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THE PATRIOT CLERGY AND THE NEW YORK CITY CHAPLAINS IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

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THE place and influence of the patriot clergy, both before and during the Revolution, deserves fuller recognition than it has received. As an abundant, though not an isolated, example of that influence, let us turn to New England. There, as is well known, the clergy had always been principal men in the community, and leaders of thought. Themselves trained to think by and upon great religious questions then up for discussion and statement—such as divine sovereignty, human ability, free agency and the like; they taught their people to think. Assuredly not by little homilies, but by robust and manly sermons that had to do with principles—principles which, in their time and turn, had to be discussed and if possible woven into shape and system. The profound works of Edwards and others were mostly made up of sermons preached to the people. And, being usually settled for life, they were potent educators. Sabbath sermons and weekly lectures, Fast days and Thanksgivings, the schools and all the daily intercourse of life, were their opportunity. Theirs was a steady force in the community; they inculcated, that is, enforced by repetition. It was a long, constant, and when the time of trial came, a fruitful education.

It must be confessed that England, during her occupancy, kept both ministers and people well stirred up with

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questions involving principles; especially the question of civil and religious liberty. England was a constantly encroaching wave, and they were not, nor disposed to be, subservient. They were like their own coast, always a resisting force. So early as 1686 Secretary Randolph said of them: "His Excellency (Andros) has to do with a perverse people." And at every point of encroachment there were the clergy, ready, with pen and tongue, to expose the danger and meet it with the applicable principle of civil or religious liberty. "I shall always honor the New England clergy," said a patriot of '76, "for they roused the people to the cause of liberty." Yes. Had they not been united and earnest and faithful, when that struggle came; had they not, still more, prepared the way by long and patient planting of the seed out of which it grew; where would have been our country's freedom? Civil and religious liberty were to them but branches of the same tree, different sides of the same great principle. Therefore they rallied religion and conscience to the side of their country's strife, as equally involving rights. It was this that gave dignity and depth, earnestness and determination, to the culminating conflict. When it came, the Revolution was no passion of the hour; it had an education behind it, behind Adams or Otis.

I need go no farther back than 1763, and to Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, of Boston—"a name," it was said, "which could not be pronounced without emotion by any friend of civil liberty, or the right of private judgment in matters of religion." In that year returned to the city one "hot from Oxford"—"warmed" as Adams said, "by holy orders from Episcopal hands." He soon started a memorable controversy by some pamphlet strictures upon the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." They made it their sole business (he said) to convert Indians; whereas, their principal object should be to give to "all

British subjects the means of public religion"! Was there, then, a new propagandism to be started, to replace the old forms with Episcopacy? Such was the question asked, such the interpretation put upon his words. No unimportant question, for Episcopacy really meant—church and state, an invasion of rights! Dr. Mayhew immediately replied. A war of pamphlets ensued, involving in its progress the power of Parliament in the colonies. It required an act of Parliament to appoint Bishops in America; but if they could do that, they could do more, could tax to sustain them, could establish the whole Church of England and prohibit all other forms of religion! Such was the nature and scope of the controversy which Dr. Mayhew conducted. Interest in it spread through the colonies. In England Dr. Samuel Johnson took part in the disputation, and even the Archbishop (Secker) of Canterbury. The result in this country was the conviction that over the colonies Parliament had no authority whatever. Itself an education.

Dr. Mayhew died in 1766, but Dr. Cooper survived him, a man scarcely less eminent in the cause of his country. Boston, and possibly New England, had at the time but one clerical Tory—a name that came into use about 1763. That Tory was Dr. Mather Byles, for forty-five years pastor of Hollis Street Church. His name has outlived him, solely as that of a clerical wit, or rather, a pundit in making puns. His sayings of the kind, like pungent spices, have really embalmed and preserved it. Whatever else he did or said has died utterly. He had more than once importuned the Common Council to fill up a great mudhole near his house—such was the state of the streets in his day. At last, as it happened, he saw two of them stalled and struggling in the mess, horse, buggy and themselves. With a polite bow, he simply remarked, "Glad to see you stirring in that matter, gentlemen"—and passed on. So again,

during the British occupancy, when the people were demanding a "redress of grievances," he said wittily that their "grievances" were red-dressed, and could not be re-dressed. Nevertheless, they were redressed, when shortly after they dressed the line and left Boston. But, as a Tory in a Boston pulpit, neither wit nor long service could save him. In 1777, he was obliged to resign. At first, a guard was stationed at his door; then was removed; was again replaced; but was finally removed. He took it genially, and as usual got off a pun; that he had "been guarded, regarded, and finally disregarded"! It shows, however, the prevalent feeling of the clergy and their influence that in 1774, when the Assembly of that date requested the Governor to appoint a Fast day, he refused, saying, that "it was only to give opportunity for sedition to flow from the pulpit"; and again that, later in 1774, the first Provincial Congress, in a special address, "acknowledged with profound gratitude the public obligation to the ministry as friends of civil and religious liberty." No need to mention more instances. As a class, in every country parish, from first to last they stood firm for liberty, against English aggression. Doubtless they saw not, at the first, had not even in mind, the ultimate result, the actual separation and independence of the Colonies. They were like one rising up early, before daybreak. They stood in the porch, looking towards the unopened doors of the morning. There were clouds, the times were black with them; but what they portended for the later day, scarcely could the wisest prejudice. When, however, the war came upon them, and during its weary continuance, they never faltered, never lost heart, never grew selfish or mercenary under the great sacrifices their patriotism required of them. They lived and died, the most of them, obscure in country towns; but near to the people, whom they encouraged and held to eight years of perseverance. Unlike many who were more

in the nation's eye, men of civil or military standing, never did one of these ministers weakly desert the cause, parley with the enemy or cabal against Washington.

Our subject now brings us to New York—particularly the city and its vicinity. And here, for the first time, we find what we may call the British cuckoo—the Episcopal clergy; Tories by natural affinity. Bred and ordained in England, for there was no American bishop; educated in loyalty to Church and State, thorough Church of England men; if not by birth, yet essentially English; all their habits of thought predisposed them against the Revolution. It accounts for the report of Rev. Mr. Inglis of Trinity, in 1776, to the “Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts”: “All the Society's missionaries and all the other clergy of our church, have, to the utmost of their power, opposed the spirit of disaffection.” But our subject relates not to them. The patriot clergy, on the other hand, were, by birth or lineage, largely Irish, Scotch, Huguenot or Dutch. Not so closely allied to England as the others, by habits of thought, their religious training, they were not so submissive or disposed to obedience, when their rights, civil or religious, were invaded. The argument and the doctrine of liberty was as familiar to them as to the divines of New England. And what they believed, they were equally ready to maintain. In the entire Dutch Church, which, at the time, had a roll of over forty ministers, there were but three clerical Tories. Two of these fled early in the struggle. The third, a German settled in Brooklyn, did not flee, but the Synod of the Church tried and condemned and deposed him as a “wife-beater, a drunkard and a Tory”! Certainly a concise but sufficient declaration of principles on all these points! The British officials, however, for their own purposes took the man up and allowed him to continue preaching in Brooklyn.

As a body whose ministers in New York and New Jersey suffered the most for their patriotism, one may take pride in the revolutionary record of the Reformed Dutch Church. In the city the Collegiate Church, its only representative, had four pastors. They were Drs. Laidlie, Ritzema, De Ronde and Livingston. All of them had to flee. During eight years their congregations were scattered, their sanctuaries of worship desecrated and despoiled. The pulpit of the North Church was after the war found in a country church in England. Not till 1783 did Dr. Livingston return, the first among them, Dr. Laidlie having in the meantime died. The evacuation of the city was in progress, but not completed. The church was sufficiently restored for decency and use, and a congregation had gathered to hear him. A few British officers were here and there in the audience. A man of noble form, with a voice and manner as fine and impressive, that service was memorable and remembered; so well remembered, that one who was a boy at the time gave an account of it to his son (Bishop Kip) many years later. It began as of old: "Sing to the praise and glory of God"—words familiar, perhaps scarce heeded, before the dispersion; but now, after the sad intervening years, the exile and return, and as spoken by Dr. Livingston, how expressive, how full of thought and meaning the words! They struck the keynote, and every heart was in accord and ready. And then the Psalm, one still in our books, the twenty-first, read in full and with such intonation and voice! How wonderfully appropriate, how grand, majestic, must have seemed every line of that Psalm as each came with emphatic force from the speaker's lips—a Psalm, however, not enjoyed, we may well suppose, by the beaten enemy, the officers present:—

"In Thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favored realms rejoice;
And blessed with Thy salvation, raise
To Heaven their cheerful voice.

"Thy sure defence, from foes around,
Hath spread our rising name ;
And all our feeble efforts crowned,
With freedom and with fame.

"In deep distress our injured land
Implored Thy power to save ;
For peace we prayed ; Thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

"Thy mighty arm, Eternal Power,
Opposed their deadly aim ;
In mercy swept them from our shore
And spread their sails with shame."

New Jersey was long the storm centre of the war ; and there the Dutch ministers, as the most numerous, suffered extremely. Nor was it from the British alone, but from marauding Tories. The soldiers were bad enough and their officers sometimes vindictive ; but the Tories were brutal. Their churches were burned, their houses plundered, and themselves hunted. For the arrest of Rev. Dr. Hardenburgh, of Raritan, near New Brunswick, a trusted friend of Washington and afterwards President of Rutgers (then Queen's) College, the British general offered one hundred pounds reward ; not as much as did the English commodore for Rev. John Murray, of Boothbay, Maine, which was five hundred pounds ; but enough to excite cupidity. His church was burned. At home he always slept with a loaded musket in his room. And he carried it when, as often happened, he was obliged to seek safety by moving about from place to place. His escapes were many. For him what a providence, what a deliverance, it was, that, with six or seven Tories hunting his trail, they all died within a few weeks of each other, several of them by the small-pox ! And fully as patriotic, and therefore exposed to danger, was his neighbor, Rev. Mr. Foering, of Millstone—"that rebel Foering," as he was called. They were in the track of the armies, British and American. When Washington came and his hungry army, Mr. Foering took the day's baking and such other food as they

had, cut it into portions and gave to the soldiers as they passed. When, six months after, the British came, they plundered the town and set fire to his church. When, again, after the battle of Monmouth, Washington came, by one sermon Mr. Foering added to his ranks a company out of his own congregation. The British now, in turn, sought his capture, and in their search thrust their swords and bayonets into every bed in his house. But, though he was sick, his good wife had just before had him secretly conveyed away. The exposure, however, in his feeble condition, caused his speedy death, by consumption.

These two men I mention merely as examples of many. I know of but one who actually took his place in the ranks on volunteer service. This was Rev. Benjamin Dubois, of Monmouth County. But this he did frequently—did, his enemies said, “like a pack horse,” clumsily and without the slightest regard to discipline. Nevertheless his spirit was great, and his influence inspiring, by the officers appreciated. In one skirmish so eager was he, that, as he could not be kept in line, his Colonel was obliged to advance his men and cover him, lest he should be singled out and shot—a disaster not to be permitted! The battle over, the occasion passed, the good man, no doubt refreshed in mind, would go back to his parochial duties, to pray for his country, and stir up his people to stand firm. If, however, he was more militant, the rest were as active and useful patriots. Books are written about the “Makers of America,” a select few who became conspicuous. But in those days, when newspapers were few, small and only here and there read; when the population was scattered in farm houses and small hamlets; when patriotism might have died out upon the hearth, without some central influence to keep it alive and burning; when discouragements were many and the contrary rare; in all those years, who toned the people, sustained their courage amid suffering and de-

feat, and by voice, example and the influence of their calling, still animated them to win their country free? What they as a class endured, we, so long remote from war, can but little realize. For eight years in the very centre of hostile operations, and known to be patriots! What a quiet place, nowadays, is Hackensack! How peacefully it reposes along the bank of its river; as a clerical residence, outside of city life, certainly a pleasant one! If the old church parsonage on "the green" ever suffers from raids or intrusion, they come from casual tramps or the town gossip. But Dominie Dirck (Theodoric) Romeyn did not find it so. He was obliged to flee, to absent himself for two years. The British destroyed or carried off his furniture, books, papers, all his household goods. And when he returned his danger was still so great that the Governor gave him a guard. Rabbits, we are told, have a "color language" to indicate danger and the time to run to their burrows. The turning up of the white of the tail is their "beacon." So were they obliged to establish a code of neighbors' "danger signals," in warning of the coming enemy, British or Tory.

From the patriot clergy in a more general view, we pass, as the subject requires, to the city chaplains. It carries us into various scenes of the war, wherever they went. Yet this would be an invidious chronicle, so near as he was, if it left without mention the Rev. James Caldwell; both Chaplain and Commissary of the New Jersey Brigade. No more pathetic story than his, as readers well know; nor one that better illustrates the state of things in New Jersey. Of Huguenot descent, his qualities showed the trace of his ancestry. He had been in Elizabethtown about twenty years. And how he had impressed himself upon men during that time is shown by the fact, that, so late as fifty years ago, many yet remembered him vividly; his dress, appearance, conversation, manner of preaching, texts, his untiring

energy, eloquence, pathos; and the frequent tear that came, in preaching, from the fountain of his feelings. His influence was immense. Men caught the infection of that tear, of his energy, earnestness, piety, patriotism. If his people loved and respected him, no less did the army. Among them an indefatigable man; one day preaching to his brigade, in a voice which, though sweet, could be heard over drum and fife; the next day marching to battle with them; and then, spending day and night ministering to the wounded and dying. One such man is an host in himself. And, accordingly, by the enemy, both British and Tories, he was hated and pursued. His pistols he sometimes kept handy on the pulpit desk. They burned his church and parsonage and obliged him to remove his family four miles inland, to the empty parsonage at Connecticut Farms. Yet even there not safe from ruthless war, as then conducted by the British; for, whilst alone in the house, two women and nine children, one of them an infant in her arms, Mrs. Caldwell was shot through the window by one of Gen. Knyphausen's soldiers. The church, parsonage and other dwellings of this small and detached hamlet were wantonly destroyed; Mrs. Caldwell's body, meanwhile, lying in the street, whither it had been dragged. The sad event, aggravated as it was by the number and youth of his children (the oldest of whom was only sixteen), did not make Mr. Caldwell halt in his patriotism and devotion to public duty. It was he who, a few months later, replenished the exhausted wadding of his men with hymn-books, saying, "Now give them Watts, boys," or in other words, Now let the bullets sing! But in 1781, a year after his wife's tragic death, and in his fortieth year, treachery accomplished his own death. The deed was done by a hired traitor, a guard at the Elizabethtown landing. Mr. Caldwell had come down to meet a truce boat; was about to return, when the sentinel ordered him to stop; a moment's

hesitation, for he was well known, and the man instantly shot him—a foul act for which he was afterwards hung, unrepentant and callous. What grief the next morning at the Sunday service, when the news fell upon the people! What a scene on Tuesday at the funeral; especially when Dr. Boudinot entered with the children, by such means so suddenly and completely orphaned! His touching appeal in their behalf was not neglected, notwithstanding the times. They each and all grew into an honorable history of recognized goodness and worth. La Fayette himself took one of the sons with him to France and educated him.

New York, in 1775, was a sort of borderland between peace and war—neither openly at war with England, nor yet at peace. The news from Lexington had come in April, but had not essentially altered the situation. Relations were strained, not yet broken. Nevertheless the Provincial Congress of seventy members was in daily session, after May twenty-second, and devising measures of defense and war. It was felt that New York and Canada were the two danger points; and hence Montgomery's expedition to get early possession of Quebec. That expedition was to be in two parts—the one of 1,000 men, under Montgomery (originally Schuyler), going North; the other, under Arnold, to traverse the wilds of Maine; and so, in due time, to meet before the walls of Quebec. It so happened that when Montgomery lived in New York, he had had for a neighbor—out on the Boston road and near Kingsbridge—the Rev. John Peter Tetard, by birth a Swiss. He had for three years been pastor of the Huguenot Church, in Charleston, S. C., but had come to New York in 1756. He had there been an Assistant to Rev. Jean Carle in the French Church, but declined the call to be his successor—the requirements of service were too great. According to Huguenot custom, he must preach extempore; he must conduct the services just as

Mr. Carle had done—Sunday morning a sermon, in the afternoon another on Calvin's catechism. For the four communion seasons, special preparatory sermons; for festival days, to wit, Christmas, New Year, the Monday after Easter, Ascension Day and Pentecost, sermons; besides all Fast and Thanksgiving days appointed by the Government! No wonder his heart failed him! A sickness at the South had impaired his memory; and, should the royal family be large, should the Government require for all such events a sermon! Wisely and in preference, Mr. Tetard married the widow Dupuy; in 1763 bought of Petrus Vermilye a farm of sixty acres near Kingsbridge; and there, in 1773, established the first French school on Manhattan Island. It was quite natural, therefore, that Montgomery should seek his services as Chaplain, and as well, his own Interpreter. Such he became, the first New York City Chaplain, by appointment of the Provincial Congress, July 6, 1775. The appointment brought Mr. Tetard into the General's immediate military family; yet he seems to have left nothing indicative of his own services, nothing relating to Montgomery or that ill-ending expedition. It is pleasant to note, however, that among the nationalities Switzerland had her representative thus early in our struggle—the land that has since given us, to become our own, Agassiz, and Guyot, and Dr. Schaff. Alas! the one fatal shot, which, through Montgomery's death, ended a brilliant and hopeful undertaking! To Mr. Tetard personally, it was the beginning of disaster. Returning after six months, he found his house burned, his farm ruined, thirteen of his slaves gone, and himself reduced to poverty. For years an arch existed which some called “Dominie Tetard's wine cellar,” and some “the old powder house”—perhaps it was both. He served again as Chaplain under Colonel Livingston, and was at Fort Clinton when it was taken, but escaped. This ends our knowledge of him as

Chaplain. But, the war over, he became the first French Professor in Columbia College, died in 1787, and was laid at rest in Trinity churchyard.

Let us follow the interesting march of the other corps under Arnold, with whom, also, was Aaron Burr. Its Chaplain, Rev. Samuel (or "Parson") Spring, was not a New Yorker. And yet, as the father of Dr. Gardiner B. Spring, for a long life-time pastor of the Brick Church, and on his own account, he deserves a place here. The troops were mostly from New England. September 14, 1775, they assembled, eleven hundred strong, among them Morgan's riflemen, at Newburyport, Mass., and remained five days. There, on Sunday, the Chaplain preached; his first sermon in the town where he was afterwards settled for forty years, and where he died in 1819. On Tuesday the corps sailed in ten transports. A beautiful sight, as, in gay trim and with all sails set, they swept down the Merrimac at high tide, over the rolling waters of the bar, out into the open bay and eastward along the shore, to begin the experiences of that, to them, unknown wilderness of Maine! They might then have been compared to the fine rock-cod of that coast, emerging from the water in full vigor and with the lustre of its native brine upon it. But in the uncongenial air how soon its beauty changes; its eye dims, its color fades, it lies gasping. On Wednesday they reached the Kennebec, and here three companions left them and returned, already disheartened. And now the wilds of Maine, from the Kennebec to the Chaudière, three hundred miles, and unexpectedly more than a month's march! With what disorder, delays, losses, sufferings, hunger; through the unbroken forest, with rivers, rapids, lakes and swamps in the way! Judge Henry has recorded it in his published diary. Meantime what of the Chaplain? Busy, active, useful, but faring as the rest. Faring as the rest! Had it lasted much longer it would have been a farewell

for some of them. His dog had already left him, that is, there was no more left of the dog—since the last meal at the mess; nothing but the legs and what else they threw away. He had been called upon to fill a vacancy. But whilst the Chaplain and Captain Thayer were searching the woods for roots or other edibles, they espied the smoke of a fire behind some bushes. They found there soldiers who had discovered the remnants of the dog, and were making themselves a soup. It required a parley, they were hungry, and there was not another dog in the camp; but finally, owing to the Chaplain's ownership of the canine, they gave them each a cup full! And would not the faithful creature himself have wished it so? Whilst he had a leg to stand on, was it not his master's and at his service? If he had made a will, would he not have made him his residuary legatee?

But at last, Quebec! The last day of the year. On the one side of the city Arnold with seven hundred men—on the other, Montgomery; on the one side Montgomery dead in the bastion—on the other, Arnold severely wounded in the leg. The assault itself, a failure. At which point, and since it concerns both the Chaplain and his son, I may pause to illustrate how easy it is, often, to fall into inaccuracies of fact or history. Or let me mention first an outside instance. In his great astronomical address at Albany, in 1856, which was delivered to a scientific audience, Edward Everett had one of his most brilliant, most studied and elaborate passages. A rhetorical galaxy it was, in which every word shone like a separate star, but of which the combined effect was like the milky way. He described how he entered a train at two o'clock in the morning; the look of the heavens; the position and aspect of different stars; and the progress and changes of the night, till the full morning broke. But afterwards the observer at Cambridge told me he had had the curiosity to examine the record of that night

and morning. The beautiful description was correct, all but the location of one star, a prominent one, which he had placed in the South, instead of in the North. Fastidious and careful of accuracy as he was, yet to have made a mistake in his astronomy, in so elaborate a picture and before such an audience; had he known it, it would have distressed Mr. Everett. But how easy to do, though an almost infinite space lay between the two points, North and South.

The example is not so far from the historical error to be mentioned. It so happened that Dr. Samuel Spring was visiting his son, Dr. Gardiner Spring, in New York; that, while there, he expressed a desire or intention to call on Aaron Burr; that when his son expostulated and told him how disreputable Burr had become, his reply was (as I have the words): "I have stood side by side with him in the same battle; in the hottest of it, I saw that little man carrying off the body of his commander on his shoulder—I must go." Who could that commander be but Montgomery? And so it passed into current history. Moreover, Mr. Matthew L. Davis wrote to Dr. Gardiner Spring himself on the subject; and his reply was a positive, a very positive, corroboration of the story—it was Montgomery. Notwithstanding, as Judge Henry's diary at once proves, it was not Montgomery, they were on different sides of the town. It was Arnold whom Burr carried on his shoulder. What a strange planetary conjunction! Had some astrologer been there, to compute their horoscope! Arnold and Burr! The two names ultimately twinned, pilloried by history, in infamy!

Chaplain Spring was not again in the service; but mentally and otherwise he was always in a sort military. "Fit to be a General," said one. In fact, he looked it. Like his son, tall and rigidly erect, both back and head, his was a commanding figure. He was an unlucky chorister who, without his sanction, undertook to introduce a bass-

viol. It gave one solitary wail in the gallery, as it were the first trial of its lungs by a new-born child. It was the last during the doctor's lifetime. He raised his glasses and merely said: "Remove that fiddle from the house of God!"—and it was removed. Pose, look, words, Dr. Spring, were too much for the presuming innovator.

The Provincial Congress of New York in 1775 was wide awake; an earnest and serious set of men. They felt the grave importance of preparing New York, City and State, for defence. The occasion would certainly soon come. Accordingly they set about raising two regiments, one from the city, the other elsewhere. Of the first, Alexander McDougal was made Colonel: a Scotchman, a member of the Congress, and an Elder in the Wall Street Church. Its Chaplain, appointed August 3d, 1775, was Rev. Israel Evans, by straight descent a Welshman. His father and grandfather were ministers in the Welsh parts of Pennsylvania; his great-grandfather a minister in Wales. A graduate of Princeton in 1771, Mr. Evans was, of course, young. But as a Chaplain he speedily gained attention and repute. He was an orator, of the Welsh type, with an impassioned speech and manner; both in manner and matter very different from "Parson" Spring, the calm and logical and theological New Englander. It suited his work, as a field preacher, well, and made him impressive, effective and popular. Yet what American born Welshman could reach the effects produced by Christmas Evans, or John Elias and Williams of Wern, when speaking in their own peculiar language and in their own country? A language full of imagination and power, abounding in "bold, vigorous and resounding expressions;" with tones and undertones of plaintiveness, reflecting in sound, one might fancy, the sad story of a people driven to the verge, or caught from the winds that rush and moan among the mountains and valleys, tones which

imitate the sighings of an Aeolian harp. In another language and among a less impressionable people, who could reach the heights of that oratory, known in Wales as the *hwyl* (full sail)—a word which an American cannot even pronounce? Therein, before the mind of the speaker, the vision of divine truth passes and grows in absorbing intensity; the excitement of its elucidation, the presentment of the vivid picture, rises till language itself fails, till it breaks into a chant wild, irregular, with cadences varied, prolonged, jubilant or wailing—the expression of thought, as a last resort, by dramatic and musical sounds! The preacher can go no farther, nature is spent. Meantime the people—they, too, have been carried along through the same scenes, a similar excitement, have been drenched with great waves of emotion and flying spray, as in a ship under “full sail.” So it was when Christmas Evans preached. Israel Evans was, of course, not equal to that. How few, even in Wales, were or could be! His oratory took a more limited flight, though its characteristics were Welsh. It must be confessed, however, that once at least, just before a battle, his feelings and his patriotism were under “full sail” (*hwyl*), but his theology hopelessly adrift; when he prayed: “O Lord of Hosts, lead forth Thy servants of the American army to battle and give them the victory; or if this be not according to Thy sovereign will, then, we pray Thee, stand neutral and let flesh and blood decide the issue!” Certainly, in English, a “bold, vigorous and resounding” (or astounding) expression! Joshua, in his terrible earnestness lest the enemy should escape, merely commanded the sun to stand still. Yet, perhaps, what Mr. Evans seemed to mean was inspiriting to the soldiers. He was a brave man, known for his imperturbable coolness in battle. It is related that at Yorktown, when standing or sitting near Washington, a cannon ball struck so close to him as to throw the dirt over his hat.

Without other movement, he quietly took it off and said: "See here, General." Washington's reply was: "Mr. Evans, you had better take that hat home and show it to your wife and children." So, in fact, he did, and wore it ever after on public occasions.

Mr. Evans was at Saratoga, October 7, 1777, when Poor's New York and New Hampshire brigade, to which he belonged, defeated the British grenadiers, on Burgoyne's left. Three months later, at Poor's request, Congress made him Brigade Chaplain. He was at Valley Forge with them during the terrible winter of 1778. And in 1779 he was with them in Sullivan's expedition from Easton against the Indians and Tories under Brandt, Butler and Johnson. Poor's brigade again sustained the severest of the fighting at Newtown (Elmira), and finally flanked and defeated the enemy. But the brave General himself was near his end. Mr. Evans preached his funeral sermon, at Hackensack, September 8, 1880. Washington and La Fayette were both present. No guns were fired. The British were within hearing distance. In solemn silence they laid him in the old burying ground. Forty years later, when shown his grave, La Fayette said with feeling: "Ah, that was one of my Generals." I have only to add that after the war, Mr. Evans settled at Concord, N. H., was a Trustee of Dartmouth College, and in 1807 left \$7,000 to found therein a Professorship of Oratory and Belles-Lettres. Apparently not out of his salary as Chaplain; which, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to get it, remained persistently among the nebulae. It was easy enough for Congress to vote its Chaplains thirty-three dollars and seventy-five cents per month. But when it became a question of pay, in silver, Congress found it not so easy as some imagine, to "coin a vacuum."

At his death-bed, his successor uttered the petition that he might "sit with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the

kingdom of heaven." He immediately added: "and with Washington too—and with Washington too." How that great man impressed the minds and hearts of his soldiers!

After the Revocation, there came to New Rochelle from the isle of Guernsey a Huguenot named Francis Gerneaux. His was one of those narrow escapes that gave us so many good citizens and have permeated the veins of the nation with so much good blood. A neighbor of his had just been martyred for his religion. An attached servant warned him that his own turn was to come that very night. At once he began to plan an escape. Fortunately he was wealthy and well esteemed. It enabled him to secure a vessel, which he quietly provisioned and put his family aboard. Later on he had himself rolled aboard in a hogshead; and, whatever its previous contents, certainly they were no better. Then, as they sailed along the shores of the Island, he picked up quite a company of his fellow Huguenots who were equally in danger; and who, like himself, left all and came to America. Mr. Gerneaux lived to be one hundred and three. His persecution (he said when nearing the end) had been for only one thing: "A love for the Bible and its teachings." Anticipating the usual process of metamorphosis, he added; "Let my name change with changing circumstances;" and in time it became Gano. His great-grandson was Rev. John Gano, born at Hopewell, N. J., in 1727; the first Baptist pastor in New York; and made Chaplain Jan. 1, 1776. And here it may be said that the Baptists were everywhere patriots. The not large Association of Virginia offered, at the very beginning of the war, to send four of its number as army Chaplains. Mr. Gano, of whom we are now to speak, was a man of rare qualities for such work; with a moral power and a tact which were most effective. He was one of the boy preachers, like Whitefield and Spurgeon, because it was in him, and people needed and would have his

services. Whilst yet quite young and slight of body, he once displayed his qualities remarkably. As he was riding through a long forest and where the houses were miles apart, he was overtaken by an evil-looking stranger, who persisted in keeping with him. The man asked him many questions and endeavored to find out whether he had weapons or money. Gano parried all dexterously, with ready wit and good nature, till the next house was reached. It was a magistrate's, and there the man thought it best to relieve him of his company.

When Mr. Gano came to New York, in 1762, his church numbered twenty-six members; when he left it for the field, in 1776, it had two hundred. Those were just then hard times for city patriots, for all patriots. How gloomy that fall—with Washington defeated, the British in the city and advancing, the army falling back demoralized, apparently a flock of sheep! It needed something to restore courage; and in his first real experience of fighting, Mr. Gano did his part well towards that end. It was in October, and at Chatterton Hill, near White Plains. That hill was Washington's main dependence in holding his lines, and was, therefore, sharply attacked. General McDougal was there with fifteen hundred men; and though at last he had to retire, the result in restoring confidence was good. During the engagement a New York regiment under Col. Ritzema (the Dutch Dominie's son) charged to the very foot of the hill. And it was there that Hamilton first came into notice with his two-gun battery—still perpetuated as "battery F" of the fourth regular artillery. As for the chaplain, he said afterwards that "he knew his place was with the surgeons in the rear; but somehow he found himself in front of his regiment, and not to discourage the men, or be called a coward, he staid there"! And good service under the circumstances, where example had an influence. Nor, as it would seem, was it the only time

that that "somehow" hindered him, like a sword between his legs, from getting to the rear. In 1777, at the earnest request of Col. Dubois and Governor Clinton, he became chaplain at Fort Montgomery on the Hudson. Six miles below West Point there were two weak forts, called Clinton and Montgomery. These were separated by a creek, and garrisoned with seven hundred men. On the sixth of October they were attacked simultaneously by a force of three thousand men, under Sir Henry Clinton. Gov. George Clinton and Gen. James Clinton were both of them, at the time, in Fort Clinton—the lower one of the two. Many times during the afternoon the enemy were repulsed. At one time, at Fort Montgomery, Chaplain Gano was, "somehow" again, on the breastworks (at that point only waist high) and saw them coming up a hollow. His warning enabled the few men there to repel the attack. But just after dark, by a sudden rush both forts were taken. It was then a scramble for life. Fortunately the chaplain was not far from the breastwork on the river front; over which, in the darkness and confusion, he and others plunged, down the cliff, into the river, and out to a scow, by means of which they escaped to the opposite shore. From the other fort the Governor and General Clinton also made a hasty and narrow escape, and Chaplain Tetard. One of the bravest defences of the war; in which the two forts lost two hundred and fifty men—the enemy many more, including eighteen captains and Sir Henry's Polish aid, Count Grabouski. In the very act of firing a piece, Lieutenant Timothy Mix had his right hand shot away. Instantly seizing the match with his left, he touched off the gun. It was said that forty of the enemy were killed or wounded by that single discharge. President Dwight went over the ground the next spring. The sight was even then terrible. The pond near Fort Clinton was ghastly with upturned faces of the killed, many of them farmers belonging to the neighboring militia.

In 1779, Mr. Gano became a brigade chaplain under Gen. James Clinton. I have already had occasion to mention Sullivan's expedition against the Indians, in connection with Chaplain Evans. But that expedition was in two parts; the one part starting from Easton, the other from Canajoharie. Easy enough it is nowadays to traverse the scene of operations from Canajoharie to Newtown, now Elmira. Not so in 1779 with such a force. They had to cut their way through the deep forest, and to transport flatboats to the head of Lake Otsego. The penance for absence from divine service was to grub up stumps, and once was usually enough. The lake reached, they there launched their boats and went down with better speed to the outlet, the present site of Cooperstown. At this point it took five or six weeks to build a dam, and gain sufficient water to float their boats down the Susquehanna. Meanwhile the Fourth of July came round; not as yet, it is to be remembered, a national holiday, with an historic halo about it. The struggle for liberty was as yet scarcely past its apogee, far enough from a successful issue. Nevertheless they determined to celebrate and asked the chaplain to preach. Accordingly the troops were paraded. And—let us recall the scene, the first upon those shores, if not elsewhere. At the outlet of the beautiful lake now so well known, but then merely an Indian hunting and fishing resort; in a primitive forest of evergreens, the beech, the maple and wild cherry; abounding at the time with elk and deer, bears, wolves, beavers and foxes. Not a settler had as yet ventured so far with his log cabin. There they listened to a Fourth of July oration and kept the day patriotically, making the lake and forest echo and resound with the roar of cannon and musketry. The chaplain's text upon the occasion was an appropriate and even prophetic one—the language of the Passover in Egypt: “This day shall be unto you for a memorial throughout your gener-

ations." They, the soldiers, passed on, passed away; but one of their guns for many later years always repeated its old salute upon the return of that "memorial." Mr. Gano, we may add, was always happy and suggestive in his texts. Soon after—having received a private hint from Gen. Clinton—he announced as his Sunday text the words: "Ready to depart on the morrow"; and (he says) he "never saw them so attentive and well behaved." It was pleasant news to begin with. His general influence with them, however, and his tact, may be seen by an incident. When a soldier with a profane oath refused to cut down a tree, Mr. Gano himself took the axe and began. "Give me that axe," the man at once said; "the chaplain shall not do my work." "Oh no," he replied, "you told us just now (such was his oath) what would happen to you if you did it, and I cannot let you meet that fate"! "On the morrow," then, they started down the Susquehanna with loaded boats, the troops marching—a weary journey to the Tioga, where they joined Sullivan's force, on the way to Elmira. In the battle Brandt (Thaendanegea), with a force of eight hundred Indians and Tories, held his ground against a two hours' artillery fire, a rare thing for Indians; and (as has been mentioned) until Poor's brigade had flanked and ascended the steep hill on which he was posted. The victory removed a great danger from the rear of the settlements. Our chaplain we can follow no farther through the marches and hardships of the war. But when at last he returned to New York, only thirty-seven of his two hundred members could he find. The church, however, again increased, until, after a twenty-six years' pastorate, he removed to Kentucky, and died there in 1804.

Our list of city chaplains closes with Dr. John Rodgers, pastor of the old Wall Street church; a man in whom Washington himself confided. It adds to Swiss, Welsh and

Huguenot, the strong Scotch Irish; since his father and mother came direct from Londonderry.

During Whitefield's first visit to America, in 1739, he preached one evening from the old court-house steps, in Philadelphia. A lad of twelve stood by him, with a lantern. But as the great preacher proceeded, he became so absorbed and agitated, that the lantern dropped from his hand and was broken. Fourteen years afterwards, during his fifth visit, Whitefield was riding out, in Maryland, with a Rev. Mr. Rodgers. The latter asked if he remembered that occurrence, and finding that he did, declared himself that boy, and that it had made him a minister. With tears of great joy Whitefield then told him he was the fourteenth minister whom he had discovered during that (fifth) visit, of whose conversion he had been the instrument.

Without neglecting other duties Dr. Rodgers, in 1775, became Chaplain to Heath's brigade. He used to point out a grove on the water side, at the junction of Tenth Street and Washington, and say: "That was my church in the summer and autumn of 1776." The result of the battle of Long Island drove himself, his people, and the soldiers from the city. After that, his duties were with the Provincial Congress, or its Committee of Safety, at Kingston, then Esopus; and with the Legislature elected under the new Constitution in 1777. That Congress was a religious body. It had need to be and it was. Two of its most influential members were members of the Wall Street Church—General McDougall and General John Morin Scott. Our liberties were not achieved by such men as Tom Paine. The best men in the land, its religious men, were forward in that struggle; men whose patriotism was a well balanced and a well fed flame, out of a deep inner fountain of convictions and piety. From its first session in New York, wherever it went, the meetings of the Congress were opened with prayer. At Kingston, one of its

first acts was to appoint a State Fast; during which three sermons were to be preached before the Convention by Mr. Schoonmaker of Harlem, Rev. Mr. Provoost of Albany County, and Dr. Rodgers. In 1777 it appointed Rev. Mr. Provoost to be its regular Chaplain, to attend "to perform prayers every morning and divine service every Sunday;" but as he declined, Dr. Rodgers was thereupon appointed, and moved his family to Kingston. There he spent the summer until October. It was not a comfortable time, however, to have one's family in Kingston. The war was coming up the river, conducted by a vandal—General Vaughn. Burned once before by the Indians in 1663, the old town was to be burned again by this ruthless officer. Fortunately for himself, Dr. Rodgers had taken the alarm in season, and had removed to Rhinebeck; but leaving his trunks of books, plates, and valuables, stored near the landing. That would have been unfortunate but for a strange circumstance. Late at night an old and illiterate German, whom he scarcely knew, came and enquired earnestly where he had left his things, and insisted they must be removed that very night. To Dr. Rodgers' objection, want of time and means, he again said: "I tell you your things must be removed this very night;" and himself got a wagon and removed them. It was but a few hours later that that house and others, as far as Livingston Manor, were burned by the British.

At the close of the war Dr. Rodgers made the suggestion to Washington that every soldier be presented by Congress with a Bible. It shows the destructiveness of the war, and what it imposed upon the people. It had, of course, suspended importations from Great Britain, and by 1781 Bibles had become scarce. In that year, Robert Aitkin, of Philadelphia, published a duodecimo edition, the first English Bible ever printed in the country, as Sowers' edition of 1776 was in German, and the Eliot Bible

of 1664 was for the Natick Indians. But Aitkin's edition was not generally accessible, and money to buy with—as scarce as the Bibles. Washington heartily approved of the suggestion, but it was found that two-thirds of the army had already gone home.

Upon his own return Dr. Rodgers found, what? His house burned in the great fire; Wall Street Church and the Brick Church, bare walls. In this emergency the Vestry of Trinity, being “Whig Episcopalians,” kindly came to his aid; and from November, 1783, to June, 1784, he preached alternately in St. Paul's and St. George's. Pass to 1809. Another generation from the one of 1765, another from that of the war times, and his own sixty-second year in the ministry. He attempts once more to serve a table at the communion. His memory almost entirely fails, he can scarcely get through to the close, whilst “the tears of hundreds witness their mingled respect and sympathy for the beloved pastor, now sinking gradually to the grave.” He died in 1811, a year before the next war with Great Britain.

The subject announced for this address has confined us more particularly to New York and its neighborhood. But where did the patriot clergy withhold their influence or themselves? The little company of men who, at Lexington, so boldly faced the British, were the neighbors and people of Rev. Jonas Clark. His was the voice and pen and example, we might almost say, that began the Revolution. And in the afternoon, at Concord, among the first on the field was Rev. William Emerson, animating the men with words like these: “Let us stand our ground; if we die, let us die here.” Look in upon the first Congress. The Declaration of Independence lies outspread for signature. It is the crossing of the Rubicon, a moment of fateful import to the country and themselves; a moment of hesitancy, amid deep and solemn silence. A silence

broken, a hesitancy dismissed, when Dr. Witherspoon arose and uttered these noble words: "That noble instrument should be subscribed this very morning by every pen in the house. He who will not respond to its accents, and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of a freeman. Although these gray hairs must descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather they should descend thither by the hand of the public executioner, than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." Or, as one more instance, in Pennsylvania was that eloquent man, Rev. John Craighead. The zeal of his patriotism and his power as an orator may be judged from the fact, that in the midst of one sermon his congregation to a man rose up and declared their willingness to march to the conflict. Nor was it any temporary excitement. They did march, with him as their Chaplain; were at the battle of Long Island, and taken prisoners at Fort Washington.

Great events, full of surface movement, may, and are apt to, absorb our attention, whilst their causes lie back and their continuity is unnoticed. In the scheme of the world we can treat nothing as isolated, the immediate has its source in the remote. The earthquake that reaches the surface and us as a sudden shock, has, perhaps, come far, since it left its underground starting point—has accumulated its destructive energies on the way. Forces long at work made Napoleon Emperor, not his genius alone; as, in America, they created a Washington. Of our Revolution, the elder President Adams considered the real cause buried in oblivion. Aaron Burr made a similar remark. Perhaps they were thinking of causes near at hand, or rather of the real occasion, which is not a cause—which merely "falls against" it, as the hammer does against the flint. Certainly it needed some deeply rooted and very persistent cause to combine the thirteen colonies in common rebellion: colonies so mutually dissimilar, and even jeal-

ous of one another, as New England, New York, Virginia and the rest; against the prejudices, the self-interest and ambitions, and the intrigues of so many leading men; with so much Toryism, open or disguised, existing almost everywhere; and with Great Britain as the power they had to oppose. It was apparently hurling themselves, as the waves do, against a rock. Doubtless there were matters, intrigues and the like, in Congress and out of it, which swayed events at the time—was a “secret history,” unrecorded, which was and is, and it were as well, should be “buried in oblivion;” secrets which, one would hope, no “courteous ghost” will ever rise to explain, and thus “blab them out.” But the real cause of the Revolution, if one traces backward, would seem to be hardly obscure. A recovered Bible reopened to prince and peasant; God’s word the supreme authority, the alone text-book of truth and duty! Preached here and there, and the word expounded by earnest men, priest and Pope saw quickly enough what it meant, buckled on their fury and began to persecute. Unless stopped, it meant the end of absolute, unquestioning submission to church authority, with its impositions upon the soul and life. It meant the breaking of yokes, and refusal to be any longer simply unknowing and driven oxen. Francis the First saw quickly enough what it meant—that “if he suffered his people to change their religion, they might want to change their prince,” and began to persecute. So did others. It was the age of absolutism in church and state. It peopled America, it brought them to a new environment of freedom, with one principle burned into their souls—resistance to oppression of any kind. And all the way down, in every state and colony, a learned, earnest, and free-spoken ministry, with the Bible as their alone authority and guide, had stood up against the right or any attempt

“To tythe and toll in these dominions.”

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THE PATRIOT CLERGY AND THE NEW YORK CITY

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