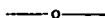


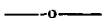
**Revolutionary Fragments,
Morris County, N. J.**

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS,

MORRIS COUNTY, N. J.



BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, D.D.,



Originally Published in the "Newark Daily Advertiser,"
1850.

Republished in "The Jerseyman," Morristown, N. J.,
1896.



MORRISTOWN, N. J. :
PRINTED AT "THE JERSEYMAN" OFFICE.
1896.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 1.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

In our boasts of American patriotism, as shown in the great struggle of '76, we are too apt to think of the great names which are prominently recorded in history. Such names as Washington, Jefferson, Green, Lafayette, Kosciusko, are likely to draw all the attention, whilst others, equally meritorious in the self-denial and endurance of those times, receive no mention whatever, except from a few at home in whose memories the history, altogether traditional, is engraved. We ought not to complain of the honor done to those great men, but we may regret that private friendship has not rescued from oblivion numerous thrilling anecdotes of ancestors who did not occupy such a position as to ensure remembrance. The day for doing this has well nigh passed, and what we do must be done quickly, since these traditions are now becoming fainter every year.

These thoughts pained us, not long since, in meeting a large circle of relations assembled after the burial of an octogenarian. The conversation turned on the various scenes through which she must have passed. Eighty-six years of pilgrimage, and at such a period! Nor was this all. She was born and lived the most of her time in New Jersey, the battle-field of the Revolution. And, as if to make her history as interesting as possible, her native place was Morris County, within seven miles of the American Winter-quarters at Morristown. The venerable woman of whom we speak, was Mrs. Keturah Tuttle Flatt, lately deceased, and greatly lamented.

At the age of eight, having lost her mother, she was taken into the family of her oldest sister, the wife of Mr. Uzal Kitchel. Mrs. Kitchel must have been an extraordinary woman, whose firmness of mind was only exceeded by her piety. On the 23d of June, 1780, the battle of Springfield was fought, and among the volunteers on that occasion were her husband and several brothers. In fact, the rumors that the British were attempting an inroad into Morris County, had thoroughly excited the people. At the first signal, all who could carry a musket hurried to the scene of danger. The alacrity of these people is well shown, by an anecdote of a

valiant soldier named Bishop, whose descendants are still found to honor the country. He resided at Mendham, some nine miles from Morristown. Harvest came very early, and on that morning he was engaged with a hired man stacking his wheat. They had hauled a load, when Bishop exclaimed, "What's that?" His man and he agreed that it might be the signal gun, that the enemy were advancing. "I must go," said the farmer. "You had better take care of your wheat," urged his man. The signal gun again pealed out its alarm, and Mr. Bishop slid down from his stack with the words, "I can't stand this. Get along with the grain the best way you can. I am off to the rescue!"

He had some provisions hastily put up, and shouldered his gun, in a few minutes he was on his way to Morristown. He says that on his way there, he saw men similarly equipped and furnished with himself, issuing from every lane and cross-road, until by the time he reached town, he was one of a small volunteer regiment. Then a messenger met them to announce the retreat of the enemy. Still it showed the magnanimous courage of the men who had been witnesses of the sufferings of the American soldier the winter previous, that hard winter of 1779-80, and had done not a little to relieve them. At a moment's warning they were ready to march even to death for their liberties.

Those who resided nearer Springfield had an opportunity to display their valor on the field. A large number from Hanover township, in which is the village of Whippany, hastened to meet the enemy, and among them the good minister of the place, the Rev. Jacob Green, not as a soldier, but a spectator. Whippany has the honor of raising the first military company in the county for the revolutionary struggle, and this was in 1775.

Among the patriots of that township are found the names of Kitchel and Tuttle. Of the latter no less than five sons of Mr. Daniel Tuttle served their country at different periods, and one of them as Captain. He was at Brandywine under Lafayette, and one of the remarkable exhibitions of that Americanized Frenchman's memory was made during his visit to Newark in 1824. Lafayette was partak-

ing of a cold collation when Capt. Tuttle said to a young relative "come, let us go and see Lafayette!" After working his way through the crowd, he had nearly reached the Marquis, who at that moment lifted his eyes, and perceived Mr. T. Without the least hesitation or prompting, he stretched out his hand and exclaimed, "why Captain Tuttle, how do you do?" He had not seen him since the disbanding of the army.

To return to Mrs. Kitchel. Her husband was collector of the township and had in his possession a large amount of money in continental bills, and some in specie. At the first alarm he had hurried toward Springfield, leaving his wife alone to protect his property and family. On the first night of his absence she thought if the British should come, they would take away the money, and that she ought to secure it in some way. The bills were in a square box, and the silver in an old stocking. South from the old Kitchel mansion are extensive meadows, bordering on the Whippany river. With her sister Keturah, then some fifteen years of age, she took a lantern and went down into the meadow to hide the money, which she did among some logs. After going to bed, she thought "if it rain, the bills will be spoiled, and so nothing be gained." She arose and went after the money. After bringing it back she concluded to hide it in the centre of a straw bed, which she did. Then she thought how insecure it was if any enemy should come after it. It was then that she uttered words which in the circumstances are notable. "How foolish to be so anxious about this! I will now leave it all to the Lord!" It must be remembered, that messengers were coming and going from Springfield with reports of the danger, not a little exaggerated. This good woman tells us that after she came to this resolution, she went to sleep without any apprehension, and slept till morning, soundly as a child.

During that year, with many of his neighbors, Mr. Kitchel was in the army at different periods, and if we mistake not, the most of the time during that summer and fall after the battle of Springfield. His wife, aided only by an old negro, carried on the farming operations vigorously, and actually did the most toward husking and housing the corn. In this she was not alone, since there were many other wives and daughters, whose patriotism was sufficient to carry them through the toil and drudgery consequent on the absence of their husbands, fathers and

brothers in the army. Let them be honored.

During that season, reports were rife of the intentions of the enemy to lay Morris County under contribution. Mrs. K's father, Mr. Daniel Tuttle I believe I have not mistaken the person—was old and feeble, and she thought how dreadful a thing it would be to have such a helpless old man fall into the hands of the enemy. "She could bear hardship herself, but she could not endure that he should be so exposed." According¹, she put a horse before "the chair," as it was called, a sort of a gig, and placing her father in it, conveyed him to the house of Mr. Moses Tuttle, a relative who lived at Mount Pleasant, about eleven miles from Morris-town, and about three from Dover. And there he remained until the alarm ceased, when he was brought home again. These little incidents sufficiently indicate the anxieties and painful solicitude which afflicted those people.

We must relate one more incident concerning this noble woman in that trying time. Among many it was thought to be almost an absolute necessity to procure from the British authorities a paper stating the holder to be under British protection. I suppose this must have been procured by professions of loyalty to the King. Amidst the alarms of the time, some of Mrs. Kitchel's neighbors were greatly in earnest to secure this protection, and among others a Deacon. He urged Mrs. Kitchel to adopt this course. She replied, "Would it be right or womanly for me to secure a protection from the British, when I have a husband and five brothers fighting against the British? I think not, and therefore I will not do it."

"But," urged the Deacon, "if you don't, your family may be butchered, and your property destroyed. Besides, it won't make any odds about your husband and brothers; only this, it may preserve your life and their property. They won't fight any the worse for your getting 'a protection!'"

She replied to this specious reasoning, "I will not get a 'protection' from the British; If the God of battles will not take care of us, then will we fare with the rest!"

It is said that the Deacon was so affected by this magnificent reply, that he never took any further steps to secure a protection for himself, nor did he again advise a friend to do that, which a woman had so nobly rebuked. ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 2.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

Whilst speaking of this period, it may not be out of the way to relate two or three incidents which have come to my knowledge, illustrative of the fears and anxieties which afflicted our forefathers. Previous to the battle of Springfield, it was reported that the British were making their way over the Newark Mountain, and there was a great panic among the people. A young man, named Samuel Beach, son of Capt. Enoch Beach, to whom Dr. Green refers so admiringly in his reminiscences, (p. 113) was at this time preparing for college, and had collected a small number of volumes as his own library. When that rumor of the enemy coming, got in circulation, he took his books and buried them in a safe place, some distance from the house. They were not exhumed until the report was contradicted.

The precise date of the next incident I am not able to give, but, from various circumstances, am led to believe that it was in an engagement which took place at Lyon's Farms about three miles from Elizabethtown. Mr. Samuel Beach was at that time teaching school at this place. The enemy were marching toward Springfield, when some sixty men, taking advantage of an eminence, held them in check for several hours. The young man dismissed his school, and procuring a gun, shared in the dangers of the day. So near as I can learn, he participated as a volunteer in the engagement at Springfield the next day. He had worked his musket with so much vigor, and had performed such long marches, as to be completely exhausted. In this condition he had laid down to die, not of wounds, but fatigue, when he was found by a Mr.

Kitchel and brought home. "His face," to use the expressive words of his sister, still living, the venerable consort of Col. Joseph Jackson of Rockaway, "was as black as a negro's," so begrimed had

it become with powder. Mother and sisters cried heartily over the sad looking volunteer, but he cheered them up; although with unabated courage, the next morning a fresh alarm called him away to danger, in spite of remonstrances from those at home.

Mr. Beach was wont to tell an amusing incident which took place during one of these skirmishes. A negro received a slight flesh wound, and cried out lustily, "carry me off! carry me off!" although, said Mr. Beach, the fellow was then running so fast that he did not think a man in the army could have overtaken him!

I was not long since conversing with Mrs. Eunice Pierson, a venerable woman of some eighty-three years of age. She is the daughter of Mr. Abraham Kitchel, who was residing in Rockaway during the revolutionary war, on property still in possession of his descendants. When Gen. Washington in 1777 (Green's Autobiography, p. 88) formed the plan of inoculating his army with small pox, a large party was quartered on Hanover Neck for that purpose. During the time, being some ten years old, she assisted her mother in nursing three sick soldiers who were to be inoculated, but who were sick already of small pox in the natural way, as it proved. From them she took the disease and was very sick. She says, that so efficient were the surgeons in the enforcement of dietetic regulations with the soldiers, there were more pocks on her than all that had been inoculated there. Her statement accurately corresponds with that of Dr. Green, as regards that period of suffering.

It seems from her statement that her Uncle, Aaron Kitchel, was peculiarly obnoxious to the Tories, and that on several occasions attempts were made to capture him. She says that a price was laid on his head. To one scene she was an eye-

witness. One dark night, the family was surprised by the entrance of several noted tories, completely armed. There could be no mistake about their intentions, and high words ensued, in which Mr. Kitchel gave them to understand that he was not afraid of them. At last, cooling down a little, they asked for cider, and he treated them liberally. In the meantime Mrs. Kitchel, with real womanly shrewdness, perceiving that no time was to be lost, pushing her little niece Eunice towards the bedroom door, said aloud, "this is no place for you. You must go to bed." She followed her into the room, and having closed the door, raised the window, Eunice was lifted out and told to hurry as fast as her feet could carry her to her grandfather's house some rods distant and tell him to come up with all the help he could muster. "I tell you I was a great coward in the dark in those squally times," said the old lady, "and I was not long in going." Fortunately, three of his sons were with the grandfather, and the tories waking up suddenly to the sense of their having been caught napping, took to their heels.

On another occasion, three of the tory clan, armed with guns, were seen prowling around the stacks from which the same Aaron Kitchel was to feed his cattle. Armed with no weapon but a pitchfork, he confronted them, and demanded their business with such an air of determination, that the fellows scampered off without waiting to tell their business.

To show the constant and annoying alarms to which the people were subjected in those days, Mrs. Pierson tells me that she was once at the old church in Rockaway, attending meeting, when a man rode up, and cried out that the enemy were coming. The men rushed from the house. Some of them were minute men, but not one of them was ready except General Wines. He had come to meeting fully equipped with knapsack, musket, bayonet, blanket and three days' provision. He was provoked, now that there was a call for instant service, that nobody was ready but himself, and, said the old lady with a hearty laugh, "He spoke, or rather bawled, so loud, that I should think he might have been heard to the Short Hills!" This General Wines is the

man of whom an anecdote is told by Dr. Green and many before him. Dr. G. says that Wines "was of gigantic frame and strength, and no one doubted his courage. But the most remarkable thing about him was his voice. It exceeded in power and efficiency—for it was articulate as well as loud—every other human voice that I ever heard." The anecdote is familiar. (Green, p. 98.)

Hearing the anecdote of this man's indignation on Sunday, it is not difficult to picture in imagination the giant storming furiously among his admiring yet fearing fellows, and raising his "stentorophonic voice," as Dr. G. calls it, to its highest key.

The people were afflicted also with the fear of spies, and kept a sharp look out for all suspicious-looking fellows. One stout, rugged looking fellow was arrested and tried before Mr. Abraham Kitchel, the father of Mrs. Pierson. He feigned himself a fool, but that rather increased than removed suspicion. An order was made out for his commitment in the jail at Morristown. The constable was away at the time, and some one else must perform the duty. No one present was willing to undertake it, until the 'Squire told his son, James Kitchel, one of the best shots in the country, to mount a horse, and make the supposed spy walk just so far ahead of him. "If he attempts to run, or to come toward you, shoot him down." The young man in question was only about nineteen or twenty years old, and yet he undertook to deposit the prisoner in jail. Mr. Kitchel was wont to say that the man went submissively enough until they reached Morris Plains, some two miles from Morristown, when he began to say, "I can get away easily enough if I wanted to." "Well, try it then," said James. "But I don't want to get away. Let me walk alongside of you, for I don't like to be driven along this way." "Keep your distance, or I'll blaze away," replied his guard, poising his gun to suit the action to the word. This settled the matter, and the prisoner was safely put under lock and key. I believe nothing was ever proved against him, but it shows the state of the country, and what "kind of stuff" the people were made of.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 3.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

An amusing anecdote is still preserved among the descendants of the revolutionary soldiers who went from Whippany. Quite a large number went from this place, and among them five sons of Mr. Daniel Tuttle. One of these, William, was a Captain, and served under Lafayette at Brandywine. Another brother, John, held, if I am not mistaken, an office in the same company. He seemed to have been a very merry companion, and not only relished the jokes of others, but was able to furnish his share to relieve the tedium of camp life. On one occasion, a raw recruit was joined to his mess, who was unpleasantly and ubiquitously so far as he was concerned—infected with vermin. Two good objects presented themselves to the mind of our practical wag, viz: 1st, to abate the nuisance, and 2d, to make some fun out of it. Accordingly he went to the different tents—it was at Valley Forge—with an order, as if from a superior officer, commanding each one of the company to be on the parade by daylight, armed and equipped with a *cob*; the special duty of the hour to be made known when action was needed.

The next morning found the order fulfilled by a set of men evidently ripe for a good joke. Each shouldered his *cob* in a soldier-like way, and the wag proceeded to harangue them, telling his fellow soldiers to brace themselves up to duty, even though that duty might be death, and to be ready for the most painful and hazardous expedition now on foot, which he did not doubt would end in *death*! Therefore, "right about face: single file: march!" and off they went, and in a trice surrounded the tent of the "varminous" recruit. A moment sufficed to bring him out, and, in spite of his remonstrances, to take him to the open space in which was a large kettle of hot water and soap. The jolly commander cried to his expectant companions, "ready, men, strip him." The order was literally obeyed, and Carlyle's definition of man was seen in the forked radish before them. Again the commander's voice rang out clearly above the cachinations of his troop, "ready, aim, use your cobs!" Forthwith every *cob* was plunged into the water, and the union of soap and water soon made its way beneath the superincumbent dirt. Then

came the barber, and off came the poor fellow's hair. A bladder was drawn kindly over the shorn pate, and a blanket enveloped his well-scoured body corporate, and soon he found himself again in bed. So that the nuisance was abated, and a rich joke enjoyed, to relieve the almost intolerable tedium of their winter quarters. The principal wag in the scene never left that camping ground. With many others he died during that winter.

I have heard it related that a Morris County soldier, named Mitchel, was engaged in the battle of Springfield. He was accustomed to tell the story himself. He says, that as the British advanced and the Americans retreated, his Colonel pointed out to him a man whose body was much mutilated, but he was yet alive. The officer asked him to go back and get the man. He objected, on account of the hazard. "Well, then," says the officer, "if you will not go, I must," and seemed about suiting the action to the word. Mitchel cried out, "Give me your horse, and I'll try what I can do." He rode rapidly back to the place where the wounded man lay, and he says that the enemy did not fire a shot until, having laid the man across the horse, he began to retreat. "And then," said the old man, "they let fly a volley at me; and as the bullets whistled by my ears, *I vow I was scared!*" He got off unwounded.

In the same engagement, this veteran Mitchel met with another narrow escape. In his own characteristic way, he used to relate that, standing rather one side, he "was fighting on his own hook, when bang went a musket, and a bullet went right by his ear. By and by the same thing was repeated, and by that time I saw the fellow, a big Hessian, by the corner of a barn. I went up towards him, and he cried, 'Quarter! quarter!' in broken English. 'I'll give you quarter,' said I, in a rage, and banged away at him. The shot disabled his arm, and I took him prisoner. Well, you would hardly think it, but that Hessian settled near me after the war, and we were just as good friends as possible. Why, many is the time we have fought that battle over again over a pitcher of cider!"

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 4.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

In the village of Rockaway, Morris Co., resides a venerable couple, the husband being within a few days of ninety-one years, and the wife nearly ninety. They were married during the Revolutionary War, and have lived together as man and wife more than seventy years, and during the entire time, had lived in sight of the church. Physicians have given theories of long life to the world, and among them, is one which declares that great cheerfulness of disposition is the elixir of life, and that any and all fretfulness tends to shorten life. Those who believe this, must come and visit (so far as I know) the most aged pair in Morris County. My friend, Mr. Gordon, aged nearly ninety-one, has a disposition which is only ruffled by smiles and good humor. Even at this advanced age, he will greet friend or stranger with the liveliness of youth, and will impart something of his own cheerfulness to all who come near him; very rarely does submission to God's will produce a more genial good humor than in this *nonagenarian*.

Within thirty years, his wife has been considered *fatally* sick at least fifty times! She is the exact counterpart in disposition to her husband. By this, I do not mean she is a termagant, for she has ever been one of the kindest women. But then she is of the *anxious* sort, and has great facility in finding something to be anxious about. She finds food for her anxiety, in almost everything, and a stranger would say that she had a fretful disposition. But there she is, with as good a prospect of holding out some years yet, as her companion; and her sharp sallies often lend not a little pleasure to the visit you may make them. Many pleasant hours have I enjoyed with them, and long may the privilege be extended.

A few mornings since, I called to see them, and found that Mr. Gordon had been shaking with a hard ague the day before. He was quite discouraged, but a question or two carried him back to the days of '76, and he talked with all the vivacity of a young man. His wife, with a shrewd glance at us, said, "Mr. you have *livened* up the old man! He talks away as if he was getting crazy!" It is from this conversation, that I derive this Fragment, which I could not state without a passing notice of the venerable narrator and his equally venerable companion.

Mr. Gordon, as militia man, was frequently out on duty during the Revolutionary War, and informs me that he was on duty at Morristown the precise date he has forgotten—the day when thirty-two tory prisoners were condemned to be hung. He remained there during the month which intervened between the time of their sentence and the day they were to be executed. As the day drew near, the commanding officer gave orders, that if any of the wives of the condemned appeared, they were to be admitted into the prison. Many came, and among them one who took extraordinary pains to polish her husband's shoe, knee, and stock *buckles*, and also to polish his shoes. She washed his linen, and his white pantaloons, and brushed up his coat and hat, until she had fitted him out as stylishly as if he were preparing for a ball room, instead of the gallows.

On the morning assigned for their execution, the officer in command came to the jail, and said to them, "with two exceptions, I offer you all a reprieve from the gallows, if you will enlist in the American army for the remainder of the war. As fast as you say you will enlist, you will be conducted under guard to the up-

per room of the jail, to remain there until your proper officer comes to enroll you, and have you sworn!"

The two exceptions named, were *James Iliff* and *John Me*. Mr. G. says the thirty, to whom the reprieve was offered, stood sometime and not one of them made any answer. At last, after some time had passed, one of them said "I will enlist," and the ice being broken, one by one all of them said, "I will enlist," and all of them were placed in the upper room under guard.

A little incident occurred to enliven the scene somewhat. After the men had accepted the reprieve, the father of one of them, an old tory Dutchman, from Bergen, came up to the jail. His son seeing him, put his head out of the window and said—"How do you do father?" "What are you doing up dere, boy?" asked the father "I am reprieved," said the son. "How is dat?" again asked the father. "I had the offer, if I would enlist for the rest of the war, and I have enlisted," was the reply. "Listed among the rebels! I would rather have followed you to the gallows!" said the sturdy Dutchman.

"Take care, you old rebel," said one of the guard, levelling his musket at him, or we will hang you up where your son was to go!" At which this affectionate friend of King George, thought it best to retreat, which he accordingly did in such quick time as to afford not a little merriment to the soldiers present, and the spectators who had gathered to see the execution.

Mr. Gordon says he saw the two who were not included in the pardon, hung, viz: *James Iliff* and *John Me*. I have no means of ascertaining the accuracy of this incident, but simply give it as I read it.

On another occasion, Mr. Gordon says he was dispatched on some expedition under a captain with a company of men. For several days they lay on Wartman Plains, unable to proceed for want of am-

munition. Several times *Gen. Wines* came and demanded why they did not proceed? At last out of patience with the unchanging answer, "we have no ammunition to fight with," he one day bawled out in his loudest tones, "if you havn't powder and ball to fight the enemy, fight them with stones!" At last they marched to Paterson, and thence to Newark.

In the march to Newark we have a fine illustration of the democracy of the times, even among soldiers, and also the power of *proper motives*! The captain halted his company and thus addressed them:—

"Brother soldiers, we must get to Newark to-night, and we cannot do it and march in a body. Let every man make his way as best he can, and if we get there, each one of you shall have half a gill of rum for tea!"

"Oh captain," roared his followers, "call it a *gill*, and then we can do it!"

"Well, a gill it shall be then," said the captain, "but halt when you get this side of Newark, and let us march into town as brother soldiers should, together and in order!"

The march was accordingly accomplished by each on "his own hook," and the valiant captain had the pleasure of entering Newark at the head of his company in the "brother soldier" way.

In the night the men were roused up and embarked in boats, and were rowed down the Passaic in perfect silence. They landed on the salt meadows and marched up to a little village, probably Bergen.

The object of this expedition I infer to have been to break up a gang of tories, some of whom I believe were captured, and carried to Morristown. On some of these points, Mr. G.'s recollections are a little indistinct, but his age, and the scenes through which he has passed, warrant the placing of these anecdotes among the Fragments.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 5.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

The incident which I propose to relate occurred at a place north of the village of Rockaway about four miles, and is called *Hibernia*, or as the mountaineers usually pronounce it, "Hibarny." It is situated in a wild romantic spot, between two mountains which there come nearly together. A small stream flows through the valley, and in former time, as well as at present, it was used to drive machinery for the manufacture of iron.

During our revolutionary war, there was a small blast furnace at *Hibernia*, which of course not only gave this wild spot a name, but a great importance. Employing many men in chopping wood, and converting it into charcoal, in transporting coal and iron ore to the furnace, and in carrying the products to market, the place became important as the centre where money was distributed, and goods of all sorts bought and sold. The necessities of war gave the place importance also, as furnishing one of the staple articles of warfare.

At this time, Capt. Charles Hoff was the manager of the establishment. He was a young man, and but just married to a daughter of Mr. Moses Tuttle of Mount Pleasant. His wife survived him many years, and lately has deceased at the advanced age of ninety, a genuine lady of the old school, whose unaffected piety was scarcely exceeded by her cheerful affability. She was accustomed to relate the story of a robbery committed, as was supposed for a long time, by a party of tories under the command of the famous Claudius Smith. It is from the children of this venerable woman, that I have heard the story.

The family were seated at the supper table, regaling themselves with that old-fashioned dish, called "mush and milk." It was between twilight and dark, when the door was thrown open, and a party of four men entered without ceremony. Their faces were disguised with paint. At first Mr. Hoff did not suspect their intentions, which were speedily made known by the presentation of a pistol at his breast, with

the demand, in the king's name, of his money and other valuables. Mr. H. remonstrated, but they insisted. Shoving himself back gradually from the table, Mr. H. suddenly knocked the tory over with his fist. In the scuffle that ensued the light was put out, and in the dark no one dared use fire arms lest they should injure their own party. One of the gang ordered the servant girl, whom the noise had called from the kitchen, to light the candle; but as she entered the room Mr. H. knocked it out of her hand. This he repeated, when the tories made an attempt to tie him, but he declared to them that they should not tie him alive, nor carry him away. He would die like a soldier at his post. Seeing that he was resolute, and held the power of killing at least one of them, for he held a pistol in his hand, they came to a compromise. They promised him to injure no one. All they wanted was property. Their situation was made more dangerous by the delicate health of Mrs. Hoff.

It may be stated that Gen. Stirling, then in the army, was the owner of the furnace, and had it used to manufacture large quantities of bombs and cannon balls for the Americans. A short time previous to the robbery, the entire stock of this sort had been sold and the pay lodged in Mr. Hoff's hands, but he had either paid it out or deposited in a safer place only a day or two before. The expectation of seizing this money was no doubt the reason why that time was selected for the incursion.

To resume the story. Mr. H., seeing no good to come of resistance, having exacted the promise to do no injury, except to take property, at the urgent solicitations of his wife, ceased resistance, and gave them his keys telling them to find what they could. They searched his desk and drawers, finding but little money, but they packed up almost everything about the house in bags. The beds were stripped of their clothing, and all the wearing apparel about the house was taken.

Mr. Hoff said to them, "I have always

heard there was honor among thieves, and I think you are hardly acting the fair thing to take my wedding suit!"

"It isn't fair," replied one of the gang, "and we won't take the suit!" The suit was accordingly left.

Mrs. Hoff did not fare so well. They even robbed her of an ornamental pin which she wore in her cap. Said she, "Oh! leave me that scarlet cloak to wear to see my mother," when the head robber, putting it over his own shoulders, said to her, "this cloak will shine in New York!" So they carried that off with the other things, even stripping the beds and pillow cases of their linen.

As soon as the character of the party was discovered, and before the candle was lighted, Mrs. Hoff managed to gather up the silver spoons from the table, also a large silver soup-spoon, and to slip them into her pocket, unseen by the thieves. Mr. Hoff and his brother also contrived to get their watches to the lady to be deposited in the same place. Each of them wore a gold ring, and these were slyly given to the lady also. One of the party, by this time, took the hint, and placing a pistol to her breast, compelled her to give up the treasure. The three rings were the only articles which were saved by a fortunate accident. Mrs. H., in putting the rings into her pocket, accidentally missed the pocket and dropped them on the floor, and they were afterwards picked up. One of these rings still remains in the possession of the family, a relic invested with much more than ordinary interest.

Whilst the Tories were searching the premises, Mrs. Hoff made another fortunate move. A large clothes basket was by her, filled with linen of different kinds for family use, and she gave this a shove under the bed, where it remained fortunately unobserved by the pillagers. The house was completely cleared of all articles which could be packed for transportation on horseback.

The whole affair was aggravated by the boldness of the Tories, and the perfect stupidity of two men who were present at the commencement of the affray. One of these men was a clerk, and the other a wagoner from Hunterdon County, who had come there to sell a load of flour. As the Tories came in at the front door, these men taking counsel of the valiant Fall-

staff—
"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"
both made their escape by the backwood and hid themselves among the rocks which

almost touched the house. There were many men in the vicinity who could have relished the smell of powder, had these valiant fugitives but raised the alarm. They had ample time even to give the alarm at "Horse Pound" now called Beach Glen—about a mile lower down the stream. But they put too high a value altogether on their own valuable lives, to venture out from their rocks to tell a single man, until the Tories were far on the road with their booty.

The wagoner was well punished for his cowardice by the loss of all his horses, which were taken with those belonging to Mr. Hoff. As for the other coward I do not know of any possible way of punishing him after this lapse of time, except it be by publishing his name, which was *Enuff!*

Mr. Hoff tried hard to overcome his unwelcome guests with strong toddy, but they were "birds too old to be caught with chaff," and whilst relishing the good cheer of their hosts were too wary to allow themselves to become drunk, especially as a price was set on their heads. Although they were disappointed in securing as much money as they expected, yet they loaded five horses with their booty. As for Mr. Hoff, who was a fine horseman, and a great lover of good horses, he found it hard to sit quietly by, and see them load his favorite riding horse like an ordinary pack horse. It seems to have required all the prudence of his young wife to keep him from renewing the battle over his favorite steed.

Before leaving, the leader of the party with much ceremony came and shook Mrs. Hoff by the hand, taking good care to make an examination of her fingers for rings; telling her he "was sorry for her, that he had been robbed once himself, and this was the way he took revenge." Before they left the house they placed a piece of white paper on the door, as they informed Capt. Hoff, to show any of their own party who might come that way, that they had entered that house. They also forbade any one opening the door for a certain length of time, on pain of being shot at, but Capt. H. ventured to transgress for the sake of his favorite roadster, and was actually fired at, but not hit. His wife begged him not to run any further risks, telling him that they ought not to mind the loss of property, as they had saved their lives. After this they kept the door shut until the robbers had moved off with their booty.

They then went a short distance to a Dr. Chiven, who hearing their approach, jumped out of a back window and ran for his life. It was afterwards learned that the Tories, for some grudge, had intended to shoot the doctor that night.

Dr. Bud was at that time a student of medicine with Dr. Chiven, and did not escape. He was surprised in bed by the Tories, and robbed of twenty dollars, all the money he had with him. In handing them this amount Dr. B. with great fervor thanked God that he had no more for them! and for the impudent speech, they uncovered him in bed and with the flat of the sword which they had just taken from Capt. Hoff, slapped him severely. During this questionable punishment, the silver chain attached to the sword caught the latch of the door and was left behind them. The doctor a short time before his death visited Mrs. Hoff and laughed heartily in relating the insult which had been tendered to his own back!

In their rapid march over the mountains which lay between New Jersey and New York, the stolen horses so heavily loaded, and urged to their utmost speed, became lamed, and were turned loose into the woods. These horses were afterwards found by the company sent by Gen. Wines in pursuit. The saddles and bridles were also found concealed among the rocks, and returned to their owners.

The following letter from Capt. Joseph Board, a veteran of the revolution who died some years since, at an advanced age, throws light on the robbery and is a relic of the times well worth preserving.

RINWOOD, April 12th, 1790.

Sir—I would inform you that you were robbed by Isaac Badcock, James Badcock, and James Allen. The said James Allen was afterwards taken with a gang of robbers and put in Goshen Jail, and then turned State's evidence, and charged the Badcocks with robbing you, which is now on record at Goshen, and Allen lives in New York, a shoemaker by trade. James Badcock is hung. Isaac Badcock is living about six miles from me. I have heard from one

of the family that the things taken from you were divided among them.

I am, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH BOARD.

To Capt. CHARLES HOFF.

It seems that these Badcocks had worked at the Hibernia Furnace, and this gave them the knowledge that the most of the men at that time were back on the mountains cutting coal wood for another blast. By the same means they also probably knew of money being received for shells and balls at the establishment.

Some time after this, one of this company was severely wounded in a skirmish, and supposing he was about to die, sent for Capt. Hoff, who wrote his confession for him. He had in his possession a gold ring which had been taken from Capt. H.'s finger, also his watch and a pair of silk stockings, which, he said, he wished the Captain to have, as he could not keep them any longer himself. He also told him where the remainder of the goods were concealed in barrels and stowed away in some cellars. The search for these things was not successful, as the rest of the party probably learned the confession of their confederate and removed them to other places of concealment.

I suppose James Badcock to be the hero of this little characteristic incident. He was hung at Goshen, and I have heard it said that Capt. Hoff visited him previous to his execution. Just before Badcock was taken from the jail to the gallows, he recollected a prediction which his mother used to make concerning him, and one no doubt which his neighbors, well acquainted with his habits, were disposed to believe, "*that he would die like a trooper, with his shoes on his feet,*" meaning that he would come to a sudden and violent death.

Turning to a person with him, he said, with a laugh, "I will make the old woman a liar for once, and slipping off his shoes, went to the gallows bare-footed, and in that situation was executed!

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 6.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

Whilst speaking of this Claudius Smith who made frequent incursions into the upper part of New Jersey, I will repeat an anecdote which was related to me by Col. S. S. Beach, of Rockaway. Smith's party of tories kept themselves among the mountain fastnesses around Ramapo, and one Lieutenant Clarke was particularly under their displeasure for the many sharp chases he had given them. So much was this the case, that he did not dare ordinarily to sleep at his own house. Often, when his enemies supposed him in their power, and broke at night into his house, he was elsewhere in safety. But one night, from some information which he supposed reliable, Clarke remained at home, and in that situation was surprised by his enemies. They ordered him to get supper for them, and as resistance was useless, he complied. They then ordered him to get them cider and various other articles for taking with them. At last, being ready to start, they insisted on Clarke's going with them a short distance to point out a path which would lead them to the mountain by a way which would not only be shorter, but would take them to one side of the settlement.

This was a mere trick to get him away from the house, and when he had pointed out the path, and had turned to go back to his house, he was fired at by the miscreants. Mortally wounded, the poor man had strength to run rapidly back, and he fell dead on his own doorsteps.

The remainder of this story was told Col. Beach by a Mr. John Jackson, who was a mechanic, and shortly after the Revolutionary war, was assisting to build the manufactories at Ramapo, now owned by Mr. Pierson. Jackson says that a man was working with him there, who was one of the party which pursued Clarke's murderers the next morning, and

this man gave him a particular description of the pursuit.

They traced the flying party without much difficulty, and with a silence and sagacity which would have pleased an Indian. The murder was so base and bloody, that each felt the desire for quick vengeance. At last they traced the fugitives to what country people call a "cat swamp"—why, I do not know—a wet, marshy piece of ground, densely covered with bushes and trees. The leader, a man well-skilled in this kind of warfare, whispered to his men, "We shall find them in here!"

He then distributed his men, and enjoined the most perfect silence. So well was he obeyed, and with so much stillness was the approach made, that Smith's party, at that time seated on a log, and eating the very provisions which Clarke had given them, were not aware of their danger. The leader, in a whisper, and by signs, instructed his men each to single out his own mark, and to let the flash of his gun be the signal for them to fire. The first warning the tories had of their danger was the crack of the deadly rifles, and the piercing cries of several fatally wounded. Several fell dead, and the rest fled and were out of the reach of danger before their pursuers could reload their guns.

Some years after this the skeleton of one man was found a short distance from the spot. It was supposed that having strength to go only that distance, he had crept into the top of a tree which had been blown down, and had died there undiscovered. None of the bodies were buried. They were suffered to remain just where they had fallen, and so intense was the hatred they had excited among the surrounding inhabitants, that they would not suffer the bodies to be buried.

The man who related this incident to Mr. Jackson, told him that the place where these men were shot was only a short distance from where they were then at work, and promised to take him to the spot during the noon-spell. They accordingly went there, and Mr. Jackson told Col. Beach that the bones were still lying on the ground. At a short distance from the place he also saw the skeleton of the man who had concealed himself in the tree top. With but little disturbance, the unburied bones of those who had murdered Clarke, remained just where vengeance was taken by the relentless pursuers.

One of the company who was surveying the scene of the tragedy under the guidance of a man who saw it enacted, took up one of the skulls and placing it upside down on his work bench, actually used it, instead of a nail box. The head workman shortly after coming along, spied the hideous object and demanded where it came from. He told him it was one of the skulls which once belonged to Claudius Smith's party! Said he, turning on

his heel, with a contemptuous look at the skull, "that is about as good a use as you can put the thing to!" Years had not removed the abhorrence which the people felt for that particular gang of tories, who had been the terror and scourge of the surrounding country.

I do not pretend to say I have confirmed this tradition by extensive inquiries, but merely report it as my entertaining, and lively old friend, Col. Beach, related it to me, as not long since on a dreary day we were riding over our mountains together. But his informant being his neighbor, and professing to have seen with his own eyes the unburied bones on the very ground where the men were killed, gives it such an air of credibility, as to justify my repeating it, having no doubt about its being substantially true. Perhaps there may be some one living in the region of Ramapo, who will be able to give the particulars of a tragedy, which forms a part of the local history of the Revolutionary war in these regions.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 7.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

The following incident will serve to throw light on the revolutionary scenes, not as very important regarded as history, but as exhibiting the excitement and alarms through which our ancestors were constantly passing. In the Fragment giving an account of the robbery at Hibernia Furnace, I stated that Capt. Chas. Hoff was the son-in-law of Moses Tuttle, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, about three miles north-west of Dover, on the turnpike road to Sparta. It seems that these robbers had declared to Capt. Hoff their intention of scouring the entire county, on like expeditions, as they could find chances. This threat produced great consternation, and of course every visitor at an unusual hour was regarded with suspicion. Every man kept his arms ready for instant service, not knowing when they might be wanted.

One night after Mr. Tuttle retired, a man rode round to the kitchen—the old house is still standing—and asked the old black woman “if her master was at home?” She replied, “Yes.” “Well,” said the stranger, “is he in bed yet, and asleep, do you suppose?”

Mr. Tuttle, in the meantime, hearing the sound of the horse's steps, and supposing the robbers had come to make him a visit, sprang out of bed and seized a *bugging knife*. He then went to the door and spoke out loudly to the slave, “Now, Phillis, open the door, and I will kill as many as will undertake to come in!”

At this the man on the horse exclaimed, “Lord bless me, Mr. Tuttle, don't you know your old friend, Col. Kemper?”

“Oh, yes,” said the squire, much relieved, and throwing down his formidable weapon, “walk in, you are welcome to my house.”

Mr. Tuttle was wont to relate that Col. Kemper was pale as death, and trembling from head to foot, exclaimed, “Why, Mr. T., what is the matter? I knew your house was always a home for the officers and soldiers. I would not have come so unceremoniously to your kitchen, but I knew it was at a late hour, and thought if you were in bed your trusty old woman could tell me where to sleep, without disturbing you!”

Mr. T. related to his friend the robbery of his son-in-law at Hibernia, and apologized for the warm reception he proposed to give him, under the notion that he belonged to the same gang.

The old men were accustomed long after to refer to the incident, and with great merriment recount their valorous trepidation on that eventful night.

Col. Kemper is associated with another amusing anecdote at the same hospitable mansion. On one occasion, he and some officers came dashing up at full speed to Mr. Tuttle's house. Old Phillis, the black woman, spied them, and, good careful soul that she was, thought of some pieces of linen she was bleaching on the grass. Fearing the horsemen might be robbers, she gathered up all the linen in quick time. One of the officers, perceiving what she was doing, called out to her, “never mind, mammy, we are officers.”

“Ah,” said Phillis, with confidence in nowise restored, “officers and *sager* all alike!” This sharp retort excited a loud laugh, and having commended the old woman for her care of her master's property, they enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. T.

With this fragment, on account of its brevity, I may place another, with the hope that some one else, who may have the means, may be incited to gather reliable anecdotes concerning this particular person, who at that time was one of the

most noted patriots in this part of the state.

Col. — Seward resided at Vernon, near the line between New Jersey and New York, and was peculiarly obnoxious to the tories, for his bold and relentless pursuits of them, and the frequent success he had in punishing them. It was rarely that he spent the night in his own house without being fully prepared for a sudden attack. His house was planked, and furnished with portholes, through which he could reconnoitre, and also discharge fire-arms. On one occasion he was roused in the night by a man on horseback, who inquired the way to some place. Col. S. sprang to his feet, and taking with him his rifle, made his way to the porthole to reconnoitre. He saw that the man was riding with rope stirrups, from which he inferred that he had stolen the horse. Suddenly throwing open the door, he commanded him to surrender, on which, the man turned his horse and put whip to him. As he reached the top of a knoll near the house, Col. S. fired at him with as much precision as the darkness would allow.

Hearing nothing further, and supposing the man had escaped entirely, Col. S. went to bed again. The next morning, however, it was found that his random

shot had been a fatal one to the rider, who was found a short distance from the horse, dead. It was supposed that he was a tory who had stolen the horse, and was making his way to the British lines with information concerning the movements of the American Army, when he was arrested in this summary way. It was plain that had he been an honest man to his country he need not have fled from so sturdy a patriot as Col. Seward. It was afterward ascertained that the victim was a deserter from the American Army at Morristown, and had stolen the horse from Mr. Josiah Beaman of Dover.

All that I have heard about this Col. Seward leads me to hope that some of his descendants or some one else who has the means of gathering together at least fragments of his history, will speedily begin the work, before not only the few contemporaries he has left, are gone, but before tradition itself fades out from the memory of men. No doubt some traditions could be found which would throw light on the history of Claudius Smith, so noted in the history of these mountains during the revolutionary war.

This fragment I obtained from Joseph T. Hoff, Esq., of Mount Pleasant and Col. S. S. Beach of Rockaway.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 8.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

The Association of Whigs in Pequannock Township in 1776.

Not long since, Col. Joseph Jackson of Rockaway, in looking over some old papers, found one of such interest, that it ought to be put into some permanent form, for the gratification of those, whose parents took such a decided stand in 1776. Through Col. J.'s kindness the original paper is now before me, and is no small curiosity of its kind. The terms of agreement are not only of interest, but the names of the subscribers. The paper is as follows :

" We, the subscribers, Freeholders, and inhabitants of the township of Pequannock, in the County of Morris, and Province of *New Jersey*, having long viewed with Concern the avowed Design of the Ministry of *Great Britain* to raise a revenue in America; being deeply affected with the cruel Hostilities already commenced in *Massachusetts' Bay* for carrying that arbitrary Design into Execution; convinced that the Preservation of the rights and Privileges of *America* depends, under GOD, on the firm Union of its Inhabitants. Do, with *Hearts* abhorring Slavery, and ardently wishing for a Reconciliation with our Parent State on Constitutional Principles, solemnly ASSOCIATE AND RESOLVE, under the sacred Ties of Virtue, Honour and Love our Country, that we will personally, and as far as our Influence extend, endeavor to support and carry into Execution whatever Measures may be recommended by the Continental and Provincial Congress for defending our Constitution, and preserving the same inviolate.

According to the Resolutions of the aforesaid Continental and Provincial Con-

gresses, firmly determined by all means in our power to guard against the Disorders and Confusions to which the peculiar circumstances of the Times may expose us.

WE DO ALSO FURTHER ASSOCIATE AND AGREE, as far as shall be consistent with the Measures adopted for the Preservation of *American* Freedom, to support the Magistrates and other Civil Officers in the Execution of their Duty agreeable to the Laws of the Colony, and to observe the Directions of our Committee acting.

Robert Gaston, John Munson, Moses Tuttle, John Gould, Jos. Conger, Edward Jackson, Elijah Leonard, Benajah Daniels, Samuel Martin, Jos. Hoff, Garret Eoff,† John Hoff, Chas. Hoff, junior, Robert Wilson, Samuel Blair, Alexander Bates, John Reynolds, Benjamin Fairchild, James Coulter, Jonathan Johnson, John Cardy, Charles Crawley, John Robeson, sen'r, John Robeson, Jun'r, David Vanderpool, Peter Johnson, Elphalet Lyon, William Cough, Gershon Wiggins, *James Nox, John Debow, John White, *Wm. Upham, *John Wilson, *John Galloway, *Richard Waucock, James Cardiff, Joseph Holmes, Gillis McPherson, James Ronal, Thomas Price, *George G. Barr, *John Magie, *Jas. Norton, *Wm Edwards, *John Browne, John Wilson, Isaac Miller, Peter Little, Edward McRank, Jonathan Salsbury, Hugh Quigg, Charles Stuart, John Lee, Samuel Harris, Christian Hoffman, John Biard, John Davis, Ada Showen, J. Jackson, William Rose, Louis Demoret Dunzoy, James McUrdy, James Mitchel, James Daily, Henry Stock, Hugh Davis, John Richardson, Henry Link, J'n Bignow, James Tharp, Daniel Talmage, *Jonathan Carrington, John Wilson, Joshua Moore, Mark Walton, Wm. Ross, David Beman, Isaac Vandayn, Joseph Harriman, Richard Harriman, Josias Gold-

smith, *Wm. Drummon, John King, Samuel Lindley, Joseph Porter, Aaron Willis, Job Allen, Stephen Jackson, Israel Youngs, Ebenezer Tuttle, Jabez Biglow, *David Allen, Henry Berry, Jr., Joseph Rogers, Seth Mahurin, Silas Hathaway, Joseph Hull, Aaron Biglow, John Harriman, Aaron Hedden, Joseph Bedford, Isaac Ross, John Pierson, Daniel Jackson, *William Fisher, Josiah Biglow, John Miller, *Michael Montgomery, *John McConnell, *Peter Hyler, Josiah Beman, William Price, Daniel Biglow, Josiah Beaman, *Isaac Kelly, *William Howard, Helmer Kent, *Hiram Howard, *James Hindes, Arthur Young, Jacob Lyon, John Peer, Laben Robeards, Benjamin Wankle, John Marinus, Daniel Hayward, Moses Stiles, Phenias Farrand, Philip Price, Jr., Peter Prancesco, Philip Dormer, John Doremus, Philip Hiler, Samuel Farrand, Jake Harrison, Henry Young, Samuel Price, Humphre Devenport, Thomas Welshean, Martin Frederick, Mouris Mourison, Peter Hiler, Jr., Brant Jacobus, Philip Holenkous, Abraham Jacobus, Cornelius A. Jacobus, Henry Hennion, John Cone, Martin Frederick, Sen., Abraham Longhenner, John Esseler, Hinery Mourisson, James Jacobus, Nefham Cone, Coon Vreeland, Henry Vanhouten, John rear, John Parلمان, Abraham Peer, Nicholas Hiler, Edmund Kingsland, John Hiler, Henry Lowerus, Cornelius Jacobus, James Jennings, Peter Tice, John Nix, Conrod Esler, Mertain Young, Jacob Vanduyyn, Jacob Hoppon, James Shane, Garrett Farrall, Peter

Robards, Jacob Hiler, †John Miller, *junior of juniors*.

This paper is signed by one hundred and seventy-seven names. Some of these names are splendid specimens of penmanship, but others are scarcely legible. The four "Hoffs" are written beautifully. "Stephen Jackson" evidently did not learn to write in "Old Harris' School" in which his son Col. Joseph Jackson was taught to "write like a copy book." Many of these signers, I suspect, knew better how to hold a musket than a pen! Eighteen signers have made their marks, but from the resemblance in several signatures, I imagine that several more ought to have made their mark.

The Committee of Safety was composed of Robert Gaston, Moses Tuttle, Stephen Jackson, Abram Kitchel and Job Allen. The name of Abram Kitchel is not signed to this paper, probably owing to an oversight.

Each member of this committee had a paper like the one copied in this "Fragment," which is the one held by Stephen Jackson, Esq. Col. Jackson had the fact from his father that the Association of Whigs in this township had 400 signers. It is possible that I may be able to get the other papers. ROCKAWAY.

* His mark.

† This is the man erroneously called in "Fragment No. 7," "Ove." The orthography of the name is "Eoff," and it is pronounced "Ove."

‡ This Junior of Juniors is explained by Col. Jackson by saying that "John Miller" was the youngest of three John Millers.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.—No. 9.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

SOME GLEANINGS.

By recurring to the catalogue of the Association of Whigs in 1776, given in the former number, the name of Robert Gaston will be found at the head of the list. He was also Chairman of the Committee of Safety.

An amusing anecdote is still remembered concerning this worthy gentleman, which well illustrates the good nature of the man, and the character of these olden times. Mr. Gaston was a Scotchman by birth, and figured in this community as a gentleman of much influence. He could boast of the aldermanic portliness, which weighed more than two hundred pounds. On some public day, when large numbers had congregated near Mr. Gaston's residence, (now occupied by Freeman Wood, Esq.,) and had no doubt become merry and ripe for a joke by the free use of apple whiskey, one Reuben Clark, a little wag of a fellow, only about four feet in stature, made a bet with the portly Scotchman, that he could carry him on his back through Rockaway river, which flows just in front of the house.

The bet was accepted by Gaston, and called forth great acclamation from the crowd, who all rushed down to the stream to see the fun. Clark, with great gravity, mounted the Scotchman on his back, and commenced the passage. Step by step, he slowly proceeded, until he reached the middle of the stream, when with the greatest gravity he set him down in the water, in spite of remonstrances on the part of Gaston, and amid convulsions of laughter on the part of the witnesses. During this time, Clark's countenance was as grave as an owl's, and after resting a moment, and anointing his hands with spittal—a sure way of preparing for a

heavy lift!—he took the burden on his back again, and placed him safe on the other side, but with breeches dripping wet.

The merriment of the witnesses was not a little increased by Clark's remarking that "the bet did not hinder him from setting Gaston down to get a better hold!"

The good-natured Scotchman paid the bet, which I much suspect was in apple whiskey, for the benefit of all parties present, although in this particular I am not sustained by written or traditional chronicles! The character of the times will justify the guess.

This Mr. Gaston afterwards removed to Mendham, in this county, and erected a grist-mill there. For aught I know to the contrary, he lived the remainder of his days there.

Thomas Millege is a name brought to our notice by some of the older inhabitants of Morris County. He was a resident of Hanover, and was at the Declaration of Independence a prominent and rising man. He was a deputy surveyor by regular appointment of the Crown, and also by the Proprietors of New Jersey. Being an accurate and prompt officer, he was extensively employed in land surveys in this and the adjoining counties. His travels for surveying lands gave him fine opportunities for securing large tracts of valuable land, which, in addition to his lucrative employment, were fast securing him a large property. In 1775, he received a commission from the Crown as Justice of the Peace for Morris County, and in accordance with the law, as such took the oath of allegiance in form to the British King. He is represented as an amiable and highminded man, and when the war broke out, his conscientious regard for his oath of alle-

giance would not permit him to join "the rebels." He accordingly joined the British, and was honored with the commission of Major. In that capacity he served through the war, but so far as I can learn, his name is never associated with the atrocities which have justly made the tories of the revolution a by-word of contempt and loathing.

After peace was declared, with many others, he settled in Nova Scotia. He once ventured back to Morris county, some years after the war, and was waited on by a committee of suspicious patriots, to learn his business. He gave them no satisfaction, and told them that when his business was done, he should leave the country, and no sooner. His previous reputation as a man of honor and courage, saved him from further molestation.

It is a fact of some little interest, as showing how widely different are the results of life to those who lived in the same place, that Mrs. Col. Jackson, a native of Hanover, well remembers attending the same school with the children of Millege.

The extensive landed estates of Millege were confiscated and sold. Such is the fate of war.

As I was conversing a few days since with Mr. David Gordon, who is alluded to in Fragment No. 4, he informed me of two events which he distinctly remembers. His mother's brother, Thomas Kinney, was high Sheriff of the county at the time that Budd, Haines, Cooper, and Reynolds were tried for counterfeiting. Mr. Gordon was at that time a mere lad, but says he was present at the examination of Reynolds. He saw him taken from the jail and hung. He said he stood, during the execution, on a grind-stone, which was near one corner of the jail. I allude to this incident, not as important, because Mr. G. was too young to remember very much about its details, but to show by reference to the date of the transaction, how far back my old friend traces his active life. Reynolds was executed in the year 1773.—(*Life of Lord Stirling, p. 99.*)

In the same conversation, I asked Mr. Gordon where he was on the day when the battle of Monmouth was fought, June

28, 1778. His answer gives no fearful details of the carnage at Monmouth, but is interesting notwithstanding, and deserves to be put on record. By some means, the Americans obtained information that considerable quantities of grain were stored at Bergen, and a detachment of some eighty or hundred men on horseback was dispatched to take possession of it. The place being near New York, had probably emboldened the tories to think their grain entirely safe, and the British army having their hands full with Washington at that time, rendered the seizure quite easy. On the very day of the battle of Monmouth, this party of foragers, under the command of Mr. Abram Kitchell, of Rockaway, was engaged in seizing the grain at Bergen. It was loaded on wagons, and driven off towards Hackensack. Mr. G. says he was stationed as sentinel at a point which commanded a view for a considerable distance. He was regaling himself with cherries from a tree near to him, when he saw several men cross the road some distance from him, with scythes hanging on their arms. Shortly afterwards he heard several of his companions call out to him to ride for his life. On coming up to them, he inquired what the matter was, and they asked him if he did not see a company of men cross the road armed with guns. At this, Mr. Gordon laughed at them for being afraid when there was no danger, for said he, "the *guns* which the men had were only *scythes*!" However, the grain having been secured, the party hastily retreated toward Hackensack, and thence made their way homewards at their leisure. The prize was despatched to the army, and in those hard times, it was no doubt highly valued.

Our aged citizen, Mr. Gordon, then did his country good service on that memorable day, although in a more peaceable and quiet way, as truly as those noble men, who endured the active horrors of the battle field, on which the extreme heat slew almost as many of each army as the cannon, musket and sword.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 10.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

BURNING OF LONDON COMPANY'S FURNACES.

Previous to the breaking out of hostilities between this country and Great Britain, there were erected in the counties of Bergen and Morris, four blast furnaces by the London Company, viz: at Charlottsburgh, Long Pond, Ringwood, and Winockie. These furnaces were for a time in active operation, and yet are supposed not to have proved so profitable as the Company expected. There were men a short time since among us who in their youth worked in these establishments. It is a rumor commonly believed, and one which I do not now remember to have seen in print, that the London Company persuaded the Home Government that one of the most effectual modes of dealing with the rebels, was to deprive them of these means of manufacturing cannon balls and other munitions of war. They told the government that these were the only establishments of the kind in the country, and that it was indispensable before the outbreak to destroy them. The Government paid the Company largely to carry out the design, and that design was actually accomplished in reducing the buildings and machinery to ashes. The reason was not made a secret. This event occurred probably in 1775.

John Jacob Faesch, a native of Hesse Cassel, Germany, who had been sent over by the London Company as their agent or manager, had left their employ about the year 1772 to begin an establishment for himself. He purchased six thousand acres of land, embracing what is known as the Mount Hope tract. At Mount Hope, about three miles to the north of Rockaway, he had erected a blast furnace, together with all the means for accommodating a large number of operatives. The

stone house in which he lived, (built by Col. Jacob Ford, Jr., and sold to Faesch,) is still in excellent repair. It is said that Mr. Faesch was written to by the Home Government, to learn the truth of the statements made by the London Company. He was a great Whig, and therefore wrote in reply to the inquiry, that "he knew nothing about it," which was not exactly the truth, since he must have known something about the Mount Hope blast furnaces, standing within a stone's throw of his own house, and of the Hibernia furnace not two miles from him, the light of which he could no doubt discern in a dark night standing in his own door. However, war and politics, when they have the sway, give us pretty loose morals!

Some old men who were actually in the employ of the London Company, bear testimony to the main facts as to the burning of these extensive iron establishments. They say everything was arrested in full tide and abandoned. The furnaces were on blast, and the coal houses full of stock, and the coal pits on the mountains were burning. As an evidence that the workmen abandoned these last without waiting to reduce the pits to charcoal, and secure it, I am informed by the present owner of the Charlottsburgh Works, that over those mountains, he has found several places on which coal-pits were evidently burned, and the coal left without any care. Large bodies of coal were thus left to waste, the evidences of which may be seen to this day.

During the revolutionary war we learn incidentally from a letter of Gen. Washington to Richard Henry Lee that there were between eighty and one hundred iron works in Morris County. In this letter he remonstrates against the exemption of men employed in these works from

military duty, except such as are engaged in making cannon balls and shells for the government. This letter was written in 1777.

And from an unpublished letter from Capt. R. Erskine, at Ringwood, to Lord Stirling, we infer that the difficulty was not slight. This gentleman at Ringwood organized a company made up principally of men engaged in the iron establishments in that vicinity, and allowed them to draw wages as day laborers, whilst engaged in drilling. But the fact that the mountainous part of Morris County repeatedly furnished large companies of soldiers, is evidence that these numerous works did not stifle or prevent a proper show of patriotism, on the part of the iron operations of that day.

It is a fact of some interest that Mr. Faesch took 30 of his mercenary countrymen, the Hessians, who were captured at Trenton, and employed them about his iron works at Mount Hope. He was furnished with thirty muskets, which were always kept in order, and for a long time had regular sentinels stationed at night about his house, to prevent disturbances among the prisoners, and any surprise from the Tories, who under the notorious Moody made several attempts to rob him.

Mr. Faesch rented the Hibernia Works, and both this and that at Mount Hope were principally engaged in making shot and shells for the army. As late as 1807 no less than seven thousand tons of these articles were at Mount Hope, and in a lot opposite Col Jackson's house in Rockaway. By order of Government they were conveyed to Staten Island that year.

There is a tradition which I have no means of testing, but which is worth repetition. Mr. Faesch had a partner or agent with him at Mount Hope, named *Ausenclever*, who died, and it is said that in his will he left thirty pounds to the Parish of Rockaway, on condition that his

body should be buried beneath the pulpit in the old church. It is said the legacy on so cheap a condition was secured, and the body buried according to the wish of its former possessor. Among the parish records and accounts I find no mention of the fact, and whilst the tradition is in many mouths, I have not found any aged person to affirm its truth. And yet I cannot conjecture how the tradition should be started without some foundation in fact; besides this, the fact that *Ausenclever* was from Germany, where such burials are not rare, gives it, to say the least, an air of probability. It must pass for what it is worth. I give it as I heard it.

Since writing the above, in conversing with Mrs. Anderson, an aged lady, she gives me another version of the burial under the church, which is probably authentic. She says she was not at the burial herself, but remembers when it took place, and she has heard her parents often speak of being present.

Mr. Faesch, of Mount Hope, had a friend in New York, also a native of Germany, a *Captain Friesberg*, who was in a decline. He insisted at one time on accompanying Mr. F. to his residence, and while there was confined to his bed with his last sickness. Previous to his death, it was reported that he agreed to make the Parish of Rockaway heir to a handsome sum, currently stated to be five hundred pounds, if his body might be interred under the church just in front of the pulpit. After his death his wish was gratified in the presence of a large number of witnesses to a sight so strange, and never before or since witnessed here. Mrs. A says that cake and wine were distributed bountifully on the occasion.

The bequest probably never was made, as no mention is found of it in the records of the church, nor is there any tradition concerning its being received.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 11.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

TIMOTHY TUTTLE—GEN. HEARD—COL.
HATHEWAY—DEMONOLOGY—MORRIS
COUNTY POWDER.

Mr. William Ball gives an account concerning the last battle of Springfield, which deserves to be perpetuated. He was in Capt. Timothy Tuttle's Company, and the brigade was commanded by Gen. Heard. They lay near the "Stone House," about one mile from Millville, and heard the roar of the cannon at Springfield. The General for some cause refused to march to the scene of conflict, giving as an excuse that he had no order from his superiors. There was much chafing among his soldiers, and at last Captain Timothy Tuttle took his position before the soldiers and called for volunteers for the battle. A fine company of brave fellows stepped out in answer to this noble appeal, and followed him to the battle field. When they had reached the place they filled their muskets vigorously, and took their part in the conflict. In a short time after they reached the place, the town was in flames. The Captain, with his brave volunteers, followed the enemy on their retreat as far as Elizabethtown.

Mr. James Kitchel was accustomed to relate an instance of army punning. A Morris County man named William Willis, was in a skirmish between the Americans and British at Haverstraw, and by some means was so fortunate as to take a knapsack from one of the enemy. Willis always carried his trophy, and his comrades were accustomed jocularly to call his knapsack the "Haver-Straw Sack."

At the last battle of Springfield, Lieut. Col. Hatheway of Morristown, a man of uncommon bravery, took a company of some forty men to give the British a spice of well directed bullets. He led his men through a rye field, through which they crept unperceived by the enemy, who were at the time engaged in dining. Hatheway and his men reached a fence which was covered with high bushes. Rising suddenly from their concealment, and within short musket shot of the enemy, these bold men poured a

volley in upon the men as they were eating. They then leaped over into the road, brandished their guns, and shouted their defiance. They reached a place of safety without the loss of a single man, although it is supposed the enemy did not escape so well. These men were very active in pursuing the enemy in their retreat, which began immediately after that bold attack.

Whilst speaking of Col. Hatheway, and the Battle of Springfield, it will be in place to give a letter copied from a volume of manuscript in the State Library. The letter will speak for itself, and bears on a fact above alluded to. The letter is copied literally as to spelling, capitals, grammar, punctuation and other particulars. It is a curiosity and well worth preserving, and it proves that the gallant Hatheway could use his sword much better than his pen.

Lieut. Col. Hatheway's Charges against Gen. Heard.

"Morristown, 15 July, 1780.

"To his Excellency the Governor

I send you in Closed Several charges which I Charg B D Huid with while he comanded the Militare Sum Time in jun Last at Elizebeth Town farms which I pray His Exilency would Call a Court of inquiry on these Charges if his Exilency thinks it worth notising

from your Hum

Ser

Benoni Hathaway

Lut Coll"

To exilency the Govenor.

"This Is the Charges that I bring against General Huid While he Comanded the Milita at Elizabethtown furms sum Time in June last 1780

1 Charg is for leaving his post and Marching the Trups of their post without order and Leaving that Pass without anye gard between the Enemy and our army without giving anye notis that pass was open Between three and fore Ours

2 Charg is Retreating in Disorder Before the Enemy without ordering anye Rear gard or flauks out leading of the Retreat Him Self.

3 Churg is for marching the Trups of from advantiges peice of ground where we mit Noyed them much and Lickley prevented thear gaining the Bridg at Fox Hall had not the Trups Bin ordered of which prevented our giving our army any assistance in a Time of great Destris.

4 Chazg is for marching the Trups of a Bout one mile from aney part of the Eue-my and taken them upon an Hy mountain and kept them thear till the Enemy had gained Springfeald Bridge

List of Evidene

| | | |
|----------------------|---|--|
| Colt Van Cortland | { | Capt Nathaniel Horton |
| Wm Skunk the Brigad | | |
| Major | | Adjt Klen King |
| Capt Benjamin Cartur | | Major Samuel Hays Lieutenant Buckover." |

There is a letter which show how extensively the schoolmaster was abroad in these days. It will cause a smile to study that letter, and yet it proved the Colonel to have had a bold heart, and one which would not brook any misconduct in a soldier, even though his superior in station. Nor in giving this curiosity, nor in the anecdote related of Capt. Tuttle do I pretend to pass judgment on the commander. I repeat the story as I find it, not fearing but Gen. H.'s conduct can be cleared up, provided he acted as a brave soldier should, and if he did not act so he certainly deserves commendation.

As to this Col. Hatheway, he lived north of Morristown a short distance, and was a very trusty officer. Whilst Washington lay at Morristown, Hatheway had the charge of the ammunition, and worked with the greatest zeal, with his own hands making cartridges. During the same period an incident occurred which ought to be chronicled. The enemy were at Elizabethtown, and Hatheway with a troop of volunteers, determined to attack them. It was necessary to dispose of the sentinels, and in this he received a mark which he always carried. The sentinel hearing some noise, as of persons moving in the dark, challenged them. He repeated it the third time and fired. The ball struck Hatheway in the neck, and although severely wounded, he cheered his men on to accomplish the design they had in view. My informant could not tell me to what extent they were successful; but whether defeated or not is nothing here or there in showing the bravery of this man, whose name has died out of remembrance, except as a few old heroes of those times occasionally refreshes the memory of the young with anecdotes concerning him.

Notwithstanding his bravery, the Colonel was said to be quite superstitious, and through that infirmity he became one of Roger's dupes in the affair of the Morristown Ghost. His credulity involved him, it is said, in large expenditures, which neither the Ghost nor Rogers ever refunded. In consequence, he was seri-

ously embarrassed the rest of his life. Even as late as 1792 when Col. H. was engaged in building the mill dam at Dover, he gravely related how he had spent a whole night with a neighbor in relieving the poor man's wife of the diabolical influence of witches! He wielded, with great faith, every charm pointed out in his system of Demonology, the *horse-shoe* and all! The probability is, that the tales which he had heard at the capacious firesides of his native place in boyhood had in reality inspired the bold man with much greater respect for the witch fraternity than he had for the formidable name of King George, and with greater fear of their power than he had for a cannon loaded with grape! And from many traditions handed down, I gravely suspect that many of our brave Morris County ancestors are to be reckoned among the same witch-fearing brotherhood. Col. Hatheway was not the only man in Morris County who had the well adjusted horsehoe nailed up in just the place where its mysterious artillery would strike the witch "between wind and water!"

The old soldiers inform me that every means was used by Gen. Washington to deceive the enemy as to the amount of powder made at the Morristown Powder Mill which was situated in the meadow below the present residence of Henry Ford, Esq. But few were allowed to have access to the mill, and none but reliable men. The same was true of the magazine or store house which stood on part of the ground now occupied by the block of buildings lately erected by Mr Marsh. These old men tell me that almost every day an ox waggon, loaded with barrels of powder (as they appeared) were driven from the powder mill to the store house, closed guarded by soldiers who marched along each side keeping spectators at a distance. With great gravity these barrels were conveyed in open day into the storehouse, thus giving the spies a good bit of intelligence for the ears of the British Commander. It was no doubt this display of *powder* that caused the enemy to make so many attempts to reach Morristown, which attempts were always foiled by the courageous resistance of the Morris County yeomanry. Many of these barrels so conspicuously deposited in a place of safety, as afterwards appeared, were filled with *sand*, which was more abundant thereabouts than powder.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 12.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EXECUTION OF REYNOLDS; COUNTERFEITING; AND THE OLD BOONTON SLITTING MILL.

In a former fragment, I stated that an *nonagenarian* friend, Mr. Gordon, was present at the execution of Reynolds for counterfeiting. His uncle, Thomas Kinney, being Sheriff, was in great trepidation, at the business of hanging four men. The scaffold was erected immediately in front of the Court House, and he remembers the ample fixtures for the execution. He says the sentence was passed on the four in the *meeting-house*, which does not agree with Mr. Whitehead's statement in a paper lately read before the Historical Society.

Mr. Gordon relates a little incident, which occurred just previous to the executions, worthy of a repetition. It seems that a son of the Sheriff, a lad of some ten or twelve years old, and himself, forgetful of the dreadful nature of the business in hand, were indulging themselves in some athletic sport. Mrs. Kinney called her son into the house, and rebuking him for his shameless levity at such a time, severely chastised him. The Sheriff coming up just at that moment, nervous and agitated with the hanging business, seized the boy by the arm, and called out spitefully, "Why don't you put it on him?" His wife very wisely concluded, that however well calculated he might be in that mental agitation to hang four men, he was not at all fitted to advise concerning the whipping of one boy, and she forthwith desisted. As for Mr. Gordon, he thought the Sheriff would be at him next, and he was greatly frightened about it!

Another incident pertaining to the same transaction is related to me by Mr. Gordon. The wife of Robert Gaston, chairman of the committee of vigilance, was the sister of Cooper, one of the four condemned counterfeiters. On the morning of the execution, the reprieves had not yet reached Morristown, or at least had not been published. Mrs. Gaston of course supposed that her brother would be hanged, and so great was her agitation that she left her house and went on the rise of ground just above where Dr. Jackson of Rockaway now resides, and not far from where the street now runs in front of Fuller & Co's Foundry. She ran backwards and forwards along the hill for several hours, and did not leave it until a dispatch from Morristown gave her word of the reprieve.

It will be interesting to residents in Rockaway thus to associate these old incidents with particular localities in the village.

Mr. Gordon also informs me that it was currently reported among the inhabitants of this region, that a gang of counterfeiters had an establishment on the west side of the mountain, which is back of the village of Rockaway. A little west of the Swede's Mine is a brook which comes down the valley, entering the canal near to the residence of Mr. Asa Berry. It was reported that on this brook the counterfeiters had a place for the manufacture of spurious coin and bills. A colored man, Thomas Whitehead, who died not long since at the county house, was wont to relate that these men needing the services of a man, employed a colored man. When they had brought him to some point within two or three miles of the place, they blindfolded him, and then took him by a circuitous route among the mountains to the den. He was then taken from it in the same way. The story savors greatly of improbability through-

out, and must be considered a legend, which probably owes its birth to the suspicions of the times which had been made more acute by the repeated and often ruinous impositions suffered by the inhabitants from counterfeit money.

Another fragment I have obtained from various sources, and hope to be able to gather more particulars concerning the event, but prefer now to record it as it came to me. It will be remembered that Great Britain imposed the most burdensome and abominable restrictions upon the manufacture of iron in her colonies. She was especially hostile to the erection of blast furnaces and rolling mills.

About one mile from the flourishing village of Boonton, and two miles from the Parsippany church, is a locality known as Old Boonton, a charming spot on the Rockaway river. Mr. Samuel Ogden of Newark with the aid of his father, determined to erect a mill for slitting iron plates for nail and spike rods and other useful purposes, but it was necessary to mask the work in order to elude the vigilance of the Colonial Governor. To do this the more effectually a building was put up ostensibly for a grist mill. It was so situated that the entrance to the mill was from the hill side. In the room thus entered there was a small run of stones for grinding grain. The lower room was devoted to the "slitting mill," and all things were so arranged that with a little warning that room could be closed up entirely so as to give no signs of the purposes for which it was occupied. An Englishman named Campsen, one of the ancestors of the Righter family at Parsippany, was the mechanic.

Reports reached the ears of Gov. Franklin that such a mill had been started in violation of the express prohibition of the government at home, and he must needs go and see for himself. Suddenly and unlooked for the Governor and suite made a descent on Old Boonton. Mr. Ogden very politely received them, and on learning their errand, replied that they would take dinner first, and then he would shew them his premises. Accordingly he had a sumptuous dinner spread for the hungry Governor and his attendants. This

required some time, which his Excellency kindly excused, especially when he came to the well loaded table. Mr. Ogden with great generosity brought out a profusion of liquors, so that the party began to feel amply comforted for their weary ride among the mountains and hills of Morris County.

In the meantime the slitting mill was placed in its best concealment, and the grist mill was set in its most busy motion. The Governor and his party at last sallied forth in search of the prohibited slitting mill, and tradition reports them all to have obtained exceedingly clear ideas over Mr. Ogden's decanters! Coming to the door of the mill, and hearing the roar of the stones, and seeing the dust flying, and the usual evidences of a grist mill, on a small scale to be sure, the Governor gave a hearty "pooh" and said he "knew very well there was nothing in the report, but then he was in duty bound to look into it! He was right glad to find that it was a groundless report, just as he had always supposed!"

And so he went off satisfied that old Boonton contained no unlawful means of lessening the means of his royal master, with which idea we are also informed Mr. Ogden was highly delighted, as well he might be.

Col. Joseph Jackson, and Col. S. S. Beach of Rockaway, are my informants, and I suppose the fact to be as they relate it. Mr. Gordon well remembers Mr. Ogden, and says that when he himself was a small boy that Mr. O. was accustomed to give him sugar and such things out of the store. He says Mr. O. was a perfect gentleman in his manners and was reputed a great business man, who could manage a difficult case with as much coolness as was possible. This report seems not a little confirmed from the way in which he sent the Governor and his party back to the Capital as wise as they left it. It is said that frequently after this, report about the existence of that slitting mill came to the Governor's hearing, but he stoutly avowed there was no such thing for he had been there to examine into the matter himself!

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 13:

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 50.

About four miles from Rockaway, a short distance from Mount Hope, still resides a venerable woman who on the 1st of April, 1851, attained the age of ninety years. Remarkably cheerful, and affable, none enjoys the society of friends more than she. Rarely, if ever, can one so aged be found, who is able to make a friend feel so happy and so much at home as she. I refer to *Mrs. Elizabeth Doland*, and long may she survive to render her friends happy by her Christian virtues, and kindly heart.

She is a native of Germany and came to this country about the year 1765, she being then about four years old. Her father was engaged to come to this country in the employ of the London Company. She gives me some facts which throw light on the history of those times, and correct one statement made in a late "fragment" about Mr. Faesch. Mrs. D. says that *Hansenclever*, a German, was employed by the London Company to oversee the Iron Works they were erecting in America, and locate lands. It was under his direction and not under that of Faesch, that those furnaces were built, and also one on the Hudson river at Cortland's Manor, which last proved a failure from the want of ore, which could not then be found sufficiently near to be profitable. This Hansenclever was a man who understood the ways and means of scattering money, with which he was largely furnished by the Company and attempted everything on a grand scale, making the houses of the workmen, especially if they were his countrymen, very nice, and more costly than was necessary. He was the means of bringing large numbers of Germans to this country, of the various occupations necessary to building and carrying on the works. Among others, he was the means of bringing John Jacob Faesch, about the year 1766 or 7. To show over what a large period this old lady's memory reaches I may here allude to the first time she saw Mr. Faesch. She was only a small girl, probably between five and six years of age—and was living with her father at Ringwood, in Passaic County.

She was crossing the fields one day with her parents, when they saw at a distance, a stranger, a gentlemanly looking man. Her father knowing that a Mr. Faesch was expected said, "I'll warrant you that is the man. I mean to accost him in German, and in that way, we will find out." He did so, and his conjecture proved to be true. That must have been near eighty years ago, and it is not therefore wonderful that she should say, "that seems just like a dream, it was so long ago."

Hansenclever's management did not give satisfaction to his employers, and he received an invitation to come over to England to make a statement of his affairs, but he preferred to avoid any unpleasant occurrences of that nature, and judged his "fader land" a safer place, and to Germany he accordingly retired, without giving any satisfactory account of his stewardship. Although he had sent for Mrs. Doland's father, and for Mr. Faesch, also, he did not wait till their arrival. I am giving Mrs. D.'s recollections, which may be imperfect in some particulars. She calls Humphries a *manager*, whereas I think he was only a clerk. My object is merely to report *her* recollections.

Hansenclever was succeeded in the management of the Furnaces and Forges of the London Company, by a gentleman named Humphries, who did not conduct affairs any more to the liking of his employers than his predecessor, and in a short time, probably some two or three years, he left the company's employ. He went to Spotswood near New Brunswick, and built a blast furnace for himself, but soon failed.

Humphries' successor was Robert Erskine, an Englishman or Scotchman, who continued there during the war, and of whom Mrs. Doland relates some anecdotes which show that the London Company did not find in him so faithful a steward as the American Rebels did a friend. He espoused the American cause with great zeal, disciplining, as I am told, a company of men principally at his own expense, which men he ever held ready

for action in any emergency, but at all other times keeping at work around the Furnaces and Forges. Previous to the war, as the agent of that company, he had collected at Ringwood a large stock of goods which he disposed of at enormous advances. For instance, Mrs. Doland says she was living with a man who paid Erskine fifteen bushels of wheat for one bushel of salt. She was then a small girl, but she rode in the wagon on the wheat, which was exchanged. It seems also that he had a large quantity of powder, rum, and other articles deemed indispensable.

In some one of the manuscript letters (still preserved in the family) of Mr. Joseph Hoff, the manager of the Hibernia Works for Lord Stirling, this fact is incidentally alluded to, that Mr. Erskine had a large quantity of articles on hand which were not easily procured, and among them powder and salt. From several letters from Mr. Hoff to Lord Stirling, it comes out very plainly that Erskine was a prompt and resolute man. There was some disagreement between Stirling on the one part, and Erskine and Col. Samuel Ogden on the other, about raising iron ore, from some vein claimed by the former to be his. He insisted "half a dollar" should be paid him on every ton raised from "the Lord Stirling vein," and Mr. Hoff, as Stirling's agent, in May, 1775, wrote to Erskine that "if this is not complied with, he (Stirling) has enjoined it on me not to suffer the *oar* to be removed, which I can't fail to observe." This did not meet with a very cordial greeting from Erskine, for Hoff in writing soon after to Stirling, says, "Mr. Erskine told my brother that had he been applied to in a more Modist manner, that he would not have refused the powder, but that he was not to be threatened into compliance." Mr. Hoff in his letter had requested as a favor some powder for mining purposes.

From the drift of Mr. Hoff's letter it would seem that Lord Stirling had recommended violence, if Ogden and Erskine did not come to terms, and Mr. Hoff very sensibly advises his employer that "violence to prevent any further invasion on this property will, I think, be both illegal and dangerous, for they are resolved to repel force with force, from what I can learn." In another letter he says, "Mr. Erskine with Col. Ogden, is resolved to

make a most vigorous resistance—their numbers are two, may be, three to our one." Again he says, "if there is no other way to prevent Col. Ogden from raising *oar* but the force of arms, he will both keep the possession and the property, for his strength with Mr. Erskine's Long Pond, and Charlottenburg troops is far superior to ours."

These little incidental allusions prove that Mr. Erskine was a resolute man, and not to be trifled with, and at the same time that his position and character gave him great influence over "the troops" of operatives in the works he was managing.

The account which Mrs. Doland gives of Erskine, shows that he was a man of great influence, that he espoused the American cause warmly, and served more or less in the army. After the war was over, it was said that he was induced to visit England, and although the London Company did not imprison him, yet to use the old lady's words, "he received such a severe reprimand for his unfaithfulness to his employers, that it worked on his mind, and threw him into great despondency; which finally terminated in the rupture of a blood vessel. He was one day sitting in his chair, and almost instantly fell from it dead."

This account given by Mrs. D., goes to discredit the tradition concerning the burning of the London Company's works, given in another "fragment" at least so far as Ringwood, the residence of Erskine, was concerned. The tradition which I there gave, asserted very positively the facts there related, especially of Charlottenburg. Still there may be some mistake concerning it, which future examinations may rectify—a matter of some importance in the Revolutionary History of this part of the State.

Mr. Faesch was in the employ of this Company seven years previous to his purchase of the Mount Hope establishment, the deed of that purchase having date February 1st, 1773.

I shall probably take the opportunity to refer to Mr. Erskine again, and his station, influence and character, will serve to render such reference interesting, and throw light on the history of the State, previous to and during the Revolution.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 14.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

ROBBERY OF ERSKINE'S HOUSE AT RINGWOOD; THE NIGHT RIDERS; BURGOYNE'S MUSICIANS AND ARTILLERY; THE PATRIOTIC INNKEEPER.

BY REV. DR. JOS. F. TUTTLE, 1850.

Among other interesting incidents related to me by Mrs. Doland is one to which I have seen no allusion hitherto. She was living with a Mr. Walmsley at Pompton, an innkeeper, who did much towards entertaining our soldiers during the war. The generous and warm-hearted patriotism of Mrs. Walmsley shall be recorded in another place.

At this time of danger, it is said that Ringwood was regarded as a very safe retreat. Erskine was a bold and resolute man, and he had enough men at the home establishment and at the Long Pond Furnace, only a few miles distant, to make up a respectable regiment. His house was well secured with heavy shutters, and doors, well barred and bolted. In fact all his arrangements were made with reference to the state of war then existing, and especially the gangs of robbers which infested the mountains between Ringwood and Ramapo.

Mrs. Doland says that it was commonly reported and believed that some persons in New York, feeling the insecurity of their residences against the depredations of the enemy, tory and British, carried their plate to Ringwood for safe keeping. When she was living at Walmsley's, very frequently gentlemen would stop for refreshments, and would display so much caution and privacy about certain boxes, or trunks, as to justify the suspicion that they contained articles of value. These gentlemen were generally on their way to Ringwood. Mrs. Walmsley would frequently call Betsey's (Mrs. Doland) attention to these things and would say "Betsey, do you know what is in these? They are full of silver, and they are going to Erskine's for safe keeping!"

These reports circulated extensively over the country, and believed would make Erskine's house a noted object among the tory robbers, in the mountains. The gang being very numerous, it is not unlikely that they had some reliable spy

in Erskine's employ, to give information when the force at the works was weak, and the family off their guard, and especially when the strong man, Erskine himself, was away. These conjectures are corroborated by the facts. Long safety had led the family to be fearless of robbery; many of the men, with Mr. Erskine, were away, (I believe Mrs. D. states it so) in the army.

Be this as it may, a strong band of mounted robbers about midnight stole silently into the settlement, and it is said were so fortunate as to get hold of a clerk belonging to the concern. Perhaps he was the very spy who gave the information. They tied the young man and ordered him, as he valued his life to go to the door of the house and wake up the family, telling them that there were some gentlemen from New York, friends of Mr. Erskine, who had just arrived, and would be glad to share in the hospitalities of the family.

The trick succeeded, and the door being unbarred, the robbers rushed in and took possession. Mrs. Erskine by this time, finding that the house was taken, put a valuable gold watch into a slipper, and threw it carelessly under the bed, where it would have escaped, had the lady herself possessed sufficient nerve to carry out the concealment. But the men seemed to know she had such an article of value, and threatened to kill her if she did not go and get it. She was accustomed afterwards to say laughing, "I was so frightened, that I did not dare to refuse, and went and brought the watch to them with my own hands."

Mrs. D. says that they made clean work of all the valuables in the house and it was said secured plunder to a large amount, and then made off. After this a strong guard was kept about the establishment and no more invasions of this kind occurred.

I am conscious that this "Fragment" is imperfect, and would suppress it for the present in hopes of securing additional information, but we are led to publish it in this form, hoping that it will fall under the notice of some who may know aged persons who can give further par-

ticulars. The most of persons are not yet aware how severely the counties of Morris, Sussex and Bergen suffered from the depredations of the Tories, some of them organized into companies, for the express purpose of robbing "the rebels."

It is an incident of some interest now that we are speaking of the Tory incursions, that Mrs. Doland's father-in-law removed with his family from Ringwood to Mount Hope, three or four weeks previous to the robbery at Hibernia. It was late in the winter when he removed, and in the spring he sent his two sons to Ringwood to drive his cattle to Mount Hope. The boys drove the cattle as far as Charlottenburg, the first day, and then put up for the night with a Scotchman, an acquaintance of their father. They being very tired, slept soundly, but the next morning the old lady asked them, "boys, did you hear the *riders* last night? I'll warrant you'll hear that somebody was robbed last night!" Hearing the noise of horses going by, she had got up and stealthily saw the troop passing. The boys had not gone far that morning before they heard that the conjecture of their hostess was well founded, and that Mr. Hoff at Hibernia had been robbed. This was some time before Mrs. Doland herself came to Mount Hope.

My aged friend, Mrs. Doland, has some right to be interested in our revolutionary war since her own father and one brother were frequently out in the army. It was their fortune to be under General Washington when Cornwallis surrendered, so that they witnessed and were accustomed to describe one of the most impressive scenes in American History.

And I must not forget to describe some scenes which Mrs. Doland herself witnessed, whilst living at Walmsley's in Pompton. She had been away to a neighbor's house one day, and when she returned, she found a heap of curious looking instruments in the bar-room, and on inquiry, found they were musical instruments, belonging to a band of nine men who had been captured with Burgoyne's army. The most of them were Germans, and had probably agreed to serve the Americans as they had done the British. Mrs. W. told Betsey that she would get them to play for her before they left. Accordingly, she told them that here was a girl from Germany, and they must play for her. They told Mrs. W. they thought Betsey would get enough music before they left, for they were going to stay a week. "And I did get enough of it,"

said Mrs. D. "It was beautiful music, but every night the house was crowded full with folks from a distance, who wanted to hear the music, and they kept it going the whole time, and the house was turned upside down. I was heartily glad when they were gone."

Whilst at Walmsley's, and not long after the occurrence just related, she saw a long train of brass cannons, which were surrendered with Burgoyne, pass through Pompton. She says they were very bright, and figured off in great style, and had "*George Rex*" on them. Some of them were drawn by three yoke of oxen, and the train was very long, and that the people were in the greatest excitement as these trophies of an important victory passed through.

Among the incidents of this occasion, was one not a little amusing. Walmsley had a neighbor whose son was but little more sensible than an idiot. When this boy saw the large number of cattle which were employed in drawing Burgoyne's artillery, he ran up to Mr. Walmsley and said, "I'm thinking we shall have a hard winter of it!" "Why do you think so?" "Because they are driving off so many milch cows!"

Walmsley and his wife were sterling patriots, and never shut up their larder against the American soldiers. Living as they did on the great thoroughfare between the Headquarters in New Jersey, and the Highlands, and also having frequently bodies of the troops stationed in their vicinity, they had frequent opportunities to show their kindness. Often when detachments of troops would be marching through in haste, Mrs. Walmsley would have some boards fixed by the street side, covered with food, which they could eat during a short halt. For such entertainment she would ask nothing of the common soldiers, many of whom were very poor, and almost starved. When they were sick she was also very kind to them, in providing such things as were necessary to relieve their distress. When the troops were stationed at Pompton this patriotic woman made it a point frequently to send to the men standing on guard at night some nicely prepared food, especially if it were cold or stormy. From the customs of the day, it might be inferred that her husband often sent a little "fire water" from his bar-room, "to make the food set easily on the stomachs of the sentinels!"

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 15.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

A CORRECTION; CONTINENTAL CURRENCY; PATRIOTIC HOSPITALITY; AN ABSENT-MINDED SOLDIER; THE PRUDENT TANNER.

BY REV. DR. JOS. F. TUTTLE, 1850.

In Fragment No. 1 it was stated that Mrs. Kitchel, wife of Mr. Uzal Kitchel and daughter of Mr. Daniel Tuttle, at some alarm of the British approaching, took her aged father to Mount Pleasant, some three miles west of Rockaway, to the house of Moses Tuttle, Esq. This was a mistake. The aged and blind man thus cared for at time when "none were left home but those too old or too young to defend themselves," was the father of Moses Tuttle, of Mount Pleasant, Joseph Tuttle, whose monument is to be seen still in the Whippany burying ground. It was the grandmother of Mr. Silas Tuttle, of Whippany, on the father's side, who put the horse before "a chair," as it was called, and carried her husband's father to a place of safety, because she could not bear in case of an invasion to think of one so old and helpless being exposed to the insults of the enemy. It was an act of filial piety of which her descendants have just reason to be proud. Mr. Daniel Tuttle, instead of being blind and infirm, was in the army at different times with his five sons.

As an illustration of the difficulties encountered by our forefathers of the revolution, I have found the following anecdote. Mrs. Uzal Kitchel, the lady who so nobly refused to take out a British protection, had a cow which she owned herself, and having an opportunity she sold the animal for some twenty-five or thirty dollars, Continental money. This money was laid aside carefully to buy a set of silver spoons. But the next summer being very sick, her physician ordered ordered some *wine* to be procured for her. The money she had laid aside was used, and the *whole thirty dollars was only sufficient to pay for one quart of wine!*

That little incident is a perfect index to the pecuniary embarrassments of that day, and when we remember with what fortitude and persevering cheerfulness our fathers suffered those things, we cannot sufficiently admire them, nor ought we to cease blessing God that so noble a cause as that of our national freedom was entrusted to such worthy hands.

Particular individuals in Morris County suffered even to "the spoiling of their goods" so far as concerned the taking of their goods without remuneration. Mr. Uzal Kitchel, of Whippany, was an illustration of this. On many occasions he has had as many soldiers in his house as it would accommodate. He has kept twelve soldiers at a time, entirely at his own expense, for which he received little or no compensation. In one instance an officer wished to billet forty-one men, but finally lowered his requirement to twelve. The men were hungry and fatigued, and Mr. K. put his large copper kettle, holding half a barrel, over the fire, filled with meat, potatoes, and other vegetables. An aged woman who died about a year since, Mrs. Keturah Flatt, was accustomed to relate the incident, that the poor fellows were so hungry that they could not wait for the victuals to be cooked thoroughly, but would take out portions of the uncooked food, which they devoured greedily. Mrs. F. says that she was sent up into the garret after corn meal, and she supposing the soldiers would be as nice about the matter as their own family, began to sift the meal. It was very cold, and the operation tedious. A soldier, becoming impatient at her delay, ran up stairs, and seeing what she was about, said, "never mind my little girl, sifting it, it is all good enough." And he caught up the tray of meal, and hurried down with it to his companions, who soon converted it into dumplings.

On another occasion twelve soldiers were billeted at Mr. Kitchel's to be inoculated with small pox. The family

were inoculated by one of the army physicians, and were quite sick. Nothing was more frequent during the Summer and Spring months, than for troops of light horse to pass through Whippany, and to turn their horses into the fine meadows below Mr. Kitchel's house. For these hospitalities, the remuneration was very small, and in many cases, it amounted to nothing at all. These facts show the same thing already alluded to, the real difficulties encountered by our fathers in the Revolution.

Another instance of the difficulties of the times, is found in the case of Mr. David Baker, a Revolutionary soldier, who died some years since. He sold his farm during the war for a considerable sum, which he received in Continental money. This money depreciated on his hands, until the value of his farm sunk to the trifling sum of some five or ten dollars.

In making inquiries of the aged people about those trying days, incidents of this character frequently are related in which persons have lost all their property by this means. There can be no doubt that the worthless currency of that day, was one of the most serious evils with which all classes were compelled to contend.

An anecdote is still preserved in Whippany concerning an old soldier who has been dead some years. His name was Cornelius Mills. He was not more than 16 years of age when he joined the army, and was, as is said, in the battle of Long Island. The company to which he belonged was stationed in a piece of woods, from which they kept up a sharp fire on the enemy, but at last they were forced to retreat. Mills was stationed behind a large tree, loading his gun and firing as fast as he could. So intent was he in his business that he did not notice the call for a retreat until he found the enemy rapidly coming toward him. He then for the first time discovered that his companions were gone, and that it was high time for him to seek a place of safety. To do this he must cross an open space in the face of the enemy, and thinking the more speed he could make the better, he flung down his gun and knapsack, and ran for life. The poor fellow was followed by a shower of bullets, but escaped unhurt. On coming up to his company the Captain put him under arrest for losing his gun and knapsack. Mills had a good crying spell over what he deemed unjust treatment, and resolved to get the ear of Gen. Washington. He received permission, and actually went to the General's

headquarters. The sentinel refused to admit him, but Washington hearing his request, ordered him to be brought in, and asked him what he wanted. Mills told his story and the General, barely able to maintain his gravity at the ludicrous figure the boy must have presented behind the tree, and during his retreat, ordered his release, and also another gun and knapsack to be given him.

This was all Mills wanted, for it seems that he had a fighting spirit largely developed.

There is another anecdote well worth recording, as showing how great were the annoyances which constantly beset the inhabitants of Morris county. Very frequently the firing of an alarm gun, or the rapid riding of a special carrier, would throw the inhabitants into a panic. In Littleton, on the road from Rockaway to Morristown, resided the father of Calvin and Edward Howell, Esqrs.—a tanner, whose establishment was a few rods west of where Mr. Edward Howell now resides. There was one alarm, probably that connected with the last battle of Springfield, which led Mr. Howell to suppose that there was danger lest the enemy should reach his secluded retreat. His establishment had one instrument which he valued highly, and that was a bark-mill. Would not the enemy destroy that? Would they not consider this an interference with the laws of Great Britain which imposed such heavy restrictions on *American manufactures*? So queried Mr. H. with himself, and he concluded that prudence was the better part of valor. He accordingly took down the wheels of his mill, and deposited them in thick grove of trees some distance from the house, the very place being yet pointed out. His sons say that their father laughed heartily as he related his prudent exploit concerning that small part of American manufactures committed to his care.

Mrs. Howell sometimes on the occasions of alarms, hid her clothes on the same swamp, which afforded security to the bark mill, whilst her husband would drive his cattle up the mountain, which is just west of the house. But the enemy never marched through that quiet valley, so that the painstaking of its inhabitants was all in vain, unless it may have been in secreting the clothes, not for fear of the British, but of our own soldiers, some of whom being very destitute, were not scrupulous about taking any clothes they could lay their hands on.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.—No. 16.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

ANECDOTES OF DR. BUDD—MADAME SCOTT—HOW HANGING FEELS—REYNOLDS.

BY REV. DR. JOS. F. TUTTLE, 1850.

It is well known that the convicted counterfeiters, Budd, Haynes, Cooper and Reynolds, were connected with highly respectable families, and that their trial and conviction for this reason excited the deepest interest. In conversing with an aged lady not long since, who was acquainted with the most of the men and their families, I learned some facts which have much interest, not as essential to the main narrative so well drawn in a late paper read before the New Jersey Historical Society, but still interesting, as showing the feelings of those most intimately affected by the transactions which resulted in the sentencing of four men to be hanged.

This old lady, at that time a resident in Hanover, tells me that when the officers were in pursuit of Dr. Budd, they came to the house of Mrs. Wheeler, the widow of Mr. David Wheeler, of Malapardis, (afterwards married to Capt. Enoch Beach of Hanover.) They apologized for the disagreeable necessity which compelled them to search her house, but she told them "there was no necessity for an apology. The house was at their service to be searched without let or hindrance."

They accordingly passed through the house from the garret to the cellar, examining in and under every bed, and in every closet and room, as they supposed, but without discovering any signs of the fugitive. Having concluded their search, and having thanked Mrs. Wheeler for her courtesy, they were about to leave, when she said in tone slightly playful and ironical, "gentlemen, here is a room which you have overlooked in your careful search!" And she opened a door and ushered them into a room which had escaped their notice, in which the fugitive would have been safe had he been in the house.

Dr. Budd was not there at the time, although he had been there only a few hours previous, exhibiting the greatest distress, the cause of which was entirely unknown to Mrs. W., and she did not learn the cause until the officers were actually at the house in the pursuit.

The reason why Dr. Budd came there, was the fact that his wife was the sister of Mrs. Wheeler's deceased husband, David Wheeler, which of course gave rise to an intimacy between the two families.

My informant says that Mrs. Budd was almost beside herself with grief, and when he was condemned, started for Amboy to plead for her husband's pardon. On her knees, and with the most piteous accents, she made known her errand to Governor Franklin. Whether he gave her any encouragement at that time, I do not learn, but probably not, as it would seem that none of the prisoners or their friends, had any assurance of a pardon until the very morning appointed for the execution.

The mother of Dr. Budd is described by my aged friend as a woman of extraordinary dignity and stateliness, and a notable specimen of the genteel manner of those days. No occurrence however sad, or mirthful, or unlooked for, could in the least cause her to forget a dignity which was truly Roman in its character. Among her neighbors she was usually called "*Madame Scott*" the name of her second husband being Scott.

When she saw her daughter-in-law in such distress, and filling the house with her cries, although not destitute of feeling herself, she reproved Mrs. B. with the following sentiment, which, in the circumstances, is worthy of place in history — "*He has broken the laws of the land, and is just that he should suffer by them.*"

A well authenticated tradition states that the counterfeiters carried on a part of their operations at Hibernia Furnace, at that time owned by Lord Stirling. In some way Cooper was interested in that establishment, and if I mistake not, he

originally bought that property at auction, perhaps under execution, and afterward disposed of it to Lord Stirling. This I infer from the abstract of the Stirling papers in the New York Historical Society, which abstract is in the Library of the New Jersey Historical Society. This fact would naturally give facilities for carrying on any private operation such as afterwards reduced him to such imminent peril. It is said that a small building of stone was erected near the Furnace, which was called the office. It had no windows in the sides, but was lighted from above. Here tradition says the counterfeit bills were signed, and that Garret Eoff, the young man who took to the rocks when Mr. Charles Hoff was robbed, was the person who wielded the pen. His signature on the paper of the Association of the Whigs of Pequannock, in 1776, is an elegant specimen of penmanship, and lends an air of probability to the report.

Dr. Budd, being a popular physician, has maintained his place in the memory of the aged people. An anecdote highly honorable to his kindness of heart is still told. The lady to whom he was married, had moved in a refined circle, and perhaps had learned to pride herself on that fact. Not long after their marriage, Dr. Budd asked his wife to accompany him on a visit to some of his distant relations. Supposing she was to visit some refined and rich family, Mrs. B. readily assented, but on reaching by by-ways a distant part of Hanover parish, they came to a house, which plainly showed the poverty of inmates. "Why, where are you taking me?" asked Mrs. B. "To see some of my friends," was the reply of her husband. "But why bring me here, for these people are poor and in want?" "Are they?" asked the Doctor, "well then you must aid me in relieving them."

To this Mrs. B. agreed without reluctance, for she was said to be a very kind woman in her disposition. After making a friendly call on the poor people, very much to their gratification, they returned home, and Mrs. B. immediately sent to

the family a liberal supply of those things which she saw the family needed. The anecdote is a pleasing index to the benevolence of both the doctor and his wife, a reputation which they still bear in popular memory.

Once in a while the Doctor was reminded in an unpleasant manner of the halter he escaped so narrowly. That event did not diminish very greatly his popularity as a physician, and he was still sent for, especially in cases of severe sickness. One woman was sick to death, as was supposed, and she must have Dr. Budd to prescribe for her. At his first visit, and before all other heartless compliments of "how do you do? and how is your family?" &c., the dying patient (as was supposed,) roused up and relieved her mind of a question which was no doubt burdensome and which she sincerely desired to be answered with candor, by one who would be able to know all about it. "Dr. Budd," said she, "Dr. Budd, how did you 'kind of' feel when you was going to be hanged?" Blushing and laughing, the Doctor made the best of this direct question, by saying to her husband, "well, well. I guess your wife has a fair chance to recover."

My aged friend, Mr. Gorden, says he remembers that Reynolds, one of the four condemned counterfeiters, protested to the last his innocence. He admitted that it was right that he should die, for he had done many things worthy of death. One of his great crimes as rehearsed on the scaffold, and only one made an impression on Mr. Gorden's mind. With much feeling, Reynolds recurred to his boyhood. His grandmother sent him to procure her some snuff. He performed the errand, but only expended a part of her money, as she ordered. With the rest he procured some cake or candy for himself. He said that dishonest act had distressed him greatly, and "if guilty of no other crime, for this I ought to die. But as for the indictment on which I am convicted and sentenced, I am entirely innocent."

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 17.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

ANECDOTE OF LADY WASHINGTON.

In conversation with an aged lady of Whippany, an anecdote was related to me concerning Mrs. Washington, so entertaining and admirable that it must be repeated. Mrs. Vail, the daughter of Mr. Uzal Kitchel, who has been mentioned more than once in these Fragments, is my informant, and although laboring under the infirmities of age and disease, the anecdote was told with even youthful vivacity.

Her first husband's mother, the wife of Joseph Tuttle, whose monument may be seen in the Whippany burying yard, was a sensible and agreeable woman, whose company was much sought even by those, who, owing to their wealth, moved in more fashionable circles. Among other frequent visitors was Mrs. Troupe, the lady of a half-pay Captain in the British navy. She is described as a lady of affable manners, and of intelligence, and much esteemed.

One day she visited Mrs. Tuttle, and the usual compliments were hardly passed before she said, "Well, what do you think, Mrs. T.? I have been to see Lady Washington!" "Have you, indeed?" Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," answered Mrs. Troupe, "I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see, Madame ———, and Madame ———, and Madam Budd, and myself thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibbs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her

knitting and with a specked (check) apron on! She received us very graciously, and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in State, but Gen. Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for herself and husband!"

"And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way that we could not be offended at, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry!"

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, Mrs. Washington gave her visitor some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by her actions, and withal in such a way that they could not take offence. In this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position than she could have done by all the graceful and elegant accomplishments which are often found in princesses and queens. In the relations she occupied, her knitting work, and her check apron, were queenly ornaments, and we may be proud to know that such a woman as Martha Washington set such an admirable example to her countrywomen!

Captain Troupe and his Lady.

Captain Troupe, the husband of this lady of whom I have spoken, was said to be a very jovial and fun-loving man,

whose boisterous laugh always accompanied some rough wit. He wrote an epitaph for his wife, she being still alive, in which he hit off her propensity to run him in debt at the village store, intimating very broadly that she resorted with more zeal to "Sam Tuttle's" store than to "the meeting." The epitaph still retains a place in the memories of some of our aged people.

"Here lies old Nell,
Who loved good drinking and eating,
With her face to Sam Tuttle,
And her back to the meeting."

I think the Captain himself died about the beginning of the war, and was buried at Hanover. The time of his death and the epitaph on his monument, were given me from memory by a lady over eighty years of age. Here is the nautical epitaph as she gave it to me:—

"Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tost me to and fro,
In spite of all the gods' decrees,
I've anchored here below.
Though I at anchor here do ride
With many of our deers,
Yet once again we must go sail,
Our Admiral Christ to meet."

Captain Troupe had a son who was a captain in the British navy. He was killed at the taking of Charleston. His widow afterward resided in Morris county, and was married to a gentleman named John Ross, whose debts becoming too urgent, he absconded for Canada. His wife followed him to that country, where he died, and she found a third husband, whose name was Fox. They removed to a place in the Parsippany parish, on the turnpike road leading to Newark, and at the foot of *Fox Hill*. Travellers over this noted hill known far and wide, will be interested in the origin of its name. Mrs. Fox outlived her third husband, and after his death she made a successful application to the British government for a pension, as the widow of Captain Troupe, killed in the service of his country. "Last of all the woman died also."

ROCKAWAY.

For the Newark Sentinel.

MY DEAR SENTINEL.—Through you I wish to say to "Mount Pleasant," that in reviewing my 'Fragment,' which called

forth his rebuke, I think it fully deserved all it received. The thought did not even enter my mind of impeaching the memory of either Joseph or Charles Hoff. To this day they are mentioned with esteem by our oldest inhabitants. An inference unfavorable to them might be drawn from that 'Fragment,' and one by no means intended. Therefore let me thus publicly say that I have never heard one word breathed to the discredit of these gentlemen, nor did I intend to do such a thing. I trust this will be an ample satisfaction to "Mount Pleasant," a name which I am sure was subscribed by a fair hand, as the representation of a group which no one in Morris County more esteems than myself.

A word on this general subject. Several criticisms have been made on these "Revolutionary Fragments," and perhaps I ought to make one apology for myself. I have been engaged in exploring a field, "*The Traditions of the Fathers*," a shadowy field, associated with many uncertainties. Had my materials been found on old town records, however musty, or old grave stones, however moss grown and dilapidated, I should probably have made as few errors as the other "Mount Pleasant," who has become the "Old Mortality" of Essex County. But my task has been to interrogate the venerable men and women of revolutionary times, who yet survive, and merely to record their testimony as they gave it. I did it, not only to gratify the readers of the Daily, but as a work of love to these aged witnesses, of whom such a number two years ago survived in the township of Rockaway, as perhaps could not have been found in any town of equal population in our State. The most pleasant pastime I have spent for two years, has been with these old people, some of whom, alas, "are fallen on sleep." To record their testimony, and not to sift it, was the principal object I proposed myself. And if occasionally I should mistake the name of some one's grandfather or some locality, or even permit my vagrant pen to do an unintentional injustice, I am sure the offence will be pardoned.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.—No. 18.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

Anecdote of General Washington.

Sometimes tradition hands down an anecdote or fact worthy a place in history, and he who is so fortunate as to recover that anecdote or fact has done a good work. Every thing pertaining to George Washington is sought after, and the most trivial fact pertaining to him possesses an unusual interest.

A few miles west of the City of Newark is found the place with which the following anecdote is connected. The town of Springfield (N. J.) is famous for two battles, during the latter of which the town was burned by the enemy. West of this town about one mile, and south of the Morris & Essex Railroad, is a range of high hills, and on one of these during the Revolutionary war, I am told, a sentinel was constantly stationed. From the rock where he stood, can be seen Newark, Orange, Elizabethtown, Amboy, and New York City. The Passaic River and Newark Bay, below the city, are so under the eye that a small boat may be seen with the aid of a glass. I am told that the view from this place is one of the finest in the State. The blending of these elements, which enter into a majestic landscape, is said to be very charming, as witnessed from this watch-tower of our revolution.

The time when this anecdote occurred is fixed by tradition as closely connected with the last battle of Springfield in 1780. It is said that our affairs did not wear a very promising aspect. They were peculiarly unpromising at that time of the year, because the approaching harvest drew off the militia to their farms, thus leaving the strength of the army inadequate to the emergency. The enemy at this time, under the belief that there were large quantities of ammunition and

provisions at Morristown, were evidently bent on reaching that place. Should they succeed, the misfortune would not be measured so much by the loss of stores, as its effect on the minds of our soldiery and citizens. It was indeed a dark time, and the venerable relicts of those times, still resident in Morris County, bear witness to the panic which ran like electricity through the State. All seemed discouraged but Washington. He alone appeared calm and self-reliant. There was something unearthly in the conduct of this man, something scarcely allied to the common infirmities of mankind. All admired, although some in their desperation reproached him. The world called him a hero, a brave man, a self-possessed, self-sustaining, a great man. In fact, he seemed so much above ordinary men, that soldiers and citizens, men, women and children, felt a veneration almost like worship.

The fine anecdote of Washington's habit of prayer, related by his chaplain, is associated with Valley Forge, if my memory is correct; but the anecdote, which now appears for the first time, so far as I can learn, throws the most amiable light over the character of Washington. It reveals his feelings and shows that he was a man of like passions with ourselves; it also reveals his habits and proves that his calm, self-possessed, and noble bearing in dark times, when earthly props failed him, and the doom of the traitor must have risen up before him, *was not based on any human bravery, or help, but on God.* But to the anecdote.

Tradition states that Washington frequently rode with his officers to the Short Hills and to the rock already described near Springfield. On one occasion, it may have been immediately after the

burning of this village. Washington was discovered in a retired place in the vicinity of this rock, prostrate on his knees and in prayer. After spending some time in this employment, so appropriate to any man, but particularly one with his responsibilities and reverses, he arose from his knees, and seated himself on a rock, and sang one of Watts' admirable versions of David's Psalms. Had the author been Washington's bosom companion, and acquainted with every trouble, anxiety, difficulty and reproach, which he was at that time enduring, I do not think he could have composed words more perfectly suited to his situation. They are so remarkably appropriate that I will copy them entire, lest some who read this anecdote may fail to refer to their Hymn Books, and because many not using Watts' Psalms may not have them at hand:—

PSALM 102 (C. M.,) 1st Part.

- 1 Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die.
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke,
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd; my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
* * * * *
- 10 But thou for ever art the same.
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise and shew thy face:
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry.
And by mysterious ways,
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die
And fills their tongues with praise.

By recurring to the history of our Revolution, it will be found that at no period had Washington greater reason for discouragement than in 1780. The

people were wearied with long service, stores were difficult to procure, the enemy were flushed with the victories obtained at the South under Cornwallis, and more than all 1780 was made mournfully memorable by the treason of Benedict Arnold. Taking these facts into the account, the anecdote here recorded is one of the finest in the history of our Washington. Let our children commit this Psalm which was sung by the Father of his Country at the hour of her peril, and ever remember that at that hour, it was not human bravery, or power or wisdom which sustained Washington, but that his support and consolation, then as at all other times, were in God.

A word concerning this anecdote may be allowable. Hearing that an aged man still living in Whippany had related the anecdote, I visited him expressly to authenticate it. I found that he had not related it, but by good fortune, his daughter, an intelligent lady, remembered to have heard a Mrs. Sayre, wife of one William Sayre, and mother of Calvin Sayre, all now deceased, but formerly residents in Columbia, Morris County, relate the story, and identify it with a place near Springfield, and with the time of the last battle of Springfield.

From two other sources I hear a tradition that Washington at some time was heard to sing one of Watts' Psalms. One of these comes from Calvin Howell, Esq., of Whippany, who remembered that his father related an anecdote of this kind, the particulars of which have escaped his memory. I publish the tradition without any doubt of its general authenticity, but in hopes that this publication may fall under the eyes of some one who can throw more light upon it. And if any one is able to do so, I hope he will not be amiss in confirming and authenticating an anecdote exhibiting Washington in such an amiable yet noble light.

ROCKAWAY.

REVOLUTIONARY FRAGMENTS, MORRIS Co., N. J.--No. 19.

BY REV. DR. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, 1850.

The Storming of Forts Montgomery and Clinton.

The different histories of the American Revolution agree in their general statements about these important Forts in the Highlands. They completely commanded the North River, and with the boom and Chevaux de frize, made a barrier which could not easily be surmounted. To ascend directly from the river to storm the Forts was deemed hopeless of success, and to attack them in any way, unless the garrisons were weak, was deemed equally hopeless. It is now well known that Gen. Putnam was deceived by the feints made on Fort Independence some miles farther down the river, and under the supposition that Gen. Clinton would attack that Fort, he concentrated his principal strength at Independence. Carrying out his design, and favored by a dark, foggy day, Clinton landed two strong detachments on the West bank of the river, in order to come to the Forts in the rear, before assistance could reach them from Putnam. The fact that troops had landed was not concealed from the Americans, but they were deceived as to the strength and intentions of the enemy.

The garrisons were therefore taken by surprise, and although they made a bloody, yet it was an ineffectual resistance. These general facts are plain, and yet in conversing with an aged woman, Mrs. Doland, of Mount Hope, Morris Co., I obtained a narrative which I have no doubt throws light on the means by which the British General obtained his knowledge not only of the weakness of the garrison, and the weak points of the fortification, but of the route by which he might safely march his troops to the forts from the rear. I

think it very plain from Mrs. Doland's narrative that "the old Englishman," and the "Bushcocks" of whom she speaks were the spies and guides of the expedition.

When quite young, probably about sixteen years of age, Mrs. Doland hired in the family of one Cobus (English, James) Bushcock, about five miles from Suffern, the present terminus of the Ramapo and Paterson Railroad. His father resided at Suffern and owned a large farm and several mills. He was considered a wealthy man, and a thorough Tory. He had six sons whose names were Abram, Thomas, Cobus, Lawrence, John and Cornelius. He had also three daughters. With the exception of Cobus, the whole family of children, and the mother of them, sympathized with the father in his Tory principles. All the sons were fine, athletic men, and the mother is described as not only a very masculine woman, but of much courage and wit.

Cobus Bushcock was a Whig, and this seems to have been owing more to the steady patriotism of his wife, than to his own unbiassed choice. The Tories were numerous in that region, inasmuch that to be a Whig was almost as dangerous as to be a Tory. Frequently young Bushcock was beset by his Tory relatives and neighbors, with threats and entreaties to take sides with the king, and yet his wife, who is said to have been as decided as she was amiable, possessed sufficient influence to break the force of their threats and entreaties.

Whilst Mrs. Doland was living with this man, Fort Montgomery was taken and many of our men were killed. Several weeks previous to this event, Mrs. D. says that she was sent one afternoon

some distance after the cows. There was a barrack full of hay near the pasture lot, and she was thoroughly frightened at seeing a man's head sticking up out of the hay. From her narrative I suppose it was a man whom she had seen with old Bushcock, and whose Tory preferences were considered very decided. She called him "the old Englishman." Finding that he was discovered, he called out to her not to be frightened, but to hold her tongue, and he would not harm her. Glad to get clear on these conditions she made the best of her way back to the house, keeping a close mouth on the cause of her fright. The man was no doubt there as a spy on the Whig, Cobus Bushcock.

A few days after this, a party of young people on horseback went on a visit to Fort Montgomery. She being younger than most of the party was not expecting to go, but Mr. Bushcock told her she should have his horse to ride, and that she must go by all means. Between Mr. B.'s house and the Fort resided a family intimate with the Bushcocks, and as the ride would be quite long, the party made their arrangements to take tea at that place.

At last they came to the Fort and received a courteous welcome, but Betsey (Mrs. Doland) was not a little startled to meet in the Fort "the old Englishman," who had so frightened her at the barrack. He was recognized by many of the party and he in turn recognized them. "He had lately renounced his toryism and had become a good whig;" so they were informed by himself and

others. This man being an acquaintance of the young people, obtained permission from the proper officer to shew them the curiosities about the Fort. He took them to every point, to every port-hole, to the magazine, and pointed out the various things of interest. Mrs. Doland says she has a distinct recollection of the fact that "the old Englishman" seemed to be using his time, whilst conducting the party around the works, to examine every thing, as though he were in a new place, and had an object to answer. He pointed out the Chevaux de frize in the river, and the Fort on the mountain in sight, (Fort Clinton). They had not time to visit this last place.

After spending several hours in this examination of the fortifications, and the splendid scenery of the surrounding region, the party left for home; but Betsey could not banish the sinister look of "the old Englishman," and remembering his suspicious appearance at the barrack, and now seeing him "mouthing" the words of patriotism, which but a short time previous had been so displeasing to him, she drew no favorable inference. This inference was greatly strengthened by the very scrutiny with which he examined the Fort and its means of defence. So strongly was the conduct of the man impressed on her mind, that, on reaching home, she told Mr. Cobus Bushcock about seeing this man concealed in the barrack, and now the spy was in the Fort, a red hot patriot. Said she, "I am certain "the old Englishman" is in that Fort for mischief."

ROCKAWAY.