



HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1997

GERTRUDE APPELEGET WYCKOFF

by Richard S. Hutchinson

The following is the continuation of Gertrude Maxwell's story of her life and experiences, in and around her home in Hightstown, New Jersey, from 1840 to 1939.

CHAPTER III

FOND RECOLLECTIONS

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood

When fond recollection presents them to view.

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

Woodworth.

I doubt if any little girl ever had so happy a childhood as I! Life was a beautiful long summer day. If there were clouds they were turned "inside out to show the lining." I suppose there were winters. I remember being wrapped in buffalo robes and sleigh riding and of trying to fill my blickey with icicles from the bannister that ran along the long stoop and we had company and beautiful brown roast turkey stuffed with oysters for dinner and sometimes a little fat pig with an apple in his mouth and curl in his tail, and then my grandfather said, "Roast pig is wholesome when it has a curl in its tail; eat plenty."

We had also oysters roasted in the big fire-place in the middle house which we ate by candle light, and there too, in the corner, was my winter play house. It was

full of freakish and abnormal things found in the woods and fields, and dug out of the earth. The largest of small things and the smallest of large things discarded bird's nests, nests of insects, etc., etc.

I never had a play mate. I did not know the least thing about playing games as other children did. In my drives in town I had seen little boys chasing cats and dogs and throwing stones and I was afraid of meeting a boy. Our visitors were all grown people and when we visited it was at homes where girls and boys were grown.

I had a doll but it might have been wrapped in cotton wool and laid in a cedar chest for all I cared, and I never had a play mate of my age. I had a beautiful china tea set also, but I liked best to drink cam-

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"THEM THINGS THAT GO ON LAND"

by George Morrell

November 11, 1833 is well known to historical buffs of both Hightstown and the Camden & Amboy Railroad, for it represents the date that a first passenger was killed in a railroad mishap. According to Robert Reed "... This accident, near Hightstown, New Jersey... was caused by a broken axle on one of the cars. The train was going twenty-five miles an hour, a high speed for the time, when the axle snapped. The cars were immediately derailed, and the wooden coaches upset and smashed apart. A number of passengers were thrown about, bruised and banged up. One man, Mr. James C. Stedman, a jeweler from Raleigh, North Carolina, was so badly injured that he died within a few hours, thus becoming the country's first railroad passenger fatality. Another passenger on the train, though uninjured, was ex-president John Quincy Adams..."

In another report of this incident appearing in the Camden & Amboy's Historical Society's newsletter *The Bull* of February 1997 indicates from a *Trenton Times* column by Bill Dwyer that "... as the train approached Bordentown, 'our attention was quickly arrested by loud cries to 'stop the engine' coming from the windows of every carriage on the train. On the halt being accomplished, the carriages were deserted in a moment, for it was discovered that one of those in the rear had been overturned in consequence of the axle breaking... I was soon on the spot, and what a scene was here to witness! Out of 24 persons, only one had escaped unhurt. One man was dead, another dying and five others had fractures; a couple of ladies dreadfully wounded; the children of one of them, two little girls, with broken limbs.

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

November

- 3 Business Meeting, 7:30pm
- 18 Show-n-Tell, Your Antique Photos of the Area, Ely House

December

- 1 Business Meeting, 7:30pm
- 7 Christmas Tea, 1:00-5:00pm

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bric tea in the cups the family used and pour the tea in a big saucer to cool and set the cup in the little glass dish like grown up people.

Another winter memory is of sitting in my little chair before the Franklin stove and knitting, while my grandfather held the ball and unwound the yarn. But I loved out of doors best of all and when I was not playing my own games on the stoop I was following close to the heels of my grandfather in his walks over the farm.

The stoop was covered with jasmine which bore a pretty little purplish flower. A tall cedar stood on each side of the broad steps and their branches met over head. The steps led down to the road and right across the road was the well and the "moss covered bucket."

Close to the well was a mulberry tree and its long almost black berries were as sweet as sugar. Then came a row of big cherry trees and they reached to the bend in the road, and just beyond the bend was the peach orchard, "Old Nixons", "Honest Johns", etc. At the bend was an opening in a long narrow lane with the fence on each side a tangle of blackberry bushes, Virginia creeper, cat-briar and wild cherry trees.

There was a calamus pond in the middle of the road, not a real pond just a marshy place. I loved to suck the long reedy leaves and Spec and Jeff dug the roots and carried them in their pockets for stomach ache. The lane led to the fields and meadows of the farm and in a bare uncultivated place was a little house with two rooms where an old dame with a hair-lip lived alone.

Aunt Sally as she was called was not an object of charity. She had friends in town who looked after her but my Mama used to send her eggs and milk and cream and a little pat of butter sometimes and she let me take them. Some one went with me to let down the bars and to watch for my return for I was not permitted to cross the road alone.

Aunt Sally wore a cap with a deep ruffle about her face, her upper lip parted and two teeth were in the opening; she

could not talk plainly but I always understood her and I liked to go and take her things.

She always asked me to come in and sometimes if "I would like to go in the other room". The other room was my hope and aim. I loved to look at the china mugs and pitchers on the mantle and the curious baskets on the table and the wonderful patch-work quilts on the bed, and Aunt Sally had a good many quilts and caps too.

We were good friends, but one day when she was pouring the milk from my blickey into her pitcher she said, "Your Ma might have sent me cream." I thought that was finding fault with my dear Mama, so I picked up my blickey and ran to the bars; my Mama was waiting for me that day and I blurted out, "She said you might have sent cream." "O well," my Mama said, "you shall take her cream tomorrow and if she says something you don't like, don't repeat it, just play you didn't hear it." That was a lesson in courtesy I have tried to act on, not always with success I fear!

I did not care so very much about Aunt Sally and her little house after this, but my Mama said I must go and Mammy Gin went with me to carry things, a pie or a piece of something too big for me to hold. I am glad I did not know the story of "Little Red Riding Hood"! I am quite sure I would have seen Aunt Sally as a wolf. I had no story books in my early childhood. I had cotton handkerchiefs which were stamped with reading matter and pictures. One was "The House That Jack Built" and another was a wise saying from Benjamin Franklin. But I lived my own stories!

My summer play house was in the garden. It was carpeted with moss from the woods and it had a fence all around of low bushes and a gate. I made my cat Biteus come in at the gate but Tyle, the dog, was too big for the gate! The loveliest thing in the garden was the path from the middle house door across the garden. It was bordered on both sides with hollyhocks, bergamot, fillies, pinks, four-o' clocks and lady-slippers. At the end of the path grew summer-savory, thyme, and sage, and on a high pole a hop vine. I

thought its lovely clusters of hops, and the delicate vine swaying in the breeze, was the most beautiful thing in the world!

At the side end of the garden was a door that led to the kitchen and the oven shed, and outside were steps up to the kitchen chamber where the colored men slept.

Baking day was full of interest for me. There was a big pile of oven wood to be burned and then the oven was swept clean of ashes and coals and the bread, pies, cakes and ginger-bread put in; the bread was in long iron pans, and the pie dishes were earthenware and deep in the middle. If the pies were custard or pumpkin, the filling was put in with a long handled ladle and the big oven door shut tight. After the bread was baked it was turned upside down on the lid of the dough trough.

Forty years later I was living in a city in Western Pennsylvania. One day I passed a shop with a sign which read, "Home made bread baked in an outside oven." I went in to get a loaf. The good dame behind the counter asked, "Will you have bottom bread?" And then explained that some people liked their bread baked on the bottom of the oven instead of in a pan. I took the bottom bread. It was very good, and with more crust than the Jersey bread since all sides were exposed to the heat.

Of all the things that were done in the kitchen, I understood candle-making the best! We used nothing but candles and they were made several times a year. Lanterns were always carried out of doors and around the house at night by the colored people. The candle-wick came in large balls and was wound over a board with a deep groove; the wick was cut with a sharp knife and twisted over smooth straight rods about two feet in length.

The tallow was heated to the proper temperature in a big iron pot, alum added, and the wicks dipped and hung between long bars resting on supports at each end. After the first dipping the wicks were pulled straight and arranged two inches or more apart on the rods, six or seven candles on each rod. At each successive dipping

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"ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END"

by Richard S. Hutchinson

To all my family, colleagues in both the law enforcement and the historical communities, our friends, Society members and the community in general; we bid you farewell. There comes a time when you must make a decision in your life as to which road you will take when you reach that fork in the road. And, the time has come for my wife and I to make the painful decision of saying good-bye to the community of Hightstown, which has been our home for many, many years. It was not an easy decision to make. I will certainly miss the camaraderie among the members of the society. Both my wife and I are leaving an area rich in both of our family's tradition and history, as both the Tallman and Hutchinson families have been in this area of New Jersey for over 300 years. However, it is a problem that I will overcome sometime in the future.

If everything goes according to plan with the sale of our home, we will be moving to an area that reminds me of what Hightstown and East Windsor Township looked like when I was a child. It is country. Our new location is a small historic sea-faring town which began in the 1840s. The whole town is a historic landmark and consists of several turn-of-the-century residences, one country general store and a little country post office. All of which, by the way, is within a leisurely walk down a wooded road and over the Nanticoke River. Yet, five (5) miles away, we have all the major conveniences that anyone could possibly need.



With our "new" home being only three (3) hours away from Hightstown, Faye and I will be returning from time to time to the area. Hopefully, we will be able to continue our relationships in this area. I will probably do more writing and hopefully be able to write for the newsletter. However, if I find that I will not be able to continue, I know that the Society will find someone to carry on the job.

Thank you for everything, especially for all the help that everyone has given to both me and my family over the years and in helping us all to "grow" with you in the community. Good luck. Richard Stanley and Faye (Tallman) Hutchinson.

Editor's Note - If you look closely at the boy, second from the left and walking up to the group with his head looking down, you may notice that he is yours truly. It is obvious that none of us were style conscious at that time with that "snappy" hat and ear muffs and my "high water" pants. Of course, young folks today don't realize that we all had "good clothes" and "play" clothes. This was taken in the 1950s and shows us "hanging out" and enjoying the lakeside fire during the winter skating on Peddie Lake. This was always an annual event of long duration during the winter months. This photo was taken behind the bank near what is today the bank parking lot. At that time, it would have been behind the bakery and the houses that were located behind it.

HIGHTSTOWN EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

founded 1971

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the candles grew larger and the tallow was kept hot by boiling water poured in which went to the bottom of the big pot.

It required great skill to dip candles. They must be held perfectly straight and not touch each other. They must remain only long enough in the tallow to take a new coat, but not melt the former one. When the last rod at the end was dipped, the first one at the beginning was cool enough to proceed until the candles were the required size.

The candles were left on the rods until hard, then removed, the pointed end at the bottom cut off with a sharp knife and then they were packed in boxes kept for the purpose and the rods carefully laid away. I am quite sure the rods have been in the family for generations and I think they are water willow. Only a few months ago I toasted marshmallows before an open fire with a couple pointed at the ends and I have given some away in pairs to friends who were curio hunters.

The only one in the family who could successfully dip candles was Mammy Gin. She had long practice. My grandfather bought her from a friend in Monmouth County when she was eleven years old and she was fifty at this time.

Half a century ago on a drive from Naples to Pompeii I had a forcible reminder of the candle-making days of my childhood. Along the roadside where there was a cluster of houses were long poles on which some white substance was drying. Investigation proved it to be macaroni slung over sticks resting on the poles. It was a curious resemblance. I suppose it was not for market but for the nearby families, but in my early house-keeping days I never saw any but the loose article and there were the curved pieces among the long ones. I suppose the method of making macaroni has changed as much as candle-making but I am glad I know about the candles.

There was nothing done in the kitchen that did not interest me. I would like to have been there oftener, but my Mama did not allow me to go unless she

was there and she only made doughnuts and superintended the cheese making. She always had a little tub of hot water in the middle house after meals and she washed the silver and tea cups and saucers; the other dishes went to the kitchen. It was a pretty custom and I found later it was done in other families.

My Mama told me she was afraid of the colored people when she first came to the farm. She had always lived at the mill and all the help from Abby Street, the housekeeper down to the mill boys, were white. She said she tried to think of everything so she would not have to go to the kitchen at night, because there was no light but the big fire place and ... she thought she was in the lower regions! She said it made her think of Dr. Jonathan Edwards' great sermon, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God."

I was not afraid and I would love to have been in the kitchen at night. The only time I got there was when we had friends over night who knew them all and wanted to hear them sing I remember they sang about "Dinah and Jim Crow" and "Possum up Gum-Tree, "Coon in the Hallow", but they sang hymns they heard at church; they could not read and they got the words mixed but they got tunes perfectly. One thing we understood and they loved to sing was --

Where, oh, where are the Hebrew Children?

Where, oh, where are the Hebrew Children?

Where, oh, where are the Hebrew Children?

Way over in the Promised Land.

By and by we'll go home to meet them,

By and by we'll go home to meet them,

By and by we'll go home to meet them,

Way over in the Promised Land.

Where, oh, where is good old Elijah?

Where, oh, where is good old Elijah?

Where, oh, where is good old Elijah?

Safe over in the Promised Land.

By and by we'll go home to meet him---

and so on ringing the changes through Patriarchs and Prophets.

Our people went with us to Church, taking turns, and sat in the North gallery. When I was a little girl there were no churches for colored people in the small towns and villages. One of the galleries in the different churches was reserved for them and they filled it. Our colored people and those in the three or four families we were most intimate with had a party every winter. They had mutual interests, they were elderly, they had been slaves and their pride in, and loyalty to, their families was a beautiful thing.

They had whatever they wished and the best the house afforded for their feasts. Our house was the Delmonico because Spec always managed to tree an opossum and an opossum was the last word for good living. The visitors came early in the afternoon and before they settled down they came into the house to ask after the health of each one and deliver a message from their folks. They called it "paying their respects to the white folks."

At the close of their supper my Papa brewed and carried out to them a pitcher of "panada" and wished them a safe ride home, and hoped they had passed a pleasant evening. The panada was hot rum and water sweetened, with crackers and grains of allspice. I never knew an intemperate darkey and those in our house never touched the liquors unless it was given to them on festive occasions.

The Churches were not heated when I was very small. The elderly ladies carried their foot stoves and trooped into the sexton's house to get fresh coals which lasted to the end of the Dominie's sermon. I think I felt like Margarita van Slichtenhorst---

"I go to church, and stand up straight
If Jufvrouw Gausevoort makes me wait
Till her footstove's put in the proper nook,
And the Clerk begins to read God's Book.
The Church is cold and the prayers so long
And Jufrouw Bancker says it's wrong
Not to hear each word from the Dominie."

The Sabbath was not a long day to me, but it was different from week days.

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We never had buckwheat Cakes for breakfast and our dinner was cooked on Saturday. After dinner my Mama sang hymens and told me Bible stories. When I could read we read verse and verse from the New Testament. Sometimes I looked at pictures in the Cottage Bible. Our books were the same as those in every respectable religious and well-to-do family in the country. The Cottage Bible, Pilgrims' Progress, Fox Book of Martyrs, Baxter's Call, The New England Primer and the Farmers' Almanac, together with Whitfield's and other printed sermons.

I think my Mama was a fine executive, everything was so well managed. I do not remember she did much cooking, but I remember seeing her clear starch her laces and caps and the dainty way she clapped them.

She had one great interest and that was turkey raising; she took all the care of them even to cooking their feed. When they came from the shell, they were put in soft woolly baskets and as soon as they could say peep, peep, my Mama took them one by one in her hand, cut off a toe, and opening their bill thrust down the throat of the little turkey a grain of black pepper. The missing toe was for identification. I wish I had asked what the pepper was for. I think now it must have been just an established custom. It may have been medicinal. At any rate the turkeys grew and thrived and were eaten by the family except some that were sent as presents to friends.

Of all birds and fowls, I think the turkey is the most stupid and least interesting. Little chickens are down and fluffy; but little turkeys are skinny and featherless. The mother turkey has so small a head she has no room for brains, and she stretches her long neck this way and that and never seems to know what she wants to do or where to go, and she sneaks off and hides in some outlandish place and can never find her way home! But for Spec, who was a good scout, I think my Mama's flock would have been much smaller!

I liked the dady (sic) turkey the least
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of all. He spread out his tail feathers and strutted up and down and said, I am sure, see me! See me! When I told him to put down his clothes, he just turned round and said gobble, gobble, gobble. But they all did one sensible thing at night before they went to bed.

There was a row of big walnut trees from the kitchen to the railroad. On the tree nearest the kitchen was a long plank reaching from the ground to the lower branches. Up this plank every night walked one by one, as sedately and solemnly as if they were going to church, all the grown-up turkeys and my Mama counted them and I stood by, and this every summer evening.

I did not then know what a circus was, but Dr. McChesney who was often at our house said it was "better than a circus"!

I wonder how those stupid birds could have been taught to walk that plank in the first place. The younger ones like sheep would perhaps follow the leader. I think the story sounds like a fairy tale, but I did witness the performance with my own eyes and I have told nothing I was not a participant in.

[Editors's Note: "Aunt Sally" mentioned in this chapter was Sarah Giberson, of another Dutch family in the area. "Aunt Sally" was born abt 1784 and died 12 October 1863. She lies buried under the Hightstown Baptist Church parking lot. She lived in what is now East Windsor Township on the Giberson estate out Wyckoff Mills Road. If you enter Wyckoff Mills Road from Shapiro Avenue and turn right going out of town, the road immediately bends 90 degrees to the left. After making that bend, the field to your right once contained a burial ground that has since disappeared. It was known as the Giberson burial ground. As far as anyone knows, the bodies are still buried there. This year, the Society received information from two different sources that this may also be the burial location of John and Mary Hight, who once lived on the corner of Wyckoff Mills Road and North Main Street. A local resident recalled having played amongst

the gravestones of "Hight" at this location. On a map made in 1880, showing the property of Mrs. Gertrude Appleget, a tombstone with a cross is designated in this field indicating the general location of the burial plot. As you continue past this location on Wyckoff Mills Road, you immediately make a 90 degree turn to the right and directly ahead on the right side of the road are three large trees set in a triangular position. These are early boundary markers of some of this ancient property.

In the January 20th 1854 issue of the local paper, is found the following item: "Prior to the Grand Jury of Mercer County adjournment, it was resolved that all the money in the hands of the Grand Jury be given to Miss Sarah Giberson, of the township of East Windsor, and that the foreman deliver same..." The foreman was C. C. Blauvelt of Hightstown. The article also noted that "Aunt Sally" had thanked the Grand Jury for their donation of the \$6.25 and in return she had given Blauvelt a piece of beef and some pork. She further stated that the money "... had given relief to a poor lone woman."]

[End Of Chapter, To Be Continued.]

**HAVE A HEALTHY,
HAPPY AND
PROSPEROUS NEW
YEAR!**



1998

"THEM THINGS THAT GO ON LAND"

Continued from page 1

Former President John Quincy Adams...directed an inquest on the fatalities before the train resumed its course to Bordentown. From there, a steamboat carried the injured down the Delaware to Philadelphia, and treatment in a hospital." John McBride, railroad historian and current editor of *The Bull*, correctly points out that this mishap actually occurred near Brick Yard Road, just outside of Hightstown, in Cranbury Township.

In addition to the passengers mentioned, another world-renown industrialist, Cornelius 'The Commodore' Vanderbilt was also on this C&A train and was severely injured. But herein lies the puzzle, for while Reed reports that "...Vanderbilt was pitched out of the car and flung down a thirty-foot embankment; one of his lungs was punctured, and several of his ribs were broken. He was taken to his home in New York and there hovered between life and death for a month. Largely because of his injuries from this accident, Vanderbilt refused to invest any of his immense fortune in railroads...[an attitude that would drastically change over the coming years]."

the Commodore had nothing but contempt for 'them things that go on land.' The train he was riding that day had run off its tracks near Hightstown, New Jersey, tumbling into a ravine and instantly killing most of the passengers. His ribs had been driven into his lungs, his head and face severely bruised, the skin ripped from much of his body. He was carried to a nearby cottage [my emphasis] where he remained for a month, and then was taken to his home where he was confined to his bed until the spring. Railroads? No! I'm a steamboat man, a competitor of these steam contrivances that you tell us will run on dry land. Go ahead. I wish you well, but I never shall have anything to do with 'em'."

would have precluded extensive travel in 1833, at least immediately), where was this location and is the site still in existence or only a fragment of memory? It seems that



The "John Bull" with its engineer and crew.

the more one dwells into the history of the Hightstown area, the more questions remain unanswered and come to the surface.



One of the many train accidents within the borough.

Another account written by Arthur T. Vanderbilt II somewhat contradicts the extent of the Commodore's injuries and where he spent time in recuperation. According to Arthur Vanderbilt "From the day in October [sic] 1833 when he had taken his first train ride, traveling to Philadelphia aboard the Camden and Amboy Railroad, NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1997

Philadelphia area hospitals and others mention nothing of what happened to these unfortunate passengers; but lastly, and far more important from an area historical view point, if Commodore Vanderbilt was indeed taken to a cottage (and given broken ribs and a punctured lung as commonly reported injuries, which

So based on a well documented railroad disaster, several questions remain, one which may lend a certain degree of significance on Hightstown's history: first of all, just how many passengers were killed in this derailment; secondly why do some accounts indicate the injured were taken to

Sources:

(1) Croffut, A., *The Vanderbilts and the Story of Their Fortune*. New York: Belford, Clarke & Company, 1886.

(2) Lane, Wheaton J., *Commodore Vanderbilt: An Epic of the Steam Age*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1942.

(3) Vanderbilt, Arthur T., *Fortune's Children: The Fall of the House of Vanderbilt*. New York: Quail/William Morrow, 1989.

(4) Reed, Robert C., *Train Wrecks: A Pictorial History of Accidents on The Main Line*. New York: Bonanza Books, 1959.

(5) Kilbride, John J., Editor, *The Bull*, C&A Historical Society Newsletter, New Jersey: February 1997.

(6) _____, *The John Bulletin*. New Jersey, April 23, 1988.

ANOTHER TIME CAPSULE DISCOVERED AND RECOVERED

By Richard Hutchinson

In March of this year, the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society took the lead in attempting the recovery of another "Time Capsule" known to have been buried within our community. With the Bicentennial of East Windsor Township being celebrated this year, the society made it known to the Bicentennial Committee that a "Time capsule" existed in what is presently East Windsor Township.

Through conversations with former Hightstown resident John Orr, now living in Kentucky, Dr. Edgar Thomas, Jr, learned of another time capsule buried within our community. It supposedly was located near the top of a wall of the Norton Tower in the East Windsor Cemetery. After the Society obtained the proper insurance coverage and the permission from the East Windsor Cemetery Association to attempt such a recovery, the Society submitted a proposal before the East Windsor Township Bicentennial Committee.

In the *Hightstown Gazette* of 14 August in 1884, is the following article that gave us the information concerning the location of the "time capsule":

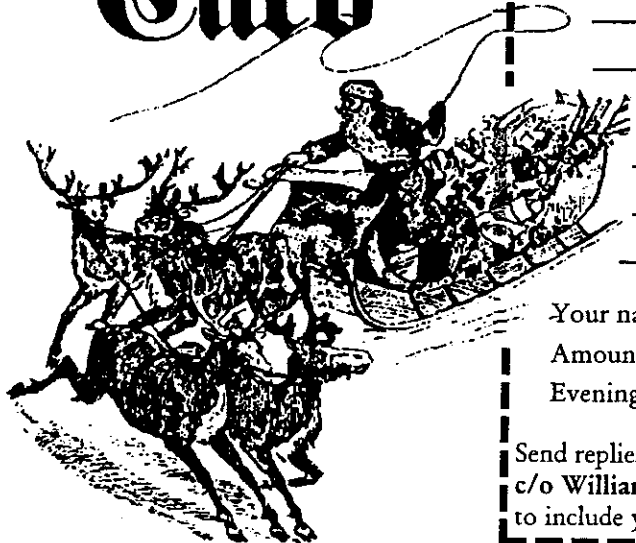
"The Monumental Tower, being erected by J.R. Norton in the East Windsor Cemetery, is progressing slowly but very substantially. This cemetery was established in 1756 by John Ely, who then owned the farm on which the cemetery is located. It has been in the Ely and Norton families ever since. The present owner of the farm, conceiving the idea, as nature had surrounded this spot with superior natural scenery, it would add much to its beauty to have a tower erected high enough to be above all obstructions. Therefore, decided to erect this Monumental Tower within the enclosure. The size of the tower is 10 ft square built of Trenton brown stone making a 20 in. wall of solid masonry trimmed with marble, having 3 tablets and a door. The height of the tower from the ground will be about 45 ft, the summit to

be reached by an iron spiral stairs surmounted by an iron balustrade. The stairs will be placed and a room about 7 ft square will contain 4 glass windows and an entrance to the top by means of a ladder inside. There will be a sealed box placed in the wall near the top of the tower, and any person desirous of having suitable records or relics deposited in this box will leave them with C.M. Norton, of Hightstown, with their names attached and they will be registered and placed in the box. I would be very glad to receive historical and traditional sketches from any person connected with the cemetery, or from any friend who may desire to aid in this work. All articles to be forwarded within two weeks from this date, Aug 14th, 1884 - J.R. Norton"

A continuing search of the above newspaper, thru January 1885, produced one further mention about the "time capsule" in the tower. In the issue of the 28th of August, is the following:

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The Holiday Greeting Card



Each year at this time, the Society sponsors a Holiday Greeting Card, which is one of the ways we hope to spread a little good cheer during the holidays.

To cover our costs and to raise needed revenue for the Society, we ask our subscribers to contribute a small amount for their names to be inscribed on the card.

The monies received for the Greeting Card help in meeting our regular expenses.

Please contribute \$12 for an individual name and \$15 for a family. Checks may be made payable to H.E.W.H.S.

To have your name(s) added to the Holiday greeting card, please list your names (as you would like them to appear) on the form below.

Your name _____
 Amount \$ _____
 Evening phone _____

Send replies by December 1st to Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society, c/o William W. Craig, 12 Dover Lane, East Windsor, NJ 08520. Please be sure to include your full return address and write "Holiday Card" on the envelope.

ANOTHER TIME CAPSULE DISCOVERED AND RECOVERED

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"Mr. J.R. Norton informs us that on account of some delay in the work, parties desiring to deposit articles in the corner stone of the monument may have another week to do so."

The exact location of the box within the tower's wall was not given nor was its location known. In fact, it was not known if the box was even put into the tower as planned or if it was still there. However, based upon the second reference to it in the paper, we were inclined to believe that the box had been placed in the wall as "advertised" by Mr. Norton. And, we were all hoping that the box had been made of metal. Based upon the article, we do know that Mr. Norton was soliciting "suitable records or relics ... [and indicated he] would be very glad to receive historical and traditional sketches ..." It is believed by Mr. Orr that the box may also contain some very important historical information concerning the early original burials of the Ely and Norton families in the burial ground that has since become known as the East Windsor Cemetery.

Because nothing was visible from the exterior of the tower to indicate where the box might be located, a decision was made to enter the tower, which has been sealed for many, many years. On Sunday morning, 28 October 1997, the Confined Space Squad, of the East Windsor Township Engine Co, No 1, entered the sealed Norton Tower, and once inside, a "corner stone" was visible only from the interior in the upper area of the tower wall. After a morning of work, the "corner stone" was removed and the box was behind it! The "corner stone" read "Erected by Joshua A. Norton, 1884, William H. Dillen, Builder". Although in bad condition, the "box" was removed from the tower and taken to a safe location.

On October 14th, the "box" was more fully examined and finally opened with representatives present from the Society. The "box" turned out to be nothing more than what I would term a post box that would hang on a post with a hinged lid. The box was made out of a light steel of about 20 gauge and in very bad condition with one side completely rusted away while the other sides were also

filled with rusted holes. The amazing thing about the box was that 1) it was made of steel and 2) there was no attempt to seal it in any way. The ravages of 113 years had taken their toll! When it was opened, the hinged lid or what was left of it, was simply pulled up and there the powdered remains of the contents could be seen.

The contents of the box were a very sad disappointment. Most of the items were paper but there were no photographs or other historical materials as had been advertised for in 1884. It appears that there was very little community involvement in this venture. The items put into the box appear to be items coming from Mr. Norton or his family. The contents were in deplorable condition and most had simply turned to powder. There were five coins found in the box, a small empty bottle (ink or pharmaceutical), a larger broken bottle which contained paper items, a rusted metal can that had been sealed containing paper items, and some advertising items. Most of the contents were newspapers, both local and from New York, and Universalist Church material. Unfortunately, none of this material survived in readable condition.

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