



During the Battle of Princeton, I was with Mifflin's Brigade on the Quaker Road along the Stony Brook. Our main objective was to destroy the bridge over the creek at Worth's Mill. Some men in Mifflin's Brigade were ordered into the battle on the Clarke farms while we stayed on the road. After the action on the adjacent farm fields ended with the British retreat, I was ordered by Colonel Potter to dismantle the bridge. This would hinder a British advance up the road when Lord Cornwallis brought his army back from Trenton once he realized we had deceived him overnight.

Tearing down the bridge was not going to be an easy job, and could be very dangerous, so I worked alongside my men so no one would think I was a coward. As we worked, the British did begin to approach from Maidenhead and began firing at us with two 6-pounder field pieces. Captain Forrest's artillery company of two guns fired back to protect us.

During this exchange of fire, I was hurriedly cutting away on a main beam of the bridge. Suddenly, the beam completely gave way and fell into the icy cold Stony Brook, taking me with it. The bridge was effectively destroyed and my men, thinking I had drowned, retreated from the creek into the woods and went on to join the main army. I was hardly dead, although in great danger, and making exhausting exertions, I managed to get through the high water and floating timbers to get to the bank of the creek. I struggled out and although weighed down by my wet, frozen clothes, I followed after my retreating men. Before I reached them, I ran into an armed British soldier, took him prisoner, and brought him with me to the American camp.

Because of our efforts, the British regulars coming back to Princeton had to ford the swollen Stony Brook and drag their artillery through it also. This really slowed them down and made many regulars almost as uncomfortable as I was. But it allowed our army to be able to safely move on from Princeton. - *Text by Larry Kidder*