

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

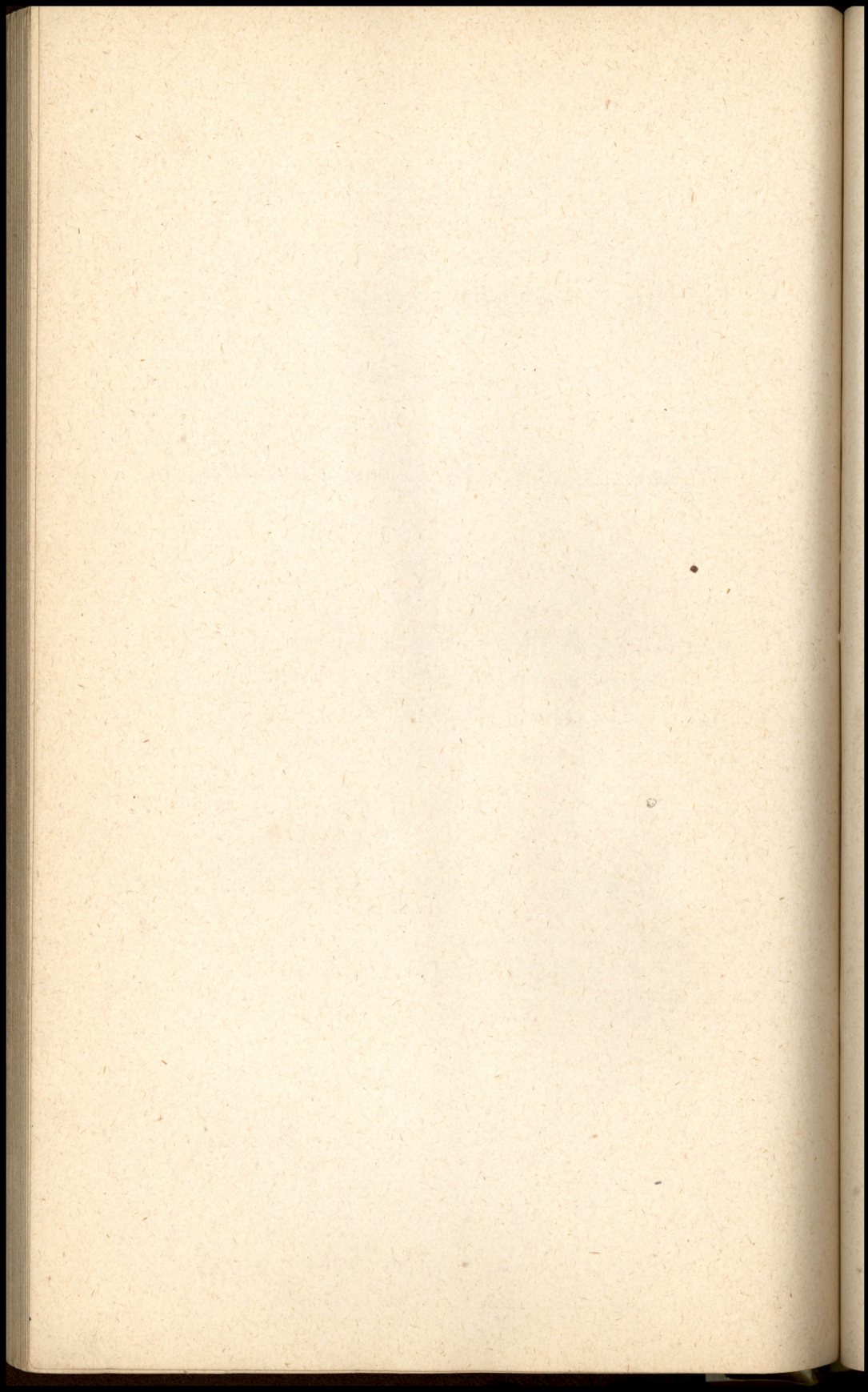
OF THE SONS OF THE

·:AMERICAN · REVOLUTION.:·

Proceedings at the 110th Anniversary of the
Battle of Springfield, New Jersey,
fought June 23rd, 1780.

JUNE 23RD, 1890.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J.



BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

The Society convened June 23, 1890, in the historic church at Springfield, New Jersey.

The President, Josiah Collins Pumpelly, presiding.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. William Hoppaugh, Pastor of the church.

The President then addressed the audience as follows :

The society under whose auspices we meet was organized a little more than a year ago. It was founded upon a basis of the purest patriotism and with the highest conceptions of the duties of citizens of the Republic. It purposes to revive the memories of the heroic past and to perpetuate those memories for all time. Among its members are descendants of those heroes and heroines who made the spot where we now stand holy ground. The flames which the enemy, a century and more ago, kindled in their quiet homes, set aglow a fire of patriotism which will be quenchless so long as the Republic shall bear a name. Our society is an inevitable outgrowth of that indomitable love of liberty which impelled the farmers and their wives and children to meet the sacrifices of 1780.

We come here to-day, pilgrims to this shrine of liberty, to recall the deeds of heroes, to rekindle the fire of patriotism and to fortify the future with the lessons of the past. In furtherance of our plan, the society has already celebrated the decisive battles of Red Bank and Trenton. As the an-

niversaries occur of other battles and of other events which aided in the establishment of American Independence and made New Jersey so famous, we purpose to commemorate each one with appropriate ceremonies. But those noble Jerseymen, who sacrificed life and liberty for their country, have a further claim upon the nation and upon us. They have slept too long in forgotten graves. The tangible evidences of a nation's gratitude should tower over their dust. Mercer gloriously fell at Princeton ; on that classic spot the commemorative shaft should be raised. Our State has other heroes whose memory should be perpetuated.

To the battles fought on New Jersey soil we are indebted for what we are to-day. Success here made Saratoga possible and so secured the priceless French alliance.

The New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution hopes to aid in this good work and will not rest until it is accomplished. Trenton will soon be honored with a monument sacred to the memory of the contest which turned the tide of defeat and made the Revolution a success. Our society aided in bringing about this result ; and it cannot any longer allow the veil of oblivion to fall over the great men and the grand events of the past. This noble task is before us and we accept our part in the undertaking.

The society has not been idle in other directions. It was desirable that such societies as ours should be established throughout the Republic, and that they should be fostered by one National Association. So, soon after its formation, forecasting the future, hoping to bind all the States together by an indissoluble bond, we bent every effort towards the establishment of a National Organization. In this effort we were eminently successful. Such an association was formed, under the very best auspices, and with bright prospects for the future. Its first Convention was held at Louisville, Kentucky, on the thirtieth of April, 1890, and was composed of representatives from thirty States, who with a unanimity almost unprecedented, laid broad and deep, the foundations of our Association. The members of that Convention came

from all parts of the country and met together as brothers, stirred by the same patriotism which sent our fathers to battle at Moultrie, and at Monmouth; at King's Mountain and at Springfield. Louisville was a happy choice for our meeting. It was neutral ground when the States were once estranged, but now, on this memorable thirtieth day of April, a new bond of Union was formed. The near past was forgotten; but those times which tried men's souls were never out of mind. We met as brothers, sons of heroes, and with an unshrinking faith in each others' love for the Union, we swore anew on the altar of freedom, never to forget what our fathers had done.

Citizens of Springfield, this anniversary is yours. We stand on consecrated ground! We are gathered in an honored edifice. We ask you to go with us from this place with a new inspiration to work for the best good of the country whose past history is rendered so sacred by the noble, patriotic deeds of its heroic men.

The poem of Bret Harte, entitled "Caldwell at Springfield," was then recited with thrilling effect by Miss Marie Louise Lyon of Milburn, daughter of Mr. Sylvanus Lyon.

The Rev. W. S. Crowe, D.D., of Newark, then delivered the following oration:

BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

110TH ANNIVERSARY—JUNE 23RD, 1890.

In the old classic myths it was Mnemosyne, the goddess of Memory, who held the proud position as mother to all the Muses. A reverent study of the past inspires the arts of civilization. To recall the deeds of the forefathers is to arouse a sense of nobility in the children.

Just as no man is safe who forgets the simple joys and tender affections of his childhood, no nation is safe which neglects to honor the pure principles and the exalted heroisms by the power of which it passed from infancy to manhood.

The Apostle says that when he came to be a man he put away childish things. Not all childish things, let us hope for the real glory of manhood is to conserve the joy and the affection of early youth, and incorporate them at the very heart of the strength and thoughtfulness of riper years. The glory of our Republic will be to maintain, at the heart of its vast enterprises, and as the very life of its wide flowing energies, that simple love of righteousness and truth, that love of home and virtue, which was rocked in these battle fields of the Revolution as an infant Republic in its cradle.

The most pathetic song that ever floated its melodies over the length and breadth of this land, the song with which Philip Phillips used to draw the showers of gentle tears, was that simple old house-song—*My Trundle Bed*. It has made ten thousand men better and truer to hear it and to relive under its sweet spell the dear home life of childhood, so sanctified by mother's voice and touch. We are here to-day to sing again, in these patriotic services, the song of the Nation's Trundle Bed.

In all the outward measure of it, what a primitive, homely, insignificant affair was this Battle of Springfield! There were hundreds of little skirmishes during the Rebellion, which have quite escaped the notice of historians that were far more worthy to be called battles, if that word is to be judged by the flow of blood or by the number of combatants. This was a battle, about as this brook over which these historic bridges span is a river.

One of the honored members of the Sons of the American Revolution was telling me the other day how an ancestor of the Colonial times, after great preparation and much discussion of the venture and many tearful good-byes, loaded his effects and his family into an ox cart and started out bravely from Elizabethtown to "go west." That was before Horace Greeley had given the advice. He made the journey. He went west; but what a limited meaning the phrase had in those days! He traveled toward the sunset seven miles into the Jersey forest, and there he founded a

frontier settlement. In about that sense this affair at Springfield, by any outward measurement, was a battle.

Events, however, are not measured by the flow of blood nor reckoned up by the rules of addition and multiplication. Deeds, not years, tell the life of a man. The principles involved and the results dependent are the only true estimates of any human conflict. There have been battles between Russia and Turkey in which ten thousand men were killed but which have no significance in the history of the world. No intellectual or moral principle was involved; whichever was victorious barbarism still ruled. It is not so important even that the fate of a nation hangs in the balance. It depends on the nation. It is all important, however, when the fate of the world's highest political idea is on trial for its life.

In his "Decisive Battles of The World" Creasy recalls that Marathon was to determine whether Greek Art and Literature should continue; Tours was to determine whether Europe should be Christian or Mohammedan; Hastings was to determine the fate of England; Waterloo was to destroy or to make omnipotent the military despotism of Napoleon. In like manner some battle during the Revolutionary War was to determine whether the principle of Republicanism was to live or die.

Creasy makes the battle of Saratoga the decisive conflict of that war, because the news of Bourgoyne's defeat decided France to treat amicably with America's great Minister—Benjamin Franklin. Upon the assistance of the French, Creasy thinks, all American hopes depended. That is an Englishman's estimate.

The more I study the situation the more I am inclined to doubt it. I do not believe there was any battle of the Revolution more decisive than this bushwhacking little skirmish at Springfield. New Jersey was the pivotal State. The Short Hills were the key to the whole situation. If the British were firmly intrenched on those heights, Morristown would have been insecure. To lose New York and the Hudson was bad enough; but to place neutralized or Toryized

Jersey between Bunker Hill and Carpenter Hall would have been fatal. It was a great thing, of course, for the French to gain confidence in the courage and wisdom of these American farmers; but it was a much greater thing that these minute men, who were now soldiering and now ploughing their fields "with awkward buck and bright," should not lose confidence in themselves.

That was the calamity which daily threatened during the dark winter and spring of 1780. The war had dragged on so long that enthusiasm for liberty was well nigh exhausted. Men were almost ready to accept peace at the cost of humiliation. Had Washington been driven from Morristown the spirits of heroes would have failed within them.

The one fair sacrifice which flamed all hearts, a sacrificial death for the quickening of many, was the assassination of Mrs. Caldwell. Greater than "Horatius at the Bridge" were Agnell and Shrive and Lee at the Three Bridges of the historic little Rahway. It is not the statue on Bedloe's Island, but the Tar-barrel on the hill back of Byram's Tavern, which sent forth a light to enlighten the world. No shot at Lexington or Sumpter was more truly "heard arousing the world" than the boom of Springfield's old alarm-gun; and the cannon which Miles Standish planted on the church, "a preacher who spake to the purpose, straightforward, orthodox, flashing conviction right into the heart of the enemy," was not a more effective gospel than were the wadded hymns of Watts from the pulpit and the pews of this consecrated spot. The Jersey farmer had saved the day; and the white dress of Miss Livingstone which the retreating British thought a ghost may well have been the unconquerable spirit of liberty, reborn by this day's conflict in the breasts of Americans.

Gentlemen, Sons of the Revolution, what is the principle for which your grand-sires fought? Let us keep it clearly in mind. Let us teach it to our children as a sacred heritage. Let us recognize it as the loftiest ideal which has ever yet been made practical in human government; as, perhaps, the

loftiest ideal which ever can be made practical in human government. It is this: *The rule of an educated majority.* Our fathers aimed at nothing angelic. Good, square, honest, robust manliness was enough for them. They bothered their heads with no dreams of Utopia; they dealt in no panaceas; they did not live in cloud-land, but on this stony, stumpy earth, and they were quite content to go to heaven when they died. They recognized that this estate was to be earthy for some centuries to come, and they did not start out to form an American Sunday School Picnic, but an American Government. They saw that men needed to be governed, and they set about the formation of a governing power in which there should be the largest possible liberty and the least possible tyranny consistent with a power that should govern.

A wise and good king might furnish an almost ideal government, but the difficulty has always been to get the wise and good king. No one man has sufficient knowledge, or virtues that are sufficiently comprehensive. The history of the world had too often justified the expression—"as ignorant," or "as mean as a king." One man is so liable to change his character! It is quite too much like trusting the whole human race to the appetite of Adam!

In order to secure themselves against sudden relapses of virtue men began thousands of years ago to associate counsellors with their kings, in the hope that they would not all take to apple-eating at the same time. Men began to feel out dimly after that great commonsense principle that "every body knows more than any body." They had a halting sort of confidence also in the principle that everybody is better than anybody. Slowly, very slowly, the world got its political eyes open to this supreme truth, that "*the more people in the governing body the better.*"

Greece had what was called a Republic, or a group of Republics, loosely confederated. Of what did a Grecian Republic consist? Of the free citizens, *i. e.*, of the free men of a city; for that is the origin of the word—city-zen. Country

folk didn't count. The freemen of the cities perhaps amounted to one in forty or fifty of the population. Not very Democratic was that.

The Dutch had a Republic, in which the governing class was composed practically of the business men of the plucky little States. The voters were not more than one in twenty of the people. Real Democracy was still in the future, even as an attempted theory.

Our fathers grasped it. The people should be their own government. "The people," of course, meant the white men; but they had the right principle, and a principle will complete its own form in time, as a boy will grow to a man.

For the people to govern can mean only that the majority shall govern, and through appointed agents. Even a majority can become tyrannical; and as I study the work of our Revolutionary and Constitutional fathers, the thing I most admire of all their wisdom, is the genius with which they provided against the possible tyrannies of a majority. No wave of sudden impulse can sweep the field clear. Only a few times, and then upon long-continued issues, has it been possible, either in the nation or in a State, to get the executive and both branches of legislature of the same political complexion. To have secured that bar against sudden and impulsive legislation, that great veto-power of the minority, was the work of the most consummate genius that ever entered into the formation of a government.

It is not simply the rule of a majority, but the rule of an educated majority that our fathers planned. All these checks on hasty legislation are to hold the people back until the sober second thought has time to come into action. "The voice of the people is the voice of God," only when the people have carefully studied and completely mastered a problem. With freedom from sectarian impulse, and with a public press that takes peculiar delight in criticism; with parties set upon each other as constant detectives, and with an educational system which is inwoven with our whole body politic, as the nerves with the muscles in a human frame, the

watchword for this closing decade of the Nineteenth Century, the battle cry for the incoming splendors of the Twentieth Century is, Forward along the same line!

We have not yet sounded the depths nor exhausted a tithe of the genius of the Government we have. This is no time for Socialism or Anarchy. These are the two ideas which are magniloquently struggling to become lions in the way. They are both as contrary to the fundamental tenets of our politics as were a king or a bandit. Socialism would give the minority no privileges. Anarchism would defy the majority. Bellamy's scheme would crush individuality. John Most's would inaugurate unbridled license. The majority have no right to enslave, and the individual has no right to rebel. We do not want either a machine Government or a Sunday-school Government. Nothing but organization and no organization are alike repulsive to common sense and detrimental to progress. Personal liberty and personal acquiescence must both be cultivated. Let us follow the path which the Jersey farmers blazed through these primitive woods. Make the most of the public school. Keep church and nation absolutely separate. Give the widest and freest discussion to every human problem. Educate, educate, educate and submit to the voice of the majority—only thus can the popular voice become God's voice.

Well, my friends, it were a poor sort of celebration—quite unworthy of the day and the men we are gathered to honor, without some word concerning the improvement we have made upon the heritage they bequeathed to us. And here the orator, at least, has great liberty. Going West today is a very different thing from what it was in Great-grand-father Halsey's day. He didn't ride behind a steam locomotive. He didn't telegraph back home that he had arrived safely. He didn't buy the lumber already planed for his new house, nor light it with gasoline. There wasn't any cook stove nor sewing machine in that house. They didn't have canned goods and factory-made shoes in his new settlement. He didn't have a daily paper for breakfast nor

olives and figs for dinner. He didn't sleep on a nice spring bed nor send his collars and cuffs to a Chinese laundry. Only seven miles west of Elizabethtown, but he was a long day's ride—*i. e.*, as we must now measure it a thousand miles from New York city. It was farther to Pittsburg a century ago than it is to Rome now. If they lived fifty years we are the Methuselahs. They had a few acres of ground in the wilderness, while we occupy the earth. Look at their homes, supplied almost entirely from the immediate neighborhood! Look at yours— with stone from Maine, wood from Michigan, marble from Mexico and Italy, glass from France, curtains from Holland, rugs from Persia, ivory from India, trinkets from every country beneath the sun; gas from the heart of the earth, and water from some foreign spring; all the fruits of the tropics, all the animals of the frigid zone, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea are laid under tribute to supply your table and your wardrobe.

This is what we call progress. This is what we point to as our modern civilization—the machines, the storehouses, the ships and railroads, the banks and factories and the endless products of inventive genius. While we look at these results of discovery and science let us not fall into the mistake of supposing that civilization is a material thing. These are but the body of civilization, not the soul. The real motive power of progress is not steam but reason. The real treasures of the earth are not in safety vaults and warehouses, but in the memory and the conscience of people. The nation's true wealth is not its gold and silver but its popular opinions and its moral sentiments.

Suppose that a fire should lay waste the entire city of New York to-night, it would be a great financial loss, but the ten thousand kinds of work done there would not cease. The secrets of those countless enterprises are not in the machines but in the fertile brains of the workers. Houses would spring up as by magic, wires would be woven through the air as thick as spider webs in September, and in a few months a greater and finer city would greet the tourist

Suppose, however, that by some mischance all the people of New York should awake to-morrow morning with a disposition to lie and steal, and with a disinclination to read or think, and let that unfortunate mental and moral state persist for a year—business would be at a stand still, property would be almost valueless, men would shun the spot as they shun the small-pox.

Carry that illustration still further. Suppose, that by some strange calamity, all the physical products of human toil were instantly swept away—that the human race should awaken to-morrow morning upon a blank earth, that absolutely nothing which man had made was to be found; not so much as a brick, or a nail, or a string, or a button upon the whole earth—would you say that civilization was gone? Certainly not, for civilization is in the mind of man; and it wouldn't be ten days, though he started without a hammer or a jack-knife, until some Yankee would have a steam engine well under way. Who shall deny that memory is the mother of the Muses!

Imagine, on the other hand, that by some peculiar disease all the people of the earth should die to-night, and that their bodies should turn to dust or vapor and blow away. Then imagine that by a more wondrous miracle another human race should be created to-morrow night and set down in our places; but that this new created race should be Barbarians, as our remote ancestors were. They would not know what to do with our tools. They could not run our machines. They could not read our books. They could not feed themselves in a city. They would have no use for our homes. They would seek the forest and lakes. Our buildings would decay, our machines would rust and fall to pieces. The rats would eat our libraries and our money. Our farms would revert again to a wilderness. Our horses and dogs would degrade to inferior species. Wild and ferocious beasts would multiply. The house cat would give place to the wild cat, and in a century or two this would be once more a savage land with unknown ruins peeping here and there among the trees.

Civilization means simply this, that throughout the ages of man certain ideas and feelings have been stored up in the soul. This is God's great, natural plan of redeeming the world from its barbarous condition—redeeming it as land is redeemed from a wilderness into a garden.

This is the whole story of human progress—the getting away from a physical basis and up into the realm of the spirit; and so it is that every school house retires a squad of policemen: our 20,000,000 of school children make our 25,000 soldiers a needless luxury; Emerson's essays are becoming better guardians of the peace than all the battleships a surplus-reducing congress can build; a true and righteous idea, sown broad-cast, will wage a more effectual warfare than dynamite guns; the only reliable judiciary is a public sense of justice. The failing of brotherhood which pulses through our American literature is better security than prisons and treaties. Civilization is thought—and sentiment—a spiritual, not a physical thing.

What a spiritual thing is this entire universe, anyhow! Those of you who have read Starr King's great lecture on "Substance and Show" must have been deeply impressed with the feeling that something else gives to matter its solid material appearance. We know that a block of marble, a bar of iron, a mountain, seems to be, in its physical constitution, a very hard, enduring and self-sufficient reality. Is it so? Is the matter itself a thing of such enduring substance; or is the matter but a show, while the substance lies deeper in certain spirit-like forces? Suppose you could withdraw from granite, iron or mountain certain unseen, immaterial elements, would it be a surprise if there was nothing left that you could see? Take the force of gravitation out of Mt. Blanc, and a child could toss it in the air like a ball of feathers; nay, of itself it would rise immediately to the uppermost limit of the atmosphere, and could be puffed about by the breath of an insect's wing. Take the force of cohesion out of that floating mountain, and it would dissolve into a dust cloud, gauzier than the smoke which curls from the

chimney of a farmer's kitchen on a cool October morning. Withdraw the atomic motion from those floating particles, and the most impalpable vapor were dense and firm in comparison with what would be left of Mt. Blanc. Excuse the American pronunciation. It would be, indeed, about as near a *blank* as you were able to imagine.

As the forces of the universe, and not its matter, constitute the substance of things; so, let us understand that civilization is composed of ideas and feelings, and that houses and machinery are but the forms which these spiritual realities assume.

This was the deepest conviction of our forefathers politically interpreted. They built a government, not for its own sake, but for man; feeling that to be the best government which most faithfully protects and most loftily inspires men in their development of genius and character. Ours has approved itself, and therefore we love it. Like the material universe, it serves as form and body and rallying ground and abiding home for the vital forces of the spirit of man.

A gentleman said to me, half in excuse for this day's celebration: "Oh, well, it is a mere matter of sentiment." Isn't that enough? The entire Revolution was a matter of sentiment—*liberty,—home*. A few ideas and a few emotions constitute the grandeur and glory of life. To think greatly and to feel nobly is man's divinest estate—and our only true conception of God. These mere sentiments are the world's redemptive powers.

During the exercises in the church patriotic solos and quartettes were sung by Messrs. Wilbur Gunn, air, D. S. Cameron, tenor, F. Schilling, Jr., baritone, and W. E. Harper, bass, under the direction of T. Schilling, director. The church was beautifully decorated by a committee of ladies under Mrs. H. W. Graves, leader. A vote of thanks to the Trustees of the church and of the Town Hall, to the musicians, to Miss Marie Louise Lyon, to Mrs. Graves and her assistants, who added so much to the enjoyment of the occasion by their artistic draping of the church, and to the cler-

gymen of Springfield, was unanimously passed by the members of the society. A special resolution was also unanimously passed, tendering to the Rev. Dr. Crowe the thanks of the society for his oration, and requesting a copy of it for publication. The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. M. C. Reed, of the Methodist church of Springfield. The members of the society, with their guests, then adjourned to the Town Hall, where a collation had been prepared. A blessing was invoked by the Rev. H. G. Smith, the chaplain. The first toast was then announced by the President, "New England against Old England, on New Jersey battlefields."

To this a response was made substantially as follows by the chaplain, the Rev. H. G. Smith :

I regret the feeling of divided allegiance at the time, and that loyalty to my own New England past would compel the utterance of some truths, concerning which I would fain be silent. But, in discussing the battlefields of the Revolution and noting the chronology of the engagements, it is self-evident that New England led off in the struggle; witness Lexington and Bunker Hill. She showed you Middle State men how to do the thing, and then was willing, in a noble and self-sacrificing spirit, to let New Jersey have the glory of the battlefields that won the strife. And this meant more than we can well imagine now. The different States or Colonies were the units, the United States were, as yet, a nonentity. Jealousy and mutual distrust prevailed. New York taxed Connecticut imports and New Jersey ferryboats. New Jersey, in return, taxed New York for the land on which Sandy Hook light was built. She was willing to let her light shine before men, but, like a good many Christians, she was perfectly willing to let some one else pay for the oil. So, through the sectional feelings and prejudices of the day, the abnegation of self shines forth with more glorious lustre in granting to you of New Jersey the proud possession of these sacred battle-fields, which, of course, New England could have kept to herself if she had wanted to!

On the way to Trenton, when on that dark December night, by the banks of the boisterous Delaware Washington asked "Who will show us the way across?" Glover, with his Marblehead fishermen, stepped forward, and the nerve and endurance, developed by wrestling with wind and storm and wintry snows, opened the way to that wondrous New Jersey campaign that changed the aspect of the war and brought the thrill of courage to despondent patriots. So, you see, it was New England that brought the troops over into New Jersey. Then, on these very fields, by scanning the lists of officers and forces, we may recognize the large part of easterners played in these actions we celebrate. In point of fact, though New Jersey provided the board on which this grim game was played, we may see that New England very largely provided the men. And they were not all pawns, either. When Washington could not himself lead to victory, it was a "wise man from the East" that led the Continental troops. At Trenton, New England men on one side and on the other made December hotter than August to the Hessians. At Princeton, they tried the opposite tactics. They separated and spread themselves (New Englanders can do that when it is necessary), and so divided the British forces. But time would fail to tell of Nathaniel Greene and John Stark, John Sullivan (not from Boston), Maxwell, Poor and Reed, Shepherd and Bailey, as well as many another man from the Eastern States, less known, but no less heroic in ardor and in sacrifice who came from their far off homes and helped you in winning your victories here, whose "blood stained the road from Washington Crossing to Trenton." And this blood of patriotic martyrdom is the seed of our present enthusiasm, yea more, far more, it is the seed of all the glorious and lofty towering national life that now reaches up toward heaven and spreads forth its wide branching interests and its uplifting inspiration to all the peoples of the earth.

The President then read the second toast, and asked the Rev. H. C. Stinson to respond.

"Jersey's Fighting Parsons of the Revolution"—true

soldiers of the Cross, who, with both sword and pen, rendered priceless service in establishing American Independence. The response by the Rev. H. C. Stinson was as follows:

As a guest of the N. J. Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, commemorating with you the glorious event, which took place on this soil 110 years ago, and enjoying with you this splendid collation, I am glad to have an opportunity to express my sincere appreciation of this undeserved honor. I rejoice with you to-day, as with patriotic pride, you recall those days and those scenes amid which sturdy patriots from whose loins you have sprung, resisted the oppression of British tyranny and made the land to resound with the acclamations of liberty and independence upon this day, especially, every descendant of those valorous and patriotic Jerseymen, who fought and bled on Jersey soil has just reason to be proud. For, sir, we must remember that there was a time, when "little Jersey" as it was then called, became the pivotal State in the Revolutionary struggle, and if as one says "little Jersey was the Belgium in the Anglo-American conflict," then surely the spot upon which we are now gathered must have been the Belgium within the Belgium. We heard this morning, from eloquent lips, how in the dark days from '76 to '80, the State was overrun with hostile troops. The inhabitants were paralyzed with terror. The army became complicated and disheartened. It looked as though the colonies would fall into the clutches of the British Lion. But, sir, amid the prevailing gloom, amid the woes and perils of the hour was born the determination in the hearts of thousands of valorous Jerseymen, that British tyranny and oppression must be crushed. Forthwith went the "minute men" in their hunting frocks and the companies of militia, each man was supplied with "a good musket or fire lock and bayonet, sword or tomahawk, a steel ramrod, worm, priming wire and brush, fitted thereto, cartouch box to contain 23 rounds of cartridges, 12 flints and a knapsack."

The sturdy farmer left the furrow and the field. The lawyer closed his books and locked his office door. On many a store window hung the sign, "closed, gone to the War." Doctors left their patients, mechanics their tools, school-masters their classes. From all over the State in answer to the call for troops came the staunch yeomanry—their bosoms animated by one common purpose—the defense of their God-given liberties. Now, sir, in this mustering of troops from the different avocations of life, in this rallying around a common standard, one group of men has been generally overlooked. One of the common mistakes of the New Jersey historian is the inconspicuous place he assigns to the parsons of those times. But we should remember that when New Jersey was about to fall into the hands of the enemy, and despair was gnawing at the heart of hope, no class of men did more to keep alive a hopeful spirit or manifest greater activity in resisting the opposing forces than the Parsons of our beloved State. I do not say that the clerical profession as such deserves any more prominent place in Revolutionary history than other professions. But I do affirm that the significant part taken by the clergy in the great struggle has been too much disregarded. It is a common error to look upon chaplains in the army as a necessary part of its methodical organization. They are looked upon as a set of half officers not disposed to do any fighting and caring very little for it. If such be your conception of these times or of the late war, do not, I beseech you, commit the blunder of making that the standard of a revolutionary chaplain. Say what you will of the supine, pusillanimous clergy of later times, you cannot make the charge against the stern preachers of a hundred years ago. They were no cowards. They never shrank from duty. They never flinched in the hour of peril. From the pulpit and on the battle field they exhibited the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage. They were grit and grace clean through. Read those appeals which "thrilled the ranks and made each hand clutch its weapon with a firmer grasp." The harangues on the vil-

lage green, the bold enunciation of the doctrines of freedom, the rights of man, the character and end of all true government and the soul-stirring exhortations to duty in the resistance of monarchical oppression, are among the grand moral forces which sunk down deep in the consciences of men and upheld them in that great struggle for Independence. Nor did the heroism of the Revolutionary parsons stop at speech-making. There was many a genuine hero who laid aside his clerical robes for the hunting frock and musket. Many a parson who exchanged the solemn duties of the sanctuary for higher duties of the field. Nor did they in time of action remain at the rear with the surgeons, their appointed place; for, when the fight was on and the ranks might be seen to waver, some how those old parsons got out of their place in the rear and were found in front of the regiment.

Mr. President, I think you will grant with me that these facts furnish us with a peculiar significance. They suggest the inquiry: Why did the clergy venture into the field? What motives impelled them? To answer this question satisfactorily would require a volume written in the forceful and eloquent style of your own distinguished historian. Suffice it to say, that the clergy's resistance to the arbitrary claims of power was based upon the most thoroughly conscientious grounds. They saw the palpable danger which would necessarily follow the establishment of English monarchy. They sought to conciliate matters without bloodshed, but rather than surrender their liberties they would go with their congregations to the battle field. They believed that the time had come when men must turn their ploughshares into swords and their pruning hooks into spears and learn the art of self-defense against their enemies. It was no use to quote to those Rev. Parsons the Scripture, "resist not evil," for they matched it every time with some such scripture as "cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." They expounded scripture very much like that old English divine of whom I once read. One Sabbath he took for his text: "If thy brother smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him

the other also," and forthwith preached a sermon on non-resistance. There was a man in the parish who hated the dominie with a bitter hatred, and at every opportunity picked a quarrel with the old divine. After the sermon, when the congregation had dispersed, this man accosted the dominie at the church door with an unpleasant remark about the sermon. At once a bitter discussion ensued, and the man determining to put the sermon into application up with his hand and gave the parson a terrible smack on the cheek. True to his text the minister turned the other cheek and the brother smote him on that one also. "Now," says the dominie, there is another scripture which reads: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and he proceeded to give the brother a sound flogging. So those fighting-parsons matched scripture with scripture and found enough in God's word to warrant their returning measure for measure. I do not think I exaggerate when I say, that of the large number of parsons who fought in that great struggle, none are more deserving of lasting gratitude than the fighting parsons of "little Jersey." No section of the country produced a band of more heroic, more fearless, more self-sacrificing parsons than those who fought on Jersey soil. Tradition and history gave us the names of Fithian, Hunter, Nevelling, North, Cox and Spencer. There was that Dutch reformed parson, stationed at Bedminster—Jacob Rutsen Hardenbergh. I fancy we can almost see him, as with Dinah Van Bergh on his arm and followed by a colored servant, bearing the Bible and hymn book he makes his way in pompous fashion through the throng of farmers and their families to the church door. Reaching the pulpit steps, he buried his face in his hat and after breathing a silent prayer, he ascended to the pulpit. What did he preach? Practical politics, the duties of citizenship, resistance to British oppression. So bold and scathing were his denunciations of British tyranny, that the enemy placed a reward of £100 on his head. For months this heroic Dutch parson slept with a loaded musket at his bedside. The denomination, however, which

furnished the greatest number of fighting parsons in the great struggle was the Presbyterian. There is an historical reason for this. Let us bear in mind that the early settlers in the State were mostly Scotch covenanters, and their descendants, or in other words Scotch Presbyterians. Consequently the early churches were filled with the anti-Monarchical spirit, and from that day to the present patriotism and Presbyterianism have marched down the centuries hand in hand. History furnishes us with a score of names of Presbyterian soldier-parsons who fought on Jersey soil: Azel Roe, of Woodbridge, taken prisoner and confined in a New York sugar house. Nehemiah Greenman, of Pittsgrove, who hid in the woods to escape the enemy. Mr. Richards, of Rahway, who escaped capture by flight. Charles McKnight, of Shrewsbury, who was wounded at Princeton and treated with such cruelties by the enemy as to result in his death. There was McWhorter, of Newark, Chaplain for a time of Knox's brigade; then Rodgers, of Leamington, Chaplain of Heath's brigade; then Armstrong of Elizabethtown, who preached, prayed and fought with a brigade from Maryland. Ashbel Green, President of Princeton College, who in youth acted in the rank of an orderly sergeant; Asa Hillyer, of Orange, an assistant surgeon, and Samuel Eakin, of Penn's Neck. The soil of New Jersey has been made sacred by the blood of that pure-souled, noble-hearted hero-parson, John Rossbrugh, of the Forks of the Delaware. He was captured at Trenton by a Company of Hessians, under a British officer. Seeing that escape was impossible, and that his inhuman captors were bent upon taking his life, he knelt in prayer and calmly committed his wife and children into the hands of his Maker. The bloodthirsty wretches could hardly wait until the prayer was finished, for while the petition was still on his lips they drove a bayonet through his heart and he fell forward in the agonies of death. They stripped off his clothing, mutilated his body, and left him naked, weltering in his blood. Parson Duffield,

another chaplain, had the body buried with proper services in the graveyard of an adjoining church. I come now to speak of one fighting parson—New Jersey's "rebel high-priest" in the revolutionary conflict. His name, let it be spoken with reverence and pride—was James Caldwell. At the first call to arms he was elected chaplain of the State brigade. When the news of the Declaration of Independence reached the brigade headquarters on July 15, 1776, the most intense excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. A Colonel of one of the regiments says: "At 12 o'clock assembly was beat that the men might parade in order to receive a treat and drink the State's health. When having made a barrel of grog the declaration was read, and the following toast was given by parson Caldwell: "Harmony, honor, and all prosperity to the free and independent United States of America; wise legislators, brave and victorious armies, both by sea and land, to the United States of America. When three hearty cheers were given and the grog flew round a main." That toast shows the true patriot, the soldier of invincible courage. No tongue can speak in language eloquent enough to give an adequate description of the conspicuous part he bore in the victory we celebrate to-day. Poet, historian, orator, each in turn, have selected parson Caldwell at Springfield, as his theme. Each may have caught some of the splendor of the scene, but the magnificence of the original transcends the power of imitation. That picture of this fearless parson, fresh from the meeting-house, his heart heavy with the tragical fate of his wife, his patriotism intensified by the wrongs he had suffered, scattering the hymn books right and left among the ranks with the shout, "Now put Watts into them," such a picture under the inspired touch of a skillful artist would be a masterpiece in the famous art galleries of the world. As one says of him: "He was a man of unwearied activity and of wonderful powers, both of body and mental endurance. Feelings of the most glowing piety and the most fervent patriotism occupied his bosom at the same time without in-

terfering with each other. He was one day preaching to the battalion—the next providing ways and means for their support, and the next marching with them to battle; if defeated, assisting to conduct their retreat; if victorious, offering their united thanksgiving to God, and the next carrying the consolations of the Gospel to some afflicted or dying soldier. In the church yard of the first Presbyterian church of Elizabeth, you may read these words: "This monument is erected to the memory of the Rev. James Caldwell, the pious and fervent christian, the zealous and faithful minister, the eloquent preacher and a prominent leader amongst the worthies who secured the independence of his country. His name will be cherished in the church and in the State so long as virtue is esteemed and patriotism honored. As we recall the memory of the dead to-day many illustrious warrior spirits of the past take their stand before us: There are Alexander and Cæsar, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Grant. Around each one of them may be grouped chiefs, or commanders, or marshals, or generals, or compatriots, but there is one group about whom a State, a State did I say? Yes, a nation has encircled its undying praise, a company, whose glory is undimmed and will shine forth forever, with calm and majestic splendor, and that company is Washington and the "Fighting Parsons of New Jersey."

Addresses were made by Messrs. Benjamin Alyer, Edward A. Arnold, Sons of Revolutionary heroes. Patriotic solos and quartettes were sung by the same gentlemen who so added to the pleasure of the audience in the church.

There were present several lineal descendants of the Rev. James Caldwell, the "fighting Parson." Among whom was a grand-daughter, Mrs. Mulligan, of Palisades, N. Y., who had with her her grand-son.