

There are a few other things that I think that you will find interesting.

The land owned by the Inn's neighbors to the north, has remained in the Raynor family since it was received as payment for their assistance to the surveyor, McKenzie in the early 1800's. It is rumored that there was native American ~~part~~^{blood} involved here. On the west side of the old Postage Rd, 99 acres were listed under Helen Covey Raynor and on the east side 100 acres were under Henry Wad Raynor.

In the late 1800's, my grandmother who lived in the Inn with her son, ^{this family} needed care. Mrs. Raynor, her neighbor, came ~~to~~ she was with child. In 1884, that baby, Charles Raynor, was the very last baby born in the Inn.

The water from the spring is still carried in an 8" wooden pipe down the hill to the Beaujean home. They are ~~Raynor~~^{also} descendants.

If you walk thru the woods now, the big stone front steps are still there. You can find tracks pressed deep in the earth, where the stage and wagons used to run.

I'd like to leave behind our time warp —

The big ^{bruff} stone steps that Mrs. Dunn spoke of were given to Mrs. Joe Clark, Trudy, by Mrs. Arthur Cobb, Sr., now Dorothy Hinkle. She has remarried and lives in Laguna, Cal. ^{The Steps} ~~are~~ ^{are} located on the west side of Cindy Clark's house on Prospect Rd. Olive & Neal Peck now rent the house. We have pictures of them ^{here} ~~available~~.

Richard and Virginia Rothra Hunt lived in the house across from the present driveway. Until they had their own water system in action, they carried their water from the old well. Dick worked for the state Highway Dept. When the road was ^{moved} ~~changed~~ he helped and supervised the covering of the well with stone.

That last baby born in "Bottom's Inn", Charley Raynor, lived until ^{well} into his 90's. He had two families. The first was Max Raynor and his siblings. The second was Rick and Bill Raynor, Carol Raynor Abbey, and ^{Whitney De Golia} ~~two~~ one sister ^{Marjorie Smith} who ^{is} ~~are~~ deceased. His second wife, Arlene, was someone that many of us called our "Dear Friend".

In recent times there has been a renewed effort to mark the exact location of the town. Mrs. Hinkle has given her permission.

Rod Nixon, whose father, J.F. Nixon, tried unsuccessfully to have this area declared a state park in the 50's and 60's and Charley Hinkle have a project underway. I will ask Rod to tell you about it.

Thank you for ^{sharing my interest} ~~joining~~

The Beckmans
now have a
modern water
system.

"Years ago at the end of the route
The stage pulled up and the folks stepped out
They all passed through the old tavern door,
The youth and his bride and the grey three score
Their eyes were weary with the dust and the gleam
The day had gone like an empty dream
Soft may they slumber and trouble no more
Their eager journey at last is o'er
In the old stage coach over the hill."

Read to the DAR in 1936

Edna Button Dunn - born 1876, died Dec. 26, 1945. Buried in Westfield Cemetery M. Button lot no. 691. Hazel & Winnie Button lived on S. Gale St. near the Button Tavern - they moved to Florida some years ago and Hazel has since died.

... white house overlooking the
... in the attic
... by accident in the attic
... number 1112.

worse for her experience. This shows quite a contrast to the fine pavements and the DeLuxe cars of today which pass over the same road.

A mile or more beyond BUTTON'S INN was the well known "highest point" from which noted elevation Lake Erie far to the north was plainly visible; while just ahead, a little to the south-east, Chautauqua lake dimpled and sparkled in its setting of gently rolling green hills. At this point the road was fairly level and the stage driver would take advantage of this to let his horses breathe while he announced to his passengers (especially if there happened to be a stranger along) that right here he wanted them to note that they could see both lakes at once. With a flourish of his whip he would wait for enthusiasm to follow.

On one particular occasion this information was received in silence. The Jehu was puzzled. Everybody looked interested while viewing the scenery on all sides.

"Well" quote the driver, how do you like it."

"Fine" returned one shrewd old gentleman" both lakes are to be seen from this vantage point as our friend tells us - but not at the same time. We look forward and there is a beautiful lake, but in order to see Lake Erie we have to twist our heads off trying to look behind us."

"Giddap" shouted the stage driver.

The real tragedy which occurred at BUTTON'S INN was quite unlike the imaginary one described by Judge Tourgee in his novel by the same name, and the host which it was said once haunted its ruins is quite as imaginary.

Mr. Bond told me he was at the Inn the night the tragedy occurred. Some young men under the influence of liquor being refused entrance to the Inn were so enraged that one of their number who had a sling-shot hit the landlord behind the ear, a blow which felled him. The jolly hospital landlord was never the same after that.

Since those colorful times changes both natural and historical have taken place with such great rapidity and variation as to fill one with wonder in comparing the present with the past. The old INN which was fast going into decay was torn down, the high timbers being used in other buildings.

The old Inn property remained in the Button family until about four years ago when it was purchased by Dr. Arthur B. Cobb of Buffalo who has a summer home on an adjoining property.

Nothing is left to mark the spot where the Inn once stood. Near-by is the same well that was used during the years BUTTON'S INN was in existence. There seems to be an unlimited supply of sparkling water in the well now as in the days of yore.

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showed her appreciation by presenting Mr. Shaw, on behalf of the Chapter, with a beautiful cane suitably inscribed.

Today only a few of the older inhabitants are left but those few can related interesting talks of BUTTON'S INN. My good friend and neighbor, the late Mr. James Bond, eighty-seven years old who was in Capt. Hiram Bliss' Co. G 72 Reg. N.Y. Volunteers and who was the last Civil War veteran living in Westfield, told me that as a boy he often went to play with the landlord's children. He said it was the most popular place in the neighborhood. The landlady was very hospitable. These was always a well-filled larder. She would treat the children to large slices of her homemade bread thickly spread with sweet butter, and piled high with home-made apple-butter. On birthdays and other special occasions there were also large slices of red cake.

From a letter written by Martin C. Rice, the first editor of the Westfield Republican which was the first Republican newspaper published in Westfield, or in fact, in the United States, and of which Lieut. Gov. George W. Patterson was one of the founders. I quote "In the fore part of Jan. 1843 my father moved his family from the east side of Chautauqua to Volusia on Westfield Hill. He came down the Portage Road from Mayville and stopped at BUTTON'S TAVERN, took dinner there and fed the team. I was there in my fourteenth year. We visited with the rising generation in the hotel, made up of bright-faced girls and juvenile boys, but of course did not know the part it was to have in romance. ("Albion W. Tourgee of Mayville, a noted writer of fiction, assumed the existence of a ravishingly beautiful country maiden in the Button family who became the heroine in his novel "BUTTONS INN")

Mr. Rice's letter continues, "The government breakwater had been built at Barcelona, and wharves extended far out in the lake for the landing of steamboats and wailing vessels. The merchandise was carried over the Portage Road to Chautauqua Lake. There was a heavy grade all the way from Barcelona to the HALF WAY HOUSE. The grade was about 100 feet to the mile. The roads in those days during the spring and fall were treacherous indeed, cause by the numerous quicksand holes and the heavy hauling. There were often as many as six or eight teams on the heavy trucks.

A true story is told of a bride and groom who were going up to the tavern. It was in the spring of the year when the quicksand holes were especially deep and numerous. They were driving a colt fastened to a three spring wagon. They became mired in one of the quicksand holes. The colt was floundering and trying madly to get out. The groom jumped out and told the bride to hold fast to the seat. He held the fractious colt by the bits. The colt gave a lunge, out she came and started on a run up the hill. Finally the colt was under control and the groom looking back was horrified to see his bride, the seat and the blanket lying in a heap in the quicksand hole. She was badly frightened but seemingly no

had a stand with drawers and ladder backed rush-bottomed chairs. (One of these chairs in my possession is still in good condition).

On the west side of the dining room was a door which led into the kitchen. The kitchen was in the east wing. There was also a pantry with an opening cut through the wall between it and the dining room. There was an attic over the kitchen, and back and adjoining it was the wood house with doors large enough to allow a team with a load of logs to drive in and unload.

The only stove, which the house contained, was the kitchen stove. These logs were used to fire the three yawning fireplaces, which were the only means of heating the Inn. I am told it was always very comfortable there.

The little hall or entryway which I mentioned before was the east or side entrance to the Inn whose path led to the never failing well? In those days the water was drawn in the old oaken bucket style.

On each side of the little entrance were large bushes of fragrant flowering currant. Next to the house along by the path the landlady - my grandmother - had her flower garden. In it were large red peonies and great plants of old fashioned bleeding heart. Near the woodshed was a yellow rose bush which years ago was taken up and transplanted. This June it was covered with a profusion of blossoms.

We enter the house again through the side entrance. On the opposite side of the fire-place was a door which opened on the steep narrow stairs leading to the second floor, and going directly into the ballroom which occupied a large portion of the second floor.

This room also had a huge fireplace. The front door of the ballroom opened upon the upper porch. The dancing parties held here in those days were notable affairs.

The first dancing party that H. T. Shaw ever played for was at BUTTON'S INN in 1847. The sixteen year old violinist was so fussed with the importance of making a good first appearance that as they came in sight of the brilliantly lighted tavern he, with his equally young accompanist retired *for a short rehearsal in a convenient fence corner.*

This dance program consisted of *thirty-one* dances with constant "calling off", with waltzes, money "Old Dan Tucker" to liven 'em up a bit. "Old Dan Tucker" is the same tune we hear over the radio today being called "Turkey in the Straw". (This well-preserved program is in the possession of Mrs. Husted, Mr. Shaw's sister.)

In nearly half a century "TOOT" Shaw played for more than thirty charity balls in his home town. The last ball he played for was in 1906. Patterson Chapter D.A.R. gave "Ye Grand Washington Tea Party" in Fenners Hall in 1906 and Henry T. Shaw furnished old fashioned music. Mrs. Geo. W. Patterson

ding the

most by accident in the attic

generally form and its markings this cliff has been known as Kiogawah ('D Jeg Wa) or Hogsback. This wonder of nature is just back of BUTTON'S INN.

Merchandise for the southern part of the county and points along the Allegheny River passed through Barcelona over the Portage Road to Chautauqua Lake. The land office under a new management with Wm. H. Seward as a partner has been opened in Westfield and crowds from all parts of the county flocked to the village daily adding greatly to its business interest and trade.

The BUTTON'S INN being the "HALF WAY HOUSE" was liberally patronized. The Inn was built in 1823 on land purchased from the Holland Land Company by Moses Chapman for the sum of "two thousand nine hundred dollars lawful money of the U.S. of America". It contained 1023/4 acres more or less. Chapman sold it to Ruphus Button, Dec. 9, 1842. Later it became the property of his son who ran the tavern until 1855.

Ira Button, the keeper of the Inn, was born Mar. 25, 1812 on Christmas Day. In 1834 he was united in marriage to Laura Knapp of Panama, N.Y. He died October 26, 1866. He was a descendent of Mathias Button who came to America with Gov. John Endicott, landing at Salem, New England September 6, 1628.

The Inn was a rambling old structure built with a second story over hanging the first with upper and lower front porches. The upper porch commanding a panoramic view of the countryside for miles around. F

I have a vivid recollection of the old Inn as my sister and I as children often went up the hill to visit our grandmother who continued to live there with her son and his family long after it ceased to be used as a public house. (Winnie Button was the last grandchild born in the old house) I will endeavor to give a description of the Inn as I remember it.

In the long ago, as the stage pulled up in front of its hospitable door, the first room to greet the visitor was the large bar-parlor at one end of which was a glowing fireplace filled in winter with brightly burning logs. Across the northwest corner of the room was a built-in corner cupboard. There was also a smaller cupboard built in on the west side of the room where it was said the landlord kept his solacing liquor and in which was the money drawer. The plastered walls in this ROOM were painted cream with a stenciled design in green and red.

At one side of the fireplace there was a small hall or entryway. This hall led into the dining room, which also had an immense fireplace. The walls of this room were painted a pumpkin yellow with circular designs painted in black. This room also had its built-in corner cupboard. This room was very bright and attractive.

There were bedrooms, opening from a built-on lean-to, into the dining room? I am told each bedroom was furnished with maple post bedsteads, each

THREE MILES EAST

ON ROUTE 20
TELEPHONE 417-M

C. R. BERGER
Westfield, New York

GROWER AND WHOLESALER
DEALER
FRUITS AND VEGETABLE

BUTTON'S INN

Read before
Patterson Chapter D.A.R. by Edna Button Dunn

BUTTON'S INN was a prosperous tavern situated midway between Barcelona Inn and Mayville and did a flourishing business before the days of the railroad. The sign, which hung in front of its door, was oval in shape and read:

"I. BUTTON'S INN."

The inn stood on a hill, which has been known for almost a century as BUTTON'S HILL.

Three miles away, five hundred feet below, was the harbor to which the road led that ran by its door. Back of the tavern was a green hillside and its crest formed a yawning gulf known as BIG CHAUTAUQUA. Across the road were the barns and sheds, before which stood a water trough supplied by water from a spring back of the house. The slope on the west side of the great barns were covered with meadows and an apple orchard. On the east side of the barns was a depression known as "butternut run" on account of the great number of butternut trees. One of these old trees is still standing. Farther back was another gulf known as LITTLE CHAUTAUQUA.

The hill on which BUTTON'S INN stood commanded, in fair weather, a view of the shore of Lake Erie for half a score of miles in either direction. From the little harbor the white sails of the trading schooners were plainly visible upon the lake even beyond the range of the lighthouse at Barcelona.

Years ago great ships, great for those days, snubbed up in the quaint old port.

The cheery inn welcomed the sailors then as it does the visitors of today. Cargoes were unloaded or were shipped out and the crafts made sail for distant shores. Those were thriving times and the Inns were prosperous.

The old Portage Road which was laid out by the French, scarcely more than a dozen miles long, served as a connecting link between the lower lakes and the region southward of the great divide.

On the south side of this old Portage Road the creek's wall of sandstone raises its surface, smoothed by the action of the elements. Each seam or division in the stratification is plainly evident. From many of these lines spring pine trees, their roots finding lodgment in the small depressions of soil. From its

Nancy Small

CHS - Luncheon talk
presented by Nancy Hanks
9/22/01

Barbara Tucker

Patty Minton

I want to welcome the members of the
Patterson Chapter of the DAR on the ~~fine~~^{spot} day in 1936.

I am Edna Burton Dunn. My husband Joe and
I live at 105 South Portage. ~~Westfield has some history~~
~~is also interesting to me.~~ ^{the history of that land} The land on which my
mother, Emily Burton had this fine brick ^{house} was
owned by John Patterson and was known as
Patterson Place. He sold the land to Charles ^{and} Julia
Welch. A warranted deed on 12/18/1912 transferred
the land to my mother.

My husband and ^{my sister made} I sit on our big brick porch,
on the S.E. corner of Portage and third and watch the
new roads go by. The road is paved now. The pavement
covers the old Jamestown bricks which were used
first. I think of the trips up the hill to Grandmother's
- thro' the mud.

You've asked me to ^{TELL} ~~give~~ you some of my
memories of Burton's Inn.

Topic; The Story of Buttons Inn - Scene of Tragedy .

by Edna Button Dunn, portrayed by Mrs. Nancy Hanks

Buttons Inn! Buttons Inn.'

These words, the name of an Inn, awaken memories of the story of an ancient hostelry situated on a site near a grove of pines not far from the highway on the Mayville hill.

Buttons Inn existed in the time of the stagecoaches and sailing ships, shortly before the railroad came into existence.

A ghost - or is it a ghost? - that howls and prowls a brother given up for dead, a beautiful young woman who must choose between someone and duty...these are a few of the elements that make BUTTONS INN a fine read night out.