

HIGHTSTOWN



EAST WINDSOR

NEW

JERSEY

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

MAY - JUNE 1999

## 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. In this chapter, she finds the man in her life in Rev. James Maxwell, whom she called "Max". The next several chapters in her work will not be recited here as they describe her life away from Hightstown while she traveled in Europe and lived in Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania due to the calls of her husband's church.

### CHAPTER XI TO BE OR NOT TO BE

"For if he come not by the road,  
And come not by the hill,  
And come not by the high sea way  
Yet come he surely will.  
Close all the road's of all the world,  
Love's road is open still."

The laying of the Corner Stone of the Van Rensaeller Institute, as it was to be called, was set for a Sunday afternoon in late August. Money had been raised but more was needed and the Parson and Dr. McC--- had planned a public meeting for the previous Thursday night to consider fur-

ther ways and means. Mama had just wondered if Mrs. McC--- would go across the street to her daughters for the evening, when there was a gentle tap at the door and the daughter whom we know as the Parsoness walked in accompanied by a stranger whom she introduced as her cousin Max from the "Wild and Wooly West" and that gave rise to a demur from the cousin who thought our knowledge of Geography strangely defective if we called Missouri West. After this rather unconventional introduction it developed that the cousin had gone to a suburb of St. Louis, after completing his Theological studies at Chicago and as his congregation was mostly composed of New

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## THE FRIDAY CLUB'S TEA PARTY

*by Richard S. Hutchinson*

As the series on the life experiences of Gertrude Applegat Wyckoff Maxwell, in and around the Village of Hightstown, begins to come to an end, I want to share with you the events that took place at a "Tea Party", given by Mrs. Maxwell to her fellow members of the Friday Club. While you read of the events and the items mentioned in the story of this tea party, keep them in mind. In the final chapter, in the next issue of this newsletter, you will read of her sad and final days within her home on North Main Street and read of how all of her treasured memories, many being the items mentioned in this present story, were sold out at an auction at her home.

But, now, sit back and enjoy the events of this tea as it gives you some insight to the life of this remarkable Hightstonian.

*Hightstown Gazette - 31 May 1906 - "An Old Fashioned Tea Party - What proved to be the most delightful events in the history of the Friday Club was the old-fashioned tea party given them on Friday afternoon by Mrs. J. M. Maxwell at her charming home on North Main street.*

For several hours the hostess and her guests lived in the time of long ago and nothing that could increase the

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### CALENDAR OF EVENTS

#### MAY

- 3 Business Meeting and Nomination of Officers, 7:30p.m., Ely House
- 20 Richard Smith, talk on the Rescarrick Moore Smith family, 7:30p.m., Meadow Lakes

#### JUNE

- 7 Business Meeting and Election of Officers, 7:30p.m., Ely House

## GERTRUDE APPLEGET WYCKOFF

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England people who thought a knowledge of Boston a necessary equipment for life, they gave him a purse in his second year among them, and told him to see Boston.

Max was a good talker and entertained us with descriptions of the historic places in and around "the Hub" as well as with the diversified scenery of New England. The Parsoness urged him to prolong his stay and see a little of New Jersey, but he had given himself a week to reach St. Louis with a stop at his home in West Virginia for a visit with his aged Father and several stops in Ohio with classmates, and the time was all too short.

The visit at John's town had not been contemplated but at the Publishing House in Philadelphia which was Presbyterian Head Quarters at that time, he met one of his most valued Professors, Dr. Wm. S. Plumer, an Author and Teacher of note who asked if he had seen his Uncle Dr. Mc C---? Upon reply "He had not time" Dr. Plumer said "that won't do". I am going up the road to preach tonight, meet me at Market Street Ferry and we can have a little talk and you can tell me of your Parish and work.

None of the students ever went contrary to the advise of the great Dr. Plumer and his influence went with them all their lives. So the visit to John's town came about and as the Uncle Dr. Mc C--- had the imperative business meeting to attend we shared the visit of the nephew and cousin. The usual felicitations were exchanged at its close and the incident was as "Ships that pass in the night".

After breakfast the next morning when Mama finished washing the silver she said "It's such a nice cool morning if I thought that fellow was gone I would go down and tell the folks to come up to tea. "Dr. and Mrs. McC---

had been settled a couple of weeks in their cozy little home but they had not been in for a meal. When Mama came back she said "that fellow hasn't gone at all, I stopped first at the parsonage and there was no one around, so I gave my invitation and the Parsoness said 'that will be fine for I was wondering how we would entertain Cousin Max.' The Parson told him if he would stay over Sunday and preach, he would give up his time and take him around and they had gone for the day to visit the College and Seminary and some friends there. "Oh, well", I said, "I will go down and ask Kate to come up." Kate was a young lady from Old Tennent who had come to town with her recently widowed sister-in-law. Mama thought her life a lonely one, and encouraged her visits at our house.

We neither of us had any concern about the supper; Aunt Gin though sixty years old, was active, but as she said "a little stiff in her jints", so she sat at much of her work and made use of Mary's feet. She had been in the family longer than Mama herself and really believed she owned the whole establishment and was responsible for its welfare. She had been the cook before my advent. After she "raised me", she was cook again and a good one she was. She loved to have company but resented being told what to prepare for their refreshment. She merely wanted to know who was coming.

Aunt Gin was a very interesting character with some of the wild notions of her far away ancestors but had good sound sense with all. She believed in witches, and that Friday was a bad day to begin a piece of work or start on a journey and such like superstitions but she was a sincere Christian and had a simple child-like faith. After we moved to Main Street, she ceased to go with us to church and united with the Methodist Church in town. Now there was

a church for the colored people on the road between John's town and Street Auburn but Aunt Gin was never inside its door ... She always went to Sabbath School in the afternoons, Martha Jane's sister Hester Ann, had a class of colored folks. They read sometimes from a primer of Bible Stories arranged with short syllables. One day her word was eat, Miss Hester Ann tried all sorts of ways to recall the word to her mind, finally she said "what do you do when you sit down to the table?" "Say Grace" Aunt Gin immediately replied. She was always a little ahead of time, it the clock struck eleven it was "going on to twelve." We had no record of her birthday, so we made it Christmas, if friends wished her many returns and asked her, how old she was, she always said "going on to" the next year. I wish I had made a collection of her quaint sayings!

Teas were observed in two ways when I was a girl. There was the plain tea when two or three old ladies met just after dinner and the hostess served tea before candle light. Ladies were old when the first gray hairs were visible enough to be noticed, then caps and false fronts were put on and at home a long black silk apron was worn. The Tea was bread and butter, preserves, pound cake and shipped beef. The latter was called "dried Beef" and dry it was! Every family had a piece home cured hanging in the cellar way and when needed shavings were cut with a sharp knife. It was dry and hard, but a tasty relish!

The regulation High Tea in summer was broiled chicken, cold ham or tongue, a variety of pickles and preserves, fruit in season with pound cake, jumbles or perhaps cup cakes, layer aside was unknown. Rich cream and tea and coffee. Short cakes was indispensable. It was made with rich sour cream and saleratus if sweet milk was

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## TEA PARTY

Continued from page 1

delusion or contribute to the enjoyment of those present appeared to have been omitted. When they arrived the guests were shown upstairs and invited to roam at their will, and in every room were found interesting articles of the olden times. Old bonnets, furs, shell combs of all sorts, gowns worn by the ladies, capes and leather breeches worn by the men, were scattered everywhere and all the beds were dressed in linen 150 years old with counterpanes of like antiquity. Everywhere were spinning wheels and distaffs, andirons and shovels, candles and snuffers, old books and old pictures. Most of the afternoon was spent in front of the old-fashioned fireplace, where, seated on rush-bottomed chairs, ladies sewed and talked of the days of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

When the call to tea aroused them from their work and reveries each guest carried her chair to the dining room where all were seated around small tables. The table linen was a century and a half old and the china was the daintiest and rarest of the "real, old blue", and added an extra deliciousness to the cold chicken, tongue, chipped beef, cucumber pickles, potcheese, jelly, preserves, cake and tea, which were heartily but reverently enjoyed, as is due to old china.

And Mistress So-and so said this to Mistress What's-er-name and that reminded Mistress What-do-you-call-her of something else, and all the while the gray twilight was deepening and the flickering candles sputtered more bravely and the dancing flames kept throwing weirder shadows on the floor, till a very strange and beautiful thing happened. Down the stairs, smiling and curtsying, came a beautiful young bride of the long ago, dainty as a tea rose, in silks and lace and tiny slippers. She might have stepped from some rare old picture and, such strange things twilight and firelight do, the guests were

afraid to speak for fear that it might be all a dream and they might awaken, and they did not dare to keep still for fear this guest would leave them. But the bride herself spoke and then they found that she was their hostess, gowned in the wedding finery of her mother, Mrs. Betsy Wyckoff, and that is the end of the story.

Only when the quests started home, so delightful had it all been and so real, that when they saw an automobile none of them knew what it was and all were much afraid and they asked many questions about the electric lights and telephone wires which seemed to them very strange and mysterious."

[Editor-As many people now know, I enjoy a good cup of tea. But, I have always wondered why the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society never serves tea when they have their annual "Christmas Tea". Perhaps, the ladies of the Friday Club will extend an invitation to join them for a cup of tea at some future date.]

### THE LITTLE BOTTLE

*Hightstown Gazette*, 24 August 1876 - One week ago, on Monday last, a two oz. Blue glass bottle was picked up in the surf at Ocean Grove by friends of Mr. Jacob Early [of Hightstown]. On opening the bottle the following was found written on unruled paper, the ink being almost faded out: "Mid Ocean, Jan. 10, 1832 - The brig, Anna, sunk Jan 10<sup>th</sup>, 10:30. The finder will preserve this till the news reaches land. It is the loss of 185 lives. Yours, the Captain, John Stults." Tossed about in the ocean since 1832, this little messenger has come tardily but surely to tell its tale. To those who have been watching and waiting, the faded contents will be all the world.

## HIGHTSTOWN EAST WINDSOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

founded 1971

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## GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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used cream of tarter was added to neutralize the saleratus. There was no baking powder, the combination of soda and cream of tarter was later when baking powder biscuits came to the fore. The short cake was baked in tins and broken in small pieces, never cut.

Mary was skilled in making short cake. Aunt Gin sat at her work mostly and expected Mary to hand her needed articles. She browned the coffee, she would trust no one with that. When it was the right color and cooled a little she broke over it raw eggs, shell and all and quickly stirred the coffee until it was coated and shiny. When it was made it was amber in appearance and nectar to the taste. Aunt Gin's broiled chicken was worthy of notice. She kept fresh coals under the gridiron and basted the pieces of chicken in salted melted butter. She sat before the stove hearth armed with a long handled spoon and fork and woe betide Mary if she left the kitchen and was not there to help with fresh coals.

But, to the High Tea, the guests came and supper was served. Usually everything was placed on the table, there was not even a salad course. Lettuce was eaten in the early summer when it was raised in the garden and it wasn't head lettuce either, just green leaves. The broiled chickens were praised as they always were, the cook expected that and other things were complimented. When it was time for the cake and peaches, I kept the ball of conversation rolling. At a tea several years before, soon after my school days ended, the cake was highly praised and the question asked if "I made it?" Before I could say yes or no Uncle Tom broke in "If its good Sissy made it, if its poor Mammy made it!"

If the guests were old family friends they always went to the kitchen to tell Aunt Gin the supper was fine. Tips were never given except at Christmas. Aunt

Gin would have felt insulted by a gift of money after a meal. It was her offering to the friends of her family. She liked presents of jewelry and ornaments and bandanas and such things. She always wore a bandana except when she had her annual party or went visiting or to church. I do not remember whether we separated in groups or the conversation was general after Tea. I do remember the authorship of "Gertrude of Wyoming" was questioned? Mama and I both bore the name of the heroine I suppose that was the *raison a' etre!*

The next morning after the High Tea, Mama said after breakfast, "It 's such a nice cool morning I think some of those peaches would better be canned, they won't keep." Mama's farmer had planted a small orchard on some land just fitted for the culture of peaches and they had just come to fruitage and were very fine. Canning at our house included the whole family. Aunt Gin sat and prepared the fruit, Mary cooked it and I put it in the jars and sealed it. Mama hovered over the scene and gave advice to us all. To me she said "don't let the air get in and are you sure you have the top on tight?"

When we were fairly started the door bell rang. We had two front doors, the South door was the homey one to which everyone came, it had a knocker. When the bell rang it meant almost always a pedlar or a book agent. Mama would not allow Mary to go, she said "Mary let them come in and there was no getting clear of them", so I always answered the ringing of the bell.

No one had door or window screens, curious devices were resorted to in order to get rid of flies. Houses had shutters with slats that could be open or closed and summer doors were of a like kind. I noticed the feet of a man through the lower slats and when I opened the door cautiously there stood the stranger visitor of the night before.

He pushed the other side of the door open and walked in saying he had come to tell me he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming". I unpinned my sleeves and we talked Campbell "The Pleasures of Hope" until the Town Clock struck twelve and he started to go to the parsonage for dinner. When I went out to my dinner Mama said "Mary finished the peaches but I know they won't keep, she let the air get in." Oh well, I said "we can do more on Monday."

At three o'clock the corner stone of the Van Rensaellor Institute was laid. The Institute was just above us and the stranger walked home with Mama and me and as he opened the gate for us to go in, he said "I am coming up after supper to finish Campbell's history." I said "I think we have talked him threadbare". If so he said we will take up Rogers and the Pleasure of Memory. We sat on the porch and watched the glowing sunset. We went in for Mama but she said she never sat on the West porch the air was chilly there. On Sabbath Max preached, the comment was "it was a good sermon for a young man." That was always the remark when the students from the Seminary, preached! We did not have evening service in the summer. The Parson preached Sabbath afternoons in the outlying school houses. He had a rest this Sabbath.

Mama always had a long nap after dinner and I went up stairs too and dozed over a book or magazine. Her room was in front and she heard if any one came to the West door. About three o'clock she came over to my room and said "you'll have to get up, that fellow is down stairs." He was going at five o'clock and had come to say goodbye.

After dinner when the weather was warm Uncle Tom often took a chair and sat across the door and napped before going down town. The slats were open and through them the caller

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## GERTRUDE APPEGET WYCKOFF

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asked "it the ladies were in?" He was answered "The're abed and asleep." "I will come in and wait" was the reply and pushed open the door and walked in. As I passed through Mama's room I asked her to come down, but she said "she had not finished her nap."

On this occasion I think our talk was more of the personal matters, the situation in Missouri, the future of the Church there and kindred topics, and we bade each other a final goodbye I thought. Within the week I received a letter full of very humble apologies. The writer had taken my photograph from the Album and substituted his own. (In those days there were center tables and always a family album and carte de visite pictures which made an un-failing topic of conversation, after the weather was exhausted.) Would I, could I, pardon the offense and permit the transfer etc. Further there was a reference to some mooted question up before the Church at that time and would I kindly give my views etc.? I did not know much about the question, but as the subject related mostly to the situation in Missouri, I would get information first hand from a resident and I answered the queries but I did not refer to the photographs.

A second letter from the same source followed. It did not reach me and after a time the Parsoness was consulted who probed into the matter and a third followed, and I who had always been averse to writing to the men folk found myself embarked in a correspondence which revived old Seminary days and helped satisfy my thirst for knowledge. At Christmas time we exchanged opinions on Dickens and the Chimes and Carols etc.

In February the nephew made a planned visit to his Uncle. I shared the visits and on one, I was asked if I would take the long path with him? I too had read "The Autocrat of the

Breakfast Table" and I answered in the words of the Schoolmistress "I will walk the long path with you." But I added "we will have to talk it over with Mama" and my heart failed me. Mama had been suspicious of the visitor and she always spoke of him as "that fellow". She had planned my life when I was in my teens and her plans had miscarried, now I had been home almost five years and she said in the language of Aunt Gin, I was going on to be an old maid.



*Rev. James M. Maxwell*

It was hard to get her to talk on the subject but "the fellow" true to his Presbyterian training ... he would be heard. She asked me how it came about that I who was so reticent and offish could go with a person whom I knew not where he came from. I said I knew where he was going to and I wanted to go with him, which wasn't an original remark but it greatly pleased the "fellow" and he told me later it helped

stiffen his back bone. After much talk and reference to the Uncle and Cousins and the Principal of the Van Rensaeller who had trained him for College in Ohio, and in whose family he had lived during those two years of preparation, Mama was forced in common fairness to give up the stranger attitude, so she said it would be the same as burying me. If he was within a day's distance of my home she would consider it and she thought that settled it, for she heard he was greatly pleased with his field of labor and planned to build a strong church there.

In May Mama received a letter in which the writer told her, he had received an invitation from a church official in the "City of Monuments" [Baltimore] to preach which if he accepted would be equivalent to becoming the Pastor. Being a border city and just at the close of the war the congregation was divided in sentiment and the former pastor had made trouble and left. They had heard many candidates, had finally united, called a man who had been with them for a month or two and he died. Now they wanted no one from the North nor South, East nor West, but they felt sure a man who had lived two years during the war in Missouri would answer and beside they had heard very favorable and complimentary accounts of his work. All this and much more was included in the letter of invitation which was enclosed and the sender asked Mama should he "go or stay"? Reminding her, she had said if he was "within a days distance" she would "consider" the matter. And Mama always great in a crisis rose to the occasion and wrote "go".

It took a month to settle preliminaries for the old Presbyterian Church was a deliberate body ... Max, as I shall call him hereafter, was at his new Parish by July and was able during the summer to run up a few times to John's

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## GERTRUDE APPLEGET WYCKOFF

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town. Our marriage was settled for late October, Mama said "that Southern City would not be cooled off before that time. She was very good but was not above a sly innuendo now and then. In late August Max's Father died. Mama thought we should postpone our marriage but was overruled.

We had a smaller number of guests than as first arranged and the ceremony was in the morning with an elaborate breakfast. For sentimental reasons we decided to go to Boston. I had not been further afield than New York and Philadelphia, but I felt at home in the former City ... I loved the trip across the Bay from South Amboy and to watch the approach to the waterfront when old Trinity dominated the scene. My New York was very primitive, no sky scrapers not even the "Elevate" and horse cars prevailed.

We stayed at the old Astor and there was St. Pauls and Trinity and Wall Street and close at hand Washington Square and the Brevoort and the homes of the literati ... We went to Christy's Minstrels when Christys was a name to conjure with and we walked up Broadway to Stewarts (now Wanamakers palatial pile) where I had done my shopping under the guidance of my cousin whose wedding I missed when I had the measles and who lived in a beautiful home in Forty Sixth Street ... at that time.

It would be superfluous to tell of all we saw in Boston .... We had a fine trip by boat to New York and spent the last of the week with my cousins. Those much abused words "The Week End" had not yet been thought of. My cousin had some of her and my school friends resident in the City, in for a little Reception and I dressed up in one of my fine gowns that would have stood alone without anyone in it. Indeed my trousseau cost a small fortune, for just after Wartimes prices were ruinously

high. Mama said I never wanted a calico gown until calico was ninety cents a yard.

On Sabbath we heard Henry Ward Beecher and that was another event. On Monday we packed up my outfit that had been made in the City and reached Mama and home in the evening. Aunt Gin had a fine supper for us. Max's friends came in and the I displayed some of my new gowns and millinery and the next two days we packed and on the third day we started on the "days journey" that took me from the old scenes to the new.

[Editor - In the chapters that have been skipped over, Gertrude and her husband settled in Baltimore, Maryland. They were eventually transferred to Belvidere, NJ. Her Mama was very lonely in Hightstown without her around. During the Centennial year, her Aunt Gin was taken ill. Here Gertrude wrote about Aunt Gin's death:

"Mama wrote me to come home if possible. I left Max and stayed with her the two weeks she was in bed. She needed nothing but care and nourishment, and I was very glad to minister to her for she had "raised me" as she said. The day before she died the colored preacher called to see her. She was a member of the M.E. Church, but the Pastor was away, and I suppose the colored man was sympathetic with one of his race. I asked him to pray beside the bed, and he very touchingly alluded to the chariot that was swinging low for our sister. I held Aunt Gin's hand and there was a slight pressure at the words, so I think she remembered she had sung often, "Swing low sweet chariot Comin for to carry me home."

We buried her at Sweet Auburn where there was a stretch of ground reserved for the colored people beside the cemetery. I should like her to have been

laid beside or at the feet of her old Master, but there was no room. The family plot was enclosed by a close iron fence and room for only one grave remained."

Gertrude and her husband then went overseas and traveled in Europe. When she left Europe, she brought back a sprig of ivy from one of the places of her travels in Europe, her Mama nursed it and it now decorates the lawns of two homes in John's town. She and her husband then transferred to Pennsylvania where they stayed until her husband's labors were over in the church. She then returned to Hightstown with her husband, Max, and they moved back into the big house on North Main Street.

In the 1880 Census of Hightstown, the following household was found; James M. Maxwell, 42, Clergyman; Gertrude A. Maxwell, wife; Ella Conover, 11, wife's niece; George Aaronson, 35, servant; and Mary E. Everingham, 39, servant.

In 1902, the *Hightstown Gazette* had a little item in it which stated that Rev. James M. Maxwell had resigned from the "pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Monongahela" and that he was "now of Markelton Sanatorium".

The next chapter will be the final chapter in this series, which has documented the village life of Hightstown, East Windsor Township and Cranbury in the 1800s, through the recorded writings of one member of a household within the community.]



# THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY IN HIGHTSTOWN 149 YEARS AGO

The *Hightstown Gazette*, of July 1, 1875, published the news that had appeared in their paper in 1850. "Twenty-Five Years Ago - From our files we gather the following facts in regard to the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1850, in Hightstown. The procession was marshaled by Major R.M. Smith - 1<sup>st</sup>, fifty mounted citizens commanded by Capt. H.A. Moore; 2<sup>nd</sup>, the Princeton Blues; 3<sup>d</sup>, thirty young ladies carrying flags; 4<sup>th</sup>, committee of arrangements; 5<sup>th</sup>, clergy; 6<sup>th</sup>, citizens and strangers. The exercises in the Baptist church consisted of reading the declaration by Dr. C.C. Blauvelt, an oration by W.A. Bowne, Esq., and benediction by Rev. Asher Moore. Among the citizens who proposed toasts at the banquet, were Jno. Butcher, Jas. S. Yard, A.H. Reed, A. Carmichael, Ward C. Perrine and C.S. Hutchinson. The day was closed with a display of fireworks. Hon. W.A. Newell was then our representative in

## FREIGHT STATION & ELY HOUSE RENOVATIONS ARE MOVING ALONG

The Freight Station and Ely House renovations are moving along and appear to be on schedule. If you haven't gone by Ely House recently, do so. You will see a significant improvement in the exterior appearance of Ely House, the Freight Station addition, and the connecting room and porch.



*Ely House and Freight Station renovations underway.*

Congress, Zachary Taylor was spending his last week of his life, and Prof. Webster was waiting to be hung. Looking over the list of those who were here then and gone now, we can not help wondering who of us are to be President, go to Congress, die or be hung in the next twenty five years."



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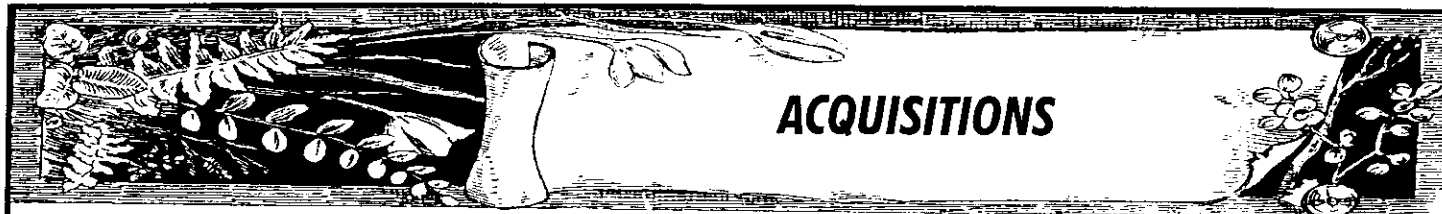
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Please mail the completed application, along with a check made payable to the Hightstown-East Windsor Historical Society to:

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

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



1. 1998-17 - Hightstown Map & Community Information Guide, 1996.
2. 1998-22 - Wyckoff Bros. Statements, with letterhead. Donated by Dr. Harold C. "Skip" Cox, Hightstown, NJ.
3. 1998-23 - Copy of Hightstown & East Windsor People, Vol 1, No 1, dated June 1998.
4. 1998-41 - Native American artifacts from Assanpink & Millstone watersheds found between 1937-1941; Edith Erving estate papers, Rue family cemetery indentures; marriage certificate of Edward Erving & Ethel Rue; Samuel Vaughn & Mary Ely family Bible; miscellaneous paper re: Rachel Algor, died 1854 & Phoebe Ely died 1812; Freehold HS 1915 class photograph. Donated by John W. Orr, Jr., Kentucky.
5. 1998-42 - Framed Pemberton & Hightstown Railroad Notice, dated 11 June 1908. Donated by Richard "Hutch" Hutchinson, Delaware.
6. 1998-43 - Pemberton & Hightstown Railroad excursion ticket, unused. Donated by Claude Dey.
7. 1998-44 - Joseph J. Ely Papers; including 1873-1886 Account book; various receipts; deed from George S. Cook to Wm. H. Conk dated 8 July 1853. Society purchase.
8. 1998-45 - 1998 Hightstown Mayoral Campaign materials from various candidates.
9. 1998-46 - Minute Book of the Central National Bank of Hightstown; including 5 Dec 1870 Articles of Incorporation; handwritten minutes 1871-1882; two signed Bonds for \$20,000; stock certificate for 10 shares of bank stock dated 1 Apr 1871 made out to Collen B. Meers.
10. 1998-47 - Pamphlets and souvenirs from the Hightstown Chapter of the Chautauqua Club (1915-1921) from Edith Erving Estate. Donated by John W. Orr, Jr., Kentucky.
11. 1998-48 - Junior Friday Club Scrapbooks (1968-1981), including organizational history, clippings & programs from the club's 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebration in 1971.

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

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