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A Retrospect of Colonial Times in Burlington County

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BY DR. A. M. STACKHOUSE







A Retrospect of Colonial
Times in Burlington
County ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE
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JERSEY BY DR. A^{Sr} M. STACKHOUSE

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A RETROSPECT OF
COLONIAL TIMES
IN
BURLINGTON COUNTY



T A K E it for granted that all here to-night are interested in everything relating to their forbears; who they were; what they did; how they lived and where they came from. Every one has had four grandparents, and for every generation we go back the number is doubled, so that seven or eight generations ago which takes most of us to the period of the early English settlement of West New Jersey, each one of us had from 64 to 128 ancestors wandering about somewhere on this planet. I believe I am strictly within bounds in saying that there are few present here who are not descended from some of those early settlers. The lines of descent and ascent between them and ourselves are so inex-

trically mixed up by marriage, that we are practically all relatives and may safely call ourselves cousins. So to-night if I should have occasion to reflect on any of those old fellows, remember that we may speak freely, because it is all in the family.

The early settlers in Burlington County were almost to a man English. There were some Swedes and a few Dutch here when our Quaker ancestors came. A few Welsh and Scotch names occur but very few. The name De Cou (Decow as it is often spelled in the old annals) has a French twang but I suspect it is after all English. A careful search through Revel's Book of Surveys and other old records to which I have had access fails to disclose any Mac's or O's, any Murphys, Donohoes, Raffertys, or any other distinctively Irish names, excepting Bryan and Sullivan. It is true that Camden County was included in the "Irish Tenth," as it was called, and settled by immigrants from Ireland, among them the Sharps and Huggs, but these names are not distinctively Irish. I am inclined to believe that most of these settlers were not indigenous to Ireland, but had originally gone there from England; or, at least, their ancestry was English. Bryan savors of the "old sod," but Thomas Bryan, from whom sev-

eral here present were I believe descended, came from Northamptonshire, England. There is documentary evidence to prove this. The name Turlough, or Turallas Sullivan, (the last name is a familiar one in Moorestown) appears as a resident of Evesham in 1696 and his family settled subsequently in Chester Township. This patriot appears to have had an interest in the piratical adventures of the notorious Captain Kidd. He came here from Newcastle County, Pa., (now Delaware) for his health, as the other colonies were making it unpleasant for pirates, while both East and West Jersey harbored them. There were lots of Jerseymen interested in piracy in those days and in East Jersey they would tolerate no nonsense. In 1701, Governor Hamilton with two of his Council and two Justices, attempted to hold a Court of Sessions at Middletown, Monmouth County, to try one Moses Butterworth, who had sailed with Captain Kidd. The people, however, righteously indignant at the authorities daring to interfere with their rights, broke up the court, gobbled up the Governor, Council and Judges and imprisoned them for several days. The Governor no doubt promised them to be good and behave himself and not play that game any more, as nothing appears to have been done to the mob. One of

these Judges was Jedidiah Allen, in whom we are interested. His daughter Esther married James Adams. They moved here to Chester Township and deeded to the Society of Friends what is now the graveyard across the street.

The ship Kent, which brought hither the first English settlers, reached Newcastle on the Delaware in the early summer of 1677. After consultation, Burlington Island was selected as the place for settlement and steps were taken to lay out the town. High Street was first laid out and then ten lots of nine acres each were surveyed on the west side. These were for the London proprietors, the Yorkshire proprietors locating on the east side. The town was then ready for occupation and so one dismally cold, rainy day, towards the end of October, several men came ashore to take possession. Lots were cast for these ten divisions, and the third one from the river fell to Daniel Wills, who with his sons and and servants set out to find it. It had been raining steadily for twenty-four hours or more, and the whole party were drenched to the skin and shivering with cold. Reaching the place, they at once set to work to make some sort of shelter with forked sticks and poles, with blankets stretched across them. A fire was started, but in spite of all their efforts they

could neither keep dry nor warm. Night came on, and to add to their discomfort it was found that the supply of firewood, hastily gathered, would not last until morning. There was plenty of wood around, but to go out in the dark, chop it and bring it in was not the kind of a job the sons and servants cared to undertake. They feared the Indians that might be prowling around; they were not sufficiently acquainted with them at that time to trust them. They did not care to make pin-cushions of themselves and be stuck full of arrows, and the hair they had brought with them from England they preferred to keep. They perhaps argued among themselves that it wasn't their work to go out after wood anyhow and so they one and all generously allowed the "boss" to go out and get it himself. Now I don't want to dismiss this incident without a word of comment. We pretty generally agree, I think, that those young men ought to have been ashamed of themselves. I hope so, for among them were some of your ancestors and mine. Daniel Wills brought with him several servants, among them William Matlack, John Stokes, George Elkinton and, if Judge Clement is correct, Thomas Bryan, and it is quite likely they were all on hand at that time. I have no doubt that most all of you are brave and fearless and had you been

there would have gone out after the wood and allowed Daniel the choicest place near the fire. Personally, I believe in heredity. I wouldn't go foraging around the wood pile on a cold dark, rainy night, not even if the wood was already cut in stove lengths.

We are indebted to Daniel Wills, Junior, for recording this incident, which is especially worthy of note as being the story of the first hardships those pioneers suffered here. Considerable time elapses before the veil lifts for us to see them again: in fact, it has never lifted sufficiently to allow us a good view of their domestic life during the first fifty years of our West Jersey Colonial times. Tradition tells us something, but tradition is not to be relied on. We get some hints from the early laws enacted and from the records of wills, and the settlement of estates. We learn something again from the few letters quoted by Smith in his History of New Jersey, but the information there contained relates mostly to a description of the country as found. Thomas Budd and Gabriel Thomas both wrote books describing the climate, productions and prospective industries. They are instructive, but were mainly designed to influence immigration. It is certain that our forefathers were not idle, for their wants though few were pressing and

must be supplied. We know they attended strictly to their religious duties and went to meeting with commendable regularity, but all other details are exceedingly meagre.

No class of men could have told us so much of the home life of our forefathers, as the ministering Friends of the time, who visited every place where members of the Society could be found. Thomas Story, Samuel Bownas, John Richardson, Thomas Chalkley and others all kept Journals. They had unusual opportunities to become acquainted with the people, as they met them at their meetings and their homes and were entertained at their firesides with a homely hospitality that our modern social life knows not of. They might have told us so much we would now be glad to know, but instead of this they tell us what meetings they held or attended, sometimes where they lodged, whether they had an open or closed time, and then proceed *in extenso* to give us the result of the examination of their spiritual secretions, digressing occasionally to let us know their opinion of George Keith and I am afraid their prejudice against him was too strong for them to be always just. Thomas Story, for instance, was a man of more than average ability and attainments and his Journal covers more than 750 folio pages. He was here in Moorestown in

1699 and this is all the good man tells us:

“Next day had another Meeting at John Adams, seven miles further down the River; where many people were gathered. In the Beginning of this Meeting, my Mind was greatly concerned about going to the Yearly Meeting, to be in the Eighth Month, at Choptank in Maryland; which being yielded to in secret I then had a pretty open time.” He then goes on filling nearly half a page with matter equally uninteresting. He came here again the same year and he records: “I was at an appointed meeting at our Friend John Adams’ in New Jersey about 13 miles by water, and that night lodged at Widow Spicer’s; and the next day returned to Philadelphia.” Only this and nothing more. He creates the impression as he flits from place to place of travelling with the velocity of an automobile on the White Horse Pike. John Fothergill was here at Chester Meeting, 1st. mo. 28th. 1737. He mentions this fact in as many words and further says he had “a large and weighty meeting near the Widow Evans’ that Evening.” Most likely he staid all night at the widow’s, and how much he might have told us, but did not. We would be only too glad to know some of the homely details of Widow Evans’ housekeeping. What did she give him for breakfast? What

day of the week did washday fall on? How was the widow dressed? Did her hens lay at that time of year and what price did she get for her eggs at the store? Was there any carpet on the floor? Did the little Evans (if there were any) go to school and what were they taught there?—and a hundred other things he might have recorded. The fact is, the golden opportunity of his life came then to our worthy preacher to make himself popular to later generations in giving us the information we want instead of telling us whether the meetings he attended were pretty much to his satisfaction or not—and John Fothergill let that opportunity slip by forever!

Thomas Chalkley tells us in his Journal that “Next First day after the Yearly Meeting, I with several of my neighbors went over to a meeting up Pensawken Creek.” I won’t quote him any further, for what follows has no particular reference to us. This was on 7th. mo. 24th. 1727. Chalkley lived at Chalkley Hall near Frankford and being a seaman a row across the Delaware and up the Pensauken was a pleasure trip. Tradition says this meeting was held at the house of William Matlack, the second of the name, who lived about where Charles Haines does now. Now Chalkley might just as well have told us something more than simply about going to meeting and

since he has not I propose to "draw on my fancy, where facts are not found" and tell about that trip. If my version is not acceptable you have the privilege to invent one of your own.

After the meeting was over and the worshippers dispersed, Thomas' neighbors having been distributed among them, he himself remained as the guest of William. It was a warm day and true to his English instincts Thomas felt that a good wash was desirable and so in company with little Jerry, aged eleven years, he went down to the spring with one of Ann's homespun towels thrown across his shoulder. Little Jerry carried a gourd with a hole cut in the side—we used to call it a calabash. At the spring the lad filled his calabash with water and as Thomas bent over poured it over his head and saw with mischievous glee some of it run down the back of his neck. More water followed and our genial skipper puffed and sputtered, as he vigorously rubbed his head and rubicund face. His toilet finished, the two, now good friends went back hand in hand to the house, where a good dinner awaited them. Ann didn't know much about grammar, but she did know that a minister agrees with chicken in the plural number and she had provided accordingly. There was the

homespun table-cloth, nice and white, and the pewter platters, brightly burnished, and there were the roasted chickens, done to a turn and smelling divinely of onion and "yarbs;" then there were corn, beans and other garden "sass," and apple sauce and toothsome cornbread and two kinds of pie. The children, Rebecca, aged 13; Jerry; Rachel, aged 9; Leah, aged 7 and Ann, aged 4—we won't count the baby—waited for the second table. The old folks and our friend sat down and after a few moments of silence fell to. The children hung around the door looking on, listening with close attention to the tales of sea-faring life the guest related and occasionally casting wistful glances at the fast disappearing chicken; and well they might, for the portly Thomas had a good appetite and when he had finished and said, "No more, thank thee, I have partaken very heartily," there were only two legs, two necks and one back-bone minus the Pope's nose, left of all the chicken. Then Thomas and William adjourned to the shade of a tree and Ann brought a bottle of something that looked like Peruna and poured out a stiff glass that I should judge measured about four fingers for the sailorman, and a trifle smaller quantity for her husband. The two men lighted their pipes and soon Ann joined them, bringing her own cutty

pipe from the kitchen. They felt at peace with all the world; there was not a single member of the W. C. T. U. for miles around to make them afraid. They talked about old times when they were young and, of course, they talked about George Keith and what a bad man he was. Then William pointed out the old graveyard and said that old John Roberts was buried there and that he used to live just beyond the rising ground over yonder. He told Thomas the story of John's departing this life, because they took his warming pan away from him and Thomas said, "Yes," he had read about it in Leslie's "Snake in the Grass." And so the afternoon passed and the shadows grew longer and the guest shook hands with them and they parted.

But let us go back to facts again—I don't care much for fiction anyway.

I can't get old John Fothergill out of my mind. I feel real hurt at him. He ought to have told us something about those little Evans and their school life. As it is, all we know about education in Burlington County for over thirty years from the first settlement can be told in a few minutes. We do not know the name of a single school-master during that time. I say "master," for there is nothing to show that women ever

taught school then.

The proprietors and freeholders it is reasonable to suppose felt the importance of education, but there is not a word about it in the fundamental laws of the Colony. In 1682 the island of Matininunck, in the Delaware, was given by legislative enactment to the town of Burlington, the revenue arising therefrom to be applied to the "maintaining a school within the said Town and in the first and second Tenths." This is all the Colonial Legislature did for education up to the time of the surrender of the Proprietary Government. Burlington was the seat of government and the centre of wealth and refinement but it was not until 11th. mo. 7th. 1705, twenty-eight years after the first settlement that any reference to schools appears upon the Minute Book of Burlington Monthly Meeting. It is then noted that some Friends requested the privilege of allowing a school to be kept in the meeting-house. When Col. Morris wrote to the Bishop of London in 1700 that the youth of West Jersey were very ignorant, I am afraid he was not so very far from the truth.

Nevertheless there were schools here, as is evidenced by the fact that while many of the immigrants could neither read nor write, their children born in this country could do so.

Many of these settlers had located at a considerable distance from Burlington and the inference is that schools were not confined to the town.

In 1709 we get a little more light on the subject. On the 27th. of September of that year, the Rev. John Talbot, minister of the Church at Burlington, wrote to the Secretary of the S. P. G. In a postscript to his letter he says: "I hope you will put the Society in mind of what we have often desired, a school master; for there is none in Town nor in all the province that is good; and without, we can't instruct the children as they ought to be in the Catechism, for they will not be brought to say it in the Church till they have been taught at school."

The social conditions at that time were deplorable. George Keith had created a schism in the Society of Friends, and a large and influential part had followed him and established the Church at Burlington. The intense bitterness engendered by the schism between Churchmen and Quakers lasted almost a century. As a witty writer says of the Irish peasantry in troublous times—they "hated each other for the love of God." Talbot looked upon the Quakers as heathen and worse than Indians, and he says so very frankly. It is easy then to read

between the lines of his letter that the schools were controlled by the Quakers. Talbot's suggestion was acted on by the S. P. G. and they sent over Rowland Ellis with a salary of £20. per annum to establish a school. In 1714 he gave a very discouraging account of the condition of things as he found them, as he was beset, he says, with "Heathenism, Paganism, Quakerism and God knows what." He found about a dozen pupils in charge of a man "lame and an object of charity," whom he supplanted with some trouble. In 1717 he reports having among his patrons, twenty-five "parents of Christian families," and ten Quakers. He wrote other letters after that and we find that those naughty Quakers almost worried the life and soul out of him.

Of the character of the school master in those early days and his fitness for his position intellectually and morally we, of course, know nothing, but in succeeding years they numbered among them some of the most abandoned scalwags that ever went unhung. They were mostly addicted to drink and in some cases it was unsafe to send female children to the schools.

In the instructions of the Court of St. James to Francis Bernard in 1758 as governor of New Jersey he was required

to permit no school teacher to act in that capacity without taking out a license, and in a proclamation of Governor Boone some two years later he requires "all Magistrates to inform themselves sufficiently of the Character of the School Masters in that Province; to administer the Oaths to them, and give them, under the Hands of two, a Certificate of Approbation, by which they may obtain a Licence." It is safe to infer that the authorities felt moved to take steps to protect a suffering public.

I wish John Fothergill—but no, I won't talk about him any more.

In the settlement of the estate of James Bircham, of Northampton Township, who died about 1708, there appears a bill, dated Dec. 17th. 1705, for boarding and "scowling" his two children—boarding £6., schooling £1. per annum. This gives us some idea of tuition fees.

Did they have blackboards and chalk, or slate and pencils? I wonder how they managed to teach penmanship and on what did the children do their "sums." I hardly think they used paper, although I find that some of the youngsters used to delight in practicing writing their names on the fly-leaves of the old Quaker books of the period. Paper was costly. In

the inventory of an estate made in 1727, I note that one ream of fine paper was appraised at £1. 5 s. and twelve quires of coarse at 12 s. Had the children used paper in school then as they do now, it would have bankrupted the Colony.

In 1788 my grandfather taught school at Mount Holly. Had he done so thirty or forty years earlier, I should disown him. I tell about him, because he entered into agreement with certain prominent Friends at that place to teach their children and that agreement, still extant, gives us some idea of the craft at that time. A few items are of interest. The school is to be under the care of Mt. Holly Preparative Meeting—no distinction is to be made between rich and poor, nor between Friends and others—the teacher is allowed every other Seventh day afternoon to attend to his own affairs—he is allowed to attend his own Quarterly, Monthly and Mid-week Meeting—he is to give the “strictest attention to prevent wicked words and actions and to restrain vice of every kind—” “none are to be admitted that hath the Itch or any other infectious distemper;” the employer is to find Firing, Pen, Ink and Paper; lastly, the figures are “10 shillings for small children in their letters, spelling and reading per Quarter, 15 shillings for writers and cypherers, and the customary prices for superior branches of

learning."

Our family always said grandfather was a good man, but never got rich at school keeping.

In our schools of 50 years ago pupils were compelled to wrestle *ad nauseam* with pounds, shillings and pence, in spite of the fact that dollars and cents had been in use for more than fifty years before that and mathematics was the most important branch of learning. We were slow to change. This state of things reflects the conditions of the past and gives us some idea of the school curriculum of the early days. In the newspapers of New York and Philadelphia before the Revolution we find school advertisements and I note that mathematics was a prominent feature then. It is reasonable to suppose that it was the case too in the Colonial dawn. Our arithmetical text books of to-day are wonderfully simplified, but in old times they were difficult to master. Alligation, Permutation, Cube Root—and that abomination, Double Rule of Three had to be reckoned with. I can imagine those little Evans' children sitting in the chimney corner those long winter nights, spitting on their slates, (if they had any) rubbing them c'ean with their fingers and "cyphering" such problems as this: If 6 men can eat 40 buckwheat cakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick,

and 5 inches in diameter, in 15 minutes, how many cakes $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and 4 inches in diameter can 2 men and a boy eat in the same time? I suppose they got the "answer."

The spelling of early days was heroic and home-made. The story is told that a gentleman in talking with Bishop Meade deplored the fact that the girls of Virginia were so wofully deficient in education. "Never mind," said the Bishop, "our boys will never find it out." I think that the average citizen here was not aware that his neighbor murdered the King's English when he took up his pen. A curious instance of spelling is to be seen in the inventory of William Heulings, of Evesham, made in 1713, where "5 neggoris" were appraised. Again in the inventory of Sarah Core, of Evesham, (who, by the way was the daughter of the first John Roberts) made in 1728, one "neygoris" was appraised. Samuel Coles, the 2d., of Colestown, was one of the appraisers in both cases and I am inclined to hold him responsible for this murder.

The story of the use of spiritous liquors and their influence on the moral life of our Colony presents some features worth our attention. The baneful effects of drink on the Indians were soon made apparent and as early as 1681 efforts were made to correct the evil, prompted partly by motives of phil-

anthropy and partly by the sense of self preservation arising from fear of the dangerous consequences that might result from it. Accordingly in that year, the Assembly enacted a law forbidding the sale of liquor to the Indians under a penalty of £3. Six months later the act was amended so that the informer should get one half the fine and in the case of a "foreigner" violating the law the penal sum was fixed at £5. Temperance legislation has never proved effectual when not backed by public opinion.

Philanthropy is all right in theory. The old settlers all agreed in that, but meantime they were studying the Indian and they learned he was not so dangerous after all as they feared. So the law was openly violated even by some of our ancestors, who were, of course, good men. In 1685 another act of a more stringent nature was passed by the Assembly, the preamble of which recites that previous legislation had proved ineffectual. This act makes it an offence to either *give* or sell liquor to negroes or Indians under penalty of £5. It further recites "that one creidtable Witness or a probable Circumstance shall be accounted a sufficient Evidence unless the Party indicted is free before Sentence to purge himself by his Oath or solemn Declaration, that he hath not Transgressed

this Law directly or indirectly nor that it is violated by his Knowledge, Consent or Procurement." Then follows a curious proviso that takes the sting out of the whole act:—"Provided always that this Law shall not extend to moderate giving to a Negro for necessary support of Nature, or to an Indian in a fainting Condition (without selling or taking any reward for the same.)"

The pathos of this proviso is exceedingly touching—there is nothing to compare with it in modern legislation. How exceedingly kind it was in our forefathers to look after the "necessary support" of the poor negro's nature and get a shilling's worth more work out of him by the expenditure of a little Jamaica rum.

The use of spiritous liquors in the early days of the Colony was well nigh universal. They were looked upon as a necessity and while the evil effects of over indulgence was as patent then as now, the moral sense of the community was not aroused to condemn it. To be occasionally overcome by John Barleycorn cast no stigma on any one, no more perhaps than to be overcome by eating to-day. It was a matter of course and that was all there was of it. The moral standard was low and the rise of a healthy public sentiment was very gradual.

The leaven of reform, was however, beginning to work and it is interesting to trace it step by step in the Advices handed down by the Yearly Meeting from time to time. The Quakers of West New Jersey were an integral part of the Yearly Meeting and their history, so far as the question of morals and social life are concerned, is largely the history of the Colony. In 1685 and 1687 Friends were admonished in regard to the sale of strong drink to the Indians. In 1706 they were cautioned against "sipping and tippling," and the evils of intemperance were set forth. In 1721 they are again admonished "to watch against the evil when it begins to prevail upon them in a general manner." In 1726 they are cautioned against "the scandalous practice of giving rum and strong drink to excite such as bid at vendues and provoke them at every bid to advance the price." In 1736 they are warned to be cautious of giving drams to children. In 1743 the Second Query reads: "Do Friends keep clear of excess either in drinking drams or other strong drink?" In 1777 Friends were exhorted to keep clear of distilling and encouraging the business. Up to this time the *abuse* of intoxicants seems mainly to have been aimed at, but in 1788, in a memorial from Wilmington Monthly Meeting to the Yearly Meeting,

a blow was aimed at the *use* as well as the abuse.

It is a very common thing to-day to hear people lament and ascribe the evils of intemperance to the quality of the liquor dispensed. "We can get no pure liquor to-day," say they—"it is all drugged, and it is the drugs that do the mischief. If we only had the good old stuff of our daddies you wouldn't hear so much about drunkenness." It may be that the liquor of our daddies and our granddaddies may have been pure—I am not disposed to question it—but the drunk came just as surely and more people saw snakes and saw them oftener than now; but, of course, I am bound to confess there were more snakes here in New Jersey then. Drunkenness prevailed to a far greater extent and we know that certain families in this section in the olden time earned unenviable notoriety for being addicted to this vice and I am sorry to say that some of them were largely composed of members of the Society of Friends.

John Hunt in his diary deploras the fact that several ministers of Friends—he even mentions names—men of promise, became its victims. An extensive trade was carried on between this colony and the West Indies and rum was both plentiful and cheap. Inasmuch as there were few if any

restrictions in the traffic it was easily obtained. The places where it was sold were more numerous through the small districts in proportion to the population as the means of transportation were such that more places of entertainment for men and beasts were required.

But I want to say something about the old taverns in Moorestown. And by the way that word *tavern* has been allowed to drop into "innocuous desuetude." We have a few inns, but everything else of that kind flaunts the high-sounding name of hotel. 'Tavern' is a good old word of Latin origin that carries us back to the time of the Apostle Paul, who stopped at a *taberna* just before entering Rome. The old-fashioned word 'inn' has been resurrected, and the word 'tavern,' like the dose of ipecac the boy swallowed, is bound to come up again. But pardon the digression.

I have an old surveyor's map of Moorestown, the date of which I do not know, but it may be nearly, if not quite, a century old. At that time it appears that a public house stood where Coles' Hotel now is, that went by the name of the Golden Fleece.

But I want to go further back toward the dawn. I have already spoken of Jedidiah Allen and his daughter Esther who

in 1696 married John Adams, of John and Elizabeth, and as stated before gave to the Society of Friends the old graveyard across the way. James and Esther were both ministers. They had three sons and two daughters, the latter were probably born previous to 1703. One of them, Elizabeth, married Thomas Moore, who is supposed to have been the son of Thomas and Hannah (Smith) Moore, of Evesham.

Thomas kept tavern here in Moorestown. Tradition locates the place on Main Street below Union, near where Uriah Borton's house stands. Tradition also affirms that his neighbors were in the habit of collecting at his hostlery to sample his wares and over their cups christened this place Moorestown. It is to be regretted that some one else did not keep that tavern; it would have saved us the annoyance of having letters, express matter and freight side-tracked at Morristown so frequently. Thomas Moore died in 1760.

The other daughter of James and Esther Adams was named Margery and she married Arthur Borradail. They also opened a public house here in Moorestown.; the business being no doubt profitable. Then one John Riley opened still another tavern not far from them, It is not told us whether

in view of the keen competition that must have ensued the rivals cut prices, set out more appetizing free lunches, or watered their rum. Perhaps they did all three. Riley was enterprising and he hung out an Anchor for his sign. The Borradaills were not going to let Riley beat them, so they had inscribed on their sign:

“The upstart Anchor doth appear
But the Ancient Cable is here.”

The verse rhymes all right, but is somewhat lame in its poetical feet. I presume it answered the purpose designed—the Cable held its customers and Riley may have raised his Anchor and made sail for some other port. But of this we know not. Here then at the sign of the Cable our good old Friends slaked their thirst, swapped horses and discussed neighborhood news.

Of the descendants of Thomas Moore I can learn nothing. Arthur Borradail died in 1760, not quite two months before Thomas Moore, and I have no doubt their remains rest under the sod across the way. Arthur and Margery Borradail's progeny are legion. Dozens of them live in and around Moorestown to-day and bear the honored names of Ballinger, DeCou, Collins, Conrow, Andrews, Lippincott, Lytle and

Roberts and not one could be tempted to follow the occupation of Arthur and Margery.

But I must come to a close. There are others here to-night to be heard. I hoped to have said something about the Indians, the negros, the doctors, ailments and medicines, the fruits, live-stock and many other things, but in building up my school house the material collected and I had to use it, so that when I came to build my tavern along side of it there was no room for anything else and so I close.



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