LYMAN B. LANGWORTHY
(1787–1880)
THE MAN WHO NAMED MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY?

by Barb Koehler, Rochester Genealogical Society

From an undated newspaper clipping (placed chronologically in early 1884) found in one of William F. Peck's scrapbooks at the Rochester Public Library, this title calls out: Who Named Mount Hope? Some misstatements having gone abroad in relation to the naming of Mount Hope, it is proper to say that the late Lyman B. Langworthy, who died in Rochester a few years ago at the venerable age of 93, gave the name to Mount Hope. Mr. Langworthy came to Rochester from Ballston Spa, Saratoga County over 50 years ago.

This article suggests there was an ongoing debate regarding the naming of the cemetery—one that the newspaper appears to try to settle in 1884. Research, however, shows credit to be unsure. In addition to Mr. Langworthy, there is evidence also to suggest a laborer named William Wilson may have been directly or indirectly responsible.

By 1834, rapid growth catapulted the village of Rochester into a city, along with inherent problems. In 1836, Common Council appointed a committee to explore new burial-ground sites for the purpose of relieving capacity in the existing city cemeteries and to allow for future expansion. Though not a member of the committee, Mr. Langworthy was superintendent in the city's 1st Ward, from 1837-1838 and attended those meetings. A review of the records of the proceedings, beginning in December 1836, revealed frequent entries calling for payment to William Wilson for labor at the "new cemetery" until March of 1838 when that phrase first changed to "Mount Hope Cemetery", with no mention of the official adoption of the name.

Do the words of Lyman B. Langworthy, in a pamphlet published in 1868, refer to William Wilson or a modest reflection of himself?

Mount Hope is considered a most proper and happy designation, for the last resting place for the frail tenements of humanity.

Its name combines all the holy and dependent attributes that we anticipate and trust in life and death... This fortunate name was not the result of long and learned consultation, thought and search, but the happy conception of a single individual, a sub-officer of the city municipality, who presented at a meeting of the Common Council, a bill, "for work and labor done on Mount Hope Cemetery," it took the usual course of being adopted and published in the next daily papers. It obtained immediate popularity, and was assumed as the act of the authorities, and no further action had, or further question made on the subject.

A newspaper article at the death of Lyman B. Langworthy, 1880 stated: A circumstance that connects the name of the deceased more intimately with Rochester than any of the facts previously stated, and which is not generally known, was the naming of the city of the dead in the southern portion of the city. In 1837, before it was used as a cemetery, Mr. Langworthy had occasion to fill out a paper relating to that tract of land, and in the deed christened it by the poetic name of Mt. Hope and which is retained ever afterwards.

Jenny Marsh Parker was a prolific author and historian in Rochester in the 19th century. In 1884 she wrote: I wish we might know who gave our cemetery its appropriate name. The Common Council records convey the impression that one William Wilson, who persisted in sending in his bills "for labor at Mount Hope," and that when a blank filled the place of a name on the official records, deserves the honor. December 12, 1837, a resolution to call the new cemetery ______ was laid on the table. March 27, 1838, the city treasurer was directed to give city notes as follows: "William Wilson for labor at Mount Hope Cemetery in full to 26 March, 1838, $29.63. To be charged to the Burial Fund, May 22, 1838: by Alderman Warner, Resolved, that the Committee on City Property be requested to report such ordinances as may be necessary to prohibit shooting game, and to prevent persons from committing trespass in Mount Hope Cemetery." The matter seems settled by
years, the cornerstone was opened because the city had already outgrown its "new" City Hall and the prophecy was printed in the newspaper. In 1850, the population of Rochester was 36,500 and he predicted that in 1950 it would be 125,000. In 1894, when the article appeared in the paper, the population had already reached 145,000! Another interesting prediction: "Flying and perpetual motion will never be attained, but there will always be found those weak enough to spend their time and energies to discover those possibilities."

Just prior to the War of 1812, Lyman (then about 24 years old) moved to Quebec, Canada to begin his own jewelry business. It was there that he met and married Ann McNeill. With the outbreak of war, the Canadian authorities gave Americans 24 hours to leave or swear allegiance to the king. In his words, he left with only "such articles of jewelry, watches, and small articles as could be packed in our trunks and sewed in my wife's underclothes." He returned to Ballston Spa, engaged in the hardware business, was elected sheriff and began his family. Of his 10 children, all born in Ballston Spa, NY, nine lived to adulthood and all of them, plus many of their descendants are buried in Mount Hope Cemetery. His stepmother and two brothers and their children are also buried there. Qualities easily attributed to him are patriotism and family pride—noteable not only by headstone inscriptions, but also in the naming of his children. Three sons and two grandsons served in the Civil War, from which only one son and one grandson survived. These men were likely buried where they fell, however they are memorialized on headstones in the main family plot, on top of the hill in Section G. Lyman's father—the Reverend Elisha Perkins Langworthy (founder of the first Baptist Church in Saratoga Springs, buried in Ballston Spa—was an ardent patriot as well. During the War of 1812, he purchased a cannon to celebrate Hull's victory aboard the Constitution (Old Ironsides) over the British, and it was also sounded when other victories were announced and into modern times on the 4th of July.

The Lyman Langworthy children included:


James Neil Langworthy, who married Francis Allcott. Both died in 1838 of typhoid fever, within days of each other after being married only a few months. Originally buried in West Cemetery on Main Street, moved to Section G, Lot 22.


Ann Langworthy, who married Dr. Ambrose Crane. Died in 1892 of peritonitis, the last surviving sibling. Buried in Section C, Lot 56.

Mary Langworthy died in infancy in 1819 and is buried in Ballston Spa.

Thomas Jefferson Langworthy married Elizabeth Cowles. Died in 1862 of heart disease. Two of Thomas' sons served in the Civil War: Ambrose C. Langworthy died of wounds received at the Battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, and Lyman B. Langworthy, who survived wounds received serving in the Navy but died in 1891 of a drowning accident in the Genesee River. Buried in Section G, Lot 22.

Stillman Barker Langworthy, unmarried. Died in 1853 of consumption, at only 31 years of age. Buried in Section G, Lot 22.

Sidney Allcott Langworthy, Color Sergeant of the 1st Wisconsin regiment. Died of wounds received in the Civil War at Perryville,
Our First Ever Luminaria Tour

by Don Hall

All photos, unless otherwise noted, by the author

I stole the idea. When visiting with staff at the Laurel Hill Cemetery in Philadelphia, I learned of their luminaria tour and thought that sounded like a really beautiful event—an evening tour with the pathway illuminated by candles in paper bags, each weighted with sand. I wondered if other trustees would be interested in doing something like this around Halloween. The Friends of Mount Hope Cemetery had never done a Halloween tour at the cemetery for fear of encouraging vandalism, and for lack of an idea about a suitable, tasteful event.

As a relatively new trustee, I was astonished to learn that attendance on the Mt. Hope weekend tours increased in September, and really jumped up in October, as compared to attendance during spring and summer. This was pretty much the reverse of attendance at the Strasenburgh Planetarium, the place of my employment for 27 years. Come Labor Day at the planetarium, attendance plummeted. July and August were our two biggest months, and September usually competed with January for the title of Lowest Attended Month. The opposite being true at the cemetery was fascinating.

At my first planetarium job at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the director was always looking for ways to increase attendance at slow times of the year. But I wondered if a special event at times when people want to attend a planetarium show would get greater attendance rather than the same event at a low period. It seemed to me that it would be more cost effective to make the highs higher and let the lows fall where they will. This idea, applied to Mt. Hope, would mean that the audience was ready for a special event at the end of October, thereby ending the tour year with something special. So the Grand Finale Luminaria Tour was born. We could do it twice, once on the last Saturday of the month, and again on the following Tuesday, Halloween itself.

The trustees gave a cautious OK to the idea, but all kinds of questions came to mind: who would do the work, and how many would be required for this labor-intensive venture? Where would we assemble the luminaria? How could we make sure this would be a safe event—both personal safety and the safety of...
the cemetery? Where would we park cars? What would be included on the tour?

To answer the last question, Dennis Carr, tours chairman and FOMH trustee, laid out the path, sticking to paved roadways all the way. I paced off the tour route and estimated that it would take slightly fewer than 900 luminaria to light the path. Engaging in a bit of P.T. Barnum-ism, I said “1000”. That sounded impressive, and was close to the truth. “Close” counts when one is in one’s P.T. Barnum mode. Then I had to figure out how much sand would we need to fill the bags for two tours? A couple of e-mails later, I found that a cup of sand was the right amount. So that’s 2000 cups of sand to accommodate the two tours. But you buy sand in 40-pound bags. How much do 2000 cups of sand weigh? At this point, a personal question arose: What had I gotten myself into?

Carmen Russo, Mt. Hope interim manager, said that he could supply all the sand we needed for free. The price was right, and the unlimited quantity saved me from having to weigh 2000 cups of sand. Whew! Oh, and one more thing, the sand pile was outdoors, and so the sand would be wet. Wet sand in a paper bag placed on possibly wet ground sounded like a soggy mess, so we decided to put the sand into plastic-film sandwich bags inside the paper bags.

Friends members John and Sue O’Neil agreed to take charge of manufacturing the luminaria. Seventeen people volunteered to open bags, double cuff them, put a cup of sand in a sandwich bag, drop the plastic bag into the paper bag, put a candle in each bag, and then help place them along the special tour path at the north end of the cemetery.

Carmen said he would have the barn at the north boundary of the cemetery open for us so that we could set up our luminaria assembly line inside. When we began the work the weather was a cold, steady drizzle. To our delight we found that we were not only inside, but also in heated space.

We began assembly at 3 p.m. on Saturday, Oct. 28. Dividing 900 luminaria by seventeen people making them, would mean each person would need to assemble 53 luminaria. That seemed like a reasonable number. My amateur time-and-motion studies indicated that after some practice it took less than a minute to make one luminary, so three hours would be a generous amount of time to accomplish the work.

Now we needed a way to get the assembled luminaria distributed along the tour path. Carmen came to the rescue again, providing us with a flatbed trailer that would hold the luminaria. I went out into the drizzle and outlined the tour route with 20 luminaria; then we followed up with the trailer and filled the spaces between the key bags.

We didn’t think we could reuse the luminaria from the first night of the twonight event, so I ordered 2000 candles and paper bags to make a fresh supply for each night. The candles were supposed to be shipped with two-day delivery. When they didn’t arrive as promised, I called the supplier and found that they were out of the tea lights, that ours were on back order and would not arrive in time. The supplier upgraded our selection to better stock, which was on hand, and shipped them overnight. The next day four cases of 500 candles each sat on my front porch. Crisis averted.

The paper bags came from a warehouse in Pennsylvania and arrived right on schedule. Due to a price break at between 2000 and 2500 bags, it cost only 83 cents more to order the larger quantity. After the first tour night, we discovered that almost all of the luminaria survived the misty rain and could be reused the second night, so it would not be necessary to assemble 900 new luminaria. FOMH is now the proud owner of lots of small, white paper bags and plenty of candles.

Sandy Potter, who was in charge of hos-
Help from the community for the tour came from Marty Shutt of Shutt’s Cider Mill in Penfield, who donated enough of his fantastic fresh cider for all of our participants to enjoy after the tours. Normal Westfall of Westfall Florists, which is across the street from the cemetery, underwrote the cost of the tea lights.

On Saturday night the weather was, as they say on Sesame Street, “yucky.” In spite of a cold and steady drizzle, 57 people showed up for our premier event. We had a great break in the weather for Halloween Tuesday with warmer temperatures and nothing falling from the sky. This encouraged 153 people to join us for a total of 210, making the entire six-month tour season the most successful ever.

On the second more popular night, we discovered that about 30 people per group was the right size so that everyone could hear the guide and that the groups needed to be spaced about 10 minutes apart. The guides were each equipped with new, million-candlepower “killer” flashlights that could be used to point out cemetery features in the dark.

We’re set to repeat the event next year. If you’d like to help with luminaria assembly, placement, and cleanup, please let us know with a phone call to the Friends at 461-3494, or an email to me: donh22@frontiernet.net

One of the many things I learned as a result of instigating this event and helping with cleanup is how to get cooled candle wax out of a wool coat. See me for details.

Friends members who designed the tour and served as tour guides were Dennis Carr, chair, Sally Millick, Bob Potter, Joan Hunt, Ron Richardson, and Nancy Uffindell. The luminaria team consisted of John and Sue O’Neil, co-chairs, Chuck Chapin, Mary Case, Pat Corcoran, Frank Gillespie, Joan and David Hunt, Barb Koehler, Joel Kunkler, Sally Millick, John Pearsall, Bridgette Pendleton, Ron Richardson, Carol Sandler, Nancy Uffindell, and Jan Wyland. Hospitality and refreshments were provided by Sandy Potter, chair, Bob Potter, and Jan Wyland. Security was handled by Joel Kunkler, chair, Mike Boecker, Marilyn Nolte, Clair Mosher, and Dick Miller. Jan Wyland produced publicity for the event.

(Enter’s Note: And finally, the Grand Instigator of the Grand Finale Luminaria Tour was Don Hall, Friends trustee.)

*Laurel Hill (1836) is America’s second rural cemetery, after Mount Auburn in Boston (1831). Both cemeteries served as inspiration for the design of Mount Hope, which is America’s first municipal rural cemetery.

WALTER H. HUBBELL
(1850–1932)
Prominent Rochesterian,
First Eastman Kodak Counsel,
and Christian Gentleman

by Catherine H. Josh

Walter Sage Hubbell was a great contributor to the community of Rochester, New York. He was a philanthropist and an advocate for the advancement and growth of the University of Rochester. He was a trustee of the University of Rochester for over 30 years. Walter Hubbell also started a renowned Bible class, known as the Hubbell Class, which had several thousand attendees over the 40 years that he taught it. He was a director, and later a vice-president, of one of Rochester’s most important companies, Eastman Kodak. Additionally, he served as a trustee for the Rochester Theological Seminary, trustee and attorney for the Rochester Orphan Asylum, and director of the Alliance Bank. His accomplishments were numerous, and he grew quite wealthy, but consistently remained a helpful member of the local community. On the celebration of his 75th birthday, Walter Hubbell said that his “idea of life is that each one of us, apart from his other duties, should devote a part of each day to some disinterested, selfless work of others. It makes little difference what this work is or where it is. It matters not so long as you are doing something everyday for others.”

Walter Sage Hubbell was born on December 24, 1850 in Cincinnati, Ohio. His family moved to Keokuk, Iowa when he was 3 years old. He attended private and public schools there and moved to Rochester, New York when he was 16 years old. He attended the University of Rochester, where he joined the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity and Phi Beta Kappa. He graduated in the class of 1871 with a Bachelor of Arts degree, and then taught at Albany Academy for two years. In 1873 he moved back to Rochester, went to work with George F. Danforth in his law office, and began to study law. In January 1876, Walter Hubbell was admitted to the New York State Bar. He started a law firm called Hubbell and McGuire, but the firm was dissolved shortly thereafter by mutual agreement. He married Leora Adelaid DeLand of Fairport, New York on June 21, 1877.

Walter Hubbell was elected a state assemblyman in 1884 and 1885. During this time he befriended Theodore Roosevelt. It was said that they were both well known for their independent personalities. Although Hubbell did not continue his career in politics, he did remain deeply interested and actively involved in local and global politics. Walter Hubbell received a letter from President Roosevelt in October of 1906 telling Hubbell, “if convenient while you are here the President would be very glad to have you drop in at the office and shake hands with him.”

Rochester’s development into the city it is today is largely due to a man named George Eastman, who started the Eastman Kodak Company. Walter Hubbell was a close friend and business associate of George Eastman. Hubbell was named counsel and a director of the Eastman Kodak Company in 1895. In 1905 he was elected a vice-president of the company. George Eastman said at Walter Hubbell’s funeral, “Mr. Hubbell’s connection with the Eastman Kodak Company began in its earliest days and from the start we became close personal friends. . . . He stood for right treatment of everybody and always backed up every proposition to give liberal treatment to employees.”

In 1892, Walter Hubbell was elected to teach a men’s Bible study class at the First Baptist Church on North Fitzhugh at Church Street. His class became known as the “Hubbell Class.” On January 27, 1893, Walter Hubbell held the first of more than 30 annual Hubbell Class dinners at the First Baptist Church. His class enrollment grew to an all-time high of more than 800 men before the start of World War I. In 1924, the newly built “Hubbell Hall” had its grand opening. Hubbell Hall was built for the First Baptist Church so that it could accommodate the
growing number of people who attended the very popular Hubbell Class. During the class, Walter Hubbell would try to make the King James version of the Bible more readable by eliminating "thees" and "thous." Walter Hubbell was extremely dedicated to his class and the men within it. He would always take the time to listen to their problems and advise them as best he could. Every Saturday night, Walter Hubbell would go to his study to prepare for his class the next day, and the members of the household were instructed not to disturb him.

Walter Hubbell was also an important figure in the advancement of the University of Rochester. As an alumnus, Hubbell remained involved with the particulars of the university. He became a trustee of the University of Rochester in 1895 and remained so until his death in 1932. The University of Rochester would be significantly different if it had not been for Walter Hubbell.

In 1911, Dr. Rush Rhees considered leaving the University of Rochester because he had been offered the post of president of his alma mater, Amherst. Dr. Rhees would consider staying at the University of Rochester only if a coordinate college for women was started and more buildings were erected for the university. Walter Hubbell, being friends with George Eastman and also interested in the progress of the University of Rochester, wrote to Rush Rhees that he had "found a favorable opportunity to present my problem to Mr. Eastman." George Eastman donated half a million dollars to the University of Rochester in the spring of 1912. Walter Hubbell himself donated quite a sum to the University of Rochester. Moreover,

Walter Hubbell's daughter, Margaret Hubbell Wells, donated $305,000 to the University of Rochester for the construction of a 483-seat lecture hall in the chemistry-biology building in 1969. As noted in the Times Union on February 6, 1969, she also donated to the library four volumes of scrapbooks from her father's life.

Walter Hubbell died at his home on East Avenue on Friday, January 1, 1932 shortly after 11 o'clock at night. He was 81 years old. He had been ill for several years and died of heart disease. Services for Walter Hubbell were held at his home at 1209 East Avenue at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on January 3, 1932. He was laid out in the parlor in the front of the house, where hundreds of people came to pay their respects and say their final goodbyes to him. Honorary bearers included George Eastman, Dr. Rush Rhees, Joseph Taylor, George W. Robeson, and William G. Stuber. Flowers that were sent to the home were distributed to hospitals and philanthropic institutions. It was said that "although the Hubbell home, at 1209 East Avenue, is exceptionally large, all who wished to attend the funeral were unable to find room." Mrs. Hubbell would not reserve places for the well-known people, but rather wanted everybody to have an equal opportunity to come pay their respects.

Several hundred members of the Hubbell Class came to pay respects to Walter Hubbell, who had been their teacher since 1892. Interestingly, J. Foster Warner, who was a prominent architect in the Rochester area, designed Walter Hubbell's home on East Avenue. He also designed the George Eastman House located farther down East Avenue and the crematory in Mount Hope Cemetery. Walter Hubbell was brought to Mount Hope Cemetery after the funeral at his home on East Avenue.

Dr. Rush Rhees and Donald B. MacQueen, minister of the First Baptist Church, officiated at the ceremony at the house. Rhees said in his eulogy, "the passing of Walter Hubbell closes the earthly record of a singularly alert and vivid spirit ... None of us can ever know how many men went to him
for guidance and counsel. They always found his full attention and he always sought to bring their best selves to full realization. His professional, civic, and religious activities were manifold. To the University of Rochester as alumnus and trustee he gave his full and constant loyalty." These words and the words of many other prominent Rochester locals were printed in the Democrat and Chronicle January 3, 1932. Several additional tributes were paid after the death of Walter Hubbell. Two hundred attorneys gathered in the Supreme Court to mark this death. He died one of the oldest practicing attorneys in Rochester, New York. One thousand people gathered at the First Baptist Church to pray and memorialize a good "Christian gentleman" while listening to his favorite hymn, "Blest Be the Tie", a few weeks after his funeral, as stated in the Democrat and Chronicle January 25, 1932.

George Eastman was designated the executor of Walter Hubbell's will; however, the will stated that if Mr. Eastman did not want this responsibility, it would be acceptable to step down, and so he did. Walter Hubbell's wife, Leora Hubbell, took the position of executor of the will. The Democrat and Chronicle noted on January 19, 1932 that the Hubbell estate was estimated to be worth over one million dollars. The paper also published names of those who would benefit from his charity according to the will, and the list was long.

Walter Hubbell was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery in the family mausoleum, located alongside other mausoleums on First Avenue. Hubbell purchased the lot on August 20, 1904 and had the mausoleum built in 1905. The mausoleum is 13'6" wide and 15'3" deep. Each crypt is 7'4" long x 2'6" wide and 2' high. The window on the back of the mausoleum has been replaced with textured glass, as have two others on the side elevations. The front door is locked and made of heavy brass. Walter Hubbell is entombed on the top right. Below him is his wife, Leora Hubbell, who died one year after Walter Hubbell. His daughters Anna Hubbell and Margaret Hubbell Wells are also entombed in the mausoleum.

The mausoleum is styled in classical Greek Revival fashion. There are four Ionic columns in the front. The capitals have large double scrolls or volutes and the columns themselves are rather slender. The frieze above the doors states "HUBBELL" in simple lettering. Below the roof, the labarum bears the alpha and omega symbols. Walter Hubbell was a pious Christian, and his Bible class was very important to him. He went to church every Sunday and lived by the rules of Christianity. Although the mausoleum is understated and has little imagery, the labarum with the alpha and omega symbols must have been important to Walter Hubbell to include on his place of rest. The labarum is symbolic of Constantine's vision and conversion to Christianity. The original labarum was designed under Constantine's guidance after he saw the "cross of light." Alpha and omega are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, respectively. This is symbolic of God being the first and the last. There was nothing before God, and there is nothing after God. God is eternal. Alpha and omega replaced the original Hebrew letters aleph and thaw from Judaism, and through this translation much of the original meaning has been lost. Aleph and Thaw are the first and last letters in the Hebrew word for truth, while alpha and omega are not the first and
last letters of the Greek word for truth. Alpha and omega have been used together as an emblem for Christ in early Christianity. Alpha is on the left and omega is on the right to symbolize that Christ is the beginning and end of all things. Often these letters are combined with the labarum inside a circle as seen on the mausoleum of Walter Hubbell.

Ironically, Walter Hubbell's mausoleum is very near to the location of the memorial to the Rochester Orphan Asylum. On January 24, 1901, the Rochester Herald reported that there was a fire at the Rochester Orphan Asylum, and that many children died. Some speculated that the board of trustees should be blamed for not taking better care of the building. Walter Hubbell was a member of that board of trustees, and he was also the attorney for the asylum beginning in 1891. Walter Hubbell probably took part in the decision to purchase the plot in Mount Hope for the orphans to memorialize those who died in the fire. The plot is a mere few steps away from his grand mausoleum.

Walter Hubbell was an interesting and important person within the Rochester community. I really enjoyed researching Hubbell and learning about the interesting connections between him and me. My grandparents now live in his house on East Avenue. I found an article in one of the Hubbell scrapbooks that specified the room where one of his daughters was married and, as it turns out, my mother was married in the same room of the house. Walter Hubbell was a practicing attorney for a good portion of his life, and today another attorney practices out of the former Hubbell house on East Avenue. Walter Hubbell attended the University of Rochester and remained integrated with the University for the rest of his life. My grandfather, who now lives in the East Avenue house, received his Ph.D. from the University of Rochester and taught there for several years. My grandfather still goes to his office at Bausch & Lomb every day. Now I am attending the University of Rochester, and I am finding all these interesting connections with Walter Hubbell, a person who died over 60 years ago. I also found out that Walter Hubbell was laid out for his funeral in the room that is now my grandparents' spare bedroom, and so in the future when I spend the night there, I will look for his ghost.

(Editor's Note: Catherine Josh is a student at the University of Rochester and prepared this essay as part of the course work for Religion 167, Speaking Stones, taught by Prof. Emil Homerin, who is also a trustee of the Friends of Mount Hope Cemetery.)