

ship was conveyed on the backs of horses to Mount Holly to be ground in the grist mill at that place. It is affirmed that husbands, wives and sons, and all others who could be spared from home, flung sacks of grain across the backs of horses, mounted them and rode in Indian file along a green-wood bridle path to the grist mill at Mount Holly, and that whilst the farmers and their retinue were gone on their journey to mill, the children who were left at home at night were terrified by the angry growls of bears, wolves and wildcats, which were so tame as to come prowling around their dwellings. Edward Andrews soon tired of going to mill to Mount Holly, and having the enterprise of his English ancestors, and not being one to shrink from difficult undertakings, constructed a cedar log grist mill on or near the site of the present grist mill at Tuckerton. The beavers accommodated Andrews with a dam for his mill pond. Long before the whites came to Little Egg Harbor the industrious beavers constructed what is now the mill dam at Tuckerton. People often ask, "Why was not the Tuckerton mill dam built on a straight line?" and the answer to such questions is, "The finishers of the dam followed the plan laid out by the beavers." Andrews' log-walled grist mill must have been a curiosity to the Indians. They must have considered Andrews a great "Medicine Man." How they must have stared when they saw the grains of Indian corn crushed so fast and to such small atoms; they must have deemed it a great improvement on their mode of manufacturing Indian meal, which was by crushing one grain at a time between two stones.

As Edward Andrews' parents were strict Quakers, it is probable they brought him up in the way they thought he should go, but it appears he chose his own course of life, and if ever he had been a member of Friends' Meeting (no doubt but that he had a birthright membership) he must have fallen from grace, for after he settled in Egg Harbor it is recorded that he was of a social and jovial disposition, and having married so young, he had not had time to "sow his wild oats;" and being the owner of a violin, his habitation on Sunday was the resort of his jovial neighbors, the whites and Indians, who came to hear him play on the violin and sing "the merrie songs of old England;" but this state of society did not continue a very long time, for in the 4th mo. 1704, when Andrews was engaged plowing he turned up a human skeleton, or, as some affirm, a skull, (doubtless an Indian's) and this solemn spectacle set him to thinking about man's present and future state, and such were his reflections that the next Sabbath after the exhumation of the bones—when, as usual, his associates came to his dwelling for the purpose of enjoying their accustomed sport of "dancing on the green," while Andrews played on the violin, or related amusing stories for their gratification—great was their astonishment when they saw Andrews seated in his cave engaged in reading the Bible, when, instead of bringing forth his violin, he read a chapter

in the Bible, and then knelt down and prayed aloud for his associates and himself, and from that time he became a devout and zealous minister in the Society of Friends, and soon established the Friends' Meeting of Little Egg Harbor, which has continued until the present time. It appears that while Edward Andrews lived at Mansfield he attended a Friends' Meeting held under the trees at Crosswicks, at which Thomas Chalkley (then on a religious visit from England) preached, and his preaching made a strong impression on Edward Andrews' feelings, but it seems that he was not thoroughly awakened and soon relapsed into his former sinful ways, and continued thus until he plowed up the bones, and that event brought about his thorough conversion. For some years Andrews must have held his religious meetings in his dwelling house, or else under the canopy of some of the primitive trees that graced the site of the present village of Tuckerton. In the year 1709 the Little Egg Harbor Friends' Meeting House was built, and for one hundred and fifty-four years it served the Society as a place wherein to await the visits and inspirations of the Spirit. In the year 1863 this venerable edifice was taken down and the present building erected. The window sash of the old meeting house were formed of lead, and during the Revolutionary War they were taken out of the house and hidden behind the wooden ceiling, lest they should fall into the hands of the soldiers, who would have been likely to have converted the lead into bullets. Sometimes during the youthful days of the meeting house there was Yearly Meeting held in it, and Friends came from all parts of Burlington county and also from Monmouth and Atlantic counties to attend the Yearly Meeting at this place. Those who came from the upper section of Burlington county crossed the east branch of Mullica river at the place now known as Quaker bridge. After fording the stream they watered and fed their horses, and then sat down in the shade of a venerable and majestic oak tree and partook of the lunch they had brought with them. Fording the stream was not a very pleasant job, and finally Little Egg Harbor Friends and Friends of the upper section of Burlington county agreed to meet at the east branch of Mullica river at the fording place in order to construct a bridge as a more convenient way of crossing the stream. They met at the appointed time, and the banks of the stream being heavily timbered with large and primitive cedars, a number of them were cut down and a bridge constructed of them—and thus came about the name of Quaker bridge.

Most of the residents of Little Egg Harbor township became converts to Edward Andrews' religious opinions, and ancient chroniclers say that he was instrumental in doing a great deal of good in a religious way. In an old book that once belonged to Edward Andrews' son Samuel, it is recorded on one of the fly-leaves that William Cranmer,

who had settled at Barnegat, was the first proselyte that Edward Andrews was instrumental in making after his own conversion, and also that the above named William Cranmer used to walk from Barnegat (twelve miles) to the Little Egg Harbor (Tuckerton) Meeting, where Edward Andrews often preached to the edification of those assembled. For about seventy years after the settlement of Little Egg Harbor the Friends were the only religious denomination in the township, and every one who went to a place of worship bent their course to the Friends' meeting house. Thus it will be seen that Little Egg Harbor was for a long time the most thorough Quaker settlement ever instituted, and existed longer than any other, without the incursions of other denominations.

The graveyard adjacent to the Friends' meeting house was established about the time of the building of the church, and for nearly a century it was the only public burying ground in the township. Beneath its green turf lies the dust of Edward Andrews, Ann Gauntt, Ann Willits, Daniel Parker and others, whose ministerial voices have been heard in the old meeting house; and here are buried that first and diminutive colony of Friends who meekly endured the many hardships which are the heritage of settlers in a new country; and around them, sleeping the "dreamless sleep," are many generations of their descendants, unconsciously awaiting the morning of the resurrection. No one who is not thoroughly acquainted with the history of the former generations of the inhabitants of Little Egg Harbor, can have an accurate conception of the number of the silent inhabitants of the inclosure called the Friends' graveyard. This graveyard ought to be a venerated spot to every one who claims to be a descendant of any of the ancient inhabitants of Little Egg Harbor township. There are also many of the ancient inhabitants of Washington and Stafford townships who are here sleeping their last sleep.

None of the old-time graves have anything to mark their sites, and none of the friends of the departed can stray among the tombs and say, "This is my kinsman's grave." It would be a solemn satisfaction to many (and no detriment to any one's religion) if they could trace out the graves of all their ancestors who are buried beneath the green sod and simple wild flowers of this ancient garden of the dead.

The time was (and a long time) when the Little Egg Harbor Meeting of Friends was a meeting of renown, and has been visited by a great number of ministers, both native and foreign, and has produced several eminent ministers, and the old meeting house used to be well filled, but at this time the meeting is very small and gradually decreasing. It used to be thought that honor and justice were personified in the officials of the church, but now the officials of the meeting, in the business transactions of the meeting, utterly disregard the discipline and its principles, and act according to their own interests and prejudices—