

Chapter 1 : List of ghost towns in Florida - Wikipedia

new jersey southern new local history pine barrens forgotten towns towns of southern history of southern great book jersey history book on the local places beck grew volume henry south forgotton lost Showing of 23 reviews.

There are numerous State parks and forests here, including Brendan T. There are also many county and municipal parks throughout the area. Click on either one to view an enlarged version. For a detailed interactive map of the Pinelands in pdf format that includes most roadways, click here. The "pygmy" pines, a stunted variety the pitch pine, can be seen at their best on Route 72 which runs northwest from Stafford Township through to Burlington County and beyond to the Philadelphia area. County Route , running from Little Egg Harbor north, also has many great views of these mysterious trees in the southern area. Many think that the terrain is flat in Ocean County. It may not be the Rockies, but there are many scenic vistas from this region where one can see for miles. The hills are gently sloping for the most part and much of the footing is "sugar sand". The pines throughout this area live in a mutually beneficial relationship with oaks. The oaks grow tall, eventually blocking out the sun to the pitch pines, causing them to weaken. Fire is actually a friend to the pines. With the intense heat of the flames, the pine cones "pop", allowing the seeds to sprout, thereby bringing about new growth. Driving long Route south of Route 72, you can see the site of the forest fire of that burned over 16, arcres of Pinelands. Here stand hundreds of pines, some of which are dead, but others have sprouted new branches after their old ones were burned Pine saplings are now growing, as are other species of flora indigineous to the Pine Barrens. Many cedars can also be found in the region. The wood of the cedar was once a valued commodity in building. Red cedars were valued for chest and closet linings and the white cedars for the many fishing boats which residents depended upon to make a living in the bays. Today many local craftspersons use cedar for creating a multitude of items. Its berries are a popular food for many birds, and its foliage is heavily browsed by white-tailed deer. Generations of families have lived "off the land" here in the Pine Barrens; their stories are rich and colorful. Many "forgotten towns" are scattered throughout the region. A drive along the many dirt roads which wander through state forest can go right by the ruins or foundations of towns that were once bustling with activity. To see some wonderful photos of lost towns, be sure to visit Michael Hogan Photography, or South Jersey Unpaved , another site with great photos and many good links, especially for 4WD fans. Remains of the paper mill in the lost town of Harrisville can be seen off Route in Washington Township. Although locked behind a chain link fence to prevent both personal injury to visitors, and damage to the delicate remains by unthinking trespassers, it presents a nice photographic opportunity without having to hike deep into the woods.

Chapter 2 : Ghost Towns of New Jersey

Forgotten Towns of Southern New Jersey by Beck, Henry Charlton. Rutgers University Press. Used - Good. Good condition. Owner's name on outside front cover and inside.

This is the story of Red Lion. You will find it by referring to a map of New Jersey and tracing the southernmost line of Burlington County. It is northwest of Medford Lakes and southeast of Pemberton. This, if you please, is the Red Lion Hotel, a hostelry which, they say, could tell a story all its own. The original settlers were people by the name of Parks. No one seems to know from where they came nor exactly when. It was long before the present inhabitants can remember, but the story of how the town was named has been handed down from the Parks, father to son, for several generations. About half a mile from the settlement is what is known as the Bear Swamp. This town, before it had any definite name, was supposed to be a base for such hunters. They used the settlement at the crossroads as a sort of headquarters for their expeditions. Here at the intersection of the winding trails that lead to Tabernacle, Beaverville, Vincentown, Friendship and Medford, the hunters gathered in those long-ago days to take vengeance on the wild animals that were nightly attacking their cattle. But on this occasion the huntsmen failed to find even a bear. He thought he was going out in search of a bear. Actually he was to meet a lion and get a name for his home town. He came upon it one day, a mountain lion, crouched at the edge of a cedar swamp. Parks shot at the lion and wounded it. Then his gun failed. He was compelled to grapple with the animal hand-to-hand. He clubbed at its head and it clawed at him. The yellow beast, covered with gore, seemed to turn red, as it expired. Parks finally brought his kill to town and the town became Red Lion. But despite the number of times the place has splattered the court records at Mount Holly under different managements, the hotel appears a peaceful place, a building that remembers a town of other days and times, that were, undoubtedly, much merrier. On the opposite corner there is a building which is also public, a combination gas station, general store and poolroom. Our visit here was as to some great institution of which there are fewer each year. It was here that we learned the story of how Red Lion was named. It is here that many such stories were told, some of them flavored with peanut shells, sticky candy, fizzing pop and the click of billiard balls. Here wars are won and family troubles are ironed out in the advice of a powerful congress, offered free. The best times for planting are decided at the Antrim Store. Religion is pounded and expounded and sometimes cast aside. Old times are praised and exiled. Prophecies are made and dreams built in the haze of tobacco smoke. Marriage, hard times, great statesmen, and disarmament are discussed with authority and confounding foresight. Of course, everything from candles to oil and rope and edibles is sold but these provide only casual interruptions to the sober senate in session. Red Lion may be a greater town some day. A concrete cross-State highway has been constructed cutting close to this strange-named village. It is said that it was built in The general store across the street was operating when I first moved to Vincentown in It closed a few years later. It has a character all its own. And of course, the highway referred to at the end of the narrative is Route The Red Lion Circle, intersecting both Route and Route 70 is becoming busier and busier as development surges south and east through Southern New Jersey.

Chapter 3 : Forgotten Towns of the Pine Barrens | Gems of Jersey

Yesterday I had the chance to find my first diamond in the rough, as far as my South Jersey treasures go. Within the depths of the New Jersey Pine Barrens are several towns that no longer exist.

Famed South Jersey Estate is a Romantic Area Now that the vast Wharton estate, tri-county treasure trove of many of these stories, is back in the news, I feel impelled to refresh your memory concerning it. I do that knowing that there will be as many exaggerations as there may be fantastic tales concerning its places and people before, if enabling action follows Gov. However, the motive in giving you a clearer picture of what there is and what there was springs from current rumors of what there is to be. It is common gossip that even before the Legislature can act to preserve this primitive woodland, with a colorful history reaching back to Colonial days, competitive bids are in from government agencies as well as from commercial organizations in search of additional sources of wood pulp. There can be little doubt but what government men are interested in at least an area bordering what always has been familiar to me as the old Washington Turnpike for here, as well as in adjacent lands, test borings and surveys have been made. I would not fear the invasion of these forces as much as I would the pulp people who, even now, on land outside the Wharton estate, have taken what they wanted and left many neighborhoods desolate. One of them waxed unusually poetic in recent days, ruminating with incredible accuracy In this strain: For miles there will be only woodland and then, suddenly, lovely lakes and streams. In this region the Mullica begins as a tiny creek to become the broad river along which boats once traveled to Batsto and Pleasant Mills to get cannon bails, made of bog iron, for our Revolutionary armies. Two other rivers – the Wading and Great Egg Harbor – run through the tract, and it was this broad watershed which led Joseph Wharton, founder of the Wharton School at the University of Pennsylvania, to begin buying up these tracts about , with the idea of providing potable water for Philadelphia. I think I know who it was who swerved from the main highway of ordinary commentary to the sequestered byways among some of my favorite forgotten towns. If I am correct in my conclusions, he once was a music critic and so it would be easy for him to drift off into these lyric cadences too often eliminated from pages assigned to commentators. Boiling down the chain of events from to the present, at least from his point of view, the writer went on: There were two drawbacks: Philadelphia politicians preferred Delaware River water, and the New Jersey Legislature banned piping of water outside the state. Before Wharton bought the properties they had known the feudal barony of Jesse Richards, who had mansions In Batsto and Atco and who operated two bog iron furnaces, a glassworks, a paper mill, farms, and minor industries. These had largely gone, leaving ghost towns behind them, by the time Wharton took over. Since then the great tract has known little activity save that of workers on cranberry bogs, cottages dotting the lake at Atsion, explorations of naturalists and historians, and the rustle and tempo of abundant wildlife. To transform the Wharton tract into another Fairmount Park would be a nightmare to those who love the wilds and, even if it were part of the plan, would require many more dollars than those set aside as presumably sufficient purchase price. However, it is at this point that I catch my breath a little for unless some provision is made for maintenance of the park in the years to come, with guards and caretakers and those who will tell its wonderful story, the dream will indeed be empty. I say this parenthetically with considerable concern in knowing what could have been done long ago in smaller state parks but, as you know, has not been for lack of funds. Legacies often present problem Too often an agency, be it, state or a diocese or even a family, accept as a gift or purchase reasonably an estate or a big house only to discover that moving in is one thing and staying on is something else. Even if no major improvements are undertaken for some time to come, guards and guides will have to be provided – guards to prevent ravishment of pulp lands such as has been experienced already even on private property adjacent to the Wharton tract, guides who will know and be able to tell the colorful story of the park in a way that will take history out of its moth balls. Custodians of historic sites are in most instances earnest people but time and again they affect an air of boredom or show themselves to be annoyed by questions they cannot answer. All of It gets back to the same thing – funds were provided for acquisition of this site and that park but funds for maintenance with suitable personnel have not been forthcoming. I say this almost in a whisper

for I have long advocated the purchase of the Wharton lands by the state, if for no other reason than to preserve what remains as compared to what there used to be when I first began wandering across and through and around the Wharton lands more than 20 years ago. Some of my most memorable adventures have had their background there, along the little rivers " and there are more than the two named in the commendable editorial along the unsung roads that preceded ribbons of concrete in days when shovels and axes were taken along for safe passage, and along the swamps and cedar water that give a strange and clinging perfume to every season of the year. It has been given to me to talk with men and women who knew Joe Wharton and I have written down recurrently what other men and women have told me about the forges and furnaces of the Richards empire which before that was the empire of Charles Read, intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, collector of the Port of Burlington, secretary of the province, speaker of the Assembly, member of the council, justice of the Supreme Court, colonel of the militia and commissioner to treat with the Indians " Mrs. Read was a Creole, daughter of a planter in Antigua. And so, in the land of Joe Mulliner, the Refugee who was hanged in Burlington and taken to property of his wife now in the Wharton holdings, I have been steeped in the atmosphere of Atsayunk of the Atsiyonks now Atsion and the Mordecai Swamp where a pile of cannon balls are said to have sunk to China by now. The magnificent old houses assigned to the forge masters at Taunton, Atsion and Batsto, as well as the old store, long closed among its Batsto memories of merchant craft that dared the river, have lost a little more than face. At Atsion the mansion whose portico is supported by pillars of Jersey iron is used for storing materials of the Wharton Estate, inasmuch as the estate manager lives nearby. The mansion at Pleasant Mills, not far from the little Methodist Church dedicated by Francis Asbury, is maintained in good order inasmuch as the Lippincotts of Philadelphia publishing fame, use it as a sylvan retreat " they, you see, are descendants of the Whartons. Aunt Hattie, God rest her sweet soul, taught school at Harrisville where there was a town, now recalled in broken walls and cellar holes on the road down from Chatsworth, a road I like to travel late in May or early in June when the Jersey cactus or prickly pear decks the Indian grass with yellow bell like flowers. I have thought aloud for Arthur Sooy of Green Bank, spoke up. Once he fell asleep in the chair and some of those who were in the store pried the oyster shells and ate the oysters inside. When Billy woke up and reached for what he thought he was going to enjoy, he found the oyster shells empty. Jackie told me long ago that Joe, once a mayor of Philadelphia, operated boats that plied from the Virginia Capes to Rhode Island. Steamers loaded up and brought fish to the factories for whatever factory men were paying. Now Leon Is part of the Green Bank tree farm of the state which, already state property, will concentrate its routines nearer Trenton. The nursery once was Sooy land and was taken over by the state in a mixup that involved debts and politics. There must be those who will guard the placid lives who always have lived in the woodlands " the mossies who gather sphagnum, the little mills that make shingles in old-fashioned ways, the berry pickers never at a loss to find ways to make a modest living at any season of the year, the men and women and children who gather and color pine-cones, and all the rest. Later on, when, more details of the prospective park purchase are more certain, I will tell you of the descendants of titans of early industries who, as resourceful giants of the forest themselves, will be memorialized in a new and seemingly limitless state park. Transcribed by Ben Ruset. The Star Ledger requests that you do not copy, retransmit, or link directly to this article. Please link to our homepage at [http:](http://)

Chapter 4 : Forgotten USA | Ghost Towns in

All the little towns that are and once were in the Pinelands are examined. The folklore and Anyone who explores the Pines needs to read this book. Beck is "the man" when it comes to history of our South Jersey playground.

Chapter 5 : New Jersey - Small Abandoned Buildings

Listings and mapped view of all the Ghost Towns.

Chapter 6 : Ghost Towns " blog.quintoapp.com

This 19th century town was the halfway point of the Morris Canal which ran from Jersey City to Phillipsburg. It was a popular overnight stop along the route from New York to Pennsylvania. To accommodate the canal workers a small city was built with an inn, general store, church, blacksmith's shop and watermill.

Chapter 7 : - Forgotten Towns of South N Jer by Beck

Hello folks. Hopefully y'all have a fast enough connection and enough computer memory to watch this. This is a video of the tide going out, I believe, filmed from inside the Landing Restaurant at Newport Landing, in Downe Township, Cumberland County.

Chapter 8 : Small Town Adventures: Los Feliz Los Angeles Magazine

To contact Abandoned But Not Forgotten please e-mail us at abnfco@blog.quintoapp.com with any questions or submissions you may want to contribute to the site. Sign my Guestbook View my Guestbook Check out our Forums.

Chapter 9 : Forgotten Towns of Southern New Jersey by Henry Charlton Beck

Iron production started in New Jersey with the construction of the Tinton Falls furnace in Entrepreneurs subsequently established furnaces in North Jersey, smelting ore mined in nearby mountains. The land in South Jersey, largely pine and cedar forests, could not sustain subsistence agriculture.