

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

OF THE SONS OF THE

AMERICAN · REVOLUTION

N.J. society

FROM ITS FOUNDATION IN 1889 TO 1893.

DEDICATED, WITH GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF THE MANY KINDNESSES RECEIVED FROM THEM, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY OF THE S. A. R.,

BY

John Whitehead,

THE COMPILER AND EDITOR.

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OFFICERS

Of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, Elected at Chicago June 16th, 1893.

President-General:
Gen. Horace Porter, of New York.

Vice-Presidents-General:
Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, New York;
Hon. Henry M. Shephard, Illinois;
Col. Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., Oregon—Washington;
Col. J. C. Breckenridge, U. S. A., District of Columbia;
Hon. Henry C. Robinson, Connecticut.

Secretary-General:
Hon. Franklin Murphy, New Jersey.

Treasurer-General:
Charles W. Haskins, New York.

Historian-General:
Henry Hall, New York.

Chaplain-General:
Rt. Rev. Charles E. Cheney, Illinois.

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this Society shall be "The Sons of the American Revolution."

ARTICLE II.

OBJECTS.

The objects of this Society shall be to perpetuate the memory of the men, who, by their services or sacrifices during the war of the American Revolution, achieved the Independence of the American people; to unite and promote fellowship among their descendants; to inspire them and the community at large with a more profound reverence for the principles of the government founded by our forefathers; to encourage historical research in relation to the American Revolution; to acquire and preserve the records of the individual services of the patriots of the War, as well as documents, relics and landmarks; to mark the scenes of the Revolution by appropriate memorials; to celebrate the anniversaries of the prominent events of the War; to foster true patriotism; to maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom; and

to carry on the purposes expressed in the Preamble to the Constitution of our Country and the injunctions of Washington in his farewell address to the American people.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

SECTION 1. Any man shall be eligible to membership in this Society, who, being of the age of twenty-one years or over, and a citizen of good repute in the community, is the lineal descendant of an ancestor, who was at all times unfailing in his loyalty to, and rendered actual service in, the cause of American Independence, either as an officer, soldier, seaman, marine, militiaman or minute man, in the armed forces of the Continental Congress or of any one of the several Colonies or States; or as a Signer of the Declaration of Independence; or as a member of a Committee of Safety or Correspondence; or as a member of any Continental, Provincial, or Colonial Congress or Legislature; or as a civil officer, either of one of the Colonies or States or of the national government; or as a recognized patriot who performed actual service by overt acts of resistance to the authority of Great Britain.

SECTION 2. Applications for membership shall be made to any State Society, in duplicate, upon blank forms prescribed by the General Board of Managers, and shall in each case set forth the name, occupation and residence of the applicant, his line of descent, and the name, residence and services of his ancestor or ancestors in the Revolution, from whom he derives eligibility. The applicant shall make oath that the statements of his application are true, to the best of his knowledge and belief. Upon the approval of an application by the State Society, to which it is made, one copy

shall be transmitted to the Registrar General of the National Society, who shall examine further the eligibility of the applicant. If satisfied that the member is not eligible, he shall return the application for correction. No election of a new member shall be valid, unless his eligibility shall be approved by the Registrar General.

SECTION 3. A State Society may provide for life memberships by the payment into its treasury of a sum, in commutation of annual dues, not less than fifty dollars.

SECTION 4. The official designation of the members of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution shall be "Compatriots."

ARTICLE IV.

NATIONAL AND STATE SOCIETIES.

SECTION 1. The National Society shall embrace all the members of the State Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution, now existing or which may hereafter be established under this Constitution.

SECTION 2. Whenever in any State or Territory, in which a State Society does not exist, or in which a State Society has become inactive or failed for two years to pay its annual dues to the National Society, fifteen or more persons duly qualified for membership in this Society may associate themselves as a State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and organize in accordance with this Constitution; they may be admitted by the General Board of Managers of the National Society as "The——Society of the Sons of the American Revolution," and shall thereafter have exclusive local jurisdiction in the State or Territory or in the District in which they are organized, subject to the provisions of this Constitution; but this pro-

vision shall not be construed so as to exclude the admission of members living in other States.

SECTION 3. Each State Society shall judge of the qualifications of its members and of those proposed for membership, subject to the provisions of this Constitution, and shall regulate all matters pertaining to its own affairs. It shall have authority to establish local chapters within its own jurisdiction and to endow the chapters with such power as it may deem proper, not inconsistent with this Constitution. It shall have authority, after due notice and impartial trial, to expel any member, who, by conduct unbecoming a gentleman, shall render himself unworthy to remain a member of the Society.

SECTION 4. Each State Society shall submit to the Annual Congress of the National Society a report, setting forth by name the additions, transfers and deaths, and any other changes in the membership and progress of the State Society during the preceding year, and make such suggestions, as it shall deem proper, for the promotion of the objects of the whole order.

SECTION 5. Whenever a member, in good standing in his Society, changes his residence from the jurisdiction of the State Society of which he is a member, to that of another, he shall be entitled, if he so elects, to a certificate of honorable demission from his own State Society, in order that he may be transferred to the State Society to whose jurisdiction he has changed his residence; provided, that his membership shall continue in the former until he shall have been elected a member of the latter. Each State Society shall, however, retain full control of the admission of members by transfer.

SECTION 6. Wherever the word "State" occurs

in this Constitution, it shall be held to include within its meaning the District of Columbia and the Territories of the United States.

ARTICLE V.

OFFICERS AND MANAGERS.

SECTION 1. The General Officers of the National Society shall be a President General, five Vice Presidents General, a Secretary General, Treasurer General, Registrar General, Historian General, and Chaplain General, who shall be elected by ballot by a vote of the majority of the members present at the annual meeting of the Congress of the National Society and shall hold office for one year and until their successors shall be elected.

SECTION 2. The General Officers, together with the Presidents of the State Societies *ex-officio*, shall constitute the General Board of Managers of the National Society, which Board shall have authority to adopt and promulgate the By-Laws of the National Society, to prescribe the duties of the General Officers, to provide the seal, to designate and make regulations for the issue of the insignia, and to transact the general business of the National Society during the intervals between the sessions of the Congress. Meetings of the General Board may be held, after not less than ten days' notice, at the call of the President General, or, in case of his absence or inability, at the call of the Senior Vice-President General, certified by the Secretary General. Meetings shall be called at the request of seven members. At all such meetings, seven shall constitute a quorum.

SECTION 3. An Executive Committee of seven, of whom the President General shall be the Chairman, may be elected by the Board of Managers, which Committee shall, in the interim between

the meetings of the Board, transact such business as shall be delegated to it by the Board of Managers.

ARTICLE VI.

DUES.

Each State Society shall pay annually to the Treasurer General, to defray the expenses of the National Society, fifty cents for each active member thereof, unless intermitted by the National Congress. All such dues shall be paid on or before the first day of April in each year for the ensuing year, in order to secure representation in the Congress of the National Society.

ARTICLE VII.

MEETINGS AND ELECTIONS.

SECTION 1. The annual Congress of the National Society for the election of the General Officers and for the transaction of business, shall be held on the 30th day of April, or on the 1st day of May, in every year. The time, hour and place of such meeting shall be designated by the Board of Managers.

SECTION 2. Special meetings of the Congress may be called by the President General, and shall be called by him when directed so to do by the Board of Managers, or whenever requested in writing so to do by at least five State Societies, on giving thirty days' notice, specifying the time and place of such meetings and the business to be transacted.

SECTION 3. The following shall be members of all such annual or special meetings of the Congress and shall be entitled to vote therein :

(1.) All the officers and the ex-Presidents General of the National Society.

(2.) The President and Senior Vice-President of each State Society.

(3.) One delegate at large from each State Society.

(4.) One delegate for every one hundred members of the Society within a State and for a fraction of fifty or over.

ARTICLE VIII.

AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at any meeting of the Congress of the National Society, provided that sixty days' notice of the proposed alterations or amendments, which shall first have been recommended by a State Society, shall be sent by the Secretary General to the President of each State Society. A vote of two-thirds of those present shall be necessary to their adoption.



PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.

Founders of the New Jersey Society of the S. A. R.

Josiah Collins Pumpelly, Morristown.

William Osborne McDowell, Newark.

Paul Revere, Morristown.

George Blight Halsted, Elizabeth.

Benjamin Myer, Newark.

Charles Edward McDowell, Bloomfield.

OFFICERS ELECTED APRIL 30, 1889,
To Serve Until December 26, 1889.

President:
*Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.
Vice-President:
Benjamin Myer, Newark.
Secretary:
Josiah Collins Pumpelly, Morristown.
Treasurer:
Paul Revere, Morristown.
Registrar:
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.
Chaplain:
Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith, Freehold.
Board of Managers:
Hon. Robert Stockton Green, Elizabeth.
William Osborne McDowell, Newark.
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.
Paul Revere, Morristown.
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.
Benjamin Myer, Newark.
Hon. Andrew Kirkpatrick, Newark.
John Jackson Hubbell, Newark.
Peter Beach Fairchild, Orange.
Joseph Tucker Crowell, Rahway.
Frederick Parker, Freehold.

*Gen. Stryker resigned May 15, 1889, and Hon. Robert Stockton Green, of Elizabeth, Governor of New Jersey, was elected to fill the vacancy.

OFFICERS ELECTED DEC. 26, 1889.

President:
Josiah Collins Pumpelly, Morristown.

First Vice-President:
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.

Second Vice-President:
Frederick Parker, Freehold.

Secretary:
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.

Treasurer;
Paul Revere, Morristown.

Registrar:
Hon. John Whitehead, Morristown.

Historian:
Henry Rutgers Cannon, M. D., Elizabeth.

Chaplain:
Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith, Freehold.

Managers:
Josiah Collins Pumpelly, Morristown.
Gen. William S. Scudder, Trenton.
Frederick Parker, Freehold.
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.
Paul Revere, Morristown.
Hon. John Whitehead, Morristown.
Henry Rutgers Cannon, M. D., Elizabeth.
Theodore Wilson Morris, Freehold.
William Osborne McDowell, Newark.
Peter Beach Fairchild, Orange.
William Wallace Morris, Newark.
Hon. J. Clarence Conover, Freehold.
Eugene Stillman Davis, Trenton.

Committee on Admissions:
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.
Hon. John Whitehead, Morristown.
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.

OFFICERS ELECTED DEC. 26, 1890.

President:
Hon. John Whitehead, Morristown.

Vice-President:
Frederick Parker, Freehold.

Secretary:
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.

Treasurer:
Paul Revere, Morristown.

Registrar:
John Jackson Hubbell, Newark.

Historian:
Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., Plainfield.

Chaplain:
Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith, Freehold.

Managers:
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.
Theodore Wilson Morris, Freehold.
Henry Rutgers Cannon, M. D., Elizabeth.
Benjamin Myer, Newark.
Capt. Ambrose Meeker Matthews, Orange.
Peter Beach Fairchild, Orange.
Hon. James Clarence Conover, Freehold.
Hon. Augustus W. Cutler, Morristown.
Henry Elias Hatfield, Newark.
William Wallace Morris, Newark.

Committee on Admissions:
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.
John Jackson Hubbell, Newark.
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.
Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., Plainfield,
Secretary of Committee.

OFFICERS ELECTED DEC. 26, 1891.

President :
Hon. John Whitehead, Morristown.

Vice-President :
Frederick Parker, Freehold.

Secretary :
*John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.

Treasurer :
Paul Revere, Morristown.

Registrar :
John Jackson Hubbell, Newark.

Historian :
Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., Plainfield.

Chaplain :
Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith, Freehold.

Managers :
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.
Gen. James F. Rusling, Trenton.
Hon. Franklin Murphy, Newark.
Capt. Joseph G. Ogden, Elizabeth.
Julian Scott, Plainfield.
George Benjamin Jaques, Manasquan.
Josiah Collins Pumpelly, Morristown.
James S. Yard, Trenton.
John Nicol Lindsley, Orange.
Erastus G. Putnam, Elizabeth.

Committee on Admissions :
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton.
John Jackson Hubbell, Newark.
John Lawrence Boggs, Jr., Newark.
Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., Plainfield,
Secretary of Committee.

*Resigned March 30, 1892, and was succeeded by Henry Elias Hatfield, Newark.

OFFICERS ELECTED DEC. 26, 1892.

President:
Hon. John Whitehead, Morristown.

Vice-President:
Theodore Wilson Morris, Freehold.

Secretary:
Henry Elias Hatfield, Newark.

Treasurer:
Paul Revere, Morristown.

Registrar:
John Jackson Hubbell, Newark.

Historian:
Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., Plainfield.

Chaplain:
Rev. Franklin E. Miller, Paterson.

Managers:
Hon. Franklin Murphy, Newark.
Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton,
Gen. James F. Rusling, Trenton.
Walter S. Nichols, Newark.
Henry L. Janeway, New Brunswick.
George Benjamin Jaques, Manasquan.
Moses M. Crane, Elizabeth.
James Brown Burnet, M. D., Newark.
Ernest E. Coe, Newark.
Peter Beach Fairchild, Orange.

Committee on Admissions:
General William S. Stryker, Trenton.
John Jackson Hubbell, Newark.
Henry Elias Hatfield, Newark.
Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., Plainfield,
Secretary of Committee.


NEW JERSEY STATE SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
ORGANIZED MAR. 7. 1890.

CONSTITUTION

AND

BY-LAWS.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

The name of this Society shall be "THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

ARTICLE II.

OBJECT.

The purposes of the Society are to keep alive among ourselves and our descendants, and in the community, the patriotic spirit of the men who achieved American independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscript rolls, records, and other documents relating to the War of the Revolution; and to promote social intercourse and fellowship among its members.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

Any person shall be eligible to membership who is a male above the age of twenty-one (21) years, and is descended from an ancestor who assisted in establishing American independence, during the War of the Revolution, in any one of the following capacities :

1. A military or naval officer.
2. A soldier, sailor, or marine.
3. A member of a Committee of Correspondence, or Council of Safety, or other similar body.
4. A member of a Provincial, or of the Continental Congress.
5. An officer in the service of one of the original Colonies or States, or of the National Government representing or composed of these Colonies or States. *Provided,* that such service was of so important a character as to render the official specially liable to arrest and punishment by the British Government.
6. Any recognized patriot actually arrested and punished for giving aid and comfort to the patriotic cause. *Provided,* that if such ancestor, having assisted in establishing American independence in any of the above capacities, either adhered to the enemy or failed to maintain an honorable record throughout the War of the Revolution, his previous service shall not entitle his descendants to membership in this Society. *And provided further,* that no person shall be admitted to membership unless at least one member of the Society, or some well-known citizen of New Jersey, shall state in writing his belief that the applicant for admission is of good moral character, and would be a worthy member of the Society.

ARTICLE IV.

OFFICERS.

1. The Officers of the Society shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer and a Registrar, who, with ten other members, shall constitute a Board of Managers.

2. The Officers and Managers, and Delegates to the National Society shall be elected by a vote of the majority of the members present at the annual meetings of the Society, and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected.

3. The Board of Managers shall fill any vacancy occurring among the Officers of the Society, or the members of the Board, or the Delegates to the National Society.

4. In addition to the Officers above provided for, the Board of Managers may, from time to time, appoint a Chaplain, a Historian, and such subordinate officers as they may deem necessary, who shall hold office until the annual meeting next succeeding their appointment.

ARTICLE V.

MEETINGS.

1. The annual meeting shall be held on the 26th day of December, the anniversary of the battle of Trenton, in every year, except when that date shall fall on Sunday or Monday, in which case the meeting shall be held on the Tuesday immediately following.

2. The hour and place of meeting shall be designated by the Board of Managers.

3. Special meetings may be called by the President, or Board of Managers, at any time. The President shall call a special meeting whenever requested in writing so to do by five or more members.

4. Ten members shall constitute a quorum at all meetings.

5. General business may be transacted at any special meeting.

ARTICLE VI.

AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to this Constitution may be offered to any meeting of the Society, but shall not be acted on until the next meeting. A copy of every proposed amendment shall be sent to each member, with a notice of the meeting at which the same is to be acted on, at least one week prior to said meeting.

A vote of two-thirds of those present shall be necessary to its adoption.

BY-LAW S.

SECTION I.

ELECTION OF MEMBERS.

1. The names and proofs of qualification of candidates for membership shall be sent to the Secretary. They shall be referred by him to a committee on membership, consisting of three members of the Society to be appointed by the President. This committee shall report, as soon as practicable, to the Board of Managers, on the qualifications and character of candidates. A vote of two-thirds of the Managers present at any meeting of the Board shall be necessary to the election of a member.

2. The amount of the initiation fee shall, in all cases, accompany the application for membership. If the application be rejected, the amount of the initiation fee shall be returned to the applicant. No member shall be elected unless the initiation fee be first paid.

3. The Board of Managers shall have power to suspend or expel any member of the Society, for sufficient cause, by a vote of two-thirds of all the members of the Board. *Provided,* that at least two weeks' notice of such proposed action shall have been given to such member. A member so suspen-

ded or expelled shall have the right to appeal to a meeting of the Society from the action of the Board of Managers.

SECTION II.

INITIATION FEE AND DUES.

1. The initiation fee shall be five ($5) dollars; the annual dues three ($3) dollars; or the payment at one time of fifty ($50) dollars shall constitute a life member, with exemption from payment of dues thereafter.

2. The annual dues shall be payable on the first day of April in each year.

3. Persons becoming members during the months of January, February, and March, in each year, shall not be liable for payment of dues for the preceding year.

4. A member who shall remain in arrears for dues for three months after notice of his indebtedness has been sent him, may be dropped from the rolls by the Board of Managers.

5. The initiation fees and all payments for life membership shall be used by the Board of Managers for the purpose of publishing such documents as they may deem advisable, or for such special purposes as may be ordered by a vote of two-thirds of the Board.

SECTION III.

THE PRESIDENT.

The President, or in his absence the Vice-President, or in his absence a Chairman *pro tempore*, shall preside at all meetings of the Society and Board of Managers, and shall have a casting vote. He shall exercise the usual functions of a presiding officer, and shall enforce a strict observance of the Constitution and By-Laws, and regulations and rules of the Society and Board of Managers.

SECTION IV.

THE SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall conduct the general correspondence of the Society. He shall notify all members of their election, and of such other matters as may be directed by the Society or Board of Managers. He shall have charge of the seal, certificate of incorporation and records, and, together with the presiding officer, shall certify all acts of the Society. He shall, under the direction of the President, or Board of Managers, give due notice of the time and place of all meetings of the Society and Board of Managers. He shall keep a record of all the proceedings and orders of the Society and Board of Managers, and shall give notice to the several officers of all votes, orders and proceedings affecting them or appertaining to their respective duties.

SECTION V.

THE TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall collect and keep the funds and securities of the Society. All moneys shall be deposited in some bank or savings' institution in this State, to the credit of the "New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution," and shall be drawn on the check of the Treasurer for the purposes of the Society only. Out of these funds he shall pay such sums as may be ordered by the Society, or by the Board of Managers; he shall keep a true account of his receipts and payments, and at each annual meeting render the same to the Society, when a committee shall be appointed to audit his accounts. He shall make a report to the Board of Managers whenever called upon to do so.

SECTION VI.

THE REGISTRAR.

The Registrar shall keep a roll of members, and in his hands shall be lodged all the proofs of qualification for membership, and all the historical and genealogical papers of which the Society may become possessed. Under the direction of the Board of Managers he shall keep in a suitable book, copies of such documents as the owners thereof may not be willing to leave in the keeping of the Society.

SECTION VII.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

The Board of Managers shall have the general superintendence of the interests and business of the Society ; they shall perform such duties as may be committed to them by the Society ; they shall have power to make such rules and regulations, not inconsistent with the Constitution, By-Laws and Resolutions of the Society, as may be necessary for their own management and the government of the Society. At each annual meeting they shall make a general report. Five members shall constitute a quorum at all meetings of the Board.

SECTION VIII.

AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to these By-Laws may be made at any meeting of the Society by a vote of a majority of the members present. *Provided*, that a notice of the meeting and a copy of the proposed amendment shall be sent to every member at least one week prior to such meeting.



NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

OF THE SONS OF THE

·:AMERICAN·REVOLUTION.:·

Celebration of the 112th Anniversary of the
Battle of Red Bank, New Jersey,
fought October 22nd, 1777.

OCTOBER 22ND, 1889.

NEWARK, N. J.

BATTLE OF RED BANK.

The New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution met October 22, 1889, to celebrate the 112th anniversary of the Battle of Red Bank, fought October 22, 1777.

Hon. Samuel F. Bigelow presided in the absence of the President, Hon. Robert S. Green, Governor of New Jersey.

Before announcing the regular toasts the chairman spoke substantially as follows:

It was the desire of the Society to celebrate the battle of Red Bank at some place contiguous to where it was fought; but the field being far from the general routes of travel, and the season inconvenient for many members to remain away from their homes, it was decided to select Newark as the place of meeting.

And aside from this question of convenience, I know of no locality, other than the battle field, where the celebration could be made with greater propriety. The muster rolls of the New Jersey troops show that Essex county men were not laggards in the war. From one church parish of that county went forth, besides common soldiers, 200

commissioned officers, to fight for independence, and it is reasonable to believe, from the intensity of patriotic ardor that prevailed, that all the men in the county, except a few skulking tories, were enlisted in one way or another in the patriot cause.

Excepting at Springfield the county was not the scene of a pitched battle between contending armies regularly organized, but for seven long years it was the theatre of harassing and devastating predatory strife, and within the memory of living men the blighting, withering effects of the war were felt in many broken and impoverished families.

We will listen with pleasure to-night to a critical sketch of a battle about which little has been published. It is hoped and believed this sketch will be followed by other notices of revolutionary incidents in our own State equally interesting. To perpetuate the history of "The Times That Tried Men's Souls" is one of the objects of this Society, and in perpetuating this memory, we bring in relief men of such majestic proportions that they have been the prototypes of all the world's heroes since their times. Let us illustrate lessons of patriotism by incidents from their lives. Let us familiarize our youth with their examples of unselfish patriotism that they may be strengthened always to subordinate their personal interests to the welfare of the State.

The time is opportune for the work, as well as its execution becoming. We are passing through, indeed, I hope we have passed through, a period when it has been fashionable to be un-American, to be English, to be a snob; when brusqueness, coarseness, and incivility in intercourse have marked a departure from the kindly, dignified, gentle manners of our ancestors. Indeed, there are a few who are weary of our republican forms; they would have about them the pomp and circumstances of

monarchy, the dazzle and the glitter and the autocracy. If our Society can do something to promote American pride, to foster the sentiment that American ancestors, American traditions, American customs, American institutions and American men have been and are the best the world has ever known, its mission will not have been in vain.

And how can this be better done than by recounting the deeds of the men of the Revolution. The tales of their heroic endeavors and patient sufferings in this county and in the State have never been written. No stately monument of granite, like that at Monmouth, recalls memories of their greater than Spartan patriotism ; no graphic and comprehensive history excites admiration for their martial deeds ; and now, after only a century, if their characters were not written in the State they helped to create and exhibited in the civic institutions they aided to form it would be difficult for the stranger to discover what manner of men they were. But, as knowing naught of the sun, we enjoy its bright light and beneficent heat, so all mankind in every land and clime, though ignorant of the men who wrought out constitutional government, are to-day enjoying greater liberty and happiness for their having existed.

The Chairman then announced the first toast :

The Day we Celebrate. We celebrate to-night the memory of the battle of Red Bank and Fort Mifflin, and the fame of the ragged regiments of Greene, who so humbled the Briton's pride, and ratified in blood the priceless victory of Saratoga.

John J. Hubbell, Esq., responded as follows :—

Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, is situate on the New Jersey side of the Delaware River, below Philadelphia. Fort Mifflin is on an Island in the River opposite Fort Mercer, near the Pennsylvania shore. These two forts were the scene of a memorable

event of the War of the Revolution. Fort Mifflin is still garrisoned by U. S. troops; but Fort Mercer is deserted, naught of it remains and all vestiges of the conflict which was waged there have disappeared. An unassuming monument marks the spot where the conflict took place without whose aid the patriotic traveller in search of the scene, where once was fought this memorable battle, would be powerless to locate the site. This monument commemorating that short but decisive conflict, is almost hidden in the midst of a forsaken growth of trees, and all around it is desolation.

So many battles were fought on the soil of New Jersey during the Revolutionary War, that Red Bank, important as it was, has been well nigh forgotten. It took place on the 22nd day of October, 1777; just 112 years ago to-day. In reviewing the preceding events, we find that in July of the same year General Howe, with a fleet carrying thirty-six English and Hessian Battalions, including light infantry and grenadiers, with a powerful artillery, a New York company called the Queen's Rangers, and a regiment of light horse, was making his way by sea to the mouth of the Delaware river. It was evident that his destination was Philadelphia; and General Washington at once took means to frustrate his plans. Washington before this had examined the country round Philadelphia, and the works below, and had come to the conclusion that the defense of the river should be confined to the fort at Mud Island, called Fort Mifflin, and to Red Bank on the high ground opposite. On the 26th of September, 1777, Lord Cornwallis at the head of the British and Hessian grenadiers entered Philadelphia, the main body of his Army, however, was encamped at Germantown. General Howe, in order to retain possession of Philadelphia wished to free the Delaware for his fleet, but he found that the forti-

fications at Fort Mifflin and Red Bank interfered with his plans. Chevaux-de-frise had been sunk in the channel between the batteries preventing the entry of the ships. General Howe could not communicate with his fleet, and this put him to much inconvenience. The American vessels, in the river above Red Bank and Fort Mifflin, prevented him from foraging and obtaining supplies in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but the "Delaware," one of the largest of the American vessels, was captured, and the disadvantage to the British, caused by these vessels, was much diminished. While the British fleet was endeavoring to advance up the river, the Fort at Byllingsport below Red Bank was feebly garrisoned, and was captured by the British, and this gave them a better opportunity to ascend the river. The attention of both British and American commanders was now directed to this point on the Delaware ; one to remove and the other to retain the impediments to navigation. Lord Howe had arranged his ships along the Delaware shore from Reedy Island to New Castle. The fort at Byllingsport, as we have shown, had been taken by the British. General Howe then removed the chevaux-de-frise from the channel opposite Byllingsport, so that only the line from Fort Mifflin and Fort Mercer at Red Bank, remained to prevent the fleet from passing further up the river. Every effort was made for the destruction of these forts ; batteries were erected on the Pennsylvania shore to play on Mud Island, while a fierce attack was directed against the redoubts on the New Jersey shore. On the 21st of October, Colonel Compte Donop, a distinguished German officer, crossed the Delaware River, at Cooper's Ferry, at the head of a detachment of Hessians of two thousand or twenty-five hundred men, in order to proceed the next day to the attack on Red Bank. It was a part of the plan that so soon

as the assault should begin a heavy cannonade on Fort Mifflin should be made from the batteries on the Pennsylvania shore ; that the "Vigilant," a ship of war, should pass through the narrow channel and attack Fort Mifflin on the rear. The fortifications at Red Bank consisted of extensive outer works, within which was an intrenchment eight or nine feet high, barded and fraized—a work upon which Colonel Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, the Commander of the American Forces, had bestowed great thought and labor. Late on the evening of the 22nd of October, Compte Donop attacked the fort with great fearlessness ; it was defended with equal resolution by the American contingency, which consisted of white men and mulattos, who showed wonderful amount of bravery. The outer works being too extensive to be manned by the garrison, which did not exceed five hundred men, were only used to delay and annoy the assailants, and on their near approach were abandoned by the Americans, who retired within the inner intrenchment, whence they poured upon the Hessians pressing on with great gallantry a most destructive fire. Colonel Donop leading his troop was fatally wounded ; the second officer in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Mingerode, was killed at the same time. Lieutenant-Colonel Linsing, aided by the darkness of the evening, collected many of the wounded Hessians, and with the rest of the detachment, marched that night about five miles, and returned to Philadelphia the next day. The loss of the Hessians was estimated at four hundred men ; the garrison being reinforced from Fort Mifflin, aided by the galleys on the river which flanked the Hessians, while advancing and retreating, fought under cover and lost only thirty-two men killed and wounded.

Marquis de Chastellux, in his Travels in North

America, gives a very vivid and most excellent account of the battle. He visited the battle field in company with Lafayette and M. Mauduit, the latter having had charge of arranging and defending the fort under the orders of Colonel Greene, and so the Marquis had peculiar advantages in his description. The account which he gives is too long to be quoted here, but he gives some incidents of great interest, one of which I will mention.

"M. de Mauduit, after fixing the palisades, employed himself in repairing the abattis. He again sallied out with a detachment; and it was then he beheld the deplorable spectacle of the dead and dy ing, heaped one upon another. A voice arose fron amidst these carcasses, and said, in English: "Who ever you are, draw me hence." It was the voice of Col. Donop. M. de Mauduit made the soldiers lift him up, and carry him into the fort, where he was soon known. He had his hip broken; but whether they did not consider his wound as mortal, or that they were heated by the battle, and still irritated at the menaces thrown out against them a few hours before, the Americans could not help saying aloud: 'Well! is it determined to give no quarter?' 'I am in your hands,' replied the Colonel. 'You may revenge yourself.' M. de Mauduit had no difficulty in imposing silence, and employed himself only in taking care of the wounded officer."

While visiting the scene of the battle a few days ago, we found all that now remains of the old Fort Mercer. The spot is beautifully situated upon the high bluff on the Delaware and looking across the river one sees the ramparts of Fort Mifflin. The battle field itself is much neglected, the only way of approach is by a small path among the brambles. By making a detour of some distance north of the Whitall House towards Timber Creek, one

finds at the present day an embankment which, as tradition has it, was the outer breastwork of the fort. The plan of the fort, as these embankments show, was large and extended, but evidently made in a rude way. One finds also raised places with gulleys between, nearer the bluff, which corresponds with the inner fort, as history tells us. On the outside of the outer fort is a ditch or gulley, from which evidently the earth had been taken to build the embankment. These marks are apparent to this day. The land on which the battle of Red Bank took place is now owned by the Government, and stones labeled "U. S." marks the boundaries.

We had the pleasure of going over the battle field with Judge Carter, the Historian of Woodbridge, and he pointed out many places of historical value connected with this memorable struggle. Among them is the old Whitall house which is still standing, and this also is owned by the Government. One can see in front of it pieces of cannon that were used in the conflict; one of the largest having been taken to Woodbury. The monument erected on October 22nd, 1829, to commemorate the bravery of the officers and soldiers who fell in this historic ground has a lonely and neglected appearance. At one time it had crumbled and the elements threatened to destroy it. The bank upon which it was placed was washed away and only with great difficulty was it moved back further on the bluff and restored to its former condition. This was made possible by the generosity of the people of Woodbury. We learn that at the present time this memorable spot is neglected by the Government. On Sundays the place is over-run by careless and trespassing visitors, and at other times the monument is used for a target from the boats passing up and down the river. Mr. Murray, the Government Farmer, who lives in the Whitall house,

told us that his life was often in danger from the flying bullets, and that a battle, though not so fierce as the former one of Red Bank, is frequently suggested to him. There are many marks of the battle in the old Whitall house, and one can see the room and cellar where old Mrs. Whitall remained during the conflict.

Many of the wounded were carried to this Whitall House where they were kindly taken care of; others were taken to the Campbell House, as it is now called, which is situated opposite the Court House in Woodbury; this house also is still standing, and it is pointed out to visitors as being at one time the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis.

It should be the duty of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution to see that the battle field of Red Bank is not left to desolation and neglect. It should be our pleasure to maintain and keep sacred this memorable spot where so much bravery and patriotism were shown for the great cause of religious and political liberty.

Let us then, at this our first dinner, take some effective measures for the restoration and future preservation of the monument already erected in commemoration of the sacred battle field of Red Bank.

Mr. J. C. Pumpelly, being called upon by the Chairman, further responded to the first toast as follows:

1777—1889.

History bristles with inspiring personalities and throws upon the canvas below us pictures which threaten or encourage us as with a tongue of flaming fire.

It is one of these scenes we would recall as we celebrate to-night the memory of the battle at Red Bank and Fort Mifflin, and the fame of the ragged regiments of Greene, who "so humbled the Briton's pride and ratified in blood the priceless victory at Saratoga."

Red Bank, as it stands to-day, moss-grown by the shores of the Delaware, so little known even to our citizens, was in the great plan of history chosen as one of those pivotal points upon which hung as in the balance events of grave importance to the future of liberty in America.

These 112 years that have passed in the progress of events have accomplished more than a thousand and twelve in the Middle Ages. Memory reverts to many heroic deeds in our little State which have been crowded into their compass.

In the war for Independence, as we remember, the battle of Long Island gave to Lord Howe honors and knighthood, while Red Bank's bloody day brought him only disaster and disgrace. It was Charles Lee, we remember, too, the marplot at both Moultrie and Monmouth, who, when a prisoner of war in New York so maladvised Lord Howe that neglecting the direct orders of his own Government, he sailed for Philadelphia, thus forcing that complication of events which assured the *surrender of Burgoyne*, the *alliance with France*, and the *capture of Yorktown*.

The British campaign in Pennsylvania was well satirized by Franklin in his oft quoted words, "Howe has not taken Philadelphia, but Philadelphia has taken Howe." So in the fall of '77, Howe still blundering and seeking vainly to open a passage for his frigates to the Chesapeake found himself confronted on the east shore of the Delaware by the earthworks at Red Bank and in mid stream by the island defences of Fort Mifflin. Insignificant,

indeed, must have appeared these humble *bulwarks of liberty* to the doughty and insolent British captains, but what instruments of vengeance they proved to be to them before the setting of the sun. On came the English frigates "Augusta," "Roebuck," "Merlin," every gun well manned, with their accompanying galleys, appearing as they passed through the chevaux-de-frise like Titans as compared with those pigmy defences confronting them. But the same pigmies proved themselves no common foe, and "so incessant was the fire on both sides," says the New Jersey *Gazette*, "that the very elements seemed to be aflame." The "Augusta" took fire and blew up. So near were the combatants to each other that some of the American powder horns took fire. The "Roebuck" retired from the fight and the "Merlin" ran aground, was set fire to and burned to the water's edge, and thus ended a naval engagement as *singular as any in history*. As in the day of Moultries' victory Carolina single-handed humbled the naval supremacy of Great Britain, so now New Jersey, ragged and torn as she was, again brought quick and wholesale destruction to the best ships of the English line.

Thus it is that Moultrie and Monmouth, Mifflin and Mercer, will be ever glorious names in the bloody annals of earth's great struggles for human liberty. So long as life endures we, as "Sons of the American Revolution," yes, and sons of patriots yet unborn, shall venerate and cherish these shrines made sacred by the blood of America's noblest Freemen.

Greene's able defence of the attack on the fort at Red Bank, was also equally glorious and complete. Though the number of the combatants was not so great, yet no battle of the Revolution was more desperately contested, and none reflected more

credit upon the American arms. The fort, so-called, was but an earthen redoubt of pentagonal shape, behind which were fourteen pieces of cannon and three hundred as brave men as ever fought a battle. Most of these were *negroes and mulattos* from Rhode Island; ragged and destitute was their condition, but within their breasts glowed such a fire of patriotism as rendered them indifferent to every personal suffering or condition. How often, comrades, in our great Civil War, did we see this same heroic self-sacrifice among the men of our colored regiments.

In direct command of the position on this 22nd of October, 1777, was Colonel Mauduit, a French officer of tried skill; also there fought with him those other two able Frenchmen, Armand Charles Tuffin and brave Count Duplessis. Lord Howe with special malice had despatched his most savage officer, Col. Donop, with two thousand Hessians, not only to subdue the place, but even massacre every one of its defenders. Upon approaching within cannon shot a Hessian officer advanced, preceded by a drummer boy, and demanded the surrender of the fort, or "if battle ensued *no quarter would be given.*" Insolent was the demand and infamous the order, and for its infamy Col. Donop must ever stand an arraigned murderer at the bar of history.

The battle that was fought on that sunlit day in October was one of the fiercest in all the bloody records of the Revolution, but it is not my purpose here to give more than a few details of the contest. Upon the enemy's reaching the abattis they were received with a fire so severe in front and flank and at such short range that many bodies were perforated with wads and others literally blown to pieces.

In the thick of the fight Col. Donop, noticeable by the marks of the orders he wore, and by his

handsome figure, fell fatally wounded, and soon after the attack was relinquished and the remnant of the Hessian forces regained the wood in complete rout.

There was indeed a massacre at Red Bank, but those who came to slay without mercy were themselves slain, and in such numbers that over three hundred were buried in one ditch. But in the providence of God it was fated that here at this spot the American volunteer soldier, *deemed half civilized by our European foe*, should teach not only his English foe but the whole world its first great lesson in the humane treatment of a vanquished enemy.

To the last Col. Donop refused to recognize the loyal and chivalric kindness of the American leader, Col. Christopher Greene, but recognizing that Col. Mauduit was a Frenchman, he said when dying: "I am content; I die in the hands of honor itself." "It is finishing a noble career early," he said, "but I die *the victim of my ambition* and of *the avarice of my sovereign.*"

Unequalled as was the courage shown by the combatants, so equally great, let us not forget, was the heroism shown by that mother of the Revolution, Mrs. Whitall, whose home was but a stone's throw from the fort; there she sat spinning, unappalled by the roar of the contest until a cannon ball whistling through the entry induced her to take her wheel into the cellar, where she continued to spin undisturbed through the whole engagement, although her dwelling was struck several times by shot from the frigates.

Of such stuff were made our mothers in the Revolution, and their inspiring personalities are before our wives and daughters as rare examples of consistent morality, plain, loving and deep thinking. Courageous and industrious and God-fearing was this Mrs. Whitall, like her great exemplar,

Mary the mother of Washington, "simple in garb, majestic and serene, unmoved by pomp or circumstance, in truth inflexible." Shame upon us, as a people, that the grave of this illustrious woman is to-day dilapidated and neglected. Let the daughters as well as the sons of the Revolution make the preservation of this sacred spot their first duty and show in their lives the loving and active influence of a great and noble memory.

But while our Red Banks are all passed and peace is over us, our conflict is to be with the forces that war upon the moral sentiment and threaten corruption to our social and political fabric. Let us but upbuild the citizen and adjust not so much the cold economic relation of capital and labor as the warm relations of man with man in the great struggle for happiness, then shall we be worthy sons of worthy sires, and if we neglect this duty, then is our celebration of historic days and our praise of the fathers only a vain and useless show.

The Chairman then announced the second regular toast: The National Society. All honor to our National Society. May she continue to all time to keep ever in remembrance the noble deeds of our Revolutionary Ancestry.

The Hon. L. P. Derning, President of the National Society, was expected to respond to this toast, but he was prevented from being present.

The third regular toast was the following: Society of the Cincinnati. May friendship, benevolence and patriotism, the basis of the Institution forever inspire the conduct of its members. Flavel McGee, Esq., of Jersey City, spoke to this toast substantially as follows:

The Society of the Cincinnati which I represent

here this evening was founded on the tenth of May, seventeen hundred and eighty-three, on the banks of the Hudson at the close of the Revolutionary War. The officers of the Army of the Revolution decided to found an Association whose object should be the perpetuation of the friendship that had been cemented by years of hardship in the field, and by memories of the struggle for American independence. They hoped that the Society would exist, not only during the lifetime of its founders, but would be perpetuated by their descendants during the whole life of the Republic, and that it would hand down to succeeding generations the traditions of that eventful period which had resulted in the birth of a new nation.

They formed a constitution by which it was provided that at the death of any member his membership should descend to his eldest son, and so by the right of primogeniture, the Society might always retain the same number and be kept alive perpetually.

At its inception it met with great opposition. It was regarded by many as an effort to create an order of Nobility, and so severe was the opposition that a proposition was made that all the moneys raised by the branch societies in the various States should be paid into the treasuries of the States, there to remain forever, and the interest only to be paid to the Association from time to time. The New Jersey Society particularly refused, and so did many others, to become a party to any such arrangement, the plan was abandoned, and the method has ever since obtained that the moneys raised should be used for the purposes of the Society, and for the benefit of any of its members who should by reason of sickness or misfortune be in need of aid.

For a time the Society flourished, then it languished. The State Societies grew less in numbers,

some have gone out of existence, but several of them still exist, and amongst them the Society of New Jersey, which is just now in a condition perhaps more flourishing than any of the others.

And now your Society has been organized, and has the same object in view as that of the Cincinnati, the only difference being that membership in the Cincinnati is only for the oldest sons of officers; whereas in your case all male descendants of those who took part in the War of the Revolution may become members. The two Societies form the complement of each other; neither is complete without the other.

The badge which the Society of the Cincinnati adopted had this motto: "Let us relinquish all to serve the Republic." Is it not our duty, as descendants of the men who fought the War of the Revolution and made it possible for this nation to exist, to relinquish all, if necessary, to serve the Republic? True, we cannot all go to the war; we cannot all fight in the field, but each of us, in his own neighborhood, can fight the battles of his country in another arena. Dangers are continually attacking the integrity of the Government—political frauds, political immoralities, political wrongs of every sort; more fruitful sources of destruction to the body politic than the armies of an enemy. As fruitful, did I say? Nay! more so, for they are insidious. An enemy's army comes with guns and flags and provokes resistance. These attacks from among ourselves are made in silence, under cover, in the dark, and before their existence is known the integrity of the Government is sapped, its strength gone, and it is a ready prey to every fraud. Is it not our duty then, as descendants of these men of old, to stand as bulwarks each in his own neighborhood, and to fight all such attacks, and to maintain that purity which characterized that Govern-

ment in its inception, and to keep it intact in all its pristine vigor.

Is it not our privilege then, and our duty, to be up and doing and to see to it that the dark places politically in our communities are enlightened; that the danger spots are watched and cared for and cleansed, and that the politics of the Republic are kept clean and pure?

Let us recall the glorious days of our ancestors. Let us remember that this nation has grown until it has become one of the greatest of the world. That, instead of its being sparsely settled, as it was in the days of the Revolution, it has become a vast, seething, surging mass of population. That instead of being, as it was then, mainly agricultural, it has now extended its commerce to all parts of the world, and has within its limits all opinions, all shades of thought, all habits, all the dangerous theories of the old nations of the earth; and that the proportion of the foreign born and uneducated population is vastly greater than were the ignorant at the time of the Revolution. Is it not then our duty, by every means within our power—by the aid of the common school, of religion, of individual effort, by aggregate endeavor—to see to it that this vast population is so led, guided and directed, that its forces shall work together for the preservation of the Constitution and the furtherance of all that is good within it. Let your Society and ours then work together, shoulder to shoulder, with one common purpose and one common thought, to save this country for God and posterity.

The fourth toast was next in order: The Monmouth Battle Monument Association, reared by patriotic sons of patriotic sires—imperishable memorial of imperishable days.

Mr. Robert Laird was to have responded to this, but he was unable to be present, and the Chairman proceeded to the fifth and last regular toast:

Washington Association of New Jersey, for their careful preservation of the home of the great Commander, in the trying times of 1779-'80, is due the heartfelt gratitude of every Jerseyman. Hon. Geo. A. Halsey gave an interesting account of the rise and progress of the Association.

He was followed by the venerable William L. King, Esq., of Morristown, great-grandson of Frederick King, first Post Master at that place. Mr. W. L. King is Vice-President and Secretary of the Washington Association. He spoke in substance as follows :

The Washington Association of New Jersey dates its origin from the burst of enthusiasm attending the preparations for the great Centennial year of 1876, when that most able and patriotic Governor of New Jersey, Theodore F. Randolph, by his personal influence secured the passage of our charter by the State Legislature. Among the four financial founders of the Institution may be mentioned the names of the Hon. Geo. A. Halsey and the late Gen. N. N. Halstead, of Newark.

From the day the old Headquarters opened its doors to the public down to the present time, the Institution has been a complete success, and its collection of nearly 2,000 Revolutionary relics is now one of the largest and most interesting in the country ; in proof of which I may mention that the number of visitors during the year ending October 1st, was nearly ten thousand.

During all these years we have been favored with many valuable gifts from friends, amongst whom I must not fail to mention that worthy and honorable son of New Jersey, Ferdinand J. Dreer, Esq., of Philadelphia, who besides contributing to our collection many documents of Revolutionary interest from his immense collection, has given us that priceless relic, the original commission of

Washington as Commander-in-Chief, signed by John Hancock, President of Congress.

I beg, gentlemen, in the name of the Washington Association and as one of its Vice-Presidents, to welcome the Sons of the Revolution as fellow-workers in the same field of usefulness, having kindred objects in view, namely, the preservation of the records of the Revolution and the cherishing of the memory of the dead heroes of New Jersey, who did so much towards achieving American Independence.

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

OF THE SONS OF THE

·AMERICAN·REVOLUTION.·

Proceedings at the Celebration of the 113th Anniversary of the Battle of Trenton, fought December 26th, 1776.

DECEMBER 26TH, 1889.

NEWARK, N. J.



SURRENDER OF COL. RALL AT THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

(ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT, HON ROBERT STOCKTON GREEN, GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.)

Gentlemen, Sons of the American Revolution! We meet here to-day on the anniversary of the Battle of Trenton. Contrast and comparison are the impulses of the mind when any past event of importance is brought under serious consideration, and when we meet on an occasion like this—the anniversary of some Revolutionary incident—we find ourselves involuntarily comparing our condition with that of those who figured in the event.

With the rapidity of the lightning's flash across the sky, the century is traversed and this festive board, around which are gathered those who have come from homes ringing with joy and gladness, is brought into sharp contrast with the Christmastide of the Continental army in 1776.

Who here does not vividly picture the midnight passage of the Delaware—the biting, piercing cold, the blinding snow, the floating, grinding ice, the dreary march, through sleet and hail ; the driving in of the pickets, the attack of the two col-

umns, the firing of the musketry and artillery, the capture of the enemy's guns, the retreat of the Hessians, its check by our left wing, the surrender, the victory, the withdrawal of the troops to the west bank and the march through Philadelphia with the prisoners and the trophies of war?

Each step in the contest has left its footprint in the history of the country.

If the importance of battles is to be decided by results, the Battle of Trenton, followed as it was in eight days by that at Princeton, was one of the most important of the Revolution. It was fought at a time of the deepest depression. Fate seemed to be against the success of our arms. Important posts had been captured, reverses had been suffered, treachery was doing its secret work. Charles Lee, the second in command, had suffered himself to be captured. The plans of Washington seemed to be foiled by some hidden hand. The time of the service of many of the men was about expiring. Enlistments were sluggish. The troops illy clad, illy shod, illy equipped, were well-nigh disheartened when this master stroke of the master mind—this victory—infused new spirits into the despairing army, gave fresh courage and endurance to the troops and put new life into the struggle.

Who can tell what the fate of the Colonies would have been, had Trenton not been won?

The President then announced the first regular toast, "The Battle of Trenton." A priceless victory which brought light and hope into the darkest hour of the whole struggle for American Independence. I call on the Honorable John Whitehead to respond.

HON. JOHN WHITEHEAD:

The Second Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, on the tenth day of May, 1775.

It was a grand body of men—the grandest ever assembled in this or in any other country. Representatives, fresh from the great body of the American people and from every part of the land, were there; men of wisdom, of energy, of transcendent ability; men of action, of nerve, of resolution, all filled with the highest conception of patriotism.

Doubt and uncertainty, vacillation and timidity were, however, exhibited in their counsels; there had been division in their ranks. Even the bravest among them had feared the power of the Mother Country, and so long as the just rights of the Colonies could be secured, would still have continued to submit to the English Crown. In October of the preceding year this same Congress had proclaimed in the strongest manner possible their allegiance to King George, and there were not a few in this second Congress who continued to hope that the breach between the Colonies and England might still be bridged. But now Lexington and Concord had sent their dread echoes through the country. Boston was filled with British soldiers, and the hardy peasantry of Massachusetts had gathered together to free it from the grasp of the invader. There had been some speech-making; there could be no meeting of representative Americans in that or in any other period without it; but the speeches were of few words and to the point, strong and intense. A deep solemnity pervaded the minds of the members, and they were realizing that the day of great events in the history of the country was dawning. There were many great men in that assembly, some of less note than others, but all

worthy of the time and the occasion. Listen to the roll of worthies!

Massachusetts had sent up Samuel Adams, the fiery patriot, the ceaseless plotter against the oppressor of his country. He would have filled a traitor's grave if he could have been captured by the British, and with John Hancock he shared the high honor of being expressly excepted from pardon. With him came John Adams, a young man, but wise beyond his years. Roger Sherman and Silas Deane represented Connecticut; Philip Livingston came from New York and William Livingston from New Jersey; the grave, manly and eloquent John Jay, first Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, also came from New York; Pennsylvania was represented by Galloway; Cæsar Rodney, Read and McKean were there to speak for Delaware; Chase for Maryland; Virginia sent up her wisest and best: Peyton Randolph, seventy years and more old, but still strong and vigorous, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, the divine orator, and best of all, George Washington. The two Rutledges, one of them afterwards Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Gadsden came from South Carolina. Later on a young Virginian, called Thomas Jefferson, took the place of Randolph, who was summoned home to assume important duties in his colony.

Among these men there moved in and out, calm, silent and self-possessed, a Virginia Colonel dressed in the buff and blue uniform of his regiment. He was the most noticeable man in that whole assemblage; tall, stately and commanding, with a native dignity which impressed all who came within the circle of his presence. He had been a member of the preceding Congress which met in the previous year. Then he came up in plain citizen's dress from his home on the banks of the Po-

tomac. His change of garments was significant; in another man it might have been intended for display, but, in this quiet, reticent Virginian, it meant more than that; it was grimly prophetic of the future; it meant that he knew that there was to be war, a bloody war of many years. His broad, comprehensive mind had grasped the future and he fully understood the dread situation. He understood, too, that the army, which was gathering, must be adopted by Congress and become national, and that it must have a head. He was a modest man, but vigorous-minded and far-reaching and he knew his own worth. In all the broad land there was no one who had his experience in military affairs, who understood so well as he, the science of war; so, calmly awaiting the end, he gave himself up to the duties of his position as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He had not long to wait; the vigilant eye, the forecasting intellect, the broad judgment and the intense patriotism of the members of that august assembly were concentrated upon a search for the right man to command the army that was to battle for freedom. All eyes and all minds were turned to this Virginia Colonel in his buff and blue uniform. With the quick, intuitive genius of this man of men he knew where that choice would be fixed. Early in the month of June, 1775, John Adams, the courtly, the learned, the patriotic, who represented Massachusetts, rose in his place and proposed that the Continental Congress should adopt the armies which were gathering in his own State and elsewhere, and that which was around Boston, and make them national; and that Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, should be commissioned as Commander-in-Chief.

As the words, George Washington, in full, sonorous tones, fell from the lips of the Massachusetts statesman, this Virginia Colonel in buff and blue

quietly rose from his seat and passed from the room.

On the fifteenth day of June, 1775, he was unanimously elected General-in-Chief, and on being recalled into the presence of his fellow members, to hear the announcement that upon his shoulders was to be placed the responsibility of leading the armies of the country, he accepted the position in a few dignified words.

It was fitting that the nomination of a Virginian should be made by a New Englander from Massachusetts. These Colonies were the two most important of the thirteen, in population, influence and resources. Coming as it did from John Adams, who, up to this time had been foremost in the struggle in his native State; who had never from the beginning wavered in his opinion that America must fight; that there was no other resource than an appeal to the God of battles, the nomination of George Washington was a just tribute of respect from the great New Englander to the great Virginian. It was no time for strife, nor for jealousy; before the dread issue of the hour there could be no question of locality but simply—who is the fittest?

Washington was a man of action, and immediately left Philadelphia for Boston; and on the third day of July, 1775, standing under the historical elm tree at Cambridge, he drew his sword, assumed the command of the Continental army and began a career unexampled in the history of the world. Obstacles which seemed insurmountable and difficulties apparently insuperable confronted him at the very outset and followed him at every step. He was forewarned, however, and fully appreciating the situation with its embarrassing environments, he bent all the energies of his forceful nature to the accomplishment of the task before

him. That task was no easy one. His first duty was with the army encamped around Boston.

He found it demoralized, disorganized and undisciplined. Every one in its ranks was brave and all were enthusiastically patriotic; but none had learned that a soldier's first and highest duty was implicit and ready obedience.

For eight months he remained before Boston, apparently idle, but for him it was eight months of incessant labor. He was waiting for the decisive moment when he could strike the blow which would drive the enemy from the City; and at last the right time came. On the morning of the fifth of March, 1776, the British Commander looked across the water to Dorchester Heights and there was the American Army protected by fortifications. It seemed to him the work of magic; at first he could not believe the evidence of his senses; but it was only the work of the accomplished strategist at the head of the American Army, and it was impossible for the British any longer to remain in Boston. They sailed away on the 17th of March, and Washington entered the town with his forces on the 20th. This signal success did not blind the eyes of Washington to the demands of the future, nor make him inactive. He knew that Gen. Howe meant mischief and suspected that the City of New York would be his next point of attack; so he lost no time, but immediately laid his plans to defeat the English commander. In fact he began his operations before he himself entered the City, and the very next day after the English sailed, he ordered a part of his army to march away to New York and called upon Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, who had been and still continued to be, his most effective assistant in all emergencies, to aid in the transportation of his troops and to add to their numbers from the Connecticut militia. In the months of

June and July the two opposing armies were gathering, one for the attack and the other for the defence of New York.

On the 27th of August, 1776, the disastrous battle of Long Island was fought, and the Americans lost a contest which should have been won. Then followed a series of disasters sufficient to have appalled the heart of the stoutest soldier. But Washington never quailed. The misfortunes which crowded around him so thick and fast only seemed to arouse the masterful force of his nature. Calm, imperturbable, grim and defiant, still confident of the future, never doubting the result, he watched every movement of his antagonist and gave up his days and nights, with unremitting toil, to the task of rescuing his army from the perils which surrounded it. Harlem Heights followed Long Island. Then came White Plains; Forts Washington and Independence were lost. A large British fleet was up the North River to intercept Washington's retreat in that direction. An English army, flushed with victory after victory, followed fast after the retreating Americans. But Washington never seemed to sleep; he was everywhere; for forty-eight hours, at one time, he was in the saddle, examining post after post, encouraging the weary soldiers, urging on the laggards, directing this movement and checking that, praising where praise was due; correcting, sternly, if necessary; visiting the sick and the wounded and never failing to be in the right place at the right time. His army began now to break up; the militia left him in companies, in battalions, sometimes even in regiments. Still he held on with the firm grip of grim despair, and still the same calm, serene, imperturbable man. He formed his plans in secret and carried them out in a manner which seemed almost superhuman. At last, by a stroke of consummate strategy, he car-

ried his army over to New Jersey, and then began a most masterly retreat, unsurpassed in the annals of modern warfare. From Fort Lee to Hackensack; from Hackensack to Acquackanonk; then to Springfield and Newark; then to Bound Brook and New Brunswick; then to Princeton and then to Trenton.

While all this was done under the eye and personal supervision of Washington, he attended to every detail connected with the army, providing for the sick and wounded, making requisitions for provisions for the men and forage for the horses; writing to Congress and to the Governors of the Colonies; advising Congress about enlistment and the formation of a regular army; about the manufacture of powder, the casting of the cannon and cannon-balls, calling on the colonies for material aid for his soldiers and for additional volunteers; directing his subordinates as to their movements and dealing with mutinous and refractory troops. He never lost sight of the slightest movement of any part of his army, and he kept himself fully informed of the operations of his enemy.

NEW JERSEY STATE LIBRARY

The labors performed by this wonderful man during this terrible crisis in the history of his country are simply amazing, and one stands astounded at the magnitude of his intellect, at the breadth of his comprehension, and at his far-reaching intuitions.

He was followed through New Jersey by the English Army. But the British officers had learned by this time that the silent man in command of their enemy was too wary and too alert to be caught in any trap of their devising.

On the 3rd day of December he reached Trenton and securing every boat which could be found within seventy miles, he crossed the Delaware on the 8th of December with less than 3,500 efficient

soldiers. On the 5th of December he wrote Congress that he conceived it to be his duty "*to make head against them* (the British) *so soon as there shall be the least probability of doing it with propriety.*" This was the darkest hour of the American Revolution and now it seemed as if the hopes of the American people must go down in utter, hopeless despair. But there was one man who did not despair; his calm, equable nature, his unfaltering trust and, above all, his unconquerable energy sustained him even in that dread hour. He intended to strike the enemy, and when he did strike it would be a heavy, deadly blow.

The American Army which lay on the west bank of the Delaware was thus posted. Gen. Ewing was directed to guard the river from Bordentown Ferry to Yardleyville, or Yardley Mills as it was then called. Here he united with General Dickinson. Four brigades under Mercer, Lord Stirling, Stephen, and DeFermoy held the ground from Yardleyville to Coryell Ferry, while General Cadwallader was farther down the river and General Ewing was at Morrisville, opposite Trenton. The British were scattered through New Jersey, with detachments at New Brunswick, Princeton, Mount Holly, Blackhorse, Bordentown, and Burlington. At Trenton there were three regiments of Hessians 1,500 strong, under Col. Rall (Rahl) and a troop of English light horse. Washington determined to strike this body of Hessians and British at Trenton. He, himself, was at McConkey's Ferry, now called Taylorsville. His plan embraced movements on the part of Gen. Ewing, who was directed to move his troops across the river at Morrisville, guard the bridge over the Assanpink, and thus prevent the retreat of the enemy to Bordentown; and of Cadwallader who was to cross at Bristol, threaten Col. Donop, who was at Bordentown. Washington re-

served to himself the command of the attacking force, which was to pass over at McConkey's Ferry, nearly nine miles from Trenton. This movement was to be made at night, in time to reach the town at daylight, or before that time. This attacking force was divided into two divisions, severally to be commanded by Generals Sullivan and Greene. Neither Ewing nor Cadwallader was able to effect a crossing. The weather was intensely unpleasant, it stormed violently with hail and sleet, the river was filled with ice, ice formed on the roads rendering them slippery and unsafe. It is possible that the obstructions in the way of Generals Ewing and Cadwallader were greater than those which confronted the Commander-in-Chief. He crossed the river, however, fought the enemy; they did not. If they had performed their part of the plan not a man of the whole British force would have escaped.

It was the purpose of Washington that the troops should move as soon as darkness would cover their operations so that they could reach the east side of the river at midnight and arrive at Trenton at five o'clock in the morning.

Washington was in dead earnest and personally directed all the movements. It was Christmas night; he was an Episcopalian and had been educated to regard that holy day as the greatest festival of the Christian Church. But Washington was in fighting mood, his blood was up, he was now facing his pursuers and he had a long account to settle with the English. He looked across the river in the darkness and saw the masses of ice floating down, and then up into the pitiless wintry sky, and heard and felt the tempest as it howled defiance into his ear, warning him that there was danger in his onward progress. Then he surveyed his shivering troops, illy clad, no stockings, some with no

shoes, ragged and blanketless. But they were men tried and true. They were the select patriots who had stood by him, the laggards and cowards had left and these undaunted men were by his side. He looked into their eyes and he knew he was safe. "*I hope you will all fight like men,*" was all he said, but it was enough and it was an inspiration. Then he gave the order to move. The crossing was made in open boats and was perilous in the extreme. The current was swift, large masses of ice were floating in the stream which threatened at every step of their progress to crush the vessels. There was one man in the attacking force to whom justice has not been done. The safe passage of the artillery and men was due to his skill and energy. Under his guidance, assisted by some brave and careful boatmen, accustomed to encounter such perils, the landing without loss was at last accomplished. This man had been heard of before in the disastrous Long Island campaign, where he had rendered most efficient service. He was Gen. Glover, the Marblehead Fisherman. He has not received the recognition due to his services. Let not his name be forgotten!

The artillery, of which there were twenty pieces, did not get over until three o'clock and the army was not ready to march until four. A road from the ferry ran northeast one mile and a quarter to the Bear Tavern. Here the road to Trenton, called the old River road, was crossed. Three miles and a half from this intersection, on this old River road, Birmingham was reached. At this point the army was divided, Sullivan taking one division and following the river road. Washington and Greene moved across in an easterly direction and struck the Scotch road, which at the distance of about two miles united with the road from Pennington, at a point one mile from Trenton. The Scotch road and

the Pennington road ran nearly parallel with the River road from the points where they were first reached by the two divisions. Sullivan, after he had left his commander, notified Washington that his men's muskets and their powder were wet. "Use the bayonet, then, and push into the town. The town must be taken. *I am resolved to take it,*" was Washington's reply. The distance to be travelled by the two divisions, before they could reach Trenton, after they separated, was about the same. Washington says that he arrived at the enemy's advanced guard at precisely eight o'clock, and three minutes after he heard firing from the other division. Two pickets of the enemy were stationed, one on each road, but they were quickly swept out of the way.

The Pennington road entered the north end of the town where two streets then called King and Queen, now Warren and Green, united. These two streets separated there at a very acute angle and passed in a southerly direction ; Green ending near the bridge over the Assanpink and Warren running from its junction with Green or Queen slightly east of south, increasing the distance between it and Green as it approached the south end of the town. The battery was posted at the junction of Warren and Green streets, so that it could sweep both streets, as well as the open ground to the east and west. Sullivan reached the town through Second and Front streets, near where Warren street ended at Front. Part of his column, under Col. Stark, moved forward to the bridge over the Assanpink, to cut off any retreat in that direction ; it was too late, however, as several hundred Hessians with the light horse of the English had crossed the creek and were in full retreat towards Bordentown. Part of Sullivan's division took position at the foot of Green street, the portion which had marched to the

bridge now swung round and passed up the Assanpink, so that the Hessians were completely hemmed in on every side. Rall's headquarters were on Warren street near Perry street. He promptly put himself at the head of a few men and purposed to pass up Warren street to dislodge Washington, but the fire from the battery stationed at the head of the street was too strong. Part of the Hessians attempted to form in the open ground between Green street and the Assanpink, and a third body moved off towards the Princeton road with the intention of retreating in that direction, but Washington had stationed a part of his troops on that part of the battle field so as to prevent any approach from Princeton, and, at the same time, keep the Hessians surrounded.

It will thus be seen that Washington had perfected his arrangements so that there could possibly be no escape. The enemy were completely hemmed in on the south and east by Sullivan and his troops, and on the north and west by the division under Washington and Greene. Rall had attempted, early in the engagement, to place two cannon in position so as to answer the fire from the battery of the Americans, but two brave captains from Washington's division, with a few soldiers, rushed upon the gunners and carried away their guns. One of these captains was James Monroe, afterwards President of the United States. Rall was soon mortally wounded, and his troops before greatly demoralized, now ascertained the impossibility of successful defence and surrendered.

The prisoners numbered about a thousand, in addition to whom large stores, four stands of colors, twelve drums, six brass field pieces and one thousand stands of arms were captured. Washington recrossed the Delaware the same day with his prisoners, but he could not be idle. On the first

day of January, 1777, he was again in Trenton, and on the next day met and repulsed an attack of the British, under Lord Cornwallis, and then finding his position untenable and dangerous he outwitted his antagonist by another strategical movement, and carried his troops safe to Princeton, where he fought another battle and then moved his army safely to Morristown into winter headquarters.

The affair at Trenton can hardly be called a battle, nor even a skirmish; it was a surprise, as complete and fearful in its results to the enemy as any which ever covered an army with disgrace and ruin. This is not the time nor the place to criticise the Hessian leader. Whatever may have been his blunders before or during the engagement he paid dearly for them, as he lost his life, only surviving a few days. The results to the American people, to its army and leader, were astounding; the effect of the victory upon the Congress and upon the enemy was electric. The people passed from the depths of despair to the highest expectations of hope; the army learned to know its leader and to have confidence in him and in themselves. Washington with one bound leaped into the foremost ranks of great leaders and consummate strategists; Congress was electrified and at once invested Washington with supreme unlimited power and the enemy became demoralized. Philadelphia was relieved, New Jersey was almost entirely evacuated by the English, the several encampments being nearly all deserted and their troops were drawn closer to New York.

It is quite amusing to read the comments in the papers of the day upon the occurrence. Especially by those printed in England, General Howe was severely criticised. One grand result was that the American soldier learned that he could fight, and he ceased to dread the German mercenaries.

But the culminating glory of the affair was that Washington had struck a blow which settled the whole question of American Independence; he had saved the Revolution and the nation was born, never to die.

The second toast was then read by the President.

"The National Society."

Limited only by the bounds of a common country, it would make America a unit by a living faith in the fatherhood of Washington and the brotherhood of the Sons of the American Revolution.

We had expected that Dr. W. Seward Webb, the President of the National Society, and a descendant of Col. Webb, who was present at the Battle of Trenton, would have been here to respond but unfortunately he is detained at home and I have the pleasure of asking Mr. Gill, of the Ohio Society, to respond to this toast.

MR. GILL.

Gentlemen, I will not attempt to take the place of Col. Webb this evening, but I bring to you his heartiest greetings. He greatly regretted that he could not be with you to-night.

THE PRESIDENT. The next toast is :—

"South Carolina and New Jersey."

The guns of Moultrie in the very dawn of the Revolution prepared the way for the victory at Monmouth. Let us renew to-day the bonds of the past, and may those bonds never be broken.

Before this toast is responded to by the Rev. H. Goodwin Smith, I call upon Mr. Pumpelly to read some letters from sister Societies.

Mr. Pumpelly then read the following :—

GREETINGS FROM SISTER SOCIETIES.

NEW HAMPSHIRE sends these words :—

It is with the deepest reverence and uncovered head that we view those heroes in their eventful progress through ice-flooded water, over blood-stained snow and on their fifteen mile march through storm and hail, until at day-break they burst upon the astonished Hessians and turned the shadow of death into glorious morning. As men of New Hampshire we read with peculiar interest and pardonable pride that in this attack our own Sullivan commanded the right wing, and our own Stark who never failed in duty and never made a mistake in his whole military career, led the van of Sullivan's party, and that his men with fixed bayonet and ringing cheers rushed upon the enemy's lines with such fury that victory was almost assured from that moment. You will participate with us in the satisfaction that the New Hampshire Legislature has now instructed the Governor to cause to be erected in the State House yard at Concord a statue of Gen. John Stark. As direct descendants of "The Sons of Liberty" we will be with you in spirit and trust we shall not be unworthy of our heroic ancestors.

C. R. MORRISON.

VERMONT.

Responding fully to the patriotic sentiment of your letter wishing all success to the New Jersey Society and to our brother and sister societies who

may gather at Newark on the 26th, I am, fraternally yours.

G. G. BENEDICT,
President, Etc.

OHIO.

Our heroic past should pulse the thoughts of the present. Its speech should augment the significance of the rights of man; should be plowed into our soil and walk the invisible air; the mountain should repeat it and the rivers bear it to the sea. It should echo from shore to shore. Free and united Americans. Inspired with the sublime and ennobling principles of our Revolutionary sires. This is the vision that glorifies the present, and will even much more glorify the future if we are but guided by the teachings it inspires. Greatly do we need the inspiration of these meetings. The love of gold and its dominating power reveals our danger, and we must look to the high personalities of the heroic past to greatly impress our national and social life.

W. R. PARSONS,
President, Etc.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Speaks by letter, and better yet, in the person of our honored guest. The preservation of our traditions are vitally necessary to the development of our American industrial and social life upon the plain of our ancestors. The unexpected and lamented death of our young associate, G. L. Callo-

way, is deeply and sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends outside of our organization.

T. P. RICHARDSON,
President, Etc.

TENNESSEE.

On December 16th your secretary sent the following message to the Tennessee Society of the Sons of the American Revolution: "Our New Jersey Society sends fraternal greetings to the sister society so lately organized in Tennessee and bids her thrice welcome to our alliance and friendship. We do not forget that it was Southern heroes who humbled the Briton's pride long ere a shot was fired at Trenton or Monmouth, and we rejoice that to-day the descendants of those heroes reiterated with us their faith in the fatherhood of Washington and the brotherhood of the Sons of the American Revolution." To this Tennessee replies: "Your hearty greeting just received. In it the voice of the indomitable heroism of Trenton calls to the chivalry of Kings Mountain. We, the Sons of the Volunteers of Kings Mountain, remove our hats reverently in the presence of the veterans of New Jersey, while we grasp your proffered hand, and will hold it in a union of these States while they hold the freedom Washington bequeathed to them."

D. C. KELLY,
President.

MISSOURI.

We can claim no battle field in the War of the Revolution, but our native and adopted sons,

equally with you, recognize the fact that New Jersey, at one period of the war was the strategic centre and chief battle field, and, perhaps the turning point in our war for Independence.

The ancestor of one of our members was Colonel Nicholas, who took part in the battle of Trenton. We have with us three direct descendants of the sister of General Washington and several descendants of the Washington family, and we pride ourselves in the fact that among our members are three whose fathers fought in the Continental Army. We would offer this sentiment: The icy Delaware ne'er rolled so triumphantly as on that December night when crossed by Washington and his brave comrades.

M. M. YEAKLE,
1st Vice-President.

George Washington Ball, the nearest living relative to the immortal Washington, writes regretting inability to be present with us.

The Massachusetts Society sends cordial and enthusiastic words of salutation. "You do well," says their President, "in observing by a celebration an event which happened at the most disheartening period of the Revolution."

REV. H. GOODWIN SMITH then said:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—There is no one present who more sincerely and fully agrees with the sentiment that John C. Calhoun should be here to respond to this toast than the one now upon his feet.

I do not know, sir, whether it is from that sense of contrast which you dwelt on so eloquently

in your opening remarks that you call for a toast, to which is subscribed the aristocratic name of John C. Calhoun, to be responded to by a man by the name of Smith! Or whether it is for the same reason that you ask that South Carolina be pledged by one whose birth-right in this Society is derived from ancestors in Massachusetts. (Laughter.) But, sir, this is a time, and this a place, when, as we see in the greetings which have just been read, Massachusetts and South Carolina can stand hand in hand and heart to heart. (Applause.) And, sir, I take it as one of the happiest illustrations and proofs of the value of a Society like this that we can find, looking back to the one common source of patriotism and inspiration, those who have in later years been so separated through narrower sectional differences, though possibly from a sense of equally patriotic motives and conduct.

I said that I am a descendant from ancestors down East. I am proud of it. I do not wish to take any position of superiority towards you who live here in the middle section of the country or those who may come from the South or from the farther West, but I must be loyal to my own colors and say that I agree fully with the gentleman who, after traveling through this whole country, North, South, East and West, said that all his experience of human nature in the United States led him to corroborate the truth stated in Scripture that "the wise men came from the East."

Mr. Chairman, you asked me to respond to "The Guns of Moultrie," and I would like to take the map of Trenton, which Mr. Whitehead used, and, without fear of contradiction as to historical facts from any one (excepting, perhaps, the honored historian who told us so eloquently of the Battle of Trenton) illustrate from it the contest at Moultrie. There was a great statesman, perhaps

our honored Governor, who created the phrase "the *invincible* ignorance of the people" regarding certain questions. Now, sir, if the valor of those men who fought at Moultrie was as invincible as is my ignorance of their actions, their deeds must have been most fearless. I am not going to say much about the guns of Moultrie this afternoon, for a very apparent reason. But I see that this toast is very comprehensive, it goes from South Carolina up to the spot where I am at present quartered—on the battle field of Monmouth. So, allow me, as the negro preacher said, to "branch" occasionally. Being asked why he did not stick to his text while preaching, he said, "If you preach a sermon you must stick to your text, but if you exhort you are allowed to branch."

I have been a faithful attendant, sir, since the Continental days at these meetings of the Sons of the Revolution, and as we gather around the festive board for the one hundred and thirteenth time to celebrate this grand victory, I must say that never throughout all that long vista of the past has my heart beat more warmly with patriotism, nor have I felt more keenly than I do at this present moment and late day the grandeur of the event we now celebrate and the heroic spirit of those men off of whose virtues we are now dining.

Mr. Chairman, I would like to take you to the field of Monmouth; take you along by that beautiful and glorious shaft reared to the memory of the men who fought on that plain and there, gazing upon that tapering granite and speaking bronze, dwell for a moment upon the significance of that act. There is a patriotic painter in Freehold who, looking out for personal interest perhaps, wished to have the monument painted "in tasty colors," but I am sure that all of you who were present on the 28th of June last will bear me witness that the only

color which the monument, and indeed the whole community thereabout, was painted, was a brilliant carmine hue which illustrated so fully the enthusiasm and sentiment of those who were there gathered. Those hues, sir, did not fade away on the evening of the 28th of June, neither did they rest upon the noses of the participants, but to-day remain upon their cheeks in a flush of honest pride and enthusiasm as memory goes back to those who fought upon that field. Go with me to that battle field, and passing along the road where the retreat of Lee was made. I have always believed that Lee was trying to do right. It was Sunday morning and he knew where a good general ought to be and ought to lead his troops. He wanted to go back to church. As we pass along that road we see in advance of us a little sign which we feel sure marks the historic spot, and we begin to wish to take our shoes from off our feet, and our hat from off our head, for we are reaching honored ground. As we reach the sign with reverential feeling we read it—it says : "Buy the Singer Sewing Machine." Put on your shoes again and go a little further and finally you get to the spot in that field where the action of Washington is commemorated, where I believe every one of us, with true enthusiasm, feels a thrill which will never be extinct in our American history when looking back upon that grand event.

I do not wish, in any way, to disparage the memory of the great Father of Our Country. When, after the wonderfully short campaign at Trenton, he rushed on to Princeton, and then only nine days later achieved the victory there ; can we accuse him of undue haste, Sons of the Revolution ? Yet we will all agree that if Washington had possessed fully that wonderful forethought with which so many have supposed he was endowed, in looking forward to a scene like this he would have seen

that those battles were fought a little too near together. If he had only waited until the late Spring, Mr. Chairman, before fighting the battle of Princeton, we would have been able at every season of the year to celebrate a grand and glorious victory in New Jersey. I would not take one leaf from the wreath of praise to the memory of Washington, still we can see how our Society might have gone through the various scenes of the revolving year with meetings and dinners; but even though our ancestors could win, within nine days, such glorious victories, I challenge any member of this Society to say that he would be willing, within nine days, to again celebrate, as we do here to-day, the memory of this glorious past.

"South Carolina and New Jersey," let us truly, Mr. Governor, renew those bonds. Would that the Governor of South Carolina might be with us (not so much to respond to the famous historical speech) as to see that through the sentiments expressed in this organization we now are going on to a grand and glorious unity in this nation wherein the very causes of the separation will only serve to bring about a closer union. "Blessed is it for brethren to dwell together in unity," (I am not preaching—I am talking politics) but more blessed is it when brethren who have not been dwelling together in unity find that they can come together and unite over a chasm, thank God, no longer bloody!

GOVERNOR GREEN: The next toast prepared by the committee is:

"The Continental Soldier."

His blood watered the tree of liberty, whose fruitage has gladdened not only a nation, but the whole world. To which I have the pleasure to call on the Hon. Flavel McGee to respond.

HON. FLAVEL McGEE then said :

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—There is one great point of difference, it seems to me, between the Continental soldier and ourselves—he had a good appetite but no dinner, we have had a good dinner but I don't believe any of us has much appetite. It occurred to me that perhaps the reason I have been called upon to answer to this toast is a peculiar one. I have been thinking over it a little to see if I could find out why it is, and I have come to the conclusion that it must be because he was not there ; for, if Bancroft is right in his history of the Battle of Trenton, there was not a single Continental soldier there. At that time the army of Washington was entirely composed of the militia of the different States. About that time he had sent a communication to Congress saying to them that the time of enlistment of the men was about expiring, that there was not more than six weeks left of it, and that unless they would give him permission to raise a Continental or National army in that time he would be without troops, or an army of any kind, with the possibility of its not being replaced by others. Still, I suppose we must treat the soldier of that battle as if he were a Continental soldier, and certainly he was a Continental soldier afterwards—at least many of him was—and he was a fair representative of those glorious men who carried courage and firm purpose through the dark days of the Revolution, and brought about successes which have enabled us to come here as Sons of the Revolution and to eat this good dinner, and have this jolly time, because of the glorious results of their conduct.

The Continental soldier was perhaps not a very polished sort of a man, but he was a man who meant just what he said all the time ; he was a man who meant business ; he was a hard man some-

times; very often he was a Calvinist and believed in all sorts of hard things. He was a man brought up in surroundings plain and meagre. He was without a furnace in his house; he was a man brought up to rough it, but he was a man who could stand hardship, who had an earnest purpose and a devotion to one end; the kind of man who could overcome difficulties better than a man brought up amidst more luxurious surroundings.

One of the first lessons which the Battle of Trenton teaches us is, how much can be accomplished by earnest devotion to a single purpose.

Let us look at the surroundings of those people. It was, as has been well said, the very darkest hour of the American Revolution. The American Army seemed to be crushed almost out of existence; there was just a little band here and there. Washington was comparatively in hiding at Morrisville. The British Arms were victorious all over. Cornwallis had gone to New York, and considered the war so near its end that he had obtained leave of absence to go back to England, and was going to leave the rest of the war in charge of his subordinates. Donop was down in Burlington engaged in ravaging the farms, beating the farmers, insulting their wives, and stealing their stock. Rahl was in Trenton and was so confident of his safety that he refused support; and with that condition of affairs, with the Delaware running full of ice between the armies of Washington and the British, with Congress in Philadelphia passing a resolution calling on foreign powers for aid, and saying that unless it came the war must soon be ended disastrously, and in addition to that, Congress, a few days later, hastily adjourning to Baltimore to avoid the troops of the British coming up the bay and river, it seemed as if the dissolution of the Republic was almost approaching.

Then it was that the time of the Battle of Trenton approached, and there came that Christmas Day, when, with the British officers carousing in Trenton during the day and far into the night, Washington made up his mind to at once make this desperate attempt, the failure of which would have been fatal to the cause of the American Revolution.

But see the troubles and dangers surrounding him then. At Bristol the officer who was to cross there was prevented by reason of the ice on the Jersey shore. Gates, who was to join him, instead of doing so, deserted his post and went to Congress with a view to looking after his own advancement rather than the cause of his country. Notwithstanding all this and in the Winter time, with the current of the Delaware running many miles an hour, with great blocks of ice piling one on another, and rushing down with a flood such as only those who have seen it can appreciate, with nothing but small boats to cross in, that General, led by his trust in God, his intrepid purpose, his wonderful skill, and undaunted courage, got his men across in face of all these difficulties, and before the hour of dawn, through snow and sleet, with his soldiers thinly clad, with broken shoes, with the tracks from their feet, cut by the cruel roughness of the road, marking their trail with blood, he led his soldiers to where the British Army, secure in its thoughtlessness, lay, not expecting any attack, and as the day broke, the fight commenced, the pickets were driven in, each effort at defence repulsed before it had fairly assumed definite purpose, and before the British knew it they were surrounded, overpowered and captured.

Was there ever a time when there seemed to be such an impossibility, when General ever attempted anything that looked so unlikely of ac-

complishment as that? It was nothing but the earnest purpose in that man's heart, that indomitable will, that something which has always been successful and which always will be successful, which led him, with the aid of Providence, to the victory which overcame the British at Trenton. It was in spite of all obstacles, in spite of everything that was against him, that Washington, aided by the men who were with him, carried the day against that which would have been disaster, which would have been defeat, in the face of any less indomitable will or any less earnest devotion to purpose.

What is the moral to us? As Washington, in the darkest hour of the Revolution, wrested victory from defeat, so let us in all the hours which we are called upon to pass through in our lives, in all the political complications which we may be called upon to meet, in all the various relations in life where our country seems to be in peril, whether it be in war, whether it be in peace, whether it be in battle, or whether it be in politics, no matter what it be, let us remember that as Washington stood by his duty to his government in his time, and as that indomitable will and that indomitable devotion to a single purpose enabled him to conquer in the Revolution, so should we stand by every interest of this government, every interest of this nation, and hand it down to our sons, as he and those with him handed it down to us.

There is another lesson to be learned from this matter and that is that we can seldom estimate the importance of events by the apparent magnitude of them at the time.

What was this Battle of Trenton? It hardly reached the magnitude of a battle, and it has been well called by our friend Mr. Whitehead an "affair." There were but a few thousand men engaged

on each side. Although the victory was a complete one, only nine hundred and fifty men, a thousand stands of arms and a little ammunition, were captured. It was but a trifle compared with a large battle, and but a small affair compared with other events in our history. But what was the result of it? It was the turning point in the great struggle for American Independence. Instead of Congress running from city to city, instead of the army being a constantly retreating one, instead of the people losing heart, instead of foreign nations turning coldly from us, there was from that time on hope in the hearts of the people, there was recognition in foreign nations, there was a feeling that the corner had been turned and that the American Army had passed from the road to defeat and was now on the way to victory.

The Continental soldier fought under the greatest difficulties. Those men created this nation under God, and by the help of God they made it possible for us to be here as Sons of the American Revolution celebrating the deeds of our ancestors and keeping alive the memory of an event which made it possible for this nation to be what it is. What then is our duty, and what otherwise is the advantage of this Society? It is pleasant to come together once or twice a year; it is pleasant to eat a dinner and to listen to speeches; but there is no great good accomplished by that if we stop there. The object of this Society is not only to keep alive the memory of these things, but to inculcate in the minds of the men of this generation those principles which were in the minds of their ancestors, and which they fought for, and which we should hand down to our posterity as our fathers and grand-fathers handed them down to us. We have not the opportunity to be always on the battlefield nor to be always fighting with arms, but

there is never a century, there is never a decade, when matters are not arising in civil life which affect the safety of the country and which it is our duty to attend to, and as to which it is our duty to be on the side of the right, as our forefathers were, so that we may make this nation what it ought to be ; a nation fearing God, a nation respected abroad and respected at home ; a nation which shall always stand for the right ; a nation which shall be one in which shall be nursed and reared the seeds of everything that is best. Is it a question of morals that comes into politics, it is our duty then to be on that side which stands for the best. Is it a question of finance, is it a question, no matter of what, it is our duty as members of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution to be informed about it, to know what it is, to know which side is right, which side is best, and which side will conduce to the greatest prosperity of the country and to make it the most useful to its citizens and to the nations of the world.

In conclusion, let me add but one thing. You will have observed that in that battle, as in all the others, there were commands from all parts of this nation. You will remember that each man fought his best ; some fought near home and some abroad, and while we cannot all fight abroad or take part in the great affairs of State, while we cannot all serve our country in the halls of Congress, yet, as did the Jews after the Babylonish captivity, when they were rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, every man builded the wall over against his own house, so let each one of us, as members of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, as members of the Society of the Cincinnati, as members of every society which has at heart the welfare of the nation, each one, in his State, in his County, in his Township, in his Ward, do his best to make that particular locality the very

best for God and for the State, the very best to make the country what it ought to be, and to hand it down to the next generation better if possible than it was handed down to us.

GOVERNOR GREEN: The next toast is :—

"The Monmouth Battle Monument Association."

May its finished work on Monmouth's field forever remain a tribute to the heroes and an honor to the "Sons of the American Revolution," and I call on Mr. Morris, the President of the State Commission, to respond.

MR. MORRIS.

MR. PRESIDENT, BRETHREN AND GENTLEMEN :— I am very glad that circumstances have been such as to enable us to listen this evening to the electrifying eloquence of "the fighting parson of Monmouth." Those are the kind of men we raise down there. But if you gentlemen had accepted the invitation which the Monmouth Battle Monument Association extended to this Society on the 28th of June last, to join with us in the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth, you would very readily understand why the honored Secretary of this Society was very particular in his restrictions that I should occupy but ten minutes and should be very grave. The fact is that the eloquence on that occasion was so protracted that I have a faint impression that some of the guests are still in the town of Freehold, not having yet been able to digest all that was provided for them on that day. My speech for this occasion, (and I say it with the utmost modesty) was begun on the 28th of June, 1778, when my maternal great-grandfather, Col. Ephraim Whitlock, on the battle field of Monmouth Court House, helped George Wash-

ington to wallop the British and to start them on that eighteenth century "March to the Sea."

I believe in heredity and environment—those twin catch words of modern philosophy.

I am profoundly gratified that I have in my veins the blood of patriotic ancestors. Nor the less grateful am I for an environment of patriotic associations. The best years of my life have been spent on the very soil that was responsive to the tread of such heroes as Washington, Wayne, Lafayette, Du Portaie, Ramsey, Knox, Green, Sterling, Steuben, Dickinson, Butler, Maxwell, Scott, and a host of others.

It way be that I pass daily the very tree beneath which, "Wrapped in a single cloak, Washington and Lafayette laid down to rest" on the night before the battle of Monmouth Court House. And quite possibly my feet pass to and fro before the spot where, one hundred and eleven years ago, brave Molly Pitcher exchanged some Continental shin-plasters for that immortal red flannel petticoat, clad in which the woman cannoneer of Monmouth goes down to history. The very air I breathe is fragrant with the memory of those sturdy, rugged heroes, who fought to make us free.

I think, then, that you will concede to heredity and environment some share of this offering of mine to-day.

The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix dollars, "Spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable let the world learn among the rocks of Norway." We of Monmouth, proud of our patriotic record, adopt the legend: "Spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable let the world learn among the fields of Monmouth."

Henry Armitt Brown in the oration on the one

hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth—which he did not live to deliver—which to my mind is the most graphic, thrilling and comprehensive account of the battle ever penned, referring to the night before the battle, writes: "Who can foresee that to-morrow a deed shall be done that shall consecrate for all time this quiet Jersey village, and that the benedictions of a grateful people shall descend forever upon Monmouth Court House," and "Long shall that spot be neglected and forgotten, but the time shall come when on another 28th of June the sons of America, beneath peaceful skies, shall build with pious services upon the sloping field a monument to mark forever the place where the first shot was fired, and the Battle of Monmouth was begun."

The descendants of the men who figured in that stirring event of 1778, though a century had passed, acting under the influence of the same patriotic impulses that inspired the heroic deeds of their ancestors, have erected an imperishable monument to commemorate the imperishable deeds of their sires, and to-day it stands on the field of Monmouth Court House, a simple, massive, enduring type of the men who laid the granite foundations of this mighty Republic.

I should do violence to my own sense of honor and justice did I fail to render tribute, now and here, to that patriotic son of New Jersey, to whom more than to any one else, is due the credit of erecting the first monument in the State to commemorate a Revolutionary battle. It will suffice to quote from the eulogy of the reverend gentleman who officiated at the funeral obsequies of my lamented friend, the suggestion that on the base of the granite should be inscribed, "Sine Joel Parker non fuisset." The pain and grief of his sudden "taking off" is mitigated by the knowledge that he was

spared to see the full completion of the work for which he labored so faithfully and so successfully.

With the toast assigned to me is coupled the sentiment—Its finished work on Monmouth's field shall stand for all time a tribute to our sires and an honor to our "Sons of the American Revolution!"

To this then let us direct our thoughts for a moment. "Sunset" Cox, in his eloquent oration at the laying of the corner stone of the Monmouth Monument in 1870, said: "Is it not a part of our heritance, Sons of New Jersey, to remember with filial and pious gratitude the very death volleys which closed the lives of our ancestors on yonder field to regenerate our liberties? The blood which moistened the sod of Monmouth or mingled with its rivulets under the shadow of its alders, was, and is ours forever! It is holy ground. For a hundred years it has not been profaned. It has helped to give New Jersey its high name on the roll of honor—as the battle ground of the Revolution!"

And who were these sires to whose memory we have erected that stately shaft?

The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is not cramped by any geographical limitations. Its ranks draw honorable membership from all over this broad land. So too at Monmouth Court House every section and province was represented.

Stirling and Hamilton from New York; Knox from Massachusetts; Greene from Rhode Island; "Mad" Anthony Wayne from Pennsylvania; Dearborn from New Hampshire; Grayson, Scott, Dickinson and Woodford from Virginia; Lafayette from France; Steuben from Germany; and Molly Pitcher from Ireland.

"But it was New Jersey more than all combined, which made the most sacrifices upon this

crucial test of the Revolution. It was her 'embattled farmers' who withstood the shock of the contest."

Fitting indeed is it that to these sturdy, rugged ancestors we should raise monumental shafts towering high above the plane of earthly ambition into the realms where "the Sentinel Stars set their watch in the sky."

And to you, my brothers of this Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, let me bring a word of fraternal reminder: What has been done in Monmouth can be done on other battle fields where was waged the contest for liberty and union. Trenton and Princeton in their unmarked fields rebuke us for our want of patriotism and zeal. If the finished work on Monmouth field is an honor to our Society, the absence of any commemorative shaft on the fields of Trenton and Princeton is a signal discredit to it. Let the love and zeal and patriotism that burned so brightly in the hearts of our sires find reflection in our own hearts. Nay, not reflection, but let it inflame our affections and desires, and direct our purposes.

The New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution has a priceless heritage. The glory of these three great events belongs to all your countrymen alike, but the places that witnessed them belong to you!

In this era of Centennial commemorations let us pledge ourselves to the perpetuation in some worthy manner of the heroic deeds of our sires who, on these blood-stained fields, fought, not for ambition, or greed, or personal end, but that "military despotism and illegal exaction should not be fixed either upon the inhabitants of this grand country, nor to any who should come to it as an asylum. If we possess but a trace of the consecrated spirit that animated the illustrious men who met the scornful

sneer of George III. that "four regiments could conquer America," with a resistance so resolute and persistent that it surprised the world, we shall, ere this century passes, have imperishable memorials erected on every spot in this "fighting ground" of the American Revolution where was enacted any important event in that long chain of occurrences that culminated in the expulsion from our soil of every foreign foe.

Let this, then, be the mission of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

To the accomplishment of this purpose let us consecrate time, talents, energy, means—everything that may be necessary for the full and complete attainment of our object and desires.

Then when this has been done we shall share with our sires in the honor that shall be given to those who have laid broad and deep the foundations and reared high and stately the walls of as fair and princely a nation as ever entered in the vision of mortal man.

GOVERNOR GREEN. The next toast is:

"The Society of the Cincinnati in New Jersey."

As were its founders so may their descendants ever be ready to "relinquish all to serve the Republic," and I call on the Hon. Clifford Stanley Sims, President of the New Jersey Society, to respond.

The HON. CLIFFORD STANLEY SIMS then spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, and gentlemen of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, it is my pleasant duty to make acknowledgment of the compliment you have so kindly expressed regarding the Society of the Cincinnati in New Jersey.

The Society of the Cincinnati was formed at the Headquarters of the Continental Army on the Hudson River, 13th May, 1783; the Institution there adopted contained the following: "It having "pleased the Supreme Governor of the Universe, "in the disposition of human affairs, to cause the "separation of the colonies of North America from "the domination of Great Britain, and after a "bloody conflict of eight years, to establish them "free, independent and sovereign states, connected "by alliances founded on reciprocal advantage, "with some of the great princes and powers of the "earth.

"To perpetuate, therefore, as well the remem- "brance of this vast event, in the mutual friend- "ships which have been formed under the pressure "of common danger, and, in many instances, "cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers "of the American army do, hereby, in the most "solemn manner, associate, constitute and com- "bine themselves into one Society of Friends, to "endure as long as they shall endure, or any of "their eldest male posterity, and, in failure there- "of, the collateral branches who may be judged "worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

"The officers of the American Army having "generally been taken from the citizens of America, "possess high veneration for the character of that "illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus; "and being resolved to follow his example, by re- "turning to their citizenship, they think they may "with propriety denominate themselves, The So- "ciety of the Cincinnati."

"The following principles shall be immutable "and form the basis of the Society of the Cincinnati:

"An incessant attention to preserve inviolate "those exalted rights and liberties of human na- "ture for which they have fought and bled, and

"without which the high rank of a rational being "is a curse instead of a blessing. An unalterable "determination to promote and cherish, between "the respective States, that union and national "honor so essentially necessary to their happiness "and the future dignity of the American empire."

The Society was "for the sake of frequent communications" divided into State societies, and of these there were, of course thirteen, namely: New Hampshire, dormant since 1830; Massachusetts, with 334 original members and with a present membership of about 90; Rhode Island, with 71 original members and with a present membership of about 40; Connecticut, dormant since 1804; New York, with 230 original members and with a present membership of about 60; New Jersey, with 98 original members and with a present membership of 85; Pennsylvania, with 291 original members and with a present membership of about 40; Delaware, dormant since 1802; Maryland, with 148 original members and with a present membership of about 30; Virginia, dormant since 1822; North Carolina, dormant for many years; South Carolina, with 131 original members and with a present membership of about 60; and Georiga, dormant for many years.

But it is to the Society of the Cincinnati in New Jersey that your compliment is extended, and as it is with that organization you have the greatest interest, some account of it may not be amiss on this occasion.

The Society of the Cincinnati in the State of New Jersey was organized at Elizabethtown 11th June, 1783, when the officers of the New Jersey line met, and after considering the Institution of the order which had been adopted at Newburgh, New York, on the previous 13th May, unanimously resolved to become members, and chose General Elias Day-

ton, President; Lieutenant-Colonel Jonathan Forman, Vice-President; the Reverend Andrew Hunter, Secretary; Major Richard Cox, Treasurer, and Doctor Ebenezer Elmer, Assistant Treasurer, and then adjourned to meet at Princeton on 22nd of September following. Of the foregoing, Doctor Ebenezer Elmer was the survivor of all the original members in New Jersey, and died president of the society in 1843; his only son, the Honorable Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus Elmer, was president of the society from 1871 until his death, in 1883. Since the meeting at Princeton on 22nd of September, 1783, the society has met annually on 4th July, and no annual meeting has been without a quorum of the members being present.

There were ninety-eight original members of the society in New Jersey, as before stated, and of these sixty-one are now represented in that society and the descendant of another has been transferred to the society in Pennsylvania; there are, besides the foregoing, on the roll of the society in this State twenty-two names of representatives of officers who were not original members, and two names of representatives of the original members of the society in Pennsylvania transferred to this society, making the total membership 85.

Of the seven existing State societies, that in New Jersey is the second in the number of members and is far in the lead of all the others in the proportion of original members represented.

It is interesting to note that among the original members of the society in New Jersey are to be found the names of Richard Howell, Joseph Bloomfield, Aaron Ogden, and William Sandford Pennington, all Governors of the State; and that of the other original members many were men of prominence in the State, as the Reverend James Francis Armstrong, a trustee of the College of

New Jersey from 1790 to 1816 ; General John Beatty, a member of the Continental Congress from 1783 to 1785, and of the State Convention in 1787, member of Congress from 1793 to 1795, Secretary of State of New Jersey from 1795 to 1805, and a trustee of the College of New Jersey from 1785 to 1802 ; David Brearley, Chief Justice of New Jersey from 1779 to 1789 ; Doctor William Burnet, a member of the Continental Congress from 1780 to 1781 ; Jonathan Dayton, a member of the Continental Congress from 1787 to 1788, Speaker in 1797, and United States Senator from 1799 to 1805 ; Doctor Ebenezer Elmer a member of Congress from 1801 to 1807 ; William Helms, a member of Congress from 1801 to 1811 ; the Reverned Andrew Hunter, a trustee of the College of New Jersey from 1788 to 1804; and among the hereditary members are to be found the names of Charles Henry Baldwin, a Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy ; Jacob Burnet, United States Senator from Ohio from 1828 to 1831 ; the Reverend William Henry Hornblower, a Trustee of the College of New Jersey, from 1864 to 1872 ; Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus Elmer, a Trustee of the College of New Jersey, from 1829 to 1864, and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, from 1852 to 1859 and from 1862 to 1869 ; Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, from 1853 to 1855 and 1863 to 1865 ; John Cumming Howell, a Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy ; David Hunter, a Major-General in the United States Army ; Elias Boudinot Dayton Ogden, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, from 1848 to 1865 ; William Pennington, Governor of New Jersey, from 1837 to 1843, a member of Congress from 1859 to 1861, being Speaker during his term of service ; and James Walter Wall, United States Senator in 1863 ; many more names could be

added to this list, but enough have been given to show clearly the character and standing of the men who have composed the membership of the New Jersey Cincinnati since 1783. As has been stated, original membership in the Society of the Cincinnati was confined to officers, and the hereditary membership limited to one representative of each of such officers; the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution differs from this in that it admits all the male descendants of any one who, as officer, or soldier, or sailor, or who as a civil officer appointed by any of the several States or by the Continental Congress, rendered actual service to the patriot cause during the Revolutionary War. The two organizations are similar in that both seek to preserve a representation and recollection of the men who so faithfully served their country from 1775 to 1783; the principles set forth in the institution of the Cincinnati could well be adopted by the Sons of the American Revolution, for they state only the duty of all citizens of this land.

Every one fortunate in being entitled to membership in either organization may well be proud of his inheritance; not a pride of birth, but the pardonable pride of possessing an ancestry that is American, and of descending from those who by their services and sacrifices helped to found the Republic; the descendants from such an ancestry may be safely expected to be at all times ready to relinquish all to serve the Republic."

GOVERNOR GREEN: The next toast is:—

"The Washington Association of New Jersey."

The faithful custodian of a shrine of Revolutionary memories whose sacred fire shall forever illumine the pathway of Freedom. Dr. C. S. Stockton will respond.

DR. STOCKTON then said :—

MR. PRESIDENT and gentlemen of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. I am very glad to meet you to-day, though I am too busy a man to have been with you, were it not that my friend, and your friend, Mr. William L. King, of Morristown, N. J., came to me personally and invited me to be here. In his bland and childlike way he said : "Doctor, we have a dinner, and I invite you to it." Of course I am always ready to partake of a good dinner and after he had secured my acceptance he added : "We desire you to respond to the toast of the Washington Association of New Jersey." I felt then very much like the man who went to an artist to have a portrait of his father made ; he said to the artist : "I desire you to paint a portrait of my father." "Where is your father?" "He has been dead some fifteen years." "How then can I paint a picture of him?" "I saw, sir you had painted a picture of Moses who has been dead for thousands of years." The artist, seeing the kind of man he had to deal with, said : "How old was your father, what was the color of his hair and his eyes, how much did he weigh, etc.?" "Come in in a week and I will have a portrait of your father." At the end of the week the man returned and was shown the picture ; he gazed upon it with tears trickling down his cheeks, and exclaimed : "Yes, that is the picture of my father, but, oh! how he has changed!" Well, that's just about the way I felt when, after accepting the invitation to dinner, I was told I should have to make a speech. But Mr. King said : "You are to represent the Headquarters Association, you are to speak on the Battle of Trenton and to the Sons of the Revolution"—a theme worthy the tongue of any orator. However, in order that I might not

exceed my time by so grand a theme, I put some thoughts down on paper, which I assure you will not keep you very long.

As I understand it, I am here to-day, as the representative of the Headquarters Association to meet and greet the "Sons of the American Revolution." The Headquarters Association is an organization to foster and keep alive reverence for those whose deeds achieved the possibilities of the nation of 1889.

And the Headquarters Association extends its greeting and congratulations to its Sister Association of the Sons of the American Revolution, sharing and cherishing the love and reverence due their noble ancestry for their daring and sublime deeds.

"Looking Backward" is one of the most interesting books it has ever been my privilege to read. But that is fiction, and is really looking forward; to-day we look back upon facts, as interesting and thrilling as fiction can paint.

One hundred and thirteen years ago to-day, the battle of Trenton was fought, and its victory under Washington and his army made the cause of freedom and the nation's existence a possibility and sent its echoes thundering down the corridors of time until nation after nation has joined in the glad refrain and freedom is the watchword of the world.

Of the Battle of Trenton, it is scarcely necessary for me, in this presence, to go into details. Suffice it to say that on the result of this action, apparently in a great degree, was suspended the fate of American Independence. As we approach its contemplation, we are amazed to find the whole army of Washington numbering less than 10,000 men and at this time only 4,707 being fit for duty. Washington writing to Congress on the 20th, only

a few days before the battle, says, that ten days more would put an end to the existence of the army, and makes a last appeal for aid, by declaring he has a character to lose, an estate to forfeit and the inestimable blessing of liberty at stake. And again on the 21st he writes, that some enterprise must be undertaken or we must give up the cause. And yet again on the 23rd, he says, necessity, dire necessity, compels the attack, and in anticipation of it "and the hope of success and victory prays, which heaven grant," he gave out that wonderful countersign which has ever been the synonym for freedom, "victory or death."

The army was composed of young volunteers and ragged and shoeless veterans ; the weather cold, snowy and tempestuous. Picture if you can the struggle with the ice and waters on that fierce night of the 25th and the march of ten miles over frozen roads, the trail easily marked by the blood prints from the shoeless veterans, and we do not wonder at the countersign "victory or death."

The eventful day, the 26th of December, 1776, has dawned, and ere its close, the welcome intelligence greets the ear of the young nation that its great general and his army have achieved a victory; capturing nearly a thousand of the enemy and with a loss of only two men.

Glover, the man of Marblehead, a hero of the Long Island retreat was there. Webb, Scott and William Washington and James Monroe were there. Brain and courage, nerve and faith, and victory or death were there.

The battle occupied less than an hour, but its finish was like the grain of mustard seed, which developed a tree under whose branches a thousand might take shelter. What a new experience this to the veterans. Marching back to camp with pris-

oners of war. This by an army almost reduced to extremity and ignored by the enemy. Philadelphia was saved, Pennsylvania protected, New Jersey recovered and a victorious and powerful enemy laid under the necessity of quitting all thoughts of acting offensively in order to defend itself. Achievements so astonishing acquired an immense glory for the Captain General of the United States. All nations, shared in the surprise, and all equally admired and applauded the prudence, constancy and noble intrepidity of General Washington, and he, by all hearts and voices, was then and is now proclaimed the Saviour of his country. He retires to Morristown and establishes his headquarters there, and within the walls of this grand old structure he plans achievements which result in the confusion and overthrow of the enemy and the establishment of the grandest and best nation of all the earth. It is very meet and right then that we guard well the portals of these old headquarters, and point to it with pride, for there freedom to the world's inhabitants was born.

We ascend to the roof of the grand old structure and stand beneath the folds of the starry flag, and the present and the future, and the past as well, of all the nations is before us and in the panorama slowly passing we hail and greet the republics of Switzerland, Mexico, France, the United States of Columbia, and Brazil, and as in the dim distance we see in yonder harbor the Statue of Liberty, holding aloft the beacon light, so we see freedom stalking through all lands, and sooner or later the United States of America will welcome all the nations of the earth as sister republics.

As I rose in response to a toast, I will close with Franklin's famous one in regard to Washington. In company with an Englishman and a Frenchman, he was challenged that each should

give a sentiment in regard to their country, and the Englishman said: "England, the sun whose beneficent rays shine upon every nation"; the Frenchman said: "France, the moon whose beams cause the tides to wash the shores of every land." Then Franklin said: "George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

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 anniversaries 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 Asso-

ciation. 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 thirteenth 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 Kings 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 other's 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 goodbyes, 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 Burgoyne'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 enthusiam 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 Sumter was more truly "heard around 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 dwelt in no panaceas; they did not live in cloudland, 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 common-sense principle that "everybody knows more than anybody." 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 free men 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—quote 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 ware-houses, 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 smallpox.

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, na-

tural 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 spiritual; 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 feeling 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 co-

hesion 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 deepmost 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 clergymen 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:

REV. H. G. SMITH.

I regret the feeling of divided allegiance at this 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 then than we can well imagine now. The different States or Colonies were the units ; the United States were, as yet, a nonenity. 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 battlefields, 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 the 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 Read, 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 :

REV. H. C. STINSON.

As a guest of the New Jersey 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 opportuni-

ty 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 Jersey men, 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 pa-

tients, 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 village 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, somehow 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 Bedmins-

ter—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 interfering 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 Myer, 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.

In Memoriam.

In Memoriam.

PETER VANDERBILT SPADER.

Peter Vanderbilt Spader became a member of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution on the twenty-third day of May, 1890, and his name stands No. 116 on the list of members. He died on Monday, August fourth, 1890, at New Brunswick, his native place, and where he spent the sixty years of his life.

He was the son of Peter Spader, former Cashier of the old State Bank of New Brunswick, and was born in the bank building, which occupied the site where now stands the Free Library. He received his collegiate education at Rutgers College, and during all his life has manifested the strongest affection for his Alma Mater. Shortly before his death he donated to that institution his very large and valuable library of several thousand volumes.

Possessing ample means he never chose a profession, nor engaged in any business, but was enabled to cultivate his scholarly instincts, and indulge his scientific and literary tastes. He was ever a student and delighted in his books, of which

he was a great collector, with this peculiarity, that he never bought a volume unless he desired it for his own reading.

His life was quiet and unobtrusive, but by no means an idle one. He loved the society of the scholar, of the learned and of the intellectual, and he was a student himself. He founded the New Brunswick Club, an association made up of gentlemen of culture and high social standing. Of this Club he was for many years a prominent and influential member.

For more than forty-three years Mr. Spader kept a record of his own Meteorological observations, the results of which he published in an elegant volume at his own expense for private distribution among his friends, and scholars, who, like him, devoted their time to scientific studies. This book exhibits diligent and accurate calculations, and a profound knowledge of the subject of which it treats, and is remarkable for the absence of any evidence of the desire of its compiler to add anything to his own credit or honor by its publication.

Mr. Spader was a man of unblemished character, of spotless integrity, and of the utmost frankness in all the relations of social and business life. Many public and private benefactions marked his unostentatious life, and not a few will ever remember him with thankful hearts.

His ancestry, by virtue of which he became entitled to membership in the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, was of the very best. He was the great grand-son of Abraham Quick, Colonel of the Second Battalion of the Somerset County Militia, of N. J., during the Revolution.

He was a patriot of the old school; not seeking office, nor induced to serve his country by hope for the rewards of office; but firm, true and

unswerving in his efforts to advance what he considered the true interests of the whole country; ever cherishing the memories of the past and never faltering in his faith in the Republic and in its future.

He was the first of our Society to become a victim to the great destroyer. Let his memory ever be green and his virtues enbalmed in the grateful remembrance of his surviving comrades.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, held on the fifth day of August, 1890, Messrs. Whitehead and Boggs were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions relative to the death of Mr. Peter Vanderbilt Spader. The committee reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

For the first time in our history death has invaded our ranks and he has chosen a shining mark. This Board, representing the Society and acting for it, records this estimate of our comrade, Peter Vanderbilt Spader:

Resolved, That in Peter Vanderbilt Spader we recognize the true patriot, worthy of his Revolutionary ancestry, who has proved his patriotism by his benefactions to his fellow men, by his support of the educational interests of his native State, by his wise liberality which has enriched one of the leading colleges of New Jersey, and by his faithful discharge of the duties of a citizen of the Republic. That his quiet, unobtrusive life, devoted to scholarly pursuits and scientific investigations, has been marked by those virtues which ever accompany the man of pure instincts and of large-hearted benevolence.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the New Brunswick papers for publication, and be spread upon the minutes of the Society.

Resolved, That the members resident in New Brunswick be requested to attend the funeral of Mr. Spader, as the representatives of the association.



BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

OF THE SONS OF THE

·AMERICAN · REVOLUTION.·

Celebration of the 114th Anniversary of the
Battle of Princeton, New Jersey,
fought January 3rd, 1777.

DECEMBER 26TH, 1890,

NEWARK, N. J.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

The Board of Managers of the Society by resolution resolved to celebrate the battle of Princeton at the annual meeting of the association, to be held December 26th, 1890.

The President appointed the following gentlemen, members of the Society, a Committee of Arrangement: Hon. John Whitehead, Chairman; Henry E. Hatfield, Secretary; Eugene S. Davis, Paul Revere, Frederick Parker, John J. Hubbell, George R. Howe.

The members of the Society assembled in the parlors of the Messrs. Davis, in Newark, on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1890, and after the transaction of the usual annual business, gathered around the table, which was bountifully provided with many delicacies under the direction of the Committee.

The Divine blessing was invoked by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Josiah Collins Pumpelly, the President of the Society, addressed his fellow-members as follows:

MR. PUMPELLY.

The date upon which we are holding this meeting is itself fuller of eloquence than any words

which I can utter. The year 1776, which had opened with glowing hope, which had been made memorable by the promulgation of that declaration which announced the birth of a new nation, had been also characterized by defeat and a waning of patriotic ardor. Dark days had come, disheartenment and almost despair. "If a plebiscite had then been submitted to the people," says Gouverneur Morris, "two-thirds would have voted to remain with the mother country."

To the credit of some of our English kindred, it must be acknowledged that in these dark days their sympathy for our cause, and appreciation of the principles underlying the struggle, were unabated. Wherever they were empowered to vote they endeavored to place men in Parliament who were favorable to the Americans; and the Government seeking to conquer us was compelled to the base resort of mercenary soldiers, and these purchased slaves were the men that garrisoned Trenton, and held in subjection the new-born State of New Jersey.

There was one man who was able to encounter this swelling of the tide, and he was no immaculate saint either; but a man brim-full of human passion, thoroughly cognizant of every impulse that sways men's actions, yet himself inspired by the highest motives of patriotism and personal duty. The Congress was sadly deficient in its conception of the just demands of its army, and what was due to its Commander-in-chief. Common Generals would have thrown up their commissions in disgust, or even despair; and there were many in Congress, and in the army itself, who desired—aye, who hoped—this from General Washington.

But the 26th of December revealed a power, a sagacity, a stalwartness in the Commander-in-chief, surprising alike to his friends and his adversaries.

The enterprise of that eventful night revived hope in the bosom of patriots, and showed British partisans that Washington, like Paul Jones on his sinking vessel, was by no means thinking of surrender, but that he had just begun to fight. If any doubted the results from a Hessian raid, they could find consolation a week later at Princeton. And fitting was it that Princeton should have been selected by the exigency to place its seal upon the undertaking. On the 26th of December the "Broad Seal of New Jersey" had legalized the American Revolution; and now the Collegiate town, had in her turn, consecrated it by her learning, by her memories, by the blood of her alumni.

Well may the soil of our State have its peculiar hue, reddened as it is by patriotic blood. We are right to cherish such pride for a district which was more than any other the Flanders of the Revolution. Upon the achievement at Princeton, where Washington commanded, Mercer bled, and Frelinghuysen did brave deeds, hinged in great measure the fate of the country, and henceforth was to be dated a change in human affairs, an alteration in the balance of human power.

It is to commemorate these men and their work that we are assembled here, and it is right for us to do so, for while ignoble men care little who were their ancesters (for the swine look not up to those who thresh for them the acorns), true men are awake to the advantage of honored antecedents and of being well fathered and well descended. Even to the parvenu there is something in honorable lineage.

Several organizations have been formed with objects analagous to those of our own. The Society of the Cincinnati is the oldest of all. It was begun with much hesitation and tribulation, its President doubting its expediency; with many

changes incident to childhood and adolescence, it has attained age, if not some slight touches of senility. It early burst the Constitution which served it for baby dress and now wants a new one to serve its advanced age. It, however, was always select, and for officers alone—never democratical. Despite the consideration which that society demands from us, we are conscious of greater excellence in our plans, methods and conditions of membership, which enable us to meet far more perfectly the requirements of the times. In this opinion the New York Society of the S. R., we regret to say, take the opposite ground, as it is now formulating a constitution mainly upon the lines of the Cincinnati. While we believe this to be a step backwards we do not despair that there will yet show itself some neutral ground upon which we can both meet and find union if not uniformity.

The descendants of those who commanded in the Revolution hold no social, moral or intellectual rank above the sons of the men who carried muskets or performed other duty equally important. There exists, therefore, no just reason why the sons of all who participated in the grand struggle that brought us forth a nation should not unite now in the same relations to do honor to the memory and commemorate the deeds of the patriots of 1776.

From the frozen battle-field of Princeton came renewed hope for the new nation, and there the Continental Congress assembled to conduct affairs necessary for the co-operation of the thirteen sovereign commonwealths.

So also has Newark, the city in which we meet, a noble and lasting record. In the days of the Revolution her sons as soldiers, as home guards and guerillas, made life miserable for the enemy. Here, we remember, the company was raised whose

members were uniformed by the patriotic women of the town, and so obtained for themselves and for all the inhabitants of the State the proud appellation of "Jersey Blues." Apt was the motto furnished by the city fathers who, when asked to christen the new ship of war Newark, had inscribed upon her signal bell:

"You guard the shore and we will keep the shop."

Friends and comrades, to remain secure in vessel and shop we must cherish in our own hearts the patriotic ardor that our fathers before us possessed, which inspirited them to exertions that made it possible for us to have vessels to guard and shops to keep. The blood from the unshod feet of Revolutionary soldiers reddened our soil; the fire of homes made beacons for men on the march. This region in every direction was the theatre of conflict. Princeton was the Antietam of the Revolution, and New Jersey its Belgium. It is our call to keep these memories fresh, and by their aid to keep our own hearts warm and ready, if need be, to do as is becoming the children of our sires.

The President then announced the toasts which had been prepared by the Committee. The first in the order of exercises was the following:

"The National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution."

The Hon. Lucius P. Deming, of New Haven, Connecticut, Vice-President General, replied to this as follows:

HON. LUCIUS P. DEMING.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY:—I feel that the fates have treated me very kindly by so ordering events as to bring fruition to my hopes and permit me to meet with my friends of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of

the American Revolution, and commemorate with you the event which brought a glorious morning out of the darkest night of our nation's history.

I am grateful for the opportunity to be here, and yet I can but regret that he I am representing is not with you in person. Your invitation was to Dr. William Seward Webb, President of the National Society, a gentleman in every way worthy of the honorable position he occupies, and whose liberality and continued effort has made that Society what it is. All who meet Dr. Webb love him for his genial personal qualities, and honor him for his ability as an organizer and leader of men. It is cause for sincere regret that Dr. Webb is not present to speak to you the words of congratulation and encouragement which I know are in his heart; and especially is this to be regretted as the celebration of the battle which calls us together to-night, is the celebration of a victory in which his own ancestor, a field officer under Washington, and a son of Connecticut, bore honorable part.

Connecticut feet are not strangers to New Jersey soil, and I am not sure the justice of which New Jersey boasts to-day, and for which she is honored, may not be due to the Connecticut Laws, brought here by the colony from New Haven, which in 1666 purchased the land from the Indians and laid the foundations of the City of Newark.

If Connecticut helped lay out and people your cities and determine, in some degree, the character of your laws, you have returned the compliment by organizing the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and, later, taking the leading part in organizing the National Society. We recognize your patriotism and perseverance in this work, and I desire to acknowledge the debt both organizations are under to you. Some have criticised the organization of the National Society

as untimely, and, personally, I deplore the fact that all Societies whose objects and principles are in harmony with our own, were not united in one grand organization, under one name.

The time will come and, I trust, is not far distant when all Societies founded upon service in the war of the Revolution, will be united under one constitution, and will together labor for the accomplishment of the patriotic purposes which impelled their founders and inspired the men of the Revolution.

The need for a revival of the spirit of '76 none will deny. The men who fought the battles and won the victories of the American Revolution, forgot self and self-interests, and to-day the world carves their names on imperishable tablets and hallows their memories.

At the battles of Trenton and Princeton, the one man, Gates, who, to advance his own ambitious aims, turned his back upon his comrades, and refused to obey his General, is execrated for his act, and his name does not appear in the brilliant and immortal roll of those who, in the cold and sleet of those wintry days, by their bravery and suffering breached the walls of despair which enclosed the American people, and caused them to hear the echo of the Christmas Carols, and the sounding notes of the joy bells, voicing the reviving hopes of a nation struggling for the establishment in the New World of institutions under which all should be equal.

When men forget the claims of country and the demands of patriotism, and ignore the traditions of their fathers, in the mad effort to secure place and power and wealth, it is time to call a halt and consider whether we are not safer in the old paths, and whether our institutions are not surer of perpetuation if the men who are directing and

controlling them are actuated by the spirit of those patriots who founded those institutions.

Democracy and equality are synonomous terms, and both are comprehended in our public schools; and the man or organization which would change or supplant our public schools, is to be distrusted. The public school is the one arena in which children of all social grades, of every religious sect, of every nation and color, meet upon a common platform and learn that merit, and not money, leads to advancement, and that the child must work out its own destiny regardless of the social, political or financial position of the father.

The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is the evangelist of the century, seeking to revive the spirit of true patriotism—seeking to establish more firmly distinctly American institutions, and to maintain them in their original integrity. In order to accomplish this work, it must look to the public schools, and see to it that they teach the principles embodied in the American Constitution, and crystallized in our free republican institutions.

If our children are properly educated, then shall our Republic continue, and its flag—torn from the azure robe of night and set with radiant stars—shall continue to wave over lands of the free and homes of the brave.

To the second—

"The Maryland Society of the Sons of the American Revolution"—

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, President of the Maryland Society, was to have answered, but he, too, was prevented by the storm from attending.

To the third—

"The chief end of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution: To keep alive the spirit of their fathers"—

A. Q. Keasbey, Esq., responded as follows:

MR. KEASBEY.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—We are here to-day to commemorate one of the battles of the American Revolution—insignificant indeed as a battle, but important as a part of that great transaction. And we are here claiming to be Sons of that Revolution—lineal descendants of men engaged in that momentous work. Although when that work was done our fathers took care to provide in their constitution that no title of nobility should be granted, yet *this* title is ours, that we are lawful heirs of men who in camp or closet, by civil or military service, helped to lay the foundations of the government of the United States of America. This is a title of nobility which we can lawfully claim—a strain of noble blood richer than that which ran in English veins from the Norman conquest.

"A race of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir,
Wise nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake, succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain."

That this line shall not die out, and that we in our day and generation may help each other to purify and invigorate this heroic strain, is, as I understand it, the chief purpose of this Society.

It is true that other objects are stated in our constitution,—to collect and preserve documents, and to promote social intercourse and fellowship,—but the first and paramount purpose proclaimed is, "to keep alive *among ourselves and our descend-*

ants, and in the *community*, the patriotic spirit of the men who achieved American Independence."

This statement of our purposes is remarkably comprehensive. The sons of Revolutionary sires, in these days so wholly changed, band themselves together and declare that they will keep alive the spirit of their fathers, not only in themselves—each in his own heart and life—but in their descendants —by preparing their children for like duties in a coming age, which may be yet more changed. And not only so, but in the community by their personal conduct and effort in any sphere of public action they may be called to occupy. The historical and antiquarian part of our work may be interesting and useful, but far grander and more wide-reaching is its moral aspect—its bearing on the United States of to-day, and its possible influence on the America that is to be.

This organization began more than a century after the foundation of the Government. The old Society of the Cincinnati seemed to be fading in the mists of the past. We seemed to be leaving our Revolutionary memories behind, in the swift rush of our modern life. But then came the thought that great as we have grown to be, we must not forget our beginnings, nor lose the spirit of those through whom our greatness was made possible.

And so this society was organized in March, 1889, just one hundred years after the time when Washington was preparing to pass through New Jersey on his way to the inauguration in New York. How shall we now—the descendants of men who crowded about him in Wall street in April, 1790,—try to keep alive their spirit, in the changed conditions of this time? One century never brought such a change to any country. There were then in all the states of the new Union fewer white inhabitants than now exist within

ten miles of Wall street. Less than four millions in all and about one-fifth of them slaves. Of the white population most were of English ancestry, and substantially one people, with institutions and traditions derived from the mother country from which they had just severed. Now there are sixty-three millions, made up of all nations and languages, and including free colored inhabitants nearly three times as numerous as the entire population of the original states and a foreign born population also three times as large as the white inhabitants of the country at the opening of the government. 123,000 were landed from abroad during the last Summer.

I need not refer to other stupendous physical changes in our national condition. It is not the time to indulge in boasting of our vast increase in territory and in national wealth and power. It has become too familiar for exultation that since Washington passed through New Jersey one hundred years ago, our territory has increased from less than three hundred and fifty thousand square miles contained in the original thirteen states, to nearly four million square miles now composing our national domain, so that the great oceans are our boundaries, and one can stand on our northwestern shores and see the coast of Asia across Behring Strait; that one can traverse the continent by three lines—north, central and south—in the time that Washington took to pass from Mount Vernon to New York; that we can whisper messages of business or friendship from the Atlantic to the Mississippi; that in wealth and in influence on the markets and the policy of the world, we have attained the foremost rank among nations.

It is not of these things I would speak, after the manner of the Fourth of July orators of our earlier days.

But I wish only to draw attention to the change in the numbers, condition and characteristics of the people among whom we purpose to keep alive the spirit of the Revolution. And especially to one most important change in their condition—the increase of the urban population.

These are matters that must be taken seriously into account, when we talk of preserving the traditions of our fathers. In 1790 there were only six cities of over 8,000 inhabitants ; and in these there were only 131,472 persons—about two-thirds of the number now forming the population of Newark, and only about four per cent. of the population of the whole country.

In 1890, as far as can be estimated from the published results of the census, eighteen millions live in cities of over 8,000 inhabitants, being more than 23 per cent. of the whole population. There are over eleven millions living in cities of over 50,000 inhabitants. In New Jersey, 798,800 live in cities of over 5,000, being about four-sevenths of the entire population of the State, and here 540,625 live in cities of over 50,000, being more than one-third of the whole. And the increase of urban population within the last ten years has been about six and a half millions—twice the number of all the whites in the country one hundred years ago.

And at this moment a plan is earnestly urged to establish in New York, out of all the adjacent municipalities, one great city which shall embrace under one government a vast metropolis which shall contain at the outset nearly as many inhabitants as the original thirteen States, and shall soon become the great city of the world.

And this drift of the streams of human life to great central reservoirs must go on throughout the country, for it seems to be the tendency of mankind, as civilization advances, to mass themselves

in cities, and to promote in all ways the co-operation and centralization of human energies.

When we consider the development of this tendency in this country, it is almost appalling to hear the statement with which Andrew D. White begins the leading article of *The Forum* for this month, that "Without the slightest exaggeration we may assert that, with very few exceptions, the city governments of the United States are the worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most inefficient, and the most corrupt. No man who has any considerable knowledge of our own country and of other countries can deny this."

Looking then upon the people of this country as a whole as they are now at the opening of the work of this Society, we see that of that vast "community" into which we, claiming to have in our veins the blood of men who achieved the Revolution, propose to infuse their spirit, eight millions are the descendants of slaves, as many or more are foreign born, and eighteen millions live in large and ill-governed cities.

These are significant facts—well worth our study when we reflect upon the task we undertake —to keep alive in a community so composed, the spirit of the men who fought at Princeton and Monmouth.

And we must consider also the vast changes which a century has worked in the condition, the aspirations, the power, and above all the consciousness of power, of this great section of the human race now constituting the United States of America. It is impossible in the brief space allotted to me even to allude to these great changes. I can only suggest a few prominent points.

All the citizens of this great community, including slaves and their descendants, and foreigners, whom our liberal and much abused laws have

made citizens, not only have votes, but have become conscious of what voting power means.

They have not only secured their standing place, but they have got a firm hold on the Archimedean lever with which they can move the political world—and they are tugging at it with their might. There is danger that it shall prove a blind and destructive might, pulling down the edifice in which they are suffered to exert it.

Fifty years ago Carlyle spoke of the great body of the people as "the inarticulate dumb masses." Our masses are no longer inarticulate. They are speaking in a mighty voice. It may well be said that their sound has gone into all the earth and their words unto the ends of the world. It is heard in the multitudinous cries of labor, in wrath at old restrictions, and in prayer for better conditions. It rages sometimes in insane denunciations against government and social order. It seizes the press which was once the organ of wealth and privilege, and makes it the trumpet call of popular rights and the expression of the supreme power of a democracy. It will not be coerced or cajoled into silence. It must be heard, it can be controlled only by reason and it will be quieted only by justice.

Not only here, but everywhere, and notably in Great Britain and the new German Empire, the tongue of the people, so long dumb by birth or stifled by force, is now loosed, and those who seek to rule or guide the people—whether they be the Nobles of England, the young Emperor of Germany, or those who claim lineage from the men of the Revolution—must listen to it in the right spirit.

Fortunately for us, who boast of our lineage, we cannot shut our ears to it as the ruling classes of France did a century ago. If we could we might meet their fate.

We know that this voice of the people, uttered in so many forms and places, is one which ought not to be stifled, but listened to in patience and anxious desire for justice. Cardinal Manning, in an article published a few days ago, declares as to England, "The present condition of our laboring people is one of wide-spread unrest. They are sore and discontented. The world of capital is alarmed and combining for its defence. The world of labor is uniting to demand a fuller and fairer share of the products of their skill and toil. Every city and town has its unemployed; millions are in poverty; agriculture languishes; land is going out of cultivation; trades are going down; mills and furnaces are working half-time; strikes run through every industry. Is there a blight on our mountainous wealth?"

This is a gloomy picture indeed, but may it not, with some toning down, portray the condition of things on this side of the Atlantic? Here also labor is in a state of unrest, and capital is alarmed. Here also, as at this moment is painfully shown in this city, strikes are creating misery and poverty. Here agriculture languishes, and our "embattled farmers" are upsetting old political dynasties in South Carolina, and demanding extreme forms of state socialism, and they are very different men and fight with very different weapons from those of Lexington and Concord.

Within this month, in a large city in California, there has been a determined effort to crush a prominent newspaper which would not be subservient, not by the crow-bar as in Ireland, but by the boycott enforced through all possible channels of influence and in open defiance of an injunction of the court.

Here, also within the month, in the city of Newark, the police have felt compelled to suppress

a public meeting called to glorify assassins, and commemorate the anniversary of the execution of the Anarchists at Chicago.

I have made these general observations, to bring out in strong contrast the different condition of the people of the United States in 1790 and 1890 —the three millions of one century and the sixty-three millions of the next, and in view of these changes to ask you, gentlemen of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, how shall we, however pure and direct may be the strain of our Revolutionary blood, assume such a task as to keep alive in this community, so unlike all the great communities of the past, the spirit of our fathers? How can such a little leaven avail to leaven such a vast incongruous lump?

And yet the task is not one from which we ought to shrink. Indeed it is one imposed upon us by inheritance. As to this duty, we may use without arrogance the expression of the old French grandees—*noblesse oblige.*

As to the vast colored race in this country, numbering already three times the population of the original States, and rightfully holding their share of political power, we have a most serious and perplexing duty.

As to the foreign element which has been so freely infused, and may without some restriction still more profoundly change our condition, we are charged with responsibilities which we cannot avoid.

As to the increasing population of the great cities, our duties are still more urgent and difficult.

And as to the great struggle to combine the forces and better the condition of labor, the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" is one which every man who claims to have the patriotic spirit

of those who achieved the Revolution must answer in the affirmative in some sense.

No man can read that most remarkable book, just now creating such intense feeling, "In Darkest England, and the Way out of it,"—crying out for help to save "the submerged tenth,"—without the conviction, especially as he thinks of the condition of our great cities, that he is, according to his position, and is bound to be, in proportion to his power, his brother's keeper.

And if we claim to be of "that kinglier breed," we are charged to make good our claim, by such influence on the masses of humanity about us as shall give us a share in the work of

> Sweetening wan Labor's bitter cup,
> And, plucking not the highest down,
> Lifting the lowest up."

And we must also recognize that, in view of the social changes going on about us, the old doctrine that the State is governed best which is governed least, is not true at this day, or of this country but that having already made great and safe strides in the direction of a true State socialism, we must soon be prepared to make more, and must strive to make them wisely.

And when we again ask how, in respect to the matters to which I have alluded, as well as in other fields of duty, as we enter upon a new century of national life, we shall reach the chief end that we have proposed for our Society, let us not despair because we cannot do great things, but let us call to mind these words of Henri Frederic Amiel in his wonderful Journal: "Civilization is first and foremost a moral thing. Without honesty, without respect for law, without the worship of duty, without love for one's neighbor—in a word, without *virtue*, the whole is menaced and

falls into decay, and neither letters nor art, neither luxury or industry, nor rhetoric, nor the policeman, nor the custom house officer, can maintain erect and whole the edifice of which the foundations are unsound. The ultimate ground upon which every civilization rests, is the average morality of the masses, and a sufficient amount of practical righteousness. Duty is what upholds all. So that those who humbly and unobtrusively fulfil it, and set a good example thereby, are the salvation and sustenance of this brilliant world, which knows nothing about them. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom, but thousands and thousands of good homely folk are needed to preserve a people from corruption and decay."

In these remarkable words we may find encouragement for our efforts to fulfil our chief end. We shall have, I trust, no battles to fight, to draw forth the heroic virtues of our fathers. We shall take, perhaps, no leading part in this world drama of American Democracy; but we can strive to be, and can train our children after us to become, the good and homely folk—true sons of worthy sires—whose growing thousands distributed amongst alien elements throughout this vast land, and drawing their inspiration from this Society, shall indeed leaven the whole lump, and preserve the country our fathers bequeathed to us—to whatsoever proportions it may grow, and howsoever it may still further change—from corruption and decay.

And now, gentlemen of this Society—fellow-heirs of those who founded the country now grown to such magnificent but dangerous proportions,—I ought to ask your pardon for dwelling so seriously, on this festive occasion, upon the object *first* named in our constitution, forgetting too much its other

important purpose, that of promoting social intercourse and fellowship.

Yet I am sure you will agree with me, that there is no nobler or more gratifying fellowship than that which unites and inspires those who are proud of their forefathers in keeping alive their spirit in the country which they founded and adorned.

To the fourth toast—

The American farmer in the "times that tried men's souls"—

The President, in some most felicitous words, called upon the Hon. A. W. Cutler, of Morristown, to reply.

HON. A. W. CUTLER.

MR. PRESIDENT:—The toast to which I am to respond should remind me that I should be historical, rather than argumentative; local, rather than general.

But New Jersey should present a fruitful field, from which we should gather examples, and we should cherish their memories because of their valor, their integrity, and their love of country.

Time will only allow me to mention three, and the difficulty occurs at once in the selection; for the field is so large, and the number so great, that we do injustice to the many by not including them in the list.

William Livingstone was the first Governor of New Jersey under the Constitution of 1776. A resident of Elizabethtown, a statesman by profession, a warrior by necessity, he early allied himself with the cause of Freedom, and, with the trite saying, "Whoever draws his sword against his prince must throw away the scabbard," he entered into the conflict with all the energy of his young life; and for a time he was spoken of and referred

to as "Doctor Flint," because of an expression he used in his address when first inaugurated as Governor, when he said: "Let us both by precept and example encourage a spirit of economy, industry and patriotism, and that public integrity and righteousness that cannot fail to exalt a nation, setting our faces, at the same time, *like a flint,* against that desolateness of manner and political corruption that will ever be the reproach of any people."

The Legislature was a wandering body, meeting at one time at Trenton, then at Princeton, at Pittstown in Hunterdon county, and at Haddonfield.

The Governor and immediate family were compelled to leave their home—and for three or four years made their home in Parsippany, in the County of Morris; a County memorable in those times for the number of stalwarts who resided there—for there was the home of the Greens, the Kitchells, the Symmes, the Condicts.

At Haddonfield the act establishing the Committee of Safety was passed; a body consisting of twenty-three persons; a body invested with every power, almost, except life and death. New Jersey was the battle ground of the Revolution, and the Committee of Safety played no small part in securing the victory that perched on our standards; and the history of New Jersey in the struggle for Independence will never be complete until the archives of that body are unsealed and given to the public.

He was a practical farmer, and upon his farm at Elizabethtown he bestowed great attention, and New Jersey is largely indebted to him for our fine fruits; and our reputation as a fruit growing State was largely due to the importation of valuable fruit

trees, made by William Livingstone, the farmer Governor of New Jersey.

Then comes William Alexander, generally known as Lord Sterling. His farm was in the County of Somerset, and embraced some six or eight hundred acres, near Baskingridge. It was a farm that had no equal in New Jersey.

Jones, the Tory historian of the day,—who bore Stirling no love—speaks of him in no complimentary terms, when he says: "He cut a splendid figure, he having brought with him from England horses, carriages, a coachman, a valet, butler, cook, steward, hair dresser, and a mistress."

He was an ardent patriot—a power in his County and State; he was the commander of the first battalion; he was a soldier "brave to rashness"; he was promoted to a Brigadier General at the battle of Long Island; he was captured by the enemy; subsequently he was exchanged for the Governor of Florida, and, with his brigade, he commenced the fight at the battle of Trenton; then he was promoted to the rank of Major General, and was with Washington at the battle of Brandywine; on the bloody field of Monmouth, at the most critical period of that battle, he checked the advance of the British, and secured the plaudits of Washington.

On that day Washington plucked the garland from the head of General Lee, and placed it upon the brow of "my Lord" Sterling—for he always addressed him as such, and spoke of him as "his Lordship."

There was no General in the army more conspicuous than he, and it is said that, next to Washington, he possessed the most marked presence of any commander in the army.

Then comes William Winds—a hero in every sense of the word. A General—he was born to com-

mand; a man of great physical strength—he was large in every sense of the term: large-hearted, large-framed, large-voiced, he neither knew fear nor danger; "where duty called he went"; he was as imperious on his farm as on the field of battle, and required the same obedience from the laborer, as he did from the soldier. His farm was near Dover, in Morris County.

We find him a Captain in the old French War, and as a Major (with a royal commission) of a battalion in Canada, he was at Ticonderoga with Abercrombie. He was a King's Justice of the Peace for Morris county at the time of the passage of the Stamp Act. He deemed it oppressive. As a Justice of the Peace he could scarcely evade it; but he did, by substituting the bark of the white birch tree, and his writs and warrants were issued upon the bark of the white birch, and woe be to the constable or officer who refused to execute it.

During the Revolution we find him intrusted with the execution of the most dangerous and delicate tasks. He was ready in expedients, and, as I have said, he was large-voiced—truly a Boanerges. On one occasion he unexpectedly came upon a detachment of British soldiers, and he frightened them off in his loud and stentorious voice to his own few soldiers: "Open to the right and left and let the artillery through!" It had the desired effect, for the British fled. On another occasion, when about to attack the enemy on a Sunday morning, he made this short address to his soldiers: "Brother soldiers, to-day, by the blessing of God, I mean to attack the enemy. All you that are sick, lame, or afraid, stay at home, for I don't want sick men, lame men can't run, and cowards won't fight."

Many traditions of his voice are handed down. Once, in starting from his home to Morristown, on

business, he saw his flock of sheep in a field of grain. He was "mad all through." He called to his man, Ogden, and said:

"Ogden, go and kill every one of those sheep."

To order was to obey. Winds kept on his way, and Ogden kept on killing; but when about a mile on his journey, Ogden heard Winds' voice ringing in the air:

"Ogden, hold your hand! Ogden, hold your hand!"

And Ogden stopped. But he had killed seven sheep before he heard the order to stop.

But the most delicate task entrusted to him, was the arrest of Governor Franklin, the Royalist Governor of New Jersey. A dispatch of Governor Franklin's had been intercepted by Lord Sterling, and was by him placed in the hands of Governor Livingston, and upon reference of the matter to the Committee of Safety, it was determined to arrest the Royalist Governor. It was a delicate and yet a hazardous undertaking. It required promptness and courage, as well as delicacy, and its execution was intrusted to General Winds. He proved himself equal to the emergency, and the arrest was successfully performed.

I have thus rapidly sketched the three ideal farmers of New Jersey in the Revolution. Livingston, the statesman; Alexander and Winds, the heroes and fighters; and all of them patriots, returning at the end of the war, like Cincinnatus of old, to their farms, covered with honor and glory.

The last toast provided by the Committee was the following:

Gen. Mercer, who fell at Princeton, and the heroes who sacrificed life in the establishment of American Independence.

It was expected that the Hon. W. S. Throck-

morton, of Freehold, would have replied, but the storm, unusually severe, kept him at home.

The efficient historian of the Society, Mr. A. D. Mellick, Jr., was not able to be present, very much to the regret of all the members. He sent the following reminder that, although absent in the body, he was still present in the spirit:

BEFORE AND AFTER THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS OF 1776.

One hundred and fourteen years ago—the winter of 1776–77! What a memorable time for the thirteen colonies then in revolt against the British Crown—for the forty-two United States now constituting the proudest Republic the world has yet known! And for none of those States were these momentous events more fateful than for the little one lying between the Hudson and the Delaware, whose soil was then, for the first time, trembling under the oppressive heel of a foreign host—our own New Jersey.

We must believe that all sons of the American Revolution are eager students of their country's history, and, as such, are familiar with the gloom and despondency that attacked and almost overwhelmed the Jersey people during the closing weeks of the year 1776. And they know, too, how, happily, a rift then appeared in the black cloud of disaster that had so long enveloped the American arms, and that a bright gleam illumines the page which records the close of the first year of our national independence. It was when these black clouds of adversity hung lowest over the American cause, almost obscuring hope, that, suddenly, amid the darkness this bright light shot athwart the national heavens. The patriot army whose achievements on that cold and sleety morning of the 26th

of December, 1776, have been celebrated by poet, painter, and historian, and whose brilliant flank movement eight days later made historic the 3rd day of January, 1777, has given to our country's annals the names of Trenton and Princeton. These are names which Jerseymen may speak of with just pride, for they stand for two engagements which at that time entirely altered the current of Revolutionary affairs—completely changed the aspect of the Revolutionary contest—and mark a period that will ever be considered one of the great epochs in American history.

These final actions in the series of events of the campaign which commenced with the battle of Long Island, possess for us, in their dramatic interest, far more than the mere brilliancy of the conception of these movements by Washington, and their successful accomplishment by his devoted officers and army. They tell the story of a revival of hope in the hearts of the people, and a re-consecration of their lives and fortunes to the cause of independence. This is especially true of the yeomanry of New Jersey, for they may be said, from that time forward to have ever faced the foe, and, up to the time of the cessation of hostilities, to have been the persistent and relentless pursuers of the enemy.

While those of us who boast a New Jersey Revolutionary ancestry reflect with much pride upon the valiant services of our forefathers throughout the contest with Britain, we may also acknowledge without shame that for a few weeks previous to the end of the year 1776 our ancestors, staggered by their misfortunes and the miseries and dangers that were visited upon their families and communities by an inhuman foe, appeared inclined to abandon a cause which seemed wholly lost, and to turn their efforts and endeavors to the pres-

ervation of the lives and property of those who were near and dear to them. We should not read history aright did we fail to make this discovery.

One need not delve very deep in Revolutionary annals in order to find excuses for a people who, inhabiting an open agricultural country where the sound of war had never been heard, were loath to attach their fortunes to an army apparently on the eve of being annihilated. With Irving, we need not wonder that peaceful husbandmen, seeing their quiet fields suddenly overrun by adverse hosts, and their very hearthstones threatened with outrage, should, instead of flying to arms, seek for the safety of their wives and little ones, and the protection of their humble means, from that desolation which the British were sowing broadcast.

As the close of the year 1776 drew near, our State's cup of misfortune would seem to have been full and overflowing. Its Legislature had been driven by an approaching enemy from Princeton to Trenton, from Trenton to Bordentown, then on to Pittston, and from there to Haddonfield, where it had dissolved on the 2nd of December. The army, almost destroyed, had abandoned the State ; a General, high in the estimation of the people, had been captured, and the citizens in great numbers were going over to the enemy. We, whose patriotism and love of country have been fed by the inheritance of over a century of national feeling, can have but a small appreciation of the doubts and uncertainties that attacked our forefathers in those darkest days of the Revolution. That so few made their submission to the Crown is the wonder, not that so many should have proved faint-hearted, and lost faith in the cause that seemed so promising but a short year before. It must be remembered that in the bays and harbors rode a lordly fleet, flying the flag that had been an

object of affection and reverence to the colonists. Distributed throughout New Jersey was a thoroughly equipped and disciplined army, officered by veteran soldiers and supported by the prestige of a stable and powerful government. And upon what opposing powers and resources were our New Jersey ancestors leaning? Upon a Continental Congress that was totally without power or authority of enforcing its own edicts; upon a collection of petty provinces inexperienced in self-rule, none of which possessed armories, strong fortresses, or works of any character for furnishing the munitions of war; upon the ragged remnant of an army that had been driven across the State by a victorious enemy, an undisciplined force of raw recruits, commanded by a man better known in Virginia than in New Jersey, who was entirely without experience in the handling of large bodies of men, and who, since leaving Boston, had been defeated in all of his military enterprises. Time, the great average-adjuster, had not yet declared the retreat from Long Island to equal some of the most important victories in history.

It is then eminently fitting that our New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution should hold its annual celebration in the last week of December, for we are justified in considering the turn of the year 1776–77 as the great focal point in the history of the Revolution—a period from which powerful influences radiated that moulded the future and insured the independence of our country. With the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, with the battle of Princeton fought and won, and with the little army, that had accomplished such wonders, secure in its retreat among the Morris hills, an immediate change came o'er the spirits of the Jersey people as well as of those of the country at large, and the despondency

of the close of the preceding weeks gave way to an almost jubilant confidence. Washington, who was considered to have retrieved the honor of the country, had won the approbation and esteem of every grateful American. On the 27th of January he wrote to Gov. Cook, of Rhode Island: "Our affairs at present are in a prosperous way. The country seems to entertain an idea of our superiority. Recruiting goes on well, and a belief prevails that the enemy are afraid of us." It was even so! The pendulum of public opinion had swung to the other extremity of its arc. The people expected that the American army, small in numbers, poorly clad, badly fed, and with but little training, would prevail against Howe's well-appointed force of veteran soldiers. Strange as it may appear, this expectation was not altogether without realization. That at times the Americans did successfully cope with the enemy, and that, though often suffering privations hitherto almost unknown in the annals of warfare, they continued to harass the foe, and ultimately triumphed, can largely be charged to the fact of superior generalship. In addition, the extent and variety of the country, with its inimical population and alert militia, made a British success barren of results. There always remained an army—though a ragged one—in the field. It was not like European fighting, where often one great action would be decisive and end a war.

Upon no element among the citizens did the events of the time we are chronicling have a more marked effect than upon the militia of our State, and from that time forward they became most important factors in the struggle. Revolutionary literature teems with warm tributes to the yeomanry of New Jersey. In them was a military force, unique in the history of warfare. Far be it from

me to decry the inestimable services of the men of the Continental Line,—their bones lie under the sods of too many well-fought battle fields—but the New Jersey militiamen stand as distinct figures on the Revolutionary canvas, and their praises cannot be too often or too loudly sung. They well deserved the liberty for which they fought, and the remembrance of the self-sacrifice with which they exerted themselves in behalf of freedom and independence, is a heritage dearly prized by their descendants, who now enjoy all the blessings that flow from their valuable services.

Tolstoi claims that the real problem of the science of war is to ascertain and formulate the value of the spirit of the men, and their willingness and eagerness to fight. The Russian author is right. Could this always be done, it would often be found that large armies, thorough equipment, and perfection of discipline, do not invariably carry with them assurances of successful campaigns. Greater than these—greater than the genius of generals—is that element of personal spirit pervading the contending forces. Our own Revolutionary contest is an excellent exemplification of this fact. The English soldiers had but little enthusiasm for the work they were called upon to do; the subsidiary troop none at all. The Americans, on the contrary,—and this was especially true of the Jersey militia—animated by a spirit that had the force of a religion, were ever ready and willing to meet the enemy—ever ready to dog their heels, harass their flanks, and fall upon their outposts. For liberty and their native land, they were ever eager to fight in battalions or in small parties, as guerillas or as individuals. British soldiers, however well disciplined, were no match for American citizens who were fighting to avenge burned homes, ravaged families, and an invaded soil.

Copy of letter addressed by the President of the Society to the towns, boroughs and cities of the State :

NEW JERSEY SOCIETY

of the

SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JOHN WHITEHEAD, *President.* J. LAWRENCE BOGGS, JR. *Secretary.*

MORRISTOWN, N. J., June 11, 1891.

Dear Sir :

On June 14th, inst., occurs the anniversary of the day on which Congress, in the Revolution, adopted the National flag.

The Board of Managers of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, at its last meeting, directed the Presidents of the several State Societies to ask the Mayors of cities to recognize the day by displaying the flag from public buildings.

In the discharge of my duty under this Resolution, permit me to call your attention to the subject, and ask you to order that the flag may be displayed in the manner indicated by the Resolution. As the 14th falls on Sunday, it is proposed to celebrate the day on Monday.

Yours, &c.,

J. WHITEHEAD,

President N. J. Society S. A. R.



BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

OF THE SONS OF THE

·AMERICAN · REVOLUTION.·

Celebration of the 113th Anniversary of the
Battle of Monmouth, New Jersey,
fought June 29th, 1778.

JUNE 27TH, 1891,

FREEHOLD, N. J.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

The members of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution met in Freehold, N. J., June 27th, 1891, in response to an invitation from the Monmouth Battle Association to unite in the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth.

The invited guests and the members of the Association proceeded in carriages to the Battle Monument, and from thence to the old Tennent church. While in the church, the Rev. Frank R. Symmes, the pastor, addressed the visitors and said:

It has been suggested that the pastor say something to the visitors. I feel very much like the Council in London, when distinguished guests come to the city. They say: "We give you the freedom of the City," and that is quite an honor in London. That is the way I feel toward you, gentlemen, here to-day. We give you the freedom of the church and the freedom of the grounds. Make yourselves comfortable, and if you wish to go into the pulpit, do so.

An appropriate reply was made by Mr. John Whitehead, the President of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. At

his suggestion a liberal contribution was made by the members of the Society and presented to the pastor of the church to enable it to buy a National flag.

In acknowledgement of the donation, the Rev. Frank R. Symmes said :

The pastor of the church, in behalf of its members and congregation, desires to thank the Sons of the American Revolution for their generous donation for the purchase of a flag for our church. We assure you that we are a people after the principles of the Stars and Stripes, and you see to-day that we are not afraid or have any scruples about displaying it on all proper occasions. We will hang up that flag in this church, and perhaps it may be that we can arrange to have a pole and float it to the breezes as they blow back and forth by the old battle-field of Monmouth. Again I thank you for this generous donation for a flag.

Mr. Whitehead then said :

Almost immediately after the birth of the Republic and when it was about to take its place among the nations of the earth, the Congress of the United States recognized the importance of adopting a national flag. A committee was appointed, charged with the duty of selecting the proper banner. It was no easy task which confronted this committee, but after much deliberation, the beautiful flag we all now recognize with patriotic pride as the emblem of our nationality, was reported on the fourteenth day of June, 1777, and received the approbation of Congress. Since that time it has continued to float over fort and arsenal, over national vessels and public buildings, over armies and camps, in war and in peace. Its appearance in any foreign country soon commanded universal respect. Every American citizen at home or abroad, on land or upon sea, hails it with delight.

At the last meeting of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, a resolution was passed asking the members to secure the celebration of "Flag Day." In pursuance of this resolution, as the President of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, I took the liberty, early in the month of June, of recommending to the municipal authorities of the cities, towns, and boroughs of New Jersey, the observance of the anniversary of "Flag Day," by floating the banner we all reverence and love, from the public buildings and places throughout the State. I am very happy to be able to say that my recommendation was almost universally adopted. May we ask you, reverend and dear Sir, that, hereafter, on the anniversary of "Flag Day," this old historic church will raise high the flag you purpose to purchase with our contribution, and let it be the evidence of the renewed patriotism of this congregation, many of whose ancestors fought and bled to achieve the independence of their country, in the battle whose anniversary we have met this day to celebrate.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Society, with the members of the Monmouth Battle Association, sat down to dinner in the Union Hotel, at Freehold, Robert Laird, M. D., the President of the Association, presiding.

The divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. Henry Goodwin Smith, the Chaplain of the Society.

After the cloth was removed, Dr. Robert Laird said:

In behalf of the Monmouth Battle Association, I greet the Sons of the American Revolution, and give you a hearty welcome, and I trust that you may have a glorious good time. There are several of our friends who have sent letters of regret, which Mr. Parker will read.

Mr. Frederick Parker, on behalf of the Joint

Committee of the two Associations, read letters of regret from Gov. Leon Abbett, Comptroller Wm. C. Heppenheimer, Adjutant Gen. William S. Stryker, Speaker James J. Bergen and Clifford Stanley Sims, President of the Society of the Cincinnati of New Jersey.

In response to a toast to the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, the President of that Society, the Hon. John Whitehead, said :

HON. JOHN WHITEHEAD.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE MONMOUTH BATTLE ASSOCIATION, AND COMRADES :—I am very happy to greet you on this occasion, so fraught with glorious memories, so provocative of the purest patriotism, so convincing of what American citizens can do and dare in defence of liberty.

I need not add to the words of welcome from the lips of the venerable President of the Association. We, the Sons of the American Revolution, certainly feel honored to be here, the guests of that Association. As Jerseymen, we should rejoice to be permitted to unite in the celebration of a day so glorious in the history of the Republic, so bright in the annals of the State. Our two Associations are in harmony in their ends and aims—in the objects of their organization—and it is peculiarly fitting that we should assemble together and unitedly show our reverence for the fathers, our appreciation for their services, and our gratitude for their sacrifices in securing for us the priceless boon of liberty. It is to be hoped that this is only a precursor of many reunions when we shall meet together to commemorate the stirring events which secured the establishment of the Republic beneath whose fostering care freedom has so long flourished. I should do injustice to my own feelings, and fail in

the performance of the duty I owe to the Society over which I have the honor to preside, if I did not render you, Mr. President, and your Association our sincere thanks for the honor you have done us.

The New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is a young Society. It began with a very small beginning. Three gentlemen, only, met at Newark, in this State, in the month of April, 1889, with a view of forming an Association of broad scope, of an extended horizon of patriotic effort, with aims and objects looking back to the past for incentive to the performance of duty, and to the future with the hope of more enlarged spheres of influence. A wave of patriotism had swept over the whole country consequent upon the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, as the first President of the Republic. Impelled by that burst of patriotic sentiment, these three gentlemen met together and resolved that a Society should be formed whose objects are better expressed by the Constitution afterwards adopted than can be done by any words of mine. They are simple words, but are pregnant with meaning, and commend themselves to the heart and judgment of every true lover of his country.

"The purposes of the Society," says that Constitution, "are to keep alive among ourselves and our descendants, and in the community, the patriotic spirit of the men who achieved American independence; to collect and secure for preservation the manuscripts, rolls, records and other documents relating to the War of the Revolution."

In this presence, these words need no comment; they tell their own story.

There was then in existence in the State of New York, a Society, very recently formed, which called itself the New York Society of the Sons of

the Revolution. It was entirely local—was in no respect national. It claimed, however, that it was national, and that all other Associations of kindred aims should become auxiliary to it, and should acknowledge it as their head. It asserted the right of giving existence to similar Associations by granting charters to them when formed in other States. But two of the three gentlemen who met to form the New Jersey Society were members of the New York Association, and they were loyal, and therefore sent an application asking for a charter. The request was properly made, couched in respectful terms, and deserved a courteous reply. But the answer came in about these words:

"We will not grant you any charter; we will not recognize you as a Society; you, gentlemen who live in Northern New Jersey, can come to our meetings, and you who live in Southern New Jersey can attend the meetings of the Pennsylvania Society."

Mr. Pumpelly and Mr. McDowell, two of those three gentlemen, and who were members of the New York Society, did not relish this treatment, and they pushed vigorously the New Jersey organization independent of the other. To-day, I look around me and I see the faces of many sons of New Jersey, representing the fathers who fought in the Revolution, members of the vigorous and growing New Jersey Society, who not only recognize, but heartily indorse this action. It was proper, eminently proper, that this New Jersey Society should be formed, and that it should be independent. It needed no support; it was not necessary that it should be auxiliary to any other.

When first formed, it bore the name of "The Sons of the Revolution." The New York Association objected to this, and the New Jersey Society changed its name, assuming that by which it is

now known: "The Sons of the *American* Revolution"; an appropriate appellation, which means something and speaks for itself. The Sons of the Revolution may refer to that of 1688, to that of France, to that of Hayti, or of any change of government effected by the uprising of the people.

The Society thus formed by these three men, has assumed proportions which have made it what you see to-day in the numbers which surround this hospitable table, and we intend to go on increasing and adding to our numbers, until we include in our membership all the descendants of the patriots who took part in the struggle which settled forever the principle that man could govern himself.

Our Society had not long been in existence before its members came to the conclusion that it would be proper to have a national organization; and it is to the honor of the first members of our Association, that they were the founders of that National Society. All the members aided in this laudable enterprise, but if credit should be given to any one over the rest, it is to my friend on my left, Mr. Josiah Collins Pumpelly.

But it may well be asked: Why have you formed this Society? What are its purposes—what are its objects?

We purpose to do many things and, as we grow stronger, we hope to accomplish great things. The spirit which actuated the patriots of the Revolution, seemed to be dying out; but it was only in appearance—there was no real diminution of that spirit. It needed only a spark to set the slumbering flame in full blast. We purpose to fan the flame, to keep it alive, and to make eternal the fire of liberty. We purpose to teach our children, and our children's children, to the remotest generation, the great lesson which our fathers learned amid struggles and sacrifices, that "eternal vigilance is

the price of liberty." We purpose not to confine this teaching to our own descendants, nor to ourselves, but to spread it broadcast among the citizens of this great Republic; to teach it to the foreign born among us who are reaching our shores by the hundreds of thousands, so that they may transmit it to their descendants. We purpose to rescue from oblivion the history of the men through whom we claim eligibility as members of the Society. Many of these men are forgotten, and the memory of their deeds has perished. We purpose to revive that memory so that it shall ever hereafter remain green and immortal. We purpose to restore and preserve in every available manner the records which give us the story of "the times which tried men's souls." Many of these records are in forgotten existence, but may be restored, if only the proper means are taken. Many of our members can trace their ancestry back through more than one Revolutionary Hero; that is my own case. In the families of some of these members, are to be found old manuscripts, old commissions, old family Bibles, old letters, dating back to Revolutionary times; they may be, and will be, unearthed and brought to light, and, in this way, valuable additions will be made to local and general history. Genealogies will be established, settling the descent of members and others. It is astonishing to watch the efforts which are being made in this direction, and to learn what can be done, and what has been done, by the diligent investigator.

Thirty years ago this Republic was rent asunder by fratricidal strife; the nation was divided; families were severed—brother against brother, father against son. The whole world stood aghast at the terrible scenes. The earth trembled with the tread of the hosts of armed men; the shock of

mighty armies meeting in deadly conflict resounded to the heavens. Hundreds and thousands of the bravest and best in the land were sent to early graves. A mighty chasm opened between the two sections of the country. There seemed no hope of ever closing that chasm—no hope that the two sections of this country, thus dissevered, could ever become united. The Sons of the American Revolution are found all over this broad country, and they claim their descent from patriots who lived, and fought, and bled, both North and South of Mason and Dixon's line. Here citizens from all sections can meet upon common ground, look back to a common, united country, founded by the struggles of a common ancestry. And now, we, Sons of the American Revolution, living all over this great Republic, purpose to bring together the dissevered portions of the country and bind them more closely together than ever, and to make that Republic the grandest, noblest and best the world ever saw. There shall be no more war, no more battle, no more bloodshed, but all the citizens of this great country shall be united in one grand brotherhood, actuated by one common ambition, and standing together in the great battle for human rights and for human liberty.

Early in this month of June, as President of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, acting under the direction of the National Society, I wrote a hundred letters to the municipal authorities of the towns, boroughs, and cities of the State, asking them to raise the National flag and float it in public places and upon public buildings, on the fourteenth day of the month—the anniversary of the day when Congress chose "old glory" as the emblem of our nationality. The day had been generally forgotten by our citizens, and many inquiries were made why the stars and stripes

were floating to the breeze. This was an education of the people which must be kept up until they are thoroughly informed upon the great events of our history.

But this is all sentiment! Yes, so it is. But into what of human life that is worth possessing, does not sentiment enter? What makes the eye of every American glisten, and his heart beat quicker, as he sees the majestic flag of his country in a foreign port, but sentiment? What makes him proud of his birthright as an American citizen, but sentiment? When we hear the name of Washington and listen to the recital of his great deeds, what makes us render grateful homage to his name and virtues, but sentiment? What binds us in families, but sentiment? What makes the heart of man cleave to his friend, but sentiment? Patriotism is only a sentiment! What would life be worth without sentiment? The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution purpose to crystalize that sentiment of patriotism in the hearts and consciences of all the citizens of the country.

To-day, we went out to yonder old church and wandered among the graves scattered so thickly around it. We stood in silence over that of the Rev. William Tennent; we gathered around that of the grand hero and patriot, Captain Josiah Huddy, and with bowed heads we paid a patriotic tribute to his memory. This was all sentiment! But its expression honored us and made us better men.

One word more, and I am done. If there are any citizens of New Jersey, who, above all others, should become members of this patriotic Society which I represent here to-day, they are the descendants of the heroes of Monmouth County, who saw the fight we have met this day to celebrate, who participated in it, and who, amid the privations and

struggles of the Revolution, and under peculiar hardships, remained true to the cause of liberty, while others faltered and became traitors. We invite you to unite with us, and aid us in the perpetuation of the memories of those whom you delight to claim as ancestors, and whom we purpose to honor.

The next toast—

"The Battle of Monmouth"—

Was responded to by the Hon. John S. Applegate.

HON. J. S. APPLEGATE.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION:—As we journey upon the highway of life, it is well that we should stop occasionally to consider the value of our social and political blessings, and how much, and to whom, we are indebted for them. And I know of no time or place more suitable for such reflection than upon this spot, where, just one hundred and thirteen years ago, halted the British Army, on the eve of a battle inferior in importance to no other in the history of the country.

The American Revolution was peculiar in the sense that it was a war of inequalities. The highest military proficiency on one side, against a raw militia on the other; a strong central Government against a mere confederation of States; the most powerful navy of the world against no navy at all; a great Empire, abounding in population and resources, against a wilderness sparsely settled, destitute of munitions and implements of war, or the arts necessary to produce them.

Upon these differences, Great Britain predicated a short struggle and an easy triumph. So did Gen. Braddock when he started out upon his ill-starred expedition. They had forgotten the lesson

that a fine army, officered by martinets, counts for little in a new country.

The differences suggested the policy of each army. The British invited contests in the open field, while the Americans avoided, as much as possible, pitched battles. When the British pursued, the Americans retreated ; when the British retreated, the Americans pursued. But wherever the British went, the Americans were upon their flank or rear, ready to strike, as opportunity favored, or to flee when their safety was imperilled. Hence, a retreat by the Americans, rarely had the significance of a defeat. It was rather a strategic movement which enabled them to husband their resources and to make ready for another attack or sortie. Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord, Long Island, Germantown and Brandywine, were, in reality, victories for the Americans, though driven from the field, in the sense that the *morale* of our army was preserved, and each battle was a step towards the end, while Great Britain, worried to exhaustion, was compelled to give up the contest.

The battle of Monmouth was an outcome of this Fabian policy. The British, after nine months of inactivity, deemed themselves unsafe at Philadelphia. Their communications on the Delaware were threatened and an alert and eager enemy menaced them at Valley Forge. Sir Henry Clinton thereupon evacuated the city and retreated across the Jerseys. Washington followed so closely that Clinton was diverted from his original plan of embarking upon the Raritan and instead turned towards the sea by the way of Middletown. At Monmouth he was overtaken. On the morning of the 28th of June, Lafayette opened the battle. His orders were to "take the first fair opportunity to attack the rear of the enemy." The battle continued until nightfall with varying success. The advan-

tage was with the Americans, and Washington in hope of a decisive victory anxiously awaited the morning. But the British slipped away during the night, leaving their dead unburied and their wounded upon the field. The battle of Monmouth was one of the most severely contested of the war and was regarded by Washington as a victory, as shown in his general order the next day, congratulating the army. Notwithstanding the reverses in the early part of the day, it ranks high among those of the war, as it demonstrated the discipline and proficiency in tactics acquired under the diligent instructions of Baron Steuben during the winter at Valley Forge, and the ability of the Continentals to match in open field and under adverse circumstances, the best soldiers of England. Moreover, following the surrender of Burgoyne, when intrigue would have installed another leader, it reestablished confidence in Gen. Washington.

It was helpful also in opening the eyes of the world to the fact that Great Britain could not conquer America. Three thousand miles of ocean was too wide a gulf to span. One half million square miles of territory was too big a field to occupy. Nature was against her. A brave people was against her, and, as once said by Everett, "Nature never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people resolved to be free."

As Europe was impressed more and more by this conviction, Great Britain was more and more demoralized. The questions began to be boldly discussed in England: "If we cannot beat the Americans in the open field, where can we beat them? When is the war to stop?" The opposition throughout the realm was strengthened. Spain declared war. France renewed her alliance by sending over new fleets and armies.

The war was now half over. It was but a question of endurance when the strife should end, and here the advantage was with the Americans. They were fighting on familiar ground, for homes and kindred, aided by the moral and material support of the civilized world.

Thus, the battle of Monmouth is not only one of the most important of the American Revolution in its effect in determining the issue, but, in view of the great outcome of that issue, the founding of a new nation, the establishment of constitutional government, the building up of the great republic, it can be regarded as one of the great battles of the world. True, the numbers engaged bear no comparison to many of the great battles in history. But it is the cause, not the number of combatants, that gives the measure of events. The little army of Mahomet was destined to move the world more profoundly than the millions led by Xerxes or Napoleon. And the little army led by Washington, at Trenton and Princeton with naked and bleeding feet over ice and snow, cheerfully faced the cannon's mouth and wrought out the great principle of self-government secured by the Constitution of the United States—that glorious Constitution, set like the noon-tide sun in the firmanent, flashing light over the western hemisphere, and diffusing life throughout the world! Under it, has been born this confederated Republic of free and independent sovereign States. Under it, has been reared the mightiest nation that has ever existed, with a country flanked by the Atlantic and the Pacific, having sixty millions of people; creative, energetic, brave—a noble monument of republican success that casts a shade over the monarchies and aristocracies of Europe.

Mr. Chairman, it was eminently befitting, in the closing years of this XIX century, that we

should express our deep sense of the value and importance of this achievement of our ancestors, by the erection of a monument which would serve to keep alive the sentiments of love of country and to cherish a constant memory for the little band that braved all and suffered all for the establishment of the great principle of free government. Associations, anniversaries, battle-fields, freshen the recollection and deepen the impression of events with which they are historically connected, and as we contemplate these events, there is inculcated a moral and patriotic lesson which elevates the character and improves the heart. A battle-field of the Revolution is no ordinary spot on the earth's surface. It is a place where the spirit of liberty and patriotism lingers, and whoever visits these places must drink afresh of these ennobling sentiments.

It is, therefore, a most commendable work undertaken by the Monmouth Battle Monument Association, to mark and preserve the spot which must be forever dear to us and to our posterity, to guard and protect the monument which for ages shall stand in commemoration of heroic virtues. As Sons of Monmouth, we would show to future generations that, upon every recurring anniversary of this battle, we cherished with high veneration and grateful recollections the memory of our Revolutionary sires. We would show an example of patriotism to our fellow-citizens throughout the land, worthy of imitation upon other battle-grounds of the Revolution.

Then followed the toast,

"Princeton in the Revolution,"

Which was responded to by the Hon. Robert S. Green.

HON. ROBERT S. GREEN.

Mr. PRESIDENT, AND FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE

NEW JERSEY SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION:—No adequate response, Mr. President, could be made to the sentiment to which I am called to respond, within the limits which are appropriate to such an occasion as this.

It summons from the past incidents of history which cluster around her every field; it recalls memories of the services and sacrifices of her patriotic citizens, and it invites speculation as to the probable influence exerted by the College of New Jersey located at Princeton, in instilling and developing sentiments of liberty, and principles of popular sovereignty and constitutional government, which are the foundation stones of our National existence. Located midway between New York and Philadelphia, on the King's highway, the accustomed route of travel between those cities; affording facilities for the shelter of troops and the accommodation of deliberative bodies in the barracks which had already been erected there, and in the spacious buildings connected with the College; attracting attention by the demonstrative and effective efforts of her prominent men in the cause of independence, Princeton, from the beginning of the war, became an objective point of occupation to the troops of both patriot and enemy, of their offensive and defensive operations, and the place of refuge of the Legislature, and finally, of the Congress of the country.

At this length of time, it is difficult properly to estimate the influence which was exerted by the College and its instructors, upon the young intrusted to their care, and who in time became actors in the events which followed the Declaration of Independence. These teachers were men of advanced ideas, of lofty patriotism and of aggressive principle. At their head was John Witherspoon, the patriot, the stateman, the divine, who was af-

terwards a member of the Provincial and Continental Congresses, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. With him was William Churchill Houston, an accomplished scholar, who, on the dispersion of the students of the College, headed a scouting party and afforded valuable assistance which was recognized by the army, and who afterwards became a member of the Provincial and Continental Congresses. With them, was Tapping Reeve, who rendered efficient services in the war, especially in the recruiting service in New York, and who afterwards became the distinguished founder and principal of the law school at Litchfield, Connecticut.

Without dwelling upon the possible influence that the teaching of these men might have had in impressing the youth with their principles; without assuming that the part which those graduates afterwards played in the defense of their country, and the establishment of its government, was due to the instruction which they received in Princeton—it is fair to claim, as it is always claimed in behalf of colleges and institutions of learning and universally conceded, that the acts which have been done, and the honor which has been earned, by the alumni of a college, reflect credit and glory upon their Alma Mater.

In this point of view, I wish, in response to this toast of "Princeton in the Revolution," to call your attention to the names of a few only, who made their mark in those exciting times. Of the graduates prior to 1777, twenty-eight were delegates to the Continental Congress; nine were members of the Convention to form the Federal Constitution; two were members of the previous Annapolis Convention; two were delegates to the Mecklenburg Convention; fourteen were afterwards members of the United States Senate, and twenty-

eight were members of the House of Representatives. Prominent in the roll, stand the names of James Madison, fourth President of the United States ; of Richard Stockton and Benjamin Rush, signers of the Declaration of Independence ; of William Paterson, Governor of the State, Member of the Constitutional Convention, and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States ; and Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States.

Dr. Witherspoon came to the College in 1768, and, within the short time between that and the declaration of independence, there were graduated from the College :

John Beatty, of New Jersey, a Captain of the Pennsylvania line, Commissary General of prisoners, Delegate to the Continental Congress and Constitutional Convention, and member of Congress from 1793 to 1795 ;

James Linn, of New Jersey, Delegate to the American Congress ;

Frederick Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, a Member of the Provincial Congress, Continental Congress, United States Senate, Captain of Artillery, Colonel and Major General ;

Gunning Bedford, of Delaware, an Aide to Gen. Washington, Member of Continental Congress and Constitutional Convention, Attorney General of Delaware, and United States District Judge ;

Hugh H. Breckenridge, of Pennsylvania, a Chaplain in the Revolutionary Army, and Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania ;

James Madison, of Virginia, fourth President of the United States ;

William Bradford, of Pennsylvania a Major under Gen. Roberdeau, in Hampton's Regiment Regular troops, Deputy Quartermaster General, Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, At-

torney General of Pennsylvania and of the United States;

Aaron Burr, of New Jersey, who, whatever of shadow events in later life may have cast over his character, was a gallant soldier and an accomplished officer in the Revolutionary War. He was a Major in the army in the Quebec expedition, Aide to Generals Washington and Putnam, Lieutenant Colonel in command of a brigade at Monmouth, Attorney General of New York, United States Senator and Vice-President of the United States;

Henry Lee, of Virginia,—"Light Horse Harry" of the War—Captain of Cavalry, Major, Lt. Colonel, Colonel, Member of Continental Congress, Virginia Convention, and United States Congress;

Charles Lee, of Virginia, (brother of Henry) Member of Continental Congress, and Attorney General of the United States;

Morgan Lewis, of New York, Captain, Major, Colonel, Aide to General Gates, Quartermaster General of the Northern Army, Attorney General, Chief Justice and Governor of New York;

Aaron Ogden, of New Jersey, Captain, Major, Aide to Gen. Sterling, Colonel, United States Senator and Governor;

John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, United States Senator;

John Noble Cumming, of New Jersey, 1st Lieutenant and Captain of the 1st Establishment of New Jersey troops, Captain, Major, Lt. Colonel of the 2nd Regiment, and Lt. Colonel commanding 3rd Regiment of the "Jersey line";

Henry Brockholst Livingstone, of New York, Captain, Lt. Colonel, Aide to Generals Schuyler and St. Clair, and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States;

Jonathan Mason, of Massachusetts, United States Senator;

William Stevens Smith, of New York, Aide to Generals Sullivan, Steuben and Washington, Lt. Colonel of the 13th Massachusetts, and Member of Congress;

John Anderson Scudder, of New Jersey, Member of Congress;

Isaac Tichenor, born in New Jersey, afterwards of Vermont, Assistant Commissary General, Agent of Vermont to Congress, Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, United States Senator, and Governor;

Nathaniel Alexander, of North Carolina, served in the Revolutionary Army, Member of Congress, and Governor;

Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, served in the Revolutionary Army, had a command under Gen. Lafayette at Yorktown, Member of Constitutional Convention, Member of Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and United States Senator;

John Rutherford, of New Jersey, United States Senator.

Before Dr. Witherspoon's presidency, there were graduated:

Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, the signer of the Declaration of Independence;

Dr. William Burnet, of New Jersey, Surgeon General of the Eastern District, Member of the Continental Congress and the United States Congress;

Nathaniel Scudder, of New Jersey, Lt. Colonel of Monmouth County Cavalry, Colonel, Member of the Council of Safety, Delegate to the Constitutional Convention, killed by refugees near Shrewsbury (was the only Member of Congress killed in battle during the war);

Samuel Livermore, of New Hampshire, Member of the Continental Congress, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, Member of first and second Congresses, and United States Senator;

William Shippen, of Pennsylvania, Chief Physician of flying camp and Director General of Military Hospitals;

Isaac Smith, of New Jersey, Colonel, Judge of the Supreme Court, and Member of Congress;

Alexander Martin, born in New Jersey, afterwards of North Carolina, Member of Colonial Assembly, of Convention of 1774 and 1775, Colonel of the 2nd North Carolina, Governor, and United States Senator;

Jesse Root, of Connecticut, Lt. Colonel, Member of Continental Congress, and Chief Justice of Connecticut;

Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, President of Second Provincial Congress, Lt. Colonel, Washington's Military Secretary, Adjutant General of the Army, Member of the Continental Congress, President of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and Governor;

Peter R. Livingston, of New York, President of the Provincial Congress of New York;

Jeremiah VanRensselaer, of New York, Member of the first Congress, and Lt. Governor of New York;

Benjamin Rush, of Pennsylvania, signer of the Declaration of Independence;

Thomas Henderson, of New Jersey, Major of Stewart's Battalion and of Heard's Battalion, Lt. Colonel of Foreman's Battalion, Brigade Major at Battle of Monmouth, the "Solitary horseman" who brought Washington intelligence of Lee's retreat, Member of the Provincial Congress, Vice

President of the State Council and acting Governor, and Member of Congress ;

Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant, of New Jersey, Member of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, Committee of Safety and Continental Congress, and Attorney General of Pennsylvania ;

William Paterson, of New Jersey, before referred to ;

Tapping Reeve, of Connecticut, before referred to ;

Richard Hutson, of South Carolina, Member of the Continental Congress, a prisoner of War, and Chancellor ;

David Ramsay, of South Carolina, Surgeon, Member of Council of Safety, of Continental Congress, and author of History of the War ;

Waightstill Avery, of North Carolina, Colonel of Militia in active service, Member of Mecklenburg and Hillsborough Conventions, and first Attorney General of North Carolina ;

Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, before referred to ;

David Howell, born in New Jersey, afterwards of Rhode Island, Member of Continental Congress, Attorney General, Judge of the Supreme Court, Commissioner to settle boundary of the United States, District Attorney, and Judge ;

Luther Martin, born in New Jersey, afterwards of Maryland, Member of Annapolis Convention, Constitutional Convention, and Attorney General of Maryland ;

Francis Barber, of New Jersey, born in Princeton, Major and Lt. Colonel of the 1st Establishment Jersey Troops, Lt. Colonel 3rd Regiment "Jersey line," and killed in command ;

Nathaniel Ramsay, of Maryland, Member of Maryland Convention, Captain of the first Battalion raised in the State, Lt. Colonel 3rd "Mary-

land line" ; on Lee's retreat at Monmouth, Washington called on Colonels Ramsay and Stewart to check the enemy ; Ramsay fought till left without troops, was cut down and left for dead upon the field ;

Ephriam Brevard, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Mecklenburg Convention and reputed author of the Mecklenburg Declaration, served in the Army and was taken prisoner ;

Pierrepont Edwards, of Connecticut, served in the Army, was a member of the Continental Congress, and a United States Judge ;

William Churchill Houston, before referred to ;

Thomas Tredwell, of Long Island, Member of the New York Provincial Congress, of the State Constitutional Convention of 1776, and of the United States Congress.

They were from all sections of the country ; their subsequent prominence is indicative of the influence they must have exercised over those with whom they associated, and in the communities in which they resided. Born and reared in the exciting times prior to the Revolution, they must, in the nature of things, have strengthened, at College, impressions which ripened into conviction and impelled into action. The result of such effort by these young men reflects credit upon the College in which they are educated and is properly considered in connection with the sentiment : "Princeton in the Revolution."

But Princeton also contributed of her own citizens to the cause of the country. Two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were residents of Princeton—John Witherspoon and Richard Stockton ; while another—John Hart—was a resident of Hopewell, but a few miles distant from that place.

As members of the Continental Congress, there

were from Princeton : Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant, Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, William Churchill Houston and John Beatty.

As members of the Provincial Congress : Jonathan Sergeant, Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant, John Witherspoon, Jonathan Deare, Jonathan Baldwin, W. Churchill Houston and Enos Kelsey.

I doubt if there is any village in this country that can show such a representation in those or similar bodies.

But not only was Princeton identified in the Revolution in this manner ; there are, as I have suggested, local histories of the time connected with the place. It will be remembered that the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, on the 2nd of July, 1776, two days before the Declaration of Independence, adopted the first Constitution of New Jersey, formally severed its connection with the British Crown and established an independent Government. The first Legislature elected in the new State of New Jersey, met in Princeton on the 27th of August, 1776, and continued in session there until the 5th of October following. General Washington in his retreat through the Jerseys, arrived in Princeton about the 1st of December and remained there until the 7th of December, when he continued his march to the Delaware, leaving Lord Sterling at Princeton with some twelve hundred men. The latter tarried there until the advance of the British, when he followed Washington and the English occupied the town until the 3rd of January, 1777. After the battle, the town was occupied by Gen. Putnam and a portion of the Continental Army, who continued there for some time. So you see that the town was alternately occupied by the troops, either of the British or the Continental army, and during that time, the citizens suffered in

the destruction and waste of their property. Tusculum, the home of John Witherspoon, was destroyed; Morven, the residence of Richard Stockton, was occupied by the English, and the residence of Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant was destroyed by fire —burned to the ground by British troops.

But the event, Mr. President, in the Revolution which brings Princeton more distinctly to the mind than any other, is the battle which took place there on the 3rd of January 1777. As a battle, it can not pretend to rank in the numbers engaged and the time occupied, with others which were fought in that war, and notably that of the battle of Monmouth. As a victory, it was saddened by the loss of Gen. Mercer, Col. Hazlet, Maj. Morris, Captains Shippen, Fleming and Neal, but it was the culmination of that series of grand strategic engagements which enabled Washington to lead his army into Winter quarters at Morristown, under the inspiriting flush of victory. These engagements dispelled among the soldiers the depression of former disaster, reinvigorated the spirit of liberty in the people, infused new life into the cause of independence and resulted in lasting benefit to our interests at home and abroad.

It is, Mr. President, an incident worthy of remembrance, that of the five events in the Revolution, which the first Congress thought worthy to be inscribed on the monument which it directed to be erected to Washington, three, Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, were in the State of New Jersey. Thanks to the untiring energy of your own distinguished citizen, Gov. Parker, and thanks to the patriotic generosity of another of your citizens and to the patriotism of the State and the country, the monument you now have, has been erected here as celebrating one of those events. Soon, Trenton will have its monument to mark the spot

where the conflict took place in the Christmas time of 1776, and I here express the hope that ere many years, the traveller as he is whirled along the iron highway near the place, may see, rising from the foliage which shades and beautifies that lovely village, a shaft that shall fitly commemorate "Princeton in the Revolution."

At the conclusion of Governor Green's speech, Hon. John Whitehead said:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I ask the privilege of breaking in upon the order of the exercises for a minute. Our friend, Gov. Green, has shown great modesty in his address, for he has not mentioned one person, of his own name and family, who should, however, be named.

We had in Morris County before the time of the Revolution, a Presbyterian minister, who was settled over the congregation at Hanover. His name was Jacob Green, and he was the grandfather of the eloquent gentleman who has just taken his seat. Not only that, but he was the Chairman of the Committee which, in the month of June, 1776, before the Declaration of Independence, as Chairman of a Committee from the Provincial Congress of the State of New Jersey, was charged with the duty of preparing the Constitution of 1776, to which the modest Governor has referred, and he was the author of that glorious instrument, under which the State of New Jersey existed for sixty-eight years, until the Convention of 1844.

Jacob Green was a remarkable man, and some of his traits have descended, as you have seen. He was glorious as a patriot, he was magnificent as a Divine, and he was the friend and adviser of his parishioners. He drew their wills, their deeds, their contracts, was their arbitrator in their disputes; and he has left behind him, in Morris County, a memory which we revere and honor.

The health of this eminent Jerseyman, and of his grand-son, Robert S. Green, was proposed by Mr. Whitehead, and three cheers were given.

The President then announced,

"Molly Pitcher and the Daughters of the Revolution,"

And called upon Mr. Josiah Collins Pumpelly, who responded as follows :

MR. PUMPELLY.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND MEMBERS OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, AND FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION :—In the wars of civilized nations, women and the clergy have proved themselves a powerful agency in the forming of events.

In our war of Independence this influence was positive and direct ; and especially so in this State, the very Belgium of the Revolution. It is an old story, that of the brave deeds of the heroic women of New Jersey, in the war for Independence—of those courageous mothers and daughters who were not only true to American principles, but were ever ready and constant in rendering effectual service to the cause in which their husbands and sons had risked their all.

Were the unwritten history of the patriotic women of the Revolution placed before us, we would be astonished at its magnitude and the bravery of its unhonored heroines. Man has always been slow to acknowledge women's capabilities, and sparing of his praise. To these facts may be attributed our meagre record of her valorous deeds. 'Tis hers to suffer in silence ; 'tis his to suffer aloud and let the world know of it. It is the continual exemplification of the old story of the fight with the bear in Colonial days, and the man, who, safe in the hay loft, encouraged his wife with :

"Hit him ag'in, Betsy; hit him ag'in," and after the brave woman had dispatched Bruin, hurried from his retreat to announce to his neighbors with great bravado: "I and Betsy killed the bear."

That noble monument—that war lyric in stone—which you have placed on Monmouth's field, seems aglow with the fiery breath of battle, and of all the five dramatic pictures in bronze which so adorn its base, none tells a more thrilling story than that of Molly Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth. It is well indeed that that which has been the theme of poets and a subject for the pencil of the artist, should here, in enduring bronze, show to all future generations one of the most daring deeds of women recorded in history. Though the story is known to you all, it will bear repetition.

In the battle of Monmouth, a cannoneer at one of the guns of Knox's artillery was killed, and there was no one to take his place. An order was given to move the gun from the field, because there were not enough artillerymen to man it. The wife of the dead cannoneer had been to the spring in the edge of the west ravine on the parsonage farm for water, for the use of her husband and his comrades, and to keep the sponge wet. As she returned, she saw her husband lying dead on the ground near the wheel of the cannon. Hearing that the gun was to be moved off, she dashed forward, exclaiming: "I will avenge his death!" seized the rammer, drove home the load, and continued to serve the gun throughout the battle. The troops who saw Capt. Molly at the gun, were aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and rushed on the foe. Capt. Molly was the *nom de guerre* of the heroine of Monmouth, and by this name she will go down in history to future ages. General Green complimented her on the field, and the next morning conducted her to Washington. The French officers

were so charmed with the bravery she exhibited, which appealed so strongly to their chivalric nature, that they made her valuable presents. The pay of a Sergeant, the rank of her husband, was given her for life by the Government. A New Jersey poet thus describes the scene :

"As we turned our flanks and center in the path of death to enter,
One of Knox's brass six pounders lost its Irish cannoneer.
And his wife, who, 'mid the slaughter, had been bearing pails of water
For the gun and for the gunners, over his body shed a tear.
'Move the piece', but there they found her, loading, firing that six-pounder,
And she bravely, till we won, worked the gun.
Though like tigers, fierce they fought us, to such zeal had Molly brought us,
That though struck with heat and thirsting, yet of drink we felt no lack ;
There she stood amid the clamor, swiftly handling sponge and rammer,
While we swept with wrath condign on their line.

Capt. Molly was present at the disbandment of the Army at Newburg in 1783, but the rosy-cheeked, freckle-faced Irish girl of 1779, had, we regret to say, sadly deteriorated since her day of victory in 1778. For her noble services, General Washington and Major General Henry Knox, Chief of Artillery, determined that she should be always cared for, and when none was left of the artillery but the Alexander Hamilton Company, Gen. Knox, then Secretary of War at the Capital in New York City, directed the military store-keeper at West

Point to find a suitable boarding place for Molly at Highland Falls, and pay her board, and provide her with all necessaries. In 1785, Capt. George Fleming, store-keeper at West Point, made requisition three separate times for shifts for Mrs. Molly, but the Confederate Congress, elected in 1787, had reduced the National Government to such a condition of poverty that there were no funds to buy shifts for Molly, or even pay the Army itself, which then consisted of one small Company of Artillery, whose pay was many months in arrears. Eventually, Gen. Knox was relieved of his embarrassment as to his promise, by a letter from Capt. Fleming stating that in overhauling the stores at West Point he had found some old tents worn sufficiently thin by rain and exposure to enable him to have them made up into shifts for Molly.

And this brave deed, whose memory thrills our blood to-day, is but one of a myriad of heroic acts done by the women of this brave little State during our War for Independence.

In the darkest days of the Revolution, about November 30th, 1776, when the brothers Howe offered their rewards for deserters from our cause, one writer asserts a good portion of the population could have been bought for eighteen pence a head. Hope, courage, loyalty, faith, honor—all seemed about to be swept away upon the great flood of panic which overspread the land. But it was at such times that the spirit of the women of the Revolution—the women who had tilled the fields and fed the half-starved troops while their husbands were away, and who hurled back every offer of the enemy with scorn—came grandly and effectually to the front.

Of such a mould was *Hannah Arnett*, of Elizabeth, who reprimanded her hesitating husband and kinsman with the words: "For me, I stay with

my country, and my hand shall never touch the hand nor my heart cleave to the heart of him who shames her. I married a good man and true, and it needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward."

It was in a neighboring County to this, the British in one of their raids took possession of a store, and were about to confiscate the whole stock when a woman appeared among the half-drunken soldiers, and it was her undaunted talk and her repeated demand that her bowl should be filled with tea, that delayed the soldiery and gave her neighbors time to secrete their valuables, and to collect together the pewter plates and dishes so valuable in those days to melt into bullets. Odd it seems, that while upon those plates healthful food was served to our forefathers, the same plates, when converted into bullets, conveyed death and destruction into the ranks of the enemy.

The patriot, *Col. Lourey*, of Huntington, you remember well, had a price set upon his head, and spies watched his every movement. When at home, he always had a horse in readiness to fly at a moment's notice, and kept watchers on the alert to warn him of any approach of strangers. His wife was a delicate woman, and yet, when there was a necessity, she would yoke her oxen and drive to the woods and, unassisted, bring home fuel. When a company of British were about to raid her village, she saved it by the following clever ruse: Her husband, on horseback, was apparently watching the movements of the enemy from a hill back of the village. The leader, seeing him, inquired what it meant. She replied without the slightest hesitation: "Just beyond the hill there is a large body of troops." "Well, if that is so," said he, "we had better be going." And, hastily placing

the King's seal on the store-house door, galloped away.

The heroic *Captain Huddy* owed his life on one occasion, to his servant, *Lucretia Emmons.* A party of refugees attacked his house at night ; the guards, usually stationed there, were absent. Lucretia loaded the guns they had left, one after another, for Capt. Huddy, who, by appearing at different windows and firing, gave the impression to the enemy of a strong force being in the house and so caused the latter to give up the attack.

In was a certain courageous daughter of old Woodbridge town, who on passing an unoccupied house, saw through the window a drunken Hessian soldier, and there being no men within a mile of her to call to her aid, she went home, dressed in man's apparel and armed with an old firelock returned, entered the house and took the Hessian prisoner. Having stripped him of his arms she was leading him off when she met the patrol guard of a New Jersey regiment to whom she delivered her prisoner.

Of such stuff was made fiery *Anna Kitchell,* of Morris, who scorned a "British protection" offered her, with the words, "If the God of battles will not take care of us, we will fare with the rest."

And *Hannah Thompson,* who scalded a certain impudent Tory, and plucky *Mrs. Mills,* who in spite of *Sheriff Millege's* opposition, rallied the Whigs and drove a certain gang of Tories out of the town.

It was *Miss Susan Livingstone,* the daughter of New Jersey's war governor, who on February 28th, 1779, by her skillful strategy saved from pillage her father's most valuable papers, and it was her sister Susannah, who on a certain midnight, being attacked by the enemy and seized by a drunken soldier, grasped one of them by the collar. Brave

was her action and well was it rewarded, for at that moment a flash of lightening illuminated the scene, and as it fell upon her white dress he cried with an oath, "It's the ghost of Mrs. Caldwell we killed to-day."

The Governor's sister, *Lady Sterling*, was also an uncompromising patriot, refusing emphatically to avail herself of the permission sent her by Sir Henry Clinton to "take anything she pleased out of the city."

'Twas a certain Mrs. Berry, who, at one time entertained General Washington in New Jersey, and it was she who called out to her husband, as he went to battle: "Remember, Sidney, to do your duty; I would rather hear that you were left a corpse on the field than that you had played the part of a coward."

Even the young girls of that day were endowed with this all-absorbing spirit of patriotism. It is recorded that at one time, when a raid was about to be made upon a certain hamlet near Orange Mountain, and the people were flying to the stockade on the mountain, a little girl, more thoughtful than the rest, lingered behind the others, and left upon the kitchen table of her home the following letter:

"DEAR BRITISHER:—Would you please not burn up my poor old grandfather's house. Maybe you have a little girl at home, and think how dreadful it would be if she should have no house to cover her head.

"Yours truly,

"LETITIA WRIGHT."

Her own possessions were some fine geese. These she drove to the woods, and then joined her people on their way to the mountain. The Colonel of the British force occupied the child's home that night, he read the letter left on the table, his heart

was touched, and he ordered that no property should be destroyed, except what was needed to satisfy hunger. All the geese had wandered back to their pen at nightfall, and all of these were dispatched except the old gander which they felt might be the special pet of the writer of the letter. Not a house was burned, and in the morning the refugees returned to find matters very much as they had left them, and Letitia, as she neared her home, was met by her pet gander, and about his neck, strange enough, there hung a funny little tobacco pouch full of silver, and a little note with these lines :

"Though redcoats we be, you plainly will see
We know how to grant a petition.
With rough soldier care, we've endeavored to spare
Your homes in a decent condition.

"Sweet Mistress Wright, we bid you good-night,
It's time for us soldiers to wander ;
We've paid for your geese, a shilling apiece,
And left the change with the gander."

But time does not suffice to tell one-half the story of women's bravery in the Revolution. Hardly do they need monuments to perpetuate their fame, for their monuments are all around us. The many happy homes about us, these broad and beautiful fields giving promise of an abundant harvest, our many public schools and churches with the spires pointing heavenward, are all the noble outcome of that constitutional liberty those brave women bequeathed to us as a sacred heritage.

But we have a great deal to do now, in strengthening our lines upon true American principles—strengthening our Americanism and making our ranks more homogeneous—for we know the condi-

tion of our naturalization laws. We know there is a necessity for reformation ; we know there is a necessity for making every one of our schools nurseries of patriotism. I feel that we have a great work before us when I tell you that there are eighteen States in this country where a man has merely to give notice that he proposes to become naturalized to be enabled to vote—when I tell you that in fifteen States, a man who has only signified his intention of becoming a citizen and who may possibly never be naturalized, can vote at a National election, and that thus it might happen that the vote of the country might be determined by men who were still aliens, on American soil. I mention these things to show you that it is time that we should care for our naturalization laws.

We are glad that the woman of to-day have seen fit to organize a society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and with the especial object of making the memories of their ancestry a living influence in our National life. This Society has made excellent progress, and the New Jersey Chapter is especially prosperous. The anniversary which we are honoring to-day, being its day of yearly celebration, one of the results of its influence is that a certain lady who was born on Monmouth battlefield, has presented to the Society, land enough at Bound Brook, for a home for indigent female descendants of Revolutionary sires. All honor to the several hundred New Jersey Daughters of the American Revolution. May their work prosper, and we, as true Sons of the American Revolution, be ever ready to aid them in every great and true endeavor. Let us as Sons and Daughters go forward from this most memorable day, refreshed and inspired by the memory of these courageous souls we have spoken of, which, like

stars, "Flame on the forehead of our morning sky." Let us study and know as a real thing the quality of the greatness of this America which stands to-day in the forefront of the ages. And let us see to it that our youth, foreign and native, are taught first and foremost to be trained soldiers of constitutional freedom, and, in every fact, Americans in the best sense of the word. Let us, as did Bryant, the poet, "Americanize every occasion and effort." Let us pledge ourselves to-day, that in so far as we are able, our country shall be not only the world's granary and work-shop, but its leader and peacemaker—in very truth one of the grandest and noblest of all God's great gifts to man.

"Strike for this broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow till man shall see
That might and right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be."

Letter from William S. Stryker, Adjutant General of New Jersey.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,
Office of ADJUTANT GENERAL,
TRENTON, N. J., June 22, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR:—As I wrote you before, I find myself in such a position this week as will prevent my being with you next Saturday at the joint meeting of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Monmouth Monument Association. New trusts, which have been committed to me within the past month, will keep me very closely confined in Trenton all this week. Be assured that it would give me great pleasure to join with you in commemorating the battle of Monmouth. For more than fifteen years I have given close study to the battles of Trenton, Princeton

and Monmouth, and it would be pleasant for me to again go over the battle-field of Monmouth.

You write that I will be expected to reply to the toast: "The Trenton Battle Monument." It gives me pleasure to state that, after all these years of labor since 1844, when the fathers of five of the members of the present Association were among the gentlemen who started the plan for commemorating the battle of Trenton by erecting a monument in this city, but failed to see it accomplished, success now seems comparatively certain. Congress has appropriated $30,000, the State of New Jersey $15,000, and I believe before you read this letter the additional $15,000 necessary to secure these appropriations will be in our hands.

We have adopted a design for the monument, which will be hollow, of the Roman-Doric style of architecture, and one hundred and thirty-five feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue of Washington, 12 1-2 feet high. Some fifteen contractors are now estimating on the cost of this granite shaft, and their estimates are due in New York City on June 27th. If they are satisfactory, I think work will be commenced on the monument during the week following. Personally, I would like to see ground broken for this patriotic memorial on the morning of July 4th. I am sure that all our friends who will gather around the monument at Monmouth, in which I was personally interested as a member of the Commission charged with its erection, will feel glad, and will rejoice with me, that another of these battle-fields of the Revolutionary War, where General Washington so greatly distinguished himself, is about to be marked in so substantial a manner.

While duty keeps me away from your patriotic gathering, I am sure that all my colleagues of the Monmouth Battle Commission, and of the Mon-

mouth Association, will be glad to hear these words, though I would prefer to speak, rather than to write them.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM S. STRYKER.

FREDERICK PARKER, ESQ.,
Freehold, N. J.

The President announced the following,

"The Old Tennent Church,"

And called on the Rev. Frank R. Symmes, pastor of the Church, to respond.

REV. FRANK R. SYMMES.

MR. CHAIRMAN :—I feel that I have an honor in sitting here among the worthy and honorable sons of the best fathers that will ever he shown in the history of this country. And I feel honored, also, in being placed in this seat between two such old men, one a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and one a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution ; one being ninety-one and a quarter years of age, and the other one being ninety-one and a half years of age. I always have a great deal of respect for "Whiteheads."

I have felt the more honored, because you call me to respond to the Old Tennent Church. I suppose, first, it was because we all saw that the Old Tennent Church is old ; she was built a quarter of a century before the battle of Monmouth was fought, and her organization was perhaps more than half a century before that. She is an old church. How do you get at that? She was built in 1753, but how do we comprehend the long passage of years ? I will try to show you.

You know that some young men have a propensity for being married early in life. That is following the advice of Benjamin Franklin. That shortens family generations, and makes young

grand-fathers. I suppose that some of your fathers may have followed this practice, so that while some of you here will say that my grand-father was born about the time of the building of the Old Tennent Church ; and some again will say my great-grandfather was born about that time ; perhaps some others of you will say that my great-great-grandfather was born about that time ; and possibly some of you can say that my great-great-great-grandfather was born about the time of the building of the Old Tennent Church. And so we get some idea of Old Tennent being old.

You are aware that 113 years ago, that old edifice was a silent witness of that great fight—the battle of Monmouth. Tradition tells us how Washington with the main army passed within one hundred yards of its doors. And it tells how a soldier was sitting there in front of the door of the church and a cannon ball struck him and he was carried in and laid on one of the seats and died there, and there are the stains of his blood to-day. The house was used to some extent as a hospital. Tradition also tells us how some solid shot went through the walls of the building. But tradition must always be held in check. You must not let imagination run away with you. You know that the battle of Monmouth was to the south and east of the church. So you must not go to the west side of the church to see the bullet holes. Cannon balls do not go around that way. You must not think that every hole that you see is a reminiscence of the Revolution, for Old Tennent is old, and possibly some of those openings were made by an old-fashioned woodpecker or a superannuated chipmunk.

Old Tennent is old, but there she has stood, through storms of many winters, been struck by lightning once, and withstood the attacks of the hacking vandals with antiquarian proclivities, and

stood for nearly one hundred and forty years of use, in uninterrupted service and worship of Almighty God.

Then, as a second thought, I think we can say that Old Tennent is loyal. She has loved her country all through these years, and she has given her sons for her country, for if you noticed this morning, you saw many little flags above the graves in the cemetery, and if you count the graves you will find more than eight score of soldiers' graves, representing all the wars that our country has been engaged in. If you desire to find the names of those patriotic men, I can refer you to Col. Yard, who will bring out his issue of the paper of November 27th, 1884, and there you will find what sons of Old Tennent fought for the cause. We have out there, also, the grave of one who fought against us—the gallant Col. Henry Monckton, who led the charge so many times against the intrepid Wayne. We cherish his grave and want no one to despoil it. On Decoration Day, we put a little English flag there to show how brave that man was, while the stars and stripes are put on other graves. We do not mean any disloyalty ; we mean by cherishing that grave to show, as good pastor Cobb said, that "we can be a noble people to a conquered foe," and all the while we claim the greater loyalty to our government.

Then, Old Tennent, in all her history, has been for the right. She believes—she don't know, but she sort of feels—that the makers of the Constitution patterned after her form of Church government in their arrangement of the political government of this country. She is in accord with the principles of this country—a republican democracy. And when she has received the flag which the Sons of the American Revolution gave her to-day—I do not know how to thank you for that "Old Glory

Flag," which you have given us—but she believes in that flag. Old Tennent holds fast to the flag—the old Stars and Stripes that never have been beaten in any war. This flag waves, the world over, as one always on the winning side, and Old Tennent has a peculiar inclination for being on the winning side. And we have no scruples about hanging that flag all over the audience room, and putting it around and above the pulpit, and then putting the minister in there and have him preach that every man should vote and pay his tax to the support and defense of the flag.

Then, I think we can say that Old Tennent is orthodox, and that she holds fast to the principles and doctrines of the old faith. She has a little narrow pulpit on the side of the church, as you saw this morning, but Old Tennent Church doesn't want people to believe that that is the character of her theology. The pulpit is also high, so she would rather we would say the pulpit's height shows, through all these past years, the high order of her theology.

But we are conservative out there. We are holding fast to the old faith ; we walk in the steps of our staunch old fathers. We sit in their seats in the sanctuary they built, and I tell you it keeps our Presbyterian backs straight, and having sat there for forty years, as some have, how do you suppose we can bend our backs to new doctrines.

Then, Old Tennent puts great store on the Bible. In spite of so much doubts and questionings and criticisms, do you know, out there at Old Tennent, we are actually believing that the Bible is the very word of God. And there she stands, holding fast to this belief for years, and we are holding fast yet, and we are a wonderfully happy people.

The Revolution was an outcome of the teachings of the Bible put into practice. It taught our

fathers "Freedom and equal rights," and encouraged them to their establishment; and therefore, according to her history, according to the memory of her fathers, according to her love for the Government, Old Tennent Church means to stand by the old Bible. We never want to go back on it by a spirit to doubt its authority, or by a desire to expurgate some of its portions through human wisdom.

So, you worthy Sons of the American Revolution, who are keeping alive the memories of our noble fathers, will you permit us to recommend you to hold fast also to their old Bible and support and defend it to the end of your lives.

MR. THEODORE W. MORRIS:

MR. PRESIDENT:—There are present with us to-day three gentlemen who are sons of those who participated in the struggle for independence:—Dr. E. Hammond Doty, Caleb Baldwin and Benjamin Myer.

Dr. Doty responded as follows.:

DR. DOTY.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND PRESIDENT OF THE S. A. R.:—The action which you took, Mr. President, a short time since, in relation to the raising of the National flag throughout the State, met with my hearty approval, and will, no doubt, be commended by all patriotic citizens. The fourteenth of June, the day on which that National flag was adopted by Congress, should have been held in memory, but it has been forgotten by the present generation, if their attention has ever been called to the date of that historical event. It was fitting that you, the President of a patriotic society, one of whose objects is to keep alive the memory of such events, should have called upon the citizens of this State to commemorate its anniversary. As a

member of that society, I rejoice that you have taken such a step, and honor you for it.

Every descendant of those through whose struggles and privations this nation was brought into existence, and all who have since sought its protection at home or abroad, and who have adopted that flag as their National emblem, should be glad to celebrate that anniversary for all time to come.

I have the proud satisfaction to know, my dear sir, that under the shadow of that banner my own father, my paternal and my maternal grandfathers and my cousin VanWart, one of the captors of Andre, did honorable service in the field, fighting for the liberty that every citizen of the Republic now enjoys. That banner floated over the American Army at the battle whose anniversary we, this day, commemorate, and in which my own father participated one hundred and thirteen years ago, and forty years before I was born, so that I have a greater interest in this anniversary than any other person present.

I look with reverence upon that flag now floating before us. It is the emblem of the nation's sovereignty—wherever it floats—on whatever sea or land, it is respected and honored. Every stripe has a meaning and every star a history that marks the progress of the nation, pointing to the struggles of the past, the realities of the present, and the possibilities of the future.

That old flag our fathers followed in the battles of the Revolution; it led them to victory; it cheered them in defeat; it was immortalized at Yorktown; it made possible the triumph of Monmouth. It proclaims that the Republic is a government of the people, by the people and for the people. It exhibits to what grand dimensions the nation has grown since the breezes of Heaven first played

with its folds and its stars basked in the rays of the sun. The nation will fulfill its destiny and will enlarge its bounds until its mission will be completed and that banner be adopted by the entire Western Hemisphere.

There is a magnetism about those stars and stripes which have made the power they symbolize felt across the water, feared by the despotisms of the world, and worshipped by every true lover of freedom.

I hope, Mr. President, ere long to see that flag wave every day over the school houses, public and private, of the State. Let the children of the Commonwealth learn to love it, to honor it, to know what it typifies—and the Republic is safe.

MR. MORRIS :

MR. CHAIRMAN :—In this very room, a few years ago, a minister spoke such words of eloquence that several of those present were converted on the spot, and subscribed for pews in his church. I would like to have you call upon Mr. Smith, the Chaplain of the Society.

REV. HENRY G. SMITH :

Mr. CHAIRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN :—I recollect the incident and the pew renting, and I wish to state that the pew rent has never been paid : there is now a little bill of $150 that I would be glad to have settled.

The statue of Gen. Washington, that is a familiar object in New York City, at the lower part of Union Square, had its origin, I believe, somewhat as follows :

A New York merchant, inspired with very much of the same ardor that now characterizes every Son of the American Revolution, went around through the community, seeking subscriptions, that he might place there in living bronze,

the form of the great hero of the American struggle. He went to an old merchant, who lived on the south side of Union Square, and asked for his subscription. The merchant had the reputation of being rather a close man. He said:

"No; I do not want to see George Washington out there. I have him in my heart."

And Mr. Lee arose, picked up his hat, and said:

"Good afternoon; all I have to say is, you have got him in a mighty tight place."

Gentlemen, I think after the dinner that has filled the lower man, and after the eloquence that has been flying around in electric sparks, filling the upper man, that we are much in the spirit of the merchant who had Washington in his heart, and our whole being is now as tight as a drum. I feel myself, that we are in danger not only of dyspepsia of the stomach, but of dyspepsia of the mind and heart as well. After such a meeting as this, I think what we need, is a good rousing working out of the enthusiam that has been worked into us.

I believe the battles for American Independence are not all in the past, but that there are battles and struggles in the living present and in the future, to meet which every Son of the American Revolution will have to draw upon the patriotic spirit and the self-sacrifice that animated his ancestors, whose fair memories he now honors.

I believe in that devout reverence for the past, for which our brother Symmes has spoken so eloquently, but I believe in reverence for our own time; I believe also that we have foes to face and enemies to our country and Government to encounter that are as dangerous as the red coats and as heartless as the Hessians. I notice that our good brother Symmes has his eyes upon the present and though he has the Bible, thank God, never to be changed, yet, he tried an old-fashioned and

venerable organ that corresponded with this reverence for antiquity, but he found that it did not work, and he has now the latest and most modern of brand new, nineteenth century pipe organs that he could get hold of. There always is and must be change; there must be development; there always will be growth, for I take it that those men of the past were the living, active, growing men, facing their future, not their past; not looking back to the heroes of the seventeenth century, but to the living world before them at that time, facing the difficulties of their day.

I do not know what politics they have at the Old Tennent Church; he spoke of republican democracy; I don't know what that means, unless it is prohibition. I do not know how that kind of politics would suit the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, for, from certain indications, it seems to me that it is deeply regretted that one of the battles of the Revolution was not fought in this State, that they might appropriately celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the "Brandywine." No, sir, I take it that our society is not only for the glorification of our ancestors, but also for the edification of self. I feel that there are in our present age, the same struggle, the same eternal vigilance that is the price of liberty. They say it is harder to keep a fortune than it is to make one. Those who have not had the first experience, nevertheless would be willing to undergo the second I am sure, but yet, I feel, in looking forward now, that you must recognize the fact that there is the gift, freedom, which has been handed down to us as our inheritance, but which every Son of the American Revolution must work for, in order to keep. Freedom may take a different form, in different ages. A darkey from the country, went into the city of Richmond and his city cousin was showing him the sights,

when an electric car came along and the country cousin rushed out into the street. The city cousin said: "What are you looking for?" and he said: "It seems to me, that the mule am a long ways ahead?" The city cousin said: "There is no mule to that car at all," and he told him it was run by electricity, which was an invention of the Yankees. The country cousin said, "The Yankees are great folks, they came down here last generation and freed the negroes and now they come down and free the mules."

Gentlemen, there is a struggle for freedom in every age, and however the forms may differ, the principle remains unaltered, and in jealous and ardent devotion to those high principles of freedom, we feel that "Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty."

The Chairman then called upon the Hon. William T. Hoffman, who spoke as follows:

MR. HOFFMAN.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—It is not at all in accordance with the usual methods of having "the best wine at the last of the feast," to call upon a plain lawyer to speak close to the termination of these festivities, when you have been so delighted with the eloquent and eminently suggestive words of the distinguished gentlemen, clerical, official and lay, who have preceded me.

Apart from the many thoughts suggested by the gathering of friends, the convening of those in whose blood is the patriotism inherited from the fathers, the sacred ground upon which we stand, there has been running through my mind the pregnant interrogation: Why, for what purpose, are we here? Is it to listen to the speeches of the distinguished ex-Governor, our own ex-Senator, the Reverend gentlemen, be they never so eloquent?

Is it to satisfy alimentary desires in partaking of the good cheer of mine host Green, or even to look askance at the fruit of the grape in such a way as to cause good dominie Smith to rise to remark that the battle-field of Monmouth is at no great distance from that of Brandywine? No, gentlemen; these are but incidentals. We call ourselves the Sons of the American Revolution. That, as a matter of phrase, amounts to but little, but as a matter of innate, absolute patriotism, it indicates much; very much.

A preliminary thought or two. It goes without saying, that the history of the American Revolution is familiar to you all. Perhaps, however, you will pardon me for recalling a prominent part of it. After the defeat of General Washington at Long Island, followed by the retreat across our own State to beyond the Delaware, throughout the colonies all hopes of success seemed crushed; heads were bowed, and hearts were bleeding. The light of liberty was flickering. What was there to give the slightest encouragement to the ragged remnant of an army whose footsteps left marks of blood in the winter's snow, as it sought safety by flight from a haughty and victorious foe? It was truly "the time that tried men's souls." Suddenly there came hope and promise. On a drear wintry night, that army crossed the ice-clad river, defeated the confident aliens at Trenton, marched on to Princeton, crushed the British army led by one of its most efficient Generals, and then, from Massachusetts to the Carolinas, every patriotic soul with heart and voice jubilantly shouted: "Good news from the Jerseys! Good news from the Jerseys!" At that crucial time, there grew into full stature, that rugged patriotism which made Yorktown possible, and a free and independent Nation.

So, for this, and more, are we proud of New

Jersey. I am a Jerseyman. I was born here, my father was born in New Jersey, my grand-father was born in New Jersey, and my great-grandfather would have been born in New Jersey if he had not been born a Dutchman. I am proud of New Jersey. I am proud of her Colleges, her Seminaries, of her clergy, her bench, her bar, her history and her promise. But higher than that, deeper than that, broader, wider than that, is my pride in the consciousness that I am an American, a citizen of this wonderful Union of States, the United States of America.

Why, Sons of the American Revolution, do you know that we have a country whose northern windows are covered by the beautiful tracery of frost and snow; whose southern open doors are filled with the perfume that is part of the whole atmosphere perennially exhaling from the flowers which surround them; whose eastern shore is bright as silver with Atlantic's spray, and whose western sands are kissed by breakers tipped with gold? We have every variety of soil, of climate, of product; we have coal and iron, and silver and gold in abundance; we have everything necessary to make us the happiest and most prosperous country in the world. How proud then, how careful of our honor, should we be as Jerseymen—as Americans!

This leads me up to the main thought. The fundamental reason for the existence of this society and its gathering from time to time upon our sacred battlefields is, must be, to more firmly fix that love for the ultimate object of our soldier ancestors which nerved them to heroic sacrifice of all they had, even of life itself! This doubtless is the existent, inciting idea paramount here to-day. What then do we care for partisan politics. My distinguished friend over there, (pointing to Gov. Green) you are a democrat; I am a republican, but

for this great overwhelming purpose, let us be willing to forget the divisions of parties and stand as Jerseymen, as Americans, anxious to conserve, to perpetuate all that makes for the best interests of our country and to forever abide in the faith of its fathers. For this I am willing to sink what is called democracy ; what is called republicanism.

Now, in order to make this society the agent of firmly fixing the great principles suggested, I wish to call attention to the bed-rock of our institutions and utter a warning cry of danger. It is not necessary for me to say in this presence, that the key of the arch of our system of government is the ballot, and that the perpetuity of our institutions depends absolutely upon its potentiality and perfectness. In other words, our safety is conditioned upon a pure ballot. The slightest defect is dangerous. You may build your dam with cemented granite, but let a rill of water force its way through it, and devastation and ruin follow. You may raise a pyramid of stone and the push of a girl will beat it down. Is danger imminent? I have seen votes bought and sold at auction to the highest bidders, and both seller and purchaser were so covered with infamy that they might wash in Abana and Pharpar, yea, in all the waters of Israel, and not be clean. I have known of men counted into office who were never elected, and men made to be defeated who had a majority of votes cast, and this is not confined to our locality or State. It is a prevalent evil.

Now, Sons of the American Revolution, if there is anything in patriotism ; if the memories of our fathers are around and about us, if we are to transmit our precious heritage unimpaired to our children, let us highly resolve that as far as in us lies, we will see to it that every ballot shall be an absolutely pure one and it shall be counted precise-

ly as it is cast. Let us remember, that beyond all else, we are Americans, and resolve that our work and influence shall be given with heart and soul to whatever makes for the best interest of our country, no matter what political party claims our allegiance. If that is, and is to be the great object of this society, then all patriots will say God-speed.

HON. ROBERT S. GREEN:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I would like to interrupt the proceedings for a moment, in order to make a motion in the Society.

MR. PRESIDENT OF THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION:—I move that the thanks of this Society be tendered to the officers and members of the Monmouth Battle Monument Association, and the Committee and citizens of Freehold, for the cordial welcome that they have given us on this occasion, and for the pleasant time that we have enjoyed to-day.

The motion was put and carried unanimously, with cheers.

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

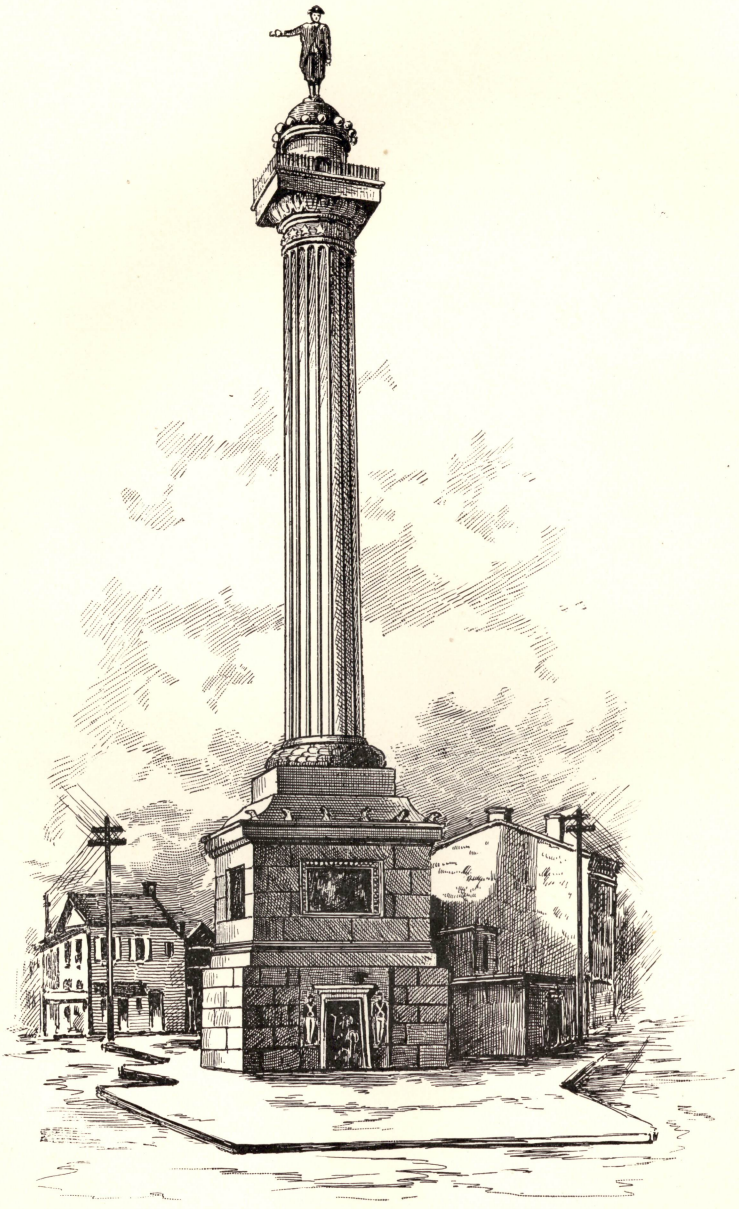
OF THE SONS OF THE

·AMERICAN · REVOLUTION.·

Laying the Corner-Stone of the Trenton Battle Monument. 3rd Annual Meeting of the Society.

DECEMBER 26TH, 1891,

TRENTON, N. J.



TRENTON BATTLE MONUMENT.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

The annual meeting of the Society was held this year in the City of Trenton.

The Trenton Battle Monument Association had chosen the twenty-sixth day of December, 1891,—the anniversary of the Battle of Trenton—as the time for laying the corner-stone to be reared in commemoration of that battle.

The New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution had been invited by the Association to participate in the celebration, and, in response to that invitation, assembled in full force in the City of Trenton.

In the forenoon of the day, the corner-stone of the monument was laid, with appropriate ceremony and in due form, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens, by his Excellency, Leon Abbett, Governor of the State.

After this ceremony, the members of the Society assembled in the parlors of the American House for the election of officers and the transaction of the usual annual business, after which they sat down to dinner in the dining rooms of the American House, which were most tastefully decorated under the charge of the Committee on Decoration, Messrs. Sterling and Deats.

The newly elected President, the Hon. John Whitehead, presided.

Short addresses were made by the President; Gen. Horace Porter, the President-General of the National Society of the S. A. R.; Gen. William S. Stryker, Adjutant General of New Jersey; Paul Revere; Josiah Collins Pumpelly, and the Hon. Robert S. Green.

The Society then proceeded to the Hall in the Masonic Temple, and participated in its meeting with the New Jersey Society of the Cincinnati.

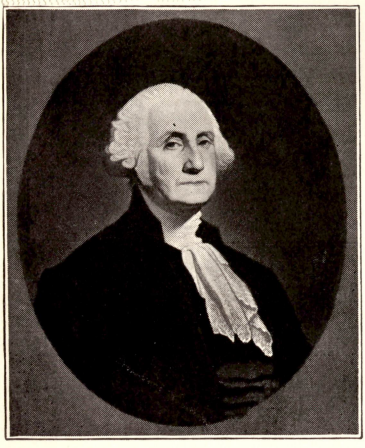
In the evening, a joint meeting of the Battle Monument Association, of the Cincinnati, of the New Jersey Societies of the S. R. and of the S. A. R., with the visitors of the several Associations and of the citizens of the State, was held in Taylor's Hall. Patriotic addresses were made by the Hon. J. R. McPherson, U. S. Senator; Gen. Horace Porter, and Gen. W. S. Stryker. The meeting was very large and most enthusiastic.

The day was mostly devoted to the exercises accompanying the celebration, which were under the control of the Battle Monument Association.

The Committee of Arrangements, on the part of the Society, consisted of the following gentlemen: Col. John C. Owens, Chairman; Gen. James F. Rusling, Isaac T. Wood, George Woodruff, Eugene S. Davis, Weston Jenkins.

Committee on Decorations: Edward B. Sterling and Hiram E. Deats.

Committee on the Press: James Sterling Yard, Henry Whitfield Cogill, J. Lawrence Boggs, Jr.







WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN.

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

OF THE SONS OF THE

·AMERICAN·REVOLUTION.·

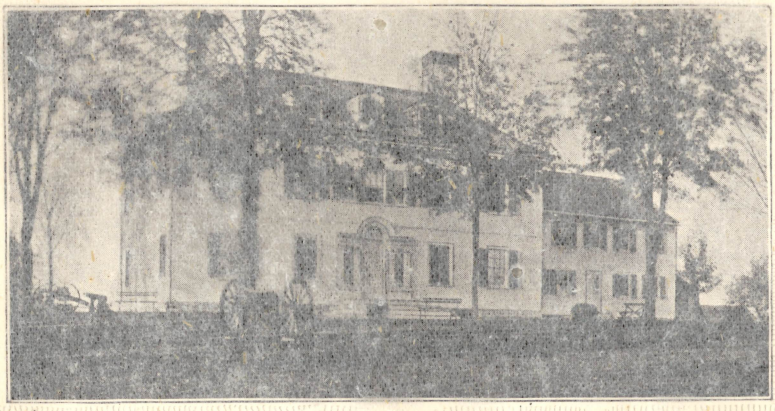
Celebration of the 160th Anniversary of the
Birth-day of Washington,
1732—1892.

FEBRUARY 22ND, 1892.

NEWARK, N. J.







WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN.

NEW·JERSEY·SOCIETY

OF THE SONS OF THE

·AMERICAN · REVOLUTION.·

Celebration of the 160th Anniversary of the
Birth-day of Washington,
1732—1892.

FEBRUARY 22ND, 1892.

NEWARK, N. J.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

CELEBRATION OF ITS ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, of New Jersey, met on February 22nd, 1892, by invitation, with the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, in the parlors of the Messrs. Davis, in Newark, N. J.

Committee of the D. A. R. : Mrs. F. S. Conover, Princeton, N. J. ; Miss J. R. Olmsted, Jersey City, N. J. ; Mrs. Reginald H. Forbes, Morristown, N. J. ; Mrs. Edward H. Wright, Newark, N. J. ; Mrs. David A. Depue, Newark, N. J.

Committee of the S. A. R. : Col. Henry E. Hatfield, Newark, N. J., Chairman ; John Jackson Hubbell, Newark, N. J. ; George Rowland Howe, East Orange ; William Wallace Morris, Newark ; John Nicol Lindsley, Orange.

At two o'clock, P. M., the Society, with their guests, assembled in the dining rooms of the Messrs. Davis, and sat down to lunch.

The Hon. John Whitehead, the President of the Society, presided, assisted by Mesdames Depue, Wright and Richards.

The Divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen, of the South Park Presbyterian Church.

At the proper time, the President announced

the toasts, prepared by the Committee of Arrangements, as follows:

"The memory of George Washington. The generalship which led the Revolutionary Army through peril and disaster to final victory, the genius which consolidated the States of the Union into one harmonious whole, and the pure patriotism which secured independence for the Republic, will ever live in the memory of true patriots."

This toast was drunk reverently by all present, standing, and in silence. Col. Ethan Allen, a member of the New York Society of the S. A. R., a namesake and lineal descendant of Col. Allen, of Revolutionary times, was expected to have responded to this, but was not present.

"The fathers and mothers of the American Revolution. Their sons and daughters this day recall their virtues and their sacrifices with fervent gratitude, and will ever keep them in remembrance."

The President called upon Josiah Collins Pumpelly, a former President of the Society, to speak to this, which he did in a most happy and felicitous manner.

"The after Patriots."

The Society were fortunate in the presence, among their invited guests, of the Rev. Isaiah B. Hopwood, Pastor of Calvary Church of Newark. The President called upon him to reply to this toast. Mr. Hopwood delighted his hearers by a most appropriate address.

"The Daughters of the American Revolution. The Sons welcome them to their proper place as the conservators of true liberty. Encouraged by their presence, strengthened by their co-operation we pledge ourselves anew to earnest action in the preservation of the institutions to secure which our fathers and mothers sacrificed so much."

The President responded to this and at the close of his remarks read the following poem written by a Jersey Daughter of the American Revolution and a great-grand-daughter of Rhoda Farrand, who is immortalized by the poem and by the history of the time :

In the last of these Centennial days,
Let me sing a song to a woman's praise ;
How she proved herself in that time of strife
Worthy of being a patriot's wife.
A little woman she was—not young,
But ready of wit and quiet of tongue ;
One of the kind of which Solomon told,
Setting their price above rubies and gold.
A memory brave clings around her name,
'Twas Rhoda Farrand, and worthy of fame,
Though scarce she dreamed 'twould be woven in rhymes
In these her grand-daughter's daughter's times.

Just out of the clamor of war's alarms,
Lay in tranquil quiet the Jersey farms ;
And all of the produce in barn and shed
By the lads and girls was harvested.
For the winds of Winter, with storm and chill,
Swept bitterly over each field and hill.
Her husband was with the army, and she
Was left on the farm at Parsippany.
When she heard the sound of a horse's feet
And Marshall Doty rode up the street ;
He paused but a moment, and then handed down
A letter for Rhoda, from Morristown,
In her husband's hand—how she seized the sheet !
The children came running with eager feet ;

There were Nate and Betty, Hannah and Dan,
To list to the letter, and thus it ran,

After best greeting to children and wife :
"Heart of his heart, and life of his life",
I read from the paper wrinkled and brown,
"We are here for the winter, in Morristown,
And a sorry sight are our men to-day,
In tatters and rags with no signs of pay.
As we marched to camp, if a man looked back,
By the dropping blood he could trace our track ;
For scarcely a man has a decent shoe,
And there's not a stocking the army through ;
So send us stockings as quick as you can,
My company needs them, every man,
And every man is a neighbor's lad ;
Tell this to their mothers ; *they need them bad.*"

Then, if never before beat Rhoda's heart,
'Twas time to be doing a woman's part,
She turned to her daughters, Hannah and Bet :
"Girls, each on your needles a stocking set ;
Get my cloak and hood ; as for you son Dan.
Yoke up the steers as quick as you can,
Put a chair in the wagon as you're alive ;
I will sit and knit, while we go and drive."
They started at once on Whippany road,
She knitting away while he held the goad.
At Whippany village she stopped to call
On the sisters Prudence and Mary Ball.
She would not go in ; she sat in her chair
And read to the girls her letter from there.
That was enough, for their brothers three
Were in Lieutenant Farrand's company.

Then on Rhoda went, stopping here and there
To rouse the neighbors from her old chair.
Still while she was riding her needles flew,
And minute by minute the stocking grew.
Across the country so withered and brown,
They drove till they came to Hanover Town.

There, mellow and rich, lay the Smith's broad lands;
With them she took dinner and warmed her hands.
Next toward Hanover Neck Dan turned the steers,
Where her cousins, the Kitchels, had lived for years.
With the Kitchels she supped, then homeward turned,
While above her, the stars like lanterns burned.
And she stepped from her chair, helped by her son
With her first day's work and *her stockings done.*

On Rockaway river, so bright and clear,
The brown leaf skims in the Fall of the year;
Around, through the hills, it curves like an arm,
And holds in its clasp more than one bright farm.
Through Rockaway valley next day drove Dan,
Boy though he was, he worked like a man.
His mother behind him sat in her chair,
Still knitting, but knitting another pair.
They roused the valley, then drove through the gorge,
And stopped for a minute at Compton's forge;
Then, on to Boonton, and there they were fed,
While the letter was passed around and read.
"Knit," said Rhoda to all, "as fast as you can
Send the stockings to me, and my son Dan,
The first of next week, will drive me down,
And I'll take the stockings to Morristown."
Then, from Boonton home, and at set of sun,
She entered her house *with her stockings done.*

On Thursday, they knit from morn till night,
She and the girls, with all their might.
When the yarn gave out, they carded and spun,
And every day more stockings were done.
When the wool was gone, then they killed a sheep,
A cosset, but nobody stopped to weep:
They pulled the fleece and they carded away,
And spun and knitted from night until day.

In all the country no woman could rest,
But they knitted on like people "possessed,"
And Parson Condit expounded his views
On the Sabbath day unto empty pews,
Except for a few stray lads who came
And sat in the gallery to save the name.

On Monday morn, at an early hour
The stockings came in—a perfect shower—
A shower that lasted until the night;
Black, brown and gray ones, and mixed blue and white.
There were pairs one hundred and thirty-three,
Long ones, remember, up to the knee;
And the next day Rhoda carried them down,
In the old ox-wagon to Morristown.

I hear, like an echo, the soldiers' cheers
For Rhoda and Dan, the wagon and steers,
Growing wilder yet, for the Chief in command,
While up at "salute" to the brow flies each hand,
As Washington passes, desiring them
To thank Mistress Farrand in the name of his men.
But the words that her husband's lips let fall:
"I knew you would do it!" were best of all.
And I think in these Centennial days
That she should be given her meed of praise;
And while we are singing of "Auld Lang Syne,"
Her name, with the others, deserves to shine.

In the afternoon, after lunch, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution gathered in the First Presbyterian church, in Newark.

Col. Henry E. Hatfield, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, presided at the opening exercises.

The church and pulpit were appropriately and

tastefully decorated, under the direction of the Committee.

Prof. J. F. Kitchen, as organist, directed the music, which was rendered by the choir of the church. After an overture on the organ, by Prof. Kitchen, the choir led the congregation in singing "Hail Columbia."

The Divine blessing was then invoked by the Rev. Isaiah B. Hopwood, of Calvary Presbyterian Church.

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements then introduced the President of the Society, who spoke as follows :

HON. JOHN WHITEHEAD.

The New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution is an association of patriotic citizens banded together with the best of motives and for the purest of purposes. It is Catholic in its plans and Democratic in its views, requiring from its members only two prerequisites, good moral character and a lineal descent from an ancestor who aided the cause of American Independence in the Revolution in the civil, naval or military service. It does not inquire whether those who are applicants for membership are of one political faith, or of another, whether they were born north or south of any boundary line ; nor does it ask from its members at whose shrine they may bow in worship of Almighty God. It seeks to unite together those who love the common country, who would serve its best interests ; with fraternal love and bonds of triple steel it would bind citizens from all parts of the Republic together in one loyal brotherhood, so that civil strife shall never again invade our borders ; it would stimulate zeal for the preservation of Democratic institutions and it would lead all who dwell in this fair herit-

age in fullest devotion to the Fatherland. How it hopes best to accomplish all this let its constitution tell.

The second article of that document reads thus :

"*The purposes of this Society are to keep alive among ourselves and our descendants, and in the community, the patriotic spirit of the men who achieved American independence; to collect and secure for preservation, the manuscript rolls, records and other documents relating to the war of the Revolution, and to promote social intercourse and fellowship among its members.*"

Surely such plans and purposes as these need no apology, require no argument to prove their usefulness; they commend themselves to the judgment, the confidence of every true hearted patriot.

On the 26th of December, 1776, the great commander of the army of patriots, who had fled before the victorious British, after the disasters on Long Island, recrossed the Delaware and fought what is called in history the Battle of Trenton. The result of that event thrilled the heart of every citizen loyal to the cause of Freedom; it confirmed the doubting and made them active in efforts to achieve liberty; it nerved the arms and strengthened the purpose of the Continental Congress; it invigorated the dispirited and the despairing; it dissipated the black clouds of despair and gloom which had settled down upon the country; it roused the friends of America all over the world and insured substantial aid from France. It was the turning point in the struggle—the decisive battle of the war.

So, in furtherance of the fundamental idea of its organization, the Society, at the very beginning of its history, determined to hold its annual meeting on the anniversary of this auspicious contest,

whose memory was so dear to the heart of every patriotic Jerseyman. Yearly, ever since it had an existence, the Association has met regularly on the return of that anniversary and recalled, as best it could, the memories of that day so fraught with results which secured the freedom of the Colonies. It was a fitting selection; and eminently proper that Jerseymen should choose that day for the annual meeting of a Society which proclaimed to the world that one of its purposes is to keep alive among its members and their descendants, and in the community, "*the patriotic spirit of the men who achieved American Independence.*"

New Jersey, during the war, was the theatre of the most important events connected with that mighty struggle, and has been well termed "the Belgium of the Revolution." Many contests took place upon its soil which commended themselves to the patriotic recollection of the members of the Society, and demanded recognition from them. Among these were Red Bank, Monmouth, and Springfield. While the results of the Trenton affair were so important and so influential that its anniversary seemed pre-eminent and most worthy of being selected as the day for the annual meetings of the Society, these other battles were not forgotten, and the members have gathered from time to time on the battle-fields, the scenes of these contests, and have recalled the precious memories which clustered around them. Eloquent lips have rehearsed the gallant deeds and valiant achievements; told of the heroes who mingled in the battles and fought them; have drawn inspirations from the past for the present, and instilled lessons of patriotism into the minds of the listeners. Those who listened felt their hearts swell with purer patriotism, and went back to their life-work freshen-

ed and invigorated for labor, and firmly resolved, if necessary, to do and dare all for the Republic which had cost their fathers so much to establish. It was good to have been there and to have learned what those fathers had done—how they had suffered and what they had accomplished.

The Sons of the American Revolution, as they looked around and contrasted the peaceful scenes, which surrounded them, with those of other times, when from those happy places where then they stood, there rang out the rude alarms of war—where all was fierce and savage strife, and the blood of patriots was shed without stint—turned away with glistening eyes and with swelling hearts and determined that the fair heritage those fathers had transmitted to them, should descend to the remotest generation the fairest domain ever entrusted to human government.

Scattered all over New Jersey are other spots hallowed by the sacrifices of heroes where the untrained but persistent valor of the patriots of the Colonies met and defeated their enemies and the enemies of their country. To these sacred spots will we go as pilgrims visiting holy shrines, and there recall the memories of the past and nerve ourselves with those memories for renewed service to the country. Our devotion to the Republic will become more sincere ; our love for its institutions brighter and stronger ; our patriotism more self-denying, as we thus think of the past, and fill our minds and hearts with its sacred inspirations. At Princeton the courtly Mercer fell ; at Navesink the gallant Huddy met his heroic death at the hands of base and malignant foes ; at Morristown the stately form of him whom we this day remember, passed in and out, "firm-paced and slow," the observed of all observers, the cynosure of all eyes ; there, too, the fathers of the Revolution proved

their patriotism by the severest of tests—sufferings from the cold, from hunger, from exposure to the tempest and to the storm, and from neglect. Time forbids the mention of other spots in the State, to which the memory ever goes back when the contests of the Revolution are recalled.

The Society does not purpose alone to remember battles and events. There is a higher, nobler study, and a better way in which to carry out its objects, and that is the study of the individual hero and patriot. Battles are fought by aggregates of men, but individuals must necessarily lead these aggregates. As we celebrate the anniversary of the battle, we honor the soldiers who fought, but we never fail to recognize the genius and heroism of the leaders. The nameless heroes die neglected and fill forgotten graves. They pass into oblivion, their virtues forgotten, their brave deeds unrecorded. Their courage, their fortitude won the battle, but, from necessity their leaders win the laurel crown. So, when we speak of those who deservedly claim our praise, we cannot fail to remember those to whom we owe so much but whom we cannot name.

The annals of New Jersey are full of these names, leaders in the Revolution to whom the men of those times looked for guidance and wisdom. They were leaders in council, in bloody war and in prompt and decisive action. Brave, gallant souls! Some of them have not been remembered as they should have been for their nobility of soul; their untiring, unselfish devotion to the cause of Freedom. We purpose to rescue these forgotten heroes from this unmerited oblivion.

Only a few of those immortal names who stand out brightly on the pages of their country's history of those times can now be mentioned. As time rolls on apace it is to be hoped that full re-

cords of all shall be obtained and preserved in the archives of the Society. Listen to the names of some of these worthies. Among the New Jersey statesmen—Richard Stockton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, last Whig Justice of the Supreme Court of the Colony, and who might have been the first Chief Justice of the State, under the Constitution of 1776, if he would have accepted, and who was done to an early death by sufferings at the hands of his brutal British captors ; David Brearly, taken from the army and made Chief Justice ; Elisha Boudinot, Secretary of the Committee of Safety ; Silas Condict, member of the Continental Congress ; Caleb Camp, Aaron Ogden, also members of the Committee of Safety ; Abraham Clark, fearless, honest and quaint Abraham Clark ; Joseph Hedden, also a member of the Council of Safety, whose exposure to the severity of a Winter's night in his night clothes, caused his death. In the army Oliver Spencer, Frederick Frelinghuysen, Elias Dayton, Mark Thompson, Major Samuel Hayes, who has not received deserving notice for his gallant conduct during the war ; Jonathan Dayton, after the establishment of peace, foremost in the councils of the Nation ; Matthias Ogden ; William Winds, the man of thunder tones ; William Alexander, sometimes called Lord Sterling ; Richard Howell, Ebenezer Elmer, John N. Cumming, Captain Jonathan Condit, Gen. William Maxwell, Lieut. William Sandford Pennington, who sacrificed a fortune rather than prove recreant to the call of patriotic duty, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court and Governor of the State. But why continue the list of worthies ? These are only a very few of those who ought to be remembered. It will be a grateful task for the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution to attempt the rescue of these good men from an impending

oblivion. Can any more worthy object employ the hearts and minds of American citizens?

And now we have come to pay our tribute of gratitude to the noblest hero of them all. More eloquent lips will tell of his achievements, will recount his virtues and teach us lessons from his eventful life.

Fellow citizens! We invite you to unite with us in our recognition of the debt we owe to him, who on this day, one hundred and sixty years ago, first saw the light of heaven. His life was devoted to his country, he led the army of patriots to victory, he secured for us, for our children, for our children's children American Independence, and when he had done this by his consummate skill, his unerring judgment, he guided the Republic safely through the perils of its first years of existence. When we think of George Washington and remember that his virtues are the common property of all the citizens of the country, and when we value aright the legacy he bequeathed us we can well say: We will never despair of the Republic!

The choir then sang, with thrilling effect, "The Star-Spangled Banner," the congregation joining in the chorus.

The President of the Society then introduced the orator of the occasion, the Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen, pastor of the South Street Presbyterian Church, who delivered the following address:

REV. LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The celebration of the advent of great men is also the commemoration of great epochs of which they are representative. Great men are crystalliza-

tions through inherent power of multitudinous cohesive forces in human life and history. Moses, embodiment of inspired jurisprudence; Cæsar, figuration of centuried imperialism; Angelo, fashioner of history's fulness of sensuous form; Luther, impersonation of development of spiritual freedom; Goethe, registrar of the poetic philosophy of centuries; Washington, complete realization of Anglo-Saxon liberty and free Christian institutions.

We are assembled in honor of the birthday of George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the American Revolution and first President of the United States of America. And to-day we truly commemorate the birth of American independence and the rising of the sun of American liberty that shall know no setting.

We come into touch in this hour with one of the greatest periods in the world's history. We are to face the battlefield where mediaevalism and modern civilization fought for empire, and mediaevalism went down before its heaven-empowered foe. It was a battle of centuries. Generations fell in the fight; but in each lull of the conflict the banner of human rights floated nearer to the front. That was beyond the sea, and mediaevalism, first wounded by the Chevaliers of the Crusades and that staggered beneath Cromwell's Ironsides, rising once again with Charles II, found no seat of empire upon American shores. For more than a century, the ships, whose prows shone with the splendor of an occidental sun, brought to this western land lovers of freedom, men who chose rather to cross the sea and in peace worship God and build up free institutions, than to remain the slaves of kings and the serfs of absolutism. When at last mediaevalism and monarchism rashly followed in pursuit, they met the same stern phalanx of opposition that King John met in the meadows

of Runnymede and Prince Rupert on the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby.

A narrow channel across the sea lined by English embrasures and English cannon, and none other for American exports ; English vulture claws of taxation deep-set into every American product ; English circles of proscription about the very trees of American forests ; England's throttling grip upon the iron of American hills, the wool of American flocks, the sugar and cotton of American plantations ; England forbidding with tyrannic gestures of blood stained hands whose every finger was a bayonet, the smoke of American factories, the roar of American looms. By Navigation Act, by Stamp Act, by Declaratory Act, by Tea-tax Act and by other tyrannical acts, English cupidity depredator to American labor, English profligacy thief to American accumulation, English impecuniosity invading American treasures with hands of a brigand. By slight, by slur, by disparagement, by defamation, by sarcasm, by satire, by ridicule, by contempt, by insult, by affront and by ostracism, craven lips, long accustomed to kiss iron-shod feet of kings, breathing forth against those who in the new land of America substituted people for sovereign, and whose knees bent to none save him who holds the seven stars in his right hand. These were the causes of the American Revolution.

Acquaintance with history hurls us into the spirit of that age. We echo to-day the watchwords of that struggle for liberty, "Taxation without representation is tyranny." Behold America's first tea-party growing into America's first Continental Congress, a statement to English ears of American wrongs, an appeal to Colonial hearts against the stern decrees of insane statesmanship and infamous absolutism. Who can forget the opening of that first American Congress ? O Duchè !

thy canonical robes and thy prayer-book could not stem the tide of impetuous petition. O Patrick Henry! thy burning lips could not restrain the phrase that was the refrain of every heart: "I am an American."

But the echo of Duchè and of Henry was the thunder of Concord and Lexington:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
There once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Paul Revere rode well that night, and the untrained patriots of Massachusetts, rising to meet the disciplined British regulars told how truly the clattering hoofs of Revere's charger and the clanging bells of night-tide had done their work. Yes, the dead and wounded patriots lying in front of the church at Lexington sealed America's unwritten declaration of Independence; and the British regulars fleeing back to Boston before the smoking muskets of the Massachusett's farmers were prophecies of the to-be.

The anxious months and feverish days sped on. Another American Congress was meeting the issue of independence. Independence! It was in the air, it was in every pathway, it rose each morn with the rising sun, and at eve it was a splendor that would not away. Independence or slavery, no alternative. The inevitable must be met. The blood-shed of Lexington could not be forgotten. Already indignant patriots were gathering about the British Army in Boston. Defences were rising. Men were enrolling. The Army of the Revolution was entering the field. There must be a commander. In this great moment one name was upon all lips. Congress expressed the impulse of the American people and placed at the head of the

Army of the Revolution the foremost man in America, George Washington.

Standing before the Congress of 1775, asserting his devotion already proven in legislative hall and upon the field of battle, and his trust in Almighty God for ability to discharge his duties, accepting his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, refusing all remuneration and laying upon the altar of his country his all, George Washington appears before us as the leader and guiding spirit of the American Revolution.

If ever God wrought in the training of individual character for national use, it was exemplified in Washington. Given the necessary prerogative of that day—an aristocratic birth—yet prevented from an education in England, he was fitted by position and by touch with men for the leadership which was awaiting him. Restrained from entering the British service by his love for his mother, he was saved from swearing allegiance to the king of England and kept for America's higher service, having never worn a British uniform or drawn a commissioned sword under a British flag. Trained by years of surveying and acquaintance with great tracts of territory, he was prepared for battle-field, defence and siege. Thrust by martial love and exigencies of the time into oft warfare, he learned all the subtleties of Indian conflict and the tactics of British regulars. Known to the American people through his expeditions into the Ohio Valley, and through his published journals, he won their esteem and confidence. He was one of those men whom God trains and then hurls into the breaches of human history to save the world.

But while Washington was accepting his commission, Generals Howe and Burgoyne, Generals Clinton and Pigot, with their armies, were threatening Boston from Copp's Hill and from English

vessels in the Medford and the Charles ; and Boston's roofs and steeples were thronged with excited multitudes, and Charlestown was in flames, while across the city on Breed's Hill, amid the British fire, the American Army was throwing up breastworks. The next day the battle was fought. We all know the story of Bunker Hill—how the British regulars, twice repulsed, at last carried the works because of the failure of American ammunition, and how when Washington heard the story of the battle, and of the bravery of the patriots, he exclaimed : "The liberties of the country are safe."

Who can forget Dorchester Heights and Howe's evacuation of Boston, and Washington's triumphal entry. Event succeeded event that thrills us as we read—that stirs us as we hear. And all this time independence was the one thought —the one cry of every heart—until at last, July 4th, 1776, it burnt itself into fifty-six signatures to America's declaration of freedom. How the words flashed from flying courier to excited multitude, each individual an electric telegraph ! How the joyous shout went up from village and city, from field and workshop ! How the glorious and solemn words were read to the Army drawn out in full array amid waving of banners and booming of guns ! How from the sacred pulpit they were repeated, while worshipping multitudes bowed their heads and rendered silent praise to God !

But this was only the declaration of independence. Independence, so gloriously and boldly declared, must be fought for and won. And this was to be the mission of George Washington and the Army of the American Revolution.

The story of the following five years of battle and bloodshed, of defeat and victory, cannot be told. Independence declared was soon found to be very different from independence won and proven.

This was a critical hour. The darkness was gathering. All hearts but one quailed. Washington alone was the voice of faith amid the hush and undertone of despair. Confronted by enemies, checked by rivals, restrained by an ignorant Congress, hindered by a doubting people, his army disintegrating, his militia deserting him, a superior and advancing foe facing him, any other man would have wavered. But Washington never. Alone he stood in the fast gathering darkness—calm, intrepid, vigilant, sublime.

This was England's hour. The blow so long meditated was now to fall—the severing of the Middle from the Eastern States by seizing the line of the Hudson and opening communication with Canada by way of Lake George and Lake Champlain, Burgoyne sweeping down from the north, Howe advancing from the south. With an English Army between New England and the Southern States, where would be American independence—where would be the liberties long hoped and prayed for? It was at this moment that New Jersey came to the front as the battle-ground of the Revolution and the strategic territory and turning point in the war of American independence.

The panorama is familiar. Now he lands his nine thousand troops, under the shadow of night and God's outstretched hand, from off Long Island on the Jersey shore; now he warily retreats before superior forces behind the Hackensack; now on to our own city; ever calling for reinforcements; now moving still further back to New Brunswick, to Princeton, to Trenton, and now across the Delaware.

The darkest hour of the Revolution is at hand. To all others the sun of independence is fast setting. But not so to him whom God raised up to be the Joshua of America. Still hopeful, still coura-

geous, undaunted by a British Army thirty thousand strong, the brave commander lifts up again his voice for advance. That Christmas night is immortal. As Elisha was encompassed by the heavenly chariots filling the sacred hills about him, so, methinks, this leader of a chosen people was attended and guarded by the hosts of God. O Washington ! thy boats across the icy drift of the Delaware are safe. No winter winds, no rushing current, can foil thy purpose now. For the destiny of the world rests upon thine emprise, and the God of history holds thy sword ! Reinforced and encouraged by victory, he marches on, from Trenton to Princeton, from Princeton to Morristown, from Morristown to Valley Forge, from Valley Forge to Monmouth and Springfield, and on and on to Yorktown and final victory—victory answering the cry of a burdened people : "How long O Lord, how long" ; victory at the hands of God who fought our battles here and at the same time scourged our enemies with relentless blows across the sea ; victory hastened by helping hands reached out in the darkest hour from the land of Lafayette, to which to-day, after one hundred and sixty years, we turn with reiterated thanks and gratitude.

There are too many scenes for our canvas and the life of the great hero moves too swiftly for the slow touches of our brush. Behold him at Morristown, saying adieu to the brave men whom he should never see again ! Behold him at Fraunces' Tavern embracing his officers and shedding tears as he bids them farewell ! Behold him from Mount Vernon to New York, receiving with childlike simplicity ovation after ovation, under spanned arches, over strewn flowers, past whispered blessings and loud cheers from thousands of lips ! Behold him at New York refusing a crown and stooping to kiss the open Bible as he takes the oath

of office! Behold him for eight years standing at the helm of this new republic and guiding her into safe waters! Behold him at Mount Vernon refusing continuance of honors, but moving among the people a very father, beloved and glorified! Behold him at the last hour hoping in God and passing away to larger liberty wherewith his Lord had made him free, accepting with meekness from heavenly hands the crown which he had proudly refused on earth.

But shall we not pause a moment in retrospection to view the character of this hero? Washington was a man of large intellect, trained by contact with men and by touch with various environments. His was a mind that understood needs and how to meet them, that knew men and how to control them, that grasped the larger phase of events and was able to differentiate between opportunity and expedient. While not a prophet, he by swift intuition was a forecaster of events. While not a sage, he by wise action manifested most sound judgment. While not exaggerating difficulties, he by warnings and entreaties demonstrated his reasonable apprehension of dangers. On battle field and in civil life, his words were wise, his deeds sagacious. Who in like circumstances could more fully have turned retreat across New Jersey into consummate generalship? Who with greater strategic power could have chosen other than the heights of Morristown for threatening the Hudson, terrorizing New York and for survey of the entire field of operations? Who in similar situation could have more truly kept his army in motion, unsurprised, undecoyed into decisive action, subtly attacking yet not defeated? Who in like circumstances would have more thoroughly held and controlled an untrained, almost mutinous army, punishing vices, rebuking religious levity, restraining

gossips, repressing jealousies, establishing police regulations, compelling legal enforcements of rights, and driving moral strength and power into thousands of men and binding them together into obedience and invincibility? Who more magnificently than Washington for eight years afterward, beset by enemies, crossed by jealous rivals, could have given his services more unflinchingly and devotedly to his country, that the American Revolution might be as a tree, full-grown into ripe and luscious fruitage?

Great though he was as a soldier and a general, Washington was greater as a man. In that greatness, let us rather call it goodness, the American people reposed. His goodness gave larger greatness to his generalship and to his civic power. He was the embodiment of virtue, tenderness, sympathy, adherence to paths of duty, patient endurance for sake of right and firm trust in God. It was in the first Continental Congress that as the members sat and stood about Duchè during his impassioned prayer for American liberty, one form alone knelt upon the floor; it was the form of Washington. It was at Valley Forge that a soldier saw in the night-time among the bushes a form kneeling in the snow praying to God for help in that terrible crisis; it was the form of Washington.

Washington has been canonized by the American people for a hundred years. Let it be so. Humanity needs ideals. Let Washington be held in the future as in the past, "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." From the lofty pedestal where a nation's love and gratitude have placed him, our hero of the Revolution calls down to us to-day for larger, richer, holier character and citizenship.

But Washington was not the only hero in this long, hard struggle. There were humbler men

who were his kindred in heroism and in sacrifice. The heroes of the American Revolution! Who were they? They were the sons of patriots. They were men into whose memories had been burned the scenes of earlier struggles upon English shores. They were men whose souls thrilled with the history of the English commonwealth—whose hearts echoed the songs of Covenanters and Huguenots—whose veins throbbed with the blood of the Mayflower pilgrims and the bold-hearted of Amsterdam. They were men who loved the paths of liberty even though lined with thorns. Liberty was their goddess and they counted even their life a sweet oblation to pour at her feet. They had forsaken homes for freedom, and home was to them where freedom was enshrined. Liberty was not an abstraction, not a speculation, not a sentiment. It meant reason, conscience, conviction. It had become endeared by the sufferings of their forefathers. And since life had been sweetened by the mixing into their cup the blood of their ancestors, they were willing to pour it into the chalice which they were to offer to their posterity, the currents of their own being.

Who shall recount their toils and trials? Who shall picture their weariness and suffering? Marching through dreary hours with unshod feet, staining frozen ground with their blood, resting ofttimes at night with little save the cold sky for their covering, fighting battles upon which hung the world's destinies, with rusty muskets unsafe for half a charge of powder, their garments falling to pieces, cold and hungry, wearied and exhausted, unsupported and unthanked, yet marching on, yet fighting on for liberty. These were the soldiers of the Revolution. These were the men who purchased our freedom.

And among these men were nearly twenty

thousand from our own State whose names are our heritage—whose deeds are our possession. Let the records tell the story. Let history paint the pictures. Jerseymen in Spencer's regiment, in Maxwell's brigade, in Lee's Virginia legions, in Hazen's Canadian battalions, in Washington's body-guard —its very lieutenant a Jerseyman. Jerseymen before Quebec and Ticonderoga. Jerseymen at Elizabethtown, and Bound Brook, and Rahway. Jerseymen at Trenton, and Princeton, and Monmouth. Jerseymen at the Brandywine and at Germantown. Jerseymen on that cold, dark, Christmas night, crossing the Delaware. Jerseymen in the long, dreary winter at Valley Forge, making history not alone by brave fighting, but by noble suffering. And to-day their descendants, Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution and lovers of the traditions of their fathers, keeping green the memory of the heroes of the Revolution, holding them forth before the people to inspire in the generations of to-day, and of the ages to come, that same spirit of patriotism that shall preserve and perpetuate American independence and true American citizenship.

The American Revolution was not simply a strife between England and America, but between two great parties in both England and America. It was the continuation of the battle centuries old for Anglo-Saxon freedom. Washington and Franklin simply trod the pathways of Hampden, Vane, and Cromwell. It was republic against monarchy—popular rights against absolutism.

Names may change and forms alter. George III and the red-coats of 1776 have passed away. But foes in different guise stand face to face to-day with American patriots, and Anglo-Saxon freedom calls for adherents. Absolutism is ever the same, whether it be king, or corrupt polit-

ical power, or social iniquity. The principle for which our forefathers fought was antagonistic to any form of power which treads upon the natural rights of man. The Army of the Revolution fought for human liberty, but we, the descendants of those heroes, are called upon to fight for the perpetuation of those liberties.

As the liberties of the American people were in danger one hundred years ago, just as truly are they in danger to-day. No army from across the sea faces us. But forces of evil within our own land, so dearly bought, are sweeping upon us, breathing forth slaughter against all that is best and purest in American civilization. These must be met and defeated or else American liberty will be only a name of what once was.

Who are the nineteenth century Red-Coats? Who are the Tories of to-day? They are those who are the enemies of liberty exalting the personal rights of the individual above that of the freedom of the entire people. They are those who, driving the gilded chariot of a corrupt political machinery here and there, up and down the lengths and breadths of our land, command pure powers and forces of integrity to clear the way before its advance. They are those who, robing a beer-keg with the trappings of royalty and power, bid the American people bow down in unquestioned obedience. They are those who, with iron hand upon convention and ballot box, upon jury and legislature, upon municipal assemblies and executive officers, upon factories and corporations, upon workshop and counting room, upon pulpit and pew, are sealing lips that should speak forth, are tying hands that should be uplifted, are crowding out forces that should be at the front. We decry the Navigation Act, and the Stamp Act, and other acts of taxation in the times of our fathers, and

yet we are taxed by an infamous absolutism to support half a million saloons, to maintain hundreds of insane asylums and penitentiaries, nine-tenths of whose inmates are there through drink. We applaud the Colonial "tea-spillers," as Wendell Phillips called them, emptying $90,000 worth of tea into Boston harbor. Would to God there were enough of such patriots in America to-day who would, if necessary, empty all the beer-kegs and whiskey-barrels into the Passaic, the Mississippi, and the two oceans. Shall we submit longer to the defiance of the saloons, to the dictations of political rings, to the rulings of race-track legislators? Patriots of America, be not silent; let your voices be heard. Let wrongs be blazoned forth that all may know. Drag chicanery into light that all may see. Cry out against iniquity.

The years preceding the American Revolution were years of agitation throughout the country. In the home, on the street, in the field, in workshop, in counting-room, on shipboard, in legislative hall, English tyranny and oppression, popular rights and how to obtain them, wrongs of an oppressed people and how to right them—all these were discussed. The children heard them on every hand, and grew up to feel that they must stand against all forms of absolutism. Had it not been for the agitation that preceded, we could not have had those stirring features of the First American Congress; we would have had no Patrick Henry bold enough openly to defy the King of England; we would have had no James Otis fiery enough to give the watchwords to the years that succeeded: we should have had no Washington ready to hold the helm in the great conflict, and no army to fire down the slopes of hills and to march across the valleys of New Jersey trailing its fastnesses with blood.

American liberty, won for us by our forefathers, must be held and perpetuated by us to-day, and given to our posterity as true and beautiful as when we received it. This is to be done by agitation. There is tremendous apathy among Christian men in public affairs. This is one of the worst auguries for the future of our country. Christian citizenship has "abdicated its sovereignty." Its apathy is due to business and commercial pressure, to social occupations and, in some cases, to moral cowardice. True Americanism is asleep, and you, Sons of the American Revolution, must rouse it from its slumbers. True Americanism is paralyzed with apathy, and you, Sons of the American Revolution, must stir it to new life. If every patriot in America will agitate these questions, proclaiming the wrong that is robed in garments of power, and make known with clarion voice the needs of a free people and the rights of individuals and home, then American liberty and American institutions will never perish from this fair land.

We need also the education of our people to understand what their rights are, and how they are being robbed of their prerogatives. Henry Cabot Lodge, when the Federal Election Bill was before Congress, said:

"It proceeds on the sound American theory that all that is necessary in the long run to secure good government, to cure evils of any kind in the body politic, is that people should be correctly informed and should know all the facts."

Do our people understand that they are being wronged? Do they know that the laws are not enforced? Are they aware that there are powers at work sapping the foundations of the state, and of the family, and destroying the very principles which should protect life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Let us not only agitate, but edu-

cate. There are thousands upon thousands of the people of this country who do not know the story of the American Revolution. There are thousands upon thousands of immigrants coming to this country every year who do not know the story of American freedom. They should be taught. They should be educated in the principles of American liberty. And there are Americans by the thousands who do not themselves understand what are their rights, and how they are being tampered with. Emphasize the study of American history in your public schools. Let every individual who loves American liberty be a teacher. Let Christian men speak through the press—the great educator of the day. Let the pulpit be bold in declaring what is right, and urging the people to do their duty. So, by agitation and education, shall our people be brought to think, and to realize the situation, and to defend their rights.

In the times of the American Revolution, agitation and education took the form of organized effort—organized resistance. There must be an American Army if there was to be an American government. There must be American legislative action and cooperative effort if American rights were to be obtained. And so, to-day, in this more truly than any other age in the world's history the age of organization, must this be. The hosts of evil are organized. Is the non-enforcement of our laws simply by individuals? Is the trampling upon the rights of our laws simply by individuals? Is the oppression of immorality that comes upon us simply from individuals? No; but in nearly every case it is from an organized and cooperative force. The violation of our Sabbath is not from individuals so much as it is from a great, organized, cooperative liquor traffic. The corruption of our politics is not so much by individuals as by a great, organ-

ized, corrupt political machinery which is sapping the roots of our whole political system. And if moral men, and Christian men, would have the moral and Christian enforcement of law, and the perpetuation of liberty, they must cooperate and organize. Simply going to the ballot-box and depositing a vote—simply lifting one's voice on the street, or in legislative hall—is not enough. There must be organized forces, combined efforts, cooperative powers. Christ prayed, at the close of his life, that His people might be perfected into one, that the world might know that God had sent Him into the world. And the kingdom of righteousness is to be advanced only by organized, cooperative effort. Christian people must be united, so that through the power of organized effort, the world may know that God moves and reigns. It was agitation and organized effort that killed the Louisiana lottery. It was cooperation that killed the race-track bills of New Jersey. Let the gathering of Christian men and women before the New Jersey legislature teach us a lesson. Let the lottery agitation teach us a lesson, that whenever Christian people will combine, and will lift up their voices and their energies in the cause of true government, pure laws, and the enforcement of pure laws, they will triumph.

Washington and the heroes of the American Revolution had their mission. And you, men and women of to-day, have yours, equally as great, equally as important.

Who was the great strategist and great General of the Revolution? Washington? No; it was Almighty God. It was God who sent the tempest that drove the British ships from Dorchester Heights and gave Washington possession of Bos-

ton. It was God who spread the dense fog over the Long Island shores for Washington's safe retreat in that critical hour. It was God who swelled river upon river with torrents of rain and made Greene's retreat a marvel of achievement. It was God who piloted Washington across the Delaware and that sent the fleet of DeGrasse into American harbors to consummate with victory eight years of struggle.

And the same God is with American patriots to-day. Patriotism without religion ends in French Revolutions and Napoleonic monarchies. Patriotism with religion ends with a free country, a broad liberty, an unsullied flag. Liberty, with true religious faith as its life, with God as its center, will never perish, but will be as a mighty tree whose roots shall ever strike deeper down into earth, and whose ever-spreading branches shall be for protection and rest.

Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution! you have taken the initiative, you have set the example, you have given the primal impulse. We wait your guidance—we are ready to follow with you in the footsteps of the heroes of 1776. Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution! arise, take up the mantle fallen from your fathers in their fiery passage to glory, and, turning about, strike the Jordan that separates you from the promised land of your sires, entering in claim your blood-bought heritage, seize your covenant possession and, marching on with the stars of God's promise before you, with cohorts of angels about you, with the everlasting arms beneath you, fulfill in yourselves the hopes of your fathers and make the country of Washington the republic of God.

The congregation, under the direction of the organist and choir, most enthusiastically sang the

patriotic ode entitled "America," after which the audience was dismissed by a benediction pronounced by the Rev. Isaiah B. Hopwood.

Annual Meeting.

December 26, 1892.

The Society convened this day for its annual meeting, at 12 o'clock noon, in the Chancery Chambers in the Prudential building, in the City of Newark, the President in the chair.

After the Society was called to order, the President presented his annual address, as follows :

HON. JOHN WHITEHEAD.

I congratulate you, comrades, Sons of the American Revolution, upon this auspicious day—an anniversary which we all delight to celebrate, commemorating an event remarkable not only in the annals of New Jersey, but of the great Republic of which we are all citizens ; an event which settled forever the destiny of these United States of America. We have selected this day for our annual meeting, because it is the anniversary of a day on which important events occurred in our State, the memory of which we are all glad to recall.

I solicit your attention, for a few brief moments, while I recount to you some events in the past year's history of the Society.

The report of the Treasurer will show that the

finances are in a healthy condition; that of the Secretary, that the business of the Society has been carefully attended to, and that there has been a steady, healthful growth in the membership, with a corresponding increase of enthusiastic interest.

During the past year we have lost three prominent members, whose deaths we all deeply deplore. Young Mr. Fairchild met with an untimely death; him we regret, not only on his own account, but for his father's sake—one of our most valued and honored members. Benjamin Myer, one of the three members of the Society, sons of Revolutionary sires, died full of honors, after a long life of usefulness, spent in this community. Daniel W. Baker, who came to us well recommended by his past life and public record, left us almost immediately after his election.

The year book has not been completed. It has been decided that this volume shall include not only the records of the year just past, but those of previous years, and thus present a full history of the Society from its beginning up to the present. The book is now in the hands of the printer.

I have the greatest pleasure in presenting this flag to the members of the Society, now hanging behind the President's chair, and hope you will be pleased with it. The Committee who were appointed to procure it, have well performed their duty, and are certainly entitled to our hearty thanks. It will be borne in front of our ranks, as we march today, to the place where we shall dine. Dr. James B. Burnet will have the honor of carrying it.

There is a matter more important than all these subjects to which I now direct your attention, and that is the measures which have been taken for the purpose of procuring the union of the two Societies, that of the Sons of the Revolution with the Sons of the American Revolution. At the

last meeting of the National Society of the S. A. R., Mr. Jonathan Trumbull, President of the Connecticut Association, offered a resolution on behalf of that Society, which provided that a Committee should be formed of the Presidents of such State Societies where there were two Associations, who should take into consideration the subject of the proposed union. This Committee was formed by the appointment of the Presidents of the Societies of Massachusetts, of the District of Columbia and of New Jersey. Mr. Trumbull was very appropriately added to the Committee and subsequently became its chairman. A similar Committee was raised from the other Society, and the two Committees met in joint meeting in the City of New York. Only four members from the S. A. R. were present at the first and at all of the meetings. Gen. Porter, Mr. Barrett, of Massachusetts; Mr. Trumbull and your own President. From the other Society some fifteen or twenty gentlemen presented themselves, and were present at all the meetings of the Joint Committee. The preliminary question was raised at the very initial meeting, as to what should be the method of voting, whether the fifteen or twenty gentlemen from the S. R. should vote per capita or as States. We were assured that there would be no trouble on that subject, that the other Association would take no advantage of the preponderance in numbers. We were met by the other Committee in the most friendly spirit, and we proceeded at once, without further question, to the discussion of the subject before us, and all questions were met and debated, which were presented to us for our deliberation. Those questions came about in this order: First, the name; Second, the insignia; Third, the constitution; Fourth, the times of meetings, and Fifth, the mode of representation in the National

Society. Mr. Trumbull at once, and without debate, surrendered the name, "*The Sons of the American Revolution*," and proposed the adoption of that of "*The Sons of the Revolution.*" It seemed proper that some compromise should be made, and that the offer of compromise should come from the more powerful body. Then the question of representation was debated. If the method adopted by the S. R. were retained, a small State like Delaware would be equally represented with one like New York or Massachusetts. That was thought to be unequal, and the mode adopted by us was finally agreed to. The subject of meetings was next discussed ; the Constitution of the S. R. provides for triennial, ours for annual meetings, the S. A. R's plan was adopted. But when the question of the insignia was reached, considerable difficulty was found. Two of us insisted upon retaining that adopted by our Society ; the "*Minute Man*" we declared we could not surrender ; that was too dear to the members from New Jersey and Massachusetts. After some considerable warmth in the discussion, the "*Minute Man*" was retained. This was really the only serious difficulty which seemed to be in the way of union. We then came to the Constitution ; this was gone over, article by article, so that we will have for presentation to the two Societies when they shall come together, a well considered organic law for the basis of their government. The question then arose as to the best method of bringing the two Societies together. That was referred to a Special Committee, of which Gen. Porter was chairman. We had a joint meeting of the Committees last Thursday, December 22nd instant, when this sub-committee made its report. We had had, prior to that, another meeting of the Joint Committee, when the question of the name again came up and was very seriously

discussed and with considerable warmth. I had learned that the name, "Sons of the Revolution," would not be agreeable to many of the members from this State and from Massachusetts, and I made as strong an effort as possible to retain that of the Sons of the *American* Revolution, but was forced to yield the point. I did so, with very great reluctance. At this meeting every point was again discussed, there was no hitch in the arrangements, and on the sixteenth of February next, there will be a meeting of the National Associations of the two Societies ; separate and independent meetings will be held in the morning and a joint meeting of the two in the afternoon, for the purpose of fully carrying out and establishing the union.

As to the name, Comrades, we must remember that there must be some compromise ; that when our Society was first formed it bore a name, "*Sons of the Revolution.*" It was changed to the one we now bear to appease the N. Y. Society of the S. R. who charged us with adopting their name.

I congratulate you, Comrades, upon the amicable manner in which the proceedings looking towards union thus far have been conducted. I hope there will be no objection made by any one in this Society to the making of the slight compromises proposed, and that hereafter the two Societies will move together as one strong body intent upon the building up of a grand and noble fraternity that will accomplish great things along the lines of honor, liberty and patriotism.

It has been suggested that the Society should have a permanent place, a permanent office, where members from different parts of the State could meet for friendly converse, for investigation of the records of other States, and of our own as to the events and history of the Revolutionary War, and for obtaining information of their own genealogies

and those of their friends and others who might become members of the Society. Some attention has been given to this subject. The Secretary and myself have taken some pains to ascertain whether the suggested plan is feasible. I desire to bring the subject to your attention. It seems to me that if some such plan could be adopted, including the formation of a library, composed of the records of our own and of other States and of Congressional publications on the subject of the Revolutionary War it would be a very great addition to the usefulness of the Society. We have a most complete record of the officers and men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War compiled by one of our own members, Gen. W. S. Stryker, whom we all love and whom we delight to honor. This book is now out of print, at least practically so, and will soon be very scarce and difficult to obtain. It is the best and fullest compilation of the kind I know, and ought to be placed where it can be readily seen and examined by the members. Congress is also contemplating publishing very full records of the same character. It seems to me that a most interesting and valuable collection of books could be gathered and placed where they would be exceedingly useful.

The action of the President relative to the projected union of the two Societies, was unanimously approved by resolution.

The subject of a permanent office for the Society was referred to the Board of Managers.

The Society then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the following gentlemen were unanimously elected :

President—John Whitehead, of Morristown.

Vice-President—Theodore W. Morris, of Freehold.

Secretary—Henry E. Hatfield, of Newark.

Treasurer—Paul Revere, of Morristown.

Registrar—John J. Hubbell, of Newark.

Historian—Andrew D. Mellick, Jr., of Freehold.

Board of Managers—Franklin Murphy, Newark; Walter S. Nichols, Newark; Ernest E. Coe, Newark; James B. Burnet, M. D., Newark; Gen. William S. Stryker, Trenton; James F. Rusling, Trenton; George B. Jaques, Manasquan; Peter B. Fairchild, Orange; Moses M. Crane, Elizabeth; Henry L. Janeway, New Brunswick.

The Secretary said: I would like to state here that I have received a letter from our Historian, Mr. Mellick. He is an invalid, confined, at present, to his bed, and cannot be with us. He sends us a kind Christmas greeting.

Gen. J. F. Rusling offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Society has heard, with deep regret, of the illness of our Historian, and that we send him our heartiest sympathy, and the greetings of the season.

The President said:—

There is no man of whom I know, who more delights in serving the Society than Mr. Mellick, and I have great pleasure in asking you to take a rising vote on the motion of Gen. Rusling.

The request of the President was complied with and the resolution unanimously passed.

Gen. James F. Rusling was elected a delegate-at-large, and William H. Murphy and Hon. George A. Halsey, representative delegates to the National Congress of the S. A. R.

Mr. E. B. Sterling, of Trenton, said:—

At this annual meeting of our Society, I desire to present to it these two pictures of

I hope they will be accepted with my compliments.

On motion of J. Lawrence Boggs, Jr., it was resolved that the Society accept the beautiful gift made by Mr. Sterling, with thanks to the donor.

On motion of Mr. Wood, it was ordered that the pictures be framed, under the direction of the President and Secretary, and hung in the President's room until such time as the Society have an office of its own.

An original poem, written by Miss Sarah M. Davy, was presented and dedicated to the Society, and it was unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to Miss Davy for her poem.

The author of this beautiful and appropriate production, is a lineal descendant of Ann Halsted, a heroine of the Revolution. She also is entitled to recognition as a Daughter of the Revolution by direct descent from the Camp and Lindsley families, who each furnished Revolutionary patriots. Her poem will appear in the after proceedings of the day.

The Society was honored by the presence of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, President of the Maryland Society of the S. A. R., who was escorted to the meeting by Messrs. Walter S. Nichols, Ernest E. Coe, and John N. Lindsley, a Committee appointed for the purpose by the President.

The Society then adjourned, and the members proceeded, in a body, preceded by Dr. J. B. Burnet, carrying the flag, to the parlors of the Messrs. Davis for dinner.

The President presided at the banquet, at the close of which he announced the toasts, which had been prepared by the Committee of Arrangements. The first of these—

"New Jersey 1776. New Jersey 1892"—

The Hon. Franklin Murphy responded, as follows :

HON. FRANKLIN MURPHY.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND COMRADES :—Some two or three weeks ago, our President sent me a note, asking me to respond to this toast. I do not like to accept such invitations, because there are some things which I can do fairly well, but there are many others which are not exactly in my line, and making speeches is one of the latter. But I like to do my friends a favor, and my reluctance to being thought disobliging occasionally overcomes my reluctance to making speeches. I imagined, too, that between the time I received the invitation and the dinner, I should have time to prepare my speech, and I hoped to have been able to come here with such a recital of the virtues and patriotism of our forefathers, that you would all be so stirred up that you would determine to imitate their virtuous and patriotic examples ; but, alas ! I am here with the best of intentions, but that speech has failed me.

In these days we are very busy ; whether we are ministers or doctors, or whatever our calling, we must not be idle if we would succeed. For I take it, whether we are interested in the law or the gospel, in leather or varnish, we are driven by the environments which surround us to do what we are obliged to do in the very best possible way, to do the very best we can. The competition everywhere around us is so tremendous ; there are so many that are longing and striving to do just what they see others doing, that if we succeed at all we must of necessity surrender our whole being to our business ; we must live in it, breathe in it and think in it ; suffer our whole being to be absorbed by it. We can hardly stop to think that there is something higher and holier than personal success ;

something nobler and sweeter than what we can find in our material interests. Surely few things are more precious than a warm love of country which such occasions as these inspire.

But I am to say something about the difference between New Jersey of 1776 and New Jersey of 1892. It is difficult properly to present the contrast. We cannot well appreciate what New Jersey was a hundred and more years ago. The population of the State was then found in the rural districts, given up almost entirely to agriculture. The principal industries were farming and fishing; there were no manufactures, worth mentioning, hardly enough to meet the simple wants of the people. Among its citizens the struggle was to maintain existence; very largely if not mainly so. But the life of the good people of New Jersey in 1776, was very little removed in tastes, in ambitions, in habits and modes of thought from that which now exists among our farmers. The contrast between rural life and city life now found did not then obtain and we can by no means discover that any such contrast did then exist. The excitement and strain of society in our large cities in these closing years of the nineteenth century could nowhere then be found. The farmer of to-day differs but little from his ancestor of the times of the Revolution. He is the same sturdy, self-contained, independent, thoughtful man. His occupation gives him time for thought, for reasoning out the propositions presented to his mind; it develops now and did then the hardy virtue of self-reliance. The farmer of that day like the farmer of this, was more patriotic than the average citizen who is immersed in trade and who spends his days in the crowded city. It is natural that it should be so. The farmers are more heterogenous than the community found in a city; their modes of thought, of

action, their tastes, their hopes and aspirations are more alike. We have in the city the land owner and tax payer as in the rural districts, but there are also those whom the large factories and stores attract, and we have the influx of men from foreign lands; so from very natural causes the patriotic impulse in its strength and purity is found in the country where man keeps in closer touch with nature.

If this be so at present, how much more so was it in the days of 1776 when the State had no cities, when its population was altogether rural, and when the struggle was for personal and political freedom and not for the selfish ends which so engross the thought and fill the minds of the inhabitants of the cities now so plentiful throughout the State.

And so it came to pass with the people of New Jersey, that throughout the entire time of the Revolution, there was no Colony whose communities were more true to the spirit of the Revolution than Jerseymen. New Jersey was a feeble State, sparse in population, meagre in its resources; and the battles fought on her soil were hardly more than respectable skirmishes when compared with those of the late Civil War. But Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth were as essential to the cause of freedom, and as necessary for the establishment of the Republic, as were Gettysburg and the Wilderness for the preservation of the Union. I repeat with emphasis that, in the battles fought upon her soil, in the toils and sacrifices of her people, and in her ardent, undying faith in the success of the struggle for freedom, New Jersey was unsurpassed by any of her sister Colonies. In this atmosphere I feel that I would like to dwell on that time and spirit, but I must not trench on the field of those who are to follow me.

The New Jersey of to-day, as measured by the

New Jersey of a hundred years and more ago, is certainly a very different State. We have increased in numbers so that one-half of the population of our principal City is equal to the entire population of the Colony at that time. When we remember how poor and feeble its industries were then, it is difficult to believe that its wealth has now reached so many millions; and if we measure the progress of the State by its material resources, I undertake to say that no other State can show a more substantial growth.

If we refer to her record in the service of the nation we find that she is not only not lacking, but that she always stands in the front. I have already referred you to her part in the Revolution. In the war of 1812 she bore her full share of the expense and her volunteers never fell short of the quota required from her. In the late Civil War New Jersey bore more than her full share, both as to expenses, and as to men. Her sons went from every hillside and valley; they crowded the ranks of the Union Army, and periled their lives in every important battle to save for themselves and their children that which their forefathers had won. The spirit of 1776 was kindled anew in 1862 and throughout the long struggle for the preservation of the life of the nation, New Jersey never once faltered in her hope for final victory and in her confidence in the Union. Take whatever standard you will, none excelled the skill of those of her sons in high command. No braver troops than those she sent to the front were found in the rank and file of any other state; and none were more prompt in furnishing volunteers or in filling quotas. Her citizens can well point to her record with pride.

If we regard New Jersey in any aspect where improvement is to be found; in development, in

material resources, growth in population, increase in wealth, diversified character of its industries, or general intelligence of its people, we Jerseymen may well say: Behold! How great a State!!

But I ask you as Jerseymen, this afternoon, to consider whether there is not that which is more worthy our consideration than development of material resources, growth of population, increase in wealth, or even intelligence? Let me ask you this: Is public virtue as pure now as it was in the days of our revolutionary ancestors?

We live in a day when millionaires abound. A short time before the last war there were not more than three men whose wealth could be counted by the millions. Now they number hundreds, and we have men worth five, ten, twenty, fifty millions of dollars made in a single life. The glamour of this inordinate wealth blinds us to the manner in which it may have been obtained. The passion to be rich makes it unimportant by what method the coveted riches may be gained. This greed does not stop with private life or with the ordinary circles of business, it passes beyond and invades public life, and becomes a source of political corruption. Politicians, great men in both political parties soil their hands, tarnish their character and deaden their hearts with ill-gotten gains. What are we to do about it? We cannot, we would not if we could, stop the accumulation of money in individual hands. We cannot put a curb on the energy and ambition of an active, capable man; we cannot direct such a man as to what he shall or what he shall not do. We cannot say to a manufacturer—you shall manufacture only so much; to a merchant you shall only sell so much, or to a banker, you shall only make one million of dollars, and not two or three and not five. We cannot limit any man's usefulness. On the contrary, along certain

proper lines, every incentive should be given to stimulate, and not curb ambition, so that the world's great work may be done.

We, the Sons of the American Revolution, perhaps, have very little to do with this view of the question. But there is a phase of it which this Society may appropriate, and where it may make itself felt. It is their province, their privilege, and their duty, too, not only to keep alive the true spirit of patriotism, but to make that spirit so true and so pure that the standard of public morals shall be as high as that by which we measure private morals. We live in an age when politics are used as an end for political aggrandizement; where public trust is generally regarded as a means for private advancement; and when the atmosphere of political life is such that the self-respecting man will rarely consent to have anything to do with that which it is his highest duty, and should be his greatest pleasure, to serve to the utmost of his ability. Is it not so? And is it not a national shame that it is so? Can this evil be corrected? I believe it can. I believe if you divorce local politics from party politics, the evil will be cured.

Take the municipal government of Newark, or of any great city, as an example. What do the good citizens, Republicans or Democrats, wish in the rule of such a city? They demand for rulers, capable men, honest men, patriotic men. They wish an economical administration of public affairs a wise, prudent, and above all, an honest conduct on the part of those in authority. What difference does it make to the citizens of this goodly city of Newark, whether Democrats or Republicans are mayors, aldermen, or other public officers, if only the good of the city and of its citizens is consulted, and not the advantage of a political party? The government of a municipality involves local ques-

tions only, and has not the remotest connection with party politics. By no possibility can national questions of statesmanship become involved in the affairs of a city. National questions are nothing and there should be no local politics in local affairs. I believe the way to purer politics is through this door. This society can materially aid in withdrawing the questions which must necessarily arise in city affairs from the domain of national politics. Let the city take care of itself, and the nation do the like. When the nation requires action from us, then as patriots may we range ourselves under the banners of our respective parties.

We love our State, full as her history is of precious memories and of a glorious past. Let us then do here, everywhere, now and at all times what we can to make the present and the future worthy of that past.

Josiah Collins Pumpelly responded to the second toast—

"The New Jersey Huguenot in the Revolution."

MR. JOSIAH COLLINS PUMPELLY.

COMRADES AND LADIES:—It seems to me a grand occasion that we can come together here today, and gather this assembly around us. I cannot help comparing it with the one I remember in 1889, when three of us gathered together in the old trade room, one for audience, one for Chairman, and one for Secretary.

The process of evolution seems to have gone on in a wonderful way. I am glad to be here, and I also feel very proud and hope that I may be able to say something of the Huguenots in the ten minutes allowed me.

The good Book says: "Where there is no vision, the people die." I think we might say:

where there is no reverence for the past, there can be no ideals for the future. We, ourselves, are a part of the past; we, ourselves, are made by the past; the persistency of type runs through all the generations. A noted author says that God winnowed three kingdoms to get the seed for this noble nation of ours, and, I say to myself, that of all that seed none was more precious than the Huguenots. I believe the Huguenots were surpassed by none in the high moral influence they exerted, and the overmastering principles they maintained.

Many years before Luther, there was a tocsin sounded—a reveille, you may say—of freedom, civil as well as religious, that came forth from the hills of France; La Favre, the Frenchman, was the one who sounded that tocsin.

From that date, coming on down through the Waldenses, the Albigenses, and the Huguenots, we come down to that Edict of Nantes, and leave Mediæval Europe to deeds of murder, rapine and persecution. The Edict of Nantes was one of the great events in the civilization of the world; I believe that Trenton has its relationship to the Edict of Nantes. When we look at the great moral wrong —when we come to see the great mistake that was then made—then, we come to see how the whole world was benefitted by the making of that great mistake. We find, then, coming to our shores some of those heroic souls who helped to form the influences that were felt in our Continental Congress. There was a Jay; there was a Laurens; there were many tried souls of men who believed in everything which was noblest, in everything that was grand, everything that belonged to the noblest and the greatest in character; and we have to remember that there was in them, more than in any other, a love of liberty, and the combination

of law with liberty, which we find not in many other nations.

We come now to speak of some of these heroic men who served their time and generation in New Jersey; and we have first to speak of that noble soldier and statesman, Elias Boudinot; of his services as the tenth President of the Continental Congress, who, on the breaking out of the War became an Aid on Washington's Staff and a Continental General who served him with tried integrity.

We also remember with admiration his younger brother, Elisha Boudinot; we remember his history and recall the time when, a member of the Committee of Safety, a price was placed upon his head, and we know what his life was.

Another illustrious character in this State was that noble Gano who was brought up a minister and became a surgeon in the army, who was found in the front of the battle and came out with flying colors and was really the hero of the day. It was after that that he went down the Susquehanna with Sullivan, an expedition of which he has left a very graphic account; having been born on that river myself, I never read it without great interest. When he returned to his flock, he found his people scattered, but he gathered them together and again became their pastor.

A different kind of services, yet not at all to be forgotten, but to be remembered with honor, were those that rendered illustrious the name of Ryerson; the original name was, I believe, Ryerse. There were four of this family who did good service to their country; two passed into the ranks of the other army, and we do not mention them with honor, but only recall to your minds those who fought nobly in the great cause of liberty and independence.

I would speak of the patriot, Philip Freneau, a

noble soul who sang the songs of freedom here in America as Mrs. Browning sang the songs of freedom in England. He was a man of courage under suffering; he speaks of the terrible suffering of those on the prison ship, and of the fifteen thousand that were buried on Long Island. While on the prison ship, he writes :—

"By feeble hands the shallow graves were made,
No stone memorials o'er the corpses laid ;
In barren sands and far from home they lie ;
No friend to shed a tear when passing by.
O'er the mean tombs insulting Briton's tread,
Spurn at the sand and curse the rebel dead."

He then appeals to Americans to—

"Rouse from your sleep and crush the thievish band ;
Defeat, destroy and sweep them from the land."

There was an eloquence and a power in Philip Freneau that we find in few poets of the past generation; he was a prophet too, and writes many other songs—much more than I have time to speak of now.

And so we come finally to say one word of the founder of this Society—Sheppard Kollock. He stood by Washington when he needed a tried soldier; he was one of the bravest officers at the battle of Trenton, and one of the men who helped to lay that chain across the Hudson. He was always in the thickest of the fight and many a time turned the tide of the battle.

But I must bring these remarks to a close; there is so much that can be said about the noble Huguenots! Let us emulate the example of these men and feel that they themselves are with us, and

that they by their spirit and example will lead us on to great achievements.

Gen. James F. Rusling responded, as follows, to the third toast—

"The Second Battle of Trenton":

GEN. JAMES F. RUSLING.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I rejoice to be with you on this festive occasion. I rejoice because I see here assembled a goodly company, that would be an honor and a credit to any city anywhere. I see here honest farmers, successful merchants and manufacturers, learned lawyers, sage physicians, grave divines, gallant soldiers and descendants of other gallant soldiers, and last but not least these "fair women" worthy of such "brave men." I rejoice to welcome our distinguished President, Hon. John Whitehead, here once again. I am glad he still continues with us, and though time with his scalping knife is taking his raven locks one by one, yet I know you will all unite with me in congratulating and felicitating him on this day's business, and distant be the day that witnesses his departure! And when in God's own time that day shall come, as come it must to all of human kind, we will say of him in the touching lines of dear Tom Moore (no sweeter in all English literature:)

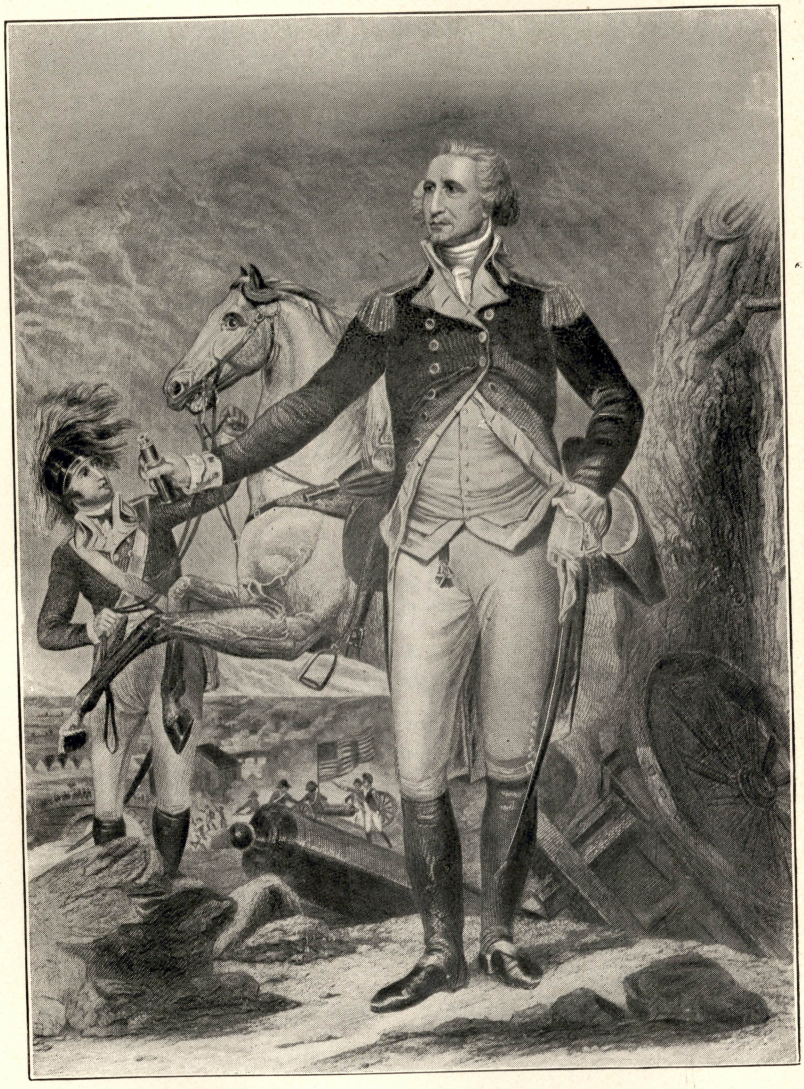
"Long, long be our hearts with his memory filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the perfume of the roses will hang round it still!"

I further rejoice to be here this afternoon, because of the words of wisdom and eloquence I have

listened to from the lips of my friend, Mr. Franklin Murphy. He has given us some good sound advice and much to think of on several lines. But when he says Jay Gould did wrong in "making or stealing sixty millions," I beg to differ with him if he merely *made* the millions and did not *steal* them. Why shouldn't he make "sixty millions," if he could—fairly and honestly? I would like to make a few millions myself, and believe I could make good use of them, if I had them! I can point to gentlemen here in Newark—our friend Mr. Murphy himself, Mr. George A. Halsey who sits by my side, long and favorably known by everybody, distinguished in every good word and work here, and others—who have made their millions, uprightly and honestly, and who now use them for the benefit and welfare of their fellow men, and I don't know why others of us should not become millionaires too, if we only can!

So, I cannot agree with him, that our age is becoming effeminate, and that we are less pure and patriotic than our ancestors. I don't wonder he thinks so, because he bears the name of Benjamin Franklin! If I bore the name of George Washington or Thomas Jefferson, I might be something of an antique philosopher too! But when he said that, surely he didn't mean you to believe it. For don't we know that here we are to-day in the home of Philip Kearney, and that in the late great struggle for the Union, when our continent shook beneath the tread of armed hosts, New Jersey alone sent forth over a hundred thousand of her sons to do battle for the Union—none braver, none more gallant and chivalrous, than Franklin Murphy himself?

So, too, let us remember, that in our boasted past—in the great days of 1776, and later—Boston even, the Athens of America, refused to admit



WASHINGTON AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF TRENTON.

girls to her public schools. Her plea then was, that girls were not capable of receiving an education, and that they could never master the three fundamental "R's" of Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. That was the voice of Massachusetts a century ago. But to-day, our girls have literally captured our public schools; they crowd our colleges and universities, taking first honors; and for me, I say, all honor to the Nineteenth Century for its emancipation and freedom of woman. And may it ever be our proud boast, that here, here in America, at least,

"Here manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife—
The graces and the loves that make
The music of the march of life."

I am glad to be here this evening, Mr. President, because it is the "Merry Christmas" time. I like Christmas. I believe in Santa Claus. I have figured in that role myself, sometimes! I believe, with Alfred Tennyson, that as the world rolls on it becomes sweeter, and wiser, and better; and let us help to make it so. With our fathers, let us help to "ring out the old, and ring in the new"—that is ourselves;

"Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand"—

that is George Washington and the Continental Congress;

"Ring out the darkness of the land"—

that is George III and his British Parliament;

"Ring in the Christ that is to be"

that is the Declaration of Independence, and the momentous consequences, that have followed from it. Who shall estimate them?

A century ago, we were only three millions of scattered Colonists, and hardly knew our souls were our own. But to-day we number nearly seventy million of free and independent American citizens, with forty-four States and five great Territories, soon also to be sovereign States, belting the continent, and, if true to ourselves, what shall we not be and become in the not distant future? O let us this day resolve to rally around the common flag of our common country! Let us revive the old memories of Trenton and Princeton, of Monmouth and Yorktown! And let us begin the New Year with the glorious sentiment:

"O our union of lakes, our union of lands,
Our union of States let none sever;
Here's to the union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the Flag of the Union forever."

and ever, and a thousand years longer!

I believe, however, Mr. Chairman, I was to say something about "The Second Battle of Trenton." The distinguished gentleman who introduced me, said he never heard there was any, and that the first battle was fought December 26, 1775, and the second January 2, 1776, if any. Well he has made a mistake of just twelve months in his dates, and now let us see about his other facts.

The Declaration of Independence was made, you know, July 4th, 1776, down yonder in Philadelphia, and it was received everywhere with the

ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. Enlistments rapidly increased, and soon Washington had an army of 18,000 men—the largest body he ever commanded. But he was beaten on Long Island in August; beaten at White Plains in October; beaten at Fort Washington in November; and though he had 18,000 men in August, by the first of December his army had dwindled to only about 3,000, and he was in full retreat through the Jerseys.

Mark those figures—18,000 and 3,000. And of those 3,000, 1,500 abandoned their colors and left for home when he reached Princeton, about Dec. 5th, because of the expiration of their terms of enlistment. It was the darkest hour in American history. There seemed no ray of hope anywhere. Our currency had become so depreciated, it took a month's pay of a private soldier to buy a bushel of wheat for his family, and the full pay of a Colonel to buy forage for his horse. On Dec. 7th and 8th, he crossed the Delaware at Trenton, taking all the boats with him for many miles, and a few hours afterwards, a brigade of British and Hessians entered the town.

"How much farther are we going to retreat?" asked one of his officers. "Retreat," he replied; "Why we will retreat beyond the Alleghenies (and the Alleghenies were much farther off in those days than now), and on and on, and never cease to fight, until victory at last shall perch upon our banners!"

As the British had no boats and could not cross the river without them, and had driven Washington out of New Jersey, they decided to go into winter quarters on the line of the Delaware. So they posted their troops at Trenton, Bordentown, Burlington and Mt. Holly, and Cornwallis mounted his horse and returned to New York.

This division of their forces was a capital military error, and Washington was too good a soldier not to see it. Quickly gathering up all the Continentals and Militia he could assemble, about 2,500 men, he recrossed the Delaware on Christmas night, and 116 years ago this morning—in the early gray of the morning—he struck the Hessians at Trenton, and after a brief engagement (half an hour or so only) compelled their surrender. Two hundred escaped on horseback, two hundred on foot, and about nine hundred threw down their arms—it must have been in a sort of panic. For Washington says in his official report, that we lost not a single man killed, and only four wounded, while the enemy lost only twenty or thirty killed and wounded. It was not much of a battle, as battles go nowadays. It was not much more than a morning skirmish in the Army of the Potomac, or a picket fight to those who went "Marching through Georgia" with Sherman. But it saved the American cause, and made the name of Washington imperishable as the stars. He knew Cornwallis would soon be after him again, and so gathering up his prisoners he retreated across the Delaware again the same day. But Sullivan having joined him, and having got together about 5,000 men on Dec. 30th, he recrossed the Delaware on the ice, in order to revive the Jerseys and put new life and back-bone into the Continental Congress.

Meanwhile, what was Cornwallis doing? We Americans are apt to think he was not much of an officer, because he afterwards surrendered at Yorktown. But he is the same Cornwallis, who afterwards distinguished himself in India and Spain, and Wellington held him to be every inch a soldier. There he was in New York, with his trunk packed and aboard his majesty's ship, all ready to sail for England, where he expected to spend the winter in

being dined and wined. But with the bad news from Trenton, he ordered his trunk ashore, mounted his horse, and (prompt soldier that he was) rode post haste to Newark and Elizabeth, gathering up troops as he went, and only a few days afterwards (Jan. 1st) reached Princeton with ten thousand British soldiers—as brave and gallant men as ever marched or fought. All honor to them, if they were our enemies! Next morning, Jan 2, 1777, he left 1,500 men at Princeton, and moved on to Maiden Head or Lawrenceville as we now call it, and left 1,500 more there—didn't think he needed them—and then with 7,000 British regulars marched on to Trenton to meet Washington and his ragged Continentals.

What did Washington do? What could he do? Why didn't he recross the Delaware? Because a thaw had set in, and the ice had broken up, and his boats were on the other side, and besides I reckon Cornwallis by his celerity had somewhat surprised him. Now what was George to do? The morning before the first battle of Trenton was dark, but it seems to me it was not half so dark as the morning of the second battle. Washington had just called on Congress for $50,000 to pay off his ragged troops, in order that they might provide bread for their families, and all that could be sent him was $500. Now what was to be done? He could not get back across the Delaware. He could not retreat north or east, for the British were there. So, as the only thing he could do, he decided to fall back south across the Assanpink and take the chances. He sent a part of his force to throw up hasty entrenchments there, and with the rest marched out the Princeton Pike and posted his men on the line of the Shabbaconk. Cornwallis came boldly on—the sky above him blue as sap-

phire. When he found Washington across his path, he halted and reconnoitered. With his superior forces, he soon began to flank us, and Washington finding our position untenable ordered Greene to take command and fall back without serious fighting to the line of the Assanpink, whither he went himself to post the troops as they arrived. All hail to General Greene! A Rhode Island blacksmith, there was no better general in the Revolution, except Washington. In these times, he would have been a Presbyterian clergyman or a Methodist minister! As the British forded the Shabbaconk, Greene fell back steadily until he formed a junction with Washington behind the Assanpink, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon the British column headed by Cornwallis advanced down Queen street (now Greene or N. Broad), and debouched by the City Hall. They now caught sight of the Assanpink and beyond it the American line of battle, and of course halted and reconnoitered. But presently Cornwallis formed a column of attack and ordered a charge, and then with drums beating, fifes playing, colors streaming, those gallant British soldiers charged down upon the American line. Washington's cannon now opened upon them, and tore great gaps in their ranks, but still on they went until they struck the bridge-head—a little narrow country bridge across the Assanpink, the only one there—when suddenly 5,000 American marksmen rose up from behind their breastworks, and blazed away, and their column of attack literally melted away. And then all up and down the American line there rang out one loud hurrah—the sure instinct of coming victory. But the British did not give it up so. With true bull-dog courage, they charged again, but again that murderous infantry fire drove them back when they reached the bridge. Why it was

the battle of Fredericksburg over again on a lesser scale. They charged the third time—those gallant British regulars—and the third time they were bloodily repulsed. And now do you say there was no second battle of Trenton, and if there was it did not amount to much? Why the streets of Trenton were filled with their wounded, and the Assanpink was literally choked with their dead. "Over 150 British being then and there killed and wounded," according to an officer of the Connecticut line and an eye-witness, who so wrote to the Connecticut Journal, Jan. 22, 1777, only a few days afterwards.

Cornwallis was urged to attack again.

"No," he answered. "We have done enough for one day. We have had a long march and an ugly fight. And now we have got the Old Fox in a trap, and to-morrow morning we will bag him and his ragamuffins."

Sir William Erskine, of his staff, suggested Washington might not be there next morning.

"O yes," he said; "he can't escape. Where is he to go?"

In truth, what was to be done now? Where, indeed, was Washington to go? The battle of the Assanpink, or the Second Battle of Trenton, had been won. But they were sure to be out-fought or out-flanked next day, with 7,000 trained veterans in hand, and 3,000 more in easy supporting distance at Lawrenceville and Princeton, and already ordered up. They could not re-cross the Delaware; they could not escape north or east; to retreat south was to go into a *cul de sac*, which clearly meant ultimate extinction or surrender. I tell you George was in a mighty tight fix, and no wonder Cornwallis thought he was now going to "bag" him and his army for sure!

Washington called a Council of War at dark, and proposed they should send off their baggage

and supply trains to Burlington and there ferry them over the Delaware into Pennsylvania, while the infantry and artillery should quietly move around Cornwallis' left and gain his rear, and then make a forced march on New Brunswick. But Knox, his chief of artillery and a good one, protested this was impossible—that the Jersey roads were so soft and muddy, the wagons and artillery would sink to China, if they attempted to march over them. So the Council of War at 9 o'clock, broke up in despair.

Now what was to be done? George did not know. It was the darkest hour he had ever yet experienced. God only knew. Now what was to happen? I ask you clergymen, when all human wisdom and all human resources fail, what then always happens to a good man or a good cause? Why that sure Providence, that has always stood the American people in good stead in times of need, as at Lexington and Gettysburg, came duly to his relief. Suddenly out of the northwest came Old Boreas with freezing blasts—"a January freeze"—that soon turned our muddy roads into asphalt turnpikes, and at midnight Washington ordered his trains to Burlington, and leaving his camp fires burning marched first, east to Sandtown and then north towards Princeton, and next morning as the sun rose over old Nassau Hall he struck the British there and gobbled up all who did not run away—about 500 more in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Meanwhile, where was Cornwallis? Back in the streets of Trenton, rubbing his eyes, and wondering what that rumbling in the east was. "Isn't that thunder?" "O no," said Sir William Erskine, "no thunder here at this time of the year! That's Washington at Princeton, and we have been out-

generaled again!" Cornwallis now beat to arms, and about faced, and double-quicked to Princeton and New Brunswick, marching all night. But Washington, too shrewd to attack New Brunswick, which he knew he could not hold—not inflated by his victories, but level-headed and self-poised like the great man he was—sheered off to the heights of Morristown, and from there held the British in check and protected New Jersey the remainder of the winter.

A great man was George Washington; a great man, and a rich one—the richest man in America in his time. Had he lived in our time, I doubt not he would have made his "sixty millions" or more; not *made* or *stolen* them, like some others, according to Mr. Murphy, but honestly and uprightly. He was, by all odds, the greatest man of his age and time. The more I read of the Revolution, the more I am compelled to believe he was the very life and soul of it, and without his grip and grit—his clear head and steadfast soul—I cannot see how we ever could have succeeded. There wasn't a single one of his generals that ever rose above mediocrity, except, perhaps, the Quaker General, Greene. Lee was a traitor; Gates a featherhead; Arnold an adventurer; Putnam in his dotage; Sullivan a plodder; Knox good for small things; Lafayette a school-boy; Wayne a mad-cap. But Washington carried both the Army and Congress upon his Titanic shoulders, and alone made American freedom and American independence possible upon this continent. In the words of Alfred Tennyson, in his Ode on the Duke of Wellington, but in a larger and nobler sense, let me say in conclusion:

"While the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand—
Colossal, seen of every land—

And make the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands, and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land, whose hearths he saved from shame,
Through many and many an age proclaim,
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when our long illumined cities flame,
Our ever loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him—
Eternal honor to his name!"

The President called upon the Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen, an invited guest, to reply to the third toast—

"The Revolution of the Sons."

REV. LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

I take great pleasure in being here to-day, and appreciate the honor of addressing those who have so truly been termed by the invitation sent me, "The patriotic sons of patriotic sires."

I am here as a guest and not as a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. I feel somewhat like the man from Georgia to whom it was said:

"I understand you are a veteran of our late war."

"I have that honor, sir," he said.

"To what regiment?"

"No regiment at all, sir; just a natural born colonel."

So, to-day, I appear before you, not as a member of your regiment, but simply a natural born Son of the American Revolution.

I have been asked to respond to the toast, "The Revolution of the Sons." While the subject is new, the custom dates back to the times of our patriotic

sires, and I am reminded to-day, of how our dignified ancestors, in those hours of patriotic enthusiasm, responded to toasts as peculiar and comprehensive as those upon this auspicious occasion. There were some toasts as unique as ours, into which our ancestors poured their fiery eloquence :

"The daughters of America in the arms of their brave defenders only."

"May the enemies of America be turned into salt-petre and go off in hot blasts."

"Death and jack-boots before honor and wooden shoes."

The marked difference, however, between this day and that is, that when the toasts just mentioned were given, the bells of the city were rung, and each toast was succeeded by a salute of 13 guns. I can readily understand, however, why there have been no salutes following the toasts of to-day, because the number of States has been so augmented by the glorious deeds of the Sons of the American Revolution, that were each toast followed by a salute of 45 guns, our dinner would be prolonged into the night.

The theme that has been suggested to me sounds overwhelming in its greatness, for when I think of the Revolution of the Sons, I recognize profound depths, too deep for me at any length to traverse to-day.

We may congratulate ourselves on being the descendants of our great-great-grand-fathers. Providence has so arranged it, that when we attempt to think of ourselves, our thoughts naturally revert to our illustrious sires whose mantles have fallen upon our shoulders. It is a great thing to have a great-great-grand-father. That means a very great grand-father. And it must be confessed that our Revolutionary ancestors were very great

men, which is, in part, the reason why the patriots of to-day achieve such greatness.

I am not here to picture the Fathers, but the Sons, of the Revolution. However, how can we, the Sons, truly know ourselves except through the Fathers? In such presences as these, I would not dare attempt to paint the pictures of our ancestors. You might be like the art patron who called upon a portrait painter, and asked him to paint his father.

"But where is your father?" asked he of the brush.

"Oh, he died ten years ago?"

"Then how can I paint him?" asked the artist.

"Why," was the reply, "I have just seen your portrait of Moses. Surely, if you can paint the portrait of a man who died thousands of years ago, you can more easily paint the portrait of my father who has only been dead ten years."

Seeing the sort of man he had to deal with, the artist undertook the work. When the picture was finished, the newly-blossomed art patron was called in to see it. He gazed at it in silence for some time, his eyes filling with tears, and then said, softly and reverently:

"So that is my father. Ah! how he has changed!"

When Raphael was painting his celebrated frescoes, two cardinals were criticizing his work. One remarked:

"The apostle Paul has too red a face."

"He flushed even in heaven," said Raphael, "to see into what hands the Church has fallen."

I feel sure, however, that our illustrious ancestors do not flush as they look down upon their illustrious sons.

There is one thing that has troubled me exceedingly. I make due allowance for British prej-

udice and Tory hatred, for the words were written by one not in sympathy with the American Revolution. Nevertheless, where there is smoke, there must be some fire. The writer defines those who were called, in those days, the "Sons of Liberty," as of two sorts: those who by their ill conduct in life were reduced almost to poverty and depended for their existence on the turbulence of the times, and those—the clergymen—who, instead of preaching to their flocks meekness and sobriety, belched forth from their pulpits liberty and independence. Now, though the grand-son of a clergyman, I cannot find that I am descended from any belching Revolutionary ministers, and, henceforth, I am forced to the other horrible alternative.

But when I contemplate the greatness of the Sons of the American Revolution, I realize that it is not all due to the hereditary traits of our great-great-grand-fathers, but to our great-great-grand-mothers as well. My heart beats with pride to-day as I think of that good Revolutionary matron, —great-great-grand-mother, perhaps, to some of us—who sent thirteen sons, each six feet high and brave men, into the army of the Revolution. My heart glows when I remember that good Revolutionary woman over yonder in Elizabeth, who sent forth her three or four sons into the army, and just as they were ready to go, addressed them thus:

"My children, I have a few words to say to you. You are going out in a just cause to fight for the rights and liberties of your country. You have my blessing and prayers, that God will protect and assist you. But if you fall, His will be done. Let me beg of you, my children, that if you fall, it may be like men, and that your wounds may not be in your back parts."

I am learning, as I read the history of our maternal ancestors, where the Sons of the American

Revolution got many of their sterling qualities that have made the order so illustrious. I remember how, when a young fellow at a quilting frolic began his aspersions on Congress, the girls, exasperated at his impudence, laid hold of him, stripped him naked to the waist and, instead of tar, covered him with molasses, and for feathers took the downy top of flags which grew in the meadows and coated him well with them. I remember how they, our maternal ancestors' female infantry of twenty rank and file with a flank guard of three chosen spirits of the male line, in good order saving stride and gabble as the record says, attacked and carried without opposition from powder, law or conscience, Mr. Pitkin's store and bore away in triumph 218 pounds of sugar. I remember how certain young ladies, I am glad to state that they were from Virginia, for my great-great-grand-parents came from Virginia, resolved not to permit the addresses of certain young men unless they had served in the Armies of the Revolution long enough to prove by their valor that they were deserving of love. I remember how those patriotic women wore knots on their breasts and on their shoes resembling their flag with its 13 stripes. I remember how the women of New Jersey, by holding the space between two large cities continued exempt from the corruptions of either and preserved a purity of manners superior to both.

With such ancestors how could it be otherwise than that the Sons of the American Revolution are great? And these great and illustrious descendants have a great mission and work before them. And it is of this work, the Revolution of the Sons, that I would now speak a few words.

My own feelings of to-day remind me of a brother clergyman who, at a ministerial conference, announced as the opening subject of the afternoon

session that Rev. Dr. ——— would present a paper on "The Devil," adding, "Please be prompt in attendance for Brother ——— has carefully prepared a paper and is full of his subject."

Fellow-patriots, I am full of this subject—I do not mean full of the Evil One, but the "Revolution of the Sons."

A revolution is, First, the act of revolving around a fixed axis or centre; Second, the return to a point before occupied; Third, the act of renouncing authority, a revolt successfully accomplished. The Revolution of the Sons is the revolving of the Sons of the American Revolution around a fixed axis or centre. What is that fixed axis or centre? It is American liberty. For liberty America was bought and settled. It was the fixed axis or centre in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers. It was that around which their thoughts and hopes revolved as they made their way across the wintry seas, and battled so nobly with the hostile foes of Plymouth. It was this fixed axis around which Washington and the army of the American Revolution revolved, for their track of blood was a circle around this divine centre American liberty. It was this fixed axis around which revolved the American Congress and the fifty-six signers to the Declaration of Independence. All true Sons of the American Revolution from that day to this have travelled in this beaten track around this centre of American liberty. He who leaves this track, he who wanders from it into tangential lines of whatever sort, is a traitor to his country and betrayer of her noblest principles and traditions. Sons of the American Revolution, let it ever be burnt into your very hearts that your revolution must be about that same fixed national, God-given, blood-erected axis, American liberty.

The Revolution of the Sons is a return to the point occupied by their patriotic sires, it is a going back to that which they held as the purchasers of our liberty. Thousands of Americans have forgotten how American liberty was born. Even the Fourth of July has degenerated into a Chinese New Year's celebration. It was the fighting editor of a certain newspaper who said, "Now that the cruel war with Chili is over, what next?" to which the managing editor replied, "Well, there's Heresy—its always with us. Use your surplus ammunition on the heretic." Even Sons of the American Revolution have wandered off into firing at heretics. I do not say that heretics ought never to be court-martialled and shot with solid orthodox grape-shot or canister, but I do say that many a man firing at heretics would do his country more good if he would try to shoot with good American legislative bullets some of these enemies of our liberties and blow up with genuine ballot-box enthusiasm some of their infernal institutions.

Return to the principles for which our ancestors fought is not retrogression but progress. All advance is circular, cyclical, a going back to great principles but on higher planes. All great advances in civilization start with advanced principles. Then the tendency is retrogression. It is hard to be brave all the day long. It is hard to live on the mountain top by the year. But civilization needs just that thing. The Revolution of the Sons is the perpetuation of those primal principles of American Revolution.

Sons of the American Revolution, we are to go back and stand where stood General Washington and Oliver Spencer, and Samuel Hayes, and Aaron Hatfield, names of American patriots of whom New Jersey is justly proud. Sons of the American Revolution, we are to go back and stand where

stood Wolcott Hubbell and Thomas Lamb, and Jonathan Condit, great-grand-father of our honored president, and Amos Scudder, who guided Washington down to his victory at Trenton.

The Revolution of the Sons must be along the lines of their blood-stained tracks, their thunderous batteries, their immortal victories. Back, then, O Sons of the American Revolution! back to where stood and fought your illustrious sires. Back to their principles. Fight from their vantage heights of purity and patriotism and then will your revolution go down into history as important and as glorious as theirs.

The Revolution of the Sons of the American Revolution is a revolt against authority that tramples on the liberty of Americans! The Revolution of our forefathers was a revolt against English absolutism. We have more than England to fight; we have all Europe. Give to Italy and Germany, to Ireland and to Bohemia right hands of fellowship, but with the hand-pressure let them know that while in Europe they can be what they please, in America they must be Americans. Sons of the American Revolution, your revolution is a revolt against continentalism in America. Down with all foreign absolutism in America, be it of church or state. Let it be blazoned on your banner, "America ruled by Americans."

The revolution of our forefathers was against King George III. and his minions of monarchism. Your revolution is against him whose monarchial minions are legion, brewers and saloon-keepers, ballot-box stuffers, ring politicians, New Jersey Tammanyites, golden-calf worshippers. You have a mission as great as had Washington and his Revolutionary compatriots. It is just as grand a mission to preserve a state as it is to organize it. Yours it is to conserve what has been so nobly won

and given to you as a beneficient and precious heritage. Yours it is to feed, keep burning, the fires of American patriotism and to lead American manhood in the great struggle for American freedom and American institutions. Yours it is to inspire both the present and the future.

True, then, to the blood that flows in your veins, faithful then to the institutions which have been handed down to you from patriotic sires, loyal then to the banner, every star and every stripe of which has been won and kept by unnumbered sacrifices, march on, fight on until at last American freedom shall have circled the globe, until at last the world in its swinging circles rolls up redeemed against the feet of the living Christ.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, the President of the Maryland Society of the S. A. R., was present as an invited guest. Mr. Whitehead called upon the members to drink to the health of Gen. Johnston and to the prosperity of the society over which he presides.

Gen. Johnston, in response, spoke as follows:

GEN. BRADLEY T. JOHNSTON.

My friend, your President, was just asking me the story of Peggy Stewart, that gallant young woman who was referred to in the poem that has been recited to us. In the Spring of 1774, there was in the outlying counties of Maryland what was called a Whig Club; it had been the practice for some years prior to that time that this club should be turned into a company of infantry or cavalry whenever their services might be needed in any part of the State.

Boston Harbor had had its Tea Party, followed by the rejection of cargoes of tea by Philadelphia and New York. The retaliatory measures of England had roused the spirit of Maryland. Committees of Correspondence had been found to be incapable of

coping with the situation and a Convention was summoned, composed of deputies from all the Counties, to meet at Annapolis. At this Convention Matthew Tilghman, Thomas Johnson, Jr., Robert Goldsborough and Samuel Chase were appointed representatives of Maryland to a proposed Congress of the United Colonies. From this time forth, the Convention voiced the sovereign will of the people and was in fact the Government.

An agreement had been signed by the merchants of the Community that no tea should be imported by them; not that the beverage was not appreciated by the people, but the tea had been taxed by Great Britain, and their motto was: "Liberty and Independence or Death."

On October 15, 1774, word came that the vessel called Peggy Stewart, had arrived at Annapolis from England, with an assorted cargo, in which were seventeen packages of tea, consigned to James and Joseph Williams, merchants of that city. Anthony Stewart, the owner of the brig, was one of the signers of the non-importation Act, but in order to land the rest of the cargo, he paid the duty on the tea. The people were indignant and considered it an insult to the Commonwealth. A guard was placed on the vessel and the Convention summoned. Meantime, word had been sent to the country side, and as was the custom, every man who could, mounted a horse and in less than a day the whole country around was crowded with mounted men.

The Convention met; Stewart and the two Williamses came forward; nobody knew what was to happen to Anthony Stewart nor to Peggy Stewart either; finally Mr. Chase arose, and passing out moved towards the wharf, followed by the mounted guards. He went down to the wharf and ordered the cargo to be thrown overboard. This was agreed to by the parties interested, but it was

not satisfactory to the crowd, who insisted that the brig should be burned. A riot would probably have resulted, had not Stewart, who saw there was no escape, taken the wisest course by offering to burn the brig with his own hands. The brig was run aground near Windmill Point, and the owner going on board in a boat set her on fire, as she stood with all her sails and rigging, the crowd watching till she burned to the water's edge.

I was interested in hearing read the report on the Constitution of the Consolidated Societies, and was pleased to see that no man could be a member of this Society, unless he had an ancestor who had committed treason to the mother country. I bespeak here that the term collateral should be left out of the proposed Constitution of the General Society purposed to be formed from the two Associations, unless you wish members who will represent the Tories in Maryland. Francis Scott Key was a Tory during the entire Revolution ; he came back after the war, his disabilities were removed and he was made a member of Congress ; but it won't do for you to have such members in your Society ; there is no sense in it, and therefore I make it a point with you to-night ; I want that clause stricken out and insist that no man shall be eligible as a member of this Society, unless he can trace his descent to some one who has been guilty of treason to Great Britain.

During the dinner Miss Allie Cadmus recited, with great power, the poem entitled "The Day we Celebrate."

Miss Marie Louise Lyon, also recited the original poem prepared for the occasion, and dedicated to the Society, written by Miss Davy and referred to in the proceedings of the annual meeting, held in the morning. This recitation was intended to have been given in the evening exercises,

but by special request Miss Lyon kindly consented to anticipate.

The banquet was further enlivened by a solo, rendered by Mr. Clarence A. Cree, tenor, and by the singing by a quartette, composed of Miss Lyde B. Marsh, soprano ; Mrs. Edward S. Alston, contralto ; Mr. Clarence A. Cree, tenor, and Mr. William F. Mullin, bass, of the two songs, "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "The Prisoner's Hope."

In the evening the Society gathered in the First Presbyterian Church in Newark. Col. Henry E. Hatfield, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, presided at the opening exercises.

The music was under the direction of Mr. John H. B. Conger, organist, and the same quartette present at the dinner, were also present in the evening.

Mr. Conger performed an overture on the organ, and then the quartette sang "The Star Spangled Banner," the congregation joining in the chorus.

The Reverend N. A. Hollifield, D. D., of the third Presbyterian Church, of Newark, then invoked the divine blessing, when the quartette sang Columbia's Jubilee.

Col. Hatfield then introduced the President of the Society, who made an opening address.

A selected solo was then sung by Miss Lyde B. Marsh.

Miss Allie Cadmus recited "Liberty's Bell," which was followed by the quartette singing, "Just before the battle."

The orator of the evening, Gen. Bradley T. Johnston, was then introduced and spoke as follows :

GEN. BRADLEY T. JOHNSTON.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

AND ITS PRODUCT, AMERICANISM AND THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

When the last scene of the last act in the drama of the Revolution was about to be set, when De Grasse's ship swung lazily to the tide in Lynn Haven Bay, and Cornwallis's drums beat a parley at Yorktown, the Marquis was granted a two hours' truce to accept the terms of surrender which were required of him.

Col. John Laurens, of South Carolina, was one of the American Commissioners to arrange the capitulation, and on submitting the terms proposed by Washington, Colonel Dundas, one of the British Commissioners, protested that they were harsh and of unnecessary and unheard of severity.

"They are the precise terms that were granted General Lincoln by Lord Cornwallis upon the surrender of Charleston," said Laurens. This closed the discussion and the articles were signed.

The British troops were to march out with flags furled and their drums beating a British march, and to stack their arms in the presence of the allied armies and thus become prisoners of war, and General Lincoln was to receive Lord Cornwallis's sword.

On the 19th of October, 1781, the French and American armies were drawn up on each side of the road and the British troops marched between the two, their colors cased and their drums beating the march called "The World Turned Upside Down." Cornwallis impaired his reputation by his absence, excusing himself on the plea of sickness, and sent Gen. O'Hara to face the mortifying ceremony.

O'Hara offered his sword to Washington, who with grave dignity directed him to deliver it to General Lincoln. And thus ended the War of the

Revolution, as then began the revolution of ideas which has since "turned the world upside down." And the clumsy impertinence of the British officer in selecting music with such a suggestive name, turned out to be a clever prophecy of what the consequence of the dramatic spectacle would be.

No such turning upside down was ever before begun in the history of man. Not when Belshazzar trembled at the writing on the wall. Not when Titus sacked the Holy of Holies. Not when the Goths marched down the Appian Way or the banner of the prophet waved over St. Sophia did such a change impend or ensue as when Cornwallis's drums beat.

"The world turned upside down." Civilizations and races, empires and religions had before then arisen, had grown strong, had flourished, had decayed, had died.

They had all as their animating spirit, their directing and controlling power, the idea of force. At all times, wherever man had lived, whether in civilized or savage society, the central thought, that was the inspiration of their life, was that force must control, that the strong must rule the weak, the wise the foolish, the rich the poor.

Justice, charity and love were unknown as factors in human life or human society. That might makes right had been the rule and the belief in all civilizations that had ever existed.

But they had all perished.

All systems, all philosophies, all empires, had passed away and left no record. Who can trace the thousand kings who reigned in Ceylon, or the hundred kingdoms that have succeeded each other in Tehuantepec?

Who can tell where Cambyses lies buried, or point out the spot where Cyrus was enthroned?

"Mummy has become mercha dise," as Sir

Thomas Browne long ago said, and "Pharo is sold for balsam."

The Pharo who judged Joseph is fuel for a locomotive, and he who drove Moses out has become an archæological curiosity for a museum. So there has been an end of all philosophies, all religions, all races, all works of men.

But ideas are immortal.

Thought is omnipotent, and in the great law that rules the universe, it is decreed that hate, malice, selfishness, all bad passions, shall be temporary and evanescent; but that love, charity, and generosity, shall grow and extend themselves and increase in power and live forever.

The words spoken long ago by the Son of the Carpenter on the shores of Galilee, to the fishermen and mechanics and plain people of that day, have been sounding down the ages ever since, but never have they been accepted as the rule of conduct of a race or a government until Cornwallis's drums beat "The world turned upside down."

The foundation idea of the American Revolution was that every man had *an equal right* to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and, therefore, had inalienable right to equality of opportunity, to an equal chance to live and improve his condition.

For that, sharply and clearly, was the idea that was to turn the world upside down and revolutionize organizations everywhere.

Society is controlled by usage, custom and tradition more than by positive laws, and the custom of the world crystallized into a prayer was that each man "shall be happy in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call him."

That is, that men were born into their proper places; born to a dukedom, his posterity ought to be dukes forever. Born to be a blacksmith, as his

ancestors had been, his descendants must ever be in the same sphere of life.

The doctrine of Divine Right applied to every one from king to cobbler, for each man occupied the place to which it had pleased God to call him, and it was impious to disturb the established order. All this went down with Cornwallis's flag and O'Hara's sword surrendered the doctrine of Divine Right forever.

The American philosophy is not alone a political philosophy, it is a social one as well, and it contains the idea and forces which will reorganize civilization on a broader foundation of justice, love and charity, and will bring mankind into relations of fraternity and generous dealing with each other.

In America every man has a fair chance and an equal chance.

Our ancestors did not believe nor did they profess to believe in our hair splitting theories of universal equality, for they knew that men and races differ in force, in intellect, in physique, as much as the leaves differ on the trees, the waves in the ocean or the stars in heaven. And they believed that it was the duty of the strong to protect the weak, the wise the foolish, the rich the poor.

They understood perfectly the inequality in the conditions and powers of men, and they believed that the possession of power was a God-given trust to be exercised for the good of all, and not for the benefit of one alone.

But they asserted, and insisted, and enforced, that each man shall have an equal right before the law, to think as he pleases, to speak as he chooses, to work as he selects, and to enjoy all the benefits of his own labor.

That is the American doctrine, established at Yorktown, and it will rule the world.

I know that selfishness, the law of might

makes right, of the survival of the fittest and fightiest, are operating here with a force and vigor that can only be exerted in a free country.

I know that selfishness and avarice are trying to suppress the perfect operation of Americanism, and that it has lately been decided that money shall have the power to settle the terms upon which labor shall live, and shall have the right to apportion to the laborer such portions of the profit of his labor as the employer shall consider to be just.

And I know, also, that this decision has been supported by Governors, by Legislatures, by Courts, by the Press and by the general consent of society.

But I know, equally well, that such a decision settles nothing. It is not just and it cannot live. The right to live, to labor, and to enjoy the fruits of his labor, is the inalienable right of the American citizen, and no Governors, no Courts, and no Societies, can deprive him of that right.

He will assert it as his ancestors did at Runnymede against John as they did against Charles Stuart, against Cromwell, against George III. and the question will never be settled until it is settled right, that the proportion of his earnings the laborer is to receive must always and in the nature of things be a matter of agreement between laborer and employer. To permit the latter to fix it makes the former a slave.

To protect this American idea and to preserve and to perpetuate this American right, this American Republic was constituted.

It has fostered a society where the people are happier, where property is more secure, where the home is more honored, where women are more respected than in any that now exists or which has ever existed in the world. With the exception of

England and Russia it is now the oldest government in the civilized world.

There are many who believe, and I am one, that if the Jersey plan propounded by William Patterson to the convention of 1787 had been adopted and afterwards had been conformed to, and been lived up to, we would have escaped many perils in the past and been spared many dangers of the future.

That was a grand struggle of Titans between the Jersey plan and the Virginia plan, and the Virginia victory was the fruitful mother of woes unnumbered to her.

But Jersey, though defeated, has ever been true to her lofty ideals and furnished the moral commonwealth of the Republic.

The effects of this idea of equal opportunity have been far reaching and incredible. From a sparsely populated fringe along the Atlantic seaboard of 3,000,000 we have embraced a continent with 65,000,000; from thirteen states we have enlarged to forty-four states, and we are now the most powerful government that has existed since the death of Cæsar.

We can put more men in the field, equip and feed them better, raise more money and have a larger, greater genius for war than any other people of our day. In the arts of peace we are equally prominent. In controlling the forces of nature, steam, electricity, the sunlight and the wind power, we show the world the way to apply them to the uses of man.

And no where, at no time, have so many people lived comfortably, happily and securely, as in these United States, in this year 1892.

The pervading idea of this Society is regard for right and the desire to be just. The controlling force is the wish to help the unfortunate and to

comfort the unhappy. These feelings operate in every sphere of life, and the result is that the American is the bravest, most generous, most chivalric man on earth. He has the best manners and is the most courteous, acknowledging no superior, his own self-respect compels him to respect everybody.

Climate and institutions produce marked effects in moulding the morals as well as the physical form of men. For manliness and virtue, for regard for honor and truth, for unselfish devotion to principle and to country, for charity and good will for all, for all embracing patriotism, Americanism towers above the highest standard of Roman virtue or the grandest exhibition of Greek devotion.

The apostle warned the Roman soldier. I am free born, but you bought your liberty with a price. Beware how you lay your hands on me.

"*Civis Romanus sum.*"

I am a freeman of Rome.

For twenty centuries that proud cry has been silent and the power of Rome has crumbled into dust with her palaces, and the pick-axe and the spade reveal greater evidence of grandeur than the upper air, and the bottom of the Tiber yields richer trophies of genius and of art than its banks.

But justice, right, love and charity are from God and are eternal. They will be the forces that direct and control this new civilization, this Americanism, in the ages that are to come.

And when London shall have become an archæological museum and the cities of the southern seas shall send exploring parties to the ruins of Paris—then on the highest Himalaya peak or in the great State controlling Central Africa, the invocation, "I am an American citizen," shall invest him with the prestige and the power of the great Republic,

and as long as the tides flow and the flowers bloom and the planets march shall the banner of the stars belt the world with the halo of right, justice, charity and love, of patriotism and devotion to honor and truth, courage and manliness.

A selected solo was then sung by Mrs. N. D. Russell, after which Miss Lyon read the poem written by Miss Davy :

AN ORIGINAL POEM

WRITTEN BY A GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER OF ANN HALSTED, A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE, AND DEDICATED TO THE NEW JERSEY SOCIETY, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, DECEMBER 26, 1892.

MISS SARAH M. DAVY.

A century and more sheds its dim and mellow rays
Over Revolution scenes and the deeds of other days ;
  But let us part the drapery, enter into memory's halls ;
  And gaze with reverent spirit at the pictures on her walls.
There's the North Church steeple with the lantern swinging to and fro,
And the rider urging on his steed upon the road below ;
  The hopes and fears that filled the soul of loyal Paul Revere
  As he sped upon his errand, were not voiced to mortal ear,
But as he passed the word to each terror-stricken band,
We can almost hear him saying : "God and my native land !"
  There's the Hessian camp at Trenton, December 26th,
  The soldiers idling listlessly—their arms in stacks are fixed ;
Still lingering o'er their Christmas feast, without a single fear,
They little dream of anything but comfort and good cheer.
  But the brave and gallant leader of the now disheartened band
  Is already on the Delaware and so the time has planned
That the mercenary Hessians are surprised and put to rout :—
Then throughout the little army, courage takes the place of doubt ;
  One thousand of the enemy yield, with cannon and with shot,
  And the nation's fate is settled upon that very spot.
Another land and other scenes now come at Memory's call ;—
Nobles and lords—a regal court ; and grand among them all,
  Plain Benjamin Franklin tells the heirs of luxury and ease
  The story of his country's needs—the land across the seas.
They bend a listening ear to his projects and his plans
And the struggling little colony clasps the helping hand of France.
  The suffering at Valley Forge, of the Camp at Morristown ;
  The traitor's deed ; the dark, dark days before the victor's crown ;—
All come before our vision as we linger in the past,
And the names of martyred heroes crowd upon us thick and fast.

Not all the noble men went forth upon the battle-field ;
Some must remain the lands to till, the firesides to shield :
But when the Short Hills cannon resounds in thunderous tones,
The fires are lit from hill to hill ; then from their various homes,
The " Minute Men " like swarms of bees assemble at their posts,
And in a trice the Morris hills are safe from hostile hosts.
Another silent army gave their husbands, brothers, sons,
To the service of their country, when they went to man the guns.
Were there no heroines in their ranks—no glorious martyrdom ?
Did they not suffer oftentimes a thousand deaths in one ?
Brave Molly Pitcher faltered not before the cannon's roar ;
Ann Halsted donned coat, hat and gun and saved her father's stores ;
Gay Baltimoreans celebrate their " Peggy Stewart's " day ;
The matron of Elizabethtown unbidden went her way
To the Council Chamber where was broached the question of the hour—
Submission to oppression and to a hostile power ;
Standing before her husband, with firm, unflinching heart,
She said : " If you submit, henceforth our ways do part."
In Morristown, the women through the country far and wide,
Ceased not to knit and spin from early morn till eventide,
And many a weary soldier, when he felt the hand of death,
Murmured blessings on their efforts with his last sad parting breath.
The Revolutionary heroes have joined the shadowy throng,
But their lineal descendants still live to right the wrong,
To resist the hostile inroads of a grasping, foreign foe,
To uplift the fallen statue of Liberty laid low.

The handful of brave spirits, as the years have passed away,
Has become a mighty nation and beneath its scepter's sway,
Dwell in one common brotherhood all kindreds, tribes and tongues—
The hordes of pent-up Europe,—the Greeks, the Slavs, the Huns,
The Turk, the Celt, the Italian, the Spaniard,—all have come,
By thousands and ten thousands to join the general sum ;
The Dark Continent and India, and China, too, are here
And each passes on his way, with none molesting, none to fear.
Sons of the Revolution ! What is your duty of the hour ?
Would you maintain undimmed the prestige and the power
Of the heritage your fathers won in those dark and trying days ?
Then rouse up from your lethargy and fix your piercing gaze
On the mercenary throngs upon every side arrayed,
That would rob you of your birthright, and in the dust degrade
The principles for which they fought, for which they bled and died,
And for which, in many a soldier's grave, they are lying side by side !
Let your Minute Men assemble ! Relight your signal fires,
For the safety of your country and the honor of your sires !
Let the lantern be flung out from the North Church tower again !
Gird on your rusty armor and quit yourselves like men !
When the eagle leaves his eyrie, on your next assembly day,
Let him bear aloft this message to those long since passed away :
That the dear old flag still floats and shall never cease to wave,
O'er a land where all are free and o'er homes where all are brave.

The congregation, under the direction of the quartette, sang "America," and the congregation was dismissed by the benediction, from the Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen.

On March 20th, 1893, the Board of Managers requested the President to prepare a statement of the causes of failure of the contemplated union between the S. R. and the S. A. R., which he accordingly did. This statement was printed and distributed among the members. It is as follows :

STATEMENT

OF CAUSES OF FAILURE OF UNION OF S. R. AND S. A. R.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., March 20, 1893.

To the Members of the N. J. Society of the S. A. R. :

GENTLEMEN :—At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, your President was directed to prepare a statement of the facts relative to the recent attempted union between the S. R. and the S. A. R., and the reasons for its failure. It seemed proper to them that you should be put in full possession of these facts in order that you might understand them yourselves, and be prepared to state them intelligently to others.

It is claimed and industriously asserted that the N. J. Society of the S. R. is the "*parent Society of New Jersey.*" This claim is without foundation in fact, for the N. J. Society of the S. A. R. was organized in March, 1889 ; that of the S. R. two or three years afterwards. The N. Y. Society of the S. R. was formed in 1883, and has done good service, accomplishing much in its own State for the objects which induced its formation. These two

Societies, the S. R. of New York, and the S. A. R. of New Jersey, were both State organizations, independent of each other and operating within the lines of their own territory. Neither of them was, in any sense, tributary to the other, and the assumption by either of any authority over the other, would be utterly baseless ; in no sense could either be the parent of the other. In 1876, a similar Association was formed in California, which although intended to be national in its character, never laid claim to the parentage of any other Society. If the California organization had arrogated to itself any such claim, the N. Y. Association would have rightly rejected it with scorn.

Almost immediately after its formation, the N. J. Society of the S. A. R. effected an organization called the "National Society of the S. A. R.," which has since been in active operation. Under that organization, twenty-six different State Societies have arisen, all of them, including that of California, being represented to-day by delegations in this National Society.

The S. R. of N. Y. at first assumed the right of forming other associations auxiliary to itself, but in 1890 abandoned that claim, and in that same year, and after the formation of the National Society of the S. A. R., organized a similar association, called the "*General*" Society, composed of delegations, if I am correctly informed, from ten or twelve State associations. A much larger number is connected with the "National" than with the "General" Society ; but that is a matter of little importance.

From time to time, after the organization of these two bodies, the "National" has made frequent overtures to the "General" Society for union, but these overtures were rejected, and not always in the kindest manner. There was, how-

ever, a general desire amongst the majority of the members of the S. A. R. that that union should be effected, and they felt that as theirs was the larger association and did not really need the co-operation of the other, these overtures should come from them. In perfect good faith, and with an honest desire that the two associations, having the same objects and actuated by the same motives, should come together and form a strong, united body, these overtures were made, and it has not been the fault of the stronger organization that the union has not been accomplished.

In April last, at the annual Convention of the National Society of the S. A. R., held in New York, Jonathan Trumbull, under the direction of the Connecticut Society, of which he was President, offered a resolution that steps should be taken for this long desired union. Upon his motion, the Presidents of the State Societies, where there were two associations, were appointed a Committee to meet a like body from the General Society of the S. R. In accordance with this resolution, Edwin S. Barrett, of Massachusetts, John Whitehead, of New Jersey, and Gen. A. W. Greeley, of the District of Columbia, were elected members of that Committee, Mr. Trumbull being afterwards added and subsequently becoming Chairman. Notice of this action was given to the General Society of the S. R. and gentlemen were appointed from that association to meet with the Committee from the S. A. R. These two bodies held several joint meetings during the past summer. I was present at every meeting and now speak from actual knowledge. I know that the Committee from the S. A. R. was unanimous in favor of union, and that its members went to these meetings with the settled purpose of removing every possible obstacle which honorable gentlemen could surrender, and, I think I ought to say

that I believed at the time, that the majority of the gentlemen from the S. R. were also in favor of union.

At the first meeting there were only four representatives of the S. A. R. present and they were confronted by some fifteen or twenty from the S. R., all men of ability and keenly alive to the interests of those whom they represented. It was not at all possible that they would have forgotten or overlooked any difference between the two organizations, or any ground of complaint which existed against the S. A. R. Gen. Porter was Chairman of the joint meeting, and the other members of the Committee of the National Society were left to fight the battle without his most efficient aid.

It must be remembered that the object of the joint Committee was to ascertain all obstacles preventing the union and, if possible, to remove them.

The S. A. R. was much the larger organization and it would seem that if there were any concessions to be made, they would naturally come from the smaller body. But the S. A. R. was disposed to surrender many things, if necessary. It gave up its name, its seal, its colors. These were surrendered after much debate and some warm discussion. The Society of the S. R. demanded everything and conceded little; they were, in fact, not disposed to make any concessions, but disputed every point, inch by inch. It is alleged by the S. R. that their name, colors and seal, were to be "assumed" by the united organization. This is not exactly correct and the word used is misleading; it was not an assumption, it was a surrender by a larger body to a smaller one.

The outcome of the meetings of the joint Committee and of the discussions accompanying them, was the preparation of a Constitution for the new Society and of a report signed by every member of

the joint Committee, recommending a union upon the basis of that Constitution, and that simultaneous meetings of the two associations should be held at the call of the two Presidents, when this report should be presented, a union perfected on the basis of this Constitution, and officers elected.

Every point of difference between the two organizations was discussed at these meetings, but at no time was there a word said or a hint given that there was a doubt as to the eligibility of any member of the S. A. R. If there were any such doubt existing in the mind of any one of the joint Committee, then was the time and place to have stated it; none being stated, according to all rules of ethics, or even of ordinary fair dealing, no question could be honorably raised after the settlement by the Joint Committee. All matters of difference not brought to the attention of the persons appointed for the express purpose of settling such difference must be considered as waived. Both parties had a perfect right to believe that every difficulty was arranged. Certainly the S. A. R., under the circumstances, could come to no other conclusion than this: That the S. R. had raised all possible questions which existed, and that there was an end of controversy, full opportunity having been given for the settlement of every possible difference, an amicable settlement of these differences having been reached and a report embodying the result of the action of the Joint Committee, having been signed by every member of that Committee.

On the sixteenth of February, 1893, the two associations met, in accordance with the recommendation of this report, in the Chamber of Commerce, of New York, at which meeting the S. A. R. was largely represented. Representatives were there from all the New England States, from the Middle States

and from the District of Columbia ; from Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky ; from Ohio, Wisconsin, Missouri, Nebraska and Washington, and, perhaps, from some other States not now recalled. I am informed that the Convention of the S. R. was also a large one. What brought these gentlemen, at such expense of time and money, from their distant homes? Certainly, the expectation that this long-talked-of union was now to be effected. Is it possible, if there had been the slightest doubt of this result, that the officers of the two Societies, composed of men of unusual intelligence and supposed to have some degree of self respect would have so stultified themselves as to ask their members to take so much pains and go to so much expense?

Many amendments to the Constitution presented by the Joint Committee were proposed in both meetings, and much discussion took place. At 12:30 P. M., a Committee from the S. R., headed by F. A. Talmadge, Esq., President of the N. Y. Society, who had been a member of the Joint Committee and had taken a prominent part in its proceedings and discussions, appeared before the S. A. R. with a resolution passed by the S. R., recommending a union upon the basis of the Constitution without amendment. This Committee asked the S. A. R. to pass a similar resolution, and urged them to meet at once in joint convention to perfect the union and elect officers of the new association. With this request, so far as the resolution was concerned, the S. A. R. at once complied and sent a committee to the S. R. informing them of this action, and that arrangements were made to receive them. It must be remarked that up to this moment of time not a word had been spoken, not a hint offered by the S. R. of any question in regard to the eligibility of members. The joint convention

was considered so settled a fact that a Chairman was selected to preside over it, and a gentleman chosen to nominate that Chairman. A half hour passed, an hour, an hour and a half and more, and then there appeared before the S. A. R. a Committee from the S. R., with an entirely new proposition, never before even hinted at in any previous meeting of the Joint Committee. That proposition was this: That a Committee of two should be appointed by each association, and that these four persons should select a fifth, not a member of either Society; that this body should revise the list of membership of all the State Societies and should eliminate all who, in their opinion, were ineligible for membership, *under the new Constitution*, not yet adopted; that the two Conventions should adjourn *sine die*, to be called together by the two presidents with a Convention composed of delegates elected by members of the State Societies thus sifted.

The unanswerable objections to these resolutions are too apparent to need debate, but these objections were all forgotten in the storm of indignation which filled the mind of every member of the S. A. R. They all felt that the resolutions were an afterthought, to prevent union; that they were a direct insult to the Joint Committee, an offence to the whole Convention of the S. A. R., and that there was only one answer to them—an adjournment *sine die*. If it were possible that any person had crept into its membership on deficient proof, the S. A. R. would have been more anxious than the S. R. to correct the records, and under the circumstances, any action in that direction could well have been postponed until after the union was perfected. The S. R. would have lost nothing by such postponement.

But the S. A. R. was not willing to surrender all hope of union without further action. So an-

other Committee was appointed, with Gen. Horace Porter at its head, which waited on the S. R. and urged that the objectionable resolutions should be withdrawn. This was refused, and there was only one course left for the S. A. R., and that, to adjourn; they could do nothing else with any degree of self respect.

It is not necessary for me to enter into any argument in addition to this statement of facts to show the propriety of the action of the S. A. R. Any other course would have been lacking in respect to the Joint Committee and to themselves. That Joint Committee had honestly performed its duty, and had arrived at a unanimous conclusion. Both parties were bound to abide by that conclusion; it was too late to raise any question about any obstacle, which if it existed at all, must have existed before the time of the creation of the Joint Committee and was well-known to the S. R., and no honorable man as it seemed to the S. A. R, ought to have raised any such question. Col. S. M. Dickinson and Mr. Vroom had both been present at some, if not all, of the meetings of the Joint Committee. They knew before they attended these meetings whether there were any objections to the eligibility of members of the S. A. R., but they said never a word on that subject. Can they now with any propriety raise any such question? Have not they and every member of their association waived any obstruction to union?

The mode adopted by those who are apologizing for the action of the S. R. is, to say the least, ingenious. They avoid all statements of the real facts in the case—facts necessary to a proper understanding of it—and after the discussion is closed, then raise a question never before hinted at and which has therefore been virtually waived. Is the statement of these facts studiously avoided? Can

the action of the S. R. be regarded in any other light than that of a breach of faith?

The N. J. Society of the S. A. R. has this to say: It challenges the strictest scrutiny, by a proper authority, of its records and defies the world to designate a member whose proof of eligibility is not perfect.

It may be unfortunate that the union so much desired has failed. It is not the fault, and I am impelled to say, with the experience of the past, it is not the misfortune of the S. A. R. that there has been such a failure.

JOHN WHITEHEAD,
Pres. N. J. Soc. of the S. A. R.

CELEBRATION, JULY 4, 1893,

ELIZABETH, N. J.

The members of the Society resident in Elizabeth celebrated the anniversary of American Independence in an appropriate and patriotic manner. A large and imposing civic and military procession paraded through the streets of the city and was reviewed by the orator of the day, the Hon. Charles H. Winfield, and the President of the Society. The whole celebration was under the charge of the members of the Society who resided in Elizabeth, and was a perfect success.

The first Presbyterian Church, in whose graveyard a costly monument had been reared to the memory of the Rev. James Caldwell, of Revolutionary times, was filled to its utmost capacity by an appreciative audience.

The Mayor of Elizabeth, John C. Rankin, Jr., Esq., introduced Hon. W. H. Corbin, a member of the Society, as the chairman of the day, who made the following remarks :

HON. W. H. CORBIN.

The arrangements for the formal part of this day's celebration were intrusted to the resident

members of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution ; and they have selected this hallowed place as the most fitting spot for these exercises.

Upon this very ground was erected, 230 years ago, the Public Meeting House, which served as the place of worship, the meeting-place of the people, and the seat of justice. Here convened, 225 years ago last May, the first General Assembly of New Jersey. Within the walls, and close around the old Meeting House, were interred the bones of the founders of this community. Their graves are beneath our feet.

A century later, long after the old meeting house had given place to a larger church, which, in its turn, had been reduced to ashes by the torch of the marauder in the War of the Revolution, this goodly church was reared, and under its shadow, from year to year, were laid to rest the noble officers and men from this town who had fought for independence and liberty.

Within these walls, for more than half a century, this day was observed, as we are now observing it, whilst the dwindling number of the surviving veterans of the Continental Army sat here in an honored place in the sight of all the people.

This was the "cradle of liberty" for New Jersey. From the struggles of John Ogden and his companions for civil and religious freedom for the people, in the time of Carteret, down to the day when Abraham Clark, of Elizabethtown, set his hand to the Declaration of Independence, there never failed brave men, here, to pronounce for liberty, good government, and the equal rights of men.

Nor has this pulpit ever ceased to preach righteousness and faith, to enjoin duty upon patriots,

and to denounce judgments upon traitors and evil-doers.

In the day of battle, a century ago, Parson Caldwell, pastor of this church and chaplain of his regiment, filled his arms with psalm-books and flung them to his soldiers for wadding, meanwhile cheering and urging them to duty.

In the same spirit of aggressive righteousness and loyalty, Parson Kempshall, in this present year of grace, 1893, at the head of a multitude of his indignant and outraged fellow-citizens, who had been denied the hearing secured to them by the Constitution and the law, marched to the very seat of the General Assembly in Trenton, and proclaimed in clarion tones that they took possession of that place, not by the grace of the Speaker, but by the paramount and sovereign right of eminent domain.

God grant that in the future, as in the past, in peace and in war, in anarchy and strife or in times of quietude and indifference, there may never fail, here, a strong voice to cry out against oppression, treason and sin ; to teach men liberty, law and the gospel, and to inspire patriots to work, to suffer and to die in maintaining the priceless heritage of freedom which was earned for them, here, in sweat and blood, and bequeathed to their hands by the fathers of their country.

The Rev. Dr. Kempshall, the pastor of the church, offered prayer.

The Declaration of Independence was read by the Hon. Foster M. Voorhees.

The exercises were enlivened by the singing of patriotic songs, "America," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and by organ selections under the direction of Mr. John W. Farrington, organist.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was sung as a

solo by Mr. William B. Martin, the great congregation joining in the chorus.

The Hon. Charles H. Winfield delivered the following address:

HON. CHARLES H. WINFIELD.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It has become quite the fashion in these times of many holidays to ignore the Fourth of July and let it pass as a day devoted to noise and confusion. The citizens of this old town so full of revolutionary relics, traditions and history, are deserving of thanks for doing so much to revive an interest in its observance. Other days coming into our calendar, some backed by a holy sentiment, others by the tricks of the demagogue, have crowded aside the day which typifies the existence and freedom of our country.

In my judgment there are but two days in our national calendar worthy to be regarded as holidays, and they are the Fourth of July and Decoration Day—the one telling the story of the Birth of the Republic; the other bright and fragrant with its May flowers, speaking of devotion, sacrifice and death for the maintenance of an undivided, indivisible Union.

Perhaps one reason why the memories of this day have grown dim is, that contemporaneous events have made it seem so far away.

The third of the Georges then sat upon England's throne, and his government had scarcely recovered from its fright caused by Wolfe Tone and his Irish rebellion. Catherine ruled the wild hordes of Russia, and dismembered Poland yet quivered in the paws of the imperial tigers which tore her asunder. Frederick the Great sat upon the throne of Prussia and led her victorious armies. Not yet seven years of age was the boy who was to make

playthings of crowns and write upon the page of history the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Eckmuhl and Wagram. Over the continent of Europe the "rights" of kings were firmly established, and if there were doubts as to the "divine" origin of those rights, the power to make good those doubts and shake those rights was wanting. Nowhere had the people risen to the dignity of self-reliant manhood. Nowhere did they comprehend the equality in which all men are created. Nowhere had they broken the bonds of feudalism. Their whole duty was to do and die for their lord, the King. Night, deep, dull and starless, rested upon the masses. Only in France the people began to show signs of impatience. But, alas, untaught to distinguish liberty from licentiousness, when the day of their freedom dawned, it was only to behold the same despotism transferred from the King to the mob, and as much worse as a herd of infuriated beasts is more dangerous than one.

However far off it may seem, all our history points to this day, as a necessity. It stands for resistance to wrong, for devotion to right.

It is a paradox but a truth that the same cause which built up the British power in America overthrew it. In both instances it was oppression. The Puritans of New England, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Catholics of Maryland, the Churchmen of Virginia and the Non-Conformists of the Carolinas, cheerfully turned from home and kindred for the untrammeled exercise of their devotions, and the predominance of their religion. Some of these having encountered in its fiercest violence the fury of theological animosity, being alternately the instruments and the victims, abandoned the unavailing, unending struggle by voluntary migration. Some were banished by the interdictions of an illiberal government; others were proscribed by

the conscientious bigotry of a tyrant, and sought a refuge from the rage of their persecutors among the barbarians of this western world.

It matters not that these people were not in all cases educated up to the standard of religious toleration, that they could not in all cases endure opposition to their notions of the Divine government, and the manner in which men may worship God. The practical lesson which, through centuries of religious oppression, the majority had taught, was, that the minority had no rights of conscience or independent thought, that they must worship in the manner and with the shibboleth prescribed by the majority, whether represented by caliph, King or priest. Conformity, banishment or death was the alternative. The principle of toleration was to be learned and understood as the years went by.

Besides the religious, there were political causes which contributed to the settlement of these colonies. From the animosities, factions and civil wars which distracted Great Britain, came forth a resolute and enterprising race. Of these some were unsuccessful in rebellion and fled from the vengeance of the laws; others voluntarily migrated because of their devotion to liberty.

Then came those who pined in homeless poverty, caused by the laws of primogeniture, adverse fortune, or the exactions of rapacious governments. Not a few of the immigrants were filled with an honorable ambition and a restless spirit. They were conscious of merit, which entitled them to something above the inferiority to which they were doomed at home. They wearied of the obscurity to which they were oppressed by wealth, by birth, by the influence of privileged orders, and by the stratagems of dishonorable competition.

Such in brief was the general character of the primal immigration to these shores. The colonies

were the common asylum, into which were thrown by the alternate waves of persecution, revolution and faction, the best and the bravest. The bigoted republican and the adherent of the murdered king met on an equal footing. The persecutor found a refuge among the victims of his persecution. The Catholic was associated with the Huguenot, the Puritan with the Quaker, the pious divine with the inexorable fanatic.

By people of such character, filled with such spirit, animated by such motives, possessing the integrity of such an origin and impelled to emigration by such principles, the foundations of the edifice were laid deep and solid, its superstructure substantially built. Led to expatriation from the affections and endearments of their native land by their love of liberty and piety to heaven, they came to these wilds to rear a home for themselves and their posterity. Uncorrupted by the delicacies of older societies, remote from the festering influence of cities, compelled to face the dangers and toils of a new country, felling forests where civilized man had not yet mingled his discordant voice with the harmonies in which virginal nature was adoring the Lord, subjecting the untamed soil to agriculture, they acquired a sense of personal dignity and an impatience of other than domestic control. Thus nurtured they offered at the altar of liberty their richest oblations. Luxury, wealth, and the refinements of older civilizations enervate; poverty and the struggles for existence in a new country ennoble. In the goblet of gold Thyestes drinks the blood of his son; from the cup of earth Fabricius pours his libation to the gods.

Not only the several causes of their migration hither and the early struggles for existence after their settlement, but other influences were directly instrumental in building up the colonists to

the stature of perfect men. Their long contest with the crown for the rights and liberties of Englishmen had made them jealous of even apparent encroachments. Their frequent and successful wars with the Indians and French, the burden of which in toil and sacrifice they and not England had borne, led them more highly to estimate their strength and appreciate their resources. Notwithstanding the loss of many thousands of their best citizens and a debt of many millions in these wars, wealth and population rapidly increased. Sturdy immigrants poured in from the Old World, penetrated the forests even beyond the Alleghenies and into the valley of the Ohio; settlements sprang up everywhere; cities grew into importance; external danger welded them together; everything betokened and the colonists hoped for a prosperous future. They now saw the day near at hand when they were to enjoy the fruits of their toil, struggles and sufferings. The French had been driven beyond the Mississippi, the savages had been subdued, the wounds of many conflicts were healing, prosperity and happiness were everywhere apparent, when lo! England, true to her ancient role, entered the lists as the oppressor; the mother became the persecutress of the daughters. As oppression had been the initial cause of building up this portion of the British Empire, so now oppression was to be the cause of its severance from that Empire. The children were not less opposed to tyranny than the fathers had been. They fled from it to rear their homes in the wilderness; these would not fly but defend.

And from their heroic struggles and sacrifices the Fourth of July became a great historic fact and the union of these States then first proclaimed a puissant nation.

And it is just here, when the attempt was

made to nullify what the fathers had achieved, and to destroy what this day represents that the sons brought in their contribution to our history and placed another holiday in our calendar. For we had been taught to believe, and that belief had crystallized into faith, that the perpetuity of our government, the benignity of our institutions, all that we hold dear as citizens, all that as a people we have been or hope to be, depended upon and were limited to the maintenance of the Union, one and undivided. Inspired by this faith all the struggles, the battles, the sufferings, the death devoted to its preservation, were unclouded by despair for the Republic, or a doubt of the result. What if there was within our bounds an institution older than the Republic, whose tendrils had wound through and around the body politic so closely, so completely, that nothing less than the convulsions of war could tear them away; what though like their religion whether true or false men fought for it, died for it, who could doubt on which side were justice and right, or hesitate as to his duty? It was the old struggle between light and darkness, between justice and injustice; the old struggle between freedom and oppression, between the patient subject and his tyrannical master, between

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

But in all such contests, sooner or later, the right must win. Wrong plans and forces the battle, right marches to victory. So it is ordained in the code of the Everlasting. Trample upon it, crush it to the earth, overwhelm it with fire and sword, crucify its Lord, what matters all this, it will yet triumph;

For behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

So it triumphed here. Realizing in fact what the fathers placed in the preamble to the Constitution, the union was more perfectly formed, justice was established, domestic tranquility insured, the general welfare promoted, the blessings of liberty secured to ourselves and our posterity, our national character broadened, popular government proved to be the strongest government on earth, so long as it rests in the hearts of the people. And when the smoke of battle had lifted and the sun of liberty full risen out of the gloom, and gentle peace had come and come to stay ; there, emblem of a union never to be broken, brighter and dearer and stronger for the storms that had beaten upon it and the dangers it had passed, floated the old flag under which our fathers had fought and made this day glorious, not a star beclouded, not a color bedimmed ;

With its red for the patriot's blood,
And its white for the martyr's crown ;
Its blue for the dew and the rime,
When the morning of God comes down.

Thus far I have spoken only in justification of such days and such celebration, as this. You see how appropriate, even necessary they are. They teach salutary lessons. I need not in this presence indulge in fulsome praise of what has been accomplished under the benign government set up by our fathers and preserved by their sons. The facts speak for themselves more eloquently. But while we may not on the one hand be inclined to self-congratulation, nor on the other to criticism, may

we not with propriety consider a few facts which will not be out of place on this occasion.

You have just heard read the great Declaration wherein it is claimed that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. If this be true as a general proposition, and in that paper it is held to be a self-evident truth, then we have a right to insist as consequent truths:

I. That the consent of the governed should be an intelligent consent.

The time has gone by when Jack Cade's indictment of Lord Say would be considered good pleading or sufficient cause for arraignment in a court of justice: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

To instruct the people in the rights and duties of citizenship schools are established and property laid under tribute for their maintenance. It is better for the general welfare and more economical to the taxpayers that people should be taught to be good, virtuous and industrious citizens than to punish them for violation of law. We cannot make men as they should be; we must bear with them as they are, and make the best of them we can. But Plato proclaimed perfect happiness to people and states when they have philosophers for their kings, or their kings are philosophers. While it may be truthfully admitted that all cannot be learned men, yet it will not be denied that, other things being equal, the intelligent man is a better

citizen than the ignorant. Knowing his rights and looking to the law to protect him in them, he must be presumed to know where his own rights end and the rights of others begin. The Republic cannot afford to trust its future to ignorance. For with ignorance ordinarily come immorality, hostility to law, to property, to everything higher and better than itself. The ignorant man is told of the equal rights of citizens. He looks around to see if this is true in the light he understands it. What he sees he cannot harmonize with the doctrine. The rich man rolls by in his chariot, while he trudges to his daily toil. The one lives in his palace, the other in his garret. The wife of one fares sumptuously, the wife of the other toils for bread to still the cries of her hungry little ones. The one adds farm after farm to his broad domains, the real estate of the other consists of an expectancy in Potters' Field. It requires more philosophy than he possesses to convince him there is not gross inequality in this condition. Here we have an easy convert to the equality of anarchy, a state of society wherein is no law and individuals do what they please with impunity.

Tell him this is a land of liberty, he immediately thinks of liberty without restraint of law. He cannot understand how that can be liberty which is within restraint, or how a man can be free who is not in possession of all his natural rights. To him licentiousness means liberty—*licentia quam stulti libertatem vocant*—and anything short of that is oppression. Hence the State should see to it that every citizen is taught to reverence the law, and to regard it as the only protection of his right to life, liberty and property; taught to embrace and comprehend in all its length and breadth the principle of equal rights within the law; taught to understand the duty he owes to

every other citizen and to the Republic. He who says education on these lines says government; to teach is to reign.

II. The consent of the governed should be an honest consent.

By this I mean it should be given, as the duty of a grand juror is to be performed, without "fear, favor or affection, reward, gain, or the hope thereof." I do not refer to the consent given in the formation of the government, but to that which is now given for its maintenance, and I refer particularly to voting at elections.

The vote that is cast affects more than the one who casts it. If it affected only himself, he might make merchandise of it if he saw fit. But he being only one of the whole body politic, every other citizen is affected equally with himself. No honorable man would injure his neighbor that he might derive an advantage from the injury. But says the man who traffics away his vote, is not the vote mine? Am I not free to give it to whom I will? And from what motive I will? No, a thousand times no. The vote is not yours in the light of property. And you have no right to barter it away or sell it for gold. It belongs to your country. By the law you are intrusted with a discretion to use it in a way which your conscience and judgment dictate will be best for the general good, but not for private gain. Every man in the State has as much interest in that vote as you have. It belongs to them as well as to you, and they have a right to demand that it shall be cast for a proper purpose and from proper motives. When cast from any other motive than the general good, the spirit of our institutions is outraged, and so far as the one who casts it is concerned, the Republic is not worth preserving for an hour. If one man has a right to make merchandise of his vote

then every other man has. What is the logical consequence?—*the man who can afford to buy the most votes is King*, and monarchy rises upon the ruins of the Republic. No, the citizen is not free to aim such a fatal blow at the perpetuity of this government. Freedom is indeed a boon, but it is not a boon only. Connected with it is an exacting duty. Victor Hugo has eloquently said: "All that augments liberty augments responsibility. Nothing is more grave than to be free; liberty weighs heavily, and all the chains that she takes from the body she binds upon the conscience."

How can it be said that our government rests on the consent of the governed, if that consent is exchanged for private gain? How long can the government exist if this corruption becomes general, or adopted by even a majority of the voters? We may safely defy the world in arms, open foes internal or external, but who without fear and trembling, can contemplate such corruption creeping into the elective franchise? Public disorders, riots and insurrections naturally follow the debasing practice. Even good men may accustom themselves to contemplate with complacency the coming of some strong man, who shall take the reins of government in his own hands and deliver them from the body of such a death. We are not without example. Plutarch says, "that in Rome, just before Cæsar put his foot on her liberties, all ranks of men were so corrupted that tables were publicly set out, upon which the candidates for offices were professedly ready to pay the people the price of their votes; and the people came, not only to give their votes to the man who had bought them, but with all kinds of offensive weapons to fight in his behalf. In this dismal situation of things, in these storms of epidemic madness, wise men thought it would be happy if they ended in nothing worse than mon-

archy. Nay, there were many who did not scruple openly to assert that monarchy was the only cure for the desperate disorders of the state."

We have not reached that point yet, and I do not believe we ever shall, for I have an abiding faith in the good sense and sober judgment of the people, and however far they may drift from their true course, they will return in due time; but is not the fact against which I animadvert notorious?

At the polls, how many of our citizens think it no discredit to demand at least the price of a day's work, if they can get no more, as a consideration for their vote? I am sure you will unite with me in saying, when a voter shall so far forget what is due to his country as to sell his vote, or when a citizen shall become such a traitor as to buy a vote,

"Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!"

Plutarch says: "It was a shrewd saying, whoever said it, that the man who first ruined the Roman people was he who first gave them treats and gratuities. But this mischief crept secretly and gradually in and did not openly make its appearance in Rome for a considerable time."

III. The consent of the governed should be a free consent.

By this I mean that no citizen can be justified in yielding a blind obedience to the dictates of party. Political parties should be the means, not the end of government. While they are a necessity, they are also intolerant of individual opinion and tyrannical in punishment. Like all other political organizations their tendency is towards centralization, until finally all power is monopolized by one or a few. However good may be the intentions of the leader, it has been in rare instances only that

one has arisen great enough to compel his party to give the people "bread unleavened with injustice." As a rule if he differs from his party on any measure, however right he may be, he is forthwith branded as a traitor and politically gibbeted as a warning to all advanced or independent thought.

The better and more intelligent the members of the party, the more impatient it is of independent leadership. Hence those who have been or are successful in guiding their party by their worth and ability are few in number. The man who is known as "boss" is more successful in his methods. He does not pretend to lead. He drives, and he holds his party in line with the snaffle. They may now and then prance and caper and snort and kick over the traces, but a judicious tightening of the reins and a crack or two of the whip well applied soon bring submission and steady work. He shapes his party's destiny, proclaims its creed, maps out its policy, and uses it as an instrument to advance the political fortunes of himself and friends or secure the downfall of political enemies. Every man who bows the knee to the boss is the friend to secure the "thrift that follows fawning;" and every man who dares to stand upright and claim his equality and independence is the enemy to be punished.

If these bosses were always pure, patriotic, self-denying men, ambitious only to serve their country in its highest and best interests, the objection to their rule might not be urged so forcibly. But they are not always such men. Sometimes at least, they are selfish, corrupt, ambitious to serve themselves at the expense of their country. Why should such men be permitted to shape the course of a party, and through it the destinies of the country? Is it not time for the people to assert their rights and criticize the creed which these self-appointed leaders, through resolutions and platforms, make

for the party? Is it not also a duty they owe to their own manhood, and to their country, to criticise the qualifications of candidates in whose nomination they have so little to say, and if they find them unfit, unreliable or dangerous, to vote against them. By what other course are we to preserve our institutions when placed in jeopardy? To nominate a man for office only because he has been a good party man, worked and schemed for party success, is an insult to men of intelligence. It marks a low appreciation of our duty to our country.

True, in the present party discipline, the unpardonable sin is to disclaim a nomination no matter how unfit, or by what means obtained. Against such domination it is manly to be men. You are as good and free as these demagogues who assume to dictate. Tell them that you make officials in this country. They depend on you, not you upon them. It is time to act upon this principle; love of party should always be subordinate to love of country; and if unfit men are nominated for office, such action is not binding. All parties profess to be, and should act as if they were organized to subserve the best interests of the country. If this great central fact is forgotten or neglected, teach them by salutary defeat at the polls that the only solid basis on which parties can exist in a free country without danger to its institutions, is an unselfish devotion to the greatest good of the whole people. If they will build on any other foundation, then down with parties, and away with their creeds, if only by so doing the Republic may live.

Men and fellow citizens: To you I appeal in behalf of the institutions founded by our fathers; is it not time to cry a halt? The way to destruction is easy. Against the inroads of some social and political wrongs the laws, now and then, seem

to be powerless. Public opinion, which is the life of law, sometimes becomes weak and indifferent. But with you remains an effective weapon. At the man who buys, sells, corrupts or nullifies a vote, point the finger of scorn, that his name may become a hissing and a by-word. Against him who knowingly profits by such conduct let society close its doors and thus teach him that "dishonesty wins not more than honesty." Let us go back to the principles of the earlier days, when manhood and not Mammon ruled the land.

**Moribus antiquis res Romana virisque.*

To establish a government founded on the consent of the governed our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. To defend it the soldier has braved the storm of battle. To maintain and give it yet grander proportions, the statesman toils in his cabinet, the scholar in his study, the orator on the platform, the judge on the bench, the clergyman in the pulpit. For it the christian prays in his closet, the honest man goes to the polls. All are equally worthy of the name of heroes for all are working to one end—the preservation of freedom, truth and justice, and the perpetuity of a government which conserves the equal rights of all and acknowledges its just powers to come from the consent of the governed.

Here is a field for noble action, where as much good is to be wrought and as much glory to be won as on that other field where men become reapers in the harvest of death.

Wherever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

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*It is by ancient manners, and by men who preserve the ancient spirit, that the Roman republic subsists.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
  Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod;
For freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
  And the light above is the smile of God.

PRESENTATION OF BADGE TO THE PRESIDENT.

OCTOBER 3rd, 1893.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held on the third day of October, 1893, after the transaction of business, Gen. James F. Rusling arose and addressed the President in the following words :

GEN. JAMES F. RUSLING.

MR. PRESIDENT :—There is a matter which the Board of Managers decided upon last June, in my absence, but which I am here, by special request, to introduce. I need not say that the business, though reserved to the close of the meeting, is exceedingly agreeable to me, both officially and personally. I have had a good many tasks to perform, in my time, of various kinds, but few more pleasant than this. There are many disagreeable things in this life. Sometimes the sky is all sombre and we hardly know where to look for comfort or cheer ; but I think there is more of the agreeable than the disagreeable in human life, after all. For, God Almighty is Father of us all, and evidently intends good to every human creature, and, hence, we should rejoice and take courage, even in the darkest hour. *This* is an agreeable—nay, a

joyous—occasion, not only for you, sir, I trust, but for all of us; and the memory of it will linger in our minds for years to come. As a Board of Managers, we believe in gratitude. We hold gratitude, indeed, to be one of the divine virtues. Shakespeare, you know, denounces ingratitude as "sharper than a serpent's tooth," and we concur with that great master mind of the race. If there be a meaner or more despicable thing in this world, than ingratitude, I confess I don't know what it is. I do not think a man is worthy of consideration who will accept a kindness, or a service, or a courtesy, and not stand ready to reciprocate it when the time arrives. The law recognizes this in the ancient phrase *quid pro quo*, and what is the Golden Rule, "Do as you would be done by," but a homely enunciation of the same sound doctrine? And so our Board of Managers, reflecting on your long and valuable services to this Society (I don't know who could have served us so well, or half so well), have unanimously agreed that the time has arrived to show some return to you. We didn't know exactly what to do. Of course, we knew we could not do anything commensurate with your deserts. But we concluded to present you with this handsome gold badge of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, as some slight token of our honor and gratitude—nay, affectionate gratitude—for all you have been and done for us and our beloved Society; and I now beg to hand you the same in the name of the Society.

It is not much *per se*. It has little intrinsic value. It is only a bit of ribbon, and a simple pin and badge. But it is like the little bronze Grand Army button, that every old soldier now wears, which costs but a few cents, but not an Astor, nor a Vanderbilt, nor a Gould can wear it. So our badge means something. It stands for high aims

and noble ideas. It represents great men, and brave deeds, and glorious memories. It recalls the Victoria Cross and the Legion of Honor. And its stirring motto, "*Libertas et patria*,"—Liberty and Fatherland—how it thrills and inspires us! What great and glorious memories it recalls! As I gaze upon it, the past rises before me like a dream. I see Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill—

"Where once our embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

I see Trenton, and Princeton, and Yorktown. I behold the illustrious figure of George Washington, and his worthy comrades, Greene, and Lafayette, and Knox, and Sullivan, and Steuben, and your own distinguished ancestors. And then our country—this great American Republic—looms up, as the final result and net product of all their toils and trials and sacrifices, and stands to-day all honorable and glorious, one and indivisible from sea to sea, the pride of mankind and the joy of the whole earth, and so may she stand forever!

This little badge means all this, and much more. It means that your ancestors were a part and parcel of the long and bloody war, that led to such achievements, and that you, yourself, by a life of rectitude and honor, and distinguished public service, have proven yourself worthy of such an ancestry. As Socrates well said to a boastful young Athenian, "It matters not, my lad, what your father was, but whether you yourself are worthy of such a father." And so, John Whitehead, (pardon me for saying in your presence), by the common consent of Jerseymen, has proven himself well worthy of his Revolutionary sires, and may God bless, and speed, and prosper you, sir, and spare you to this Society, and to your family

and friends, for long years to come! As for this badge, we know you will wear it well and worthily, and may it prove to you a talisman and a spur while life endures!

To which the President responded as follows:

HON. JOHN WHITEHEAD.

GEN. RUSLING, AND COMPATRIOTS:—I can not plead ignorance of your intention to have given me this mark of your esteem, but I can truthfully say I am entirely unprepared for the kind and gracious words with which our distinguished fellow-member has accompanied your gift. I am overwhelmed with the idea that you think so highly of my efforts in behalf of the Society we represent. I am more than delighted to know that those efforts have been appreciated by you, who have so materially aided in furthering the best interests of our association, and who are better acquainted than any others can possibly be, with just exactly what has been accomplished.

It has seemed to me that the peculiar exigency in which our Society has been placed during the past year, has demanded extraordinary efforts from those who have had charge of its interests. Our members have been enthusiastically in favor of a union between the two Societies which seemed rivals of each other. No one strove more earnestly than yourself, General Rusling, to accomplish that end, which seemed so desirable. When that failed, not from any want of effort of our Society, or its representatives, for each and all of them labored honestly and sincerely to accomplish it, it seemed that there was nothing left for us to do but to bend every effort, and use every honorable means, to increase our membership and widen and strengthen our means of usefulness in the several directions pointed out by our organic law.

Besides all that, New Jersey was the pivotal State upon which depended the result of the great struggle for independence. It has been well termed, "the battle ground of the Revolution." Within its borders that great event, which proved the turning point in the mighty battle for Freedom, and which we celebrate by our annual meeting, took place. We all love and revere our little State. Her past history is full of honor. We need never fear to refer to the bright pages which record the many deeds of heroism which those, through whom we claim the right to become members of the New Jersey Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, accomplished. Their memory shall never be lost while that Society has an existence.

So it seemed to me that no higher, holier, mission could employ my mind and heart, than acting, working, planning for the best interests of the Society.

The labor which I have bestowed in that direction, has been one of love. I will be impelled by this mark of your appreciation for my efforts, to renewed diligence, to more earnest work, to more complete devotion.

I accept your beautiful gift with profound gratitude, and when I wear it I will never cease to remember you, my friends and co-laborers in so glorious a cause.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Name and Address. *Date of Admission.* *No.*

ALLEN, LYMAN WHITNEY, Newark, Nov. 21, 1893. 276.

Great-great-great-grandson of Anthony Thornton, Member of the Caroline County, Virginia, Committee of Safety 1774–5. Colonel of Caroline County Regiment of Minute Men, Virginia Militia. Took part with the Continental Troops in the siege of Yorktown.

Also, great-great-grandson of Anthony Thornton, Jr., Colonel of Caroline County, Virginia, in 1781.

Ancestors: Anthony Thornton, and Anthony Thornton, Jr.

ARNOLD, ISAAC GASTON, Morristown, Feb. 8th, 1890. 97.

Grandson of Jacob Arnold, Captain of Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia; also, Captain of Troop of Light Horse, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Captain Jacob Arnold.

ARNOLD, JACOB OGDEN, Morristown, Feb. 8th, 1890. 96.

Grandson of Jacob Arnold, Captain of Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia;

also, Captain of Troop of Light Horse, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Captain Jacob Arnold.

ATTERBURY, LEWIS BOUDINOT, New York City, 98.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

Great-grandson of Elisha Boudinot, Secretary of the Council of Safety, 1777; also, of Committee of Correspondence of Essex County, N. J.

Ancestor: Elisha Boudinot.

AXTELL, CHARLES F., Morristown, 117.
May 23rd, 1890.

Great-grandson of Henry Axtell, Major of Eastern Battalion Morris County, N. J. Militia; also, Major of Col. Ford's Battalion of N. J. State troops.

Also, great-grandson of John Enslee, (or Ensley) Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Major Henry Axtell and John Enslee.

AYRES, SYLVANUS, JR., Bound Brook, 266.
Oct. 3rd, 1893.

Great-great-grandson of Hendrick Fisher, President of the Provincial Congress of N. J. in 1775, and Chairman of the Somerset County Committee of Correspondence and Chairman of the Committee of Safety.

Ancestor: Hendrick Fisher.

BABBITT, DANIEL CRAIG, Morristown, 260.
May 20, 1893.

Great-grandson of Joseph Sutton, Sergeant in Captain Robert Nixon's Troop of Light Horse, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Joseph Sutton.

BABBITT, ROBERT O., Mendham, 142.
Nov. 17th, 1890.
Great-grandson of Stephen Babbitt, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Stephen Babbitt.

BAKER, CHARLES WARD, Newark, 219.
Sept. 20th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Daniel Baker, Corporal of Captain Andrew McMires's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment Continental Line; also, Ensign of Captain John Scudder's Company, First Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Daniel Baker.

BAKER, CYRUS D., Newark, 253.
March 20th, 1893.
Grandson of Daniel Baker, Corporal of Captain Andrew McMires's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment Continental Line; also, Ensign of Captain John Scudder's Company, First Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Daniel Baker.

BAKER, CYRUS OSBORNE, JR., New York City, 217.
Sept. 20th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Daniel Baker, Corporal of Captain Andrew McMires's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment Continental Line; also, Ensign of Captain John Scudder's Company, First Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Daniel Baker.

BAKER, ELIHU B., Newark, 261.
June 27th, 1893.
Grandson of Daniel Baker, Corporal of Captain Andrew McMires's Company, First Battal-

ion, First Establishment Continental Line; also Ensign of Captain John Scudder's Company, First Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Daniel Baker.

BAKER, DANIEL WILLIAM, Newark. 189.
July 25th, 1891.

Grandson of Daniel Baker, Corporal of Captain Andrew McMires's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment Continental Line; also, Ensign of Captain John Scudder's Company, First Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Daniel Baker.

BAKER, DANIEL WILLIAM, JR., Newark, 218.
Sept. 20th, 1892.

Great great-grandson of Daniel Baker, Corporal of Captain Andrew McMires's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment Continental Line; also, Ensign of Captain John Scudder's Company, First Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Daniel Baker.

BALDWIN, ALBERT, Morristown, 257.
April 24th, 1893.

Great-grandson of Caleb Baldwin, Private in Captain Abraham Lyon's Company, Second Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in Captain Elijah Squier's Company, Second Regiment Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Caleb Baldwin.

BALDWIN, ALBERT HENRY, Newark, 190.
Sept. 9th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Nathan Beers, Private in Captain Benedict Arnold's Second Compa-

ny Governor's Foot Guard, Connecticut Militia; also, Lieut. and Paymaster in Col. Samuel B. Webb's Regiment, Conn. Continental Line; also, Paymaster Third Regiment Conn. Continental Line. Breveted Captain after the War.

Ancestors: Captain Nathan Beers and Caleb Baldwin.

BALDWIN, MARCUS W., Newark, Nov. 24th, 1891. 199.

Great-grandson of Ezra Chapman, Ensign in Baldwin's Regiment of Artificers, Continental Army.

Also, great-grandson of John N. Baldwin, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Ezra Chapman and John N. Baldwin.

BALL, DAYTON, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 3rd, 1893. 263.

Great-great-grandson of Aaron Hatfield, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia. He was in command of one of the small vessels that took part in the capture of the British ship, "Blue Mountain Valley," Jan, 22, 1776.

Ancestor: Aaron Hatfield.

BALL, GEORGE WASHINGTON, "Oakenden," Fauquier County, Va., Nov. 23rd, 1889. 77.

Grandson of Burgess Ball, Lieut. Col. of 1st Virginia Continental Line. Nearest blood relation of George Washington living to-day. Transferred to District of Columbia.

Ancestor: Burgess Ball.

BARBER, WILLIAM PROVOST, Elizabeth, Nov. 21st, 1893. 272.

Great-grandson of Francis Barber, Major of 3d Battalion, First Establishment, N. J. Continental Line ; Lieut. Col. of 3d Regiment, and afterward Lieut. Col. Commandant of said Regiment, in the N. J. Continental Line ; Sub Inspector General, Staff of Major Gen. Steuben ; Adjutant Gen. on Staff of Major Gen. Lord Sterling ; Adjutant Gen. on Staff of Major Gen. Sullivan ; Deputy Adjutant Gen. on Staff of Major Gen. Greene ; severely wounded at the battle of Monmouth ; wounded at the battle of Newtown, and again at the siege of Yorktown ; killed by a falling tree in camp at New Windsor, New York, Feb. 11, 1783.

Ancestor : Lieut. Col. Francis Barber.

BEDLE, JOHN VOUGHT, Freehold, 51.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-great-grandson of John Craig, 1st Lieut. of Captain Elisha Walton's Company, 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Joseph Dorset, Private in Captain Samuel Dennis's Company, 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors : John Craig and Joseph Dorset.

BEEBE, DILLON, Newark, 240.
Dec. 26th, 1892.

Great-grandson of Martin Beebe, Major of Col. William Bradford Whiting's 17th Regiment, New York State Troops.

Ancestor : Major Martin Beebe.

BELDEN, BAUMAN L., Elizabeth, 135.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Great-great-grandson of Sebastian Bauman,

Major of Artillery, Continental Army.
Ancestor: Major Sebastian Bauman.

BENJAMIN, DOWLING, Camden, 256.
April 24th, 1893.
Great-grandson of Joseph Benjamin, Private in Captain Henry Lee's Troop of Col. Theodorick Bland's First Regiment of Light Dragoons, transferred as Private to Captain Peyton's Troop, same Regiment.
Ancestor: Joseph Benjamin.

BESSON, JOHN C., Hoboken, 132.
Aug. 5th, 1890.
Great-grandson of John Besson, Ensign of Hunterdon County Militia; also, Ensign of N. J. State Troops.
Ancestor: John Besson.

BIGELOW, SAMUEL F., Newark, 7.
April 20th, 1889.
Grandson of Timothy Bigelow, a soldier in the Revolutionary War.
Also, great grandson of Mark Thomson, a General of N. J. Troops in that War.
Ancestors: Timothy Bigelow and Gen. Mark Thomson.

BINNEY, WILLIAM GREENE, Burlington, 213.
Sept. 20th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Amos Binney, Private in Independent Company of Hull, Mass. Militia; taken prisoner by the British at Cambridge, Mass.
Ancestor: Amos Binney.

BOGGS, JOHN LAWRENCE, JR., Newark, 4.
April 20th, 1889.
Great-grandson of William Paterson, Delegate and afterward Secretary of the First Pro-

vincial Congress of N. J.; also, Attorney Gen. of N. J. in 1783.

Ancestor: William Paterson.

BRAY, ANDREW W., Newark, March 30th, 1892. 209.

Great-grandson of Andrew Bray, Private in Capt. Richard Stillwell's Company, 4th Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in Capt. Henry Luce's Company, Second Battalion, Second Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also, Private in N. J. State Troops.

Ancestor: Andrew Bray.

BRAY, SAMUEL T., Newark, May 23rd, 1890. 120.

Great-grandson of Andrew Bray, Private in Capt. Richard Stillwell's Company, 4th Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in Capt. Henry Luce's Company, Second Battalion, Second Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also, Private in N. J. State Troops.

Ancestor: Andrew Bray.

BREWSTER, LEWIS OAKLEY, Elizabeth, June 19th, 1891. 182.

Great-grandson of Thomas Grant, Commissary and Quartermaster of Col. Thomas Hartley's Pennsylvania State Regiment, Continental Army.

Ancestor: Thomas Grant.

BROWN, ALEXANDER S., Elizabeth, May 23rd, 1890. 118.

Great-grandson of Samuel Brown, Private in Capt. Eliphalet Bulkley's Company, Conn. Militia for the relief of Boston, in the Lexington alarm, April 17, 1775.

Ancestor: Samuel Brown.

BROWN, GEORGE CARLTON, Elizabeth, 229.
May 15th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Samuel Brown, Private in Capt. Eliphalet Bulkley's Company, Conn. Militia for the relief of Boston, in the Lexington alarm, April 17, 1775.
Ancestor: Samuel Brown.

BRYANT, WILLIAM ALLEN, Glen Ridge, 210.
Sept. 20th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Roger Benjamin, Private in Captain Oliver Lyman's Company of Col. Dike's Regiment, Mass. Continental Line, in 1776; Fifer in Capt. Millen's Company, Col. Wesson's Regiment, Mass. Continental Line; Private in Capt. Hancock's Company, Mass. State Troops, served until the end of the War.
Ancestor: Roger Benjamin.

BURNET, JAMES BROWN, M. D., Newark, 198.
Nov. 24th, 1891.
Grandson of Halsted Coe, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Halsted Coe.

CANNON, HENRY BREVOORT, Elizabeth, 99.
Dec. 26th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Elias Brevoort, Quartermaster Major Goetschius's Battalion, N. J. State Troops.
Ancestor: Major Elias Brevoort.

CANNON, HENRY RUTGERS, Elizabeth, 33.
May 15th, 1889.
Grandson of Elias Brevoort, Quartermaster Major Goetschius's Battalion, N. J. State Troops.
Ancestor: Major Elias Brevoort.

CARTER, AARON, JR., Orange, 73.

Nov. 9th, 1889.
Grandson of Aaron Carter, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor ; Aaron Carter.

CHANDLER, WALTER, Elizabeth, 159.
April 3rd, 1891.
Great-grandson of David D. Crane, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-great-grandson of David Crane, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors : David D. Crane and David Crane.

CHENOWETH, GEORGE DURBIN, Millville, 249.
March 20th, 1893.
Great-grandson of John Chenoweth, Sergeant in Capt. Richard Davis's Company, Maryland Rifle Battalion Volunteers, Continental Line.
Ancestor : John Chenoweth.

CHESTER, WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Elizabeth, 160.
April 3rd, 1891.
Great-great-grandson of William Williams, Jr., Colonel of 12th Regiment, Conn. State Militia ; signer of the Declaration of Independence from Connecticut.
Ancestor, William Williams, Jr.

CHURCHILL, JAMES SHERRILL, Pineville, Ky., 235.
Dec. 26th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Hezekiah Huntington, Major of Col. Experience Storrs's Fifth Regiment, Conn. Militia, in 1777 ; Major of Col. Obadiah Johnson's Regiment, Conn. Militia, in 1778 ; Major of Lieut. Col. Samuel Canfield's Regiment, Conn. Militia, in 1781.
Ancestor : Major Hezekiah Huntington.

CLARK, CHARLES SIDNEY, Glen Ridge, 176.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-great-grandson of John Westervelt, Private in Capt. James Christie's Company, Col. Theunis Dey's Regiment, Bergen County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-great-grandson of Johannes Westervelt, Private in Capt. James Christie's Company, Col. Theunis Dey's Regiment, Bergen County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: John Westervelt and Johannes Westervelt.

CLASS, FRANKLIN NORTHRUP, Montclair, 179.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Frederick Class, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Frederick Class.

COE, BENJAMIN J., Newark, 250.
March 20th, 1893.

Great-great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Wagonmaster.

Also, great-great-grandson of Daniel Brown, 2d Lieut. of Capt. Joseph Morris's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestors: Joseph Davis and Daniel Brown.

COE, ERNEST E., Newark. 103.
March 1st, 1890.

Great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Wagonmaster.

Also, great-grandson of Daniel Brown, 2d Lieut. in Captain Joseph Morris's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestors: Joseph Davis and Daniel Brown.

COE, THEODORE, Newark, 143.

Nov. 17th, 1890.

Great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Wagon-master.

Ancestor: Joseph Davis.

COGILL, HENRY WHITFIELD, Trenton, 85.
Dec. 26th, 1889.

Great-great-grandson of John Cowgill, a Private in Captain Jacob Cooper's Company, Samuel Hayes's Battalion, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestor: John Cowgill.

COMSTOCK, ANTHONY, Summit, 273.
Nov. 21st, 1893.

Great-grandson of Jonathan Clock, Private in Captain David Waterbury's Company of 5th Regiment, Conn. Continental Line of 1775; also, Private in Captain Albert Chapman's Company of Col. Samuel Elmore's Regiment, Conn. Continental Line, in 1776, and, as such, took part in the operations on Lakes George and Champlain, in the Northern Department, under General Schuyler.

Ancestor: Jonathan Clock.

CONDIT, AARON PECK, Madison, 93.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

Grandson of Samuel Condit, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Daniel Condit, Private in Captain Cornelius Williams's Company, 2d Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in N. J. State Troops; also, Private 1st Battalion, 2d Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestors: Samuel Condit and Daniel Condit.

CONDIT, ELIAS M., Orange, 111.
April 17th, 1890.
Great-grandson of Aaron Kitchell, Commissary appointed by Washington at Morristown, New Jersey; member of N. J. Legislative Assembly, 1781–'82; member of Morris County, N. J. Committee of Observation, Feb. 15, 1775.
Ancestor: Aaron Kitchell.

CONDICT, HENRY VAIL, Jersey City, 108.
March 22nd, 1890.
Great-grandson of Ebenezer Condict. Private, Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Ebenezer Condict.

CONDICT, JONATHAN DICKINSON, Madison, 109.
April 17th, 1890.
Great-grandson of Ebenezer Condict, Private, Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Ebenezer Condict.

CONDICT, SILAS, Brooklyn, 119.
May 23rd 1890.
Great-grandson of Ebenezer Condict, Private, Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Ebenezer Condict.

CONDIT, WILLIAM LINUS, Hoboken, 187.
Aug. 5th, 1891.
Great-grandson of David Condit, Lieutenant Colonel of 2nd Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia,
Ancestor: Colonel David Condit.

CONOVER, FRANK BRUEN, Freehold, 38.
June 10th, 1889.
Great-great-grandson of John Covenhoven, Colonel of Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Thomas Henderson,

Lieut. Col. of Forman's Battalion, Heard's Brigade, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Col. John Covenhoven and Col. Thomas Henderson.

CONOVER, JAMES CLARENCE, Freehold, 55.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-great-grandson of John Covenhoven, Col. of Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Col. John Covenhoven.

CONOVER, NATHAN J., Freehold, 50.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of Lewis Covenhoven, Sergeant in Light Horse of Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Sergeant Lewis Covenhoven.

CORBIN, WILLIAM HORACE, Elizabeth, 184.
Aug. 5th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Peleg Corbin, Minute Man of Captain Benjamin Lyon's Company, Conn. Militia, in Lexington Alarm, 1775.

Also, great-grandson of Ralph Smith, Minute Man, Conn. Militia, 1775; Private in Captain Jonathan Johnson's Company, Bradley's Regiment, Conn. Continental Line; Private in Capt. Warner's Company, 7th Regiment, Conn. Line; prisoner of war on prison-ship "Jersey."

Ancestors: Peleg Corbin and Ralph Smith.

COTHREN, CHARLES, Red Bank, 148.
Jan. 31st, 1891.

Great-grandson of 2d Lieut. William Cochran, of Capt. Elisha Nye's Company, Mass. Militia, for sea-coast defence.

Ancestor: William Cochran.

COURSEN, WILLIAM A., JR., Morristown, 144.
Nov. 17th, 1890.

Great-great grandson of Lieut. Col. Francis Barber, 3rd Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; Sub-Inspector-General on Staff of Major Gen. the Baron Steuben; Adjutant Gen. to Major Gen. Lord Sterling; Adjutant Gen. to Major Gen. Nathaniel Greene.

Ancestor: Lieut. Col. Francis Barber.

COWART, ENOCH L., Red Bank, 49.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Craig, Private in Captain Waddell's Company, 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia; also, Paymaster of N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Joseph Bowne, Corporal in Capt. Waddell's Company, 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: John Craig and Joseph Bowne.

COWART, SAMUEL CRAIG, Freehold, 44.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Craig, Private in Captain Waddell's Company, 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia; Paymaster of N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Joseph Bowne, Corporal in Captain Waddell's Company, 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: John Craig and Joseph Bowne.

COWART, WILLIAM TENNENT, Freehold, 45.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Craig, Private in Captain Waddell's Company, First Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia; Paymaster of N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Joseph Bowne, Corporal in Captain Waddell's Company, First

Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors : John Craig and Joseph Bowne.

CRAIG, WILLIAM DRUMMOND, Plainfield, 124.
May 23rd, 1890.

Great-grandson of John Craig, Private in Captain Waddell's Company, First Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor : John Craig.

CRANE, AUGUSTUS S., Rahway, 162.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Nathaniel Crane, Private in Captain Christopher Marsh's Troop of Light Horse, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor : Nathaniel Crane.

CRANE, MOSES MILLER, Union, Union Co., 163.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Nathaniel Crane, Private in Capt. Christopher Marsh's Troop of Light Horse, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Moses Miller, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors : Nathaniel Crane and Moses Miller.

CROWELL, JOHN L., Rahway, 173.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Christopher Marsh, Captain of Troop of Light Horse, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor : Capt. Christopher Marsh.

CROWELL, JOSEPH EDGAR, Paterson, 64.
Nov. 9th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Joseph Crowell, Private in Troop of Light Horse, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia ; also, Private in First Battal-

ion, Second Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestor: Joseph Crowell.

CROWELL, JOSEPH TUCKER, Rahway, 9.
April 20th, 1889.

Grandson of Joseph Crowell, Private in Troop of Light Horse, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in First Battalion, Second Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestor: Joseph Crowell.

CUTLER, HON. AUGUSTUS W., Morristown, 122.
May 23rd, 1890.

Great-grandson of Silas Condict, Member of the Continental Congress 1781–'84; Member of Council of Safety of N. J., 1776–'80.

Ancestor: Silas Condict.

DAVIS, EUGENE STILLMAN, Trenton, 36.
June 10th, 1889.

Great-great-grandson of Barnabas Davis, killed at the battle of Lexington—shot through the head, and died three days afterward.

Ancestor: Barnabas Davis.

DAY, STEPHEN SYLVESTER, Morristown, 269.
Nov. 21st. 1893.

Great-grandson of Daniel S. Wood, Captain of First Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Jonathan Mulford, Private of Third Battalion, Gloucester County, N. J. Militia, and Private in Col. Richard Somers's Battalion, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestors: Capt. Daniel S. Wood and Jonathan Mulford.

DAY, WILBUR FISK, Morristown, 270.

Nov. 21st, 1893.

Great-grandson of Daniel S. Wood, Captain of First Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Jonathan Mulford, Private of Third Battalion, Gloucester County, N. J. Militia, and Private in Col. Richard Somers's Battalion, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestors: Capt. Daniel S. Wood and Jonathan Mulford.

DEATS, HIRAM EDMUND, Flemington, 194.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Elisha Barton, Captain in Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Capt. Elisha Barton.

DENNIS, WARREN E., New York City, 204.
Jan. 9th, 1892.

Great-great-grandson of Ezekiel Baldwin, Private in Capt Andrew McMires's Company, First Battalion, Second Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestor: Ezekiel Baldwin.

DERR, ANDREW F., Wilkes Barre, Pa., 121.
May 23rd, 1890.

Great-grandson of Andrew Mellick, Captain of First Regiment, Sussex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Jacob Derr, Private in Capt. Thomas Church's Fourth Battalion, Pennsylvania Continental Line.

Ancestors: Capt. Andrew Mellick and Jacob Derr.

DICKINSON, ASA WILLIAMS, Hackensack, 87.
Dec. 26th, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Dickinson, Private in

Capt. Reuben Dickinson's Company, Massachusetts State Troops.

Also, Grandson of Asa Williams, Private in First Regiment, Conn. Continental Line, Josiah Starr commanding.

Ancestors: John Dickinson and Asa Williams.

DISBROW, REM. L., Toms River, 252.
March 20th, 1893.

Great-great-grandson of Robert Laird, Private in Lieut. Barnes Smock's Troop of Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Also, Great-great-grandson of Moses Mount, Private in Capt. John Walton's Troop of Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Robert Laird and Moses Mount.

DODD, MATTHIAS M., East Orange, 126.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Grandson of Matthias Dodd, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, grandson of Caleb Baldwin who had charge of taking prisoners to Morristown.

Ancestors: Matthias Dodd and Caleb Baldwin.

DOREMUS, ELIAS O., East Orange, 275.
Nov. 21st, 1893.

Great-grandson of Zopher Baldwin, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Zopher Baldwin.

DOTY, E. HAMMOND, Jamesburg, 16.
April 20th, 1889.

Son of Isaac Doty, 2nd Lieut. of Col. McCrea's 13th Regiment, New York levies.

Also, grandson of Samuel Doty, Capt. Lieut. of Col. Lamb's 2nd Regiment of Artillery, Continental Army.

Also, Grandson of James Hammond, Lieut. Col. of 1st Regiment, Westchester County, New York Militia.

Ancestors: Isaac Doty, Samuel Doty, and James Hammond.

DOWNER, DAVID ROBERTSON, Eiizabeth, 28.
May 15th, 1889.

Grandson of Samuel Downer 2nd, Private in 1st Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia; also, in State Troops.

Also, Great-grandson of Samuel Downer 1st, Private in Capt. Scudder's Company, 2nd Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Samuel Downer 1st, and Samuel Downer 2nd.

DRAKE, OLIVER, Newark, 211.
Sept. 20th, 1892.

Grandson of William Jones, Private in Capt. Isaac Morrison's Company, 1st Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also, Private in Capt. Aaron Ogden's Company, 1st Regiment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestor: William Jones.

EDGAR, HOWARD, Newark, 61.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of James Edgar, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: James Edgar.

EVERITT, EDWARD ALLEN, Orange, 214.
Sept. 20th, 1892.

Great-grandson of Thomas Armstrong, Lieut. of Somerset County, N. J. Militia; also, Wagonmaster in Wagonmaster General's department.

Ancestor: Thomas Armstrong.

EYERMAN, JOHN, Oakhurst, Easton, Pa., 274.
Nov. 21st, 1893.

Great-great-great-grandson of Peter Kachlein, Member of Committee of Observation, Northampton County, Pa.; Capt. of Easton Company, Northampton County Militia, in 1775; Lieut. Col. Northampton County Battalion, Pennsylvania Militia, in 1776.

Also, great-great-grandson of Jacob Heller, Capt. of 2nd Battalion, Northampton County, Pa. Militia.

Ancestors: Peter Kachlein and Jacob Heller.

FAIRCHILD, EZRA, East Orange, 201.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-great-grandson of Abner Fairchild, Capt. of Company in Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Abraham Fairchild, Adjutant in Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Aaron Kitchell, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia; also, Commissary at Morristown, N. J., appointed by Gen. Washington; also, Member of Provincial Congress of New Jersey.

Ancestors; Abner Fairchild, Abraham Fairchild and Aaron Kitchell.

FAIRCHILD, HENRY ENNIS, Orange, 78.
Nov. 23rd, 1889.

Great-great-great-grandson of Abner Fairchild, Capt. of Company in Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great great-grandson of Abraham Fairchild, Adjutant Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Aaron Kitchell, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia; also, Commissary at Morristown, N. J., ap-

pointed by Gen. Washington; also, Member of Provincial Congress of New Jersey.
Ancestors: Abner Fairchild, Abraham Fairchild and Aaron Kitchell.

FAIRCHILD, PETER BEACH, Orange, 15.
April 20th, 1889.
Great-great-grandson of Abner Fairchild, Capt. of Company in Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Also, Great-grandson of Abraham Fairchild, Adjutant Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Aaron Kitchell, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia; also, Commissary, at Morristown, N. J., appointed by Gen. Washington; also, Member of Provincial Congress of New Jersey.
Ancestors: Abner Fairchild, Abraham Fairchild and Aaron Kitchell.

FORT, JOHN FRANKLIN, East Orange, 236.
Dec. 26th, 1892.
Great-grandson of John Fort, Private in Burlington County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: John Fort.

FORTINER, GEORGE R., M. D., Camden, 227.
Dec. 13th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Samuel Hillman, Private in Gloucester County, N. J. Militia.
Also, Great-great-grandson of William Ellis, Major of Col. Silas Newcomb's Battalion, Heard's Brigade, at the Battle of Long Island; Major of 2nd Battalion, Gloucester County, N. J. Militia; Major of Col. Potter's Battalion, N. J. State Troops.
Ancestors: Samuel Hillman and William Ellis.

FORTINER, HENRY SAMUEL, Camden, 76.
Nov. 23rd, 1889.

Great-great-grandson of Samuel Hillman, Private in Gloucester County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-great-grandson of William Ellis, Captain of Col. Newcomb's Battalion, Heard's Brigade, at the battle of Long Island; Major of 2nd Battalion, Gloucester County, N. J. Militia; Major of Col. Potter's Battalion, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestors: Samuel Hillman and William Ellis.

FRELINGHUYSEN, FREDERICK, Newark, 26.
May 15th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Frederick Frelinghuysen, Capt. of Eastern Company of Artillery, N. J. State Troops; also, Major of Col. Stewart's Battalion of "Minute Men"; also, Col. of 1st Battalion, Somerset County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Frederick Frelinghuysen.

FREEMAN, HENRY WADE, South Orange, 174.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-great-grandson of Col. Nathaniel Freeman, Col. of 1st Regiment, Barnstable County, Mass. Militia.

Ancestor: Col. Nathaniel Freeman.

FREEMAN, HUNTINGTON WOLCOTT, Rocky Hill, 31.
May 15th, 1889.

Grandson of Brig. Gen. Nathaniel Freeman, of Massachusetts Militia.

Ancestor: Brig. Gen. Nathaniel Freeman.

GRAY, JOSEPH H., Elizabeth, 268.
Nov. 21st, 1893.

Grandson of Moses Gray, the 1st, Private in Captain Joel Fletcher's Company of Minute Men, in Col. Ephraim Doolittle's Regiment, Mass. Militia.

Ancestor: Moses Gray, the 1st.

GREEN, HON. ROBERT STOCKTON, Elizabeth, 6.
April 20th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Jacob Green, Member of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey in 1776.
Ancestor: Jacob Green.

GREEN, RUFUS SMITH, D. D., Orange, 242.
Jan. 30th, 1893.
Great-grandson of Nehemiah Smith, Sr., Private in Capt. Eli Leavenworth's Company, 7th Regiment, Conn. Continental Line; also, Private in Capt. Edward Rogers's Company, 2nd Battalion, Conn. Brigade; also, 1st Lieut. of Capt. Wm. Whitney's Company, Col. Samuel McLellan's Regiment, Conn. Militia.
Also, grandson of Nehemiah Smith, Jr., 1st Lieut. of Capt. Jabez Wright, Jr's. Company, 4th Battalion, Conn. State Troops.
Ancestors: Nehemiah Smith, Sr., and Nehemiah Smith, Jr.

GRIFFITH, FOSTER CONARROE, Trenton, 81.
Dec. 26th, 1889.
Great-great-grandson of William Mecum, 1st Major of 1st Battalion, Salem County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Maj. William Mecum.

GUERIN, WILLIAM HALSEY, Newark, 237.
Dec. 26th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Vincent Guerin, Sergeant Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Vincent Guerin.

HAGEMAN, JOHN F., JR., Princeton, 152.
Jan. 31st, 1891.
Great-grandson of Jonathan Dickinson Ser-

geant, Clerk of First Provincial Convention of N. J.; Member of Provincial Congress of N. J.; Member of Continental Congress; Attorney General of Penn.; Member of Council of Safety, of N. J.

Ancestor: Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant.

HALSEY, CHARLES D., Newark, 233.
Dec. 26th, 1892.

Great-grandson of Isaac Halsey, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in Troop of Light Horse, N. J. Militia; also, Paymaster of Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Isaac Halsey.

HALSEY, HON. GEORGE A., Newark, 91.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

Grandson of Isaac Halsey, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in Troop of Light Horse, N. J. Militia; also, Paymaster of Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Isaac Halsey.

HALSEY, CHARLES HENRY KING, Elizabeth, 164.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Rufus King, Signer of the Constitution of the United States; also, Aide-de-camp on the Staff of Gen. John Glover, Continental Army, in Sullivan's campaign in Rhode Island.

Ancestor: Rufus King.

HALSEY, JACOB LAFAYETTE, East Orange, 254.
March 20th, 1893.

Great-grandson of Jonathan Osborn, Private in Capt. Peter Hallock's Company, N. Y. Militia.

Ancestor: Jonathan Osborn.

HALSTED, GEORGE BLIGHT, Elizabeth, 14.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Col. Oliver Spencer, 1st Maj. 1st Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia; Lieut.-Col. Col. Ford's Battalion, State Troops; also, Colonel in Continental Army.

Ancestor: Oliver Spencer.

HAND, EDWARD P., Newark, 136.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Grandson of Silas Hand, Wagoner in Wagonmaster General's Department of the Army in New Jersey.

Also, grandson of Edward Paddleford, a Minute Man, who was in the skirmish at Short Hills and Springfield, and is credited with having shot an English officer, John Pink, from his horse.

Also, son of Nathan Hand, who, a lad of twelve years, drove a Commissary wagon, when Washington left Morristown for Kingston.

Ancestors: Silas Hand, Edward Paddleford, and Nathan Hand.

HARRIS, FREDERICK HALSEY, Montclair, 238.
Dec. 26th, 1892.

Great-grandson of William Gould, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: William Gould.

HARRISON, EDMUND G., Asbury Park, 243.
Jan. 30th, 1893.

Grandson of John Harrison, Sergeant of Capt. James Heard's Company, "Lee's Legion," Continental Army.

Ancestor: John Harrison.

HATFIELD, HENRY ELIAS, Newark. 82.
Nov. 23rd, 1889.

Great-great-grandson of Aaron Hatfield, Private in the Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Aaron Hatfield.

HAVILAND, JAMES BARBERIE, Freehold, 41.
Oct. 1st, 1889.
Great-grandson of Jonathan Rhea, Ensign of 5th Company, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also Lieut. of 2nd Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; Captain by brevet.
Ancestor: Jonathan Rhea.

HERRING, CHARLES EDWARD, East Orange. 248.
March 20th, 1893.
Grandson of Benjamin Herring, Ensign of 3rd Regiment, Col. Peter Gansevoort's N. Y. Continental Line; also, served as Ensign of 2nd Company, 1st Regiment, Col. Goose Van Schaick's N. Y. Continental Line.
Ancestor: Benjamin Herring.

HEYL, CHARLES HEATH, Camden, 262.
May 20th, 1893.
Great-grandson of David Heath, Private in Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: David Heath.

HOFFMAN, JOSEPH REED, M. D., Morristown, 177.
June 19th, 1891.
Great-grandson of John Hoffman, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-great-grandson of Japhet Byram, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors: John Hoffman and Japhet Byram.

HOFFMAN, PHILIP H., Morristown, 110.
April 17th, 1890.
Grandson of John Hoffman, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: John Hoffman.

HOFFMAN, WILLIAM T., Englishtown, 48.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of William Hoffman, Private in Capt. Polhemus's Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestor: William Hoffman.

HOLDEN, JAMES COTTON, Madison, June 10th, 1889. 35.

Grandson of Levi Holden, Lieut. of 6th Massachusetts Bay Regiment, Continental Line; also, Lieut. in Washington's Life Guard, Continental Army.

Ancestor: Lieut. Levi Holden.

HOWE, CHARLES MORTIMER, Passaic, Aug. 5th, 1891. 188.

Grandson of Bezaleel Howe, Lieut. 1st Regiment New Hampshire Continental Line; also, Lieut. in Washington's Life Guard, Continental Army.

Ancestor: Lieut. Bezaleel Howe.

HOWE, EDWIN JENKINS, M. D., Newark, Nov. 21st, 1893. 277.

Grandson of Maj. Bezaleel Howe, Lieut. 1st Regiment, N. H. Continental Line; also, Auxiliary Lieut. in Gen. Washington's Life Guard, and who commanded the escort that conveyed his personal papers from New York to Mount Vernon at the close of the War.

Ancestor: Bezaleel Moore.

HOWE, GEORGE ROWLAND, East Orange, Dec. 26th, 1889. 86.

Grandson of Bezaleel Howe, Lieut. of 1st Regiment, New Hampshire Continental Line; also, Lieut. in Washington's Life Guard, Continental Army.

Ancestor: Lieut. Bezaleel Howe.

HUBBELL, GEORGE WOLCOTT, Newark, 17.
May 15th, 1889.
Grandson of Wolcott Hubbell, a "Minute Man" in Massachusetts Militia; fought at the battle of Bennington; Member of the Committee of Correspondence, Mass.
Ancestor: Wolcott Hubbell.

HUBBELL, JOHN JACKSON, Newark, 18.
May 15th, 1889.
Grandson of Wolcott Hubbell, a "Minute Man" in Massachusetts Militia; fought at the battle of Bennington; Member of the Committee of Correspondence, Mass.
Ancestor: Wolcott Hubbell.

HUMPHREYS, REV. FRANK LANDON, Morristown, 104.
March 1st, 1890.
Great-grandson of Asher Humphreys, Private in Abel Pettibone's Company, Col. Thomas Belden's Regiment, Conn. Militia.
Ancestor: Asher Humphreys.

INSLEE, PHINEAS JONES, Newark, 22.
April 20th, 1889.
Grandson of William Jones, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: William Jones.

JANEWAY, FRANK L., New Brunswick, 231.
Dec. 13th, 1892.
Great-grandson of George Janeway, Capt. of 2nd Regiment, New York City Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Thomas Leiper, First Sergeant in 1st City Troop, Philadelphia; was engaged at Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth; gave £5,000 to sustain the American Army at Valley Forge.
Also, great-great-grandson of George Gray,

Member of Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania, 1775 to 1777, and then Chairman of the Board of War until the close of the War.

Ancestors: George Janeway, Thomas Leiper, and George Gray.

JANEWAY, HENRY L., New Brunswick, 114.
May 23rd, 1890.

Grandson of George Janeway, Capt. of 2nd Regiment, New York City Militia.

Also, grandson of Thomas Leiper, First Sergeant in 1st City Troop, Philadelphia; was engaged at Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth; gave £5,000 to sustain the American Army at Valley Forge.

Also, great-grandson of George Gray, Member of Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania, 1775 to 1777, and then Chairman of the Board of War until the close of the War.

Ancestors: George Janeway, Thomas Leiper, and George Gray.

JANEWAY, HENRY L., JR., New Brunswick, 221.
Dec. 13th, 1892.

Great-grandson of George Janeway, Capt. of 2nd Regiment, New York City Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Thomas Leiper, First Sergeant in 1st City Troop, Philadelphia; was engaged at Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth; gave £5,000 to sustain the American Army at Valley Forge.

Also, great-great-grandson of George Gray, Member of Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania, 1775 to 1777, and then Chairman of the Board of War until the close of the War.

Ancestors: George Janeway, Thomas Leiper, and George Gray.

JANEWAY, WILLIAM R., New Brunswick, 155.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of George Janeway, Capt. of 2nd Regiment, New York City Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Thomas Leiper, First Sergeant in 1st City Troop, Philadelphia; was engaged at Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth; gave £5,000 to sustain the American Army at Valley Forge.

Also, great-great-grandson of George Gray, Member of Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania, 1775 to 1777, and then Chairman of the Board of War until the close of the War.

Ancestors: George Janeway, Thomas Leiper, and George Gray.

JAQUES, GEORGE BENJAMIN, New York City, 59.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of Robert Laird, Private in Capt. Smock's Company of Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Moses Mount, Private in Capt. Walton's Company of Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Moses Jaques, Col. 1st Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Robert Laird, Moses Mount, and Col. Moses Jaques.

JENKINS, WESTON, Trenton, 191.
Oct. 14th, 1891.

Great-grandson of James Jenkins, Private in Barnstable County, Massachusetts Militia.

Ancestor: James Jenkins.

JOHNSON, HARRIS L., Elizabeth, 161.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Obadiah Meeker, Captain of

troop of Light Horse, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Obadiah Meeker.

JOHNSTON, JOHN KILGORE, Brownsville, Pa., Nov. 17th, 1890. 147.

Great-great-grandson of Captain David Kilgore, Eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Continental Line.

Ancestor: David Kilgore.

JONES, GEORGE W., Newark, Nov. 9th, 1889. 69.

Great-great-grandson of Joseph Edwards, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Joseph Edwards.

KEASBEY, ANTHONY QUINTON, Newark, Nov. 23rd, 1889. 79.

Great-grandson of Edward Keasbey, Member of the Council of Safety and also of the Provincial Congress of N. J.

Also, great-grandson of Lieut. Col. Caleb Parry, of Col. Atlee's Musketry Battalion of Penna., who was killed at the battle of Long Island.

Ancestors: Edward Keasbey and Caleb Parry.

KETCHAM, GEORGE W., Newark, Sept. 20th, 1892. 216.

Great-grandson of Levi Ketcham, Private in Captain John Hunt's Company, 1st Regiment, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great grandson of John Ketcham, Private in Captain John I. Anderson's Company, 3rd Regiment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestors: Levi Ketcham and John Ketcham.

KING, RUFUS, Elizabeth, April 20th, 1889. 23.

Great-grandson of Rufus King, delegate to the Convention and Signer of the Constitution of the United States; also, A. D. C. on the staff of Gen. John Glover, Continental Army, in Sullivan's campaign in Rhode Island.

Ancestor: Rufus King.

KING, WILLIAM L., Morristown, 24.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

Grandson of Frederick King, Express Rider for Gov. Livingston and the Council of Safety of N. J.; also Quartermaster of Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Frederick King.

KIRKPATRICK, HON. ANDREW, Newark, 19.
April 10th, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Bayard, Col. 2d Battalion Philadelphia Associators; took part in the battles of Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown.

Ancestor: Col. John Bayard.

KIRKPATRICK, JOHN BAYARD, New Brunswick, 150.
Jan. 31st, 1891.

Great-grandson of John Bayard, Col. 2nd Battalion Philadelphia Associators; took part in the battles of Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown.

Ancestor: Col. John Bayard.

LAIRD, JOHN H., Englishtown, 102.
March 1st, 1890.

Great-grandson of Daniel Harbert, Private in Capt. Walton's Troop of Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Daniel Harbert.

LAIRD, ROBERT, M. D., Manasquan, 131.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Grandson of Robert Laird, Private in Lieut. Barnes Smock's Troop Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Also, grandson of Moses Mount, Private in Capt. John Walton's Troop Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Robert Laird and Moses Mount.

LaMonte, George, Bound Brook, 133.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Great-grandson of William Lemmon, Private in Capt. Josiah Graves's Company, N. Y. Militia, Continental Line.

Ancestor: William Lemmon.

Lewis, David Chambers, Cranbury, 265.
Oct. 3rd, 1893.

Grandson of David Chambers, Capt. of 3rd Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: David Chambers.

Lindsley, John Nicol, Orange, 202.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-great-grandson of John Harrison, Private in Capt. John Conway's Company, First Battalion, First Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Also, Great-grandson of John Lindsley, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia, who fought in the battle of Monmouth.

Ancestors: John Harrison and John Lindsley.

Littell, William Meeker, Mt. Arlington, 255.
April 24th, 1893.

Great-great-grandson of Isaac Halsey, Captain of Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Capt. Isaac Halsey.

Lockwood, George A., Newark, 222.

Dec. 13th, 1892.
Grandson of Ebenezer Lockwood, Private in Capt. Jabez Gregory's Company, 9th Regiment, Conn. Militia ; also, Private in Capt. Isaac Lockwood's Company Sea Coast Guards, Conn. Militia.
Ancestor : Ebenezer Lockwood.

LOUTREL, CYRUS F., South Orange, 185.
Aug. 5th, 1891.
Great-grandson of Thomas Devall, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor : Thomas Devall.

LUDLOW, GIDEON E., Cranford, 130.
Aug. 5th, 1890.
Grandson of Jacob Ludlum, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia ; also, Ensign in Capt. Andrew McMires's Company, 1st Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.
Ancestor : Jacob Ludlum.

LUFBERY, JOHN HENRY, Rahway, 32.
May 15th, 1889.
Son of Abraham Lufbery, Sergeant in Hazen's Regiment, Continental Army.
Ancestor : Abraham Lufbery.

MANNERS, EDWIN, Jersey City, 247.
March 20th, 1893.
Great-grandson of John Schenck, Captain 3rd Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of David Johnes, 2nd Major, 2nd Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors : John Schenck and David Johnes.

MANNING, EDWARD, Brooklyn, N. Y., 264.
Oct. 3rd, 1893.
Great-grandson of Abram Schenck, Private in

Capt. Harry H. Schenck's Troop of Light Horse, Somerset County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Abram Schenck.

MARSH, STANFORD, East Orange, 95.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

Great-grandson of Matthias Williamson, Quartermaster General and Brigadier General, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Matthias Williamson.

MARTIN, ARCHER N., Summit, 278.
Nov. 21st, 1893.

Great-grandson of David Nevins, Ensign in Capt. Samuel Gales's 8th Company of Col. Samuel H. Parsons's Sixth Regiment, Connecticut Continental Line, 1775; also, Captain in the Tenth Regiment, Connecticut Continental Line, in 1776.

Ancestor: David Nevins.

MASON, HENRY MOLTON, Newark, 258.
May 20th, 1893.

Great-grandson of Michael Moulton, Lieut. in U. S. Navy, on board Sloop of War, *Providence*, Capt. John R. Rathbone commanding.

Ancestor: Michael Moulton.

MATTHEWS, AMBROSE MEEKER, Orange, 10.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of William Matthews, Private in Capt. Cornelius Williams's Company, 2nd Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Thomas Meeker, Private in Capt. W. Piatt's Company, 1st Regiment, N. J. Continental Line.

Also, great-grandson of John Blowers, Private in Light Dragoons, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: William Matthews, Thomas Meeker and John Blowers.

MATTHEWS, JOHN C. D., Newark, 228.
Dec. 13th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Christopher Denman, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Christopher Denman.

McDOWELL, CHARLES EDWARD, Bloomfield, 30.
May 15th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Shephard Kollock, Lieut. of Col. Lamb's 2nd Regiment Artillery, Continental Army; Captain by brevet.
Also, great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors: Shephard Kollock and Joseph Davis.

McDOWELL, FRED. H., Warwick Woodl'ds, N.Y., 67.
Nov. 9th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Shephard Kollock, Lieut. of Col. Lamb's 2nd Regiment Artillery, Continental Army; Captain by brevet.
Also, great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors: Shephard Kollock and Joseph Davis.

McDOWELL, WILLIAM OSBORNE, Newark, 1.
March 7th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Shephard Kollock, Lieut. of Col. Lamb's 2nd Regiment Artillery, Continental Army; Captain by brevet.
Also, great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors: Shephard Kollock and Joseph Davis.

McELLIGOTT, COL. HENRY R., New York City, 156.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of John Parker, Private in Capt. Joshua Huddy's Artillery Company, N. J. State Troops, captured by the British in the assault on the Block House at Toms River, N. J., March 24th, 1782.

Ancestor: John Parker.

McGee, Flavel, Jersey City, Nov. 9th, 1889. 74.

Great-grandson of Joseph Clark, Muster Master of Continental Army; also, Quartermaster on Staff of Major General Adam Stephen, of the Continental Army.

Ancestor: Joseph Clark.

McMichael, Col. William P., Bordentown, Dec. 26th, 1889. 80.

Grandson of James McMichael, Sergeant in Capt. John Marshall's Company, Pennsylvania Rifle Regiment, Col. Samuel Miles commanding; also, 1st Lieut. Capt. John Clark's Company, Pennsylvania State Regiment of Foot, Col. John Bull commanding.

Ancestor: James McMichael.

Meeker, Charles H., South Orange, Dec. 26th, 1892. 234.

Great-grandson of Samuel Meeker, Lieut. of Capt. Marsh's Troop of Light Horse, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, grandson of William Meeker, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Lieut. Samuel Meeker and William Meeker.

Meeker, Samuel, East Orange, Nov. 9th, 1889. 68.

Great-great-grandson of Samuel Meeker, Lieut. of Capt. Marsh's Troop of Light Horse, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of William Meeker, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Lieut. Samuel Meeker and William Meeker.

MELLICK, ANDREW D., JR., Plainfield, 56.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of Aaron Malick, a Member of the Committee of Observation and Inspection of Bedminster, Somerset County, N. J.

Also, great-grandson of Ezekiel Ayres, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Hugh Dunn, Capt. of 1st Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of John Dunham, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Matthew Freeman, Capt. Middlesex County, N. J. Militia; also, Capt. in N. J. State Troops.

Ancestors: Aaron Malick, Hugh Dunn, John Dunham, Matthew Freeman.

MELLICK, GEORGE P., Plainfield, 100.
Nov. 9th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Aaron Malick, Member of the Committee of Observation and Inspection, of Bedminster, Somerset County, N. J.

Also, great-grandson of Ezekiel Ayres, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Hugh Dunn, Capt. of 1st Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of John Dunham, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Matthew Freeman, Capt. Middlesex County, N. J. Militia; also, Capt. in N. J. State Troops.

Ancestors ; Aaron Malick, Hugh Dunn, John Dunham, Matthew Freeman.

METCALF, ROBERT, South Orange, 193.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Silas Talbot, Lieut. in Capt. Levi Tower's Company, of Providence, R. I., Army of Observation in siege of Boston ; in command of five ships in Hudson River ; rank of Major conferred by Continental Congress, Oct. 10, 1777 ; took part in the defence of Fort Mifflin, on Delaware River, and had arm shattered by musket ball ; made Lieut. Col. by Congress and, Sept. 17, 1779, commissioned a Captain in the U. S. Navy ; took many prizes from the British ; was captured and confined in prison ship *Jersey ;* conveyed from thence to the "Old Sugar House"; was wounded eleven times, and carried five bullets in his body to his grave.

Ancestor : Silas Talbot.

MILLER, REV. FRANKLIN E., D. D., Paterson, 60.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Grandson of John Miller, Private in Captain Matthew Smith's Company, Col. William Thompson's Battalion of Riflemen, Penn.; he served in the campaign against Quebec under Montgomery.

Ancestor : John Miller.

MILLER, WILLIAM H., Elizabeth, 172.
June 19th, 1891.

Grandson of Benjamin Coddington, Private in Capt. Aaron Ogden's Company, 1st Regiment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestor : Benjamin Coddington.

MITCHELL, AARON PECK, East Orange, 225.
Dec. 13th, 1892.
Grandson of Joseph Peck, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Joseph Peck.

MOODY, EDWARD FRANCIS, Camden, 83.
Dec. 26th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Paul Moody, Sergeant in Jacob Gerrish's Company, Col. Moses Little's Regiment, Mass. State Troops.
Ancestor: Paul Moody.

MORGAN, HENRY SOUTHMAYD, East Orange, 27.
May 15th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Robert Warner, Captain of 3rd Regiment, Conn. Continental Line; Major of 1st Regiment, Conn. Continental Line.
Ancestor: Robert Warner.

MORRIS, THEODORE WILSON, Freehold, 46.
Oct. 1st, 1889.
Great-grandson of Ephraim Whitlock, Ensign of 6th Company, 4th Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also, Lieut. of 1st Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; Captain by brevet.
Ancestor: Ephraim Whitlock.

MORRIS, WILLIAM WALLACE, Newark, 34.
May 15th, 1889.
Great-grandson of James Herbert, Private in Troop of Light Horse, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Henry Brinkerhoff, Private in Bergen County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors: James Herbert and Henry Brinkerhoff.

MUIR, WILLIAM SAWTELL, Philadelphia, Pa., 183.
Aug. 5th, 1891.
Great-great-grandson of David Wallingford, 2nd Lieut. of Capt. Daniel Emerson's Company, N. H. Militia, in the alarm of June, 1777; also, 2nd Lieut. of Capt. John Goss's Company, Col. Moses Nichols's Regiment, N. H. Militia, Gen. Stark's force at Bennington.
Ancestor: David Wallingford.

MURPHY, FRANKLIN, Newark, 196.
Nov. 24th, 1891.
Great-grandson of Robert Murphy, Jr., Private in Bergen County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in N. J. State Troops.
Ancestor: Robert Murphy, Jr.

MURPHY, HOLMES W., Freehold, 42.
Oct. 1st, 1889.
Grandson of Stout Holmes, Private in Monmouth County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in N. J. State Troops.
Ancestor: Stout Holmes.

MURPHY, WILLIAM A., Newark, 226.
Dec. 13th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Robert Murphy, Jr., Private in Bergen County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in N. J. State Troops.
Ancestor: Robert Murphy, Jr.

MURPHY, WILLIAM H., Newark, 128.
Aug. 5th, 1890.
Grandson of Robert Murphy, Jr., Private in Bergen County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in N. J. State Troops.
Ancestor: Robert Murphy, Jr.

MYER, BENJAMIN, Newark, 8.
April 20th, 1889.

Son of Benjamin Myer, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; fought at the battle of Springfield, N. J.

Also, grandson of Benjamin Spinning, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Benjamin Myer and Benjamin Spinning.

NEWELL, JOHN W., New Brunswick, Dec. 13th, 1892. 223.

Grandson of Hugh Newell, Private in Captain James Bruen's Company, Col. Elisha Laurence's Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia; also, Member of Monmouth County Committee of Safety.

Also, grandson of Elizabeth, wife of Hugh Newell, one of the Committee of Monmouth County, July 4th, 1780, for the relief of the brave men in the Continental Army.

Also, great-grandson of Kenneth Hankinson, Capt. in Col. David Forman's Battalion, Heard's Brigade, N. J. Militia, which took part in the battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776; also, Capt. of 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Azariah Dunham, Lieut. Col. of 2nd Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia; also, Commissary of military Stores, Commissary Department.

Also, great-great-grandson of Jacob Ford, Jr., Col. of N. J. State Troops, who died at Morristown, N. J., Jan. 10th, 1777, and was buried with military honors by order of Washington.

Ancestors: Hugh Newell, Elizabeth Newell

Kenneth Hankinson, Azariah Dunham, Jacob Ford, Jr.

NICHOLS, EDWIN, Newark, 241.
Jan. 10th, 1893.

Great-grandson of Samuel Hamilton, Private in Capt. Eliphalet Holmes's Company, "Minute Men" of 1776, Conn. Militia; also, Private in Capt. Matthew Smith's Company, Maj. Edward Shipman's Battalion of Gen. Daniel Waterbury's Brigade, Conn. State Troops; he was severely wounded, lost an eye, was taken prisoner by the British, confined in the "Old Sugar House," N. Y. City, and kept there until the end of the War.

Ancestor: Samuel Hamilton.

NICHOLS, WALTER S., Newark, 208.
March 30th, 1892.

Great-grandson of Robert Nichols, Captain of 2nd Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Wagonmaster in Wagonmaster General's Department, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Robert Nichols and Joseph Davis.

OGDEN, FRANCIS BARBER, New York City, 13.
April 20th, 1889.

Grandson of Matthias Ogden, Col. of the 1st Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; Brig. Gen. by brevet.

Also, great-grandson of Elias Dayton, Col. 3rd Battalion, 1st Establishment; Col. 3rd Battalion, 2nd Establishment; Col. 3rd Regiment; Brig. Gen. Continental Army, Jan. 7th, 1783; he took part in all the battles in which the Continental Line was engaged; was also Col. of Militia.

Ancestors: Gen. Matthias Ogden and Gen. Elias Dayton.

OGDEN, JOSEPH GRIFFITH, Elizabeth, 25.
April 20th, 1889.
Great-grandson of John Halsey, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: John Halsey.

OPDYKE, CHARLES W., Plainfield, 113.
April 17th, 1890.
Great-grandson of Luther Opdyke, Ensign in Capt. Cornelius Johnson's Company, 3rd Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Luther Opdyke.

OSBORNE, FREDERICK ALLEN, Newark. 66.
Nov. 9th, 1889.
Grandson of Henry Osborne, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Elias Osborne, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestors: Henry Osborne and Elias Osborne.

OSBORNE, HENRY FRANK, Newark, 139.
Nov. 9th, 1889.
Grandson of Henry Osborne, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Elias Osborne, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Wagonmaster.
Ancestors: Henry Osborne, Elias Osborne and Joseph Davis.

OSBORNE, HORACE SHERMAN, Newark, 65.
Nov. 9th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Henry Osborne, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Elias Osborne, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Joseph Davis, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Wagonmaster.

Ancestors: Henry Osborne, Elias Osborne and Joseph Davis.

OWENS, JOHN CAMPBELL, Trenton, 167.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Jacob Runk, 2nd Lieut. of Capt. John Phillips's Company, 3rd Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of William Todd, Private in Capt. Henry Luce's Company, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; Private in Capt. Richard Stillwell's Company, 4th Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia; Private in N. J. State Troops.

Also, great-grandson of Joseph Jenkins, Private in Capt. William Tucker's Company, 1st Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of James Whalen, Lieut. 1st Battalion, Somerset County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Jacob Runk, William Todd, Joseph Jenkins, James Whalen.

PARK, NOEL ROBERTSON, Cranford, 134.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Great-grandson of Rev. James Caldwell, Chaplain, &c., to Gen. Washington and his army in N. J., 3rd Battalion, 1st Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also, Deputy Quartermaster and Assistant Commissary General, Continental Army;

murdered at Elizabethport, N. J., Nov. 24th, 1781.

Ancestor: Rev. James Caldwell.

PARKER, CHARLES JOEL, Manasquan, 72.
Nov. 9th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Joseph Coward, Private in the Pulaski Legion, Continental Army; also, Private in Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor; Joseph Coward.

PARKER, FREDERICK, Freehold, 21.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Joseph Coward, Private in the Pulaski Legion, Continental Army; also, Private in Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Joseph Coward.

PARKER, LEWIS, Trenton, 246.
Jan. 30th, 1893.

Great-grandson of Joseph Parker, Matross in Capt. Joshua Huddy's Company, N. J. State Troops; was captured at the Block House at Tom's River, N. J., March 24th, 1782; confined in the "Old Sugar House" prison in New York City.

Ancestor: Joseph Parker.

PARKER, NEILSON TAYLOR, New Brunswick, 232.
Dec. 13th, 1892.

Great-great-grandson of John Taylor, Capt. of 4th Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia; Major of Col. Charles Read's Battalion, N. J. State Troops; Col. 4th Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia; Col. of Regiment of N. J. State Troops; took part in the battles of Princeton, Germantown, Connecticut Farms, and was an

Aide-de-camp on the Staff of Maj. Gen. Philemon Dickinson, at the battle of Monmouth.

Also, great-great-grandson of John Neilson, Col. of Battalion of "Minute Men," of the N. J. Militia; Col. of 2nd Regiment of N. J. State Troops; Brig. Gen. N. J. Militia; also, Deputy Quartermaster General of N. J., and served until the close of the War; elected a Delegate to Continental Congress in 1778, but could not take his seat in that body on account of military duties.

Ancestors: John Taylor and John Neilson.

PARROT, GEORGE TOWNLEY, Elizabeth, 115.
May 23rd, 1890.

Great-grandson of William Parrot, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Waters Burrows, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Daniel S. Wood, Lieut. and Capt., 1st Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of George Townley, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: William Parrot, Waters Burrows, Daniel S. Wood and George Townley.

PARROT, SAMUEL BURROWS, Elizabeth, 175.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-grandson of William Parrot, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Waters Burrows, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Daniel S. Wood, Lieut. and Capt., 1st Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of George Townley, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: William Parrot, Waters Burrows, Daniel S. Wood and George Townley.

PECK, CYRUS, Newark, 229.
Dec. 13th, 1892.
Great-grandson of David Peck, Private in Captain Reading's Company, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.
Ancestor: David Peck.

PECK, GEORGE, M. D., U. S. N., Elizabeth, 186.
Aug. 5th, 1891.
Great-grandson of David Peck, Private in Captain Reading's Company, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.
Ancestor: David Peck.

PECK, CAPT. SAMUEL C., JR., Plainfield, 107.
March 22nd, 1890.
Great-grandson of Samuel Peck, Capt. of 3rd Company, Col. Douglass's 5th Battalion, Conn. Continental Line; also, Capt. 10th Company, 7th Regiment, Conn. Continental Line.
Ancestor: Capt. Samuel Peck.

PENNINGTON, SAMUEL HAYES, JR., Newark, 52.
Oct. 1st, 1889.
Great-grandson of Samuel Hayes, Maj. of Col. Spencer's Battalion, N. J. State Troops; fought at Springfield, N. J., and other battles; was prisoner of war and confined in the "Old Sugar House" prison, in New York City.
Ancestor: Major Samuel Hayes.

PERRINE, DAVID VANDERVEER, Freehold, 58.
Oct. 1st, 1889.
Great-grandson of John Perrine, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of David Baird, Captain Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of John Conover (Covenhoven), Private in 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: John Perrine, David Baird and John Conover.

PETERS, MALCOLM, Bloomfield, 146.
May 23rd, 1890.

Grandson of Captain Absalom Peters, Aide-de camp on the Staff of Major General Jacob Bailey, N. H. Militia.

Ancestor: Capt. Absalom Peters.

PHILLIPS, HENRY AMES, Newark, 12.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Phillips, Private in Gen. Washington's Life Guard; he enlisted in Massachusetts.

Ancestor: John Phillips.

PIERSON, DAVID H., Elizabeth, 230.
Dec. 13th, 1892.

Great-grandson of David Peck, Private in Captain Reading's Company, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Ancestor: David Peck.

PIERSON, WILLIAM, M. D., Orange. 205.
Jan. 9th, 1892.

Great-grandson of Abram Riker, 1st Lieut. of Captain Nathaniel Woodward's Company, Col. James Holmes's 1st Regiment, N. Y. Continental Line; also, Capt. in Col. Rudolphus Pitzema's Company, 3rd Regiment, N. Y. Continental Line; died at the camp at Valley Forge, Pa.

Ancestor: Abram Riker.

PLATT, ISAAC HULL, M. D., Lakewood, 101.
March 1st, 1890.

Great-grandson of Joseph Hull, Lieut. of Capt. Perit's Company, Col. Knox's Regiment Artillery, Continental Army; made prisoner at the surrender of Fort Washington, in 1776, and remained in captivity two years.

Ancestor: Joseph Hull.

PLUM, MATTHIAS, Madison, 170.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of John Plum, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: John Plum.

POND, BENJAMIN F., Tenafly, 215.
Sept. 20th, 1892.

Grandson of Elijah Pond, Capt. of "Minute Men," Mass. Militia, in Concord and Lexington Alarm.

Also, great-grandson of Amasa Mills, Lieut. of Capt. Abel Pettibone's Company, 2nd Regiment, Conn. Continental Line; Capt. in 22nd Continental Infantry; Major 18th Regiment, Conn. Militia.

Ancestors: Elijah Pond and Amasa Mills.

PORTER, ABIEL MONROE, Newark, 168.
April 3rd, 1891.

Grandson of Matthias Dodd, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Matthias Dodd.

POTTER, HENRY ALBERT, Brick Church, 92.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

Great-grandson of Jacob Bower, Ensign of Thompson's Rifle Battalion, Penn. Continental Line; also, Lieut. and Quartermaster of same Battalion; also, Capt. of Flying

Camp ; also, Capt. of 6th Regiment, Penn. Continental Line ; also, Capt. of 2nd Regiment, Penn. Continental Line ; in service during the whole War.

Ancestor : Jacob Bower.

PUMPELLY, JOSIAH COLLINS, Morristown, 2.
March 7th, 1889.

Great-grandson of David Pixley, Lieut of 1st Company of a Regiment of Foot, organized by the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in May, 1775.

Also, great-grandson of John Pompili, Private in "Rogers's Rangers," Continental Army, and afterward Commissary thereof.

Ancestors : David Pixley and John Pompili.

PUTNAM, ERASTUS GAYLORD, Elizabeth, 165.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-great-grandson of Henry Putnam, a "Minute Man" in the Massachusetts Militia, in the Lexington Alarm, April, 1775.

Ancestor : Henry Putnam.

RANDOLPH, EDGAR FITZ, Morristown, 169.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Lewis Fitz Randolph, Ensign in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia ; also, Ensign in Capt. Asher Fitz Randolph's Company, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestor : Lewis Fitz Randolph.

RANDOLPH, THOMAS MARSHALL FITZ, Morristown, 40.
June 10th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Lewis Fitz Randolph, Ensign in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia ; also, Ensign in Capt. Asher Fitz Randolph's Company, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestor : Lewis Fitz Randolph.

REVERE, PAUL, Morristown, 5.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Paul Revere, Lieut. Col. of the Mass. Artillery, Continental Army; took an active part in the destruction of tea in Boston Harbor; rode at midnight from Boston to Concord to give notice of the intended attack of Gen. Gage.

Also, great-grandson of Thomas Lamb, Lieut. in Col. Henry Jackson's Regiment, Mass. Continental Line.

Ancestors: Paul Revere and Thomas Lamb.

ROBINSON, THOMAS HASTINGS, Morristown, 89.
Dec. 26th, 1889.

Great-grandson of William DeGroot, Lieut. of 1st Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: William DeGroot.

RODWELL, CHARLES M., Newark, 20.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Jeremiah Crane Garthwaite, Drummer in Spencer's Regiment, Continental Line.

Ancestor: Jeremiah Crane Garthwaite.

RORICK, HERBERT C., Newark, 94.
Feb. 8th, 1890.

Great-grandson of Michael Rorick, Private in Sussex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Michael Rorick.

RUSLING, GEN. JAMES F., Trenton, 151.
Jan. 31st, 1891.

Great-grandson of William McCulloch, Capt. of Team Brigade.

Also, great-grandson of Aaron Hankinson, Col. of 2nd Regiment, Sussex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: William McCulloch and Aaron Hankinson.

SCHAFER, JOSEPH H., Newark, 239.
Dec. 26th, 1892.

Grandson of Abraham Fairchild, Sergeant in Capt. Daniel Neil's Eastern Company Artillery, N. J. State Troops; took part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton; also, Adjutant Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Abner Fairchild, Capt. of Eastern Battalion, Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors; Abraham Fairchild and Abner Fairchild.

SCHANCK, ANDREW H., Freehold, 54.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Schanck, Capt. of 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Captain John Schanck.

SCHANCK, DANIEL S., Freehold, 57.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of John Schanck. Capt. of 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Captain John Schanck.

SCHENCK, ABRAHAM V., New Brunswick, 138.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Grandson of Abram Schenck; Private in Capt. Henry H. Schenck's Troop of Light Horse, Somerset County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Abram Schenck.

SCHENCK, WARREN REDCLIFFE, "Redcliffe," 224.
Dec. 13th, 1892.

Great-grandson of Abram Schenck, Private in

Capt. Henry H. Schenck's Troop of Light Horse, Somerset County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Abram Schenck.

SCOTT, JULIAN, Plainfield, 140.
Dec. 26th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Jonathan Scott, Sr., Lieut. of Col. Samuel Herrick's Regiment, called out by Gen. Stark, to guard public stores at Barrington, in June, 1778.
Ancestor: Jonathan Scott, Sr.

SEABROOK, THOMAS L., Keyport, 154.
Jan. 31st, 1891.
Great-grandson of Thomas Seabrook, Lieut. Col. of Col. Charles Read's Battalion, N. J. State Troops; also, Lieut. Col. 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia; Member of N. J. General Assembly in 1779, 1780 and 1781.
Ancestor: Lieut. Col. Thomas Seabrook.

SHEPARD, EDWIN, Newark, 125.
May 23rd, 1890.
Great-grandson of William Shepard, Col. of 4th Massachusetts Bay Regiment, Continental Line.
Ancestor: Col. William Shepard.

SHERMAN, GORDON E., Morristown, 62.
Oct. 1st, 1889.
Great-great-grandson of Ebenezer Condict, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Ebenezer Condict.

SINNICKSON, CHARLES PERRY, Philadelphia, Pa., 149.
Jan. 31st, 1891.
Great-grandson of Jacob Hufty, Private in Salem County, N. J. Militia.
Also, great-grandson of Andrew Sinnickson, 1st Battalion, Salem County, N. J. Militia;

also, Paymaster of Cape May, Cumberland and Salem Counties, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Jacob Hufty and Andrew Sinnickson.

SINNICKSON, THOMAS, JR., Salem, 145.
Nov. 17th, 1890.

Great-grandson of Jacob Hufty, Private in Salem County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great grandson of Andrew Sinnickson, 1st Battalion, Salem County, N. J. Militia; also, Paymaster for Cape May, Cumberland and Salem Counties, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Jacob Hufty and Andrew Sinnickson.

SIMS, CLIFFORD STANLEY, Mount Holly, 153.
Jan. 31st, 1891.

Great-grandson of John Ross, Major 2nd Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; Inspector of N. J. Brigade; Lieut. Col. 2nd Regiment, Burlington County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Elijah Clark, Lieut. Col. 2nd Battalion, Gloucester County, N. J. Militia; Member of Provincial Congress of N. J.

Also, great-great-grandson of Alexander Ross, Surgeon in Hospital Department, Continental Army.

Ancestors: John Ross, Elijah Clark and Alexander Ross.

SMALLEY, ANDREW A., Newark. 129.
Aug. 5th, 1890.

Grandson of Thomas Armstrong, Lieut. of Somerset County, N. J. Militia; wounded at the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778.

Ancestor: Thomas Armstrong.

SMITH, REV. HENRY GOODWIN, Freehold, 37.
June 10th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Rev. Thomas Allen, "The Fighting Parson," who led 250 of his congregation to the battle of Bennington and, tradition says, fired the first shot at the enemy.

Ancestor: Rev. Thomas Allen.

SMITH, THOMAS J., Bridgeton, 212.
Sept. 20th, 1892.

Great-grandson of William Smith, Lieut. in Col. Silas Newcomb's Battalion, Heard's Brigade, N. J. Militia; also, Capt. in 2nd Battalion, Salem County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Capt. William Smith.

SNEDEKER, ISAAC S., Dayton, 192.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Garret Snedeker, Private in Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of John Bergen, Private in Captain Samuel Stout's Company, 3rd Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Garret Snedeker and John Bergen.

SPADER, PETER VANDERBILT, New Brunswick, 116.
May 23rd, 1890.

Great-grandson of Abraham Quick, Col. of 2nd Battalion, Somerset County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Abraham Quick.

SPENCER, BIRD W., Passaic, 251.
March 20th, 1893.

Great-grandson of Jesse Emes, Captain in Framington Company of Mass. Militia, called out at "Lexington Alarm"; also, Captain

of 6th Company, 5th Regiment, Mass. Militia.

Ancestor : Jesse Emes.

STERLING, EDWARD BOKER, Trenton, 197.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-grandson of James Sterling, Member of the Committee of Observation, City and County of Burlington, N. J.; also, 2nd Major, 1st Regiment, Burlington County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor : James Sterling.

STILLMAN, WILLIAM M., Plainfield, 123.
May 23rd, 1890.

Great-grandson of Jesse Starr, Private in Captain Abel Spicer's Company, 6th Regiment, Conn. Continental Line ; Corporal in Captain Isaac Gallup's Company, 10th Regiment, Continental Line ; Sergeant in Captain Thomas Wooster's Company, Col. Webb's additional Regiment, Conn. Continental Line.

Also, great-great-grandson of Vine Starr, Private in Captain Joseph Gallup's Company, 8th Regiment, Conn. Militia ; Private in Capt. Eliphaz Kingsley's Company, Baldwin's Regiment of Artificers, Conn. Army.

Ancestors : Jesse Starr and Vine Starr.

STITES, COL. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, Morristown, 88.
Dec. 26th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Richard Stites, Captain 1st Battalion, Somerset County, N. J. Militia ; Captain of Col. Hunt's Battalion, Heard's Brigade, Greene's Division ; severely wounded at the battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776 ; died of wounds Sept. 16, 1776.

Ancestor : Richard Stites.

STRYKER, GEN. WILLIAM SCUDDER, Trenton, 3.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Amos Scudder, Ensign of Captain John Mott's Company, 1st Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia; guided General Washington and his Troops down the Pennington road to the victory, at Trenton.

Also, collaterally connected with John Stryker, Captain of Light Horse, N. J. State Troops, the distinguished partisan trooper.

Also, great-grand-nephew of William Scudder, Lieut. Col. of the 3rd Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia, and of Nathaniel Scudder, Col. of the 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia, the only Member of the Continental Congress who gave his life in battle for his country.

Ancestor: Amos Scudder.

TERRY, HENRY TAYLOR, East Orange, 75.
Nov. 9th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Aaron Crane, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Aaron Crane.

THAYER, ALFRED IRVING, M. D., Newark, 178.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Christopher Thayer, Jr., Private in Capt. John Vinton's Company, Col. Benjamin Lincoln's Regiment, Mass. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Elias Hemenway, Private in Captain Simon Engel's Company, Col. Wylle's Regiment, Mass Militia; Private in Captain Caleb Brooks's Company, Col. Nicholas Dike's Regiment, Mass. Militia; Corporal in 2nd Company, Col. Abner Berry's Regiment, Mass. Militia.

Ancestors : Christopher Thayer, Jr., and Elias Hemenway.

THOMAS, ROBERT MCKEAN, Elizabeth, 171.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Edward Thomas, Col. of 1st Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia ; also, Col. of Regiment of detached Militia, in Gen. Heard's Brigade, at the battle of Long Island.

Also, great-grandson of Thomas McKean, Member of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765 ; Member of the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1783, and President thereof in 1781; Signer of the Declaration of Independence from the State of Delaware ; Col. of the 4th Battalion, Philadelphia Associators.

Ancestors : Edward Thomas and Thomas McKean.

THOMAS, WILLIAM PROVOST, Elizabeth, 166.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Edward Thomas, Col. of 1st Regiment of Essex County, N. J. Militia ; also, Col. of Regiment of detached Militia in Gen. Heard's Brigade, at the battle of Long Island.

Also, great-grandson of Thomas McKean, Member of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765 ; Member of the Continental Congress from 1774 to 1783 and President thereof in 1781 ; Signer of the Declaration of Independence from the State of Delaware ; Col. of 4th Battalion, Philadelphia Associators.

Ancestors : Edward Thomas and Thomas McKean.

THROCKMORTON, WILLIAM STEVENSON, Freehold, 53.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of James Throckmorton, Private in Capt. Waddell's Company, 1st Regiment, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in Capt. Patterson's Company, 3rd Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line.

Also, great-great-grandson of Jonathan Rhea, Lieut. of 2nd Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; Captain by brevet.

Ancestors: James Throckmorton and Jonathan Rhea.

THURBER, ORRAY ERNEST, Newark, 112.
April 17th, 1890.

Great-great-grandson of Obadiah Seward, Capt. in 2nd Regiment, Sussex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-great-grandson of John Seward, Private in Capt. McMires's Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Establishment of the N. J. Line; was promoted to Lieut.; was Capt. of the 2nd Regiment of Sussex Troops, made Lieut. Col. Feb. 28th, 1777, and later Colonel.

Ancestors: Obadiah Seward and John Seward.

TILLARD, HENRY WEBSTER, Newark, 220.
Dec. 13th, 1892.

Great-grandson of Edward Tillard, Capt. of Col. Thomas Ewing's 3rd Battalion, Maryland Continental Line; also, Major of Col. Otto Holland Williams's 6th Battalion Maryland Continental Line; afterward Lieut. Col. of said Battalion; taken prisoner and sent to England for confinement.

Ancestor: Edward Tillard.

TILLARD, RICHARD, Newark, 181.
June 19th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Edward Tillard, Capt. of Col. Thomas Ewing's 3rd Battalion, Maryland Continental Line; also, Major of Col. Otto Holland Williams's 6th Battalion, Maryland Continental Line; afterward Lieut. Col. of said Battalion; taken prisoner and sent to England for confinement.

Ancestor: Edward Tillard.

TIMMS, WALTER BURNETT, Elizabeth, 200.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-great-great-grandson of Thomas Ball, Private in Capt. Isaac Gillam's Company, N. J. State Troops.

Also, great-great-grandson of Abner Ball, Private in Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Thomas Ball and Abner Ball.

TUTTLE, WILLIAM PARKHURST, Madison, 271.
Nov. 21st, 1893.

Great-great-grandson of Daniel Tuttle, Private in Morris County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Nathaniel Camp, Captain of Second Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors: Daniel Tuttle and Capt. Nathaniel Camp.

VANDERPOOL, EUGENE, Newark, 207.
March 30th, 1892.

Great-grandson of David Chambers, Col. 3rd Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia; Col. of Battalion of N. J. State Troops; Col. 2nd Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: David Chambers.

VANDYKE, HENRY LEFFLER RICE, Metuchen, 47.
Oct. 1st, 1889.
Grandson of Matthew VanDyck, Private in Captain Longstreet's Company, 3rd Regiment, Middlesex County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Matthew VanDyck.

VOORHEES, CHAS. H., M. D., New Brunswick, 141.
Nov. 17th, 1890.
Grandson of David Voorhees, Private in Somerset County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: David Voorhees.

VOORHEES, JOHN SCHENCK, New Brunswick, 137.
Aug. 5th, 1890.
Great-grandson of John Schenck, Capt. 2nd Regiment, Hunterdon County, N. J. Militia.
Ancestor: Capt. John Schenck.

WALKER, DELANCEY G., Burlington, 206.
March 30th, 1892.
Great-grandson of Ebenezer Greenough, Private in Haverhill Company of Artillery, Mass. Militia; served as one of the Guard of British prisoners from Saratoga battlefield to Cambridge, Mass.
Ancestor: Ebenezer Greenough.

WETMORE, JOHN CHETWOOD, Elizabeth, 157.
April 3rd, 1891.
Great-grandson of Francis Barber, Lieut. Col. Commandant, 3rd Regiment, Continental Line; Sub-Inspector General, Staff of Gen. Steuben, Adjt. Gen. to Gen. Lord Sterling, afterward to Gen. Sullivan; Dept. Adjt. Gen. to Gen. Greene.
Also, great-grandson of John Chetwood, member of Essex County, N. J. Committee of

Correspondence; Member of Provincial Congress of N. J.

Ancestors: Francis Barber and John Chetwood.

WHEELER, HOLMES AUGUSTUS, Freehold, 43.
Oct. 1st, 1889.

Great-grandson of Stout Holmes, Private in Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Stout Holmes.

WHITEHEAD, ISAAC PRALL, M. D., Westfield, 279.
Dec. 1893.

Grandson of Aaron Whitehead, Private Morris County, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestor: Aaron Whitehead.

WHITEHEAD, HON. JOHN, Morristown, 71.
Nov. 9th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Jonathan Condit, Capt. 2nd Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Also, great-grandson of Onesimus Whitehead, Private Morris County, N. J. State Troops.

Ancestors: Capt. Jonathan Condit and Onesimus Whitehead.

WILLIAMS, EDGAR, Orange, 105.
March 1st, 1890.

Great-grandson of John Condit, Surgeon of Col. Van Courtland's Battalion, Heard's Brigade, N. J. Militia, at the battle of Long Island; also, Surgeon of Essex County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: John Condit.

WILLIAMS, THOMAS WRIGHT, Newark, 259.
May 20th, 1893.

Great-grandson of John Van Tassel, Private in Capt. Israel Smith's, 4th Company, 4th Regiment, N. Y. Continental Line, Col. Henry B. Livingston, commanding; also,

Private in Capt. George Comb's Company and afterward in Capt. Daniel Hartling's Company, 1st Regiment, Westchester County, N. Y. Militia, Lieut. Col. James Hammond commanding.

Ancestor: John Van Tassel.

WILLIAMSON, CORNELIUS TUNIS, Newark, 195.
Nov. 24th, 1891.

Great-grandson of Denise Denise, 1st Major, 3rd Battalion, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor: Denise Denise.

WILSON, ORSON, Newark, 127.

Grandson of Joseph Wilson, Private in Green County, N. Y. Militia.

Ancestor: Joseph Wilson.

WOOD, EDWARD M., Elizabeth, 158.
April 3rd, 1891.

Great-grandson of Jonathan Dayton, Major and Aide-de-Camp on the Staff of Maj. Gen. Sullivan; Capt. of the 3rd Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; made prisoner of war at Connecticut Farms, N. J., Nov. 4th, 1780; Member of Convention that adopted the Constitution of the United States.

Also, great-great-grandson of Elias Dayton, Brig. Gen. of the N. J. Continental Line; took part in all the battles in which the Continental Line was engaged; also Col. of N. J. Militia.

Also, great-great-grandson of Oliver Spencer, Col. of "Spencer's Regiment," Continental Army.

Ancestors: Jonathan Dayton, Elias Dayton, and Oliver Spencer.

WOOD, ISAAC TRUMBULL, Trenton, 180.
June 19th, 1891.
Great-grandson of Hezekiah Welles, Ensign of Capt. Jonathan Hales's 6th Company, Col. Erastus Wolcott's Conn. State Regiment; also, 2d Lieut. of Capt. Simeon Wolcott's 6th Company, Col. Fisher Gay's 2nd Battalion, Wadsworth's Brigade, Conn. State Troops; also, Capt. of 6th Conn. Militia, in 1777 and Capt. of Conn. Militia, in 1779, in New Haven Alarm.
Ancestor: Hezekiah Welles.

WOODRUFF, ANTHONY J., Plainfield, 244.
Jan. 30th, 1893.
Great-grandson of Ichabod Woodruff, Private in Capt. Isaac Morrison's Company, 1st Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also, Private in Capt. Aaron Ogden's Company, 1st Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; took part in the battles of Springfield and Yorktown.
Ancestor: Ichabod Woodruff.

WOODRUFF, GEORGE, Trenton, 90.
Dec. 26th, 1889.
Great-grandson of Elias Woodruff, Commissary of Military Stores in New Jersey.
Ancestor: Elias Woodruff.

WOODRUFF, HIRAM A., Trenton, 245.
Jan. 30th, 1893.
Great-grandson of Ichabod Woodruff, Private in Captain Isaac Morrison's Company, 1st Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line; also, Private in Capt. Aaron Ogden's Company, 1st Regiment, N. J. Continental Line; took part in the battles of Springfield and Yorktown.
Ancestor: Ichabod Woodruff.

WYLIE, GEORGE SANDFORD, Morristown, 11.
April 20th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Samuel Hicks, Private in 1st Battalion, 2nd Establishment, N. J. Continental Line ; also, Private in Captain Scudder's 1st Regiment, Essex County, N. J. Militia; also, Private in N. J. State Troops.

Also, great-great-grandson of John Miles, 1st Lieut. in Col. Lamb's Regiment, Continental Artillery.

Ancestors : Samuel Hicks and John Miles.

YARD, JAMES STERLING, Freehold, 39.
June 10th, 1889.

Great-grandson of James Sterling, Major 1st Regiment, Burlington County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestor : Major James Sterling.

YARD, WILLIAM S., Trenton, 84.
Dec. 26th, 1889.

Great-grandson of Benjamin Yard, gun-maker of Trenton, who furnished muskets for the Continental Army.

Also, grandson of Jacob Brinley, Private in Captain Walton's Troop of Light Dragoons, Monmouth County, N. J. Militia.

Ancestors : Benjamin Yard and Jacob Brinley.

IN MEMORIAM.

BAKER, DANIEL WILLIAM,
Died August 2nd, 1891.

CROWELL, JOSEPH TUCKER,
Died September 22nd, 1891.

EDGAR, HOWARD,
Died January 18th, 1893.

FAIRCHILD, HENRY ENNIS,
Died September 12th, 1891.

HAGEMAN, JR., JOHN FRELINGHUYSEN,
Died July 1st, 1893.

HOFFMAN, JOSEPH REED, M. D.,
Died December 11th, 1893.

MYER, BENJAMIN,
Died August 10th, 1892.

OSBORN, FREDERICK ALLEN,
Died June 2nd, 1893.

SMALLEY, ANDREW A.,
Died January 8th, 1893.

SPADER, PETER VANDERBILT,
Died August 4th, 1890.