

HIGHTSTOWN



EAST WINDSOR

NEW

JERSEY

HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

JANUARY - FEBRUARY 1999

SPEAKER SET FOR ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

On January 24th, 1999, at 1:30 PM, at the Coach & Four Restaurant, Rt 33, Hightstown, New Jersey, John L. Cunningham will be the featured speaker at the Annual Dinner meeting of the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society.

Mr. Cunningham, a lifelong resident of New Jersey, is widely considered to be the State's preeminent historian. He is a prolific writer with over thirty-five books and 1,500 magazine articles to his credit. He has served as vice-chairman of the New Jersey Bicentennial Commission and as president of the New Jersey Historical Society. He is a five time winner of the Award of Merit from the American Association for State and Local History .

Bernard Bush, retired Executive Director of the New Jersey Historical Commission and a member of our Society, states, "John L. Cunningham is the Dean of the New Jersey historians who have reached a large general audience."

Mr. Cunningham's expertise in New Jersey history, and particularly its railroad history, make him the ideal speaker for our Annual Dinner.



Skaters enjoying the winter weather on Peddie Lake - January 1921



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

JANUARY

- 4 Business Meeting, 7:30p.m., Ely House
- 24 Annual Dinner, 1:30p.m., Coach & Four Restaurant

FEBRUARY

- 1 Business Meeting, 7:30p.m., Ely House
- 25 Speaker Richard Smith on the Rescarrick Moore Smith family of Hightstown at 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.

CHAPTER IX

Content to Fill a Little Space

*"Lord let me make this rule
 To think of life as school
 And try my best to stand each test.
 And do my work and nothing shirk"*
 ---Maltbie D. Babcock.

I left the Seminary the day after graduation with high resolves to do the

nearest duty. It came to me like a revelation from Heaven, that I had been selfish in planning my life apart from Mama! She had been good in allowing me the extra year of school and patient with my vagaries. The cousin had sickness in her family that prevented her from being with Mama. I was breaking the traditions and customs of her world by going out and making my way alone and unprotected. Girls stayed at home in my day until they settled in homes of their own...When I had an opportunity amid the flurry and hurry of the last weeks in school, I sought the Prof. and Madam and asked advice. To

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GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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my surprise they said "Go home for a year and take what comes along. You will only be just out of your teens and you can afford to wait." When I reached home on Thursday I said to Mama I've come to stay, shall I be your housekeeper, your business man, or your coachman or what?" Mama's face lighted and she said "Let 's wait and take what comes along". The very words of Prof. and Madam "take what comes along". They seemed ominous!

We talked all the afternoon and Mama even forgot her nap. Between the dark and the daylight a letter was handed in, which proved an invitation to a dance on Saturday evening in a near by Grove and that I would be called for at a certain time. The invitation bore the names of the young men who the previous summer had asked if I would help in an organization for summer outings. The plans had materialized and as the young men were all fond of tripping the light "fantastic toe" the amusement had taken that form. The men were unexceptional as to manners and morals and Mama had known them all from their babyhood as members of the old families, but she regarded dancing as one the deadly sins and she said I must excuse myself and I was very willing for I could not have walked creditably through the Virginia Reel nor the Stately Minuet both of which had been tried in our callisthenic exercises and of which the Professor did not approve. I played the "Lancers" which was the popular dance music of the day but I had never seen the figures.

It did seem funny that Prof. and Madam and Mama had each advised me to take what came along, and the first thing that came along should be the very thing they so strenuously objected to. It was funny but that was the first thing that "came along." The second met Mama's approval. It was a visit on Saturday morning from the Pastor of the New Presbyterian

Church, who was called Doctor...[he asked me] to take the Infant Class in Sabbath School.

Three quarters of a century ago there was none of the beautiful system, at least in town and village, that characterizes the Sunday Schools of today especially in the Primary Department. The "Infant Class" meant the children between three and nine years of age and one Teacher to hold their attention. When the Doctor explained the situation I said "I fear I cannot do it". He simply said "I think you can, try it." On Sunday Morning for some occult reason I put on my prettiest gown, with necklace, bracelets and flower in my belt. The Church was only two years old but was stately and dignified and of the Colonial Period with pointed spire. The Sabbath School was held in the galleries. The School was small and the classes did not touch each other. I found conditions harder than the seats on which the children sat. There were fifteen in my class, two scarcely more than babies, the others of varying ages. There were no picture cards, lesson helps, nor singing except at the opening and closing of School. I was given Brown's catechism and told to "use it or tell Bible Stories."

My position was that of the dog, who is thrown into the river that he may learn to swim. I told Bible Stories and the children were motionless and never took their eyes from me. I was to them a well dressed doll in a show case and they wanted to see every detail. I knew their interest was in my clothes and not in my narrative but their attention helped me to do my best, for there is a great moral support in being well dressed. In time I got well acquainted with the children and was able fairly well, I think to point a moral by adorning the tale a little of my Bible Stories and I took off my jewelry and gew gaws, but I always held to the flowers and a bright ribbon.

On Monday morning Mama's friend with her son came to call as they had done the previous summers and the flowers from "Mother's garden" came along as usual. I furnished the vase and water and set them before Mama supposing they were meant for her. Occasionally "Mother had a headache" but the Monday morning visits continued until the young man went back to school. On one visit a remark of mine passed into a current saying, I was in the hall when the caller appeared at the door I remarked "Mama isn't home." The colored people must have heard it and repeated it for I came near not hearing the last of that remark. Friends asked "if that was the way I received my male visitors?" I said it was true, "Mama wasn't at home and I had no male visitors"...I was really a child in social observances and I think there must have been some prenatal cause for my lack of interest in the male sex.

My caller was often the entertainer, sometimes he went to the piano and sang a song and sometimes he picked up a book and read. I remember on one occasion the selection was Longfellow's "Blind Bartimeus". The last line of each stanza ended in Greek and I was so impressed with the rhythm, I told Mama as soon as my caller was gone I was going down and see if the Doctor would teach me Greek. But she put her foot down and said I had promised to be her helper and companion and there was no dead language in the bargain.

I took up the study of Latin when the Teacher of the boys got back with his family after their vacation, and I was reading and talking French with Monsieur Tulane, the brother of Paul Tulane, the philanthropist. No one understood why the little quiet Frenchman was living in John's town and he did not explain.

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GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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Winters came early, by Thanksgiving people had their sleighs out and their Buffalo robe airing. Weddings and parties and Singing Schools and turkey dinners there in full swing. My young friends said my scruples against dancing need not prevent my participating in sleigh riding and other festivities. I loved the snow and I went on long trips to towns where we had oyster suppers and fine drives home.

One popular festivity I did not like at all. Two or three couples would arrange to go to the house of a mutual friend or relative where there was a family of grown up boys and girls to spend the night. Games were played, songs were flung and jollity prevailed. At eleven o'clock an elaborate supper was served by the hostess and then a scramble to bed. The "Spare" room we did not call it guest chamber... and the spare room was as cold as out doors, so we crept in with the girls and the men of the party occupied quarters in the mens apartment.

The hostess got out piles of comforts and blankets and coverlets and warmth was assured as everybody who has ever slept under those heavy homespun blue and white coverlets knows. Now they are all worth their weight in gold and I have seen old moth eaten ones in Antique shops marked with a staggering price. I think one of our party must have slept under "coverlets" for at breakfast in the morning our hostess asked him if he had covers enough? He told her "there were so many he had to get out of bed to turn."

I had a cousin whose acquaintance came into my life at this time. She was older than I and had been at the same school and was graduated four years earlier than I. She lived near Sweet Auburn and her friends and associations were there. Her classmates were City girls and they exchanged frequent visits. Her oldest brother was a promi-

nent business man in his day in New York and her other grown brother was a popular member of society at home. She was a charming girl and more responsive to the claims of society than I. Our friendship was a joy and lasted uninterruptedly until her death when we each had passed our "three score and ten years" limit.

The acquaintance with Martha Jane's oldest sisters was however the most far reaching occurrence of the winter. With them music was a passion, they were talented ladies and with fine musical educations. They were not aggressive but they wondered if we could not form some kind of a musical or literary evening to meet once or twice at their house or mine? I was sure we could and we did.

I suppose it must have been before Edward Everett Hale said "three or four Americans could not meet together without organizing a club, electing officer and drawing up By-laws", for we did not have any officers nor even a program but we enlisted the interest of a few and we met the entire winter twice a month. If there was a lull, the sisters or I filled it with a musical selection, but we three had an understanding with the other frequenters for a reading or some kind of a contribution and as we got braver and bolder and accustomed to talking a little arranged for Debates which proved very popular. It was a 'far cry' to present day Clubs and Circles and Musicals but it was the beginning of a Musical development that has characterized John's town and which these talented sisters fostered until they joined "The Choir Invisible."

I needed explanation on my entrance into society at John's town. My childhood had been spent so happily with my elders I did not know my limitations. Then for a brief and interrupted period came the Cottage School

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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 APPELGET WYCKOFF

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and Martha Jane my first friend. Then from my twelfth to my nineteenth year I was at the Seminary with absences the first years from Papa's sickness and death and Mama's illness. During those seven years we were trained in the courtesies and amenities of life but not social observances of the day indeed I am quite sure they would not have been approved. My first encounter came near wrecking my peace of mind. I went down to spend a few days in a country home with a relative. It was very quiet and remote from neighbors. Late on Sabbath evening, the nearest neighbor a young farmer came in. I had never met him but I knew who he was. No introduction followed, it was not deemed necessary. They were quiet people and I had to do most of the talking. After a time I found the host and hostess had disappeared but without saying goodnight. I was wondering how I should excuse myself, when the man came to where I was sitting and bending over me asked "May I sit up with you tonight." I said "what?" He repeated his question while I was getting on my feet, and I reached out my hand and gave him a box on the ear and said "You'll walk out of that door and go home." I took up my lamp but my knees trembled so I could scarcely get up stairs. I have never until this day told that story. Well bred girls don't relate their encounters with the male sex even though they are pleasant ones, but this is a true tale and I am telling things just as they "came along". I became alert without questioning. I found it was a custom where farmers and business men lived whose leisure time was on the Sabbath for them to go a wooing on that day. If the parties were mutually pleased with each other, the visits continued and eventually it meant orange 'blossoms and wedding cake' as truly as if an engagement was announced. It was called "Keeping Company."

My aforesaid Monday morning caller I saw occasionally if he was home

from school. If there was a noted lecturer or preacher in John's town and he was home we went together to hear him. Gossip paired us off. It was known to our world that our Mothers ardently wished our marriage but it seemed so absurd to me I disdained to answer any questioning. I thought lovers fell upon their knees and with hand on heart swore eternal fidelity according to novels I had read...Toward the end of the winter on a stormy Saturday night in March my caller was home for the Sabbath and stopped for a call. I was deep in a story ...I put my book down and we all joined in conversation. At ten o'clock the caller went out in the darkness to go home and that was the last I saw of him. The following summer a year...Mama and I went to call on his bride and invite them to Tea...I spent a part of April with my cousin who told me she was going to be married in June. I was disturbed and tried to dissuade her. I had queer distorted notions about marriage. I had not been in her world long enough to become normal. She said I must be her bridesmaid and I did not want to act in that capacity at all. I took upon myself the decoration of the house and table for there would be roses and strawberries. Caterers were not employed seventy years ago in our part of the Country. What the family did not do was done by friends as a labor of love. Our Mother had bought years before the same pattern of gold band wedding ring china, and I knew it would be very decorative, and the bride would be a dream with the suggestion of pink in her cheeks, her lovely wavy hair and blue eyes! The home was a beautiful one too, with long porch and wide hall opening in the various rooms. I wanted to festoon the hall with ropes of roses and I had other plans but I did not want to lead the procession!

The lavish display and many attendants were wanting in the old time weddings. There was one bridesmaid

and the best man was called groom's man! The occasions were pretty homey affairs. Marriages were very seldom solemnized in Churches of the Presbyterian faith. The sewing except the outer garments was all done at home and beautiful handwork it was, and in quantities that would last years. Garments were long and full and wide with tucks and frills and flounces. It took a wide petticoat to enclose the hoops of the day. The undies of a lady making a week end visit in this thirtieth year of grace of the Twentieth Century are packed with her pocket handkerchiefs in a small hand bag. In the 1850s and early 60's the requisites required a trunk and a Gladstone bag!

I became fond of my work with the Infants' and tried to protect their bodies as well as administer to their souls, for the steps were long and steep to the Gallery end I feared stumbles up as well as tumbles down. On a lovely Sabbath early in May I stood at the top waiting for a little boy. He liked to run and often came up heated and flushed and this time his face was red and his collar and tie out of order. I stooped to arrange his neck wear and said "now Runy, you have been running again." He answered, "I didn't run this time." It was measles and not exercise that did the mischief. I took those measles and not if there was an epidemic, I suffered for the whole town. I did not leave my room until August and then emerged with green goggles on my eyes and a net on my shaven head. I missed the wedding in June and Commencement in July and I did not get down stairs until September. I walked with faltering steps for like Sampson I seemed to have lost my strength when "shorn of my locks".

Mama was so disturbed by my bald head. She wanted me to wear a "false front" and cap as she did. All ladies of that day, old or young if their hair was grey they covered it with the false front

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HIGHTSTOWN TESTS ITS NEW BRIDGE

Hightstown Gazette - 4 January 1872 -- On Saturday last our Borough was rather less quiet than usual, on account of the scenes transpiring in the centre of the town.--- The iron railroad bridge over Main Street being completed, a number of prominent officials met for the purpose of applying proper tests to the structure.

Mr. Kelly, who has superintended the construction of the bridge, represented the contractors, Messrs. Clark & Reeves, as well as the Phoenixville Company, who made the iron work.

The railroad company was represented by Sup't I.S. Buckelew, A.S. Vancleaf, James Allen and others. In the crowd of citizens present we noticed Mr. J.M. Cubberley, who as committee of the Common Council has been very earnest and active in securing this improvement.

Three locomotives were used for the purpose of testing the deflection of the bridge under dead weight — Nos. 77, 98, and 40, weighing respectively 77,500 lbs., 67, 600 lbs., and 55,000 lbs. Markers were attached to beams resting on the supports of the old bridge. These markers consisted of short upright strips, the ends slit or mortised so as to admit a key or tenon, the head of which touched the iron girders of the new bridge. The three locomotives moved slowly on the structure until their whole weight was brought to bear upon it. Then retiring, the markers were examined, and it was found that the deflection at the center was scarcely three-fourths of an inch. While the markers were being examined, and before they had all been removed, a freight train passed over the bridge and produced no visible deflection, the remaining markers serving as guides to the eyes. The heaviest locomotive then passed over at a speed of thirty miles an hour, producing a deflection of half an inch by the markers, and clearly apparent to the eye.

These tests were witnessed by a crowd of eager and curious spectators, and having been satisfactorily completed, the inspectors and spectators retired."

THE AREA'S DISCOVERY OF COAL FOR HEATING

Hightstown Gazette - 4 January 1872 -- In examining some old papers on New Year's Day, Mr. Benjamin Fish found the receipts for money paid for the first ton of coal that ever arrived in Trenton. It came down the Delaware in Arks, and was bought by Mr. Fish when he kept store on the Delaware river, in what was then called Bloomsbury, in the year 1826. --- When Mr. Fish tried to burn the coal, people came from far and near to see a man attempt to burn stone! It created the greatest excitement. Mr. Fish was also the first man who received coal in Trenton, by way of the Delaware and Raritan Canal. We have plenty of men in Trenton, who are older than any of the railroads and canals in this country, but we were hardly prepared to say that the man who first bought and used stove coal in Trenton, was still an active business man among us. It is said that the man who brought this coal

down from the mountains, had an immense amount of difficulty in getting his new and untried article to market. He had to unload his ark several times to get away from the bars and obstructions in the river. But he persevered, and finally succeeded in introducing an article which has now become the principal article of fuel, and, it may be said, indispensable [*sic*] to the world." [from the Trenton paper - *State Gazette*.]

[Editor - Benjamin Fish left a Will and inventory in 1880 (Mercer County Probate Records). "He was born in Ewing township, November 15th, 1785, and removed to Trenton in 1808, where he at first engaged in mercantile business, and later in the transportation of merchandise across the state ... and died suddenly in Trenton, on June 22nd, 1880." (Genealogy of Early Settlers in Trenton and Ewing, New Jersey, Cooley, 1883.)]

President's Message

This has been a truly wonderful and exciting year for your historical society! The bequest from the executors of the Sara Hutchinson West estate and the contributions made by members and others over the years have made the long-awaited renovation of Hightstown's Camden and Amboy Freight Station a reality.

With the funds we now have in hand, we are also going to be able to replace the worn out clapboard siding of the Ely House with high quality pre-painted cedar siding. This will both enhance and protect our historic house.

We expect to have the dedication of this new facility and the newly finished Ely House face-lift in the Spring 1999.

Throughout the year, the Society has a full schedule of excellent programs. Our library is now open and is being heavily utilized for historical research. We also conduct community tours for both school students and the residents of Meadow Lakes.

As you can see, we are a vital and strong contributing force to the quality of life of our community. But, as you know, all of our good work requires a strong commitment on the part of each and every Society member. So, I ask that you join this commitment by:

1. Renewing your membership promptly.
2. Saying "yes" and becoming a participant in the various functions of your Society.
3. Inviting at least two others to join your Society.
4. Giving an additional gift to accompany your membership renewal.

Thank you for your continuing interest and support. I wish every Society member a most joyous and productive New Year.

GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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and cap. The custom was universal. I disdained the false front and then she proposed having my discarded hair made in a "waterfall" but happily for me there was nothing to which a waterfall could be attached. It was a custom as may be seen in the pictures of Miss Harriet Lane who was mistress of the White House in the time of her Uncle, Mr. Buchanan. But Miss Lane (Mrs Johnson) with her beauty and grace could wear anything and remain her charming self...I missed the Musicals and sleigh rides and many well planned festivities. The Doctor told Mama my lungs were threatened and she almost hermetically sealed the house and was sure I would die with consumption and did not believe then as we all do now that fresh air is the first essential in fighting tuberculosis.

We had a new maid Mary who had succeeded good old Jane, she was young and adaptable. Aunt Gin tyrannized over her but she was good natured. Jane in her old age had married the young Barber in a neighboring town and set him up in business with her savings. She came to see me in a fine gown and told me she never, never would have got married if she had known I was going to have measles and be sick so long. It was beautiful loy-

alty for she seemed very happy and said she loved to keep the "barber shop in order."

Martha Jane who had married the editor and moved to a large coast town, also came and we talked of our Cottage School days! But best of all was the return of Mrs. Mary Ann. She had had her ups and downs, but had never lost her courage nor poise. She was magnificent now in silk and velvet and she looked a queen as she told me her story which was only partly known in Sweet Auburn. Her three children were grown, her beautiful young daughter had married a rich Southern Planter whom she had met at Saratoga and Mrs. Mary Ann was living over again in her daughters munificence the brief experience of her early married life. But her loyalty to her wayward husband had nearer ceased. She was fond of saying she would rather have had John L's (her husband) little finger than the body of any of her other suitors. And that was exactly the sentiment if not the very words of that other brilliant high spirited and infatuated American girl who married Jerome Bonaparte at her fathers house in Baltimore about a dozen years previously.

TO BE CONTINUED ...

CAUSEMAN/COSMAN/CASSMAN SLAVE MANUMISSIONS

by Richard S. Hutchinson

While working for a client this past year, I found the following information in the Will of Margaret (Trout) Causeman/Cosman, dated 10 June 1803 and proved 29 September 1807 (Middlesex Co Will - 10131L). She was the widow of John Cassman, who died 1781.

The will reads in part: "...Margaret Causman ... Township of South Amboy ... Middlesex ... New Jersey ... Item my will is that my Executor manumit my Negro wench Cate agreeable to Law, and the others of my Negroes, I hereby Authorize and Impower my Executor to dispose of at private Sale, on the best that he Can, untill they Respectively arrive to the age of twenty five years, and the persons who takes them to be obligd to maunmit them agreeable to Law, as they arrive to the age aforesaid, the names and ages are as follows Sauy [?] Seventeen years and three months old the fifteenth Instant, Dinah Eleven years Old the tenth of may Last, James Eight years old, the Fifteenth of August last, Bob three years old the 16 Instant ... [signed] Margaret Causman."

THE BURNING OF THE ORIGINAL 18TH CENTURY STRUCTURE KNOWN AS HIGHTSTOWN MILLS

Hightstown Gazette - Thursday, 18 April 1872 - "Destructive Fire - The Hightstown Mills Burned - Just as the town clock struck the hour of twelve on Saturday night, Mr. Thomas Mason locked his store door and started for his home. As he passed the mills he noticed a peculiar light in the second story and in a moment was satisfied that the building was on fire. He immediately called the owner of the mills, the Hon. John H. Silvers, whose residence is only a few rods from the mill.

Mr. Silvers half dressed himself, ran to the mill and mounted the stairs. He found that the building was on fire in the second story, over the office, between the weather-boards and the flue of the chimney. He attempted to extinguish the flames, but finding that he was not likely to succeed, he ran down stairs to get help. On opening the door of his office he found the fire was dropping down from the floor above, and therefore began to remove his books and papers. He succeeded in securing most all of them, but was driven out by the heat.

In the meantime the alarm had been given and the people were gathering, and soon the fire-engine was on the spot in charge of the assistant Foreman and a crew of volunteers, but the flames did not wait for them. Before the machine could be got in position and operation the flames had run along the old timbers, festooned with cob-webs and dry as tinder, and in less time than it has taken to write this report, the old building that had been a landmark in Hightstown for nearly a century, was selected and shrouded in fire. So fierce was the heat that the wooden string-pieces of the railroad bridge caught fire, and at one time it was thought that the Lantz

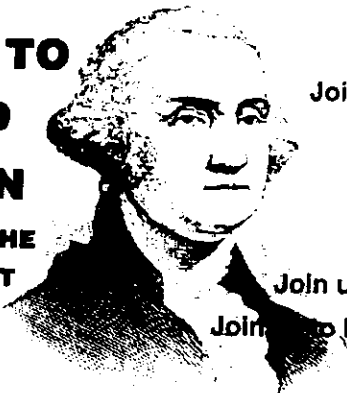
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National Genealogical Society 1999 Conference in the States

Local Host
Virginia Genealogical Society
12-15 May 1999
Richmond, Virginia



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THE HOME OF THE
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ANNUAL BANQUET

Coach & Four Restaurant

Route 33, Hightstown, New Jersey
Sunday, January 24, 1999 • 1:30 p.m.



Menu

Fresh Fruit

Entrees: (Please indicate number of entrees ordered)

\$17.00 _____ *Chicken Francaise*

\$17.00 _____ *North Atlantic Salmon Filet*

\$17.00 _____ *Top Sirloin of Beef*

Send reservations with check payable to: "H.E.W. Historical Society" to:
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Reeves, 189 E. Ward St., Hightstown, NJ 08520
(609-448-4545)

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HIGHTSTOWN MILLS

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Hotel would be burned. Unfortunately the firemen got their engine fast in the sand and were driven way from it by the heat, and before it could be made to work again, Mr. Silvers' dwelling was in flames.

Then came the fight. The burning mill was only a rod or two from the houses and directly to windward, and it was only by the severest labor that the flames could be held in check. About half past twelve the grist mill went down and soon the flames had crossed the dam and the saw mill was destroyed. The roof of the dwelling was burned through in several places, and for an hour longer the firemen had to contend with the flames. They conquered at last, but not until the building was almost ruined by fire and water....The mill was built in 1780 by Capt. Wm. Smith, a great-grandfather of Maj. A.J. Smith of this borough.

The site is a very fine one, and we venture to suggest that there is a fine opportunity now for those who wish to

see manufactory established here. Many of our farmers are giving their attention to raising sheep, and a factory for woolen goods would not only afford them a home market for their wool, but would also give employment to more hands, and increase the trade of the town to a greater degree than any other branch of business."

[*Editor* - The destroyed grist mill stood near the corner of Franklin and Main Street near to the present day dam. Afer the fire, the mill was rebuilt in the same location and extended over the top of the site of the present dam; only to burn again in 1920. On November 21, 1872, the new frame of the Grist Mill was raised by Wm. R. Norton. If facing the present day dam, the saw mill was located on the right side between the dam and Main Street. As a result of the 1920 fire, the property became today's Memorial Park.]

CHRISTMAS AS REPORTED 127 YEARS AGO

We do not remember when Hightstown has passed such a damp, drizzly, nasty, quiet Christmas as was this one. A light, hazy, foggy, misty sort of an atmosphere, through which a sickly sun tried to shine — a perfect bed of mortar underfoot, and nothing going on almost everywhere. Business was generally suspended at odd time during the day, but the blue, half decayed poultry and wilted celiery displayed at the store-doors, showed that customers were all that was needed to make business go.

At the churches all was silent as the grave, except the Universalist lecture room, where Old Santa made his regular visit, and gladdened the hearts of his little friends with many beautiful gifts from a handsome Christmas tree."

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

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