

GENESEE COUNTRY SCRAPBOOK

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The Rochester Historical Society

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

by VIRGINIA JEFFREY SMITH

TRAVELS OF ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

by ROBERT WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM

as told to his aunt, AGNES JEFFREY


ROCHESTER PLANS A COLLEGE—1844

by ARTHUR MAY

THE DAYS OF THE WALTZ AND THE TWO-STEP

by ERNEST A. PAVIOUR

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St. Luke's Church

By Virginia Jeffrey Smith

MUCH of the following material on the beginning of St. Luke's Episcopal Church was garnered from "Annals of St. Luke's Church," by the Rev. Henry Anstice which was published in 1917 and is now out of print. — V. J. S.

* * *

A parish founded in 1817 and still worshipping in a sanctuary built in 1824 certainly deserves mention in the Scrapbook of the Rochester Historical Society, does it not?

The little village of Rochesterville had a population under 900; Silas O. Smith had just cleared the forest trees from that part of the Hundred Acre tract called Fitzhugh St.; the founders, Col. Rochester, Col. Fitzhugh, and Major Carroll were still alive, and Col. Rochester had recently finished surveying their purchase and was selling some of the lots.

The very first settlers had met to worship in a tailor shop, singing hymns from memory and using the single Episcopal prayerbook which one of them had brought from the East. In 1815 the Presbyterians had organized and were meeting on State St.

It was a small band of Episcopalians who, under the leadership of the Rev. Francis Onderdonk, rector of St. John's Church, Canandaigua "and

missionary in parts adjacent" met in a schoolhouse belonging to Mr. Samuel Andrews on the East side of the river in what was known as "Brighton in the County of Ontario" and signed a "Declaration of Attachment to the Protestant Episcopal Church."

There were 28 signers. They took the name "St. Luke's Church, Genesee Falls" which is still the official title.

The instrument is dated March 13, 1817. The document having been duly read on two preceding Sundays, the formal organization took place and the certificate of incorporation was registered in the clerk's office in Ontario County. It is dated July 19, 1817.

In September, 1818, Bishop Hobart made his first visitation in the Presbyterian Church on Carroll (now State) St. This hospitality was the first of many evidences of the friendship which has always existed between these two old churches. They have been a veritable Damon and Pythias combination through the years.

When the First burned, St. Luke's offered them its building. When St. Luke's remodeled, the First offered space for afternoon services. The two congregations sometimes met together.

Whether it was the First's chicken pie suppers, or dramatics at St. Luke's, they were all enjoyed together.

Where was the church to be? The city founders had offered lot no. 85 to any church which would build on it.

The tale is told that the Catholics heard of it and sent a representative up the valley to secure the necessary signatures of Fitzhugh and Carroll. But the Episcopalians also knew about it (perhaps from Col. Rochester himself who was senior warden).

So they put young Henry Rochester, aged fourteen, on the fastest horse they could find and the Catholic who had stopped on the way, never even heard the youngster galloping by. Thus was the title secured.

They began digging at once, but some financing was necessary. So a subscription list was started.

The largest cash gift was \$100 from Dr. Montgomery. The list shows that most of the \$8,000 needed came from gifts of lumber, goods, blacksmithing, tailoring, meat, flour, shoemaking, shingles, team work, joiner work, combs, and cabinet work. The list ends with an added gift of \$4.06 from Col. Rochester to build a chimney.

"The churchwardens and vestry and their successors in office, shall, after the completion of the church, sell or dispose of the pews and slips therein and out of the funds arising therefrom, shall refund to the subscribers with interest, the several sums by them subscribed and paid if such funds be adequate; if inadequate then to each subscriber ratably till the funds so arising shall be exhausted."

If this sounds overly canny, it shows something of the economics of the time, for most of the gifts

amounted to between \$10 and \$20 and many were less. But at that time 4,000 ft. of lumber meant an investment of \$32.

There was little cash in circulation—barter was not entirely in the past. These hardworking men of the little community gave of their very selves in time, energy, and physical effort. "The gift without the giver is bare," and surely there is nothing bare about the subscriptions.

The founders secured as pastor the Rev. Francis Cuming, a young man "who will command respect for his talents and esteem by his virtue." The little church was first occupied Christmas Day, 1820. Mr. Cuming's annual stipend was \$475 (no rectory and no prerequisites). It was raised to \$800 before he left eight years later. The church was 38 by 46 feet and had forty pews.

As the village grew, the wooden church was found insufficient to house the increasing congregation, and it was agreed to build a stone church as soon as \$8,000 could be raised.

So shares of \$50 each were subscribed, to be paid in installments and to bear interest.

"It being understood and intended that the stock credited by our respective subscribers shall be denominated 'home stock' and is liable collectively to be pledged by the vestry, hereby fully authorized to pledge the same as security for the redemption within the term of ten years of such foreign stock as they shall create and negotiate for the purpose aforesaid".

The contract was made with H. T.

McGeorge to build a stone church 53 by 73 with a tower at the price of \$9,000. It actually cost \$10,400.

In the city directory of 1827 we read: "The style of the building is Gothick, which has been rigidly observed in every particular. The main part is of hewn gray stone from Auburn. The two corners of the tower and the two corners of the body of the house are of red freestone, as are also the water table, the caps, sills, and jambs of the windows and doors. The two windows in the tower are strikingly beautiful, containing a proper number of spandrels and branching mullions, and ornamented with rich and delicate tracery.

"Around the arch of the first of these, handsomely cut in the stone cap, is the name of the church, with the year of its erection. The tower is 16 feet square, projecting five feet beyond the body of the church, and rising to the height of 90 feet.

This is finished at the top with eight pinnacles, connected by a castellated or embattled balustrade".

If you walk along Fitzhugh St. today you will see it almost unchanged, although the interior has been altered several times without ever spoiling its first appearance.

Even the finials upon the tower have been restored by a loyal parishioner who regretted their loss when the original wood rotted. To really feel the old church, one should go above the nave to see the great hand hewn beams which uphold the roof.

They were cut from the forest primeval. The older church was moved

to the rear of the lot as a parish house and was used as a charity school started in 1832. This was carried on by the church for about nine years until it could be replaced by the system of public schools.

An organ was installed through separate subscriptions, replacing the violin, flute, clarinet, and bass viol, which had served in the older building. The bell, largely bought through the sale of a lot given for the purpose by Col. Fitzhugh, did double duty as a firebell calling Volunteers when there was a fire anywhere.

The pews, of which there were 66 downstairs and 26 in the balcony, were high and square and fastened with a button on the inside. They were sold at prices ranging up to \$280 with an annual cost of \$20. The desirability of certain pews may have been influenced by the fact that heat was supplied by four wood stoves in the corners of the building.

Little Caroline Erickson (Mrs. Gilman Perkins) remembered clambering up on the seat to look up with delight at the organ. Once she called out "Make that noise again".

Another youthful member used to unbutton the door of his father's pew and sit with his feet sticking out into the aisle. Each owner fitted out his pew to suit himself, as to carpet, cushions, and stools, so there was competition rather than uniformity.

And what of the life of the church?

The "Female Benevolent and Auxiliary Missionary Society" was formed in 1827 and worked for the supply of vacant places within the

county with services of the Episcopal Church. It assisted in the establishment and support of new congregations and the formation of Sunday schools. In addition, these ladies supported with a scholarship a Greek girl in the school of Mr. and Mrs. Hills in Athens. She was so appreciative that she embroidered Bible texts in memory of Mrs. Sophia Rochester.

In the same year was started the "Young Ladies' Benevolent and Reading Society" with much the same aims. One can but imagine the feeling of solidarity of so homogeneous a congregation working together.

They led in many good community works, such as helping the Female Charitable Society and the first of the annual sermons which supported it was preached in St. Luke's. Other organizations were formed which were later joined by Dr. Anstice in the Parish Guild.

The zeal for home missions soon bore fruit.

It was strengthened by the fact that there was no transportation as the village grew. Each neighborhood should have its own parish church. Thus, St. Luke's became the mother church of the denomination in the area. The first offshoot was St. Paul's organized on the east side of the river in 1827. Fourteen communicants were transferred as a nucleus.

After that came Trinity (1836), Christ Church (1835), Good Shepherd (1869), St. Andrew's (1871 - name changed 1879), Epiphany (1866), and St. Mark's (1884). Of twelve Episcopal churches in the

'eighties, three were directly started by St. Luke's, five were under the guidance of her rector, and four others had been aided by St. Luke's. Moreover, St. Luke's had taken the lead in starting the Church Home.

Campaigns in various years have made possible many changes in the interior. The box pews have gone. A central entrance and a center aisle have been added. The successors of the original organ have been moved to the front of the church from the balcony. Illumination has changed from oil to gas to electricity. Heating has changed from wood stoves, to coal stoves, to a furnace, and finally to steam heat. The floors have changed from boards, to carpet, to tile. Stained glass was put in the windows in 1856 and dots the chancel with brilliant color on a sunny Sunday morning. A fine parish house has been built. The chancel, which was originally of plaster, was replaced in 1833 by a beautiful carved wooden three-decker pulpit made from the original designs of Dr. Whitehouse.

Every member of the church loves it though they have to look up with an admoidal stare as they listen to the sermon.

A long series of photographs shows that the original design ideas have been carefully followed.

Maintenance charges on the pews were not enough to keep the church, so most of the parishioners voluntarily surrendered their deeds of sale. They were then sold in the 1860's for larger sums. The best were sold for \$560 with an annual maintenance fee of

\$126. All pews were made free when Dr. Tyler came in 1916.

The church has had ten rectors:

Dr. Francis Cuming, 1820-29

Dr. Henry Whitehouse, 1829-44

Dr. Thomas Pitkin, 1844-47

Dr. Henry Lee, 1848-55

Dr. Robert Claxton, 1859-65

Dr. Henry Anstice, 1866-97

Dr. Rob Roy Converse, 1897-1916

Dr. Samuel Tyler, 1916-32

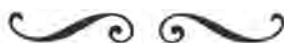
Dr. Frederick Winnie, 1933-

There have been many assistants, one of whom, Hugh Burleson, became a bishop.

The list of wardens and vestrymen reads like a "Who's Who" of Rochester. For instance, in the early records

we find such names as Col. Nathaniel Rochester, Samuel Andrews, William Atkinson, William Pitkin, Silas O. Smith, Nathaniel Thrift Rochester, Vincent Mathews, William Brewster, E. Darwin Smith, Gilman Perkins, James Brackett, Oliver Culver, S. Melancthon Smith, Jonathan Child, Frederick Whittlesey, William Kidd, and many others as well known. Three rectors became bishops, and many of the youth of the parish entered the priesthood.

It is a church with a long history of which to be proud. Its building is the oldest public building in town and it is glad that among all the bustle of the business section it can still minister as a downtown church.



An English traveler wrote of Rochester in 1824: Rochester is situated on the banks of the Erie canal; and although the spot on which the village stands was, ten years ago, a perfect wilderness, it now contains upward of 5,000 inhabitants and is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen.

Although it boasts no less than five excellent hotels, each of which is capable of accommodating between 50 and 70 persons, I could not procure a bed on the night of my arrival and

I was compelled to sleep on a sofa.

The next morning I breakfasted at the Mansion House hotel with about 100 persons of fashionable appearance and genteel address.

The houses are built of brick and neatly painted red and pointed out with white. This establishment with Venetian blinds, piazzas and verandas, balconies etc. gives the village a very delightful aspect and designates the inhabitants as tasteful, enterprising, industrious and opulent.

Edward Talbot.

Travels of Robert Cunningham

By Robert William Cunningham
As told to his Aunt, Agnes Jeffrey

THIS account of the travels of little Robert Cunningham in America was taken down by his aunt, Miss Agnes Jeffrey, from what he told her. The Rev. Robert Cunningham and his wife (who was born Elizabeth Jeffrey) and their two sons, John George (later a minister of a large Edinburgh church) and little Robert came to America in 1838. With them came Mrs. John Jeffrey ("grandmother") and Miss Agnes Jeffrey.

They stayed in New York with a Mr. and Mrs. Renwick. The latter being the sister-in-law of Mrs. Jeffrey. In reading the Journal it should be remembered that married aunts were always called by their married names.

"Aunt Ross" in Canandaigua was the widowed sister of Mrs. Jeffrey, with whom the latter and her daughter, Agnes would live.

Uncle McConnell was the brother of Mrs. Jeffrey and Mrs. Ross. The Rev. Cunningham took a professorship at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. "Little Robert" died in 1841. Miss Agnes Jeffrey stayed in Canandaigua for several years and then came to Rochester where she painted and taught painting.

* * *

I was three years and a half old when my Papa said we would leave Edinburgh and go to America. I re-

member my Mama was very busy packing for a long time, and the boxes were kept in a little room near the door in Hill Street. I sometimes helped Mama to pack, and sometimes my Grandmama and Aunt Agnes Jeffrey at York Place. They went to stay at Mr. Youngson's and I slept one night there in a very grand bed. Papa went away to Dublin, and Mama, John George and I, went to stay at Mr. Cowan's. It was then Jefsie, the maid, came to us, and we all went to see Grandmama Cunningham and my three Aunts at Linton and there I saw sheep shearing and the sheep washed in a river.

We came back to Mr. Cowan's and finished the packing and set off for Glasgow on the 22nd of May, 1837. We sailed in the Canal boat and some trunks fell into the canal, but none of ours, which was a good thing. When we arrived at Glasgow, Uncle John met us and took us to his lodgings where Grandmama and Aunt Agnes had gone a few days before.

Next day we set off to Liverpool in a very fine steamboat called The Unicorn, and I thought the ornaments on the walls like fine trays. When we came to Liverpool we met Papa and Mr. McDowall and went to Mrs. Wilkinson's lodgings and there was a little girl there called Ruth and she said to me you are too *roof*.

I went to see the Zoological gardens, and I saw two great big elephants and a lot of Bears and Deers and a little Kangaroo came jumping and hopping up to me. There was a Rhinoceros, too, and its horn was sawn off.

John George was very ill in Liverpool, and a Dr. Hannay came to see him. . . On the 28th of May we went on board the splendid and very fine large ship—it was on a Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. We did not get sailing away after all our hurry for the wind was contrary. The Pilot came on board and staid 6 days, before we got away from the River Mersey. The capt. of "The Splendid" was Capt. Proal, and he was very kind to me. There was a Miss Wells, and I sometimes said to her, "There is Miss Wells ringing her beautiful bells—and Mr. McDowell sitting on a stool eating gruel." Mr. and Miss Cox were in the cabin, too, and Miss Cox made funny little ships for me and we threw them into the Atlantic.

There was a black Steward, and he made fritters of rice.

He was kind to me and John George and so was Bill, who used to help him. One day at luncheon Captain Proal gave me a taste of a red wine and it made me tipsy and I tumbled two or three times. We used to get roasted potatoes and butter and sometimes a fine little fish called sardines. There were plenty of geese and chickens and ducks, but some of them were drowned by a great wave that came over the ship on the 18th of June. There was

a great storm then, and the ship went up and down on the big waves and I could not walk, and I staid in Mama's bed all day, and everybody was sick except me. There were a great many steerage passengers, and they got sick and Aunt Agnes and Capt. Proal mixed medicine to try and make them well, but eight of them died. I just saw one funeral, and Miss Cox was beside me. I often saw pretty little birds called Mother Cary's chickens. They used to play about the ship and skip most amusingly on the waves. There were four dogs on board—Toby, Fan, Jack, and Sylph, and Mr. McDowal had a blackbird and a thrush, but the thrush died. I often saw the sunset, and it was very grand. We all liked to look at it. Sometimes I got a straw for a cigar and walked the deck like the Capt., and he called me Capt. Cunningham then. The sailors used to climb very high, and one man fell down and was ill a long time.

We came to the Narrows on the 22nd of July, and there was a pilot came on board and he would not come down to take any dinner. We got Champagne for joy. When we came out of "The Splendid" we went into a little boat which was drawn up with ropes and, when we all got in, it was let slowly down by the side of the ship and we rowed to the Quarantine Station. Captain Proal put me first out of the little boat, but I could not stand alone. We went up to a fine Hotel. There was a large stoop in front of it, and the people had chairs and sat there. After tea we went out to walk and pulled some pretty flowers like

morning glories, and we saw thistles like Scotch ones.

It was very warm weather, and the trees were beautiful and green. Papa went up to New York the first night alone, and the next day he and Professor Renwick came down for us and we went off in a steamboat with two decks and got to New York. There we saw Aunt Renwick and stayed at her house and she was very kind to us. She gave me a nice cake and when I said I was fond of it, she gave me another.

She had a neat little garden—and curious small birds flew about it and on the top of a stick was a house for them, made like a real house. I saw curious flies like sparks of fire in her garden when it was growing dark. I saw two of our cousins, Laura and Ned Renwick, and Laura sometimes took me to the college and I walked in the college green with her. It was very near Aunt Renwick's. One day we all went in a steamboat called "The Telegraph" away to Sing Sing, and there we saw Mr. and Mrs. Henry and John and James and little Tootie. There was a very steep hill at Sing Sing and a great prison, but they did not take me to see it. I went to Church and heard Mr. Henry preach.

I like John Henry for he played nicely with me. He had a great many very little books. On the Monday Papa and Mr. Henry went to Mr. Washington Irving. The rest staid at home, and on Tuesday we went back to New York. Papa went to Philadelphia, and we stayed with Aunt Renwick till he came back. There was a very kind

lady at New York called Miss Brodie, and she was very good to me. She had always little biscuits beside her and she always gave me some. She gave me a book and a basket too.

On the 2nd of August Aunt Isabella came to see us. I never saw her before, but I soon loved her. We went away from New York that same day. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon we sailed in "The Swallow," a tremendous steamboat with two engines. There were a great many people on board. We went to bed in a very long cabin and next morning we were at Albany. We saw a house with a large white dome there, and Mr. James came to see us and we had a fine ride in his carriage. Papa dined at Dr. Sprague's and the rest of us at Mr. James' and I got a swing in his garden. First he put me on by myself and then he took me on his knee. At 2 o'clock we went off in a railway car. At first we went with horses and then so fast with a great steam engine. First we came to Skenectady and then we changed cars and went to Utica. We saw a great many sparks, and they burned holes in Mama's gown and Jefsie's. We went to the canal boat at 9 o'clock that night when we arrived, and we slept in beds like shelves in presses. We stayed in it all next day and we passed below very low bridges and the people on deck stooped down when they came to them to save their heads from being hurt. It was four o'clock on Saturday morning when we arrived at Palmyra, and I was so sleepy I did not wish to go out of the boat, but Papa carried me. We stayed at Palmyra till 9

o'clock and when we were all fine dressed. I got a fall upon some slippery matting and the blood came out and swelled my lips very much.

Then the stage came to the door and Mama took me on her knee and I got rather better. We mistook Mr. Meek's house for Uncle McConnell's, but we soon got the right one—Markbroom—and there was Uncle McC and Aunt McC and Aunt Catherine and Janey and Willie McConnell. They were all so kind and they had a very fine garden and the cherries were ripe and the trees looked red with them. We got plenty. There were a great many little chickens and a threshing machine that sounded *boom boom*, and Uncle had a turning machine. I saw him make a top to me and a box to Mama. It was very funny to see them made.

I was taken next day in Uncle's carriage to Canandaigua and there I saw Aunt Ross and little Henry and Aunt Stewart and Uncle Stewart and little Charlotte and Uncle William. Grandmama and Aunt Agnes were there for they had gone on before us. Aunt Ross was very ill and could hardly speak, but she soon got better. We went back to Markbroom and stayed there till the 14th of August. Then Papa and Mama and Uncle and Aunt Stewart and Henry and Charlotte and John George and Jefsie and I went in a large stage called an extra with four horses—away to Rochester and a gentleman at a place we stopped at called me Bobby Towhead.

Henry and I laughed very much at the jumping and jolting of the

stage. We got tea at a long table with a great many people at it. It was in the Eagle Hotel in Rochester. At 8 o'clock we went on board a canal boat and sailed till we came to a town called Lockport and we walked up a steep hill when the boat was climbing through the locks. Aunt Stewart and little Charlotte sat on the deck and we saw them and could talk to them. We then got a fine coach with four white horses and drove away to falls of Niagara and Uncle Stewart sung a funny song—

There was a man in our town. I'll
tell you his condition

He sold his oxen and his cart to
buy him a commission.

When a commission he had bought,
he turned out such a coward

He would not go to Canada for fear
he'd be devoured.

When we were some miles from the Falls Papa saw a school house and went to see what was in it, and there was a woman teaching a number of Indian children. We stopped again and saw the Falls at a distance. When we came to Niagara we went to Goat Island and crossed along a curious wooden bridge and saw the rapids waving along. Then we walked through a part of a wood and saw one of the Falls. We all sat down and looked at it. After that we went over a very little wooden bridge, and Papa carried me and Jefsie carried John George. There was a loud noise of the water rushing, and nobody could stop the water—only God! We came

back and walked along the Island to see the Horseshoe Fall, and Uncle Stewart showed us where to look at it. Then he and Papa and Mama went into a curious high house like a light-house built in the water, and Jefsie and John George and I sat in an arbor looking at the water dashing down and there was a great deal of foam jumping up very high. We then came back and went down a tremendous long stair—and got into a little boat to cross the river. We got cloaks round us to keep us dry, but some of the spray came on my face.

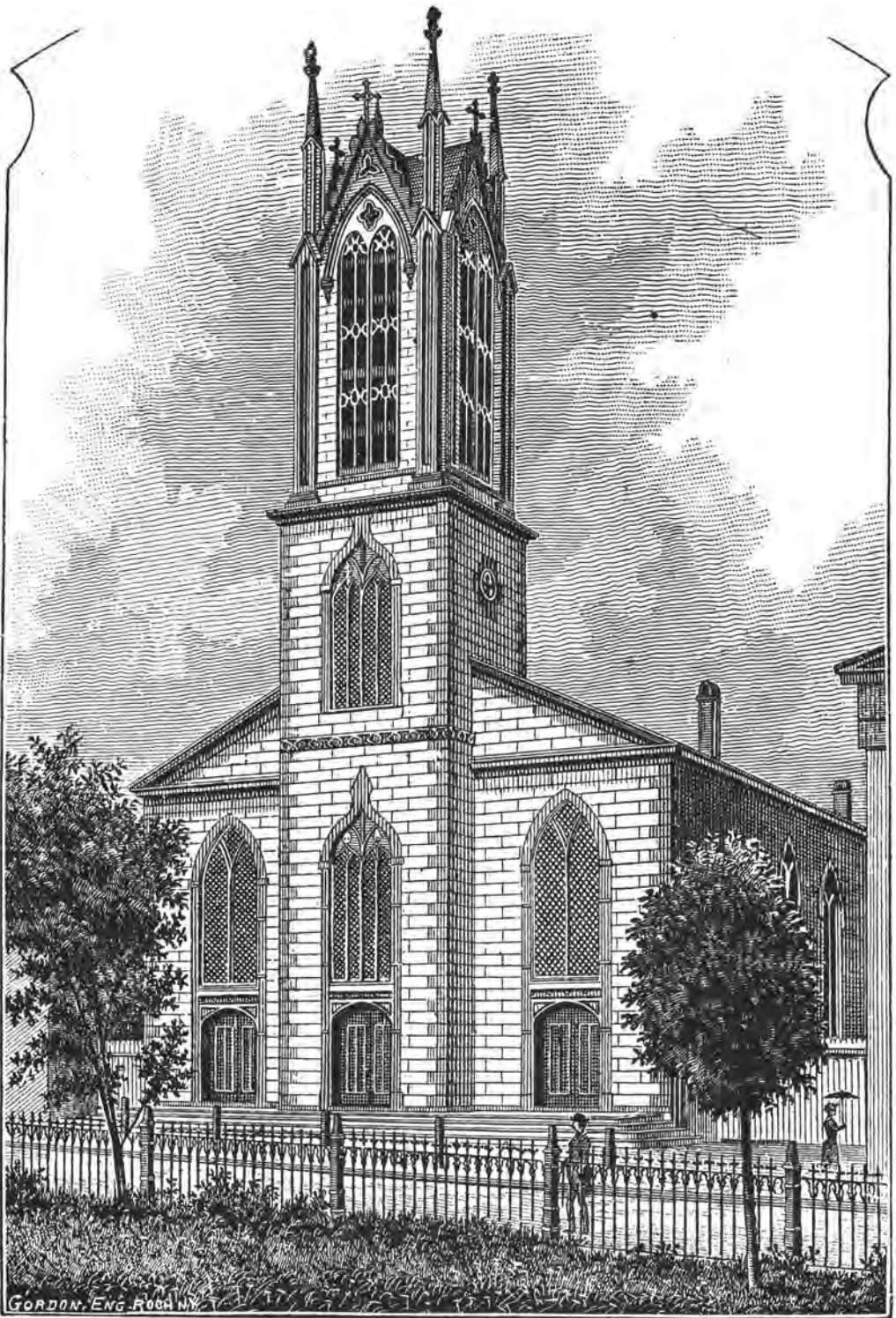
When we got to the opposite shore, we went up a very steep road to the hotel and slept there all night. The windows of the house rattled, we were so near the falls. Next day after breakfast we set off in a stage to go to Canboro (sic), and it was the first stage that ever was in Canboro. The people were so entertained to see it that nine men got in and the driver gave them a little ride. We stayed there all night, but Uncle Stewart walked to (another town) and he came back next forenoon with a big hat on him. There was with him Johnny Cranny and his two oxen, Buck and Berry, and his wagon. We got another wagon and two great strong oxen and we went on very bad roads. Sometimes great holes and the little oxen stuck in, and the big oxen helped to pull them out. Sometimes there were corderoy roads. Often we walked and Papa carried me over the bad places and Mama and Aunt Stewart and Jefsie had on great big boots. One time we got some raspberries to

eat and sat down on a fallen tree to wait till the wagon came up.

It was seven miles to Uncle Stewart's house, and it was nearly dark when we arrived and we got tea and went to bed. There were very high trees there. Some called pines were the tallest. We saw three felled down and they came with a great thump to the ground.

One night I saw 2 or 3 of them blazing—Johnny Cranny set them on fire and Mama took me out of my bed to see them. They were so pretty. Charlotte had a little carriage, and she and John George went in it to Mr. Harvey's and Henry and I had sticks and pretended we were riding on horses. Mr. Harvey used to bring us melons and Indian corn, and Henry and I liked to pull the green covering off the cob. We liked to eat it when it was boiled. One day we went to see the Griffiths, who live near the grand river, and Mama had a sail in a little boat. But the children did not go. There were some very big dogs there, and I was a little frightened for a big turkey cock. I used to kill mosquitoes, for they used to bite us, and it was very sore. When we went to Mr. Battersby's, Henry and I had races on his long stoop and we set off whenever Uncle Stewart let a pencil fall.

I went one day to see the Shanty garden, but could not walk along the corderoy bridge. So came back over the potato field. Uncle Stewart had melons and cucumbers and Indian corn and French beans, and we used to help him to sort the beans. Henry and I used to play at steamboats and



St. Luke's Church
from an old engraving



St. Luke's Church
a drawing by Ralph Avery



Miss Agnes Jeffrey
in old age

It was she to whom little Robert William Cunningham
told the story of his voyaging in America.

gathering chips in the wood shed and I liked to stay with him. Papa stayed three days.

Then (he) went away to see schools and we stayed till the 18th of September. Then on a Monday morning Uncle Stewart took us in the oxen wagon to Mr. Griffith's and then we got two horses and rode away to Hamilton. We saw a good many Indians and a long house they have for a kind of church.

We got fried potatoes and cheese at Seneca and went through a place called the swamp. We saw some very big trees there and some were fallen down and some half burned. We came to a very steep hill to go down and we saw Hamilton at the foot of it and the pretty lake of Ontario and great heaps of forests behind it.

At Hamilton we walked about and bought oatmeal and combs and saw Mr. Gale and Mr. Cruikshank. When it was one o'clock we bid Uncle Stewart goodbye and Mama, Jefsie, John George and I went into a steamboat. There was a very kind gentleman in it and he had a nice little boy called Hector. When we came to Toronto it was nearly dark. We stayed on the deck and looked at two men who rowed away to the shore when we were eating pears. Our steamboat went to the quay and we went into another steamboat called "The Traveller," and I had a bed to myself. We sailed across the great lake of Ontario and came to a beautiful river called Genesee. Then we stopped at the foot of a very steep hill and we climbed up a number of

steps and then went into a small railway coach and arrived at Rochester. We staid at the Eagle, but we took tea with Hector's Papa and Mama and called for Miss Buchan. Next morning we set off at four o'clock in a stage to Canandaigua and the moon was shining and it was very cold.

We stopped for a few minutes at one place and Mama and I walked out and we picked up some nice plums we found below a tree on the roadside. We drove up to Aunt Ross's door at last, but had to pass it first to go to the hotel and the post office. There we were very happy to see our friends and get a fine breakfast. In the afternoon Uncle McConnell came and took us out to Markbroom. The peaches were fine and ripe and there was an orchard of them and everybody might have as many as they liked. The grapes were green when we went away, but now they were black and they grew all over the garden pailing so beautiful. Uncle McConnell pulled fine big bunches and gave us them to eat. Once I saw Uncle McConnell give the sheep some salt. He called "Keneek, Keneek," and they all came running. Jamy and Willie and I used to play sometimes with Fanny, Lucy, and Mary Meek—and one night we took tea with them and had a play dinner with real tarts at it. We came to Canandaigua to stay a week with Aunt Ross, and I slept in a nice little bed beside Grandmama. I used to get peaches and pears from Aunt Ross and Aunt Agnes and put them in a box upstairs. I got a curious thing one day from Mr. McCao. It looked like

an egg but it was not a real egg, it grew on a little bush and was not good to eat. We took tea one night with a very kind lady called Mrs. Grieg. She played with me and it was at a very funny game—that nobody was to speak in and she always spoke herself. She had a very fine house and a thing on the top of it and she took me to a dining room and gave me gingerbread cakes.

We went back to Markbroom and John George had learned to walk alone when we were away. There were a great many apples on the trees and on the ground, and one tree had both apples and pears on it. We stayed there till we got a letter from Papa telling us he was made a Professor at Easton and we were going to live there. So we got ready for our journey very soon, and Aunt McConnell gave me a beaver hat and Aunt Agnes made fine comfortable gloves for John George and me. They were of yellow leather with black strings.

On the 30th of October Grandmama came about 9 o'clock in a stage from Canandaigua and we bid good-bye to our dear friends at Markbrook and rode away with her. We came to Palmyra and waited there till the canal packet boat came for us. We sailed in it to Utica and arrived when it was quite dark.

We all went to bed in a large room with three beds in it and after we got breakfast next day, we walked away to the railway coaches and travelled through the valley of the Mohawk. It was a very fine day and sometimes we went out of the cars and

bought tarts. We came to Albany at 3 o'clock and walked away to the side of the River Hudson. We had a great bustle about the luggage, but got it all. We went on board a beautiful steamboat called "The Diamond" and the windows were the shape of a diamond and made of white and blue glass. We sat on the deck a long time looking at Albany and a lot of boats. One of them was called "The North America," and that was the biggest. We got tea and then went to bed and wakened early in the morning at New York. We waited till seven o'clock and then went to Aunt Renwick's house and we saw the Henry's again.

We stayed at New York till Saturday and then we went away at 7 o'clock in the morning to go to Easton. We first went in a steamboat to Jersey City and then in a railway cart to Newark. Then in another to Morristown and after that got into the Easton Stage. We met Papa sitting on the top of the other stage that was going to New York, for he was going there for us. But he jumped down and came into our coach, and we were all so happy. And he took me on his knee and John George on the other. It was quite dark when we came to Easton, and we went to Mr. White's Hotel. After a few days we went to Mrs. Dun Levis and she left the house, and we are staying in it now. Little Andrew was born on the eleventh of November after we had been a week in Easton. Grandmama and I used to take walks together and look at the bridges over the river. Sometimes we climbed up the steps to the College

and always stopped and looked at Easton and rested ourselves. I liked very much to walk about Easton. It is such a very pretty place.

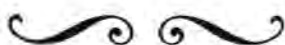
—Easton, Pennsylvania
16th February, 1838

Scrapbook

In a local newspaper of 1895 is found the following advice to bicyclists which may be of interest to automobilists of today!

“In the sphere of ethics no less than in the sphere of physics is the lesson of the wheelman plain to understand. For ethics is the science of rights and obligations, that is, of morals and of manners which are minor morals. And wheeling surely yields abundant scope for culture of the ethical sense in its continuous demand for that courteous recognition of the rights and convenience of others which is the essence of good manners; and we have William of Wykeham’s assurance, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England that “manners maketh ye man”. The man who rides, in whom the ethical sense still needs development is apt to assume too

much that others ought to yield the right of way to him; whereas these others not at all in sympathy with wheelmen impatient often of their presence on the walks and streets are disinclined to yield even that which the law requires. Here then is scope for moral culture * * * * By self contained resistance to the natural impulse to express our minds, avoiding altercation we shall have gained the ethical victory and shown that we possess good manners which Ralph Waldo Emerson assures us are made up of petty sacrifices * * * * In short my fellow wheelmen be everywhere considerate of others and though you may yield sometimes more than strict interpretation of the law requires you may avoid an accident and at least have the consciousness of having acted in the spirit of the golden rule and show yourself a gentleman.”



Mrs. Trollope wrote of Rochester in 1831:

Rochester is one of the most famous cities built on the Jack-and-the-beanstalk principle. There are many splendid edifices of wood and certainly

more houses, warehouses, factories and steam engines than ever were collected in the same space of time. But I was told by a fellow traveler that the stumps of the forest are still to be found firmly rooted in the cellars.

Rochester Plans A College--1844

by Arthur May

WITHIN a quarter century after the planting of a permanent settlement, Rochesterians began to discuss the establishment of an enclave of higher learning.

The stirring appeal here published is a key document on the university idea in the Flour City. It bore fruit in what may fairly be called the "Presbyterian" scheme, inasmuch as the leaders of the movement belonged to that denomination. For example, the Rev. James B. Shaw, minister at the Brick Church, and the Rev. Albert G. Hall of Third Church, both signed the call for a preliminary meeting.

Discussions were conducted at the First Presbyterian Church, though the surviving church records are silent on what happened.

As the project unfolded, the promoters envisaged a conventional "liberal arts" college, flanked by an array of professional schools—an authentic university, in a word.

The New York legislature granted a charter to this institution as the University of Western New York in 1846, but sectarian jealousies and denominational divisiveness lamed a drive for the necessary funds and caused the dream to collapse. After no little travail, on November 5, 1850, to-day's University of Rochester held its opening ceremonies.

Rochester Dec 26, 1844

Dear Sir:— For a long time past the friends of education in this part

of the Country have considered the establishment of a *College* or *University* in Western N.Y. a very desirable object. They have looked forward with anxiety to the period when it should be found to be practicable. This period it is believed has now arrived. Under this impression the Synods of Geneva and Genesee, a few months since appointed a joint committee to take this subject into consideration. This committee have held several meetings at various places, and after the most mature deliberation are unanimously of the opinion that the time has arrived for decisive action. Our object in addressing you at this time is to request your attendance at a meeting of several gentlemen from various parts of W.N.Y. to be held at the Chapel of the 1st Pres. Church in the City of Rochester on the Third Tuesday (21st) of January at 7 o'clock P.M. to receive the report of the joint committee and to take such further measures in the premises as shall be found necessary to secure the object contemplated.

The demand for such an institution, and consequently for immediate & efficient action to establish it is seen in the fact, that within the territory of this State and west of Madison County, embracing a population of about 1,000,000 & rapidly increasing, there is only one College; while in the eastern part of the State, with a population of only 1,500,000, there

are 5 well endowed & flourishing institutions. Taking Eastern N.Y. with N. England, N. Jersey, Pennsylvania & Delaware together, there is a College to every 250,000 inhabitants: and in New England, there is an average of one College to a population of 150,000. It is estimated that the expenses of students sent from W.N.Y. to the eastern Colleges amount every

four years to at least \$150,000: a sum sufficient to lay the foundation of a noble institution in our midst.

But we presume it to be unnecessary to present at large the considerations in favor of the contemplated projects to secure your attendance at the time specified—which we confidently expect and earnestly desire.

Yours etc.

Committee:

Dirck C. Lansing	Albert G. Hall
L. E. Lathrop	Selah Mathews
N. W. Fisher	Charles M. Lee
A. J. Hopkins	Enos Pomeroy
Jas. B. Shaw	Wm. Alling

The Days of the Waltz and Two-Step

By Ernest A. Paviour

A TEENAGER asked me: "What did you do anyway before the automobile, airplane, drive-in theatre, and hot dog stand?"

He had reference to the "good old days" so frequently mentioned by the aged and infirm, and the columnists who write about the past. As an approaching octogenarian, I will open the pages of 1900-1910.

As a matter of fact, we moved around and did things without motor vehicle assistance by shoe leather, bicycle, trolley car, train and occasionally, in dress affairs, by Higgins' coach. The average teenager of this period walked eight or ten miles per day in going to school, church, downtown, neighborhood stores, and on parental errands.

* * *

Many teenagers today spend their spare time in the automobile, on the telephone, before the television and radio, leaving the household chores and errands to the parents, or employees, if they can be found.

The 8-10 miles of daily walking has been superseded by 25-30 miles of daily driving. In fact, at least one Brighton teenager did 30,000 miles of driving in a single year. This was about 80 miles per day average, and at a conservative eight cents per mile operating cost, this totaled \$2400 per year.

Little wonder the typical teenager has no time to cut the grass, rake the leaves, dig the flower beds, and paint the house. Neither do many parents have time for house and yard duties with their country club and cocktail life, bowling leagues, membership and money-raising campaigns and League of Something or other.

This life has driven many people to drink and into apartment houses.

The teenager of 60 years ago found time for pleasure. Cobbs Hill (reservoir) and Pinnacle Hill (Hillside Children's Home) were heavily wooded and favorite roaming places, as were the hills and valleys of Penfield in the vicinity of Panorama Trail.

Many a canoe trip, some as far as Letchworth Park, originated at South, or Genesee Valley Park. We swam in the river at the Y.M.C.A. clubhouse, as we did in deep spots of Irondequoit and Allyn's Creeks.

Some even enjoyed the Erie Canal. This was before the wholesale dumping of sewage and industrial wastes into our local waterways.

One year potatoes were plentiful and commanded a very low price. A farmer brought a load into Rochester. He was so disgusted with the price offered at the market that he showed his indignation by dumping the potatoes into the Erie Canal. He was arrested and fined for throwing refuse into the canal.

into the canal. Maybe some old ordinance could still be used against the present violators of clean water.

Boys used to throw ripe fruit at canal boatmen as the boats approached Averill Avenue bridge. Before the mule skinner could tie up his mules to chase the tomato throwers, the boys would be on their way. The boys are still throwing objects from the same bridges at passing automobiles on the same highway.

The boys today, according to police reports, use stones instead of fruit. This represents the difference in expression between the two periods.

The trolley and steam railroads made many resort trips possible. One could go to Ontario Beach Park at Charlotte by the Charlotte Branch of the New York Central or by the trolleys of the Rochester Railway Company, which had succeeded the horse cars. At one time there was a toll gate on Lake Avenue near Riverside Cemetery. In other words, Lake Avenue was once a pay highway.

There was a steam engine which pulled open passenger cars to Sea Breeze and began its trip on Portland Avenue near Draper Street. Five steam railroads and as many suburban trolleys made it easy to take business and pleasure trips out of Rochester, whereas today private automobiles, busses and airways handle practically all the passenger services out of the city.

The "North King" made over-night trips to Canada from Charlotte, and the "J. D. Scott" plied the lake and bay.

If you only had a nickel in your pocket in 1906, you could walk downtown and see one of the early motion pictures at the Bijou Dream which had just opened at Main Street East and Water Street.

The teenager could take his girl to Whittle's on East Avenue for a soda or to Teall's for the best dish of ice cream in town. There was little drinking among youth in the early nineteen hundreds; that didn't really start in a big way until prohibition fouled up the country in 1919.

Powers' Commercial Fireproof Building was built at Main and State long before the opening of the century. The building contained a big reception hall and The Daniel W. Powers Art Gallery. James P. B. Duffy, lawyer, former judge and congressman, told me that he had to put on his Sunday clothes and go to a dancing class at Powers on Saturday mornings.

The famous gallery was closed in 1897 when the city refused Mr. Powers tax relief, requested on the basis that the gallery was a contribution to the civic welfare. George Eastman later would have closed Eastman Theatre had the city taxed it as proposed by some.

I considered myself grown up when at age 13 I took the New York Central all alone to Buffalo to see the Pan-American Exposition. I visited the Temple of Music a few days before Leon Czolgosz assassinated President William McKinley there in 1901.

East High School on Alexander Street was built in 1903. I was a member of the graduating class of

1906 which was addressed by Walter Rauschenbusch, Rochester's great social-religious leader. I was one of six to read essays, my topic being "Rabbit Eccentricities", based on my humorous experiences in the raising of Angora rabbits.

Another essayist was Max P. Shoop, who became an international lawyer of considerable reputation, and died in Paris, France. A third reader was Grace Louise Harned, whose father operated a leading bakery on Main St., and who later married the late Wellington Potter, well-known Rochester insurance man.

We had private schools in those days too, precursors of Harley, Allendale, Columbia. J. Howard Bradstreet ran the Bradstreet School for Boys (from 11 years of age.) He first operated in a downtown office building and later had his own building at 259 Park Avenue. John R. Sibley, formerly an officer of Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., and a nationally-known dairy breeder, who recently died, was a typical Bradstreet boy. Then there was the Hakes School for girls, located at 86 East Avenue and later at 9 Gibbs St. This was in the days when

the Genesee Valley Club was located at the corner of East Avenue and Gibbs St.

I watched the University of Rochester play football, sometimes from the top of a boxcar, at Culver Field where Gleason Works now stands, witnessed track meets at Crittenden Park near the present Strong Memorial Hospital, ice skated at a rink at the corner of University Ave. and Prince St., and attended dances and social affairs at a hall in the building at the corner of University and Atlantic Avenues.

But I can't go on forever. Sufficient to say that there was a life in Rochester 60 years ago which was satisfying and pleasant without the automobile, airplane, television and the Great Society.

I sat in the reception room of an office recently. There were two teenagers present, one with flowing locks and tight pants.

Quiet and soothing FM music was pervading the room. The one said to the other: "I just can't stand that stuff!"

There in lies the difference between 1900 and 1965.

