

# NOTES ON A WALK

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On Sunday morning, August 19, 1907, I went, by invitation, on a walk with Uncle Samuel Musselman (he being in his eighty-second year), from his home at Cousin Mary's on West Chestnut street, city. (Cousin Amos, of Akron, O., was there on a visit. He weighs 222 pounds, so he says; and I guess it's so, as he looks that weight. My wife and children were all at Mt. Gretna on a vacation).

It was about 8:30 o'clock when Uncle and I started out West Chestnut street, following the trolley line over to Manor street, when we passed his old home on the left side going out. I well recollect being there in the latter sixties, when I was no older than my Elvin is now, eight years. The house is No. 462, and of the one-story kind, once so plentiful in that neighborhood. The frame structure is now painted a fresh green color. Aside of it looms up a modern innovation, three stories high, Stump's Hotel. At this old residence Cousin Mary's mother died, while I lived in Rohrerstown. I well recollect the sad circumstance.

## A Half Century's Changes.

On the way out passing Pontz's and Wise's brickyards are many dwelling houses; only a few of these were there fifty years ago. Uncle showed me continually where this and that place was occupied by some old-time resident. A great many of these have passed away. Beautiful front yards filed with brilliant flowers we

found everywhere. The morning was good for walking and not too hot, although the streets were a trifle dusty at places. Opposite the old Lipp mansion a new Lutheran mission had its Sunday-school in session, and sweet strains of music came to our ears as we paused a moment to view the scene.

After going by the first toll-gate on the Millersville pike, Uncle Samuel began unwinding reminiscences of his early boy and manhood. The first brick house southwest of the toll-gate, on the left, was where Maggie Daveier, a relative, lived when first married to John Daveier. Next farm further on was John Smaling's place, an uncle to my own mother. The farm is now occupied by dairyman Shultz. The pike is raised somewhat beyond here, the original road being at a slightly different course on a lower level.

Passing on to the Bausman settlement, I am told that Uncle Samuel worked, in 1848, across the pike from where D. H. Bausman's shops now are; he learned wagon-making at Samuel Clare's shops, and an old log residence stood then where the brick dwelling is now located. Mr. Clare and Uncle John Uplinger went West to Freeport, Ill., where Clare died. Uplinger left for Canton, Ohio, where he lived and died, his large family still residing there. Those latter years in the forties were dull periods; little or no money was handled; and payments were generally made at the end of the year

### **Manor Township's Fertile Farms.**

Going in the public road east of Bausman's shops, northwardly, we pass on to the fine double-porched schoolhouse, on the crest of a small

hill, where we stop to view the fine farms in front of us and the equally luring landscape across Manor township. On down an easy winding road we noted an old house where uncle told this and that about the people who lived there from sixty to seventy years ago. Uncle's story began to grow with his walk, especially when we neared a point about three-quarters of a mile from the Millersville pike, where at a hill to the left the road gradually assumes a more level character; and at this beginning he pointed out where an old road crossed over the hill to his early boyhood home. Now there are newer buildings facing the present road and all looks changed on that side of the way. Not so to the right, however. Here uncle moves ahead, while I hastily jot down a thought on paper—so I shall not forget it (lest I should).

Across from J. H. Brubaker's (Christ's son's) house there is a modest landmark, an old log house (now weather-boarded). Uncle Samuel lived two or three years at this house directly after his mother died, nearly sixty years ago. The house is over 100 years old and outwardly looks in good order. A little child sat quietly on the small front porch, while we were looking in. A few old trees, an old well at the rear, are all the visible evidences, outside of the meadow, which used to be larger, and where all the grass was mown by hand in the long ago. Now fields of ripening corn are all around, with stalks shooting upward eight and ten feet high, holding stocky ears, two and three to a stalk.

Uncle says they had a wedding in this old house, the people he lived with. Folks didn't drive in a natty

team to a minister then. They rode on horseback to Lancaster—men and women—and enjoyed it, coming home to a plain country abode, to begin life's hard work.

### **Location of the First Musselman.**

Going further on, the newer and more level road gradually winds around the hill to the west, where the Little Conestoga creek creeps up to its side in graceful turns. Here we pick a few ripe blackberries, wild-clustered by the steep roadside banks. Then we come to the old Musselman home. Directly where the old road formerly came over the hill straight to the bridge at the old Stoneroad mill, the newer road we came over winds 'round where David Musselman lived eighty years ago—not a great ways from the extreme reach of what is now called West End Park. Not a bit of the old house is standing. Sam's mother died there while Uncle Benjamin was about two weeks old, and Uncle Samuel readily recalls how the older children followed the family funeral over the hill so long since. A few ancient looking apple trees seem mutely to be left of the former home ground—nothing more.

### **Date Tablet at the Old Mill.**

The wooden covered bridge directly along side of the old mill instinctively catches my eye. I could wish for a camera; the place is so picturesque. The stone mill is excellently well-preserved and its date tablet is a good example of the thoroughness of the builder, who shares credit with his wife by a chronicle in German with English or Roman cut letters:

ERBAUET  
von ANDREAS  
& VERONICA M  
KAUFFMANN  
ANNO 1770

At the same side of the mill a shop or forge stood during the war of 1812. Uncle tells me that his grandfather said it was at this same spot where an Indian wanted his tomahawk sharpened; the smith not having the proper material to heat with quickly, said Indian then glided out of the shop, down the creek near a hill and returned in about fifteen minutes with enough coal to do the work. The query was and is, where did he get the coal? Uncle thinks there must be a deposit of it somewhere along the creek or neighboring hillside. I jot this down as worth looking after. The only coal near here of any consequence was re-discovered\* not many years since, northeast of Ephrata, in upper Lancaster county; and, I believe, efforts were made in the coal strike to further explore and operate the deposit.

A large 200 foot building stood close by the stone mill at the forge mentioned, and this was used for Government purposes during the War of 1812. I dare say few living people know of this fact. Lancaster city itself had several barracks or storehouses during the Revolution.

Going up the steep hill above the

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\* "Mineral coal (carbon) occurs in small quantities north of Hinkletown. (In mesozoic shales, possibly.) About the year 1830 it was proposed to form a coal company at that locality, and sufficient coal was collected on the occasion to build a fire in a number of the houses of the town."—Haldeman.

mill (in the direction of the Three Mile House), we come to the first burying place of this branch of the original Musselmans. Here, after going 'round a bend in the road, on elevated ground, to the left we find a small fenced-in graveyard, about twenty-five feet square, with too small wainut trees as the only other line markers. In the tall and thick grass not a head-stone was visible, yet Uncle Samuel went direct to his grandfather's grave (the first settler), which lies closest to the road, marked simply by a rough, slate-like, head-piece, about ten inches wide and eight inches above ground. Immediately inward is the grave of uncle's mother, and a little further back of this we find Jacob Musselman's grave (old Christian's father). All of these head-stones are nearly alike, with no visible lettering or dates; the mother's stone being more regular and best preserved. A cornfield surrounds this little yard, and the back portion of the rail-fence is down. The farm further on was occupied originally by the elder Jacob Musselman, and his son Christian (while living) looked after the burial place. It surely is fading away, unless some one takes up the matter of its preservation.

### Winding Up the Walk.

Having seen and heard so much in a few hours, Uncle and I now wend our way down the hill we came from, returning by the new road opened along the creek to the West End Park. This is a romantic rural driveway. We approach a favorite swimming hole in a turn of the Little Conestoga, and, sure enough, a half dozen little and big fellows are disporting themselves and throwing sand at one

another just about the same as when Cousin Amos Musselman and I took a cooling bath in the natural way, at the same pool over thirty years ago, while I was on a visit to his home from the country. West End Park came into existence and short popularity since then, and what a fine place could yet be made of it!

Uncle and the writer concluded to pedestrianate the whole way back to Cousin Mary's for dinner (or lunch, as she termed it). We continued our course around the old Binkley mill, which seems now to be only used for chopping and wood-sawing, crossed over the turnpike bridge, by the dam, on to Herr's old ice plant, where we had natural water, cooled by ice, fresh from a spigot handy to get at by the Columbia and Mount Joy trolley people.

Our meanderings led us by the shaded Hager and Spencer homesteads, on past the big watch factory to the fine residences on West Chestnut street, shortly arriving at the front door of Mary's, where Uncle Samuel nimbly tapped a panel with his cane; and we were soon inside, not materially tired, but ready, presently, to enjoy roasting ears in good, old-fashioned, Lancaster county style, cooked just right, with four persons at the table, all Musselmans, even if one may be called yours truly.

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