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LYON'S

Historical Discourse

ON BOONTON.



# HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

ON BOONTON,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF BOONTON, AT  
WASHINGTON HALL, ON THE EVENINGS OF  
SEPTEMBER 21 AND 28, AND OCTOBER 5, 1867,

BY

ISAAC S. LYON, Ex-Cartman.

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## DEDICATION.

To the future Inhabitants of Boonton, who, I doubt not, will more fully appreciate the value of the information contained in these pages, than do the people of Boonton, of the present day, this Discourse is respectfully inscribed by,

THE AUTHOR.



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# PREFACE.

## INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

The larger portion of the following Historical Discourse on Boonton was written during the year 1859, and was first delivered before the citizens of said town on the evening of October 22d of that year. Shortly after its delivery I obtained a considerable amount of new and interesting information relating to the early history of Old Boonton; and for the purpose of introducing it into its proper place and connection I found that it would be necessary to rewrite and rearrange the whole discourse. This tedious and laborious task was performed during the year 1860, with the intention of redelivering it at that time; but, owing to the then distracted condition of our country, its delivery was deferred until the year 1867, at which time it was redelivered as it now stands. It was originally written in three parts, under the caption of "Boonton—Past, Present and Future." I now present it exactly as it was delivered in 1867, divided under the three following headings: Part First—Old Boonton; Part Second—Boonton; Part Third—Miscellaneous Facts and Speculations.

At the first delivery of this discourse, in 1859, there was a large and appreciative audience present, and parts one and two were well received; but part three, the Future, was pretty sharply criticised and ridiculed by a few of the gentlemen then present. The visual organs of those gentlemen were not then quite keen enough to *see* things as yet *unseen*, and they denounced many of my well-planned visions of the future as altogether improbable, if not absolutely impossible. 'Tis true that many of the great events then just beginning to assume form and shape in the mighty womb of the future were then seen, if seen at all, "as through a glass darkly;" but, now that many of those predictions have been fully verified, those self-same gentlemen—the scales having fallen from their

eyes—can now see those then unseen things quite distinctly—yea, even in the full blaze of unclouded sunshine! But this is not all, for those self-same Rip Van Winkles now have the assurance to boldly exclaim, "Didn't I tell you so?" Many of the events that were predicted on that occasion (1859), and which were *sneered* at as the senseless fictions of a distempered imagination, have already become matters of history, and can now be seen by all. I was just then beginning to wear glasses myself; but still I thought, as I glanced my old spectacled eyes along down the bright vista of the future, that I could very clearly discern in the distance a vast sign-board, on which was very distinctly inscribed these cheering words:

"Boonton's bound to go ahead!"

And now the important fact occurs to my mind that of all the aged persons of whom I obtained valuable information at that time not one of them is at present living. Ripe in years and honors, those venerable old chroniclers have all passed away; and had these researches into our past history been deferred until the present time, much that has been rescued from the oblivious past would have been lost to us and our posterity forever.

It was not my intention that this discourse should have been published during my own lifetime, for I very well know that the present age is not capable of appreciating such a production; but I feel quite confident that the Boontonians of the future will, and that they will thank me for the performance of the difficult task, rudely and imperfectly as it has been done. I now submit it for publication, in the hope that by multiplying its numbers it may be preserved and perpetuated until the facts which it contains shall be recognized and appreciated.

BOONTON, N. J., March, 1873



PART FIRST,

OLD BOONTON.

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It has been truly said that history is the great magic mirror in which the historian, the mightiest of magicians, conjures up the scenes and incidents of the past for the instruction of present and future generations. Only about one century has elapsed since the first known settlement of this section of country, and but one generation has passed away since the first permanent settlement of this now beautiful village, and yet it is already a difficult matter to obtain any correct knowledge respecting the early history of either, and in a few short years more the little that is now known would pass from the memory of our aged inhabitants and be entirely forgotten if left in its present unrecorded state. It is in this view of the subject—the hope of benefiting the people of *future* ages, more than for the enlightenment of the *present*—that I have undertaken the laborious task which I have thus voluntarily imposed upon myself, without the most distant hope of pecuniary reward.

The origin and early history of many of the great empires and cities of antiquity have been wholly lost to the modern world merely because there were no observing chroniclers present to record them. The early history of the once mighty empires of Egypt and Greece, of Arabia and Persia, in the Eastern world, and of the great Aztec and Alleghe-  
nian races, whose arts and intelligence once extended the line of civilization along the shores of the Western World, now lie buried

beneath the accumulated rubbish of past ages. The names and character of the people who reared the grand old cities of Troy and Carthage, of Balbec and Palmyra, of Nineveh and Persipolis, of Thebes and Memphis, have all passed away, and the date of their origin has long since been forgotten. And thus might it have been in regard to much rare and valuable information relating to the early history of those two great modern cities, London and New York, but for the industry and perseverance of those two rare old chroniclers, Stow and Denton. In the reign of Elizabeth *one* John Stow, as he was sometimes called, a citizen of London, and a tailor by trade, made a personal survey of every street and lane in every ward in that famous old city, and in his scarce old book, entitled "A Survey of London," he has left us detailed descriptions of all the old landmarks that existed at that time. And the same may be said of the little book of Daniel Denton, in which he gives a vivid description of New York in 1670. Although not near so large and learned a work as Stow's, still it constitutes the starting point from which all subsequent historians have derived most of their information of the early days of the now great American metropolis. I am not vain enough, however, to suppose that this little village of Boonton will ever rival either of those great cities, or that this imperfect and hastily written little sketch will in any way compare with the deeply interesting productions of either of those quaint old authors. In preparing this discourse my highest ambition



has been to collect all the facts, great and small, within my reach, in any way appertaining to the local history of this village and its suburbs, and compiling them together in the best form and manner of which I am capable. These facts—many of them simple in themselves, 'tis true—I now place upon record for the benefit of the future historian, who will know well enough what to do with them.

It is quite impossible at the present time to ascertain the exact date when the first settlement of this section of Morris county was made, or by whom made. I have made diligent inquiry on this point in various directions with but little success, for there do not appear to have been any written records made upon this subject. All the old landmarks, and all the written records of the past, if any were ever made, seem to have been swept away and destroyed, and clouds of misty obscurity now envelop most of the scenes and incidents connected with our early history. In a description of the Province of New Jersey, published in the Gentleman's Magazine, in London, in the year 1755, no mention whatever is made of Morris county. All that section of country lying north and west of the Passaic river is described as *unknown lands*; but we know that this statement is not true, for there are plenty of authentic records still extant that go to prove the contrary, of which I shall have more to say as we proceed.

Among the places in this section of Morris county known to have been settled at an early day are those of "Bever-Wyck" and what is now known as "Old Boonton." It is a well-known fact that the first named place was occupied by a wealthy planter of the name of Lucas Von Beaverhoudt, who emigrated here from the Island of St. Thomas somewhere between the years 1745 and 1750. The old manor of Bever-Wyck included many thousand acres, and was under cultivation when Mr. Von Beaverhoudt first settled there. He brought with him from the Island of St. Thomas, when he emigrated to New Jersey, a large number of negro slaves to work his plantation, and in my youthful days I have often heard old persons say that they had seen several hundreds of these slaves working together in the same field. The old Bever-Wyck manor is situated a little east of the

village of Troy, on the turnpike road leading from Parsippany to Caldwell. One hundred years ago it was one of the largest and best cultivated plantations in New Jersey. It was still in its glory when I was a boy of ten years old; but now it is shorn of much of its former greatness and splendor. It was called the "Red Barracks" during the Revolution, on account of the numerous red huts that had been erected there for the accommodation of the slaves, and was much visited during that period by Washington and the principal officers of the American army. It has been related to me as a historical fact, by Dr. R. V. W. Fairchild, who had it from his grandmother, the late Mrs. G. D. Brinkerhoof, who died in 1848, at the advanced age of 95 years, that Washington, Hamilton and Andre all once slept under the hospitable roof of the old Bever-Wyck mansion on the same night. It appears that Major Andre had long been on terms of intimacy with the family of Mr. Von Beaverhoudt—Bever-Wyck being considered as neutral ground by both parties during the Revolution—and having often expressed a strong desire to see General Washington, the great champion of rebellion, it was so arranged between them that he might be there on the same night that Washington and Hamilton were expected to be present. The interview, however, was not mutual, but was obtained on the part of Andre by concealing himself in an adjoining room and *peeking through a crack in the door*. His curiosity was fully gratified; but he saw Washington again shortly after, in a less attractive light, at Tarrytown.

I regret very much that I have not been able to fix the exact date of the first settlement of Old Boonton; but, after all my researches for information on this important point, I have not been successful in tracing out anything of a decisive character upon the subject. As remarked by Rev. Peter Kanouse, who is now about 80 years of age, in a late letter addressed to me, in reply to a letter to him, soliciting information upon this particular point, "These researches have been delayed too long by at least one generation."

But, happily for posterity, if not for ourselves, we have not been left wholly in the dark upon the subject of our early history. Thanks to the virtues of old-time parchment,

and the retentive memory of a few aged individuals who still remain amongst us, *all is not yet lost!* There are still in existence an old map and deed of the Boonton tract, which throw considerable light upon the first settlements made in this vicinity. And there likewise yet remain in our midst a few living relics of the past—aged men and women, in whose fading memories still float many shadowy visions of the far-off “olden time”—aged men and women, who have already passed the prescribed limits allotted to human existence, and whose snow-crowned heads still loom up amid the solitudes of Time, constituting the only existing links that now connect the living with the dead, the present with the past. It is from these living chronicles of a by-gone age—these aged men and women, who have breasted the storms of life and withstood the prostrating hand of Time for more than three-score years and ten—that I have obtained most of my facts and information respecting the early history of Old Boonton. But these aged men and women, in whose flickering memories are now garnered up these golden treasures of the past, and whose faltering tongues alone can give them utterance, will too soon be laid low in the cold and icy grasp of death. This, and this alone—the hope of rescuing some of these facts and incidents from their downward pilgrimage to oblivion and the grave, for the enlightenment of those who shall come after us—has prompted me to attempt this difficult and laborious undertaking.

In order to fully understand our present situation it will be necessary to take a brief survey of the history of New Jersey. New York and New Jersey were both first settled by the Dutch about the year 1614, both provinces remaining in peaceful possession of the same during a period of just fifty years. In the year 1664 Charles Second, of England, with a liberality worthy his high station—though he had not even the shadow of a title to back him—concluded to oust the honest Dutchman from his possessions and appropriate them to himself. “In pursuance of this purpose a royal charter, dated 20th of March, 1664, was executed in favor of the Duke of York, containing a grant of the whole region of country extending from the western bank of the Connecticut river to the eastern shore of the Delaware.” The royal Duke being at

that time considerably involved in his pecuniary transactions, soon thereafter conveyed to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret “all that portion of territory which forms the present State of New Jersey.” Shortly after Col. Nichols, “with an armament consisting of three ships, with 130 guns and 600 men,” were sent over to take possession, peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must; but the quiet and peace-loving Dutchman yielded up the prize without resistance, and the English at once became masters of the situation. The province was then divided into East and West Jersey, Carteret assuming the government of the former, and Berkley that of the latter. Sir George Carteret and his brother Philip retained possession of East Jersey until about the end of the year 1681, when the province was transferred to other hands. Emigrants now began to flock in from all quarters, and the country soon began to fill up with hardy and industrious settlers. Some of them purchased their land of the Proprietors, and others purchased from the Indians, the rightful owners of the soil, but which was contrary to the laws promulgated by the King of England. Affairs remained in this wild state of confusion and bewilderment until the year 1702, at which time the Proprietors surrendered the government of the Jerseys to the Crown, and the two provinces were united into one. The same Governor ruled over both New York and New Jersey until the year 1738, at which time a separate Governor was appointed over the latter province.

The earliest account we have of the extinguishment of the Indian title to the land upon which Boonton now stands extends back about two hundred years. A short time before the news of the grant made by Charles Second to the Duke of York reached here a number of companies had been organized for the purpose of purchasing lands of the Indians, with a view of establishing new settlements. “On the 28th of October, 1664, John Bailey, Daniel Denton and Luke Watson, of Jamaica, on Long Island, purchased of certain Indian chiefs of Staten Island large tracts of wild lands in East Jersey.” These tracts were four in number, and were subsequently known as the Elizabeth, the Mountain, the Horse Neck and the Van Gison. These four tracts were estimated to contain



about 400,000 acres, and embraced most of the lands included within the present limits of Essex and Morris counties. The consideration given the Indians for these immense tracts of land was thirty-six pounds fourteen shillings sterling, payable in Indian trinkets at four times their real value, being less than *half a mill* an acre, and less than the price of an ordinary building lot in Boonton at the present day. Daniel Denton soon thereafter sold out his share of the purchase to one Capt. John Baker, of New York, and John Ogden, of Northampton. The Proprietors of East Jersey resisted their claim to these lands under the Indian title, and a long and almost interminable suit in Chancery was the consequence. After years of litigation the case was finally decided in favor of the Proprietors, and all those who had purchased lands of Bayley & Co. had to either throw up their claim or repurchase of the old Proprietors. Such is generally the power of *might over right*.

I now come to speak more particularly of what has long been known as the "Boonton Tract," and of the first settlement of what we now term "Old Boonton." I obtain the following facts from the original deed from Samuel Ogden and his wife to John Jacob and Richard B. Faish. This deed bears date Oct. 8th, 1805, and is signed by Samuel Ogden and Euphemia, his wife, as conveyancers, and is witnessed by William Meredith and Lewis Morris Ogden. The amount of land conveyed at this time was two thousand five hundred and one acres and fifty-four-hundredth of an acre, and the price paid for it was \$10,000. This deed is written on three folio sheets of parchment, and in it mention is made of all the lands that had been sold from the tract up to that date. The original Boonton tract contained four thousand and sixty-six acres and thirty-eight hundredths of an acre. It extended along on both sides of the Rockaway river, but mostly on the west bank, commencing some distance below Old Boonton, and extending up the said river to the Rockaway valley, embracing within its limits not only Old and New Boonton and Powerville, but also portions of the present villages of Montville, Taylortown and Denville. The oldest transfer of title referred to in this deed makes reference to a tract of about nine acres, "lying on the west

bank of the Rockaway river, about one mile above the Boonton Iron Works," conveyed to one Fanny Thomas "before 1719." This, no doubt, is the same tract that is now termed the "Fanny Place," situated on the back road leading from Old Boonton to Powerville. There is a small tract of land, corresponding with this location, marked on the map referred to as having been deeded to Fanny Thomas, but no date is given. Reference is also made on this map to a tract of land containing one hundred and fifty acres, conveyed by George Ryerson to Frederick Demouth by a deed dated January, 1746. It is judged from its location that the tavern house at Powerville now stands on a part of this tract. Between the years 1766 and 1800 David Ogden and his son Samuel sold land in various quantities to the following named persons—all names very well known in this section of Morris county: Abraham Van Winkle, Elias Van Winkle, Jacob Kanouse, Conradt Kanouse, Conradt Hoppler, John Tucker, Nicholas Husk, Charles Norway, Christian Lowrer, Daniel Peer, Abraham Peer, Lemuel Cobb, James Van Duyne, Edmund, Joseph and Isaac Kingsland. Considerable quantities of these lands still remain in possession of the descendants of the original purchasers, but most of them have passed into other hands.

We will now pass to the consideration of the early history of Old Boonton, or to such portions of it as we have been able to trace out. And here permit me to remark that I approach the investigation of the subject with feelings somewhat akin to those of the man who attempts to seek out the graves of his ancestors in an old burying ground in which no monuments had been erected. The history of Old Boonton is so deeply shrouded in doubt and mystery that it is a difficult matter to arrive at any important conclusions with certainty; but still I hope to be able to disentomb some of its long buried remains, and expose to the light of day some of its long hidden secrets. But the exact time when and by whom Old Boonton was first settled is a secret that, probably, will never be made known to us; but that it was settled prior to the year 1700—probably as early at 1685—there are some very good reasons for believing, as I shall presently show. The only authentic information I have been able to obtain upon the subject places the Boonton

tract in possession of David Ogden as early as 1759; but the exact time at which the title to this property came into his possession is not known; neither is it known of whom he obtained it, nor the manner in which it was acquired. Possibly he might have inherited it through relationship to *the* John Ogden who purchased the Denton claim; or, what is still more likely, he might have obtained it of the Proprietors as a compensation for the services which he rendered them in the great Chancery suit, in which they were plaintiffs, the issue of which was determined in their favor at about the time that it is supposed to have first come into his possession.

But perhaps it would be well before proceeding any further on this point to try and ascertain the time, way and manner in which the name of Boonton originated. This is a hard puzzle to unriddle, but I shall try it. Some half a century ago the name was spelled with an *e*, thus: *Boone-Town*, but whence derived is rather uncertain. The Rev. Peter Kaouse is of the impression that the name was derived from a small town in England of the same name, and Thomas C. Willis is of the opinion that it was named after a place of that name in Holland; but I think that both of these gentlemen are laboring under a wrong impression. I have examined very critically maps of both these countries, published in 1765; but I cannot find the name of any place in either of those countries that bears any resemblance whatever to it. There is an old legend current among several old persons in this section of country that runs away back into pre-historic times, to this effect. They say that they have heard their fathers say that one Winter, shortly after the first settlement of the place, flour was so scarce in the neighborhood that all the people then residing there had to subsist entirely on meat for several months. The men who worked in the iron works—it appears, then, that there were iron works there at that early day—all lived in a little circle of log huts, from the doors of which they all threw their bones into the centre of the open circle after they had been thoroughly picked. These bones soon reared themselves into a small pyramid, as a matter of course. In the Spring a stranger visited the settlement for the purpose of spending a few days with a friend who worked there. On returning from the

works to their huts one dark night the stranger, not being familiar with the paths, stumbled over the pile of bones and bruised his shins. On regaining his feet he inquired, "What's the name of this miserable place?" "It hasn't got any name," replied his friend. "Well, then," responded the stranger, shrugging his shoulders and rubbing his bruised shins, "blast my eyes, if I don't name it *Bone-Town!*" Such is the spirit, if not the exact letter, of the dim and shadowy old legend, as related by some of the aged men of the present day.

But there is another view to be taken upon the subject which is entitled to our consideration. The Hon. W. A. Whitehead, of Newark, writes me that he thinks it is possible the name of Boonton may have been derived from that of Gov. Boone, and this, I am inclined to think, is the most probable solution of the mystery. As I before stated, our earliest correct information upon the subject places the individual ownership of the Boonton tract in possession of David Ogden, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Newark, as early as 1759. Thomas Boone, a gentleman of considerable note in those days, was Governor of the Province of New Jersey during the years 1760-'61 and '62. It is not, therefore, at all improbable but that Mr. Ogden was personally acquainted with Gov. Boone, and perhaps he was on terms of intimacy with him. Having just come into the possession of a large landed estate, with a small village on it, situated in New Jersey, it would have been natural enough for Mr. Ogden to name it after his distinguished friend, the Governor of the Province, especially when, even admitting the old bone legend to be true, he would only have to add a single *o* to the name to transform it into the shape and form desired. And thus we have the name Boone-Town, as it was originally written; and I rather incline to the opinion that this is the way in which the name of Boonton originated. It was quite customary in those days for the owner of a new settlement to name it after some distinguished man of the time as a mark of esteem and respect for such characters. The names of Morristown, Paterson, Livingston, Franklin and many others originated in this way.

And now I must candidly confess that I have been able to trace out but little of a



*positive* character respecting the first settlement of Old Boonton; but still I have traced out enough information of a reliable character to satisfy myself that it is a much older settled place than we have generally been led to believe, and that it was a much larger and more flourishing place *one hundred years ago* than it is now. To the best of my information and belief, Old Boonton was first settled at least one hundred and fifty years ago, and probably *one hundred and seventy-five*. To the best of my information and belief, the first dam ever thrown across the Rockaway river for manufacturing purposes was at Old Boonton; and, to the best of my information and belief, one of the first—if not the very first—iron works ever established in America was at Old Boonton! Now, to some of you, perhaps, these startling assertions may appear somewhat bold, if not visionary; but still I believe that they are nevertheless true. I believe that the secret forge fires and furnaces of Old Boonton blazed, and that her ponderous trip-hammers resounded through the primitive forests, waking the slumbering echoes of the surrounding hills, years before the watchful agents of the British Government even dreamed of the existence of any such works in this country.

Having made these astounding assertions, now for the proof and arguments in support of the truth of the position I have taken. It is a fact well known to the historical reader that Hunterdon county originally embraced within its limits the whole of our present Morris and Sussex counties, and also parts of Warren and Mercer. Morris county was incorporated by an act of the Provincial Legislature of New Jersey, bearing date March 15th, 1739. It was called Morris county in honor of Lewis Morris, who was then Governor of the Province. According to the first census, taken in 1745, Morris county contained a population of 4,436 inhabitants, which was a large number for that early day. The New Jersey Historical Collections, made by Barber and Howe, inform us that Hanover township was the first place settled by white inhabitants in Morris county. This event occurred about the year 1685, the first settlers being from Newark, Elizabethtown, Long Island, Old and New England. This much is certain; but it quite possible that some portions of the county might have been settled

at a still earlier day. They soon after erected several forges—so says the record—and commenced manufacturing considerable quantities of iron; and even at that early day the news of their existence got spread abroad, until the place of their location became known as the “locality of *old forges*.” Now, they being denominated *old forges*, the natural and logical inference is that they had been established there some considerable time previous. But the identical spot where this *locality* was is a question still left open for the investigation of the curious. Authorities and opinions differ considerably in regard to the time *when* and the place *where* iron was first made in America. It is a well known fact that the British Government encouraged the manufacture of iron in the colonies at a very early day; but this encouragement, however, was confined to the making of *pig* and *bar* iron only. Even as late as 1750 “Parliament prohibited the erection or continuance of any mill or other engine for rolling or slitting iron in the colonies, under a penalty of two hundred pounds;” and soon after another act was passed prohibiting the exportation from England to this country “of tools to make iron.” But, notwithstanding all these British prohibitions, Salmon, a distinguished English author, writing in 1765, informs us that “Early in the last century many contraband goods were manufactured in the colonies and smuggled into the Spanish Islands.”

And, again, Chalmer, a quaint old historian of those days, writing in 1673, says: “There be five iron works in New England which cast no guns.” Now it should be borne in mind that the New England of those days included New Jersey within its bounds; and it is quite likely that some of the iron works here alluded to had reference, in part at least, to those which are known to have been established in the Province of East Jersey at about that time. In the year 1682 the Proprietors of East Jersey published to the world a brief statement of their affairs at that time. Among other statements then made for the purpose of inducing emigrants to settle upon their lands is the following: “There is already a smelting furnace and forge set up in this colony, where is made good iron,” &c. Gordon, in his history of New Jersey, under date of same year, informs us that “Lewis



Morris, of Barbadoes, had iron works and other considerable improvements at Shrewsbury, Monmouth county." The kind of iron works here referred to is not stated; but they were probably the same iron works mentioned by the Proprietors in their address to the public of that year. Thomas, in his history of Pennsylvania, published in 1698, says that "Preparations were in progress for making iron in Pennsylvania that year." Crump, in his "World in a Pocket-Book," says that "Iron was first made in America, in the Province of Virginia, in 1715;" but he is very wide of his mark, in his knowledge on this subject, at least.

We will now return again to the consideration of the first settlement of Old Boonton. Ebenezer F. Smith, Esq., of Troy, who is now upward of 70 years of age, says that he has no particular recollection of ever having heard it mentioned at what precise time the iron works at Old Boonton were first established; but he believes that they were among the very first established in New Jersey. When a boy, however, about sixty years ago, he recollects distinctly having heard his father say that the forge at Troy, of which he was part owner, had been located there about *one hundred years* before, and that he supposed that the forges at Old Boonton and Whippany had been established at about the same time, *if not earlier*. This would fix the date of these old forges at about the year 1700. Barber and Howe, however, in their Historical Collections of New Jersey, fix the date of the first iron works in Hanover township some twelve or fifteen years earlier than 1700, but, unfortunately, do not state the exact location; but, as regards dates, I hold that they are nearly correct. The same authority states that the iron mine at Succasunna "is the first mine from which iron ore was taken in Morris county," but do not give the precise date when it was first opened. But it is further stated that "prior to the year 1717 the ore was free to all comers;" and also "that it was customary in those early times to carry the ore to Morristown, Hanover and Essex county in leathern bags on the backs of horses; and, when manufactured, the iron was transported in the same manner over the Orange Mountains to Newark." This manner of transporting ore from the distant mines was still in vogue,

and practiced to a considerable extent, within the memory of persons still living, and the principal reason for so doing was that they could not reach the mines with any other kind of conveyance. The land in the vicinity of the Succasunna mine "was first taken up in 1717 by Joseph Kirkbridge, and since then those who have used the ore have had to pay for it."

Now, would it be at all unreasonable to suppose that the old forge at what we now term Old Boonton was one of the forges named, to which the ore of the Succasunna mine was carried "in leathern bags on the backs of horses" to be manufactured? And, if this be true, then the forge must have been established there at least one hundred and fifty years ago. Judging from its retired locality, its commodious water power and its nearness to the mine, I am led to believe that the forge at Old Boonton was the very first place where iron was made in Morris county; and also that this forge and those located at Troy and Whippany at about the same time constituted what was formerly known as the "locality of the old forges." This is about the best solution that I am able to offer in unriddling the almost impenetrable mystery that shrouds the early history of Old Boonton, which, I fear, is buried in the grave of the past, too deep to ever hope for a resurrection.

Leaving the further consideration of this intricate subject to the investigation of some future antiquarian, I shall now proceed to discourse upon what may not inappropriately be denominated the historical era of Old Boonton. The facts which immediately follow were furnished me by Hon. William A. Whitehead, of Newark, who obtained them of Hon. James Parker, of Perth Amboy. Mr. Parker is one of New Jersey's retired, honored veteran statesmen, now over 81 years of age. He married a daughter of Col. Ogden, who was born at Old Boonton; and Mr. Whitehead married a daughter of Mr. Parker, and consequently a granddaughter of Col. Ogden. Some of Mr. Parker's testimony is very strong in favor of the point I have been endeavoring to establish, viz.: that the iron works at Old Boonton were among the earliest—*if not the very first*—ever erected in America.

We have already shown that the Boonton

tract was in possession of David Ogden, one of the most eminent New Jersey lawyers of his day, as early as 1759. The earliest information that Mr. Parker is able to furnish extends back to about the year 1765, which we may consider as authentic. At about that date David Ogden presented the Boonton tract to his son Samuel, then a mere youth of some nineteen or twenty years of age. The Col. Samuel Ogden of later times was then (1765) a student in Kings College, in New York city—after the Revolution Columbia College—and, being then in poor health, “his physician advised his removal to the country, and his engagement in some active business. Continuing his remarks upon this subject, Mr. Parker says: “His father gave him the Boonton property on condition of his removal there and carrying on the works. The proposition was accepted, and the son, yet a youth, removed to Boonton, probably, at first, to learn the business.” The time of the son’s removal there must have been prior to 1767, for it is known that he was there at that date, and that he was shortly after spoken of as *Col. Ogden*, a title which he bore with him to the grave. The title of *Colonel* was probably bestowed upon him by his friends as a mark of the honor and esteem in which he was held by them—for it is not known that he was ever engaged in any military service.

As we have already seen, Col. Ogden came to Old Boonton about the year 1766 or 1767; but what is still more worthy of particular notice is the fact that at the time of his first coming there iron works had already been established on the property. In reply to one of my queries as to the date of the first establishment of these works Mr. Parker answers in the following terms: “How early the iron works at Boonton were established is not known; they were in operation when Col. Ogden went there, and it is probable from their location that they were among the earliest establishments of the kind.” And does not this evidence go far toward confirming the opinion advanced—that the iron works at Old Boonton constituted a portion of those early settlements which in 1685 was denominated the “locality of the old forges?” But again Mr. Parker remarks: “The iron works at Boonton were established long before the Revolution, but were con-

finied to the manufacture of pig and bar iron.” So, then, it appears that there was once a blast furnace at Old Boonton, and that, too, *long before the Revolution*, for it is from a blast furnace only, I believe, that pig iron is made. That blast furnace must have been erected there a *long time ago*, for all traces of it have entirely disappeared. There is not a single person now living in this section of country who has any recollection whatever of any such establishment ever having existed there. Who can now tell but this was the same identical “smelting furnace and forge set up in this colony in which is made good iron,” referred to by the Proprietors of East Jersey in their publication made in 1682? That those establishments referred to by Mr. Parker, in which pig and bar iron were made when Col. Ogden first came there, were small and insignificant affairs, we have but little reason for doubting, more especially when we take into consideration the fact that all the ore used at those “old forges” was “transported in leathern bags on the backs of horses from the distant mines.” The locality of Old Boonton at that time was admirably calculated for carrying on secret operations of this description; and I have but little doubt in my own mind that all the works referred to in this discourse, and perhaps many other branches, of which we know nothing and probably never shall, were in successful operation there at a much earlier period of our history than any of us have ever even dreamed of.

But, despite the Parliamentary prohibition and the heavy penalty attached to its violation, it is now a well ascertained fact that shortly after he came to Old Boonton Col. Ogden erected a rolling-mill and a slitting-mill, and at once commenced the *illegal* business of rolling and slitting iron. The plot of ground upon which they stood is in the form of a triangle, is situated on the easterly bank of the Rockaway river, contains six acres, and was purchased by Col. Ogden of Thomas Peer by deed bearing date August 6th, 1770. The price paid for it was *one pound of tea*—at least so I have been informed by Mr. Abraham Peer, a grandson of the Thomas aforesaid. At the time this conveyance was made there was a *foot-bridge* across the river near those mills, and this was the only bridge of any description across the river at Old Boonton at that time.



The slitting-mill here referred to was built for Col. Ogden by an Englishman named Thomas Cumson, and I think that I am safe in saying that it was the first mill of the kind ever erected on the American continent. This mill, however, did not work well at first, and Mr. Cumson was dispatched to England for the purpose of ascertaining wherein the deficiency existed. On his arrival there he visited several establishments of the kind and made the important discovery; but, the object of his mission being suspected, his movements were closely watched; and, fearing that it was the design of the Government to arrest him, he was compelled to disguise himself and hasten his return to this country. The important secret which he crossed the Atlantic to discover consisted in the application of a little *soft suct to the slitting saw!* Shortly after his return to this country Mr. Cumson left Old Boonton for the purpose of constructing similar works in Maryland; but, the American Revolution breaking out at about this time, it is doubtful if he accomplished his object at that time.

The rolling and slitting business being so strongly prohibited by Great Britain, operations of the kind had to be carried on with great caution and secrecy. On this point Mr. Parker thus good-naturedly remarks: "I have heard Col. Ogden mention the fact of some gentlemen"—British officials, no doubt—"being at Boonton and viewing the works, who did not see the slitting mill, which was kept very private. My impression is that the gentlemen shut their eyes intentionally." Tradition informs us that Col. Ogden was a shrewd man, and what is termed a "good liver;" and it was, no doubt, owing to his princely hospitality that he escaped arrest on the occasion referred to. Rev. Joseph F. Tuttle, of Rockaway, in reply to one of my queries on this point, refers to the old slitting-mill in the following language: "The slitting-mill was carried on with great secrecy. The upper part was said to be a small grist-mill, which was put in operation to blind the eyes of the suspicious." This corresponds exactly with the account given by Mr. Parker, and is probably as near the truth as it is now possible to get at it. The same gentleman informs me that "Gov. William Franklin once visited Old Boonton." Gov. Franklin was the "degenerate son of a noble sire,"

and the last Colonial Governor of New Jersey. What his business was at Old Boonton Mr. Tuttle does not state; but it is quite probable that he was there for the purpose of enjoying the splendid hospitality of Col. Ogden, and of prying out the secrets by which he made an honest living. Perhaps that he was one of the gentlemen who *shut their eyes intentionally* to avoid seeing the old slitting-mill. At any rate, it appears that all those gentlemen who came there to spy out the fruitfulness of the land left Old Boonton no *wiser*, if any *better men*, than they were when they first came there. But let that pass.

That Old Boonton was a busy, bustling business place while Col. Ogden resided there we may well believe, for he was a thorough-going business man himself, and intimately connected with the first families of the country; and, seeing that his name is more intimately associated with the place than any other during its early history, I deem it appropriate now and here to give a somewhat detailed account of himself and family. The Ogden family have been celebrated in the history of both New York and New Jersey for a period of more than two hundred years. Persons of that name emigrated from Holland to New York at a very early day. In 1642 John and Richard Ogden were engaged to build the first church edifice ever erected in New York. The building was constructed of stone, was 52x72 feet in its dimensions, 16 feet in height, and cost \$2,088. In the year 1664 this same John Ogden—probably—purchased of Daniel Denton his share of the Indian title to an immense tract of land in East Jersey, upon a part of which Boonton now stands. In the year 1763 Hannah Ogden, daughter of John Ogden, Esq., of Newark, was united in marriage to Rev. James Caldwell, a distinguished martyr in the cause of American Liberty. It was the usual custom of this true and zealous patriot during the Revolution to preach patriotism to his congregation from his pulpit in Elizabethtown, with a loaded pistol lying on each side of his Bible. He was finally murdered by the British while visiting at the house of a friend in Springfield. Hon. David Ogden was one of the most eminent lawyers of his time, and his name is honorably connected with some of the greatest contested law-suits that occurred in New

Jersey prior to the Revolution. He had his law office in Newark in 1748, and stood at the head of the New Jersey bar at that time. Hon. Richard Stockton, father of our Commodore R. F. Stockton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the eminent men of the Revolution, studied law in Newark with Mr. Ogden. The great David Ogden had three sons, Isaac, Abraham and Samuel, all men of note in their day. Each of these sons named one of their sons after their father, as follows: David Ogden, Jr., David A. Ogden and David Boonton Ogden. David B. Ogden was the eldest son of our Samuel Ogden, owner of the Boonton tract in 1766. Robert Ogden, Esq., was Speaker of the House of Assembly of the Province of New Jersey in 1766. Isaac Ogden, Esq., was one of the deputies from Essex county to the Provincial Congress during May, June and August, 1775, and Lewis Ogden, Esq., of the same county, was elected a deputy to the same body in September, 1775.

On the fifth day of February, 1775, Colonel Samuel Ogden was married to Miss Euphemia Morris, a daughter of Hon. Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and afterward an officer in the Continental army. The late Hon. David B. Ogden, the eldest child of Col. Ogden, was born at Morrissania, Westchester county, N. Y., at the residence of Lewis Morris, his grandfather. "The Colonel then," says Mr. Parker, "made Boonton his permanent residence, and his five next children were born there." The Hon. David B. Ogden, whose middle name—Boonton—was given him in honor of his father's residence, stood at the head of the New York bar at the time of his death. He died suddenly of the cholera at his residence on Staten Island in the Summer of 1851, at the advanced age of 75 years. Gertrude, one of the daughters of Col. Ogden, was married to a gentleman named Meredith, who belonged to one of the oldest and most respectable families of Philadelphia; and Catharine, another of the daughters, was married to the Hon. James Parker, the gentleman to whom I am indebted for much of the valuable information contained in this discourse. Mr. and Mrs. Parker now reside in Perth Amboy, in this State, and are aged respectively 84 and 81 years. Of the other three children of Col.

Ogden, Sarah, Euphemia and Lewis Morris—all born at Old Boonton—I know nothing further than their names—Mrs. Parker, I believe, is the only child of Col. Ogden's now living. The Colonel and his family continued to reside at Old Boonton until the year 1783, at which time he removed to New York. In the year 1787 he removed thence to Morrisville, Pennsylvania, and in the year 1792 he removed thence to Newark, New Jersey, at which place he died in 1810, aged 64 years. The old mansion-house at Old Boonton—one of the most costly and magnificent in Morris county at that time—in which he entertained with unbounded hospitality both friend and foe, still remains there, a sad and melancholy monument of its former greatness and splendor.

When Col. Ogden removed to New York in 1783 he left the management of the Old Boonton works in charge of John Jacob Faish, Sr., who acted in that capacity until his death, which occurred in 1799. After his death his two sons—John Jacob, Jr., and Richard B.—took charge of the works until the year 1805, when they became the joint owners of the property. The Faishes were all men of mark in their day, and, as their history is more or less blended with that of Old Boonton, I deem it proper in this connection to give a brief sketch of the family. Most of the following details were furnished me by Doctor R. V. W. Fairchild, of Parsippany, who is a distant relative of the family. The Doctor instructs me to spell the name *Faesch*; but I have adopted a different course, being fully impressed with the belief that I am correct. I have in my possession an old copy of the Laws of New Jersey, formerly belonging to the elder Faish, upon the outside of which is inscribed the name "J. J. Faish, Esquire," which I presume to be in his own handwriting.

John Jacob Faish, Sr., came from the canton of Basil, in Switzerland, to this country in the year 1764. He came over for the purpose of superintending the iron works of the London company, which were located at Ringwood, Mount Hope and Hibernia. Shortly after his arrival here he married Miss Brinkerhoof, a sister of the late George D. Brinkerhoof, of Parsippany. On the 1st of February, 1773, he purchased the Mount Hope works, and commenced doing business



on his own account; but, the war of the Revolution breaking out soon after, he became embarrassed in his business operations, and had to sell out. In 1783, however, we find him at Old Boonton, superintending the works there for Col. Ogden. His wife died in 1788, and he himself died in 1799, leaving three children, two sons and one daughter. His two sons then succeeded him in the management of the works at Old Boonton, remaining in that capacity until 1805, when they themselves became the joint owners of the works located there. John Jacob Faish, Jr. died in 1809, and Richard B. Faish died in 1820. I can trace out but little respecting the career of the daughter of old John Jacob; but my impression is that she was not considered sound of mind, and that she died quite young and unmarried. All the Faishes were buried in the old Presbyterian burying ground at Morristown. Judge Cobb, of Parsippany, informs me that John Jacob, Jr., was a gentleman of fine intellectual endowments, and that he was the first regularly educated lawyer in Morris county. Richard B. was also a gentleman of liberal education, and was one of the judges of Morris county at the time of his death. He was, as I recollect him, a very social and gentlemanly man in his conversation and manners—was what we term a *fast liver*, and died insolvent. Doctor Grimes, of this place, informs me that his body was arrested on an execution for debt on its way to burial.

The following reminiscences of Old Boonton were furnished me by Thomas C. Willis, Esq., of Powerville. Mr. Willis is now 70 years of age, and was born at Old Boonton. This is his description of the works carried on there about the year 1800, as he recollects them: At that time there were a rolling-mill, a slitting-mill and a saw-mill, all standing in the woods on the easterly bank of the river. The iron used in these mills was taken from the heating furnaces, rolled and slit on a single heat. Mr. Willis's father was superintendent of this department of the works for a long number of years, extending back several years prior to that date. On the westerly bank of the river, near the bend, was a large potash factory, a nail-cutting factory, a grist-mill and a blacksmith shop. On the same side of the river, nearly opposite

the slitting-mill, stood a large bloomery, containing four forge fires and two trip-hammers. A large building, containing eight refining furnaces, stood upon the spot where the forge now stands. The pig iron made at the Mount Hope and Hibernia blast furnaces was brought down there, rolled, slit into nail rods, and manufactured into nails, or sent in the rods to the New York market. Mr. Willis inclines to the opinion that the Boonton, Mount Hope and Hibernia works all belonged to the same company at that time. There were then three dams across the river at Old Boonton, and upon what are now termed the "Boonton Flats" were located some twelve or fifteen dwelling-houses. Most of the logs used at the saw-mill were cut in the Rockaway valley, and floated down the river during the high freshets. There was a small church and a schoolhouse standing on the rising ground on the easterly side of the road, and directly in front of the old mansion house. It is generally believed by old settlers that this church and schoolhouse were built by Col. Ogden shortly before the Revolution. This church was torn down in 1816, and the timber of which it was composed was used in the construction of the first church erected in Montville. This church was also torn down a few years ago, and some of the timber of which it was composed, after passing through two churches, is now doing duty in our new "United States Hotel." There was a great freshet in the Rockaway river about sixty years ago, which carried away all the dams and most of the dwelling-houses located on the "Flats." It is not at all improbable but that this great flood may likewise have swept away all the remaining monuments of the old blast furnace, which was in full blast at Old Boonton long before Col. Ogden came there. There has been no blast furnace there within the memory of Mr. Willis, and he is firm in his belief that no such establishment ever existed there; but then, again, we have the positive evidence of Mr. Parker that bar and pig iron was made there long prior to Col. Ogden's day.

Happening accidentally to come across a bundle of old letters from officers of the United States Army, directed to the late Col. John Scott, at the "*Boone-Town Post Office*," during the years 1812-'13-'14-'15, I very naturally came to the conclusion that there must

have been a post office at Old Boonton at that time. I immediately made inquiries of several very old persons in the neighborhood as to their knowledge of such an institution; but not one of them could throw any light upon the subject. I even applied to a gentleman who had written one of the letters referred to; but he positively disclaimed all knowledge of such an establishment. Thinking that it would be downright folly for a person to direct a letter to an office *where no such office existed*, I made up my mind that I would thoroughly investigate the matter. With this purpose in view, I addressed a note of inquiry to the Postmaster General of the United States, and the following is his reply:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, }  
August 9th, 1859. }

SIR: In answer to your note of 27th July I have to inform you that, from the fire in 1836, which consumed the General Post Office, three of the oldest record books in the Department were destroyed, which renders it very difficult to determine the exact date of the establishment of most of the oldest offices; but on referring to the books in the Auditor's office it appears that quarterly returns were made from the Boonton office as early as July, 1795, and that Rodolphus Kent was the first postmaster, who was succeeded by Richard B. Faish some time in the Spring of 1798. On the 3d of February, 1817, the name of the office was changed to Parsippany, which is still in operation. So it appears in the early history of Boonton that an office by this name was established during the Spring of 1795, and continued in operation under Mr. Kent and Mr. Faish till the 3d of February, 1817, when the name was changed to Parsippany.

Trusting that the foregoing information will be of some avail to you in the work you have in progress, I remain very respectfully,

JOHN B. L. SKINNER,  
Acting First Ass't P. M. General.

In addition to the facts furnished by Mr. Willis, Mr. Abraham Peer communicates the following. Mr. Peer is now about 85 years of age, and when a young man used to work at Old Boonton. He was well acquainted with Col. Ogden and all the Faishes. He does not recollect the exact date, but he says that nails cut by a machine and headed by hand were made at Old Boonton before the year 1800, and that there was a tin and sheet iron manufactory in operation in the upper part of the nail factory. He was informed at the time he first went there to work, shortly after the Revolution, that the tin and sheet iron business had been commenced there a *great many years before*. He is quite certain

that Col. Ogden built the mansion house, the church, the schoolhouse, and most of the other buildings that still remain, shortly after he came there. A very large building, used for a storehouse (which I recollect perfectly well having seen there when a small boy), stood on a portion of the dooryard, a few rods below the mansion house, and directly opposite the present bridge—the *old bridge* having stood a little lower down the river. The post office—which he had entirely forgotten until I reminded him of it—was kept in the store, and it was the first and only establishment of the kind that he had ever seen or heard of up to that time. Mr. Peer has no recollection whatever of ever having heard that a blast furnace had been in operation at Old Boonton, but thinks it highly probable that such might have been the case—for even at that early day the place presented many evidences of being on the decline. About thirty years ago one Thomas Hood, an Englishman, erected a kind of cupola furnace there for the late Capt. William Scott for the purpose of refining pig and scrap iron. It had a very tall chimney, and was nicknamed “The Wren’s Nest;” but, seeing that it did not answer the purpose for which it had been erected, it was soon after demolished. The first blacksmith shop that Mr. Peer ever saw was located at Old Boonton; it was under the management of one Daniel Thomas, who had the reputation of being a very superior workman.

It is believed by some of our oldest inhabitants that there was once a pin factory at Old Boonton, and there are some very good grounds for entertaining such a belief. Some fifty years and more ago an old resident of the name of Peer discovered near the location of the old blacksmith shop what might very properly be denominated a *pin mine*. These pins were of the old style, brass wire, ring head, English manufacture, and were found by Mr. Peer scattered around on top of the ground in wild profusion. It is said that Mr. Peer supplied his family with abundance of pins from this mine for quite a number of years, and that, too, at a time when pins were much scarcer and dearer than they are now. Such being the fact, the great question to decide is, how and when did such large quantities of pins find their road to this out-of-the-way place? Probably



the most reasonable answer to this question would be that they were made there, else how should they have been found there in such large quantities, and in one particular place only? Within my own memory pins were a luxury not to be indulged in to any extent by poor people. It was still the custom when I was a small boy, among young ladies of respectability, to fasten their dresses and paper up their curls with *common thorns* of no pigmy dimensions. Pins were then sold at from *three to five cents a row*, and were deemed too expensive to use—except on Sundays and holidays—especially by full-grown girls, who had to spin ten hours a day for a single York shilling. The manufacture of pins as a regular business was first introduced into England about the year 1626, and it is within the bounds of possibility that some enterprising Englishman, for the purpose of avoiding the heavy duty imposed upon the manufacture of pins in England, might have emigrated to America and established a small pin factory at Old Boonton while the country was yet in a wilderness state. The pinmaking business at that time required but a small capital, and by evading the English duty they might have been smuggled into the Spanish Islands with a princely profit to the manufacturer. The large quantities of pins found at Old Boonton would naturally lead us to believe that, in case a pin factory ever existed there, it must have been burned down many years ago, either by accident or to avoid detection.

There is a tradition current about here, which is fully believed by many old persons, that camp kettles and other munitions of war were manufactured at Old Boonton for the use of the Continental army during the Revolution—a fact of which I have no doubt in my own mind. When we take into consideration its location, and the character of the works which we know were secretly carried on there, we have but little cause to doubt that such was the fact. Dr. Fairchild informs me that he has often heard his grandmother Brinkerhoof talk about these things as matters of secret family history at that time; but Mr. Parker, in treating upon the subject, seems to think it “rather an improbable story.” Morristown and Pompton were both military stations at various periods during the Revolution; and, seeing that Old

Boonton is situated about midway between the two places on the main thoroughfare by which they were connected at that time, makes the supposition that such articles were manufactured there seem more than probable. Besides, and in furtherance of the confirmation of this tradition, Mr. Willis informs me that about twenty-five years ago he resided for a short time in the old Boonton mansion. And he further informs me that at the time he resided there there were lying in the open garret of the house large bundles of old letters and other manuscript documents, containing the signatures of Washington, Hamilton, Greene, Lafayette, Sterling, and many other distinguished officers of the Revolution, directed to Col. Ogden and John Jacob Faish, Sr. He spent many pleasant hours in perusing these old documents, and now deeply regrets that he had not taken measures to preserve them. Most of these old letters were of a purely business character, and he distinctly remembers that many of them contained orders and proposals for furnishing the army with *camp kettles, cannon balls, horse shoes* and other munitions of war; and he is decided in his belief that such articles were furnished by Col. Ogden from the works at Old Boonton. Could I have had access to those invaluable old documents, which are now irretrievably lost, I doubt not but that I should be able to throw much more light upon the early history of Old Boonton, and perhaps add a few more bright pages to the secret history of the American Revolution.

Although I have never seen any statement of the circumstance in an authentic form, the opinion has generally obtained belief in this section of country that, during his different encampments at Morristown, Washington was in the habit of occasionally visiting Col. Ogden at Old Boonton. Having questioned Mr. Parker upon the subject, he returned me the following brief reply: “Mrs. Parker has heard her father and mother speak of visits to Boonton by Gen. Washington and Mrs. Washington.” This, then, sets the question forever at rest, and this fact of itself goes far towards strengthening us in the belief that Old Boonton, under the management of Col. Ogden, was true to the cause of American Liberty, and that she furnished munitions of war for the Continental army



during the dark days of the Revolution. And is not this something of which we should all feel proud, to *know* that Washington, whose fame shall continue to brighten the pages of the world's history through all the coming centuries, until ocean tides shall cease to ebb and flow, was once an honored guest of our venerable mother, Old Boonton? Any spot upon American soil that has ever been visited by the august presence of that great and good man should ever be looked upon by the student of American history as classic ground, and be held in everlasting remembrance, and loved and honored by us all. Would to God that the walls of that old Boonton mansion could again become instinct with its hoarded old memories, and had a tongue of fire wherewith to blaze forth to the world the hidden secrets which have so long laid buried beneath its venerable roof. Would to God that the disembodied spirit of some one of those old patriots who were accustomed to assemble around the hearthstone of that ancient and time-stained old mansion "in the days that tried men's souls" could again revisit its earthly abodes and detail to us the history of the secret transactions which transpired at Old Boonton between the years 1776 and 1783. Who can now tell how many plans of "battles, lost and won," how many "plots and counter-plots" to achieve our independence had their origin beneath the friendly roof of the grand old mansion? Old Boonton being located in the midst of a dark, dense forest, far removed from the pride and pomp of city life, no place could have been found more admirably fitted for secret consultations of this kind. Here the man of deep thought and war stratagems might "concoct plots and brew treason" without any fear of being suddenly disturbed; and that such important consultations were occasionally held in that historic old mansion I do most candidly believe. Washington was always a clear, cool-headed, thoughtful man, always husbanding his limited resources until he saw a chance of striking a decisive blow with hopes of certain success; and it is quite possible that he might have had the rugged and heavily wooded hills of Old Boonton in his eye as a place of retreat in case he should have been attacked by a superior force and had to evacuate his position at Morristown.

The ancient rustic burying ground at Old Boonton must not be forgotten in this discourse. This ancient burial place, containing the dead of Old Boonton, is situated on the hillside, in the southerly corner of the old orchard adjoining the County House farm. This ground bears evidence of many persons having been interred there in times long past, but *how long* probably will never be known. The spot is now thickly overgrown with large trees and underbrush, and but few signs denoting the character of the place now remain. Rough, unhewn stones, of various sizes, indicate the presence of some forty or fifty graves; but whose ashes slumber beneath the now sunken clods will only be known when the last trumpet sounds and the "graves give up their dead." One single, solitary lettered tombstone now marks the long neglected spot, and probably none others were ever erected there. This stone is erected in memory of Hannah, wife of Isaac Legget, who died in 1783. Many of the other graves bear strong evidence of having been made at a much earlier period, and the reasonable probability is that this ground was first used as a burial place considerably over one hundred years ago. The fact of a tombstone being erected there more than seventy-five years ago may be accepted as pretty conclusive evidence that the person to whose memory it was erected was a person of some considerable distinction, for a handsome brown stone tombstone was quite an expensive article in those days. And does not this single fact of itself—the fact of there being such a large number of old unknown graves there—and there may have been twice the number that I have mentioned—prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Old Boonton must have been settled at a very early period in our country's history?

A few words respecting the old mansion-house and I have done with this branch of my discourse. This unique old pile must have been erected nearly a hundred years ago, for the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of the time of its standing there. At any rate it is a very old building, and its roof has given shelter to some of the greatest men that have ever blessed the world with their presence. What were its condition and appearance at the time Col. Ogden resided there I have not been able to learn;



but that the grounds around it were greatly beautified and improved by the Faishes is a matter of certainty. My first visit to Old Boonton occurred some forty odd years ago, and I can truly say that I was greatly delighted with its appearance. Richard B. Faish, Esq., a gentleman whom I have often seen, then resided there. To my youthful and inexperienced eyes the scene spread out before me seemed a perfect paradise. It was certainly the most charming and enrapturing sight that I had ever witnessed, for everything was in the full bloom of early Summer time. Even the old mansion-house, which had just been decked with a new coat of paint, looked fresh and new. Serpentine pleasure walks, studded on either side with verdant and aromatic shrubbery, extended along the hillside, even up to the main road. The gardens, which were extensive and handsomely laid out, were filled with choice fruit trees and flowering shrubbery. The outbuildings were numerous and in good condition, and everything looked bright and cheerful. Gushing fountains and vine-clad arbors were interspersed here and there throughout all those richly embellished grounds, giving to the whole enchanting scene a novel and fairy-like appearance. The whole magnificent scene still remains pictured upon my memory like a beautiful vision conjured up in the land of dreams as if witnessed yesterday. But Time, the great destroyer of human hopes and earthly joys, has at last performed its work of ruin and desolation, and the fairy scene witnessed nearly half a century ago has fled, never more to return. Most of the outbuildings have entirely disappeared, and the venerable and weather-beaten old mansion itself now looks like a "banquet hall deserted." Well may the thoughtful visitor, as he roams through the dilapidated halls of this once sumptuous and magnificent abode, exclaim, *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Shortly after the death of Richard B. Faish, in 1820, the Old Boonton property passed into the hands of Israel Crane, of Crantown, and Captain William Scott, of Powerville. During its possession by them great improvements were attempted there; but when the magnificent dam across the river, which had been constructed by them at an expense of \$20,000, was destroyed by a destructive freshet they ceased further improvements there. Mr. Crane dying shortly after, the Old Boonton property, such as it was, passed into the possession of the late John Righter. It now belongs to Mr. Charles A. Righter, that is, the old mansion-house and

about two hundred acres of land, and the works at present carried on there consist of an old dilapidated forge and a good grist-mill.

It will thus be seen that Old Boonton led the van in the cause of civilization and improvement in this section of the country; that she had her church and schoolhouse nearly a century ago; that she enjoyed the benefits of a post-office—established under the administration of Washington—for *twenty-two* years without any one at the present day ever knowing it. We are all very anxious to enjoy the prosperous *present*, and still more impatient to behold the brighter future; but there are but few among us who are willing to spend their precious time in turning back to view the point from which we started. The scenes and incidents of the grand old past have but few charms for the eye of our popular Mr. Modern Improvements.

And, now, what are the deductions to be drawn from the foregoing testimony respecting the former glories of Old Boonton, imperfect as it is? In summing up our cause it would be difficult for us to arrive at any other than the following conclusions: That Old Boonton was one of the first places settled in Morris country; that the first dam ever thrown across the Rockaway river was at Old Boonton, and that one of the first—if not *the very first*—iron works ever established in the British colonies in America was at Old Boonton. Or, in other words, that the first forge, the first blast furnace, the first rolling-mill, the first slitting-mill, the first iron refinery, the first tin and sheet iron works, the first nail factory, the first grist-mill, the first saw-mill, the first potash works, the first church, the first schoolhouse, the first post office, and *possibly* the first pin factory ever located in this section of Morris county, were located at Old Boonton. Surely this is glory, enough for any little spot to boast of, and for one I say all honor and glory, fame and renown, to our good old mother, now, henceforth and forevermore! As her children, we ought to feel proud of our lineage, and grateful for the inheritance of a family name around whose old homestead cluster such a host of thrilling old memories. Henceforth, then, let us look upon Old Boonton as we would upon the grave of an old and valued friend, and whenever we tread upon her old historic soil, now strewn with the ruins of her departed greatness, let us feel that we stand upon classic ground—yea, even upon ground once hallowed by the footprints of the God-given Father of his Country!

## PART SECOND.

# BOONTON.

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SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: You have been invited to assemble here this evening for the purpose of listening to a somewhat detailed historical sketch of Boonton—to ruminate over its past struggles and rejoice over its present prosperity. Always curious in all matters relating to my native State, I have long entertained a strong desire to make myself more familiar than I have been with the past and present history of the beautiful and renowned little village in which we dwell. To any man of an intelligent and inquiring mind I know of no one thing more to be desired than a correct knowledge of the rise and progress of the place in which he has reared his earthly habitation, and which he designs shall become the abode of his children in future times. That some of you will smile at my simplicity when I attempt to delineate to you the history of a village whose rapid growth is familiar to most of you I have no doubt; but still I trust that before I have concluded this imperfect discourse I shall have convinced a few of you, at least, that the annals of this beautiful and romantic little hillside village are not entirely devoid of interest. Although scarcely yet out of her teens, Boonton already presents to the eye of the careful observer many of the natural and healthful developments of matronly grace and dignity; and why should not her many attractions be chronicled before they shall have passed forever into oblivion?

On last Saturday evening I *tried* to entertain you with a protracted historical sketch

of *Old* Boonton. To-night I come to speak to you about Boonton—the Boonton in which we dwell, and in which lie centred all our hopes of future happiness and advancement. Only thirty-six short years ago, and the ground upon which Boonton now stands was a dense and almost impenetrable forest. It was then called *Boonton Falls*, to distinguish it from Boonton, the *Old* Boonton of the present day. At that time the ground upon which Boonton now stands contained but one solitary log house, which stood near the spot now occupied by the residence of Mr. James Holmes, superintendent of the upper nail factory, now the corner of Main and Church streets. This house (the old log house) was then occupied by a poor family of the name of Fredricks. Some of the fruit trees planted there at that time are still in existence, and are yet good fruit bearers. The only public thoroughfare then running through the place was an old mountain road, which wound its serpentine course up from the house of the late Tunia Peer to the old Fredricka mansion, thence along up by the Presbyterian church, the Methodist church, the old Norway place, and thence up over the hills through what was called the “Dark Woods” to the road leading from Powerville to Taylortown. Some traces of this road still remained near my own residence at the time of my return here in 1855, but they have now all disappeared.

Boonton was then (1830) one of the wildest, rockiest, briariest and most romantic places that the mind of man could imagine; and could a man have been found foolhardy



enough to have prophesied that it would ever have become the place that it is even now, he would have been pronounced a lunatic of the most incurable kind, and hurried off to a madhouse with all possible dispatch. Then the solemn stillness of nature was seldom broken by the sound of human voice, and many a wild flower budded, bloomed and died unseen. The impetuous old Rockaway dashed along over its rocky bed, singing the same wild song it had been accustomed to sing thousands of years before, and from many a tangled thicket along its mossy banks, where erst the red man's prayer of supplication ascended to the Great Spirit, broke forth the evening vespers of the feathered choir. The sportive little squirrel chirruped from tree to tree through all the livelong day; the ferocious wolf made "night hideous" with its incessant howlings, the echoes of which died away among the distant mountains, and no one came to molest or make him afraid. Throughout all this wild and picturesque region but few traces of civilization appeared, and they were of the rudest and most unsightly description. The sharp crack of the huntsman's rifle, the booming sound of the distant forge hammer, the occasional strokes of the woodchopper's ax, the gentle tinkling of the musical old cow-bell, the loud and boisterous song of the lonely and benighted muleteer, and the ever hymning voice of the adjacent water fall—these were the only humanizing sounds that disturbed the solemn stillness of nature.

But I must hasten on with my facts and figures, for I have many of them yet in store for the present occasion. As the poet has truly remarked,

"Great oaks from little acorns grow;"

and the simplest and most insignificant *causes* oftentimes produced the most startling and sublime *effects*. The falling of an apple led Newton to investigate the laws of attraction and repulsion, and even this great American Continent was discovered by the merest accident. But few of you, I presume, are even acquainted with the name of the gentleman to whose genius and exertions this pleasant and prosperous little village is indebted for its existence; for, in this go-ahead age of bustle and strife, but few give themselves the trouble to trace out the laws and affinities that join cause and effect.

In the year 1821 George P. M'Culloch, Esq., a prominent citizen of Morristown, was the man who first conceived the bold and original design of constructing the Morris canal. The plausibility of achieving this great work manifested itself to his far-seeing vision, while himself and a party of gentlemen were enjoying a fishing excursion at Hopatcong Lake, more generally known as Brooklyn Pond. The idea of executing this grand and novel enterprise had been no sooner conceived by Mr. McCulloch than he set all his intellectual energies at work to have his plans carried into execution. He immediately applied to the State for aid, and by an act of the Legislature of New Jersey, passed November 22d, 1822, G. P. M'Culloch, Charles Kinsey and Thomas Capner, Esqs., were appointed commissioners and fully empowered to examine into the plausibility of the undertaking. They were authorized to "employ a scientific engineer and surveyor to explore, survey and level the most practicable route for this canal." These commissioners made a favorable report in 1823, and on the 31st of December, 1824, an act was passed incorporating a private company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, to carry out the project. The work was soon after commenced, and the canal was completed to Newark in August, 1831. Shortly after granting the canal charter the New Jersey Iron Company was incorporated, and having purchased this portion of the Boonton property, with all its rights and water privileges (as well as certain water privileges of the canal company), the company soon thereafter commenced the erection of very extensive iron works here. They began their manufacturing operations at about the time the canal was completed.

Now, it is quite certain and plain to be seen that, had there been no Morris canal, there would have been no iron works located here by the New Jersey Iron Company, and if these works had never been established here the ground upon which Boonton now stands would, in all human probability, have still remained in its old primeval state. Hence it will at once be seen that Mr. M'Culloch's far-seeing vision was the indirect cause of the first settlement of this place. His pleasure-seeking fishing excursion to Brooklyn Pond was the *cause*, and the beautiful and thriving village of Boonton is the *effect*.

The village of Boonton is situated on a rocky hillside eminence, on the easterly side of the Rockaway river, about one mile north of Old Boonton. The ground upon which it stands is very uneven, rising abruptly to the height of some 150 to 200 feet above the level of the river. Like a city standing upon a high hill, its beauties cannot be hid. Standing upon its upper heights, and looking south and east, the eye of the delighted beholder takes in at a single sweep one of the most charming and picturesque landscapes imaginable. Outspread before his enraptured gaze he beholds a most beautiful and variegated panorama of town and hamlet, hill and dale, mountain and plain, field and forest, river and streamlet—the whole of which, when blended together, constitutes a grand and magnificent picture of rural splendor, more bewitching to the eye of the lover of nature than city dome or monumental pile. This grand, this noble and sublime scene lies constantly exposed to our view—and it costs us nothing to gaze upon its beauties—and yet are there not many in our midst who have never witnessed its grandeur, or, to say the least, have never fully appreciated its sterling beauties or experienced its magic power to charm. In approaching Boonton from the south or east the village presents a most beautiful and imposing appearance; but when approached from the north or west it is not visible at all until you arrive in its very midst.

My own personal recollections of Boonton extend back about twenty-eight years. I resided here most of the time during the years 1832-'33 and '34; but the Boonton of those days was a very small and insignificant affair, indeed, as compared with the Boonton of the present day. In entering the place from any direction at that time you could not see any village at all—nothing but rocks and trees, and these were neither “few nor far between.” The Boonton of 1832 consisted of the iron works, two stores, and about twenty small dwelling-houses, all of which were located *under the hill* in what is now known as Plane street. The inhabitants numbered about 300, all told, not more than ten of whom were natives of New Jersey. The whole village, with the exception of one store and two or three dwelling-houses, belonged exclusively to the company. Excluding the old

road already mentioned, there was no public thoroughfare through the place, except by the road under the hill, and he that undertook to drive a team in any other direction did so at the risk of life and limb, both to himself and animals. I recollect very well that, during the year 1834, one dark night, I came very near breaking my own neck in clambering over the rocks up to the house in which old Mr. Beekley then resided, at that time in the woods away out of town, but now in Church street, near Main, being a part of the same house at present owned and occupied by Mr. Samuel C. Tibbals. This house, two others on the same side of Church street, further up the hill, the one in which Mr. Lathrop now resides, two others near it in Main street, and one on the corner of Main and Brook streets, built by T. C. Willis, Esq., and now owned and occupied by Mrs. Cook—all of which are still standing—were the only buildings that existed above the road (Plane street) at the time I left Boonton, in 1834, and they were all located in the woods, and almost inaccessible to man or beast. At that time quite a stream of water coursed its way down among the rocks in the centre of our present Brook and Liberty streets.

I have seen in the fine arts gallery of R. H. Winslow, Esq., in New York, a fine picture of Boonton, sketched and painted in 1833, which conveys a very fair and faithful representation of the place at that time, as I recollect it. Col. Trumbull, the great American historical painter, and several other gentlemen of note, visited Boonton during my first residence here. The Colonel made a number of sketches of scenery in the neighborhood of the Falls, but whether he ever committed any of them to canvas or not I am unable to state. The old schoolhouse, which is still standing on the corner of Liberty and Cedar streets, but now used as a dwelling, was erected by the company in 1831; and the First Presbyterian church, which also is still standing, but used for other purposes, was built in the Fall of 1832. During my first sojourn here the works were visited by vast numbers of strangers from all parts of the surrounding country; but a bull-dog watch was kept over them, and you could only gain admission into them by first obtaining a *permit* from the company's office. I also recol



lect that during the Summer of 1833 a number of dashing young "bloods"—sons of some of the English stockholders—came over to this country, and coming out to Boonton kicked up quite a dust among our rustic mountaineers. When I left here, in 1834, the number of dwelling-houses had increased to about forty, and the inhabitants were estimated at about four hundred. My last employment here was that of teaching the "ideas" of our young Boontonians "how to shoot" in the old schoolhouse in the woods on the hill. I have a kind of an *indistinct* recollection that a number of the larger boys—now among our most solid and substantial citizens—one Saturday forenoon attempted to *force* me out of the school-room; but I have a very *distinct* recollection that they did not quite make it out.

At that time most of the iron works were carried on under the same roof. They consisted of a rolling-mill, a number of puddling and heating furnaces, an old-fashioned trip-hammer, a slitting machine and a small foundry. They were principally engaged in the manufacture of sheet, hoop and bar iron, and turned out what was denominated first-class work. There was also a refinery, which stood down on the bank of the river, near the spot where the pattern shop now stands. I recollect that one day, just before going to dinner, the workmen placed a large old cannon in the furnace of the refinery, with the breech downward, which, happening to be heavily loaded with gunpowder, soon after exploded with a great noise, blowing the building into atoms, and scattering the fragments far and wide in every direction; but, as good luck would have it, no one was injured thereby. There was likewise a small blast furnace, built in the Summer of 1833, which stood in front of the present machine shop, near the old belfry, which was first lighted by the ladies residing at the agent's house on the afternoon of Feb. 27th, 1834. There were then but two tradesmen in the place who were disconnected with the works, the one a shoemaker and the other a tailor. The shoe shop was located in our present Main street, near Brook street, and was carried on by Mr. Edson Hoyt, who likewise kept a boarding-house where Mr. E. K. Sargent now lives. The tailoring business was transacted on a small scale by one Edward Mor-

risey, who had his shop in a room in Mr. Tunis Peer's dwelling-house, near the canal bridge. At that time the only public conveyance between this place and New York was by stage, *three times a week*, said stage being owned and driven by Mr. Ezra Estler, of Powerville, who is still living. All our mail matter had to be obtained from the post office at Parsippany,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant, which had a tri-weekly mail. The company used to dispatch a wagon to meet each mail, with orders to bring over all the letters and papers for this place to their store, from whence they were delivered to their owners when called for.

The works here have undergone many great and important changes since their first establishment. Railroad axles were being made here when I left in 1834, and since then considerable quantities of railroad iron have been manufactured. From the year 1842 until 1847 four furnaces were engaged in the manufacture of bloomed iron; but, charcoal becoming scarce and dear, the manufacture of this description of iron was abandoned. In the year 1849 Mr. S. S. Salters, of Newark, had erected at the Boonton works a furnace of his own invention for the cheap and speedy manufacture of malleable iron, directly from the ore, at a *single heat*. The furnace was divided into three chambers, the one above the other, and connected together by flues. The ore and coal—the ore being first ground—were placed in the upper chamber, whence the metal, when melted, lowered itself down through the flues to the lower chamber, where it went through the process of puddling, and thence to the rolls. The whole operation of each heat occupied about three hours. The iron made in this way was very highly commended by the best judges at the Fair of the American Institute in 1850. I am not aware of the cause of the discontinuance of its manufacture, but the probability is that it did not pay.

On the 8th of November, 1833, was organized the first literary society ever instituted in this place. It was called the "Boonton Debating Society," and held its meetings weekly in the old schoolhouse in the woods on the hill. Samuel Oakley, Esq., was its first President, and Doctor Silas Cook was its first Secretary. Mr. Oakley was the then agent of the company, and a gentleman of

fine literary tastes, an animated and eloquent debater, a logical reasoner and an accomplished belles lettres scholar. This society was still in existence when I left Boonton, but in a rather drooping condition. The constitution was originally subscribed by the following named gentlemen: Samuel Oakley, John Grimes, Silas Cook, Jr., James H. Woodhull, Robert P. Williams, John L. Kanouse, Richard Dudding, Sherman Miller, Thomas C. J. Van Winkle, Asher Ayres, Edson Hoyt and Isaac S. Lyon. Messrs. Grimes and Cook were doctors; Messrs. Woodhull, Williams and Ayres managed the company's store; Messrs. Van Winkle, Dudding and Miller were clerks in the company's office; Mr. Kanouse was a merchant; Mr. Hoyt was a shoemaker, and Mr. Lyon was a clerk in the second store in the place, owned by Quinby & De Hart, situate on the Old Boonton road, just across the canal bridge.

On the afternoon of November 20th, 1833, a canal-boat, heavily loaded with coal, the chain breaking, ran down the inclined plane at a furious rate, jumped the towpath, and landed among the rocks some twenty feet below, wrecking the boat beyond repair. There was a woman and six children on board the boat at the time; but, strange to say, they all escaped uninjured. The breaking of the chain was of frequent occurrence in those days, and much damage and delay was occasioned thereby. On another occasion a horse and wagon, with a woman in it, were standing in front of the company's store, while the driver was inside making a small purchase. In the meantime the horse suddenly became frightened, and starting down the road at a speed that would have done honor to a modern race-course ran off the bridge into the canal, carrying with him the lower railing of the bridge, burying the woman in the bottom of the canal beneath the general wreck. The neighbors hastened to the scene of disaster, and soon succeeded in rescuing the whole concern from the watery elements. The woman was insensible and supposed to be dead when she was taken out. She was terribly bruised and mangled; but, a doctor being called to her relief, she was sufficiently restored to return home the same afternoon. Both of these escapes border somewhat on the marvelous. The 17th day of December, 1833, was the darkest and stormiest ever

known in this section of country, and it was absolutely necessary to keep lights burning all day. I recollect this very distinctly, for old Granny Peer was greatly alarmed, and assured me that the world was coming to an end. On the 22d of February, 1834, the Boonton Debating Society celebrated Washington's Birthday in the Presbyterian church in this place. An oration was delivered by Samuel Oakley, Esq., and Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States was read by Mr. Richard Dudding. The church was crowded almost to suffocation, and many had to go away without gaining admission. The oration was an eloquent and fiery political harangue from beginning to end, disappointing the just expectations of a highly intelligent audience; but the Farewell Address was read in a masterly manner by Mr. Dudding. Mr. Oakley was frequently *hissed* during the delivery of his address, and afterwards greatly regretted the course which he had taken.

It would be an easy matter for me to go on and enlarge upon this part of my discourse did time permit; but I must hasten on to the consideration of the Boonton of the present day. A great and noticeable change in the aspect of Boonton has taken place, even within the last ten years, and the curtain now rises upon the most interesting spectacle in this performance—the Boonton of 1860. Still gazing from the standpoint of 1834 we look abroad upon the opening scene, but every thing looks new and strange. The old familiar hills and streams are still to be seen; but many of the rocks and trees have entirely disappeared, and in their stead now rise up before our view numerous streets, studded with neat and comfortable human habitations, which mystify the gaze with their bewildering presence. At every point we behold the fresh footprints of progress; at every turn we witness the march of civilization and refinement, and upon every side the eye is startled by the development of the arts of modern invention. Increased activity in every department of business surrounds us in every direction, the whole scene appearing to our wondering gaze more like a vision of the imagination than the truthfulness of stern reality. The blazing furnaces—the busy hum of the machine shop—the ceaseless whirr of rolls and water-wheels—the ever-buzzing saw-mill—the incessant rattling



of the copper-shop, and the sharp clicking of more than a hundred nail machines, tell us plainly enough that *the* man of the nineteenth century has been among us. We now not only *believe*, but we also begin to *see* and *feel* that "Boonton's bound to go ahead!" Unlike the beautiful but baseless and fleeting visions which we so often conjure up in our dreams, the beautiful and enchanting scene that lies outspread before us is one of living reality and composed of solid substances. The hand of progress and improvement has been busily at work, and a cheerful and smiling village of more than two thousand inhabitants now marks the result.

And, now, what has caused all this sudden and startling change? To this inquiry but one truthful answer can be given, and it is this: The iron works established here by the New Jersey Iron Company, and now in successful operation under the ownership of Messrs. Fuller & Lord and the energetic management of the enterprising William G. Lathrop, Esq. This is the Aladdin's Lamp that has transformed a once barren and howling wilderness into one of the most active and prosperous manufacturing villages in New Jersey, and given a name to Boonton that is almost worldwide.

The great problem has at length been solved, and Boonton has now obtained a foothold from which no ordinary convulsions of trade or commerce can uproot her. The old fiction that Boonton could not extend herself beyond certain fixed limits has been exploded by the historical fact that she has already passed those prescribed limits, and that her future course will ever be onward and upward. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid—and Boonton is not one of those kind of know-nothings that expects to illuminate the surrounding country by hiding her light under a bushel. As soon as we have a direct railroad communication with New York city—and that time is not distant—she will then take a new start in her onward march, and no human obstacle will be able to restrain her rapid advancement.

In a description of Boonton at the present day the iron works located here claim our first notice, for without them this would be a dull and cheerless place. The Boonton iron works have been greatly changed and enlarged since 1834, and the change and en-

largement is still going on. The different works now cover about five acres of ground, and are at present divided under the following heads: The large mill, occupied by the puddlers, heaters and rollers; the blast furnace, the two nail factories, the foundry, the machine shop, the saw-mill, the cooper shop, the blacksmith shop, the pattern shop, and a number of smaller establishments of one kind and another. Although somewhat complicated and immense in extent, order and system reign supreme throughout all the divisions and subdivisions of all these various departments, and all have the appearance of clockwork in their movements. Nothing is wasted, nothing is lost, and nothing can remain unaccounted for.

But perhaps it would be as well, before going into these details, to give a short sketch of these works as a whole. The facts that follow were obtained from personal inspection and other authentic sources, and may be relied upon as correct. The New Jersey Iron Company was chartered by an act of the Legislature, bearing date Nov. 7th, 1829, and many of the original stockholders were English gentlemen. The affairs of the company were at first managed by Messrs. Green & Wetmore, large iron dealers in New York. There was no material change made in the ownership of these works until 1852; but in June of that year their ownership passed into the hands of D. B. Fuller & Co., and in September of the same year the firm was changed into that of Fuller & Lord—Dudley B. Fuller and James C. Lord—the present proprietors. The tract of land originally purchased for the use of the New Jersey Iron Company consisted of two hundred acres, and was a part of the Old Boonton tract. It was purchased in the name of David W. Wetmore of the late Captain William Scott, of Powerville, for the sum of \$5,000, and it was thought at that time that it had been well sold. The whole amount of money expended in the construction of these works up to 1859 was over half a million dollars, and since then several thousand dollars more have been expended in the erection of additional buildings and machinery. A new iron wheel of the most solid construction and finished workmanship, twenty-seven feet in diameter—said to be the largest wheel of the kind in the State—has been added to the

works during the present year at an expense of about \$30,000. The number of hands originally employed here was about one hundred; the number employed at present is between 600 and 700. The amount of money paid out by the company for labor *here* is about \$25,000 per month. The number of tons of coal annually consumed at these works is 23,000 tons, and the number of tons of ore of different kinds is 15,000 tons. Large quantities of lime and soapstone are also used in the different furnaces, of which I have not been able to obtain any particular account. The number of tons of iron annually manufactured here is about 8,500, most of which is cut into nails of various kinds and shipped down the canal to the company's warehouse in New York. The original stockholders of this company *lost every dollar of their capital*, but honorably paid *every cent of their liabilities to others*. This, no doubt, was very pleasing to their consciences as *men*, but could not have been very satisfactory to their pockets as a *business transaction*.

We will now examine these works and describe them a little more in detail. They are located in a deep, rocky, narrow valley, between the river and canal, and stand some 80 feet below the river above the dam, which is about an eighth of a mile distant. All the water used at these works is taken from the canal at the head of the inclined plane, the river connecting with the canal at the dam, and a small quantity of water is made to perform an immense amount of work. The hills on either side of these works rise abruptly to the height of 150 or 200 feet, which gives to the whole scene a grand and romantic appearance. The large mill—generally termed the rolling-mill—being the first built, demands our first notice. This immense edifice, which covers nearly an acre of ground, is in length about 375 feet, by 275 feet in width, the roof of which is supported by a large number of heavy cast-iron columns, all of which were cast here. The following are the principal branches of work carried on under the roof of this vast structure, viz.: Ten puddling furnaces, which give employment to 80 men; 1 scrap furnace, employing 4 men; 3 trains of rolls, containing 7 sets, employing 14 men; 2 squeezers, one rotary and the other the old style jaw squeezer, em-

ploying 4 men; 3 nut machines, employing 6 men; 1 bolt and 1 nut thread cutting machine, each employing 2 men. In the same building there are 8 or 10 large spike machines, a furnace for heating their plate, and other furnaces for heating the iron for the nut and bolt machines. Other parts of this building are used for storing nails, iron and other materials used in this department. The hands in this mill, with the exception of those who work the nut, spike and bolt machines, work day and night, off and on turns of 10 hours each, about ten months in each year. There are quite a number of superintendents and overseers in this building, some of whom command high salaries. A large, splendid, ornamental cast iron fountain—*cast here*—is located near the centre of this vast edifice, the cooling and purifying influences of which are very sensibly felt by the numerous workmen during the torrid heats of Summer. The nut machines in operation in this mill were invented and patented by P. H. Cole, Esq., of St. Louis, in 1855, with new improvements up to 1857. The bolt machine and the nut thread-cutting machine were also invented by Mr. Cole. I have been informed that the Boonton company have purchased of the inventor the sole right to make, use and vend these machines on all this side of the Alleghany mountains. The first nut machine in operation here was brought on from St. Louis by the inventor; but the second and third were made here, and others are now in course of construction. The introduction of the manufacture of bolts and nuts at this establishment has not only added considerably to the business of the place, but has also, as I understand, proved very profitable to the interests of the company. The rotary squeezer, now in use here, is likewise a new invention, and I have been informed that this company have secured the exclusive right to make and vend them in the United States. Large cast-iron water pipes, connecting with the canal at the head of the inclined plane, encircle this and most of the other buildings; and, in case of fire breaking out, by attaching hose to the hydrants, which are placed in commanding positions, almost every one of the buildings can be flooded in a few minutes. This mill was totally destroyed by fire some eight or nine years ago; but it was immediately rebuilt, and has since been enlarged to its present dimensions.



The nail factories come next in order. The upper nail factory is located on the west bank of the canal, at the head of the inclined plane. The dimensions of this building are 50x150 feet, and it is two stories in height. It was erected during the years 1849-'50, and commenced operations in August, 1851. It contains 79 nail machines, giving employment to 38 nailers and 48 or 50 feeders. The whole number of hands employed in this factory is 118, including plate-cutters, packers, pilers and furnace men. The largest number of kegs of nails cut in this factory in any one week is 3,142, in May, 1858; the largest number cut in any one month is 14,021, in March, 1856. The usual number of kegs of nails out in this factory in one year ranges from 90,000 to 125,000, and the average working time is about 10 months in each year, and there is seldom any suspension of operations on account of *hard times*. The nails made at this establishment are now sought as A No. 1 article in every market. Mr. James Holmes has the chief management of this factory, and has had since its commencement.

The lower nail factory is located in the upper part of the saw-mill, which stands on the lower bank of the branch canal. The following details were furnished me by Mr. Andrew F. Kirby, one of the nailers: This factory commenced operations in 1855, contains 25 nail machines, and employs about 30 hands, men and boys, all told. The nails cut here are all of the smaller kind, but are equally as good as those cut at the upper factory. The number of kegs of nails cut in the course of each year average about 10,000. This factory is under the charge of Mr. Nathaniel Jones, and works about 10 months in each year.

The saw-mill is quite a busy place, and is under the management of Mr. George M. Gage, of whom I have the following details: The first saw-mill established here was in October, 1850, in the old building now used for a machine shop. The present large and commodious establishment commenced operations in 1854, and furnishes constant employment to from 18 to 20 hands. This saw-mill consumes about 1,000 cords of chestnut timber annually, which is sawed into staves, and about 10,000 feet of whitewood logs, which, when sawed into boards, makes about 70,000 feet of keg heading. The stave timber costs from \$5 to \$5.75 per cord, according to

quality. The usual number of staves turned out daily amounts to from 12,000 to 13,000. In addition to the 70,000 feet of whitewood boards about 200,000 feet of 1½ inch plank are used for heading purposes. This, when slit in twain, will make about 400,000 keg heads, being about the number generally used each year. The hands employed in this mill work, on an average, about 275 to 280 days each year.

The cooper shop comes next in order. I have the following details from Mr. A. Burroughs, superintendent thereof: This, too, is likewise an extensive and stirring department. The first cooper shop was established in 1851, in an old building since demolished. The present shop, together with several other extensive buildings used for drying and storage purposes—all built of brick, with slate roofs—were mostly built in 1854. The number of staves annually used in this shop amounts to about 2,184,880, and the number of kegs turned out annually average about 146,000. Eighty kegs is considered a fair day's work for one man, but Mr. Sawyer has made as high as 125 kegs in 10 hours. Any person who can witness the daring, almost reckless manner in which he fits a hoop, without shuddering, must be either more or less than man. The number of men employed in this shop is 14, who work about 46 weeks in each year.

There has been a small foundry attached to these works since their first establishment; but the new building erected for this purpose in 1857 is the only one deserving particular notice. The new foundry is located between the machine shop and the blast furnace, is 50 feet wide and 60 feet in length, and is constructed of brick in the most substantial manner. It gives employment to 10 men, and turns out about 400 tons of castings in the course of a year, but it is capable of doing double that amount of business when demanded. It now makes all the castings used about the works, and always stands ready to contract for outside orders whenever they are offered. The largest casting that has yet been made at this foundry is 15,500 pounds, but a much larger one can be made when wanted. Mr. Paul Glover has been acting as superintendent of this establishment for quite a number of years.

Previous to the year 1853 the larger portion of the machinery used at these works was made at Newark and Rockaway ; but in June of that year the present machine shop was established here. It is now carried on in an old building, formerly occupied as a saw-mill, located between the rolling-mill and the foundry. Since its establishment this shop has manufactured all the machinery (except nail machines) required by the works, together with all the necessary repairs, with an occasional outside job. It employs 8 men, all of whom generally make full time the year round. This shop is now, and has been since its first establishment, under the superintendency of Captain Edwin Bishop.

Of the present blast furnace I have not been able to obtain any correct particulars. It was, however, erected some 12 or 14 years ago, employs from 25 to 30 hands, and turns out about 20 tons of pig iron every 24 hours. It works night and day, weekdays and Sundays, and indulges in a general *blow-out* about once every three years. It is at present under the management of Mr. George Jenkins.

There is also a large blacksmith shop connected with these works, and has been from the beginning. This shop was formerly carried on in an old building in the rear of the rolling-mill ; but, this building having been destroyed by fire in 1856, the shop was removed into the westerly corner of that mill. The present blacksmith shop, built of brick in 1859, stands on the left hand side, at the main entrance to said mill. This shop and its branches now employ 15 hands, who generally make full time the year round. It does all the blacksmithing required about the works, and occasionally contracts for an outside job. This shop is divided into a number of different branches, each of which is under the direction of a separate foreman. There are also a carpenter shop, a pattern shop and a plumber's shop connected with these works ; but as they employ only from 2 to 5 hands each I have not thought it important to enter into their details.

This company own extensive ore mines a short distance up the canal, and during the boating season keep in constant employment some 20 boats, which are engaged in stocking the works with ore, coal and other materials, and conveying the nails and finished

iron to the New York market. This company pay off all their workmen in *cash*, once every four weeks, but always retaining two weeks' wages in the office.

Anthracite coal has been in common use in these works during the last 18 years, and without it at the present time it would be impossible to keep them in operation one month in a year. The discovery of this important secret constitutes one of the great events of modern times, and I am strongly impressed with the belief that the Boonton Company were the first that introduced this kind of coal into successful use for puddling purposes. I have tried hard to trace out the truth of this important fact, and to ascertain the name of the discoverer, but nobody seems to have taken any note of it. Every person with whom I have conversed upon the subject is of the same opinion as myself, but as yet I have not been able to substantiate the fact. If it really is true, as I believe that it is, then the old Boonton Company deserve great praise for their enterprise, and the name of the discoverer should be traced out and a monument be reared to his memory that shall stand while Boonton stands. Other important discoveries have been made here by gentlemen connected with these works, but I find it a very difficult matter to trace out anything correctly respecting the past. Mr. Stephen Pear, one of our most ingenious mechanics, has made some important improvements in the stove-sawing department, and Mr. John Gould has invented a *self-feeding* apparatus, attachable to a nail machine, which, it is said, is a very desirable and useful invention. Mr. John Wootton, a gentleman of rare inventive genius, has lately invented a very curious and ingenious machine for cutting horseshoe nails, the model of which was unfortunately destroyed at the burning of the New York Crystal Palace.

I very much doubt if there is in the whole United States another establishment of the kind so thoroughly organized in every respect, and so ably conducted in all its various departments, as are these Boonton works. A more thoroughly independent and self-reliant company could not well exist, for they rely wholly upon themselves for everything that their business demands, which it is reasonably possible for them to control ; and it is currently reported here that they can and do manufacture nails at a less cost than at any



other establishment of the kind in the world. It is, perhaps, owing to the watchful and systematic manner in which every branch of their business is conducted that they have been enabled to keep the furnaces of Boonton in full blast and their 700 men and boys in full employment while bankruptcy and ruin have been stalking like ghosts of disembodied speculators over all the rest of the country.

We will now look about us a little and see what the village itself is composed of. Boonton is now regularly laid out into streets fifty feet wide, which cross each other at right angles. The village was very handsomely mapped by Mr. Thomas Hughes in 1857, at which time it contained about 1,600 inhabitants; but many fine improvements have been made since that time. The number of streets at present laid out are twenty-four, about five miles of which have been opened and built upon. From a personal survey, made in July, 1859, I am enabled to make the following statement in detail, which I believe is strictly correct: Of dwelling houses there were 268; halls and hotels, 2; churches, 4; storehouses, 7; carpenter shops, 8; shoe shops, 2; blacksmith shops, 4; tailor shops, 2; steam mills, 1; academies, 1; post offices, 1; barns, 43; total of buildings of all descriptions; 338. The dwelling houses are located as follows: Canal street, 11; Division street, 10; Mechanic street, 2; William street, 15; Cornelia street, 12; Church street, 24; Brook street, 44; Liberty street, 28; Green street, 16; Oak street, 9; Plane street, 11; Main street, 29; Birch street, 21; Cedar street, 11; Spruce street, 2; scattering, 23. Of these buildings, including United States Hotel and Liberty Hall, 6 are 3 stories in height, 122 2 stories, and 141 1 story. Of the 268 dwelling houses about 100 have been built since my return here in 1855. In the village are 4 brick buildings—the academy, two storehouses and one dwelling—3 of stone and cement—the hotel and two dwelling houses; all the rest are wooden buildings, built in different styles of architecture. But it should be borne in mind that many of the dwelling houses are large, double buildings, in the occupancy of from two to four lots; but in all cases I have rated all such buildings as a single house. The uniform size of all our village lots is 50x100 to 125 feet, and they are valued at from \$50 to \$1,000 each. I esti-

mate the population of Boonton at the present time (1860) at something over 2,000.

In July, 1860, one year later, I again took a survey of the business operations of the place, and the following details embrace the result of my investigations. There were then engaged in business operations in the place 10 stores for the sale of general merchandise, 4 stores for the sale of small wares and fancy goods 6 merchant tailors, 8 drug stores, 2 stove and tinware establishments, 4 blacksmith shops, 5 boot and shoe shops, 8 carpenter shops, 2 wheelwright shops, 2 harness makers' shops, 2 paint shops, 1 hotel, 1 livery stable, 1 lumber yard, 3 coal yards, 1 steam mill, 1 grist mill, 1 cider mill, 2 watch makers, 1 baker, 1 cabinet maker, 1 sash and blind maker, 1 barber, 1 news office, and quite a number of smaller establishments of various kinds, including a large number of beer shops. Most of the large stores are kept well stocked, and all appear to be doing a living business, the sales of a few of them being immense for the size of the place. These several establishments employ an active cash capital of not less than \$100,000, and give employment to about 100 persons, and from 50 to 60 horses, all told. The real business transacted at these various establishments must amount to something like \$1,000 per diem.

And now, my friends, when we compare the Boonton of 1860 with the Boonton of 1834, may we not justly boast of our progress and achievements, and at the rapid advancement which we have made in every department of trade and manufactures in the brief space of 26 years? Look at Boonton *then*, with her 400 inhabitants, her 100 workmen, her 40 dwelling houses, her solitary church and schoolhouse, her 2 small stores and 2 mechanics, and then look upon what she is *now*. We may, however, look upon what has already been accomplished as a mere nothing in comparison with what we have every reason to believe will be done by our children during the next twenty-six years—for Boonton has but just waked up, as it were, to a sense of her position in view of the "good time coming."

A brief description of a few of the most prominent objects that contribute to our moral and social enjoyment, and I shall have done with this part of my discourse. I be-

gin with the churches, as they are generally looked upon by all as the best regulators of society in every civilized community. The first building ever erected in this place for the purpose of religious instruction was the old Presbyterian church, located on the corner of Church and Birch streets. This building was erected in 1832—size 35x55 feet, and cost about \$2,000. A new church edifice, 36x72 feet, containing a fine steeple, was erected on the site of the old church in 1859, at a cost of about \$6,000, independently of its interior decorations, which cost some \$1,500. In that year this church contained 156 members, and about 130 Sunday school scholars, who have a library numbering between 200 and 300 volumes. The Rev. D. E. Megie is now, and has been for many years, pastor of this church.

The Methodist Episcopal church comes next in order. This church is located in Cedar, near Liberty street, is 40 feet square, and was erected in 1854, at a cost of \$1,600. The lot upon which it stands is 100x104 feet, upon a portion of which a parsonage house has lately been erected at a cost of \$1,800. In 1859 this church contained 143 members and 50 probationers; has a Sunday school attached to it, containing 180 scholars, 22 teachers, and a library of 200 volumes. Previous to the erection of this building the Methodist congregation held their services in the old "Free church" on Main street—since changed into the drug store now occupied by Mr. William McCarty.

A small Roman Catholic church was erected here some nine or ten years since. It stands in Birch street, near Green, and has a burying ground on the same lot. This building being found too small to accommodate a rapidly increasing congregation, the trustees have recently decided upon the erection of a new edifice. The new church, now in course of erection, when completed, will be a handsome structure and an ornament to our thriving village. The new building will be 40x80 feet, with a tower 65 feet in height, and stained glass windows, built of hewn stone in the most substantial manner. It stands directly opposite the old church, and it is expected that it will be completed during the coming year, its estimated cost being \$12,000. This church claims to have between 600 and 700 members and a large Sunday school; but

it should be borne in mind that many members of this, as well as of all the other churches, reside without the village.

A Free Congregational church was established here some years ago; but I have not been able to learn anything respecting its history further than that it was located in Main street, in the building now occupied as a drug store by Mr. McCarty.

The Protestant Episcopal is the latest on the list of churches established here. The services of this denomination were first held here in the Fall of 1856, in the old Free church just referred to; but at present they hold their regular services in the old Sessions building formerly attached to the Presbyterian church, afterward known as "Musical Hall," in Church street. An addition has been attached to the original building, which is now fitted up into a very neat and commodious place of religious worship. The present number of its resident members is about 25, Sunday school scholars 98, teachers 14, volumes in library 200. This church has lately been incorporated, according to the rules prescribed by that denomination, and is now acting as a self-governing organization. Messrs Fuller & Lord have donated to this congregation a fine lot of ground on the corner of Cedar and Cornelia streets, and measures are now in progress for erecting a handsome new church edifice thereon during the coming year.

The Boonton Free Academy is an institution of which our citizens may justly feel proud. It is beautifully located on Academy green, and commands a noble and extended view of the village and surrounding country. This edifice is constructed of brick, is two stories in height, and of respectable dimensions on the ground. It was built during the years 1852-'53, at a cost of about \$4,000, and was dedicated on the Fourth of July of the latter year. In 1859 the average number of scholars attending this institution was about 200, the highest number in attendance at any one time being 250. It employs at present 4 teachers, one male and three females, the total of whose salaries amounts to \$1,400 per annum. It is governed by a board of three trustees, one of whom is chosen by the citizens annually. The higher branches taught here are philosophy, history, algebra and mathematics.



Our new United States Hotel is the first establishment of the kind that has ever been opened in this place, and its beneficial effects to business generally have already been very sensibly felt and appreciated by this community. Previous to its erection there existed nowhere in the village a place at which a stranger might obtain a meal of victuals or demand a night's lodging. The "United States" is a first-class building of the kind, and is well conducted and patronized. Its erection was commenced in 1857, and completed in 1858, being about one year in building. It was first opened for the reception of the public on November 3d, 1858, at which time it underwent a pretty good *warming*. The walls of this building are constructed of stone and cement, are 40x86 feet in their dimensions, 3½ stories in height, the whole built at a cost of some \$8,000 or \$9,000. It contains 42 rooms in all, the two largest of which are 22x40 feet, and is capable of accommodating comfortably about fifty guests. It is located on the corner of Main and Division streets—a not very desirable location—and when fully completed will contain a handsome cupola on its top and a spacious piazza on each street. Mr. C. P. Chamberlain, its gentlemanly landlord, is at present enjoying a liberal share of patronage from both the local and traveling public.

But little can be said in commendation of any other of our public buildings—the new "Union Building," corner of Brook and Birch streets, alone excepted, which constitutes the finest improvement yet made in that section of the village. The dimensions of this building are 50x60 feet, three stories in height, erected more particularly for the accommodation of the "Boonton Protective Union Company's" store, but not wholly so. It is constructed of wood, has a fire-proof composition roof, is highly ornamental in its outward appearance, and is said to be the largest and handsomest building of the kind in Morris county. The whole of the first story, together with the cellar, is now occupied by the "Boonton Protective Union Company" for store-keeping purposes; the second story has been divided into small apartments, to be let either for offices or dwellings, and the third story has been finished into two spacious halls, the one being used for literary and the other for public purposes of various

kinds. This fine building was erected by an enterprising private company during the Summer of 1859 at a cost of about \$7,000.

Our so-called "Old Liberty Hall," built and owned by Dr. John Grimes, is the oldest public hall in the village, and for many years was the only one. This renowned old hall stands on Main, near Liberty street, and when filled to its utmost capacity will hold about 400 persons. The fame of this grand old hall is widespread—yea, almost world-wide—and its doors have been entered by most of the people of Boonton and the surrounding country. It has been used at one time and another for almost every conceivable purpose, both of a public and private character. It well deserves to be called *Liberty Hall*, for within its walls almost every description of performances have been enacted. Song and dance—feast and frolic—wedding and funeral—show and concert—music and rejoicing—history and the drama—farce and tragedy—debate and disputation upon things seen and unseen—literature and science—slavery and anti-slavery—republicanism and democracy—whigism, know-nothingism, and all the other *isms* ever heard of or dreamed of—politics and religion—patriotism and free-soilism—spirit rappings and vegetarianism—woman's rights and woman's wrongs, in all their various phases and ramifications—free suppers, free speech and free everything—all have been enacted, seen, heard and listened to time and again within its venerable and time-hallowed walls. Long may the flag of the free and brave float in triumph from the battlements of our famous old Liberty Hall! May its foundations endure for a thousand years yet to come, and may its shadows never be less than they are at the present moment!

Independence Hall is quite a large room, located over the store of Messrs. Peer & Davis, in Main street. This hall was formerly occupied by the Boonton Temperance Society, and latterly by the National Guard as an armory and drill room, but at present it is not occupied permanently for any purpose. The old Presbyterian church building has lately been purchased by a number of gentlemen, who have had it removed to the opposite side of the street and fitted up as a place for holding exhibitions and public meetings. It is now known as "Washington Hall," and is

the largest building of the kind at present in the village. This hall is quite large enough to meet the present wants of our citizens; but it will, no doubt, soon be superseded by something more elegant and commodious. There are quite a number of elegant private residences scattered round in different parts of the village, but I dare not particularize any of them. Taking everything into consideration—the newness of the place and the onerous expense of clearing a lot and building thereon—no Boontonian need be ashamed of taking a stranger by the hand and showing him round our little rock-bound village, young and unpretending as she is.

Boonton has long been noted for the musical attainments of her citizens, and I hesitate not in saying that there is not another place of its size in the civilized world that can turn out more musicians of one kind and another. The fact is, and there is no use in trying to conceal it, we are emphatically a musical community. Old and young, great and small, men, women and children—infants of the smallest dimensions and tiniest voices included—all seem to have more or less “music in their souls;” and, what is still more to the purpose, most of them have a happy knack of letting their neighbors know it. There have been at various times no less than three military bands organized in this village; but of the whole number there is but one of them in existence at the present time—1860—the “Washington cornet band.” This band was organized under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Mills June 26th, 1851, at which time it contained only six members. It was then called the “Boonton brass band.” On the 3d of January, 1852, Mr. Mills withdrew from the leadership of this band; but the remaining members immediately reorganized themselves under the name of the “Boonton temperance brass band,” with Mr. Charles Ramsey as their leader. On the 1st of April, 1857, Mr. Ramsey withdrew from the band, and Mr. Joseph Fitzpatrick was chosen leader, at which time the name of the band was again changed to that of the “Washington cornet band,” which name it still retains. The band at present consists of the following named members: Charles Ramsey, leader (having been again chosen leader August 14th, 1858), Joseph Fitzpatrick, Enoch Hammonds, Joseph Par-

ker, William Grubb, Joseph Hammonds, Thomas Hammonds, Daniel Mains, Nathaniel A. Myers, James King, James Myers, Squire Gage, Edward Fitzpatrick, William Bevercombe and Smith G. Gage—15 members all told. At present this band holds its meetings in one of the large rooms of the United States Hotel.

The “Excelsior band” was organized by Mr. Joseph Mills January 10th, 1852. Mr. Mil’s was its first leader, but it obtained its highest renown under the leadership of Mr. William A. Sterenton. This band was composed entirely of young men, and its last leader was Mr. George F. Teush. It consisted of ten members at the time of its disbandment, a few months since, the names of whom were as follows: George F. Teush, leader, Adam Trumbor, George Hessey, Joseph Sterenton, Joseph Beardmore, John Lepard, Samuel Rubadou, Joseph Lemear, Richard Mansell and Stacy P. Hopper. Both of these bands have had calls to play in different parts of the State, and they have always done themselves and the place they hailed from great credit by their splendid performances.

A fine military company has been organized here during the present year (1859) but I have not been able to obtain much information in regard to its movements. It is called the “First Company, National Guard, of Boonton,” and is under command of our enterprising fellow-citizen, Captain Edwin Bishop, an ex-member of the famous New York Seventh regiment. The company has its armory and drill-room in Independence Hall, and at the present time numbers about forty muskets. There are plenty of good raw materials in this village, sufficient to increase the number of this company to at least 100 members, rank and file, and I trust that Captain Bishop will succeed in getting that number into line between this time and the coming Fourth of July.

Wishing to place the date of the first establishment of a post office in this place on record in this discourse, and finding it a difficult matter to obtain any correct account of it *here*, I dispatched a note to the Postmaster General, soliciting information upon the subject. This application was made under date of July 27, 1859, and on the 10th of August following I received the following reply, under the seal of the Post Office Department:



"From the 3d of February, 1817, till the 9th of July, 1846, there was no office by the name of Boonton; but on that day the office at Montville was changed to Boonton—including a change of site—and Edmund K. Sargent was appointed postmaster, who continued to act till the 27th of November 1849, when John Hill was appointed, who held the office till the 24th of May, 1853, when Edmund K. Sargent was re-appointed, and who is the present incumbent. This, it is believed, covers all the information the Department can furnish as to the history of this office.

Very respectfully,

JOHN B. L. SKINNER,  
Acting First Ass't P. M. General.

The first news office ever established in Boonton, was opened by Edward E. Lyon on the corner of Main and Brook streets in the Fall of 1857, and although there was but little encouragement held out at the time, I believe that it is now doing a good paying business, with a fair prospect of a gradual increase.

The "Boonton Cemetery" is a burial place of which our citizens need not feel ashamed. The land which it occupies was donated by the company here at the first settlement of the place, which has since been greatly improved and beautified by those burying there. The oldest tombstone I have been able to discover there bears date of 1832. At that time it was more or less surrounded by woods on every side, and entirely disconnected with and out of sight of the village. It is now surrounded by a substantial concrete wall, and the lots have nearly all been taken up.

There have been quite a number of public societies of one kind and another established at various times in this village; but most of them have already run their course and been forgotten. There are only three that profess to have an existence at the present time—the "Minerva Literary Society," the "Boonton Temperance Society" and the "Band of Hope," the latter of which is composed of children exclusively. None of these societies, however, are now in a very healthful or flourishing condition, but possibly they may revive again during the coming Winter. The "Minerva" was established about three years ago, and at one time contained over a hundred members. Its meetings are held in Liberty Hall, and are always open *free* to the public. It owns a small but select library of standard works, by the best authors, which, at one time, were very generally read by its members. The time was when this society

entertained its large audiences with literary performances of a high character; but it can hardly be said of it now that it "still lives," for its meetings are "few and far between." It is a great pity that such is the case, for it is a well-known fact that during its more prosperous days, our numerous beer shops were very little visited on its meeting nights. There are too many cliques and clans in our midst to expect any association composed of our mixed population to harmonize together for any length of time. It is greatly to be regretted that such is the case, for in a large and intelligent place like Boonton, there should be a permanent literary institution of some kind, where all classes of our citizens might meet on a common level for the purpose of social enjoyment and literary improvement.

Of the natural scenery in and around Boonton I shall have but little to say. It requires no flourish of trumpets on my part to herald forth its sublime beauties to the world, for it is fully capable of singing its own praises and telling its own story. Gordon, in his Gazetteer of New Jersey, says that "Boonton is the most romantic place in the State;" and he might have added, with much truthfulness, that there are few places more so *out of it*. Many of our fashionable sightseers have traveled thousands of miles, and expended thousands of dollars, to gaze upon foreign scenes not half so lovely and enchanting as those of Boonton—*when seen by moonlight*. It is all well enough for those who have plenty of money to spend to see as much as they can of this beautiful world of ours and its many natural attractions; but would it not be quite as well for them to first visit the historical locations of their own country, and gaze upon its unrivalled natural scenery, before they wander off to the Old World to view the musty and crumbling ruins of past ages? If some of our native embryo artists, who are now eking out a precarious existence in Broadway garrets by copying the "old masters" at fifty cents a copy, would come out to Boonton, and could succeed in catching the inspiration of the place, and transfer the life of our noble mountain scenery to their canvas, they might fill their empty purses, immortalize their names and transmit them down to posterity among the great master spirits of their age and country.

Situated as Boonton is, upon a hard, dry, rocky soil, some 600 feet above the level of the sea, with a climate famed for the salubrity of its atmosphere, what is there in the way to prevent her from being one of the healthiest locations in the wide world? Securely out of the reach of most of those diseases that ravage our large cities, man has nothing here to fear save the vengeance of an offended God and the upbraidings of his own guilty conscience. Instead, therefore, of hankering after the "forbidden fleshpots of Egypt," and making ourselves miserable because the world is not all our own, we ought to thank God that we are what we are, and that our lot has fallen upon such a healthful and pleasant spot.

And now, my friends, what more need be said about Boonton, either past or present? Her past struggles and her present triumphs have been passed in review before you; and does not her present prosperity plainly indicate a still more glorious future? Boonton now has the ring of the true metal, and with a population of more than 2,000 souls, what can vent her from going ahead? There are but few drones in our common hive—no favored few to look sneeringly on while the many do

all the labor, as in most places—no painted butterflies to hum about our heads and sip the honeyed dew from flowers planted for common use. We all work and obtain our bread by the labor of our own hands, and it is this common division of labor among all classes that makes labor itself honorable.

But while *we* prosper and flourish like a green bay tree, we behold our venerable mother, Old Boone-Town, stricken in years, and feeble and palsied with age. This, however, is but the fulfillment of a law of nature, which is just as fixed and certain as that which leads the man of tottering footsteps and snowy locks with irrevocable certainty to the grave. We also behold her young and blooming daughter, Boonton, now full of life and vigor, just bursting into early womanhood, and proud to encircle her brow with the good old family name. And God grant that she may always hold the cherished old homestead in filial love and veneration, and adopt as her future model the enterprising spirit of her good old mother, and as the mother was among the first to light up the forge-fires in the wilderness of America, so may the daughter be among the last that shall put them out!



## PART THIRD.

### MISCELLANEOUS FACTS AND SPECULATIONS.

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OCTOBER 5, 1867.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—In collecting materials for this discourse quite a number of facts and traditions respecting the early history of Old Boonton came into my possession which I found it inconvenient to introduce into my sketch of that place at the time it was written. Besides this I notice the entire omission of a few facts which I intended to insert in Part First, which were accidentally overlooked on that occasion. Other interesting incidents have since been obtained, all of which I have thrown together without any regularity of form or arrangement, which I shall now introduce to you as “Miscellaneous Facts and Speculations,” under the heading of Part Third. It will, however, be noticed, as I proceed, that some of these facts and incidents, which are well worth knowing and remembering, have no particular connection with the main subject of this discourse. But I trust that, in view of the time and labor I have expended in making this collection, you will justify their introduction in this connection; for, although not immediately connected with the subject under discussion, still they will be found useful in illustrating some of the positions I have assumed in discussing Part First.

The question of who owned the Boonton tract prior to its coming into possession of David Ogden, has given me more trouble than any other. It is barely possible that Mr. Ogden might have purchased it of different parties, in various quantities, at several different times. I shall submit all the information I have obtained relating to the subject, and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Mr. Parker says that Col. Ogden's father purchased the property and gave it to his son on condition that he should remove there and carry on the iron works, which were already established there. It is quite certain that Col. Lemuel Cobb, father of Judge A. B. Cobb, did most of the surveying on the property after it came into possession of the Ogdens. While engaged with Judge Cobb in looking over some of his father's old papers a few years ago, we came across an old document which was very badly defaced, which seemed to have some bearing upon this subject. As near as we could get at the substance of this old document it purported to be an agreement between Courtland Skinner and one Burnet (first name entirely obliterated), and David Ogden, by which the former parties agreed to sell to the latter named party, certain lands in Morris county; but it was impossible for us to decipher out the location of these lands, or the amount of the consideration money that was to be paid for them. This document bore date 1759, which corresponds with the time named by Mr. Parker when the Boonton property first came into possession of David Ogden; but still all this is a matter of uncertainty, and not to be relied on. However, I have but little doubt in my own mind that the lands here referred to constituted, if not the whole of the Boonton tract, at least that portion of it upon which the iron works were located. It is a well-known fact that the Skinners and Burnets owned large tracts of land in this section of country at about that time.

In an old volume now in my possession, formerly the property of “J. J. Faish, Esq.,”

f Old Boonton, published in 1784, containing the "Acts of the New Jersey Legislature between the years 1776 and 1783," I find another little scrap of information which may possibly throw some light upon this obscure subject. In the index of this old volume (the bulk of which has been used as a scrap-book) I find the following: "An act passed by the New Jersey Legislature, vesting in Richard Morris, Esquire, the power, authority, title and estate of certain lands in New Jersey, given unto David Ogden and Richard Morris, by the last will and testament of Robert Hunter, Esquire, deceased." The Robert Hunter here alluded to was Governor of the Province of New Jersey from the year 1710 to 1720, and the natural presumption would be that the "lands" bequeathed by him to Messrs. Ogden and Morris were not of very limited dimensions. At any rate it is a pretty well ascertained fact that both Ogden and Morris owned large tracts of land in Morris county previous to the Revolution; and it is within the bounds of possibility that the Boonton tract might have been a portion of the lands bequeathed to Ogden by the last will and testament of Gov. Hunter.

This trying to trace out old titles to land, is, no doubt, a dry subject of discussion to most of you; but, as I feel greatly interested in the question myself, I shall tax your patience a little further by placing upon record all the facts that have come to my knowledge in any way relating to the original ownership of the Boonton tract.

I have now in my possession, presented to me by Judge Cobb, an original deed, dated May 9th, 1774, from "David Ogden, Esquire, of New-Ark, to Simeon Van Winkle, of Hanover," for a tract of land containing 124 60-100 acres, the consideration sum for which was "Two Pounds current Proclamation money of New Jersey." This deed has never been recorded, and probably was never delivered, as the "two pounds current proclamation money" was, perhaps, not forthcoming. The preamble to this curious old deed read as follows: "Whereas, Samuel Stephenson, Eldest son and Heir of his Father, Thomas Stephenson, and his Mother, Sarah Stephenson, by Deed bearing date the Nineteenth Day of May, in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Seven, did grant, Release, and forever quit claim unto the said David

Ogden," &c. This deed conveyed to Mr. Ogden a tract of 1,250 acres, and lay "at or near Rockaway river." It would probably be a hard matter to determine the exact location of this land at the present day; but, according to the map of the Boonton tract, this land constituted a portion thereof, and this mixes things worse than they were before. The deed to Van Winkle is signed by Mr. Ogden in a hand *shaky* enough to indicate that he was a hundred years old at the time. I have also now in my possession, also presented to me by Judge Cobb, an autograph letter of David B. Ogden to "Lemuel Cobb, Esquire," requesting him in the name of his father (Col Samuel Ogden) "to lay off one hundred and twenty-five acres of the Newfoundland tract," which his father has "agreed to sell to John Dow and Jacob Riker, at such place as you shall conceive to be reasonable." This act of discretion on the part of the Ogdens to Mr. Cobb, certainly shows that they placed the utmost reliance in his integrity and good judgment—yes, considerably more so than we should expect one man to place in the discretion of another at the present day. This letter is dated Newark, January 24th, 1801.

I have likewise an autograph letter, also presented to me by Judge Cobb, of Col. Samuel Ogden to "Lemuel Cobb, Esquire," dated Newark, May 6th, 1802, of which the following is an exact copy:

DEAR SIR—Do, I pray you, forward me *immediately* the survey for *Kingsland*. I want it very much. I am your friend,  
SAM'L OGDEN.

Independently of all the immense landed estates owned by the Ogdens in New Jersey, Col. Ogden, in the year 1790, owned one-third of what was then known as the Phelps and Gorham Purchase, in the State of New York. This tract contained several millions of acres, and was then valued at \$1,000,000. Shortly after it came into his possession Col. Ogden sold his share to the celebrated Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, and he soon after sold it to the Holland Land Company. All these immense transactions in real estate prove pretty clearly that the Ogdens were very wealthy, and that they were all active and influential men.

The principal object which the British Government had in view in colonizing the newly discovered American continent was to furnish



a market for her surplus manufactures; and to this end Parliament shaped all its legislation, and all attempts made by the colonies to counteract this design were at once forced down by stringent legislation on the part of the mother country. As early as the year 1699 Parliament passed an act declaring that none of the articles manufactured in the colonies "should be shipped thence, or even laden, in order to be transported to any place whatever." This, as I take it, was rather a stringent enactment, and not to be borne quietly. True, under this arrangement, a woman might knit a pair of stockings for herself or for any one of her own family; but woe be unto her if she attempt to knit and sell a pair to any one else. In 1737 Parliament directed the "Board of Trade to inquire and report on the different manufactures carried on in their colonies." The next year the Board made their report, and among other things they state that there had been "erected six forges (one of which was in South Carolina) and nineteen furnaces;" and also that "New York and New Jersey manufactured great quantities of hats, of which the company of hatters in London complained." An act had already been passed by Parliament in 1732 "prohibiting the exportation of hats from the colonies." It will thus be seen what a host of difficulties the early manufacturers had to contend with; but in the face of all these unjust and cruel prohibitions we have seen that not less than twenty-five iron works—and there might have been twice that number for aught we know to the contrary, for it will be borne in mind that some of them were "carried on with great secrecy"—were established in the colonies even at that early day. That a large number of the iron works here referred to were located in different parts of New Jersey is a question that will not admit of discussion; and that the iron works at Old Boonton were among the number scarcely admits of a doubt.

In the year 1830 there were located in New Jersey the following iron works, of various descriptions: One hundred and eight forges, twelve blast furnaces, sixteen cupola furnaces, and ten rolling and slitting mills—one hundred and forty in all. I doubt if there are one-tenth of that number of forges in operation in the State at the present time, the

main cause of the diminution being caused by the scarcity of charcoal. By the report of the committee of the Tariff Convention, held in New York in October, 1831, it appears that the iron manufactured at these several works was as follows: Pig iron, 1,671 tons; bar iron, 3,000 tons; castings, 5,615 tons; total, 10,286 tons. This embraced the whole amount of iron manufactures turned out in New Jersey during the year 1830, the par value of which was estimated at \$1,000,000. From this statement it will be seen that the whole amount of iron manufactured in the State at that time was but a trifle more than was made at the Boonton works alone in 1859.

I shall now introduce a few facts having reference to the first settlements made in Morris county, which, though not directly connected with the subject now under consideration, tend to illustrate some of the positions which I have taken respecting the early settlement of Old Boonton. The information which follows has all been obtained from authentic sources, and consequently may be relied on.

The township of Hanover was first organized about the year 1700, by the name of Whippinong, after the name of the tribe of Indians by whom it was originally inhabited. The name of Hanover was substituted about the year 1746.

The first church (Presbyterian) in Morris county was built at Whippany in 1718. The congregation at that time was composed of the inhabitants of Morristown, Madison, Chatham, Hanover and Parsippany. The first clergyman that preached there was Rev. Nathaniel Hubbel. It will thus be seen that Parsippany was settled at least 150 years ago, and why not Old Boonton (which probably was a part of Parsippany at that time) have been settled at the same time, *if not sooner*.

The first church (Presbyterian) in Morristown was erected in the year 1740; and the first court house in Morris county was erected in the year 1755.

The first church (Presbyterian) in Mendham was erected a little prior to the year 1740, and the first minister located there was Rev. Eliab Byram.

The first church (Presbyterian) in Madison was erected in the year 1748, and the first minister was the Rev. Azariah Horton, who died March 27th, 1777.

The first church (Presbyterian) in Parsippany was erected in the year 1755, and the first minister was Rev. Jacob Green.

The first church (Presbyterian) in Rockaway was built in the year 1752, and the first permanent minister was the Rev. James Tuttle, who was installed in 1768. There was a forge, grist-mill and saw-mill established there before the Revolution, and a post-office was in operation there in 1791. The name of Rockaway was derived from the Rockawack tribe of Indians.

In the year 1792 Dover contained but four dwelling-houses and a forge. During that year a rolling mill was erected there by Israel Canfield and Jacob Losey. The first post office was established there in the year 1820.

There was a small store and grist mill at Montville before the Revolution.

The Indian tribes residing in Morris county at the time of its first settlement by the whites were known as the Whippinongs, the Parsippinongs, the Pomptons, the Pequonnocks and the Rockawacks. All these tribes are supposed to have been offshoots of the once powerful and warlike tribe of Delawares. They had nearly all left this section of country and moved off toward the Delaware river some years prior to the Revolution, although they frequently returned to pay the first settlers a friendly visit.

A brief account of the old Peer tract may not, perhaps, be out of place in this connection. I have the following information from William M. Dixon, Esq., and the venerable Mr. Abraham Peer. This tract lay on the easterly bank of the Rockaway river, extending up from Old Boonton to the base of the hill upon which the village of Boonton now stands, and running thence along the base of the hill in a northerly direction up to the foot of what is termed Hog mountain. It was estimated to contain 1,000 acres, but when surveyed was found to contain nearly 1,100 acres. It was first surveyed by George Ryerson, the first professional surveyor known in the annals of Morris county. It was first taken up in the year 1714 by one John Scot, who was an extensive speculator in East Jersey lands, of whom it was said "that he was born to make trouble wherever he went." It was purchased of Scot's heirs in 1746 by Mr. Peer's grandfather and his brother, and the

price paid for it was *one shilling an acre*. Quite a large portion of this tract still remains in possession of the Peer family. The old stone house on this property, formerly occupied by the late Daniel T. Peer, was built before the Revolution. Mr. Peer's grandfather died at a very advanced age; his father died at the age of 112 years, and he himself is now in his 87th year. Shortly after the Revolution Jacob Miller erected a saw-mill on this property, on the west bank of the Rockaway river, near the bridge, on the old road leading from Montville to Old Boonton. Some detached fragments of the foundation walls of this old mill are still visible there.

Mr. Peer also informed me that during the Winter of 1780-'81 detachments of the Continental army were encamped at Pompton and Montville, and that, falling short of provender for their horses, Gen. Washington used to ride out among the farmers in search of hay and oats. And whenever he found a farmer who had more hay and oats than he needed for his own use—not otherwise—he ordered the surplus carried into camp, where a fair compensation was always rendered for it. Mr. Peer said that he recollects distinctly having seen Washington at his father's house, on several occasions, and he spoke of him as having been the most noble and godlike looking person he ever saw in his life. Mr. Peer further informed me that, boy as he was, he recollects perfectly well having stood upon one of the Boonton hills and witnessed the passage of the Patriot army, as he called it, when it marched through Old Boonton in the Spring of 1781 on its way to attack Cornwallis at the South. He said the army was nearly three days in passing, and that it made a splendid and imposing appearance. Yes, my friends, the time will soon come when to have seen a man who had seen Washington, will be something worth boasting of.

There was a substantial beaver dam across the Rockaway river at the bend, directly in the rear of Mr. Kanouse's store, within the present century, but it has long since entirely disappeared. The plot of ground on the east bank of the river, about midway between here and Old Boonton, and for a long time known as the "old witch ground," has never been known to contain anything in the shape of tree or shrub, although, when first discovered, it was surrounded by a dense for-



est on every side. In the "olden time" this strange and unnatural looking plot of ground used to be regarded with superstitious dread by all classes, but it has never been known to do anybody harm. Mr. Peer informed me that it used to be as smooth and hard as a barn floor and perfectly level, and that it bore every visible evidence of having been frequently heavily trampled upon by somebody, or something else, *probably by the Indians*. There used to stand near by a large oak tree, with curiously crotched limbs, upon which it was believed by some of the old grannies that several young devils sat and tiddled, while the frolicsome old witches used to trip it on the "light fantastic toe" on the ground beneath. But the age of witchcraft having long since passed away, this old dancing ground has not attracted much attention of late years, and is now seldom visited except by a few old fogies like myself.

Powerville and Rockaway Valley were both settled before the Revolution. I have the following facts and traditions from Mr. Frederick Miller, who had most of them from his grandmother, who was a sister of Mr. Abraham Peer. The dates of some of them are not, I presume, quite so correct as they might be, but still the facts related are worth remembering. Mr. Miller informed me that his great-grandfather, Frederick Miller, who was a native of Holland, was one of the first settlers of Rockaway Valley. He came over to this country previous to 1760, but the exact date he does not remember. The spot where he first located was a small Indian clearing, directly opposite the place where the Methodist church now stands. The whole surrounding country at that time was still in a state of nature, and friendly Indians were his only neighbors. At the time of his first coming there there was an old Indian burying ground on the hill side on the east bank of the Rockaway river, near the mouth of Beaver brook. The late Captain William Scott disinterred large quantities of bones at this spot while engaged in making brick in the neighborhood some years ago. Some seventy-five years ago a man named Van Ripper, in digging a well in the upper part of the valley, found a large oak imbedded in the earth at a distance of over twenty feet below the surface. This log was about two feet in diameter, and as sound in every part as

though it had just been deposited there. Since the valley was first settled it is known to have contained a heavy growth of both pine and oak timber. Toward the close of the Revolution Conrad Hoppler built the first bridge across the Rockaway river at Powerville. It stood a little above the spot where the upper bridge now stands, for the construction of which he received *three bushels of salt*. The bridge was of rude workmanship, and salt at that time was worth from \$8 to \$10 a bushel. Shortly after the Revolution this same Hoppler built a dam across the river just above the bridge, and erected a small grist-mill on the west bank of the river, a few rods below the bridge. This was the first mill of any description erected in Powerville. About the year 1800 there stood a large log house upon the spot where the house that Mrs. Munn now resides in now stands, and directly in its rear was quite an extensive tannery, owned and carried on by this same Hoppler. The first iron works established at Powerville was a forge, established there by the late Joseph Scott, about the year 1812. A grist-mill and a saw-mill were in operation there at a much earlier date. About the year 1806 there was a rude dam across the outlet of Rattlesnake Meadow brook. It is said that it was placed there by the Faishes for the purpose of raising the water sufficiently high to kill the brush and bogs in the swamp.

Mr. Miller also informed me that his grandmother, when a girl, used to live with her mother in the old stone house formerly occupied by the late Daniel T. Peer, and that, being left alone one night during the Revolution, she built a large fire on the hearth and then retired to rest in a bed in the same room. In the middle of the night she was suddenly awakened by hearing a noise in the room, and rising up in her bed and looking around she beheld some half-dozen Indians stretched out upon the floor with their feet pointing toward the fire. Becoming considerably alarmed at the scene she began to look around for a loophole through which she might escape; but she was soon quieted by the friendly salutation of a venerable old chief, who bade her banish her fear as no harm was intended her. She then laid down again and composed herself to sleep, leaving the friendly sons of the forest to enjoy

themselves after their own fashion. The last Indian seen in Boonton "paddled his own canoe" through here on the Morris canal in the Summer of 1833, and my recollection of him is, that with his bow and arrows, he knocked the pennies out of a split stick, in which they were placed edgewise, at a distance of twenty yards, about as fast as half-a-dozen boys could pick them up.

The Ball tract adjoins the Boonton line on the west, and came into the possession of that family something over a century ago. The old deeds show that portions of it were obtained of the Stephenson family, who were large owners of real estate in this section of country in early times. This tract was originally surveyed by Thomas Millage, Esq., one of the deputy surveyers under the Crown for Morris county before the Revolution. William M. Dixon, Esq., informed me a short time since, that he had just been making a re-survey of a portion of this tract, and that he had no difficulty in finding the marks and corners that were made by Mr. Millage more than a hundred years ago. He pronounces him one of the most correct and scientific surveyors that he ever surveyed after, and says that he must have understood his profession thoroughly. The brief history of Mr. Millage that has come down to us represents him as having been a most intelligent, amiable and kind-hearted man; but he was a true loyalist, and conscientiously believed it to be his duty to stand by his King and Government. He resided in Hanover township, and in addition to the office of deputy surveyor, he held a commission under the crown as one of the justices of the peace for Morris county. He was the owner of large landed estates in New Jersey, and highly respected by the public generally. At the breaking out of the Revolution he joined the King's forces, and was honored with a major's commission in the British army. When peace was declared, in 1783, and the independence of the United States acknowledged, he fled with his family to Nova Scotia. As a matter of course all his valuable estates were confiscated and sold for the benefit of the new government. One of his sons, Thomas Millage Jr., returned here shortly after the war, and lived and died in Hanover township. He was very poor in this world's goods, and had a large family dependent upon him for support. He resided

in Parsippany when I was a boy, worked out at day's work for a living, and was generally regarded as a quiet, inoffensive and industrious man. But still I have more than once heard it thrown into his face that his father was a tory, and that he was not a whit better, and that both ought to have been hung for their crimes. So much for being the honest and well-meaning son of a loyal father, both of whom were beggared by the misguided conduct of the father. Such are the vicissitudes of human life, and it ill becomes the more fortunate to rejoice over the misfortunes of his fellow-man.

For a long time I was unable to trace out the character of the business that Colonel Ogden was engaged in after he left Old Boonton, but I have finally succeeded in tracing it out. There is no other chronicle like the files of an old newspaper to enlighten up respecting many of the fleeting incidents of the past. While engaged a short time since in looking over the columns of a copy of the *New York Packet*, published Nov. 17th, 1785, I accidentally came across the following advertisement, which solves the problem without further debate.

"Samuel Ogden, at his Store, No. 14 Water street, has for Sale, a very complete assortment of the following articles, which he will sell low for Cash or Country Produce, New Jersey money of the year 1783, and all kinds of Public Securities at their value;—Bar Iron, of all sizes; Round Iron, of all sizes: Sweeds, Waggon, Cart and Sleigh tire, neatly drawn, and warranted of good quality.—Andover Iron, of different sizes—Booneton and other Refined Iron—Bloomery Bar Iron. Spike Rod Iron, and Batsto Pig Iron. Also, a complete assortment of Hollow Ware and Stoves of different sizes and patterns. He has also on Hand an excellent assortment of coarse and fine Cloths fit for the season—Sheetings, Dowls, Corduroys, Velvets, Moreens, Tammies, Durants, Callicamancoes, Camblets, Sattinets, Lastings, Callicoos, Chintzes, Threads, Worsted Stuff, Silk, Worsted and Cotton Hose, and sundry other articles:—And *New York Rum of the first quality*. All orders for wrought or cast iron will be executed with neatness and dispatch.

There you have it; all sorts of iron and hollow-ware, dry goods with unheard-of names, together with "silk, worsted and cotton hose," and "*New York Rum of the first quality*" to wash them down—all for sale low for cash or country produce. Has Stewart ever offered for sale a greater variety of goods at any price or upon any conditions than are enumerated in this grand old advertisement? And so it would seem from this advertise-



ment that *refined* iron was manufactured at Old Boonton soon after the Revolution, if not before; and also that Col. Ogden was largely engaged, not only in the manufacturing but likewise in the mercantile business—in fact, most extensively so for a man in those early days. And does not this evidence of itself go far toward establishing as a fact the supposition of Mr. Willis that Col. Ogden was more or less connected with most of the iron works located in this section of country at that time? I have lately been informed that Miss Scott, of Powerville, has now in her possession one of the old account books of Col. Ogden, kept at Boonton during and subsequent to the Revolution, in which goods are charged to nearly all the iron works known to exist in the vicinity at that time. It strikes me as something very strange that the Ogden family have been so negligent in omitting to keep a record of the doings and transactions at Old Boonton in those days.

The Rev. Peter Kanouse, a native of Old Boonton, and now about 80 years of age, communicates some very interesting reminiscences respecting the early history of that place. His memory extends back to about the year 1792, and he says that at about that period “I rode behind my father to the church at Old Boonton, and wept with cold hands and feet, and shivered during service in the open church without a stove. This is about as early as I remember anything concerning the house of worship. The old schoolhouse was then there. If I may be allowed to conjecture who were the main men in building the church and schoolhouse I should say J. J. Faish, Beaverhout and Brinkerhoof.”

Now I think that Mr. Kanouse is badly mistaken in his conjectures as to the men who built the old church and schoolhouse, for Mr. Peer is positive in his belief that they were both built before the Revolution. If Mr. Peer is right—and I think he is—it is not at all likely that either of the gentlemen named had any hand in building them. There is not a particle of evidence to show that Mr. Faish had anything to do with Old Boonton until after the Revolution; Mr. Beaverhout lived some four miles distant, and within one mile of the church at Parsippany, and Mr. Brinkerhoof did not reside in this vicinity until the year 1787, and, like Beaverhout, he was

much nearer the church at Parsippany than at Old Boonton. The common sense view of the subject would be that both of these buildings were erected by Col. Ogden soon after he came there.

Mr. Kanouse again remarks: “The cut nail was then unknown in this region, but the slitting of iron into nail rods, rolling it into plates, hoops, &c., was a great business. It was often said that this was the first rolling-mill in America, and, at that time, the only one, but of the truth of the latter assertion I should doubt.”

That the first rolling-mill ever established in America was located at Old Boonton I think I have pretty clearly demonstrated; but that there was no other rolling-mill in the country at the time referred to (1792) I think is not at all probable; for we have already seen that, shortly after having erected the rolling and slitting-mill at Old Boonton, some twenty years before, Mr. Cumson left here for the purpose of erecting a similar establishment in Maryland.

Mr. Kanouse seems to incline to the belief that there was but little republicanism among the leading men at Old Boonton either during or immediately subsequent to the Revolution; and he also appears to be a little skeptical on the point of Washington ever having visited there. But I think that upon both of these points I have most fully and conclusively proven the reverse to be the fact.

And now for a word or two on the subject of nail-making by machinery, which, I trust, will prove somewhat interesting to a Boonton audience, more especially as nails out by machinery constitute the principal article manufactured here at the present time. The *exact date* when cutting nails by machinery was first introduced into the world is now somewhat enveloped in doubt and uncertainty; but I shall give you all the information I have been able to obtain upon the subject. Hazen, in his “Panorama of Professions and Trades,” says that “the first machine for making nails was invented in Massachusetts about the year 1806 by a Mr. Odion, and soon afterwards another was contrived by a Mr. Reed, of the same State.” Now, notwithstanding that Mr. Hazen may be considered good authority on most subjects, I find that he is not altogether correct in his statements on this. Grant Thorburn, a Scotchman by

birth, but an American in his feelings and sympathies—a man with a memory that never faltered—came to this country in the year 1794. He was a nailer by trade, and he informs us that the first question he asked on his arrival here was whether there was any employment for nailers in New York? This question was put to a man who came on board the ship before he left it, and the response was that a *machine* for cutting nails had just then been invented in this country, and that most of the old hand nailers were thrown out of employment. This was bad news for young Grant, for he had only a shilling or two in his pocket. But he was full of manly enterprise, and strongly impressed with the truth of the maxim that “Fortune never deserts the brave,” he went on shore and commenced strolling round the city. The old City Hotel, in Broadway, was then in course of erection. This building was to contain a *slate roof*, the first of the kind ever placed upon a building in the United States. A peculiar kind of nail is required to fasten on a roof of this description, but on inquiry not a pound of such nails could be found in the whole city. It coming to the ears of those having the work in charge that a young Scotch nailer had just arrived in the city, Mr. Thorburn was traced out and applied to. The kind of nails wanted were described to him, and he was asked if he could make them. He replied that he could; was at once engaged to do the job, which he executed to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. When the City Hotel was demolished, in 1844, Mr. Thorburn was present, and secured, as a keepsake, a small quantity of the nails which he had made just fifty years before.

I was personally acquainted with Mr. Thorburn twenty years ago, and frequently used to have short chats with him. I assisted him in transporting his plants from his old place in John street when he was removing them to his new hot-houses out at Astoria. After that he frequently called to see me on my stand, when, taking a seat with me on the tail of my cart, he would light his pipe, and sit and smoke with me against time, his tongue running like a water-wheel all the while. He was the most comical looking man and the gossippiest that I ever saw in my life. He stood about four feet six inches in his stockings, wore a long, dark drab surtout

coat, with hat in color to match, and sported a pair of boots that would have been looked upon by a giant as large in size. One of his legs was a trifle shorter than the other, and it was a pleasant sight to see him, with a sunny smile on his countenance, as, with his short, quick step, he went bobbing up and down Broadway, bowing to nearly every person he met. Old Grant was an original genius in every sense of the word, comical in his looks and actions, keen in his criticisms of men and manners, and sociable beyond expression. He always knew the truth of what he said, always said what he meant, and always meant what he said; and he says that the nail cutting machine was invented the year before he came here.

As confirmative evidence to prove that, as regards dates, Thorburn is right and Hazen wrong, I here quote an advertisement from an old newspaper, a kind of documentary evidence that cannot lie. The paper I quote from is a copy of the *Aurora Gazette*, published at the village of Aurora, Cayuga county, N. Y., dated Nov. 13, 1805:

“Nail Factory.

The subscriber makes and offers for Sale all Kinds of Cut Nails, and Brads, at the following reduced prices per Pound: 1s 3d. to Merchants, or to those who buy to Retail: 1s. 4d. to any person who may purchase 20 Pounds: 1s. 6d. for any quantity under 20 pounds.

AARON INGALS.

AURORA, July 10th, 1805.

Now, it does not look to me as at all likely that *cut nails* would be made at a small village away out in Cayuga county, N. Y., one whole year before the machine by which they were made was invented in Massachusetts; for, I take it for granted, judging from the price at which they were sold, that they were cut by machinery, that is, by one of the machines invented by either Odion or Reed in 1793. The first cut nails that I ever saw—about the year 1816—cut by one of those machines, were of a large size, and cost thirty cents a pound. I therefore take it for granted that the modern nail cutting machine was invented about the year 1793, instead of in 1806, as stated by Hazen; but it is possible that I may be mistaken on this point after all, for there was a nail in the market called a *cut nail* long before 1793, but it was mostly made by hand. However this may be, Mr. Thorburn says plain enough that a *nail cutting machine*, which had destroyed the busi-



ness of the old nailers, had just been invented when he arrived here, and certainly this must have been something entirely new to him, or he would not have noticed it.

Henry Clay, in his great speech on the tariff in 1832, says "that but few nails of any description were made in the British colonies previous to 1750," and that at that time "nearly half the iron manufactures exported to this country consisted of nails." Previous to the introduction of the nail cutting machines invented by Odion and Reed some rude attempts at cutting nails partially by machinery had been made in this country. The process was something like the following, which was a rather prosy kind of operation: The iron was first rolled into thin plates, and then cut into narrow strips, corresponding with the length of the nail to be made, the same as at the present day. These strips of plate were then cut into wedge-like pieces by an instrument which acted on the principle of the shears, and these were afterwards headed, one by one, with a hammer in a vice." It is known that nails were made after this manner in large quantities at the Old Boonton works during the latter part of the last century and at the commencement of the present. To my own certain knowledge one Robert Bowles, an Irishman of considerable intelligence, but of dissipated habits, made nails of this kind at Old Boonton more than fifty years ago. Mr. Bowles, according to his own story, was an intimate friend of the lamented Emmet, and a leading member of that secret revolutionary association styled the "United Irishmen." He was a man of considerable wealth and influence in his own country; but, having associated himself with that revolutionary band, a hue and cry was raised against him, and for a time he was compelled to secrete himself in barns and out-houses until he could find means to escape from the country. I have often heard him relate the story, while discussing the merits of a mug of hard cider, that, having disposed of his property, he obtained a fine, fleet, high-bred charger, and a brace of horse pistols, and, with a bag well filled with guineas, he attempted to gain a seaport for the purpose of embarking for the United States; how he started off one fine morning on his venturesome journey, and how he was hotly pursued by a couple of British dragoons, one

of whom he shot; but in trying to abstract the other pistol from his holster he lost his bag of golden guineas. The pursuit continued for some distance further; but, possessing the fleetest animal of the two, he finally succeeded in making his escape, with just about money enough in his pockets to pay his passage to this country. He reached New York in safety, and soon after found his way out to Old Boonton, in which neighborhood he lived for many years.

The name of George P. McCulloch, Esq., the projector of the Morris canal, and consequently indirectly the founder of this village, deserves at least a passing notice in this discourse. Mr. McCulloch was born in Bombay, East Indies, in the year 1775. During the years of his early manhood he was employed by Bonaparte in various financial negotiations for the East India Company. He came to New York in the year 1806, and soon after took up his permanent residence at Morristown, in this county. He was a gentleman of wealth and education, was very benevolent in his disposition, and was engaged in most of the local enterprises of his day. He died at his own residence at Morristown June 1st, 1858, at the advanced age of 83 years. His children married and intermarried into the oldest and best families in the vicinity.

The earliest settlement known to have been made upon lands now properly included within the limits of this village was about the year 1766. In that year David Ogden conveyed to Christian Lowrer a tract of land containing 58 65-100 acres, and it is presumed that the old house still standing on this property was erected thereon shortly after. This tract of land is pleasantly situated on the western slope of Sheep Hill, and has long been known as the "old Lowrer place." It belongs at present to the heirs of the late Daniel T. Peer, and probably will soon be brought into market for building lots.

The farm long known as the "old Norway place," containing 65 60-100 acres, was conveyed by Col. Ogden to Charles Norway, March 24th, 1794. This tract joins the Lowrer tract on the southwest, and lies immediately adjoining the line of the Boonton Iron Company's tract on the northwest. The life-right of Joseph Scott to this property is now vested in the heirs of the late John Righter, of Parsippany. This, too, will no doubt soon be brought into market for building lots.

The plot of ground at Powerville, containing 15 74-100 acres, now occupied, as it is supposed, by the Scott mansion and brick storehouse, was conveyed by Col. Ogden to Elias Van Winkle Nov. 14th, 1786. It belongs at present to the heirs of the late Capt. William Scott.

Sheep Hill and the Tourne are both located on portions of the original Boonton tract. Sheep Hill was so named from the fact that some forty years ago a whole flock of sheep were massacred upon its top by dogs, all in one night. These hills—perhaps I should say mountains—both rise several hundred feet above the surrounding country, and from the Tourne in particular a very beautiful and extended view may be obtained. Standing upon its highest elevation, the spectator may survey at a glance nearly the whole of Morris and parts of several other counties, and if he looks down upon the far-extending plains and valleys which lie outspread before him he may trace with naked eye the various rivers and brooks which intersect with each other in every direction, which in appearance present to the view a groundwork of emerald interlaced with threads of silver. Indeed, I know of no other place in Morris county where a more charming and delightful, a more romantic and sublime view may be obtained.

The Great Boiling Spring, situated at the base of the hill, on the west bank of the Rockaway river, directly abreast of the iron works, is one of the largest of the kind in this section of country. It is a never failing fountain, and discharges an abundant supply of the purest and most pleasant drinking water for all comers; indeed, the most so of any other similar spring in this region. In warm weather the workmen in the different mills and factories keep constantly in employ a number of boys, who are engaged in bringing water from this famous spring into those places, where it is daily drunk by the pailful. The water from this noble and ever bubbling fountain is certainly a more desirable and healthful beverage for the human stomach than the nauseous and lung-destroying *rotgut* that is so freely dealt out with a willing hand by the keepers of the numerous grog-shops which are too thickly scattered around our beautiful village, and which is freely imbibed by too many of our otherwise respected and respectable fellow-citizens. My advice

to all such toppers and tipplers is, drop and discard the *rotgut* at once, and patronize more frequently the health-giving old Boiling Spring, where you may freely indulge in Nature's choicest and purest nectar to your heart's content—yea, even without money and without price.

Boats on the Morris canal pass through this place on an inclined plane, which separates the village from the works. This plane is one of the two longest on this canal, being 800 feet in length, with a lift of 80 feet, which elevates the boats from the plain below up to the level of the river above the Falls. The planes originally used on this canal were invented by Professor James Renwick, of Columbia College, New York city; but most of those of his invention have been removed, and others of an entirely new and improved construction have been substituted in their place. The planes now in use on the Morris canal transfer *two* boats at one trip from one level to another much more safely and speedily than those formerly employed did *one*. This canal was the *first* in all the world upon which this style of inclined planes was introduced for the purpose of transferring boats over high elevations of ground from one level to another *on dry land*.

And now it comes to my mind that one of the most interesting features of Boonton is the fact that a large majority of its inhabitants have long resided here and dwell in their own houses; and, further, that most of them have acquired the means for paying for them since they resided here. This fact alone argues strongly in favor of the industrious habits of our people, and of the solid and healthful business character of the place. Taking into consideration the mixed character of our population, there is not, perhaps, in the whole country another manufacturing village of its size that contains a better characterized class of citizens generally than Boonton can boast of. On this point I will only add that, as a general thing, our Boontonians are very dressy, passably polite and moderately intelligent; but, as regards temperance, there is yet a wide field open before us for improvement. But still, greatly the larger number of them may be set down as strictly temperate and honest—at least, about as much so as our “modern improvements” will admit of.



I have now, I believe, introduced before you about all the facts and information that have come to my knowledge respecting the past and present history of Boonton and its suburbs. Although I have not been as successful in clearing up many of the seeming mysteries in our past history as I could have wished, still I flatter myself that I have succeeded in tracing out many facts and much useful information which was in a fair way of soon being irrevocably lost. This long record of facts and incidents, rude and unpolished as it is, will, I trust, be of some avail to the future historian of Boonton when the time for writing a standard history of the place shall have arrived. Other interesting documents may possibly be brought to light at some not distant day which may enlighten coming generations upon subjects which to us look dark and unintelligible; but I greatly fear that much valuable and curious information respecting the first settlement of Old Boonton has already been buried in the grave of oblivion, too deep to hope that it will ever be disinterred and brought to the light of day.

A few reflective and speculative remarks upon the natural curiosities and physical geography of this section of country, and I shall retire from the discussion of this subject forever. Having now, as I humbly conceive, established a starting point, from whence a future pursuit may be commenced, I leave the subject for some abler pen than mine to prosecute to a more satisfactory termination.

The whole country in and around Boonton forms a fit theme for man's study and investigation. All the hills and valleys in this region bear certain unmistakable evidences of having undergone many great physical changes at some remote period in the world's history. All the great mountain ranges in this section run in lines nearly parallel to each other from east to west, and it requires but a small outlay of the imagination to picture to the eye the time when all the deep valleys lying between these mountain ranges were submerged by the watery elements. From numerous evidences, which amount almost to demonstration, I am led to believe that the time was when all those valleys lying between the Hudson river and Brooklyn pond were covered with water, forming a

succession of large lakes, extending from the tide waters of the Atlantic to the highest mountains in New Jersey. I feel quite confident in my own mind that the time was when the falls at this place were considerably lower down the river, and much more elevated in their position than they are at the present time. I believe that at some indefinitely remote period in times that are past the narrow passage way between the rocks through which the river now precipitates itself into the valley below was firmly joined together by a solid embankment of earth and rocks, nearly on a level with the hills on either side, thus damming back an immense body of water upon what is at present termed the Rockaway valley. Let any person whose mind is of a moderately philosophical turn post himself upon the high rock\* just above the blast furnace, and, looking around him from his elevated position, let him determine differently if he can. A moment's examination and reflection will convince him at once that a great and wonderful change in the primitive physical formation of the dark, narrow, rocky glen that yawns beneath his feet has already taken place, and that things are not now as they were in the beginning.

Now, admitting this supposition to have been true, how is the present appearance of things to be accounted for? There can be but one sensible answer given to this question, and it is this: These old barriers must have been swept away by some mighty convulsion of nature, the exact time when no human wisdom can ever determine. My own theory of that grand and terrible event is this, and I submit it for just what it is worth, nothing more. The old barriers that dammed back the waters of the upper, and perhaps the greater lake, probably gave way first, and, precipitating its contents into the lesser lakes below, swept everything before them until they discharged themselves into the ocean. Hence we may account for the sudden drainage of these ancient lakes and the establishment of our present water courses, most of which run from west to east, and which, after winding their zig-zag way through the narrow openings in the hills and mountains,

[\*NOTE.—The rock here alluded to has since been cut down and transformed into blast furnace No. 2, to make room for the railroad track, which now runs up to within a few feet of the Falls.]

continue on over the plains until they finally all mingle with the waters of the Passaic at Paterson. Thus may we derive the origin of the water falls at Boonton, Little Falls and Paterson, all of which are fed by waters flowing from the same streams, all of which were, no doubt, produced by the same causes. The fact of a large log having been found embedded in the earth twenty feet below the present surface in the Rockaway valley some seventy years ago confirms the supposition already advanced—that a deep lake once existed there—is not a wild chimera of the brain and wholly unworthy of belief. The new science of geology, which is still in its infancy, may at some future day engage in the investigation of this subject, when the truth or falsity of the position I have here assumed will be satisfactorily explained and determined. I have here thrown out these few rude suggestions upon a subject of which I profess to know little or nothing, mainly to furnish food for future thought, and for the purpose of engaging abler pens than mine in its discussion.

The Fossil Fish Quarry, situated on the east bank of the Rockaway river, about half a mile below Old Boonton, is the most wonderful curiosity ever discovered in this section of country. The fishes found in this quarry lie in regular layers, firmly imbedded in ledges of slate stone formation, some ten or twelve feet below the present surface of the soil. They all lie upon their sides, and it requires great skill and patience to get them out whole and undefaced. The ledge of slate stone in which these fishes are found deposited ranges from twelve to twenty inches in thickness, and lies nearly on a level with the bed of the river; but I imagine that the future explorer will find them increase in thickness, and to penetrate downward as they recede from the river. What may be the extent of these deposits it would be difficult to determine; but they may, and probably do, extend for miles in every direction. The fishes thus far taken from this quarry have all been small, and mostly of the same species as those which now inhabit our streams; but a few have been found which are supposed to have belonged to a race now entirely extinct. Our State Geologist, with a gang of laborers, spent several days here a few years ago in disintombing these little wonders.

He obtained many fine specimens, which he distributed among the public institutions of our country; but he left the quarry in a shape that makes it almost impossible for others to get at them. I have myself assisted in taking out a few very fair specimens, and I can bear personal testimony to the fact that they are not *easily* obtained. I leave the question to the future geologist to determine how many millions of years have elapsed since they were deposited there.

Mr. Nathan Hopkins, an intelligent gentleman of this village, has shown me a fine specimen of plumbago, which he found on the side of one of our Boonton hills. Its weight is between two and three pounds, and its character is of the finest quality, being entirely free from all foreign substances. The same gentleman also exhibited to me a small cluster of petrified marine shells, which he lately picked up on the top of Sheep Hill. He styles this natural curiosity “a collection of marine shells of *ant-diluvian formation*” A great number of natural curiosities of different kinds have been discovered in the limestone quarry at Montville, but I have not been able to obtain any reliable information relating to them. I have, however, now in my possession a small piece of petrified whitewood timber, which bears indubitable evidence of having been cleft with an ax or some other sharp instrument. This specimen was taken out of this quarry by myself, from the solid limestone rock, full twelve feet below the surface of the top soil, and is as solid and hard as the rock itself. Recently, while digging the cellar for Mr. Thomas Hodkins' new house in Main street, a little above Brook street, the workmen came across a rock of considerable size, which, on being unearthed, was easily broken into several pieces. In the seams and cavities of this rock several clusters of large clamshells were found imbedded. The spot upon which this rock was discovered must have been at least one hundred feet above the level of the river opposite, and the earth in which it was deposited was of a gravelly formation. The fact is, the face of the whole country around here bears strong indications of having, at some former time, undergone great physical changes in its formation. I have no doubt in my own mind but that there are mines of mineral treasures of one kind and another imbedded



n the numerous hills in and around Boonton, and that the day is not distant when their now hidden treasures will be discovered and brought to light.

[NOTE.—Since the foregoing was written several very rich and valuable mines of iron ore have been discovered in the immediate vicinity of Boonton, which are now being worked with large profits to their lucky owners.]

And now, my friends, in closing this prolonged and exhaustive discourse, permit me to pay a passing tribute of respect to the memory of the humble and unpretentious founders of this beautiful and romantic village. Boonton was first settled mostly by emigrants from foreign lands, men and women of iron nerves, who forsook "home and native land," crossed the rolling billows of the stormy Atlantic and came here to build up for themselves and their children new homes in a strange land. Many of them came from the land of Shakespeare and Milton—some from the birthplace of Scott and Burns—others from the "Green Isle of the Ocean," a land rendered famous the world over by the eloquence of her Grattans, her Phillipses and her Currans. In the full vigor of their early manhood they packed up their little all and embarked upon their yet uncertain venture. Having bade a last farewell to kindred and friends, they turned their backs upon the land of their birth, the sunny homes of their infancy, and the "green graves of their sires;" and, "casting one last, long, lingering look behind them," they proceed on their voyage to the New World. Their main object in coming here was to better their worldly condition, to act the part of men among men, to build up new homes for themselves and their children in the land of their adoption—not to barter away their native dignity and manhood in exchange for a royal smile. They had left home and country and all their natural endearments far behind them, and, like the Pilgrims of old, they fled here to escape the tyranny and persecutions of a government whose policy it was to *oppress* instead of *protect* them. They came here full of hopeful expectations to enjoy life and that freedom of thought and action which had been denied them in their native country—not to become the slaves of new masters in a distant land. They came here to found a new village in the wilds of America, and rear up their children to become intelligent men

and women in this free and happy land—not to ravage and destroy the homes of their neighbors. Having escaped the dangers attendant upon a long voyage across the ocean, they arrived here in safety, and greatly assisted in laying the foundations of this now thriving village. And may we not now indulge the fond hope that those of our children who are "natives of the soil and to the manor born" may appreciate their honorable position, and feel proud in styling themselves American citizens?

Whenever I traverse the streets of this now populous village, whenever I look around upon this respected audience, I look in vain for the old familiar forms and faces of 1834, for but few of them now are anywhere visible. And this sad fact alone reminds me very forcibly that one generation of our ancestors have already passed away—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The graves of some of them now dot the sloping hillsides of our beautiful rural village cemetery; others have wandered off, no one knows whither, to die among strangers in distant lands. Like the "sear and yellow leaves" of the autumnal forest, they have fallen to the ground and disappeared forever. Another generation has already succeeded them, and now fill the places which they once filled; but let it always be borne in mind that we owe to our hardy and frugal ancestors that debt of love and gratitude which is always justly due to the memory of all *first settlers*. They felled the old primeval forests, cleared away the unsightly rocks and rubbish, and made smooth and pleasant the verdant hillsides upon which we now dwell. They laid firm and deep the foundation stones of our present prosperity; it remains for us to complete the superstructure, and for our children to place the capstone upon the towering edifice of our future city of Boonton. Compared with *their* hard lot we may truly say that *our* lines have fallen upon sweet and pleasant places, for *we* are now just beginning to enjoy the first ripe fruits of *their* toil and unwearied perseverance. In our headlong pursuit after "something new" we are too apt to forget the instructive lessons taught us by the past; but, let what will come, the memory of our brave old pioneers must not be forgotten.

And here let us pause for a moment to muse and moralize upon the frailty and uncertainty of all human things. It has been truly said that there is no such thing as a standstill in nature. The events and transactions of the present will soon become themes for the discussion of the future historian. God alone is immortal and immutable ; everything else in nature, whether animate or inanimate, is liable to change and perish. Like the ever-surg-ing waves of ocean, one generation succeeds another ; and king and beggar alike sink down together into the bosom of their common mother, Earth, and are soon forgotten. The very ground beneath our feet is instinct with the dust of those who once lived and loved and struggled through the world in pursuit of fame and fortune ; and with us, too, "life's fitful fever will soon be over." The most delicate and highly perfumed flowers bloom and blossom but for a day, and the lordliest oak of the forest bends and falls before the desolating march of the unchained winds. The leveliest and most loved, the most gifted and cherished of human beings, oft sink into an early grave, leaving an "aching void" in many a warm, gushing heart which no other loved being can ever fill. Age, with its blight and mildew, soon robs youth of its wonted vigor and elasticity, and dims and wrinkles the flushed brow of beauty. The man of mightiest intellect, whose giant mind has directed the course of empire, and whose name is lisped by every tongue, dies, and the order-bespangled hero of an hundred battle fields, after having hewn his way to fame and fortune at the cannon's mouth, at last sinks down into the tomb, leaving only a name behind him. The tongue of impassioned eloquence, upon

whose inspiring accents entranced millions have so oft enraptured hung, soon loses its power to charm and delight mankind ; and even

"Poets themselves must fall like those they sing." The most valued and admired works of genius and art soon lose their original freshness and beauty, and the most solid and durable of human structures soon gray with age, and crumble into dust and nothingness. Nations, also, like individuals, have their rise and fall, and having performed the part allotted them in the great drama of the world's history they, too, disappear from the stage of human action forever.

"The wheels of Time roll swiftly on,  
'Tis coming and 'tis past ;  
This glorious day will soon be gone,  
And life is fleeting fast."

Of all the unnumbered millions of human beings who lived and breathed and made this beautiful world their home at the time of the first settlement of this romantic village, how very few now remain. We, too, shall die and be gathered to our fathers ; but, though we know that our bodies are destined to die and perish, we would like to have our memories live. Let us, then, as we hope to have our own names honored and remembered by our posterity, endeavor to cherish and perpetuate the memory of those brave old pioneers who penetrated the dark defiles of the forest, and laid deep the foundation stones of this now beautiful and flourishing village. And let us also unite together in pushing on the column of right and justice, of patriotism and civilization, and so perform the duties allotted us in our day and generation that our children may not be ashamed to stand up boldly in the presence of coming centuries and justify the acts and deeds performed in their good old forefathers' day.



# APPENDIX.

1873.

The following homespun song, manufactured expressly for the occasion, was sung by the writer in his exceedingly fascinating style immediately after the delivery of this discourse in 1859; and he is pretty strongly impressed with the belief that he is about the only person on the face of the earth who could sing at all:

## BOONTON'S BOUND TO GO AHEAD!

PART FIRST.

### A BRAND NEW LOCAL SONG.

[To be said or sung to any tune that suits it, for this night only.]

1.

Some one and thirty years or so ago,  
By skillful engineering onward led,  
The "old pioneers" began to blast and blow,  
And sing the good old tune—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

2.

They dug and delved among the rocks,  
And felled the tall old forest trees;  
The wolves and panthers quickly fled  
As the shout still rose upon the breeze—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

3.

With zeal they plied the ax and spade,  
And soon among the trees an opening made;  
The millwrights then began to hew and plane,  
And shout and sing with might and main—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

4.

And now the work goes bravely on;  
The village, too, begins to grow and spread.  
At length the State mill completed stands,  
And hill and valley now proclaim—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

5.

The old Rockaway, dam'd above the Falls,  
Rolls down the canal 'mid loud applause;  
The impatient wheels salute the rapid stream,  
And, whirling round with rapture, scream—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

6.

The forges now with fiery lustre glow;  
The rolls and hammers all begin to go;  
The sturdy workmen, too, are there, I trow,  
And all the furnaces begin to puff and blow—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

7.

And now springs up the "tapering spire,"  
And many strange and curious *isms* dire;  
But no great harm can e'er befall us  
While the *old schoolhouse* stands to tell us—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

8.

But all old things have passed away,  
And "something new's" now the order of the day;  
But while the "Union" *brags* and the "Empire"  
*blows*,  
And "old Liberty Hall" remains *free to her foes*—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

9.

The "United States" too's now in the field,  
With its "creature comforts" not a few;  
And, while its massive walls protection yield,  
And its "old wines" remain so *petter ush new*—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

10.

Messrs. Fuller and Lord now reign supreme,  
With Mr. Go-ahead Lathrop, who's a "whole team,"  
And, with their enterprise and steam  
And our present railroad prospects—  
Boonton's bound to go ahead!

11.

Soon you'll hear the snorting locomotive  
Thundering along its iron road;  
Then will come the New York millionaire,  
And join us round the festive board—  
For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

12.

Then all our verdant hills and valleys  
 With splendid country seats will shine;  
 Our streets with fine equipages will glitter,  
 And our sidewalks with *rustling hoops and crino-*  
*line*—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

13.

"Sheep Hill" will then contain our City Hall,  
 And politicians, *hard* and *soft*, will thither call;  
 While on the "Tourne" will stand a noble college  
 pile,  
 And loud along its halls will ring the students' cry—

Boonton's bound to go ahead!

14.

Great patriots then like bees will swarm,  
 All anxious their *dear country* to "serve some;"  
 But, though they may each other harm,  
 They *can't* dissolve this "great and glorious Union"—

For Uncle Sam's bound to go ahead!

15.

And when we have reared our City Hall,  
 And have our Aldermen and Council chamber,  
*Who knows* but this child may have a *toud catt*  
 To act the part of first Lord Mayor—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

16.

And when Boonton county obtains a charter,  
 And Morristown becomes a Boonton *suburb*,  
 Then we'll begin to trade and barter,  
 And give "Old Gotham" itself a hard rub—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

17.

And should old Johnny Bull again come o'er the  
 seas,  
 Our wives and Yankee rights to plunder,  
 We'll send our valiant Captain Bishop and his "N.  
 G.S."

With orders to give him a little *particular thunder*—  
 For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

18.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"  
 And so hath the "Boonton Temperance Band;"  
 Nearly all the State it's had a call to play for,  
 And when "not at home" they gladly accept the "Ex-  
 celsior"—

For both are bound to go ahead!

19.

New Jersey now commands the highway peace  
 Between the hanghty States of York and Penn;  
 And, if they do not soon their *bragging* cease,  
 From crossing our State we'll sure be *stopping* them—

For Little Jersey's bound to go ahead!

20.

Our little State, *in its own affairs*, is well schooled,  
 And that's the reason why our sister States all hate  
 us;

But when they find that *we by them* can be no longer  
 fooled,

They'll then be glad enough to again *United States'*  
*us*—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

21.

We then shall have our banks and money changers—  
 Our "Peter Funks" and "Bulls and Bears;"  
 Likewise our "brown stone fronts" and "penny pa-  
 pers"—

Our splendid theatres and lots of "city fairs"—  
 For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

22.

And when our city cousins come out to cut their  
 pranks,  
 And make us long and pleasant calls,  
 We'll take them to our splendid Fossil Fishing  
 Banks,

And serenade them nightly with the music of our  
 dashing Falls—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

23.

Our future motto, then, shall Onward! onward! be.  
 Spread far and wide the great and glorious news;  
 And by our enterprise we'll let our neighbors see  
 That we well deserve the name of "Jersey Blues"—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

24.

Ho! then, ye solemn, swarling, canting croakers!  
 Go hide your "small, diminished heads;"

For, when we are dead and in our graves

Our children will rise up and bless us with their  
 praise—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

25.

And now a health to our good old mother, *Boone-*  
*Town*,

And to the memory of Ogden and McCulloch;  
 And three times three to the venerable old mansion  
 Whose ancient roof once sheltered the head of Wash-  
 ington—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

26.

And now, my loving friends and neighbors,  
 Remember the debt we all owe to the cause of *right*;  
 And, having finished now my present labors,  
 I wish you one and all a "very good night"—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

27.

May all your coming dreams be sweet and pleasant,  
 And your future pathway bloom with flowers;  
 May health and happiness with us be ever present,  
 And peace and plenty be the lot of us and ours—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

28.

I've finished now my long and homely ditty;  
 So let the coil and sparkling bowl move round.

Here's a health to our future Boonton City,  
 And to our famous old Brooklyn Pold—

For both are bound to go ahead!

29.

And now I've sung my song and said my say,  
 And don't you think "There's a good time coming,  
 boys?"

Then "hurry up the cakes" and clear the way,  
 For we're the boys who fear no noise—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!



[The names of two rival stores—the one *dragging* and the other *blowing* about their *cheap goods*.]

The following right lively song, manufactured by the same machine, was sung by the same songster in his charming and inimitable manner at the close of this discourse as delivered in 1867; and, as it was sung as no other man can sing it, he flatters himself that everybody was pleased and captivated by his unequalled performance:

## BOONTON'S BOUND TO GO AHEAD!

PART SECOND.

### A SPAN BRAN NEW LOCAL COMIC SONG.

To be said or sung to the tune of "Here She Goes and There She Goes"—with variations—on this particular occasion only.

1.

And now our brave old pioneers have passed forever away.

May their names and fame endure forever more!  
Steam and gas, and everything *fast*, is now the order of the day—

A change which none but a few old fogies deplore—  
For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

2.

Our Boonton town, like ghost of old John Brown, "is marching on,"

And all the predictions made in fifty-nine will soon come true.

Then let us shout and sing and hail the "good time come,"

No matter if our canting, croaking tribe looks *blue*—  
For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

3.

Our good old township (1), with its brave old Indian name,

In *three* divisions now march up to pay our soldiers bounty;

And, blow and bluster as we will, surely *that same*  
Or some other magic power will soon give us a *new county*—

For Boonton county's bound to go ahead!

4.

And now we have our long-desired town incorporation; (2)

It is a stubborn, sterling fact—*deny it if you can*—

And Boonton town will soon become a midway station

On the coming railroad from England to Japan—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

5.

Our good old corporation "fathers" (3) now are sailing high,

Their heads well filled with nove's and romances;

And ye gods, how our marshals make the rowdi s fly!

And both man and beast obey our corporation ordinances—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

6.

Fast hold they seize upon our naughty swimmer boys (4),

And gobble up our drunken, insane brawlers;

And should you stop along our streets to gaze or gossip, (5)

Ten to one you'll find yourself safe in our corporation lock-up—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

7.

Our watchful marshals, too, a terror are to all evil-doers,

And, though they sport no glittering stars or crosses,  
They seize and fine alike both great and small misdoers,

And seldom let escape our furious riders (6) of *fast horses*—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

8.

And our new commissioner of streets, as I've been told—

So runs the startling rumor round the town—

Has pledged himself to pave our streets with solid gold!

Believe it—if you are *green*; but, if you do, you'll surely be *done Brown*—(7)

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

9.

Too long *knowing ones* have kept us in the dark;

But now we know we soon shall have our model Boonton park;

And, when our daily toil and task is done,

We'll hie across the river and enjoy a little fun—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

10.

The park! the park! All hail our splendid Ogden park (8)!

'Tis there we'll spend our holidays and have a jolly lark.

'Tis there we'll dance and sing and have a merry rout,

And no old gouty millionaire shall dare to drive us out—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

11.

And, oh, I wish I had a pocket full of California rocks!

Or any other kind of stocks, the payment of which I might rely on.

I'd haste and buy me one of our new park lots,

And open one *very fast* Le Grand Hotel de Lyon—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

12.

And now another wondrous change hath come—

The battle for the Union has been fought and won.

The great rebellion's dead and in its gory grave,

And Secession's standard bark hath sunk beneath the Union wave—

Union wave—

But Boonton goes ahead!

13.

And now let's build the soldiers' monument,  
In grateful memory of the brave and true;  
Then bear a willing hand, and sure you'll not re-  
pent

This monument to the memory of "our boys in  
blue"—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

14.

Our heroes dead! to them rear high the marble  
shrine!

Nor in the good work let your kindly efforts lag;  
For, in their early, hopeful manhood's prime,  
They nobly rallied round the "good old flag"—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

15.

Our country, too! May she once more *united* stand,  
And peace and harmony with us again abide!  
God bless and prosper this our native land;  
But woe betide the man who would consent to "let  
the Union slide"—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

16.

'Tis true I might prolong this lively comic song  
Until your tea and toast gets cold and gritty;  
But I hear our railroad (9) gong ringing its last ding-  
dong,

And I am off from Boonton town to New York city—  
For our Boonton Branch is bound to go ahead!

17.

And there, among the rich old Bulls and Bears,  
With the growing beauties of our park their ears I'll  
stun;

And publish far and wide among the gay old million-  
aires,

And they will come; and still the cry will be, "They  
come!"—

And then our Ogden park will go ahead!

18.

We then shall have our specie-paying banks and board  
of brokers,

And our good old town and park with Eden tints will  
bloom.

Away then, "up Salt river," with all our discontented  
croakers (10),

And for for our coming *solid men* make room—  
For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

19.

And now the iron horse comes snorting o'er the dis-  
tant plains;

And, lo! it nearer comes, loud welcomed by the peo-  
ple's cheer!

By Jove! 'tis one of the long-expected California  
trains,

And on it comes John Chinaman, with us to drink a  
glass of lager-bier—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

20.

Then *don't be afraid!* Take all the greenbacks you  
can borrow or steal,

And invest them in Boonton chattels, either personal  
or real.

For my prediction is—and I wish you well to mark  
it—

No discount will there be on Boonton stocks *in this  
or any other market*—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

21.

Where now is Mrs. Grundy, with all her odd whims  
and fancies?

And where on earth is *Chapman*? Why in thunder  
don't he *crow*?

And where are all our addle-brained Miss Nancys,  
With their sage prognostics of "*And didn't I told  
you so?*"—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

22.

And now three minutes more I have of town-clock  
time,

And three rude verses more to shape and form.  
Attention, then, along the good old Union line,

And cheerfully your several parts perform—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

23.

Ho, then, ye sturdy iron-working men of Boonton!  
Blow all your fiery furnaces both loud and shrill!

For, surely, if you retain your present powers of lo-  
comotion,

You will live to see our future "city on a hill"

For Boonton's bound to go ahead! (11)—

24.

And, should you live to see that *sight of sights*,

And hear the *little ones* with "Grandpa!" make the  
parlors ring,

It will cheer your heart of hearts to tell them of this  
*night of nights*,

When you heard the old prophet *spout and sing*—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

25.

And now I've told you all I'd like to have you  
know,

And more, in fact, than I agreed to tell.

Then all that remains for me to do before I rom you  
go

Is to thank you for your kindly greeting and bid you  
all farewell—

For Boonton's bound to go ahead!

#### NOTES ON SONG—PART SECOND.

1. Pequannock township; lately divided into *three*  
parts for political purposes.

2. Town of Boonton; chartered last Winter (1867)  
against the wishes of a majority of the people.

3. Trustees of the town of Boonton; have passed  
some very childish ordinances.

4. Refers to boys arrested for swimming in the  
Morris canal, contrary to a town ordinance.

5. Refers to an ordinance prohibiting persons from  
congregating on the corners of streets to gossip.

6. Two of our young bloods, arrested and fined for  
riding faster than the law allows.

7. Peter H. Brown, commissioner of streets, and a  
great *blower*.

8. Suggested in honor of the memory of David Og-  
den, the first known owner of the Boonton tract.

9. Boonton Branch of Morris & Essex railroad;  
commenced running September 5th, 1867.



10. Refers to persons who sncered at the predic-  
tions made in 1859.

11. The "city on a hill" is now on exhibition for  
any one who wishes to see it, it having come a little  
sooner than was expected.

#### FIRST PRINTING PRESS IN BOONTON.

About the year 1839 our venerable towns-  
man, Dr. John Grimes, had constructed, upon  
his own premises (corner of Main and Lib-  
erty streets), and under his own personal su-  
pervision, the first printing press ever intro-  
duced into Boonton. The press was small  
in dimensions, and of rude workmanship—  
intended mainly for the printing of his own  
cards and labels. It worked well, and upon  
it he turned out some very fair specimens of  
printing in a small way—such as cards, la-  
bels, billheads and handbills. Everything  
turned out from this press was set up and  
printed by his own hands. And here let it  
be recorded that this was the *first* perma-  
nently established printing press in Morris  
county outside of Morristown.

#### FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN BOONTON.

I copy the following from a card attached  
to a copy of this book at the time it was pre-  
sented to me by the Doctor in person :

"A Great Curiosity!—This Pamphlet is *the very  
first* thing of any length ever printed in  
Boonton. It was printed on a small hand Press,  
wholly and in every part, by Doctor John Grimes  
himself. It was published in his own house, on a  
Press constructed upon his own premises—mostly  
by himself—at the time of its date, 1840. It is now  
very scarce indeed, only a few copies having been  
printed. Presented to me by the Doctor himself,  
Nov. 1st, 1867. N. B.—Let it be carefully preserved  
for the edification of posterity. I. S. LYON."

The pamphlet here alluded to contains forty-  
eight duodecimo pages, and is entitled "Right  
and Wrong in Boonton, No. 1." The sub-  
stance of this pamphlet consists of the report  
of a committee appointed at "a meeting of  
Abolitionists, held at the house of Mr. Con-  
dit on the 14th of March, 1840." The report  
itself bears date May 24, 1840, and it was  
printed shortly after. There was considera-  
ble trouble here at that time between the  
church people and the Abolitionists, and  
many hard blows were given and received on  
both sides. This pamphlet is very fairly and  
correctly printed, and is the only publication  
of equal length that has ever been published  
in Morris county outside of Morristown up to  
this date, 1872.

#### FIRST NEWSPAPER PRINTED IN BOONTON.

I have a file of this publication now lying

before me. It is entitled "The New Jersey  
Freeman." In size its dimonsions are 11x15  
inches—published monthly by John Grimes,  
Boonton, Morris county, New Jersey. Terms,  
single copies 25 cents per annum." The first  
number bears date June, 1844, and the last  
March, 1850, being fifty-two numbers in all,  
and all that were ever published. These pa-  
pers were published on an entirely new  
press, of considerably larger dimensions than  
the first, which was also constructed upon his  
premises under the superintendence of the  
Doctor. I transcribe the following explana-  
tory card, placed in the volume at the time it  
came into my possession. The volume is  
neatly bound and lettered and in good condi-  
tion :

"This is the greatest and most valuable literary cu-  
riosity appertaining to the history of the town of  
Boonton.

This Volume of Newspapers, entitled "The New  
Jersey Freeman," contains a copy of the first, last,  
and all the newspapers that have been published in  
Boonton up to this date, 1867—fifty-two numbers in  
all. The "Freeman" was published monthly during  
a period of portions of six years, commencing in  
1844 and ending in 1850. It was edited and published  
from beginning to end by Doctor John Grimes him-  
self, assisted occasionally by his son Malcolm L., a  
lad s me 12 or 15 years of age; and printed on a  
Press mostly of his own construction—he having a  
large and extensive practice as a physician during  
the whole time. It was published and circulated al-  
most wholly at the Doctor's expense—a copy of  
every number of which is contained in this volume.  
I look upon this volume as the most valuable literary  
relic that Boonton can ever possess. The Doctor as-  
sures me that there are not above five full and com-  
plete copies of this publication in existence at the  
present time. Presented to me this day, November  
1st, 1867, as a very special favor, by Doctor Grimes  
himself, under the pledge that I would do everything  
in my power to transmit it down to the latest pos-  
terity; and I herewith solemnly enjoin it upon those  
who shall come after me to see to it that my pledge  
to the Doctor is faithfully fulfilled. I. S. LYON "

As would naturally be inferred, the "Free-  
man" was an anti-slavery publication through-  
out, always firm and unyielding, but never  
abusive. In a recent conversation with the  
old Doctor (December, 1872) he informed me  
that both the presses here referred to are  
still in his possession, but not in working or-  
der.

#### THE BOONTON "WEEKLY BULLETIN."

December 8th, 1870.—The first number of  
the "Weekly Bulletin" made its appearance  
here to-day—Neal & Co., publishers, and Rev.  
R. B. Yard, associate editor. This number

was published at Washington, N. J., but it is expected that a press will be established here shortly. This is the second attempt made to establish a newspaper in Boonton.

March 3d, 1871.—This day the "Weekly Bulletin" was printed in Boonton for the first time. A few weeks later it made its appearance with the imprint "A. A. Neal, Editor and Proprietor." It thus continued with waning success until August, 1872, when it passed into other hands, not, however, until its publication had been suspended for a few weeks.

August 30th, 1872.—To-day the "Bulletin" again made its appearance in a new dress, and somewhat enlarged, under the management of Dawson & Garrison, publishers—S. L. Garrison, editor. Under the new management the paper has been greatly improved, and it is now on the high road to prosperity and success. It is Republican in politics, and is tolerably well patronized.

#### LATE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

In Part Third of this discourse—"The Future of Boonton"—as written and delivered in 1859, it was predicted by the writer that many great and important additions and improvements would take place here within the next fifteen years—or, in other words, that "Boonton was bound to go ahead!" From my diary of noticeable events occurring in Boonton I transcribe a few of the more important of them, with such comments thereon as may seem necessary to their full identification. If useful for no other purpose they will assist our posterity in comprehending the doings of our times:

May 12th, 1860.—The new Presbyterian church of Boonton was dedicated this day. It stands upon the same lot that the old one did. Cost, \$7,000. This church has been greatly enlarged and improved since that time.

July 15th, 1860.—John Hill's new "Empire Branch" store, corner of Brook and Cedar streets, opened this day with "cheap goods."

Sept. 16th, 1860.—The corner-stone of the new Catholic church was laid to-day.

Oct. 10th, 1860.—The "Boonton Protective Union" commenced doing business in their new store (corner of Brook and Birch streets) this day. They have one of the largest and best arranged stores in Morris county. This association has long since been dissolved.

1861.—The bridge across the pond above the Falls was built during the Autumn of this year. It is generally known as the "New Bridge," and cost about \$1,600.

March 9th, 1863.—The "Mechanics' Library Association of Boonton" was organized at Washington Hall this evening. The following are the names of the officers of the association elected for the ensuing year: Wm. G. Lathrop, President; Edwin Bishop, Vice President; Francis D. Canfield, Corresponding Secretary; Henry C. Jenkins, Recording Secretary; David C. Ely, Treasurer; George W. Eston, Samuel C. Looker and John Wootton, Standing Committee; Isaac S. Lyon, Lewis Estler and James S. Norris, Library Committee. This association commenced with seventy-five members, and soon after increased to one hundred and ten, and yet it died even in its infancy. Yes; it died from the want of proper attention and nourishment before it was two years old.

July 8th, 1863.—The corner-stone of St. John's church (Episcopal) was laid this day.

Oct. 13th, 1863.—St. John's church was dedicated at 10 o'clock this morning with quite imposing ceremonies. Bishop Odenheimer, of New Jersey, and quite a number of other clergymen were present. The main building of this church is 24x58 feet, with two wings on the rear, which leaves it in the form of a cross. The total cost of church and fixtures foots up about \$3,500—Rev. Francis D. Canfield, pastor.

Dec. 21st 1863.—Steam was first used as a motive power at the Boonton Works at about this date. The engine is located at the northerly corner of the rolling-mill, and drives the lams to the puddling and heating furnaces.

Feb. 22d, 1866.—This day ground was first broken on the "Boonton Branch" of the Morris & Essex railroad at Denville.

Sept. 5th, 1867.—The cars on the "Boonton Branch" of the Morris & Essex railroad, carrying passengers and the mails, made their first trip from here this morning at 6:45 for New York.

Sept. 19th, 1867.—The first coal train on the "Boonton Branch" came in this morning and landed their coals near the trestle-work bridge, south of the rolling mill.

Nov. 22d, 1867.—A locomotive on the "Boonton Branch" came up to and past the blast furnace, up to within a few feet of the Falls, for the first time to-day.

Dec. 8th, 1867.—Public services of the Dutch Reformed church were held for the first time in Boonton at Washington Hall at 3 o'clock P. M. to-day, Rev. Mr. Conkling and Rev. Mr. DeBaun, of Montville, officiating.

1867.—The "Town of Boonton" was incorporated by an act of the Legislature of New Jersey during the Winter of this year, contrary to the wishes of a majority of its inhabitants. During the session of the last Legislature (Spring of 1872) our "town" was *supplemented* into a "city" without consulting our people, and before scarcely any one of us knew that such a thing was in contemplation.

1867.—The first house in our new park—that of George Fuller, Esq.—was erected during this year.

1867-'68.—The bridge across the Rockaway river, below the iron works, was built during these years at a cost of over \$1,000.

1867-'68.—Blast furnace No. 2, 16 feet in the boosh, was erected during these years. No. 1, 14 feet in the



bosh, was built in the year 1848. This latter named furnace has run a blast of 250 weeks, being the longest blast on record. A powerful steam engine, located between these furnaces, now furnishes sufficient blast for both. By means of a branch railroad track cars now dump materials for the use of these furnaces directly at their base. These two furnaces make use of 100 tons of coal, 130 tons of ore, and large quantities of limestone, every twenty-four hours, and turn out about 450 tons of pig iron every week.

August 15th, 1868.—The corner-stone of the new Methodist church in Main street was laid this day; size of church, 52x90 feet.

1868.—The Dutch Reformed church, located in Washington street; the new machine shop, located on the site of the old one, and the second large iron wheel in the rolling-mill, were all built this year.

1869.—The Boonton Iron Company's new cement warehouse, located a little below the upper nail factory, was built this year. This building is 70x100 feet, five stories in height, with Mansard roof, all constructed of the best materials and in the most substantial manner, with a capacity for storing 1,000,000 kegs of nails, erected at a cost of \$25,000.

1869-'70.—The Boonton, Paterson & New York Branch of the Morris & Essex railroad was constructed during these years. One of the predictions made by the writer in 1859 was that within the next fifteen years we should have a direct railroad communication with New York, by which passengers from Boonton would reach that city in one hour's time, but he was only laughed at for his folly. The last time I was down to New York I came up on the express train of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, from depot to depot, in just one hour to a minute, including a stoppage of three minutes at the mouth of the tunnel, and two at Paterson, the running time being only 55 minutes.

Sept. 10th, 1870.—Coal trains commenced running on the new railroad from Boonton, via Paterson to New York at about this date.

Nov. 21st, 1870.—The bridge across the Rockaway river, above the dam, rebuilt and completed this day. It stands four feet higher than the old one, and cost about \$2,900.

Dec. 14th, 1870.—Passenger cars commenced running on the new Branch railroad, via Paterson, to New York to-day.

March 6th, 1871.—The mails were transported over the new Branch railroad for the first time to-day.

#### "MODERN IMPROVEMENTS."

At the time this discourse was first written (1859) the village of Boonton was confined almost wholly to the original purchase of the Boonton Iron Company. At that time the only bridge across the Rockaway river between Powerville and Old Boonton was an old ricketty foot-bridge leading from the rolling-mill to the Boiling Spring. That portion of our city lying on the west side of the river, now styled the "Park," was then literally a dense and howling wilderness, almost impenetrable to man or beast. Now

(January 1st, 1873) the river is spanned by two railroad bridges, three road bridges and one elegant new foot bridge. The "wilderness" is now penetrated by numerous well-graded streets and avenues, several of which are occupied by the splendid private residences of our most wealthy and fashionable citizens. But these are not all the improvements that have been made. The Hawkins place (on the west side of the river), the Lowrer place, the Peer farm, the Cookerow farm, and a portion of the Jacobus property, have been transformed into building lots, and hundreds of fine new buildings have been erected thereon, and the end is not yet come.

#### BUSINESS STATISTICS, JANUARY 1ST, 1873.

Population, 3,500; dwelling houses, about 700; families, about 775; churches, 5; stores, 23; shops of various kinds, 8; drug stores, 2; shoe stores, 4; clothiers, 4; stove and tin-ware, 2; watches and jewelry, 2; hardware, 1; hats and furs, 1; butchers, 6; bakers, 3; barbers, 2; paints, 2; news offices, 1; milkmen, 3; hotels, 1; oyster saloons, 3; licensed beer saloons, 10; doctors, 5; dentists, 1; photographers, 1; lawyers, none—several of them have attempted to establish themselves here, but they have all departed. We have a telegraph office, a printing office, numerous passenger trains on railroads running in every direction, and all the other fixtures of a first-class city. Twelve mails are now handled in our post office every day—six arrivals and six departures. The Boonton Company now work 12 double puddling furnaces, 11 heating furnaces, 6 trains of rolls, 4 nut machines, 2 bolt machines, 2 washer machines and 138 nail machines, which turn out 100 kegs of nails per hour. The title of the firm is Fuller, Lord & Co., composed of the executors of D. B. Fuller and J. C. Lord, deceased; George Fuller, Esq., general superintendent, and Wm. G. Lathrop, Esq., agent.

#### CITY GOVERNMENT.

Wm. G. Lathrop, Esq., Mayor; Edwin C. Bloxham, Giles H. Manderville, Nathan L. Briggs, Charles F. Hopkins, Wm. Grubb, Archibald D. Green and Wm. E. Davenport, Councilmen; E. C. Bloxham, President of the Board; E. C. Bloxham, Police Justice; N. S. Vandnyne, Clerk; John Jaques, Superintendent of Streets; A. J. Rosse, Surveyor; Giles Romine, Marshal, and Charles Myers, Assistant Marshal.

## BOONTON CORNET BAND.

George Hessey, leader; John Green, Wm. Buchanan, Joseph Parker, John Kirkpatrick, Horace Bell, Squire Gage, Wm. Oliver, Geo. Jones, Samuel Kirkpatrick and J. M. Smith.

## OLD BOONTON ONCE MORE.

During the last half-dozen years several trashy articles have been going the rounds of the newspaper press predicated upon *facts* swindled from this discourse under false pretences by a parcel of brainless literary Bohemians, whose souls are more diminutive than a *sneak thief's*. The false deductions drawn from these facts are well calculated to deceive and mislead an unthinking public, and I feel that it is my duty to expose them now and here. I select a few of them, which are to the following effect: That "Colonel Ogden owned Old Boonton and the surrounding country by inheritance;" that "Colonel Ogden built a nail-mill there in 1770," in which he manufactured nails in "large quantities;" that these nails were "sawed out of plates, which were previously sawed out of bars;" that a "detachment of soldiers were sent there" to ferret out and break up the mill; that "you can read on the headstones such dates as 1737," and that the writer of this discourse has "letters in his possession bearing the postmark Boonetown, 1797."

Now, all this senseless twaddle about Col. Ogden and Old Boonton is sheer romance—perfect bosh—indeed, only such stuff as dreams are made of. The Old Boonton property was *given* to Col. Ogden by his father many years before his death. The "nail-mill" said to have been built by Col. Ogden at Old Boonton in 1770 was a *slitting-mill* for making, not *nails*, but *nail rods*. It would seem that these "learned Thebans" don't know the difference between a *slitting-mill* and a nail factory, or between a nail and a nail rod. I am of the opinion that there were no nails made at Old Boonton until after the year 1790 for this and other reasons: In his advertisement, published in the *New York Packet* in 1785, Col. Ogden makes no mention whatever of nails of any kind, which, I think, he would have done provided he had a nail factory of his own making them in "large quantities." And that these nails should have been "*sawed* out of iron bars" seems quite funny to our modern nailers. I

have now in my possession a specimen of the nails made at Old Boonton about seventy years ago, but they don't look a bit as though they had been *sawed* out. As to the *foo-foo* story about the "detachment of soldiers" sent to Old Boonton to pry out the secrets of the place, there is not a particle of truth in it. It is not on any authentic record of American history that a British soldier ever trod the soil of Old Boonton at any time or upon any occasion. That "you can read on the headstones such dates as 1737" is not possible, for there is but *one* such stone there, and that bears date 1782. The letters "bearing the postmark Boonetown, 1797," exist only in the dazed imaginations of these wilfully misrepresenting Bohemians.

"Fictions to please should wear the face of truth." But these do not, so let them pass.

## VALEDICTORY REMARKS.

And now, my friends, let me say to you, in conclusion, don't be afraid to invest your surplus greenbacks in Boonton property. The iron and nail making business is now too deeply rooted here to be up-torn by any ordinary convulsions of trade or commerce. We shall, no doubt, witness our ups and downs of prosperity and adversity the same as other places do; but when the wheels of the Boonton Iron Company stand still you will look in vain for bustle and activity elsewhere. Capital, skill, enterprise and foresight are all busily at work for our good. Let us, then, have faith and confidence in the management of the "powers that be," and the "good works" will follow as a matter of course. The "City of Boonton" and its suburbs now afford one of the most healthful and delightful Summer resorts to be found anywhere in the State of New Jersey; and the time is not far distant when the wealthy inhabitants of our neighboring cities will find it out. Our new park, containing over two hundred acres, will furnish elegant and commodious building sites for at least two hundred magnificent country seats, and the time will soon come when they will be occupied for such purposes. Yes; the New Yorkers, with their fast horses and long purses, will come, and they will dig down, and they will build up, and go on beautifying our craggy old hillsides until they shall bloom and blossom with all the living splendors of a new Eden. We will then kick poor old sleepy-headed Morristown out



of our path and go on our way rejoicing ; and we are bound to do it, too, if we don't burst our boilers in the attempt. Then don't be afraid to invest your surplus greenbacks in local enterprises, for there will be no discount on Boonton stocks in this or any other market. The future of Boonton is now secured, for she can't go back upon herself if she would.

And now, my friends, let us keep cool and not get frightened at any of our advanced movements. The enterprising spirit of our old mother, Old Boone-Town, "still lives" in the soul of her blooming, go-ahead daughter, Boonton. Then don't be afraid. All that we have to do is to stand firm and erect, hold up our heads and keep off the track when the locomotive "Young America" comes dashing into our midst. All that I have ever predicted, and a great deal more that I dare not talk about at the present times, will most assuredly take place before the year nineteen hundred shall have rolled round. Many of you will yet live to see the day when the rich products of China and Japan will pass over the great Pacific railroad and its branches via San Francisco, the City of Boonton and New York on their way to London and Paris and other European marts. Some of you, perhaps, will laugh at this prediction, the same as did your "illustrious predecessors" at some of those made in 1859 ; but when the "Extra Morning Oracle" of Boonton is laid upon your table beside your toast and coffee, announcing the safe arrival of the "East India Express train" in five days from San Francisco, you will then be compelled to believe the startling fact. *You don't believe it!* Well, I tell you this *now*, but you can't see it—of course not ; but when the event has actually taken place then will spring up a mighty prophet in our midst, who will cry out with a great flourish of trumpets, "This is just exactly what *I* predicted years ago!" Well, perhaps he did, but forgot to have it acknowledged and recorded ; and this important omission will place his prediction in a very equivocal position, to say the least of it.

But, come weal or come woe,  
Mark well all that's been said,  
For, blow high or blow low,  
"Boonton's bound to go ahead!"

#### GREENWOOD CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.

This association was first organized about two years ago, since which time the cemetery grounds have been under improvement. Last

Winter the association was fully incorporated by a special act of the Legislature of New Jersey, with the names of the following gentlemen as incorporators: Enoch Hammonds, Jacob L. Hutt, Victor Thibou, Joseph Milner, Senr., James H. Wootton, Nathaniel A. Myers, James G. Simms, Thomas Byard, Thomas Hammonds, Samuel Hammonds, John Maxfield and Richard S. James. At their first meeting Mr. Enoch Hammonds was chosen president. The plot of ground selected by the association contains about eight acres, and is beautifully located on the brow of the hill a little north of Old Boonton, being about midway between that ancient place and the modern city of Boonton. The plot is about 250 feet wide, front and rear, and in length it extends from the road leading from Boonton to Old Boonton back to Washington street. The only carriage entrance to the cemetery grounds at present is on the Old Boonton road ; but when Washington street shall have been opened (which is now in contemplation) it is proposed that the main entrance shall be from that street. Already these grounds have been nicely fenced, graded, surveyed and handsomely laid out into carriage drives, paths and burial lots. These lots are 9x20 feet in size, and number about 1,800 in all, some fifty of which have been sold, and several burials have already been made thereon. The price of lots ranges from \$20 to \$40 each, according to location. Numerous trees of various kinds have been set out, all of which appear to be in a healthy condition ; and, judging from present appearances, Greenwood Cemetery of Boonton is destined to soon become one of the most beautiful and attractive homes of the dead in Morris county. The grounds of this cemetery are at present surrounded mostly on three sides by a dense forest—but the time is not distant when these old forest trees, which now intercept the view, will be cut down and removed to make room for the habitations of our rapidly increasing population. Then the thoughtful spectator, standing in the midst of this beautiful city of Boonton's dead, looking south will have a fine view of the classic ruins of Old Boonton, which lie outspread before his vision in the narrow valley beneath his feet ; while on the other hand, gazing in a northerly direction a still more enchanting vision will burst upon his enrapt-

tured view—the modern city of Boonton towering up like a scene of enchantment on the sloping hillside in the distance.

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POSTSCRIPT.

COL. OGDEN ONCE MORE.

The Rev. Peter Kanouse has given it as his belief “that there was but little republicanism among the leading men of Old Boonton either during or immediately subsequent to the Revolution.” I have heard one or two aged persons in this vicinity express the same opinion, which they no doubt believed to be the truth. I have always been greatly interested in tracing out every fact touching upon this point. Since commencing the publication of this discourse in the JOURNAL, I have been favored by Senator Cutler, of Morristown, with a set of what are termed the “Old New Jersey Records,” published from the original manuscripts by order of the Legislature of New Jersey last Winter. In the volume entitled “Minutes of the Council of Safety of New Jersey, 1777,” on page 73,

under date “Morristown, July 1, 1777,” I find the following :

Samuel Ogden appeared before the Board, pursuant to citation, and took and subscribed the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, agreeably to law.

Again, on page 214, under date “Trenton, March 17, 1778,” I find the following entry :

Agreed that Col. Hathaway receive from Mr. Ogden, at Boontown, the 20,000 flints sent or to be sent into this State by Mr. Archibald Mercer from Boston, (first paying to Ogden, at Boontown, for the cartage), and to be accountable for them when properly called upon.

There are many curious and important facts brought to the light of day for the first time by the publication of these old records ; and among them all, there are none more interesting to the writer, than the fact, that Col. Ogden was a true man and engaged in the service of his country at a time when to acknowledge himself to be such was to endanger his own life. The above are facts that cannot be reasoned away, and they prove clearly to my mind that Col. Ogden was the true patriot, and the firm and devoted friend to his country that he has been represented to be in part first of this discourse.

—FINIS.—

AUG 14 1874

A. L. ...











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