

hay and the grain, and the live stock of the farm. And here, after this ruinous affair, he put up a small house on the ruins of the old house, but he had scarcely got it finished and furnished with needful articles, when a band of refugees came and carried away every movable article to which they took a fancy, and in this house Eli Mathis stood, with a refugee holding a loaded gun at his breast, and threatening him with instant death if he did not give up his money. In the farm house which the British burnt, it is said was held the first Methodist meeting in Egg Harbor, and the owner of the house was the first proselyte to Methodism in the Quaker colony. Eli Mathis became a class leader and a local preacher, and his house was a temporary Methodist Church, until it was destroyed by the British.

Eli Mathis gave the Arthur Cranmer farm to his son, Amasa Mathis; he sold it to Caleb Cranmer, Esq.; he gave it to his son, Joseph B. Cranmer, and he bequeathed it to his son, Arthur Cranmer.

Eli Mathis gave the Ebenezer Sooy farm to his son, Asa Mathis. Ebenezer Sooy bought it and now it belongs to his son, Daniel Sooy.

Eli Mathis gave the Enoch Adams farm to his son, Maja Mathis, Esq., and now Enoch Adams is the proprietor.

Eli Mathis gave his son, Jeremiah, the Jeremiah Mathis' farm, and now Jeremiah Mathis, Jr., is the occupant and proprietor.

The Sears farm and other portions of Eli Mathis possessions, have been sold from the farms which he gave his four sons.

#### THE CRANMER FARMS.

The Joseph and the Joseph B. Cranmer farms were formerly included in one farm, located by Stephen Cranmer who came to Bass River in the year 1729. This farm was Stephen Cranmer's homestead, and on a hill near the centre of this farm, the ancient members of the Cranmer family were buried, and now it is the principal burial place in Bass River.

After Stephen Cranmer's death, his son Caleb Cranmer, Sr., became the proprietor. He left it to his son Caleb Cranmer, Esq., and he bequeathed it to his two sons Joseph B. Cranmer and Caleb S. Cranmer, and now the farms belong to some of the heirs of these two men. Joseph Cranmer is the proprietor of his father's (Caleb S. Cranmer's) farm.

There are a few more ancient farms in Bass River, of which I cannot obtain a connected account. Such as the Hezekiah Adams farm, the Isaac Cranmer farm, the Chalkley Cranmer farm, etc.

#### THE INDIANS.

At the time the first European emigrants came to Egg Harbor they found it a howling wilderness, along whose seaboard forests, the red men had reared their skin lodges, in which they dwelt, and "kept up

appearances," in the most primitive style. Here they held their sage war councils and mysterious pow-wows, and then when wearied with the chase, they reclined in the shadow of the immense oaks, whose huge limbs had been shaken by the breezes of many centuries. The forest teemed with deer, bears, wolves, panthers, wild cats, and various other kinds of game, so that the Indian hunter need be at no loss for employment. There too, the huge spotted rattle-snake frequently sprung his rattle, and it is said the Indian esteemed a broiled rattle-snake as the greatest delicacy that could be placed on his board. The thickets abounded with turkeys, pheasants, grouse and quail; while in the marshes were found the swan, canvass back, brant and black duck. and many other kinds of wild fowl, and the bays and rivers were stocked with sheephead, bass, shad, flounders, perch and numerous other kinds of fish, and there also were found immense quantities of terrapin. On the salt marshes the aborigines gathered thousands of the eggs of ducks, gulls, &c. During the season of fruits, the Indians gathered whortleberries, cranberries, teaberries, cherries, grapes, nuts, etc., and an abundant supply of roots, which were added to their bill of fare; so that it appears the aboriginal inhabitants were almost as well supplied with luxuries, as they fancied the spirits of the departed, who follow the chase in the "happy hunting ground," to be.

The first white settlers who were Quakers, followed the example set them by William Penn, by first obtaining the confidence and friendship of the natives, and then treating with them, and paying them for their landed possessions, thus avoiding the envy and hostility of the rightful owners of the soil. There is not a single instance on record of there ever having been the least disturbance between the whites and Indians.

In the year 1758, after the Indians relinquished their rights to the soil of New Jersey, and the State had purchased the "Brotherton" lands, on Edge-pe-lick creek, the Egg Harbor Indians removed to that settlement, leaving their homes and the bones of their kindred to their friends, the Quaker settlers, and ever since that time the "Great Spirit" has blessed the inhabitants of Little Egg Harbor, with the natural privileges which their progenitors, and the government of New Jersey, purchased of the red men.

The Indians, having, at the sale of their lands, reserved the right of hunting and fishing, and of cutting basket wood on the unsettled portions thereof; for a long period after their removal, they came every spring to the seashore, and encamped in a position convenient to the bay, in order to enjoy these privileges. They caught shell-fish, which they roasted, and then removed them from the shell, and strung them upon sticks to dry in the sun; when they were wanted for food, they were soaked or boiled, until they became soft. and were much esteemed by the Indians. After they had procured a sufficient supply, they would

strike their tents, and wend their way back to their adopted home. For a long succession of years, the Indian Queen, Bathsheba Moolis, came with her subjects, on their annual visit to the shore. Tradition says that Queen Bathsheba was treated with great respect by her people, and was indeed, no ordinary character, being of superior intellect from most others of her race, and also differing from them in personal appearance, being exceedingly corpulent and rather short.

When the Queen came on her annual visit to Egg Harbor, she was not permitted to camp out with her subjects, but was always invited by some of the principal inhabitants of the place, to partake of their hospitality, where she was treated with the respect due to one of her exalted station, and amiable character. She continued coming to the seashore as long as she was able to endure the fatigue of the journey. It is said that Queen Bathsheba was a favorite with a number of the principal inhabitants of Medford, which place she frequently visited; and during the whortleberry season, took great pleasure in bringing them presents of delicious swamp whortleberries, picked with her own royal fingers.

Bathsheba, the amiable Indian queen, and her subjects, are among the great throng whose barks have floated down the stream of the long past. Many decades of time have rolled away since the Indians stopped coming to Egg Harbor to visit the graves of their ancestors, and angle in the waters of the bays and rivers. Peace to their ashes.

There is not an Indian left in Egg Harbor, to lament the decline of the race, or envy the whites the possession of their ancient home and the bones of their kindred. In the year 1802, when the Edge-pe-lick Indians removed to the settlement on Oneida Lake, most of the small remnant which was left of the Egg Harbor tribe, went with their brethren where they remained until the year 1824, when they removed to the Indian purchase on Green Bay, where it is probable, in accordance with what seems to be the inevitable destiny of the race, they are gradually becoming extinct.

The Egg Harbor Indians are said to have been a branch of the great Delaware tribe, but at this late day, there is but little known of the Indians who inhabited the sea shore. At the time of the settlement of the place by Europeans, the Indians were not numerous. According to their traditions, their numbers had been greatly reduced by wars among themselves and among the neighboring tribes. The beds and mounds of shells along the borders of the sea-shore, are evidence that it was once the abode of a considerable number of Indians. In ancient times there were several Indian mounds or hummocks in Egg Harbor, but time, and the white men have destroyed them all except one, this hummock is situate in a salt marsh near Tuckerton bay; the base of the mound is said to have sunk several feet below the surface of the