

*[This is a modern transcription of an original document.]*  
*[Transcribed from The Jamesburg Record. Vol 18, No. 927. Saturday, March, 10, 1900.]*

## A NOBLE WOMAN WAS GONE.

Mrs. Jas. Buckelew, the mother of Jamesburg, Died Friday,  
March 2, 1900

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## SHE WAS BELOVED BY ALL

A large number attending her Funeral on Monday, March 5th.

On Friday afternoon last, March 2, 1900 at 4:20 the soul of Mrs. Margaret C. Buckelew left its tenement of clay and journeyed on to that better land where wait the souls of the saints until their Savior calls.

The death was sudden and, except to a few, entirely unexpected. Mrs. Buckelew, although a very aged lady, had always enjoyed remarkable health and strength, and up to the preceding Saturday had been entirely well. During the first days of the week, weakness ensued, and on Thursday, the symptoms indicated pneumonia. Dr. D. M. Forman, of Freehold, was summoned in consultation, and agreed that pneumonia was impending and said there was no hope. The sick lady retained consciousness, but gradually lost strength. A trained nurse was secured and the distant relatives were telegraphed for. On Friday at 1 p.m., Mrs. Buckelew recognized friends who had just arrived and this was the last evidence of consciousness. The end came peacefully at 4:20. A feeling of sadness was evident through the whole town and all seemed to feel the death a real and personal loss.

Thus passed away the oldest resident of Jamesburg and the last link in the chain binding us to the period of our town's birth – the year 1832, when James Buckelew, the husband of Mrs. Buckelew, and the founder of Jamesburg, bought the town site and began his remarkable career. Of those residing in the town when Mrs. Buckelew came, not one is living here to day. All have gone, and Mrs. Buckelew has lived to see them go, one by one, though still retaining a strength, cheerfulness and sweet dignity that made her beloved by all. Though widowed in 1869, Mrs. Buckelew has since lived as long a widow as most people are permitted to live the married estate.

Mrs. Buckelew was born Dec. 9, 1812, at Cranbury, N.J., being the daughter of Isaac G. Snedeker and Ann Salter, of that town. Dec. 15th, 1829, she married James Buckelew, then living near Hoffman Station. Had the deceased lived till Dec. 9th, of this year she would have been 88 years old.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon, the 5th, at 2 p.m., when a very large number of relatives, friends and citizens had assembled to pay their last mark of respect to the

sainted dead. The death of Mrs. Buckelew meant so much to the people of Jamesburg and to the Presbyterian Church, that few people outside the town can understand it. Through a woman she had guided and directed and provided for the church for nearly forty five years to such an extent, that Pastor, Session and people had always looked first for her approval before undertaking any signal enterprise. Yet Mrs. Buckelew was a most modest, timid and even retiring woman, in every way. She became masterful only in her love for the church which owed its existence chiefly to her. In her death too, occurred the death of the last remaining member of the eleven original ones who joined with Presbytery June 6, 1854, in the establishment of the local church. Of her Rev. Dr. Everitt, said in his sermon on the 40th Anniversary, Nov. 4, 1894, in speaking of the church incorporators:

“These are all dead except two, one Mrs. James Buckelew, the honored and beloved inspirer, founder, counsellor, and supporter of this church. In the forty years of its eventful history, this church has never lacked the wise counsel, the self sacrificing devotion, the motherly concern, the believing prayers, the inspiring presence of this queenly mother in Israel. May her remaining days with us be many, and they all bright with the sunshine of hope, the vestibule of Heaven, into which she is sure to enter.”

In 1847 Alexander Redmond and Mrs. James Buckelew started the first Sunday School in Jamesburg and it has continued to this day. Mrs. Buckelew also started the Ladies' Aid Society, and to the end of its existence in 1898, was always its President and directing spirit. It is almost impossible to calculate how much that society did for the church. It earned money by taking in sewing for busier people and never was the Church in need of money or of some real improvement that the Ladies' Aid Society did not respond with large sums, earned in the smallest amounts, but always carefully saved.

Dr. Everitt was summoned to the funeral, but unfortunately got the notice too late and his absence was deeply regretted.

The service was simple, in deference to the feelings of the family. Rev. J. L. Ewing, pastor of the church, made a short prayer and read selections from the scriptures. He then delivered an excellent address.

Mr. Ewing said in part. “Judging from what has appeared on the surface of the career just ended, her daily Christian walk, her patience, her faithfulness, her loyalty and purpose to follow the Master, we can say confidently that one of the world's righteous has fallen. Death has claimed her. Death is a returning to the earth; a going the way whence no traveler returns; a breaking up of the earthly home; a passing through the valley; a putting off of the garment of the soul; a departing from earthly associations; a falling asleep – just as the child, tired from his play, nestles to sleep up on the mother's bosom. And as the strong man, worn with the day's toil, seeks refreshment upon his pillow, so when the labors of life are over, and the work is finished, the Christian lies down to “sleep in Jesus.” How we should bless God that not once is death represented by a figure that implies ghastliness or dread. There is a sleep of death which comes alike to all, but that it

be a sleep in Christ there must be a humble confession and turning from every evil way with a living faith in and dependence upon Christ.

Of the life of her departed all that can be said now is but an echo of what has passed. Her earthly period has been a constant inspiration, a sermon preached daily all these many years. To dwell upon her aim and success in doing good and her devotion to the work of Christ and the church, would be to tell a story so well known that it needs no repetition. The history of the Jamesburg Presbyterian Church in its early struggles and successes, and all the way up to the present, is the history of her whose departure we mourn.”

A short and very eloquent prayer closed the services.

Interment was made in Fernwood Cemetery. The flowers were remarkable for their abundance and beauty. Here death was truly swallowed up in victory. The casket was covered with garlands as we garland our victors. Beneath the casket the white mat was carpeted with dainty flowers, the casket was lined with flowers and almost covered with them, while at the head was the most exquisite pillow of white flowers across which was the worth “Mother” in violets.

A large wreath was composed of roses, violets and oak leaves, symbolic of sweetness, modesty and strength. The Mission Societies of the Presbyterian Church sent a large bunch of Easter lilies, the deceased being President of both these societies. There were many other very beautiful floral pieces, all contributing to remove the somberness and blackness we so often see. Thus has passed away one of the best and purest women, beloved and mourned by all, and for love of whom strong men deemed it not unmanly to weep.

*Transcription Notes:*

Original punctuation and spelling left intact for historical accuracy.

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