



*on Francis J. Savoyze
with compliments of
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The Story of An Old Road

by

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The Story of An Old Road

Read Before the Camden County Historical Society, April 26, 1921,
by James Lane Pennypacker, of Haddonfield, N. J.

These are days of macadam and amau-site, of inter-borough trolley cars and speeding automobiles. The traveler, engrossed in his morning paper, or in his estimate of the yield of the crops he sees by the roadside, pays scant attention to the road he rides upon. He cares nothing for its origin, knows nothing of its development. If he pauses to think at all about it, he probably assumes that an act of Legislature, an order of the courts, and a season of applied mechanics have created *per saltum* this particular road for present use.

Usually this is far from fact. Most of our country's highways have begun as naturally and grown as gradually as the man himself. The builders of the great Union Pacific Railroad followed the trek-ker's wagon road, that followed the famous Oregon trail, that followed the Indian trail, that followed the track of the migrant buffalo, that followed the lines of least resistance along the streams and over the divides.

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, crossed New Jersey in 1672. On horseback he rode through the virgin forests along an Indian trail soon to become the King's Highway. In the vicinity of Haddonfield he slept one night in an Indian wigwam. Tradition says that antedating the coming of the whites there was a clearing at Haddonfield where the Indians grew their maize, and that this clearing added the last syllable to the name "Haddon-field." From this point a branch trail, the old road of this story, led along the south side of the creek to its mouth at Cooper's Point, where was a common fishing ground. That Indian villages were strung along this trail, the number and variety of stone implements, potsherds, and remains of charcoal fires, still to be found, sufficiently attest. On the ridge of sand near the creek reaching from Harleigh Cemetery to Collingswood, the Indians had a long-used village, the centre of which was on former high ground at Browning road. At this spot have been found many and varied evidences.

Old Newton Township originally extended from Haddonfield to Cooper's Point, and was bounded by Cooper's Creek, Newton Creek, and the Delaware River. The first English settlers in this district were Robert Zane, "serge-maker," of Dublin; Mark Newbie, tallow-chandler, of London; William Bates, carpenter, of Wickloe, Ireland; Thomas Thackeray, "stuff-weaver," of Dublin (perhaps born in Yorkshire, England), George Goldsmith, and Thomas Sharp, "woolstead comber," of Dublin.

Excepting Zane, who had previously arrived in Salem, these men sailed from

Dublin in a ship called "Ye Owner's Adventure," on September 19, 1681. They had jointly bought 1,750 acres of land in Newton Township, with 100 acres of meadow land fronting on the Delaware. For protection against wild beast and Indians they built their first houses in a cluster upon the bank of Newton Creek, near the present West Collingswood station, and they set up a meeting at the house of Mark Newbie. In 1684 they built a meeting house. Finding the dangers largely imaginary, they soon separated, each to his apportioned tract, where he built a more permanent home. Their first little settlement was called "Newton." It soon became one of the "lost villages." As early as 1718, Thomas Sharp wrote a pathetic bit of verse in which he says:

"But now poor Newton is decayed."

Previous to the arrival of these English settlers the Indians had been accustomed to cross the Delaware back and forth between Cooper's Point and Shackamaxon, perhaps to hold their councils under the elm tree where later they concluded their famous treaty with William Penn. There were Friends families at Shackamaxon preceding the Philadelphia settlement. As early as 1682 meetings were held alternately "at Thomas Fairman's, at Shackamaxon, and at William Cooper's, at Pyne Point." Communication between the Friends on the Pennsylvania and Jersey shores followed the Indian trail across the river. It soon became desirable to establish a ferry there. In 1687, William Royden, who in 1681 was the first English settler on the site of Camden, was authorized by the court at Gloucester to establish a regular ferry service, under certain requirements as to boats and restrictions as to fees. William Cooper bought out Royden in 1695, and thenceforth this became known as Cooper's Ferry.

Elizabeth Haddon came from London to America in 1701, to dwell on land bought by her father in 1698. Her first home was on the high ground overlooking Cooper's Creek, at Cole's Landing. In 1713 she built a mansion house, her home until death, near the old Indian trail, by that time become a much-used bridge path, on the site now so well known in Haddonfield. On the high ground, half a mile to the eastward, her father's friend, Francis Collins, had built the first house in Haddonfield in 1682. To the meetings at Newton and at William Cooper's, on the Jersey shore, and at Thomas Fairman's, on the Shackamaxon shore, no doubt the members of the few Friends families then in Newton Township (Thomas Sharp's map of 1700 shows 19 houses in the township, seven of which

were within the present city line of Camden), rode regularly, on horseback, along this bridle path, which had followed the Indian trail. And gradually the bridle path through the woods became a rude and sandy wagon way.

A Friends' meeting house had been built in Haddonfield in 1721. A grist mill, later known as John Kay's mill, had stood on Cooper's Creek at Haddonfield as early as 1700 (it appears on Thomas Sharp's map of that date). As settlers increased in number, the travel between this mill and the ferry grew in importance, and doubtless many a heavily-loaded wagon was dragged through the sand ruts to the river boats, and doubtless the poor oxen or horses sweated and tugged, or stalled, and doubtless if there were other than Quaker drivers the bordering woods echoed many an oath.

Burlington, settled in 1677, had soon become an important little city. Previous to 1736 there was no direct road between Burlington and Cooper's Ferry; and until 1760, when a bridge was built over Cooper's Creek, near the Delaware, travel from Burlington to Philadelphia was chiefly by the King's Highway to Haddonfield, and thence by our old road to the ferry.

Quietly the years passed by—spring plowing and sowing, summer reaping, autumn hog-killing, winter cutting and stacking of wood, and gathering of ice—First Day at meeting—other days in routine of household and farm duties. And more homes grew up in Newton Township.

In 1761, James Bloom, John Gill, John Hinchman, Joshua Stokes, John Hider and John Collins, surveyors of highways, under order of the Court at Gloucester, laid out a road, four poles wide, along the old sandy wagon-way, from the King's Highway at Haddonfield to Cooper's Ferry. The distance was six miles and twenty-six perches. In 1773, mile-stones were set up along this road (one of them still stands in Haddonfield).

The Indian trail and bridle path and rude wagon track through the woods had become a main highway. A number of homes had been established on each side. A mansion house and a meeting house at Haddonfield faced upon it. And the most important crossing to Philadelphia was at its river terminus.

At this period, a century after the arrival of the first settlers at Newton, Haddonfield was the centre of the neighborhood life. In the village was a meeting house, a mill, a tannery, a blacksmith shop, a fire company (organized in 1764, and still continuing), two inns, an apothecary shop, a physician, and supply stores. Thither the farmers went for news of gossip, or to exchange pork, chickens and eggs for calicoes, osenabrigs, tea, molasses, and rum. And the now great city of Camden was then, with its few scattered houses, chiefly the site of a ferry across the river.

Then suddenly there came a change in the life along the old road. The mutterings of discontent throughout the Colonies over their relations with the mother country had risen to a united cry and to action. The stamp tax had been met with

protest. The tea ship "Polly" had been turned back from Philadelphia with threat of destruction. Cargoes of tea had been thrown overboard at Greenwich and at Boston. British armies of coercion had been landed in America. The Continental Congress had met at Philadelphia. Colonial troops had been assembled at Cambridge. The opening battles had been fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Washington had been defeated at Long Island and had retreated through New Jersey, turning to win his first victories at Trenton and Princeton. The Assembly of New Jersey, driven by the movement of troops from the central part of the State, had held sessions in the Indian King at Haddonfield, on the old road. The British army had sailed from New York to land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, and, after its victory at Brandywine, manoeuvres along the Schuylkill, and partial success at Germantown, was comfortably housed in the rebel Capital.—and Washington with his ill-fed and ragged Continentals was in winter camp at Valley Forge.

In this winter of 1777-78, with the armies so near, there were frequent incursions from both into New Jersey for cattle and grain and other supplies, or for military advantage. The farmers suffered much from the demands made upon them. And no doubt they ever listened to the tread of marching men or the gallop of horses upon the old road with awe and dismay. Numerous exciting incidents of these troubled times would appeal to your imaginations, but may not now be dwelt upon.

Three of these military movements along the old road cannot go unnoticed.

The story of the British attack upon the fort at Red Bank, in October, 1777, has been often and well told, and need not be repeated. But picture in your imagination the event along this road, on which the British marched to battle. The boats of that day were small, and the crossing and landing of 2,500 men at Cooper's Point was, no doubt, a scene of prolonged confusion. And then, when all were over and had fallen into marching order, the long line moved on its way to Haddonfield. Count Donop and his mounted officers were in the van, leading their Hessian hirelings, who, drunk and roistering at Trenton on Christmas night of '76, had already earned in New Jersey the name of ruthless plunderers. "Dressed in dark blue, breeches of yellow leather, leggins of black, and tall pointed hats of brass, wearing moustaches, and with a fierce, foreign look,"—with what curiosity and dread the quiet Quaker housewife, peeping from behind bowed shutters, must have watched them come! In orderly array with martial step they passed along to battle. Two days later, beaten, leaving their Commander to die in a Quaker home, back they came—those who survived—straggling, weary, foot sore, wounded. The tide of this movement had flowed forward and, broken on the rock of American resistance, had frothed back along the old road.

Richard Snowden, the historian, writing at Haddonfield, in 1793, quaintly says:

* Henry Armit Brown's "Valley Forge Oration."

2. "And it came to pass that William, the captain of the host, sent a certain captain and two thousand men to take the stronghold in the province of Jersey, that was built on the portion of ground that appertained to the inheritance of James.

3. "And the name of the captain whom he sent was Donop, he was from the German country; and the men who went with him, were the soldiers who were hired of the German princes, and they went by the name of Hessians, in the land of Columbia.

4. And Donop the captain, passed over the river, and two thousand men followed after him, and they landed in the province of Jersey.

5. "They took the highway that leadeth from the house of William the publican, to the field of Haddon; and as they passed along the way, some of the men turned aside and went to the house of Jacob, that stood near the wayside.

6. "Now Peter was dressing the fleece of Jacob's sheep, and Gideon was at the house of Jacob, and they were all taken captive; and it came to pass, that as Gideon drew nigh unto Donop the captain, he smote Gideon with the staff that was in his hand, upon the head; but Jacob and Peter were not smitten.

7. "Then the captain and the men journeyed forwards; and the sun was going down when they entered the field of Haddon, and they abode there that night.

8. "And on the morning of the next day, about the time of the cock-crowing, the men of war departed from the field of Haddon, and passed along the highway through the province of Jersey, towards the stronghold."†

In February, 1778, General Anthony Wayne with a considerable force came into South Jersey to collect cattle for the army at Valley Forge. Howe sent Colonel Abercrombie by boat down the Delaware to land and attack him, and ordered Colonel Stirling, with the Forty-second Regiment, and Major Simcoe, with the Queen's Rangers, to cross at Cooper's Point and march to Haddonfield to intercept him, while Colonel Markham, with another detachment, crossed the river and took position at Cooper's Ferry to cover the boats. Wayne was apparently in a trap. He was joined, however, by Count Pulaski at Mount Holly with fifty cavalymen and Colonel Joseph Ellis with his Jersey militia regiment, about 200 strong, was near by, at Evesham. Thus supported, Wayne, with his usual dash, made rapid march toward Haddonfield to attack. Learning of his approach, Stirling withdrew the Forty-second Regiment and the Queen's Rangers toward Cooper's Ferry, where they arrived after nightfall. Next morning Wayne and Pulaski followed from Haddonfield, and fell in with a covering party of British sent back to delay them, when a lively skirmish occurred. Then Stirling sent forward all his forces, but being vigorously attacked by Wayne and Pulaski, he was compelled to retire; and night coming on, supported by artillery from the river boats and shore, the Brit-

ish, with little loss, successfully escaped across the river. In this event the sounds of real battle echoed along the old road.

Interesting contemporaneous accounts of this engagement are given in the journal of Major Simcoe and in detailed letters to Washington, written by Wayne and by Pulaski from Haddonfield. A characteristic expression of General Wayne appears in one of his concluding paragraphs, in which he says: "Mr. Abercrombie who commanded the detachment that went to Salem, hearing that the militia were collecting in great numbers and that we were advancing from Mount Holly, also took the horrors, and embarking on board his boats, got safe to Philadelphia."

In good, warm houses, with plentiful food, the British passed the winter in Philadelphia. There was music and dancing and woman and wine and pageantry. And the American army starved and froze and sickened and died—and drilled—at Valley Forge. And spring came and summer. And then in June the British army was hastily thrown over the Delaware and started on its march across New Jersey. The main army crossed to Gloucester; the baggage train, supported by troops, crossed at Cooper's Ferry; and they met and spent the first night in and about Haddonfield. The most succinct account of this movement is given in the journal of the brilliant and unfortunate Major John Andre:

June 16—"In consequence of the determination taken to evacuate Philadelphia, the Fifth Brigade (Twenty-sixth, Sixty-third, Seventh), Forty-sixth and Fifty-fifth regiments, Simcoe's and Sterns' brigade, were passed over the Delaware at Cooper's Ferry and the wagons with provisions and stores for the march packed there under their cover.

"June 17—The army received orders to parade at 6 in the afternoon at their brigade parades. From these they were marched to their works, behind which they lay on their arms.

"June 18—Before daybreak General Grant, with the First and Second Brigades and the Hessian Grenadiers, marched in different columns to Gloucester Point, where he crossed the Delaware in flat boats.

"At sunrise the Third and Fourth Brigades and the guards were put in motion and came to Gloucester Point, where they also crossed. The grenadiers and light infantry passed last. The Vigilant was stationed a little above the point, and her guns could graze the neck of land through which the troops passed, so as to render the embarkation very secure. No shot was fired, nor did an enemy appear until the whole were on the opposite shore. The Forty-sixth and Fifty-fifth marched the same morning from Cooper's Ferry to Gloucester Point, where they joined their respective brigades.

"As soon as the troops were passed General Knyphausen, with the Hessian Grenadiers and the First and Second Brigades, marched to Had-

† Richard Snowdon's "American Revolution," Vol. 1, page 107.

donfield. Lord Cornwallis, with the light infantry, British Grenadiers, guards and Third and Fourth Brigades, followed soon after, and halted for the night within two miles of Haddonfield.

"June 19—General Leslie, with the corps from Cooper's Ferry, brought up the wagons of the army to Haddonfield, where they were left, the General proceeding with his corps to Foster Town."

Again let your imagination play upon the scene. From Cooper's Ferry, guarded by five or six regiments, see the baggage train of the whole British army moving along the old road to Haddonfield! What a panorama it presents to the observers by the wayside! Mounted officers in command, disciplined regiments in front to meet a possible opposing enemy, horses straining, teamsters shouting and swearing, whips cracking, aides riding up and down the line, "Close up, close up," wagons, wagons, wagons lumbering along the way—its brilliant head approaching Haddonfield, while still the tail, with its sting, is uncoiling near the ferry.

At Haddonfield Sir Henry Clinton issued this order:

"Headquarters, Haddonfield, 18th June, 1778.

"The Commander-in-Chief expects that the commanding officers of corps will strictly enforce all orders relative to discipline and good order. And it being the General's intention to have the army as amply supplied as the situation can admit of, he desires it may be understood that he is fully determined to execute upon the spot every man detected marauding, or who shall quit his post upon the march, or be found straggling beyond the advanced posts of the army, without permission.

"All persons who have permission to follow the army are immediately to give in their names to the late Town Major of Philadelphia, specifying their county and by whom recommended.

"A return of the number of women actually with each Corps to be given in to-morrow at orderly time. The women of the army are constantly to march on the flanks of the baggage of their respective corps, and the Provost Martial has received positive orders to drum out any woman who shall dare to disobey this order.

"The Commanding officers of Corps will at all times, when they come to their ground, post such Guards and Pickets as they shall think sufficient for the security of their respective encampments.

"The General Orders of the Army will be given out at 6 in the evening at Headquarters, until further orders."†

Next day the British army—infantry, cavalry, artillery, baggage train and camp followers—moved on. And for two whole days John Clement, then 8 years old, father of the late respected Judge John Clement (author of "The Settlers of Newton township"), hung over his home gate in Haddonfield and watched the British army pass along the King's

Highway to their defeat at Monmouth.

The last of the foreign foes was gone from the neighborhood, and with a sigh of relief the quiet Quaker residents turned again to their fields and interrupted duties.

In the American army was a Jersey boy whose close association with the old road bids us pause. James B. Cooper was born at Cooper's Point in 1762. His parents were Friends, but he early showed a keen interest in military affairs, and the Revolutionary period gave him opportunity. He enlisted and joined the cavalry corps of the famous Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry Lee," under whose command he participated in numerous engagements from Stony Point and Paulus Hook, in New York, to Guilford Court House and Eutaw Springs, in South Carolina. When the war was ended he followed the sea and commanded ships sailing from Philadelphia. In the war of 1812 he became a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy and had oversight of gunboats guarding the New Jersey coast. Later he was brevetted a captain. In 1834, at the age of 72, he was appointed superintendent of naval asylum in Philadelphia, and after several years of this service he retired to private life and made his home in Haddonfield. His house stood near the corner of the Ferry road and the King's Highway, shaded by the still standing and now historic but-tonwood trees. Its formal garden, bordered with box and yew, and decorated with bird houses of intricate design which in his old age he loved to build, stretched far along the old road's side. Here he died, February 5, 1854. He was buried in the Friends' ground, at Haddonfield, and, much to the horror of many good Friends, with national military honors. Born at one end of the old road, at the other end he died and his body lies at rest.

About the same time there came to live along the old road another man who in his way became equally famous, and whose life offers an interesting contrast to that of the military hero.

Richard Jordan was born at Norfolk, Va., 12th month, 19th, 1756, of Quaker parentage. In 1768 his parents removed to the vicinity of Rich Square, North Carolina, where he grew up, married and started a family. He early felt the spirit of ministry within him, and soon became an acceptable minister in the local and adjacent meetings. Called to preach abroad, in 1797, he made a horseback journey to New England, speaking at many meetings on the way. He records that he was gone from home eleven months and traveled 3,000 miles. Again, in 1800, the Call came to him, and on second month 20th he set out upon another journey. After speaking at meetings in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York he took ship for Liverpool. He preached at many meetings in England, Scotland and Ireland. From England he sailed to Hamburg and preached at meetings of Friends and other kindred societies throughout Germany, France and Holland. He returned home third month

† Sir Henry Clinton's "Orders, 1778." See Collections of the New York Historical Society.

30th, 1803, and in his journal quaintly says: "I reached my habitation and found my dear wife and family all well and glad to see and receive me again. And I rejoiced to see them and to find that they had been preserved and abundantly cared for by a kind Providence during my absence. I was from home on this journey three years, one month and ten days, in which time I traveled by land and water about fifteen thousand miles."

In 1804, under prompting of the Spirit, he removed from North Carolina to the vicinity of Hartford, Conn., where he bought a farm and established a meeting. And in 1809, led in the same way, he came to Newton township and bought a little farm, on which he made his final home. The farm is long since swallowed up in Camden City, but his house still stands a little way back from Kaighn avenue, within a stone's throw of the old road. A picture, showing the old man walking from his house to his barn, was sent to London and there used as an American scene for pottery decorations. In various colors it appeared on plates, saucers, bowls and pitchers and other ware, and to-day Jordan china is one of the high-priced attractions at auction sales which cater to collectors.

Richard Jordan is known in every Quaker community, and in his day probably no minister of the Friends Society in either hemisphere was more influential than he. He died 10th month 13th, 1826, and is buried just within the high fence that shields from railway intrusion the Friends' burying ground at Liberty Park.

In 1820, by subscription, and under direction of John Roberts, John Gill and John Clement, the old road, which had until then merely a sand and dirt surface, was graveled from end to end. And in 1839 an effort was made to build a turnpike upon it. The act authorizing the turnpike company was not, however, finally passed until March 2, 1847. On August 11, the stock having been subscribed, directors were elected and organization was completed. Samuel Nicholson became president and Jacob L. Rowand secretary and treasurer. The pike was built. And the Indian trail, bridle-path, crude wagon way and public highway had become a turnpike, and to use it one paid toll.

Meantime Camden had begun to grow. Its first streets, mere dirt roads, were laid out in 1773, but the town was not formally incorporated until 1828. In that year—143 years after the establishment of the ferry at Cooper's Point—Camden had a population of 1,143 persons. About the time of Camden's formal christening the chief means of public conveyance to distant points was by stage coach. The beginnings of this method of travel date back to the middle of the eighteenth century. By 1800, or a little later, there were numerous stage lines reaching out in all directions from the eastern cities. In 1835 two stage routes passed from Camden along the old road through Haddonfield, one terminating at Absecon and the other at Tuckerton.

From the date of her incorporation the growth of Camden was steady and rapid. The prolonged contest for the county seat through the years 1845-46 and '47, when Camden county had been created—a bit-

ter contest involving Camden, Haddonfield and Long-a-Coming (now Berlin)—is an interesting subject for some local historian. The story of the progress of Camden, of the development of her industries, of her political life, of her public improvements, of her churches and educational institutions, and of her professional achievements, has no place here.

Of the other towns along the old road—at Rowandtown (now Westmont) there was very early John Rowand's smith shop and a store. At Collingswood was the famous Halfway House, the welcoming inn of the good old sleighing party days. And at Stonetown a Methodist meeting house was built in 1858. The railroad and trolley development of these places, beginning in 1854, is apart from this story. What might have had to be recorded concerning them, if certain projected plans had not miscarried, we shall never know. In 1859, when horse car railways were just beginning to occupy city streets, we find certain engineers proposing: "To build a railway in New Jersey, from Camden to Haddonfield, a pleasant and quiet resort, much frequented during the summer season. The incorporators have already received a proposition to lease the road for a term of ten years, at a rental equal to 6 per cent. per annum, the lessee to keep the road in repair."* An accompanying illustration showed the proposed car track on the old road, and the one-horse vehicle, filled with elegant ladies and gentlemen, and called the Haddon car.

Along the line of the old road schools soon found their seat. "The first school in the neighborhood was held in the old Newton Meeting House, built in 1684, and the next was in the Haddonfield Meeting House, built in 1721." The Friends' school house in Haddonfield, built in 1787, has been in continuous service ever since. At Sixth and Market streets stood the old Camden Academy, built in 1803. And the well-known Barton School, which formerly stood near the present city line, antedated 1809.

Samuel Smith in his admirable History of New Jersey, published in Burlington in 1765, says there was at that date a public library in Haddonfield, "The Haddonfield Library Company," which still maintains its individuality, although its books are housed and used as part of the present public library, was organized in 1803. It is interesting to note that to-day there is a public library at each end of the old road and at its central point in Collingswood.

Always there has been the recognition of the value of scholarship and literary achievement, and very early authorship appeared along the old road.

John Estaugh wrote his "Call to the Unfaithful Professors of Faith" in 1742. It was printed by Benjamin Franklin, in 1744, and reprinted in London and in Dublin in 1745. The poems of Nathaniel Evans, rector of old Colestown Church, who lived at Haddonfield, and died in 1767, were published in 1772. The quaint "History of the American Revolution," written in Haddonfield by Richard Snowden,

* Easton's "Practical Treatise on Street or Horse-power Railways, 1859."

was published in 1793-94, and his poem, "The Columbiad," in 1795. Stephen Munson Day, master of the Friends' School at Haddonfield from 1802 to 1811, wrote there four school books and an essay, "Serious Thoughts on the Traffic in Distilled Spirituous Liquors," which is a model for temperance readers if not for prohibitionists to-day. Following these forerunners there have been, at both ends of the old road, many later writers of important books of history, science and literature: Dr. Isaac S. Mulford, Isaac Mickle, John Clement, Dr. Reynell Coates, Edward D. Cope and others. Among them, but not of them, high above them all, towers the figure of Walt Whitman.

Walt Whitman came to Camden in 1873, and for nineteen years from this central spot his vigorous thought streamed out like the rays of the sun to give light and awaken life over the face of the earth. Since his death his influence has gone on growing marvelously, and to-day—in newspaper, in magazine, in book, in quiet converse, or in public address, whether throughout America, or in the halls of London and the celebrated schools of Amsterdam and Paris—Whitman has become the dominant figure in American poetry—the poet of democracy, the poet of Americanism, the poet of the Brotherhood of Man.

Walt Whitman died March 26, 1892, and was buried in Harleigh Cemetery. Who that witnessed the scene of his burial beside the old road can ever forget it? The bright spring day—the leaves of grass sprouting—the man-bodied trees uttering their leaves—the cardinal calling from his tree-top—the huge open tent beside the tomb—the assembled thousands—the readings from the prophets—the solemn and fitting and eloquent addresses—the personality of the speakers; Francis Howard Williams, Thomas B. Harned, Richard M. Bucke, Daniel G. Brinton, Robert G. Ingersoll and, last and tenderest, John Burroughs—and the spontaneous personal, friendly tribute of the

common and uncommon citizens of Camden to their foremost citizen. There will be many a future pageant along the old road—but never again one like this.

Of present events we may not yet speak. We leave their story to ripen with the years. Rapidly overflow from the city—two cities—is changing the character of our communities. Soon the flavor of the old life will have blown away. The old road, a thoroughfare burdened with trolley tracks, will be faced for the most part by rows of shops and garages and moving picture shows. Let us be thankful that there will still remain to us in perpetual beauty of grass and flower and tree the graves of our exalted dead—the shrines of our pilgrim thought, where repose the bodies of our national hero of two wars, of our Friendly minister whose sweet influence reached far across the seas, of our world poet and teacher, and of the brave Quaker girl and wise matron to whose many virtues the very names of town and township and the old road itself remain a permanent memorial.

Strong and content I travel the open road.

* * * * *

You road I enter upon and look around,
I believe you are not all that is here,

I believe that much unseen is also here.

* * * * *

You gray stones of interminable pavements! you trodden crossings!

From all that has touched you I believe
you have imparted to yourselves,
and now would impart the same
secretly to me,

From the living and the dead you have
peopled your impassive surfaces,
and the spirits thereof would be
evident and amicable with me.†

† Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road."

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