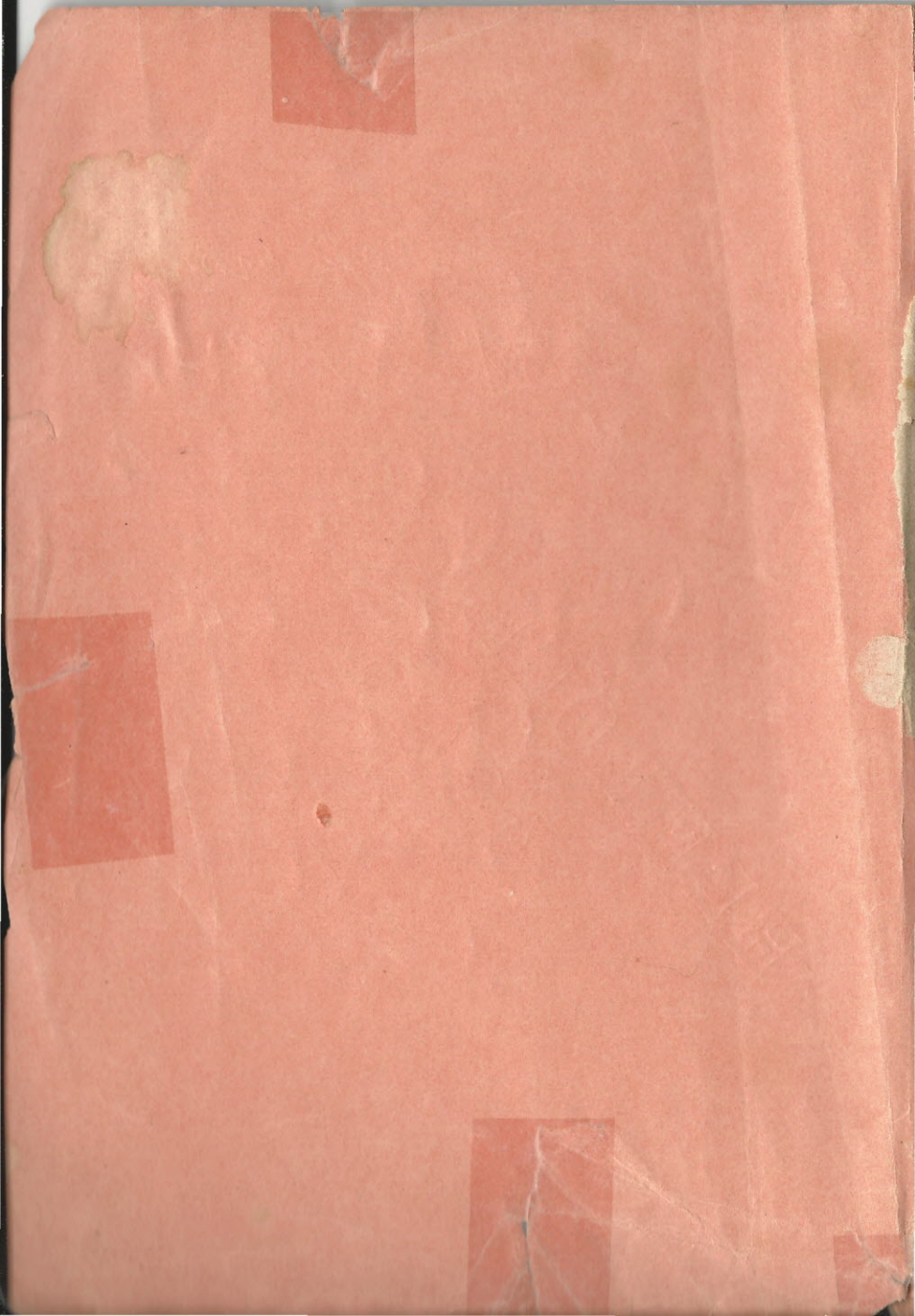


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HEMLOCK LAKE
1883



O-NEH-DA TE-CAR-NE-O-DI;

OR

UP AND DOWN

THE

H E M E O O K.

Including History, Commerce, Accidents,
Incidents, Guide, Etc.

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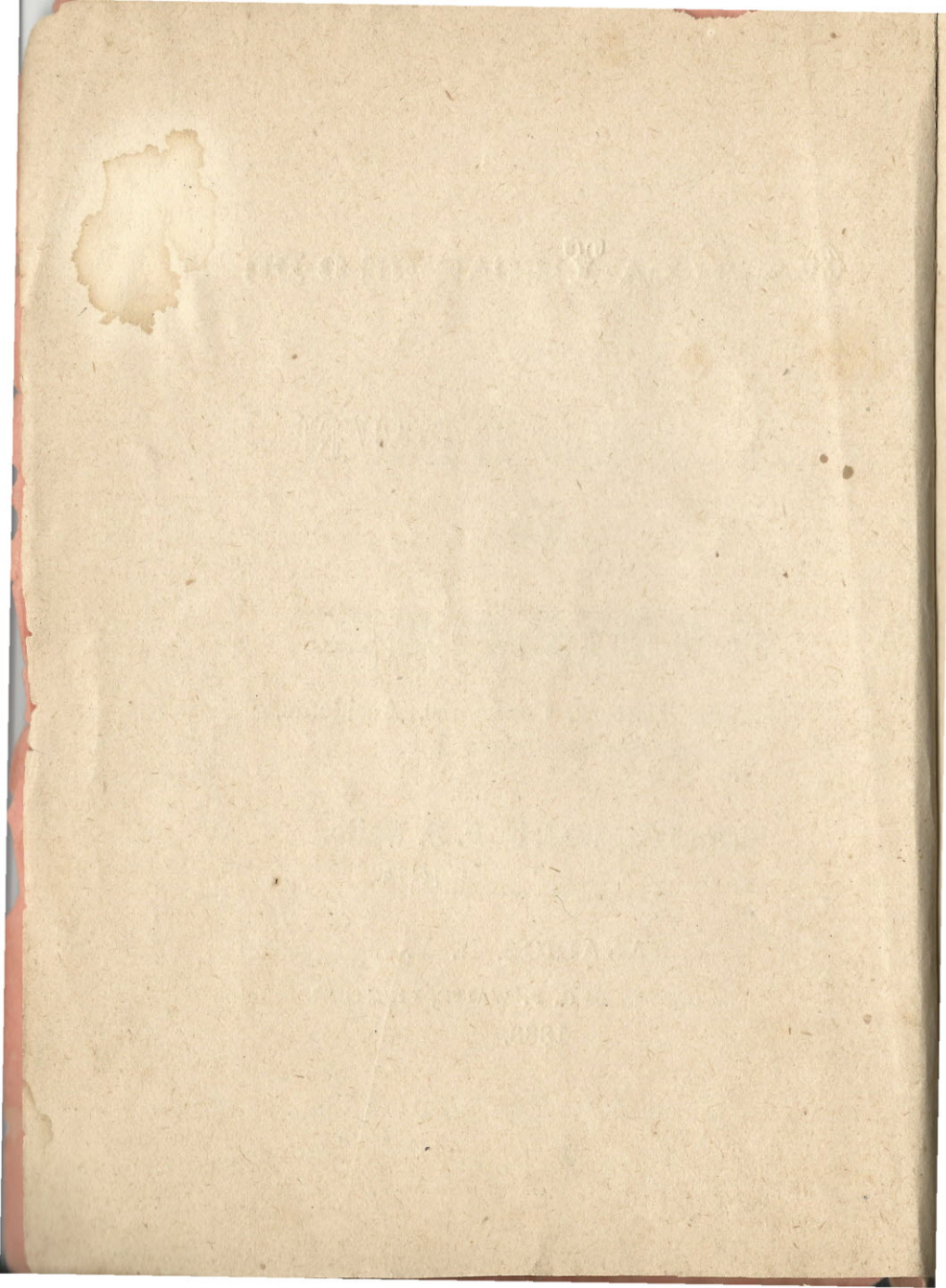
Byron

CANADICE, N. Y.

G. E. COLVIN & G. P. WAITE, PRINTERS.

1883.

*This book was given to me
by Mr Byron Waite about
1902 +*



PREFACE.

This little work is intended to comprise in a cheap and convenient form all the pleasure and health-seeking public may wish to know concerning Hemlock Lake.

Most of those who have once paid it a visit regard it as a most enjoyable spot, and many say that the heart ever yearns for a revisitation, and that it is one of the places in man's wildwood rambles where he esteems it a luxury *to stay*.

A lake like this, situated in the very heart of a long settled and highly cultivated portion of the Empire State, surrounded by hills of almost primitive wildness; "Slumbering still in the midst of Nature's wild luxuriance," where the ripple of the tiny wave at your feet, the melody of the feathered warblers and the thousand and one rarer forest voices, all tuned to harmony, having still their own peculiar charm, and all singing their own native songs, from the freshness of

the morning till long after the sun has gone behind the western hill and the gray twilight has settled on all things, without being disturbed more by the woodman's ax or the plowshare of the agriculturist, is indeed one of the rarities of our country.

There is no lake in Western New York that has greater demands for our consideration, or is faster gaining notoriety as a summer resort than this. Its cool, refreshing air; its pure waters; its lovely scenes; its beautiful points and picturesque nooks, and these old hills, all unite in one inviting, persuasive voice for man to occasionally step away from the tiresome routine of life and enjoy more of Nature in her pristine beauty and healthfulness.

The Hemlock has never been made classic ground. Her "Delphian cliffs and Etrurian shades" have never been immortalized. No sightless Homer or Milton has ever sung its beauties, but in one respect, if in no other, does it possess more than the "wealth of Ormus or of Ind"—it is the summer home of untold thousands, and can truthfully and emphatically be called "Health's

cheerful haunt."

A portion of the following pages were written by us a few years since for the "Wayland Press," and had a limited circulation, and after having been rewritten, we trust it will not be amiss to include it here. Our first thought was to give cuts of the several Cottages along the lake, but the limited sale it must necessarily have, would not warrant the expense incident thereto.

We herein acknowledge our indebtedness to nearly all the owners of sites along its shores, and to others for valuable suggestions and information of a historical nature. Many faults, no doubt, can be found in the work, should they be looked for. The sketches may lack artistic finish, but we have endeavored to have them possess the merit of correct outline.

We do not challenge criticism in the least, nor do we make any special pretension to literary merit whatever, our greatest aim has been to gather up the fragments by piecemeal and preserve them in a shape so that the future historian of our ideal of a lake, can have something of a base on which to build, if he wishes, a nobler

superstructure, than he could, had we never made the attempt.

THE AUTHOR.

HERMITAGE, May, 1883.

DESCRIPTION.

It has been said and truly too that this lake is the "most attractive of all the beautiful chain of lakes which adorn Western and Central New York." It lies some twenty eight miles a little to the east of south of the city of Rochester, and almost wholly between the towns of Canadice in Ontario county, and Conesus in Livingston, and situated in a retired rural district in a deep and narrow valley, the two spurs Marrowback and Ball Hill reaching far north of the great Appalachian chain, clasp this gem of waters between their giant arms. Its length as given by Engineer Tubbs is six and seven tenths miles: its average width six tenths of a mile: its water surface 1,828 acres: a drainage surface of 27,554 acres: and an average daily discharge of 20,000,000 gallons of water. Its elevation above the Erie Canal at Rochester is 338 feet, and some 882 feet above tide, and except immediately at the head and foot its depth ranges from 40 to 90 feet throughout its length. Its greatest depth is said to be 92 feet.

There is but one main inlet, and that comes down the Hemlock Valley west of the village of Springwater, receiving numerous small streams from the high lands on either side. The amount of water brought into the lake by this stream is so small compared with that discharged by the outlet that but one conclusion can be formed, and that is; the lake is "an immense mountain spring".

As it has its bed in the shales formation, and its shores lined with the same, the water coming from this immense fountain must, of necessity, be soft, softer in fact, says Prof. Lattimore, than any other water supply on this continent, and excelled or equalled in Europe in purity, except, only by a very few of the lakes of Scotland and Wales. This, in a great measure, induced the city of Rochester to take its waters thereto for drinking and domestic purposes.

The Legislature of this state April 16, 1852, passed an act incorporating the first Water Works Company of the city of Rochester. Certain residents of the city were named in the act, with others, with a capital stock of 200,000 dollars, to be taken in shares of \$25 each, with

power to take water from any spring, lake, pond or river to the city. This is called the *old* Company. April 16, 1868, all contracts entered into, and officers elected under the previous act were legalized and confirmed. The contract to take water from this lake to the city was let to Eastman, passed into the hands of Utley, thence to Ayers of pill notoriety, and the second outlet was dug, pipes were laid, and considerable other work was done on a portion of the route, but the Legislature April 16, 1872 passed another Act to supply said City with pure and wholesome water.

Five Commissioners were appointed by the Mayor thereof who selected J. N. Tubbs as Engineer, and Prof. Lattimore as Analyzer, with instructions to examine the waters of Genesee River and Lakes Ontario and Hemlock, and in the fall of that year their reports were made with the positive conclusion that for greater economy in operating expense, permanency in construction of works, greater purity and softness of water and its steady and abundant supply, the last named body of water should furnish to said city the

much and long needed supply; also an act was passed by the Legislature June 3. 1873, giving power to said Commissioners as agents for said city "to raise the surface of the water, in said lake, not to exceed two feet, and to draw down the said water below low-water mark, not to exceed, eight feet: also the right to take such measures and make such constructions as shall be necessary to secure said waters for the purpose intended, and to protect the same from improper obstructions or pollution. After an outlay of some \$3,000,000, the water was let into the pipe in Dec., 1875.

HISTORY.

WE cannot with the antiquary wander back to the time, that remote period when this whole region was swept over by an engulphing wave that tore from the bosom of mother earth this tray-shaped basin, and left these grand old hills, which long ages since became clad in Nature's primeval garb, but we have endeavored to gather from along the pathway of time some crude memorials in this lake's history, which are fast passing away—soon to be numbered with the oblivious past, and to rescue them from the “effacing finger of time” will be our present aim. When we go to the buried past for items, we find the records dim, and all tradition vague and uncertain, but when we take a retrospective glance at the last decade in regard to this lake, we are obliged to say that its progress is *onward*, and the end not even the most sanguine can divine. The wildest day-dreamer may wake on the morrow and find his schemes, air-castles and anticipations in a fair

tain for speedy realization, and others more vast, gigantic and unthought of treading rapidly on their heels. Every day brings new comers and every boat comes swarming with new pleasure-seekers from all parts of our common country to mingle with those now here, to be a part and parcel of us.

Whoever has passed along the shores or over the surface of this body of water, could not fail to be favorably and permanently impressed with its numerous indentations or coves; its beautiful wooded points or capes; its bold shores; its clean and gravelly beach; its cool, transparent water; its bracing, exhilarating atmosphere, and more than all, its apparent self-knowledge of its own ease, beauty and picturesqueness, lying in its own basin, scooped by the hand of God and surrounded by hill sides clothed in the primitive garb of nature, seemingly more fresh and more verdant by having this gem of waters to lave their base and reflect their towering and protecting forms.

With all the ever inexhaustible supply of fish which man in a state of nature must at times

almost wholly rely on for food, which this lake has been able to give, and a thousand other inducements, it does seem that it should have a history that might well be called *ancient*, but when and where the human eye first caught a glimpse of it, it will be very hard to determine.

Whether it had an existence long before the planting of the forbidden tree in Eden, or a date "anterior to the fall of Lucifer," or was partially stocked with bull-heads and suckers when God said: "Let the waters bring forth *abundantly*," we know not.

This continent may have been an old one when Eden was first brought to light, as many men of science now agree, and if Adam's early education was not neglected, he might have made the tour of America and taken in the Hemlock on his way. This may be visionary, but who knows to the contrary? When the waters "assuaged" in the days of those old mariners, Noah or Deucalion, or ages long since (as some say) this, on account of its purity, might have been kept here for the very purpose for which it is now appropriated.

Laying aside all theory and speculation, and taking the best evidence we have,— and that is tradition,— of the early occupation of the hills around us, we are prone to believe that Munsee maids were the Nereides of the lake, long before the discovery of America by Columbus, or the formation of the Iroquois League in 1450. In all probability, and we have tradition as the base, the Munsees were wholly exterminated at the death of the captive maiden On-no-lee by the Mengwees, and they in turn by the Senecas, previous to the League aforesaid.

Before the occupancy of this region by the Senecas we are unable to ascertain its name, but it then became known in the Seneca tongue as the “O-neh-da Te-car-ne-o-di”, or in our language Hemlock lake —the latter word meaning lake. It was probably so named from the hemlock forest, lying along its western shore.

The story of the captive, Onnolee, is one of the numerous legends handed down to us from a very remote period, of the people who once lived, hunted, fished, and died in this locality.

Any nation, unschooled in the art of preserv-

ing records by a written language, its history must, of necessity, be vague and legendary, and these legendary remains were very often rude carvings or pictures on the war-post, if they were reminiscences of glorious achievements on the battle field.

We have seen the trunks of trees and the wigwams of the wild Indian, where in his hieroglyphical way, many a story or point in history is imperfectly transmitted to later generations.

The legend of the last survivor of the Munsee nation, and hence of its total extermination, has been beautifully rendered in rhyme by the lamented scholar and poet, W. H. C. Hosmer. The story is, that sometime during the fourteenth century, probably between 1350 and 1375 the Munsees, a small and friendly tribe of Indians, dwelt on Ball Hill, their village being situated somewhere on the west shore of Canadice Lake while the surrounding country was occupied by the Mengwees, a restless, warlike tribe.

The Munsees had so long lived in peace with other tribes that they little dreamed their small band was in danger. No ominous ghost, or ser-

pent's rattle had brought them warning that the fall of their nation was at hand, but at the solemn hour of midnight, when sleep and stillness brooded around their homes, the Mengwees, with one fell swoop, bathed their tomahawks in the innocent blood of their quiet, unwarned and defenceless neighbors. The onslaught was complete, for nothing was left of people or wigwams, save Onnolee, by some called a maiden, by others the cherished wife of the bravest chief of the nation. She was taken, bound to the red belt of a famous leader, called Mickinac, and compelled to follow him, but at noon they rested for dinner beneath the branches of a spreading oak.

While he was partaking of his parched corn and smoke-dried venison, she cast into the dust that offered her, and with eagle eye and stealthiness of hand saw and grasped from his belt, and with one mighty thrust buried his belt-knife deep into the side of her captor. Her aim was perfect and the act effective.

She knew her life was forfeited, but having the fleetness and agility of a deer, she fled while arrows went whizzing by her in all di-

rections. She gained at last a crag that beetled over some lake, either the Canadice or Hemlock; Hosmer thinks the former, but as there were no overhanging cliffs on the shores of that lake, the presumption is, it must have been the Hemlock.

“Regardless of the whizzing storm
Of missiles raining round her form,
Imploring eye she then upcast,
And a low, mournful death hymn sang;
On hill and forest looked her last,
One glance upon the water cast,
And from that high rock sprang.”

It is said, for more than three hundred years afterwards, that “oft in the stilly night” of summer, as moonbeams stole glances to kiss the tiny wavelets of the lake, the sainted form of the once beautiful Onnolee could be seen to rise from its watery home, and either vanish in upper air or return again to the bosom of the deep.

Of the Iroquois, of which the Senecas were a part, it is only necessary to say that they were able, at one time, to sound their war whoop from the “dark pine forests of Maine to the bar-

ren shores of the Superior, and the southern fastnesses of the Tallapoosa." When and where they commenced the work of retaliation, nature presented no barrier to a successful campaign; they had a daring will and a hand to execute.

A more splendid race of savages than the Senecas perhaps never manned a war canoe or drew a bow, and though sometimes driven back by a superior force, yet they were never beaten.

It is said that when the marauding Sullivan came through the country of the Senecas they retired, but bent the top of a hickory down and withed it around the body to show that they were bent, but not broken. No savage nation ever had better warriors, better orators, or better statesmen.

Though the habits of the native denizen of the forests were migratory, yet how strong and deep-seated were his attachments for home. He loved his hunting and fishing grounds, but, more than all, he loved the graves of his fathers, and desired that his bones might mingle with theirs, as strenuously as did the old Hebrew Patriarch, that his might be carried back to Canaan.

The heart-broken son of the wilderness, in his last melancholy march towards the reclining sun, paused and took a farewell look at the hunting grounds of his race and the graves of his ancestors ; but these are no more his to look upon, nor will the guardian Manitou watch over the young warrior and his dusky maiden in their moonlight wooings on the beautiful Hemlock, and the plowshare of the pale-face has obliterated all traces of the graves of his kindred.

The first white men among the Senecas that we have any account of, were the Franciscan Father, LeCaron, in 1616, and Daillon in 1626, who was a Recollet missionary, and as the Hemlock was one of the great fishing grounds of the Seneca nation, and as vast numbers encamped around the lakes in the fishing season, it is not improbable that they erected the cross (the emblem of salvation) on its shores as early as the first date.

We can, as we look back to the earliest advent of the white race into the Indian country, but mark the strong contrast between the Spanish, English and French. The first came for gold,

the second for territory, but the French, of both the Jesuit and Catholic orders, were men of faith and love. Whether they taught truth or falsehood; whether on the whole it had been better or worse for the cause of Christianity had they never been here, is foreign to our purpose.

It is enough for us to know that they were truly devoted to the cause of bettering the condition of the savage. "They went even where the sword of the conqueror could not cleave his way

They built churches in the wilderness which were time-worn and crumbling when the first emigrant penetrated the forests. They preached to savages who never saw the face of another white man though they lived to three score and ten. They prayed upon the banks of lonely lakes and rivers which were not mapped by geographers for over a century after their deaths."

They took the wondering native by the hand, received him as a brother and won him over to listen patiently. They travelled unarmed and alone where an army could not march, and their affection and devotion to their mother church were never forgotten, and their latest prayer was

for the salvation of the simple native.

Passing along over the establishment of the first regular permanent missions in Western New York in 1656 at East Avon, Bloomfield, West Mendon and Victor, down to the treaty of 1763, which forbade the introduction of more recruits of the Jesuit order, and we arrive at the time when the English came into possession of this locality. At this time a few Indian traders lived where Geneva now stands.

Jemima Wilkinson and a few Friends on the west bank of Seneca lake, and two or three traders on Genesee river, and we have all the pale-faces in what was then called the "Genesee Country".

About 1765 the Rev. Samuel Kirkland came as the first Protestant missionary among the Senecas. The earliest maps of the province of N. Y. viz : 1616, '13 & '31 are wholly silent in regard to Western New York, but in a map dated, 1768 the earliest one extant, giving anything like a correct view of any part of this region defining the boundaries according to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, we find no lakes laid down

west of the Seneca.

In 1771 Guy Johnson, who was then deputy agent of Indian affairs, drew and inscribed to Governor Tryon "a map of the Countries of the Six Nations" and Canandaigua lake and the smaller lakes in this vicinity were not down, but they were known to exist, for he says "there are other lakes hereabouts but they cannot be laid down with certainty".

In 1779 General Sullivan with his army passed through Richmond and Livonia, touching the Hemlock near the residence of Printice Chesbro thence north around the foot of the lake and on towards the head of the Conesus, after destroying large quantities of beans and corn on the planting grounds of the Senecas at the foot of the lake.

Sullivan's forces were composed partly of young stalwart men from the sterile soil of the mountains and hill-sides of New England.

The contrast, the change from the rugged scenery of the far eastern home to the beautiful landscapes, fine rolling up lands, fertile vales, and lovely lakes of this western Canaan, must

have been with them in dream-land, as well as, in their wakeful hours, long after their return to their native land. Many of them, guided by that star of empire that ever wends its way westwardly, as soon as, the Revolution was over and state titles were settled, passed this way, and took a portion of the much wished for heritage, from Phelps and Gorham, the original purchasers. This closely followed the townshipping of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase in 1788 and '89, but said purchase was not mapped till 1790, when the Hemlock, for the first time, had a place on the maps of Western New York, but as the Canadice lay not on a township line, it was left out—may be it was not known to the surveyors.

The first map giving the lakes in this vicinity their true position was drawn in 1804, but made Hemlock much smaller than the Canadice, but in a map dated in 1809, the lakes were given their relative size and true location.

Livonia, which incloses the northern end of the lake, was settled in 1789, Conesus in 1793, and Canadice in 1795. The first near settler to the Hemlock was Philip Short, who took up

lands near the foot in 1795. Maloy the Hermit came from the lakes east of this, and built a cabin on what is now called "Blake's" point, in about 1800, and after living there three or four years, went to Ohio. Hawley, Daniels, Little, Mitchell and Blake have each had their names attached to this point. John Hanna was an early settler on the lands now owned by Russel R. Jacques, and sold to Darius Jacques in 1824.

John Emmonds was also an early settler south of the St. James Hotel, on the west end of the Joseph Wemett farm, and east side of the road. Perez H. Curtice, Abner Goodrich, Hiram Bowen, Martin Bowen, Tom Saxby, Elijah Goodrich and Roswell and Charles Bliss, all had early homes on the shores of this lake, and all of whom we will speak of hereafter.

Sir William Pultney and William Bowers who owned quite a tract of land in the town of Conesus and bordering on this lake, laid out a portion of the lake into lots in 1819, and offered them for sale to those wishing water privileges, but we know of none having been purchased.

Livonia which incloses the whole of the foot of the lake, derives its name from a Russian Province; Conesus from its lake, and that from a noted Indian chief of that name, and Canadice is from the Indian name of its lake, Ska-ne-a-dice.

Long before the formation of the town of Springwater, the whole interval at the head of the lake, some three miles in length was called "Hemlock Valley", and said name was applied to the present village of Springwater, by the earliest settlers for many years afterwards. The hill that bounds the eastern shore is called both *Ball* and *Bald*, the former, from being a pretty true segment of a circle some thirteen or more miles in diameter, and the latter from its bald appearance in a very early day, caused by the frequent fires of the Senecas. The former is by far, at present, the more appropriate name.

Marrowback, the western hill, is said to get its name from the fact that two men, one from Turkey Hill in the western part of the town of Conesus, and the other from this hill once engaged in personal conflict: the one from this hill

getting the better of his adversary, a by-stander said to the vanquished, "he has too much marrow in his back for you, sir." How much truth there is in this, or how else it obtained its name we are unable to say.

COMMERCE.

AT a very early day in the settlement of this section of country, when highways were little better than "corduroys," lumber tho' cheap, was still an item of very great importance, and Hemlock lake seemed to be the intermediate link between the pine and hemlock lands of the south, and the harder varieties of timber at the north, and the great demand for softer building material in the older settled regions at the north, and the bread stuffs of the north finding a ready market in the southern woods, made this a great commercial highway.

As early as 1809, Samuel Hines had erected a saw mill, and very soon afterwards D. Goff and Samuel Story had erected others, on the inlet west of the present village of Springwater, and John Alger and Phineas Gilbert, in 1811, built one on the stream that comes tumbling down from the high lands at the present residence of Wm. H. Norton, and a road was cut to the head of the lake, and was surveyed as a public high-

way May 6th 1815. These men employed many hands in floating large quantities of lumber during the warm season, and when the ice was sufficiently strong oftentimes it had the appearance of a band of pilgrims to the shrine of some high worthy, and often during the winter of 1838 and '39 as many as two hundred teams could be seen at one time, drawing the productions of the southern mills. Within the memory of some now living the mills already spoken of, together with those of Patchinville, Perkinsville, Spaffords and other ones above the "Hemlock Valley" furnished lumber in almost unlimited quantities, while cedar from the swamps of Cohocton and hemlock bark from the same vicinity, and sash, doors blinds, etc. from the factory of Chamberlain, Grover and Tyler were not very small items in the trade.

Flat boats or scows, as they were then called, were also placed upon the lake for the safer transportation of lumber and such articles they did not desire to raft. Roswell and Charles Bliss were perhaps the fathers of scow commerce on the lake. Hiram Loomis for a number of years

kept an extensive lumber yard at the foot of the lake with lumber furnished by Reuben Gilbert alone, and owned a scow which run in connection therewith; and hundreds of acres were cleared of the pine in the region of the head of the lake by the Gilberts and sold to other large dealers in the shape of frames ready for erection or otherwise. One who is now living says: "The whole foot of the lake in my recollection was piled up with lumber for sale. Teams from all parts of the country were there every hour of the day loading up with lumber." This same Loomis had a Brick-yard in the vicinity of his lumber, which not only furnished brick for regions north, east and west, but also to the inhabitants living south of the head.

About 1829 a Blacksmith shop, a Shoe shop etc. were doing a very lively business around the foot of the lake. At a much later date Ebenezer Lincoln and George Johnson, living and clearing at the head on the west shore, did considerable business with a scow transporting wood; rails, fence posts etc. to the foot.

The Higby mill was built at the foot on the

outlet as early as 1795, and Philip Short, who settled below the foot in 1796, run an extensive saw mill where immense quantities of logs were sawed that were rafted or otherwise down the lake.

Since these mills have ceased to operate, the present one at the foot has done at times, considerable business in logs taken from the hills in the immediate vicinity of the lake.

The lake was also the highway over which the earliest settlers to the south west corner of Canadice and western portion of Springwater, took their families and all their worldly effects. Seth Knowles the first settler in the western part of the present town of Springwater, came up on the ice from the town of Livonia, with all his earthly possessions, both animate and inanimate, on the last day of March 1807; and David Badgro, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Reuben Gilbert, and his own wife and a large family of children, together with all the worldly gear he possessed, came up the lake in canoes, or Indian "dugouts," in the spring of 1809, and settled on the present farm of Harlow Colgrove in Canadice.

ACCIDENTS.

DROWNED.

William Bowen.

IKE all bodies of water which the public frequent at all seasons of the year, and have from the time of the white man's recollection down to the present, accidents, both fatal and otherwise, must of necessity happen, for where can man be placed on this sublunary sphere, and not be the victim, sooner or later, of such misfortunes.

The first fatal accident of which we are acquainted that happened since the Seneca nation held absolute sway around this lake, took place on the 29th day of March 1827.

William Bowen, who was born in Oneida County in 1795, and living at the time, and following the hard but honest trade of a Blacksmith, at the village of Hemlock Lake, together with his brother John, were drawing the seine on the western shore of the lake, some three fourths of

a mile from the Jacques House, or somewhere near where now stands the Lake Shore House.

They were using a boat to spread the seine.

John was doing the rowing, and William was the meanwhile casting out the net, when unexpectedly his foot became entangled in the rope, and suddenly, without a moment's warning he was taken to the bottom of the lake, and not being able to extricate himself, perished.

His son William, now living at the village of Hemlock Lake who was a small lad at the time is the only living witness of this first fatal disaster.

Alvin Marsh.

On the 15th day of June, 1829, Alvin Marsh, then about 45 years of age, and living in the town of Livonia, some one and a half miles west of the foot of the lake, started on business that took him eastward past the foot, and was to return on the same day. Not returning as expected, inquiries and searches were made, but were of no avail.

Some three or four days afterwards a violent thunder storm passed over the lake, and all those who have been witnesses to these commotions of nature, can fully attest that they are terrible in this vicinity. The water has been known to be considerably agitated at such times, and the old hills send back growling and deafening echoes and reverberations that seem to come from the very bowels of the earth. Soon after, his body was found floating in the lake about one third of the way across eastwardly from the "Tit-tle" point. When he went away from home, it was known that he carried money with him, but when his body was found, neither money nor

wallet was with it; no bones could be found that were broken, but a gash extending from the left eye back to the ear, was plainly discernable, and his clothes were badly rent, showing beyond the possibility of a doubt, that previous to death, there had been a desperate struggle, and he evidently was the victim.

A Coroner's Inquest was held, but nothing elicited that would in any way go to clear up the mystery, but the opinion was freely expressed, that he had been waylaid, robbed, and his body thrown into the lake.

Tanner and Waters.

The next one occurred April 14th 1833.

Willis Waters, aged 18, son of Jonathan Waters who came from Sheffield in the State of Massachusetts in 1814, and settled on the west part of the present farm of Andrew Brown on Ball Hill, and John Tanner, from Conesus, but who had hired or leased the Half Way House, and had moved thereto on Saturday and intended to open it as a Tavern on Monday, started out in company, much against the advice of friends, to take a mess of fish. The wind was blowing strong, and white-caps showed themselves like maddened spirits on the surface of this, at times, unruly lake. It was considered a fool-hardy move by every one, but it is thought that they intended to cross over to the west shore pretty well towards the head of the lake where the water was less rough, but their fatal hour had arrived. When nearly two thirds of the distance towards the place of their destination, it was thought by those on shore, they attempted to change places, when their little bark capsized.

One of them, supposed to be Tanner, who was a very good swimmer, was seen to mount the inverted boat several times, and was heard to call loudly for help, but no one dared go to their assistance.

Their hats or caps floated, and were afterwards picked up, and the boat was caught by some brush on the western shore, somewhere south of the cabin which Dr. Norton used to frequent in his last days. The bed of the lake was thoroughly raked, times without number, cannons were fired, and every available means were used to recover the bodies, but all in vain – they were destined to rest in a watery grave.

Months afterwards, a boot was found with bones of the foot and leg to the knee nearly covered with sand, which was thought to be one that belonged to Tanner. Tanner was a married man and left a wife and one child.

John Martin Jr.

It seems that Fatality was to attend those who fixed their abode at the Half Way House, for in the month of June, 1842, John Martin Jr., (whose father left the "sweet land of Erin," but one short year before, to follow the business of a drover, had bought one half the property of Porter Fowler,) together with John Wilkinson started on an errand to Lawrence Webster's in Conesus, to obtain some turnip seed.

After they had crossed over near the cave banks on the western shore, Martin thought it a good time to make his first attempt at swimming, so, after Wilkinson had departed on his errand, he, on that pleasant Sabbath morning, anchored his boat, disrobed himself and put his clothes in the boat, but shortly afterwards a spy-glass from the eastern shore failed to see the form of Martin anywhere.

Search was made and his body was found nearly under the boat in a little over five feet of water, and Wetmore hooked a trout hook into his under jaw and trolled the body across

the lake. We are also told that Martin was alone on that fatal day, and not with Wilkinson, and also that he was drowned south of Fisher's point, but we have given the generally accepted version of the case.

Mary J. Williams.

This was truly a sad case. For one in the bloom of life, with all the happiness seemingly that mortal can ask, a pleasant home, kind and loving associates, and a genial, christian spirit, to voluntarily commit so rash an act as suicide, during a temporary aberration of mind, seems ever a sad tale to tell.

Mary was born September, 19th 1839, and on the 12th day of June, 1859, when a little less than twenty years of age, while attending school at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, the latter date being on Sunday, she was at the morning services at the Methodist church, in the afternoon at the College Chapel, and at the Prayer Meeting in the evening until 9 o'clock.

She was living with her uncle, the late Prof. Bragdon and occupied the same room that her cousin Miss Bragdon did. They both retired to bed, but at 12 o'clock Miss Bragdon awoke and found Mary up and reading her Bible. She requested her to come to bed, and she replied "I will in a minute." Miss Bragdon dropped asleep

and that was the last that was seen of Mary while alive. A thorough search and investigation was made, and a reward of fifty dollars was offered, but not until the next Saturday was her body found.

The late Albert Chapman, who was fishing with some other comrades from Lima, found her floating in this lake southward of the present Steam Saw Mill and some one fourth of a mile distant therefrom. The body was immediately taken to Lima, a Coroner's Inquest held, and the Jury brought in a verdict of "suicide, while deranged." Mr. Chapman received the reward, but he benevolently used it in placing a fitting memorial at her grave.

It was found after her departure that she had packed all her clothes carefully in her trunk, except her poorest suit which she wore to the lake. A kind and loving letter, received that week from one to whom she was engaged to be married, contained nothing to cause her to commit so hasty an act, and from the closest investigation possible, nothing has ever been elicited

that should mar her happiness or character in the least. Numerous rumors were afloat at the time, but they were all void of truth, and the name of Mary Jane Williams remains to-day in the memory of her surviving schoolmates as that of a much esteemed, christian lady.

Charles Shepard.

Charles Shepard a lad of eleven years of age, son of A. G. Shepard living on Ball Hill in the town of Canadice, was sent by his father in the early morning of the 18th day of August 1867, to ask S. W. Wheaton, a neighbor, for a boat in which his father and his uncle Isaac Stevenson wished to cross the lake. The boat lay at the "Lima" house, and after he had done his errand, he crossed the lots in the direction of the lake, and was afterwards seen to cross the lake and return, in the boat. He had often been at his uncle's (H. J. Wemett) at the Half Way House and had there learned to use the oar.

Search was made for him ; the boat was found containing his clothing, but not until the 20th was his body recovered. Previous to his going away, his mother had spoken to him about changing his clothes, and as he had been assisting some in threshing, she suggested that he should have a good wash before putting on his clean garments, and while in bathing from some cause or other, he met his death. His body was

found in some twelve feet of water, in the neighborhood of where now stands the St. James Hotel.

Michael Murphy.

Michael, during his boyhood, lived with the late Ruel Blake in the town of Livonia, and after marriage kept his house. A few days previous to his being drowned, he was at work in Blake's hop yard on the "Maloy or Tittle" point.

On Sunday, June 5th 1870, a party of Nunda boys were camping at "Vesper cliff," and Michael and Patrick Ryan spent a portion of the day and night following there, and at Nivergall's. Between two and three o'clock Monday morning, they started for the point, and boat leaking, they emptied it, and when well towards Echo Rock, a voice was heard at Nivergall's, calling "Fred." Mrs. Nivergall and daughter repaired to the spot and found Ryan on the inverted boat, and Michael's hat floating. Ryan said that Murphy was at the bottom of the lake. After searching the balance of the night and nearly all next day, his body was found some eighty rods north of Echo Rock. Murphy was twenty nine years of age at the time of his death.

Morey Willis.

The last one that has died from drowning in this lake, was Morey Willis, aged 16. He was living with his father in Springwater, and was drowned June, 18th, 1880. It happened on the occasion of the annual opening of the Port House, and on the opposite side of the lake, just south of the Dr. Norton cabin.

Morey, with some other youngsters, had crossed the lake for the purpose of bathing, and venturing out too far, or too near the break-off to deep water, slid down the bank, and when he arose, he was too far away for his associates to rescue him. He was the youngest son of Caleb W. Willis.

Polly Austin.

Here we shall place as an intermediate link in our order, the case of Polly Austin.

An aged widow, mother of the late Nathan Austin of Hemlock Lake village, was found dead some three fourths of a mile from the head of the lake, and a short distance away from the west shore, in the woods, in May, 1844.

She was an inmate of the Almshouse, and was often allowed to go away on a furlough, and was often gone for quite a number of weeks, staying where charity would permit her so to do.

It is said by some, that she had been at Cohocton, and on her return stopped at Ebenezer Lincoln's, and said she was on her way to Conesus, and by others, that she was on her way to Lincoln's. This was in the month of February, three months before her body was found by some boys while fishing. As she had so often been away under similar circumstances, no search or inquiries were made in regard to her whereabouts. During the time her body had lain there in the forest, the wild animals had feasted

therefrom, and it was in an advanced stage of putrefaction when found. From all appearances she had become weary, lost her way, and had lain down for the night, at the foot of an aged hemlock. A pair of new shoes she had taken from her feet and placed them under her head. Her scanty supply of provisions were carefully tied up in a small shawl, and she had evidently arranged herself as comfortably as she could for a rest, but there is no doubt but she perished from the cold.

A Coroner was notified, and with him came her son Nathan, who said he supposed her to be his mother, but he was given away so early in infancy, that all he knew in regard to it was, that she had once told him she was his mother, but he discredited it until he learned other facts after her remains were found.

In that lonely wild, a prayer was made by the Rev. A. B. Green, now of South Pultney, and her son took the body down the lake for burial.

A vast number of accidents which were not fatal to human life, might be noticed under this head, but we will mention but a few and those only where a loss of some domestic animal, has been sustained.

In 1779, Ephraim Tucker while living in Livonia, was on the ice with two yoke of oxen. The ice giving way, all were precipitated into the deep, and Ephraim was no swimmer, but still he managed to unyoke his oxen, and clinging to the back of one, came out at last, minus one ox only.

Jasper Marvin from Lima, while drawing lumber from Springwater in 1838, lost a nice span of horses through the ice, near the foot of the lake.

David Barnhart, mentioned in another place, once lost an ox here, and William H. Norton who had been to Hemlock Lake village mill with a heavy load of corn, went through the ice when opposite the Rosenkrans Cottage in 1860, and lost a valuable span of horses. These are all of this nature that we can recall at this time.

STEAM BOATS.

Watson.

STEAM was not used for the purpose of propelling water craft on this lake till comparatively a late date.

In the year 1860, George Watson of the city of Rochester, an old experienced canal boat builder conceived the idea that a boat built after the canal boat pattern somewhat, but large enough to carry a boiler and engine, besides some room for passengers, would be a nice thing for both pleasure and profit. A house was erected near where A. H. Kinney's Cottage now stands, and a son, Stephen Watson moved therein to work on it under his father's superintendence.

The boat when finished was seventy feet long and eighteen feet beam, and proved as unwieldy as a canal scow. The boiler and engine were taken from the old steam saw mill near by and put into the boat, and though it did considerable puffing in its way, yet it made very little

progress. On the day of the launching, quite a large assemblage of people were present to witness the scene. It made frequent trips to the head of the lake, and dancing parties were not infrequent on its deck, but not proving a success, as anticipated, it closed its career as a steamer, at the end of the second summer, and the boiler and engine were replaced in the old mill, and it was used as a scow for some time afterwards.

Most of the means used in its construction was furnished by Stephen's wife, and it eventually passed into her hands, in satisfaction for her claim, and also through the hands of Vidette Wright, Arminius Bugbee, Printice Chesbro and Alonzo B. Hosford, and at last was scuttled, filled with rocks, and the last relics of it form a portion of the landing for the Lake Shore House, proving no more worthy of a good and successful record than

“that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”

Seth Green.

While the "Seth" was being built, a lively interest was taking hold of quite a goodly number of those who annually rusticate for a few days or weeks, and from the increasing numbers who were trending hitherward, many could safely divine, that in the near future this lake must become a noted place for summer resort, and as the day for its launching was quite a gala one, we know of no better way to chronicle said event than to copy somewhat from our own report, published the week following in the "Ontario County Times."

"A few days previous to the 25th day of June in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, handbills proclaiming that the "New Steamer Seth Green" would be launched, and make a trip on that day on Hemlock Lake, having been scattered as thickly around as "autumnal leaves that strow the brooks of Vallombrosia," we, your humble correspondent, threw "care to the dogs" and proceeded to the scene of action, where we arrived at half-past nine.

The morning was one of the loveliest in June and the lake, a beautiful sheet of water, whose surface was as smooth and placid as ever was broken by a Seneca's oar, some seven miles long and from one to two wide, and while standing at the foot and looking up towards the head we could see on either side flocks and herds feeding in green fields, or the young luxuriant grain of old Livonia; while farther up, in Canadice, on the left, and Conesus on the right, the green old hills looming up in solemn grandeur along whose sides gigantic shadows chased each other as the light clouds flit before the sun, and clad in their primeval garb just as they were spoken into existence by the voice of God.

As we had plenty of time we spent some two hours or more lounging around on the west shore visiting the little cabins and summer houses dotting the banks for some distance up the lake, and also the "Jacques House," which has been a fashionable resort for not only transient but permanent boarders through the summer season for a number of years; and the "Lake Shore House," first opened to the pub-

lic about eleven months ago, which will be, for the present at least, the headquarters of the new steamer in question.

At both of these places plenty of boats, fishing tackle and stabling for teams can be had at any time and at reasonable rates. Those wishing a "temperance" house can be satisfied at Jacques, while those who wish to get a little "old Rye" can pass a little farther up the lake and be accommodated at the Lake Shore House.

When we arrived but few had gathered to partake of the festivities of the day, but by eleven o'clock the balcony of the Shore House, the shore of the lake, and the rustic pass-way leading to where the young "Seth" was safely secured, (for it had slid into the lake two days in advance of us) were pretty well packed with the young and old, of all nations and all shades from the sable Congo to unnatural whiteness of the invalid, for "the cradle and the grave had been robbed" of their inmates to witness a scene not common in this vicinity.

Soon came the Cornet Band of Lima, which was received by the discharge of a terrible load

from a "bell metal" brought from Wayland for the occasion by the Hon. James G. Bennett late member of Assembly from old Steuben,—a naval piece that did good service and spoke well all through the rebellion. At a little past eleven, the band, together with a favored few, started down the lake with the steamer to the Jacques House amid the booming of cannon and music by the band, and while they are gone it will be a good time to tell "Seth's" history, &c.

The steamer was built in 1873, by Hingston Brothers of Buffalo, for Clark Morehouse of Wayland, and delivered a few weeks ago. It is thirty-eight feet in length, nine feet beam and draws between two and three feet of water.

The boiler is of the Baxter pattern, of six horse power, and the engine was made at Corning by Preston.

After landing, and dinner at the Shore House, it was ascertained that the veritable Seth Green who was advertised to be present and present a flag for the steamer was not on hand, but Miss Mattie Atkinson, about fifteen years of age, from Lima. was. and after a few introductory remarks

by Mr. Galetine from the same place, and "Hail Columbia," by the Band, she, while standing on the deck of the little steamer, and in the name of Seth Green, presented the flag in the following words: "We are called here to-day to christen and set afloat this small, neat and tidy steamer, 'Seth Green,' and fling to the breeze the beautiful streamer which he has given, bearing his name, which I have now the honor to present." Barnes, of the Steuben Courier, was called on to respond, who mounted the deck and read a half sheet or less of foolscap, the words we were unable to obtain because he said he "spoke from notes." Then came the "Star Spangled Banner," from the Band, three cheers for the steamer and three more for the Cornet Band of Lima, then "Seth," with fifty persons on board, slowly and silently left for a trip up the lake, while the Band gave us the "Marsellaise Hymn," and Bennett, another word from his little Commodore; but after going up as far as "Echo Rock" it swung around the circle, and landed again, the trip ending with "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

A few short trips were made when the visitors from the head of the lake went on board and with music by the Band, interspersed with martial strains which were not unpleasant to take from H. A. Clark and son of Springwater, and Bennett and Newman of Wayland, we passed the romantic possessions of Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, who has erected on a sightly eminence a "Home for the retired Priests in his Diocese," and landed safely at about six at the Half Way House."

The steamer passed into the hands of L. B. Olney of Wayland, who ran it for two seasons.

T. J. Reynolds became the next owner who sold it to H. J. Wemett, to whom it belonged during its after existence as a boat. Captain Fox leased and ran it two seasons, and in the fall of 1878, it was pronounced unseaworthy, and laid aside, to make room the next season for the

Corabelle.

The Seth Green having proved a complete success, its owner, Wemett, did not venture a farthing, when he concluded to replace it with a larger craft, made of superior material, and capable of accommodating the rapidly increasing business of the lake. Early in the season of 1879, Samuel Hingston the old, experienced boat builder of Buffalo, employed by the said H. J. Wemett, commenced, and on the July following, finished, and successfully launched the present worthy Corabelle. She measures forty five feet on the keel, with ten and a half feet in the beam, and capable of carrying a load, respectable in numbers.

Mollie Tefft.

The vast amount of work done; the immense crowds of passengers constantly being carried by the Corabelle in 1879, created quite a desire to share in what was considered by every one, a Bonanza. The same Samuel Hingston was again brought into requisition; and rather late in the season of 1880, was successfully launched the Mollie Tefft. The Mollie was built more in the style of the larger lake steamers, with the pilot house on top. It measures sixty five feet in extreme length, and twelve and five twelfths feet in the beam, and has an engine of nineteen, and a boiler of twenty two horse power.

Mrs. Mollie Tefft of Rochester, who owns "Maple Hill" Cottage, is the owner. George Snyder ran it two seasons, and Frank Tefft, son of Mollie, the last.

In the spring of 1882, the pilot house was removed, and thus it was arranged, so that one less hand is required to handle it. The Mollie is a staunch boat, and has a capacity to stow away a goodly congregation.

Nellie.

The Nellie was not first launched in these waters. It was first built as a Ship life-boat, and has seen service in "Merry old England," before it cleft the waves of Canandaigua and Honeoye lakes and was introduced here in the season of 1881, by Captain William Wicks, by whom it has been successfully managed, for the two seasons. The hull is built wholly of iron, and as long as it is sound, it should be perfectly seaworthy. It measures some twenty-four feet in length, and eight or nine feet beam, and last summer, it made a daily morning trip around the lake, taking orders, and feeding the hungry cottagers and campers.

As it was called Nellie at the time it made its appearance here, we have so called it, but that name was hauled down during the past season, and "A. Bronson" placed in its stead.

Camilla.

The *Camilla* is somewhat smaller than the *Nellie*, and has also seen service before it came here. It belongs to McDonald and Reynolds of the city of Rochester, and was successfully managed last season by the youthful Captain, Bert. Reynolds. This was its first season here, and like all the before-mentioned boats, it ran as a regular passenger carrier.

Wave.

This little clipper is smaller than any other steamer on the lake, and quite different in many respects, from any of them. It belongs, and was run last season for the first, by Farnsworth of Lima, and is exclusively a family pleasure boat.

It was built expressly for this lake, and will be remodelled somewhat for the coming season.

INCIDENTS.

WHEN the whites first became acquainted with this section of country, an Indian trail led along the eastern shore of Canadice lake; one over Ball Hill, and another along the eastern shore of this lake, uniting at the present residence of Harlow Colegrove, and then passed on southwardly to the Susquehanna River.

Large bodies of Indians encamped during the warmer portions of the year on the flats at the foot, where they raised large quantities of corn, beans and squashes. The present farm of C. H. Mack at the head of the lake was also a camping ground, and Indian pestles, &c. are still occasionally found there, while farther southward on the trail was another one on the farm of the late Aldrich Wiley.

In about the year 1791, Austin, son of Solomon Woodruff who was the first settler in the present town of Livonia, was stolen by the Indians while his father was away from home. Solomon, on his return, ascertained the direction taken by them with his stolen boy, and having

followed, alone and unarmed, pretty well up on the eastern shore of this lake on the trail spoken of, overtook the band and obtained his little four year old lad.

One year previous to 1800, Ephraim Tucker came from the State of Connecticut to the town of Livonia and settled the Sylvester Francis farm and after a few years residence in Dansville on the old plank road, where the yellow willows are above the toll-gate, he returned to Ball Hill, and after living to a ripe, old age, in full view of the lovely Hemlock where he had caught many of the finny race, and of the green hillsides on which he had hunted the wild and prowling denizens of the primitive forests during more than three decades of the present century, he died and was buried on the eastern slope of the hill of his adoption.

While living in Livonia his young cattle one day strayed up the Hemlock, and towards sunset he put off in pursuit, with two dogs for

company, one a cur and the other, part hound.

When well up towards the cave banks he saw two young cubs, which on his approach quickly found a retreat in the branches of a smooth maple sapling, and forgetting his cattle for the while, thought he would procure one of the little fellows in the tree, so up he goes in pursuit. The tree, like all saplings growing closely together, was surmounted by a tall, slim top, to which the cubs resorted far, far beyond his reach.

While trying to dislodge the little fellows, old Bruin put in an appearance, much to the discomfiture of both dogs and owner, and after making a few circular observations, the dogs sitting on their haunches the while with backs to the maple, one eye taking careful notes of Bruin's survey and the other askantly resting on their master up the tree, she beat a retreat; this she repeated three or four times, each absence being longer than the former one. The hero of our story thinking that Bruin was mustering her forces for a nightly carnival, *sans* cubs, quickly descended from his uncomfortable quarters, and if legs were ever faithful to their owner, the

terrible inroads made on fundamental quarters, before considered as invulnerable as were the "seven bull hides of Ajax," by the fallen trees and underbrush of the eastern shores of the Hemlock, fully attest that Ephraim's legs were true and loyal to him.

Often in company with Ephraim was an old Hermit by the name of Maloy, who, after passing a few years on what is now Cook's point on Canandaigua lake, and also beneath "Maloy's Bluff" at the head of the Honeoye, in a lonely cabin, came to the Hemlock and built another cabin on the west side on lot No. 19.

The Hemlock then had its weird and solitary nooks, fit abodes for the bear, catamount or panther, or ghosts of departed spirits; and while Maloy was one morning catching a few fish for his "chowder" breakfast, happily seated in his "dug-out," an old bear came from one of these secluded nooks with the evident intention of breakfasting on Maloy. Armed with nothing

save what his Creator gave him, it was a native tussle. Old Bruin led the affray, mounted the boat, which not being able to hold two at variance, upset; thus giving them both an equal chance for their lives. Maloy, who was amphibious in his habits and as much at home in the watery element as was his aggressor, clambered on to his dug-out, caught a small floating paddle, and knowing the brute's tenderest point, gave him a clip on the nazal protuberance, depressing the fore and elevating the after portions of the monster, which Maloy quickly took the advantage of by grasping, with a grip like the infant Hercules on the Theban serpents, the caudal appendage of his said antagonist, and after much writhing and blubbering, old Bruin came out second best, and graced the table of Maloy for many an after meal.

In an early day on the farm of C. H. Mack before mentioned, at the head of the lake lived David Tompkins. He was not what the world

*A relative of my mother, Luther & Cork
Loveland*

would call handsome, but from a rickety scaffold he had built over the "dead inlet," he could charm and take in one night more Bullheads with a spear than any fifty men that ever attempted to practice the "gentle art." He was a Blacksmith by trade, had two boys, David Jr. and Fortunatus, who were very apt Vulcans in their way.

Once on a time it was said, when Jews-harps were more fashionable than Organs, these boys took it into their heads to make one, — a large one — one whose music would "soothe a savage."

They closed the doors of the shop and went to work and forged out one so bulky that it was music for two.

As the sun was falling behind the western hill, an unearthly noise was heard in the direction of the shop. David Sr. and the better half were lively to investigate the condition of the boys. As they opened the shop door Fortunatus with the sledge handle gave the tongue of the harp, which David was holding in his mouth firmly with both hands, another wipe, when lo! both father and mother fell, perfectly paralyzed!

Among the *accidents* on this unbriny sheet of water, but which has unavoidably crept in under this heading, was the loss of an ox belonging to David Barnhart.

David's organ of Caution was naturally very large and active, and it has usually kept him out of harm's way, but once when the "Hill Turnpike" was "melodiously miserable," David ventured to come up the lake on the ice. The result was, he went home with one ox, while the other became food for the finny dwellers of the deep.

David often declares he will never trust himself on the ice again until he knows to a "dead certainty" that the water commenced at the bottom to freeze, and froze up solid, and it is said that he hesitates to take even now, a full meal of fish caught through the ice, for fear it may incline him lakeward!



Dick Wetmore was a man who in some respects lived somewhat like his ancestral brothers of the forest. Whenever he went a-fishing his

luck was invariably good, while his neighbors who accompanied him and who had stored at home something for present and future use, often sat basking in the sun for hours and did not get even a nibble, save from musketoes.

The reason Dick assigned for his better luck was: "that the Almighty knew whose pork barrel was empty."

It was in this lake or some other, if it ever happened, that old Mrs. Smith was deprived of her dear copartner for life by drowning. After he had lain at the bottom for a number of weeks, and sympathetic neighbors had diligently raked for the body, it was at last fortunately brought to the shore, when behold, twenty-two fair sized Pickerel had sought a home therein. The bereaved widow was immediately notified and asked what disposition to make of the body. She feelingly replied: "Save the pickerel, and *set the body again.*"

From time immemorial this lake has been noted as good fishing grounds, but away back in an early day, we are told, that but few varieties could be caught here. Lake Trout, Suckers, Sunfish and Herring or more properly Whitefish, were here in abundance when the whites first became fishermen here. Charles Bliss, long years since placed some new varieties here. Some thirty five years ago the Whitefish were so plenty that wagon loads were caught in one night; but that time also can be counted as the beginning of their decline, and now perhaps not a scale of them can be found here. Some of the largest of them would weigh a pound each. Large quantities of fish of different kinds, have been put in here from time to time. S. G. Grover and H. S. Tyler placed Pickerel and Perch here in the winter of 1838 and '39; Geo. A. Pierce and Dr. Requa, Oswego Bass in 1859; Black Bass from Irondequoit Bay by a Lima company, the same year; Black Bass, Rock Bass, Silver Bass and Pike in 1870, by W. H. Pierce; Oswego Bass, Rock Bass, White Bass, Strawberry Bass and Yellow Pike by W. H. Atkinson, furnished by

Se'h Green, Supt. of N. Y. State Fish Commission. The first lot of Salmon Trout was put into the head by the Pierce brothers, and the next lot of 100,000 by Atkinson, off Ackley's point, and Green has also furnished large quantities at divers times since to different parties for the same purpose.



A few catches or so, we will mention, so our successor can have a starting point for "fish stories."

George A. Pierce and Charles Sedgwick were once fishing here on the ice, when Charles attempted to draw up his hook, found he had caught a Whitefish weighing a pound, which had been swallowed by a monstrous Trout which did not disgorge him until being drawn through the hole in the ice. Fred Millard caught a Trout, opposite the Half Way House, July 15th, 1878, that weighed $12\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; in March 1845, George Williams, one that weighed 16 pounds; George King, one that weighed $15\frac{1}{2}$ pounds;

Amidon Goodrich, one that weighed 20 pounds; Spaulding Shepard one, Dec. 24th, 1846, that weighed in a frozen state, next morning, 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, and Philip Wetmore, in the winter of 1838 and '9, one that weighed 26 pounds, and it was taken to where Dr. Gibbs now lives, by Sylvenus Coxe and George Williams. They tied its head to a pole which they carried on their shoulders, and its tail trailed along on the ground.

GUIDE.

WE now purpose to write up the items pertaining to the history of each cottage, briefly, or, so much thereof as we have been able to obtain. We shall not attempt to draw pictures of fancy, nor claim that those who were the earliest here, "reaped immortal fruits of uninterrupted joy and love in blissful solitude."

Our starting point will be the St. James, not because it has been more years in business here than any other public house, nor will we call this or any other place on the lake an "Elysium," for each little rustic summer home has its own peculiar attractions, and to the several owners of sites along its shores, each has his or her "Eden," but as it will subserve our purpose a little better, and as it is here no doubt, that most will congregate, and from here will more commence to take the tour of the lake, than from any other place, and as all the Steamers, plowing these waters daily, touch at this dock, we will commence and end our pleasure trip here.

St. James.

Before we take our departure, we will say, that this well-built and commodious Hotel stands forty by eighty feet on the ground, three stories in height, is well finished and furnished throughout, for one located on an inland resort like this, was built in the season of 1879, by Daniel S. Beam, for Whitney and Ackley, and was opened to the public in the summer of that year.

Whitney and Ackley have been its constant proprietors, and the business it has done must be its best recommendations. It is capable of accommodating sixty regular boarders besides transient ones. Here will be found free picnic tables and seats; accommodating employees, and decidedly the best arranged public grounds on the lake. In the cove on the north of the landing, is where young Shepard was drowned.

Wemett's.

Before you fairly get under way, you pass the summer residence of H. J. Wemett, the owner and manager of the steamer "Corabelle."

He bui't here in 1881, and the head-quarters of his boat are here, or at the dock of the St. James.

Blake's.

The next one in order, is where B. J. Blake, of Livonia, spends many odd hours. It was built on the extreme north end of the Maloy point many years ago, and was taken over on the ice, in the winter of 1878 and '9.

Thurston's.

Last season George Thurston, also of Livonia, built the rather tasty Cottage, on nearly the identical ground where McCloud lived, "in the days of old lang syne."

He is an old camper on this lake, and before we end our tour, we shall pass his trail for the third time.

Day and Morey's.

At the little ravine, stands the humble summer house of the Rev. S. M. Day and Morey of Honeoye. It dates its erection in the year 1880.

Atwell's.

Before this lake became frequented, as now, with the busy throngs of pleasure-seekers, Geo. Atwell, of Lima, built a cottage on the west side of the foot, and each summer passed such time as leisure gave him, there. This was in 1870, and in the fall of '81 he sold to Kendall of the Jacques House, and built the cool, shady, gables we are now passing. A short distance south of here, you will perceive a small pile of stones below the road, and just north of the run. Here is where Joe Barnhart lived, long years ago.

Forest Home.

On this point will be found three Cottages. The first was built in 1882 by John Litiendorf,

and he calls it Forest Home, and the name is very well applied.

Engle Wood,

The second one, was erected by the Millards of Hemlock Lake Village in 1878.

Union Cottage.

During the season of 1879, John Morley from Lima commenced a series of improvements, which have culminated in one of the most lovely and delightful places of resort on this lake.

John knows how to make the wilderness blossom, and out of a tangled wood, he has made a pleasant retreat. South of this a short distance, Hiram Bowen and Tom Saxby, in about 1840, had log cabins; Bowen's, at the pile of stones above the road, and Saxby's, where the portable Steam saw mill was. Tom was a thorough-bred boxer.

Wild Wood.

H. S. Rosenkrans of Wayland, in '78, select-

ed a shady grove, and has a comfortable cottage and stables, where he enjoys himself, during the sultry days of summer, when other duties will permit.

Moss Rock.

This is the Tambling-Larrowe Cottage, erected in '79, by Tambling, and wife who was the widow Larrowe. They are residents of Liberty, and have one of the best made and most comfortable houses on the lake.

Bennett's.

The Hon. J. G. Bennett of Wayland, bought of Wm. Scidmore, in August, '73, and erected a portion of his present cottage in '74, on nearly the same spot where Martin Bowen, upwards of forty years ago, put up a frame for a house, and Guy Bennett in the latter year purchased of Wells, and moved his cottage thereto.

Miller's.

Geo. A. Miller and Wm. Shannon of Spring-water, bought a few acres, including the Sulphur Spring, in '78, and Shannon sold to Miller soon afterwards. In '81, Miller put up his summer house, and he has spent much of his time here, since then. Just south of his house is the Spring.

Half Way House.

In opening the highway along the eastern shore of the lake in 1826, hands found it so inconvenient to climb the hill after a day at hard labor, that Abner Goodrich erected a double log house below the road on this point, and moved thereto for his, and their accommodation. The next year when the road was completed, he built the old part of the present structure, and the balance was added by King in after years.

In 1834 he sold to Porter Fowler, who leased it to Joseph King for eight years, then sold one half to John Martin, and the other half to John Jenkins who built a house on the hill. Philip

Wetmore rented Martin's half for two years.

Five years from Fowler's sale, the whole came back into his hands again. Samuel Darling was the next occupant, then Joseph King again.

George and John King purchased it, and sold to H. J. Wemett. Since that sale, Wemett, Yorks, Nivergall and Barnhart have occupied it. The log house in which Goodrich first lived, a son Charles, Patrick O' Neil and Martin Bowen afterwards occupied. This property passed from the hands of Wemett into those of George W. Fisher and Charles E. Upton, both of Rochester. Not having the same views in regard to what improvements to place thereon, and Upton's late entanglement in Bank matters and failure to fulfill his part of the contract with Fisher, give to the place a truly desolate appearance, where the "thistle shakes its lonely head," and the "wild fox digs his hole unscared." The only cheering ray to be noticed here is a little to the southward, the fondly intertwining embrace of those two brotherly elms.

Sylvan Retreat.

Here on "Long Point" in 1878 George W. Morehouse, of Wayland purchased and built, especially for his invalid wife, the present tastily arranged cottage. She spent a portion of that season here, but that fell disease consumption had so strong a hold on her delicate constitution that Death closed her earthly existence soon after her return to Wayland. The next winter Wesley Doughty now of Springweter became the purchaser, and one year after, his wife, in whose hands it now remains.

Camp Grounds.

A short distance up this point is where the "Stantonites" held a Camp Meeting which lasted some two weeks in the summer of 1878, and had an overflowing attendance especially on the Sabbath. Before we reach the next Cottage we pass where Isaac S. Borden had a shanty, where

he stayed while putting through the lake road in '26 and '7.

Hendershott's.

In 1878 John D. Hendershott of Springwater purchased the building in which Rufus Grover lived one season on the Reynolds farm near the Butternut tree on the Valley road, and moved it to the next place we come to. After covering it over anew and adding the kitchen, a very comfortable home for summer resort was made, and each season other families besides John's occupy the cottage as renters.

Cooper & Snyder's.

Next on the list is the cottage of H. R. Cooper, late of Washington but now of Springwater, and A. Snyder of the latter place. This was built in 1881. Though rather too near the water for pleasant surroundings to most people, yet the well kept grounds, the fine looking structure, and so well built and nicely arranged throughout, it

leaves a very good impression in the eye of the tourist.

Sheep-pen Point.

This point, which is a pretty one, derives its name from the fact that for a very long period of years the farmers of Ball Hill had a pen here, and where they annually came to wash their sheep. It is now owned by the brothers, Robert H., an Att'y at Law, and Major Henry A. Wiley, both of Springwater. When N. A. Kellogg erected his present Cottage he disposed of his former one to these brothers, and in the winter of 1881-2 it was taken here on the ice. They have otherwise built and have now a cozy summer home. These bachelor brothers spend hours very pleasantly here when other duties will permit them so to do.

Ingleside.

Professor John J. Morris built the next in the season of 1881. The Prof. is here only

during vacations, and for a bachelor, entertains a very social, agreeable family of young ladies and gentlemen of the literary class at such times, besides very many other acquaintances.

Hunter's.

The Rev. William Hunter, long a Presbyterian Clergyman of Springwater purchased the next point and erected the red building on the north end, and after cleaning off and improving considerably, sold the south end thereof to Geo. Higgins, of Springwater, and he in 1880 erected

Ashland.

Whether this cottage received its name because a few white ash trees stand around it, or from the old home of Henry Clay, we cannot tell. George and his better half put in some spare time here each year.

Curtice Point.

This is quite an extensive projection of land, and has long been known as "Curtice Point." Perez H. Curtice a mill-wright by trade, but who loved fishing more than any other employment, moved an unoccupied, small framed building from Hemlock Lake Village, on the ice in the winter of 1840-1 to this place. Here he lived alone, working occasionally a few days at a time at his trade, until 1849, when he went to William Mackie's in Livonia to live. In the year 1864 during harvest time, he started at noon to go to Slab City and not returning, search was made but he was not found until in a fair state of decomposition, in the field near the west line of the Jacques farm.

His habitation on this point was torn down and portions of it were afterwards used by boys as a raft.

Withington's.

On this point Albert M. Withington, then

Depot agent at Springwater, bought and built the north structure, a very much better one than any cottage away from the foot of the lake at that time. This was in the summer of 1876, and at the time when the excitement had fairly commenced at the south end of the lake.

Sunnyside.

Withington sold a portion of his purchase in 1878, to the Grovers and Morris of the same place, and they, foreseeing the future of this body of water, put up the same season what was then considered an extreme in summer resorts, by far the best building in its vicinity. Its name is suggested by the unobstructed view from its sunny side, or from, perchance, Irving's pleasant home on the Hudson.

Hazel Dell.

The same year, on the extreme south end of Withington's purchase, Geo. E. Withington now Agent at Springwater Depot, and A. M.

Brown of Rochester, completed the cottage in the cove above, and christened it Hazel Dell.

Hermitage.

The next one we hail seems to be an old veteran on these shores, which in fact it is.

The first brush cut on this lake south of the Half Way House on the eastern shore, was where this cottage now stands. On Saturday May 29th, 1875, D. B. Waite took possession of this point and opened a road through as tangled a mass as ever grew, and on Monday the 31st, the sills were on the ground. The frame was raised the 11th, of June, and when fully enclosed, received the name of the Hermitage. The first landing built south of the center of the lake was built here July 26th, where the Seth Green landed a few days afterwards. All the business for the south end of the lake was done here for three consecutive seasons.

Picnics have been of frequent occurrence here from the first to the present, in fact, were the only free picnic grounds on the lake.

The kitchen on the north was added in 1878. In 1848, Ebenezer Goodrich cleared this point for Perez H. Curtice who had a lease of it from Rufus Garey, and it was cultivated nine years. The timber has all grown since that time.

Rudder Grange.

The sound of the ax had but died away in a measure at the Hermitage when a peculiar looking craft was seen floating northward on the still bosom of the lake, and landed on Kellogg's point. The old boat house near the head had been demolished, and the debris soon assumed a cozy appearance, and after many remodellings took the name of Rudder Grange. This was in pioneer times and but a few days after Waite commenced on his grounds.

No one on the lake has enjoyed himself better, wearing away the rough points in nature than has Nathan A. Kellogg, and his present commodious and tasty cottage erected in 1880, bespeaks a man that aims to enjoy all this silvery gem of waters has in store for him.

Boone's.

The year following, Henry W. Garnsey, then a Hardware merchant at Wayland, put the main building on the next point. It was soon afterwards deeded to his wife and her sister, Mrs. Stewart. In 1881 the addition was made, and in 1882, the property by purchase passed into the hands of Dr. Boone of Springwater.

Todd's.

In 1878, Mrs. Garnsey and Mrs. Stewart sold that portion of their land on the south end and lying in the cove to Todd of Spencerport, and he soon after erected the present small but agreeably arranged cottage.

Bethesda.

On the next point is a fountain, where the water is brought in a pipe from a spring on the side of the hill some twenty-five rods distant. It is very strongly impregnated with iron, and

a careful analysis may disclose some chemicals held in solution that may be of vast benefit to us ailing mortals.

Edgewood.

Mrs. Thompson, wife of Furman Thompson of Springwater, is the proprietor of the next improvements. The cottage has received the name of Edgewood. This was built in 1879, and each season finds it pretty well appropriated to the uses intended.

Robinson's

Judge Stephen Robinson became the owner in the next, and put up the present building in 1877, and while his partner in life was able to enjoy a summer rest here, the aged, happy twain, accompanied by children and grand-children spent many a pleasant day in and around their humble cot. Since her decease the Judge passes but a few days here each season.

Swarts'.

John Swarts, of Dansville, purchased of Judge Robinson in '79, a portion from the south end of his premises and placed a cottage thereon the same year.

Port House.

D. P. Alger of Springwater, the next in order of location, erected the small building now attached to the north side of the main structure in 1876. In the fall of 1877, he commenced, and in the following spring finished the present boarding house, which soon after completion was named the Port House. It was first opened to the public on June 12th, 1878. The grounds on which it stands, though rather romantic, are not very pleasant or inviting for parties, picnics and gatherings that love to recline where

“Some shady bower their couch could be,
Or rustling oak their canopy.”

The buildings are well arranged for summer

visitors, and though cheaply built like many of the cottages along the lake, yet they are commodious and comfortable enough for all who may wish to spend a few days or weeks here.

The Steam Boats all run regularly to this place, and it is practically the head of the lake, though a short distance farther south stands the spacious farm house of

Wm. Johnson.

This was erected in 1881, a little north and west of where Elijah Goodrich in 1828, put up a log cabin in which he resided many years, and after he left, it was occupied by Tucker, Gordon and others. At this point a landing was built for the Seth Green, in '75, but it was ephemeral in its existence.

Down the Lake.

We now cross the lake and commence our return, and in doing so we first pass near the place where young Willis was drowned in 1880, just

south of the humble shelter where the late Dr. Norton from 1877 until his death, used to spend many a happy hour during the warmer portions of the year. His messmate, H. T. Grover, still continues to spend considerable time hereabouts, and is one of the few who follow the gentle art, that invariably have good luck. Harvey is endowed with a mighty taking way, especially when he goes a-fishing.

Jenkins'.

The building in the cove we next pass was built last fall by John Jenkins, in which to live while lumbering, and the next, is where Harvey Humphrey from Webster's Crossing, in 1881 commenced to build, but left just enough relics to bring from the passer-by the thought, "who has been here?" Humphrey's relics and the devastations of fire below leave a deadening feeling as we pass.

Atwell's.

Geo. Atwell of Lima, who also had a cottage

at the foot, built a 12 x 12 cottage here in 1878 solely for the purpose of sheltering him during his trout-fishing excursions up the lake, for it is well known that trout are more plenty here than towards the foot.

Dorr's.

The people of Dansville are of late choosing building places nearer the head than they did a few years ago. The next cottage, with its cool, spacious verandas, was erected last year by the Dorr brothers from the aforesaid place.

Coggswell's.

The fancifully-trimmed cottage we are next to pass, belongs to William Coggswell, and took a place on this lake last year.

If hemlock will lower the temperature of summer heat, then his southern grove must give him ease and comfort.

Before we arrive at the next cottage, we pass building sites, soon to be converted into pleasant

resting places, and a patch of alders or a gnarled oak, may suggest names for the new erections.

Parsonage.

It is extremely rare that we find so devoted a lover of Nature as the Rev. George K. Ward, of Dansville. For the last eighteen years, he has been a frequenter in these parts, and was one of the original proprietors of the old Parsonage, and a partner in the cottage, erected by the Wards last season, and now is busily engaged in the erection of this one, which will be completed early in the season. At his touch the wilderness is quickly converted into a pleasing home.

Idle Hour.

During the last season, the Rev. G. K. Ward, of Dansville, Frank A. Ward, of Rochester, and Wm. S. Ward, of Leadville, Colorado, united, and the next summer home was the result.

The sturdy elm on the south with one huge

arm twisted off, or that decaying parent oak in the cove below, leaning hopefully on its stronger brother, might have suggested a very appropriate name, but the one selected is very good.

Faulkner's.

In '81 the Faulkners of Dansville, who annually seek the shores of some wildwood lake, or resort at the north, or the balmy air of Florida, put thought and some means into as pleasant and home-like a resort as any on the lake—in fact *we* can but call its style “symmetrical and intrinsically beautiful.” On the north edge of this point the Barnharts had a cabin, in which they lived while getting lumber for the Rochester Water Company in 1875.

Onehda Cottage.

W. H. Pierce of Springwater, H. E. Boardman and Dr. Requa both of Rochester, in the year 1874, erected the first place for resort on this lake south of the “Maloy or Tittle Point.”

As the building was constructed wholly of hemlock, the name Onehda, was decidedly a very appropriate one.

In a state of nature, before fishing campers were plenty on the shores of this lake, one of the largest of grape vines overran the timber on the outer projection of this point, and from that circumstance it received, and has long been called "Grape-vine Point." Since Pierce became sole proprietor, he has taken off the timber and set the whole with fruit trees, and is beginning to enjoy the pleasure of having freshly-picked fruit for his otherwise well-furnished table.

Wigwam.

J. M. Edwards of Dansville, in 1879, chose *his* wigwam on the next building place.

On the south lies "Sassafras Bay," and from a huge cement tube on the shore of said bay, you can regale your olfactories, if you desire thusly to do, and enjoy his cooling, hemlock shade.

We pass a fine building spot, and, northward

"in sequestered cove

The wild duck's oiled his breast, and dove."

Tanglewood.

This is the original Parsonage, and was built by G. K. Ward, J. J. Bailey, F. Fielder, M. A. Stearns, J. P. McCurdy, E. M. Parmelee, H. F. Dyer, J. M. Edwards, J. F. Williams, H. J. Faulkner, S. N. Hedges, H. W. Delong and G. Sweet, in 1877. In '79, Ward, Fielder and Stearns bo't out their partners; in '81, Ward sold to his partners, and Fielder, in '82, disposed of his interest to Stearns, who is sole owner at present.

A little in the back-ground, "Crazy" Walker commenced to build a home, away from the busy scenes of civilization, in 1862; the cellar remained till lately disturbed, though somewhat dilapidated.

Idle Wood.

George W. Fisher of Rochester, in 1875 commenced here to build, and almost each year he has added somewhat, either to his buildings or to the improvement of his grounds. The proprietor is decidedly a man of fine taste, and has

shown it in numerous instances on his premises.

It seems somebody was happy here in the year 1872, for on twin basswoods in the foreground you will find in large letters, "Camp Happy, 1872, Geneseo, N. Y."

As you pass southwardly on this point, you reach Glen Bridge, leading across a miniature run to the grove; to the west are Glen Hill, Glen Avenue, and other appropriate appellations as you ascend the zigzag walk up the hill.

McDonald's.

Lawyer McDonald, from Rochester, owns the next cottage. It was numbered with the west side improvements of this lake, in the season of 1882, and just below, we pass the Cave Banks, where John Martin Jr. was drowned, in 1842.

Rockaway Beach.

Here on the old "Tim Bailey Point" stands five summer rests. We will take them in order northwardly. Maple Hill, belonging to Mollie

Tefft, of Rochester; Cedar Cottage, owned by George Reynolds, of the same place; Belle Haven, the property of A. C. Colman, Washington, D. C., all built in '79, and Glen Iris, belonging to Mrs. Robinson, of Rochester, and Sumac Lodge, owned by the Dyer brothers, of Dansville. These two were built in '78. When well populated, as these cottages are oftentimes, they form quite a lively, little hamlet. The Charter Oak in the foreground, reminds one but very little of the genuine, old oak at Hartford.

McQuaid's.

We next pass the boat house, from which starts the angling road up this miniature mountain, to the country home of Bishop McQuaid, and a little distance on, through the pleasing, cooling shade of pine and hemlock, northwardly, we find J. C. O'Brien's. He is a Rochesterian, and much esteemed as the legal counsellor for the Bishop.

Maloy's Point.

This is by far the largest cape or point on this lake:

“Outstretching far into the mere,
An emerald set in crystal clear.”

A cabin, in which Hermit Maloy passed a few years, was built here in the year 1800, or one year later. Previous to the former date, he passed awhile on what is now called Cook's Point, on Canandaigua lake; from thence he came to the Honeoye and settled beneath Maloy's Bluff, and from thence to this place, as before stated.

Daniels, Tittle, Farr, Jenkins and Mitchell have each made his home here; but as Samuel Tittle resided here longer than any of the others, it oftener receives his name than theirs. Ruel Blake was owner of the land for many years, and hence his name is often attached to it; but we see no good reason why it should not, by universal consent, have that old, veteran hunter Maloy's name restored to it.

A few years ago Bradner J. Blake had a summer cottage on the north end or prolongation of

this point; but it was moved across the lake, and we have already noticed it.

Twin Cottage.

The twins belong to Tom L. Karl, the celebrated musician, and D. M. Dewey Jr. of Rochester. They were erected in '79, and they indicate unity and brotherly love.

Pic Nic Point.

We find here a pleasant trio, belonging, in order, to Mrs. Ex-Senator Emerson, Martin and Cline, and C. Myers, all of Rochester. The first was built in '79, the second in '77 and the last in 1880.

Echo Rock Cottage.

L. A. Pratt, of Rochester, has selected a noble site, and erected an imposing home on the elevation west of Echo Rock. This was built in '81.

Echo Rock is an ancient boulder, a waif from

some old glacier, about which, many a fabulous story is told, famed in the legends of the Senecas.

Many a war-whoop has here, no doubt, been sounded, and many an answer has been echoed back by a departed brother in the Spirit Land.

Long years after their departure, a few lone chieftains would annually resort to this sacred relic, to renew sweet communication with the loved and lost; and ever when we have visited it, even in the stillness of twilight, we have fancied that

“lake and hill

Are busy with their echoes still.”

Hoppough's.

H. P. Hoppough of Livonia, and Hoppough and Short, own the next two cottages. The former was placed here in 1879, the latter in 1880.

Vesper Cliff.

Richard Blake of Livonia, in about '74 built the next, and Prof. Barnes of Rochester, in '80, the following cottage. Barnes has since sold his

to Close and Reynolds, and their cottage bears the name Chestnut Grove.

Nivergall's.

Fred. Nivergall bought of Jacques in '68, quite a piece of land along the shore of the lake, and soon after put up the house in which he has since resided.

Weaver, Barnes &c.

C. S. Weaver of Rochester, in '79, and Editor Barnes of the Steuben Courier, in '77, built on different sides of the gully, and Prof. Cook of New York, in '79, a little lower down on the lake; Mrs. Dixon of N. J., the Hexagon in '73, and Mrs. Parmelee of Livonia, the Wren's Nest in '79.

Lake Shore House.

Here Case and Smith in 1873, erected the south portion, and the increasing throngs of

visitors demanding more room, the next season the north building was added, called when built, the Dancing Hall. There has been more business done here some seasons than at any other house on the lake. It is very well arranged and will accommodate a goodly number of boarders.

Below.

From here towards the foot, we pass the cottages of Ex-Mayor Farland, built in '72; Kendall, in '71; Chambers and Martin, in '71; Case and Huntingdon, in '76, and Atwell (sold to Kendall in '81) built in '70. Then we come to Greenwood Avenue, and a short distance in the background, the cottages of Ashley of the Clinton House, Rochester, and James Peck of Lima, similar in construction, erected in '80; Lake View, belonging to Geo. Baker of Dansville, and the Johnson cottage, both erected in '81, and then the long, and widely known home-like farm-house and most noted rural retreat upon the shores of this lake, the

Jacques House.

In years long gone by, John Hanna was an humble dweller where now stands the Jacques House. When he sold in 1824 to Darius Jacques father to the present owner, little did he dream that the few fishermen that then occasionally called at his cabin, would ever make way for the numerous throngs of visitors that now pass the summer months at this pleasant, quiet home.

Russel R. in 1851, built, for his own convenience, a comfortable farm-house, not expecting at that day, any visitors, save now and then, a fisherman; but in August, 1861, a Mr. and Mrs. Merryman and two children of New York city, but who came directly from the Dansville Water Cure, called to make it their home for a while.

A short time afterwards, a Wheeler family, from the same place, took up a residence here until the next October. The year following, they came again, friends accompanied them, and from that time to the present, business has increased.

In after years, this Mrs. Merryman became the wife of the noted Pere Hyacinthe.

In 1872 or 3, he enlarged the buildings till the upright, 36 x 42, stands three stories in height and a two-storied wing 80 feet in length, with very pleasant rooms; long, rambling piazzas, and cool, shady, cheerful surroundings.

Seventy-five to one hundred visitors can be comfortably cared for at a time. After the house was enlarged, Alfred Kendall, a brother-in-law to Russel, had charge of it seven years, then E. R. Thompson, a son-in-law of Kendall, took the premises in charge, and it remained so for two years, when it again passed back into the hands of Jacques and Kendall.

Those wishing to make much of a stay at this lake, will find this as pleasant and as rural a home as any on its shores.

At the Foot.

In crossing the foot we pass where Daniel or Hiram Loomis, upwards of sixty years ago lived, and did an extensive business. His house was on the west bank of the outlet, and north of the road. You also pass Connor's, Kinney's,

the Mill House and the Brick, the last of which was erected in '75-6, and in which resides Thomas M. Blossom who has charge of the water supply to the city of Rochester.

Up the Lake.

In passing up the east shore, we have Jake Jackson, the Stillwell Cottage (sold to Adam Bauter of Lima, in '82); Printice Chesbro, built in '74 and we arrive at

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Seven years less than a century ago, Roswell Bliss, a descendant of Thomas Bliss who landed among the Plymouth Rockers in 1635, from some cause or other, sought a home in the wilderness on the shores of this lake. He built a log house a short distance south of the present "Lima" house, now called Uncle Tom's Cabin, and there his two children, Charles and Endy, were born, and Roswell died there in the spring of 1836. On the 21st page, we said that Philip

Short was the first near settler to this lake ; but since that was printed we learn that Roswell preceded him five years, and we here make the correction. This place was called "Blissport", for a long time, in fact until the property changed hands. Our dates, though obtained from what we should consider a reliable standpoint, are nevertheless very conflicting. Some would have Charles Bliss born in 1814; the Lima house built in 1834 or 5, and sold in 1857. Wm. R. Bliss says, that his father was married in about 1820; Lima house was built in 1828, and sold in '47 or 8.

The original purchasers of the building and grounds were, G. W. Atwell Sr., Levi Yorks, Harvey J. Wood and Albert Chapman, and they were bought for a Sportman's Club House.

Mr. Wood afterward bought more land, and set out grape vines, fruit and ornamental trees.

Atwell was the first to dispose of his interest, and Thomas P. Bishop was the purchaser, then Ambrose Hyde bought out Yorks. Josiah Leach put on the kitchen and thus obtained an interest; in time Bishop bought out his partners and now

remains the sole owner. Of the original owners, Atwell and Yorks are still living.

The last before we close our tour was built in 1880 by John Ingoldsby. This has since been sold, and now is under the care and supervision of the St. James.

ERRATA.

In a portion of this edition, make the following corrections:

Page 10—*train* instead of "tain."

Page 11—*ever* after "has," 2nd line.

Page 46—1799 instead of 1779.

Page 60—*western* for "eastern," 5th line from bottom.

Page 61—*descended* instead of "descending."

Page 72—*John B. Thurston* instead of "George", and erase the last sentence.

Page 79—H. K. Cooper instead of "H. R."

Page 103—after Darius Jacques read *father* to the present owner.

CONCLUSION.

We have but to say in conclusion, that we have aimed to arrive at facts in the preceding pages; in most of instances, memory alone has been our best guide, and that quite often proves itself to be a very poor source; many letters to those who are or should be able to give correct data, still remain unanswered, and we know of no better way than by publishing the best we have; truth will find the light, and all corrections can be properly made.

Amateur printers have done the work; but all typographical and other errors found, are noticed on page 107, and the most important point, left unsaid is, how to get here. The N. Y.. Lake Erie and Western R. R. runs almost parallel with it on the west of Marrowback hill, and the two Stations, Springwater at the head, and Livonia at the foot, will be the best places to stop off. The former is some four, and the latter, five miles distant herefrom, and conveyances usually run regularly during the summer season, from either point to the lake, on the arrival of all passenger trains.

HEMLOCK LAKE.

CONTRIBUTED BY W. N.

Beautiful, lovely Hemlock lake,
Grant me the liberty I take—
Once more I come, here to abide
Awhile by thee, and at thy side
Will wait the coming of the morn,—
The rising sun the hills adorn—
To pass the day in sober thought,
And view the works by nature wrought.
In shade and sunshine I will bask,
And of thee a few questions ask;
Who first upon thy shores did tread?
Was he a White man or a Red?
Was he youthful, or was he old?
Was he fearful, or was he bold?
Did he come from an ice-bound coast
Alone, or with a num'rous host,
With sword in hand, bearing a shield
Fresh from a gory battle-field?
Or, was he a lone one cast away,
Wand'ring from morn till close of day
To find some food to strengthen life
Till his return to child and wife,

From whom at early morn he strayed,
To fill the promise he had made
To her, the choice of early youth
Who knew he spake the sacred truth;
Tha' he for her would ever care,
The heaviest of life's burdens bear.

If such he was, who first did tread
Along thy shores? Where rests his head
Or hers, for whom he hunted o'er
These hills and 'long thy beauteous shore?
Rest they together side by side
Here, close by thee, or where the tide
Beats the shore of some briny sea?
If this you know pray tell it me.

Tell it me by some little wave,
Where rest the maiden and the brave
Liege-like lord, and an only child,
Their only joy when in the wild
Wild woods, or along thy shore,
Where they 'll ne'er be seen or heard of more.

Yes, by some little, silent wave
Pray tell it me; I much do crave
To know, who first thy shore did tread,
And now where rest those silent dead.

I'll sit alone on thy wavy shore,
And ne'er again will ask thee more;

I'll sit and sing a merry song
Till that little wave'll come along
Bearing on it a "bubble bright",
Transparent as the purest light
That ever shone on land or sea,
On heathen slave or on the free.

If on the shore it doth alight
In all its dazzling beauty bright,
Whilst other waves do come and go,
And zephyrs pass it to and fro,
Yet still the little bubble stands
Firm and bright on little sands,
Sufficient this will be to me
They rest "long side" and by the sea. -

No more I'll question thee old lake;
In silence, leave of thee I'll take;
On shore I'll view thy placid face,
On which there looked a former race
Who basked along thy beauteous shore,
A long, long time, ere this, before
A white man either old or young
Had joyous been or e'er had sung
Along thy lovely, sandy shore,
"Or sank in thee to rise no more."

I long to come and visit more
With friends and neighbors on thy shore,

And with me bring my hook and line
Ere I shall leave the "shores of time."
Should I ne'er come to thee again,
In mem'ry thou wilt long remain.

As long as life remains in me,
I'll ever love to come and see
Thy waves that roll before the breeze,
That "bends the oak" and all the trees
That line the beauteous, lovely shore,
And echo back the midnight roar;
And fog is seen for miles away,
Adown thy shores; it seems to play
Along the hills; it meets my eyes
In clouds next seen, far in the skies.

The sun hath climbed the eastern hill,
The birds are singing lone and shrill;
Their notes are heard in distant wood
Each hunting for his daily food.

I'll close my musings on thy shore,
And hope to see thee often, more.
It will to me give great delight,
Of thee, loved lake, again to write.



