and sinkers belonging to the nets were strewn almost promiscuously, and as the old man generally kept a cow and one or two pigs it was a sight to behold. As anyone approached the house they would be welcomed by one or two dogs and, if there was no one outside the house, upon rapping at the door the first sound would be the barking of the dog. Then with a "down Joe" or "be quiet", "flash" either Mr. or Mrs. Buckley would appear at the door, with a hearty welcome for the caller whoever it might be, and, upon entering the caller would be greeted by four or five more dogs and the sight of guns, fishing tackle, cleaning rods for the guns, powder flasks, powder horns, shot of five or six varieties and, if the old generation was at home, find him either cleaning a gun, repairing a net or fishing up some fly hooks, preparatory to a hunt or fish on the morrow. But my readers must bear in mind that although Mr. Buckley had about everything of his own, which went with a hunter's and fisherman's outfit, William H. Bowman, Rufe Palmer, Albert Holmes and several hunters from Rochester used to leave their guns and fishing outfits with him, so as to have them handy when they wished to hunt or fish. All they had to do was to notify Mr. Buckley

a day or two ahead. Besides two or three dogs of his own I have known Mr. Buckley to have as many belonging to other hunters, keeping them for their owners use, when they wanted to hunt. Of course these people paid him well for his services, for, as most people of them had money, they were able to do so, and so far Mr. Buckley made quite a sum for the same. He was a good dog trainer and, as a hunting dog was not considered much unless he was well housebroke, the old gentleman had plenty of dogs on hand at all times. In housebreaking a dog it is necessary to teach him to bring to feet any article you may throw for him to bring, after he is broke to fetch: then comes the teaching to find an article, wherever it may be hid, after he is taught to find and fetch: then comes the teaching to downcharge, wherever he may be, when the command is given "in closer", etc., well understood by all hunters. In those days a dog was not considered fit to take into the field until he was at least a year old, well housebroke and used to the report of a gun, as a hunting dog scary of the report of a gun is far worse than no dog at all. Mr. Buckley had at one time together with several other dogs, a black pointer, which was considered by all sportamen around here, as one of the most intelligent and best housebroke dogs in the state. His name was Joe and most everyone knew Buckley's "Old Black Joe". At that time about 1855 or thereabouts Buckley was constable and at the same time clerking in the grocery store of Randolph and Pease, and it was a favorite practise of his to start from the store for home or somewhere else, and when about half or a third of the way from his destination would drop his pocket diary, bunch of keys, jack knife or something belonging to him, and, after an hour or more would say to the dog and, without fail, he would fetch the article which the old gentleman had left. I remember once a party of hunters consisting of William H. Bewley, Mr. Buckley, Palmer, J. M. Davis and Mart McIntyre of Rocheste

as well as Mr. Buckley, one or twl others and four or five dogs- Bill Bowman's double nosed pointer, one or two from Rochester and Old Black Joe- were coming home from a hunting trip and, upon arriving in the village, they drove up in front of the store of Randolph and Pease. Then someone called attention to Joe. He had a shot pouch in his mouth, which turned out to belong to Jay Davis, and as near as they could figure out, it had been lost out of the carriage four or five miles from Brockport, and Joe had brought it along.

In those old days the fourth of July and general training day were the most important and generally observed ^{July} days known to this country. There were not as many holidays, before the Civil War, as now, and those most generally recognized as such and looked forward to with pleasure and anticipation by all, both young and all, were Fourth of July or Independence day, Washington's birthday, Feb. 22: Christmas, New Year's and always, of course, Thanksgiving day, whenever that may be, according to proclamation by the president and governor of the state. Fourth of July actually began at midnight of July 3rd and ended in the early hours of July fifth. Great preparations would be made by the different young men of the village and the boys proper. What I mean by this is that old men, young men and boys, did not congregate and discuss their plane of Business or pleasure together, as is the custom of the present day. Then the young men from twelfth to twenty-five years of age were taught to take counsel from their parents or older people and carry out the old saying, "old men for counsel and young men for war," while those under eighteen years of age were considered as children, who should be seen and not heard, so that while the older men or heads of families were laying out the program for the general exercises of the day, including those already mentioned, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's farewell address, speech making, singing, etc. including the usual dis-

play of fireworks, on the night of the fourth, the young men were making preparations to have a good time introducing the occasion on the night of the third by the ringing of bells, firing of canons and anvils, drumming on the base drums, of which there were quite a few owned in the village and town, and also making a most hideous noise on what was called a horse fiddle, which was made by taking a large sized dry goods box and stretching across the top two or three strips of horsehide, making a bow of the same material, knocking out a hole in the bottom, and an instrument was perfected to produce the most hideous noise that can be imagined. Then the material with which to build the bon-fire at night was to be looked after, and as the merchants and citizens were wise to the facts of what was likely to occur on this night, they would hide or put out of sight all available material, in order to keep it for the fire of the night of July 4th, to which as a general thing everybody contributed, in order to make the wind up of the day's ^{celebration} success.

There was a class of young men in those days who were full of good nature and liked sport of all kinds that contributed to the amusement of the community in general, which still did not consist of any of the essence of meanness. To them generally fell the lot of seeing that the cannons, anvils, ammunition, etc., were ready and available at the proper time. They were mostly the sons of prominent men of the town, and among the few I will mention were: Ira and Ed. Holmes, Sid. Greenleaf, Henry Seymour, Ralph and Dick Gould, Geo. R. Ward, Charley Palmer (son of Aaron) Hank and Charlie Joslyn, Jim Whitney, W.W. Cornes, Dolph and Eugene Randall, Elias P. Joslyn, Powers Wicks, Eugene and Heber Fuller, Ed. Dayton, George Barnes. High and Charlie Brockway, George Graves, Fred Barry, Jake Sleaster, the Skidmore and Seeley boys and many others whom I will mention later. These young men were generally well supplied with money and furnished the necessary funds, and then came the boys to take care of the cannons, anvils,

base drums, horse fiddles, etc., and carry on the actual work of making July 4th after midnight, the harbinger of what was to be for the next 24 or 48 hours. Besides the instruments, some of the boys would manage to slyly gain entrance to the belfrys of the different churches and attach a cord to the bell, drop the same outside to some one in waiting, then taking the same to the oppositeside of the street lie in wait until midnight for the signal, which would usually caom from the booming of the cannon and then the fun would begin: pandemonium broke forth, bells ringing, cannons booming, all the othet instruments going, groups parading with the horse fiddle up and down the street, the bonfire started, most always in olden times about in front of where the Methodist Church now stands, boys and young men coming from all d directions with boxes, barrels, cord wood and every and anything that could be found in the suburbs, that would burn: it would be the younger class of boys, those who were not at the fire making all the noise possible with small canyon, shot guns and any and everything that would add to the pandemo nium. Thiswould generally be keptbup until almost all the people in the village had been awakened, and were cross enough to want to lick someone, and at the same time know it was no use to grumble, or to find fault as there was no remedy until the sport was ended, which generally died about 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, or at least in a measure and quiet would reign for a few hours until day light on the fourthcame, then a program of the dayspoken of before would take place and then would come the night of the day proper: then would be a repetition of the previous night with the exception that at most every house in the village in the early part of the evening would be given a display of fireworks consisting of fire crack ers, pin wheels, roman candles, skyrockets, etc., until the time came for a general display of the same on a more elaborate scale by the Ciyizens committee in charge. Said display was usually made from a

platform built at the corner of Main and Marketstreets, most generally in charge of Thomas Buckley, Andrew Murphy, Tom Barry and others, Besided the usual display of rockets, roman candles, red lights, etc., there would be large elaborate pieces illustrating the Signing of the Drclaration of Indepandence, Washington Crossing the Deleware and many others pertaining to the day and the occasion. The display would begin about nine or half past and last intil about midnight: then when the display was over would come the big bon fire, which wound up every thing; watches would be kept all over the village to guard against an accidental fire and the tar barrels, sugar barrels, empty of course, wxcept now and then a tar barrel half full would accidentally find its way into the pilr, 4 ft. hardwood, dry goods boxes and a;most everythi thing that could be foundm most of the same contributed by the merchants. All and everybody joined in the fun and had a bood time, Such a fire would light up the whole village and could be seen for miles, and, a thevillage was scattering them, with lots of commons and many trees, and houses were far apart, the scene from the surrounding country would be as if the whole village was burning up.

Of coursr, during all this tome, the groceries, dry goods stores, hotels and all other places were doing a good business and, once in a while, during the day, would ring out the cry, "Fight". Then the crowd would rush that way, only to find tbat the fight was over, and some new attraction would then draw their attention elsewhere. Very few drunken were seen on the streets, although the most common drink was whiskey- three cents per drink- but tge drinking places were different fron those we now have. The hotels all had barrooms attached and most of the groceries had the same, but as a general rule, the farmers and customers, who customers, who came to trade, were accompanied by their wives and famalies, so drunckedness in the stores was rare and if anyone was intoxicated they were generally quiet.

In the barrooms of the hotel before the Civil War, no person under the age of sixteen years was allowed, and but very few under the age of twenty-one. There were of course exceptions, but that was the rule most always enforced. And boys under the age of eighteen were not as general rule allowed in either bowling alleys or billiard rooms.

In those days there were the saloons, as now, where the exclusive business is selling all kinds of beverages, and anyone is welcome, who has the price. Very few men were arrested for intoxication, unless they were fighting, disturbing the peace or caught in some unlawful act. There was some fighting, disturbing the peace, on certain occasions, of which I will write later, but the fourth of July was usually a day of amusement, patriotism, fun and good nature. Here we will leave the old time national holiday and get back to the history of old time Brockport.

The Collegiate Institute was, in the early days, one of the most noted institutions in the western part of the State, and, with the terminus of the canal at this point, probably had as much to do with the growth of Brockport as any other enterprise connected with the village. From the old college ultimately grew the present State Normal school. Of the inception, foundation and fight for and against of the same you will hear more later on.

On Sunday morning (according to history) April 2, 1854 at 11 a.m., while the people were in church, the alarm of fire was given, by the bells of the Institute and the churches, and, as the people rushed from the places of worship and congregated at all points, it was discovered that the most important building in the village was in flames. The general alarm was given and soon the inhabitants of the village were at the scene, but it was seen that all hopes of saving the building were useless. I was present at the fire and well remember some funny things that happened at the fire. The fire had got good headway, before it was discovered, and, as most of the faculty and scholars were

at church, a good amount of property was lost that might otherwise have been saved. As it was the property of the students was carried out by the townspeople and laid in scattered heaps all around the grounds, far enough away from the burning building to secure safety, but dropping some promiscuously here and there, as it was brought out, so that the students arriving at the fire from Church, and thinking to find their property, which had been saved, created an added confusion to the scene, as, some in tears, and others, almost verging on hysterics, were seen rushing from one place to another, looking for their effects. Some of the property was saved, but a great many lost most everything in their rooms. One or two of the funny things that happened will be worth relating here and will probably be remembered by a few still living in Brockport, who were at the fire.

One young man named Harris, who was a student at the school and resided in the eastern part of the state, rushed into the burning building. Reaching his room, he threw his trunk out of the window and rushed downstairs and out onto the lawn carrying a coat on his arm and a pair of shoes in his hand. He afterwards said that although he might have had plenty of time, he was so excited that he never thought to put anything in his trunk, but threw out the darned thing, grabbed what he saw and ran. It turned out that the trunk was nearly empty and he lost most of his effects.

Charles Brockway, Jr. about twenty years of age and Hit Seeley, about the same age, both boys of Brockport were at the fire and assisted in saving property from the burning building, and as the fire gained headway and it was seen that the building was doomed, they became excited and were seen in one of the rooms throwing things from the window, and as was related at the time, they threw out a large bureau and looking glass and two or three chairs. Then Brockway grabbed a feather bed and Seeley took the bedclothes and both rushed down stairs, car-

rying the articles to safety. It was really never determined whether it was excitement or pure deviltry that caused them to be so careful of the above mentioned property.

Now came the warning shoutsto keep away from the dangerous walls and at last the bells in the belfrydropped, sending up showers of sparke, and the Brockport College was in ruins, a thing of the past, to be rebuilt and reopened the following year and known as the Brockport Collegiate Institute.

On west of the old college was all farm land with but few, if any, houses until you came to the farm house of Dexter PerkinsBaldwin, now known as the Uplands, but better known for long, long years ~~as~~ and up to within a comparatively short time as the Orlando Gardner farm. In my recollection this property was owned by Dexter Perkins Baldwin, wh was a well known ploitician, sporting man, farmer and all round business man. In the late forties and realy fifties he owned and operated one of the alrgeest and in those pioneer days, best known saw mill and lumber mill in this section, and as that was before the New York Central railroad came through Brockport and freight was carried by canal or came through mostly by ox teams over the Ridge Road, and as Rochester was a small city of 15 or 18,000 people, Brockport being but a hamlet, Deck Baldwin was a very important and well known person. He left here and went to California about 1851 or '2, coming back , for the first time , in 1877, when he spent two or three days with my father. Then I met and had some very interesting visits with him. Of some of the recollections of old times, as talked over by him and father (Thomas Cornes) you will hear later. His saw mill, well do I recollect, although it was almost a thing of the past and was used but little in my time, but the old water wheel, upright or jig saw, the dam and waterfall, the running stream, and deep pools of water, where I and my boyhood companions used to go and fish, the rocks, the snake den and

many other things, in connection with it, are still fresh in my mind. They were there up to the late fifties and almost up to the breaking out of the Civil War. A very small portion of the old ruins can still be seen.

On the south side of the railroad from about where Utica runs north and south, there was an almost unbroken stretch of forest and this old mill was situated about where now is the east part of the ~~sa~~ small remaining part of woods on the Upland farm. The stream that ran the old saw mill was a broad creek that had its beginning in what was called the old Hart Swamp. It crossed the old fourth section road just east of the old Horace Bailey farm and came down in a rushing torrent in Spring and Fall, and was the year around from one to two rods in different places. There was a waterfall of from 7 to 10 feet just above the mill, a slight portion of the old ruins still remains; what has changed the typical aspect of these old woods is more than I am able to explain. The bed and sides of the old stream were very strong and the land round about was covered with large rocks. In the woods a little west and north of the saw mill was a large den or formation of rocks which was known far and wide as the Snake Den, and it was often told that in the early days of Brockport there were many rattlers and moccasins found there; there were no poisonous snakes around this vicinity that I ever met with personally, although I have heard of some being killed in those days near the village, but as late as 1859 or '8 there were to my personal knowledge plenty of snakes and many of them of good size in all the woods and swamps around this vicinity. I remember an incident which I will relate that took place in these same woods and within a few rods of this old saw mill. Thomas Buckley before spoken of, had a large family and two of them are still living in the city of Rochester' they were both here during old home week) and I doubt not, but what Charley Buckley will remember many things of

which I have written. Tommy Buckley, second son of Buckley, Sr., was a schoolmate and boyhood friend of mine. We were constant companions and chums; in our early days and when you found one of us you would usually find the other and as we both loved to hunt and fish we spent many a Saturday in the woods and on the banks of the streams around Brockport. I had in those days a double barreled shot gun and it was the envy of most of the younger hunters among my associates, as usually the boys and lots of the grown men has only single barrel guns, mostly old fashioned smooth bores or rifles. Of this old iron barreled muzzle loading gun I will have occasion to speak more later on, but suffice it now to say that about half the time it was in the hands of Ammia Blake or Chas. Jenner for repairs, either a nipple blown out or a main spring broke or something else needed fixing, and as they were both known as gunsmiths, that was where the old gun was most of the time. Albert Holmes was quite fond of hunting and fishing and very often employed Mr. Buckley to go with him for company and to find the best cover for birds or the best spot on the creek for fishing of which no man in these parts knew better than Mr. Buckley; about this time, 1865 or 7 Albert owned a number of nets, seines, guns, fishing tackle, etc., and he usually had Tom take care of them for him and have them ready for use when wanted. Among the guns he owned and which Mr. Buckley had in his possession was a small single barreled shot gun and young Tom most always used this when we went hunting although he could have had the pick of six or eight guns which were most generally in his father's possession. Young Tom was also terribly afraid of snakes, big or little, dead or alive, and the cause of that was that when he was a boy of 5 or 6 years of age, and older by the name of Mort Randolph had killed a garter snake about two feet long and taking the dead snake in his hands had come suddenly upon young Buckley and wound the snake around his neck, crying out "Look out, or he'll bite, he is a rattler!" thereby scaring Tom that he nearly went into convulsions and for ever

afterwas terribly frightened at the sightof a live or dead snake. The incidentwhich I started to relate brfore I dsgressed to Mr. Buckley and A lbert Holmes in order to lead up to the subject, occurred as follows:

One Spring day in about 1856 young Tom Buckley and myself concluded that we would go up to the Baldwin woods, where we would fish and have a good time generally, incidentally taking our guns, with which we might get a squirrel, or perhaps a stray pidgeon, as both of those game were quite common those days, So off we started, one with a double barrel and the other with a single barrel gun. We took the railroad track to the west switch, which was about where is now the west line of the Rowe Coal ~~line~~yard, and which was then the west line of William Randolph's oremises, and then struck through the woods to the saw mill tract which was our objective point for hunting and fishing. As we went through the woods and fields, with an occasional opening, birds of all kinds would spring up before us, robins, blue birds, orioles, jay birds, bob-olinks and many other of the feathered tribe, which are now unknown in this section, and everey little way a red squirrel or a chipmunk would run across our path and a stray pidgeon would fly out of some bush or tree, but we paid no attention to them, keeping on our course, intent on reaching the stream and woods, for which we set out, and where we intended to have a day's sport, returning home in the earlt evening, which was no uncommon thing for us youngsters to de. Tommy was in the lead and, as we struck the path which entered the woods ans led up to the saw mill, he was talking with me, as only boye will, who are enjoyung themselves, free from care and bent on having a good time. We had entered the east side of the woods, had left the clearing and were about ten rods or more up th path when, without anu warning, Tommy uttered a shrill, startled cry , and dropping his gun, turned in his tracks, andwith eyes almost

protruding from his head, lips pale and face as white as a corpse, he rushed past me and fled down the track, over which we had just come. Startled, well I guess I was. For a moment I stood still, not knowing what was up, what had happened, nor what to do. I was shivering in my shoes, stricken dumb, watching Tommy disappear down the path towards home, with that startled cry ringing in my ears. Then slowly my faculties returned and, seeing nothing approaching, I started forward. The first thing I saw was the little 14 gauge single barreled shotgun, which Tommy had been carrying, and I stopped to pick it up, wondering all the while what had caused the fright and sudden running away of my chum. Then casting my eyes up the path, I discovered the cause of his alarm and for a moment was almost paralyzed with fear (If I had had the same experience that he had I would probably have fled as he had.) for there in the middle of the path leading to the creek, over which it was necessary for me to travel to get to the fishing grounds, was a nest of snakes basking in the sun. I picked up my chum's gun and fled down the path after him.

From Main St. west to the mile bridge, going out Monroe Ave., the country was woods and farming land with few exceptions. On the corner of Main and Monroe Ave. was the residence of Francis Haight, now owned by Dr. Hazen; next door west on Monroe Ave. was the residence and marble shop of Austin Harmon. From there to the forks of the road was the unbroken stretch of swampy land with only one house on the north side, and I think two on the south side, until you reached the Holley road. From Main St. west I have skated over every foot of the ground both sides of the road. In the house now owned by Myers Young, lived a family by the name of Spaulding. They owned the house and farm and were reputed wealthy. They only came here in the summer.

time, their home being in New York City, and they simply occupied this place as a summer residence. Next east of them was the house of O. B. Minkler, New York Central Agent (ticket), and up to about 1856 or 7 these were the only houses east of Main St., until you reached what is now the farm home of George Simes, excepting, of course, the Uplands or the Dexter Baldwin, Orlando Gardner house. With the advent of the railroad the west part of the village began to grow, but slowly, and upon the breaking out of the civil war College St, was fairly built up and Monroe St. had probably on both sides from Main St. to the old yellow house at the forks, perhaps 6 or 7 houses on the east side of the St.. This part of the village took on growth slowly until after the big fight for and locating of the Normal School here in 1867 or 9, the beginning of which, the final outcome of and the causes for the contest will all be discussed in their proper time and place.

Of the old boat yard and dry dock of Niel Brockway, Elias and Joseph Holmes, the burning of the same, the capture of the incendiaries, the turning of state evidence of one of them, and the sentence of one to ten years in state prison; the feud thereby engendered between relatives and friends of the parties, may be told later.

Introducing of gas into Brockport, the first filling of the gasometer about 1857, the pigeon shots from traps back of the old gas house, old Mr. Brooks mud house, and many other things pertaining to the west part of the village in the fifties must be left for later on. Whilst we come down to about 1867-8 when the whole country was aroused to excitement and wonder of a little Frenchman who was surprising the country with the facts of daring on a tight rope suspended across the cataract of Niagara Falls.

Monsieur Blondin, the celebrated tight rope walker had twice crossed the river at Niagara Falls. Once he had performed the feat

with his feet encased in peach baskets and again he had crosses carrying a man on his back. The country was excited by the then unheard of performance and it was by many pronounced as foolhardy and an act that should be stopped by the authorities, but still the attraction went on. During the time of Blondin's stay at the Falls the railroads were crowded with passengers, going to see the sights and all or most of the young men in the section caught the tight rope fever and it was no uncommon sight to the boys from to 7 years of age walking the top of fences, on top of houses, on the grape harbors at their homes, at the arch of the canal bridge and almost everywhere, some were improvised balancing poles, some without, all doing, or trying to do stunts a-la Blondin. The Brockport boys had caught the fever and two of them proposed to carry the same to perfection and therefore they proceeded at once to procure the necessary paraphernalia to carry out their plans.

South of the railroad bridge on the west side of Main at. lived William Randolph. Next to him lived a family named Weecham and from there south there were no houses in the early fifties until you came to the family residence of Uncle Ned Raleigh and his little brick building where in early days he manufactured hats. This was the first hat manufacturing in the Town of Sweden. Next south of there in the stone house now owned by Charles Ellis, lived a quaint old character named Thomas Bascom. He was a man full six feet tall, with broad shoulders and weighed close to 300 pounds. He had a voice like a fog horn, which could be heard from his house to the railroad station, and when he was aroused there was something doing. He was a great collector of old wagon, ploughs, harrows and everything that pertained to farming, and with his horses, hogs, sheep, etc., all

running loose among his conglomeration of utensils his barnyard was the talk and comment of all the country around. He always drove a team of oxen and to see Tom come to town driving said team in his shirt sleeves, high knee boots and broad brimmed hat and hollering; "Gee-haw; steady there Tom; go easy Bill", in a voice that could be heard half a mile off, all the time cracking the old hickory whip stock with the long raw hide lash, was a sight to draw a crowd at any time. He, at one time, had a pet bull, which he broke to harness and worked on the farm, but he had never ventured to drive him on the road until one early Spring morning, and, as he was busy with his ploughing and his oxen and horses were all in use, he thought he would drive his pet to the village and deliver a load of cornstalks. He accordingly yoked up the bull on a one ox cart and loaded on the stalks. Everything worked all right and the pet went plodding down the road as sedate as any animal could. Tom was perched on the top, and with his long whip flying, he was nodding and saluting everyone he met with, "Good Morning, Mr. So and So, What do you think of my horse, etc.. Everything very lovely except now and then the animal would shy a little at some new and unknown object, until the railroad bridge was reached. Then the animal became nervous and was inclined to balk and fight shy of going under, but with many cracks of the whip and much hollering from the old man the bull had got almost under the bridge, when a train of cars unexpectedly came from the west and with a bellow which almost drowned Bascom's voice, who was hollering, "whoa, whoa, stop him," the animal on a run down the street. Almost the whole town was out. Never was there before, nor never has there been since, such a run-away in Brockport. Down the street they went, and about opposite where John R. Davis's store is now the outfit collided with a load of wood; a cross the street went the frightened animal, bellowing and shaking

his head, near where Smead's restaurant now is, with a large apple tree; over went the ox cart and off went the load of stalks, rack and all, with Bascom buried beneath the same. There soon were willing hand-dands to remove the load and help Bascom out from his uncomfortable position. He immediately proceeded to catch his wild steed, but on went the animal with the running gear of the ox cart, until he came to the old Main St. bridge, where one of the wheels ran one side of the arch and catching fast, tore the yoke free from the old fashioned thills, made from saplins, and throw the animal on his side, but he was up about as soon as down and with a wild bellow and shaking his head, he made for the crowd that had gathered to stop him. That charge scattered the crowd mighty quick; on and on he went and was finally found by his owner about two weeks quietly feeding with some other cattle on the farm of old Dr. Baldwin in the town of Clarkson. Bascom was not injured, but his ride and accident were long remembered and is to this day by some of the Brockporters. Many people living in Brockport years ago, used to think that our famous autheress, Mary J. Holmes, now deceased took the character of old man Middleton in her first book, Tempest and Sunshine, from the life of Thomas Bascom. Of him and his son, Si, you will hear later.

In those early days there was no Adams St., nor Fair St. nor South Ave.. There was no st. south of the railroad until 1854-5, Fair St. was opened about 1858, when the fair of the Brockport Union Agricultural Society was organized. The first fairs in 1855-6-7 were held on the farm of Orlando Gardner, now known as the Uplands.

I have started in on the farm of Uncle Ned Raleigh about where Charley Wilder now lives and gathered beechnuts, chestnuts and hick-oey nuts. Most of that track of land on the west and south of the railroad in my boyhood days was woods.