



HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1998

GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF MAXWELL

CHAPTER VIII

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. In this chapter, she receives her education and training at a young age in the town of Freehold.

Young Ladies Seminary

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."
--- Longfellow.

My early school days so flighty and fluctuating gave no suggestion of the serenity and satisfaction of their close! I was a gay humming bird dipping in

each new pleasure as it opened and hoping life would go on forever at the old Farm. The Cottage School proved kinder than my fears and Martha Jane was a good friend. My drawing lessons were an interest and my recitations were perfect as to the required answers but they were parrot like, I understood not a word of their meaning. It was not until I entered the Young Ladies Seminary I "came into my own" and found the primrose path.

Friends outside the family said I who had never been a night from home, would not stay. This proved an incentive to me and I said I could and would. When the day came around in September Papa thought I was too young to leave home but everything was ready even my new trunk stood in the hall

all packed. Mama had given me instructions about not losing my key and it lay shining on top of the tray. As I went to my room that night and passed the trunk. I thought it should be closed so I gently let the top down and behold the trunk was locked and the key inside.

Jeff was aroused, the hack horse and carryall got out and the trunk taken down to Sweet Auburn, unlocked with a key from the store where it had been purchased and my key returned. Mama said "it was certain I was too much of a child to go away from home." Papa said "the key should not have been taken from the trunk and laid on the tray." Mama had done that, so she eats no more. Next morning early we started.

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SARA HUTCHINSON WEST FUNDS COME TO SOCIETY

During the September 14th business meeting at Ely House, Richard Hutchinson, co-executor of his great aunt's estate, presented a check from the Estate of Sara Hutchinson West, to Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society in the amount of \$276,429.80.

After three years of steering the estate toward its final closure, Hutchinson has placed no restrictions upon the use of the funds by the Society. However, there has always been an understanding by the Executive Board, Trustees, and membership that the funds would be used to help rehabilitate and improve upon the Camden & Amboy Freight Station that has sat in disrepair for nine long years due to

the lack of sufficient funding for the project.

With the funds now in the Society's hands, the Executive Committee led by President Dr. Edgar Thomas, Jr and former President Dr. Harold C. Cox, along with the Trustees and the members of the Building Committee, have begun taking the necessary steps toward the Freight Station's restoration. In anticipation of this check presentation, the above mentioned groups have been busily working behind the scenes during the past several months. Having previously selected an architect and with his plans in hand for the restoration of the Freight Station, the Society has gone out to bid on the restoration project.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

NOVEMBER

- 2 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House
- 19 Video - 1998 Posthumous Medal Award to Georgia Confederate Soldier with Roots from East Windsor Township, NJ - Richard Hutchinson, 7:30 PM, Meadow Lakes

DECEMBER

- 6 Christmas Reception, 1:00-5:00 PM, Ely House
- 7 Business Meeting, 7:30PM, Ely House

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It was only twelve miles but in warm weather Papa drove slowly the first part of a journey. He disliked to have his beautiful horses show any sign of perspiration. It was only two hours drive and we reached the Seminary early in the forenoon.

My long plaits had been cut and I wore my hair straight back with a round comb, I wore a blue frock, blue gaiters, pantalettes and a bloomer with a very broad rim. We had our dinner at the hotel and then went to the picture gallery. Mama and Papa had little daguerreotypes of themselves put in a medallion that looked like a watch and was fastened to my gold chain. Papa wanted me to have a watch, but Mama said no. Then I was left alone, and I watched the carriage until it seemed a speck that drifted Westward the straight twelve mile drive to John's town. Then Madam R-- met me and asked if I would like to see the house. We went into the Library and I was dumb before the books that lined the cases from floor to ceiling. I had not thought there were so many books in the world.

Our books were about a dozen and piled in groups on a table against the wall, and I had in my room almost as many on a hanging shelf. Then we looked through the next door into the Dining Room and then across the wide hall into the Parlors. In the front parlor was pipe organ and I asked what it was. Then we went up a wide stair case to Madam's room where there was a tiny baby asleep and a nurse, with a white cap sat beside the little bed. I asked what she wore a white cap for and said my nurse wore a turban. We looked in the Teacher's rooms and in the large and small room where six of the scholars were lodged and then up the third flight of steps and Madam let me look in each one of the nine rooms, and they were exactly alike and I thought them beautiful, mine was a back room and I had a grown lady for my roommate.

Madam had the key of my trunk in her bag and she asked if I would like her to help me put away my things and showed me the two drawers and the part of the wardrobe I was to have. She asked me if I would not like to put away my long chain for safe keeping, and she said she thought young ladies who were school girls looked prettier without jewelry and that the prettiest ornament was a "meek and quiet spirit" and then I told her that was in the Bible and was what the Dominie preached about last Sunday and then she asked me about my church and minister and we got very well acquainted and I loved her more and more each year.

At night we had singing and prayers after supper and study hour and then I saw my roommate. I did not go in school that week, but the next two days was in the large grounds with Madam, or the baby and nurse, or my roommate. There were two lovely rows of big trees that made me think of the dear old walnut and cherry trees of the farm house and there was an open well, it had two buckets with chains and pulleys but it had a kind of pagoda top and was painted white and looked pretty among the green trees. Madam R-- kept me with her a few days as there were no classes.

I loved the place from the very beginning of my life there and more and more as I unfolded like an imprisoned bud under the fostering hands of the dear Principals of the School. I entered when I was twelve and graduated when I was nineteen but my first two years were interrupted by sickness and sorrow at home. I was the only little girl and there were twenty-three young ladies, the teachers, the Professor and Madam. My roommate was very nice to me. On Saturday she told me of the Sunday restrictions. No school books were opened. No visiting in each others room was allowed, and if a book was to be read it was taken Saturday night from the Sunday Library and she added

"the Professor will not allow you to smile tomorrow." I said "well I can smile the other six days". She laughed and said, "you are a queer one" and when she told the others they said "I was a philosopher."

I soon learned to look for the meaning of words in the dictionary, but I was surprised that the young ladies took my haphazard remark for anything, for I was never quick on a reply and a friend later in life used to tell me I never saw a joke until every one else ceased to laugh at it.

The Professor was a New Hampshire man, a graduate of Dartmouth College and with a fine sense of literary values. He was a Puritan to the Puritans and believed in the strict observance of the Fourth Commandment. My training was along the same line but some of the young ladies rebelled in voice from the opposite room asking my roommate "what she was going to wear to church." She replied "My sky blue pink" so I watched to see her get dressed but her frock was just a kind of drab and no color at all.

We sat in the gallery close over the preacher's head. The Institute boys were across but near the choir. The church was full up and down stairs. The preacher was a son of the sainted Dr. Archibald Alexander, known widely as a preacher and writer, his "Evidences of Christianity" being a Text Book in constant use. Prof. R-- used to say our pastor was Alexander the good, not Alexander the Great, because he was not as brilliant as his brothers.

On Monday I went in school and was classified with some of the day pupils who were of my age. I loved my studies and had beside the books, drawing, painting in water colors and music. After I had been in school ten days, Papa drove down to see me. Mama was so sure he would bring me home with

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him that she wrote a very urgent letter, telling me I must not come. I was so overjoyed by hearing he was down stairs, I rolled down the last flight of stairs and was picked up limp in my Papa's arms. He kept me with him and we dined at the hotel and drove me about. After he was gone I found Mama's letter with some goodies she had sent down, but she never knew I had not read it before Papa left, and always believed her advice kept me in the Seminary. I did not go home until the Christmas holidays and I really did have a very happy time.

Everything was routine and system. The day was divided into periods which the tap of a bell announced. I who had never known restrictions fell into "team work" and loved my harness. Prof. R- and Madam abhorred familiarity in speech and behavior. My one friend, Martha Jane had appealed to me on that account; she was no more effusive than I and we never met with embraces and endearing words. In point of fact my family were not given to caresses, "it went without saying" that we loved each other. At the Seminary we were always addressed as Miss so and so and called "young ladies." I wonder if the expectation did not help a little in the realization and fulfilled Fred Douglas' assertion "If you want to keep a man out of the gutter, black his shoes?"

Prof. R— was a born teacher and an uncanny sense in dealing with his pupils and reading their minds and administering the mental medicine necessary. His methods were unique and original. If he was teaching history, he carried us bodily or by imagination to the scenes enacted and we lived them. Little New Jersey loomed up the biggest state in the Union when we were visiting her storied spots. We went over the battle fields of the Revolution and what had been the Salt mines at Tom's River, the early settlements, the projected Life Saving Stations of that wonderful man Governor Newell, the State Capitol and

many County Seats. We spent two days in New York visiting the Crystal Palace, that fore runner of the Centennial and the Prof. told us of Jenny Lind and her signing her way into the hearts of the American people by the fervor and pathos with which she rendered "Home Sweet Home" and of her wonderful personality.

I think Prof. R— would have approved of the School of the "Four Seasons" founded long after his time by that Elect Lady, Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun. We had Shakespeare plays on Friday afternoons and every evening those who wished could spend the social hour in the Library with Prof. and Madam and hear about the new books and the important articles in Littells Living Age, Harpers and the Atlantis Monthlies. In the way we heard of the "Wide, Wide Worlds", of "The Lamplighter" and later read of the little girl of my own abbreviated first name. Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the poems fresh from the heart and pen of our writers. It was a charming life and I was so impressionable.

My second year promised well but at Christmas time Papa looked so ill, he did not want me to go back at once, he got more and more feeble and I remained. In February the big sofa bedstead was opened and he lay comfortably in the sitting room and enjoyed the fire in the Franklin stove. He wanted to see the bay horses and Jeff brought them to the window, their manes combed and their beautiful backs glossy from the use of the curry comb. He gazed at each one lovingly and the next day he died.

Mama would not drive behind those horses for a long time and Jeff had to exercise them in the grounds. I remained home with Mama and she bought me a gentle pony. I knew very well how to drive so I took her around the old drives we loved for she said I must stay with her the rest of the school

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HIGHTSTOWN EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

founded 1971

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

Officers for 1998-99


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year. I did not return in September for my third year, Mama seemed so ill and listless. Papa had arranged before his death with a neighbor cousin to look after the farm and act as adviser in need. He had also been concerned for our protection at night. Among the old families it was "comme il faut" to live alone, with "the help." The distinction between "House and Kitchen" was kept up long after slavery days. Our colored people were the same, and loyal and true, but Papa had a remote relative, one of a large family who had one by one married and settled around their neighborhood. This one had not married, had drifted into store keeping, changed about and the year before Papa's death found himself in John's town in a store, so it was arranged that he would receive bed and board, and in return he would protect us at night from marauders. He was punctual at meals and never absent at night and the arrangement worked out very well and lasted the twenty-six years of Mama's remaining life. He was genial and had a good memory for jokes and stories, was a great friend of old and young ladies, children and babies. He was very much like his namesake in the "Great DeWilloughby Claim." He had not had the advantage of an early education and was very fond of telling he had never "gone to school but one night and then the candle went out." He was Uncle Tom to everybody in town and as he was twenty years younger than Mama and twenty-four years older than I, the same "everybody" approved the arrangement and said, that one of us would find a son and the other a father thereby.

Mama and I had a pleasant quiet winter. I drove her out with my pony. Jeff and the span of horses had grown fat and lazy together and Mama would not trust either. In March her brother, my Father died but it made no break. My real Mother was very capable and remained with her youngest son in the

new house she had largely planned and built fifteen years before, and the oldest son was close at hand at the Mill.

In the Spring an older niece of Mama's bearing her name and mine came for a long visit. Mama was pretty well and proposed my going back to the Seminary for the Summer term. I reviewed my studies, took up my music and drawing with great zeal and had a very happy time until Commencement, when the great tragedy of the Professors life overwhelmed us all. He lost by a sad accident his remaining eye.

When I got home at vacation time a great surprise awaited me. My cousin, a born decorator had been busy, the walls had been painted in artistic colors, the parlor floor covered with a wilton carpet in the lovely dark greens and black with here and there a spray of white fuschia that suggested thick moss and trickling water. Three beautiful candelabra with glittering pendants furnished the rich black veined mantel. Jenny Lind's full length figure, her hand on a harp further embellished

each Candelabrum. A pier glass was between the front windows. Mahogany furniture of the Empire period replaced the old. Mama had sat for her portrait in oil and had one of Papa made from a daguerreotype, and had purchased two real good oil paintings, an old English Abbey and a domestic scene I called "Grays Elegy" because there was a ploughman "plodding his weary way" and a cow suggesting the "lowing herd." Beautiful lace curtains were at the windows. I have never seen to this day a more beautiful, reposeful and artistic room and the room itself lent charm to the furnishings. Under the windows were heavy wood panellings in white and over the doors and windows heavy mouldings in white wood, a heavy white moulding also joined the ceiling to the ashes of rose colored walls. In the sitting room a piano awaited me and over the piano hung that fine inspiring picture "The Senate Chamber of 1850." On the other side of the wall was Sartains exquisite engraving of DaVinci's "Last Supper" which I was to study many years later in Milan.

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FREIGHT STATION BIDS OPENED AND WORK TO BEGIN

On October 1st, the Executive Committee, Trustees and Building Committee met to open the returned bids for the restoration of the Freight Station.

The bidders had been asked to bid separately upon the restoration of the Freight Station, the construction of the link between the Freight Station and Ely House, and the proposed residing of the worn clapboard on Ely House. It was the committee's opinion that the work on the above items would bring all of the structures together with one uniform appearance. After much discussion, the Ex-

ecutive Committee selected the individual bids of Martin Building Contractors for the restoration, construction and repair of the above three bid items.

The Executive Committee's selection and proposal was submitted to the general membership at the October 5th business meeting for their approval. After formally presenting the bids on the proposed work, the membership voted their approval of all of the above projects. After notification was made, it was anticipated that construction work can begin as early as a month from now.

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In the dining room an extension table replaced the old drop leaf ones, quite a new thing then in the town. The dining room had undergone further changes, it was an era of renunciation in table furnishings, the beautiful old blue "Willow Ware", the Lowestoft, the Bristol, had somehow been condemned by public opinion, and an era of all white prevailed, heavy stone ware solid white, which happily Oscar Wilde was destined years later to ridicule out of existence. Mama had added however a Tea set of many pieces of the gold band wedding ring variety and this was a thing of joy long after the heavy stone ware had gone into the discard. We had a pleasant but quiet summer. I had my piano and was embarrassed when I was told the new furnishings were for my "coming out."

I did not want society I wanted school and study, so in September I went back to the Seminary to stay, Mama said, uninterruptedly until I was graduated.

The new School Hall, fronting the street at the back was most commodious and contained an Auditorium, Class and Music rooms and a basement fitted up for calisthenic exercises. A long walk connected the Hall with the Boarding house and the old school rooms were converted into dormitories which made room for six additional pupils and a teacher. The Hall became a Social center for the Town people, lectures, concerts and musicals were popular. We assisted at the latter but retired by the rear door at the close. Prof. and Madam permitted no callers of the male sex. Even brothers were receive by Madam or a Teacher and under chaperonage made short calls.

I assisted at the Musicals and was rather a star performer. I read music with ease and delighted in following the signs and instructions and made no breaks nor false notes but I was no interpreter and Stephen Foster's Melodies appealed to me as readily as the Classical.

cal compositions I was rattling off. It was purely mechanical and like the "player" of a later date.

We did not travel about after the Professor lost his sight, but settled down for more intense work. He went up and down the long board walk and through ... various rooms without stumbling or a misstep. His senses were all quickened and his disposition more than ever solicitous for our highest good. Some of us were always begging to read to him when his regular reader was otherwise employed.

The year passed quickly and on my sixteenth birthday in May, Mama arranged for me to spend the day at home and sent my cousin and the carriage for me. My surprise was great to find a tall spic and span colored man at the horses heads. Jeff had grown fat and lazy with age and could no longer control the horses. Mama had found a home for him in the country where he could do light jobs and she intended to pension him off. My cousin and I nudged each other with delight to see "Charlie" sitting like a needle where poor old Jeff in his obesity had sprawled like a haystack!

I was surprised a second time for Mama's three especial friends were present to congratulate me on my birthday. Mama did not wear "her heart on her sleeve". She was friendly with all, but self-contained, but these three ladies were very companionable and she was accustomed to seeing them frequently.

One friend married and set up housekeeping the same year as Mama, and through the years they had shopped and kept in touch, she was quiet and sedate. The other two, were cousins of Papa's. One was a wit and a great talker, the other a Society lady. The latter said she would take me to Saratoga in the summer. The talking one told my fortune and said I would marry a Professor, the quiet one said I should have her son if he would suit. I said I was going

to be a teacher and have a Young Ladie's Seminary, and travel in the summer with my pupils with Mama for a chaperon; and that I was never, never going to be married. The Society lady replied "that is foolish talk, girls are happier married than single."

This opinion seemed very queer to me for I had heard ever since I could remember the sad and tragic story of her married life. Mrs. Mary Ann as she was called had married in her teens the young doctor of Sweet Auburn a rather n'er do well, the son of the old Doctor who had ruled Sweet Auburn by his nod and frown for half a century.

Mama said if he had ruled his family with half the rigor he displayed toward the little town and community Mary Ann's married life might have been happier. It seems hard to explain the old Doctor's influence, but he did control the destiny of the Dominie.

The old minister of Sweet Auburn had died and the elders and the old men had met to choose a successor. They had heard a young man preach whom everybody liked but they feared he would be progressive and make changes, so they decided on an elderly man, by the name of Comfort. When the decision was announced, the old Doctor who had said nothing, got on his feet and called out "You can have old Comfort if you want him, but he'll be a d---d poor comfort to me" and walked out and slammed the door.

The elders and deacons or whoever were responsible hastily changed their decision and that was the way the Dominie got to the Church at Sweet Auburn in 1820. The old Doctor was the richest man in the place. I don't know whether by inheritance or practice, but for nearly two generations he had gone over the country on horse back, with his saddle bags, leaches and lance and calomel and he invited everybody he had come in touch with to

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celebrate the marriage of his son at his house, and the festivities lasted a week.

The revelry and rioting must have seemed as extravagant to people of the simple and quiet habits of the guests, as the riotings of the Emperor's to the old Romans in the early centuries of the Christian era! Mama said bottles of champagne were thrown against hard substances and broken in the most reckless way by the bridegroom and he rolled up bank notes and gave them to the guests as lighters for their tobies.

The couple lived a gay life in Sweet Auburn a few years and then the young Doctor "of wife and children tired", or to retrieve his fortunes went West and Mrs. Mary Ann heard of him no more. Years afterward a party of Jersey men went West (the West of that day was not much beyond the Allegheny Mountains and the Ohio River) and while prospecting, the men came across human bones and a watch, in a thicket. The watch was known to be the young Doctors and was brought back to Mrs. Mary Ann.

The prospectors claimed or bought the land and some adjacent and settled there and the town was called Jerseyville. I had not thought of this story in years for Mrs. Mary Ann had been absent and now it darted through my brain like a flash. And there sat the remaining actor of this sad story, stately and fine in lavender, an old lemon, and recommended marriage!

The drive back to the Seminary that beautiful Spring afternoon filled as the roadside was with the promise of leaves and blossoms did not dispel my sad thoughts, and my dreams were tangled and troubled. I thought I was summoned to the court of Queen Victoria to be looked over as a possible bride for the Prince of Wales, just as Esther was summoned to the court of King Ahasuerus. We had read the story of Esther at worship that morning.

The weeks followed quickly and I was home for the summer and full of plans for vacation studies, but they were interrupted. The quiet friend, came with her son to call, Papa's cousins entertained me. My cousin had to fit me out with new clothes and there was shopping to do. Mama who was glad to have a coachman she could trust wanted to take long drives and before I was ready I was back at the Seminary and facing one year before graduation.

All too soon the year was at its close and I was wondering how I could prolong my school days. I felt unequal for the senior year and Butler's Analogy, Waylands Moral Science and high sounding metaphysical subjects terrified me. I told Professor R-- I wanted two years more of study. He proposed I should go on with my studies and take a post-graduate course. I said I wanted a "pre-graduate year" and it was finally arranged that way although Mama did not quite approve.

I spent my year on English Literature, Music and Drawing and taught the Junior History Class and substituted in the Primary Department when needed. In March, the Dominie died after thirty seven years of labor. His son-in-law was chosen at once to fill the place and there was no period of unrest.

A Presbyterian church had been organized in John's town some time before the Dominie's death and it was dedicated in June. I went home for the Service with some school friends on the ... railroad connecting with the Camden and Amboy, and a few years later the road was completed to the shore and opened up the towns for convenient reach.

The new pastor at John's town was an elderly scholarly man with a fine library. We called him Doctor. The membership of the church was small but active. Mama could not leave her old church at Sweet Auburn where here family for generations had worshiped and

where their bodies reposed in the Church Yard but Nicodemus like, she attended church at night and she was of assistance in finances.

In the Autumn after the Dominie's death I was admitted to membership in the dear old church at Sweet Auburn. There had always been a fine religious sentiment in school and great attention given to Bible study. I know we were sincere in our desire to give our lives to the service of our Heavenly Father.

The eighteenth summer of my life was a little more of the world and a little less of study than I wished and I was back for my last year with the hope of teaching at its close. One innovation was introduced, Prof. and Madam issued invitations to fortnightly receptions and they were largely attended. It was a county seat town [Freehold] and the people were educated and well bred. Two of the visitors were later prominent Governors of the State and five miles down the Pike was the home of a future Vice President of the United States.

One of New Jersey's greatest executives was also from Monmouth County, Willian A. Newell. He is called the "Father of the Life Saving Stations." He began the practice of medicine in 1839 at Manahawkin on the coast and became deeply concerned by the ship wrecks he witnessed and thought out the method of saving passengers and crews by the use of the Life line and Life boat. It was ten years before his thought materialized but he never lost sight of his object until the first appropriation was made and several stations resulted which at once proved his far-sightedness. At this present writing Monmouth County is agitating the erection of a monument on the highest point of the New Jersey coast to commemorate his achievement.

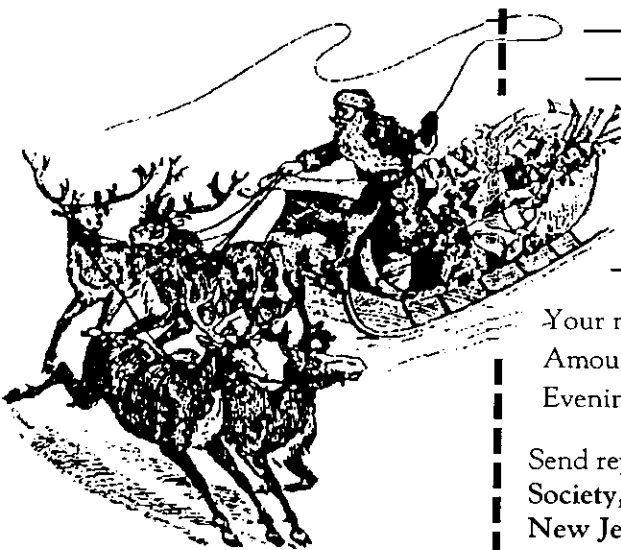
Many ladies attended the Receptions, and the Judges and Lawyers were of high standing. A half dozen elderly

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HIGHTSTOWN-EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Nov. 2	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
Nov. 19	Tuesday	7:30PM	Video - 1998 Posthumous Medal Award to Georgia Confederate Soldier with Roots from East Windsor Township, NJ - Richard Hutchinson, 7:30 PM, Meadow Lakes
Dec. 6	Sunday	7:30PM	Christmas Reception - Ely House - Time To Be Announced
Dec. 7	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
Jan. 4	Monday	7:30PM	Business Meeting, Ely House
Jan. 24	Sunday	1:30PM	Annual Banquet - Coach & Four Restaurant -- John Cunningham, Historian and Author will be our featured speaker. More details as to menu, prices and registration to follow.

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 Dr. Harold C. Cox, Jr., 183 E. Ward Street, Hightstown, New Jersey 08520.** Please be sure to include your full return address and write "Holiday Card" on the envelope.

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bachelors were admitted, safe and sane men, the rank and file did not measure up to the Professor's standard. I preferred to talk to the ladies. I thought I could not entertain the Judges, one of the bachelors was a cousin of my cousins. He spoke of himself as my cousin, but I never got further in conversation with him, than to ask if he had heard from the up country friends.

It was considered a very gay year, with Musicals and Lectures in the Auditorium, and parties in the dwelling house and all too soon came commencement. I demonstrated glibly what used to be the eleventh proposition in the Fourth Book of Geometry and stated creditably the answers to the questions asked in the other studies. The examiners were two preachers and three Judges but they were human!

The next day I played Sweet Home and the Hallelujah Chorus effectively it was said, and I read my Composition on "Poetry, the Elder Sister of Philosophy" and that was well received too. But people were kind to school girls in those days, I know it was fuller of sound than sense and that the learned Judges must have laughed in their sleeves, but I spent many laborious weeks in its preparation and I had endless quotations from, and reference to, both ancient and modern history and literature. Uncle Tom drove Mama and two cousins down and they all complimented me highly.

Commencement always closed with a Levee at night to which anyone came who wished. Someone said the Professor and Madam "washed their hands of us." It was not so and they followed

us throughout our lives with their tender love and interest if we would have it so.

[The old doctor, who Mrs. Maxwell refers to as having "ruled" Cranbury, was Dr. Ralph Lott. His son, also a doctor, was John W. Lott, who left Cranbury early in his life and moved to what became Jerseyville, Illinois. He was one of the original settlers of the town and it was his suggestion for naming the town Jerseyville. He, too, had a son, William P. Lott, who remained in Cranbury, NJ.]



**Hightstown-East Windsor
Historical Society**
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