

HIGHTSTOWN



EAST WINDSOR

NEW

JERSEY

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

JANUARY - FEBRUARY 1998

SPEAKER SET FOR ANNUAL MEETING DINNER

On January 18, 1998, at 1:30 PM, at the Coach & Four Restaurant, Rt. 33, Hightstown, NJ, Michael S. Adelberg will be the featured speaker at the annual dinner meeting of the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society.

Mr Adelberg will present the lecture "When the Tories Ruled: Central New Jersey's Tory Uprising of December 1776" with incidents specific to Cranbury, Hightstown, and Crosswicks. Mr. Adelberg will focus on a brief period of time during the American Revolution in which New Jersey's Tories (those who opposed the Declaration of Independence) controlled much of New Jersey with the assistance of the British Army. The presentation will be based on the actual documents from 1776 and 1777 that illuminate

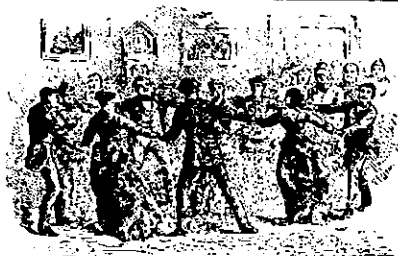
the civil war in central New Jersey between Tories and Whigs (patriots). This lecture contributes to the increasing body of scholarship that depicts the American Revolution more as a civil war between Americans than a contest between the Continental (American) and the British Armies.

Mr. Adelberg is the author of two reference books and numerous articles on New Jersey during the American Revolution, and has spoken before numerous historical societies and scholarly audiences. He has been researching the American Revolution in New Jersey for eight years. His locally-oriented research demonstrates that the war for independence was very much a civil war that split communities and families apart.

Mr. Adelberg holds Masters degrees in American History (Rutgers University) and Public Policy (University of Illinois). He has previously held faculty positions at Manhattanville and Kishwaukee Colleges. Raised in Monmouth County, Mr. Adelberg now resides in Baltimore, Maryland with his wife and eighteen month old son.



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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

JANUARY

- 5 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House
18 Annual Dinner, 1:30PM, Coach & Four Restaurant

FEBRUARY

- 2 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House
12 Video of East Windsor Historic Sites by Dr Thomas, 7:30PM, Meadow Lakes

GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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.

[This chapter is important to Hightstown because it gives us an insight into the date of the construction of the house that presently stands at the intersection of North Main Street and Wyckoff Mill's Road, as well as some of the construction processes of the period.]

CHAPTER IV IL Penseroso

*"The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."*

--Tennyson

Not withstanding my interest and pleasure in my surroundings a little cloud about "as big as a man's hand" appeared in

the western horizon, and this time it had no "silver lining". It has always been understood that after my grandfather's death a new house would be built down on the corner of Main Street and the Mill Road on which we were living. My Papa wanted to give up farming and my Mama wanted a kitchen she could reach without going out doors, and a cook stove.

My grandfather knew and approved, but he did not want to leave his old home. After his death, plans had matured, lumber had been seasoning and now the new house was taking shape. I was strangely ignorant of the progress of affairs; partly from my lack of interest and partly because I had more liberty and found new ways of amusing myself. I was permitted to go down town with Mammy Gin when she had an errand, for one thing.

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THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY OF EAST WINDSOR TOWNSHIP, MIDDLESEX COUNTY

By Richard Hutchinson

The members of the Hutchinson family originating from what is today East Windsor Township, Washington Township and part of Hamilton Township, come primarily from two brothers, William and Jonathan Hutchinson. Most of the name presently in these areas descends from Jonathan, as do I, because most of William Hutchinson's family migrated into the South and West in the late 1700s and early 1800s.

I present these two articles because they give further insight into the two brothers as related in one of the articles by William's great-grandson, Daniel P. Hutchinson [DPH], who was a music teacher living in Hightstown. And, oh, how I wish that Joseph J. Ely [JJE] had taken the time to tell us what had been related to him about the Hutchinson family instead of going off the subject. I also include these two articles for the benefit of the Society's President, Dr. Harold Crisp Cox, Jr, aka "Skip", who is constantly amazed at the number of Hutchinsons found in so many of the families from this area.

The following story appeared in the *Village Record*, dated 20 Nov 1857:

Mr. Editor: On the farm now owned by Isaac Goldy, near Milford, about 2 ½ miles from Hightstown, there is an ancient burial ground, wherein several of the old owners of the soil thereabout found the last resting place of their earthly remains. From a tombstone in that place I copy the following, verbatim et literatu: "Sacred to the Memory of Ann Hutchinson, Relict of Wm Hutchinson Esqr. departed this Life Jany. 4th 1801. Aged 101 years 9 Months and seven days. She was mother of 13 children, and Grand Mother and great grand mother, & great great Grand Mother of 375 Persons." I give also the punctuation and Capital letters.

By applying the rule of compound subtraction, or more properly subtraction of denominate numbers, and making allowance for the difference between Old and New Style, we perceive that she was born on the 17th day of March 1699, and

consequently lived in three different centuries, i.e. she was born on the 17th, lived through the whole 18th, and died in the 19th century. A very lengthy article might be written upon the times, the scenes, and changes through which she passed, and which she witnessed; but those conversant with history can fill up the great space of her life with general incidents to suit themselves. I will only mention a few facts in connection with her history, and that of her family. She was the wife of Wm. Hutchinson, Esq, a Justice of the Peace under the crown and government of England. This William Hutchinson took up from the government all the land bounded easterly by or near the Earl of Perth's Patent, (at the corner of the farm now owned by Mr. Wesley Sill,) and bounded northerly by Rocky Brook, and extending westerly to at or about the farm now owned by Thomas Mount, (son of Hiram Mount, dec'd); and extending southerly also to the Ely tract, (a tract of 1500 acres taken up by John Ely, my great grandfather,) at or about the property now owned by Abijah J. Chamberlin. You will perceive then, Mr. Editor, that your office, and all of Hightstown south of Rocky Brook, stands on the tract of this old lady's husband. Her first residence was a dwelling made of pallsadoes, a few yards from where Mr. Goldy now lives. My uncle, the late Rev. Robert Hutchinson, dec'd, and Mrs. Phebe Hutchinson, widow of Rev. Sylvester Hutchinson, gave me several particulars in reference to the old Hutchinson family, which I have not the space to fully record. Ann Hutchinson retained her faculties to the last, and could see to thread a needle or read without spectacles when in her 101st year. The family have been remarkable for longevity. Her son, Joseph Hutchinson, (very properly and justly called in his day by the Methodist Father Hutchinson,) lived on the place where Wm. R. Hutchinson now lives. I well recollect the old gentleman myself. He was a very exemplary and pious man, and between 1780 and 1790 was one of a very small class or society in Milford. About the time Methodism began to be frequently preached; my grand father, Richard Ely, who died in 1791, in his life time invited the Methodists minis-

ters to preach in his house, and in warm weather they sometimes preached in his barn; he lived where Richard A. Ely, son of my uncle Aaron Ely, now lives, in Millstone township. I have heard my father frequently say that he remembered, though then young, when these meetings were held at his father's. By (sic) why digress into the history of Methodism? Because the history of the old Hutchinson family is identified with the early history of Methodism in this part of the country. William Hutchinson, another son of this Ann, lived where Daniel P. Hutchinson now lives, and had four sons, all of whom turned out to be Methodist preachers, viz: Ezekiel Hutchinson, Robert Hutchinson, Sylvester Hutchinson and Aaron Hutchinson, all of whom have passed the earth. Ezekiel Hutchinson removed, many years before his death, to Ohio. My mother, who departed this life in 1819, was one of the little band of despised Methodists (for Methodists were persecuted and despised in their infancy) who formed the church at Milford, and having been brought up to attend that church till I arrived almost to manhood, and conversing much with the Hutchinson family, I became of necessity acquainted with many facts in relation to that family, and to the Methodist Church at Milford; which facts are many of them given by Judge Pearce in the Record, a few weeks back, and are in accordance with what I remember having heard from old people. There are many respectable families descended from this Ann Hutchinson in the United States - Among those of her descendants now living on the old Hutchinson tract are William R. Hutchinson, Daniel P. Hutchinson, and the present Treasurer of New Jersey, R.M. Smith, Esq.

I would say, in conclusion, that notwithstanding I have departed in my religious views in some respects from ancient Methodism, the early instructive lessons which I received from my Methodist relatives and friends, "He saves me from a thousand snares." I still firmly believe the good old doctrine of free grace, the freedom of the human will, and the universality of the atonement. To which I will add,

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GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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I was a big girl "going on" eight, taller than Mammy, who was short and fat, but I knew she could protect me from boys of which I was still in terror, and it was a great thing to be walking in town. I loved to stop at Granny P's cake and beer shop, where I bought a bolivar, a round ginger cake as big as a dessert plate, and there was another place I liked; it was Aunt Orphy's.

Aunt Orphy was a sister of Aunt Sally just the same kind of hair-lip. She was the caretaker of the Baptist Church which had been built in John's town in 1784, and she lived in a little house close beside the church, in the grave yard. Back of Aunt Orphy's front room was her bedroom and at the foot of her bed was her tombstone, covered with a patchwork quilt.

Like Aunt Sally, she wanted to entertain me and asked "would I like to see her grave-stone?" and I read many times "Orpha G—
Born—
Departed this life—"

Perhaps there was an epitaph; I don't remember it, nor the date of her birth. Aunt Orphy slept with that stone at her feet for many a night. People said she wanted to be sure of her grave being marked.

The subsequent history is, Aunt Orphy reposed peacefully under her stone for many years.

In the third decade of the Twentieth Century, the old historic Church, long used as a Chapel, was torn down, a new and finely equipped memorial building for a former pastor erected on the site and over a part of the graves, the bodies having been removed.

As the days went by closets and unused rooms in the old house were opened and gone over. Jane proved a master hand at work and declared she was glad "we all was going to live like folks". Mammy Gin was always muttering, "How could she cook in a black thing with the fire shut up inside and bread baked inside a little ugly black box would go in the swill barrel." Spec and Jeff shared her dislike of moving and asked, "What we all 'gwine to do down thar, with no hosses or hogs to tend?"

I found behind the wood paneling in the parlor a narrow stairway leading to the room above in which I delighted and in the garret

among a variety of trunks little old worn Bibles, prayer books, old newspapers, almanacs, pamphlets, etc. I read "The Spirit of Washington" and "The Clay Banner" without understanding, and I tried to read a little yellow stiff paper-bound book which said on the cover "Charlotte Temple" and I cried over the parts that seemed sad, which to me were Charlotte's being away from her dear home and in a strange city. It was a good many years later when I found her grave in Old Trinity and re-read the little book and I shed more understanding tears, some for days lang syne and more for the sad fate of the heroine.

Out of consideration for Mammy Gin's long years of faithful service, an open fireplace with pot-hooks and trammels, and an oven, was built in the cellar; and for my Papa's special use the Franklin stove in the bedroom with all its lovely brass ornaments was moved to the new house with much labor and expense. Another concession to old times was an open grate in the parlor for coal.

I was to have a piano in the near future and my bedroom in the new house had a lacy pink wall paper and circular ornament in the ceiling. Jane said I was to have a "lot of new frocks and go to school".

School spelled terror for me, but I was comforted by knowing the Academy was far away, in the other end of town, and the Classical School close at hand was for boys only. There was a flourishing school for girls, but for big girls who were almost young ladies.

A Methodist preacher whose throat was affected so that he talked with difficulty had moved to John's town in the late 1840's mainly because it was the center of a large peach-growing belt. He built a kiln for drying peaches whole. The dried fruit met with ready sale for several years not withstanding the fact that the product was mostly pit and skins! But the reverend gentleman had thought for the mind as well as the body. His three youngest daughters were of school age and facilities for their education he thought were inadequate, so he enlisted the help of a half dozen or more men of the town and county, who also had daughters of school age, and they built a single room in the remains of an apple orchard.

The building they called the Cottage

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HIGHTSTOWN EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

founded 1971

Serving Hightstown Borough
and East Windsor Township
609-371-9580

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GERTRUDE APPELEGET WYCKOFF

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School. There were six desks on each side, and long benches in front of the desks. The teacher's desk was opposite the entrance door and the usual water bucket and tin cup were near the door. It was primitive, but it was the best that had been done for girls, and good teachers from New England had been imported and the school was a great success.

When a girl dropped out there was always another on the waiting list and the stockholder sold or rented his share. I knew of the school, but I knew there were no girls there that were not in their teens, so I was comforted. I think I wanted to study and learn things, but I was so undisciplined and feared I could not obey rules and I was so content with present methods.

As the time drew near for leaving the dear old farm house everything and everybody seemed out of sorts. The farm had been rented on shares, but the farmers wife refused to move unless she had a kitchen, and a pump at hand. There was but one available place for a kitchen and that was through the back middle house door and that destroyed my beautiful flower bordered path in the garden.

Then as the farming implements and the stock remained Spec declared he was going to stay also, and to live without Spec seemed a calamity. Then Jeff said how could he do the work without Spec. Jane was the only real cheerful one in the family for I think my parents were a little sad, as the time approached for leaving.

We had really been moving for weeks, but on the real day of going I was to carry Biteus in my cat and a little framed picture in my arms. I had often given my cat a ride and he was quiet and enjoyed it, but on moving day after we had gone half way to the railroad he jumped out and ran under the walnut trees and away to the woods. Spec brought him back many times, but he would not stay and I thought at first I would like to go back myself, but I never did and if I passed by in the carriage I turned by head the other way.

After a few weeks in the new house my Mama said I was to start to school. She had been talking with the Dominie and they had arranged for me to go three afternoons in the week to the wife of the Professor of the Classical School. They lived near and had often gone with us to Church at Sweet Auburn.

As I knew and liked Madam, as I shall call her, I was pleased until I heard she had a little boys. In a few days Madam came to see us and brought Benny and when I saw how little he was and that he wore dresses, I thought he was a girl. After my lessons Madam took Benny on her knee and I sat near and she read to us stories and poetry. I think she must have been fond of Wordsworth she so often read "The Little Cottage Girl", "Goody Blake and Harry Gill", "The Pet lamb," and other selections. I can repeat every word of the former to this day but it is catchy and easily learned.

I went to Madam rather regularly during the Fall and Winter. I loved Madam and

I wanted to know what Rabbit Hill and Turkey and Ringoes and Blue Ball and Crosswicks and Cross Roads and Bricksburg were like.

My parents had gone to Long Branch on their wedding day in 1821 when there was just one little house for entertainment, and after almost thirty years they were deeply interested in the large boarding houses that had been built--- Laird's "Mansion House" and others on the high bluff, with steps down to the sea. It was a rival to Saratoga. At that time I thought it was Paradise. Long since it was so commercialized that its original "glory has departed", but all the seaside resorts from



"The Kenneth Appieget house at 503 North Main Street at the corner of Wyckoff Mills Road"

had become accustomed to Benny, when one early Spring day, on my ninth birthday, my Mama's brother from he mill stopped. He said his daughter who was eighteen years old did not intend to go to the Cottage School in the Fall and proposed that my Papa should take the desk for me. My Mama seemed to like the plan. I was terribly frightened at the thought of going among those big girls, but I thought my Papa would be on my side so I rested contentedly and had a really nice summer.

My Papa missed his old interests but was fond of horses and driving so we spent very pleasant days driving to places my parents were interested in seeing again and in new places I wanted to see because of their names.

Barnegat to the Atlantic Highlands are full of interest. A certain beauty of their own in these days and the automobile have popularized them and brought them close at hand.

When I was a little girl the roads were impassible in some places in the early Spring by reason of the frost coming out of the ground. The road to Bricksburg was hard on horses; the sand was almost up to the hub of the carriage wheels. It was in the heart of the pine belt and nothing but scrub oaks, pine trees and huckleberry bushes in sight. My Papa said it was too hard on the horses and regretted starting, but I was always so happy in the carriage that I wished not to reach our destination.

GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

At Brickburg there was nothing but a brick kiln, a house and a shanty or two. I suppose the entire land covered now by beautiful Lakewood could have been bought in its early brick making days for the amount the Dutch paid the Indians in 1628 for Manhattan.

I had a beautiful summer in the year that divided the Nineteenth Century in halves. I know now my Mama was trying to make me forget the dear old farm house and my Papa who knew I was to go to the Cottage School was trying to make me happy.

September dawned. The new teacher came to call. I liked her curls, but was not otherwise impressed. The day before school opened my Mama's brother from the mill stopped and said "All was ready for my start to school." After he was gone I asked, "Why does that man from the mill want me to go to School?" My Mama replied, "That man is your father and he knows what is good for little girls." I thought she was joking and could not understand until she made me keep quiet and listen and then she told me what everybody knew and what I would have known if I had not been so entirely absorbed in myself and my surroundings.

I was the youngest of nine children. My paternal and maternal grandfathers had died before I was born and the dear man whose memory was so precious to me was my grandfather only in name and the "bolt from the blue" knocked me over. I did not want two Papas nor two Mamas and I did not want to live at the mill; it was noisy and crowded, etc., etc. My Papa who had been absent comforted me and said I was his little girl and nobody should take me away from him. I must be good and nice to my mother and father, that was all, and in reality there was no difference. The family at the mill were in another county. They went to the store and post office in Sweet Auburn and we sat on different sides of the Church and we seldom saw them there. My brothers and sister were grown. One brother was married, others were in business or school. They cared little more for me than I for them.

I was very undeveloped and undisciplined and very selfish and younger than my years and it took many repetitions of the story to convince me of its truthfulness and it was not until I was grown that I really understood after hearing the explanations from both mothers.

My Mama Aunt was my real father's youngest and favorite sister. She married and settled near her old home at John's town. After fifteen years she borrowed a little girl from this brother and did not return her, but she only lived three years with her aunt and died from scarlet fever. The grief of the uncle and aunt was great and they said to the mother, "You must find us another little girl." The mother replied "her family was finished but if it was not she could make no plans to barter her flesh and blood".

But the stork who loved to hover over roofs and chimneys sent a message through the air that a little girl would be found. All the neighbors and friends knew of this and awaited developments. On the appointed day the old Doctor hurried by the old house by the side of the road and called out he was "going to the mill for the little girl". Jeff got the gig ready but when the Doctor returned, he gave rein to his horse and shouted, "It's a boy."

The news was a heavy disappointment but the uncle and aunt got in the gig and went to the mill, where they found the Doctor had been joking. Whether the excitement of the "Divinity that shapes our ends" was responsible I do not know, but my mother was taken so ill her life was despaired of and I was bundled up and taken to the old farm house in John's town. A messenger was sent post haste to Philadelphia to get the baby bottle of that day for milk as the older of the two colored women had been married and a mother, I was put in her willing arms and lay in her capacious bosom many times when I was restless in the big hooded family cradle that had been so long unused.

My black Mammy never failed in her devotion to me, and I am thankful I had the privilege of ministering to her on her death bed and clothing her in a white robe for her burial, in her old age.

[Editor's Note: "Mammy Gin", as she was known to Gertrude, was indeed Jane Brown, as had been stated in the last chapter. In the 10 August 1876 issue of the *Gazette*, is the following death notice: "**Brown** - In this borough, on the 8th inst., Jane Brown, aged about 77 years." In the same issue in another part of the paper, was the following note by the Editor: "**Set Free** - The name of Jane Brown in our death notices will strike our readers as a strange one, and yet every one here knows "Aunt Jinny", who has for

many years lived in the family of Mrs. Gertrude Appleget. She was a relic of the days of slavery, and when about eleven years old was sold by Capt. Baird, of Manalapan, to Mr. Disbrow Appleget, of this place, and has been a faithful servant in the family ever since."

"Aunt Orpha" was Orpha Giberson, sister to "Aunt Sally", who we met in the previous chapter. She was born 9 Ma[?] 1780 and died 27 Oct 1868. She, too, was single and lived alone in a small house where the present day Baptist Church. I have been intrigued for many years during my research of this area by her name, "Orpha". I have found her listed several times in the account book (1803-1839) of East Windsor Township's Overseer of the Poor, where she was employed as a grave digger. An entry dated 25 December 1833 and at the age of 53, states: "\$2.00 ... Orpha Giberson for Digging grave for James Corliss".

In *The Hightstown Excelsior*, 20 June 1857, there was a story regarding the dedication of the cornerstone of the Baptist Church. In the story was the following: "There was also another spectator whom we must notice - Orpha Giberson. Who does not remember, as long back as they can recollect, Aunt Orpha. A member of the Church, and a denizen of the little house next door, over fifty years. But the little house, which the maidens used to enter to arrange their dresses previous to entering church, has been moved to make room for the new edifice. The ruthless hand of improvements could not spare it, and the occupant (long may she be spared) can view with mournful satisfaction the wreck which time has made."

In the *Gazette*, 29 October 1868, I found the following "editorial" - "Orpha Giberson died in this place on the morning of the 26th inst., in the 89th year of her age. At the time of her death, Miss Giberson was the oldest inhabitant of our borough, and was fully acquainted with the earliest settlers. As far back as we can remember she has lived an active life, by herself, and as late as two or three days before her death we noticed her on the street attending to her own shopping.

Aunt Orpha, as she was always called, was a woman of positive ideas and great

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JANUARY - FEBRUARY 1998

President's Message

Our Historical Society 1998 year is now upon us and as I look over the past year I am most pleased with what our members have accomplished. Our turn out at business meetings has been excellent. The quality of our programs has been well accepted by all who attend. The Ely House has never looked better with our fresh sanded floors, new drapes (and aren't they gorgeous), new roof and storm windows and new display cabinet. Also, our heating system being zoned in order to reduce our heating costs. Our loyal group of Santa's helpers do such a great job preparing the Ely House for our Christmas Open House that our entire community enjoys the Holiday Spirit. We must also thank our musicians for adding spirit to the day.

Our major concern this year has been to rejuvenate the museum and library committees. All of us must thank those who stepped forward to fill those roles. Jackie Hart with Robin Smith's assistance has taken on the leadership for the Museum Committee and has developed an excellent system for accessioning new donations. Kate Middleton has agreed to chair the Library Committee and has gotten some other volunteers so that by February the Ely House will be open for those who need to do research. Thanks for these people and their helpers who have truly answered our serious needs.

Our one loss has been the state of Delaware's gain as Dick Hutchinson has moved into Laurel, Delaware near Bethel, a small town on Broad Creek, a tributary of the Nanticoke River. It should only take about six of us to do all that Dick has done, but believe me, he is already dearly missed. Dick has agreed, for the time being, to still help publish our (his) award winning newsletter so all is not lost.

Let me close and ask as 1998 nears, let us all try to be society members in the mold of Dick Hutchinson. Let us encourage more of our friends and members of the younger generation to join with us and try to model the effort of "Hutch". We must keep up the good efforts.

Harold "Skip" Cox, President

HUTCHINSON FAMILY

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"Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days," and that "The arms of love that compass me, Will all mankind embrace." J.J.E. [Joseph J. Ely]

In the Village Record on the following week of the 27th Nov 1857, a response to the above article was made by a member of the Hutchinson family:

"Mr. editor - Having noticed an article in your paper of the 20th inst., relative to the history of William and Ann Hutchinson, their burial place, and descendants, and thinking it may be interesting to some of your readers who may have lost the knowledge of their ancestors, I ask your indulgence while I speak of some matters connected with these things.

William Hutchinson and one of his brothers came from England to this county early in the 18th century. The maiden name of his wife Ann, was Simpson. Their family of children, thirteen in number, as is recorded on Ann Hutchinson's tombstone, consisted of five boys and eight girls. From these branches have sprung numerous families, bearing the name of Tindall in the neighborhood of Hamilton Square; English and Laird in Englishtown; Ely, Wilson, Moore, Taylor, and others, of this vicinity; Kannan [Kinnan], Bennett and others, of New Brunswick. The marriages into families of these names took place about one century ago. With later generations come in the names of Cubberly, Dey, Moore, Taylor, James, Hartman, and many others down to the present time, and now beside hundreds of Hutchinsons in this vicinity, these descendants may be found in almost every resident name among us. Although the date of the woman's birth reaches back a period of about one hundred and sixty years, and her descendants are numbered in the thousands, yet if she were living to-day in your borough, she might receive daily visits from a grand-daughter who is now in the middle age of life, while in other branches of the family she might look upon children with a string of greats too long for any but a clear-headed person to mention.

In the old burying ground alluded to, this host may look upon the final resting place of their time-honored ancestors- their first parents of this western world. But it would be a sad sight to many, for the plough has already broken the sod over many graves of this ancient burial place, and unless steps be speedily taken, there will soon be left no

mark to designate the sacred spot where these first breakers of the soil rest.

I would ask if some plan may not be devised by which the remaining graves shall be religiously protected, so that future generations may read this headstone. We presume the present owner of the land would sell the lot to the descendants for a trifling amount - That such graves should be thoughtlessly trampled upon seems to us a burning shame; and from the personal knowledge we have of many of the descendants, we believe that a sufficient amount of money could be raised to do it in a permanent manner. D.P.H.

[Daniel P. Hutchinson]

[Today, this ancient cemetery still exists off of Cedarville Road but with only the two existing stones of Ann (Simpson) Hutchinson and her husband William plus pieces of other fieldstones used as grave markers. I'm afraid that nothing was done after the above article to preserve it and nothing has been done since. Many members of the present community thought the site had been protected by East Windsor Township due to the work of the East Windsor Township Preservation Commission several years ago. This was work in which I participated to a limited degree and even received written thanks from the Commission for helping preserve the site. However, now during the past year, I was among the many surprised residents who found out through the various news articles that this ancient burial ground was not protected and had not been so protected as had been proclaimed by the Commission.

Over the years, I have walked through the fields to the site and tended to this ancient cemetery each November in an attempt to keep it open. I have planted numerous bulbs near the stones and have even introduced it to my grandson, Justin, who would help me. This is the oldest known cemetery, with existing stones, in East Windsor Township and it should be protected from further destruction. The blade of the plow in the field currently passes over those two remaining burials while the farm nearby uses it as a place to discard various materials. It would be a worthy project of the Society to clean it up, put a fence around it, and try to gain the proper preservation of the site for the future generations. It would be a great project for the Society to complete the job that the East Windsor Township Preservation Commission failed to finish.]

HIGHTSTOWN-EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Jan 5	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
Jan 18	Sunday	1:30PM	Annual Dinner, Coach & Four Restaurant
Feb 2	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
Feb 12	Thursday	7:30PM	Video of East Windsor Historic Sites by Dr. Thomas, Meadow Lakes
Mar 2	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
Mar 24	Tuesday	7:30PM	History of Roosevelt by Art Shapiro, Meadow Lakes
Apr 6	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
Apr 16	Thursday	7:30PM	East Windsor History by Kate Middleton, Ely House
May 4	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
May 14	Thursday	7:30PM	A History Lesson by the students of the East Windsor School District
Jun 1	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting & Election of Officers, Ely House

Join today,
become a member!

1997 Annual Membership
(January - December)

Individual
Membership
\$15.00*

Student
Membership
\$3.00*

Family
Membership
\$20.00*

*For first class delivery, please add
\$2.00 to subscription price.

ANNUAL BANQUET



Coach & Four Restaurant

Route 33, Hightstown, New Jersey
Sunday, January 18, 1998

Menu:

Fresh Fruit

Entrees: (Please indicate number of entrees ordered)

\$17.00 _____ Chicken Francaise
\$17.00 _____ North Atlantic Salmon Filet
\$17.00 _____ English Cut Prime Rib

Special Dessert

Send reservations with check payable to: "H.E.W. Historical Society" to:
Ed & Clara Thomas, 951 Old York Road, Hightstown, NJ 08520

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: (____) _____

GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

Continued from page 6

plainness of speech. She never feared to inform her most intimate acquaintances of their follies and foibles, and no flattery could mollify her speech or change her opinions.

For a number of years, up to the time of the building of their new house of worship, she was sexton of the Baptist church, and her knowledge of its history from its foundation down, which she was always glad to relate, was greater than that of any other member thereof.

Several years ago, she selected a place for her grave, and had her head-stone, properly engraved, put in its place. Upon it was graven the scripture motto, 'He who giveth a cup of water in my name shall not be without reward.' At last she has "come to her grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season," comforted and strengthened with the promises of the Gospel, and prepared to meet death with composure and resignation."

In the book on the history of the Baptist Church, by Rev. Owen P. Eaches, D.D., on page 66, in the section entitled, "Sextons of the Church", it states: "... Orpha Giberson was sexton for twenty years, and had always had charge of the grave yard for fifty years. Her compensation was twenty dollars per year. She lived in the family of Rev. Peter Wilson; had the care of him during his last illness and often spoke of his Christian character"

In the May 16th 1907 issue of the *Hightstown Gazette*, an article refers to "The house of the "sexton", Aunt Orpha Giberson, stood on the bank at the rear of the Allen & Stults building [not the present firm's location] which did not then obstruct the view of the street".

Orpha, who by all accounts was so concerned about her gravestone and her grave site being properly marked, lies buried in the Hightstown Baptist Church cemetery but under the church's paved park-

ing lot. I'm sure, that if she could, she would have something to say to the powers to be about that!

The "Granny P" she refers to was commonly called "Aunty Purdy". She was the wife of John Purdy, a school teacher. With other members of the Purdy family being distillers on Stockton Street, "Auntie Purdy" operated Aunt Purdy's Cake & Beer Shop, which was well known in the area for its little cakes, as well as its liquid refreshment. In the 24 August 1876 issue of the *Gazette*, is found the following discussing her cakes: "John Purdy His wife was the Auntie Purdy, who memory is savorily associated with the famous cakes which nobody else had the art of making."

The Methodist preacher, who built the kiln and dried peaches and who also built the Cottage School, as referred to by Mrs. Maxwell, was the Rev. Robert E. Morrison.]

[End of Chapter IV, to be continued]

Hightstown-East Windsor
Historical Society
164 North Main Street
Hightstown, New Jersey 08520

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