

MAT. HORACE HOLDER
NJ DETAILED MILITIA

Reminiscences of the War of 1812.

(Editorial Note:—The following letter written to the Editor by a son of the late Vice Chancellor Amzi Dodd, is self-explanatory of the following article.)

I am sending you a clipping from the New York Observer. The clipping I found among papers that came to me from other days. It was doubtless preserved by one of my great aunts as it mentions my father's grandfathers—John Dodd and Parson Grover (Stephen Grover of Caldwell).

The article at a guess was probably printed about 1858 or 1859. The author signs himself "One of the Veterans", and the statements made were quite sufficient to establish his identity—to my satisfaction any way. Here is his military record—quite imposing for such a brief service:

Horace Holden, Major and Aide-de-camp Staff of Brigadier General Colfax. Sept. 1, 1814—Dec. 5, 1814. Lieut. Captain Kilbourn's Company, Lieut. Col. John Seward's Regt: William Colfax's Brigade New Jersey Detailed Militia.

Horace Holden was a son of Lieut. Levi Holden, of Washington's Life Guard, Revolutionary Army, long a resident of Newark, whose portrait along with his wife's hangs in the library of the New Jersey Historical Society. The article is written in a bright and interesting way, and you will find it entertaining, even if you can not make use of it in your weekly column.

Very truly yours,
EDWARD W. DODD.

"Revenge is sweet". A few years ago, Congress, it will be remembered, granted to the surviving veterans of the war of 1812, certain bounty land. Being numbered among those valiant defenders of my country, I, of course, received my grant for 100 acres of land.

There lives in this city a certain lady, whom I love more than any other, but not having a very just appreciation of my valuable services, she took it into her head to ridicule the idea of my receiving any bounty land, as a reward of military duty, and almost questioned the propriety of my accepting it. This roused my martial spirit. I threatened to be avenged of her, by telling the story of my gallant exploits. Not to be too prolix in my introduction, I will state the facts of the

REMINISCENCES OF TH

case, and having received and sold upon the indulgence of my country

In August, 1814, everything looked gloomy and foreboding, and passed heavily over the land. We achieved glorious victories, yet our the insecure state of some of our fr unpopularity of the war in most o the crippled condition of our fine Mr. Madison's administration. A made to sustain the honor of the firesides from an invading foe.

I was a Federalist, and always inally opposed to the war, but not before I attained my majority) w laid aside, and I take some active

The plain matter of fact was, I was obliged to do it. I had just be with all the bar and law students of were actually blistered under a se assisting in throwing up entrench Fort Greene. I had never borne t to be candid, I think I had no gre there was no alternative. All over to be drafted, and there was no therefore joined a uniform compar of Capt. John V. B. Varick, a mos cellent officer. I began to provid accoutrements, when I went to vis and tell him what an important n tention of the young soldier.

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case, and having received and sold my land, "throw myself
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In August, 1814, everything in our political horizon
looked gloomy and foreboding, and the dark clouds of war
passed heavily over the land. Our gallant little navy had
achieved glorious victories, yet our wide extent of seaboard,
the insecure state of some of our frontier settlements, and the
unpopularity of the war in most of the Eastern States, with
the crippled condition of our finances, greatly embarrassed
Mr. Madison's administration. A desperate effort was to be
made to sustain the honor of the country, and defend our
firesides from an invading foe.

I was a Federalist, and always have been, and was origi-
nally opposed to the war, but now the time had come (just
before I attained my majority) when party feeling must be
laid aside, and I take some active part.

The plain matter of fact was, there was no alternative. I
was obliged to do it. I had just before gone over to Brooklyn
with all the bar and law students of the city, and my shoulders
were actually blistered under a scorching sun in June, while
assisting in throwing up entrenchments on the heights at
Fort Greene. I had never borne arms a day in my life, and,
to be candid, I think I had no great courage to boast of: yet
there was no alternative. All over 18 years of age were liable
to be drafted, and there was no way of escape for me. I
therefore joined a uniform company, then under the command
of Capt. John V. B. Varick, a most worthy gentleman and ex-
cellent officer. I began to provide myself with the necessary
accoutrements, when I went to visit my father in New Jersey,
and tell him what an important matter was engaging the at-
tention of the young soldier.

The old man heard my story, and I soon saw the fire
kindling in his eye. He would have preferred that I should
not be interrupted in my law studies, just drawing toward
their completion, but I assured him, that, however little my
taste and inclinations were consulted, I must either join Cap-
tain Varick's company, or be drafted. He paused a moment,
and said—"Why, my old brother officer of the Revolution,

General Colfax, has just been summoned from his retirement, to take charge of a New Jersey brigade, and as he was the first, and I second in command of Washington's Life Guard for several years, I can procure for you a situation in his family, and relieve you of the necessity of going as a private." It will not be presumed that I was long in yielding my assent to the proposition: no sooner said than done. In a very few days, I was requested to prepare myself to act as Aid to General Colfax: Capt. Varick erased my name from his roll. Governor Wm. S. Pennington gave me a commission in Capt. D. Kilbourn's company, and about the 1st of September, with a fine steed, duly caparisoned, I entered upon my new duties at Jersey City, where the brigade was encamped.

The news of McDonough's victory arrived shortly after, which we celebrated with becoming honors, and immediately after, were ordered to the Highlands of Neversink, whither we proceeded without delay.

Here, on these lovely heights, we pitched our tents; one of the most delightful spots ever presented to the human eye. I will not stop to describe its beauties; I should fail if I attempted it. During our short sojourn at this enchanting place, Commodore Jacob Lewis, who commanded at this time a flotilla of gun-boats, (Mr. Jefferson's favorite mode of defence,) stationed in the lower bay within Sandy Hook, politely invited us to dine, and promised to entertain us with Gun-Boat Turkey, — which being interpreted, I found to mean good salt pork. Some of the General's family accepted the invitation, and were most kindly received and cared for. I recollect I begged to be excused, as I wished to improve the time in describing the beauties of the scenery to an absent friend.

We had enjoyed ourselves here but a very few days, when peremptory orders were received from the War Department, to strike our tents and proceed to Sandy Hook, the most inhospitable sand heap that was ever trod upon by the foot of man, as I then thought. I have not visited it but once for more than forty-four years, — possibly it has improved in this age of progress.

On this barren sand heap were some of the noblest and bravest soldiers of the Revolution: Vandyke, Neilson, Jos. Warren, Ricketts, Williamson, of Elizabeth of Trenton, General John Dodd, and other worthies.

Shall I describe to you, in a Colfax? He was one of nature's well as in reality. His age was of medium height; of commanding intelligent countenance; fine high forehead; benignant smile, blended with the of the General and his staff was worn by General Washington. like him in his majestic appearance to command. There was but one was kept by one Schenck at the headquarters, and were provided could reasonably desire.

At the extremity of the Hook was a fort erected, which has since been abandoned by a motley crew called Sea Fiddlers (landsmen,) — they were placed under the command of General Colfax, rather against the wishes of the General readily convinced and respect to his commands soon cheerfully acquiesced in his orders.

The October Term (1814) was held in this city. I had prepared myself to go, though I was not of age until the next year, I presumed upon the indulgence of my military superiors, in consideration of my military service, and having obtained leave of absence.

Major James Fairlie was then examining my papers, he discovered that I was not of age, and refused to place my name upon the list of officers.

summoned from his retirement, of brigade, and as he was the of Washington's Life Guard for you a situation in his necessity of going as a private." "As long in yielding my assent as I did than done. In a very few days I gave myself to act as Aid to General and secured my name from his roll. I gave me a commission in Capt. and on the 1st of September, with which I entered upon my new duties and the camp was encamped.

After the victory arrived shortly after, and the mingling honors, and immediately the highlands of Neversink, whither

we pitched our tents; one never presented to the human eye its beauties; I should fail if I spent sojourn at this enchanting spot, who commanded at this time in Jefferson's favorite mode of debauch within Sandy Hook, politely invited to entertain us with Gun-terpreted, I found to mean the General's family accepted the and duly received and cared for. I had, as I wished to improve the views of the scenery to an absent

was here but a very few days, and I received from the War Department and proceeded to Sandy Hook, the spot that was ever trod upon by the foot of the giant. I have not visited it but in many years, — possibly it has im-

On this barren sand heap we pitched our tents, with some of the noblest and bravest sons of New Jersey, including Vandyke, Neilson, Jos. Warren Scott, of New Brunswick, Ricketts, Williamson, of Elizabeth, the Hon. Garret D. Wall, of Trenton, General John Dodd, of Bloomfield, and a host of other worthies.

Shall I describe to you, in a few words, General Wm. Colfax? He was one of nature's noblemen in appearance, as well as in reality. His age was about sixty: rather above the medium height; of commanding person; an expressive, intelligent countenance; fine high forehead, grey hair, and a most benignant smile, blended with heroic firmness. The uniform of the General and his staff was buff and blue, the same as worn by General Washington. General Colfax was not unlike him in his majestic appearance. He looked like one born to command. There was but one house on Sandy Hook. It was kept by one Schenck at the lighthouse. This we made our head-quarters, and were provided with all the comforts we could reasonably desire.

At the extremity of the Hook, looking toward New York, was a fort erected, which has since been washed away, manned by a motley crew called Sea Fencibles, — (neither seamen nor landmen,) — they were placed under the command of General Colfax, rather against their will. The dignified bearing of the General readily convinced them, that subordination and respect to his commands were indispensable, and they soon cheerfully acquiesced in his authority.

The October Term (1814) of the Supreme Court was held in this city. I had prepared myself for examination, and although I was not of age until the succeeding 5th of November, I presumed upon the indulgence of the court, and in consideration of my military services, to offer myself for examination: having obtained leave of absence for that purpose.

Major James Fairlie was then the Clerk of the court. On examining my papers, he discovered that I lacked about ten days of being of age, and with characteristic exactness refused to place my name upon the list of applicants.

In this dilemma, I made my appeal to Judge Wm. W. Van Ness, who without hesitation ordered my name to be inserted among my fellow students, and having passed the ordeal, before I was 21, I was duly sworn as an attorney of the Supreme Court, and immediately returned to camp.

Here it is proper to state, that if there was no bloodshed, nor any hard fighting, we saw the enemy every day, but they dared not come within gunshot of us.

The "Bellephoron" and two other British ships of war, hove in sight every morning, endeavoring to prevent our merchant vessels and the coasting craft from gaining the Narrows, and frequently fired upon them. We most courageously returned their shots, with red-hot balls, — but they never reached the enemy, and theirs never reached us: they came quite near enough to answer my wishes!

We had some noble officers: one (without disparagement to many others) I will mention: Col. John Frelinghuysen, a brother of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen. He was a lawyer, and a pious man. It was his habit every Sabbath to form his regiment into a hollow square, and conduct religious services himself: and although Parson Grover, our brigade chaplain, was at headquarters, I was among a few who were so insubordinate as to leave the regular services for the lay-preacher. I suppose, at this late day, I shall be excused for my preferences in that respect.

In the early part of November, the weather became very cold, and the quarters of the soldiers, accustomed to good home fare, became uncomfortable: we were gratified with orders to repair again to Jersey City. A memorable day was at hand, — the 25th November, — and Gov. Tompkins, who then had the command of the forces in this vicinity, had determined to make a great day of it. All the Jersey troops were invited to participate in the celebration. It happened to be one of those cloudy, cold, raw days, which pierce you through and through. We were early under marching orders. Gen. Colfax had a beautiful highspirited sorrel horse, which he thought would require a little more attention to keep in line than he wished to bestow upon him, and he re-

quested Brigade Major Ward to for that day, which the Major gladdened to do, as he was an expert horseman, and could show no advantage.

We came to the city and made a style, beyond the old Sailors' Snug upon Broadway, near Fourteenth Street, to the Battery. It was late in the evening, and passed in review of Gov. Tompkins and his staff were invited upon that occasion. We had as guests John Randolph, of Roanoke, who I had never seen before, nor ever afterwards. He was a man of great talent, to which ample justice was done by his half famished Jersey blues: this sketch.

There was living at that time in Cedar street, a venerable and deserving man, who deserves a better tribute than my Captain Christopher Prince. He was a relative of General C. Christian, and of a Christian simplicity. The General was with Major Ward, who was also with Capt. Prince.

After dinner was ended, I requested Brigade Major to the house of Captain Prince to leave them, and return to my quarters. I was pretty well advanced, and very much fatigued by my exemplary fidelity, commenced firing. Major had had a very severe cold, and the sorrel horse, and it is not to be wondered at, after the fatigues of the day, after a long march, rather a sleepy attendant upon me.

He stood leaning in a revolving chair, inclined forward a little, while the venerable Captain was engaged in prayer. Overcome with sleep, the Major lost his balance; his cl-

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quested Brigade Major Ward to exchange horses with him for that day, which the Major gladly acceded to, as he was an expert horseman, and could show himself off to great advantage.

We came to the city and marched up Broadway in fine style, beyond the old Sailors' Snug Harbor. Our wing rested upon Broadway, near Fourteenth street, and the line extended to the Battery. It was late in the afternoon when we passed in review of Gov. Tompkins at the City Hall. General Colfax and his staff were invited to dine with the Corporation upon that occasion. We had as one of our distinguished guests John Randolph, of Roanoke, Va., whom I had never seen before, nor ever afterwards. We had a splendid entertainment, to which ample justice was done by the half frozen and half famished Jersey blues: but I must hasten to close this sketch.

There was living at that time, at the corner of Nassau and Cedar street, a venerable and pious man, whose memory deserves a better tribute than my feeble pen can give him, — Captain Christopher Prince. Here he and his amiable wife, who was a relative of General Colfax, lived in primitive and Christian simplicity. The General determined, in company with Major Ward, who was also a relative, to pass the night with Capt. Prince.

After dinner was ended, I escorted the General and Brigade Major to the house of Captain Prince, where I intended to leave them, and return to my own home. The evening was pretty well advanced, and very soon Captain Prince, with exemplary fidelity, commenced family worship. The Brigade Major had had a very severe and toilsome day in managing the sorrel horse, and it is not to be wondered at that the cold and fatigues of the day, after a hearty dinner, rendered him rather a sleepy attendant upon evening worship.

He stood leaning in a reverent posture over the top of a chair, inclined forward a little and resting upon two legs, while the venerable Captain with unusual fervency was offering prayer. Overcome with sleep for a moment, our worthy Major lost his balance; his chair slipping from under him,

glided across the room, while he went plunging after it, exclaiming, as he fell full length upon the floor, "Confound the sorrel horse!"

Such an affecting incident you may well suppose alarmed us all, except the excellent Captain, who continued his prayer with unruffled composure.

At its close I congratulated the Major that it was simply a dream, and that the sorrel horse had done no farther damage; and respectfully took my leave.

On the 7th of December I was discharged for that campaign, expecting to resume my duties in the spring. Here my military career ended. This is all I ever did to entitle me to my military bounty land; and if I did not earn it, I cannot now help it.

I therefore submit, whether, after such an exhibition of military prowess, I am not entitled to more consideration than the amiable lady referred to has thought fit to award me.

One of the Veterans.

AN INQUIRY.

For the Archives of the United States Congress, and for the archives of the various States, there is making a collection of the portraits of United States Senators by H. J. Gensler of Washington. The collection is nearing completion but from the older states there are still wanting likenesses of some of the Senators. Of New Jersey there cannot as yet be found any portrait of Jonathan Elmer, Aaron Kitchell, James Wilson and Ephraim Bateman. These men lived before the daguerreotype and the photograph, and their likenesses must, if made, have been paintings or drawings, or even silhouettes. Descendants of these prominent Jersey men are requested to aid Mr. Gensler in his search.

Revolutionary Pe Morris C

(Continued from page 159)

State of Newjersey

Morris County Ss. Be it re-
sonally appeared before me Corne-
Justices of the Peace for said Co
full age & being duly sworn depe
acquainted with Jarzel Turner d
Capt. Jonas Ward's company in
that this deponent attended him
at the time of his death that he
United States on or before the 1
year of our Lord seventeen hundre
and further this deponent saith no

Sworn the 14th day of Dec

before me Cornelius Voorhies J.

The Court having heard and
& Affidavits are of an Opinion an
Turner widow of the said Jarzel
to the half pay of her said late
day of July in the year of our Lo
seven during the time she shall r

Given under our hands & the
tenth day of December AD 1789

At a Court of General Quart
Morristown in and for the Count
July in the year of our Lord seve