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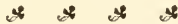
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during his later years, to distrust all political parties and to care much more for men than party measures. He was a thorough believer in Civil Service reform and in all reforms which were known to be genuine and not mere cant. If there was anything that he hated, it was sham and hypocrisy.

It is said to be an anomaly to find a genuinely healthy mind and wholesome soul joined to an unsound body. His was a case where intellect and strength of will triumphed over disease and achieved a greater victory than Death gained over him when his spirit joined the Immortals. During a decade and a half of years of bodily suffering, at innumerable times most intense, he invariably carried in his soul and on his face the sweet, calm, conquering philosophy of those best of ancient Athenians who held with Socrates: "There can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead, nor are his affairs uncared for by the gods."

Though not a church member, he was a quiet believer. He seemed to feel the Church, as broken up into sects, too narrow for him; he certainly loved its leading principles, and among his intimate friends and his family there is no question that he felt profoundly convinced of the reality of genuine religion and believed with all his soul in the fatherly oversight and care of his Maker. In one of his notebooks he had carefully copied a poem, which thus concludes—and he is known to have referred to it as one of his favorites:

"God rules at last, I find, as prophets tell,
And proves it in His person. Straight thy cell
Smiles with an unexpected loveliness.
A prison!—and yet from door and window-bar
I catch a thousand breaths of His sweet air:
Even for me His days and nights are fair.
He shows me many a flower and many a star,
And, though I mourn, and He is very far,
He does not kill the hope that reaches there."



BASKING RIDGE IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

EXTRACTS FROM A LADY'S PUBLISHED RECOLLECTIONS

IN THE YEAR 1821 Mrs. Eliza Susan Quincy, wife of Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, who afterward became Mayor of that city, having previously served in Congress, and from 1829 to 1845 was President of Harvard University, wrote out, at the request of her family, her recollections of events in the Revolution, when she was a young girl. It was published many years after, and now is a volume difficult to find, much less to secure. The following passages in it relate to the vicinity of Basking

Ridge, this County, and well deserve reproduction here. Some further statement concerning her parents will be found in the department of "Miscellaneous Notes and Comments" in this number of the *QUARTERLY*.

[1776] "Alarmed by the approach of the British army, our family [John Morton's] fled to Springfield, seven miles distant, where they remained several weeks in a house with five other families, who were also fugitives. My father then sought a safer situation, and purchased a house and farm at Basking Ridge, fifteen or twenty miles from Elizabethtown; and conveyed thither all the furniture and effects brought from New York. Mr. and Mrs. Kemper [the writer's grandparents] removed to Germantown [New Germantown], fourteen miles farther inland, in the neighborhood of many of their countrymen.

"Basking Ridge was in a retired, pleasant situation, enclosed by some high land called 'the Long Hills.' It was a secure place from the British, and at times in the centre of the American army. The headquarters of Washington were at Morristown, only seven miles distant. A hospital was located on Mr. Morton's estate. It was a long, low, log building, situated on a rising ground in a meadow; a brook ran in front of it, and supplied the inmates with water for cooking and washing. Dr. Tilton, the director of the medical department, with Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Coventry, and other physicians, had rooms in my father's house; and a small school house was converted into an apothecary's shop. This arrangement continued more than two years, and the society of these gentlemen was very agreeable.

"Across the high road was a fine spring—excavated and lined with boards—making a kind of cistern four or five feet square. Over a small brook which ran from it was what was called a 'spring house,' for milk and butter, under the shade of some large trees. The barns were also on that side of the road, farther up the hill, on the top of which the church, the burial ground and a school house were situated near a wood of oak trees. At the foot of the hill below the garden another brook flowed through a meadow; and beyond it was a grove of trees, not thick but shady. In this brook and about it my sister and I often played, building dams across it to have the pleasure of seeing the water fall over them. . . .

"The country people near Basking Ridge were not generally kind or hospitable to the exiles from New York; but there were many honorable exceptions. Among these were our excellent neighbors, the families of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Southard. The lower classes in New Jersey did not enjoy the advantage of the common schools of New England; and they were too ignorant and selfish even to understand the peculiar hardships

endured by those who were driven from their homes and exposed to severe suffering for the same cause in which they were engaged. Jealousy is often excited in ordinary minds by any degree of superiority. It was a common taunt among the most ignorant and uncivilized that any article complained of was good enough for 'the Yorkers,' or for 'the quality,' as they termed the exiles, whom they envied, even in their unhappy circumstances, for their superior advantages of education and manners.

"It was supposed they had brought a great deal of money and property with them from New York. Their clothes were their most coveted possessions. My mother was often obliged to part with any article of dress fancied, and enormous prices were asked for all provisions. As the war lasted seven years, even the most common implements of convenience and industry, such as needles, pins, etc., became extremely scarce and valuable. There was, for instance, only one darning-needle of the size to carry yarn among the families in our neighborhood; and it was sent from house to house and valued as a treasure. One day my mother imprudently intrusted it to my little brother to carry to a friend, with many charges to go straight and be careful. These were soon forgotten, and the precious darning-needle was lost. After the dismay at such an accident had subsided, a strict search was made along the path taken by the delinquent, and the darning-needle was at length discovered, sticking in a stump by the side of the road where he had placed it while he stopped to play. Great were the rejoicings at its recovery, and it was never again intrusted to such a youthful messenger.

"The house at Basking Ridge was of two stories, situated on the high road, about half way down a hill. On one side, therefore, the parlor windows were even with the ground: on the other was a high porch with seats, the steps of which led to the second story. I remember seeing 'the Doctors,' as we used to call them, sitting on the porch, through which they entered their apartments without incommoding the family. In front was a small court-yard enclosed with pales; and on the side down the hill an excellent garden. It was a comfortable, convenient house, and the furniture, plate, books, pictures and mirrors brought from New York gave it the appearance of a gentleman's residence.

"At the distance of half a mile from my father's residence, in two farm houses, lived the family of Elias Boudinot, who had retired thither from his elegant seat in Elizabethtown. He had an only daughter, about seventeen; and his sister, Mrs. Hetfield, and her family resided near him.

"Dr. Kennedy, the clergyman of Basking Ridge, was educated as a physician; and having afterwards studied divinity he skillfully practiced both professions. He was a Scotchman; a man of uncommon good sense; 'an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile;' and being one

of our nearest neighbors his society and ministry were considered a great privilege.

"The seat of Lord Stirling, called by the country people 'the Buildings,' was two miles distant. Designed to imitate the residence of an English nobleman, it was unfinished when the war began. The stables, coach house and other offices, ornamented with cupolas and gilded vanes, were built round a large paved court behind the mansion. The front, with piazzas, opened on a fine lawn descending to a considerable stream called 'the Black River.' A large hall extended through the centre of the house. On one side was a drawing room, with painted walls and a stuccoed ceiling. Being taken there when a child, my imagination was struck with a style and splendor so different from all around. The daughters of Lord Stirling, called Lady Mary and Lady Kitty (afterwards Mrs. Watts and Mrs. Duer), the Misses Livingston (afterwards Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Otto), and other cultivated and elegant women domesticated in the family, made an impression I can never forget, for they were all very pleasing and kind to me.

"Lord Stirling's family was of Scotch origin. His mother, Madam Alexander, owned a large establishment in New York, acquired property by trade, and sent her son to Scotland for his education. He returned, married Miss Livingston, and, when he inherited his fortune, claimed a Scotch title, and affected the style of life of a nobleman. When the Revolution began he took the side of the Colonies, held the commission of a General in the American army under Washington, and died in 1783. He left no son to inherit his title and estates; and thus ended his plans and prospects.

"Ten years afterwards, I again visited 'the Buildings;' but what a change had taken place! The family had removed, the house was tenanted by a farmer, and the hall and elegant drawing-room, converted into granaries, were filled with corn and wheat, and the paved courtyard with pigs and poultry. The stables and coach house were going to ruin; and through the door of the latter, which was falling off the hinges, I saw the stage-coach of the fashion of Sir Charles Grandison's day. It was ornamented with gilded coronets, and coats-of-arms blazoned on the panels, and the fowls were perching and roosting upon it.

"The families I have enumerated and visitors from Morristown and the neighborhood formed a delightful society, and much was enjoyed in the midst of exile, anxiety and alarm. The constant excitement of their situation made up for inconvenience and distress. The American troops were constantly passing and repassing, and the house frequently full of officers, who were always received and treated with

hospitality and kindness. All was freely given—shelter, food, forage for their horses, relief for the sick and wounded.

“The residence of Mr. Morton’s family upon the high road and near headquarters exposed them to great expense, fatigue and labor. They were frequently obliged to bake three or four times in one day; for as soon as one batch of bread was taken from the oven a party of hungry soldiers would pass by, to whom it would be given, and another and another prepared. These also would be called for, and bestowed in the same manner, together with beer, cider and whatever provisions the house afforded. But it was all generously given; the owner thinking himself amply repaid by the information he received of passing events, in which he took so deep an interest. General Washington and his suite were often my father’s guests. Among the stores brought from New York were two pipes of Madeira wine, which often contributed to the refreshment of the beloved chief.

“The capture of General Lee, on the 13th of December, 1776, occurred soon after the settlement of our family at Basking Ridge. He had come from the American Camp at Morristown, and put up for the night at Mrs. White’s tavern, not half a mile from our house—up the hill beyond the church. My father, who was always attentive to every officer of the army, called on General Lee, and invited him to breakfast the next day. He accepted; but, as he did not appear at the appointed time, Mr. Morton became impatient, and walked up the hill to meet his expected guest. On the way he encountered many of the country people running in great consternation, exclaiming, ‘The British have come to take General Lee!’ My father hurried on, and saw Lee, without hat or cloak, forcibly mounted and carried off by a troop of horse; and, as he had but few attendants, little resistance was attempted. One of his men, who offered to defend him, was cut down and wounded by the sabres of the horsemen. He was brought down to our house, where he was taken care of until he was carried on a litter to a surgeon at Mendham; and after three months he recovered, and came to thank my mother for her kindness to him.

“Information of the unguarded situation of General Lee at Basking Ridge was given by a countryman to Colonel Harcourt of the British army, who, with a body of cavalry, had been sent from New Brunswick to watch movements. A detachment of seventy light horse surrounded the house where Lee staid, before he had any intimation of their approach and carried him off in triumph. The terror of the inhabitants of Basking Ridge was very great; they feared the army of the enemy was upon them, and could hardly believe the troops were gone as soon as they heard

they had come. At that time, however, they remained undisturbed, except by their own apprehension.

"The British army never penetrated to Basking Ridge; but there were repeated alarms of their approach with fire and sword; and the children were often sent in wagons to cottages among the hills several miles distant—considered places of safety. On one of these occasions I was sent at night, with my sister and a little brother, to a Mr. Goble's, in the woods. We were placed on our beds in the wagon, and, well covered up, as it was very cold, were driven by Belfast (a colored servant), who cheered and encouraged us in our darksome expedition. At our place of refuge we were received very kindly by the good woman of the cottage, who gave us some bread and milk, and spread our beds on the floor. But great was my astonishment at her arrangements for her own children. They raised some boards in the corner of the only room in the house, under which there was a bed of dried leaves, where they were placed, and covered with their clothes and a blanket. This alarm proved groundless; and when my parents, who had remained at home, came for us the next morning, and beheld the steep and dangerous road we had passed over in the night at the risk of our lives, they rejoiced to find us in safety, and our hosts were liberally rewarded.

"By another of these reports that the British were advancing, which caused our family to disperse, one of our servants was much alarmed; and her thoughts being equally divided between terror at the approach of the enemy and the care of her clothes, she put on so many gowns and petticoats, and so loaded herself with the remainder, that her flight could be neither fast nor far. She only reached the middle of the burial-ground on the hill, where she sank down, overcome with apprehension and the weight of her apparel; and mistaking one of the family, who was passing quickly, for a British soldier, she called out, 'O sir! take all I have, but spare my life.' She was soon happily undeceived, and assisted home again with her property unharmed: and great was the amusement her adventure excited in all who heard it, after their own fears were dissipated. . . .

[1779-'83]. "Mr. Martin was an old man who carried the mail between Philadelphia and Morristown, and was called 'the Post.' He used to wear a blue coat with yellow buttons, a scarlet waistcoat, leathern small-clothes, blue yarn stockings, and a red wig and cocked hat, which gave him a sort of military appearance. He usually traveled in a sulky, but sometimes in a chaise or on horseback, according to the season of the year or the size and weight of the mail-bag. Mr. Martin also contrived to employ himself in knitting coarse yarn stockings while driving, or rather jogging along the road, or when seated on his saddle-bags on horse-

back. He certainly did not ride *post*, according to the present meaning of that term. Between Basking Ridge and Philadelphia and Princeton, he was the constant medium of communication and always stopped at our house to refresh himself and his horse, tell the news, and bring packets. . . .

"When my mother returned from Philadelphia, I was sent with one of my brothers to stay with Mrs. Kemper at Germantown [New Germantown], to attend the school of Master Leslie, who, though a good man, was very severe in his discipline. His modes of punishment would astonish the children of the present day. One of them was 'to hold the blocks.' They were of two sizes. The large one was a heavy block of wood, with a ring in the centre, by which it was to be held a definite number of minutes by his watch, according to the magnitude of the offence. The small block was for the younger children. Another punishment was by a number of leathern straps, about an inch wide and a finger long, fastened to a handle of wood, with which he used to strap the hands of the larger boys. To the girls he was more lenient.

"To give us some idea of geography and astronomy, Master Leslie used to employ his snuff-box and sundry little balls of yarn, to represent the solar system, and this completely puzzled and confused my brain. I knew he would not tell a falsehood; but to make me believe that the sun stood still, and we whirled around it, required a clearer explanation. He succeeded, however, in elevating himself in our opinion.

"And still he taught; and still our wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

"A few days after the burning of Springfield, (June, 1780), my father and mother collected all the clothing and every article which could be spared from their own stores or those of their neighbors, and went to offer relief to the sufferers. The inhabitants of that ill-fated town, although in such distress, were in good spirits. They were already beginning to collect materials for temporary shelter, and were raking out of the ashes of their former dwellings, nails, hinges, and other iron work, for the erection of new habitations. Many anecdotes of courage and magnanimity were related to my parents.

"Upon the approach of the British, the women and children fled from the town, and were collected together on the brow of a hill, about a mile distant in full view of the conflagration. As one house after another caught fire, they would call out, 'There goes your house!' and 'There goes yours!' One woman, whose husband had just built a fine large house and shop adjacent, was among them; and, as she seemed to have the most to lose, was observed in proportion. One of her companions called out to her, 'There goes your beautiful new house!'—'Well, let it go,'

said she; 'we can live in the shop.' In a few moments after,—'There goes the shop, too!' 'Well, let it go; they can't burn the ground it stands on; and here's wood enough to build another, when they are all beaten and driven away.' Such was the spirit that animated the women of that day, among whom it was a common saying, that, 'if the men became tired of fighting, the women would turn out and take their places.' . . .

"The revolt of the Pennsylvania line occurred in January, 1781. The soldiers, driven to desperation for want of food, clothes and pay, determined to march to Philadelphia and force Congress to redress their grievances. One of the officers, in attempting to suppress the meeting, was killed, and others wounded. Obligated to fly from their camp at Morristown, several took refuge at my father's residence in Basking Ridge. Captain Christie was the first who rushed into the house, gave intelligence of the revolt, and begged to be secreted from the soldiers he feared were on his track. He was accordingly concealed until the danger was past. My parents were terrified, and it was apprehended that the troops would go over to the British; but this fear proved groundless, and the termination of this rebellion is recorded in history.

"In the Spring of 1781, my older brother, John Morton, with a classmate from Princeton, was passing a college vacation at Basking Ridge with his parents. All had retired for the night, when they were aroused by a number of armed men forcibly breaking open the front door of the house. Their chief, whose face was blackened, and disguised by a handkerchief tied round his head and brought down to the eyes, first demanded all their keys and gold watches. A bayonet was presented at every window or door when escape was attempted; and, thus surrounded, submission was unavoidable. My father was much indisposed; and into his apartment all the family, with the exception of his son, John Morton, were thrust and a sentinel placed at the door.

"From the conduct of the intruders there was cause to suppose that among them were persons well acquainted with the arrangements of Mr. Morton. They first went to a closet, where his money and valuable papers were deposited in an iron chest, as was the custom at that period. It contained thirty pounds, in gold and silver, which he had just received as part payment for his house in Elizabethtown. A report had been spread that he had also sold his estate in New York and received a large sum for it.

"Great disappointment was expressed by the robbers at not finding more money; and they swore they would kill John Morton if he did not show them where his father had hid his treasure. They forced him to open all the drawers and chests, and then took him into the cellar, where they thought money might be concealed, and again threatened him with

death. As he could tell them nothing more, they again ransacked the house. Into large sacks which they had brought for the purpose they put the wearing apparel of the family, including twelve ruffled shirts just completed, made of linen bought at a high price in Philadelphia. All the plate, a tea and coffee service, a large tankard, and every article of silver then used in a gentleman's establishment, were also taken.

"After remaining two hours the robbers departed, declaring they would return and set fire to the house, if the family did not remain quiet. Exhausted by terror and fatigue, it was day-break before they alarmed the neighborhood. A traveler who had been halted by the villains said he had seen among the trees near the church a number of horses fastened, on which the robbers undoubtedly escaped with their booty. Their plan had been well laid to insure success. Contrary to the entreaties of his family, Mr. Morton, though suffering from illness, insisted on pursuing the robbers with some of his neighbors. After following several routes unsuccessfully, he at length got upon their track, and pursued them to the river-side at Newark, where it is supposed they took boat and went over to New York.

"After my father's return from this journey, fatigue and disappointment brought on an attack of apoplexy, which, in one week, terminated his life. My eldest brother, then a youth of nineteen, a student-at-law with Judge Patterson, at Raritan, had returned to Basking Ridge on hearing of the robbery. The first intelligence of it, and of the death of my father, was brought to Mrs. Kemper at [New] Germantown by the messenger sent for my brother and myself, and she immediately accompanied us home. Dr. Kennedy performed the services at the funeral, and the procession, attended by a concourse of people, proceeded to the burial-ground on the hill, near the church of Basking Ridge. Mr. Boudinot, my mother and my eldest brother were appointed executors by my father's will, and the two last fulfilled the trust.

"In August, 1781, the French army passed through Basking Ridge, on their way to Yorktown in Virginia. They halted opposite our house to refresh the soldiers at the spring, while the officers were entertained within. Our family were all in raptures at the sight of their new allies coming to fight their battles and insure victory. Every one ran to the doors and windows except Mrs. Kemper, who retired to her apartment with my grandfather. The cruel conduct of the French soldiers in Germany could not be forgotten by these emigrants from their 'fatherland.' They refused to be comforted, and bewailed with tears the introduction of these allies. In 1783 peace was concluded, and our family removed to Elizabethtown."

[The following, added by the same hand in 1839, may be appropri-

ately inserted here; and it will conclude our extracts from the privately printed memoir of Mrs. Quincy].

"In August last, with my daughter and attended by a servant, I crossed the Hudson at New York to Jersey City, went by railroad to Morristown, and then took a carriage to visit Basking Ridge. I recollected the whole road as we went on. We passed a handsome house I remembered as the residence of a family of the name of Kemble, and, nearer Basking Ridge, that of Mr. Southard, and drove over a tract of ground through which three brooks ran; the last was the one near my father's house. We ascended a little hill; and there was the house and the spring opposite. It was partly demolished, and stood, as I have described it, on the descent of the hill, one story high on one side, two on the other. I entered the part yet inhabited; and after an absence of more than half a century I again tasted the water of the spring around which I had so often played in my childhood. We went up the hill to the village. The view from thence was beautiful; but the old church and school house were replaced by modern edifices. In the afternoon we drove over to 'the Buildings' [Stirling Place], which remain in tolerable repair, having been the property and residence of a respectable family for the last thirty years, and yet bearing evidences of having been in former times an elegant establishment. We passed into the courtyard, formerly paved and surrounded with stables, coach house, and offices, from which it derived the name of 'The Buildings;' stopped at a porch at the back of the house; and went into the great hall, where the beautiful staircase remained, and the great bell yet hung. A fine lawn descended in front of the house to the banks of Black River, which fell into the Great Swamp.

"We passed the night at Somerville; and then went on, through bad roads but a beautiful country, to the town of New Brunswick."



THE SCHOOLHOUSES AND SCHOOLS OF SOMERVILLE

BY HENRY P. MASON, SOMERVILLE, N. J.

MOST OF what is called authentic history is written by persons who have no personal knowledge of the events, but who have to secure information from documents, or from the personal knowledge of others. It is to be regretted that those of former generations have not left us more detailed written accounts of the events of their day, and probably future generations will say the same of us.

At the time of the Revolutionary War there were less than a dozen houses in the present limits of Somerville. In fact there were only about