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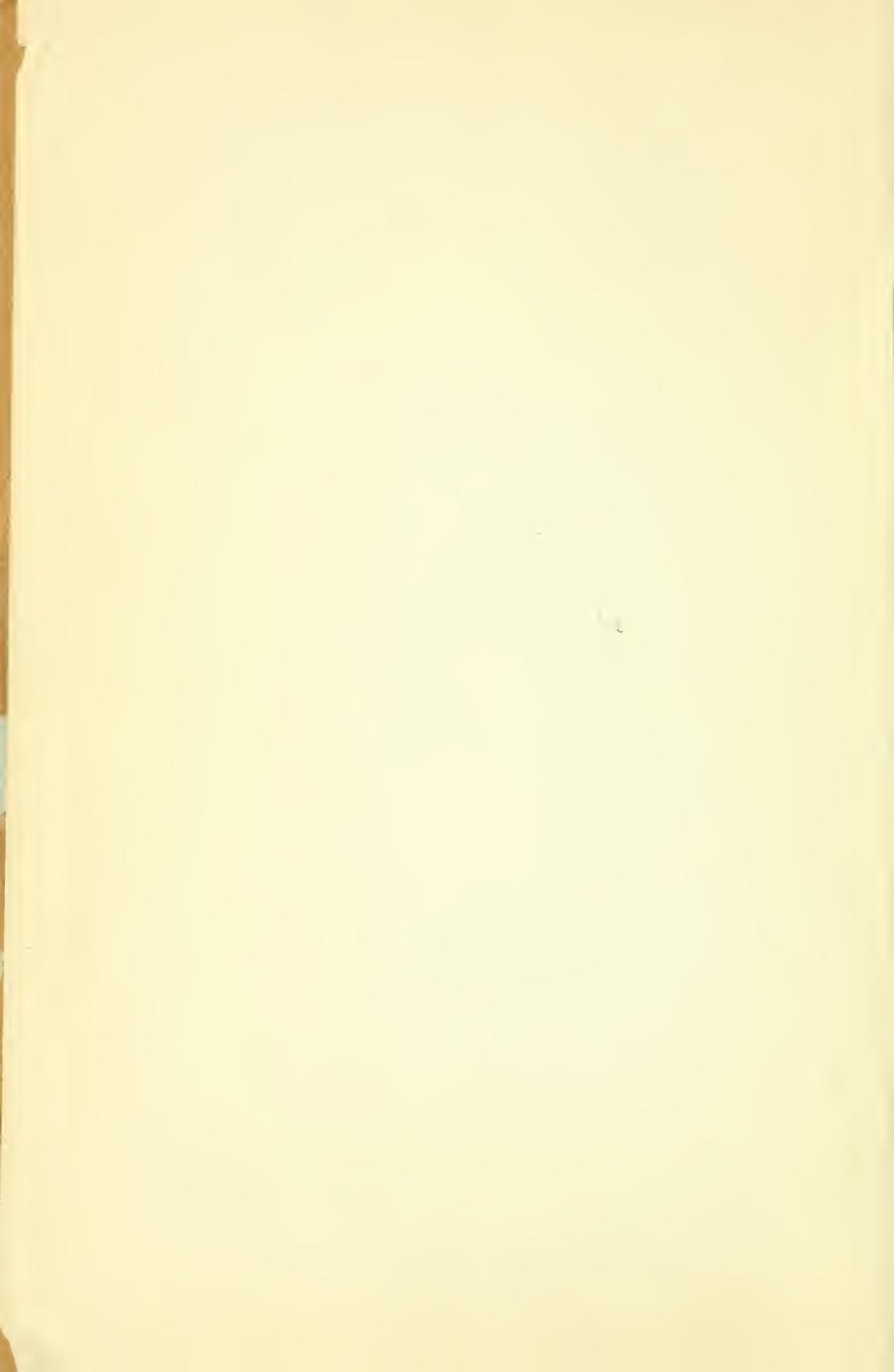
The
King's Highway
and
The Pensauken Graveyard



A Chapter in the Colonial history of West
New Jersey, by Dr. A. M. Stackhouse.









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AND THE
Pensauken Graveyard
A CHAPTER IN THE
Colonial History
OF
West New Jersey

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Dr. A. M. Stackhouse.
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To My Life Long
Friend
WILLIAM R. LIPPINCOTT
This brochure
The result of gathered fragments
of tradition and local history
is
respectfully dedicated

The King's Highway

THE two articles set forth in the following pages appeared in print in our local newspapers shortly after they were written and were subsequently republished in *The Burlington County Democrat*, of Mount Holly. They seem to have attracted some little attention and I have been urged to publish them again in a less ephemeral form.

The following letter printed as an introduction to the letter on "The King's Highway"; in the *Moorestown Chronicle* (issue of Feb. 11, 1897,) explains the circumstances that called it forth:

To the Editor of the *Chronicle*;

The King's Highway in Chester Township.

A number of young Friends in Moorestown and vicinity are taking a great interest in the local history of the neighborhood, and not long since information was sought in reference to the King's Highway in Chester Township.

Knowing that Dr. A. M. Stackhouse, residing not far from Maple Shade, had in his library very valuable records of "ye olden time," I repaired to his residence one evening not long since, and the hours passed away uncounted as I pored over many historical reminiscences; and the Doctor afterward prepared and kindly sent me the following very interesting article, which I am anxious to preserve by giving it to the press.

Wm. R. Lippincott.

The following copy of a hand bill explains the occasion of the address on the old Pensauken Graveyard.

An Out-of-Door Historical Meeting.

An unusual interest was shown in the "Moorestown: Old and New" meeting last winter. THE RAMBLERS have decided to hold an open-air meeting devoted to the history of our early Friends, the Roberts, Matlack, and Hancock families, on Seventh-day, Fifth Month 22d, 1897, at 3.30 P. M.

Our Friend, Charles C. Haines, cordially invited the company to meet on his farm, where are situated many of the most interesting landmarks.

Joseph W. Lippincott, Dr. Asa Matlack Stackhouse, and

others will speak on interesting subjects. A tablet with a suitable inscription will be erected on the site of the old graveyard.

Friends are requested to provide for a basket picnic, which will be enjoyed at the meeting, under the old chestnut trees.

Carriages will meet the 2.30 train from Phila., at Maple Shade.

WALTER J. BUZBY,

President.

Moorestown, N. J.,

Fifth mo. 7th, 1897.

This meeting was held on the site of the old grave yard on the South bank of the Pensauken a short distance above Lenola. There was a large gathering, and besides the addresses mentioned above, others were made by Emmor Roberts of Moorestown and Wm. R. Lippincott of Fellowship, the latter beng an eloquent resume of the honorable treatment accorded by the State to the last remnant of the Indians of New Jersey.

Maple Shade, N. J.

December 29, 1896.

Esteemed Friend:

Thy visit last night and our conversation relative to "ye olden time", have revived pleasant memories of that "which we have heard and known and our fathers have told us".

I am glad to find that a love for the past and a desire to know more about our local history is growing among our people.

Some years ago, thy uncle Clayton Lippincott prepared an article on our local highways which was published in one of our county papers. He had given considerable time and labor in gathering information, and his article gave, I presume, all that can be known at this day in reference to our roads.

I have looked in vain among my papers for a copy of this article. I hope it will turn up somewhere.

Among "The Acts and Laws made by the General Free Assembly during their session held at Burlington for the Province of West New Jersey from the one and Twentieth day of the ninth month called November, until the eight and twentieth day of the same month, Anno 1686" the following was enacted:

"Be it also further enacted by Authority that there shall be a Highway surveyed and set forth between Burlington and Salem, the same to be begun at or before the First day of the Second Month next, and that twenty men in the whole shall be appointed for the said work, Ten thereof from Burlington and Ten from Salem." (*Leaming & Spicer.*)

This is the origin of the road known in our local history as the "King's Highway." It passed through Haddonfield, Ellisburg, and what was formerly known as Rodmantown, now Mocrestown. "It probably crossed the

Rancocus near the park of Governor Franklin." (*Mickle's Reminiscences.*)

Tradition says that this road as well as most other highways in the early settlement of the country, followed old Indian trails.

I can give no information relating to the road north of Moorestown. The King's Highway passed through the Main Street of Moorestown towards Haddonfield until it reached the foot of the hill opposite the farm house owned by Michael Flynn. Here it left the present highway, passing to the right in front of the small brick house belonging to Elwood Hollingshead. It passed to the north of the old Vansciver distillery and crossed the north branch of the Pensaukin near what is called the Cinnaminson bridge on the Fellowship and Palmyra road. The road wound round the base of the hill and skirted the woodland in the rear of where Joseph H. Matlack now lives. It soon strikes a little deeper into the woods. The route here was plainly recognizable in my boyhood days but is now almost obliterated by growing timber. The road now crosses a corner of my woodland, and here it is more clearly defined perhaps, than in any other part of the course in our neighborhood.

In this small piece of woodland may still be seen traces of an old road, a tributary of the King's Highway which led to Pimsoaking, alias Esom, on Charles Haines' farm. Here we are on historic ground. On the site of Charles Haines' house once stood the house built and occupied by William Matlack, the progenitor of the Matlack family in America, to which nearly every old family in this section is allied.

Near William Matlack's house stood the house of his brother-in-law Timothy Hancock, and here meetings for worship were held every other First Day, privilege having been granted by the Monthly Meeting of Burlington to this effect 9th Month 9th, 1685. O. S. This Meeting probably antedated that at Moorestown. Not far from William Matlack's house is an old grave yard, where our forefathers sleep. Here

too at Pimsoaking, Tallaca, the Indian chief signed the contract with John Roberts, Timothy Hancock and William Matlack, whereby in consideration of "one match coat, one little runlet of rum and two bottles of rum", he agreed to defend them in their rights from all other Indians.

Along this road then traveled many of our forefathers to worship

"In calm and cool and silence. Once again
They find their old accustomed place among
Their brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!"

Along this road too, they passed following the remains of their loved ones, who now sleep peacefully beneath the sod waiting for a glorious resurrection. Above them stand the gnarled and massive chestnut trees like giant sentinels to ward away evil.

But we are loosing our trail. Crossing the woodland it extends westwardly across my field coming out into the Chester Brick School House lane directly in front of the old frame house, formerly owned by Charles Buzby. It follows the lane thence to the Fellowship Turnpike. Let me stop for a breathing spell. This in olden times would have been considered a good place to stop too, for this old house was formerly a tavern, where man and beast could find entertainment. If we should go within and inquire for home brewed we could perhaps find good company, for in those days Friends liked their tippie.

The school house lane here is on the old Evesham Road and was much traveled. A short distance from the old tavern the main road to Philadelphia branched off from the King's Highway. It can be distinctly traced for nearly a mile. The old tavern corner was once a place of note, and bore the euphonious title of Farrowtown or Pharotown.

Near here is the Matlack homestead, built by William

Matlack, grandson of the first William of that name, in 1752. It stands on land which for over two hundred years has never had an owner who was not a Matlack.

Let us follow our trail again. The King's Highway follows Asa Matlack's lane and passed through his yard. Here we see the venerable homestead of a generation of Matlacks on one side, and Reuben Matlack's old blacksmith shop on the other. Here were forged the quaint old thumb latches and other iron work of the old brick meeting house at Moorestown. In front of the shop is the old hickory tree, now alas, in a state of decay, that may have looked down one hundred and nineteen years ago one warm summer day on the British army retreating from Philadelphia.

The trail follows the lane from this place to the old saw mill. Here one hundred years ago you might have heard the anvil chorus, for here Reuben Matlack hammered out the scythes, sickles and other farming cutlery for a generation that knew not the self-binder.

Here the road crosses the creek a few feet above the rustic, home-made bridge which now spans it. Some of the old piling are still to be seen.

Let us stop again under this spreading buttonwood, while I tell you something about this creek. It is here the boundary line between Burlington and Camden Counties. A short distance above the bridge the county line does not follow the present channel, but follows the course of the old creek bed through the meadows to the iron bridge on the Moorestown and Haddonfield road. The arched bridge is entirely in Camden County. The stream was turned into its present channel more than a century ago, to accomodate the saw mill. Since writing the above, I have been informed that this is not the reason for the change to the channel. In olden times farmers were almost entirely dependent on the meadows along the creek for their supply of hay. The change was made to improve these meadows. The present Moorestown and Haddonfield road was laid out one hundred years ago. The stream has

as many names as a Western horse thief. It is, says Mickle, the Warantepecka of the Indians. In an old map of the country in Swedish times, it bears the name of Simcissing, a name often used in old deeds. In some old documents it is called Crapwell or Cropwell River. In some old deeds it is called Cole's Branch or "Brooke." The name Pensaukin which it now bears, is spelled some dozen different ways.

Crossing the creek the old road passes to the south of the dwelling house of William T. Lippincott. This house now in excellent state of repair was in its day a pretentious mansion. It was built by Thomas Thorne, the grandfather of the grandfather of the present owner. Passing on, the old highway intersected the Colestown Road at the top of the hill. Here within my own recollection, stood an old hip-roofed house, long since torn away, which was built by John Cowperthwaite in the early part of the last century.* This John Cowperthwaite was a man of some consequence in the colonial days. He owned fifteen hundred acres of land, of which a very large part was located along the King's Highway in Camden and Burlington Counties.

One of his descendants built the brick house owned by

*This house was known all over the neighborhood as the "Corner house." The land on which it stood once belonged to James Wilde who married Sarah, daughter of Samuel Cole, the immigrant. One tradition says the house was built by Wilde and that his son-in-law Jonathan Thomas kept tavern there. The property subsequently passed into the possession of John Cowperthwaite. There was an addition to the old house that bore marks of having been erected at a later date. Wilde may have built the old part and Cowperthwaite the addition. The story is told that when the British retreated from Philadelphia in 1778 the main army passed by this dwelling. The occupants according to the custom of the time had just finished the job of baking the week's supply of pies, cakes and bread. Great must have been the vexation of the thrifty housewife; for the British soldiers carried off and consumed the whole of it.

William Matlack, situated at the intersection of the Moorestown and Haddonfield road with the Fellowship and Palmyra road. It was built in 1772.* The name of Cowperthwaite has I believe, entirely disappeared in our section. There is something like the irony of fate in the fact that the last to bear the name who lived on her ancestor's acres, is or was an inmate of the County Alms House.

But again to our trail. Crossing the Colestown Road our highway in question runs nearly parallel with the present road. Following it we pass in front of the old Coles' Church. The building is only a few feet away. I am tempted to stop and talk to you all about it, but life is short, so passing along by God's Acre, where many of my ancestors and I presume thine are sleeping, we proceed onward, keeping to the right of the house lately owned by Charles Coles, still on passing the old red house of the Cooper estate also on the right. Near David Burroughs' house not far from Ellisburg we cross the present road, and here we rest.

Not far from the old highway in the woodland where the trail is yet plainly visible, there stood in my boyhood days a gigantic chestnut tree that towered far above the surrounding trees. This tree is no longer standing but the old monarch of the forest is a pleasing memory. Under its spreading branches I take my stand and in my mind's eye see a wonderful

* This house was built by Thomas Cowperthwaite. The date above given is incorrect as I have since learned. We know that it was built in the year that Job, son of Thomas was born, the exact date of which is not known. Job's wife was born in 1754. Supposing that his age was near that of his wife's the house was probably built somewhere between 1750 and 1754. The house built in 1772 is a similar brick structure standing near the creek something over one half mile from the first mentioned house and nearly opposite the dwelling of Charles C. Haines. In repairing it a few years ago a stone was discovered bearing the inscription H. C. 1772. It was built by or for Hugh Cowperthwaite son of the above Thomas.

panorama.

I see three Indians approaching and as they come near I recognize Tallaca, the Indian chief and his two friends. He is wearing the match coat outside and his friends are helping him wear the two bottles of rum inside. It does not add to his dignity. The curse of the white man's fire water is upon him and from its bondage he is never more to be free in this life. Then follow more Indians, singly and in companies, always going, never returning, and the home that once knew them knows them no more. A feeling of sadness comes over me which is of short duration however as I become interested in watching a party of men and women coming down the road. As they approach I observe they are a party of young Friends. As they pass me, a demure maiden who is one of the party stops opposite me and dismounting from the horse proceeds to examine her saddle girth. The woods ring with laughter as the cheerful company pass on not noticing the demure maiden left behind. One young man of the company however, misses her and quickly returns. I shall not tell you what I heard them say, but I saw the blushes mount in two pairs of cheeks and Elizabeth Haddon became Elizabeth Estaugh because of this pesky saddle girth.

I do not wait long for another passerby, for along comes a stout, portly, good natured looking man clad in the vestments of Fox. He is no doubt going to meeting at Burlington. Him too I know.

"Gentlest of skippers, rare sea saint."*

He passes on and shortly another man comes into view a very curious looking man too at a distance. As he approaches I see that he is a Friend. But bless me: what a guy! Did you ever see such clothes? His broad brimmed hat the natural color

* Thomas Chalkley.

of the fur, and coat and breeches that seem to fit all right,—they must do that, for the owner is a tailor—but the color—just the natural color of the wool! Amusement at once gives away to reverence however as you look upon this traveler's face for it is aglow with the light of Him who bears the sins of the whole world. You could almost fancy you see the nimbus around the big fur hat of the uncanonized saint. He has walked all the way from Rancocus and is going to Haddonfield meeting. His name is John Woolman. The world is better because he lived in it.

Again as I look beyond the point where the swamp maples throw their limbs tinged with fire and flame across the road, I see two men clothed in a garb that shows them to be strangers. They talk together in a language I do not understand. They examine eagerly the woodland as they pass. Every bush, tree and herb is scanned. Them too I know—Peter Kalm, Professor in the University of Abo and his servant Lars Yungstream gardener, from far away Sweden. They too pass by and are gone.

Another company comes down the road on horseback. They are gentlemen, men of quality, as their dress and demeanor testify. One of them grave and dignified seems to be the chief. Pass on friend: New Jersey has no further use for her last Loyalist Governor, William Franklin, unworthy son of a noble sire.

It is Quarterly Meeting day at Haddonfield. Along come the Friends, all sorts and conditions; some on foot, some on horseback, some in vehicles, all drab coated and sedate—Haines, Matlacks, Lippincotts, Bortons, Stokes, Roberts, &c, &c. We are all represented there.

Here comes however a company of a totally different character. They are troopers evidently, but certainly not soldierly, like troops of the line. With them go loads of hay and corn. They are driving sheep, cattle and horses. Every man save the leader is loaded down with plunder. Some Tory Churchman has had to suffer and some non-resisting

Friend too, for this is a foraging party of the Continental Army returning with their spoil. Their leader is Timothy Matlack, Colonel, Secretary of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, Free Quaker and chronic office holder; cordially disliked by Friends and cordially hated by Tories.

It is a warm summer day. The fierce sun pours down his fiery rays on field and forest. I have been spending hours since early morning roaming through the woodland, looking once more for that famous tree which Campanius, the learned Swede says, grows at Simcissing. He calls it the fish tree. It is hard like box weed and smells like raw fish; it cannot be split but if a fire be kindled around it with some other kind of wood it melts away. Wearied with my fruitless search I seek the welcome shade of the old chestnut. Not a leaf stirring, not a bird singing, all is still in the intense heat.

As I recline there, resting after my long tramp, musing on the old times and offering a resolution that old Campanius be declared a fraud of the first water I am suddenly aroused by the noise of crackling twigs. Jumping to my feet I see the whole forest alive with red coated troopers crashing through the under brush. Along they come, the fields, woods and road full. To them succeed other companies in marching array, horse, foot and artillery, baggage wagons and camp followers, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, scarlet and gold: the British Army yielding to manifest destiny have evacuated Philadelphia for ever and are seeking the safer shelter of New York. I see in the ranks Sir. Henry Clinton cool, cautious and collected: and he needs to be for he is marching his army through a country that furnishes him but few friends. Here passes the inflexible Earl Cornwallis and I see a shade of annoyance on his face and I fancy that this retreat is not to his liking. With him goes Lieut. Col. Monkton, brave and knightly soldier. The spirit of prophecy comes over me and looking down the future, I see thee noble Earl in a position much less to thy liking, hemmed in at Yorktown by the victorious allied army. And thou too, chivalrous

Monkton, little knowest thou that in ten days thy grave shall be dug in the sands of Monmouth. Hours pass and still they come in companies and the Hessians with Knyphausen bring up the rear. Aimable and gentle in deportment is this old Alsatian soldier, and so our Friends found him as they applied to him in camp that night to have their horses and cattle returned to them.

Presently along come a dozen dragoons or so, hot, tired and dusty, their horses bathed in sweat. I know you too, you rascals! You have just been chasing my great grandmother into the Deer Park, but her colt was too fleet for you. You robbed her father, however, for I see his chickens hanging to your saddle-bows. Pass on rogues! You may get your deserts at Monmouth Courthouse.

And with this, enough of the dream and the dreamer.

Thine truly,

A. M. Stackhouse.

Pensaukin Graveyard

I HAVE been requested to make an address here to day and have been given a roving commission so far as concerns the subject, with the single proviso that it must refer to this historic place and neighborhood.

There is a rare charm in this locality to all who love the Past and its associations, especially to those of us whose ancestors sleep in yonder graveyard, and still more especially to those of us who are lineal descendants of those who once trod this soil, looked out over the same green meadows and swelling upland, and who made history here two hundred years ago. Where shall I begin? What shall I say? Our records and traditions have given us a valuable mass of material relating to this locality: too much in fact, for me to find time to tell all on an occasion like this, and brief as we may try to make it we must start our story three thousand miles away.

One day, two hundred and twenty years ago this spring a scene of activity and bustle might have been noticed on board of a ship lying in the Thames. The anchor had been weighed, the sails were being spread, the last communication was had with the shore, and the good ship Kent, Gregory Marlow, Captain, started on a long voyage to the New World. On board were two hundred and thirty passengers, mostly Friends, who were leaving behind them comforts and old associations, braving the perils of the deep to find a refuge in the forests of the New World from the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Old.

It is said that while the Kent still lay in the stream, King Charles the Second, the most worthless of the worthless race of Stuart, while taking the air in his pleasure barge, came along side and asked if the passengers were Quakers and gave them his royal blessing. At that time there were scarcely room in the gaols of England to hold the Quakers whom he

had placed there. King Charles' character has been well described in the famous epigram of Rochester:

"Here lies our sovereign Lord, the King,
Whose word, no man relies on.
Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one."

His blessing to the emigrants and his persecution of the Friends peculiarly illustrates the truth of Rochester's verses.

After a long and tedious voyage, the Kent sailed up the Delaware and dropped anchor at the mouth of Raccoon Creek where the passengers disembarked. Among these passengers were some of the Commissioners sent out by the Proprietary Government, and also an athletic, bright-eyed man of thirty years of age from Cropwell Bishop in Nottinghamshire near the famous Sherwood Forest immortalized in English verse and story as the haunt of Robin Hood and his merry men. His name was William Matlack, and he is very much in evidence here to-day. At the place of disembarkation the Commissioners taking William Matlack with them, ascended the Delaware in a small boat to Chygoe's Island, now Burlington. As they approached the shore William Matlack who was probably seated in the bow of the boat, was heard to say, 'I'll be first,' and suiting the action to his words sprang ashore: being the first English white man to set foot on the ground where the city of Burlington now stands. Tradition says, he proceeded to show his prowess by cutting down a tree—not the last by any means, as we shall see in the sequel. He was a carpenter by trade, and helped to build the first two houses in Burlington and Thomas Olive's corn mill; the first in West Jersey.

Thomas Olive was one of the Commissioners, and William Matlack was his servant. He could not write his own name, but in this respect he had plenty of company. It did not matter much however, as in those days the axe was mightier than the pen. William knew *how* to use an axe and he *did* use it. We will leave him for awhile and go down to the wharf

and look for another ship to come up stream.

We wait until 1681. Then comes the 'Paradise,' and Captain Evele commands her. On board were Timothy Hancock from Brailes in Warwickshire, accompanied by his sister Mary aged sixteen years. They were not quite so poor as William Matlack, as they had sufficient money to pay their passage. Mary soon found a home in the family of Daniel Wills. Here perhaps William first saw her. She was no doubt a comely damsel and found favor in his sight and one day when they were alone he asked her a very pointed question and Mary said 'Yes.' The result was they 'passed meeting' I suppose, and one day in 1682 the athletic young man from Nottingham and the Warwick maiden stood up in meeting, and he took her hand, and she took his hand, and they said some words out loud and Mary Hancock vanishes from history and Mary Matlack takes her place.

Where they lived for the next two years is a matter of conjecture; but we find in the spring of 1684 that Timothy Hancock bought of Thomas Olive one hundred acres of land being the tract on which this old graveyard is located. A few months later William Matlack bought one hundred acres adjoining it on the southeast, the consideration therefor being 'four years' service and £3 current country pay.' In 1687 he bought of Joshua Humphreys, alias Powell, one hundred acres more adjoining his first purchase, paying therefor £12. In 1695 he bought Timothy Hancock's tract, and thus became possessor of three hundred acres of land, extending from the North to the South Branch of Pensaukin Creek. Land was plenty then. Surveyors in those days wore silk stockings, it is said and avoided the swamps and briars. I suspect that some of their work was done on horseback, at any rate they were not very accurate. They were careful to give *enough* land however, and so this three hundred acre tract was nearer four hundred acres than three.

Here, on the site of Charles Haines' house, William Matlack built his modest residence and Timothy Hancock

built *his*, 'some short distance on a west course' therefrom.

I cannot find any account in the old records of Mary Matlack's wedding presents. I can scarcely believe that she received any banquet lamps, or silver ice pitchers, or pickle forks, or anything of that nature. In fact I have an idea that presents were entirely omitted. But William and Mary had some things to start married life with of infinitely more importance, and these were the indomitable energy and untiring perseverance which they had brought with them across the sea. These were their best and most useful gifts.

So they started life here hand in hand. William Matlack rolled up his sleeves and began vigorously to push away the forest from his door and at the same time started to make stumps. Timothy Hancock was doing the same thing. John Roberts was pushing away the forest too, over yonder. Soon there were more at work. The Stiles' began pushing; down the creek the Lippincotts were pushing; the Rudderows; the Burroughs; the Coles; the Cowperthwaites; the Thornes; the Warringtons—were all hard at it working like beavers. This business flourished among them and their successors until the forest was nearly all pushed away. The stump-making industry languishes here in these degenerate days! Neither free silver, nor a high tariff will ever revive it.

I presume we can have no conception of the trials and privations of the early settlers. Just think of it! No Axminster carpet in the parlor, no heater in the cellar, no nice ripe luscious tomatoes in winter, or at any other time for that matter. No bicycles and no bicycle paths. Money was scarce; the necessities of life were scarce and costly, and the base of supplies was three thousand miles away. But their lot was cast here, and right nobly did they meet the issue. Time passed, and little by little came dearly purchased comforts. Among the stumps the corn was planted; the pigs and chickens thrived, and in the struggle for existence daylight began to dawn. Still, stern necessity demanded the strictest economy. I can see the perplexed shade come over Mary's

thoughtful face as she studies how she can patch the seats of seven pairs of little breeches with only stuff enough for one. Burlington was a good ways off. There was no bargain counter at Wanamaker's in those days. In fact, Philadelphia was 'nt much of a city then. William Penn did not have to watch it so closely as he does now. He could stay indoors when it rained.

And yet withal those were halcyon days. Many were the days of the years of his pilgrimage, but William Matlack never had a fertilizer drill that would not drill ; he never had a self-binder to break down in the harvest field ; he never tore his clothing crawling through a barbed wire fence ; he never saw a potato bug.

The children came of course—John, George, Timothy, Mary, William, Joseph, Richard, Jane and Sarah. The girls? Well the girls helped mother. They could mend and patch and cook and bake and maybe helped her in the garden. The boys weren't of much use there ; in fact I believe boys have never liked gardening since Adam retired from the business. They helped father though. They dropped the corn and brought in the fire wood and played havoc with father's carpenter tools when they had a chance. Of one thing you may be sure, they knew where every catfish hole was along the creek. I suppose they had pins in those days. In a boy's hands a pin becomes a bent pin and by evolution a bent pin becomes a fish hook. Ah! Here they come now, sneaking up behind the trees from the creek, one, two, three, four,

'Barefoot boys with cheeks of tan'.

One has his shirt wrongside out, conclusive evidence that the whole party have been in swimming! The weeds are growing as fast as the corn these warm days. Father will interview you when he gets home.

But time passed and the wrinkles came on the faces of the parents and the gray hairs assumed a whiter hue with the changing years. The children scattered, John, George and Richard settled in the adjoining county of Gloucester. Timothy

drifted eventually to Philadelphia. He was the father of Colonel Timothy Matlack who figured in the councils of the nation in Revolutionary times. Joseph and Jane removed finally to Chester County, Pa., and William the Second ascended the throne at Pensaukin.

When the first William Matlack died, is, I believe, not definitely known. Mary died 11th month 20th, 1728. On the farm of Alexander Cooper near Glendale is an old graveyard known as the Matlack Grave Yard. It is surrounded by a neat iron fence. Within the inclosure is a stone bearing this inscription :

'Within this enclosure lie the remains of
WILLIAM and MARY MATLACK
Who came to West Jersey from England
William in 1677 and Mary (Hancock)
in 1681

The first of the name and the ancestors
of the family in America.

Here also lie the remains of
RICHARD MATLACK
(a son of William and Mary) and part of
his children

Also

A number of the servants and slaves of
the family.'

That William Matlack was buried there is probable, but my grandfather states that Mary was decently interred at Moorestown. I have not as yet been able to reconcile these conflicting statements.

William Matlack the second died in 1730. Some three years before his death tradition says that Thomas Chalkley held a meeting at Pensaukin in which the wonderful love of God was declared. It is more than probable it was at William Matlack's home.

By this time a considerable part of the three hundred acre tract had been sold off, but William the third inherited

the North-eastern end. He sold the part including the homestead to his brother Jeremiah. It is probable that part of the present house was built by this Jeremiah. Jeremiah the first was succeeded by Jeremiah the second. He in turn by Jeremiah the third, and so for one hundred and fifty years the Matlack dynasty ruled here. But these details will prove as dry to you as the eighth chapter of First Chronicles.

Another item of interest connected with this historic spot relates to the religious life of the infant community. The first Monthly Meeting ever held in Burlington was in the autumn of 1678, and from the earliest book of records of this meeting we find that Friends at 'Pimsoaking alias Esom,' requested liberty to hold a meeting for worship at the dwelling house of Timothy Hancock one first day, and the next at John Kay's house. This request was granted the 9th of 9th month, 1685. The next minute relating to this matter was in 10th mo., 1686. It appears that some persons unknown had altered these meetings in some way, which Burlington Monthly Meeting did not approve and Newton Monthly Meeting was requested to take charge of them in the future.

But there is still another matter in which we are all interested and that is the old graveyard yonder, to which we have all made pilgrimage to-day. Would that we knew more about it! Would that in the twilight of our local history some worthy had dropped the axe occasionally and taken up the pen to record the story of this last meeting place of our forefathers 'that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children.' But alas! The oracles of the past are as silent as the graves themselves. This work was left to a later generation to attempt, when time and decay had made sad ravages, and only a page or two could be found when we so much want to see the whole volume. To the indefatigable labors and researches of my grandfather Asa Matlack we owe the great ergat of whatever information I am able to offer to-day.

The early settlers in time felt the necessity of providing

some suitable place of sepulture for their departed ones. So in 1692 we find that Timothy Hancock in consideration of ten shillings deeded unto "John Appleton, William Hullin, Thomas Wallis and John Walker—a plat of ground set out unto them for one half acre fronting upon Pensauquin Creek adjoining on one side upon the land of William Matlack and so separated and set forth out of the land of the said Timothy Hancock—for a burying place for the people thereabout and all around adjoining whosoever that find it for their convenience and have desire to bury there—only reserving the privilege of burying in the said plot of ground for the said Timothy Hancock and his family forever as a neighbor hereunto adjoining and no other wayes." The document is dated 9th mo., 30, 1692, and appears to have been written by John Kay. One of the grantees (which, I have not yet learned) lived I am told on the plantation on the opposite side of the creek from the graveyard. This o'd burying place is therefore one of the oldest, if not *the* oldest in Chester Township.

There formerly lived in Chester Township a man named Thomas Land. He was born in 1730, near Thomas Wallis' place near the mouth of the Pensaukin. He lived to a great age and was perhaps one of the oldest men in this section at the time of his death which occurred in 1822. In 1818 Asa Matlack interviewed him in reference to matters of local antiquity. He stated that he remembered in his early days seeing corpses brought past his father's place on their way to the graveyard on Jeremiah Matlack's plantation. On being told that there was no fence around the graveyard he said that there had been, and that a collection of money had been made in the neighborhood to repair it, which was done with red cedar posts and white cedar boards, but hinges had never been put on the gates. His parents he said, were buried there and he had paid Jeremiah Matlack a small sum of money to keep up the graves.

Tradition says that many funerals came up the creek on boats. Thomas Land's testimony corroborates this. There

was no doubt a wharf on or near the graveyard property. This is evidence also that the creek was in the early settlement of the country a much more important waterway than it is now.

On 9 mo., 14, 1771, Ephraim Stiles (son of Robert and Sarah) who lived on the Stiles' tract just below us, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. Application was made to Kendall Coles for the privilege of burial at Coles Churchyard. The privilege was granted, but the sexton Job Coles declined to permit it presumably because it was consecrated ground. Application was made then for the privilege of burial in the graveyard on John Rudderow's plantation near the floodgates on the south branch of the Pensaukin Creek. This request was similarly refused. Jeremiah Matlack was then applied to and permission being granted the corpse was decently interred there "being the last corpse of a white Person ever put in said place."

From the papers of the late James S. Lippincott I learn that the remains of the last slave in Chester Township was buried in this graveyard.

From Asa Matlack's notes, I copy the following:

"I felt a desire this morning the eight of the 8 mo. 1824 and first of the week to walk over to the said half acre of Ground and see what aspect it now bears. Some years ago when gathering chestnuts I noticed the Place and remembered then a few very small chestnut trees growing on the spot. When I came on the said Ground I counted thereon seven Chestnut Trees, 1 hickory and several small locust 'suckers' growing up. Two horses were feeding on the grass among them. I soon discovered a stone which I have no doubt formerly stood at the head of a grave, but it now lay flat upon the Ground and broken into two pieces. On one of the said pieces which upon examination I take to be slate, was the following inscription.

WHO ARE THOU ART : THAT
PASSETH BY : LOOK ON THIS
PLACE : SEE HOW WE LIE

AND FOR THY SOLE
BE SURE CARE TAKE
FOR WHEN DETH COMS
Twill be too late :

I then turned over the said piece of stone whereon was inscribed as follows :

FOR
THE MEMORY
OF THOMAS
WALLIS WHO DIED
*—IVLY THE 22ND
AGED 049TH
YEARS
1705

There is now standing another stone which I take to be the one placed at the foot of Thomas Wallis' grave being of the same kind of stone mentioned : the following cut thereon :

T W
1705

After I had read over these inscriptions taken from said stone which I suppose was brought from Philadelphia here, I took notice of a pebble stone with the following letters and figures cut thereon :

ExM
1705

Near one of the said locust bushes stood a large pebble stone whereon was marked

ExC
1713

If the Reader hereof should ever feel the like inclination with me of paying a visit to this place in his own person perhaps he or she may then think as I do now, if it were not for

* July.

the four mentioned Grave Stones who could have thought this piece of Ground had been consecrated with the bodies of our Fathers. I own, I was seriously impressed with the reading of the first lines mentioned, together with a reflection like this—‘See how we lie’.

The tombstone inscribed ‘E. C.’ is supposed to have marked the last resting place of Enoch Core, who married in 1705 Sarah, daughter of John and Sarah Roberts.

In 1832 the old Matlack homestead passed out of the family into the hands of a stranger who knew not our fathers. In 1833 he built a spring house and it is said gathered what tombstones he could find and used them for building purposes. The tombstone marked E. C. was still here at a later date however.

At St. Mary’s Church Yard at Colestown the record shows over twelve hundred burials from 1766 to 1829 inclusive. There were in all probabilities comparatively few Friends among them and yet not more than four per cent of that number have any memorial whatever. Our Pensaukin Graveyard however, was probably most used by Friends, especially in the earliest times of the Colony, and when their well-known views relative to the matter are taken into consideration we can scarcely escape the conclusion that there were never many tombstones here. Be this as it may; there appears to be none left. The old white pony might still find some grazing here, but Old Mortality would find no inscriptions to deepen with his chisel.

But though there be no memorial stones left, the dead are lying all around us here. Here sleeps Samuel Coles the second of the name, progenitor of the Coles’ family. Here in 1695 was buried John Roberts, the ancestor of the Roberts’ family, so many of whom are present to-day.

“Fully ripe like the ear of the Reaper
He met the pale messenger’s word;
Oh! sweet is the sleep of the sleeper
That rests in the name of the Lord.”

Here lie the little ones mouldering in the dust, forgotten here, but "in heaven their angels do always behold the face of their Father;" here lie young men and maidens; their names lost here, but maybe exchanged for "the new name written on the stone;" here lie the fathers and mothers of our Quaker Israel, mute and motionless. With folded hands, sign that labor is done, they too lay down to pleasant dreams.

"beneath the low green tent

Whose curtain never outward swings!"

They have learned the fuller and diviner meaning of "I am the resurrection and the life."

I suppose we have all this day paid our respects to that giant chestnut tree yonder. It measures 27 feet around at the surface of the ground and 16 feet, five feet above the surface. How it would have delighted the heart of the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table to make its acquaintance.

This old fellow, wrinkled, gnarled and weather beaten isn't a beauty. Old people seldom are they say. But it has found a place in our Heavenly Father's economy and is good and kind and faithful. Under its roots the tortoise has found a hibernating place and the harmless ophidian a safe shelter. In its bosom the raccoons have made their homes and colonies of bees have founded commonwealths in its decayed branches. The squirrel has found food and shelter here and generations of birds of the air have welcomed the rising sun with melody from among its green leaves. But above all for two centuries perhaps it has kept watch and ward over the remains of our forefathers peacefully resting here. The cold frost comes and it tears off its garments strewing them tenderly over its charge and faces the bleak winds naked yet defiant. The warm spring days come as now and its new spring coat is spread out to temper the glare of the sun. It stands there in its quiet regal dignity; the lesser forest trees behind it like King Canute's courtiers, while the emerald waves soon to change to the heavenlier hue of golden harvest are breaking at its feet.

Can you wonder then, in view of all the old associations

that cluster around this locality that we love it? Our young boys and old boys too, have explored every nook and corner of it. Down yonder in the meadow the pink and white althæas grow, protected from violation by water and marsh. We boys have braved the danger of morass and innumerable slimy and creepy inhabitants thereof to gather them and after all to find them become like Dead Sea fruit in our hands. There too grows, though sparingly, the brilliant red spikes of lobelia cardinalis, coy and inaccessible as althæa—sure to be found when we had our best clothes on. Up the creek near Charles Haines' line is a noble tulip poplar. The air is redolent with perfume in leafy June when this monarch dresses up for state occasions. It too is shy and the flowers are away up out of reach. Why is it the things we want so much are so hard to get? Watermelons grew upon that light piece of soil. They weren't so hard to get, to be sure, but we are not in the confessional to-day. There is a catfish hole back yonder that we wot of. We will not divulge its locality. Sometimes we catch a fish there, oftener the net results are two nibbles and one snag, but as we lazily watch the cork or the fragrant blue smoke curling upwards from the ashes of the immolated Cuban maid assuming fantastic shapes, we see visions and dream dreams of the historic past. What care we then for the title papers of our genial host, we own it all for the nonce, meadow and upland, sky, land, and water. "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea I have a goodly heritage."

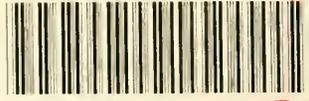
But I must close, I am tiring you

"and my visions flit

Less palpably before me."



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