

## Tuckerton in 1838.

During a part of the Spring and Summer of 1838 I attended a school at Tuckerton, taught by James B. Lane Esq. grand-father of your townsmen Capt. N. V. Lane. I boarded with Mr. Lane who occupied a part of the house that then stood nearly opposite the "Salt Work Lane" down which I often strolled to the Salt Works which consisted of a few basins or vats of salt water awaiting conversion by evaporation into salt, I think near the terminus of this lane resided a family of the Rockhills.

The part of the house unoccupied by Mr. Lane was the home of the one ninth of a man—if it takes nine tailors to make a man. At any rate a very small man by the name of Chas. Stewart carried on tailoring there. Mr. Stewart removed to Port Republic where he and his wife both died. I call to mind a remark made by Mr. Lane over a meal of fresh herring, "that one half your time was occupied in picking out the bones and the other in putting them back." Next toward West Creek from Mr. Lane's house resided Mr. Sawyer a wheelwright. Then our nearest neighbor on the same side of the street toward the mills was Samuel Weaver, by trade a hatter. I think he had three sons, Joseph, John and Samuel, who were then nearly or quite grown up. It was said that Mr. Weaver made very excellent wearing hats. "Uncle" David Gifford in speaking of a hat Mr. Weaver made for him said that he wore it ten years for a "bettermost one" and seven years for a "constant one." A little further down the street lived Bennett Rose, blacksmith, on the property afterward owned and occupied by John T. Thompson Esq. Then still further on the same side of the street was the residence of Judge Ebenezer Tucker. Well do I remember the Judge as he would appear in his ruffled shirt-front astride of his favorite short-tailed saddle horse. It was said that a young man whom the Judge had to saddle his horse thought to have a little fun by placing a burr under the saddle. When the Judge mounted the horse reared and plunged so badly that the young man was nearly frightened out of his senses. Next to the Judge lived Dr. Thomas Page who carried on the store business in the brick house that I think is now owned by Francis French Esq.

The Dr. owned large quantities of very valuable pine timber between Tuckerton and Bass River. That summer, which was known as the dry summer, an immense forest fire destroyed a large portion of the Dr's choice timber. Well do I remember the Dr. sending teams with men well provisioned to fight that fire. A little further down the street on the same side James D. Kelly kept store. I then thought Mr. Kelly was the best store keeper for he sold me the best raisins. Still further down near the lake was the store of Timothy Pharo. I'm not quite sure but think that in connection with all his other business enterprises he manufactured Castor oil by a process known only to himself. At the edge of the lake in a very unpretentious looking little house lived a Mrs. Gifford whom I delighted to hear read the scriptures in "Quaker" style. I think a Mr. McCully who resided on the opposite side of the street from the Messrs. Pharo "ran the grist mill" for them. The McCully's I think soon afterwards went west. N. T. Mulliner kept the hotel and ran a stage line to Camden. A Mr. Slight was then a resident of Tuckerton. He had a daughter Margaret that I then thought was just a little nicer than any other young Miss in the village. This family removed to or near New York and I have been told that Mr. Slight of the shipping firm of Vanbrunt & Slight is one of that family. Further on in his always neat white cottage of ye olden style lived Dr. Mason. It was said the Dr. considered a large variety of medicines useless in his practice. Calomel, Laudanum or Opium, Spirits Nitre and Spanish Flies being about the only really necessary articles to save life. If one "a little under the weather" went to his office for a prescription he would say "Let me see your tongue" and he would then say to him "You need a little of the best of medicine" and give him a package of Calomel.

The above are some of my recollections of Tuckerton. Some of which may be at fault as to locations of residences &c.

AWAY BACK.

Port Republic, N. J., Mar. 13, '93.

Tuckerton Beacon