

HIGHTSTOWN



EAST WINDSOR

NEW

JERSEY

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

MARCH - APRIL 1998

## GERTRUDE APPELEGET WYCKOFF MAXWELL

### CHAPTER V

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.

#### The Cottage School

*"Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."*

---Shakespeare.

I entered the door of the school-room in the middle of the Nineteenth Century with as much trepidation as the Freshman entered college. I was ten years old but had never been under set rules nor discipline. Happily my seat was an end one, so I had but one neighbor. She was the daughter of the man who had built the kiln for turning out whole dried peaches and later built the

Cottage School for turning out fresh and whole young ladies!

The name of my seat mate fitted her. Martha Jane like Martha of old was "Careful and troubled about many things" but the things all related to the comfort of others. Her two oldest sisters were studying music in Philadelphia, the other two were in school and interested in each other. Martha Jane would have been a misfit but for her unselfish spirit. I was tall for my age and she was short for hers, so we were well mated. She was three years younger than any of the others scholars and three years older than I. Many of her tastes were like mine; she had never cared for dolls and curiously, too, she did not like boys. I did not know how to be responsive to anyone outside of my family but Martha Jane had such an understanding mind, she ignored and befriended me. At recess she took me to a seat under an apple tree and showed me a

book-mark she was making with perforated Bristol board, worsteds and ribbon. It was new to me; my training had been in plain sewing, "seam and gusset and band" and in knitting mittens and stockings. When she proposed helping me make a book-mark for Mama, I was her slave.

There were many mysteries Martha Jane would have explained if she had guessed my ignorance, but I asked no questions. I recited alone but sometimes read in concert from Sander's Fourth Reader. I thought reading in concert meant using the voice in some unnatural way and I used to shriek but the girls made so much noise it was not detected. The reading included, besides much prose matter, "The Burial of Sir John Moore", "The Assyrian Came Down like a Wolf on the Fold", Jane Taylor's "Philosophers' Scales", etc. I particularly liked "The Philosophers' Scales" and said it

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## HIGHTSTOWN REBUILDS

by Richard Hutchinson

The Gross Brother's Feed Mill and the other mills were located at the intersection of Franklin Street and North Main Street and were the first thing that you saw when you came into town from the east and the north. They sat right down to the edge of the sidewalks of each street. In that period of time, the dam which formed Peddie Lake was covered by the mill structures and a walk-way went across the dam in the enclosed structure. The visible portion of the dam, which was made of wood and controlled the water flow at the site, could only be seen from the street in front of the mill buildings. There was no retaining wall, as we now know it today, around the lake or along the sidewalk. Main Street was still unpaved as were most of the town's streets. It was 1920.

On the right side of the dam when facing the pond stood the old saw mill and then building after building filled the area from Main Street to the lake and running from the mill buildings up to Stockton Street. Here, every type of business could be found. Among the many little wooden buildings, shacks and garages could be found such businesses as a movie theater, garage, blacksmith shop, barber shop, etc. But all that changed in 1920 when a fire began in the mills. The mill dust spread the fire through the mill structures and the entire mill area was destroyed including all of the wooden buildings from Franklin Street on the east side of Main Street up to the Railroad Hotel at Stockton Street. The town had been in serious danger of being destroyed by this fire.

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MARCH - APRIL 1998



### CALENDAR OF EVENTS

#### MARCH

- 2 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House
- 24 History of Roosevelt by Art Shapiro, Meadow Lakes

#### APRIL

- 6 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House
- 16 East Windsor History by Kate Middleton, Ely House

## HIGHTSTOWN REBUILDS

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After the 1920 mill fire, the massive cleanup began immediately. Spurring on the cleanup even further was the fact that Hightstown's Bicentennial Celebration was in 1921 and it was rapidly approaching. The owners of the mill property decided not to rebuild the mills, the property was bought up by a group of local businessmen and the property was deeded to the town. Thus, the town acquired the property almost up to Stockton Street and this began the rebuilding of Hightstown. Main street was paved and sidewalks were put in. A huge flag pole, for what was later to become the site of the opening ceremonies of the Bicentennial, was set into place in what would later become known as Memorial Park. Completing the renewal of the mill area was the removal of the wooden dam and the retaining walls which were replaced with the present rock wall and dam that we see today. This project was completed in 1923.

All of the above rebuilding was done through a community effort guided by the efforts of the businessmen involved in the Hightstown Board of Trade. This whole project was to cost an estimated \$25,000 and all of it had to be raised by contributions. The "drive" for these funds lasted all of three weeks with the entire amount being raised in that period of time!! Through this effort of the people of our community, Hightstown's downtown area was rebuilt.

To the right is the letter sent to every household in Hightstown:

### **Board of Trade Hightstown, New Jersey**

*Dear Friend:*

*In the belief that you still have a "warm spot in your heart" for Hightstown and confident that you, like any other patriotic American, want to see honor done to the "boys" who served in the World War, the Hightstown Board of Trade begs your thoughtful consideration of the following proposition:*

*Something over a year ago a small group of generous and public-spirited Hightstown men paid \$30,000 for the land formerly occupied by the flour mills at the outlet of Peddle lake, and then donated that land to the Borough of Hightstown as a site for a Memorial Park. This land fronts 125 feet on Main Street and 323 feet on Franklin Street. A plan of a lot and the proposed park development is enclosed. Look it over and you will surely agree with us that it is a beautiful site for such a purpose.*

*Now we are undertaking to raise funds to fit up this Park in a way that will make it a permanent and fitting Memorial to the World War soldiers of Hightstown and vicinity. This means a new concrete dam, faced with Princeton stone, a retaining wall of the same materials along the shore of the lake, walks, trees and shrubbery, with grading of the whole plot. On this plot will then be placed a huge boulder, inset in which will be a large bronze tablet inscribed with names of our World War heroes.*

*The estimated cost of the whole enterprise is \$25,000, and every man, woman and child of our community will be urged to make some contribution to the fund. A certificate will be issued to each subscriber. Pledge buttons, window cards, with small American flag stickers for each member of the family contributing, will also be furnished. Pledges may, if desired, be paid in four equal installments, due July 1 and October 1, 1923, and January 1 and April 1, 1924 respectively.*

*The important and personal question now is, will you join us in the enterprise and have a share in doing honor to the soldier boys of your old home town? Fill out the enclosed pledge blank for all you can do, "sign on the dotted line", and mail at once to the Treasurer, E.B. Chamberlin, Hightstown, N.J., to whose order all remittances should be made.*

*The "drive" begins Tuesday, March 20, and ends Thursday, April 5th, with the big rally Board of Trade dinner in the Peddle dining-room. Please let us have your pledge before the closing date.*

*Yours for the good of Hightstown and the glory of her sons. [Signed] C. Herbert Davison, Pres.; Wm. H. Franklin, Sec.*

*Editor's Note:* I often wonder that if such a disaster befell the community today, would we have that same community spirit? Would we be able to pull together and accomplish what our forefathers did?

## GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF MAXWELL

Continued from page 1

over and over to myself many a time. "Going up head" was another mysterious thing until I was admitted to the spelling class and had a few times the pleasure of experience.

On Friday afternoons we sewed. The mothers of the girls must have been well supplied with night caps; we never made anything else until the next year we had a new teacher and she introduced making lamp mats with heavy cord and zephyrs; the zephyr covered the cord and they were hooked together with a crochet needle. They would have been a mass of grease, but at this time the oil lamp had given place to the two or three or more wick-lamps for camphene, which was very cleanly, but

highly explosive, so for kitchen and general use most of the families still used candles. Tin molds in which the tallow was poured and cooled had superseded the dipping process, but I lost all interest in candles when the old picturesque method of making them disappeared.

Occasionally we sang, but I never thought it enlivening or perhaps the teacher's tastes or feeling were responsible. The only song I remember from the little square book was:

"Over the mountain and over the moor,  
Father is dead and my mother is poor."

I wish I could come across a copy of that old song book.

I was the square peg in the round hole but Martha Jane smoothed my angles and the big girls were really kind, only Martha Jane was so prim they loved to tease us and called us the "odd pair" and said we never had any little boys to take us nutting nor sliding on the ice and then Martha Jane put her fingers in her ears not to hear and I did just as she did. I think children are rather imitative. The largest girl in school I admired very much. One afternoon I followed her in a store and heard her ask for a pa-

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## President's Message

The Executive Board was extremely pleased with the turn-out for our annual dinner at the Coach and Four. Special words of appreciation must certainly go to Herb Davison for providing the wine which added a wonderful touch to our dinner. Herb is a most dedicated member of the society. Thanks must also go to Edgar and Clara Thomas who handled all the financial arrangements, as well as, to our speaker.

The most significant event of the program was the presentation of the hand carved rose cane from the old garden at the Ely House to Richard Hutchinson for all he has done over the years for the society. The work was crafted by Master Carver Richard Teller, a local resident, who has earned an excellent reputation for his work. The Serpent is the figure used to adorn the walking stick and represents wisdom. Dick wanted me to thank the membership for the award that is certainly unique and that he will treasure over the years.

We are pleased that we have developed a working relationship with the Roosevelt Historical Society and are most pleased that Arthur Shapiro will be presenting a program for us on the history of that most interesting community. Don't miss that program as Art is a marvelous raconteur as well as a serious historian.

"Hutch" says he is getting tired of repeating the same promises about the Sara West estate but there is nothing that can be done toward releasing the funds until the court makes a decision. The extreme delay of over a year has been caused to the IRS misplacing the required documents and never notifying anyone. Hutch is hopeful, and that is all he can be at this time, that a favorable decision will be forthcoming from the court in the Spring or Summer time frame. Hopefully, this will come to fruition so that we can begin moving forward on our freight station renovation.

Hutch has also told me that he really feels at home in Laurel, a town of 3,800, that proudly boasts of having 800 Victorian and earlier homes on the National Register. The Laurel Historical Society is very active and has more paid members than our society!! They are currently renovating an 1830 residence, with both state and county grant money, which will become their "working" museum within their community. However, he really feels at home because they, too, are renovating their train station with additional and significant state and county grants.

The future of our society is quite bright and our committees are working well. We are gaining some active new members but we need more in order to make this society what it can become. If each of us would bring in just one new member this year, we would really be on our way. Let us all make an effort toward this easily reached goal.

Our upcoming programs should be enjoyable as well as informative. And, with each of us putting out just a little more effort, we can have one of the best historical societies in the state.

President Harold "Skip" Cox

## HIGHTSTOWN EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

founded 1971

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

### Officers for 1997-98

Dr. Harold C. Cox ..... President  
448-0037  
Dr. Edgar Thomas, Jr. .... Vice-President  
Shirley Olsen ..... Recording Secretary  
Lois Groendyke ..... Corres Secretary  
Frank Brennan, Jr. .... Treasurer

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Frank Brennan, Jr. .... Finance  
395-7958  
Shirley Olsen ..... Grounds  
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Kate Middleton ..... Library  
448-5347  
Richard Hutchinson ..... Membership  
302-875-4976  
Richard Hutchinson ..... Newsletter  
302-875-4976  
Dr. Edgar Thomas, Jr. .... Program  
448-3533  
Peggy Brennan ..... Publications  
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Bud Perrine ..... Property  
448-1376  
Jackie Hart & Robin Smith ..... Museum

### Building Committee

Frank Brennan, Jr.  
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tron. I knew she meant pattern but I thought that must be the proper pronunciation and it sounded very grand I thought, so I laid that word away to use when I wanted to show off.

The opportunity was long in coming but one day the Dominie's wife was spending the day and I got my book-mark and my lamp-mat and my unfinished cap to show her. She admired them all and asked, "Are your caps all made alike, or do you have different patterns?" "Oh," I glibly replied, "our teacher has one patron and she cuts them all out for us." "You mean pattern, child, you must not say patron." I was very much subdued after that answer, for I thought if the Dominie's wife doesn't know, who does?

In the back of Sanders' Fourth Reader were a few Hymns set to music and the one usually sung from that source was "I Would Not Live Away." "America" was in the reader but we never sang patriotic songs. It was not until the next decade that we found both to our sorrow and joy we had a "Star Spangled Banner"!

My self-respect was saved at the Cottage School because my sewing was the neatest, and my copy and drawing book the most correct of any in school, but that was easily accounted for. Mama had taken infinite pains to teach me to sew. As for the drawing the teacher said I had a mechanical eye, but that was no comfort to me for I thought it meant a disease, so I did not tell my parents for I thought I would be taken to the doctor.

My record for attendance was poor. I went with Papa and Mama to the turkey dinners and to the quiltings and teas. When the tea was an afternoon affair the men did not go and they came to the quiltings for a late supper. We went at two o'clock and got home before candle light. They were simple as to eatables (unless it was a "High Tea"), a few shavings of dried beef, preserves, pound cake and strong green tea. One rather notable---perhaps I might say forced---tea lingers in my memory as if it occurred yesterday.

My Papa's family was small; he had only one sister and his mother died early in her married life. The sister displeased her fa-

ther by her second marriage and she was forbidden to come home. After we moved down on Main Street we were near her in the same block. Mama coaxed hard and after a little Papa consented to have her come to the house and I was delighted to have a new aunt, and took things down to her as I had to Aunt Sally. Aunt Rachel was a fine looking lady and always dressed nicely; she wore a long black silk apron, a fine underhandkerchief under the surplice gown, and a beautiful brooch at the neck. She could mend and darn so beautifully people said her work was "an ornament". But she hated to cook and she hated worse to wash dishes, so she was almost always out at dinner time. It annoyed Papa and he wanted her to take her meals with us or have a maid, but she said she hadn't anything for a maid to do and she wouldn't have one "under foot". She had plenty to live on, for she had her mother's money and she was very generous and helped everybody but she never would have company because of the work. The neighbors loved to have her and were always begging her to come and saved their fine mending for her to do.

Aunt Rachel and I were great friends and companions. If I walked to school I always stopped to tell her there was something good in the ice cupboard to be cooked for dinner and she must go home with me. I think I was a bit of a schemer for I knew I would not have to go back to school in the afternoon and then too I wanted Aunt Rachel to see what a fine thing to keep poultry and meats in an ice cupboard was for she had said when Mama wanted one built after we moved to the new house that an "ice box was an fool thing and nobody had one". Just as I expected Aunt Rachel said she had a good dinner and "what was the use in the child going back to school just for an hour or two?" Then I got my sewing and did some backstitching and worked a button hole for my great ambition was to do both as good as Mama and Aunt Rachel.

Aunt Rachel's house illustrated the residences of a small family in the towns and villages throughout the county. There was a porch or portico, more or less elaborate, over the front door and the door opened in the entry and there was a front room. The door of the entry opened in the dining room and there was a kitchen beside or behind

the dining room. Upstairs there were two bedrooms and perhaps a little hall room. This was the universal pattern when the carpenter was architect, builder and contractor all in one. If the family increased in size and more room was needed, the carpenter put a room on the other side of the entry and then it was a "double house" and there were endless possibilities at the rear for enlargement and convenience.

Ice was not manufactured as now and the little that was used was cut from the pond and stored for the butcher and doctor's calls. If a family wanted to be luxurious an ice house was added to their group of out-buildings.

The filling of an ice house, or barn rising, was a frolic as well as a day of hard work. The helpers were volunteer and friends for whom a good dinner and whisky were provided. The latter added to the hilarity, but there was no drinking to excess. On one occasion when our work was progressing and our dinner under way the Dominie and his wife appeared and said they had come to spend the day. Mama thought the rough, heavy clothes of the workmen would not fit in very well with the Dominie's broadcloth, so a part of the dinner was sent to the house above where a cousin and great friend of Papa's lived. His wife was beautiful and lovely and always ready with a cheery smile to lend a helping hand though she had a large family of children. We sat down to a quiet dinner very different from the boisterous one we expected to have.

In those days we never had shad until May. We could not get the Potomac or those from further south, because there was no ice so people waited for the catch in the Delaware. John's town was only a half hour by rail from the nets and the night catch was down on the early train and a man with a wheel barrel was waiting and he went from door to door selling the fish. Papa always went to the station, for we lived in the suburbs.

One early morning Papa stopped at Aunt Rachel's on his way home and put down a beautiful shad and said, "Gitty (nickname for Gertrude) and so and so, mentioning the names of neighbors, are coming to take tea with you this afternoon!" On his

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way up street he called at three houses and said, "Rachel wants you to take tea with her this afternoon." When he got home he told Mama the same thing. I had not started for school and I said, "Aunt Rachel will want me to set the table for her." I am certain Mama knew it was a joke, but she wanted to be sure Aunt Rachel understood so she said I could take some butter and tell Aunt Rachel that Jane would be down with some extras and help her. At noon I hurried with my dinner for I knew the drop-leaf table which was piled with various articles must be put in the middle of the room. There were no extension tables, but drop leaves of the same height were put together when the company was large.

I was late in "coming into my own" when I was a very little girl. I was so absorbed by the great out of doors in summer, and all the varied and interesting happenings in winter, that I had no time for playing with dolls and dishes, but Aunt Rachel liked me and permitted me to wash her tea cup and saucer and put the cupboard in order when I stopped on my way to school and if she was at home at night I sorted over her work basket and table drawers and I guess it was the play I had missed.

I thought the tea was a great success, but Aunt Rachel's great exertion in broiling the shad over the hot coals made her very warm and when we were all seated she kept her cap string flying in the breeze her palm leaf fan made and she looked very uncomfortable. One of the old ladies said as she passed a dish, "Why, Rachel, you ain't eaten nothing." Aunt Rachel replied, "Lor, it's so hot, who can eat?" The remark passed unheeded. No one thought it was inhospitable, it was merely a reference to the weather! Aunt Rachel was equal to asking the ladies if they would have another "dish of tea". Tea was poured in the deep saucer to cool and the cup set in a little glass plate provided at each plate.

After tea, when the ladies started to go in the front room, Aunt Rachel remarked, "Thank fortin tea's over!" As before the remark passed unheeded, but Mama used to tell the story with glee, and to her last year, when she had been busy about some social affair she had accomplished, she used say, "Thank fortin tea's over."

But to return to school. The next day after the tea party Martha Jane had something to tell me. She was going to boarding school in the fall and wanted me to go with her. A Seminary had been started under Methodist auspices at the little town on the Delaware [Bordentown] and was becoming popular. I was interested and thought I would not mind leaving home very much. The new home was not as dear as the old one and I was deeply interested in the place. Mama's sister lived there and my imagination was kindled by the fact that a king and a royal family had lived there also.

I was presented in the winter with Jacob Abbott's Histories for children and his Rollo Books. From both I had gained a love for history and adventure. Martha Jane and I read the Empress Josephine together and although we thought her badly treated we put Napoleon on a pedestal and he was our great hero and in this little town his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, had built a magnificent home and lived in royal state. The original house had burned. An Englishman owned the estate at this time and had built a mansion on a part of the site. On a permit special visitors were permitted to drive through the park. I had driven in the park and seen the house Joseph Bonaparte had built for his daughter Zenaide and I told Martha Jane we could go to the park on Saturdays and maybe we could explore the secret passage from the daughter's house to Point Breeze, as the residence of the King had been called.

Martha Jane, whose sisters were finishing music and other studies in Philadelphia, said the author of Hail Columbia and his father who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence had lived there and their house was on Main Street and many interesting and historic people had lived there, which did not impress me at the time.

In the early Summer the Principal of the Seminary from the town on the Delaware came to call and when he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "We'll soon make a scholar of this little girl." I was quite captivated. Papa was non-committal about the visit of the Principal, but Mama said "there were plenty of good Presbyterian schools" and in a day or two the Dominie came along and said the very place for me was in the

town to the eastward where the principal of the school in the North End had gone ten years before, and so it was arranged.

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### Editor's Note:

Based upon my research in Hightstown in the 1850 Federal Census, the only "Rachel" in the vicinity of the Kenneth Appleget House (House Census #735), who was also living on North Main Street, and who could possibly have been Gertrude's Aunt and a sister to her father, was a "Rachel Miller", (House Census #761), who was age 62. And, she was the sole occupant of the residence in that census. Gertrude's father was 56 years old.

The young school friend and companion of Mrs. Maxwell at school when she was a child, and known as "Martha Jane", was Martha Jane Morrison, the daughter of the Rev. Robert Morrison. We met Morrison in the last chapter as the person involved with the drying of peaches. He later became the President of the Central Bank of Hightstown. On May 20, 1858, Martha Jane became the wife of Jacob Stults, the editor of one of Hightstown's local newspapers, the *Village Record*.

Above Gertrude tells us of drinking coffee from a saucer rather than from the cup. This certainly brings back memories for me. When I was about 8 years old, I lived with my grandfather, William Robert Silvers, and my great-grandfather, Alfred Lemming. They always drank their coffee from the saucer. After the coffee was poured into the old white bone china cup, and sugar and milk added, the cup would be tipped and the coffee would pour into the saucer. They would then carefully lift the saucer to their lips and slurp it down. Of course, I also drank mine that way. Not only did it cool the coffee but I can still remember how it tasted better being drunk from the saucer rather than from the cup.]

[End of Chapter V, to be continued.]



## SOCIETY ACQUISITIONS

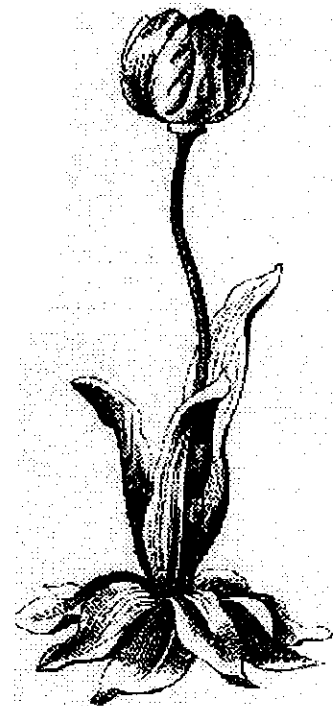
1. 1997-37 - Unidentified photo albums but one from the family of Dr. George E. Titus; ca. 1860-1900; identified photos of E. E. Riggs and Elmer J. Rogers, ca. 1890s; Masonic medal presented to Dr. George E. Titus, Past Master, Hightstown Lodge 41, 1894; Wedding invitation to George E. Titus and wife re: wedding of Ada Keeler to William Homer Thompson, 31 Oct 1902. Gift from Susan Rooney & family, Allentown, NJ.
2. 1997-38 - Family history of Reed & Anderson families; family photos and HHS school class photos, ca. 1920-1940; miscellaneous materials and scrapbook of Luella (Reed) Stone containing various local items; i.e. obits, etc. Virginia Embley, Bradenton, Florida.
3. 1997-39 & 40 - Assorted letterheads and bills of local Hightstown businesses; two photos of Hightstown residents. Richard Hutchinson, PO Box 350, Bethel, Delaware, 19931.
4. 1997-41 - Photocopy of broad sides of a slave auction (not of this area); ca. 1849. Estelle Erb, Hightstown, NJ.
5. 1997-42 - Miscellaneous paper material; i.e. post cards, annual report, etc. re: St. Anthony's; ca. 1902. Anonymous.
6. 1997-43 - Original Charter of the Hightstown Douglas Lodge, #34, Knights of Pythias, dated 21 July 1910. Richard Hutchinson, PO Box 350, Bethel, Delaware, 19931.
7. 1997-44 - Six "Gazettes", 17 Oct 1856-4 Mar 1885, that were the original copies of Elijah Rue. Bill and Karen Chamberlin, Robbinsville, NJ.
8. 1997-45 - Photos of 1 Hidden Springs, 1981; Joseph Locke residence on York Road; ca. 1880; post card of Main St, Hightstown. Anonymous.
9. 1997-46 - Photocopies of Cedar Hill Cemetery records, perpetual care records, and various record books; 1946-1972. Richard Hutchinson, PO Box 350, Bethel, Delaware, 19931.
10. 1997-47 - Hutchinson family records - Diaries, recipes, store ledgers, autograph books; ca. 1863-1940. Richard Hutchinson, PO Box 350, Bethel, Delaware, 19931.
11. 1997-48 - Norton Tower Time Capsule materials from box removed from the Norton Tower in East Windsor Cemetery; 1884. East Windsor Cemetery Association.
12. 1997-49 - Various material on the Hechalutz Farm Shomria (Hechalutz Farm) from Earis Corman of LaMirada, CA re: Dr. Thomas's research. Dr. Edgar Thomas, Jr, Hightstown, NJ.
13. 1998-01 - HHS Yearbooks, 1960 class reunion booklet, class photographs, Sara H. West scrapbook, and 19 Memorial Monument postcards. Richard Hutchinson, PO Box 350, Bethel, Delaware, 19931.
14. 1998-02 - Postcard of Hightstown, "Main St looking East". David Coates, Hightstown, NJ.
15. 1998-03 - Two class photographs, one dated 12 Feb 1935, "6C", with some names. Schenck Family, Dutch Neck, NJ.
16. 1998-04 - Decker's Dairy, Inc calendar; 1961. Anonymous.
17. 1998-05 - Chamberlin Plumbing calendar, 1997. Anonymous.
18. 1998-06 - Audio Tape, The Classic Spirituals, Vol 1, by John Miles, Hightstown Tenor. Dr. Edgar Thomas, Jr, Hightstown, NJ.
19. 1998-07 - Elizabeth Davison obituary in original canceled envelope; Conover genealogy by JR & Mary Anne B. Conover. John Orr, Jr, Kentucky.
20. 1998-08 - Oversized panorama of the Hightstown Rug Co employees, reunion pamphlet (1985) with history of company; *Gazette* article of 13 Aug 1987 re: company reunion. R.C. Braun, Hightstown, NJ.
21. 1998-09 - Photocopy of information re: WS Riggs cultivator; Alva "Bud" Perrine's notes on local farms. Alva "Bud" Perrine, Hightstown, NJ.

### SOCIETY RECEIVES \$1000 GRANT

Thanks to the Exxon Corporation and Society member Bill Howell of Meadow Lakes, we have received a \$1000 Volunteer Involvement Fund Grant from the Exxon Corporation.

The purpose of Exxon's program is to encourage and support Exxon employees and annuitants who actively volunteer their time and talent to nonprofit charitable organizations by providing special project funding on their behalf. Bill has certainly been that "active volunteer" that Exxon encourages. He promotes our programs within the Meadow Lakes community, attends business meetings with great regularity, and offers sound advice to the board based upon his years of experience in the corporate world. More importantly, Bill is not above rolling up his sleeves if some menial jobs need to be done.

The VIF program started at Exxon in 1976 and since its inception has provided approximately \$12 million in support of Exxon employees. The Hightstown/East Windsor Historical Society certainly appreciates Bill Howell and Exxon's support of our programs both for this year and in the years past.



# DOES ANYTHING REALLY CHANGE??

by Richard S. Hutchinson

In early the 1700s and 1800s, the inns or taverns were where the men of the area met to discuss anything and everything and where disputes were often settled. And, the village of Hights Town was no different. It, too, had its tavern or two with the most notable being that of John Hight.

However, the following information deals with an inn in Mount Holly, Burlington County, New Jersey. While doing some research in Burlington County, I ran across the following affidavit recorded in a Burlington County deed book. It had been subscribed to by several parties who were present at a brawl which broke out in such an early inn and one of them being is an ancestor of mine. The brawl took place sometime prior to 7 May 1795, which was the date of the affidavit. While reading this affidavit concerning the facts surrounding the brawl, one can only ask 'Has anything changed in over 200 hundred years?'

### AFFIDAVIT

We the Subscribers do hereby certify ... that we were present at the House of Joseph Hatkinson Inn Keeper in the Town of Mount Holly ... Burlington ... New Jersey on ... [12 March last] ... in the Evening of said day at which time in the Same Room were also present Gamaliel Clothier [?] of the Said place Bricklayer and Joseph Butterworth Jun' of the Same Hatter and the Said Clothier and Butterworth then and there had some difference with each other about the boundaries of the Lands occupied by them and the fixing of the Partition Fence or Fences ... an Appeal for the truth ... was made to Neighbors who affirmed what Clothier had asserted in the Course of the dispute to be true which made Said Butterworth very angry - that the Said ... Butterworth ... was the Aggressor and used very provoking Language towards the said Gamaliel Clothier and Clothier told him we are Neighbors and had better drop the dispute but Butterworth being still more abusive and provoking, Said Clothier told him that if was not for the consequence of breaking the Law or Words to that Effect he would chastise him for his insolence whereupon the said Joseph Butterworth in an angry threatening manner clinched his Fist and out the Same towards the face of the Said Clothier dammed and dared him the said Clothier damm the Law I will not take any Law of you upon which the said Gamaliel Smot the said Joseph Butterworth with his Fist or open Hand in the face and the Said Combatants immediately clinched together that Butterworth had a Candle and Candle Stick in his Hand when the fray began and thrust the Same towards the face of the said Clothier and a Scuffle ensuing the Candle in the Scuffle went out when some of the Company indeavored to part the Combatants and cried he (Butterworth meaning) is biting my Ear off upon which the said Combatants were parted and a lighted Candle being brought in from an adjoining Room immediately after he the Said Butterworth took Something out of his Mouth and throw'd it on the Floor which Daniel Smith one of the Company took up and it appeared to be the bloody Piece of Said Clothiers right Ear from the Top thereof and we do certify that the Said Gamaliel Clothier lost the Piece of his Ear in the manner aforesaid and not otherwise dated ... [7 May 1795] ... we do declare that the foregoing is in Substance true.

W<sup>m</sup> Rosell, Daniel Smith, Benj<sup>m</sup> Budd, Jos. Hatkinson, John Ross Doctor, Samuel John Hutchinson Page, Daniel Shields, Danl Toy... ; [Sworn & Affirmed - 7 May 1795 before Jos. Read.]

By his Excellency Richard Howell Esquire Captain General Governor ... This is to certify that Joseph Read Esquire before whom the annexed Affidavit respecting the loss of the upper part of Gamaliel Clothier right Ear was take [n] now is and at the time of taking the same was one Masters in the Court of Chancery ...; [Dated - at the City of trenton; 12 May 1795; signed - R.D. Howell; attested to by - Saml W. Stockton Sec'y of the State.]

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### **1998 Annual Membership Application (January - December)**

Individual                       Family                       Student

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Please mail the completed application, along with a check made payable to the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society to:

Membership Committee  
Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society  
164 North Main Street  
Hightstown, NJ 08520

# 1998 Calendar

## 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

Hightstown-East Windsor  
Historical Society  
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