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It HAPPENED In LANSING

By ISABELLE H. PARISH
Town of Lansing Historian

1964

Published by the Author in Cooperation with
DeWITT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF TOMPKINS COUNTY, Inc.
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Contents

Preface

All through the score of years that Mrs. W. D. Haring served as Lansing town historian, Mrs. Isabelle Parish worked closely with her in collecting and recording local history. Their research in the twenty-nine cemeteries in the town is outstanding.

Since failing health has compelled Mrs. Haring to discontinue the activity, it was a natural choice when Mrs. Parish was named to carry one the work which she is thoroughly familiar. A native of the town, her interest in its beginnings and development has been lifelong.

Material for the pamphlet came from her collection, so it may be said that the booklet was a long time in preparation. However, the actual work began last fall with the thought of adding another modest volume to the DeWitt Historical Society's current series.

As one reads "It Happened in Lansing" he will be struck by the number of narratives that are originals dating back a hundred years ard more when some of the first pioneers were still living; others are the work of their descendants.

We have been happy to work with Mrs. Parish in making selections from her collection available to the public. We await her manuscripts for subsequent pamphlets.

The Town of Lansing is more fortunate than most of the towns of the county: from the first, it has had several persons sufficiently interested to preserve its history. Among those whose grandfathers were pioneers are Stephen Baker, Mary L. Townley, Adrian Wood, Evelyn Field and Alice Bristol; a later generation includes Estella T. Youngs, Nellie Minturn, Susan H. Haring, and Mrs. Parish herself.

WILLIAM HEIDT, JR., Curator

DeWitt Historical Museum
Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1964.

THE LANSING FAMILY

IN TOWN OF LANSING

On Tuesday evening, February 16, 1953, Dr. Erl Bates, Cornell University authority on Indian affairs, addressed the Peruville, East Lansing and South Lansing Granges in the South Lansing Grange Hall. He gave a history of the Town of Lansing, saying it was named after John Lansing, secretary to General Schuyler and state controller in charge of granting tracts of land to Revolutionary War soldiers as a reward for their services. To get a grant of land all former service men had to go to him in Troy where a house still stands that was his home.

John Lansing once came to this area and was impressed by the water power of Salmon Creek Falls. Later, he told his son-in-law Silas Ludlow of it. The latter with his brother Henry and his son Thomas came here and established a mill at Ludlowville.

Silas Ludlow had a grandson whose name was Lord and a daughter Hannah who married a Montague, and in 1825 they lived in East Lansing. She in time went back to live in the Lansing ancestral home in that part of Troy called Lansingburgh.

Being of a practical bent, she abhorred washing a white shirt when only the collar was soiled. So she ripped the collar off. This led to the industry in that area of making separate collars. In a shirt factory in Troy today is a plaque honoring Hannah as the inventor of the detachable collar.

To bring the story down to date, the Lansing family moved to Watertown. In the early 1900's Robert Lansing, a descendant, was prominent in organizing the League of Nations. Later his grand-nephew, John Foster Dulles, carried on his ancestor's efforts toward world peace as United States secretary of state.

This town lies on the east side of Cayuga Lake in the north part of Tompkins County. The first town meeting of the Town of Milton was held at the home of Jonathan Woodward at Teetertown (now Lansingville) April 1, 1794.

One of the military townships of Cayuga County was named Milton and was erected January 27, 1789. On February 20, 1802, Locke was set off from Milton. On April 16, 1808, its name was changed to Genoa, from the south part of which the Town of Lansing was set off April 7, 1817, under the law that created Tompkins County.

It is believed this name honored John Lansing, a distinguished lawyer, Supreme Court judge and State Chancellor in 1817. It is said that the first settlement in the town was made by Moses and Nicholas DePew, who located at the mouth of Salmon Creek in 1790-1791.

Ludlowville was named after the Ludlows—Silas, Henry and his son Thomas, who in 1791 located on Salmon Creek, one mile from the lake, for the purpose of harnessing the water power of the falls. They bought military Lot 76 of 600 acres for $60.

At this falls in 1795, the Ludlows built the first gristmill in the town. The settlement became known as Ludlow's Mills, then Ludlow town or Ludlow village, and finally Ludlowville.

Andrew Myers, his wife and two children settled in 1792 at Myers Point. After the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 it was a busy shipping point and regular port of call during the steamboat era. The north side of the mouth of the creek was early known as Mill Point, as several water-powered mills were built there. In 1822, Nicholas Slocum was granted a license to open a ferry boat service for boat passengers to Willow Creek, Crowbar Point and Taughannock across the lake.

At one time known as Koplin's Landing, Jehiel and Jonathan Norton operated a warehouse at this place, a half mile south of Myers. It was a shipping port for grain and afterward a station on the railroad. It is occupied by the Cayuga Rock Salt Company now.

First Koplin's Point, then called Shergurs after Joseph Shergur who had orchards and a boatyard, then Collins after Sherman Collins, is where the Portland cement plant was built in 1931. It ceased operation in 1947. Now Beam's grain storage occupies this building.

Faulty Land Titles Cause Heartbreaks

Something of the heartbreaks faulty titles caused early settlers on bounty lands is suggested by this Lansing incident.

In 1794, Robert Alexander brought his family and located on Lot 68 where he built a cabin and cleared land. Some years later his title was determined by court action to be faulty and he was ejected. He then moved to Newfield.

Tracing the record of Lot 68, it was established that it had been drawn by a soldier who was later killed. A daughter was born to his widow shortly after his death and the mother died soon after. The daughter grew up and married a Chapman in Troy, New York. A search through her father's papers led them to investigate the claim. After Alexander's ejection, the Chapmans exchanged the land which became known as the Allen farm, now Charles Howell's.

A 1797 JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

By MARY L. TOWNLEY

Well, my dears, since your education has been so woefully neglected, quite likely you are entirely ignorant of the fact that your great-grandmother was born and brought up in the city of Philadelphia. There, too, she passed the first ten years of her married life, during a great part of which time grandfather was serving with the Army of the Revolution. She used often to see General Washington, and once when she was riding alone on horseback along a country road she chanced to meet him also on horseback. She loved to tell how he lifted his hat and made her a polite bow as though she had been the grandest lady in the land.

At the close of the war grandfather, like almost everybody else, found himself poor enough, and as there was little business of any kind in the country, the only thing he could do was to take his family and hunt up his six hundred acres of bounty land away off in the wilds of Central New York. A man who had been at Valley Forge and Yorktown was not likely to hesitate long at difficulties; so with all the worldly possessions packed in one wagon, he bravely plunged into the wilderness to hew out a home for his dear ones. When after nearly a month of toilsome travel, they reached this very spot and were glad enough to find themselves at their journey's end, although there was not a sign of a roof to shelter them. They very soon, however, put up a log cabin and cheerfully

set about the work of subduing the dense forest with which all of our beautiful fields were then covered.

The stories of the toil and hardship they endured would make a good-sized volume. But I often heard grandmother say that even in her times of greatest discouragement, if she could only sit looking out upon the lake for a quiet half hour at sunset, she always received new strength and courage. She had a keen sense for nature's beauties and was an earnest Christian as well, and to her this lovely sheet of water always seemed an expression of the good Father's tenderness.

They had been settled in their new home about six years when John, second eldest son, and about thirteen, was one day working with his father in a new clearing. In some way a large log rolled upon him, crushing his body fearfully. He was laid up for a long time, and there was an ugly wound in his right leg which, in spite of all they could do, utterly refused to heal. The doctor finally declared that the leg must be amputated, but to that John would not consent, saying he would rather die than go limping through life on one leg. Then, said grandmother, came her first fit of homesickness. She was certain that could she only get her boy to their old family physician in Philadelphia his life might be saved. But how to accomplish it was the question.

The father could not go, for on his strong arms alone devolved the task of keeping the wolf from the door, and for the mother to leave for weeks her family of seven children, the eldest only fifteen and the youngest not quite two years, seemed equally impossible. However, there was no alternative, and at last it was decided that she must go.

It was late in the fall when the accident occurred, and in the following May they set out on horseback to make the very tedious journey. For most of the distance they had to travel over horrible corduroy roads; and there was one long piece of of woods, forty miles in extent, where they must certainly have lost their way had it not been for the "blazed trees." They were twelve days in going the distance which you can

now accomplish in as many hours. In these times we hardly need to go to the "Arabian Nights" for marvelous tales.

Well, when the doctor examined the wound, he said that there was no help for it, the leg must be taken off. But John still refused to submit to the operation, and the poor mother was well-nigh distracted. At last the good doctor said: "If you'll leave him here, I'll do the best I can for him." So, committing him to the care of kind friends, she started with a heavy heart to return to her distant home, leading the horse which John had ridden. The country was but thinly settled yet during a day's ride, she would pass several cabins, and always find a place where she received shelter for the night. But the forty miles through the woods must be made between sunrise and sunset. Although she was a brave woman, it was with inward quaking that she entered the lonely forest, for the horse she was leading was a valuable one, and robberies were not infrequent in that region.

After riding for several hours she was suddenly startled by the sound of hoofs, and looking around she saw, as she supposed, a horseman in rapid pursuit. Whipping up her own horse, there was for a few minutes quite an exciting race, but the man soon overtook her. Then she was greatly relieved to find him an acquaintance who lived only a few miles from her own home, and who was her companion for the remainder of the journey.

John soon recovered under the skillful treatment he received, but remained in Philadelphia three or four years. During this time he enjoyed benefits of good schools and many other advantages which he could not have had in his backwoods home. So, as is often the case, what at first seemed a great misfortune proved in the end to be a real blessing.

THE PIONEER YEARS IN LANSINGVILLE

By NELLIE MINTURN (1932)

In 1788-1789 Samuel Baker and his brother-in-law Solomon Hyatt, both of Westchester County, New York, passed through this wilderness region, then in the Town of Milton, Cayuga County. Like so many hundreds after the Revolution, they were on their way to Canada in search of new lands upon which they might settle.

But something attracted Baker and he decided to settle here, later buying of John Adams for a shilling (12½ cents) an acre Lot No. 54 of the DeWitt Military Survey. Adams had purchased this lot of 600 acres from William Wheeler, a Revolutionary War soldier who had received it as bounty land for him military service in the Continental Army. His discharge, dated 1783 and signed by George Washington, established title to the land.

In the spring of 1792, Baker hired a man from the eastern part of the State to assist him in clearing some land. When the two began felling trees, Benajah Strong, a settler on Salmon Creek, heard sounds of chopping and came to investigate. He thought it must be the work of a newcomer and found down near the spring two men were clearing an area for a log house where the Murray dwelling later stood on the hill.

An adjoining lot appealed to Baker, and that fall he exchanged his for it. Baker went east for his family but when he arrived at Lunnenburg on the Hudson he learned that his

title to the new lot was worthless. He then located at Lunnenburg, opened a blacksmith shop, worked a year and saved sufficient money so that he could purchase 100 acres off his first lot. Jealous Yates of Albany had purchased it in the meantime. Baker returned promptly and began work on a new house.

His party came up the Mohawk River, Oneida Lake, Seneca Lake and Cayuga Lake, and landed at Himrod's Point. Ebenezer Haskins had made a settlement where Lake Ridge is now, and Baker hired him with his oxen to move the Baker family and goods to its new house in the wilderness. But before this trip could be made, it was necessary for Baker to chop a way through the forest to the location of his log cabin. Afterwards, he built a blacksmith shop near the site of the present one.

A year or two later, Jealous Yates came with a friend to see the country as he still owned about 500 acres. They started out from Baker's one day, carrying guns and horns, expecting to return soon, but night came and they were still out. Finally Baker took his gun and horn and went out looking for them, blowing the horn as he went. After some time he found them, tired and hungry; they had become lost in the forest.

About this time, Baker purchased the remainder of the Military Lot that he had first selected, and in time he came to own 1,200 acres, or two military lots. For many years he was a magistrate, and a preacher; in later years, he became the first supervisor of Milton, the southern part of which town became Lansing upon formation of Tompkins County in 1817. He built the first canal boat that ran on Cayuga Lake.

He was the father of nine children. Two of his great-grandchildren, Jay and Roscoe Baker, are known here.

Capt. Benajah Strong was an officer in the Revolution who, with his son Salmon, purchased 2,000 acres of forest-covered land along Salmon Creek the year before Baker settled here. It was the site of the later home of Slocums. The Captain died

at the age of 96 years, and was buried in the family cemetery on the homestead of his youngest son Simeon, where Simeon's daughter Mrs. J. W. Pratt lived in later years.

Tilman Bower and his son Houteeter came in 1795 from Pennsylvania and settled where Charles Drake lived for many years. John, another son, came in 1797 and settled near the Bower Settlement north of Lansingville. A German Lutheran Church was established there in 1802 on the site of the schoolhouse long known as the German District, and the services were conducted in the German language for a number of years in the early days of the town. John Bower sold the lot to the church to be used for church, school and cemetery purposes. The church record dating back to 1803 is written partly in German; it is in the possession of Orrin Drake.

Daniel and Albert White settled about a half mile west of Lansingville in 1795 or thereabouts. They were brothers of the Rev. Alvord White, who was a circuit rider in 1794. Of course, there were no roads then, only Indian trails; blazed trees were the sole guides through forests so dense that one might walk all day in summer without ever coming into sunlight.

In 1795-96, the Rev. Anning Owen and the Rev. Alvord White were appointed to the Seneca Circuit, and they formed the first Methodist Episcopal Society here. In the fall of 1796, Robert Alexander and his family, who lived southeast of here on what was later known as the Allen farm, heard a strange cry one night. It seemed to come from a distance, and from the adjacent forest between them and Cayuga Lake. Mr. Alexander decided it was a call for help and halloed in reply. By repeated calls, the lost traveler was guided to the Alexander cabin when, to their surprise, they found the lost man to be the Rev. Mr. Owen with whom they had been acquainted in Philadelphia. This was his first round on his circuit and, losing the Indian path in the darkness, he had taken a course which led him to find a friend.

Thomas and Nelson Hamilton, David Moore and Jonathan Colburn settled at what was known at White's Settlement,

west of Lansingville. They were members of the first Methodist Society. A log church was built about 1797 on a lot adjoining the Hamilton farm. Burned in 1801 or 1802, a frame church took its place—the first frame church in the conference. This church was used until 1833, when a brick edifice was built at Lansingville and dedicated by Josiah Keyes, presiding elder.

This brick church burned February 26, 1863, and the following year a frame church was dedicated just one year from the time the brick church burned. During the interval, the Rev. Mr. Thackaberry held meetings in the schoolhouse.

In raising money for the new building, numerous subscriptions were obtained. Joel Baker gave $700; S. D. Baker, $500, and his wife, $50. From others came large amounts. The first minister of the new church was the Rev. Hiram Gee, who thought the minister could be paid from rental of the pews. This plan was tried but at the end of the year, John Bower, Jr., paid in $6.16 which he had obtained by renting pews. It was all the money the minister received that year.

With an accordion, Milo Murray led the choir for a number of years. It consisted of John Bower, Jr., Hannah and Ann Bower, William Tucker, Hiram and Jane Warner and Wealthy Bower. Still later, John Smith, Charles Minturn and Mary Brong joined the group.

Among those who attended church here during this time were the families of John Storms, Alec Wyant, Allen Fletcher, John Bower, Jr., Amos Bower, Benjamin Wager, J. W. Pratt, Jessie Bower, Charles Drake, Matilda Bloom, Edwin Smith, Lewis Murray, Kirk White, Horace Secord, John Davis, Jerry Barnes, the Slocum family, Reuben Smith, Leroy Swartwood, Abel Fletcher, James Hammond, John Sellen, John Dates, Aaron Palmer, Chittenden Lamber, George Warner, Starr Smith, William Hyatt, Daniel Baker, Merwin Bower, Daniel Dickerson, Dana Fox, William and Wesley Hamilton, Isaac Smith, Anson Bradley, Dr. ——— Barber, and Albert Baker. This church burned in 1933.

A second Presbyterian Society called the Second Church in Milton was organized in 1805. Its formation was owing partly to a disagreement in the First Church of the town respecting a site for a house of worship, and the preference on the part of a number for the Presbyterian mode of government. This church was locally known as the "Teetertown Church," and it stood on ground now owned by the Lansingville Cemetery Association.

Jabez Chadwick, who organized this church, was succeeded by the Rev. John Bascomb in 1818. He remained until his death in 1828, when he was buried at the rear of the church. The Rev. Mr. Chadwick returned and remained until 1831 when his changed views caused a division in the church body. Then the Rev. Alexander Cowan served as a supply for a time, but soon most of the members joined the Congregational Church at Five Corners, organized by the Rev. Mr. Chadwick.

The "Teetertown Church" was a frame structure 40 by 70 feet. It had spires and galleries, and was one of the largest and best finished churches in the county, but it was finally left unoccupied and useless. In 1853, through the instrumentality of David Crocker, then a member of the State Assembly, a legislative act was passed to give the title to the Lansingville Cemetery Association. The building was sold to S. S. Todd for $175 notwithstanding the original cost had been $2,000. An effort was made by Dr. ——— White to turn the structure into an institution of learning before it was razed, but the attempt failed.

In 1807, Conard Teeter built the first tavern here. When in 1830, a postoffice was established, the name of the community was changed from Teetertown to Lansingville.

In 1850, a Masonic Lodge held its meetings in the Pratt house.

In the '60's and '70's, Lansingville was a thriving rural community with several small industries, among which was a tannery on the Fletcher place. In the building that is now Orlando White's garage there was a hat shop, on the upper

floor of which John McCarty had a tailoring establishment. Almon Tucker and David Reynolds operated a shoe shop in the northern part of the village. Other enterprises included a wagon shop, a blacksmith shop, two stores, a hotel, a school, and a physician was located here.

Judges Fail Woman in Debate

The N.N.P. Lyceum, a society of two years' standing and one that has given more literary entertainment to the good people of Lansing than all others combined, still flourishes. Every Monday evening finds us at work upon some question that is both instructive and entertaining, said a news report of 1869.

The Lyceum presented January 6, 1869, a debate on the resolution, "That the right of suffrage should be extended to women."

After an interesting debate listened to by an appreciative audience, the judges decided that "woman now occupied her proper sphere."

This decision brought a fiery criticism from Mary A. Wager of New York City, who described herself as "being a Tompkins County child." She was born on Algerine Road in the Town of Lansing, and had become a newspaper writer.

Said she: "It is a pity that that humble village could not be scooped up out of the hollow in which it grovels and be set upon a hill where the sunlight of progress and common sense could vitalize it.

"I haven't talked with an intelligent, large-brained man in six months, so old-fogyish, so narrow-minded, so dead to every sense of right, justice, progress or simple Christianity, as to think that women should not have suffrage or that the ballot was going to 'take her out of her sphere' or to man-ize her."

Concluded she: "Now, you must pardon so much 'woman talk,' in this letter. It is all owing to that Ludlowville decision, which arouses me to a sense of the pre-Adamite state of opinion in my native town."

ROGUE'S HARBOR INN

HAD GOVERNOR'S SUITE

By ESTELLE T. YOUNGS (1952)

Among the many stagecoach taverns erected in the early days, Rogue's Harbor Hotel at South Lansing stands as a landmark of two centuries. It has a history dating back to 1830, the year it was started.

Abram Minier came from Northumberland County, Penna., into the Lake Country in 1787. A deed shows he bought 600 acres from Captain Van Renssalaer of Albany in 1792 and took possession the next year.

Among his children was Gen. Daniel Minier who between 1830 and 1842 built the Central Exchange Hotel, as he named it, at a cost of $10,000. He engaged the services of Lemuel Kelsey of Dryden as master builder, and as his helper an apprentice carpenter named Nelson Morgan of Lansing. The hotel was built of brick hauled by oxen from King Ferry; the first brick building in the Town of Lansing, its walls are fifteen inches thick.

The building is in colonial style, having had wooden pillars and metal balconies along the front. It had three stories besides the attic and the square cupola from which a wonderful view of lake and hills could be encompassed.

Inside was the famous spiral staircase of cherry wood laid in panels. The first floor contained a grill and living quarters with a great hall extending through the building, with woodwork laid in design. On the second floor were sleeping rooms,

and the third contained the famous ballroom whose floor has springs between it and the ceiling of the second story. Above this was the attic lighted by two oval windows of leaded glass, and here were two large tanks built of planks and lined with zinc. One was for drinking water pumped from a well by a windmill, the other for rainwater collected from the roof.

When finished, the building had the name Central Exchange Hotel in large letters across the front. Seven years after its completion, its owner died in 1849. He was a general in the War of 1812. Possessed of a fine voice, General Minier was a leader of the Asbury Church choir.

The next family to occupy the hotel was that of Samuel Mallory. He conducted the hostelry for some score of years, and was followed by ——— Ketchum. During his proprietorship a man who imbibed too freely threw a bottle against the wall and shouted, "What shall we name it?" An onlooker below answered, "Rogue's Harbor," so it has been popularly called ever since. There once was considerable horse racing and gambling about the place, and counterfeit money with dies for producing it were found hidden in the walls.

From 1838, when William H. Seward became governor of New York State, there was a room reserved for him at the hotel as he traveled back and forth to his home in Auburn by stagecoach from Albany or Washington. He was U.S. senator in 1849 and Secretary of State in Lincoln's administrations.

During the Civil War the militia drilled on the grass in the rear of the hotel. This was during the ownership of Harry Miller, who purchased the property in 1860. His wife, "Aunt Jane," was a famous cook of that day.

Finding the pillars and the balconies were not safe, they were removed and a wide porch built across the front. Miller had a number of elm trees brought from neighboring fields and planted in front to screen the driveway and on the lawn in the rear. He then named the place Elm Grove Hotel and he and his son William managed the place for many years.

Then in 1902 the property was sold to Col. John McIntyre

and his wife, "Aunt Sally." Under their management it became a very prominent place of entertainment for Cornell students and prominent couples from Ithaca. On one occasion President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell sent word he was bringing 500 guests for dinner, but when the party arrived all was in readiness: the group was seated on the lawn under the elm trees. The Colonel died in 1924, having removed in 1917 to Freeville.

From 1917 until 1931, the hotel was unoccupied, then it was sold to L. L. Blancher and wife. They operated it as a hotel and Mrs. Blancher conducted a business in antiques. After a quarter century of ownership, the Blanchers sold the property to Maurice Worsell, who did an extensive repair job. Now it is in a condition that promises many more years of existence.

Dancing Bear Frightened Children

By ALICE A. BRISTOL

Nothing whatever had so frightened us as did the coming one evening just before nightfall of a short, dark, ugly-looking man and a spiritless, untidy woman. The man was leading a large black bear on a chain and carrying a sharp, two-tined fork. They came into the yard and with a few loud staccato exclamations brought the whole family to the porch.

The woman dropped exhausted to the ground. The man began a sing-song jargon and the bear, responding to a prod of the fork, stood up on his hind feet and danced, lolling his big, red tongue and rolling his head from side to side. The woman with effort arose and passed the man's hat. My father put in a piece of money and told the man to go away, that the children were frightened.

They went and the next day a man told us that they had camped in a strip of woods a mile beyond us, and that during the night the bear broke loose and devoured the woman. It was believed that the man was responsible for this, but it never could be proved.

FROM LOG SCHOOLHOUSE TO CENTRALIZED DISTRICT

In 1813, Richard Townley, school commissioner, divided the town into twenty-two districts (one more, Sage, was added later), sold the public school lots, and gave deeds for them.

The first schoolhouse, a log building, was put up across the road from Jonah Tooker's house in Fiddler's Green, with Zenas Tichenor becoming the first teacher. A log schoolhouse was built in Ludlowville also, where the first teachers mentioned are Manley Tooker in 1820 and John G. Henry of Havana in 1827. He was one of the twelve members of Ben Joy's Lansing Temperance Society, which was formed December 31, 1827, at a meeting in the schoolhouse.

When the early one-room frame schoolhouse was erected, the log cabin was used as a barn by Benjamin Joy, who lived near by. A startling incident some years later substantiates the claim that this log building was a station of the Underground Railroad. The incident has long been related in this manner: one night when Joy returned late from a lecture, his driver put up the team without a light, and plunged a fork into the haymow. Instantly there was a frightful yell, and a colored man jumped out. In the morning he was gone as silently and mysteriously as he had arrived, leaving small doubt about why he had come.

Grant Halsey taught Ludlowville school four years in the dual role of instructor and disciplinarian with a registration that often totaled sixty and counted all ages in the group. During his years here, 1892-1895, a larger building of four

rooms was built, and the smaller building was moved down out of the way and set up on blocks. Miss Flora Sincerbeaux was hired for the primary children, a curtain was stretched across the room to divide it and provide another classroom on the other side. In February 1895, the students were moved into the larger building and Miss Frances Lyon was hired to teach vocal music. The school was now known as the Ludlowville Union Free School, No. 9.

Clifford Edwards came in 1896 as principal. He was much loved by all the pupils, and remained for six years.

In 1903, Mrs. Anna Ford Bower was hired for the first three grades and Miss Isabelle H. Wood for the fourth, fifth and sixth grades. There were two teachers for the seventh and eighth grades and high school.

In 1909, it was voted to add two large classrooms on the north and Miss Wood and her students held their classes in hall over the store.

In 1910, Mrs. Delilah Buckman came to teach the seventh and eighth grades. In 1919, J. Paul Muson came as principal, remaining for three years. Thus the expansions were made as the numbers of pupils necessitated enlargements of room and staff.

After a prolonged and heated controversy, in 1928 it was decided to erect a large school building on the main road. It was on January 3, 1931, that teachers and students moved into the new quarters, with Lawrence Clark as principal.

An ever-increasing student body and a broadening of the curriculum generated pressures upon the district that were not long to be contained. To meet this change on July 1, 1946, the patrons of the school voted to change the setup to the Lansing Central School so as to enable nearly all the districts to unite in one system. Between 1948 and 1957, under Principal Clark Carnal, a separate shop building was erected, and an addition was built along the Ludlowville Road.

In the fall of 1958, the elementary school was built near by, and the first six grades moved in, with Mrs. Martha Nelson

as principal. Also, an auditorium and three high-school rooms were added to the high school.

So, bit by bit, to meet educational demands, the school has grown from a primitive log cabin to two large, modern buildings. Now, in the spring of 1964 there are 75 teachers, whole or part-time, as instructors of a student body of 1,156. Raymond C. Buckley has presided over the staff as district principal since September 1961.

'Steady' Job Lasted Carrier 42 Years

Through thick and thin, winter cold and summer heat, Everett V. Nobles for 42 years carried rural mail out of the Ludlowville office until December 1, 1955, when he retired. He had seen his route grow from 20 miles in 1913 to 68 miles at retirement.

In 1953, when additions were made to his route, he covered more miles than any other carrier in the State. He has estimated that he traveled a total of some 650,000 miles. Eighty-some families were served on his original route; when he retired he was leaving mail in 350 roadside boxes and his truck was often jammed with parcel post. Volume of mail is constantly increasing to the Miliken power plant, the centralized school, and the new home buildings in all parts of the town.

Carrier Nobles was just 20 years old when he started his postal services. Charles D. Howell, postmaster at the time, asked him how long he would stay on the job. Nobles says, "I told him I wanted a steady job, and that is what it has been." He has worked under three postmasters and five postmistresses.

He started his rounds with a horse; in fact, he kept two, driving them on alternate days. In 1914, he bought his first car but in winter had to fall back on the horses.

When he terminated his service, he was still delivering mail to three couples whom he served on his first route. They are Mr. and Mrs. George Stout, Mr. and Mrs. Ray E. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Drake, all of the Lansingville area.

Torchlight Parades Silly to Some

By ALICE A. BRISTOL

But nothing to the childish mind quite equalled the torchlight procession at election time a century ago. First came the drummer boys wearing fancy homemade paper caps and vigorously beating their drums, in time or out didn't matter. Next strutted two men carrying a billowing banner on which were the enlarged pictures of the presidential candidate and his running mate of the party represented by the performance.

Then followed a line of old men and young bearing aloft transparencies of various sizes that bore legends concerning party and its candidates. All participants in the parade alternately shouted and sang silly, unkind and usually untrue quips. There was one about someone "going up Salt River"; another concerned "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too"; one where someone "rides a white horse" and someone else "rides a mule." But who was taking the briny trip or who were the racing riders, cannot now be recalled.

However, the glamor of it all was not alone the lights, the music and the marching. A dim sense of the ridiculous in the presence of those dignified and awesome members of the churches and the community tramping so pompously along and shouting these silly fragments of petty origin, stirred emotions long held in check by a sense of proper deportment in public.

Trailing behind the men and getting as near as they dared were the young boys of the village, imitating the swagger before them and catching and repeating as much as they could of the shouting. Up and down, in and out and 'round about they went until the last torch had gone smelly and flickered out. Then they formed ranks and stood at attention before a man on a large drygoods box set up on the village square, and listened to a political harrangue.

GERMAN SCHOOL DISTRICT HAD LUTHERAN CHURCH

By NELLIE TUCKER MINTURN

The bell which had hung in the belfry of the German District schoolhouse in Lansing for more than 70 years, was taken down in 1950, after having been sold at auction; the building also was sold. This action reawakened interest in the school district one mile north of Lansingville, and many asked why it was called the German district. The answer lies a long way back insofar as local history extends.

Deilman Bauer, Jr., was born 1744 near Hesse, Germany, and came to America about 1760, locating in Northampton County, Pennsylvania. He came in 1794 to a part of Milton, Cayuga County, that became Lansing in Tompkins County when the latter was organized in 1817. With him came his wife Eve and daughters Catharine, Elizabeth and Susanna. All of their children were born in Pennsylvania.

Tilman Bower, as he came to be called, settled one-quarter mile south of where the schoolhouse now stands. Two of his sons, John and Honteter, settled near; later, eight or more farms were occupied by them and their descendants. The settlement naturally was known as the Bower Settlement and is shown thus on early county maps. Two other sons, Samuel and George, located near North Lansing, the latter being buried at East Lansing.

In 1803, a German Lutheran church was established, the site for it and the adjacent cemetery was purchased from John

Bower. Services in this log church were conducted in German for many years as several other German families had settled near. John Houtz, the first pastor, taught school in this building, back of which was the cemetery. The synod embraced churches in Seneca Falls, Waterloo and Geneva.

The church later leased part of the land to the school district and it became public school district No. 3. The last Lutheran service was held in 1842 with John Izenlord as pastor. The log building was moved in 1842 and a schoolhouse built which also was used for church services. The district is now a part of the Lansing Central school and the building has been remodelled into a dwelling.

The church records, all in German, have been lost but many interesting items are found recorded in the minutes of the district clerk's book, started in 1832. Regular meetings were held once a year in October, but often special meetings were called each month, sometimes as often as each week, to vote on some new or forgotten items or perhaps to repeal a former vote.

Fusilier Parades Furnished July 4 Fun

During simpler eras, Ludlowville had fusilier parades on the Fourth of July. There was an early photograph of some of the participants on horseback, all attired in fancy costumes. Dr. W. H. Lockerly was dressed as a woman with a bundle in her arms to represent a baby. Among some of the old soldiers who took part were Daniel Thayer and John Emery with fife and drum, and others that made plenty of fun.

BISHOP ASBURY PREACHED IN NEW RED MEETING HOUSE

By EVELYN FIELD

I do not believe in delving into the past, yet it is interesting occasionly to look back and see the changes that have come about with the passing years. During the year 1797 a Methodist class war formed at Asbury. The members were Reuben Brown and wife, James Egbert and wife, Walter Egbert and wife, Abram Minier and wife, William Gibbs and wife. Reuben Brown was chosen leader. He lived one mile east of West Dryden and often walked the six miles to meet his class in the log chapel that had been built at the east end of what is now the Asbury Cemetery and used for school purposes on weekdays.

The first preacher was Annsing Owen, who is buried in Pleasant Grove Cemetery; a monument has been erected over his grave by the Wyoming Conference. He was a circuit rider who served a number of churches by making his way on horseback through the pathless forests.

In 1811, the famous red meeting house was built on the same site. Shortly after its completion Bishop Asbury passed through this region and preached in it so it was named Asbury Church in his honor. When I was a child I used to see wooden benches in the yard which I was told were saved when the church burned in 1844.

During the 33 years which had elapsed since the founding of this church, many changes had taken place—roads had been laid out, farms had good buildings and the dead had been buried about the old red church in the English fashion, but when the new church was decided on, a new site was bought a few rods west.

A grove of hickory trees was growing on this site; the stumps of those cut down to make way for the church can still be seen beneath the building. The outside of the church is much the same as it was when built, except the windows which had many panes of glass and green shutters. There were two front doors, one on the men's side and one on the women's. The church was built by members and friends, among others Ogden Drake and Elisha Field. Indeed, everybody had a hand in it for people went to church in those days, saints and sinners alike. Gere Minier as chorister trained a large choir to furnish music at the dedication. My mother, then a girl of sixteen, was a member of this choir.

The pulpit was originally between the front doors, and the whole interior was one large room with two small rooms at the sides of the porch for wood storage. The pulpit is still the same and paneled like the pews. It rested on two columns which we use now as stands. It had a red velvet cushion on which rested the Bible and hymn book. It stood on a raised dais reached by two steps on each side. The altar had about it the same railing as there now. In the altar was a drop-leaf cherry table flanked by two flag-bottomed chairs painted black with gilt figures.

The broad aisles led from the front doors to the back part of the church where the singers' seats were on a raised platform which was divided into three sections and reached the width of the church. The walls and ceiling were white or a bright gray.

The building was heated by two box stoves whose pipes reached the entire length of the building and across the north end where they entered a large drum directly over the center.

About 1866 or 67, we had a minister named Warner. He was a revivalist and a widespread revival was the result. Many

new members joined the church and the question of changing the interior came up. He showed how rediculous it was to put the minister between two hot stoves while his congregation shivered under the long pipes. The older people did not approve of a change but the younger ones won out, the pulpit was located in the north end and the singers' seats in the south. The pews were close to the wall and on the men's side on the east the white wall was ornamented by many grease spots because of the hair oil they used. Some thirty years later two rooms were taken off each side of the door.

Some of the older members were George and Gabriel Drake and their wives, Wesley Gibbs and wife, John T. Collins and wife, Timothy Collins and wife, Phoebe Tichenor, Susanna Tichenor, Susan Egbert, Katherine Boyce, Alanson Field and wife, Susan Ann Ives. Later my father and mother, Sydney Morrison and wife, Jonathan Norton and wife, George Morgan and wife, Newton Brown and wife.

One character I remember was Lambert Bishop who always wore a tall beaver hat, a swallow-tail coat and a black satin stock wound tightly around a high, white collar. He bitterly opposed the first change and said he would never come to church if it were made. He stayed home one Sunday, then came back and shook hands all around and said, "Brethren, I made up my mind to come to church if the devil stood in the door." His favorite hymn was "O happy are they."

Another character was Louisa Collins. She was very devout and prayed so fervently in class meetings I used to wonder the roof stayed on. She dressed very plainly, wore a bonnet of coal-scuttle type which he brother Smith dubbed the sky-scraper. When teased about the embroidery on the wrist of her gloves she laboriously picked it out with a pin. A good brother had a singsong voice and always ended his testimony with "I hope to see the inside of bright glory."

At least two pastors of the church lie buried in the cemetery. The Rev. Sylvester Minier and the Rev. John Kimberlin. At his own request, the latter was buried where stood the pulpit he had preached from so often.

The building was the largest in that section and was used during the Civil War for war meetings. Francis M. Finch, the poet, once addressed an enthusiastic meeting there. The women made a large flag which was raised on the green in front of the church.

Many interesting stories have come down to us from that period. During one occasion when the pastor, the Rev. Reuben Fox, prayed for the poor, oppressed slaves, the chorister, an ardent Democrat, got up and left the room. A large delegation from the Varna church, not liking their pastor's sympathy with the South, joined the Asbury congregation where a more militant pastor was in charge. They returned to their own church after the war ended.

Early Settler Famed for Pithy Sayings

Daniel Marsh, an early settler in the Town of Lansing, was known for his pithy remarks. Among his famous sayings are:

"Times are so bad a man can't get an honest living by stealing."

During a drouth he remarked, "If there was any prospect of an other flood I would get into my well, for it is always dry."

On being barefoot in March, he explained, "It is a poor husband who has not worn out his shoes by this time of year."

EVELYN FIELD DEVOTED LIFE TO RURAL SCHOOLROOM

A beloved member of the South Lansing community was Evelyn Field (1853-1945).

The daughter of Samuel Field and Catherine Tichenor, she lived all her long life in the house at 215 Peruville Road, east of South Lansing, where John Armstrong now resides. For many years, she taught Lansing school No. 14 just east of her house. We have been unable to find out how long her tenure was or whether she taught any other school.

Mrs. Bertram Buck, who lived as a next-door neighbor, says Miss Field taught her mother, Mrs. Perry VanOstrand, herself and Mrs. Buck's eldest son. This span of instruction covers many years. Her pupils are quick to affirm their memories of the precepts she taugh them along with reading, writing and arithmetic.

After Miss Field's parents died, her brother George lived with her. She was a devoted member of the Asbury Church, and wrote many articles recounting events she remembered from Civil War times. Other articles recorded still earlier happenings as told her by her parents and relatives.

Among the Civil War stories is the one concerning a flag that was hand-made by women of the church. Every day during the war, this emblem was flown from a plagpole on the church lawn. Another article titled "Recollections of the Asbury Church" recounted her childhood impressions of attending church services, and of the older persons she saw there.

Mental Picture of Mother Spinning

By ALICE A. BRISTOL

There is a wonderful picture in the mind of the writer of a pleasant room, a few flowering plants in the window, a big, bright fireplace. At one side, close against the wall and well out of the way, a little girl is sitting in a little chair, elbow on knee and chin in hand, watching with fascinated eyes her mother at the spinning wheel. The mother is dressed in homespun linen, fresh and spotless. Her soft, dark hair is parted in the middle above large, gray eyes and combed smoothly down over the ears; it is fastened in a small, neat knot at the nape of the neck where tiny strands escape to curl and dance.

On the floor and the table, the latter pushed back against the wall to give space for the spinning, have been scoured beautifully white with rushes and sand. The big wheel is placed for freedom of step and arm for good light on the spindle; a chair stands near the head of the wheel, containing long, soft blue rolls of wool about as large around as a woman's little finger. The smaller the roll, the finer was the thread spun from it.

Now, the mother takes one of these rolls and surprisingly attaches the filamentary material to the bit of thread always left on the spindle for a beginning. Holding the roll lightly between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand, she places the forefinger of her right hand against a spoke of the wheel; then, with a graceful bend of her body and a sweep of her right arm, she starts the wheel revolving. In order to keep her steadying finger in place, she steps forward as the circle of the wheel widens and back as it is completed.

Never once does her careful eye leave the spindle point where the thread must show fine and even, and this depends upon the dexterity of her left hand in supporting and directing the long, filmy roll, and steadiness of the revolving wheel.

Now she begins: right hand to wheel, bend, press finger on spoke to start it revolving; three steps forward while making

a half-circle with the right arm, and the left hand steadily carries the twisting thread as it is spun. Now three steps backward while completing the circle with the right arm, and the left hand dexterously guides the finished thread as it is spooled on the spindle, then it goes back to the spindle point with a slight bend of the shoulders. Repeat . . . and repeat . . . and repeat, a continuous round of curving, out-thrown indrawn arm, of bending body, of tapping feet, of buzzing spindle and humming wheel. To witness it was to be enchanted.

To such musical notes and household tasks my mother unconsciously took her gymnastics and practiced her dancing steps. Thus she acquired grace and poise, stimulated circulation and experienced the satisfaction of a well-done task all in the one process. What a combination! My mother continued to card and spin her wool, to make hard and soft soap—a regular spring affair like housecleaning—and to keep immaculately white her kitchen floor and table.

'Spiked' Drink Warmed Weather

A family named Chittenden at one time lived in part of Daniel Clark's house at Ludlowville. Chittenden had a spoke factory which supplied spokes for wagons made in Cortland. Several sleighloads of spokes would travel together, one of which was driven by his son. They stopped at Elm Tree Inn at McLean to get warm and have a drink. The Chittenden's were strong temperance people, and their son would order a soft drink. The other men made it up to play a trick on him and have something stronger added to his refreshment. They had not gone far on the highway when he stopped his horses and took off his coat, saying it was remarkable how the weather had moderated.

LUDLOWVILLE EARLY CENTER OF COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY

From DeWITT HISTORICAL BULLETIN

Very early in the settlement of Tompkins County, Ludlowville became an important center. This development was largely owing to the enterprise of Maj. Thomas Ludlow, a Revolutionary War veteran. A native of Long Island, he located on bounty lands at what is now Ludlowville.

Born in 1762, he was 26 years old when he became a Tompkins County pioneer. His wife was Julia Cooper, a sister of Judge William Cooper of Cooperstown who was the father of James Fenimore Cooper. The Coopers and the Ludlows exchanged visits by riding horseback between the two places.

Major Ludlow brought his family into the Lake Country by way of Athens, Pennsylvania, from which point the party left on February 20, 1792. The immigrants reached the settlement at the head of Cayuga Lake (Ithaca) on February 23 and departed on March 16. It would appear that Major Ludlow spent the interval between his arrival at and departure from the settlement in looking over the surrounding countryside, for the party went directly to the Ludlowville location.

In his diary the Major says, "we proceeded up the lake on the ice. After about eight miles we came to Salmon Creek, which flows into the lake. Here we decided to land and, upon reaching the shore, passed up the ravine a short way until we came to some falls which would give water power for the mill." Waterpower was important to the pioneers so that they

might establish sawmills to produce lumber for erection of buildings, and gristmills where grain was ground to produce flour and meal. Usually the sawmills were constructed first so that the timber from land-clearing could be converted into building material.

Then as more land was cleared, at a rate of two acres a year, there became available more land for growing wheat and corn in quantities to warrant erection of mills for processing these and other grains such as rye, barley and buckwheat into foodstuffs for both the farmers and their livestock, and gristmills were built to do the grinding.

The first dwellings of the pioneers were lean-tos hastily constructed of trees and pine boughs and were little more than windbreaks, but log cabins were soon erected. The area from which the trees were cut to erect the cabins was burned over and planted to corn, potatoes, wheat and garden crops from seeds brought with the party from its former home. It will be noticed that the Ludlows arrived at Salmon Creek just before spring so to have time to erect a cabin and clear ground for spring-planting time.

When the Major's family came to the Salmon Creek site, they found a Clark family on Indian Hill, a second at Himrod's Point and a third on Salmon Creek. The area was then in the Town of Genoa, Cayuga County, and did not become the Town of Lansing, Tompkins County, until the latter county was organized in 1817.

In 1795, Major Ludlow built the first, a log, gristmill on Salmon Creek but later there were four. To this mill pioneers from as far distant as Dryden, Danby and Homer carried grain on horseback to be ground. The same year he built a tavern to accommodate the increasing number of travelers who were coming in to inspect the land throughout the whole area. In fact, so many located in the county that by 1820 there was a population of nearly 21,000 where there had been less than 100 in 1790. Ludlowville felt the impact of this influx to such a degree that a postoffice was established in

1806 with Abijah Miller as postmaster. On March 10, 1815, he was succeeded by John Ludlow.

Major Ludlow died March 15, 1838, aged 72 years. His wife Julia died May 21, 1849, aged 81. They are buried in the Ludlowville Cemetery. They were the parents of eight children.

One son Stephen married Ann Starr; they moved to Michigan and bought a farm in 1837. Fifty-two per cent of the Michigan pioneers came from New York State, a goodly number from the Town of Lansing as indicated by such place names in that state as Lansing and Ludlow.

Major Ludlow was active in affairs of Ludlowville and Lansing. He was president of the first temperance society in 1828, one of the first trustees of the Presbyterian Church organized at Ludlowville in 1817, and a presiding elder at his death.

Another leading family in the development of Ludlowville was that of Calvin Burr who opened a store there in 1812, and his brother James came the next year. Oliver Phelps came in 1811, and in 1820 superintended the building at Ithaca of the first steamboat on Cayuga Lake, the Enterprise. Afterward he built locks on both the Erie and Welland canals and became a wealthy grain grower and dealer in Canada.

A connecting link between Ludlowville of today and the Revolutionary War is afforded by Mrs. J. H. Parish. Her great-great-grandfather, Col. John Harper, who commanded the American forces at Cherry Valley and Scoharie, was a member of a group which purchased 22,000 acres of land between the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers in 1768. He built the first house in Delaware County in 1771, on site of Harpersville; it was a log cabin that was burned by the Indians in 1777. His daughter, Abigail, married Daniel Clark and they came to Ludlowville in 1803 and built what is now called the Barr cottage across from the store. One of their children, Isabelle, born in 1816, was Mrs. Parish's grandmother.

Posessing waterpower and lake frontage, Ludlowville early became a manufacturing and commercial center that served an extensive agricultural area.

SALMON CREEK FALLS

ASSET TO EARLY VILLAGE

Waterpower was most important to settlers coming into a new section, for they came long before there was steam and electrical power. It was because of the falls in Salmon Creek that the Ludlows settled here and in 1793 built the first gristmill of logs below the falls. The building was 20 feet square, and to turn the wheel a wooden flume carried the water over it.

How essential to development of such a settlement as Ludlowville is indicated by the earlier necessity to carry grain to the lakeshore where men rowed boats across the lake to Treman's mill. Lumber for buildings was an early necessity, so a sawmill was shortly erected; and the dam to power it was built just above the falls from which a raceway was dug to carry the water to the mill. Soon afterward a spoke factory and an oilmill were in operation, and business boomed in the little village.

In 1835, Andrew Myers built a gristmill and sawmill on his land near the mouth of Salmon Creek. Eventually, these mills were burned, and family houses soon began to occupy the site near the salt plant.

When Daniel Clark came in 1801, he established a tannery, fulling mill and dyehouse, and a sorghum mill above the falls. A dam just above the "Red Bridge" impounded the creek and a channel along the east side of the highway was dug to carry water to power these little factories. Willow trees were planted

along this channel to protect it against washouts and keep the water in its proper course. A few of these old trees are still there.

Three miles upstream was a gristmill and basket factory which James Ford bought from the Haskins family. It had been built in 1819 by Ambrose Ball.

There was another milldam and mill at the forks of the creek; at Little Hollow on the west branch was another. At Genoa on the east branch of the main stream was still another mill, which ground grain for a longer time than any other mill in this vicinity. Likewise, each little settlement on up Salmon Creek had its dam and mill, but all these dams were washed out in floods and never rebuilt as more efficient mills came into being to serve the larger, more populous area.

There are several large tributaries running into the main creek. At Ludlowville, Townley or Indian Creek enters from the east. It has three falls and in one place it narrows to the "deer leap." Nearby is Hedden or Buttermilk Creek which has one large falls. Near the present residence of Fred Brill is the creek along whose branch is the "Indian Chimney," a formation of rock standing vertically and resembling a chimney.

A mile north of Ludlowville the largest tributary enters the main channel at what is known as the "gulf," because above the falls the banks narrow into a deep ravine. At this falls Jacob Osmun built a mill and a nearby residence in 1870. A busy place for years, the mill has lately been transformed into a beautiful home where Sherman Peer resides. It is said there were eight sawmills from this point up to the main highway, Route 34. The "Gulf" stream rises almost on the Groton-Locke town line.

On some old maps Salmon Creek is called Salmon River, which it really is. With the main stream rising north in the Town of Venice in Cayuga County and with all these tributaries draining most of the Towns of Lansing and Genoa, it is really a river—and a mighty one at the height of the spring runoffs.

GRANDMA TOWNLEY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

By MARY L. TOWNLEY

It was late in the fall of 1792 when Grandpa and Grandma Townley, with their three little children, started from the valley of the Susquehanna, where they had been living, to come to their new home in the "Lake Country," as this part of New York State was than called. The journey would seem a very short one these days, but then it was long and tedious for there were no railroads or even roads of any kind.

In many places through the woods they were obliged to cut a way for the wagon. It took nine days to come about one hundred miles, the mother and children generally riding in the wagon, which was drawn by oxen, while Grandpa and his brother Charles drove the few cattle they brought with them. I've heard Grandma say that every morning before starting, they would milk the cows and put the milk into the churn, then at night they would find the butter all nicely gathered by the jolting of the wagon over the rough trail.

Well, when they came to the head of the lake they found only a few houses where Ithaca now stands. Here Grandma and the small children embarked in a little boat with the household goods, while the men drove the cattle along an Indian trail. The first work was to cut down some of the tall trees, which covered the country thickly for miles on every side, and build a little cabin to shelter them from rain and snow.

This cabin was their home for two or three years, until they were able to build a larger and better one. It stood in the south orchard where the old Romanite tree now stands.

At last they were settled for the winter. Uncle Charles went back to Susquehanna, leaving them alone in the wilderness for the winter. But settlers were beginning to come in fast and, as Grandpa was a surveyor, he was away from home a great deal to locate claims. Sometimes he would be gone two or three days at a time, leaving Grandma alone with the children.

The day before Christmas he went away with a man who had bought a piece of land about ten miles off, expecting to be home again before evening of the next day; but night came and he had not returned. You may be sure it was not a very merry Christmas for Grandma as she sat before the fire in the lonely cabin, anxiously listening to every sound, and hoping each moment to hear her husband's footsteps. No visions of sugar plums danced through the children's heads as they played about the floor, for Santa Claus did not find his way into the backwoods in those days.

All at once there was a strange pawing noise at the door, and Grandma's heart began to beat fast, for bears were very plentiful in the country and she though she was going to be favored with a visit from one. But in a moment the latch was raised and the door slowly opened; the first thing she saw was a gun poking into the room. It was followed by an Indian, then another and another, each armed with gun and tomahawk. These uninvited Christmas guests all squatted on the floor before the fire, and began to entertain their hostess by telling horrible stories of the massacre of Wyoming in which they had taken part.

They flourished their tomahawks and described the way the unlucky settlers were butchered and scalped, while poor Grandma sat listening in terror, although she tried to appear brave and unconcerned, for she had always heard that the savages were more likely to spare those who showed no signs of fear. The youngest child, who was just beginning to toddle

around, was greatly attracted by the tomahawks, and in spite of all she could do, would break away from his mother and going up to the Indians, would reach out his hand for the terrible weapons, which she every moment expected to see buried in his brains.

After a while her unwelcome callers inquired about the name of the owner of the cabin. When it was told, one said: "Townley, Townley, yes we know one Townley, but he dead and rotten long ago, Charles Townley, he killed in Wyoming."

Now Grandma was a woman who could always speak her mind and, frightened as she was, couldn't help saying:

"No, he was not killed either, for he was here only last week."

This seemed to make them very angry and they began again to flourish their tomahawks and tell their dreadful stories. At last they called for food which was given them. When they had eaten what they wanted, they asked for a loaf to carry away, and then took their departure. I don't believe that anybody was ever so glad before to have their party "out" as was Grandma Townley that Christmas night.

Three or four years afterward, an Indian came along with moccasins to sell. Grandpa bought a pair and, when he paid for them, the Indian insisted on returning part of the money, saying:

"We owe your squaw big loaf of bread, so big" (motioning with his hands to show the size of the loaf.)

Then Grandma knew that he was one of the Christmas guests.

A NEW YORK VILLAGE:

ITS EARLY-CENTURY ANNALS

By MARY L. TOWNLEY

Written by Miss Mary L. Townley, this paper was read by Mrs. Harriet Dewey Ireland at the April 26, 1904, meeting of the DeWitt Historical Society at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Bush, 123 East Buffalo Street, Ithaca.

Miss Townley was a daughter of John Nelson Townley, youngest son of the pioneer Richard Townley, Sr., who came to Lansing in 1792 from the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania. This pioneer lived in the house on what is known as the James Buck farm on Lot 77 of the Bounty Lands awarded Archibald Cunningham, who served six and a half years in the 2nd Regiment of the Continental Army. His discharge, carrying the Badge of Merit Citation, and the signature of "G. Washington," is in the DeWitt Historical Museum. There is no record of Cunningham's ever having occupied the lot.

In the form of a newspaper clipping, Miss Townley's paper was presented the DeWitt Historical Society August 10, 1944, by Mrs. William D. Haring, Lansing Town Historian. The present form carries some slight alterations to give names of persons alluded to in the original, add new material, and to improve its readability by breaking extremely long paragraphs into shorter ones.

* * * *

It lies snugly nestled among the hills of the beautiful lake region of the Empire State, this little hamlet, typical of so many others scattered throughout the older settled portions of our country. Never exceeding in population four hundred souls, yet a microcosm in itself wherein have been enacted the tragedies and the comedies of life.

As we stand upon some hilltop of this rich farming region and the lovely panorama spreads out beneath, there come vis-

ms of the past. We see a picture of the young pioneer and is little family making their toilsome way through pathless ilds to a homesite in the unbroken wilderness, poor enough worldy goods but rich in the dauntless courage which eans success.

We are apt to glorify the achievements of the present day -and they are indeed marvelous—but the foundations of ational greatness were laid by those hardy, indomitable rontiersmen who, step by step, conquered the wilderness, lazed the way and made the path plain and easier for the ultitudes that were to follow.

This region was part of the military tract granted to New 'ork State soldiers who served in the Continental Army dur- ig the Revolution. Occasionally in some old farmhouse may e found a carefully cherished document bearing George Wash- gton's signature and certifying that the bearer thereof, hav- ig faithfully served the United States a certain time, is ereby discharged from the American Army. One of these ocuments, in the possession of a direct descendant of the sol- ier to whom it was given, is regarded by its owner as a sort f patent of nobility. And many a member of the D.A.R. roudly exhibits this certificate of her right to belong to the ristocracy of the land.

In 1780, when the New York State Legislature looked ahead o the end of the Revolution, the whole expanse of Central nd Western New York appeared a vast domain that invited ettlement as soon as the Indian title could be extinguished. ccordingly, legislation was enacted to provide for extinguish- ment of the Iroquoian claims to the land and the awarding of 00-acre bounty grants to soldiers of the Continental Army s pay for their services and to hasten the development of he region. The area was surveyed and mapped into 28 mili- ary townships, each containing a hundred lots, and admin- stered by commissioners of the Land Office, an agency also reated by this legislation. The Cunningham claim of bounty and drew Lot 77 in the Town of Milton, Cayuga County, of

which the Lansing area was a part at the time of the award.

Sometimes the soldier, perhaps worn out by the hardships endured while fighting for freedom or for other reasons, shrank from the struggle of hewing out a new home in the wilderness and disposed of his right for what would now seem a paltry sum. In such a case the "discharge" would be transferred to the purchaser as a part of the title deed to the land.

During the years immediately preceding and following the Wyoming massacre July 3, 1778, the Indians were so ugly and troublesome that few if any settlers had courage to penetrate this region. But after General Sullivan, in his expedition of 1779, succeeded in effectually subduing the red men, the Lake Country soon became the land of promise for many seek- ing new homes, especially the veterans.

They came from the rugged hills of New England, the low- lands of New Jersey, the German settlements of Pennsylvania and the Dutch from Esopus Valley of Southeastern New York. They made their slow and toilsome journey in wagons and sleds drawn by oxen, on horseback or on foot, frequently clearing with an ax the path as they advanced. Often weeks were required to travel a distance that can now be accom- plished in a few hours.

The descendants of one brave woman tell how she came many a weary day's journey on horseback, carrying an infant in her arms. And across the horse's back behind the mother was placed a bedtick partly filled with straw at each end to furnish a safe and comfortable place for two older children who balanced each other on either side of the horse. The husband, with an ax over his shoulder and leading a cow, trudged along on foot by her side. One may fancy the un- bounded delight of the youngsters as they surveyed from their perch the novel sights of the woodland pathway.

It is also a matter of tradition in another household that the pioneer ancestors were nine days in making the journey from Wyoming Valley, near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, while

being obliged to cut their way through the forests. This distance can now (1904) be made in less than six hours. Each night and morning the milk from two cows was put into a churn in the wagon and, in due time, was converted into butter by the jolting of the vehicle over the rough ground.

In the days before the giants steam and electricty had risen to claim their own, a good waterpower usually determined the location of communities in the interior. Thus it was that a fine stream (Salmon Creek) which at this point plunged over a ledge of rocks to form a miniature Niagara, became the reason-to-be of our little village—Ludlowville.

Two enterprising brothers, Silas and Henry Ludlow, and Henry's son Thomas, descendants of one of Cromwell's Ironsides, came in March of 1791 to take possession of Military Lot 76, which comprised 600 acres and for which they had paid $60—or 10 cents an acre. This acquisition illustrates the purchase of bounty land from one to whom it had been originally awarded.

Here they erected a gristmill and a sawmill which were for several years the only ones within many miles. A blacksmith shop and a store—the latter a forerunner of today's great department stores—soon enabled the farmer to make his trip to the mill the occasion for supplying many other needs.

A wool-carding and cloth-dressing establishment soon did a thriving business in a community where all the clothing worn must be manufactured in the family. A tannery utilized the bark of the hemlocks which covered the hillsides, and thus the little hamlet became the scene of small but busy industries of the day.

Some interesting reminiscences from the pen of a granddaughter of one of these first settlers, Mrs. Julia Joy Morehouse of Galenburg, Michigan, lies before me. She writes:

"The first place of learning my mother knew of was a log schoolhouse that was occupied before being finished. There was no floor except across the end where the teacher sat. The children sat on the timbers where the floor was to be, their

feet hanging down and reaching the ground. The teacher, a Quaker dame, was very nice and taught the children all she knew. The girls were taught to knit and sew, and it was expected that each girl would make a sampler before her education was finished.

"The spelling book in use was illustrated with coarse woodcuts—the rude boy in the apple tree, the country maid and her milk pail were among them. The English reader and the Columbian orator were the reading books, and were made up mostly of extracts from English classics and from speeches of great men. The Bible was the textbook in the schools, and teachers and pupils read from it.

"The schoolhouse was built in the woods: squirrels would come and play with the children, the birds fly in and out, and sometimes a snake would be seen on the logs, though such an object lesson was not desired. I think the children were very well taught for, what they knew, they knew. They were expected to obey their parents and teachers and were taught to 'make their manners' to any strangers they might meet on the highway when going to and from school. To do this, the boys stood on one side of the road and made their bows; the girls on the other side curtsied."

One of the amusements of those times was spinning bees: the young men furnished the wool yarn or linen thread and the girls spun them, after which they had their fun cracking native nuts or roasting apples and chestnuts. Paring bees when apples were peeled and sliced for drying, corn husking bees, spelling schools and singing schools were other divertisements that helped pass the time of these oldtime youths. When a girl married, she had her outfit of homespun.

The grand days of the year were the militia training days when everybody was out to see the parade and eat ginger cake. It was not an uncommon sight to see men, women and children each with a card of ginger cake in hand, eating it on the street as they walked. The cake was a special one, called "training cake."

The young people used to sing at their evening parties. Pianos and organs were not known then so they used a tuning fork to give the pitch for secular as well as church music. Who can say those young people were not as happy as if they had played progressive pedro or euchre all night?

The bell was rung at 9 o'clock every night—the curfew bell. I have heard by grandmother say: "The 9 o'clock bell has rung and the boys are not in yet." But they soon were in and the household fire was covered for the night. Matches were not known so, if the fire went out, one of the boys was sent to a neighbor's to borrow some live coals. It was a common experience to hear the minister say, "meeting will begin at early candlelight." Tallow candles were the only means of illumination; their wicks were trimmed with snuffers.

One of my recollections is that of seeing chimney sweeps. The large fireplaces would become fouled and, at least once a year, had to be cleaned. Usually two or more boys went through the village crying, "Sweep-ho! Sweep-ho!" The pothooks and the crane were removed from the fireplace and the boys climbed up the inside, sweeping with brooms, brushes and scrapers, all the while singing "Sweep-ho!"

The wages of a dressmaker or sewing woman were 25 cents a day; a girl was paid 75 cents a week for doing housework.

Not more than two or three persons in the village took a newspaper and that a weekly. It was a common thing for a group of men to sit around one who could read to them the news; they thus learned all that was going on in the country. I have heard my mother tell how her father wept when the news came of the death of Washington.

My great-grandmother, Hannah Cooper, was a sister of James Fenimore Cooper's father. The Coopers came on horseback to visit my grandfather, bringing the little boy "Fenny." He was in frocks and, of course, showed no signs of becoming one of the most celebrated authors of our country—James Fenimore Cooper. Mrs. Cooper wore a dark blue riding habit

and a black beaver hat with long plumes. My grandfather looked like pictures I have seen of Cooper.

When the Erie Canal was first talked of, my grandfather said, "What folly! It can never be done," or "I shall never see it!" But he did see it and took more than one trip on it to Buffalo. When my father talked of going to Buffalo to live, grandfather said, "It is very wrong for Ira to go to that new country to be scalped by the Indians." My father had a contract for finishing the west end of the canal.

The cask in which was brought the water from the Atlantic to mingle with the waters of Lake Erie on the occasion of the celebration held at the opening of the canal for navigation in 1825, was given to my father. It was a work of art and highly decorated with a group of Indians in paint and feathers on one side, and a section of the canal with boat and horses on the other.

I am sure ignorance was bliss in those times. They did not know they were full of germs and microbes, and they had never heard of their vermiform appendix, of the multitud of health foods, or of Christian Science. They were Christians without the science!

I used to visit my uncle who lived on a farm of the Rev. Theodore Cuyler's grandfather. Theodore and his widowed mother lived there. I sometimes ran away, and one day I climbed the fence but fell off. I cried loudly and Theodore picked me up and took me to the house where his mother comforted me with bread and butter spread generously with sugar.

First in the list of books in my grandfather's library was the Bible. Scott's Commentary held the second place, and he always read all the notes and comments at family worship. It must have been very tedious to those who listened, especially to the children, but those were not hurrying times; no steam or electric cars were to be taken.

Shakespeare, Pilgrim's Progress, Josephine, Rollins' Ancient History, Milton's Paradise Lost, Young's Nights Thoughts,

Poor Richard's Almanac, and some of Scott's novels completed the list of books in the library of this pioneer family. It furnished good, wholesome intellectual food for the household and the neighborhood.

Perhaps it was the strenuous lives led by these early settlers which inclined them to embrace the stern doctrines of John Calvin. A Presbyterian Church was organized in 1817 with eighteen members. The little society flourished, many additions being made to its numbers each communion season. Meetings were held in the schoolhouse until the erection of a church edifice in 1825. The salary of the first pastor was $600 a year.

Meantime, a few followers of John Wesley had settled in the town and soon proved a disturbing element, for naturally there could be little harmony between them, the essential articles of whose creed were the Doctrine of Election and the final Perserverance of the Saints, and the believers in human freedom and the consequent possibility of fall from Grace. However, the new sect shared with the Presbyterians the privilege of holding meetings in the schoolhouse.

It is said that on one occasion good old Deacon J., who made the closing prayer, lengthened his petition to two mortal hours, deeming that he was most effectually serving the Lord in delaying as long as possible the teaching of the dangerous, heretical doctrines held by the Methodists.

Naturally, opposition and abuse, instead of blighting, only stimulated growth of the devoted little band. When it had increased in numbers so as to be able to build a church, it was found impossible to obtain a plot of ground in the little valley wherein the village was situated. The group was obliged to place its house of worship on a pinnacle of one of the surrounding hills, to which the faithful made its toilsome way each Sunday for a half century.

When, at last, a wealthy member of the church became the owner of a lot within the village, he presented it to the society, the meeting house was moved from its elevated position to one almost directly in front of the Presbyterian Church, which stood a little back from the main street of the town. And now, for many years, these two rival branches of Zion have dwelt in comparative peace and harmony, provoking each other to good works.

The early records of the Presbyterian Church, which are still extant, show that in order to maintain a good and regular standing among the brethren one must walk warily and circumspectly. They also furnish a significant comment upon the changes of sentiment within the last century as to many of the essential requisites to true Christian living.

The first case of discipline recorded was that of a brother who was cited to appear before the Sessions, charged with neglecting public worship and communion for eighteen months, a neglect of family prayer for twelve, and a general levity and lightness of conduct disgraceful to a professing Christian. This delinquent brother, after having repeatedly failed to heed the summons, was excommunicated for contumacy. A similar fate befell another who failed to manifest due repentance after being labored with for having foolishly remarked that "the devil would fly away with half of the Presbyterians in the place and maybe himself with them."

Three brothers were cited before the Session to answer to the charge of a breach of the Fourth Commandment while performing a recent journey to the West by traveling on the Lord's Day. After being faithfully labored with, one brother became duly penitent and, having made public confession of his sin, was restored to full communion. As the others could not be brought to see the enormity of their transgression, they were suspended.

Another brother, while living within a few rods of his own church, went a distance of three or four miles to attend a Methodist meeting in profanation of the Lord's Day, and in violation of his covenant engagement to attend steadily and devoutely upon the institutions and ordinances of Christ as

administered in his own church. This brother, not proving penitent, was excommunicated.

Some time during 1828 the question came before the Session, "Is it expedient for a member of Christ's Church to retail spirits by the small measure in a grocery?"

Having duly considered the matter, the Session resolved that it is inexpedient, and whereas brother P.W. is in the habit of selling spirits by the small quantity in his grocery store, and whereas the practice in the opinion of the Session is productive of much injury to many of his customers and of riotous conduct in and about his store, therefore resolved that a committee be appointed to visit him and present the views of the Session and to advise him to discontinue the practice.

The committee reported that they made known the views and wishes of the Session to brother P.W. but did not ascertain whether he would quit or not. Whereupon, the said committee visited him again to ascertain distinctly whether he considers it right to sell spirits according to his practice, and whether he means to persist in it or not.

The brother appointed to visit him reported he did not signify to him distinctly whether or not he would discontinue the business of selling spirits in his grocery store, whereupon brother P.W. was invited to come before the Session that a free conversation might be had between him and them. After conferring with the brother for some time he gave the Session to understand that he was not perfectly clear in his own mind as to the correctness of his business of retailing spirits, but did not say that he would relinquish it. He said that he did not know how he could gain a subsistence if he should change his business.

As there is no record of any further proceedings in the case, and the brother who was really a very worthy man, died at a venerable age a member of the church in good and regular standing, it is presumed that he finally discontinued the practice of retailing spirits.

There was, indeed, at this time pressing need that the

church and community should be aroused to a sense of the rapidly growing evil of intemperance. When whisky was a common beverage in every house, it is not strange that drunkenness was deplorably frequent. There was no market nearer than Albany, about 150 miles distant, for the abundant crops of corn where after days spent in its toilsome transportation by wagon the farmer received only fifty cents a bushel for the grain. This return would scarcely pay the cost of getting it to market, but 60 pounds of corn converted into whisky was reduced to two-thirds in bulk and weight and doubled in its value. Therefore, distilleries for manufacturing the raw material soon became common and did a thriving business.

No social gathering was considered complete without a generous supply of spirits in which all freely indulged. It was expected that every farmer would furnish his harvest hands with a liberal allowance of whisky, and no house or barn raising could be successfully accomplished without the aid of spirits. The more intelligent and thoughtful members of the community began to realize the fact that it was after all poor economy to thus transform their crops of corn into crops of drunkards.

On New Year's Eve, 1827, twelve good men—the apostolic number—assembled for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society, pledging themselves to total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. This society was one of the very first formed in the State and soon began to exert a beneficent influence throughout all the surrounding region. The good accomplished was largely owing to the strenuous efforts of a young businessman of the village—Benjamin Joy—who entered heart and soul into the work of temperance reform.

Throughout long winter evenings for many years he made his way through blinding snowstorms and formidable drifts to talk temperance in every schoolhouse and church in neighboring towns. There was, of course, fierce opposition to the doctrine of tee-total-ism which he preached, and many were the threats against the indomitable reformer, but being a natural

orator, gifted with a keen, ready wit and an inimitable story-teller, he always succeeded in keeping his audience in good humor even while freely applying the lash. His meetings were seldomly disturbed by the disorderly elements in a community.

Upon a certain occasion, when one of his hearers asked, "What'll we do with all our coarse grain if we do not make it into whisky?" Joy instantly remarked, "Feed it to the drunkards' families."

As the years passed, his fame as a speaker spread throughout the surrounding country, and when it was known that "Uncle Ben" was to address a meeting there was sure to be a crowded house. The rig that he usually drove was something like Dr. Holmes' "Wonderful One-Horse Shay," and he himself was by no means dandified in appearance. At one time he was returning from a trip between the lakes and had driven onto the ferry boat on which he was to cross to the eastern shore of Cayuga Lake. While waiting for the ferryman who had gone home to dinner, a spruce-looking man, driving a fine horse and carriage, came down to the boat and called out, "Come on here and help me," which Uncle Ben proceeded to do.

The stranger then impatiently demanded, "Why don't you get your craft started?"

"I am only waiting for my man," was the meek reply.

"Well," said the gentleman, "I am in a hurry. I have some business to do and then am going to Lansingville tonight to a temperance meeting. I have heard a great deal about Ben Joy and I thought I would stay over and hear him talk. Have you heard him?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Ben, "and I don't think much of him."

The stranger was much astonished when the speaker of the evening proved to be his companion on the ferryboat.

Uncle Ben never grew weary of the work and throughout a long life continued to wage valiant warfare against the evils of intemperance.

It came to be a custom to celebrate on every New Year's

Eve the anniversay of the organization of the first Temperance Society, on which occasion the Presbyterian Church was invariably filled to overflowing. Uncle Ben's droll stories, even though often repeated, being as sure to draw a crowded house as Joe Jefferson's impersonation of Rip Van Winkle. These anniversaries are still faithfully observed after a lapse of three-quarters of a century. (The observance was kept going for 120 years, but after Minnie Myers' death in 1938, they dwindled away. She remembered Ben Joy and when a little girl sang at anniversaries standing by his side.—Editor.)

The Town of Lansing claims the distinction of having prohibited sale of intoxicating liquors within its borders for nearly 50 years. The Prohibition wave that swept over the state in 1855, seating a temperance governor in the gubernatorial chair, also made Uncle Ben a member of the legislative body.

The isolated communities of those early times were especially favorable for the development of marked individuality of character. There are still lingering traditions of the peculiarities of some of those pioneers.

The worthy doctor of the village, Dr. Dyar Foot, was a man of very positive opinions which he was free to express upon possible occasion. The village store, which was the favorite meeting place for the Solons of the town, was the scene of many a wordy war whereby affairs of church and state were settled. The doctor, even at the early day, was a stanch Abolitionist and was bitter in his denunciations of slavery; he never failed to arouse the ire of his opponents in argument.

Dr. Foot was a prominent member of the church and always insisted upon strict disciplining of all who deviated ever so slightly from the straight and narrow way. It was not strange, therefore, that he became extremely unpopular and, when he left the village after a few years to try his fortune in the Far West, his departure was celebrated by the more disorderly element of the community by firing cannon, ringing bells and other demonstrations of rejoicing.

A notable personage who might have been termed the great man of the village, was Squire Abijah Miller, a lawyer of imposing presence and culture. He possessed what in those days was considered a fine library. The old-fashioned mansion—the Dickinson home—which he built is still standing. It was at the time surrounded by spacious grounds laid out with broad flower-bordered walks. In an arbor in the garden one lovely summer morning was found the lifeless body of the owner of the beautiful home. A pistol shot through the heart, with the weapon lying close by, plainly showed it to be a case of suicide. Melancholy induced by long-continued ill health was supposed to have been the cause of the deed. This tragedy naturally cast over the community a gloom which was not soon dispelled.

A frequent guest at the Miller mansion was a favorite niece, a daughter of Judge Elijah Miller of Auburn, who became the wife of William H. Seward, then a law student in her father's office. During her visits Mr. Seward also sometimes found his way to the little hamlet. An account of a sad event connected with one of these visits was recently related to me by a daughter of one who was for many years a valued domestic in Squire Miller's family.

While it is not known that any serious impediments interrupted the tranquil course of true love in this case, yet it would not be strange if Mr. Seward, then a young man and unknown law student, should have felt some slight trepidation in approaching so prominent a citizen as Judge Miller to propose an alliance with his family. However that may have been, it was agreed between the lovers that during the visit of the young lady to her uncle, the future statesman should exercise his diplomatic gifts in endeavoring to secure the paternal constent to his suit. If successful, he was to drive to Ludlowville and accompany his lady love on her return home.

Having pleaded his cause so skillfully as to receive a favorable verdict from the Judge, it is to be presumed that the young man lost no time in conveying the joyful tidings over

the 30 miles intervening between Auburn and Ludlowville. It was a day before telephones, you know!

It was during this ride that occurred the sad accident which may well have cast a dark shadow over the happiness of the young couple. As the carriage approached within a mile of the village, one of a little group of children playing in the roadway was reported to have been trampled beneath the horses' hooves. However, a later account says the boy lost control of his sled and it ran between the path of the two horses. He was not killed, as a political story claimed when Seward was a candidate for governor.

A visitor to the sleepy little village of the present day would find it hard to realize that it was once the business center of a large tract of surrounding country. During the first decade of the 19th century, Calvin Burr, an enterprising young merchant from New England, established here a store in which was long carried on a flourishing business. The stock comprised dry goods, groceries, drugs, hardware and nearly every commodity required at that time by the early settlers, in exchange for which was received all kinds of farm produce. At first these products were bear grease, wild honey and beeswax, pelts, animal bones, tallow, wool, knit goods—all characteristic of a primitive settlement.

Drummers, as traveling salesmen were known earlier, did not visit Ludlowville until many decades later. Twice each year the merchant made a journey to New York City to replenish his stock of goods which was brought on the Hudson River to Catskill and then by wagons on the Catskill turnpike to Ithaca and from there over rough roads to the store. By either wagon or sleigh about a ton was a load, and the cost was about $2.50 a hundred pounds. There was a story told of one man who loaded his wagon rather heavily and then carried a keg of nails on his own back. The keg weighed 200 pounds!

After the opening of the Erie canal in 1825, the cost of bringing goods from New York was reduced 25 cents a hun-

dredweight, and soon the building of canal boats became a flourishing industry along the lake. A man could frequently build a boat during the summer and pay for it from the freights of one season. There was very little difference in the time required between the wagon and the canal boat as the speed of the latter averaged two miles and hour. The packets or passenger boats attained the amazing speed of four miles an hour!

From time to time other stores were opened in the village, but they were usually of short duration while the pioneer establishment continued on the even tenor of its way for more than sixty years. Its founder, after a time, retired from the business with what was, before these days of multi-millionaires, considered an ample fortune. There are still living two who were partners in the firm during the last years. The venerable James A. Burr of Greenwich, Conn., and the Hon. H. B. Lord, who came to the village in 1836, a lad of 14, and continued as a resident of the place until 1866, no citizen ever more honored and beloved.

There is situated well on the outskirts of the village a farmhouse built in 1806 which enjoys the unique distinction of having been the scene of a trial for witchcraft. Good old Deacon B———, highly respected member of the community, must have inherited from his New England ancestors a belief in witches for, upon the protracted illness of his daughter, he conceived the idea that a certain Dutch woman of the neighborhood, a Mrs. Prost, had bewitched her. Whereupon he demanded that Judge Richard Townley should issue a warrant for the arrest of the imagined culprit. The Judge endeavored to dissuade the Deacon until the latter, becoming angry, exclaimed:

"Judge, I must need tell you that you talk like a fool."

So the warrant was issued and the time appointed for the trial which was to be held in the house of Judge Townley whose daughter, then a child, has told me that she well remembered the jolly crowd that assembled to enjoy the unusual entertainment, for no one but the Deacon seemed to have taken the matter seriously. It is needless to say that the poor woman was found not guilty.

As will be readily seen, I have not in these Annals attempted anything like a connected history. There are doubless many incidents of interest connected with the early days of the town that have been lost with the passing away of those who were a part of its life.

Nevertheless, from this secluded nook among the hills have gone out far-reaching influence for good. The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," says:

"During the winter of my return from Europe to my home on Cayuga Lake, one of my uncles invited me to go down and attend an afternoon prayer service in the neighboring village of Ludlowville. There was a spiritual awakening in the church and the meeting was held in the parlor of a private house. I arose and spoke for ten minutes. When the meeting was over more than one came to me and said, 'Your talk did me good.' On my way home, as I drove along in the sleigh, the thought flashed into my mind: 'If a ten minutes' talk today helped a few souls, why not preach all the time?' That one thought decided the vexed question as to my future." He had been on the verge of adopting law as a profession.

As is well known, Dr. Cuyler has been an eminently successful minister. It is said that at one time his church in Brooklyn numbered the largest membership of any Presbyterian church in the United States, and few writers have contributed so profusely to the religious press as he.

The Rev. John Bascom passed the years of his boyhood in our little village. Formerly president of Madison University, Madison, Wisconsin, he was for many years a professor in Williams College and, as author and educator, has left an impression upon the life of the nation. His father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Lansingville. He died in early life, leaving a family of four children. The widow soon moved to Ludlowville. She was descended from four generations of clergymen.

When Everyone Ate 'Training Cake'

By ALICE A. BRISTOL

When Lincoln's call came to the counties for volunteers to recruit the Civil War armies, Lansing responded generously with more than the town quota. Then followed thrilling days of training when recruits assembled in the village.

Companies of 61 men each were formed and trained by their officers in the square in front of the stores. Housewives foresaw the absorbing interest to be aroused by these occasions which evacuated every member of the household, and made preparations against hunger by providing each with a liberal supply of a special gingerbread, called Training Cake. The public ate this out of hand while sitting on the store steps or while standing with stretched necks to peer over someone's shoulder. Others ran to be the first to arrive at a place of vantage, still others elbowing and crowding an onlooker out of a coveted position. All was vigorous contention but good-natured rivalry.

Small wonder that a lad like Bloom LeBarre was excited, ran away from home and enlisted with the recruits, though having to misrepresent his age as 16.

Log Cabin Good Enough for Him

Martin Murphy of Ludlowville had three daughters who earned sufficient money to build a frame house near their family's log cabin. The father said he had lived for years in the cabin and it was good enough for him. There he lived for the remainder of his life but the rest of the family moved into the new house.

Postmaster Served 74 Years

When Roswell Beardsley died in 1902 at the age of 93, he had been postmaster at North Lansing for 74 years. His commission was signed by John Quincy Adams, the sixth president of the United States. It was dated 1828 and countersigned by Postmaster General John McLean.

Beardsley was born in Scipio Center, Cayuga County, July 5, 1809, and moved with his parents to North Lansing, then known as Beardsley's Corners, January 2, 1827. The next year he was named deputy postmaster under Joseph Bishop, the first postmaster at North Lansing, the second post office in the Town of Lansing. He served continuously under twenty presidents and thirty-four postmaster generals, and at the time of his death he was the oldest postmaster in the United States. He had made out and signed every quarterly report during all those years—296 reports in all.

Beardsley conducted a retail store in connection with the post office, to which in the early days mail was brought once a week by a man on horseback. Usually this postrider carried the weekly newspapers over various routes and the mail between post offices.

In 1870, the office paid $57 a year, but after the railroads came through he was allowed $60.

On several occasions he was invited to visit Congress, and he was invited to McKinley's inauguration. But being a man of extreme retiring disposition, he declined to attend. However, his picture today hangs in the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C.

Beardsley married Isabella Conrad, and they had five daughters and one son. A grandson, Howard Beardsley, preserved his grandfather's commission, which is now in the possession of his widow, Mrs. Edna Beardsley, of South Lansing.

In 1894, there were ten post offices in Lansing; now there are three: Ludlowville, South Lansing, and Myers. Much of the mail is delivered throughout the town by rural carriers. This mail service was inaugurated here in 1903.

Lansing Had Several Brass Bands

From ADRIAN WOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS

Some years ago Mrs. C. T. Redline and her brother Lloyd Bower of Libby, Montana, donated to the DeWitt Historical Society a music pouch used by their father Jay Bower while a a member of the South Lansing band. It contains some sheets of band music, a roster of the members and other bits of history. The uniforms were dark trousers, cream-colored shirts, dark caps, and white Morocco pouches. A four-horse team transported the outfit in an up-to-date bandwagon. Organized in 1884, this band had twenty members and was called the Elm Grove Band.

North Lansing organized a band in 1891, but the group soon joined with the South Lansing group. John Starks was drum-major, and William Miller walked once a week to practice with the Peruville Band.

In 1895, the Ludlowville Cornet Band was "going strong," and through William Miller, Patrick Conway, who led the Ithaca Band, was persuaded to come here and drill this band. It practiced in the hall over the Benjamin store in a building erected during 1811 by Oliver Phelps. Some of the instruments were inferior, and especially did the big bass drum annoy Conway. He told the men to bring the poor drum in its bag up to the bandroom where the Ithaca band practiced. He then took them into another room where were stored many new instruments that were furnished by some big companies. He picked out a good bass drum, which he put into the bag in place of the inferior one.

Conway was paid five dollars a trip here but he was well paid by the Tremans for his work with the Ithaca Band. The uniforms for the Ludlowville band were bought through No. 7 fire company of Ithaca and were the same as the Ithaca Band's. In a parade they always marched with the fire company. In a picture taken at Cayuga Lake Park, members identified are: William Burger, Omar Holden, Clayton Haring, Merritt Winns, William DeCamp, Jay Morey, Lew Luce, Bert Ozmun, Warren Giltner, Will Miller, Will Searles, Lafayette Jacobs, Newton Holden, Leonard Austin, Adrian Woods.

Ludlowville was noted for its bandstand in the triangle now marked by a flagpole and boulder with names of soldiers lost in World War II.

Dr. White Led Group to Oregon

By LYMAN H. GALLAGHER

A blue-and-gold State marker stands in front of the Pentecostal Church in Lansingville to mark the spot where the home of Dr. Elijah J. White stood long ago. Dr. White was a pioneer medical missionary in Oregon. He was a native of Montour Falls but lived in Lansing both before and after his years in that state. While there he was a friend and associate of both Dr. Marcus Whitman and the Rev. Samuel Parker of Ithaca.

In 1842, he led a group of 120 men and their families across the Indian country to Oregon, in which many of the early settlers came from Tompkins County. Dr. White was honored for his patriotic labors by being made United States agent for the Indians in the western country.

He was author of "Ten Years in Oregon," published in Ithaca in 1847. A few copies may still be found. This is the inscription on the marker in front of the site of his home in Lansingville:

"Home of Dr. Elijah White, pioneer Oregon settler, Indian missionary, agent for Indians in Oregon, wrote 'Ten Years in Oregon,' 1842."

MILK, FLOUR, MEAL USED EARLY BY PIONEER COOKS

By ALICE A. BRISTOL

Beside the venison and fish so abundantly supplied by forest and stream, the pioneer housewife soon had three other staple articles of the diet—milk, meal and flour. Indian corn ground into meal and wheat into flour were combined with milk in a variety of ways. There were buttermilk whey, buttermilk pop, minute pudding, hasty pudding, and Johnny cake.

Buttermilk whey, little more than a not very satisfying potable, was made by heating buttermilk in a kettle until the whey curd was separated from the water.

Buttermilk pop was made by heating the buttermilk and constantly stirring to keep the whey from separating. When at the boiling point a mixture of flour or meal and water was gradually added with the stirring continued until the mixture was like a thin, creamy soup.

The men folks or children sometimes called for "lumps," whereupon the cook took some flour, lightly moistened it with fresh buttermilk, then worked it with her fingers into small floury lumps or noodles. These were gradually turned into the hot mess and cooked until thoroughly done. The piping hot mixture was poured into deep bowls, sweetened to taste and eaten by spoonfuls. When thickened and cooked to perfection it was a very good dish.

Minute pudding was made by heating salted water to the boiling point and stirring in loose flour which cooked into

small globules in just no time at all. A dish of this was eaten with cream and sugar.

Hasty pudding was made the same way, except Indian meal was used instead of flour, and it was cooked a full fifteen minutes. This pudding or mush was then poured into a large, deep bowl, which together with a generous spoon or ladle was first rinsed in cold water to prevent the mush from sticking. A bowl of milk and a spoon were at each place, and the family seated itself to the joy of transferring by large spoonfuls the golden grain from the central bowl to the individual ones and thence to hungry stomachs.

Then there was a cake made from Indian meal, salt and water or milk. Before the advent of ovens, this mixture was spread upon a board that was set on the hearth before glowing coals to bake. This came to be known as Johnny cake, but there are several explanations of why the name. I remember asking my mother how it happened to be so named. She said it was introduced by southern slaves, and during the Civil War it became a basic food article for the Confederate armies whose soldiers were called "Johnnies" by the Federalists who dubbed the cake "Johnny Cake.

Post Offices, Postmasters in Lansing

Rural mail routes, advent of the automobile and faster postal service have reduced the number of post offices in Lansing. In 1894, there were ten: Asbury, Mary Head, postmistress; East Lansing, C. D. Haring; Heddens, John W. Brown; Lake Ridge, W. A. Hedden; Lansingville, Charles Drake; Ludlowville, Charles Wood; Midway, William A. J. Ozmun; Myers, P. D. Drake; North Lansing, Roswell Breadsley; South Lansing, Charles M. Egbert.

In 1963, post offices and postmasters are: Ludlowville, Donald H. Bush; Myers, Frank Hranek; South Lansing, W. Paul Blancher.

The first post office established in territory now embraced

in the Towns of Genoa and Lansing seems to have been located on west hill (Fiddler's Green) though it bore the name of Genoa until the division of the towns at the time Tompkins County was formed in 1817. It then became Ludlowville. However, the first entry of this office under the name Genoa was on January 11, 1806, on which date Abijah Miller, Jr., was appointed postmaster. He was succeeded March 10, 1815, by John Ludlow, and March 1, 1817, John Bowman became postmaster.

Research indicates that postmasters at Ludlowville have been Philip French, 1846-49; Amasa Wood, 1849-52; William Mead, 1865-71; William Godley, 1871-82; William Mead, 1882-85; Charles Benjamin, 1885-93; Nelson E. Lyon, 1894-04; Charles E. Wood, 1904-09; Charles D. Howell, 1909-13; Frances W. Wright, 1913-17; Senora Stedman, 1918-24; Joseph W. McGill, 1935-43; Marian Nichols, 1943; Jean Wood, 1944-51; Donald H. Bush, 1951—. Since 1920, the post office has been moved five time, all within the village of Ludlowville.

Rural free delivery of mail was established here in 1903 with two routes, Nos. 9 and 10. Mrs. Adelea Stearns was the first carrier down the lake road. Mrs. Cora Redline remembers that, as a little girl, she watched the first day with her aunts for Mrs. Stearns, who put some mail in their box.

George Ryan was the carrier on Route 10, which went up the Creek Road and through Lansingville. Mrs. Nellie Minturn says she recalls how regular he was and adds, "You could set your clock by his coming." Other carriers were Earnest Buchanan, William Minturn and Everett Nobels.

Since 1955, Wallace Hammond has been the carrier out of Ludlowville. He travels 74 miles and delivers mail to 397 boxes for 412 families, but he is never more than eight miles away from the post office.

In 1919, parcel post service was inaugurated, and it delivers much merchandise to rural residents. The southern end of the town is served by Ithaca R.D. 1; the eastern part by a Groton route, and the northern area by the Locke route.

Railroad Along Lake Launched

The Cayuga Railroad Company was organized in 1871 for the purpose of constructing a line along the east shore of Cayuga Lake. Work was begun late in the year and rails were laid during the winter of 1872. During the year rights of way had been purchased from those farmers whose lands extended to the lake. Serious washouts of the line the next year led to a reorganization as the Cayuga Lake Railroad, which road passed to control of the Lehigh Valley in 1877,

Construction of the track brought in many laborers, and the foreman for this section was Frank Gallagher. He built a small house at Myers and brought his family which remained there as permanent residents. The house was enlarged and Mrs. Gallagher boarded many of the railroad workers as well as those who later worked at the salt plant started under R. S. Lamberson in 1892. Mrs. Arthur Brewer is the only member of the Gallagher family left.

No passenger trains have been run since September 1, 1948. The only trains now is a freight train from Ithaca that terminates its run at Myers and a coal train to the Milliken power plant at Lake Ridge.

Some fifty "mourners" rode the passenger train to Auburn the last day. Sidney Carr had been the engineer who drove old No. 18 for eight years, and had been in railroad service 38. He had been an engineer 21 years. Mrs. Florence Myers Croft, over 70, rode from Ludlowville station to Ithaca on the final trip. She said she rode on this line when she was a little girl, and hundreds of times since.

In the early 1870's much planning of railroad lines through Lansing was done. Besides the Cayuga Railroad, two others eventually crossed the town, the Murdock and the Midland, neither of which lasted long, but traces of their routes can be seen today. The Midland afforded "the shortest, quickest and cheapest" route between Ithaca and New York City, if one elected to go to North Lansing to take the train. It was said

of this line that it would stop a train and pick a person up even if it was at his own door.

The Ithaca-Auburn Short Line opened December 12, 1908. It was operated partly by steam and partly by electricity. Starting at State and Tioga Streets in Ithaca, it ran up the hill to Estys, South Lansing and northward to Auburn, with a short branch west from the main line to Rogue's Harbor. Much used by residents along the line, it failed financially and was abandoned in 1924.

Salt Plant Operated 68 Years

The salt company at the mouth of Salmon Creek at Myers started work in 1894. This was when R. V. Lamberson came from Warsaw in Western New York, seeking a location where both salt and water were found in abundance.

Since that time this salt "block" has been a sustaining source of employment for men of Lansing. Gradually, the plant was enlarged, a disastrous fire at one time and the collapse of the main building at another did not halt progress. When the company later merged with the International Salt Company, more modern machinery was installed.

There is no lack of salt, what with brine being brought up from wells with an earlier depth of 1,500 feet but now from 2,100 feet. But in recent years, according to the trend of the times, it has been determined economical to consolidate operations with the plant at Watkins.

In preparing for this move, the company sold the houses near by to employes who had occupied them and wished to remain here. Twenty-five acres of land north of Ludlowville were given to the Rod & Gun Club, and a like acreage south of the mouth of the creek was presented to the Town of Lansing park for picnic sites and a bathing beach.

All the machinery has been trucked to Watkins, and a number of men moved to that location so as to remain with the company. Some sought other employment, and the veterans

were pensioned off. Some of these employes had spent all their working lives in the company's employment, with records of more than 40 years as were John George, 47; Joseph Uher, 46; Abraham Caliel, 44; Leroy Inman, 43, and Leo Abraham, 41.

So, since August 1962, the buildings which had furnished employment for more than 200 men for 68 years, have remained empty. The closing is a blow to the town that will have to be borne until some industry takes over the vacant structures that stand bleakly idle.

Two Lonely Graves Attract Attention

Three miles north of Ludlowville, near the foot of Brooks Hill and with no houses within a half mile, is a gravestone with this inscription:

"In memory of Deacon and Captain John Rouse, a Revolutionary officer, who lived and died a devoted Christian and patriot, who departed this life Jan. 19, 1834, aged 92 years, 1 month."

"In memory of James Mc., son of William and Mary Morrison, died Mar. 19, 1814, aged 1 month."

Deacon Rouse's children were John, Sarah, Anthony, and Amor; also Mary, wife of William Morrison; Peggy, wife of William L. Clark, and Rebecca, wife of Jonathan Eddy.

The deacon enlisted at Graham, N. Y., for seven weeks as lieutenant, was captain from April 1, 1777, to Aug. 25, 1778, according to the record when he applied for his pension. The Morrisons lived in the neighborhood of the little burying ground, and he came to spend his last years with them.

One grave, that of Reuben Bennett, 1760-1824, is high on the bank, north of the mill in the Gulf, now owned by Sherman Peer and used by him as a summer home. Bennett is thought to have been a miller and a member of the Masonic Lodge. Masons of North Lansing erected an iron fence around his grave some 25 years ago.

OLIVER PHELPS FAMED FOR LARGE ENTERPRISES

Oliver Phelps located in Ludlowville in 1811 as proprietor of a store, and soon had branches in Ithaca, Trumansburg, Fabius and at other centers. He operated stage lines, carried mail, superintended the building of the first two steamboats on Cayuga Lake, built sections of the Erie canal at Lockport and of the Welland canal in eastern Canada. Locating in St. Catharines, Canada, in 1825, he became a grower of and dealer in wheat on a large scale.

Third child of Noah and Sarah Adams Phelps, he was born in Granby, Connecticut, December 12, 1779. He moved to Green River, New York, in 1792, and married Abigail St. John January 16, 1800. Between 1800 and 1827 there were born to them seventeen children, of whom only nine reached adulthood. They moved to Cazenovia in 1801, to Fabius in 1804, to Ludlowville in 1811, and then to St. Catharines, where he died at the residence of his son, O. S. Phelps, in 1851, aged nearly 72. His wife survived him twenty years, dying at Buffalo in 1871.

On coming to Ludlowville, Phelps built the first store in the settlement, an enterprise Arad Joy came on horseback from Fabius to manage. Phelps erected his dwelling near the edge of the high rocks south of the schoolhouse, and planted mulberry trees as many others did. These trees were to feed silkworms but they proved to be the wrong species of mulberry and the experiment ended in failure.

Aside from the stage and mail route and his store enterprise, Phelps' great contribution to this section of the State was construction of the first steamboat on Cayuga Lake. A model of this boat, the Enterprise, is in the DeWitt Historical Museum at Ithaca.

He participated in organization of the Cayuga Lake Transportation Company on December 15, 1816. Its officers were David Woodcock, president; Phelps agent for the building of the boat; James Pumpelly, Joseph Benjamin, and Lewis Tooker, directors. The object of the company was to build a steamboat to run from one end of the lake to the other. The keel of the Enterprise was laid March 11, 1820, at Port Renwick in the southeast corner of the lake at Ithaca. Next May 4 the City and brought up the Hudson to Albany and overland to Ithaca by teams that required six weeks to make the trip.

Only thirteen years after Fulton had steamed up the Hudson River in the Clermont, on June 1, 1820, the Enterprise hull was launched, with machinery manufactured in Jersey made her trial run down the lake, carrying 150 passengers. She left Port Renwick for Cayuga where she arrived eight hours later. The craft was eighty feet long, had a beam of thirty feet and a capacity of 120 tons. Five years later the company built the improved Telemachus under Phelps' supervision.

Later, Phelps negotiated a contract to build the five locks in the canal at Lockport, a work he performed so successfully that he was awarded contracts to excavate the deep cut and build feeders on the Welland canal in eastern Canada. Having accumulated a reputed million dollars from his canal building, he became a grain, especially wheat, grower and dealer in St. Catharines. But before his death he saw much of his fortune dwindle away through a break in the Liverpool wheat market. One time he had sixteen ships laden with wheat freeze up in Lake Ontario, and before they were freed by thaws, the grain sprouted, and he lost $150,000.

Phelps is credited with having built from his private funds

the First Presbyterian Church in Ludlowville. To maintain the church he contributed freely to what little its members could afford at a time when the country roundabout was at the time, 1818, just beginning to develop.

This Oliver Phelps has been confused, locally at least, with Oliver Phelps who was a partner in the Phelps and Gorham Land Company. The land speculator was born in 1749 at Windsor, Connecticut, and died at Canandaigua February 21, 1809. While Alice Adele Bristol in her memoirs has a detailed account of Phelps' financial reverse and his recoupment after coming to Ludlowville in 1811, it will be noticed that Oliver Phelps of the land company had died two years before the Ludlowville Oliver appeared there.

Sweetheart's Myrtle Marks Old Grave

More than one hundred years ago a man named Homer Blessing was ill of smallpox, and was put in the woodhouse attached to my home. Vaccination was not known then and everyone was afraid of the disease; even the village doctor passed his medicine in through the window on a shovel. Blessing died September 6, 1852, and was buried by two Irishmen at the foot of east hill on the other side of the bridge where now there is a great patch of Myrtle. The two men on their way back bathed in the creek to wash away the germs but one man died of the disease. Their clothing was burned and buried. Among my grandfather's papers (he was the undertaker), I found a bill for $3 for making Blessing's coffin. The story is that the Myrtle was planted over the grave by his sweetheart.

Cornell Prize Memorial to Merchant

At Cornell University the Morrison Poetry Prize, an annual award recently endowed, is a memorial to a Lansing native and Ludlowville and Ithaca merchant, James Townley Morrison.

A son of James and Mary Townley Morrison, he was born in Ludlowville in 1829 and died in Ithaca in 1912, to which he first removed in 1848. After clerking in the Finch & Stowell store for three years, he engaged in business in Ludlowville for six years, then in farming in Lansing. He returned to Ithaca in 1858 and bought an interest in the Avery & Woodruff store which two years later became Morrison & Woodruff.

In 1869, he purchased the Downing Block on the northeast corner of State and Tioga Streets, long known thereafter as the Morrison Block. It is the site of today's First National Bank and Trust Company. In 1890, Morrison sold his establishment to Theodore Dobrin, and retired.

During his business career, he was a newspaper advertiser, but an unusual one in that the advertisements consisted of short poems that he wrote. Some were originals but others were adaptations. "My Mother" appeared in The Ithaca Journal with this editorial comment:

"The following lines by Mr. J. T. Morrison, the well-known merchant, are among the best he has written: best in point of sentiment and melody." The poem:

MY MOTHER

I look upon my mother's likeness on the wall,
And though I press them back, the scalding tears will fall,
As memory brings some willful act to mind again,
For which I would forgiveness plead—but all in vain.

I listen—to my ear remembrance brings a sigh,
Wrung from those lips—or look of sorrow to the eye,
Born of regret for thoughtless words that gave her pain,
Which gladly I would now recall—but all in vain.

The future holds no mystery beyond the skies—
No hope beyond death's door that I so fondly prize,
As that those eyes in love may look in mine again,
Those lips pronounce my plea for pardon—not in vain.
—Morrison.

It will be particularly noticed that the poem is signed simply "Morrison." This is the signature used on the many compositions he inserted as paid advertisements in the newspaper.

Clock Counted Hours for 100 Years

At a family gathering in the early 1900's, Dana Rhodes of Lansing read a paper that told of his grandfather George Rhodes, who became a pioneer in the town when in 1779 he moved here from Northampton County, Pennsylvania. Among the historical incidents he recorded was that of a clock which served the family for a century.

During journeys back to the land of their birth, members of the family rode horseback. On one of these trips, George Rhodes purchased a grandfather's clock in Easton, Pennsylvania, and carried it in front of him as he sat in the saddle. Apparently, this was the works for such a clock for it is reported that he afterwards made with his own hands an eight-foot case in which the mechanism was installed.

The clock faithfully ticked away a hundred continuous years, the only breaks coming about once in five years when it was taken apart to be cleaned and oiled. It bade fair to serve another century until February 4, 1904, when its career was ended in a fire that destroyed the house and nearly everything in it.

'She's Coming! Look Out!'

By ALICE A. BRISTOL

Late one fall in the early '70's the first railroad train along Cayuga's east shore from Ithaca to Auburn, passed through Myers. News of it preceded the event and stirred the people to a white heat of expectancy. On the appointed day school was closed, and by ten o'clock, though the train was scheduled for twelve, the entire population of Ludlowville and the surrounding country flocked to the lakeside. There they watched through many false cries of "She's coming! Look out!"

Barney Moore hid behind a tree from whence his head and scared eyes made occasional excursions and quick retreats. It was a cool day and Barney wore a black cap with ear-lappets and a bright red tippet. When the train really came, the great black thing hissed and sputtered, ground and shuddered itself to a stop. Then Barney's fear burst through all limits of control and he forgot to look at what he had come to see because of the jumping-jack gyrations of his arms and legs. The red tippet streamed right and left as though keeping time with his strange chuggings from underneath, and snorts that jerked the train into motion and carried it away, did Barney regain his normal demeanor.

Those seemingly endless, shining tracks running off into the unseen, even more than the snorting monster, seemed definitely to link Ludlowville with the great outside and unknown world as nothing had before. The population stepped high and puffed out its breast all the way home that afternoon.

Church Deed Was 'Lost' 75 Years

After being "lost" 75 years, a deed conveying property to the Presbyterian Church at Ludlowville, was found among old papers in the county clerk's office in May of 1901. Dated 1826, the document had not been claimed after being filed.

TOWN SENT 144 SOLDIERS INTO CIVIL WAR ARMIES

During the current observance of the Civil War centennial, it is appropriate to recount the Town of Lansing's contribution of men to national defense during the struggle. It was a greater part than might be thought, as 144 went into military service during the Rebellion. Of these, 40 were killed in action or succumbed to wounds or army-connected disease. Veterans of this war occupy 131 graves in ten of the town's cemeteries; of the Revolution, 27, for all wars, 204.

Asbury Cemetery—63
12 Revolutionary War
7 War of 1812
41 Civil War
1 Spanish-American War
1 World War I
1 World War II

North Lansing Cemetery—52
1 Revolutionary War
37 Civil War
1 Mexican War
2 Marines
7 World War I
3 World War II

German Cemetery—4
3 Civil War
1 Revolutionary War

Pine Grove Cemetery—35
1 Revolutionary War
1 War of 1812
1 Spanish-American War
1 Militia
1 Mexican War
26 Civil War
3 World War I
1 World War II

Lansingville Cemetery—16
1 Revolutionary War
13 Civil War
1 World War I
1 World War II

Lake Ridge Cemetery—4
2 Revolutionary War
2 Civil War

Miller Cemetery—3
3 Civil War

Strong Cemetery—2
1 Revolutionary War
1 War of 1812

Ludlowville (new)—18
3 Civil War
2 Spanish-American
10 World War I
3 World War II

East Lansing Cemetery—7
4 Revolutionary War
3 Civil War

Total Revolutionary War 27
Total Civil War 131
Grand Total 204

Brigham Young, Boy in Lansing

Brigham Young (1801-1877) as a boy lived with his parents on the shore of Cayuga Lake, near Lansing Station. Clarence Jefferson told me about it, saying his grandmother lived near and knew them. She used to tell him about them.

Brigham went to school at the Drake schoolhouse. When he was 12 or 13, his mother died and is said to have been buried in the White Settlement burying ground west of Lansingville. Orrin Drake, who died Febraury 14, 1963, at the age of 86 after always living in that vicinity, said he remembered seeing the stone that marked the grave in the southeastern corner of the cemetry. Now fallen, it quite likely lies beneath a covering of leaves and soil.

After her death, the father and son moved to the vicinity of Auburn where the youth became at an early age an expert carpenter, painter and glazier. The record shows that he constructed the fireplace mantel in Judge Elijah Miller's home (now the Seward House) in 1816 when the house was built. The fireplace in the Abijah Miller home (now C. L. Dickinson's in Ludlowville) is the same pattern and workmanship, so we think he constructed it at about the same time. Also, the mantel in the Charlotte and Estelle Stone residence in Trumansburg may well be another example of his handicraft.

An early settler in Sugar Hill, Town of Orange, in Schuyler County, Young was baptized into the Mormon Church and began to preach. He went to Kirkland, Ohio, then to Nauvoo, Illinois. After the Mormons were driven out of these places, he led them to Utah, of which he was appointed territorial governor by President Millard Fillmore. Young encour-

aged agriculture, manufacturing and bridge building, and took a contract to construct 100 miles of the Union Pacific railroad. At his death in 1877, he was reputed to be worth a million dollars, had 19 wives and 57 children.

Spiral Staircase Long in Building

Abram Osmun, born in 1809 in Michigan, came to Lansing and married Anna Shoemaker in 1828. He was a hardy pioneer; it is reputed that he could cradle grain all day in bare feet. He prospered and bought three farms near each other on what is now Route 34 near North Lansing. They had three children: Betsy born 1831, married John Conklin; Jacob born 1833 and Charles born 1846. He built a fine large house on each farm for his children; the one on the east side of the road erected in 1854, he kept for himself and Charles.

Abram's heart's desire was a spiral staircase to reach from the first floor to the cupolas in the roof, and it was planned when the house was built. He had Honduras mahogany for its construction but no carpenter skilled enough could be found to do the work, so the lumber was stored in a hog shed for more than half a century.

He never saw the staircase, as he died June 20, 1884. His sons Jacob and Charles went to Groton and bought a cedar casket and a pine box for $100. They showed Daniel Tichenor where to dig the grave which was lined with 450 bricks laid up with water and lime, and a great flagstone was placed on top. All this is told in the diary which Jacob kept for years.

As for the staircase, in 1900 a man started to build it but died before much progress was made. At last, in 1923, William Houser, an itinerant carpenter, came from Detroit and asked to build it. It took him two years of daily labor but the result is a magnificent display of craftsmanship. Each step had to be cut separately as they are smaller as they ascend.

The house is beautiful with its polished butternut, walnut and oak cut on the farm and laid in designs. Charles died in 1925, and his wife in 1942. The place is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Maloney.

Whartons Produced Movies in Town

When the Wharton Company was making moving pictures at Renwick Park, Ithaca, during the early days of the industry, the actors spent much time in and around Ludlowville, utilizing the picturesque scenery of the falls, ravines and old-time buildings that characterized the area.

Pearl White was a common sight in the village, and of such striking personality that she is yet remembered while other members of the company are forgotten. In the "Perils of Pauline," a serial movie, she participated in a variety of adventures, including jumping off the brink of the falls, being rescued from the deep pool below, riding a runaway horse, and like hair-raising stunts. When she wasn't busy, she would be out on the hill, riding on the long bobs with the town boys.

Once while driving toward Buffalo she was arrested at Trumansburg for speeding and fined five dollars. When the judge started to return her change from a ten-dollar bill she had handed him, she said, "Keep it. I'm going out of this town as fast as I came in!"

At one time in the winter, the Whartons sent word for all the big boys to appear with their dogs, any size, any kind, on a Saturday, when they climbed the steep side of Indian Creek ravine for a picture. The boys never knew what it all was about but they were pleased with the ten dollars each was paid.

This scene was part of "The Great White Way," and when it was shown at The Strand in Ithaca everybody here went to see the boys on the screen, but the picture had been taken at such long range that the youths and the dogs could not be distinguished.

Ludlowville Once Hustling Center

Ludlowville was a bustling village in 1865. It contained 2 churches, 6 stores, 2 blacksmith shops, a drugstore, an Odd Fellows and a public hall, a planing mill, a gristmill and a sawmill.

From an Ithaca and Tompkins County directory of 1872, something is learned of the number and type of business enterprises functioning in Ludlowville at the time. This information indicates it was the hub of a large farming area before economic effects of the "panic" following Black Friday of that year had penetrated the region.

This directory applies only to business places. Names separated by commas, indicate individuals; a semicolon separates firms.

Halls—Burr's, Lyceum.

Barbers—Lyman Myers.

Blacksmiths—George W. Brown & Charles Gillett; Lester Swartz & Willard C. Bowers.

Boots and Shoes—Seymour B. Hayes, Philemon L. Smith.

Wagon Makers—Barney Miller, William Robbins.

Dentists—Asa W. Smith.

Druggists—Nelson E. Lyon, John J. Mitchell.

Hats and Caps—Seymour B. Hayes.

Furniture—Mortimer M. Bristol.

Flour and Feed Mills—James A. Burr & Luther Myers; Henry Myers, "Cayuga Lake Mills," Myers Landing.

General Merchandise—Charles G. Benjamin; Nelson E. Lyon, successor to James A. Burr; William Mead, "Country orders promptly attended to."

Grocers—Abram B. Vanauken.

Hardware, Stoves—Orlando M. Avery & Edmund S. Miller.

Harness Makers—John Banta.

Hotels—Seely's, Warren Seely, proprietor.

Iron Founders—Daniel H. Thayer.

Milliners—Mary Bradley.

Newspapers, Newsrooms—Index, issued 15th every month, J. J. Mitchell, proprietor.

Notary Public—Nelson E. Lyon.

Photographers—J. Fisher.

Physicians—D. T. Barr, C. P. Farlin.

Spoke and Handle Makers—Nelson Perrigo; Marshall E. Sperry & Michael Dunn.

Tailors—George W. Newton.

Telegraph Office—J. J. Mitchell, manager.

Local Diogenes Carried Lantern

History repeated itself in Ludlowville: a local Diogenes carried a lantern! He was Charles Justice, an elderly man who was brought from New York City by Dr. Newton D. Chapman. He was quartered in an upstairs backroom of the doctor's dwelling, which was reached by an outside stairway. Later, he moved to the house just beyond the lower bridge leading to the Dug Road.

He used to go to Ithaca on the noon train and return on the six o'clock. He carried a lantern done up in a newspaper even if he returned before dark, an act which aroused the curiosity of the boys about the store. One time he set his lantern down when he went for his mail, and while he was thus engaged some of the boys pushed the wrappings aside to find a bottle of whisky nicely concealed.

Myers Yard Built Canalboats

Before the coming of the railroads along the lake changed Myers Point, it was a hustling spot. In 1873, several canal boats had been constructed that summer, the boatyard was ready to launch another, with one yet in the stocks. During the spring about 60 feet of the milldam went out in a flood, and men were at work restoring it so sawing and grinding operations at the mills could be resumed.

Revolutionary War Graves in Town

Revolutionary War soldiers buried in the Town of Lansing number 27, according to late research. Their names, date of death, age and burial places follow.

	Died	Age	Cemetery
1. Capt. John Rouse	1834	92	3 miles up Creek Road
2. Benajah Strong	1836	96	Brotherton, 424 Lansingville Dd.
3. Thomas Hamilton	1829	77	White Settlement, ½ mi. west of Lansingville
4. Micajah Starr	1820	73	Gram's 1420, Rt. 34B
5. John Conklin	1826	73	Lake Ridge
6. Conrad Teeter	1813	86	Lake Ridge
7. Caleb Lyon, Jr.	1832	88	Lansingville
8. Tilman Bower	1810	66	German
9. Maj. Thomas Ludlow	1838	72	Ludlowville (Old)
10. John Lanterman	1813	72	Starner's, VanOstrand Rd.
11. Eda Tatch	1849	89	East Lansing
12. John Royal	1834	79	East Lansing
13. Richard Townley	1840	76	East Lansing
14. Charles Townley	1817	55	East Lansing
15. Abner Ward	1838	81	North Lansing
16. Zenas Tichenor	1838	76	Asbury
17. Henry Labar	1847	97	Asbury
18. Peter Teeter	1832	83	Asbury
19. Jacob Smith	1859	90	Asbury
20. Henry Teeter	1840	97	Asbury
21. Ichabod Field	1838	75	Asbury
22. Maj. Peter Conrad	1827	58	Asbury
23. Ebenezer Brown	1817	96	Asbury
24. Abram Bloom	1839	77	Asbury
25. Ephraim Bloom	1828	100	Asbury
26. John Ozmun	1845	72	Asbury
27. Abraham Ozmun	1848	84	Asbury

From these statistics it will be seen that the youngest of these 27 veterans died at 55 years, and the oldest at 100. The average age at death is just under 80 years.

Barney Moore Was 'Different'

By ALICE A. BRISTOL

Barney Moore was the village simple of Ludlowville in an earlier day. His parentage wasn't generally known, but after his burial in Pine Grove Cemetery some one unknown caused a low, inexpensive headstone to be placed above him and beside one for his mother.

Where he slept while living was a mystery, but there was nothing mysterious where he took his meals. Certain households, in turn, were sure to be awakened by a bucksaw singing its way through sticks of firewood—not too many—and there would Barney be found, earning his breakfast. His dinner and supper were provided in the same way. There were regular homes for each meal, each day of the week, and if occasionally a meal failed to please him, that house was banned for some time while he sampled other cooking outside his list.

Barney regularly attended the Presbyterian Church and sat quietly, if not to say reverently, throughout the service, his hands encased in black kid gloves. This habit was one of his two outstanding peculiarities. The other was his enjoyment of funerals: he attended everyone he heard of no matter how far away.

At one time he was gone four days from the village, an occurrence so unusual it finally aroused apprehensions and a search was being planned when suddenly our bucksaw began its familiar tune. My father went out to find Barney there at his habitual task. His reply to my father's question was, "I went to Trumansburg to a funeral. I like to go to a funeral even if it ain't my own folks." A forty-mile walk there and back he had taken.

Alien Characters Took Root in Village

A responsibility that Ludlowville seemed obliged to assume was that of a whole group of folks—eight of them eventually—alien characters who took root in the village. All that anyone ever knew definitely about them was that there they were, and there they stayed—John and Maria Benson and their brood: Erastus, Rhoda, John, Mary, Lottie and Henry.

If, as Holmes says, "We are omnibuses in which all our ancestors ride," the Bensons carried curious loads with Indians on the front seats. The features of that race were not marked excepting in the case of one boy who had the unmistakable small, beady eyes and immobile face of the Red Man. But it was their silence and patient endurance that distinguished them. Before it was known they were here, a dugout had been made in a bank "up the Creek Road" where they established themselves and became truly "indigenous to the soil," derelict halfbreeds no doubt.

One morning and nearly every morning thereafter the Bensons took the trail to Ludlowville, walking single file and headed by the father, to some open space in the village where they stood, mute and motionless until about to become rooted to the spot. Then they moved silently to another place.

It was Maria who started the fashion of calling her husband "Benson," sometimes "Old Benson." Maria made it known that she was open to engagements for washing and cleaning, Benson for blacking stoves, cleaning cellars, chimneys and stovepipes for twenty-five cents the job. While one worked, the rest just stood, patiently waiting until all could go home together. All are now sleeping in the little plot in Pine Grove Cemetery set aside for them.