ANNALS OF THE REVOLUTION:

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE DOANS.

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Perth of Major Kennedy and Moses Doan.
ANNALS
or
THE REVOLUTION.

PART I

British aggressions.—Tory anecdotes.—The spirit of the American Revolution.—The Doans—Their savage life.—Gen. Washington.—Moses Doan and Gen. Howe.—The Jersey campaign.—The robbery of Mr. T. Middleton.—Gilbert Nugent and Eleazer Doan on the road to Bristol, &c.

Among the many traditions of great physical prowess and dexterous ingenuity, incidental to our countrymen during the Revolutionary struggle, none are more worthy of record, it would seem to us, than a relation of the feats, adventures, daring exploits, hazardous enterprises, and ingenious escapes, of a family of brothers, natives of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, bearing the name of Doan. The career of these men should be recorded for the double purpose of warning and instruction, both of which it is in the fullest sense calculated to afford. It will be admonitory, inasmuch as by the criminal career of these daring men the rising generation may be assured (and the conviction will not fail to reach the breast of every reader, we think,) that great talents, unworthily employed, lead to disastrous ends. It will also be usefully instructive, because, to be explicit upon the subject, much historical information is necessarily embodied in this compilation in order
to lay before the reader a clear account of these notorious, misguided, and desperate men!

Exasperated by the repeated aggressions of Great Britain, the North American colonies, after a protracted forbearance, had found that their only hope was in resistance. The government of Great Britain seemed resolved upon enforcing their assumed right of taxing the colonies, and there was now an equal determination on the part of America to resist the pretension. Discussion upon the points in controversy only served to put the parties farther asunder. A great proportion, and perhaps a great majority of the most wealthy and respectable in each province, was arrayed in opposition to the ministerial claim. In Pennsylvania this was certainly the case, though as to the extent to which the opposition should be carried, there was doubtless a great diversity of opinion; many sincere whigs considering a separation from the mother country as the greatest evil that could befall us. The merchants were on the whig side, with few exceptions; and the lawyers, who, from the bent of their studies, as well as from their habit of speaking in public, were best qualified to take a lead in the various assemblies that became necessary, were little less unanimous in the same cause.

"The American Revolution" (if we may credit the opinion of one who took part therein from its earliest to its latest stage, and has left us an interesting record of those times, in his Biography*) "originated with the better sort; it was truly aristocratic in its commencement; and as the oppression to be apprehended had not been felt, no grounds existed for general enthusiasm." "The cause of liberty, it is true, was fashionable," he says, "and there were great preparations to

fight for it; but a zeal proportioned to the magnitude of the question, was only to be looked for in the minds of sagacious politicians."

In Philadelphia the spirit of opposition to the arbitrary exactions of the mother country was warmly manifested. Franklin, Dickinson, Rush, Reed, M’Kean, Cadwallader, Biddle, and many that could be mentioned, promptly took an active part at the very outset. The disaffected to the revolutionary movement were comparatively few; and among them in Philadelphia, a certain Doctor Kearsley was pre-eminently ardent and rash. An extremely zealous loyalist, and impetuous in his temper, he had given much umbrage to the whigs; and if I am not mistaken, he had been detected in some hostile machinations. Hence he was deemed a proper subject for the fashionable punishment of tarring, feathering, and carting. He was seized at his own door by a party of the militia, and in the attempt to resist them, received a wound in his hand from a bayonet. Being overpowered, he was placed in a cart provided for the purpose, and, amidst a multitude of boys and idlers, paraded through the streets to the tune of the "Rogue’s March." The motley procession made a halt in front of the old Coffee House, in Second Street above Walnut, where the doctor, foaming with rage and indignation, without his hat, his wig dishevelled and bloody from his wounded hand, stood up in the cart and called for a bowl of punch. It was quickly handed to him, when, so vehement was his thirst, that he drained it of its contents before he took it from his lips. Towards the doctor, however, the conduct of the populace was marked by a leniency that was not in every instance extended to tories. They agreed not to tar and feather him, and, excepting the injury he had received in his hand, no sort of violence was offered by
the mob to their victim. The doctor's high spirit was deeply exasperated, and his conduct subsequently was so outrageously anti-revolutionary, that it was thought necessary to confine him. From the city he was soon afterward removed to Carlisle, where he died during the war.

A few days after the carting of Doctor Kearsley, Isaac Hunt, an attorney, was treated in the same manner. Mr. Hunt, however, instead of braving the crowd, as the doctor did, was a pattern of meekness and humility; and at every halt that was made, he rose and expressed his acknowledgments to the concourse for their forbearance and civility. After a parade of an hour or two he was put down at his own door, uninjured in body, but he felt the sting of the disgrace acutely, it is said, and to escape from ridicule moved his family from Philadelphia to Barbadoes in the West Indies, where he took orders.

Not long after these occurrences, Major Skene, of the British army, ventured to show himself in Philadelphia. Whatever might have been his inducement to the measure, it was deemed expedient by the newly constituted authorities to have him arrested and secured. A guard was accordingly placed over him at his lodgings at the City Tavern. The officer to whose charge he was especially committed, was Mr. Francis Wade, a brewer, an Irishman of distinguished zeal in the patriotic cause, and one who was supposed to possess talents peculiarly befitting him for the task of curbing the spirit of a haughty Briton, which Skene undoubtedly was. Sometime after his arrest, it was deemed advisable by the authorities to remove him to other quarters than the City Tavern; in consequence of which a guard was one day sent to escort him out of the city to the place of durance assigned him. An
immense crowd of spectators stood before the door of
the major’s quarters, and lined the street through which
he was to pass. The weather being warm, the win-
dow-sashes of his apartment were raised, and Skene,
with his bottle of wine upon the table, roared out in a
stentorian voice, singing “God save great George, our
king.” At this the crowd seemed more generally
amused than offended, and it is bona fide evidence that
the spirit of ’76 was in nowise similar to the blood-
thirsty excitement which characterized the revolution-
ary movement of the French, where any such display
would have brought the head of the offender instantly
to the lamp-post or guillotine.

These and many other acts of the kind were prompted
by the spirit of honest hearts, zealous in the awakened
cause of liberty; but there are not wanting bad men in
every age and every nation, quick to avail themselves
of a good name as a convenient cloak to cover evil
deeds. Such was greatly the case during the period
of the American Revolution; and many of the best citi-
zens of our colonies were so deeply exasperated by
aggressions at the hands of some of the so-called pa-
triots, that they were disgusted, and renounced a cause
towards which they had been favourably inclined, but
now conceived it their duty to resist. These robbers,
who under a specious name effected so many ill deeds,
were known as Skinners, and they were in reality a
set of men more to be feared than the Refugees—for
they had less courage, and exercised in the commission
of their nefarious acts twice as much treachery.*

It appears that recruiting went on heavily at first,
and it was a long time before the people at large could

* Of these Skinners, Mr. Cooper, in his admirable novel enti-
tled “The Spy,” furnishes us with some interesting reminis-
cences.
be brought to a just consideration of the important step about to be taken. When once the spirit of liberty and resistance was generally diffused, the enthusiasm of all classes knew no bounds. Universal, however, as this spirit eventually became, there were many who, from principle or obstinacy, arrayed themselves in opposition to it, and avowed themselves in favour of the British government. These were known throughout the contest by the cognomen of Refugees. They were mostly men of depraved habits: men who had lost their caste in society, and espoused the British cause as a cloak, under cover of which to depredate upon property,—their inclinations leading them in this manner, to seek a dishonourable livelihood, rather than a subsistence obtained by industry and integrity.

From the gallant action at Bunker’s Hill on the 17th of June, 1775, to the close of hostilities by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown on the 19th of October, 1781, our country was the scene of innumerable adventures, intrigues, vicissitudes, robberies, midnight murders, and crimes of the deepest atrocity. The unsettled state of the country afforded to the man whose heart was inclined to villany an ample field and full opportunity. Deeds of unparalleled cruelty are the sure fruits of a civil war; and where desperate men collect in a body, as did they whose actions we are about to record, they have it in their power to evade the pursuit of justice, and knowing themselves to be outlawed, conscious that the hand of every man is against them, like Ishmael of old, they are against every man; and in the fœrocius spirit of mingled desperation and vengeance they perpetrate, with fiendish exultation, theft, arson, rape and murder.

About the middle of the last century, in a sequestered and enchanting vale upon the banks of the Delaware,
dwelt a man of humble degree by the name of Doan. He was industrious, and from humble circumstances he rose to the distinction of a man of property, and from the log hovel in which he had lived he removed his family to a building of more spacious structure—a building that in those days was looked upon by the people in the neighbourhood with so much respect that they termed it a mansion. This old gentleman was the father of seven sons and a daughter, and was known to be a man of excessive parental affection. His children, as is but too frequently the case, repaid his kindness with ingratitude; for as soon as it was in their power to handle a rifle, one by one they left the parental roof, and plunging into the forests would absent themselves for long intervals, much to the grief of their fond parent; and would only now and then return to supply themselves with some necessary, and then away to the woods again. Hunting was their chief delight, and the passion increased as they grew up, until at last, from roving habits, they became so obstinately self-willed and independent as to be altogether uncontrollable. While yet boys they roamed over the mountains to the valley of Wyoming, then occupied by the Shawnee and Delaware Indians—they joined the Delaware tribe and fought in their wars, and were as expert as the "sons of the forest" in taking scalps.

At the breaking out of the Revolution the Doans had all, but two, arrived at manhood—all had acquired the savage kind of life first resorted to by the eldest, and by him had they one by one been enticed from the abode of civilization to the romantic and adventurous existence which they now pursued.* Several causes

* Of this notorious family, Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," remarks: "Bucks county, in this period of the Revolu-
conspired to make them take the side which they did in the contest between Great Britain and her colonies. They had been cheated out of their property by men who took advantage of their slight knowledge of the laws of their country, and when too late to procure legal redress, they discovered the imposition that had been practised upon them. The wild life which they pursued estranged them from the neighbourhood in which they were born—they were shunned by those whose favour they wished to conciliate—taunts and revilings were flung in their teeth—and thus, avoided, goaded, despised, they became exasperated, and in the depth of each Doan’s heart was implanted a deep hatred against the people among whom they had formerly resided. The country was in arms—the beacon blaze of war glowed from hill-top to hill-top throughout the colonies—the sound of fife and drum struck upon the ear with soul-stirring music—thousands were arming, thousands were hastening to enroll themselves beneath the flag of patriotism,—eager for battle—resolved on victory or death! “Liberty! Liberty! Down with British tyranny!” was the cry. But amongst these

section, was made conspicuous by a daring ‘refugee family,’ called the Doans. Their numerous perilous adventures in scouring the country for whig families, and to make their plunder on such, brought them in great renown as bold desperadoes. There were five brothers of them, severally fine looking men and expert horsemen. Great rewards were offered for them, and finally two were apprehended and executed. They were far above ordinary robbers, being very generous and humane to all moderate people. The whigs had injured them, and they sought revenge at the hazard of their lives.” See Historical Tales of the Olden Time, page 43. We would remark that this character of the Doans is probably taken from a tory account of the family; but the tradition of them handed down to us by the whigs is in accordance with the opinion that the reader must entertain of them after a perusal of the present work.
were not the Doans. They looked on in sullen silence. Could they enroll themselves and fight side by side with their oppressors, with the very men who had heaped injury upon them?—No, rather against them would they battle—and they did so. They took up the British cause, and proved themselves the most daring, the most bloody, the most inveterate of all the Refugees.* They were employed by the British as spies, and General Howe upon one occasion, in speaking of them, was heard to remark to a brother officer who was making inquiries in regard to them, "SIR, THOSE DOANS ARE THE MOST DEVIL-DARING FELLOWS THAT EVER LIVED—the devil himself couldn't match them, I believe!"

The first blow of the Revolution having been struck, Congress had appointed General Washington Commander-in-chief of the American forces, and in July 1775 he took command of the troops intrenched around Boston (14,000 in number), and proceeded to inspect and review them. The siege of Boston continued until the following spring. The British occupied the town, they had strong intrenchments on Bunker's Hill, and had ships of war. In March 1776, Washington opened his batteries upon the enemy from Dorchester Heights, and on the 17th of the month they evacuated the town and sailed for Halifax. Washington and his army then hastened to New York.

On the 4th of July of this year the Declaration of Independence was publicly proclaimed to the people from the door of the State House in Philadelphia, and

* By some it is asserted, that until the breaking out of the Revolution the Doans were a quiet, harmless, and inoffensive family; but that some act of aggression committed on them by the whigs caused them to become the most bitter and remorseless enemies the whigs had to contend with.
hearthily received by the shouts of the conourse amid the ringing of bells, explosion of firearms, and many demonstrations of rejoicing."

As we have stated, at the close of the siege of Boston, the British, under Gen. Howe, proceeded to Halifax, and the Americans, under Washington, to New York. In New York the British interest was very powerful, but by the exertions of the commander-in-chief the adherents to the revolutionary cause gained an ascendancy. Fortifications were raised in the city and on Long Island. On the 2d of July, Gen. Howe landed on Staten Island; and soon after, his brother, Lord Howe, arrived with a reinforcement of 18,000 men from England. The American force consisted of but about 9000, of whom many had no arms at all; but new levies were daily coming in. The Americans, though thus inferior in numbers, inexperienced, and ill provided with artillery and ammunition, felt the justice of their cause, and prepared to battle with the numerous, disciplined, and haughty ranks that threatened them with subjugation.

Such was the threatening attitude of the two armies, and the British were in doubt where to commence the attack—frequent were the consultations between General Howe and his officers upon the subject—when one evening, as they assembled to discuss the matter, information was brought that a refugee earnestly requested admission and an interview with General Howe. Howe gave orders that the necessary precautions should be taken (such as examining him and divesting him of any weapons that might be on his person), and that he should be admitted. A lamp upon the centre of the table shed a strong light upon the scarlet and magnificent uniforms of Howe and his officers. The table was strewed with maps, charts, and various papers,
intermingled with swords, pistols, ink, pens, and other articles. The general, as well as each officer, had raised his eyes from a chart which he was leaning over and examining with minute scrutiny. The eyes of all were now anxiously directed towards the door, awaiting the entrance of the Refugee. In a moment there stood before them an athletic form that instantly roused them to serious attention. There was that in his herculean frame, and the startling expression of his countenance, that could not fail to impress a feeling of awe upon the stoutest heart. In height he was upwards of six feet, with a broad chest and brawny limbs; and it was at once evident, upon a view of him, that he was a man of gigantic strength.

He had Indian-like black hair; his features were strongly marked; and his dark, deep-seated eyes glared from beneath heavy and shagged brows. He was clad in a loose suit of homespun manufacture, jacket and trousers, with no vest. He wore a shirt that was far removed from cleanliness in its appearance, and around his throat hung a red kerchief, which contrasted strongly with the abundance of black beard which covered his chin and throat. In short, his tout ensemble partook much of the picturesque that is universally admired in the brigand. In his right hand he had an ill-shaped wool-hat, which he took from his head as he entered the presence of the British general and his officers.

A pause of about a moment's duration took place, in which the gaze of Howe and his council dwelt upon the wild and singular expression of the face that now confronted them. The stranger spoke: "General Howe, I have made my way to your camp, because I am faithful to my king, and I wish to serve his majesty as much as is in the power of a man so humble as myself."
"Your name?" inquired General Howe.

"Moses Doan!" was the reply. "I am the foe—to the death their foe—of the rebels who are now fighting under George Washington against their lawful monarch, George the Third! I have been over in the American camp—I crossed from there to-day in a small sailboat. Putnam is on Long Island, strongly fortified, and awaiting the approach of the king's troops. He is in high glee—he has all his passes securely guarded, he thinks, and is congratulating himself upon his fancied strength. But his rascally rebels have not done his orders effectually, and a road through the hills of the utmost importance is entirely neglected. If your Excellency will take advantage of this, and promptly make a descent upon Long Island, the rebels may be dislodged, and victory is sure."

This interview was extended to a considerable length; Howe and his officers cautiously assuring themselves of this man's sincerity in his information. When the council broke up it had been decided to act according to the Refugee's advice. On the evening of the 26th of August, 1776, Generals Howe and Clinton drew off the right wing of the English army, in order to gain the heights. Moses Doan conducted the army, and at about day-break they reached the neglected pass. A detachment under Lord Percy followed, and the British advanced between the village of Brooklyn and the hills, and gained the open country undiscovered by the Americans. Howe and Clinton instantly attacked the rear of the provincials, and the Hessians fell upon them in front. By this stratagem, originating with Doan, the Americans were completely hemmed in, and though commanded by Washington, and fighting with signal bravery as they did, neither valour nor skill could preserve them from discomfiture; and over-
powered by numbers they were thrown into confusion, and fled in haste to the woods. The right wing of the army met with a similar disastrous fate, and in order to escape the enemy they fled along the dike of a mill-dam, and through a marsh, in which many of them perished. On the 30th of August the Americans evacuated Long Island without further loss.

After this, Moses Doan was joined by two of his brothers, who had broken jail in Philadelphia, where they had been sentenced to two years imprisonment. These three were of great service to the British during the subsequent retreat of Washington and his army through New Jersey. Congress left Philadelphia and went to Baltimore. The condition of the colonial government looked gloomy indeed. Congress invested General Washington with full power to raise forces and appoint officers, to displace and to fill vacancies—in fact he was intrusted with powers that were in the fullest sense dictatorial; but this great and good man was so well known—his heart, his disposition, his integrity and his judgment were known to be so superior—that Congress was confident that he would exercise it under all circumstances for the honour and glory of his beloved country!

General Howe, elated with his success, and of the opinion that the Americans would give up the contest, issued a proclamation, in which pardon was offered to all who would lay down their arms and acknowledge their allegiance to the sovereignty of Great Britain. A number of the rich becoming alarmed, and anxious to save their property from confiscation, embraced the chance. Howe spread his troops from Brunswick to Philadelphia; and, flushed with his success, rested in fancied security, whilst the ever vigilant Washington, perceiving this, resolved to strike an unexpected blow,
and planned an attack upon the Hessians at Trenton. On the evening of the 25th of December, he crossed the Delaware on the ice, forced a march that night, and came upon the Hessians so unexpectedly that they were routed with great slaughter.

Subsequent to this success, Washington by his admirable tactics baffled the British throughout the campaign. During all this time the inveterate Moses Doan and his brothers did all in their power to injure the patriotic cause in which the oppressed Americans were so bravely struggling. They were busy in finding out all such farmers as were in favour of the popular side, and plundering their houses, insulting the females of the family with outrages of the grossest nature, and maltreating the males to such a degree as frequently to endanger life, and in one or two instances proceeding to such extremities as actually to produce death.

As an instance of their atrocities, we will now give the reader an account of their conduct towards the family of Mr. Thomas Middleton, a Quaker gentleman, living peaceably on his farm near Trenton. Doan and his brothers, discovering that the sentiments of this old gentleman were favourable to the Revolution, and being told that he always kept a large sum of silver and gold in his house, resolved to pay him a visit for the double purpose of plundering him of his wealth and gratifying their tory spirit. Soon after dark, one cold evening in December—the ground was hard frozen and a slight snow had fallen during the afternoon—Moses having represented to Col. Rawle, the commanding officer of the British at that place, that old Mr. Middleton was a rebel in disguise, and one that rendered them much service, the three brothers got on horseback and set off for the farm of the unsuspecting Mr. Middleton. On the road they stopped at a small tavern at about a
quarter of a mile from Mr. Middleton’s, where were assembled several men from the neighbourhood, farmers who were good whigs, but, living under the immediate eye of the king’s troops, they “laid low,” as the saying is, till things should take another turn. The Doans, who were well known to these farmers, called for drink and stalked their tall figures about the bar-room with a swaggering air and insulting manner; for they knew that two of the men present, George Justice and Caleb Redner, were at heart whigs. Moses Doan, taking up his glass to drink, said, “Here’s to his Majesty, George the Third, King of Great Britain and the North American colonies,” and he added, “whoever don’t drink this toast is a d——d rebel!” He and his brothers drank, but not another in the room responded to it. They stayed there near an hour, drinking freely, and ere they left conducted themselves as offensively as they could towards Justice and Redner, who were very indignant, but refrained from quarrelling where the odds were so much against them.

After they had left, Justice and Redner, and two or three others, who had a suspicion that the Doans were upon some pillaging adventure, collected two or three others, in all about eight or nine, and followed; but it was full an hour before they started, and they had but two guns in the party. It was thought they might be for plundering old Mr. Middleton, and they made across the fields for his house. In the meantime the Doans had reached Mr. Middleton’s, dismounted and knocked loudly at the door. The family were in bed. Old Mr. Middleton, who slept in an apartment on the first floor, rose and came to the door. Moses and one brother entered, the other staying without to hold the horses. The old man was commanded to strike a light, which he did; and Doan said that he had come at the com-
mand of his Majesty’s officers to arrest him as one secretly engaged in aiding and abetting the rebels. The old man protested his innocence, to which Doan replied that for one hundred pounds paid down he would go away and not execute his commission. This convinced the old man that he was in the hands of men whose rapacity would be but excited if he were to tell down the amount demanded, and he would in the end be plundered of all,—and knowing that his money was concealed in a place that would not likely be discovered, he stoutly denied having any, and said, “Search my house; if you find any, take it.” The Doans took him at his word, and commenced ransacking chests, drawers, and every nook and corner of the house in which they thought it probable that gold might be secreted. But to no purpose did they search, and their ill-luck exasperated them. Mr. Middleton’s wife and a young woman, seventeen years of age, bound to them, had now risen from their beds, and, filled with alarm, were tremblingly clinging to the side of old Mr. Middleton, asking him who those fierce men were, if they were robbers, &c. The two Doans now commanded the old man and his wife to show them where their money was; and not succeeding in intimidating the worthy old couple into their wishes, they commenced abusing them. Moses struck Mr. Middleton a blow in the face that knocked him prostrate, and stunned him so that he remained insensible. Mrs. Middleton and the young woman screamed, but a handkerchief was snatched from the old lady’s neck, with which they gagged her and left her on the floor beside her husband. They next dragged the terrified young woman into the bed from which the old couple had risen, and there, in spite of her entreaties and tears, both violated her person. They had just effected this diabolical act, when
their brother on the outside gave warning that they were likely to be attacked, as he had heard one or two whistles in the rear of the house, as if a signal were being given from one party to another. Moses and his brother came out. Each mounted his horse hastily, and dashed down the road at full speed. Three guns were instantly fired at them; one ball passed through the brim of Moses Doan's hat. "Fire again!" cried Moses in a loud and contemptuous voice. "Ha! ha! ha!" he stentorously laughed. In another moment their fleet horses had carried these fiendish brothers beyond the reach of a gun.

It was Justice and Redner and their party that had now come up. They entered the house, and getting a light, raised old Mr. Middleton from the floor. He presently recovered so that he could speak a word or two, and he asked to be put to bed. Mrs. Middleton, when they had ungagged her, related all that had passed. But who shall describe the anguish of the young girl! She told the horrid tale of her ravishment, and the clenched fists and gritting teeth of those that listened, indicated plainly how fierce was the indignation with which their feelings were stirred.

This gross outrage upon the family of Mr. Middleton was complained of to Col. Rawle, but the Doans were of such service to the British that it was passed over as merely one of the many evils incident to war. The indignation which it excited was so universal, however, that fearful of assassination, the perpetrators of the deed kept themselves close within the British cantonments until after the defeat of the Hessians at Trenton, when they crossed the Delaware and joined a confederate gang of villains and refugees who harboured in the neighbourhood of Newtown, their former residence, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania.
These notorious Doans, seven in number, were stalwart, active, fearless men, every one of them six feet high, and some of them over that. The two youngest, though merely boys in age, were of full growth and as ready to encounter danger as the older ones. The saying that there is "honour among thieves," was made good in the unparalleled career of this family, for in no instance was one known to betray another. Moses, the master spirit of the whole, had so drilled them that they had not the slightest dread of death, and sought danger as a child seeks the excitement of its harmless play. With gun and pistol they were as unerring in their aim as is the Kentucky rifleman of our own times. Their horses were of the fleetest kind, and so well trained that it is said their riders could at any moment, when pursued, turn off into the forest, and at a word the sagacious creatures would remain so stock still that not a leaf of their shelter would be ruffled.* They were also favoured in the strong likeness which prevailed among them. In the many depredations for which they were arraigned and tried, witnesses would be confounded, inasmuch as they would swear to the identity of one—Levi for instance—when it would turn

* It is a tradition that upon one occasion, as one of the Doans was riding between Philadelphia and Frankford, he observed a British officer insulting an American female upon the road, and, fired with indignation (refugee though he was), he promptly drew a pistol and killed the aggressor upon the spot. The officer was but a few rods in advance of his company, and the report of the pistol speedily brought his men in sight. Doan at once clapped spurs to the sides of his horse and galloped towards the Delaware. The company coming up found their officer dead, and at once started after the retreating Doan, who boldly plunged into the river, with the bullets flying about his head, and actually crossed to the Jersey shore, the width of the river being but a little less than a mile.
One of the Doans shooting a British Officer.
out to be Mahlon, Eleazer or Levi that had been arrested. Two brothers, Solomon and Isaac Vickars, as desperate as themselves, were associated with them, and the gang consisted in all of about eighteen, living in dens and harbouring in out of the way places. They were constantly engaged in robbery, the proceeds of which they would conceal in their dens and afterwards take to Philadelphia and dispose of. Whilst Moses, Aaron, and Levi were with the British in the Jerseys, the rest of the gang kept in their old haunts, and at this time occurred the robbery of Gilbert Nugent on the road between Philadelphia and Bristol. Eleazer Doan had been in the city selling some of the jewelry that had recently been stolen from the house of a widow lady at Doylestown. Mounting his horse just at dusk, he started from the city, and at about ten miles on the road he overtook a market wagon coming along. He rode alongside, and, looking under the cover, accosted the farmer. From what the farmer subsequently said in regard to the matter, the conversation that took place and the circumstances of the affair were as follows:

"Good evening," said Doan. "Pleasant night!"
"Yes."
" Been in to market, I suppose?"
"Yes, I took in some eggs and butter."
"Did you get a good price?"
"Pretty good. The times are good. If the war should last a few years, I know on some men in our parts that'll make fortunes. For my part, I must say, that in spite of all the outcry about hard times, scarcity of money and what not, I get along just as well, if not better, than I did before the British commenced hostilities agin us."

Here they came up to the door of a public house, stand
ing by itself by the roadside. Doan asked the farmer to go in with him and take something to drink. The farmer complied, and, pleased with his fellow-traveller, forgot himself, and in the course of something like an hour and a half during which they stayed in the bar-room, he took enough to make him tipsy. Doan asked him how far he had to go before he reached home. The farmer replied that he lived four miles beyond Bristol.* Doan then told the farmer that he was going as far as Bristol himself; he said he did not like riding on horseback, and proposed to hitch his horse behind the wagon, and get inside along with the farmer. To this the unsuspecting farmer readily assented, pleased with what he had already seen of the stranger, and glad to have more of his company. The horse was accordingly hitched behind, and the farmer and the traveller got inside. The farmer, made merry by the liquor he had imbibed, became quite loquacious, and inquisitive withal. He asked Doan his name.

"Peterson," was the reply.

"What was he going to Bristol for?"

"To see my aunt, a rich old lady, who isn’t expected to live long," said Doan; "indeed she hasn’t any hopes of surviving the year out herself. She sent down to the city for me. I got her letter this afternoon, a little before dark, and as I am her only near relation, I concluded it best to set off at once, for she hasn’t yet made her will, and I shouldn’t like the influence of other people about her at such an important time as that, you know!"

"Of course not," acquiesced the farmer. "What might your business be in the city?"

* Bristol is a small town, upon the bank of the river Delaware, 20 miles above Philadelphia.
"I'm a ship-carpenter," answered Doan.  
"Got a family, I suppose?"
"Yes, a wife and four children."
"How old must you be?"
"I was thirty-two on the 8th of February last."
"You're a whig, I take it?"
"An't you?"
"To be sure I am. I'm for liberty and equality, as Squire Wright up in our county says when he makes a speech. I'm agin all stamp-acts and taxations, and don't go for supporting a King on the other side of the water. We must fight for independence, and then have a King of our own. That's my mind about the state of the country. What's your'n, Peterson?"

"Me! I'm for anything and everything and all things together," said Doan. "Look out! where are you driving to? Let me have the reins." And Doan took the reins out of the farmer's hands. The farmer was now bewilderedly intoxicated, and kept bobbing his head about while he shouted forth patriotic songs.

"Have you heard anything about the Doans up in your neighbourhood lately?"

"Yes, d——n them, we seldom hear of anything else. The villains keep the whole country in a constant state of alarm. It is only about a week since they robbed a widow lady up at Doylestown. They took two silver watches from her, a gold one, all her silver spoons, and a good many other valuables. I suppose you heard of what Moses and two on 'em did over in the Jarseys, near Trenton, week before last?"

"What, robbing an old man and his wife?"
"Yes—and not only that, but the other—"
"The girl, you mean?"
"Yes—which is far worse than robbery. Rascals that they are——every one of them ought to be shot—not shot either, that would be too good for them, they
ought to be hanged—and I should like to see a gallows with every one of them hanging upon it in a row."

And the farmer broke forth into a catch, singing it in a boisterous voice:

"Who is so strong, so strong,
   As Moses, Moses Doan!
Whose arms so long, so long,
   As Moses, Moses Doan!

"Who rides so fast, so well,
   As Moses, Moses Doan!
Can any, can you tell,
   As Moses, Moses Doan?

"Who fights, who robs, so brave,
   As Moses, Moses Doan!
Your gold you cannot save
   From Moses, Moses Doan!

"He is the Briton's friend,
   He is the freeman's foe;
And may, we pray, God send
   To him a quick death-blow!"

As he bellowed forth this (one of the many doggrels of the kind that were then in vogue) he flung about his arms, and it was with difficulty his companion could keep him from tumbling out of the wagon. Doan drove the horses, and the farmer getting tired of singing, became overpowered by an irresistible drowsiness, and finally sunk back fast asleep in the bottom of the wagon. This was what Doan had been waiting for. He turned off into the woods with the wagon, where he stopped, rifled the sleeping farmer of his watch and money, untied his own horse, mounted and rode away, leaving the farmer to the enjoyment of his heavy slumbers. When the farmer awoke he found it was long after sunrise, and his astonishment to find himself and his horses where they were may easily be conceived. But
how he cursed and went on when he went to pull out his watch and found it gone! And next he discovered his pocket-book, with over twenty pounds in it, had also been abstracted from him.

He got his wagon out of the woods into the road as soon as possible, and hurried on to Bristol, which was but about three miles off. At Bristol he detailed the whole circumstance, and asked if any person answering his description of the robber had been seen in the neighbourhood. No one had seen any person of the kind, and there was much merriment at the farmer's expense. "It must have been one of the Doans," said a man in the crowd that gathered round the farmer.

"No," said the farmer; "he and I talked about the Doans as we drove along together in my wagon,—I called them a set of rascals, and he agreed with me."

Years afterwards, as the old gentleman was strolling through the streets of Philadelphia after having sold his produce, he was encountered by a body of police dragging along a prisoner whom on inquiry he found to be Moses Doan; and by the glimpse he got of his person, he was convinced that Peterson and Doan were the same

PART II.
Arrival of La Fayette.—Battle of Brandywine.—The British in Philadelphia.—The Doans and the Smiths; the gang attack the house of the Smiths, and are driven off.—The daring robbery of Isaiah Hallowell's house in Newmarket street.—A second expedition against the Smiths.—Anecdotes of Howe, Clinton, Cornwallis, Robert Morris, &c.

In the spring of 1777 the gallant La Fayette came to our shores and offered himself to Congress. He
was made a major-general in the army. Various predatory excursions took place, until Howe embarked his army on the 5th of July, and, sailing up the Chesapeake bay, landed at the head of Elk river. Washington marched to meet him, and on the 11th of September occurred the battle of the Brandywine, in which the Americans were defeated. This was the first engagement in which the young La Fayette drew his sword for us, and in the battle he was wounded, but kept his position and continued to encourage his troops until the last of the engagement. Washington, having retreated to Philadelphia, remained there two days, collecting his scattered troops and getting stores together. He then proceeded towards Lancaster, whether Congress followed him. On the 26th, General Howe and his army took peaceable possession of Philadelphia. Then followed the battle of Germantown and the defeat of Count Donop at Red Bank. After which, Howe and his army took up their winter quarters at Philadelphia, whilst Washington took up his at Valley Forge, 26 miles distant.

It was while the two armies were thus situated that the Doans and their gang were most active. On the Schuylkill, about seven miles above Philadelphia, and just below the small village of Manayunk, there stood in those days a mill, owned by one Thomas Smith, a stout middle-aged man, whose house was near by. He had a large family, of something like eight children,—four were sons, and, like their father, were of Herculean frames. Three of them were with the army of Washington at Valley Forge. The youngest, but about 18 years old, though full grown, remained with the old man. Two of the daughters were married and living at a distance. There remained at home, in all, two daughters, the one son, and the old man and his
spouse. These young *Smiths* were in strength and activity not a whit inferior to any of the *Doans*, but were men of entirely a different stamp of character. They never sought a quarrel, but if insulted were by no means tardy in punishing an aggressor. They were a family of the strictest honesty, and respected by all that knew them. The old man had brought his sons up in such a correct manner, and they had each turned out so well, that he was justly proud of them, and never were sons more obedient and respectful than the young Smiths. The Doans, during years past, had several times come into collision with the Smiths, and upon each occasion the Smiths had come off triumphant. This exasperated the Doans, who threatened some day to retaliate fourfold.

The two armies were in winter quarters, as we said, and three of the Smiths at Valley Forge. One cold day a man came into the mill and asked the old man and his son some questions that they thought very strange,—they noticed that he spoke in a sneering kind of tone, and his manner was certainly suspicious. It was towards dark when he came into the mill. After he had gone away, and it was quite dark, old Mr. Smith told his son to go over to the tavern (near by), and watch his movements if he saw him there. The young man went, and, looking in at the windows of the bar-room, saw this man talking with the bar-keeper, and picking his teeth as if he had just done supper. Young Smith watched about, and saw the stranger after a while get on horseback and ride off.

He then went into the bar-room and asked the tavern-keeper, with whose family he was intimately acquainted, if he knew who the man was that had been there. The tavern-keeper said, “No; but he seemed to know something about you, for he asked a great many questions about you.”
“What did he ask?”

“He inquired if old Mr. Smith kept the mill down on the river yet. I told him yes. He said he was a relation; that he was going over to your house after he got supper. He asked which side you had taken. I told him the ‘right side, of course.’ He said he was glad of that, that he should have hated to find his uncle a ‘d—d tory.’ He also asked if any of the boys were in the army. I told him yes; that three of them had fought all along the war, and were now lying with Washington at Valley Forge.”

When the tavern-keeper said this, young Smith told how he had been over at the mill before he came to the tavern, and that his story about his being a relation must be all a falsehood. Whilst eating his supper in the kitchen he had asked a good many questions of the women too. And when young Smith and the tavern-keeper compared notes and considered upon it, it finally brought them to the same conclusion—that the fellow, whoever he was, was a spy, and that no good was intended by him towards the Smiths.

Young Smith returned home, and told what had passed to his father. “It’s one of the Doans!” said the old man. “We may be attacked by the whole gang of them this very night. I see through it all. This one has come around to spy out how strong we are; for what else did he want to find out so much about us?”

“What had better be done?” said the young man. “Get down the guns and load them first, and then come over to the tavern after me.” The old man then went to the tavern, and stated to the tavern-keeper his apprehensions of an attack from the Doans, and he and the tavern-keeper took a circuit round among the villagers, and got several to get down their guns and
go along with him. When they got back to the tavern, they found young Smith there and two or three others. They all went in a body down to the mill, determined to defend the house if it should be attacked. Mrs. Smith and her two daughters were placed in safety at the next farm-house. The defensive party numbered about ten, and, having closed the house, they all lay down on chairs and on the floor, to wait the expected attack. It had commenced snowing, and the ground was already covered. At midnight no attack had yet been made. It was then that half of the party left the house and took up their station in the mill, in order, if the house should be assailed, the party in the mill might sally forth, and come on the attacking party suddenly, by which movement they would most likely throw them into confusion.

The snow continued to fall fast, and at three o'clock that night it was four inches thick. No attack had yet been made on either the house or mill. Most of the party in each place were by this time asleep, and those that watched had come to the conclusion that nothing of the kind would that night be attempted. At about half past three, however, a noise like the tread of horses was distinguished outside by some of the watching party in the house. They at once wakened the others. In breathless silence they awaited the attack. Presently voices were heard outside, as if in dispute how the attack should be commenced.

"As they expect we are unprepared for them," whispered old Mr. Smith, "they will be for breaking open the door. As soon as they burst it I will fire. If they then retreat, we must all rush out and shoot as many of them as we can in the dark. The report of our guns will bring our friends from the mill, and we can give them chase in a body."
The old man had scarcely said this before a huge log of wood was precipitated against the door, and it flew open. The old man promptly fired. A man fell in the door-way and groaned aloud. A confusion of voices was heard without, and several guns were discharged into the door, but none of them took effect. The defensive party were completely sheltered in the dark, and maintained a strict silence. In a moment or two they heard their enemies moving off, and presently a gun was fired from the direction of the mill. By this they knew that their friends had rushed out of the mill, and were firing upon their enemies. The party in the house then stepped over the dead man in the door-way, rushed forth, joined their companions, raised a loud shout, and gave chase to their enemies, who had now all mounted their horses. In a moment they were galloping off, and the miller and his friends fired all their pieces after them. Returning to the house, a light was procured, and the man who had been shot was taken up. The ball had struck him to the heart, and killed him instantly. He was a stout, hearty fellow, apparently between thirty and forty years of age, but his countenance was an index of a life of sensual indulgence, brutality, and crime.

He was subsequently recognized as one of the infamous band associated with the Doans and the Vickars, and no doubt was entertained as to who had made the attack upon the miller's house.

Shortly after this attack upon the house of the miller, Mahlon and Eleazer Doan committed a daring robbery upon the house of Isaiah Hallowell in New Market street, between Vine and Callowhill street, in the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Hallowell was a member of the Society of Friends, and was also a strong opponent to the Revolutionary cause. The Doans liked him well
enough as far as his politics were concerned, but they had every reason to believe he had a large sum of money in his house, and if any thing was to be gained they never paused to consider whether it was friend or foe that they were plundering. Isaiah Hallowell was a man who was known to be very compassionate to the poor, and one whose charities were extensive. The hungry and ill-clad never went away from his doors unrelieved. He had no children of his own. A young lady living with him, was the niece of his wife, whom they had taken to bring up as their own. One afternoon a miserable looking object was seen by Isaiah’s wife seated on their steps. She raised the window and accosted him. The man looked up with an imploring gaze that at once appealed to the sympathy of the kind-hearted woman. She asked him if he was hungry.

"Yes, ma’am; I’ve not tasted a mouthful since yesterday at dinner-time, and I’ve walked all the way from Bristol since. My feet are so sore I can’t walk without pain.” And he put forward his feet, which were all bound up in dirty rags.

"Poor man!” said the good woman—“and such cold weather as it is, too!” Then turning to her niece, “Harriet, go open the door, and conduct the poor man back into the kitchen.”

“God bless you, ma’am, God bless you!” said the beggar in a fervent tone, as if he felt deeply grateful for the humanity that the good Quaker lady displayed towards him. The door was opened, and he hobbled back into the kitchen. Harriet busied herself, and in a few moments victuals were placed before him. He fell to, and ate so ravenously that the good lady had not the slightest reason to doubt, from appearances, his word in regard to his not having eaten a mouthful since the day previous. She asked him many questions, all
of which he answered humbly and in a straightforward manner.

By and by the master of the house came in. His wife and niece related to him the destitute condition of the "poor wanderer that had been sitting on their steps," and of his humble and grateful manner for the warmth that he was permitted to enjoy by the kitchen-fire, and the meal that he had eaten. The benevolent Isaiah, interested by this story, went back into the kitchen.

"How does thee do, friend?"

"God bless you, sir, for interesting yourself in the welfare of such an unworthy wretch as me! Your wife and daughter have given me to eat and comforted me much."

"Truly, Rachel," said Isaiah, turning to his wife, "I like the manner of this wayfarer that thou hast, in thy goodness, invited beneath our roof. Friend!"—

"Sir?"

"Thy language betokeneth that thou art one who hast seen better days. What vicissitudes and misfortunes in life have brought thee to this destitute condition?"

"Alas! sir, mine has been a checkered life!" And the beggar went on to tell a tale of his history from his birth up to the present time.

When he had finished, "Why did thee leave the army of that arch-rebel, George Washington?" asked Isaiah.

"My conscience, sir—it was the dictate of my conscience that made me do it."

"Indeed!" said the benevolent Isaiah. "Truly, it doth gladden my heart to perceive that the deluded people of these provinces are beginning to awaken to a sense of their crime in setting themselves forth in oppo-
situation to the just and lawful government of the man of Hanover, whom people style His Gracious Majesty George III. Truly doth it please me, friend! From the very first—yea, from the outbreak of those hot-headed people in Boston—have I set my face against this rebellion. Yea, and much persecution have I been subjected to in consequence thereof. But my persecutors will yet see that I am right and they are wrong."

"That they will, sir!"

"Speak to me not, friend, by vain titles—do not call me Sir, but speak to me by the name that I bear, even Isaiah. Friend, give me thy hand. Thou hast seen the error of thy ways, and I love thee because of thy candour in acknowledging the same. I was but this very afternoon in conversation with William Howe, the man who commands the English forces. He seemeth like a just and merciful man, and I heartily wish that he was otherwise engaged than in leading men to slaughter. He hath not a doubt, he sayeth, but that this rebellion will be totally crushed by the coming spring. Sincerely do I hope it may! War is an abomination in the sight of God!"

"So I think. I do not think we are blameless in slaughtering our fellow-creatures under any circumstances."

"Thou speakest undeniable truth, friend. And therein how culpable be these instigators of rebellion, who, by their wicked practices and inflammatory writings and speeches, stir up men's passions in resistance to the government of Great Britain!"

Here Harriet came into the kitchen, and told Isaiah his tea was ready.

"Come and partake with me, friend, of those blessings God hath deigned to bestow on me."
"I’ve already eat heartily, I thank you."

"Be not ashamed—though poor and needy, thou art not the less a being of God’s creation, and we are all the creatures of his bounty."

The beggar was then ushered into Isaiah’s parlour, and seated at the table with him, his wife, and niece. He drank several cups of strong tea, and made a hearty supper, notwithstanding the ample repast upon which he had regaled himself an hour or so previous.

"Poor man, how very hungry he must have been!" remarked Rachel aside to her niece.

After supper they drew up their chairs to the fire, and Isaiah took up the Bible, and commenced reading aloud. The beggar crossed his legs and held his swaddled feet towards the fire, whilst he inclined his head reverentially, and paid the most marked attention to the words that were read. Isaiah noticed the degree of devotion that he exhibited, and his heart warmed more and more towards the poor man. After he had finished reading, he addressed his guest:

"It is cold without. Thou art welcome, friend, to tarry this night with us. A comfortable bed shall be prepared for thy rest, and in the morning we will take measures to the further mitigation of thy present unpropitious fortunes. What sayst thou, Rachel, wife of my heart? Shall it be so?"

"Even as thou wilt, Isaiah. The poor and the needy are worthy of succour."

"Yea," continued Isaiah, "and we are commanded in the Scriptures so to do."

"Yea!" chimed in the modest Harriet.

It was about nine o’clock when the good Isaiah, being informed by his niece that a bed was ready in the back chamber of the third story, took up a candle and conducted the beggar to it. The beggar was very
grateful in his expressions, and indeed he seemed to be
overpowered with a sense of the kindness bestowed
upon him. The worthy man stood beside the beggar,
who seemed quite lame, and assisted him in undressing,
and even helped him into bed. Having effected this
kind act, and seeing the poor man well covered up
under a load of blankets, quilts, and bed clothing, he
took up the light, bade him "good night," and went
down stairs. Soon after this, they all retired for the
night.

The beggar, who was not in the least sleepy, soon
heard Isaiah snoring in the room below him. He lay
thus for about an hour and a half, when he slipped out
of bed, drew on his clothes, and groped his way very
quietly down the stairs. He moved along the entry
with a stealthy tread, and softly unfastened the front
door. He then uttered a low whistle, and a man emerged
from an opposite alley and came across the street.

"Are all asleep,—are you sure?"

"Yes—hush!—come in."

Both in the entry and the door locked, our beggar
asked the other if he had brought tinder-box and
matches. The box and matches were produced, and a
light was struck—then a candle lighted and shut up in a
dark-lantern, with all of which necessaries the confede-
rate had come prepared. They then tried the parlour
door, which was locked; and Eleazer Doan (for it was
he that had shammed himself off on the Quaker) took
from his brother Mahlon a skeleton-key and succeeded
directly in shooting back the bolt of the lock. Having
got into the parlour, they picked the lock of one of
those old-fashioned secretaries that we yet see occa-
sionally in old families; and in its secret drawers they
discovered nearly four hundred pounds, part in gold
and part in Bank of England notes. They next pos-
essed themselves of all the silver they could find, such as spoons, snuffers and tray, and candlesticks.

"Now, let us be off," said Mahlon.
"Not yet," said Eleazer.
"Why? what more do you expect to get? I'm sure this will do pretty well for a single haul."
"But I want the Quaker's watch."
"Have you seen it? Is it valuable?"
"'Tis a heavy gold one. I saw it twice this evening when he drew it out of his fob to look at the time."
"But how'll you come at it, if he keeps it under his pillow as other people do?"
"I intend to try for it at any rate," said Eleazer.
"Do you remain here—"
"You'd better not," urged Mahlon.
"I'm d——d if I don't," persisted Eleazer.
"Don't! Be satisfied with what we've got. In trying for the watch you may waken him, and if he gives the alarm we may be nabbed."
"I'm not afraid of that," replied Eleazer. "Do you only stand still where you are, and in case there's any alarm given, do you put off and leave me to get out of the scrape the best way I can—that's all I ask. I can't make up my mind to leave this house without that watch."
"Well, go ahead. Be wide awake, but don't waken anybody, for God's sake!"

Eleazer then began cautiously to grope his way up the stairs. He reached the door of the chamber where Isaiah and his wife slept. He quietly raised the latch, and entered without disturbing them. Isaiah, who was a sound sleeper, was snoring away quite lustily. Eleazer got to the head of the bed, and began to search under the pillow for the watch. The Quaker was partly wakened by it. "Eh, what do you want, Har-
riet—is it breakfast-time?” he said, and turned over in bed. The thief dodged down and remained breathlessly silent. After awhile the snoring was resumed, and he again reached his hand under the pillow. Again was the sleeping Isaiah disturbed. He sat upright in bed. His movements wakened his wife also. She asked him what was the matter.

“I declare, Rachel, I thought I felt some one groping beneath my pillow at my valuable gold watch. But it could not have been, for here it is as safe as ever. What strange things are dreams! I declare to thee, Rachel, it seems as if I did feel the hand under my pillow as certainly as I now place my hand upon thy arm!”

“It could be but a dream,” replied his wife. “Lay thy head upon thy pillow again, and replace the covering, for I am chilled.”

The worthy couple again addressed themselves to their slumbers; and after awhile the thief knew, by Isaiah’s loud snoring and his wife’s heavy breathing, that they were both once more sound asleep. Again did he insert his hand under the pillow; and this time he secured the watch, and effected it without arousing the Quaker. He then went on tiptoe out of the chamber and down to his companion in the entry. They chuckled over their success and then left the house.

On the following morning, Isaiah, upon putting his hand under his pillow to get his watch, found it gone. “It was no dream then!” he exclaimed; “there was a hand under my head last night!” He bounced out of bed, and, as quick as thought, ran up stairs to the room where he had parted with the beggar. The bed was empty. He flew down to his chamber again, and Rachel prevailed upon him to dress himself. When dressed and down stairs, he was rendered half-crazy to
find his secretary broken open and his gold and Bank of England notes abstracted. He raised the alarm and had the police in quest of the robber; but it was not until years after that the dying confession of one of the brothers informed the old gentleman who were the plunderers.

Gen. Howe, while wintering at Philadelphia, employed a large number of his men in endeavouring to free the Delaware of the chevaux-de-frise and spikes which had been run across it below the city, and he occasionally sent out foraging and predatory parties to scour the neighbouring country. These parties pillaged and harassed the farmers, but did material injury to their own cause. In these expeditions the Doans were generally at the head, conducting the pillagers to such places as were most likely to recompense them for the trouble to which they put themselves.

Moses and five of his brothers, with Solomon and Isaac Vickars and three others of the gang, rode into Philadelphia the day before Christmas, and Moses got off his horse before the head quarters of General Howe, in Market street near Sixth.* Levi Doan held his brother's horse, and the rest rode on, to the neighbourhood of South and Front, where they put up. Moses was admitted to an interview with General Howe, and in less an hour he came out and remounted his horse. In answer to a question from his brother, he said, "Yes; I've got his written order, and we may take twenty-five Hessians along with us if we choose. I think, though, we're strong enough handed as we are, and we had better do without them. Don't you think so?" Levi replied in the affirmative. Moses showed the written order to the others of the party, and asked them if they thought the assistance of the Hessians was needed.

* The house in which Washington afterwards lived.
They all, with one voice, said No! "Then don't drink much, and hold yourselves in readiness to set out at dark," said he.

Soon after dark, these eleven men each got into his saddle, and they rode out of Vernon street (where the stables were) in a body. They walked their horses leisurely till they reached Sixth and Market streets, which was in those days the outskirts of the city. They then put their horses into a gallop, and soon reached the ferry on the Schuylkill, having crossed which, they again started at a rapid pace and rode hard for about five miles on the Lancaster road. It was but about seven o'clock in the evening when they halted at what was then called the Five Mile House. They called for drink and swaggered around the bar-room. There was a young fellow getting a drink at the bar, who Moses thought eyed his party with rather a suspicious scrutiny. This young fellow shortly after called for his horse, mounted and rode off. Moses watched him, and seeing that he took a direction towards the city, he seemed at ease. He asked the man of the tavern if he knew who the young fellow was that had just left. The man said that he didn't know for certain, but he believed it was Smith, and that it was one of a family who had lately moved about four miles above. "By G—!" exclaimed Moses aside to his gang, "it's one of them. He knows us, too. Did you see how he eyed us? I thought I knew the face, but I wasn't certain. He started off towards the city, though."

"A sham, I'll bet anything," remarked one of the brothers of Moses. "He'll take some by-road and get home in time to raise a party to welcome us. They know that we're determined on revenge, and they keep a bright lookout."
We will here state to the reader that the Doans highly exasperated by their repulse in the attack upon the house of the Smiths, had sworn terrible vengeance, and given out that when they again attempted it they would make sure work. Old Mr. Smith, aware of their desperate characters, had not a doubt that they would endeavour to make good their word. Fearful of being murdered by them, he obtained the permission of Washington to have his three sons with him awhile for protection. The sons came, but wishing to be with the army, they prevailed upon their father to move from Manayunk to a farm that he had about nine miles over the Schuylkill from the Market street ferry, where he would be at a greater distance from the Doans. The Doans presently got wind of this removal, and knowing that the three brothers were yet with their father, they resolved to make the attack at once. For this purpose they came into the city the day before Christmas, and as they had made up their minds to make a bloody business of it, they concluded it best to proceed under a show of authority. With this object, Moses Doan had the interview with General Howe, to whom he represented something very unfavourable to the Smiths, and in this way obtained the written order for the expedition.

The young man noticed by Moses in the bar-room of the Five Mile House was one of the young Smiths who had been with the army at Valley Forge. Upon the night we are treating of he was going into the city, and accidentally stopped at the Five Mile House to get something to drink. He at once recognized the party of the Doans, and knew well enough that they meditated an attack upon his father’s house that night. He also detected the eyes of Moses watching him, and he assumed as nonchalant a manner as possible. He
pretended to be in a measure stupidly half-drunk. He knew, too, that if he rode off towards home, he would be speedily followed and overtaken by the fleet horses of the Doans. So, when he got into the saddle, he struck off towards the city for half a mile, when he came to a by-road, into which he turned, and, spurring his horse forward, he rode at the utmost speed to which he could attain. He reached the house—gave the alarm—and his father and brothers were directly armed. The mother and sisters escaped to a house a quarter of a mile off, when a light was placed in the front room down stairs and left burning. The father and his four sons, each with a gun, then crossed the road and concealed themselves behind some bushes growing along the fence. Here they had remained something like half an hour, when they heard the Doan party approaching. The whole eleven rode up in a body, and halted in the road within a few feet of the concealed Smiths. Moses, who led the party, remarked that the light burning in the room looked rather suspicious. He dismounted and went forward on foot to reconnoitre. He approached the house, passed through the gate, and peered through a window into the room. He then examined round the outside of the house, but could see or hear no one. Returning to his men, he directed them all to dismount and hitch their horses to the fence. This they did. He then ordered several to make a circuit round the farm, while he and three of his brothers would enter the house. This movement was accordingly made. Moses and his three brothers approached the house, and looked into the room where the light was burning. At this moment two guns were discharged from behind the bushes at them. The shot took effect, for a loud cry was uttered by Moses Doan, and he fell. The Smiths now retreated as fast as possible, running in a stooping posture along the fence,
behind the bushes, till they came to a small creek, the course of which they followed till they considered themselves in safety, when they halted.

The report of firearms, and the cry of Moses Doan, brought all the party quickly upon the spot. Moses was wounded in the shoulder, but not mortally. He gave orders for his companions to enter the house, plunder it, and set it on fire. While some were executing this order, others had brought out a light wagon of the Smiths, and the bottom being thickly covered with straw, Moses Doan was lifted into it. The house was speedily rifled and set on fire. The Doans then left, dragging along with them the vehicle that contained their wounded leader.

Six weeks elapsed before Moses Doan was sufficiently recovered to resume the daring adventures in which his spirit delighted. Bitter—bitter were the feelings entertained by him and his brothers against the Smiths. Though so often and so signally baffled in their plans of vengeance, their spirit of animosity was only the more intense, and the more burning was their desire of revenge! In fact it galled them to the quick, for it was a common saying about the city and the country that "a Smith is too much for a Doan!"

Just before this had occurred the Edge Hill skirmish, of which we are enabled to give the following interesting anecdote. Gen. Howe all along entertained a hope of surprising Washington and his army by some skilful manoeuvre; and with this object in view he kept the Doans constantly on the lookout to furnish him with information if any opportunity should present. About the first of December, Moses Doan had an interview with Howe and Lord Cornwallis, in which he said that the Americans might be attacked and completely routed if certain measures were adopted. Howe agreed to undertake it according to Doan's plan, and had the whole
written out and distributed among his officers. One of these officers—the adjutant-general of the British army—occupied a chamber in the house of William Darrach, a schoolmaster, living at the corner of Little Dock and Second streets. With this plan of the premeditated attack in his pocket, he returned home late one night from the Old Theatre in South street. Major Andre and another accompanied him. The adjutant let himself and companions into the house by his nightkey, and, having reached his chamber, they sat down to drink some wine. Andre and the other officer were not yet aware of the intended attack upon the army at Whitemarsh, and the adjutant taking the plan from his pocket, showed it to them and detailed the whole. Taking it for granted that the family were all fast locked in sleep at that late hour, the adjutant thus unwarily spoke aloud. As it happened, Mrs. Lydia Darrach, the wife of the schoolmaster, was lying awake and overheard the whole conversation. She and her husband were both friendly to the Patriotic cause. In the morning she told her husband what she had heard. The honest schoolmaster was deeply worried, for he was anxious to give the Americans intelligence of the contemplated attack, and yet he could think of no means by which to communicate it to them. The wife thought of an expedient, and early after breakfast, upon a pretext of going out to Frankford for flour, she obtained a pass, and set forth. She met Col. Craig, to whom she disclosed the plot. Col. Craig instantly repaired to the camp of Washington, and the general at once took measures to guard himself against the attack. At the following midnight, the British army slowly and noiselessly glided out of the city, eager to surprise the "d—d Yankees," and rout them completely. But they "reckoned without their host," as the proverb has it, for they found Washington ready to receive them,
and it ended in the "Edge Hill skirmish," as it was called, which occurred on the 5th of December. The British returned wearied and chagrined to the city, to the no small satisfaction of all "good whigs."

Mrs. Darrach, though by no means a hale and hearty woman, walked the whole distance out to Frankford and back again, carrying with her on her return, to save appearances, a bag of flour. It is said the adjutant had strong suspicions of how Washington obtained his information of the designed attack; but he could not be certain of Mrs. Darrach's participation in it, and was consequently necessitated to grin and bear a spite that he could not revenge. Mr. Darrach and his intrepid wife were both of the Society of Friends.*

The capture of General Burgoyne at Saratoga by the brilliant success of General Horatio Gates, revived the drooping hopes of the Americans, and inspired them with a lively determination to prosecute the struggle for Independence. In the spring of the following year (1778), Howe received orders from the British ministry to evacuate Philadelphia,—for they feared that if a French fleet should blockade the squadron in the Delaware, whilst Washington surrounded him by land, he would meet with a disastrous fate, similar to that which had befallen Burgoyne. On the 18th of June, the British army departed from Philadelphia, followed closely by Washington, who kept a strict watch upon their movements, and harassed them upon the rear of their march.

In this place it may not be improper to furnish the reader with a few interesting reminiscences of the British while wintered in Philadelphia; records and traditions that the dignity of history passes over, but

* See "Historic Tales of the Olden Time," page 294.
which fill up the picture of that important crisis, like the lights and shadows that are necessary upon a picture to make a finished painting. Nor will any of our readers, we feel sure, for a moment consider them out of place in a work like the present. For our information upon these matters, we are altogether indebted to that invaluable work from the pen of Mr. Watson, "The Annals of Philadelphia."

General William Howe was a man of tall stature, of rather handsome countenance, and of polite and amiable manners. He was fond of company, and at his house in Market street, the first door below Sixth (south side), he gave frequent dinner-parties. He visited his officers frequently at their respective residences, and was anxious to make the acquaintance of all the opulent families in the city. He rode much about the town in Mrs. Powell's carriage, which he seized for his own use, and by his urbanity he gained the good will of many who had hitherto felt hostile to himself and the cause he supported.

Lord Howe, his brother, who commanded the British fleet, was a man of shorter stature, and not so well favoured in physiognomical appearance. He resided in Chesnut street, between Fourth and Fifth, in the house that is now the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

Lord Cornwallis lived in South Second street, above Spruce, in the house that was for many years since occupied by David Lewis, Esq. Mr. Lewis died some three or four years ago, and the house is at present tenanted by a Quaker family. It is the one with a projection over the door, and number 146.

The city was unusually gay while the British officers remained in it, for traditions inform us that balls and parties succeeded night after night in a constant round; and though many of the younger officers were shockingly dissipated in the eyes of our staid and sober
citizens, it is but justice to say that as a body they exhibited but little assumption, compared with what might have been expected under the circumstances. In all of these pleasures, the two Howes, Cornwallis, Sir Henry Clinton, General Kniphausen, Major Andre, Captain Delancy, Gen. Grant, and the others, joined.

Major Andre and Captain Delancy took the lead in such dramatic entertainments as were got up at the Old Theatre in South street above Fourth (now a distillery). Major Andre assisted in painting scenes, and a drop-curtain painted by him was for years afterwards in use.

Among the stanchest Tories of those days was a Mr. Marmaduke Wharton (Duke Wharton, as he was styled in derision by the Whigs); and at his country-seat in Southwark was given the celebrated "Meschianza" entertainment. If all accounts be correct, it was a splendid affair; and many belles of Whig families graced the fête by being present in all the charms of youth and beauty. These families, though good Whigs at heart, partook of the amusements on this occasion, "not for the love of the English," they said, "but merely for the fun of the thing." Notwithstanding this excuse, they met with much odium in consequence,—and deservedly, we think.

Robert Morris, the distinguished financier, though universally mild and forgiving in his nature, was so chagrined because some of his intimate relations took a part therein, that from that day till his death he would never associate with them upon the terms that usually exist in families nearly connected. He could not reconcile it with his sense of propriety, he said, that Americans could join in the dancing and revelry of our enemies "while the army at Valley Forge was suffering the privations of ill food and ragged clothing, and tracking the frozen ground with the blood of their bare feet."
PART III.

The victory at Monmouth.—The Doans active in the dreadful massacre of Wyoming.—Putnam's feat at Horse Neck.—The taking of Stony Point.—John Paul Jones's desperate engagement with two British ships off the coast of England.—Revolting atrocities of the Doans near Elizabethtown, N. J.—Murder of Mrs. Caldwell.—Robberies, arsons, &c.—Robbery of Mr. Van Tienck and violation of his daughters.—Battle of Springfield.—The Doans and their gang, with Foxy Joe, leave Staten Island and return to Bucks county.—$300,000 raised in Philadelphia for the American army.—Treason of Arnold and death of Andre.—Joseph Doan the younger passes himself off as Lord Rawdon, &c.

The glorious victory at Monmouth, N. J., soon followed the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, and Congress returned thanks to Washington and his army, whilst the people throughout the United States celebrated it by bonfires and rejoicings from Maine to Georgia.

In July, aid from the French appeared off the mouth of the Delaware, in a fleet of twelve ships of the line and three frigates, under the command of Count d'Estaing. Lord Howe had sailed to New York, whither D'Estaing now followed.

In the meantime was enacted that dreadful massacre at Wyoming, the details of which are beyond description awful. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of the European
with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. *Mr. Weld*, the traveller, informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796. In the desolation of Wyoming and the massacre of its unoffending inhabitants, none were more active than three of the *Downs!*

The valley of Wyoming contained nearly a thousand people. It was then on the frontiers, and had frequently been harassed with incursions of the Indians. The feelings of the settlers were averse to the interest of the British, but the valley was surrounded with tories, who, to curry favour with the English, had sought every occasion they possibly could to misrepresent and traduce the peaceful dwellers in Wyoming. Frugal and industrious, the people of this valley were connected by the strongest ties of love and fellowship, and a common danger that threatened them led them to erect forts and defences against the Indians. Moses Doan, as far back as the beginning of the winter of 1777, had solicited General Howe to send out a force and conquer the valley; but Howe, from some cause or other, never countenanced the project. But, unknown to Howe, Doan and his brothers put matters into such a train, by communicating with the Indians, that they had not a doubt of ultimately accomplishing their bloody purpose.

In the summer of 1778, after the army quitted Philadelphia, Moses, Aaron, and Mahlon Doan repaired to the valley of Wyoming, whilst the other brothers followed the British towards New York. Moses and his two brothers left Wyoming, after arranging their plans with the tories in that neighbourhood, and went west among the Indians. Communications were quietly
carried on for awhile between the Doans, Brandt, and Colonel John Butler, which resulted in their surprising the settlement, capturing the forts, and rendering the valley a horrid scene of carnage, misery, and ruin. The Doans, with exultation more savage than that of their Indian allies, were foremost in the work of slaughter—sparing neither men, women, nor children—alike deaf to the groans of the sick, the entreaties of the wife, the shrieks of the virgin, the anguish of the mother, and the tears of childhood! Weary with the work of butchery, these hell-hounds, satiated with the blood of innocence and reeking in gore, paused; upon which Butler and Brandt ordered that all the inhabitants yet alive, should be shut up in the houses and barracks, and the buildings set on fire. This was done, and the savages of the forest danced war-dances and shrieked their war-whoops as they revelled over the agony of their victims perishing in the flames. The surrounding country was then devastated with fire and sword; helpless people were driven from their homes,—flying in all directions, without money, clothes, or food, from the stroke of the fatal tomahawk.

Butler, Brandt, the Doans, and a large force of Indians and refugees, tracked these helpless wanderers, hunting them like game, and slaying them without the least remorse! It was not until some continental troops approached the valley, that these merciless invaders were expelled from the country that they had thus laid waste. Nor did any thing throughout the whole war of independence more exasperate the Americans against the British, than that they should have connived at this unparalleled work of treachery and murder.

The principal operations of the war were now transferred to the Southern States. After doing much da-
in the state of Virginia, the marauders returned to New York, laden with plunder. The campaign of 1779 was distinguished by Putnam's feat at Horse Neck, and the taking of Stony Point by Gen. Wayne. Putnam was stationed at Reading in Connecticut, and going out one day with about a hundred men to visit his outpost at Horse Neck, he was suddenly attacked by Governor Tryon with a body of more than a thousand. Putnam had two field-pieces with him, and with these he managed to retard the advance of the enemy for some time. Perceiving their intention to charge with infantry and cavalry, he commanded his men to retreat into a swamp in the vicinity, to do which they must scramble at an imminent risk, down a steep precipice of nearly a hundred stone steps that were there for the convenience of foot-passengers. Down this precipice did the gallant Putnam plunge himself on horseback, and before the dragoons of the enemy, who dared not follow him, could ride round the hill, he was beyond their reach. They sent a shower of bullets after him, but he escaped unwounded.

The British had strongly garrisoned Stony Point, and on the 15th of July, Washington sent General Wayne with a small force to surprise them. This was a bold and desperate undertaking, but Wayne, with his usual intrepidity, told the commander-in-chief, that he would "go at it as readily as he would sit down to his dinner." After a stout defence on the part of the British, the fort was carried by storm, and the garrison of more than five hundred taken prisoners; sixty-three were killed, and the guns and stores fell into the hands of the Americans. This was perhaps one of the most brilliant achievements throughout the war, and it gave great joy to the people of the colonies.

This year was rendered memorable in the annals of the American navy by the signal victory of Paul Jones
over the British in his celebrated engagement off the coast of England on the 23d of September. The details of this battle exceed anything upon record for the intrepidity and energy with which it was effected. Jones was a native of Scotland, the son of a gardener by the name of Paul, to which name our hero, who emigrated to the state of Virginia, appended that of Jones. Having at an early age become inured to the hardships of a seafaring life, he grew up a perfect seaman, and soon had the command of a vessel in the West India trade. At the breaking out of the Revolution he espoused the popular cause, and was appointed to the command of the Providence of 12 guns and 70 men, in which he cruised so successfully as to make sixteen prizes. He was the first naval commander that sailed out of the Delaware with the _stars_ and _stripes_ streaming from his mast-head. He was ordered by Congress, in May, 1777, to sail for France and arrange certain naval operations with the American Commissioners at Paris. On the 10th of April, 1778, he sailed in the Ranger, and making a descent upon the coast of Scotland, he alarmed the whole country, landed at Whitehaven, and captured two forts and thirty pieces of ordnance. He also carried off the plate from the mansion of the Earl of Selkirk, at St. Mary's Island, but this he subsequently restored. Having captured several prizes, he returned to Brest with something like two hundred prisoners. August 14th, 1779, he sailed again with a squadron of seven sail. Having cruised successfully off the coast of Ireland for awhile, and afterwards sailed with the Pallas, of 32 guns, and the Vengeance of 16, to the coast of Scotland again, engaged with several armed vessels in the very sight of the port of Leith, and after threatening to lay the town under contribution, which he was only prevented from fulfilling
by the intervention of a violent storm, he again put to sea.

A few days after this he fought his famous battle with the Serapis. The Serapis was a new ship of 44 guns, and had a picked crew. In every respect she was superior to Jones’s own ship, the Bon Homme Richard. This desperate engagement took place off Flamborough Head—the action commencing at about 7 o’clock in the evening, of a moonlight night, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators assembled on the shore. It raged with unabated fury, till the bowsprit of the Serapis coming over the poop of the Bon Homme Richard, she swung round so as to lay alongside the other, the stern of the one close to the bow of the other. Jones himself seized the ropes that hung from the bowsprit, and made them fast to his own ship. The battle was then resumed with increased desperation, and continued until half past ten o’clock, when the mainmast of the Serapis going by the board, they struck their colours. While the action between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis was going on, the American frigate Alliance, 36 guns, frequently sailed round the Serapis, and poured in a raking fire, both fore and aft; but as they were close alongside each other, her fire frequently did execution on board the Bon Homme Richard, eleven of whose men and an officer were killed by one of her broadsides. At the same time, in company, the English ship Countess of Scarborough engaged the French frigate Pallas, and after two hours action struck her colours and was made a prize of. The Serapis had 54 killed and 75 wounded. The Bon Homme Richard was actually in a sinking state when the engagement was concluded; and there was scarcely time to take out the wounded before she went down.*

* Jones was afterwards honoured with great marks of favour
In the meantime the war was prosecuted with various success in the Southern States. Gates commanded the American forces, and Lord Cornwallis the enemy; whilst Washington was compelled to limit himself to the tedious and inglorious duty of reposing at Morristown, N. J., keeping a strict surveillance upon the motions of the British on New York Island, and restraining their depredatory incursions into the adjacent country. Upon these marauding expeditions, none were so active as the Doans. Those of this family that left Philadelphia with the British army, were, shortly after the massacre of Wyoming, joined by their brothers Moses, Aaron, and Mahlon. One of the Vickars was also with them, and several of the Bucks county gang.

Early in June 1780, General Kniphausen, commanding at New York in the absence of Sir Henry Clinton, incited to a depredatory expedition by the Doans, left Staten Island with a force of five thousand and entered Elizabethtown, N. J.—from thence they proceeded five miles to the Connecticut Farms, where they burnt twelve houses, together with the Presbyterian meeting. But the most dastardly act was the assassination of Mrs. Caldwell, wife of the Rev. James Caldwell, pastor of the Presbyterian congregation. Whilst sitting in her house, surrounded by her children, one of the Doans wantonly fired at her through the open window, and she fell back from her chair instantly dead.*

by Congress. After the peace, he went into the Russian service, but soon left in consequence of some misunderstanding. He died in Paris in 1792.

* On November 24th of the following year (1781), Mr. Caldwell was himself shot in mistake by an American sentinel at Elizabethtown Point. They left nine children in a distressed and helpless situation.
It was on the 7th of June that Mrs. Caldwell was thus inhumanly killed; and that night, after the British had pitched their tents, the Doans and a party of Hessians left the camp, sallied forth into the surrounding country, and, guided by some refugees of that neighbourhood, attacked the houses of various farmers, plundering them of all their valuables, insulting and violating helpless women, and setting fire to houses, barns, and hayricks. The flames of these blazing houses were seen by the citizens of Newark and for miles around the country.

On the following night they committed a revolting outrage upon the family of Mr. Van Tienck, who kept a public house on the road between Elizabethtown and Newark. Mr. Van Tienck was a widower, with three of his daughters living with him. His eldest daughter was a married woman, but had separated from her husband in consequence of his ill-treatment and neglect to support her. The husband of this young woman was one of the most notorious refugees to be found in Essex county. He had twice been left by his wife, and upon his promise of reformation she had been induced each time to live with him again. But he relapsed into his idle and dissipated habits in a very short time after each reconciliation, and as she found it was utterly useless to expect him to amend, she went home to her father's for the third time, resolved to be cajoled by him no more. Mr. Van Tienck was much liked as a landlord, and his house was the stopping-place that persons in the habit of travelling that road invariably preferred. He had one of the largest farms in the county attached to his house, of which he was the owner, and was considered a rich man. He was also an active whig, doing all in his power to further the cause. Joseph Condit, or Foxy Joe, as he was generally called, in consequence of the bushiness of his
hair and the cunning and villainous expression of his countenance, hated his father-in-law bitterly, and frequently had been heard to threaten the life of the old man for "keeping his wife away from him." Of the refugees who conducted the forces of Gen. Kniphhausen through the county, he was as ready as any to point out such families as sided with the whigs,—for he could in this way glut his vengeance upon persons who knew what a rascal he was and heartily despised him. In the Doans he found a kindred spirit. Having concocted a plot with them, on the night of the 8th of June it was carried into effect.

Just before dark that evening, two plain-looking, and apparently tired travellers, got off their horses at Mr. Van Tienck’s, and desired to be furnished with supper and accommodated with lodging for the night. Mr. Van Tienck, after scanning them awhile (for the times made people suspicious of each other), was upon the point of refusing lodgings to them; but, upon consulting Mrs. Condit, he said that they could be accommodated for the night. The travellers entered freely and respectfully into conversation, representing themselves as on their way from Philadelphia to New York; they said they were on business of a private nature, but what it was they did not feel themselves bound to tell anybody; that in the morning they should push on to New York; and "if you are paid your bill, sir, it is all that you wish of us, we presume?"

Mr. Van Tienck assented to this, and said, "Of course you are to me no more than others that I accommodate; and be you whigs or tories I know not, and have no right to question you."

The murder of Mrs. Caldwell was talked over, and other topics were discussed by the two travellers and Mr. Van Tienck, till bedtime, when the travellers retired to their chamber, and shortly after the whole household
sought the repose of slumber. A while before midnight
a loud knocking at the door aroused Mr. Van Tienck
from his pillow. He raised his chamber window and
looked out, when he saw a man who begged of him to
dress and arm himself, and rouse up any travellers
that he might have. Mr. Van Tienck asked why. The
man said, "Don't you see?—there's the widow Sock-
well's house in flames, and the refugees have offered
violence to the women, for we heard them shriek as far
as Owen Sayre's. Come over to Owen's with me, and
let's see what's to be done."

Mr. Van Tienck awakened his lodgers, and told
them what was the matter, and pointed through the win-
dow to the burning house.

"But are you sure the house was fired by the refu-
gees?" asked one of the travellers. "These are dan-
gerous times, and if merely the three or four of us
should interfere with a strong party of them, they
would shoot us down like dogs. May-be the house has
accidentally caught fire?"

"No," replied Mr. Van Tienck, "here is a man
down at the door brings the word."

"Have you any guns?"

"Yes," said Van Tienck, "one for each of us—we
can go over to Owen Sayre's, a neighbour of mine,
and he and his five sons will make six, to which we
three will make nine, the man down at the door ten,
and that will be a clever muster alone; besides we can
stop at three farms on the way, and I think can get
five more to join us."

The men then said they would go. Van Tienck told
his daughters of the affair, and told them to dress them-
selves, and sit up till daylight.

"If it's the refugees, Foxy Joe's among them, I'll
lay a dollar," remarked one of the sisters.
"If he is," said his wife, "I hope he gets a bullet in his heart before morning."

"Oh! sister, how harshly you talk," gently chided the other sister.

"I can't help it—my heart burns with indignation when I think of him and the refugees. What he is I know—to my sorrow I know him—and they must all be as black-hearted wretches as him, or they never would be guilty of the cowardly crimes they commit. Does't what they did yesterday—shooting a harmless woman in her house—show what they are! Cowardly cruel wretches! Oh, if I was a man, how I should like to shoot them down by the hundreds!"

"Some say it wasn't a refugee, but one of the Hessians, that shot Mrs. Caldwell," said the sister.

"Come, girls, come," shouted their father up the stairs; "we're going."

The girls then went down stairs, and their father, with the man and the two travellers, shouldered their guns and started across the fields towards Owen Sayre's. They had been gone about ten minutes, and the girls had betaken themselves to the kitchen, when a knock occurred at the bar-room door. They went into the bar, and the eldest asked, "Who's there?"

A man answered in a supplicatory voice, and asked for something to eat, stating that he was hungry.

"We can't let you in. Wait till morning, and you shall have as much victuals as you can eat."

"Open the door quietly and you shall not be molested; but if you don't I'll burst the door open."

"Do, if you dare, and get a bullet in your head."

"You talk big—and I might fear a bullet if you had a gun or pistol, but I know a thing worth two of that. Your old dad and two refugees with him have gone off with the guns."

"Refugees!" exclaimed the girls in alarm
Brutal conduct of the Doans and Foxy Joe.
"Yes! ha! ha!"

At this moment, a window in the second story was smashed in, and Moses Doan and some of his brothers, with Foxy Joe and four Hessians, leaped from the shed into one of the chambers above. This was heard by the three sisters, who now, filled with a horrid apprehension of what their fate would be, gave utterance to the most piercing shrieks, and ran wildly about the house. The gang in an instant precipitated themselves with fiendish exultation into the bar-room. The unfortunate sisters, upon their knees, entreated to be spared; but the inhuman Foxy Joe, seizing his own wife, snatched her up from her knees and passed her over to one of the Doans, who carried her to a chamber, and amidst her prayers and tears completed his hellish purpose. Her sisters met each a similar fate. The house was plundered of money and valuables. The villains drank all they wanted, and then poured all the liquors over the floor and broke the glasses—they ate their fill, and destroyed the rest of what provisions were in the house—and finished by tying the clothes of the three sisters above their heads and turning them out of the house, to which they set fire, and decamped.

It appears that the two travellers were of the refugee gang, as was also the man who brought word of the widow Sockwell's house being fired. The plot was laid in this way. Two were to pass themselves off for travellers, and take lodgings. A portion of the gang were to leave the camp early in the evening, and secrete themselves in a wood behind Mr. Van Tienck's house. Another portion of them were to repair to the lone house of Mrs. Sockwell and set it on fire. When, towards midnight, the party concealed near Van Tienck's saw the widow's abode on fire, one of their gang knocked, as we have described, and aroused Mr. Van Tienck, who, if alone, would not have an instant
thought of sallying forth to the rescue; but if his two lodgers would accompany him, he was at once willing. After they had got him half a mile from his house, they seized him, gagged him, plundered his pockets, left him lying upon the field, and returned to the house to participate in the plunder and riot.

This daring outrage was followed by others equally revolting. Night after night houses were plundered, and females violated by this inhuman gang of Refugees and Hessians. Loud was the cry that went up from the land and implored the vengeance of the Almighty upon these devastators of chastity and property. On the 16th of June, Washington and his army marched out to give the British battle. Several days were passed in skirmishing,—the Americans were victorious, and Kniphausen was compelled to retreat. On the 23d took place the engagement at Springfield, after which Kniphausen gave orders to burn the town. Only four houses were left standing. That night they retreated to Elizabethtown Point, and early next morning crossed over to Staten Island.

The Doans and their gang did not follow the army to New York, but scoured through Staten Island, and crossing over into Jersey at South Amboy, rode rapidly to Trenton, and in less than three days were again among their old haunts in Bucks county. Foxy Joe accompanied them, and was considered by the Doans a valuable accession to their gang.

The destitute condition of the American army being at this time strongly represented by Washington to Congress, a subscription for the relief of the suffering soldiers was set on foot, and the sum of $300,000 promptly contributed by the citizens of Philadelphia. The arrival of a body of auxiliary forces from France was daily expected, and on the 10th of July this wel-
come aid appeared off Rhode Island,—and a squadron of seven sail of the line, five frigates and five schooners, convoying a fleet having 6000 men under the Count de Rochambeau on board, sailed into the harbour of Newport.

In the month of September of this year (1780), Washington, who had now taken up his position at West Point, 50 miles above New York, on the Hudson, having occasion to hold an interview with Ternay, the French admiral, and Count Rochambeau, intrusted the command of this impregnable post to General Benedict Arnold. Arnold, though a brave warrior, was a man of no moral integrity, and was a profligate in his habits. His dissipations had involved him in debt, and his accounts in regard to the disbursement of public moneys, of which he had had the administration, were so unsatisfactory, that he was liable to an impeachment. Alarmed by the terrors of a guilty conscience, he determined to get rid of pecuniary responsibility by betraying his country. A negotiation with Sir Henry Clinton was accordingly entered into, in which he bound himself for a specified number of thousand pounds and the rank of a brigadier-general in the British army, to make such a disposition of his troops as should enable the enemy to make themselves masters of West Point.

Major Andre was the negotiator in this affair, and under the name of Anderson he carried on a clandestine correspondence with Arnold, who signed himself Gustavus. To facilitate their negotiation, the British sloop of war Vulture was moved up the Hudson near to West Point, and on the night of the 21st a boat was sent by Arnold to the Vulture to bring Andre ashore. Arnold and Andre met, and their interview lasted till daybreak; it was then too late for the latter to return.
to his vessel, and Arnold conducted him within one of the American posts, where he remained concealed till the following night. In the interval, the Vulture moved lower down the river to get beyond the reach of an American battery, by the fire of which she was incommodecl. Cut off from this way of getting back to New York, Arnold furnished him with a disguise and passport, and he started by land. He had advanced in safety near the British lines, when he was captured near Tarrytown by three militia-men of New York, namely, Isaac Vanwart, Levi Paulding, and David Williams, to whom he announced himself as John Anderson, and producing a pass from Arnold, they permitted him to proceed; but he had not gone many yards, when one of them, upon a little recollection, was so forcibly struck by the impression of some particularity which he conceived he had noticed in the stranger's manner or countenance, that he peremptorily insisted upon a more strict examination. This recollection was decisive and fatal to Andre. Upon closely searching him, they found in his boot the most important papers, decisively proving Arnold's treason. In this dilemma, Andre offered them a large purse of gold and a valuable gold watch, besides promising them a permanent provision for life and future promotion, if they would permit him to proceed; but they nobly refused his offers, and took him to Tarrytown, notice of his arrest being at the same time sent to General Washington. The papers found upon his person were in the handwriting of Arnold, and contained accurate details of the forces, ordnance, and defences of West Point, with the artillery orders, and an estimate of the number of men that were ordinarily on duty to man them, besides a copy of state matters that had been laid before a council of war, by the commander-in-chief, on the 6th of the month.
Andre, still assuming the name of Anderson, requested permission to write to Arnold to inform him of his detention. This was inconsiderately granted, and the traitor, being thus apprised of his peril, instantly effected his escape to the Vulture.

General Washington returned from Rhode Island at this crisis, and having taken the necessary precautions for the security of his post, referred the case of Andre to a court martial. Before this tribunal the young British officer appeared with a steady composure, and confessed all the facts of the case.* The court finally adjudged "that he ought to be considered as a spy; and that, agreeably to the laws and usages of nations, he ought to suffer death."

Sir Henry Clinton, both by entreaties and threats, did his utmost to save the life of Andre; but Washington did not think mercy compatible with his duty to his country, and the young man underwent the penalty by being hanged at Tappan, on the 2d of October, meeting his fate with a dignity and fortitude which equally excited the admiration and melted the hearts of all spectators.

We return to the Doans, and find them actively engaged in their depredations upon the property of the people in Bucks county, and occasionally effecting bold and desperate enterprises in the city of Philadelphia. In the newspapers of that day (as may be seen by referring to a file of them preserved in the Philadelphia Library), were almost constantly advertisements of rewards for their apprehension.

Foxy Joe and Joseph Doan the younger, were particularly expert in picking pockets and shoplifting. They lived expensively at the sign of the Conestoga Wagon in Market street,* under fictitious names, giv-

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* Where, on the 2d of October, 1782, died Major-General
ing themselves out as the sons of two rich planters of
the South. They were constant attenders of the Old
Theatre, and lavished their money upon some of the
dissolute females behind the scenes. They gained ad-
mission to the society of several opulent families by their
splendour of dress, assurance, and general display.

Joseph Doan the younger bore a strong resemblance
in person and expression of countenance, to young Lord
Rawdon, who, while the British army was quartered in
Philadelphia, was the favoured guest of many families,
both whigs and tories. Among the W......gs he
was an especial favourite. Doan and Foxy Joe being
in the crowd one night as the theatre was letting out,
the hand of the former coming rather unadroitly upon
the coat-pocket of old Thomas W......g, the old gen-
tleman quickly turned round, and at a glance mistaking
Doan for Lord Rawdon, and at once supposing his
lordship to be supporting an incognito, he smiled, shook
hands, and said in a whisper, “I am happy to see your
lordship—when did you arrive in Philadelphia?”

The sagacity of Doan at once perceived how matters
stood. He knew that Lord Rawdon had been intimate
in the family, and he was also aware of his own resem-
blance to that person. He at once determined to avail
himself of Mr. W.’s error.

“I arrived this morning,” he replied to Mr. W.’s in
terrogation. “I am passing in disguise from the army
in the South to communicate with Sir Henry Clinton at
New York. I thus frankly confide myself to you, sir,
perfectly aware of the kind feelings you entertain
towards me, and without the slightest apprehension of
being betrayed.”

Charles Lee, who was deprived of his command in the army for
his inattention to Washington’s orders at the battle of Mon-
mouth, in 1778.
Mr. W., flattered by the confidence put in him by so distinguished a person as Lord Rawdon, promised inviolable secrecy, and immediately invited his supposed lordship to his house. He asked him to accompany him home that night. This invitation Doan declined, but said he would call upon him the next morning, and that he would also bring his friend Col. Agnew—at the same time introducing Mr. W. to Foxy Joe, who had already taken the hint, and now bowed politely and shook hands with Mr. W.

"Where do your lordship and Colonel Agnew put up?" asked Mr. W., as they were about separating.

"At the sign of the Conestoga Wagon," answered Doan; "under assumed names of course, as you will readily suppose, sir."

"Certainly," assented Mr. W. "How long will your lordship remain in Philadelphia?"

"But two days. I shall then proceed to New York."

On the following day the supposed Lord Rawdon and his friend Colonel Agnew partook of a sumptuous dinner at Mr. W.'s table. Mr. W. and his daughters did their utmost to render the visit of his lordship and the colonel agreeable. In the afternoon they all took a drive, and returned in the evening to tea. Two of Mr. W.'s brothers dropped in during the evening; the bottle was handed round for several hours, and his lordship and the colonel exhibited a lively strain of wit, which Mr. W. and his brothers received with an equally good-humoured feeling of admiration. As it grew late, Mr. W. suggested that his guests should remain with him for the night; and, after some further pressing, his lordship and the colonel accepted the proffered kindness. At two o'clock the two brothers of Mr. W., who had indulged freely in the bottle, were driven to their respective residences, and shortly after, Doan and Foxy
Joe were conducted to the chamber in which they were to pass the night.

On the following morning his lordship and his friend the colonel were missing, as also was a good round sum of cash from a desk that had been broken open, and as much as five hundred dollars worth of silver plate. At the sign of the Conestoga Wagon, Mr. W. was informed that two men answering the description had put up there for several days past, representing themselves as the sons of Southern planters; that they came just before daybreak, paid up their bills, got their portmanteaus, mounted their horses, and rode off down Market Street. A few days after, Mr. W. received a letter that was mailed at Newtown, Bucks county, asking him in a jeering manner, “how he liked the company of Lord Rawdon and Col. Agnew?” There was no signature to the letter, but from the fact of its having been put into the post-office at Newtown, and other coincidences, Mr. W. was well convinced that he had been the victim of no other than a Doan!

PART IV.

The War in the South.—The execution of Col. Hayne of South Carolina, by Lord Rawdon.—Surrender of Cornwallis.—Peace established.—The Doans more desperate than ever.—The abduction of a young married woman.—Rewards offered by Government for their apprehension.—The death of Moses Doan and Major Kennedy.—The trial at Newtown, &c.

The operations of the war, during the campaign of 1781, were principally confined to the Southern States. General Gates was removed from the command and
succeeded by General Greene, who gained a signal victory over Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton at the battle of Cowpens. On the 15th of March followed the engagement near Guilford Court House. After this the brilliant engagement at Eutaw Springs, in which the continental troops and militia displayed remarkable intrepidity, and the British were finally compelled to give way, and fled on all sides. After this disastrous defeat, the interior of South Carolina was abandoned by them; and, on the 10th of May, Lord Rawdon burnt the jail, mills, many private houses, and a great deal of his own baggage, and evacuated Camden, leaving about thirty of his own sick and wounded, and as many Americans. While there, he hung in one day eight deserters whom he caught. He took shelter with his army in Charleston, soon after which he brought great odium on the British cause by an uncalled for example of severity. Colonel Hayne, a gentleman of fortune, distinguished himself in the defence of South Carolina, and after the capitulation of Charleston he voluntarily surrendered himself to the British authorities, asking for his personal liberty on parole. He was answered that he must either swear allegiance to the king of Great Britain, or be subjected to a close incarceration. Prevailed upon by some misjudging friends, Col. Hayne, in this extremity, signed a declaration of fealty to his Britannic Majesty, protesting, though, against a clause which required him to support the government of George III. with arms. This clause he was assured was not intended to be enforced. Notwithstanding this, Hayne was shortly after summoned to join the royal standard. Indignant at this breach of contract, he again took up arms on the side of his countrymen, and having the misfortune to be taken prisoner in a skirmish, Lord Rawdon, without any trial being allow-
ed, ordered him to be executed. To all petitions for the life of Colonel Hayne, his lordship was deaf, and the gallant colonel was executed.

On the 19th of October following, Lord Cornwallis capitulated at Yorktown, and the American war was in effect concluded. The British were cooped up in New York, Savannah, and Charleston, and occasionally made incursions into the surrounding country for purposes of foraging and plunder; but they found themselves utterly incompetent to pursue operations calculated to promote the main object of the war—the subjugation of the colonies.

Negotiations were entered into between the mother country and the thirteen states, and articles of peace were signed—his Britannic Majesty unreservedly acknowledging the independence of the American colonies. All that the British plenipotentiaries could obtain for the American loyalists and refugees was a provision that the legislatures of the respective states should be recommended to pursue the most lenient measures possible towards them.

The Doans and their gang, no longer under the shadow of British protection, were now more desperate and ferocious than ever. They knew that every man's hand was against them, and they were determined to be against every man. Except in disguise, they dared not travel alone any more, and were always seen four or five together. They dwelt in caves and in old deserted houses, and lived in a manner that at once recalls to us the days of Robin Hood and the wildest descriptions of novelty and adventure.

In the winter of 1782 they committed several robberies, and in Bucks county no man considered his property safe from them. The farmers of the county were every now and then stopped by them and compelled to
deliver up their money; and if they took a fancy to his horse they would lead it off too, leaving the plundered man to get to his destination as well as he could.

During this same winter the gang were flush of cash, and drove about the county, while there was snow upon the ground, in five sleds (rude affairs temporarily constructed by themselves), each sled having four horses. They would rush into different villages about dark, yelling forth bacchanalian songs, and the noise would alarm the inhabitants, who, thinking for the moment that the British were upon them, would fly into the woods and be awhile in the utmost consternation.

One night, Moses and several of the gang sledded it about twenty miles above Newtown, broke into the log-hut of a man living in the forest there, and seizing upon the man’s wife, a young and pretty woman, carried her off, and Moses made her live with him, which she did for two months, apparently reconciled, but sought an opportunity and escaped to Newtown. At Newtown she told her story, and the people there were highly excited in consequence of it. Measures were put on foot to raise a party to go after the Doans and revenge the injury of the young woman. This was not carried through with, however, either from their feelings upon the subject subsiding, or from their dread of encountering a gang so powerful and vindictive as the Doans. The young woman was conveyed back to her husband, but he refused to live with her. She came to Philadelphia, where she got a place as a servant in the Markoe family, in which she remained several years; but having become intemperate, she was finally received in the Almshouse (Spruce street), where she died about the year 1824. She used to tell the story of her capture by the Doans with much delight, and could relate, besides, many traditions of the prowess and enterprises of the gang.
So bold and outrageous became the crimes of these men, and so loud were the complaints of the citizens of Bucks county, that the government of the State took measures for the arrest of the gang, and on the 8th of April, 1783, a law was passed by the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to encourage the speedy apprehending and bringing to justice divers Robbers, Burglars, and Felons." This act was accompanied by a proclamation offering a reward of £100 for the detection of eighteen persons mentioned, in which occur the names of Aaron, Mahlon, Joseph, and Levi. So necessary was the detection of these robbers considered by the community at large, that if "any person should be in any way wounded," he should be entitled to £150,—if killed, his family should receive £300.

Signed by order of the House,

FREDERICK A. MUHLENBERG.

PETER Z. LLOYD,
Clerk of the General Assembly.

Undeterred by these rewards offered for their apprehension, the Doans and their gang persisted in their lawless course, and robberies were more frequent than ever.

On Thursday, August 28th, 1783, a small party of whigs in Bucks county, having intelligence that Moses Doan, Levi his brother, and Abraham Doan, cousin german of the two first, all three outlawed for robbery by the recent act of the General Assembly, were in a ruined house near the mouth of Tohiccon creek, they went thither armed to take them. On approaching them they were called to surrender; instead of which they took up their arms and discharged them at the party, by which Major Kennedy, an officer of militia, was
killed. A gun was pointed at another by Moses Doan, but he closed in and seized upon the villain, who, still resisting, was shot dead by another of the party. Meanwhile Levi and Abraham Doan escaped by a back door. A person posted behind the house fired as they ran off, and one of them fell, but rising again got into the thicket which surrounded the house, and escaped.

The following is copied verbatim from a paper found in Moses Doan's pocket, after he was killed:

"These May inform Any That It May Concern that If Joseph Done prisoner Now in Philadelphia Is not Released And Acquitted Immediately That We Will put Mulinburgh to Death In ten Days Without fail, and take another of your head Men and An other till We have Taken ten, and for Every Refugee you put to Death Wee Will put ten to Death, and for Every person you put In Jail on Our Accounts, if you hang them Wee Will hang five, and Burn ten houses and Barns, and We Will show you Other Sort of Diversion than you have Ever Been Acquainted With yet, for We Are Not your Subjects, Nither Will Wee Ever Bee. But If you Will Release Joseph done And Acquitt him Intirely then We Will Release Mulinburgh Directly Without harm As Soon as We know for Certain that Done is Released, But If you Dont think proper to Release him then Abide By the Consequence; for All you Can do Is to hang him And If you Do Wee Will follow your Example to your Confusion. So you and Us for It.

The Royal Refugees your Sworn Enemies.

"N. B. We perhaps May give him Liberty to Write his Sentiments and We Shall Endeavour to Convey It to Where he thinks proper.

"If you Dont know I Can Inform you that your govnor Is as proper A person to Apply to On His account As Any you can Imploy.

"If you Make any Search We Will put our prisnor to Death at the first Appearance of Danger."

The superscription of this singular piece of composition was, "To Mulinburgh's frends if has Any."

From the tenor of this, we suppose it was the intention of Moses Doan and his gang to seize the person of
Death of Major Kennedy and Moses Doan.
Mr. Muhlenberg, and then send the above letter to inti-
midate the authorities into releasing Joseph Doan from
prison.

The reward offered by the commonwealth made peo-
ple active in their endeavours to capture the Bucks
county gang; and at the Court of Oyer and Terminer,
and General Jail Delivery, begun and holden on Tues-
day, the 30th of March 1784, at Newtown, before his
Honour the Chief Justice and the Hon. Mr. Bryan,
indictments were preferred and returned true bills by
the grand jury, against three persons as principal rob-
bers, not yet apprehended—against ten persons for
harbouring Abraham and Mahlon Doan, two of the
robbers that had long infested the country—and against
one other person as an accessory before the fact to a
robbery.

Joseph Doan, the Elder, was tried and found guilty
as an accessory after the fact, in receiving and com-
forting Solomon and Jesse Vickars, knowing that they
and other evil doers had previously robbed John Hart,
Esq.,* Treasurer of Bucks county, the 22d of October,
1783. The prisoner was burned in the hand and sen-
tenced to six months imprisonment.†

Joseph Doan, the Younger, was indicted for the
robbery of Philip Smith, and being brought to the
bar and arraigned for the same, pleaded guilty and was
sentenced to be hanged.

Benjamin Kinsey, accused of inciting and abetting
Joseph Doan, the younger, to rob Jacob Weaver, was
brought to trial for his life; but the evidence not being
sufficient, he was acquitted.

Solomon Vickars, one of the witnesses to support

* Shallus’ Tables, March 30th, 1784, vol. i. page 156
† Ibid. vol. ii. page 321.
the charge against Benjamin Kinsey, was charged with willful and corrupt perjury therein, was tried, and being found guilty of the same, was sentenced to **stand one hour in the pillory,** pay a fine of 20 shillings, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for one year. He stood in the pillory the same day according to sentence.

**Nathaniel Horsely,** for receiving and harbouring Moses Doan, one of the robbers of John Hart, as aforesaid, after said Doan had been attainted by outlawry, and he knowing of the said offence, was brought to trial and convicted by the petit jury. This man lived in the wretched hovel where Moses Doan and the two others were found at the time Major Kennedy was killed. Horsely was **burned in the hand** and sentenced to six months imprisonment.

**Eleazer Doan,** formerly indicted, was now tried for abetting and inciting Moses Doan to rob **Nicholas Grover,** of Noxamixon township, and also for receiving and harbouring him, after he and George Sinclair had committed the robbery; but the evidence not being sufficient to satisfy the jury, he was acquitted of both charges.

On the 16th of October following, the younger Joseph Doan was executed, at the same time with James Burke, George Crowder, **—— Williams,** and **—— Brown.**

But notwithstanding the death of Moses and young Joseph, the others were soon at the work of plunder again, and on the 29th of July, 1788,* **Aaron Doan** was reprieved under the gallows at Newark, N. J., having been convicted of breaking open Hassel Patterson's house at Acquackanonk. But on the 24th of September of the same year, he and **Levi** were hanged.

annals of the revolution.

at Philadelphia;* Benjamin Franklin then President of Pennsylvania, and Joseph Coperthwait Sheriff of the county.

On the 29th of July 1789, just a year from the execution of Aaron and Levi, another of the gang, William Cole, was hanged at Philadelphia, for escaping from prison, and then robbing two countrymen on the Wissahiccon road. By a new law, passed in March 1789, any person sentenced to hard labour, who escaped from prison and committed a burglary or robbery, was to suffer death. That being the predicament of Cole, he was the first who suffered under the law.†

In a few years not one of the gang remained, but the memory of their desperate acts was long a prevailing theme for the gossip of the winter fireside, and to this day the old people of Bucks county speak of them as a daring but bad set of men.

Tradition is rife with anecdotes of the Doan family, and it is said that the apprehension of one of them at the time they were outlawed, occurred simply in this way. A party of idle men were one day congregated before a tavern in the city of Lancaster, overlooking the jumping feats of a man whose strength and agility were such that he far outjumped all present. In the midst of the jumper’s success and exultation, an athletic man stepped from the crowd and offered to beat him in jumping for a bet. The offer was quickly accepted—the wager laid—and the confident jumper did his best. As the new-comer took his position, there was a general smile among the bystanders at his presumption in venturing to compete with the jumper. The stranger, however, leisurely put off his hat and coat, tied a handkerchief around his waist, gathered up his strength, and at one spring

* Shallus’ Tables, vol. ii. page 236. † Ibid. vol ii. page 69.
CONCLUSION.

Cleared the ground several feet beyond the toe-mark of his antagonist. Never were men more astonished than the bystanders who witnessed this feat; and the man who had thus been signally outdone was so wonderstruck that he exclaimed, "By G—! you must either be the devil himself or one of the Doans!" This remark acted like electricity upon the crowd. Who was this man? He was at any rate a stranger in Lancaster. The Doans were outlawed—large rewards were offered by the government for their detection—this man answered the description of them as published in the papers, &c. The man was accordingly taken up, taken from Lancaster to Philadelphia, and was one of the two of the Doans hanged at Philadelphia on the 24th September, 1788.

Of another one of this desperate family it is said, that upon one occasion, having been tried and sentenced for some crime, he was led out of court across the old Independence Square to the old prison,* and, though in chains, he suddenly broke from the constables and leaped the whole flight of the steps.

Of Moses it is said, so great were his strength and agility, that he could run and take a flying leap over a Conestoga wagon. The wagons in those days were not so high as those that our readers are familiar with.

But over the Doans and all of those, or nearly so, with whom they struggled, has the grave now closed: and in concluding this unpresuming narrative of their adventures and the Revolutionary reminiscences associated with them, we have but to say that the aim we had in view in thus rescuing from oblivion the memory of these bad men, was not to pander to the vicious tastes of depraved minds, but to "hold the mirror up

* At the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, recently torn down.
to nature," in which the youth of our own time may view the vices and crimes of a misguided family, and profit by the dreadful experience in which the Doans perished. Intemperance and Revenge, those fruitful parents of guilt and misery, swayed their sceptre despouically over the career of these men, and were the cause—emphatically the cause—that either persuaded or goaded them on from the commission of one desperate deed to another! And oh! how grateful, how truly grateful, should the people of this enlightened era be to that noble spirit of philanthropy which, with Howard-like benevolence, visits the hovels where congregate the victims of Alcohol, and, taking them by the hand, relieves their destitution and reclaims them from their pernicious thirst! To the Temperance Cause, then, all hail! and may its success in all time to come be as signal and as glorious as it now is!
APPENDIX.

I.

PHILAD. December 2d, 1776.

We the subscribers do pledge our faith and honour to serve our country under the command of Captain Peter Brusstar, and march with the militia of this city as Artillery Men.


II.

In Council of Safety,

PHILADELPHIA, 5th December, 1776.

To Samuel Brustar, Gentleman:

The Honourable Continental Congress having recommended in their resolves of the 18th July, 1775, “That in the recess of the provincial assemblies or conventions, the officers of the military association, for the defence of American liberty, should receive their commissions from the respective committees of safety, appointed by said assemblies or conventions:” in pursuance thereof, we, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valour, conduct, and fidelity, do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you to be Second Lieutenant of the Independent Company of Artillery, in the county of Philadelphia, associated for the defence of the liberties of America, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof: You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Second Lieutenant, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And we do earnestly recommend to all officers and soldiers under your command, to be obedient to your orders, as Second Lieutenant. And you are to observe and follow such orders and (83)
directions as you shall receive from the Assembly or Provincial Convention, during their sessions, or from this or a future Committee of Safety for this province, or any other your superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance to the trust reposed in you: This Commission to continue in force until revoked by the Assembly or Provincial Convention, or by this or any succeeding Committee of Safety.

By order of the Committee.

Thos. Wharton, Jun., President

III.

From the Philadelphia Daily Chronicle of May 27, 1843.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S DISCHARGE OF THE FIRST TROOP DURING THE REVOLUTION.

The Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, under the command of Captain Morris, having performed their term of duty, are discharged for the present. I take this opportunity of returning my most sincere thanks to the Captain and to the gentlemen who compose the Troop, for the many essential services which they have rendered their country, and to me, personally, during the course of this severe campaign. Though composed of gentlemen of fortune, they have shown a spirit and bravery which will ever do honour to them, and will ever be gratefully remembered by me.

George Washington.

Head Quarters, Morristown, Jan. 23, 1777.

A List of Members in the Campaign of '76-'77.

Samuel Morris, Captain; James Budden, 2d Lieutenant; John Dunlap, Cornet; Thos. Leiper, 1st Sergeant; Wm. Hall, 2d Sergeant; Samuel Penrose, Quarter Master; S. Howell, 1st Corporal; James Hunter, 2d Corporal; Levi Hollingsworth, George Campbell, John Mease, Blair McClenachan, John Donaldson, George Fullerton, Thomas Peters, William Pollard, James Caldwell, William Todd, Samuel Caldwell, Benjamin Randolph, John Lardner, Alexander Nesbit, Thomas Leaming, Jonathan Penrose, George Graff, Francis Nichols.

These twenty-six gentlemen were the only effective members; they served in the campaigns in 1776 to the spring of 1777; were in the battles of Trenton and Princeton; took a number of prisoners, and returned home with the above favourable discharge from General Washington.

FINIS.
BOOKS,
PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
BY JOHN B. PERRY,
NO. 198 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

A NEW AND COMPLETE READY RECKONER, and Traders', Farmers', and Mechanics' Useful Assistant in buying and selling all sorts of commodities, either at wholesale or retail, showing at one view the amount and value of any number or quantity of goods or merchandise, from a quarter of a cent to ten dollars; either by weight or measure. To which are added Rates of Wages per week, from fifty cents to twelve dollars; Board by the week, from two to six dollars; Value of Gold Coins; Method of calculating Interest; Table of Interest; Manner of making out Bills and Receipts; Forms in Law; with a variety of other useful tables.

BECKLARD'S PHYSIOLOGICAL MYSTERIES AND REVELATIONS IN LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE. An infallible guide-book for married and single persons, in matters of the utmost importance to the human race.

Among the things duly considered in this work are matters of serious importance to single and young married persons: the causes of, and the cures for Sterility; the art of Beauty and Courtship; the danger of Solitary Practices, and how the habit may be removed; the cause of Love and Jealousy, with a remedy for eradicating from the system the
seeds of a hopeless or an unhappy passion; Offspring, including modes for the propitiation or prevention thereof; Tests for knowing the sexes of unborn children; Intermarriage; Persons who ought, and ought not to Marry; the most auspicious season for Wedlock, &c., &c. With a supplement from Canfield's Sexual Physiology on Coquetry, Universal Madness, Marriage, &c.

AWFUL RIOTS IN PHILADELPHIA. Giving a full and complete account. Embellished with ten engravings.

THE LIFE OF ANDREW HELLMAN, alias ADAM HORN. Containing full particulars of the murder of his first wife; his escape from prison, and marriage with Malinda Horn, his second victim; with an account of his trial and sentence, and a complete review of his confession. To which is added a full account of the Staten Island Murders.

GEORGE BUCHANAN. The Witty and extravagant exploits of George Buchanan. To which is added the Comical Sayings of Paddy from Cork.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KISSING, Anatomically and Physiologically explained, by an Amateur. With illustrations.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. With illustrations.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FARRIER. Containing ten minutes advice how to buy a horse. To which is added, Directions how to use your horse at home, or on a journey; and what remedies are proper for all diseases to which he is liable.

BOOK OF PIRATES. Containing narratives of the most remarkable Piracies, and Murders committed on the high seas, together with an account of the capture of the Amistad; and a full and authentic narrative of the burning of the Caroline. Carefully compiled for the Publisher, by Henry K. Brooke.
AT 198 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 3

CONTENTS.—History of the Piracy, Murder and execution of the three pirates, Baker, Brous, and Peterson. The crew of the Eliza. Mutiny of the three pirates, and murder of Mr. Rey. Captain Wheland wounded, and murder of Shuster. The schooner in possession of the pirates. Heroic conduct of Captain Wheland; Pirates brought to Philadelphia, tried and executed.

An account of the bloody and atrocious pirate John Gow, alias Capt. Smith.


Memoir of La Fitte, the pirate.

Sketch of Capt. Worley, the bold and desperate pirate.

The cruel and formidable pirate, Capt. Lowther.

Adventures of the barbarous pirate, Captain Spriggs.

An account of the cruel pirate, Capt. Roche.

An account of Capt. Low—his barbarity.

The ferocious pirate, Captain Teach, alias Black Beard.

The female pirate, Mary Read. Lovers' quarrels. Death of Mary Read.

An account of another female pirate, Anne Bonney; and her ferocious behaviour to Captain Rackam.


An account of the burning of the Caroline. Murder of the crew. The Caroline goes over the falls of Niagara.

Adventures of Captain Roberts, &c., &c.

BOOK OF MURDERS. Containing an authentic account of the most awful Tragedies that have been committed in this country; with a report of the trial, Judge's charge, and the confession and execution of the criminals, from the period of the American Revolution to the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three, inclusive.
The above work contains the trial of Hatfield, the tory, who murdered Stephen Ball, by hanging him to a tree, at the time of the American Revolution.

One-armed Tom Robinson, who attacked, wounded, and robbed Capt. Tolbert, on the Germantown road, near Philadelphia. Miraculous escape of Mrs. Tolbert. Rape and murder on the Gray's Ferry road. Execution of an innocent man. Tom's awful confession and execution with four others.

James Burk, or the murder in Water street, Philadelphia.
The murder of the boatman at Market street Ferry, Philadelphia, by Charles Reed.
The dreadful murder of John M'Farland, the drover.
The cruel death of Mary Findley, in South Carolina.
Murder of Mary Ann De Caestro, the New York segar maker.
The murder of Mr. Todd by two barrow-men at Baltimore.
The Dutch book-binder—his unnatural murder of his wife and children, near Hagerstown, Maryland; and suicide, by cutting his throat from ear to ear.
The unnatural murder of Ira Lane, by David Williams, at Milton, Cayuga county, New York.
Pullen, the parricide. The murder of a father by his son.
The cruel murder of Mr. Tate and two Frenchmen by the order of Christophe, the black chief of Hayti.
Murder of James Gately, by James Mercer, in North Carolina.
Murder of a wife and six children, by Capt. James Purinton. Suicide of the murderer; and verdict of the inquest.
Execution of James M'Gowan at Harrisburg for the murder of Jacob Eselman.

Trial and conviction of Robert M'Cabe, for beating his wife to death, in North Carolina.

Awful barbarity, or burning alive of a father and his six children in sight of the mother, by a party of Indians.
The murder of David Pollock, by Noel Huguel, alias Hugus.
The death of James Hamilton in Beaver county, Pa. Rescue of the prisoner. Letter signed "Tom the Tinker."
The murder in Blackhorse Alley, Philadelphia.
John M'Kean. Executed in 1808.
Horrid murder of Miss Anna Collins, at Norfolk, Virginia, by David Frank.
Murder of a child four years old, by John Boman, aged eleven, at Herkimer, in New York.
Betty Hoge, who murdered her husband and son at Leesburg, Virginia.
Death of Capt. John S. Oliver.
Owings, the planter, murdered by his slave in Maryland.
The murdered slave.
Paul Susep, the Indian, who in a drunken frolic killed a tavern-keeper, at Bangor, in the state of Maine.
Atrocious and unnatural crime. A son accused his father of the murder of his brother. The father is executed. Ten years after, the son, on his death bed, confessed himself the murderer. Poughkeepsie, New York.
Margaret Haughtailing, for the murder of a child fifteen months old.
Confession and execution of Cornelius Jones, for the murder of his step-father.
The suicide of Jean Lamarde while in prison at Baltimore, who had been convicted of the murder of Andre Clements.
Tiernan and Campbell the turnpike laborers on the road near Pittsburgh. Death of Campbell by Tiernan. His execution, &c.
Andrew Whiman, of Philadelphia, a pirate under the cele-
brated La Fitte; hung at New Orleans for attempting the
life of Mr. M’Koy.

Murder of John Keys, by his brother; and murder of George
Shivers, by his nephew.

The murder of Edward Hunter, by John H. Craig, Delaware
Co., Pa.

James London, for the murder of his wife, in Dauphin co., Pa.

The three Cotterells, a father and his two sons, hanged at
Hagerstown, Maryland.

Christian Dochlerman, or the son murdered by his own
father, in Lebanon Co., Pa.

Nathan Foster, for poisoning his wife, Delhi, Delaware Co.,
New York.

Murder and robbery at Stoneham, Massachusetts. Arrest of
Thomas H. Daniels, who hangs himself in prison.

Hull and Hutton, the mail robbers, &c.

Death of Griffith and Shepley, in their attempt to capture
John Read, a negro.

Garcia and Castilano, or the mysterious murder of Peter
Laguadette, at Norfolk, Va.

Trial of Hetty Wilson for the murder of John Valentine,
a boy, Hallowell, Maine.

HIGHWAYMAN AND PIRATES OWN BOOK.

Containing historical narratives of the most celebrated rob-
ers, pirates, &c., together with an account of the loss of the
ship William Brown; and a full description of the mutiny on
board the United States Brig Somers, with the execution of
Spencer, Cromwell, and Small.

In this book will be found, the life and adventures of the
bold robber, Joseph Thompson Hare, giving a full account
of his robberies, &c., together with his confession and
execution.

Awful account of the cruel and ferocious pirate, Alexander
Tardy.

The Annals of the Revolution, or a history of the Doans.
The trial and execution of James Moran.
Account of the mutiny on board the brig Braganza.
Loss of the ship William Brown.
A full account of the mutiny on board the United States brig Somers. Execution of the mutineers. Funeral ceremonies.
Court of Inquiry and Court Martial.

TRAGEDIES ON THE LAND. Containing an authentic account of the most awful murders that have been committed in this country; with a report of the trial, judges' charge; and the confession and execution of the criminals, from the year 1823 to 1840, inclusive. The whole carefully collected and arranged by Henry K. Brooke. Embellished with numerous spirited engravings.

CONTENTS.—William Gross, for the murder of Keziah Stow, in Currant Alley, Philadelphia.
The case of John Johnson, who barbarously murdered James Murray in the city of New York. Johnson's confession; his farewell letter to his wife; his wife's letter to him. His crimination of a man named Jerry, &c., &c.
The unprecedented crime of John Zimmerman, of Lehigh county, Pennsylvania. His fanaticism, and its dreadful effects. The horrid death of his unfortunate daughter, &c.
The Upper Darby Tragedy; being an account of the revolting murder of William Bonsall, at the house of Mrs. Mary Warner, in Upper Darby, Delaware county, Pa., on Saturday evening, 22nd May, 1824, by four men. With full particulars.

Beauchamp, or the Kentucky Tragedy. A brief biography of Jerobome O. Beauchamp. His romantic attachment to Miss Ann Cook, who had been seduced by Col. Solomon P. Sharp—Miss Cook's appreciation of his attachment—but rejection of his suit—his perseverance—her hatred of Col. Sharp—Beauchamp's espousal of her cause—his interview with Sharp—the degrading and cowardly conduct of Sharp—the plot—the secrecy—the assassination of Sharp at Frankford, Kentucky, in 1824—the arrest of Beauchamp
his trial—the fortitude of his wife—his conviction—imprisonment—the resolution of his wife to die with him—afflicting scene—her love—her despair—her death—his sorrow—his agony over her corpse—his last request—his execution.

The murder of Francis Baker, Esq., by Isaac B. Desha, whose father was at the time governor of Kentucky.
The treacherous murder of John Love by the three brothers Thayer.

Execution of John F. Van Patten for the murder of Mrs. Shermerhorn, at Schenectady, New York.

The confession and execution of William F. Hooe.
The case of James Reynolds for the murder of Capt. West. His confession. Penitent letter to his young wife, &c.
The death of Sergeant Clunette, by Anderson Green, who shot Clunette at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

Intemperance and parricide. The trial of Charles Ball for the murder of his father, at Middlebury, Vermont, in 1825.
The Man of the Mountain, or the lone, wild, and strange character of David Greer, who, hermit-like, lived on the summit of Bald Mountain for thirty years. His disagreement with a man by the name of Higgins—the death of Higgins, &c.

Murder and suicide at West Springfield, Massachusetts. The murder of his wife by Samuel Leonard, and his own death in the presence of his daughter. The effects of drunkenness.

The shocking murder of the young and beautiful Evelina Cunningham, in Cecil Co., Maryland, in 1825.

Denoon and M'Naught, or the murder of a gunsmith by his employer.


The case of Catharine Cashiere for the murder of Susannah Anthony, at a card party.
The trial and sentence of Michael M'Garvey, in 1828, for the awful murder of his unoffending wife, at the corner of Ball and Pine Alleys, in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia. M'Garvey tied his wife to a bed post by the hair of her head, and whipped her to death.

Lewis Gairre, convicted for the murder of his mother-in-law, at New Orleans, on the night of the 19th of January, 1829. His trial; conviction, &c.

Joel Clough, the murderer of Mrs. Mary W. Hamilton. Being a compendious detail of Clough's intimacy with Mrs. Hamilton. His attachment to her. Her refusal of her hand to him in Marriage. His exasperation, &c.; with full particulars of the crime, which took place on the 6th of April, 1833, at Bordentown, New Jersey.

Antoine Le Blanc, who murdered Samuel Sayre, wife and servant, near Morristown, New Jersey. The trial of Le Blanc at Morristown. The prisoner's appearance and deportment. The interest created by the appearance in court of the young and beautiful daughter of the deceased Mr. and Mrs. Sayre. Le Blanc's indifference. His quarrel in the court with the interpreter. His malignant character. The verdict of the jury. La Blanc's assertion of his innocence. The sentence of the court, to which is appended Le Blanc's subsequent confession, in which he gives a history of his life from his birth upwards. Also an account of his execution on the 6th of Sept., 1833.

John A. Murel, the Great Western Land Pirate. The early life of Murel, &c. The murder of a young drover; the plundering of his pockets, and tumbling of the corpse over a precipice. The murder of a negro. Stealing horses, negroes, &c. His scheme of an insurrection throughout the slave states. His visit to South America, and his tricks there. Robs a rich old catholic, and decamps for the United States. The awful murder of a traveller on his knees, who was interceding for time to pray, but was denied. The murder of the bragging traveller. Further progress of the great insurrectionary plot. The trick played upon the Baptists. Detection by young Stewart.
The mysteries of the secret band unravelled. The arrest of Murel. His trial, etc., etc.
The murder of Abraham Suydam, by Peter Robinson, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, with all the particulars of the murder. Concealment of Mr. Suydam in the cellar of Robinson's house. Jury of examination. Trial of Robinson. His confession and execution.

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PHILADELPHIA: JOHN B. PERRY, No. 198 MARKET STREET. HENRY JORDAN, Third and Dock Street. NEW YORK:—NAFIS & CORNISH.
Detachment of Volunteers and the Boarders attached to the Princeton.

The latter, when in a body, presented a formidable appearance, attracted much attention, and looked like men who intended to use their weapons, should there be occasion for them, and we believe their presence tended to cool the angry spirit of the mob, as much if not more, than all the rest of the armed military and civil posse put together. Each “Boarder” was armed with a brace of pistols, of no mean size, a large knife of the “Bowie” order, some twelve inches in the blade, a cutlass which, when wielded by a powerful and active hand, would cleave a man to the shoulders, and a boarding pike or lance, about eight feet in length; an ugly instrument to deal with, and quite convenient to dig a hole under a fellow’s ribs. This fine body of men were under the immediate command of a gallant lieutenant of the Princeton, and several dashing mid-dies, all armed cap-a-pie, who looked and behaved remarkably well, eliciting the admiration of the thousands who witnessed their erect and warlike bearing, as they marched through our streets. Captain Stockton, his officers and crew, deserve the thanks of the community, for their prompt and efficient aid in the hour of need.
Major General Patterson and the First City Troop of Cavalry passing up Chesnut street, on the morning of the 12th.

It being Sunday, the detachment marched through our streets without the accompaniment of martial music, and visited the scenes of apprehended attack, and the Catholic churches throughout the different parts of the city, where guards had been placed.
Baron Trenck parleying with Governor Borck. See p. 75.
THE LIFE
OF
BARON FREDERICK TRENCK;
CONTAINING
HIS ADVENTURES,
HIS CRUEL AND EXCESSIVE SUFFERINGS
DURING TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT AT THE FORTRESS
OF MAGDEBURG, BY COMMAND OF
FREDERICK THE GREAT,
KING OF PRUSSIA.
WITH HISTORICAL, POLITICAL AND PERSONAL ANECDOTES.
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

"If my right hand is guilty of writing untruths in this book, may the
common executioner sever it from my body, and in the memory of pos-
terity may I live a villain!"—Preface to the first edition of Trenck's
Memoirs.

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN B. PERRY, No. 198 Market St.
NEW YORK:—NAFIS & CORNISH.
1848.
Baron Trenck's attempt to escape from the fortress of Glatz. See p. 36.
Major Doo* came to visit me, accompanied by an officer of the guard, and an adjutant. After examining every corner of my chamber, he addressed me, taxing me with a second crime in endeavouring to obtain my liberty; adding, this must certainly increase the anger of the king.

My blood boiled at the word crime; he talked of patience; I asked how long the king had condemned me to imprisonment; he answered, a traitor to his country, who has corresponded with the enemy, cannot be condemned for a certain time; but must depend for grace and pardon on the king.

At that instant I snatched his sword from his side, on which my eyes had been fixed, sprung out of the door, threw the sentinel from the top to the bottom of the stairs, passed the guard who happened to be drawn up before the prison door to relieve guard, attacked them sword in hand, threw them suddenly into surprise by the manner in which I laid about me, wounded four men, made way through the rest, sprang over the breastwork of the ramparts, and with my sword drawn in my hand, immediately leaped this astonishing height, without receiving the least injury. I leaped the second wall with equal safety, and good fortune. None of their arms were loaded; no one durst leap after me, and in order to pursue, they must go round through the town and the gate of the citadel; so that I had the start full half an hour.

A sentinel, however, in a narrow passage, endeav-

* The same Doo who was governor of Glatz during the seven years' war, and who, having been surprised by general Laudohn, was made prisoner, which occasioned the loss of Glatz. The king broke him with infamy, and banished him with contempt. In 1764, he came to Vienna, where I gave him alms. He was by birth an Italian, a selfish wicked man; and, while major under the government of Fouquet, at Glatz, brought many people to misery. He was the creature of Fouquet, without birth or merit, crafty, malignant, but handsome; and, having debauched his patron's daughter, afterwards married her; whence at first his good, and at length his ill, fortune. He wanted knowledge to defend a fortress against the enemy, and his covetousness rendered him easy to corrupt.
THE LIFE
OF THE
CELEBRATED MAIL ROBBER AND DARING HIGHWAYMAN,
JOSEPH THOMPSON HARE,
WHO COMMITTED DEPREDATIONS IN THE CITIES OF NEW YORK AND
PHILADELPHIA TO THE AMOUNT OF NEARLY
NI-NETY THOUSAND DOLLARS

ALSO, OF THE CRUEL AND FEROCIOUS PIRATE,
ALEXANDER TARDY.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. PERRY, No. 198 MARKET STREET.
NEW YORK:--NAFIS & CORNISH, 278 PEARL ST.
1847.
railing, with his hands before his stomach, moaning piteously. As he recognised the witness, he inquired if they could get nothing to defend themselves with. Witness seized a handspike, which was taken possession of by Potter. They then ascended the main shrouds whither Dolliver had already retreated; and as the witness was going aloft, the blood of his fellow-sufferers, which descended in a shower upon his head, inspired him with such horror that he was almost incapable of advancing. On reaching the cross-trees, Potter fainted, and would have fallen had it not been prevented by the exertions of himself and Dolliver, who was also badly wounded, and declared, when called upon to assist Potter, that he was hardly able to support himself. In the mean time, Potter, reclining on the breast of the witness, recovered, and declared that he must die, as his intestines protruded through the wound; seemed much affected, and spoke of his mother and sisters, whose fate, when deprived of his support, he deplored.

While remaining at the mast-head, witness heard something thrown into the water, and supposed at the time that two dead bodies were thrown overboard. Witness also heard the voices of two men swimming in the water, and recognised them to be Nathan and Mr. Robinson. Nathan approached the vessel, and entreated that a barrel, a plank, oar, or something might be thrown out to support him, as he was ready to sink. His entreaties, which were addressed to the Spaniards in broken Spanish, were unheeded or answered with threats. Mr. Robinson, who had kept further off from the vessel than Nathan, now swam to the side, and addressed himself to the men aboard. As he spoke in Spanish, witness could not understand what he said; but, from hearing the term barrel frequently repeated, he supposes that the import of his conversation was similar to that which he
The above is a faithful portrait of one of the steamer Princeton's rough and ready for battle jack-tars, armed and equipped as a "Boarder," who, among some two hundred others similarly arrayed for active service, promptly obeyed the orders of their commander, Capt. R. F. Stockton, to render efficient aid, in quelling the late riots.