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BISHOP DOANE'S
HISTORICAL ADDRESS.



712
The Goodly Heritage of Jerseymen:

THE FIRST ANNUAL ADDRESS

BEFORE

THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY;

AT THEIR MEETING, IN TRENTON,

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1846;

BY

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D., LL.D.,

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY.

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Burlington:

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1846.
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PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

Forbear to deem the chronicler unwise,
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
 Who, gathering up all that time's envious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies,
 Her rights to claim, and vindicate the truth ;
Her faithful servants, while she walked with men,
 Were they, who, not unmindful of their sire,
All-ruling Jove, whate'er their theme might be
Revered her mother, sage Mnemosyne.
 And, at the Muses' will, invoked the lyre
To animate, but not mislead, the pen.—WORDSWORTH.

Newark, Jan. 16th, 1846.

BISHOP DOANE:

Dear Sir—At the Annual Meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, held at Trenton, yesterday, immediately after the delivery by you of the First Annual Address, on motion of the Rev. Dr. MILLER, of Princeton, it was unanimously resolved as follows, viz :

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be given to Bishop DOANE, for the excellent and eloquent Address which he has just delivered, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Allow me to add my individual desire that the request of the Society may be complied with.

I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully and truly yours, &c.

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY,
Recording Secretary of N. J. Hist. Soc.

THE JERSEY HOMESTEAD.

I fain would have, if I might choose,
 A mansion, such as farmers use,
 Of sound old stone, with hanging eaves,
 And casements clambered o'er with leaves ;
 Fair, but not fine, of ancient guise ;
 There shadowing elms around should rise :
 Full barns, clean stables—nor forgot
 Clear springs, and dairy, cool as grot.
 About the pile, in thought, I view
 A spreading lawn of freshest hue ;
 And, stretching back, in stately mien,
 A garden, with its alleys green ;
 Where every herb and every fruit,
 That may a healthful palate suit,
 Shall grow in concord with each flower
 That may beseem a Jersey bower.

Then, let a rippling brook flow by,
 On whose green margin there may lie
 At intervals, a well-hewn seat,
 For pause, amid the noon-tide heat ;
 And here and there, as good may seem,
 Broad willows weeping o'er the stream,
 Or locusts, where, in balmy June,
 The bees may hum their sleepy tune.

Such be the centre of my reign,
 Whence to survey my fair domain ;
 But reaching far on every side
 Meadow and field in circuit wide,
 And sombre groves, and thicket grey,
 Where I may fly at height of day,
 O'er the enamell'd sward, let stray
 The herd and flock, at food or play ;
 While thrift, and temperance, and care,
 Shall turn the clod, and drive the share,
 And sow and reap the golden store,
 Till winter close the massy door.

Then, when long nights begin to bring
 Around the fire, the cheerful ring,
 The crackling billets, flaming high,
 Shall send a gleam to every eye,
 Of happy inmates round the hearth,
 Full of warm cheer and healthful mirth.
 Here let the hoary grandsire bask,
 And grandame hug her wintry task,
 And hardy urchin plan his snare,
 And chubby girl her doll prepare,
 And John, with school-boy tone, rehearse
 The newest tale, in prose or verse.
 Such, to the Jersey yeomen free,
 Such comforts may there ever be !

REV. J. W. ALEXANDER.

TO THE HONOURABLE
JOSEPH C. HORNBLLOWER,
CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEW JERSEY ;

SUSTAINING THE INSTITUTIONS OF HIS NATIVE STATE,
UPON THE BENCH,
WHILE HE ADORNS THEM, IN THE DAILY WALKS OF LIFE :

THIS FIRST ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS,
BEFORE THE SOCIETY, OF WHICH HE IS THE FIRST PRESIDENT,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

RIVERSIDE, 15 JANUARY, MDCCCLVI.

Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree,
Which brings to mind her childhood's charmed day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away, * * * * *
Sees called up round her, by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'en its sorrows back again.—LALLA ROOKEE.

ADDRESS.

I never shall forget, with what a strange and startled joy, I stopped, and stood, and gazed, upon a few black letters, on a plain deal board, at the corner of a street, in the old English town of Lincoln. I had been musing, beneath the Roman archway, called the Newport Gate,¹ of the ever-changing stream of life, which had not ceased to roll through it for twice ten centuries; and, busied with my thoughts, had wandered off alone. When, as I climbed the steep ascent, on which the town is built,² lifting my eyes up from the ground, near the Danes' Gate, they were arrested by the words, "NEW JERSEY."³ It scarcely is a figure to say, that, in an instant, "my heart was in my mouth." Romans, Danes, English, all were gone. I doubted of my very sense of sight. It seemed some mirage of the mind. Country, and friends, and home, were all before me. My

"eyes

"Were with" my "heart, and that was far away."⁴

I stood, a Jerseyman, and in New Jersey.

¹ "The ancient Archway, called *the Newport Gate*, at Lincoln," Britton says, "is a specimen of Roman execution, and consists of very large stones, placed together arch-wise, and without mortar." "The whole is rudely constructed, but of such substantial materials, that it seems to defy all the operations of time and weather."—*Architectural Antiquities*, v. 158. The width of the archway is fifteen feet, nine inches; its height, twelve feet, four inches: diminished very much, no doubt, by the filling up of the street. Lincoln is probably from the name of the ancient Roman Station, *Lindum Colonia*.

² Too steep to be ascended by carriages, which make use of a circular road, round the face of the hill, without the city.

³ I enquired, in vain, why the street, or court, should be called *New Jersey*. No one knew.

⁴ *Childe Harold*, iv. 141.

I do not speak of this as if it were at all peculiar. I know that it is not. The Swiss guards, in a foreign land, who dared all dangers, and bore all privations, were melted to desertion, if they heard the simple native song with which the cows were brought from pasture.⁴

“The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
 “Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
 “If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,
 “Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
 “Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
 “And sinks, a martyr to repentant sighs.”⁵

No: it is not peculiar. I cite it as a fact in nature. It is a part of our humanity. A touch of that which makes the world all kin; so that the man who felt it not, would scarce be owned of human kind. And I cite it now, because it indicates, as no elaborate dissertation could, the ground on which I stand to day, and the feelings with which I stand on it; the feelings and the ground, which, if our coming here is not to be in vain, you must share with me, as **JERSEYMEN, and IN NEW JERSEY.** Let me not, for one moment, be misunderstood. I yield to no man

⁴ *Rans des vaches*; that is, rows of cows. One can see them winding along, among the rocks of their wild pasture ground.

⁵ Rogers, *Pleasures of Memory*, first part. In his notes, he has the following. “The celebrated *Rans des vaches*—‘cet air si cheri des Suisses qu’il fut defendu, sous peine de mort, de la jouer dans leur troupes, parce qu’il faisoit foudre en larmes, désertier ou mourir ceux qui l’entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l’ardent desir de revoir leur pays.’—*Rousseau*. The *maladie de pays* is as old as the human heart. Juvenal’s little cup-bearer,

‘Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,

‘Et casulam, et notos tristis desiderat hædos;’

and the Argive, in the heat of battle,

‘dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.’”

in the Catholic comprehension, which takes in the world. I teach no truth more earnestly, than that which filled and fired the fervent soul of Paul; that, in the plan of God, for human good, there should be no Jew, no Greek, no Scythian, no Barbarian, but all one in Jesus Christ.¹ But I remember David's longing for the water of that ancient well, by the town-gate, where he had bathed his boyhood's brow.² I remember how Paul yearned for his brethren, his "kinsmen according to the flesh;" and, if need were, would even be accursed for them.³ And I remember—and I speak it with profoundest reverence—how that blessed ONE, who "gave Himself a ransom for all," when He was come near Jerusalem, beholding it, "wept over it"⁴ To love our neighbour as ourself, is not to sink the brother or the child. Jesus had one disciple, "whom He loved." The house will soon be chilled, in which the hearth-fires are gone out. There were no Nile, to fatten Egypt, if the fountains were not full. Trust not to his philanthropy, who is not filial as a son, and faithful as a friend. He can be no American, who is not more a Jerseyman.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Historical Society,

I have left you at no loss as to the line I mean to take to-day. I have come here, as a Jerseyman, to speak to Jerseymen, about New Jersey. So far as lies in me, I wish to make A JERSEY RALLY. I have

¹ Every where. Especially, Galatians iii. 28, and Colossians iii. 11.

² 2 Samuel xxiii. 15.

³ Romans ix. 3.

⁴ St. Luke xix. 41.

often regretted that that rich old word, *the Commonwealth*, should have been dropped, so generally, for the meagre and unmeaning monosyllable, *State*. Names are not things; and yet they go together. Men never disregard the name, when they esteem the thing. Nor do they often keep the thing, when they have lost the name. There has been quite too little, in us, of the true notion of a *common wealth*. We lack community of feeling. We are of Trenton, or of Newark, or of Burlington. We are of *East Jersey*, or of *West Jersey*.¹ We are not ALL JERSEYMEN. There is scarcely such a thing acknowledged, as a Jersey interest. We are, as far as we well can be, without State institutions,² State objects, State influences, State aims. We do not sympathize. We rarely congregate. We fail to co-operate. It was a saying

¹ The whole of the country, now known as New York and New Jersey, was granted by Charles II. to his brother, the Duke of York, in 1664. The Duke conveyed the part now called New Jersey, to the Earl of Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. Sir George had been Governor of the Island of Jersey. The name of *New Jersey*—or, as they liked to call it, *Neo-Cæsarea*—was given to the province, as a compliment to him. The province was to go in equal parts: the Eastern, to Carteret; the Western, to Berkeley. Hence the division of East Jersey and West Jersey. Strange to say, the line is by no means certain. Gordon, on the Map in his "Gazetteer and History of New Jersey," lays down two lines: Keith's, run in 1687; and Lawrence's, run in 1743. The difference between them is half a million of acres; one ninth of the whole area of the state. If I could find the line, I should like well enough to rub it out.—It was the Lady of Sir George Carteret, of whom Pepys says, in his simple way: "Thence to my house, where I took great pride to lead her through the Court, by the hand, *she being very fine*, and her page carrying up her train." *Memoirs* i. 284.

² I take pleasure in recording here one noble exception—which I could not so well speak of in the body of the Address—the establishment, last year, of a State Lunatic Asylum. It is on the noblest plan, and is going vigorously on.

of Dr. Franklin, that "New Jersey was like a cider barrel, tapped at both ends." It has been too literally true. We have been too well content to lose ourselves in the broad shadows of the two great states, which stretch on either side of us. We have been too willing to become but little more than an appendage to the two chief cities, which lie upon us, on the right, and on the left. Our young men have been too ready to exchange their native name, for that of some more prominent member of our great confederacy.¹ Our vigorous minds, our skilful hands, our generous hearts, have gone abroad too much, to build up other states, and to advance other interests.² We have well nigh forgotten that we have a history. We have almost lost the very sense of our identity. We have had no centre. We have made no rally. For these things, I have long desired the establishment of a Historical Society; as that which was most likely to bring us all together, and to bring us out. For these things, I rejoiced when this Society was started; and that with such a full and vigorous promise of success. For these things, I consented to stand here. It is my firm belief that in all that constitutes the essence of a commonwealth—in resources,

¹ Gordon speaks feelingly on this subject. "The State has been an *officina gentium*, a hive of nations, constantly sending out swarms, whose labours have contributed largely to build up the two greatest marts in the Union, and to subdue and fertilize the Western wilds. Instead, therefore, of being distinguished for the growth of numbers within her borders, she is remarkable for the paucity of their increase."—29.

² Burlington county, at one period, supplied Philadelphia with both Mayor and Recorder; Benjamin W. Richards Esq., and Joseph M'Ilvaine Esq. The *facile principes* of the Bar, in the city of New York, David B. Ogden Esq., and George Wood Esq., are native Jerseymen.

in opportunities, in capabilities for happiness and influence with men—New Jersey stands unrivalled in this great confederacy. And I believe as firmly, that the reason why these gifts of God are not developed, for His glory, and the good of men, as they might be, and should have been, is, that Jerseymen have never acted on a Jersey feeling. They have not justly estimated their great advantages. They have not faithfully discharged their corresponding duties. Will you contemplate with me OUR “GOODLY HERITAGE,” AS JERSEYMEN? Will you consider with me our just responsibilities, as such? My appeal to you, my fellow citizens, is in the spirit of that old Greek adage, *Σπάρταν ἔλαχες τάνταν κόσμει.*¹ That is to say, being interpreted: your lot has fallen to you in New Jersey; bestir yourselves to make the best of it.

Unfold with me the map of the United States. Direct your eye along the sloping line of the Atlantic coast, until it reach well nigh the centre. Select what seems the snuggest, sunniest nook, in all that graceful sweep. Rest, where a noble river makes almost an island with the ocean; washing its utmost length, and giving, to every pine that crowns the summit of its farthest mountain, a passage to the sea. It is the lot of our inheritance. Examine it more closely. See how the mountains rivet it upon the mainland, at the North. See how their tall and rugged peaks sink down and soften, in the gentle swells, and genial vallies, of the middle counties. See what

¹ It is quoted by Cicero, in a letter to Atticus; the sixth of the fourth book. Erasmus says, “Admonet adagium, ut quancumque provinciam erimus forte nacti, ei nos accommodemus, proque hujus dignitate nos geramus.” *Proverbiorum Epitome*, 639.

a stretch of coast, until the vast alluvial vanishes away into the broad Atlantic. *Is there a question about climate?* I am satisfied that if the arc of highest points, for health, and comfort, and enjoyment, on the map of North America, could be described, it would sweep through New Jersey.¹ There is no better test of this than in the abundance, and variety, and perfection, of its fruits. This was the theme of admiration with the earliest settlers of the country, and deserves to be so still. "I have seen orchards," one writes home, in 1680, "laden with fruit, to admiration; their very limbs torn to pieces with the weight, and most delicious to the taste, and lovely to behold: I have seen an apple tree, from a pippin kernel, yield a barrel of curious cyder; and peaches in such plenty that some people took their carts a peach-gathering: I could not but smile at the con-

¹ A good illustration of the healthiness of New Jersey, however homely its expression, occurs in a letter from John Cripps to Henry Stacy, written "from Burlington, on Delaware River, the 26th of the eighth month, 1677." "Here is good land enough lies void, would serve many thousands of families; and we think if they cannot live here, they can hardly live in any place in the world." "The country and air seems to be very agreeable to our bodies, and *we have good stomachs to our victuals.*" (*Smith, History of New Jersey, 104.*) The air of Burlington has not changed, in this last respect, in 180 years. Nor is it less true now than then, that we have good victuals to our stomachs.—It may be said, in passing, that the first settlement in West Jersey was at Salem, in 1675, by John Fenwick and his companions, who came from London, in the *Griffith*. The second ship was the *Kent*, also from London. The third was the *Willing Mind*, from London. The fourth, the *Martha*, from Burlington, in Yorkshire. Burlington was laid out in 1677. It was called first *New Beverly*, then *Bridlington*. This latter was the early name of Burlington, in England. The first ship that came up to Burlington, was the *Shield*, from Hull, in 1678. "Against *Coaquannock*," where Philadelphia now is, "being a bold shore, she went so near, in turning, that part of the tackling struck the trees. Some on board remarked, it was a fine spot for a town."—*Smith, 108.*

ceit of it. They are a very delicate fruit, and hang almost like our onions that are tied on ropes." "My brother Robert had as many cherries this year as would have loaded several carts. It is my judgment, by what I have observed, that fruit trees in this country destroy themselves by the very weight of the fruit."¹ This is a picture from the life, as all who hear me know. *Is the enquiry about agricultural productions?* What can be named, of food, for man or beast, in which New Jersey is deficient?²

¹ Mahlon Stacy's letter from Burlington, "26th of fourth month, 1680," to his brother Revell. He dwells upon the fruits, as a man of good taste might. "We have, from the time called May, until Michaelmas, great store of very good wild fruits, as strawberries, cranberries, and hurtleberries, which are like our bilberries in England, but far sweeter. They are very wholesome fruits. The cranberries much like cherries for colour and bigness, which may be kept till fruit come in again; an excellent sauce is made of them for venison, turkeys, and other great fowl, and they are better to make tarts than either gooseberries or cherries."—*Smith*, 112. In another letter, "to William Cook, of Sheffield, and others," he writes, "This is a most brave place; whatever envy or evil spies may speak of it, I could wish you all here." "I never repented my coming hither, nor yet remembered thy arguments and out-cry against New Jersey, with regret. I live as well to my content, and in as great plenty as ever I did, and in a far more likely way to get an estate."—*Smith*, 114.

² The first settlers of New Jersey had a shrewd eye to its agricultural capabilities, which has not been disappointed. "Well, here is a brave country," writes Samuel Groome, Surveyor General of East Jersey, in 1685, "the ground very fruitful, and wonderfully inclinable to English grass, as clover &c." "In short, the land is four times better than I expected."—*Smith*, 174. And Gawin Lawrie, deputy Governor of East Jersey, under Robert Barclay, writes, "all things very plenty: land very good as ever I saw." John Barclay and others, write from Elizabethtown: "We see little wanting that a man can desire, and we are sure that a sober and industrious people might make this a rich country, and enrich themselves by it."—*Smith*, 183. It is to their statement that Bancroft alludes; "Peaches and vines grew wild on the river sides; the woods were crimsoned with strawberries; and 'brave oysters' abounded along the shore. Brooks and rivulets, with 'curious clear water,' were as plenty as in the dear native Scotland."

Nay, and she never can be, if her farmers mind their business. Limestone and Marl divide the land between them. The very rocks are made to fertilize the soil which lies upon them; or the mouldering shell-fish, of the world before the flood, convert the worthless sand-waste into fields of smiling corn. Facilities of transportation, constantly increasing, rapidly equalize the land; and soon will bring it all into successful cultivation. While the river or the creek, the railroad or canal, that spreads the lime or marl upon the fields, takes down the corn or wheat, the butter or the pork, to the insatiable market of the cities and the ports of foreign export. Such are the agricultural advantages of New Jersey, that the Massachusetts State Commissioner, now travelling in foreign countries, on enquiries in the line of his department, has habitually advised young men, from the New England states, to come and settle here: the climate and the soil yielding to equal labour a larger return of profit and of comfort, than in any other state in our whole Union.' Nay, and old Ocean smiles, and yields his treasures for our culture. "The oysters" that one wrote, from Perth Amboy, in 1684, "would serve all England,"² are still there; and in plantations to supply the world. *Is the enquiry of our mineral resources?* They are innumerable and inexhaustible.³ Marble, of every

¹ This agrees with what Barclay and others said, in 1684. "We see that people here want nothing, and yet their labour is very small."

² "At Amboy Point, and several other places, there is abundance of brave oysters."—*Smith*, 184. The very shells, as lime, quicken our fields into fertility.

³ See the valuable Report of the State Geologist, Professor Henry D. Rogers, on the Geology of New Jersey.

kind, and every quality. Slate, in abundance. Varieties of clay, for every use, up to the finest porcelain. A free-stone, from New Jersey, rears, at the head of the great mart of commerce in our Western world, a Christian Church, of noblest, most impressive architecture; which, if it could, would lift the hearts of men up with their eyes to heaven.¹ The richest ores of iron; copper, in singular purity; rare stores of zinc. In very deed, "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."² *Are the results of useful art the subject of investigation?* With such a store of raw materials, in every kind; with water power, incalculable; with coal, in inexhaustible supplies, lying at the very door; with skilful heads and vigorous hands to turn them all to best account, there is no branch of manufactures which is not, or may not be, made available to Jerseymen. Paterson, and Newark, and Belleville, and Dover, and Trenton, and Bridgeton, need but sufficient capital and enterprise to be our Manchester, our Sheffield, and our Birmingham. While, *for commercial purposes*, inland and foreign, our noble canals, our most efficient railroads, the majestic Delaware, the broad Atlantic—New York and Philadelphia, as much our ports, as if they lay upon our waters—give us at once a vast home market, and the market of mankind.

And these are but the outside of the case. We possess, in a degree unrivalled, every form of civil, so-

¹ The stone of which Trinity Church, New York, is built, is from Little Falls, near Paterson, in this State. ² Deuteronomy viii. 9.

cial, moral, and political advantage. What can be happier than our geographical position? We are free from the burden which bears down the Southern States, visiting the fathers' sins upon the children, and yet have not to struggle with the rigours and reverses of the surly North. Our social posture is a happy mean between the two. There are not the carking care and unrelaxed devotion to the work-day world, which mark the people of New England; nor yet the apathy and languor which deaden human energy, in lower latitudes, and in a different state of social life. A happy moderation is the characteristic of our people. There is neither extreme, among us, of riches or of poverty. A competence is easy to obtain. The general seek no more. The children start from very nearly the same level with their parents; and leave to theirs to do the same. A great accumulation is but rare. Proportionally rare the fashions and the follies which are apt to follow in its train. A more contented, happier people, in their home relations, is not shone on by the Sun. The absence of any great city, or large town, is an advantage to the State. It would destroy the equilibrium of the body politic. It would control by influence, or else perpetuate dissension. We have the advantages of two, with but a small share of the disadvantages of any. It is not their least benefit to us, that, by the overshadowing of their greatness, they make rivalry in us impossible. The historic annals of our State are in a special manner free from stain. They record no breach of faith with "the poor Indian." They bear no re-

cord of religious persecution. There is no blood upon them, but that which liberty demands and consecrates; the blood which patriot freemen offer, as a pure libation, for their fire-sides and their altars. "No man to be arrested, condemned, imprisoned, or molested, in his estate or liberty, but by twelve men of the neighbourhood; no man to lie in prison for debt, but that his estate satisfy as far as it will go, and be set at liberty to work; no person to be called in question or molested for his conscience, or for worshipping according to his conscience,"¹ was, from the earliest times, the alphabet of freedom, in New Jersey. And they were good at spelling with it. When five per cent. upon the invoice of all imports from the mother land was charged upon the settlers, the argument of Samuel Jenings, a brave old Schoolmaster, in this behalf, as the Lord Cornbury found, was in this fashion. "Tell us the title, by what right or law we are thus used; that may a little mitigate our pain. Your answer hitherto hath been, 'that it was a conquered country; and that the King being the conqueror, he has power to make laws, raise money, &c., and that this power the King hath vested in the Duke, and by that right and sovereignty the Duke demands the custom we complain of.' But suppose the King were an absolute conqueror in the case depending, doth his power extend equally over his own English people, as over the conquered? Are not they some of the letters that make up the word, *conqueror*? Did Alexander conquer alone? Or Cæsar

¹ Instructions from the Proprietors, in 1676.

beat by himself? The Norman Duke" "used not the companions of his victory so ill. Natural right and human prudence oppose such doctrine, all the world over." The hundred years which followed, to the war of independence, did not put out this fire. New Jersey was the Flanders of the Revolution. The foot of war was not removed from off her plains, for more than one year of the seven. Scarcely an acre of her soil but shared the fortunes of the fight. While Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, are household words, for childrens' children, to the latest generation: among

"the few, the immortal names,

"That were not born to die."

Where can be found a simpler, less expensive, more beneficial, administration of government? Where is a state less conversant with debt? What people are more lightly taxed?² Where are the laws more equal or more certain? Where are they more effectively sustained and cheerfully obeyed? Where is another instance of a state, laying aside the

¹ Argument addressed to the Commissioners of the Duke of York, concerning the customs demanded in West New Jersey.—*Smith*, 129. Jenings was afterwards Deputy Governor. He was Speaker of the Assembly, during Lord Cornbury's administration. When the Assembly remonstrated against some acts of his administration, Jenings, as Speaker, delivered the remonstrance: "The Governor frequently interrupted him with, *Stop! What's that?*—at the same time putting on a countenance of authority and sternness, with intention to confound him. With due submission, yet firmness, whenever interrupted, he calmly desired leave to read the passages over again, and did it with an additional emphasis on those most complaining; so that, on the second reading, they became more observable than before."—*Smith*, 295.

² Governor Stratton's Message, just delivered, shows for the current year a balance of seventy thousand dollars, to meet extraordinary expenses. The State tax averages but about ten cents a head, on the whole population.

badges and the names, the principles and prejudices of party; and, by the hands of her choice men, deliberately, dispassionately, resolutely reforming her frame of government: making no sacrifice to popular favour or partisan distinctions, and quietly, and as one man, passing from a Colonial Charter to an independent constitution? ¹

Such is a dim and shadowy outline of our "GOODLY HERITAGE," AS JERSEYMEN. It is for you, dear friends, to fill it up, and grave it deeply in your hearts, and gild it with the blessed radiance that lights up your happy hearths and homes. It is for you to own the fulness of your debt, and prove your depth of grateful love, by the discharge of the high duties and immense responsibilities to God, your country, and the generations yet to come, that it may be an heritage forever. *This is our Sparta. It is for us to make the best of it.* The time would fail me to point out the ways, in which the duties and the debt of citizenship, are to be owned and paid. Nor need I do it. If your hearts have risen with mine to the appreciation of our great and gracious privileges, they will be swift to own them, and intuitive in skill to magnify and to perpetuate them. It needs no great exertion. It calls for no specific effort. It asks no signal sacrifice. It is in daily duties, and habitual services, and unconscious influences, that it is most effectively performed. As, by the hearth of home, the tender charities of life spring up, spon-

¹ The history of the late Convention, to revise the Constitution of New Jersey, is without a parallel.

taneous and uncounted, in the light of mutual love. I gratefully acknowledge that the last few years have seen much progress in this great result. Traversing annually its length and breadth, I witness every year new marks of progress, and new trophies of improvement.¹ The work, that might have been set down for half a century, ten years have well nigh done. Improved appliances in agriculture are every where in hand. Improved facilities in transportation are every where encouraging their application. An interest in horticulture is touching all the landscape with a new and gentler grace. The efforts of the new Society, for its promotion, begin to be appreciated. The day is hastening, when it may not need a poet's eye to find the garden of the Hesperides, at Newark, or at Princeton.² In architecture, too, there is a marked advancement. It is beginning to be felt, that the house of God need not be mean or homely. The taste of private individuals is dotting all our towns and rural nooks with homes, where comfort dwells with beauty. And here, the transformation of the State House—so appropriate, so convenient, so commanding, such perfect fitness, and such admirable

¹ It was Mr. Clay, I believe, who spoke of New Jersey, as "the State of beautiful Villages." And with what truth! Few know how much and varied in its beauty New Jersey is; because few know much of the State, but by the railroads. There is nothing in its kind more worthy of a visit than the scenery of the Water Gap. The counties of Warren, Hunterdon, and Morris, are no where surpassed in richness and variety of prospect. Long Branch and Cape May, are the most favoured and favourite resorts, in the whole land, for the beauties and the comforts of the Sea.

² As in the beautiful grounds of the Hon. Mr. Wright, and Mr. Norris, at the former; and at Fieldwood—shall I not say?—near the latter. Mr. Field is the President of the New Jersey Horticultural Society, which owes very much to his zealous interest in its objects.

taste—more than redeems the past, and gives a noble promise for the future.

The life of a State is in the past and in the future. The State that does not honour its illustrious dead, and make provision for the full and perfect training of its children, is derelict of duty; and must endure its penalty, in the oblivion of the past, and in disorganization for the future. A State must have its immortality on earth. Its past must give the colour to its future. As that future becomes past, the dies will deepen, and the retribution be more fierce. The State that sows the wind must reap the whirlwind. An inglorious past will earn a more inglorious future. Neglected children will become unhonoured fathers. A spring time, without sowing, brings an autumn, without harvest. In both these two respects, New Jersey has been signally deficient.

She has done what in her lay to have no history. As William Penn, in 1676, found it essential to begin a letter to his friends and brethren, with the assurance "that there is such a province as New Jersey, is certain;"¹ so, but for maps and school geographies, the fact might still be deemed apocryphal. There is no Calendar of patriots and heroes in New Jersey. The record of her sons, so far as she has seemed to care, has been allowed to perish with them. Where are the statues of the founders of the State? Where is the gallery of portraits of the statesmen and the soldiers of the war of Independence? Where is the registry, more authentic than the Almanac, to give the names and dates, that shall identify a Livingston,

¹ Smith, 89

a Schuyler, a Stockton, or a Southard? Where are the ancient records of the first enterprises in this old colony? Where are the household letters, stained with many a tear, that told of troubles, and of trials, borne in unrepining patience, through the hope that is in Christ? Where are the papers, filled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," that wrought the way for the great struggle of the nation, or recorded its encouragements and triumphs? It is not rash to say, that no one state, in all the old thirteen, was richer in these holy relics of the past; that none is now so poor. In this respect, another era has, I trust, begun. To you, gentlemen of the Historical Society, successive generations will look back with gratitude, as patriot preservers of their ancestral fame. A volume of colonial history, the work of a son of New Jersey, produced and published while your first year had not filled its round, is your free pledge to all your kind, that you are in earnest in the cause; and that, what your enterprise can rescue and preserve, is sure and safe. I offer you, for this good work, the thanks and the congratulations of your countrymen.¹

¹ History of "East Jersey, under the Proprietary Governments; a Narrative of events connected with the settlement and progress of the Province, until the surrender of the government to the Crown, in 1702," by Wm. A. Whitehead, of Newark; with an Appendix, consisting of "The Model of the Government of East New Jersey in America, by George Scot of Pitlochrie," re-printed for the first time from the original edition of 1685.—The sheets of this volume, a perfect beauty in typography, were circulated at the annual meeting. Will Mr. Whitehead permit me to remind him that "one good turn deserves another;" that having done so well for East Jersey, he is now to do the same for West; that it will then remain for him to bring the story down, from the period of their union, to the adoption of the new State Constitution?

I blush to say, that in the cause of education, New Jersey does herself no justice. She is not careful of her children. Her children will not care for her. Unfilial sons are the sure progeny of an unnatural mother. Of the two learned institutions of the State, I speak with an unfeigned respect.¹ They have done noble service for the country. No prouder names, in arts or arms, in science or in letters, in the halls of government, or in the sanctuaries of our religion, adorn the annals of America, than those whom they have sent forth from their venerable walls. And they are now discharging their high function, with an ability, a fidelity, and a success, which set them in the first rank of the institutions of our land. But what share has the State in all this honor? What has the State done, what is the State now doing, to encourage and assist them in their work? New Jersey, as a State, does nothing for the arts, does nothing for science, does nothing for letters. She scarcely recognizes that she has a child. She virtually denies it, in her almost total disregard even of their elementary education. This is a burning shame. The brand of it is on our brow. Shall we submit to bear it? We cannot, and not so approve ourselves traitors to God and man, in the neglect of means and opportunities, such as no other State in all the Union has. New Jersey ought to be, what Athens was to Greece, the eye of our confederacy. In her central position, in the facilities of access to her, in the salubrity of her climate, in the moderate condition of her people, in the absence of absorbing in-

¹ The College of New Jersey, at Princeton, incorporated in 1746; and Rutgers's College, at New Brunswick, in 1770.

terests, in her simplicity of manners, in the serene seclusion of her beautiful retreats, in every thing that the broad name of nature comprehends, New Jersey is the State for education. In some States, commerce, in some, agriculture, in some, manufactures, may be the leading interest. Ours should be education. From Carpenter's Point to Cape May, New Jersey should be studded all with Schools. Academies and higher institutions should adorn and bless her larger towns. Her Colleges should be supplied "with all appliances and means, to boot," to carry out the work to its most comprehensive range, and up to its most lofty elevation. Above all, these things should be consecrated to God, in the sole name of Jesus Christ, for the eternal welfare, as for the present comfort, of our race. The foundations of New Jersey were laid in the fear of God. "Be it known unto you all, in the name and fear of Almighty God, His glory and honour, power and wisdom, truth and kingdom is dearer to us than all visible things," is the devout and manly language of one of its most ancient public documents.¹ As the foundation was laid, so should the superstructure be built up, and crowned, in faith, and fear, and prayer. In all the life of Dr. Franklin, there is no page so beautiful as that which bears the record of his motion, that the daily sessions of the Convention for forming the Constitution of the United States begin with prayer. "Mr. President," he said, "the small progress we have made, after four or

¹ What Smith calls, "a cautionary Epistle," from William Penn, Gawin Laurie, and Nicholas Lucas, in 1676.

five weeks close attendance, and continual reasoning with each other; our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many *noes* as *ayes*, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to feel our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics, which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern states all around Europe: but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances. In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and unable to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights, to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us, who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favour. To that same Providence, we owe the happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? Or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing

proofs I see of this truth, *that GOD governs in the affairs of men.* And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings, that ‘except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.’ I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests. Our projects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a bye-word to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move, that, henceforth, daily prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly, every morning, before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.”¹ There spoke the truest wisdom, the most

¹ Sparks’ edition of Franklin’s Works, V. 153-155.—I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recording here a most interesting and gratifying co-incidence. I do it in the language of a correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, personally unknown to me, omitting his words of kindness to myself. “The daily Sessions of the Legislature, as you will see by the report of the proceedings of the House, are, for the first time in our history, to be opened with prayer.” “It is a notable co-incidence that the vote was taken only a few minutes before the delivery of Bishop Doane’s Address before the Historical Society; in which he called the attention of the audience, which included the members of both houses, to Dr. Franklin’s emphatic and remarkable speech, when he made a motion, similar to that of Mr. McLean, in the old Convention, which framed the Federal Constitution. It can scarcely be necessary to add that it was a co-incidence,

enlarged philanthropy, the loftiest patriotism, the profoundest piety. "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is the reproach of any people."¹ "O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee."² "Happy are the people that are in such a case: yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God."³

One single sad word more, my heart cannot forego. Brief as has been the term of our existence, as a Society, it has been long enough for death to wound us in our tenderest place. The joy of our first anniversary mingles itself with grief. Since our last quarterly assembling, we have lost—oh, how immense his gain!—the excellent, the learned, the accomplished, the patriotic Dod. Oh, had he stood where I stand,⁴ how his manly bosom would have

The Legislaturo could not have known the Bishop's intention; nor had the Bishop any knowledge whatever of the purpose of the mover."

¹ Proverbs xiv. 34.

² Psalm cxxii. 6.

³ Psalm cxlv. 15. How admirably this Psalm describes our case! "Our garners" are "full and plenteous, with all manner of store;" "our sheep" do "bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets;" "our oxen are strong to labour;" and there is "no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets." Shall we not be as careful to realize the truth, the comfort and the beauty of the verse next preceding: "that our sons may grow up as the young plants, and that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple?"

⁴ The following letter to the Editor of the Burlington Gazette, will explain the allusions here:

It was a grief of heart, such as I seldom had to bear, that I was not at the funeral of this beloved and lamented man. An engagement of positive duty, made before I knew of his illness, which I could neither delegate nor defer, required me to go from home, in another direction. But I was there in spirit; and few were there, out of the charmed circle of his own immediate friends, to weep for him more bitter tears. I truly think, that New Jersey had not any

swelled! Oh, had he stood where I stand, how his beaming eye would have flashed new fires! Oh, had he stood where I stand, how his clear trumpet voice would have been lifted up! He was a man;

son of brighter promise, for her interests and fame. And I am filled with awful adoration when I reflect, how rich and full *His* store of providence must be, Who, seeing to the end, from the beginning, has withdrawn him from us, when his days seemed not half spent, and when his usefulness and influence were spreading so, and deepening, every day.

I knew him well, and loved him better than I knew him. We often met at the house of a dear and venerable friend, and never without a marked increase of mutual love. He was a man of a most Catholic mind, and of a more Catholic heart. It took in all its kind; and yet lost nothing from its individuality of tenderness. This was most strikingly illustrated in what drew him in, into the inmost circle of my bosom, his unexampled devotion to young Stockton Boudinot. He took him to his house. He took him to his heart. He forgot his own infirmities of body. He endured, beyond the endurance of the strongest man. He practised the inventive tenderness of the most gentle woman. I saw his daily letters, from the bed-side of the sufferer, to the excellent lady I have alluded to above. They were perfect in their kind. So discreet, so tender, so touching. With each successive reading, my estimate of his unrivalled friendship was increased. And, at the close of the strange case, unparalleled in all the records of the profession, I felt, and said, that, if such calamity should fall on me or mine, I could ask nothing from the Lord, with the confidence of His paternal mercy, but such a friend as Dr. Dod. I wrote to him what I had felt. And, on the very day before the sickness seized him, which in one week closed his life, he wrote to me the following letter. Believing it to be one of the very last he ever wrote, I do not permit its strong expressions of personal kindness to prevent my sending it to you entire. "I was very deeply affected by the heartiness of your kind letter. Had I wished for notice and applause, such commendation, from such a source, would have satisfied my highest ambition. But your quick and broad humanity will enable you to comprehend me fully, when I reply, in the words of our favourite poet-philosopher—

‘I’ve heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds

‘With coldness still returning;

‘Alas! the gratitude of men

‘Hath oftener left me mourning.’

“I perceive, by the published report of the proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society, that I have been appointed to deliver the Address at their

and all the instincts of a man kindled and glowed in him. No interest of humanity but found in him an advocate most eloquent. No effort for humanity but won from him his voice and hand and heart. While his devotion to his native State glowed ever with a fire the more intense, for the unbounded comprehension of his love. How nobly he led on in the great

next meeting, and that you are my alternate. I could have wished that this order had been reversed. In a conversation which I had, the day before the meeting, with the Chairman of the Executive Committee, I requested him to see to it, that you were requested to deliver the next Address. But as I had failed on this occasion, and for what seemed a good and sufficient reason, I suppose they felt unwilling to thrust me unceremoniously aside. It is every way desirable, for intrinsic and external reasons, that the Address before the first Annual Meeting of the Society, should be delivered by you. And it is evident that, but for the accident of my being in the way, you would have been selected for the performance of the duty. I have to request, therefore, that you will be good enough to consider yourself charged with it. In making this request, I am not governed solely by a feeling of propriety; though that would be enough. But under existing circumstances, it would be impossible for me to do justice to the Society or to myself, in the discharge of this duty. I am struggling with some form of nervous disease, which disquiets and dispirits me; and, for the cure or alleviation of which, my physician enjoins me to be in the open air as much as possible; and intermit, as far as I can, studious application. I find, too, that the case of poor Boudinot has taken such a hold on me, that I cannot shake it off. There is scarcely a night in which I do not dream of him, with dreams of so vivid and half wakeful a character, that their impression remains with me through the day. So long as he was alive, and there was any thing to be done for him, he was the object of action. Now, I find that his long illness has become the subject of thought."

I wrote to him at once—a letter which I suppose he never read—to say, that though I had counted on his discharging the duty before the Historical Society, leaving me no other responsibility than might providentially occur, I would certainly comply with his request; assuring him of my prayers that God would soon restore him to health and duty; and inviting him to visit us at Burlington. The next tidings were that he was very ill. The next, that he was dead! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" But he died in the midst of usefulness. He died in the enjoyment of universal confi-

cause of education here, who does not know? How zealously he entered into this new enterprise, who did not feel? In him, if he were living, I would find the bright example I have sought to draw; for he was, "every inch," a Jerseyman. And now, to his new grave, I sadly turn, and say, "there lies the no-

dence and respect. He died in the satisfaction of unwearied and unbounded love. He was one in whom the spirit "o'er-informed" the flesh. He had a great heart, and its throbbings had worn out its frame. The overworking of the mind had loosed his hold on life. He sank under the shock of the acute disease which had assailed him; and had not physical ability to rally. Though not for himself too soon, it is too soon for us. His greatness grew with every day. The masculine vigour of his mind grappled all subjects, and could master all. His generous enthusiasm kindled the young hearts, that it drew to him, with its own fires. And now, in this last service of his life—it was his very last—he had developed, with all that is bravest in a man, whatever in a woman is most lovely and engaging. "Felix opportunitate mortis."

Of his intellectual character and attainments, of the daily beauty of his social and domestic life, of his Christian walk and conversation, others have spoken, and will speak, with fuller opportunities than I could have. Few with a fuller love. "Nulli flebilior quam mihi." I never met with him, in private or in public, in steamboat or in stage, that we did not warm and grow together. He was a-glow with all the generous instincts of humanity. They were refined, in him, and sanctified, by the "live coal," which seraphs have in hand. He combined, most rarely, a keen, broad, sound and manly practicalness with the loftiest and most generous enthusiasm. I have often thought, that had he not been a great mathematician, he would have been a greater poet. He illustrated this in his zealous devotion to that, which, of all pursuits of men, combines the most of the practical with the best of the poetical, Gothic architecture. It was his favorite study, and most fervent theme. He was in love with it. "You will say," he said to me, in his own hearty playfulness, "that I have stolen *your* thunder!"

I saw him last in Princeton. His last acts to me were acts of hospitality. His last words were the words of friendship. And, what I value most of all, I was among the thoughts of his last hours. "On Tuesday night," says Professor Hodge, his distinguished fellow labourer, and faithful friend, "when we all thought him very near his end, he charged me with several messages to his absent friends; and said, 'I have been thinking of Bishop Doane, and should like to see him, and wish him to know it.' I feel that I am discharging a duty

blest Roman of them all." He went, for us, and for New Jersey, all too soon. We must take up the work he did not finish. If we take it up in his spirit, if we pursue it with his energy, we shall redeem the past, we shall adorn and bless the future; and children's children, and their children's children, after them, will rise and say, WE TOO ARE JERSEYMEN!

to our departed friend, in conveying to you the simple intimation, that he thought of you with kindness, in the last hours of his life."—None, from beyond the immediate circle in which my life is passed, have won for me a livelier interest and affection. No message from a death-bed has come nearer to my heart, or dwells more warmly there.

Into the secret places of their sorrow, to whom this stroke comes nearest home, it were profane to enter. Thanks be to God for the revelation, which the ages that had wandered from Him farthest cherished as a pleasing dream, that the bolt makes sacred what it strikes! The most endearing names to Him are those of widow and of orphan. "He is a father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows; even God, in His holy habitation."

G. W. D.

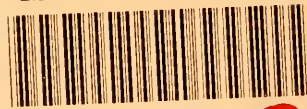
Riverside, 27 November, 1845.

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