

SCRAPBOOK

P U B L I S H E D B Y

The Rochester Historical Society

THE ROCHESTER HERALD *by* GEORGE F. BROOKS

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by JOHN WARNER BROWN

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as told to ANDREW WOLFE

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by ARCH MERRILL

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IN THIS ISSUE

GEORGE F. BROOKS, onetime member of the staff of the Rochester *Herald*, and long a contributor of short stories and other writings to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines of national circulation, lives in Groton, N. Y. In addition to his writing, he finds time to serve as Mayor of Groton.

JOHN WARNER BROWN, a member of the editorial staff of the *Times-Union*, is a great-grandson of Horatio Warner, builder of the storied Warner Castle on Mt. Hope Ave., and long the owner of the portrait of Red Jacket described in this issue.

MRS. EMMA POLLARD GREER, who died at the age of 89 in 1944, served for many years as the Charlotte correspondent of the *Herald* and later the *Times-Union*. She was the recognized authority on Charlotte history and left many interesting manuscripts, one of which is published here.

MISS VIRGINIA JEFFREY SMITH, one of Rochester's best known artists, was a frequent visitor in her youth of the Powers Art Gallery, which she describes in this issue.

JAMES ALBERT HARD, one of Rochester's best known and best loved personalities, is the nation's oldest living veteran of the Civil War. He will be 110 years old in July, but his memory is still keen as the article on his boyhood shows. He recounted the incidents to Andrew Wolfe, a member of the editorial staff of *The Times-Union*.

ARCH MERRILL, night city editor of *The Democrat and Chronicle*, has gained wide acclaim as the author of countless articles and nine books dealing principally with Rochester and Western New York.

WESLEY M. ANGLE, former president and chairman of the Stromberg-Carlson Company, was also for many years head of the Moseley and Motley Milling Company, whose history he relates in this issue.

The SCRAPBOOK is indebted to Dr. Guy L. Howe for the early stereograph views of the Grand Opera House which stood on the site of the present Embassy Theater.

The four cartoons by John Scott Clubb come from a booklet presenting the work of several Rochester cartoonists, *As we see them: Cartoons and Caricatures* (Rochester, 1905).



The Rochester Herald

By GEORGE F. BROOKS

THIRTY years ago, when I was a police reporter for "The Rochester Herald," the nightwatchman-and-elevator-operator in the newspaper's building on Aqueduct Street was named Frank.

About midnight, one night, he came in the news room, where I was typing the daily quota of arrests, burglaries, accidents and complaints, the trivia of municipal housekeeping. With an air of mystery, Frank motioned for me to follow him.

He led me to the elevator, dropped the cage to a spot halfway between the fifth and fourth floors, where he stopped it, secure from all interruptions. Then he whispered, "What made the Boss so mad at that feller?"

"What fellow?"

"That feller with the bandage."

"When?"

"About an hour ago."

"Oh," said I, "you mean the mugg who came in to see him?"

"Sure. I brung him up to the Boss," said Frank.

"Well," I explained. "It seems this mugg with the bandage had been out cheating with some other mugg's wife. They had an automobile accident. He wanted the Boss to keep it out of the paper."

Frank nodded sagely. "He made the Boss mad."

"I'll say so. You see, he's an advertiser. He told the Boss he'd pull his ad out of the paper, if he printed the story."

"That feller went at it the wrong way," Frank remarked. "I know when the Boss rings for me. He just rings until I come.

I hear the Boss ringing. So I brung the car up to the fifth floor and there was the Boss trying to open the door, so he could push this feller down the elevator shaft, for trying to bribe him."

The watchman-elevator operator was quite right. The caller had gone at it the wrong way. For the Boss, Louis Antisdale, was one of the kindest, most generous, and tender-hearted sentimentalists who ever lived. Had the caller given the editor-publisher of "The Herald" any sort of a hard-luck story, there would have been no difficulty.

All the business man had to do was tell Mr. Antisdale that publication would harm his kiddies, or his girl friend's kiddies, or any other yarn which sounded probable and the story would have been killed, instantly. But pressure of any kind, or threats, or direct influence made Mr. Antisdale explode like a sky bomb.

Louis M. Antisdale died on June 28, 1923, after exactly twenty-five years as commander-in-chief of "The Herald's" destinies. He was "The Herald." Without him, the paper continued a zombie-like existence for three or four years and then was quietly buried.

During the quarter of a century when he commanded, Uncle Louie, as we called him behind his back, made his newspaper a nationally known publication. In those days, the "Literary Digest's" best feature was a summary of newspaper comment and opinion collected from all over the nation. There were very few issues of the "LD" (The Long Drawers, one of my friends called it), which did not reprint

one of John Scott Clubb's cartoons and a few editorial paragraphs from "The Rochester Herald."

Nationally, "The Herald" ranked with the "Louisville Courier-Journal," "The Atlanta Constitution," "The Baltimore Sun," "The New Orleans Times-Pic," and a half-dozen other frequently-quoted papers which were published outside the metropolitan areas. Except for the late William Allen White, Mr. Antisdale was about the last of the great newspaper editors, who conducted their business on a personal basis.

As I remember him, in the last two years of his life, Mr. Antisdale looked older than he really was. Or, perhaps, his armor of gruffness made him seem prematurely old. Unquestionably, he was a weary man. For twenty-five years he had done the work of two or three and never once had the burden of financial worries been eased.

His hair and mustache were white. And his mustache, like Cyrano de Bergerac's nose, was a barometer by which one might judge the approach of storms.

Uncle Louie wielded a pair of copy-reader's shears, with ten-inch blades, as Cyrano handled his rapier. Cyrano's sword, you will recall, was "one-half the shears of fate." Perhaps Mr. Antisdale had the shears of fate. In any event, when excited, or perturbed by the news of the evening, Uncle Louie invariably began trimming his mustache with these gigantic shears. I can see him now, dashing out to the telegraph editor's desk where Doc Hill sat, as if he were going to run either Doc or the telegraph operator through with the shears which he carried.

Then, as he stood talking to Doc, or listening to Doc's opinion of which he thought highly, the points of the blades would miss his eyes, seemingly by an eyelash. He went into contortionist maneuverings at times.

To clip the left end of his mustache, he would put the shears, which he held in his right hand, behind his head and snip away, as if he were sneaking up on his mustache from behind. This beautification activity was done without benefit of mirror or, apparently, without any attention or thought.

I have always had a horror of blindness and of accidents to one's eyes. When Uncle Louie began his mustache trimming, I could not look away, because of the horrid fascination which the operation had for me. I simply sat and suffered while this saber drill went on.

Once, my staring annoyed him. I had been summoned into his office because of a feud I was maintaining with the Chief of Police, whom I always called "Holy Joe" Quigley in conversation. I would have called him by the same epithet in "The Herald" if it had been permitted. My indignation at the Chief was certainly as hot as Mr. Antisdale's ever was (and that was very hot).

Uncle Louie gave me a good routine lecture on tolerance, which I am convinced that neither of us believed for one second. And, while he was delivering it, he was trimming his mustache with those poniard-pointed shears. My fears for his eyes must have showed in my expression. "What's the MATTER?" he bellowed at me.

"Nothing, sir," I lied.

"All right then," said Mr. Antisdale. But he put down the shears. A little later, with a half-smile, he dismissed me. "Well, be as tolerant as you can." I had the comforting feeling that he did not expect a complete transformation in my character all at once.

One night, only a few weeks after I went to work on "The Herald," a whole series of events ganged up on him, just before midnight. There was a local scandal in the city government, an Albany story with

Monroe County implications, a Ku-Klux Klan organizer in the city and a Washington wire story about serious graft in the U. S. Veterans' Administration. From a Democratic editor's point of view, it was an embarrassment of riches. There were four stories which rated a streamer head and the right-hand column of page one.

Uncle Louie was around and about. His mustache looked more ragged than ever. His replies were mostly "no's" given with a snort of indignation. I was awed.

"The Boss is pretty wild tonight," I remarked, under my breath, to the Vicinity Editor, the late "Skipper" Hill, who was not related to the Telegraph Editor.

"This is nothing," replied the Skipper contemptuously. "You should have been around here when the Boss had acute indigestion, a city election, a libel suit and a cat who kittered on his office rug, all the same week. That was a time that tried men's souls."

Skipper Hill was himself as full of quotable observations as a volume of Bartlett. One which I recall with pleasure dropped from his lips on the day when "The Post-Express" was sold to and consolidated with "The Rochester Journal-American." "They should put 'E Pluribus Unum' on their mast head," remarked the Skipper. "One from many."

In addition to Mr. Antisdale, "The Herald" had two human assets as extraordinary as he was himself. The first was John Scott Clubb, the cartoonist, and the second, Al Stone, who was known to almost everybody in Rochester as "Stoney."

Clubb ranked with the best in the world. He was that rare combination of imagination, superb draftsmanship, and originality which distinguishes the really great political cartoonists. He had humor, of course. But his humor was never

savage, as Low's sometimes is, as Rollin Kirby's frequently is, as Raemaker's always was. There was an essential kindness about Clubb's work.

Eugene Walter, the playwright, had been a demon city editor before he wrote his series of smash shows. When I worked with him, for a few weeks, I happened to mention that I had once worked on "The Herald." "That Clubb should have gone to New York. He could have written his own ticket on any paper in the city," said Eugene Walter.

The fact was that Clubb didn't want to go to New York or anywhere. He wanted to stay on "The Herald" with Mr. Antisdale. He was one of the shyest, most unassuming, friendly men you could imagine. He would come in to "The Herald" early in the afternoon, his next morning's cartoon under his arm. Not infrequently, he would stop at someone's desk and show it. "Do you think it will do?" he would ask, as if he distrusted his own judgment, which he probably did.

His pencil and pen punctured more stuffed shirts through the years than one could enumerate. But in the words of an old musical comedy song, he did it so politely it was music to the ear. There was a touch of the Gilbert and Sullivan humor in his drawings, a laughing with, as well as at.

In my opinion, Clubb's greatest cartoon was "The Cat Came Back," after the triumph of the Harding ticket over the issue of the League of Nations in the 1920 election. That drawing had a world-wide circulation.

Stoney, the photographer, was as competent a workman as Clubb. He was one of the first, if not the first, fulltime newspaper photographer in the story of American newspaper publishing. It is my recollection that Stoney had been a blacksmith or machinist, who took up photography as a hobby. He brought in so

many good photographs to Mr. Antisdale, which the latter bought, that in self-defense, the editor hired him and put him on the staff of "The Herald." This was about the time when photo-engraving became a part of newspaper publishing. Previously, illustration had been limited to line cuts.

In my observation, no man with an acquaintance like Stoney's ever lived before. He knew everybody, and everybody knew and liked him. He took his old-fashioned graflex camera everywhere, posed people as he wanted them, upset plans, routines, ideas, had his way like the autocrat he was, and everybody loved him.

One day Stoney and I were sent to get some pictures of the dredging at Irondequoit Bay. It was cold and rough weather. We stopped in a speakeasy to fortify ourselves and, somehow, the daylight disappeared before we moved on to the navy operations. I called the photographer's attention to the fact that the dredging workmen must have gone home.

"Never mind," said Stoney, easily, "we'll get something better." He turned to the bartender. "What's happened around here?"

"Nothing," replied the man with the apron. "Not a thing. The only excitement we've had since last spring was the boss's wife this morning. She had triplets."

"Where?" demanded Stoney.

"Upstairs."

Stoney looked at me in triumph. "Get their names, George." He turned to the bartender. "Get the triplets and put them on the bar, I want to make a picture of them."

"Sure, Stoney. Sure. Just a minute."

In less time than you would suppose, the three tiny babies were placed on the

mahogany, with a large-size beer glass beside each head for comparison. Stoney fixed his flash (it was before the days of bulbs), and I got the data for the cut lines.

"Thanks," said Stoney.

"Thank you," chorused the relatives.

Mr. Antisdale was very pleased. He told Stoney and me to turn in an expense account. "You had to spend something to get that picture, I know."

"Well, I guess we did buy a few rounds," said Stoney, unblushingly.

"That's human interest," said Mr. Antisdale. "Just the thing we want most."

"George and I are good on that."

Personally, I hope that the old Norsemen were right. I hope that there is a Valhalla, where each person is permitted to go on through all eternity doing what he loves best. If such proves to be the case, I am sure I shall find Mr. Antisdale editing the "Valhalla Herald," with Skipper on the vicinity desk and Doc on the telegraph desk, John Scott Clubb drawing his cartoons, and Stoney making the pictures, while they wait for the rest of the staff to join them.

I'd like to hustle police news for that publication. I'd want my typewriter placed on a sewing-machine base, instead of a desk, the way it used to be in the "Herald" news room. I liked to run the foot pedal as I typed.

And, once in a long time, I'd like to have Mr. Antisdale send for me and say, "I liked that box you had this morning, about the copper's overcoat. Friday's your day off, isn't it? Here." Then he'd hand me an envelope with a ten dollar bill inside and an order for two seats at the Lyceum box office for Friday evening. "Take your wife out to dinner and a show, why don't you?"



W. C. BARRY



JOS. T. ALLING



CLINTON ROGERS



JAS. G. CUTLER



Portrait of Red Jacket by J. L. D. MATHIES

Courtesy of Mrs. Eugene D. Brown

Mathies showed his portrait to a number of Buffalo residents in October, 1821, whose signatures, attesting its striking likeness to the celebrated chief, were inscribed to a certificate in a parchment notebook which is now preserved with the portrait.

First Portrait of Red Jacket

By JOHN WARNER BROWN

ON March 2, a hundred and one years ago, Orsamus Turner, noted historian of this region and author of the histories of the Phelps and Gorham and Holland Purchases, wrote Mrs. J. L. D. Mathies that he believed he had found a purchaser for "your late husband's excellent portrait of Red Jacket."

In his letter, Turner stated "I have been anxious that the Picture should be retained in Western New York and for that reason have taken some pains to find a purchaser."

On this particular score the peace of Turner's grave may continue undisturbed, for, by a remarkable chain of circumstances, Mathies' portrait of the famed Seneca sachem is not only retained in Western New York but hangs in a house which is one of the oldest landmarks of the Genesee country and one which Red Jacket might well himself have seen or visited between the 1790's and the time of his death, January 20, 1830.

Red Jacket, or Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (He keeps them awake) as he was named by the Senecas on his elevation to sachem, occupies a unique position in the history of the settlement of the United States as probably the greatest Indian orator of the era.

According to his biographer, William L. Stone, he was born about 200 years ago at the Seneca village of Old Castle, a few miles west of what is now Geneva. He was called in his earlier days O-te-ti-ani (Always ready). Known for his intelligence and fleetness of foot, he served the British as a runner during the Revolutionary War when the Senecas were allied with the Crown. In recognition of his services, the British presented him a

brilliant red coat of which he was inordinately proud, which he wore on every occasion and which gave him his now-famous name.

Red Jacket's character has been the subject of heated controversy. Stone's "Life and Times of Red Jacket," which was published in 1841, only 11 years after his death, recognizes him as the greatest Indian orator known to history but never questions the charges of cowardice, treachery, and duplicity leveled against him by such contemporaries as Brant, the Mohawk chieftain, and Red Jacket's fellow Seneca sachem, Cornplanter, both distinguished warriors but both subject to jealousy and hate for anyone who threatened their own prestige, and not above a little occasional duplicity themselves.

His character probably would not suffer from a biographical reexamination, but there is no space for that here. Suffice it to say that for intelligence and eloquence, Red Jacket had no peer among the Indians and few, if any, among the whites. The speeches he made during treaty negotiations at Fort Stanwix (Rome), Canandaigua, Big Tree (Genesee), and Buffalo Creek (Buffalo) not only reflect an amazing awareness of history and a stark realization of his people's doom, but an unerring insight into human nature.

Typical of the comments on his forensic ability is that of General Erastus Root, early New York legislator, who told Stone that Red Jacket and John Randolph were the two most perfect orators he had ever heard.

Red Jacket, according to Stone, for years refused to sit for a portrait though besieged by many artists to do so on visits

to New York and Philadelphia. His reply to all was that when Red Jacket died, all that pertained to him should die with him. He wished nothing to remain. Stone records that this purpose was changed in the Autumn of 1820 "through the interposition of the blacksmith of the Tribe," and he consented to sit for "Mr. Mathies, a self-taught artist, residing at Rochester(?). Indeed, his reluctance was readily overcome by an appeal to his vanity—Mr. Mathies having assured him that his only motive was to obtain a likeness to be placed by the side of the portraits of the great men of the United States."

Stone then says, "He sat three times to Mathies, and the picture is said to be very good."

Obviously Stone never saw Mathies' portrait. Yet he goes on to recount that "The Rubicon having been passed," Red Jacket sat twice to George Catlin, once for a head sketch by Henry Inman and once for a portrait by Robert W. Weir which he says is "of far the highest order of merit, and has become the standard likeness."

An engraving of Weir's portrait forms the frontispiece of Stone's work, and although it was "taken" in 1828, eight years after Mathies', it makes the old chief appear far younger.

CANANDAIGUA CLIPPING

Frontier residents, who knew Red Jacket well, signed statements testifying to the likeness Mathies achieved. Text of the first, signed at Canandaigua, follows:

"We, the subscribers, inhabitants of the Western part of the State of New York, do hereby certify that we are personally well acquainted with the celebrated Indian Chief Red Jacket of the Six Nations of Indians—That we have Examined a half-length portrait of him, painted by Mr. J. L. D. Mathies of the village of Canandaigua which in our

opinion is taken with great correctness and exhibits a happy and strikingly faithful likeness of that extraordinary orator—January, 1821."

It was signed by Jasper Parrish, veteran interpreter; Nathaniel Howell, first judge of Ontario County, who came to Canandaigua in 1796; Nathaniel Gorham, son of one of the principals of the Phelps-Gorham Purchase combine; John Greig, law associate of Howell and leading citizen of Canandaigua; William Antis, frontier gunsmith for both whites and Indians; Horatio Jones, former boy captive of Senecas and interpreter; James D. Bemis, early landowner, and Capt. Israel Chapin, Indian agent and son of Revolutionary General Israel Chapin, first Indian agent appointed by Secretary of War Knox and one of the earliest settlers.

A tattered clipping from a newspaper published in Canandaigua in June, 1820, has been handed down with the painting. It bears an editorial entitled "Portraiture of the Indian Chief, Red Jacket" as follows:

"We have seen a half-length likeness of the celebrated Indian Chief of the above mentioned name, and it is due to the artist, Mr. Mathies, and to the friends of correct limning at large, to speak of it as a fine specimen of the science. It was taken during a visit of the Chief to this village week before last, at the instance of several gentlemen of Canandaigua, who for years past have desired an opportunity of obtaining a correct likeness of this distinguished Indian orator. Red Jacket, although far advanced toward old age, still retains the fire of intelligence beaming in his eye; and every feature of his countenance is expressive of great mental energy. His bold and high arch'd forehead; his deeply indented brow, where thought seems to have worn channels that

testify to its strength; his fierce and determined glance, and the peculiar conformation of his lips, where eloquence has often spent its most commanding tones; these and in truth all the prominent features of the Chief are now upon canvass; and we hesitate not to add, in a style that does honor to the artist. We hope the lovers of painting will not neglect the present opportunity of witnessing a performance that, besides being intrinsically a subject of high interest, presents claims to attention of another sort—it is the production of a native genius, residing in this village.”

Mathies, according to a sketch by Dorothy Dengler in Vol. 1 of the “SCRAP-BOOK,” came to Rochester in the early 1820’s from New York City. On the way he must have stopped for some time at Canandaigua.

How his Red Jacket portrait was nearly lost to Western New York is indicated in a letter addressed to Mathies Nov. 25, 1822, by a gentleman named A. Munn of Savannah, Ga. Munn’s letter includes a map sketch of the plantation of a Col. Turnbull, with a request that Mathies render “a little view of it.” The letter recalls that Mathies met Col. Turnbull when the latter was in Canandaigua “two years ago” and states that Turnbull “spoke much in favor of your Red-Jacket. He said he would have given \$100 for it if he could have got it home safe.—He will probably be up next Season when perhaps you can make a bargain with him.”

By the time this letter reached him, Mathies may already have been in Rochester, with his artist-nephew, William Page, promoting their short-lived art gallery where Red Jacket must have occupied a prominent place.

With collapse of the art gallery project and Page’s return to New York, Mathies turned to selling soda water, food delica-

cies, and musical instruments, became proprietor of the Arcade House restaurant, and in 1832, took over and remodeled the Clinton Hotel in Exchange St., seriously damaged by fire the year before.

There Red Jacket’s portrait hung for two years, inspiring the following comment subsequently published in “Sketches of Rochester:”

“The traveller who has ever sojourned at the Clinton House in Rochester while Mathies was landlord cannot have forgotten the portrait of the Red Chieftain which arrested his attention on entering the parlour of the hotel—Mr. Mathies devoted a considerable time and employed much persuasion to induce the old chief to permit a portrait to be taken. Mr. Mathies was a person of eccentric genius who occasionally seized the pallet and devoted himself for some weeks or months to a pursuit in which some such pieces as this bear evidence of his ability. It may be questioned whether any other artist enjoyed such facilities for sketching accurately the lineaments of the great chief. The picture is now owned by Dr. John B. Elwood.”

The last sentence is probably in error. Dr. John Bell Elwood was an early Rochester physician who came here in 1817, was made postmaster in 1829 and became mayor in 1847. He was executor of Mathies’ estate and may for a time have held the portrait for the widow.

The portrait probably also hung for a short time in Mathies’ City Hotel in West Buffalo St., now W. Main. Following is an advertisement he had printed in the Rochester “Daily Democrat,” announcing what proved to be his final business venture:

CITY HOTEL

“The Legislature it seems have at last turned a favorable eye upon Western New York. Rochester has become a City. In

commemoration of that event, the subscriber has concluded to name the new public house which is about opening

THE CITY HOTEL

"On Friday, the 25th inst. I shall raise my sign and open the house for the reception of Company on the same day I propose to prepare an Entertainment in honor of the NEW CITY. I order that this entertainment may be suited to the occasion—may do honor to my house and the New City. I invite the citizens to meet this evening at the City Hotel at 7 o'clock to make the requisite arrangements.

"J. L. D. Mathies

"Rochester, April 24, 1834."

Mathies' death from consumption seven months later, November 25, 1834, ended the career of one of the city's most colorful and least-sung characters.

How long Dr. Elwood held the portrait is not known. Turner, then in the throes of publishing his histories of the Holland and Phelps and Gorham Purchases, evidently concerned himself with finding a local purchaser in 1849. His letter to Mrs. Mathies, quoted earlier, follows:

"Lockport, March 2, 1850

"Mrs. Mathies:

"You will remember a conversation that we had at your house during the last summer in reference to the sale of your late husband's excellent portrait of Red Jacket. I have been anxious that the Picture would be retained in Western New York, and for that reason have taken some pains to find a purchaser. I have found one who will pay a liberal price for it. Will you on the receipt of this, be good enough to fix your price? I have not named the price to the proposed purchaser. I think, however, you named \$100. It should not be less than that.

"Yours Truly,

"O. Turner"

What happened to these negotiations is a mystery. In 1852 Turner wrote Mrs. Mathies again. He was then co-editor of the "Rochester Union." His letter:

"Union Office,

"Roch. Dec. 3d, 52

"Mrs. Mathies:

"I have a notice of the portrait in this afternoon's paper. Tomorrow I will republish Mr. Barnard's admirable notice of it which I have.

"Be kind enough to send it down to hang in our counting room for a few days, where it shall be kept free from injury.

"In my notice I have said it would be here for a few days.

"Yours Truly,

"O. Turner"

Editor Turner's own enthusiasm for the portrait is reflected in this editorial which he had published that day:

MATHIES' PORTRAIT OF RED JACKET

"The admirers of successful achievements in the fine arts, even in our own city, are not perhaps generally aware of the fact that there is here, where it was executed (sic) by a home artist, the best Portrait of the Seneca Chief, Red Jacket, extant. We may be permitted to speak thus unqualifiedly, perhaps, having seen those that would, if any, be its competitors, and the features of the living original were, in all our earliest years, familiar to us.

"We have seen him in his wigwam; in the council house of his nation, swaying the minds of his people more by his masterly eloquence than by means of any especial love they entertained for him; upon the war and peace path; in his moods of subtle stoicism; in his gayer hours; in his hunter's camp; in a log tavern carousal. We have seen him upon an elevated platform, save one, the 'observed of all observers,' proud,

haughty, with a tread like that of Douglass 'on his native heath,' embraced with the cordiality of an ancient friendship, by a 'Nation's Guest,' (Lafayette on his second visit, probably), on whose part was seeming condescension, not on his, for his proud spirit recognized no superior—hardly an equal. An hour passed over, and the scourge of his race, the accursed 'fire water' had done its work; the proud chief had become the stolid inebriate, wallowing in the ditch, and drawn from it by the hands of a race he hated with a hatred that was partly his nature, but which acquired its intenseness from a keen sense of the wrongs his own race had suffered at their hands.

"It is the portrait of RED JACKET as he was, and as he looked. The RED JACKET of the Seneca Reservation; the RED JACKET of Halleck; as lifelike upon canvass as the poet has made him on the 'lettered page.'

"The Portrait will remain in the counting room of this paper a few days."

But again, apparently, there was no sale.

Turner died in 1855 with the fate of the portrait still undetermined.

Six years later, on November 29, 1861, Nancy Mathies, the artist's widow, died, leaving a daughter, Annie G. of Rochester, and a son, Robert H. of Manchester, N. H. The son evidently came here to settle affairs of the estate.

At this point Horatio G. Warner, one of the editors of the Rochester "Daily Courier and Republican," became the long-sought purchaser. On December 13, 1861, R. H. Mathies signed a receipt to H. G. Warner for "one hundred and ten dollars for pictures as follows:

"One Portrait of the Chief Red Jacket and History, \$100.00

"One Portrait of Jemima Wilkinson, \$5.00

"One Portrait of Group of Indian Chiefs, \$5.00—\$110.00

"All to be delivered on demand.

"R. H. Mathies"

The Jemima Wilkinson portrait is an unfinished canvas. The group of chiefs is painted on a pine board. Both are in the possession of the owners of Red Jacket's portrait, as are the letters and receipt.

For the remainder of the 19th Century Red Jacket graced the walls of the stone residence built by H. G. Warner in Mt. Hope Ave. and still known to old residents as "the Warner Castle." After H. G. Warner's death, the portrait went to his son, the late J. B. Y. Warner, who moved just after the turn of the century to a farm at Scottsville which bordered on Allen's Creek.

The portrait hung in the library of the red brick farmhouse there until after J. B. Y. Warner's death in 1918, when it passed into the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Eugene D. Brown of Scottsville, to hang in the Brown homestead. This house includes original timbers of one built by Peter Sheffer in the 1790's on land purchased from Ebenezer "Indian" Allen in 1789.

But the portrait's "public house" days were not yet over. In 1922 Mrs. Brown opened the doors of the homestead, calling it "The Red Jacket Tea House." A sign at the driveway bore a crude but colorful facsimile of Mathies' art. Hundreds of Rochesterians became familiar with the portrait during the time "The Red Jacket" offered the populace meals which might have pleased even Mathies' professionally critical palate.

The portrait returned to "private life" with the closing of the tea house at the end of the 1928 season. In 1929 it survived the turmoil of a fire which removed a woodshed, laundry, and kitchen from the

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The Powers Art Gallery

By VIRGINIA JEFFREY SMITH

DANIEL W. POWERS came to Rochester as a boy of twelve, having walked barefoot, from his home in Batavia to seek his fortune. He applied for a job at a hardware store owned by Mr. Watts, at the Four Corners on the site of the present Wilder Building. Watts said he could not hire him without credentials and suggested that he get a letter from someone who knew him. Three days later, Powers reappeared with such a letter, tired and dusty, having walked to Batavia and back, still bare-footed, to have his uncle write for him. He was hired immediately without even a glance at the letter.

Even at that time he may have had visions of himself as one of Rochester's leading citizens. He may even have had ambitions to found and head one of the largest banking institutions of the state. But we doubt if he would ever have dreamed that one of his chief claims to fame would be in the realm of art.

In 1875, having realized those two ambitions, Mr. Powers went abroad, having recently completed the building which bears his name, at once the wonder and pride of Rochester. Was it not six stories high (later eight) and had it not been proved to be of fire-proof construction?

While in Italy, he bought a copy of a picture titled "Justice," for \$300. The details of export were so involved, that he decided he might as well buy others at the same time and have them shipped together. Too large for his own home, he hung them in his new bank building and thus started the Powers Art Gallery, which, for 22 years, until after his death in 1897 was the chief means of educating Rochester to art.

The collection first hung in the halls and then in three rooms set aside for the purpose, grew until it occupied 30 large galleries and three floors of the office building.

It may be the style now to decry the quality of the pictures because many of the early ones were copies of the originals in the great galleries of Europe. But it must be remembered that this was before the days of colored photographic reproductions, and few had the privilege of seeing the originals.

More than one generation of Rochesterians had their taste trained by these copies, many of which were of outstanding excellence, such as the copy of the Sistine Madonna painted by the director of the Dresden gallery over a period of five years. It was truer than any photograph of the time could have been.

It was interesting to watch the development of Mr. Powers' own artistic education. At first the canvasses looked as if they had been bought by the square yard. Some of these may still be seen, darkened by age and soot, on the grand stairway of the fifth floor. However, as the years passed, the acquisitions became better and better. There were fewer copies and more originals.

Before long, copies ceased and he bought the finest contemporary art available, as well as examples of earlier art. On looking over the catalogue one finds the following names:

Rosa Bonheur, Bouguereau, Breton, Constant, Corot, Courbet, Couture, Daubigny, Delacroix, de Hooghe, Dewey, Diaz, Dore, Dupre, Gerome (who painted himself in a green turban at Mr. Powers' request), Giroux, Henner, Lorraine,

Mauve, Meissonier, Millet, Murphy, Rousseau, Schreyer, Teniers, Troyon, Van Marcke, Walker, and Winter.

The Rev. James Dennis, writing years later said, "The picture which fairly represents the American School is not here because it is not yet painted. When it does appear, it will not be because the government has fostered art but because men like Mr. Powers have exceeded the narrow legislature in a desire to add luster to the glory of his city and his country."

Mr. A. W. Moore grew positively lyrical, saying, "To that grand aggregation of all that is inspiring to the mind, fascinating to the eye and elevating to the soul, let the children go continually and imbibe the nectar of the arts, and may the founder of this temple of beauty long live in the midst in the enjoyment of his grand ideals and the gratitude and warmest friendship of his fellow citizens."

Whether the children "imbibed" freely we cannot say, but I should like to make a personal tribute to the formative influence on my generation. Its charms for them were enhanced, be it confessed, by the distorting mirrors near the elevator and an occasional trip to the top of the tower which seemed, indeed, like being shown "all the kingdoms of the world from an exceeding high mountain."

By the catalogue of 1897, we find that the collection had grown to include 490 original oil paintings by modern artists, 125 copies or works attributed to the old masters, 65 water colors and 17 pieces of sculpture. Many of these had been bought on Mr. Powers' annual trips to Europe, others from the National Academy of Design, the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, and from dealers and exhibitions.

Henry Pettes, writing in the St. Louis Republican in 1886 called it "the finest gallery of paintings and sculpture formed by a single individual and open to the public, to be found in America and, I

think I can safely assert, in the world."

To enhance the beauty of his collection, Mr. Powers spared no expense in supplying a worthy setting. Contemporary descriptions of a few of the galleries show the height (or depth) of interior decoration in the last two decades of the Nineteenth Century, and are for that reason worthy of repeating. A Mr. Miller, who worked there year after year, was the perpetrator. The descriptions which are almost unbelievable, are from the highly Victorian pen of Mr. Alphonso Hopkins.

The main reception room was 26 feet high, 30 feet wide and 40 feet long and "It was covered by a Wilton carpet in warm terra cotta tones. There were five large Mansard windows hung with window shades of prodigal floral richness, each a picture in itself.

"Wide and high window casings are decked out by elaborate imitation roses, asters, dahlias and tulips painted in oil. Blue wisteria blossoms droop over each window arch in graceful beauty and a wide border of wisteria meets and decks out the cornice. The ceiling is in broad stripes of blue with yellow between, along which wisteria twines in endless prodigality. All the surface of the walls is richly tinted in bronze. A solid iron column rises in the center of the room, plush covered, then wreathed around with painted vines and flowers and capped by a gas reflector.

"In this room are twelve tables, each with four stereoscopes, each with fifty views. It is the largest collection in the world, and here too is the great orchestration with silver trumpets and bells."

Mr. Hopkins found similar wonders in the "Maroon Room." "On the walls are half diamonds bordered in brown and buff. Each alternate triangle encloses a black plumaged bird in flight surrounded by gilt figure work, and between these a brown waterfowl stands amid appropriate

leafage, reaching its long neck upward."

"A vine of clematis is painted, its base like a saffron sunset on which the green of the vine and the purple of the blooms stand out."

One wonders what pictures could do with such a background, but they were so good as to conquer these odds, Mr. Hopkins tells us.

"The drab room has a chastening influence. I feel as I enter it as I feel on looking into the serene face of a sweet-souled, white-haired Quaker matron. Yet there are figures on these modest walls that might make Quaker modesty blush."

The Grand Salon is described at such length that we cannot quote it all, but we are told that, "Where other rooms are regal, this is princely." It was 100 feet long with twelve windows and five doorways, all "hung in scarlet plush bordered with white lace." The walls were gold, and the ceiling blue, with belts of cream and four massive crystal chandeliers.

The visitor was wafted aloft (we are sure only those words are adequate) in an elevator of "elaborate elegance." "It had cut glass skylights and ventilators and was richly carpeted." Moreover, Mr. Hopkins wrote: "It is supplied with gas by a flexible tube which it carries, and is furnished with a sofa covered in crimson velvet. Two large mirrors face each other, in which the repeated reflection of the gas light produces the appearance of a long train of palace cars.

"The sides and dome are adorned with panels, pilasters, cornices, and carvings of polished American woods, the variegated colors of which are in pleasing contrast."

Mr. Powers entertained lavishly in the gallery and opened it to the public daily and two evenings a week. He had fully intended to leave the whole gallery and its contents to the city and had made his will to that effect.

But the city fathers saw fit to levy a tax on the gallery as a place of amusement. This was manifestly unjust. The admission charge was 25 cents, which did not begin to pay the cost of maintenance, to say nothing of the capital invested in the pictures and the loss of rent of three floors of the most popular office building in town.

Mr. Powers was thoroughly and justly angry and wrote a new will directing that all the works should be sold in New York. The city administration was penny wise and pound foolish.

In no way was this a reflection of the feelings of the citizenry who appreciated at that time and appreciate increasingly to-day the tremendous contribution which Mr. Powers made to the culture of Rochester and the generosity which combed the art of the world to bring treasures to its people.



Saved from the Lake

By EMMA POLLARD GREER

A lengthy manuscript history of Charlotte tells of two heroic exploits during gales on Lake Ontario. The accounts were written by the late Mrs. Greer in 1939.

ONE NIGHT in the Spring of 1849, Captain George Eggleston of the "Lady of the Lake," during a very strong gale from the northwest, took a new wooden pail which had been painted white on the inside and with red chalk wrote, "We have broken our shaft and are drifting ashore. Take this to the Ontario at Genesee River. George Eggleston." This was his S.O.S.

He was coming from Lewiston and was within twenty-five miles of Charlotte when the accident happened. The "Ontario," commanded by Captain H. M.

Throop, reached Charlotte that evening from Oswego, and, owing to the wind, remained there. Both steamers belonged to the Ontario and St. Lawrence Steamship Company and were on their regular trips.

Had there been no storm, the captain of the "Ontario" proceeding on his way up the lake probably would have sighted the "Lady of the Lake" and known something had happened. Soon after reaching port, two men approached him with the pail they had found on the shore. From them he learned the location of the disabled boat.

The "Ontario" had been built only a year, and Captain Throop had directed its construction. He knew its power to battle with the wind and the sea.

Getting up steam the craft proceeded down the river, rounded the pier and faced the gale. After a time the disabled steamer was sighted, still afloat but near shallow water with her two anchors dragging. Oral communication between the captains was impossible, and no small boat could be used with safety. The anchored boat owing to the range of her chains, rendered the approach of the "Ontario" within one hundred feet very dangerous. Frightened passengers were reaching out their hands for help.

Twice the steamer passed the disabled craft a boat's length ahead, then turned around. The next time, with speed slackened, it drifted rapidly to leeward, its stern came near and to windward of the "Lady of the Lake," then a light heaving-line was thrown from it and made fast on the "Ontario." At the same time the anchors were lifted. Soon all was ready and the two steamers headed for the port of the Genesee with all on board thankful to reach this harbor of safety.

Many heroic deeds have been performed by the life saving crews on the Great Lakes, but the one achieved by Captain

George N. Gray and his gallant crew on December 15, 1902, stands in the foremost ranks of anything accomplished on Lake Ontario. It was the rescue of the crew of the schooner "Noyes," after battling with the wind and waves for nearly twenty-four hours. To make the rescue Captain Gray's crew overcame insurmountable obstacles in getting their boats to the scene of distress.

The first part of the previous week, the lake had been lashed into fury, and old and experienced mariners feared to venture out of port. But on Thursday morning, the wind having abated some, the storm-bound vessels ventured out to complete their final trip of the season, ice having to be broken to allow them to get out.

Among them were the steamer "John E. Hall" and her consort, the "John R. Noyes," bound from Cleveland to Deseronto with coal.

On Sunday morning, people living near Lakeside, twenty-three miles east of Charlotte, saw a vessel three miles out making signals of distress and laboring heavily in the trough of the sea. Later in the afternoon, streams of fire shot out from her rigging.

As dusk approached those on shore realized that the situation was desperate with those on board the vessel. They went to the station of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway, and a message was sent to Captain Gray of the Charlotte Life Saving Station.

The harbor tug was frozen in the ice up the river, and, therefore could not tow the surfboat to the scene, while to undertake to pull twenty-three miles against a head sea on a winter night and with unmistakable omens of a storm at hand would have been useless and foolhardy.

Receiving the message at six o'clock, the keeper immediately ordered a special train on the R. W. & O. Railroad and asked the tug "Ferris" at Oswego to aid

in the search. An engine, caboose and two flat cars carried the life savers, several villagers, and two boats. Only one seaman was left behind. The special train was delayed by a freight train which held the track, so that Lakeside was not reached until 9:35 p.m.

Horses and bobsleighs were waiting to take the boats to the water, a distance of four miles, but this was a difficult task, as the snow was so deep that after a time the horses refused to go. Captain Gray ordered fences torn down that the shore might be reached through the fields.

Unable to locate the vessel, the crew after a vain search, camped for the night on the beach watching for some sign. Twice the next forenoon the surfmen went out. After a short rest, with a mere speck on the distant horizon to guide them, a third pull at the oars in the biting cold was undertaken without any hesitation or murmur. They reached the object of their search at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Repeated calls by the life savers finally brought a head to view from the fore-castle, and then a fervent "Thank God! You have found us!" broke above the waves. On it were George Donovan, captain; James Ryan, mate; his wife, his son, and George Premo, all of Oswego.

The crew and the vessel were in a pitiful condition. The latter had lost her sails, yawl boat, and both anchors. The cabin was smashed in. The vessel was leaking fast, and was heavily encumbered with ice. She was a helpless wreck.

All on board were suffering from exposure for more than fifty hours and from want of food for over thirty hours. They had lost hope, and had bidden one another good-bye. In a little while all would have perished. The life savers placed them in the surf boat, and, as nothing could be done to save the wreck, the keeper pushed off quickly in order to land before it was dark.

On reaching shore, they were cared for at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bills of Lakeside. Captain Gray telegraphed for a special train, and they all reached Charlotte that evening.

Two men had seen the disabled barge on Sunday morning and talked about telegraphing to Charlotte, but it was not done until the wife of one of them, Mrs. E. J. Keeley, insisted that her anxiety be appeased. To this woman's thoughtfulness, intuition, or care for others was due the safety of the crew of the "Noyes."

The tug "Ferris" had not been able to leave Oswego, owing to ice in the harbor.

On March 17, 1903 Captain George N. Gray and surfmen Ira S. Palmer, Charles Eastwood, and Delbert Rose reported at the office of Hon. J. B. Perkins and were formally presented the life saving gold medals awarded them for heroic and daring rescue. Surfmen George E. Henderson, Lester Seymour, W. Vernon Downing, and Mial Edgerton, being absent at this time, received them when they reported for duty, April 1st.

Red Jacket (CONTINUED FROM P. 9)

homestead. It was the first object carried to safety.

Today it still hangs over the big brick fireplace at the north end of the house. It is darkened and cracked by age and the tobacco and wood smoke of generations, but the powerful bronze features, the red headdress and sash and the huge medal presented him by George Washington are clearly discernible. The deep eyes look to their left, out the east windows, toward O-at-ka, or The Opening, as the Senecas named the confluence of Allen's Creek and the Genesee which marked the northern end of the great, grassy plain of the valley. The old eyes look across the knoll where Indian Allen had his cabin, across

the river to rolling farmlands where stood the primeval forest in the days of Sa-go-te-wat-ha.

It could have been there that, as an old Seneca once recalled, Red Jacket returned to hunt a deer once more in the scenes of his youth, the beautiful valley of the Genesee. Traversing his beloved forest he

was suddenly confronted by a fence and a plowed field. Heavy-hearted he turned toward what seemed a deeper part of the forest. But he had traveled only a little way when he was stopped by another fence, another tilled field. The old chief, it is said, sat down on a fallen tree and bitterly wept.



My Boyhood 100 Years Ago

By JAMES A. HARD

As told to Andrew Wolfe

I SPENT my boyhood in Windsor, New York which is in Broome County near Binghamton.

My dad had a farm down there, and that's where I grew up with my brothers and sisters. There were nine of us, three brothers and five sisters besides me. I was next to oldest, one of my sisters being older than me.

We all used to help with the farm work. It wasn't a big farm, but there was always plenty for all of us to do. I think I started doing chores when I was about five. That would have been about 1846, because I was born July 15, 1841. So you can see it was over a hundred years ago.

I was six when I first went to school. I can remember very clearly the first day I went. My mother dressed me up one day without telling me why. I asked her and she said: "Son, you're going to go to school today to learn your ABC's."

I well remember the teacher that taught us. He took quite an interest in me and he used to let me sit up on his lap while he taught class. But I never went to school full term. There was always work to do on the farm, and my father used to send us to help out the neighbors when they needed us.

When I was 14 years old, my father sent me to work on the farm of a neighbor for the summer. The neighbor paid father three dollars a month, and I got my room and board, but that was all.

The farmer's name was John Bennett. He used to call me up at four o'clock in the morning. I had to go get the cows and help milk them. Then I did chores. And after that I went into the fields with Mr. Bennett and the hired man. Many a day I would work straight through until nine o'clock at night.

Sundays they were supposed to let me go to church after I finished with some of my work, but I never did get it finished and go to church the whole seven months I worked there.

Mr. Bennett was a great driver, and we had to work all the time. I didn't like his wife. She was very stingy.

I wasn't allowed to eat meals with the family. She'd give me a slice of bread and a little butter. I wanted more.

Finally I went to my mother and told her. Well, she told Mrs. Bennett to give me more to eat or I'd quit. After that it was better.

I stayed there until October, which was as long as my father had agreed for me to

work. Then I went home and only worked on our farm after that.

At home we didn't get up 'til about six, and we never worked after sundown. After school my brothers and I would do chores, and the girls would help mother in the kitchen.

After supper my brothers and I would study after it was "lighting up" time. That was when we lit candles in the kitchen. We would study and my parents would talk. Mostly they'd plan what they were going to do the next day.

My father was a fine man, but he saw to it that we obeyed. At table we all had to mind him—and there was quite a crowd of us.

I used to think sometimes I'd get a licking every night. He'd come up with me when I was going to bed. I'd get undressed, and he'd give me a licking with a strap he had. It'd hurt, but I doubt if it ever did me any harm.

My next brother and I were always getting into trouble. We'd hide eggs when we were doing the chores. Later on we'd suck them or maybe try to cook them. If we got caught, we'd get a licking for that.

Or maybe one of my younger brothers would tell something I'd done, and I'd give him a cuffing.

Sometimes I'd get into trouble with my friends. There were six of us buddies who went to school together. We used to get together evenings.

In the summertime we had a big swing on a high tree and the ropes were hitched 50 feet from the ground. Two could set and swing. Sometimes we'd get the girls. They used to like to swing as much as we. Other times we'd play ball.

I never used to get in many fights, but I can remember one when I was about 10 years old. I was sitting on the desk behind my chair at school when a fellow about two years older than I grabbed my

legs and pulled me off the desk. His name was Craft Graham.

I landed quite heavy. When I got up, I pitched into him. We fit for nearly an hour. I kicked him or cuffed him or did anything I could. Finally the teacher came in. When he heard the story he took the other fellow away and punished him.

When I got home, my mother said: "What's the matter with your head?"

I said, "Nothing."

"Why it's all bunches," she said.

Then I told her what had happened. She said I should have broken his leg, but she said I should never begin a fight.

Mother used to make all our clothes. We mostly wore overalls. When we had on a new pair of overalls and they were clean, we were ready for church.

The coats weren't much better. We had shirts and wool drawers. My mother spun the wool and then wove cloth.

We didn't have shoes, but big cowhide boots that came halfway up to the knee.

The girls made their own dresses. I thought they dressed pretty good. My sisters used to have about three dresses—a good dress for church and parties and two dresses for everyday.

They never bought store clothes. My father used to take them to Binghamton occasionally and they might buy some cloth. Then my mother would help them make their dresses.

The girls were great musicians, and my father bought a small organ for the parlor. You pumped it with your foot, and it was about the size of a melodion. Our friends used to come over in the evening and sing. I can't recall the songs, but they were mostly hymns.

Sometimes the girls would have birthday parties. The boys didn't have them much, and I can't recall ever having one when I was a boy. The girls would have their hair all picked up and ribbons all

over them. A girl thought more of a ribbon than they do of a dress today.

In the Winter we often went skating. The Susquehanna River had about seven or eight miles of still water which used to freeze solid. Nights and spare time we'd go out on the ice, and sometimes we'd race.

In March we used to have a lot of fun at maple sugar parties. We had maple sugar bush on the farm. We boiled the sap down outside. We built a small piece of wall about a foot and a half high and then put pans on top. They were about six feet long and were flat pans of sheet iron. We had two of them side by side.

It would be the boys' job to keep the fires going for several days. It was hard work, but we enjoyed it. My father used to make about 500 pounds of maple sugar a year, but he'd swap a good deal of it to the store for Muskevada (?) sugar. That was a kind of yellow sugar.

Now and then we had parties and made the maple sugar up into sticks. Sometimes, if you took hold of the candy, you couldn't let go, it was so sticky.

Our favorite holiday was the Fourth of July. When I was 13, my brother and I

walked to Binghamton, which was about 14 miles from home. They had advertised a big Fourth celebration.

My brother and I got up about 3 a.m. on the Fourth and ate breakfast. My father gave us each a shilling (12½ cents) and we started hoofing it to Binghamton.

We got there about 9 a.m. and we were each so hungry we bought a great big gingerbread cookie for three cents apiece.

Well, we stayed all day, window-gawking and seeing the sights. And there was a firemen's parade, which was the best thing of all. About 9 p.m., after the fireworks, we started home, but we only got about six miles when we went into a barn and took a snooze in the hay.

We didn't wake up until the middle of the next morning. Then we went home. It was the most wonderful time boys ever had.

That was the kind of life I had when I was a boy. I quit school when I was 16 and then I had to go to work. That was the end of my boyhood days.

Being a boy or girl in those days was a lot different from what it is now, but we were all happy in our home. We thought we had as much fun as anyone could have.



The Moseley & Motley Milling Co.

By WESLEY M. ANGLE

THE rumbling waterwheels, the hurrying tail races, the quiet mill ponds, and even most of the boys who swam in them are gone now.

Rochester, the flour milling center, has become a center of precision manufacturing, and milling is now only a phase in the history of the city's industry.

Even the names of the mills and the men who built them and ran them are almost forgotten. But many of these now-

vanished firms lived out fascinating chapters in Rochester's history—and well repay a search for their stories.

The Moseley & Motley Milling Company, I think, is one of these.

Now it is only a fading name on a building in Mill St. now owned by the Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation. But its 72-year lifetime tells much of an astonishing period in the city's growth—and much of the men who played roles

large and small in that growth.

No single milling firm such as the Moseley & Motley company, however, can be pictured without an understanding of the whole fabric of the industrial center which grew up around the Falls of the Genesee.

The story, of course, starts with the arrival of settlers in this area. As the country filled up with settlers, their crops of winter wheat, planted in the fall and harvested early in the following summer, became available. It was logical that the water power available at the three falls of the Genesee be used to grind the wheat.

Few Rochesterians, incidentally, are conscious today that there was and is a Middle Falls, for commercial use of water has diverted water into a flue just above that falls and largely eliminated any flow of water over that never-imposing little cataract.

So the mills came, many of them. The contractors of the time constructed raceways to draw off the water at the head of the rapids south of Main Street. The Johnson and Seymour race was located on the east bank at the small upper falls. On the west side, starting above the site of the grist mill built by the fabulous Indian Allen, was the race that is to be abandoned when the War Memorial is constructed.

Eventually Matthew Brown and others dug the race which bears his name, and of which I have been for almost 25 years a commissioner—my only “public office.” Brown’s race skirted the west bank of the gorge at the main falls.

The mills were scattered up and down these races and the others which were dug. They had ground a lot of wheat before George Motley left his home in Covingham, Lincolnshire, near England’s east coast, to seek his fortune across the water.

Lincolnshire once was dotted with windmills and there was one such little wind-

mill on the Motley farm, just outside the village, where George, fourth of his name, was born. He learned early about flour milling, and while still in his teens worked for his uncle, who operated a large brick windmill outside the town of Brigg, about 40 miles away. Almost 50 years ago, I clambered about that old mill, which was powered by an antediluvian steam engine. Up from floor to floor, past machinery jammed into the brick tower, I climbed to stand eventually on the platform where my grandfather stood almost a hundred years ago to adjust the windmill’s sails to the breeze. Fourteen years ago I tried to find the mill again, but it was no more.

In 1856, 20-year-old George Motley, a very husky young man (he is said to have been able to raise a barrel of flour above his head) left the thatched cottage of his childhood and started for Canada.

But in mid-Atlantic, the little sailing vessel on which he booked passage sprang a leak. It was foundering when almost miraculously three other ships arrived at the scene and took off passengers and crew. Young Motley found himself on a ship bound back for England. Provisions were so low that each person was allowed only a biscuit and a pint of water a day.

When they reached Land’s End, the shipwrecked company disembarked, and young George and a friend proceeded to take aboard such a feast that they made themselves deathly sick. Thus, a few weeks after he had set forth from his home he was back again, with nothing left of the outfit with which he had started, but his money belt and a little cash.

Nothing daunted, the young miller procured a fresh outfit and was soon once more on the sea in the ship “Black Hawk.” This ship also sprang a leak, and the passengers had to man the pumps. The husky George Motley was put in charge of a gang of German emigrants, and when they shirked, he knocked them down. It

was likewise necessary to jettison the cargo of tin plate.

At length George Motley reached Canada and proceeded to Belleville, where an uncle ran a mill. But shortly after came the panic of 1857 and the mill failed. Thus he was sunk again—only a month or so after he had married a 17-year-old orphan girl, Ann Jane Haughton, a native of Montreal.

So he and a brother-in-law, George Kingston, came to Rochester. Soon the Motleys and the Kingstons were well-rooted in Rochester.

George found work at the Frankfort Mills at the foot of Brown Street, built in 1840 and operated by Rufus Main, Araunah Moseley and Smith Chapman, all well along in years. Six years later, when three girls had been born to the young couple and a fourth child was in prospect, George came home one night to say to his 23-year-old wife, "Oh Jinny, if I only had a little money."

She asked him why he wanted the money, and he said, "Mr. Main wants to sell out, and if I only had money, I could buy in."

The wages of a miller through the six years George had been working for the Frankfort Mills had probably not averaged more than \$10 a week, but out of that income Ann Jane Motley had been able to save \$500. She told him he could have it.

I have seen on the books of the partnership a credit of \$500 to George Motley for December 23, 1863. Thus does thrift operate.

Chapman, who kept the books, soon dropped out of the partnership, and in 1865 Araunah Moseley's share was taken by his son, Jirah, who had been teaching school. He, too, was considerably older than George Motley.

The firm of Moseley & Motley prospered. In 1874 it took over the old Boston

Mills, built in 1829, which had been acquired by J. B. Moseley in 1872 and rebuilt. The trade name Flour City Mills was adopted.

Four years later the firm purchased a recently erected four-story brick building just north of the old Frankfort Mills. George Motley was a progressive miller and in 1871 had patented a process for removing the white centers from the wheat berry. In 1878 he went abroad to investigate the possibility of shipping flour direct to England from the mill, using bags instead of barrels. He also investigated the Hangeman roller milling process, which used porcelain or steel rolls instead of the flat stones that had been used for thousands of years. The result was that the new mill was the first in the city equipped with rolls. To distinguish it from the older or "A" mill, a large "B" was painted on the new mill building and eventually this "B" began to appear on flour sacks and the trade name, "Big B Flour," came into usage.

While Rochester was still a milling center in 1880, and probably was producing as much flour as when it was truly the Flour City twenty or twenty-five years earlier, the milling business had ceased to be the predominant industry, and on the national scene Rochester had yielded first place to Minneapolis, located in the center of the spring wheat belt. There is nothing sure but change, however, and today Buffalo is the country's largest producer of flour.

In 1887 Charles E. Angle, a young man of 19 who had just married George Motley's oldest daughter, entered the firm. Old-time millers could always be identified by pitted skin on the backs of their left hands, caused by flying particles when they were dressing millstones, and I used to take delight in having my father show me that badge of his trade. Four years later, in 1881, another young man,

Edward A. Webster, came into the firm when he married the third Motley daughter. And in December of that same year, George Motley died. He was only 45, but he had helped lay foundations for his company's success. By that time, Jirah B. Moseley had ceased to take a very active part in the affairs of the partnership, and the main responsibility devolved on Charles Angle, my father.

On December 21, 1887, when I was just five years old, my father had taken me to a barber shop located in the Powers Block, and as we were leaving the shop, the Court House bell started to boom out a fire alarm. It was the number of the mill box. We hurried toward Mill St. We could see smoke and hear explosions.

Dad said, "Can you get home alone? Go by way of State St." Then he went off down Mill on the dead run.

When I reached the corner of State and Furnace Streets flames were pouring out every window of the mills. I heard someone say that a Mr. Webster had been killed, and to my childish mind this gave me a certain importance, for the Mr. Webster was my uncle, my much-liked Uncle Bum. Ever impetuous, he had run out to the street at the first explosion, and had been blown high into the air by the second one.

Three mills on Brown's Race had been destroyed and several men had lost their lives, in addition to my uncle. Later it was learned that 2,000 gallons of naphtha belonging to the gas company had got into the Mill Street sewer. I had always been puzzled as to what ignited the fumes, but Arthur Prior told me a few months ago that the fumes penetrated into and were ignited at a blacksmith shop near the corner of Platt and Mill. But I still don't know how the fire reached the mills across Brown's Race.

The following year it was determined to incorporate Moseley and Motley as

Moseley & Motley Milling Company, and this was done. Jirah B. Moseley became president; Ann J. Motley, vice-president; and Charles E. Angle, secretary, treasurer, and manager.

Nothing better illustrates the changes in our industrial methods that came after 1900 than the changes in the appearance of the flats back of the mills. When the mills were first built, no-one seemed to think it necessary to drop the waterwheels virtually down to the level of the river and thus secure the greatest possible head of water.

Water rights were measured in "boards," and each mill had a rack of proper width through which the water flowed out of the race and down a heavy metal tube to the waterwheel far below. The power was transmitted up from the waterwheel by a rotating shaft, or, if the pit that went down to the wheel was dry enough, by a rope drive with a tightener.

After the water had passed through the wheels and out into the tail races, abutting property owners had the right to use the water, and there were a few small shops on the river bank which took advantage of this power.

Below the Moseley & Motley Mills was a mill pond, fed from three or four of the tail races, and a waterwheel which thus took advantage of the extra drop of ten or fifteen feet. The mill pond was much used by boys of the neighborhood, the Vincent Place Gang we called them, for swimming and diving. As they were often mischievous, there was a pretty steady war between the boys and the mill employees. Occasionally they pulled up the boards that kept the water in the pond at a proper level. One ingenious employee, however, achieved a spectacular victory over the youths. He dumped a barrel of tar into the tail race and the boys swimming in the pond were speedily coated with it.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)



Moseley and Motley Milling Company on Mill St. in 1868

The photograph shows the restful tempo of the 12-hour day of the period. George Motley stands with his hand on the wagon. Jack Smith, grandfather of Mrs. Charles F. Hutchison is behind him. Inspecting the other wagon is Jirah B. Moseley. Next to the team at right is Johnnie Tegg, a veterinarian. In the doorway at left is Ida J. Motley, mother of Wesley M. Angle, author of article about the Moseley and Motley Company.



The Grand Opera House of the Seventies and Eighties



Interior View of
Grand Opera House

From Stereograms
Courtesy of Dr. Guy L. Howe

Rochester's Grand Opera House

By ARCH MERRILL

THERE isn't any historical marker in front of 25 South Ave., but it is a historic spot just the same.

A marker there might well proclaim that "for 102 years this site has been dedicated to the theater." It still is, although the present occupant, the Embassy, last stand of burlesque, today is not the largest or most distinguished of Rochester's playhouses.

Twice fire has staged its lurid drama there. Each time "The Land of Make Believe" rose from the ashes. The theaters there have had various names—the New Theater, the South St. Paul Street, the Metropolitan, the Rochester, the Grand Opera House, the Cook Opera House, the Family Theater, and now the Embassy.

Names of great stars have graced its boards in bygone years. Some came in the heyday of their stardom, others when their careers were in the bud.

* * *

The first building was erected in 1846 by Enos Stone, pioneer of pioneers on the East side of the Genesee. In 1848 it was remodeled into a theater, with a small balcony and a total seating capacity of 600. It opened as the New Theater on Dec. 21, 1848, with a local stock company augmented by visiting stars, the first of whom were Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wallock, of the celebrated English stage family appearing in Shakespearean plays. Later the new playhouse was called the South St. Paul Street Theater.

In 1852, when it had still another name, the Metropolitan, a first lady of the stage, Charlotte Cushman, played there in her greatest role, that of "Meg Merrilles" in "Guy Mannering." A few weeks later, Lola Monetz, the British dancer who had

been the mistress of King Louis I of Bavaria and who was then at the height of her dubious fame, played a six-night stand. After her a sensational drama that was to help bring on the Civil War, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had a much longer run.

The great Edwin Booth made his first Rochester appearance at the Metropolitan around 1860. In 1868 after the playhouse had been renamed the Rochester, "The Black Crook," considered highly risqué in those days, enjoyed a 36-night run.

On the night of Nov. 6, 1869, during an engagement of E. L. Davenport & Co. in "Black Eyed Susan," flames destroyed the playhouse. The troupe lost its entire wardrobe and Manager Thomas Carr, who slept in the building, lost all his effects and was lucky to escape with his life.

It was rebuilt, a little to the south of the old location, and was reopened on May 28, 1871 as the Grand Opera House. Special trains ran from the Genesee Valley and other points for the opening performance which featured an English opera combination in "Il Trovatore." Later on "The Black Crook" again appeared and prim Rochesterians were scandalized when some of the girls of the company appeared in tights.

In 1875 William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, then a resident of Rochester, starred in the Western melodrama, "Life on the Plains," at the Grand. In the cast, besides the redoubtable Buffalo Bill, were such picturesque characters as "Wild Bill" Hickok, "Texas Jack," Kit Carson, Jr. and several bona fide Indians, among them a Sioux chief named Yellow Hand. There is a legend that when Yellow Hand ap-

peared at curtain time, roaring drunk, Cody knocked him down back stage. Buffalo Bill's show was without sequence or plot and the acting was amateurish, but it had a lot of shooting and thrills and Rochester liked it.

A great professional, Sarah Bernhardt, appeared at the Grand Opera House in 1876 and again in 1881. Old clippings relate that on her second visit, a large crowd greeted her at the old Central Station at Mill and State Sts. and as a horse cab bore the "Divine Sarah" to the Osburn House, then at Main and North St. Paul Sts. young bucks in the crowd called out "Hurray for you, Ted Head," and other irreverent greetings and that the actress responded with a smile and a languid wave of a bejeweled hand.

* * *

In those days calcium gas was used to illuminate the stage. It came in large steel tanks from the Bausch & Lomb Optical plant where it was prepared. One night escaping gas came in contact with the footlights and caused an explosion which blew out every light in the house and covered the performers with a thick coating of dust from the shaken rafters. There is no record of panic in the audience.

Oct. 12, 1890 saw the debut of Rochester's own "Musical Blacksmiths," the brothers Stahley, Richard and Cass, at the Grand. To the refrain of "Never, Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door," the curtain rose on a completely equipped blacksmith shop with a flaming forge. The Stahleys in smithy costume made music on specially constructed wheels and carts and concluded with "The Anvil Chorus," played on a hollow anvil, while brilliant sparks shot off in all directions. Then there was a moment of darkness, a whistle was blown and the lights went on again, revealing a drawing room with the two blacksmiths in evening

clothes, one playing a violin and the other a piano. "The Musical Blacksmiths" took their act on national tours for 40 years.

In the early days of his career, Louis Geisler, who became the world's champion bag puncher, appeared on the same stage. Later on he won fame in this country and on the Continent.

Another Rochesterian who became a noted vaudevillian, Frank McNish, made his stage debut at the South Ave. theater with his brother, Louis, in a song and dance act. Frank got his start as a tumbler, acrobat and clog dancer by practicing as a boy on a sawdust heap under the Vincent Pl. bridge, now officially the Bausch Memorial, but in popular parlance, the Smith St. bridge. The sawdust came from the nearby icehouse of the Bartholomay Brewery. Later on McNish toured with Tony Pastor and Al Fields. He returned to Rochester in 1922 at the age of 69 for a farewell performance.

Fire again hit the old playhouse on the early morning of Feb. 2, 1891 after a night program of vaudeville, called a "specialty show" in those days. At that time the building was owned by Frederick Cook, the brewer-politician and Jacob Gerling Sr. of that inveterate Democratic clan.

On Jan. 14, 1892, the present building was reopened as Cook's Opera House and the initial offering was "Pinafore," presented by the Rochester Opera Club.

In 1899 James H. Moore took over the historic theater and for 22 years vaudeville reigned there with two months of Summer stock or comic opera every season.

In 1898 a comely young leading woman playing in Summer stock and destined for long footlight stardom, captured public fancy. She was a native of Monroe County and her name was Jessie Bonstelle, born Bonesteel.

In the era of the wheelmen the theater advertised "bicycles stored free" and

asserted that "theater bicycle parties are now the fad." Then the motion picture or "Biograph" was added and the week of Sept. 11, 1899 featured a film, "Rochester Fire Department Dashing at Full Speed" that attracted wide attention.

* * *

But before ever a silent figure flashed across a silver screen, the old stage had known the tread of famous feet and its walls had echoed to famous voices. In its great days it had seen Minnie Maddern (Fisk) a tyro at the age of 18; Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"; homespun Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead"; Robert Mantell in "The Corsican Brothers"; E. H. Sothern, Nat Goodwin, Eddie Foy, Harrigan and Hart, Clara Morris and the beautiful and bosomy Lillian Russell.

There also Robert G. Ingersoll, the silver-tongued infidel; Mark Twain and Henry Ward Beecher had spoken and John L. Sullivan had put on a sparring exhibition in 1882. Until the splendid new Lyceum was opened in South Clinton St. in 1888, the Grand Opera House was Rochester's leading theater.

Old timers recall that in the last days of the 19th Century, a young woman, born to the theater, came to the Cook on her first road trip. That was Rochester's first glimpse of Ethel Barrymore.

It was 1906 that a 16-year-old girl, traveling with her mother, came for a week to the Opera House in a vaudeville impersonation act. She made her costume changes behind a screen. It developed that the bill was short an act and the girl persuaded Manager William B. MacCallum to try her out as a singing comedienne. That was the beginning of Elsie Janis' rise to stardom.

Until the Family theater was remodeled in 1937, a black face had grinned for 25 years from the wall of the office of the

playhouse. Al Jolson had pasted it there on his first visit to Rochester.

The glory of 25 South Ave. lies in the past. What famous ghosts haunt the old building as they prance in from the wings amid the flare of the gaslights. One hundred and two years at the same stand is a long run in show business.

The Moseley and Motley Mills

(CONTINUED FROM P. 20)

Later on, the Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation bought the entire flats, put the tail races in ducts, and built a steam plant with monstrous-looking pieces of machinery.

In the 1890's and early 1900's, the company enjoyed its greatest period of prosperity. The "A" and "B" mills, thoroughly rebuilt and modernized, had a combined capacity of close to 1,100 barrels of flour a day. The demand for "Big B," the flour brand sold locally, and "White Sponge," the brand used out of town, became very large. Publicity from exhibits at the World's Fair of 1893 gave a great boost to the business.

George Motley's two sons, George and Albert, entered the business in their late teens, George about 1888, and Bert some ten years later. George for years carried the burden of outside sales, and Bert was city salesman. In 1908 what had been the original home of Moseley & Motley was purchased from the Gas and Electric Corporation and remodelled for offices and a warehouse.

Three years later Charles E. Angle, not quite 54 years of age, died.

The two Motley brothers carried on, but World War I brought the use of many flour substitutes abroad and practically destroyed the export business of the country's millers. Albert Motley died in 1926, in his forties like his father, and George the following year.

I was, so to speak, the titular head of the business and became president in 1927. But my main business interest was at the Stromberg-Carlson Company, where I was vice-president and secretary, and where I became president in 1934.

So, beyond spending Saturday mornings at the mill, I could give the business but little attention, although I had wonderful support from the manager, Ida Randle; the superintendent, James Thompson; the secretary, Sarah Church; and the sales manager, Sam Smith, who years earlier taught me how to drive a delivery team. We had two or three mildly successful years, but then came the depression of the 'thirties and greatly increased taxes. These circumstances virtually drove us out of business.

But there were other factors. Transit rates, a combination of rates on wheat and flour, favored Buffalo, particularly in regard to shipments to New York, a primary market. Then, too, my father and uncles, and I presume, my grandfather, always opposed the practice of bleaching flour.

For a long time a New York City ordinance forbade selling bleached flour in that city. But eventually the ordinance was repealed. To get a share of the business, we had to swallow our pride, introduce a fairly simple bleaching process, and turn out a pasty white flour of which we did not approve.

But still competition was very hard, and the prices asked by our big competitors indicated clearly that they were blending with the better grade of wheat, which we were using entirely, quite a little cheaper wheat. Such a process requires an elevator, separate bins and a mixing belt onto which the wheat to be blended flows in proper proportions.

We had no elevator, and the mills were antiquated, almost all the equipment being more than 40 years old. We had reserves equal to the original cost, but it would have cost much more than that to modernize the mills. That would have meant a lot of new money from the stockholders.

We talked it over and decided to liquidate the business, 72 years after my grandfather had helped form the partnership, and 47 years after it had been incorporated. We were still using the original minute book for meetings of the company. There had been no change in the capital structure through the years, and it still stood at 155 shares of stock with a par value of \$1,000 each.

It was a heart-breaking task to liquidate this old family business to which four members of my family had devoted their lives. The Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation took the property, principally to obtain the water rights. Brand names and good will was sold to the Federal Milling Company of Lockport, but that firm has since abandoned the Rochester market. Miscellaneous equipment was sold for junk.

Special arrangements were made for the two men and two women who had been mainstays while I headed the firm, and dismissal wages went to almost all other employees. Then stockholders were paid off, getting \$1.25 for each dollar of their invested capital.

My only connection now with the old milling business is when Tom Yawger, George Davis, and I, commissioners of Brown's Race, meet to assess against the Rochester Gas & Electric Corp., as virtually the sole water rights holder, its share of upkeep of the race.



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The editorial board of the SCRAPBOOK expresses its gratitude to these individuals for their contributions. The board is particularly anxious to have contributions from others who may have interesting stories to tell of the past of Rochester and area. They are asked to contact Dr. Blake McKelvey at the Rochester Public Library. In keeping with the objectives of the Historical Society in starting the SCRAPBOOK, it is emphasized that the editors seek human history and the folklore of the city and surrounding communities.

We plan to publish a second number this fall and two in each succeeding year. Free copies go to all members of the Rochester Historical Society. Interested readers who are not yet members are invited to return the enclosed card, indicating the type of membership they would like or, if they prefer simply to enroll as subscribers, they may return the card with their address and \$1.00 for the annual subscription. Members and friends are urged to send in the names of persons who might appreciate a complimentary copy.

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