

REVOLUTIONARY
REMINISCENCES
OF
CAMDEN COUNTY,

(Originally part of "Old Gloucester,")

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

John Clement
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S. CHEW, PRINTER, FRONT AND MARKET STREETS.
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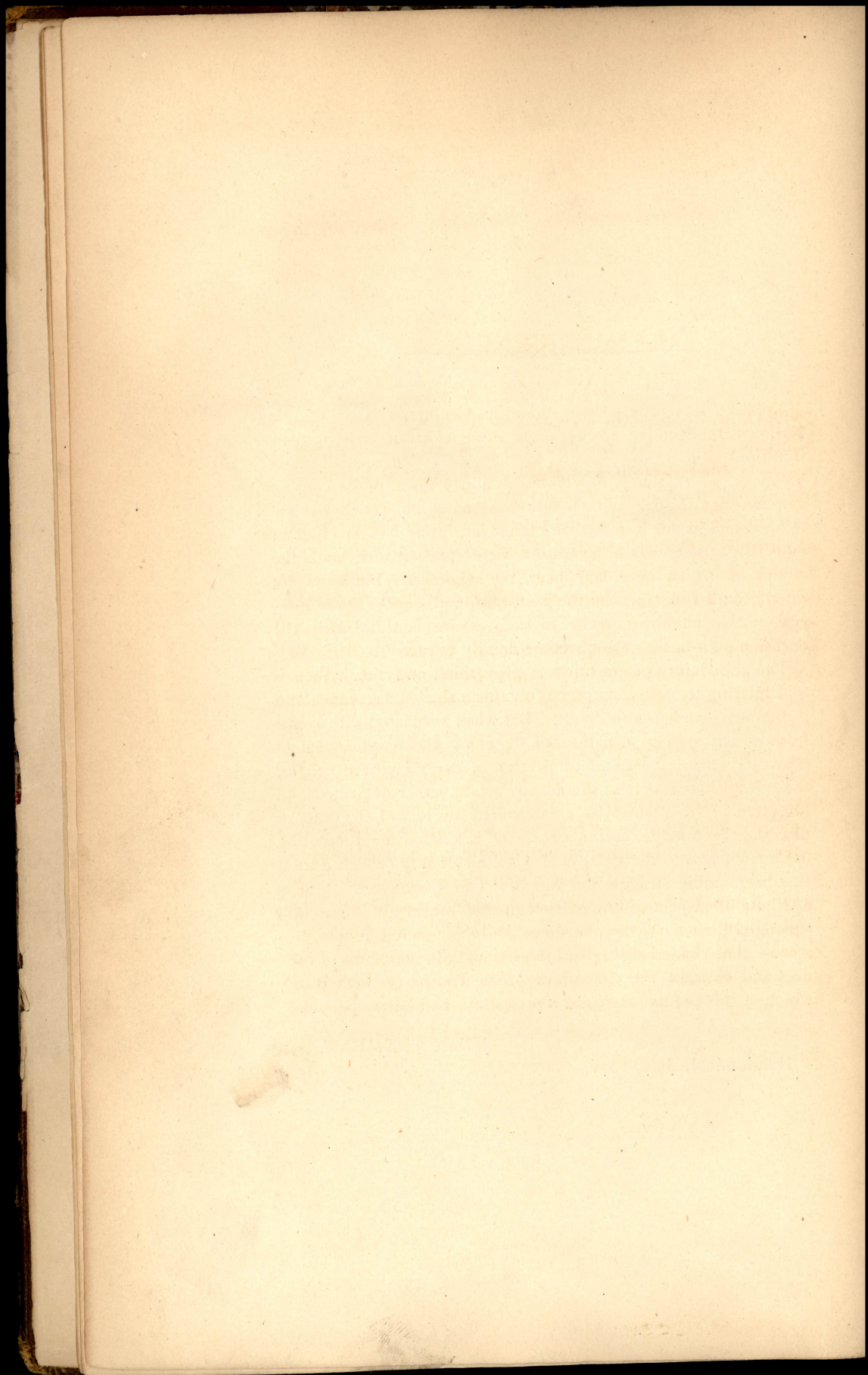
July 1876

There is a propriety in this, the Centennial year of our National Independence, in making some effort to save the few traditions and stories relating to the war which secured these blessings, so that they may be read and known of by coming generations. Vague and uncertain as many are, yet they relate to an epoch in our history that cannot but interest every citizen; especially those whose ancestors were participants, and the scenes of which were laid near their homes. Incidents are often grouped together by the historian, and hence to the general reader unknown, while to such as are familiar with the occasion and locality they become doubly attractive.

The uncertainty of tradition is proverbial, and much that is told relating to past occurrences obtains a shade of romance and is often surrounded with doubt. But when associated with events from which sprung a nation of freemen, whose advancement commands the respect and admiration of every civilized people, those traditions and tales should not be altogether neglected and forgotten. No attempt at arrangement in regard to date or place has been made, and no apology is offered for presenting these few pages to the citizens of Camden county (which during that memorable struggle was part of "Old Gloucester,") but as a tribute of respect to the patriotism and bravery of those who "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," to a cause that yielded such great results, and also as a link to connect and contrast the dark days of the revolution with those, which at this present surround a prosperous and happy people.

JOHN CLEMENT.

Haddonfield, July, 1876.



REMINISCENCES.

TWO days before the Declaration of Independence was made by the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, the assembled delegates of the Colony of New Jersey, at Burlington, published a Constitution.

In the preamble to that document it was declared "That all authority claimed by the King of Great Britain over the Colonies was, by compact, derived from the people, and held of them for the common interests of the whole society ;

"That allegiance and protection are in the nature of things reciprocal ties, each equally depending upon the other and liable to be dissolved by the other being refused or withdrawn ;

"That the King of Great Britain has refused protection to the good people of these colonies, by assenting to sundry acts of the Parliament—has made war upon them for no other cause than asserting their just rights ; hence all civil authority under him is necessarily at an end, and a dissolution of government has taken place. And also, the more effectually to unite the people and to enable them to exert their whole force in their own necessary defence ; and as the honorable, the Continental Congress, the Supreme Council of the American colonies, has advised us to adopt such government as will best conduce to our happiness and safety, and the well-being of America generally ;

“ We, the representatives of the Colony of New Jersey, having been elected by all the counties in the freest manner, and in Congress assembled, have, after mature deliberation, agreed upon a set of charter rights and the form of a Constitution.”

In doing this the people of New Jersey showed themselves fully in earnest and determined to join with the other Colonies, under direction of the Continental Congress, to throw off their allegiance to the king of Great Britain. The delegates to that Convention from the county of Gloucester (now the counties of Gloucester, Atlantic and Camden,) were JOHN SPARKS, JOHN COOPER, ELLJAH CLARK, JOSEPH HUGG and JOSEPH ELLIS—good and true men, faithfully representing the people. There was no hesitation in their action, nor indecision in their purpose. The reasons for such step were clearly, firmly, yet respectfully, expressed, and they were willing to trust to their own strong arms to accomplish the end sought for.

The county of Gloucester, extending, as it originally did, from the Delaware river to the Atlantic ocean, was oftener the scene of military operations than any other in the Province. Fronting on the river for several miles above and below Philadelphia, which city was always regarded as a strategic point, and generally occupied by one or the other party during the war, “the ferries,” now Camden and Gloucester cities, and Red Bank as well, became of necessity out-posts to that place. On account of the disaffection of the inhabitants, small bodies of soldiers were sent into the country from these points to watch their movements and prevent surprise; availing but little, however, as escape into the forests and swamps was too easy for those they were in search of.

On the seaboard, also, the Great and Little Egg Harbor rivers were a means of transportation and travel soon

brought into use, and many incidents relating to the great struggle occurred upon and near those streams.

In the early part of the year 1778 General ANTHONY WAYNE was sent with a body of soldiers into the lower counties of New Jersey to collect cattle and horses for the Continental army. His movements were a source of much trouble to the British commander, who had his headquarters in Philadelphia ; and Colonel STIRLING was detached with one of the best regiments in the service, more to watch than to give him battle. Part of the command, under Major SIMCOE, proceeded as far as Haddonfield, while the balance remained near Cooper's ferry, where it had crossed the river. SIMCOE occupied the main street with his troops, sending a portion to destroy some tar in barrels near Timber creek, and another small body to seize a lot of rum on the Egg Harbor road, east of the village. The approach of General WAYNE from towards Mount Holly caused Colonel STIRLING to recall Major SIMCOE, who left the town in the night for Cooper's ferry, marching through a storm of sleet and rain, much complained of by his soldiers and himself. But little time, however, was allowed for rest, as the aggressive policy of General WAYNE became so evident, that the next day found Colonel STIRLING's force on the defensive.

ISAAC MICKLE, Esq., in his "REMINISCENCES OF OLD GLOUCESTER," has the best version of this encounter, and which is here closely followed. "The next day a sharp skirmish ensued between the Spicer's ferry bridge, over Cooper's creek (now at the end of Market street) and where the Camden Academy (corner of Sixth and Market streets) now stands. Fifty men picked out of the Forty-second and the Rangers, having been sent three or four miles up the direct road to Haddonfield for some remaining forage, were met by WAYNE's cavalry and forced to

retreat to the ferry. The Americans followed to the very cordon of the enemy. The British were drawn up in the following order: The Forty-second on the right, Colonel MARKHAM in the centre, and the Queen's Rangers on the left, with their left flank resting on Cooper's creek. Captain KERR and Lieutenant WICKHAM were in the meanwhile embarking their men to Philadelphia, as the Americans seemed disposed only to reconnoitre.

"Colonel MARKHAM's detachment and the horses also started across the river. At that moment a barn within the cordon was fired, and the Americans, taking this as evidence that but few were left on the eastern shore, drove in the pickets. The Forty-second moved forward in line and the Rangers in column by companies, the sailors drawing some three pound cannon. A few Americans appearing on the Waterford side of Cooper's creek, Captain ARMSTRONG, with a company of grenadiers, was ordered to line a dyke on this side to watch them.

"Upon the right, in the neighborhood of the Academy and the Hicksite meeting house, a heavy fire was kept up by the Forty-second upon the main body of the Americans, who were in the woods along the Haddonfield road. The Rangers on the left, toward the creek, only had to oppose a few scattered cavalry who were reconnoitering. As SIMCOE advanced rapidly to gain an eminence in front, which he conceived to be a strong, advantageous position (about the crossing of the Camden and Amboy and the Camden and Atlantic railroads, formerly Dogwoodtown) the cavalry retired to the woods, except one officer, who reined back his horse and facing the Rangers as they dashed on, slowly waved his sword for his attendants to retreat. The English light infantry came within fifty yards of him, when one of them called out, "You are a brave fellow, but you must go away." The undaunted

officer, paying no attention to the warning, one McGill, afterwards a quartermaster, was ordered to fire at him. He did so, and wounded the horse, but the rider was unscathed, and soon joined his comrades in the woods a little way off.

The brave man here mentioned was Count PULASKI, spoken of in another part of this sketch, having command of the cavalry, and who might have been made a prisoner if the huzzars had not previously been sent to Philadelphia. He lived, however, to do signal service in the cause of liberty, and died from a wound received in battle, to be gratefully remembered by every American citizen.

So persistent were the efforts of the Americans to drive their enemies from about Cooper's ferries that a series of entrenchments were thrown up, extending from the creek westerly toward the river, and the timber thereabouts was so cut as to obstruct the movements of troops coming from the interior. The position was also protected by the cannon of vessels lying in the river, and which saved the abandonment of the place.

During the residence of General WASHINGTON in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, he frequently crossed the river to enjoy the pure air of the country. On one occasion he passed over on horseback, the ice being strong enough for wagons and sleds, and rode along the old Cooper ferry road, leading towards Burlington, where he met a resident of Camden who knew him. They recognized each other, and near by was a Dutchman, a Hessian deserter, who said, "I tink I have seen your face before; vat ish your name?" The General drew up his horse and replied, "My name is GEORGE WASHINGTON." Half frightened out of his wits the poor Dutchman exclaimed: "Oh, mine Gott, I vish I was unter te ice. I vish I vas unter te ice. Oh, mine Gott!" The General

assured him no harm was done and started away with a smile upon his countenance.

In these rides he sometimes examined the earthworks thrown up during the war, reflecting, doubtless, that the end of the conflict brought peace and freedom to his native land. These incidents are but a few of the many lost to the present generation, often told by garrulous lips to those already passed away, who scarcely heeded their interest, and hence they are lost to us who would gladly cherish them now.

“Vain is the wish, since other cares demand
Each vacant hour, and in another clime,
But still the willing harp invites my hand,
Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time.”

Haddonfield is one of the old towns of West New Jersey. In 1681 the Legislature passed an act for the laying out of a public highway from Burlington to Salem, to be one hundred feet wide. This was simply following the Indian trail from the one point to the other, perhaps straightening the same in a few places, and fixing the spots where bridges should be built across the streams. Being near Philadelphia, the village was exposed to more than ordinary danger from marauding parties of soldiers and other dishonest hangers-on about an army. The inhabitants were never secure with their horses and cattle, and their growing crops fell an easy prey to stragglers from the camps.

The house is still standing (now occupied by George W. Stillwell as a temperance hotel,) where the Legislature sat for a short time, as that body had no abiding place on account of the active movements of the British troops. The “Council of Safety” was organized in the same house March 18, 1777. This body was created by an act of the Council and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, entitled, “An Act for investing the Governor

and a Council, consisting of twelve, with certain powers therein mentioned, for a limited time." The gentlemen selected were: John Cleves Symmes, William Patterson, Nathaniel Scudder, Theophilus Elmer, Silas Condict, John Hart, John Mehelm, Samuel Neick, John Combe, Caleb Camp, Edmund Wetherby, Benjamin Manning.

Governor WILLIAM LIVINGSTON was president of the board, and appears to have given the business relating thereto his special attention, as he was present at nearly all the meetings. Like the Legislature, this body was driven from place to place, always avoiding the enemy, however, and preserving their documents and the minutes of their proceedings. These consisted of five volumes, and by an act of the Legislature, in 1872, they were collected and printed in one book—creditable alike to the liberality of the Legislature as they are interesting to the people.

The Council had power to arrest persons suspected of attachment to the royal cause; to try them, and imprison such as gave "aid and comfort thereto." In doing this, the military power was frequently called upon, and, in fact, a strong guard attended them on all occasions.

This body remained at Haddonfield only a few days after the organization, as, on the 26th of March, it was convened at Bordentown, Burlington county, but returned to Haddonfield on May 10th. Afterwards it sat at Morristown and Princeton, and September 5th, again at Haddonfield. Here it remained until the 25th of the same month, when a meeting was held at Burlington, and after that period in various towns in the northern part of the State until the act was repealed. Much valuable information may be gathered from the minutes of their proceedings, and of which the present generation has no knowledge.

Two guard-houses were necessary to the safe keeping

of such as were under arrest, one of which still stands, opposite to the place of their deliberations, now occupied by ZEBEDEE I. TOMPKINS, and the other recently owned and occupied by Dr. I. W. HEULINGS. A frame shop adjoining the last mentioned building was burned by the British troops during the war, intended as a beginning to a general conflagration in that part of the village, but stopped through the efforts of the residents.

The Friends' Meeting House, (now down) the largest building in the town, was occupied by both parties as a hospital, and many evidences of such use remained until the house was removed. The advantages of room and ventilation which this building afforded made it a desirable place to care for the sick and wounded, strangely contrasting with the purposes for which it was built. In the place where sat those who professed and practiced non-resistance and passive obedience were found others whose weapons had been wet with the blood of their fellow creatures; and where often was heard the voice of persuasion and love, inviting to repentance and peace, sounded the harsh commands of military authority, mingled with the clash of arms and the rush of angry men.

The last encampment of the Hessian troops under Count DUNOP, before the battle of Red Bank, was in Had-donfield. It was across the street near the residence of JOHN GILL (where now stands the dwelling of JOHN GILL, Esq.,) extending some distance into the fields. In this house DUNOP had his headquarters, and although the owner was an elder among Friends, yet the urbanity and politeness of the German soldier so won upon him that he was kindly remembered ever after.

This body of troops moved from Philadelphia, about twelve hundred strong, on the evening of October 21st.

The inhabitants suffered from the depredations of the common soldiers, who wantonly destroyed or carried off their property and endangered their lives. This conduct aroused the people, and did much to strengthen the American cause. In reply to a letter from Lord CORNWALLIS, inquiring if money and stores could be sent to prisoners captured at Trenton, General WASHINGTON said, no molestation would be offered to the convoy by any part of the regular army under his command, but he would not answer for the militia, who were resorting to arms in most parts of the State, and were exceedingly exasperated at the treatment they had met with from both the Hessian and British troops.

In a letter from Postmaster HAZZARD to a friend, he says, "These rascals plunder all, indiscriminately. If they see anything they like, they say: "Rebel good for Hesse-mans," and seize upon it for their own use. They have no idea of the distinctions between the Whig and Tory."

The presence of an officer in a house was the only protection against their depredations, and every family sought one, with the promise of good entertainment, free of charge. These troops regarded the American people as semi-barbarous, and to destroy their property was only doing the king's service.

Fort Mercer was evidently of much importance in a military point of view, and the commander-in-chief was solicitous of its being garrisoned by American troops, when the movements of the enemy seemed tending towards Philadelphia. This may well be inferred from the letter addressed by him to Colonel GREEN, the commander of the detachment, who so gallantly defended that place, in which he seeks to impress upon him the importance of the duty he was about to discharge, and what

may be expected of him by his superior in authority, and the country.

WASHINGTON'S letter of instructions to Colonel GREEN is full of interest. He says: "Sir, I have directed General VARNUM to send your regiment and that of Colonel ANGELL'S, to Red Bank, by a route which has been marked out to him. The command of that detachment will, of course, devolve on you, with which you will proceed with all expedition, and throw yourself into that place. When you arrive there, you will immediately communicate your arrival to Colonel SMITH, commander of the garrison at Fort Mifflin, and Commodore HAYZLEWOOD, commander of the fleet in the river. You are to co-operate with them in every measure necessary for the defence of the obstructions in the river, and to counteract every attempt the enemy may make for their removal. You will find a very good fortification at Red Bank; but if anything should be requisite to render it stronger, or proportion it to the size of your garrison, you will have it done. The cannon you will stand in need of, as much as can be spared, will be furnished from the galleys at Fort Mifflin from whence you will also derive supplies of military stores. I have sent Captain DUPLESSIS with some officers and men to take the immediate direction of the artillery for your garrison. He is also to superintend any works that may be necessary. If there be any deficiency of men for the artillery, the security of the garrison will require you to assist them in the few additional ones from your detachment. You should not lose a moment's time in getting to the place of your destination and making every preparation for its defence. Any delay might give the enemy an opportunity of getting there before you, which could not fail of being most fatal in its consequences. If in the progress of your march you should fall in with any

detachment of the enemy, bending towards the same object, and likely to gain it before you, and from intelligence should have reason to think yourself equal to the task, you will by all means attack them and endeavor by that means to disappoint their design.

"I have written to General NEWCOMB, of the Jersey militia, to give you all the aid in his power, for which you will accordingly apply when necessary. Upon the whole, sir, you will be pleased to remember that the post with which you are now intrusted is of the utmost importance to America, and demands every exertion of which you are capable for its security and defence. The whole defence of the Delaware absolutely depends upon it; and, consequently, all the enemy's hopes of keeping Philadelphia and finally succeeding in the object of the present campaign.

"Influenced by these considerations, I doubt not your regard to the service and your own reputation will prompt you to every possible effort to accomplish the important end of your trust, and frustrate the intentions of the enemy."

"Given at Headquarters this 7th day of October, 1777."

Before day-light on the morning of October 22d, 1777, the Hessians left Haddonfield, but as the American guards (in anticipation of their movements) had destroyed the lower bridge over Timber creek, they were forced to cross by one about four miles above, by reason of which delay they did not reach the fort until nearly noon. That point was at or near the present Clement's bridge, and where in their retreat two brass field pieces were thrown into the stream.

The sad defeat that followed, and the death of their commanding officer, completely demoralized them, and

they returned in detached bodies, begging shelter and food of those they had so badly treated. The transportation of the wounded caused much trouble, and as a detachment approached Haddonfield, a farmer living near the road was, with his horse and cart, pressed into their service to carry some that were unable to walk further. The appearance of armed men so terrified the farmer that he neglected to fasten down the front part of his vehicle, and when rising a hill near the village the weight of the men was thrown on the back of the cart, and all were pitched headlong into the road. The swearing of the soldiers in Dutch, and the protestations of the farmer in English, made things no better; but after many threats the vehicle was properly secured and the journey completed, much, no doubt, to the comfort of all concerned. Becoming better acquainted with the people, and finding the country much in need of settlers, many deserted and remained, afterward becoming thrifty people and good citizens.

A Scotch regiment had their winter encampment near the centre of Haddonfield, whose soldierly deportment made them many friends. The boys of the village soon initiated themselves into the good graces of the soldiers, and carried on a thriving trade by exchanging game for powder—an article very scarce among the inhabitants during the war. The men of this regiment wore the Highland dress and their uniform attracted much attention, being the first seen by the people hereabouts. They were men of large frame and well developed, conducting themselves in a proper manner, thus contrasting favorably with other parts of the army sometimes in this region of country.

In a house then standing on the easterly side of the Main street, and opposite Tanner street, resided ROBERT

BLACKWELL, D. D., an Episcopal clergyman, who was a chaplain in the American army during the war, and followed its fortunes through the entire struggle. He married Rebecca, a daughter of JOSEPH HARRISON, Esq., of Gloucester town. After the war he removed with his family to Philadelphia, and had charge of one of the churches in that city. His private register of baptisms, marriages and deaths in his parish may be seen in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania—a curious and valuable book.

A few years previous (1765) there also resided in the village NATHANIEL EVANS, A. M., a missionary of the same church, appointed by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, of London. He went to England for the purpose of finishing his collegiate course, and while there was admitted into holy orders by the Rev. Dr. TERRICK, Lord Bishop of London. He was a man of education and fine literary attainments, leaving at his death (1767) a manuscript volume of poems, which was afterwards published. He had charge of the churches at Gloucester and Colestown, and was much respected in the community.

The old church at Colestown is among the few buildings of the Revolution left among us. Its history dates many years before that time, and in the yard surrounding this ancient structure lay the remains of many persons who figured in that contest. Although standing beside the king's highway, and where the contending armies often passed, yet it was not injured nor in any way desecrated. Services no doubt were frequently held there, and while on one occasion the chaplains of the king prayed for the overthrow of the rebellion; yet upon another and from the same desk would be heard the petitions of those ask-

ing the success of the American cause, and that wisdom be given to the Continental Congress.

As it stood in those days so it stands at the present. Kept in substantial repair, the old building presents its original form, and as it appeared when first set apart for its sacred uses so it has remained. The pulpit, the chancel, and the rude, uncushioned benches may now be looked upon as seen and used by the soldiers of the war for independence, and those of a government seeking the more to oppress the people.

“Stern chiefs no more their crimson’d blades shall wield,
Nor deadly thunders bellow o’er the field ;
No drum shall animate the soldier’s breast,
Nor piercing fife arouse him from his rest ;
The trump’s shrill sounding and the clang of arms,
Shall shake the plain no more with dire alarms.”

The scene of MILES SAGE’S oft-told exploit was laid in Haddonfield. As a vidette in the regiment of Colonel ELLIS, he was frequently ordered to watch the movements of the enemy, and passed through many hair-breadth escapes of life and limb in the discharge of his duty.

The regiment before named was stationed in the village, and it was the intention of the British commander to surprise and capture it by a night attack. To accomplish this, a corps of light infantry was detached, and put in motion after dark, coming from toward Gloucester. MILES SAGE and another soldier, acting in like capacity, named CHEW, were watching their movements as best they could, but from different points, and when satisfied of their purpose, rode in great haste to inform Colonel ELLIS. CHEW, taking a shorter route, and swimming his horse across Newton creek, was the first to reach the town. The regiment was at once ordered to retreat, and left the place just as the enemy arrived.

The colonel, being a corpulent man, made but little speed, was soon left in the rear, and, but for the darkness of the night, would have been taken prisoner. His unfortunate position was in after years a source of much merriment at his expense, when his companions in arms were fighting their battles o'er again.

The intelligence brought by CHEW created great consternation in the town, and every precaution was taken to mislead the enemy by putting out the lights in the dwellings, and the families retiring to bed. A colored servant in the family of Mrs. ABIGAIL BLACKWOOD, widow of SAMUEL BLACKWOOD, then living in Tanner street was sent with the children to their room, and strictly enjoined to extinguish the candle. To gratify her curiosity, however, she placed it on the window-ledge, which attracted the attention of the soldiers, who at once surrounded and filled the house. JOHN BLACKWOOD, a son of the widow, then a lad, was captured, taken into the street and made to tell what he knew of Colonel ELLIS and his regiment. While attempting, by the light of a few torches, and surrounded by the excited soldiers, to show the direction taken by the retreating troops, MILES SAGE rode up and asked the boy very much the same question he was endeavoring to answer to others. His reply was that they had gone "some one way and some another." At this moment SAGE discovered that he was in the midst of British soldiers, who, at the same time, noticed that he was an American.

SAGE at once put spurs to his horse, rode hastily into the main street and towards the northerly part of the village. He was fired upon as he vanished in the darkness, but escaped until he reached the upper hotel, where his horse was wounded and fell to the ground. Before SAGE could disengage himself from the saddle he was

attacked by the guard, stabbed in various places about his body, and left for dead in the street. By order of a Scotch officer he was carried into a small building on the north side of the street, near the present Temperance House, where he was attended by a surgeon of the army. On examination, it was found he had several severe bayonet wounds, which were dressed, and he was given in charge of a few females of the village to care for him. From this place he was taken to the residence of his mother, who was paid by the State for her services as a nurse. He eventually recovered, and in his latter days was fond of recounting his many exploits during the war, among which was that just noticed.

On one occasion, while resting his horse near the brow of the hill opposite the present residence of WILLIAM MANN, Esq., Major SIMCOE heard the whistling of a rifle ball near him, and on looking around saw two persons on the opposite hill. He ordered Lieutenant WHITLOCK to take a few dragoons and capture them. These persons proved to be JOHN KAIN (brother of JOSEPH HINCHMAN'S wife) and BENJAMIN BUTLER, two young men who had secured the loan of a rifle of JOSEPH COLLINS (then living on the farm now owned by LOGAN PLUM, Esq.,) for the purpose of hunting. They had proceeded along the road as far as where JACOB DODD, Esq., now lives, from which point Major SIMCOE was plainly in view, and could not resist the temptation of shooting at a British officer. After this exploit they thought best to return to the house, when DIANA COLLINS, a daughter of JOSEPH, discovered the dragoons in pursuit and shouted to the young men to escape. KAIN turned down the creek into the swamp and evaded the soldiers, while BUTLER ran up the hill and secreted himself in the bushes, and, but for his curiosity in watching the horses and men as they passed, would

also have escaped. He, however, left his hiding place, went back into the road, was discovered, and, after a hot chase, captured. He was taken to Philadelphia; thence to the prison ships at New York and kept for a long time. Although not the guilty one, as KAIN handled the gun, yet he suffered a terrible punishment, from the effects of which his health was never fully restored. He did not return for about three years, and when he visited the spot where he had secreted himself found his hat that had been lost in the scuffle at the time.

Major SIMCOE, although a brave man, was afterwards careful not to lead the rebel experts into temptation, so far at least as his own person was concerned. Finding that General WAYNE was moving from towards Mount Holly in a manner that indicated an attack, the Rangers returned to Philadelphia, and left the territory in question to the American forces.

Mrs. ANNIE HOWELL, born in 1769, widow of Colonel JOSHUA L. HOWELL, of Fancy Hill, Gloucester county, as a child then living in Haddonfield with her mother, Mrs. ABIGAIL BLACKWOOD, had a vivid recollection of Count PULASKI. Frequently, while quartered in the village, he would appear dressed as a dragoon, wearing a tightly-fitting green jacket and buckskin breeches, mounted on a superb charger, and displaying his feats of horsemanship to the admiring soldiers. As a cavalry officer, he had no superior, and his discipline of this branch of the army made it very efficient.

He left the legal profession to become a soldier, and, with his father, engaged in the rebellion against his king in 1769. The father was captured and put to death, when the young Count became commander of the insurgents. He, with others, made an ineffectual attempt to carry off the king from Warsaw. His estates were con-

fiscated and himself outlawed. In Paris he became acquainted with Dr. FRANKLIN, who encouraged him to come to America. This he did and joined the army under WASHINGTON.

He organized a body of infantry and cavalry in the State of Maryland called Pulaski's Legion, and upon its departure from Annapolis for the Continental army, the commander was presented with a crimsoned silk banner by the Moravian Sisters, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. That act has been immortalized by the poet Longfellow, in the "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner," closing with this beautiful stanza:

"Take thy banner, and if e'er
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

In 1779, he was with General LINCOLN, in South Carolina, during the seige of Savannah, when he was mortally wounded, and died on board the United States brig Wasp. He was buried on St. Helen's Island, and Congress ordered a monument to be erected over his grave. This was not done, and even the place where his bones were laid lost sight of, and became a source of controversy for several years, until the return to America of his aid-de-camp, CHARLES LITOMINSKY, who being present at his funeral pointed out the spot. A monument has since been erected by the citizens of Georgia, at Savannah, inscribed with these lines:

"In memory of Count Cassimer Pulaski,
A native of Poland, but a
Citizen of the World."

General LAFAYETTE, frequently in the village, took much notice of ANNIE BLACKWOOD, and she never forgot him as an affable, pleasant gentleman.

The jewelry he wore about his person was her special admiration, and when in her old age she spoke of him, she never omitted to describe this part of his dress. Being a martinet in discipline, he was alike rigid in his personal appearance, which, coupled with his native taste, made him a model soldier, and the admiration of the ladies as well.

His observation of the American riflemen in battle, and where he had occasion to notice their efficient practice, soon overcome his prejudice as to their disregard of authority, finding as he became more familiar with the country that they were a useful arm in service.

PULASKI and LAFAYETTE reluctantly yielded their notions of military etiquette and discipline, but their sympathy with the cause, and desire for its success, induced them to conform to a looser code, and one which was much more acceptable to the troops.

“Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood.”

When the British army left Philadelphia, (June, 1778,) it crossed the Delaware river at Gloucester, and passed through Haddonfield in going toward New York. The great amount of material to be transported, and the number and variety of troops, made its movement very slow, as the army was four days and nights in passing through the town. Bakeries, laundries, hospitals and smith shops were on wheels, as well as boats, bridges, magazines, and medicine chests. The female camp followers were the greatest annoyance to the residents of the place. They would enter the dwellings and premises of the people, carry off such things as they might select, and if interfered with, would insult the owners by lewd conduct and obscene language. Being outside of military control, but little protection could be had from the officers in com-

mand, and they appeared a lawless and repulsive feature of the army. Cattle had to be driven to secret places. Ware and breakable furniture were generally buried in the ground, and everything eatable carefully kept out of sight.

The impossibility of keeping such a body of troops in close column, where the roads were narrow and crooked, and the country covered with forests, at once attracted the attention of WASHINGTON, and he decided to give them battle. The most vulnerable point was near Monmouth Court House, and where one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the Revolution took place; and but for the unexampled conduct of General CHARLES LEE, much of the army would have been captured and the power of the enemy destroyed.

The farmers living near the public thoroughfares were in constant danger of having their horses and cattle taken; sometimes stolen and sometimes driven away by getting with the droves of fattened stock following the armies. To guard against this a league was formed by those near Haddonfield and common cause was made for their protection.

In a low, swampy piece of timber land about two miles east of the village, on a farm now owned by JOSEPH KAY, Esq., between the Milford road and the north branch of Cooper's creek, and familiarly known as "Charleston," several acres were surrounded with a strong high fence. Whenever necessary, cattle and horses were driven here and being a secluded spot, and without roads leading thereto, it proved to be a safe place.

On one occasion, however, JACOB WINE, a man in the employ of one who was of the league, gave information to the enemy, and they at once found means to secure everything there secreted. The horses, however, in passing

along the road, near Ellisburg, were frightened, and ran into the thick forests of the deer park, which then stood on lands now owned by JOSEPH O. CUTHBERT, Esq. Here they remained for a day or so and returned to their owners.

JACOB WINE also deemed it best to follow after the cattle, and did not show himself in the neighborhood until after the war had ended, and then only for a short time, as he discovered unmistakable signs of the punishment he so well deserved for his treachery.

During the war, and while the Delaware river was occupied by the enemy's cruisers, it was with much difficulty merchandise, particularly groceries, could be had in Philadelphia. Smuggling was considered as legitimate trade, and every means was made use of to circumvent the revenue officers. Vessels of light draught could navigate Mullica's river, (which divides Burlington from Atlantic county, and falls into the ocean a few miles south of Tuckerton) to a point some distance from the sea, and generally known as "The Forks of Egg Harbor."

Here barrels of sugar and molasses, bags of coffee, boxes of tea, puncheons of rum, and various other articles of trade, were taken on shore, placed upon wagons and hauled across the country, passing through Haddonfield on the way to a profitable market in the city. The ingenuity of the teamsters was taxed, and many by-ways and roads sought out to avoid detection; and when loaded wagons were heard in the night coming from towards the shore, the people of the village knew that goods contraband of war were being transported. Almost every swamp along the route had its secret places of deposit, and the loyalty of the people to the American cause aided much in making this kind of trade successful.

Numberless traditions, having their origin in this part

of the history of the Revolutionary struggle as connected with West Jersey, are yet talked over among the old folks in the region where they transpired, some of which have been made to "point a story and adorn a tale." One hundred years have wrought many changes in that section, and even the "Old Fork Road," which was the common highway between the points, has nearly lost its identity, and in a few more decades it will be forgotten.

The right exercised by each colony, as well as the Continental Congress, to issue paper money produced much distress among the people. This system flooded the country with a worthless currency, and unsettled values to a remarkable extent. No better evidence of this need be had than an examination of the moneys appropriated by Newton township (of which Haddonfield was then a part) during the war.

In the year 1776, the sum of fifty pounds was ordered to be raised by a town meeting for the support of the poor; in 1778, five hundred and eighty pounds, and in the year 1780, the sum of four thousand pounds for the same purpose—showing the rapid depreciation of the currency, and which, in the end, became entirely worthless. Those who believed the government had the ability or intention of making the paper promises good, suffered much financially, and eventually discovered that they were possessed of large amounts of trash, not worth the paper upon which their pretended value was printed. A few stories have come down to the present generation showing how real estate was purchased and paid for in colonial or continental money, which led to the ruin of many families, before in affluent circumstances.

The people of Haddonfield were once exercised over the arrest of a negro, suspected of being a spy, and having knowledge of the movements of the enemy. He

refused to answer questions looking to that end, and a novel means was used to overcome his reticence. A rope was put about his neck and thrown over a limb of a large buttonwood tree then standing in front of the residence of BENJAMIN W. BLACKWOOD, M. D., deceased, and the poor fellow raised clear of the ground until he was nearly dead. On being let down he denied the accusations and knowledge as persistently as before, and was again suspended and let down, but with the same results. Fearing that such treatment might prove fatal, he was finally allowed to take his departure, which he most effectually did, and was never seen again in this region; being convinced that the remedy for discovering facts was severe, especially in the case of one who had none to disclose.

The old tavern house, where sat the Colonial Legislature and the Council of Safety, has associated with it another interesting character. Soon after the war of independence had ended, and before the colonies entered into the Federal compact, the house was kept by HUGH CREIGHTON, whose descendants or family name have not been known in this region for many years. A frequent visitor at his house, and a relative, was a young lady who resided in Philadelphia. Her maiden name was DORATHA PAYNE, a daughter of JOHN PAYNE. She was born in North Carolina in 1772, when her parents were on a visit there, they being residents at that time of Hanover county, Virginia. Her father served as a captain in the American army during the Revolutionary war, but afterwards being convinced of the religious doctrines of Friends, became a member of that society, and was among the first who had religious scruples about holding slaves. In 1786 he sold his landed estate in Virginia, and removed with his negroes to Philadelphia, where they

were all set free. The nurse of DORATHA, "Mother Amy," refused to leave her master, and remained in his family until her death, and out of her earnings gave by will five hundred dollars to her foster child. DORATHA was educated according to the opinion of Friends, and in 1791 she married JOHN TODD, a wealthy young lawyer of that city, being of the same faith and order. He died in 1793, of yellow fever, leaving her with two children. After the death of her husband she abandoned the religious faith of her parents, laid aside plainness of dress, entered fashionable society, and at once became an attractive and fascinating lady. Her presence in the village drew around her the country beaux, and more than one, even in their old age, confessed their inability to resist her charms. Their out-door parties in summer and quilting frolics in winter always found her a welcome guest, when she was the centre of attraction and admiration of all. Philadelphia was the metropolis, and where resided those administering the government, whose wives and daughters made society gay and fashionable. In this Mrs. TODD was also a conspicuous personage, and where she had many suitors. Among the delegates to Congress from Virginia was JAMES MADISON, a young lawyer of talent, and even then regarded as one of the brightest intellects of the State. His strict attention to the duties of his office prevented his making many acquaintances; but on the occasion of his introduction to the bright young widow, he fell desperately in love. This on the part of one "whose attainments were in advance of his years" lead to considerable gossip among the ladies, and made him the point of many jokes and other pleasantries with the heads of government—even to President WASHINGTON, who appreciated his worth and abilities.

In 1794, DOROTHA TODD, generally known as DOLLY

TODD, became DOLLY MADISON, and the wife of a future President of the United States. In 1801, her husband was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. JEFFERSON, and he removed to Washington City, then little better than a wilderness. They remained there until 1817, at the close of the second term of Mr. MADISON'S presidency, and then went to Montpelier, Virginia, upon his paternal estate.

Soon after the decease of her husband, in 1836, she returned to the national capital, and remained until her death in 1849. In her exalted position she never forgot her friends about Haddonfield, nor the many pleasant days she had spent among the people there. Some of her old admirers sought honorable promotion at the hands of her husband during his administration, which claims were strengthened by her influence, and led to success.

She survived nearly all her contemporaries, and in her declining years was honored with a seat on the floor of the House of Representatives, where she commanded the respect of the great men of the nation. She would always relate the pleasant reminiscences of her early life to those presented to her as residents of West New Jersey—making inquiry concerning the old families, some of whom, however, have at this day scarcely a representative left.

Another person indetified with the Revolutionary war, and for the most of his life a resident of Old Gloucester County, should not pass unnoticed. This was RICHARD SNOWDEN, born of English parents in the year 1753, who, with his father's family, came to New Jersey when quite a young man, having been carefully educated at home. He first settled at Burlington, but soon came into this county as a private tutor and here remained the most of his life. For several years he had charge of the Friends' school in Haddonfield, then at Gloucester (now

Gloucester City) and finally removed to Woodbury, where he engaged in mercantile business. He died in Philadelphia in 1825. He was a man of good literary attainments, and author of a history of the Revolutionary war, written in the style of the Sacred Scriptures; also a poem called the "Columbiad," relating to the same events, and also a history of America from the discovery to the death of General WASHINGTON. He took great interest in the struggle of the American people against the oppression of the mother country, but being a Quaker he could not consistently bear arms, yet did much with his pen and personal influence toward the success of the cause. Some of his descendants reside in the county of Camden, respectable and influential citizens.

Among those who enlisted in the service from the neighborhood of Haddonfield, and who are remembered by some of those now living, were JOHN STAFFORD, JAMES B. COOPER and JOHN MAPES. The first named was a tall, well-built man, and selected for his soldierly bearing as one of WASHINGTON's body guard. At the battle of Germantown, while serving in the artillery, he was badly wounded in the thigh, and disabled for active service thereafter. JAMES B. COOPER and JOHN MAPES were members of HENRY LEE's partisan corps of light dragoons, which did much signal service during the war. When fighting their battles over they always spoke in the highest terms of "LIGHT-HORSE HARRY," their commander. After the war had closed, the first of these entered the merchant service, and commanded several ships out of the port of Philadelphia, and on the breaking out of the war in 1812, accepted a position in the navy, and was promoted to the rank of post-captain before his death. He lived in Haddonfield for many years, and was remarkably correct in his remembrance of the incidents touching the war of independence.

JOHN MAPES settled a few miles from the place, and took much pleasure in conversing about the "Old War," as he called it. He was a genial, pleasant man; wore a broad-brimmed hat, with his long clay pipe twisted in the band, never passing an opportunity for using it. His familiar salutation of "My darling fellow," whenever he met a friend, is yet remembered among the people, whether it was at a public gathering or by his own fireside. Not having much of this world's goods, and living to a ripe old age, the pension allotted him by Congress was the means of making him comfortable in his latter days.

Many other persons in this section, whose names are forgotten, joined the various corps connected with the army, and served faithfully through the war, contending against great odds in a cause for which they pledged their lives, and many their entire estates. Outside the village there is scarcely a farm house near the king's road, and where the army passed, without some reminiscence connected with the Revolutionary war, and almost every neighborhood in New Jersey is associated with that contest in a greater or less degree; but the lapse of time and the gradual passing away of those who lived in "the days that tried men's souls," have lost to the present generation very many of those interesting incidents. The recurrence, however, of the hundredth year from the Declaration of Independence brings to mind all the vague and well-nigh forgotten stories told by our grandsires, and worthy to be handed down to such as may follow, even to the second coming of the great anniversary.

As about Cooper's ferries, so at Gloucester, the enemy was under the constant surveillance of the American soldiers. The vessels of war generally laying below the city, finding better anchorage and deeper waters, made this point more

secure for crossing troops and stores from one side of the river to the other, hence any important movement on the part of the English would be foreshadowed by the greater activity noticeable thereabouts.

The leading families in the neighborhood were strongly imbued with the spirit of liberty, and no opportunity passed for giving information that would advantage the Continental cause. To insure protection the enemy's pickets were kept on and along the king's road, which crossed Little Timber creek at a tavern called the "Two Tuns," kept by an old lady known as Aunty High Cap. The road extending southerly passed close in front of the Browning homestead, and over Big Timber creek, where the old bridge formerly stood. Going northerly from the old tavern it went near the former residence of JONATHAN ATKINSON, deceased, and through Mount Ephraim toward Haddonfield. The section of country lying between this old road and the river was the scene of many encounters, numberless reconnoissances and much strategy, and traditions are still remembered touching their purpose and success, while others are lost sight of and forgotten. All of these grew out of the unceasing vigilance of the people toward their common enemy. "Aunty High Cap's" was the hostelry where the British officers most did congregate, where military rank and discipline were laid aside, and where the feast of reason and the flow of soul was most enjoyed. Away from the rigor of camp duty, and clear of the restraints of superior officers, full bent was given to the enjoyments of manly pastime, so fashionable in that day.

At one of these revels an officer was killed by a ball from a rifle in the hands of a man standing in the porch of the house where JONATHAN ATKINSON, deceased, formerly lived, at least a mile from the tavern, generally

regarded as accidental, but which impressed the English with the remarkable expertness of the Americans in the use of that weapon.

Following MICKLE'S "Reminiscences" again, on the 25th of November, 1777, General LAFAYETTE gave much trouble to Lord CORNWALLIS, who attempted to cross a body of troops from the Jersey side of the river. He had been encamped at Gloucester, and General GREENE lay at Hadonfield with a detachment, with orders to keep close watch on CORNWALLIS.

Anticipating trouble, the British commander had pushed out his pickets for several miles, which movement led to the suspicion that some change of base was contemplated. General LAFAYETTE, who had not yet recovered from a wound received some time before, volunteered to reconnoitre the British and attack them if advisable. His command consisted of a few dragoons, a company of riflemen and some militia, and making a circuit he crossed Clement's bridge and passed down the south side of Big Timber creek.

To inform himself as to the real position of the enemy he ventured out on the sandy peninsula south of the outlet of the creek and was discovered. A detachment of dragoons was sent to intercept him, but before it got to the bridge, by the assistance of his guide, he had joined his command. Having accomplished his purpose, the stream was crossed and he passed down between Great and Little Timber creeks, until the king's road was reached, when he found a force of Hessians with artillery posted. These were at once attacked and driven back to Gloucester, but night coming on, the advantage could not be followed up. The conduct of the riflemen attracted the attention of LAFAYETTE, and drew from him this complimentary remark: "I found these men above their reputation."

A letter from this brave man to General WASHINGTON relating to this affair is fit to be here introduced in full :

“After having spent the most part of the day in making myself well acquainted with the certainty of the enemy’s motions, I came pretty late into the Gloucester road between the two creeks. I had ten light horse, almost one hundred and fifty riflemen and two pickets of militia. Colonel ARMAND, Colonel LAUMOY, and Chevaliers, DUPLESSIS and GIMAT, were the Frenchmen with me. A scout of my men under DUPLESSIS went to ascertain how near to Gloucester were the enemy’s first pickets, and they found at a distance of two miles and a half from that place a strong post of three hundred Hessians with field-pieces, and they engaged immediately. As my little reconnoitering party were all in fine spirits I supported them. We pushed the Hessians more than half a mile from the place where their main body had been, and we made them run very fast.

“British reinforcements came twice to them, but very far from recovering their ground, they always retreated. The darkness of the night prevented us from pursuing our advantage. After standing on the ground we had gained, I ordered them to return to Haddonfield. I take great pleasure in letting you know that the conduct of our soldiers was above all praise. I never saw men so merry, so spirited and so desirous to go on to the enemy, whatever force they might have, as the small party in this little fight.”

The riflemen here named were parts of MORGAN’S corps, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel BUTLER. The militia, no doubt, carried rifles and acted as guides, yet, as opportunity offered, participated in the fight. If LAFAYETTE’S idea of distance was correct this skirmish occurred near the farm lately occupied by CHALKLEY GLOVER, Esq., de-

ceased, but possibly nearer to Gloucester, for the king's road lay between the creek, as before named, and was no doubt the base of the movement on the part of the Hessian troops. General WAYNE remained in and about Haddonfield during the winter of 1777-'78. In February, some of his men attempted to reconnoitre the enemy at Gloucester, but being attacked by a superior force made all haste back to their quarters, killing and wounding, however, many of their pursuers. The retreat was over the lower bridge of Newton creek, through the Mickle estate and towards Haddonfield by way of the old ferry road. Some of the wounded prisoners of this occasion died in the Friends' meeting house, and were buried in the northerly part of the grave yard with military honors. This kind of annoyance became so frequent that a large force was sent towards Haddonfield in the night to capture the troops laying here, and in connection with this particular affair, MILES SAGE was made the hero of the hour, and has been remembered whenever the Revolutionary reminiscences of the village have been told in song or story. He deserved this well, for the service rendered showed him to be a brave soldier, and faithful to the cause he had espoused.

Chew's Landing, a little village at the head of navigation on Timber creek, has also its Revolutionary story to be preserved. The old tavern house on the hill, now occupied as a dwelling, and remembered by the old inhabitants as the way-side inn, when traveling toward Cape May from Philadelphia, was, during the "old war," surrounded by a party of British dragoons to capture a man who had become obnoxious by reason of his activity and influence in the Continental cause. Those inside the house were surprised by the attack and retreated to the cellar to avoid the bullets being shot into the building.

Many of these bullet holes may be seen to the present day, verifying the tradition as told among those still residing in the neighborhood. This man was AARON CHEW, who, with a few companions had returned from the army, and, as they supposed, were out of harm's way. He was a staunch Whig, and by his example did much to draw the people away from their adherence to the crown. Watching their pursuers, an opportunity offered for escape, when AARON CHEW and JOSIAH ALBERTSON attempted to get across a small lot to the woods, but were seized as they passed over the fence. His companion was released, but he was taken to New York and placed in the prison ship and there kept for several months.

In these miserable hulks, crowded to excess and in the midst of filth and vermin, without ventilation or sufficient food, many died and but few got away in good health. Even after his release from that horrible place, AARON CHEW regarded it as his religious duty to do "all harm and mischief" to the royal cause and its adherents, and in his declining years was always more pointed than polite when speaking of King George, and those who held his military commissions. He survived the war, however, and lived to see his country happy and prosperous, the institutions he had helped to establish in full success, and a rising generation expressing their gratitude toward those who had staked their lives and fortunes upon so doubtful an issue.

In the year 1870 Governor Theodore F. Randolph directed Adjutant-General William S. Stryker to collect, as far as possible, a record of Jersey men who took part in the military service of the Revolutionary war; and in 1871 the Legislature made provision for the publication of the work, which was printed the next year. This is a

volume of 874 pages and a most valuable addition to the history of that period.

Although the lists are imperfect, yet it is shown that old Gloucester county furnished about eight hundred men for military service in the Revolution, and the following named officers:

Colonels—Joseph Ellis, Josiah Hillman, Israel Shreeve, Boto Otto, Samuel Tonkin, Samuel Shreeve, Robert Brown, Elijah Clark, Richard Somers, Robert Taylor.

Majors—William Ellis, Samuel Flanagan, Richard Westcoat, George Payne, Jeremiah Smith.

Adjutant—William Smith.

Paymaster—John Little.

Captains—Simon Lucas, John Davis, John Baker, Andrew Crane, Jacob Browning, Joseph Conover, John Cozens, ——— Douglas, Joseph Elwell, Santel Elwell, Joseph Estell, Felix Fisher, John Hampton, William Harrison, Richard Higbee, James Holmes, John Inskeep, Archibald Maffitt, William Maffitt, Cornelius Newkirk, John Patten, David Paul, George Pierce, William Pierce, George Purvis, Christopher Rape, Henry Shute, William Smith, Samuel Snell, John Somers, Zepheniah Steelman, John Stokes, Richard Stokebanks, James Tallman, Joseph Thorn, David Weatherby, Jehu Wood, John Wood, Alexander Mitchell.

Surgeons—Thomas Hendry, Boto Otto.

Lieutenants—John Carter, John Chatam, Enoch Leeds, Joseph McCulloch, Benjamin Weatherby, Joseph Ingersall, Edward Ireland, Samuel Matlack, Nehemiah Morse, Samuel Springer, Arthur Westcott, Aron Chew, Peter Covenhoven, Jacob Endicott, William Finch, Samuel McFarfield, Abraham Parsons, Jeremiah Risley, Henry Roe, Elijah Townsend.

Ensigns—John Adams, Joseph Avis, Elijah Barrett,

Japhet Clark, John Dilks, Ebenezer Estell, Daniel Frazer, Daniel Hooper, Benjamin Inskeep, Cornelius McCollom, Joseph Morrel, Nathaniel Supple, David Stillwell, John Tilton.

Sargeants—Abraham Bennett, William Campbell, Patrick McCollum, John Reed, Richard Sayre, Jacob Spencer, James Tomlin.

Many others were employed as express riders, quartermasters, artificers, armorers, barrack masters, commissaries, forage masters, wagon masters and teamsters. Others were in the navy and some were employed in small vessels as watchmen along the coast.

Among these will be found names familiar to the present generation, and the ancestors of those who know but little of the many privations and dangers attendant upon the war that secured the independence of the United States of America.