

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.

FROM "THE WIND HARP," AND OTHER POEMS

BY ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH

PHILADELPHIA: WILLIS P. HAZARD. 1864.

TRENTON BATTLE MONUMENT

THE NEW JERSEY MONUMENT.

Build high the monument! we will remember
Those brave, true-hearted men,
Who caught the spark from freedom's dying ember,
And lit their camp fires then.
Here, where the noble Delaware is flowing,
They crossed the frozen wave;
Here, where the field of waving grain is growing,
The patriot found a grave.
Can we forget them, who that dark December
Watched freedom's paling fires?
Up with the shaft! our children shall remember
Those hero-hearted sires.

Here, on the bridge that spans Assanpink's waters,
When liberty was ours,
The Trenton matrons, with their white-robed
daughters,

Brightened his way with flowers.
Not now, as on those hurried midnight marches,
With silent fifes and drums,
But 'neath proud banners and triumphal arches
The stately hero comes.
And yet he weeps! O does the chief remember
Those spirits true and tried,
That 'mid the terrors of that dark December
Stood bravely by his side?

And we, to-day, come not, like matrons olden,
To hail a chief adored,
With flowers and song; we pour our treasures
golden

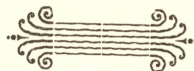
Where holy blood was poured,
To place his statue where the beams of morning
Shall earliest kiss his brow,—
Where he, who led the hope at freedom's dawning,
May herald sunrise now!
Then build the monument—record the story!
And while our waters run,
Let the first name upon our page of glory
Be WASHINGTON!

WASHINGTON'S ARMY IN DECEMBER, 1776.

They faltered not, though worn and spent,
That sad and weary band,
Upon their holy mission bent,—
To free their native land!
They faltered not, though snow and sleet
Was crimsoned with their bleeding feet;
Not laden they with food and tent,
But rifles old and banners rent
Was all their store, as forth they went,
Those men of 76!

O Assanpink! O Delaware!
Ye could unfold a tale
Of silent suffering, mute despair,
By watchfires waning pale;
But ye are voiceless! none may know
The tears that wet those beds of snow,
And sanctified each spot of earth
That bore the hope of freedom's birth,—
Shame, that no stone records *their* worth,
Those men of 76!

The lofty monument and fane
Marks still the spot where Spartans bled;
And must we look for them in vain
Where holier blood was shed?
Shall strangers passing through the land
Find not one record of that band?
Well may our hearts indignant swell,
When our own children cannot tell
The places where those heroes fell,
Those men of 76!



Written at the request of persons interested in the Trenton Battle Monument, and first published in the *Daily True American*, of Trenton, N. J. Mrs. Howarth is still living in Trenton.

December 26, 1891.

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 Christmas-tide 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 columns, 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 Rut-

ledges, 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 Potomac. 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 carried 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 con-

nected 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.

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 unflinching 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. General 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 reserved 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 opera-

tions, 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 lag-gards 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. Calloway deeply and sincerely regretted by 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 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 Col. Nicholas, who took part in the battle of Trenton. We have with us three direct descendants of the sister of Gen. 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 valour of those men who fought at Moultrie was as invincible as is my ignor-

ance 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—in 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, again to 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 sometimes; 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 accomplishment 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 heart 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 trib-

ute 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 Washington 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 Portaille, Ramsey, Knox, Green, Sterling, Steuben, Dickinson, Butler, Maxwell, Scott, and a host of others.

It may 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 heritage, 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 Head-

quarters 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 remembrance of this vast event, in the mutual friendships 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 combine themselves into one Society of Friends, to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their eldest male posterity, and, in failure thereof, 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 Quintus Cincinnatus; and being resolved to follow his example, by returning to their citizenship. they think they may with propriety denominate themselves, The Society 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 nature 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 Georgia, 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 Dayton 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 Quintus 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; Elias Bayton, 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 Reverend 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 Quintus 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 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 Headquarter's 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 men 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 prisoners 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 statement 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."