

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN ELIZABETH-TOWN, N. J.

NOVEMBER 24th, 1845,

ON THE DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. JAMES CALDWELL,

FORMERLY PASTOR OF THE SAID CHURCH.

WHO FELL BY THE HAND OF AN ASSASSIN,

NOVEMBER 24th, 1781.

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ADDRESS.

AMERICANS! PATRIOTS! CHRISTIANS!

THE occasion on which we are convened, and the scenes which it brings to our remembrance, speak to us in language more impressive than any human eloquence. The voice of him who now rises to address you is nothing; but the events and the scenes which we are assembled to commemorate speak to us with a voice to which every feeling heart will respond. They speak to us from the grave. They speak to us from the historic page. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

Sixty-four years ago this day, the Town in which we are assembled was agitated with intelligence, and with a spectacle of bereavement and of mourning of deep and indescribable interest. It is true that five preceding years of war had made the inhabitants of New-Jersey generally, and of this neighborhood in particular, painfully familiar with scenes of alarm and bloodshed. They had seen the quietness of domestic life invaded by armed bands, both friendly and hostile, carrying always agitation and anxiety, and not unfrequently destruction in their train. Many of them had been compelled, from time to time, to take refuge in flight from their business and their homes. They had seen the torch of the incendiary consuming their property, and the arms of the ruffian destroying the lives of their friends and neighbours. They had seen, a few months before, the sacred Edifice in which they and their fathers had long worshipped God, consumed in flames kindled by a profligate, apostate son of one of their own Elders;—and, at a later period, the Wife of their beloved Pastor barbarously murdered by a wretched emissary of the

enemy. But now the consummation of their calamities as a congregation was to come upon them. Their spiritual Head,—their endeared Pastor himself was to be taken away by the hand of lawless violence, prompted by the same malignant and insidious enemy.

This noble-minded man had been for nearly twenty years the Pastor of this Church. His history is, throughout, so interesting that we should be abundantly rewarded by dwelling upon it. But we can attempt only a very brief sketch. He was remotely descended from the pious and persecuted Huguenots of France, that far-famed and faithful people of most blessed memory. From France his ancestors fled to Scotland, from Scotland to Ireland, and thence to America. His father, JOHN CALDWELL, settled first in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, but soon removed to a settlement called *Cub Creek*, in what is now Charlotte County, Virginia. There the excellent man, whom we this day delight to remember and to honour, was born, in the month of April, 1734. He was sent, at a proper age, to the College of New-Jersey, in which he was graduated in 1759. A few years afterward, his public spirit and his zeal for the promotion of knowledge led to his election as a member of the Board of Trustees of the College, in which office he efficiently served his *Alma Mater* till his death. After the usual course of professional study, he was licensed to preach the Gospel, and was soon invited to the pastoral charge of this Church, in which he was ordained and installed in the month of December, 1761.

The qualifications of this patriot and minister for serving the Church of Christ, and his beloved country, were of no ordinary character. His fine popular talents; his ardent piety; his pre-eminent pastoral zeal and fidelity; and his peculiarly attractive manners, both in public and private, endeared him in no common degree to the people of his charge, and indeed to all that knew him. At the commencement of that contest which terminated in the independence of our country, his sense of justice, and his love of civil and religious liberty, left him at no loss on which side to take his stand. He had heard enough, from his persecuted ancestors, of the evil of oppression, to fill him with

an instinctive abhorrence of every approach to it. He therefore declared himself, as almost all the people of his charge did, the friend and advocate of the rights of the Colonies. To this cause he devoted himself with that promptness, that whole-hearted decision and ardor which became him as a patriot and a Christian. In every way in which he was capable, he seemed to delight in serving his God, his country, and his generation. He appeared never to be weary either of the labours of his evangelical office, or of efforts and sacrifices in prosecuting that great political struggle in which he had embarked. He was, alternately, the shepherd of his own flock, and the chaplain of a portion of the patriotic army;—equally ready to ascend the pulpit, or to go to the battle-field, when Providence called him;—one day preaching to his battalion;—another marching with them to meet the enemy, or, when defeat occurred, assisting to conduct their retreat, or to succour and comfort them amidst all their unavoidable sufferings;—and the next day, perhaps, administering the consolations of the Gospel to some afflicted or dying parishioner. And when it became desirable, in a particular exigency, that he should undertake the office of commissary of supplies for a part of the patriotic army, he did not scruple to assume it, though attended with no small measure both of peril and labour. He was on intimate and confidential terms with Washington, who often consulted him, and who, on one memorable occasion, relying on the perfect acquaintance of his counsellor with the neighborhood and population in question, abandoned his own, and adopted his plan of action.

That such a man should be tenderly beloved by the members of his church; that his popularity with his neighbours, and especially with the army, should be unbounded; and that wherever he went he should be a host in wise counsel, and in animating influence—was a matter of course. All this was well known, and, therefore, while he was almost idolized by the friends of the cause in which he was engaged, he was hated with peculiar malignity by the enemies of that cause. The British soldier, and the treacherous tory refugee bore to him a most intense ill-will, and were ever on the watch to do him harm. Perhaps there was no indi-

vidual in the ranks of American patriotism whom the friends of the British government were more in the habit of threatening, or more anxious to destroy, than this soldier preacher.

Accordingly, on the melancholy day, the anniversary of which we now commemorate, this malice was permitted to act itself out with that fatal violence which deprived this church of one of the most beloved and faithful pastors that ever lived, and the cause of his country of one of her most active, devoted and efficient advocates. He fell murdered by the hand of a wretch who had been bribed, as we are assured, to commit this foul act by the enemy; and who, not long afterwards, was made to pay the forfeit of his life on the gibbet for this diabolical crime.

It were vain, my friends, to attempt to describe the mournful scene, when the murdered remains of this beloved and honored man were brought into your street; when weeping and wailing crowds gathered round them, to gaze on the lifeless body, and afterwards to attend on the funeral obsequies of their departed friend and benefactor; and when nine children, made orphans, in a moment, by a felon's hand, were brought forward to surround the bier of the best of fathers. Often as I have read and heard a description of the scene, I dare not attempt to repeat it now. I feel it to be greatly above my power. Every feeling, patriotic heart; every Father and Mother in this assembly will be disposed, in the contemplation of this scene, to cry out with *Elisha*, in regard to the persecuted *Elijah*, when he saw him suddenly borne on a chariot of fire to heaven, "*My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!*"*

The invitation given me to appear in this place to-day was altogether unexpected, and was accepted with the deepest diffidence. Not that I felt the least reluctance to take part in any service intended to honor the memory of the distinguished patriot, and devoted minister of Christ whose martyrdom we this day commemorate; but that I considered the task of appearing on such an occasion, and before such an assembly, as beyond the strength of an old man tottering on the brink of the grave. And yet, when I considered my own parentage and history, and the

* 2 Kings ii. 12.

ties which, by inheritance, bind me to the occasion which has called us together, I did not dare to decline the task urged upon me. When the melancholy catastrophe occurred which we call to mind this day, he who now addresses you was a lad in the thirteenth year of his age,—of course not old enough to take an active part in the great and thrilling scenes of the day. But he had a Father, also a minister of the Gospel, who from the very commencement of that contest by which He who sits as “Governor among the nations” was pleased to give freedom and independence to our beloved Country, took, with decision, the same side that the sainted CALDWELL did; who, like him, was not afraid of the name of *rebel*; and who was willing for the maintenance of his country’s interests, to peril all that he held dear in this world;—a Father who, on the very Sabbath preceding the “Declaration of Independence,” so far anticipated the spirit and the tone of that national instrument, as to address the people of his pastoral charge from that memorable language of the revolting tribes, in the days of *Rehoboam*, (1 Kings xii. 16,) *We have no part in David, nor any inheritance in the son of Jesse; to your tents, O Israel.** That father was the intimate and affectionate friend of the beloved Caldwell, who, though they resided one hundred and fifty miles apart, seldom failed of meeting once a year, for twenty years together, to take sweet counsel concerning the advancement of the Church of God, and the welfare of their common country. And when the sad intelligence of the tragic scene which we call to mind on this occasion, reached the dwelling of that father, in the state of *Delaware*, he was as sincere a mourner as any of those who enjoyed the melancholy privilege of following the remains of the martyred patriot to his honored grave. Surely it is not inappropriate for one thus related to take part in this solemnity. Surely the son of such a father

* On the day on which that sermon was preached, one of the Rev. Mr. Miller’s parishioners, on his way home from church, met a neighbour, a respectable Episcopalian, who said to him, “I suppose you have been to hear parson M. preach.” “Yes,” was the reply. “Then,” rejoined he, “I’ll answer for it, you heard treason enough.” This is stated as an example of the keen edge that was on the minds of the parties at the opening of that great contest, and of what the friends of Independence had to encounter.

has some humble claim to the privilege of standing among you, and lifting up his voice to-day.

To erect a Monument, and to dedicate it, as will by and by be done, to the memory of such a man as the beloved JAMES CALDWELL, is a dictate of nature;—is encouraged and sanctioned by the spirit of the Bible;—and is, at once, equally honorable to the memory of that noble Patriot and Minister whose name it bears, and to all those who were concerned in planning and carrying into effect its erection. There let it stand, until its constituent materials shall crumble under the hand of time, as a memorial of a devoted minister of Christ, and a benefactor of his Country; and as a testimony that there were those who came after him, who had the wisdom and the patriotism to appreciate his virtues and services, and to honour his ashes.

But, my respected Friends, while we embalm the memory, and appreciate the services of an excellent man, who has, long since, gone to his reward, let us endeavour to draw from the occasion some of those practical lessons which it is adapted so solemnly to teach us. This day ought to be to us for a memorial, not only of our *trials*, our *bereavements*, and our *triumphs*, but also of our *DUTIES*. Suffer me then, for a moment, to suggest for your consideration some of those practical thoughts which appear to me to stand in close connection with the solemnities of this day. And,

I. We are reminded by the prominent character, and the thrilling scenes which we commemorate to-day, that *the tendency of the Religion of Christ, in its pure and simple principles, is to promote the cause of civil and religious liberty.*

Yes, my fellow citizens, the religion of Jesus Christ is adapted, wherever it prevails, to make men *free* in the noblest and best sense of the word. There is, probably, no principle more familiar to the intelligent and reflecting Christian, who has formed his sentiments from the Bible, than that the genuine religion of Christ has ever been, and ever must be, essentially favorable to all our choicest rights as men and as Christians. That religion represents all men as standing, by nature, on a level before God, being in equal ruin, standing in equal need of salvation,

having equal privileges, and equal responsibilities. It forbids men to put their consciences or their hopes in the keeping of others; but imposes upon every man the duty of inquiring, judging, believing and obeying for himself, and for himself to answer at the bar of God, and receive the appropriate award. It secures to every one the right of private judgment, and represents the devout and humble exercise of this right as essential to all enlightened intercourse between God and the soul. It teaches the Christian that the opinions of his fellow men are no law to him; that "one is his Master, even Christ;" and that to "that Master alone he standeth or falleth." In short, it turns away the minds of men from the dictation of the unwarranted claims of both civil and ecclesiastical oppressors; and teaches them to acknowledge the sovereignty of God alone, and to regard the Bible as the only statute-book of Christ's kingdom; the only infallible rule of faith and practice. Such are the teachings found in the word of unerring Wisdom; such were the doctrines contended for by the witnesses for the truth in the darkest ages; such were the principles restored and proclaimed at the era of the glorious Reformation from Popery;—and such have been the teachings of the greatest and best men that our country and the world ever saw.

Our Fathers of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Congregational Churches of New-England, came to this country, in the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth century, with minds enlightened, and filled with these sentiments. They had fled from ecclesiastical persecution in the Old World; and they had learned from their Bibles, and from their own experience, the inestimable value of civil and religious liberty. Accordingly, it is well known, that, when the revolutionary contest drew on, all the Presbyterian Ministers in the Middle and Southern Colonies, and all the Congregational Ministers of New-England, almost to a man, took side with the Colonies, and declared openly and zealously in favor of Independence. And they unceasingly preached and prayed accordingly; and the great mass of their respective flocks adopted the same principles, and took the same course. In fact, they may be said to have been, under God, the

life and soul of the Revolutionary struggle :—inasmuch that the opinion has been seriously expressed, by some of the most enlightened historians of that great struggle, that, for the success of it, the Colonies were more indebted to the Presbyterian and Congregational Ministers than to any other instrumentality which the Providence of God employed in our country. I say nothing of what was done, and of what was not done by others. But with regard to the class of ministers whom I have specified, their steadfast and zealous services on the popular side can neither be denied or doubted. It is a matter of notorious and unquestionable history. No honest, well-informed man ever called it in question. Venerable Men ! we owe them a large debt of gratitude, which we can never more appropriately or more worthily pay than by holding fast their principles and transmitting them to our children, as the best pledge, under God, of the continuance and perpetuity of our free institutions. As long as you really hold fast those principles, you cannot be made slaves *in spirit*, however external coercion may bind and subjugate your *bodies*. Yes, my friends, Christ came to “preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.” He came “to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke.” “Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”* Where the genuine evangelical system which our Fathers believed and taught, is faithfully maintained, there the reign of rational freedom will ever prevail. But,

II. A second lesson, my respected fellow citizens, taught by this occasion, is equally obvious. While we are taught by the spirit of our Fathers to turn away, instinctively, from every system which serves to countenance civil or ecclesiastical oppression, we are warned that our best interests, as a people, will be no less endangered *by that spirit of unbridled infidelity and radicalism which has lately shown itself in our country, and which threatens the most destructive results.*

I need not say to those who now hear me, that there are those in this favoured land, and even among the descendants of the Puritan Pilgrims, who claim to be, by way of eminence, the

* Isa. lxi. 1. Isa. lvi. 6. 2 Cor. iii. 17.

friends and advocates of liberty, and who profess to be seeking its establishment, on the largest scale, and on the firmest foundation, by means which we know cannot fail of rendering what they call freedom the heaviest curse rather than a blessing. They would not only discard all those perversions of Christianity, which encourage an ambitious and arrogant priesthood to exhibit themselves as the indispensable mediators between God and man, and the only channels of grace, and by whom an unhallowed despotism over the minds of men has been so extensively gained; but they would repudiate all the most precious principles and hopes of Christianity herself, and even some of the plainest dictates of natural religion. They tell us that the sacred tie of Marriage is a mischievous monopoly, which must be wholly abolished, before society can reach the perfection of freedom and happiness. They insist that the Bible, the Church, the Ministers of religion, and the holy Sabbath, create "a yoke of bondage," which must be entirely cast off, before we can escape from the chains of an ignoble and depressing servitude. They allege that the accumulation of property, especially to any large amount, and the right of transmitting it as an inheritance to our children, ought to be prohibited, and large estates every where taken from the families of those who gained them, and divided among the less affluent citizens.

Americans! Patriots! descendants of the noble-minded men who once trod these streets, and were, under God, the means of achieving our Independence! to you I appeal! What say you to the doctrines of these insane speculators on human rights;—these cold-blooded, heartless, demented experimenters on the life and glory of man? What would be the aspect of society, if these infatuated men could have their way? The "reign of terror" in revolutionary France, would appear a paradise compared with it. The social compact, if not destroyed, would be turned into a curse instead of a blessing. Civil government, would be no longer a protection, but a snare, and a mockery, and a collusion on the part of the physically strong to oppress and destroy the weak. I will not charge gross dishonesty upon all those who adopt these opinions; but I will say, that, if honest, in the popu-

lar sense of the word, they are miserably deluded. This is the spirit of liberty run mad. It is the reign of delirium, not of reason. It is the infatuation of the sick man who turns against the kind and skilful physician who is healing him; denounces him as a malignant murderer, and expels him from his dwelling with all his appropriate and well-devised remedies.

Suppose the marriage tie, as they urge, abolished. Would not the community be unavoidably turned into a brutal herd,—in which the chaste Matron, presiding with dignity and glory over her household, and training up her children “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” would be no more seen, and from which all the purity, and repose, and hallowed enjoyment of domestic life would be for ever banished? Would you be willing to exchange these substantial elements of home and of happiness, for the wretched substitutes of vagrancy, and strife, and violence which they would offer you in their stead? Miserable comforters are they all! Physicians of no value! Of no value, did I say? Alas! they would take away from you the choicest comforts, and give you, in their place, nothing but the dregs of degradation and misery.

And so of all the other parts of their wretched system. Suppose their plan of the *equal distribution of property*, to be carried into effect; that doctrine which forbids parents to lay up estates for their children, and to bequeath to them the product of their labour. To say nothing of the lawless violence to which it would consign society—who does not see, at a glance, that a large portion of the existing motives to laudable action would be taken away; that there would be less industry, less enterprize, of course, less work done, and less property accumulated for distribution? Who does not see that that unceasing, fervid labour, which may be considered as the vitality of the social system, would be at an end? Society, in this case, would be made up, in nearly equal proportions, of the torpor of heartless idlers, on the one hand;—torpid, because one of the most powerful motives to labour would be taken away; and of the struggles of the fraudulent and the murderer on the other.

No wonder that such erratic schemers complain of the Bible,

and the Sabbath, and the Church of God, and the Christian Ministry, as standing in the way of their notions of civil liberty, and as "gendering to bondage." They, indeed, judge truly when they decide that these precious gifts of God to a fallen world wear no very friendly aspect to their licentious plans. Verily, the thief, the swindler, and the murderer will, no doubt, always think it hard that they live in a state of society which does not allow them to continue with impunity their depredations on the property and the lives of their fellow citizens. But are wise and wholesome laws therefore wrong, because they wear the aspect of odious restraint to the enemies of order?

Such as these were not the sentiments; and such was not the spirit of our great revolutionary struggle. I know that there was *then* a measure of infidelity as well as now. But it was far from being the predominating doctrine of that day. No, the governing spirit which, under God, guided us through the contest, was a spirit of reverence for our holy Religion. The God of battles was acknowledged and adored, and the prayers of his ministers and people constantly solicited.

Fellow Citizens! we have no charter for life, or rational freedom, but in the BIBLE. Again I repeat from that Holy Book—"where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"—genuine liberty;—that liberty which consists in the reign of law, not of passion; in the reign of justice, not of capricious selfishness and violence. As ever you value, then, the best interests of yourselves and your children, hold fast the religion of the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your hopes for all that is good, temporal and spiritual. My Friends! let us remember that he who sits as Governor among the nations has said, to every community,—*Them that honour me, I will honour; but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed. The Lord will be with you, as long as ye be with Him; but if ye forsake Him, He will forsake you.** He has pledged himself in his word, to make all men know, either by his prospering mercies, or his desolating judgments, that *He is the Lord*. Yes, my friends, if the Religion of the Bible be, as we believe, the only solid basis of pri-

* 1 Sam. ii. 30. 2 Chron. xv. 2.

vate and public virtue; if it be the only effectual guaranty of pure morals, and of civil and religious liberty; then let its principles be proclaimed in every public and private dwelling, and be daily exemplified in the life and conversation of every one who claims to love his country. If a nation knows the Bible, and the Christian Sabbath, and yet tramples them under feet, it would require an annual course of miracles to save that people from misery and desolation.

III. One more lesson from the *grave*, and from the *Monument* of the beloved CALDWELL. *They call upon us to cherish a higher and purer Patriotism.*

Had the noble-minded man whose character we this day commemorate, lived and died at his ease; professing to love his country; but submitting to no labour, making no sacrifice for her benefit; would his name, think you, have been remembered with the love and honour which it awakens this day? Would yonder noble MONUMENT have arisen to commemorate his services? No, it is his noble disinterestedness,—his high, self-denying, patriotic labours, as well as his ardent piety, the recollection of which thrills with grateful pleasure in so many hearts, and which makes the celebration in which we are now engaged, so welcome, and so popular. Yes, my friends, there were noble examples of genuine patriotism in those times, of which it has been emphatically and most truly said, that they “tried men’s souls,” when the beloved CALDWELL lived and died. Yes, there were PATRIOTIC GIANTS in those days. Then lived and acted *Washington*, and *Adams*, and *Witherspoon*, and *Sherman*, and *Franklin*, and scores of others that might be named, not forgetting your own *Livingston*, and *Clark*, and *Dayton*, and *Ogden*, and *Barber*. These were patriots never to be remembered without a throb of respect and gratitude. In this noble constellation, the excellent CALDWELL, the Patriot Preacher, shone conspicuous. While we honour his ashes to-day, let us remember and emulate his noble patriotism. Let us cherish his spirit, and feel ourselves called upon, in remembering him, to cultivate a more pure and devoted love of our country, and its best interests, than we have ever heretofore displayed.

Next to the influence of that Holy Spirit who renews and sanctifies the soul, we need nothing more urgently than a great increase of this disinterested, governing, and active love for the welfare of our beloved country. Am I wrong, Fellow Citizens, in apprehending that the spirit of SEVENTY-SIX;—that spirit which pervaded, animated and adorned our Revolutionary struggle, has, in a lamentable degree, declined in our public men, and in our public counsels, and given place extensively to a spirit of lower and less worthy character? Am I wrong in fearing, that a large portion of what now calls itself *Patriotism*, is an affair of spurious and deceptive character; and that the mean lust of office, and the meaner lust of gain, have, to an awful extent, taken the place of that public spirit;—that noble disinterestedness;—that high and sacred regard to the public welfare, so eminently displayed by those venerable Patriots, whose efforts, and treasures and blood, under God, secured our national independence? Say not, I beseech you, that this complaint is one of the morbid croakings of an old man, disposed to consider every thing in former times as better than at present. Ah, my friends, I wish it were possible to hide from the eyes of an enlightened and honest observer the lamentable depreciation, not in the professed *quantity*, but eminently in the *quality* of the great mass of American Patriotism. There is, indeed, patriotism enough among us, in word, and in blustering party noise; but O how little, to all appearance, of that sincere practical, unostentatious principle of regard to the public good of which, in former days, we had so many bright examples! If this be not so, whence that universal scramble for office; that pervading desire and aim to live at the “public crib,” rather than by honest industry? Whence that prevailing effort to enrich ourselves rather than our country—nay, at the expense of our country? Whence that mortifying intelligence flowing in upon us from a thousand channels, and from every quarter of our land, of embezzlement and defalcation on the part of public functionaries, who had sought their places with all the importunity of sturdy beggars, and with all those clamorous professions of patriotism, which cost nothing, but which strongly indicate selfish and sinister purpose? Why

that bitterness of party animosity;—that disposition to carry the spirit of party into every thing, with an exclusiveness and a rancour which stamp a determination to make patriotism a trade and a gain, rather than that noble principle which our Fathers considered it—a fervent love for our country, and a readiness to make sacrifices for her welfare?

You must not suppose me, my fellow citizens, so ignorant of human nature, as to deny that a portion of this miserable alloy also mingled with the pure gold of SEVENTY-SIX. *As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man*, in all ages. Yes, there were selfish men—mere pretenders to patriotism—base betrayers of official trust—robbers of the public treasury, *then* as well as now. But O how comparatively rare, then, were such examples! Then thousands went forward at the call of their Country, expecting nothing but danger and sacrifice. Then the language of thousands of honest hearts, as well as of written declarations, was, “We seek not ourselves, but our Country’s welfare; and for this, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.”

My respected Fellow Citizens, if we desire to be a prosperous and happy people, we **MUST** cherish a higher and purer patriotism. It is essential to our national honor. It is essential to our real welfare. Can it be that we are too far gone in the vortex of selfishness and corruption to hope for a return to the spirit of our Revolutionary Fathers? God forbid! We have still some noble specimens left of this genuine patriotism, both in and out of office; and let us hope and pray for its **LARGE INCREASE**. Our situation, though perilous and threatening, is not yet desperate. Let us, then, this day assembled before the Lord, vow that we will endeavor to emulate the spirit and the conduct of our venerated Sires. Fathers! Mothers! on you an immense weight of responsibility rests. Train up your children to recognize, from the earliest dawn of reason, their obligation to God, and to their Country. As they rise to mature age, point them to yonder Monument! I will not exhort you to take your children to it, as *Hannibal’s* father did his son to the altar, and exact from them

an oath of eternal enmity to any one; but I do entreat you, when you point it out, and read its inscription to them, to tell them to love their Country. Tell them the story of the great conflict with which that Monument is so closely connected. Re-count to them the noble patriotism, and the eminent piety of the beloved Man, whose martyrdom to the cause of his Country it commemorates. And exhort them to cherish his spirit, and to lay up in their hearts the memory of his bright example.

These, my Fellow Citizens, are some of the GREAT LESSONS which the celebration of this day proclaims to all who are permitted to witness it; and O, with what mighty emphasis does it teach them! Happy shall we be, if, by the Divine blessing, we shall be enabled practically and effectually to learn them. Yes, my Friends, if the Religion of Christ be cordially embraced, and humbly obeyed; if that noble patriotism which true Religion alone can inspire shall generally animate the people; and if the Christian part of our population shall be as much engaged as they ought to be, in exemplifying the spirit of the Bible, and in praying for our civil rulers, all will be well. Then will "*Jehovah cause us to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed us with the heritage of his chosen. Then shall our light break forth as the morning, and our national health shall spring forth speedily. His righteousness shall go before us, and the glory of the Lord shall be our reward. Happy the people that are in such a case; yea happy—ever happy is that people whose God is the Lord.*"* May God of his infinite mercy prepare us to be such a people, for Christ's sake! AMEN!

* Isa. lviii. 8, 14. Psa. cxliv. 15.

After the singing of a hymn by the Choir, the HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON, (who had consented at a late hour to take the place of the HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,) was introduced to the audience. Although obviously extemporaneous, he made a very powerful and effective address, which was delivered with great simplicity and dignity. He drew a vivid picture of the diverse and efficient services of the Patriot and Minister; and read extracts from original letters, showing that he served his country as Deputy Quartermaster General, and in the Legislative Councils of New-Jersey. The eloquent Senator stated in the course of his address that in unremitting, disinterested, and zealous efforts, every

where, at all times, in small as well as great things in the cause of Liberty, CALDWELL more resembled WASHINGTON than any other man of the Revolution.

We regret that we are unable to present to the public this fine oration; as Mr. DAYTON excuses himself from writing it because of his multiplied duties at Washington.

When Mr. DAYTON concluded his address, the congregation repaired to the Monument, around which a platform was erected. From this platform, surrounded by his Excellency Governor STRATTON, the Chief Judicial Officers of the State, the Cincinnati, Senators, Ex-Governors and Clergy, the Rev. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D., pronounced the following

DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

There is, my Fellow Citizens, a desire in man which leads him to seek the approbation and applause of future times. This desire is one of the proofs of the immortality of the soul; and has exerted a powerful influence in forming the character, and guiding the conduct of men. True fame is the noble object of all noble minds; and the desire to attain it suffers no endowment to rest. Considered merely as the immortality of a name, it may be attained by the good and the bad. The same historic page sends down to posterity the names of Moses and Pharaoh, of Washington and Arnold, of Robespierre and Lafayette. But true fame is the record which high virtue receives from posterity.

In all ages of the world efforts have been made to perpetuate the memories of the great and the good, in order to excite to heroism, patriotism and piety. Many of the gods of the Greeks and the Romans were deified heroes; and by sculpture and painting, although sadly prostituted, the Church has sought to transmit the memory of her martyrs, that others might learn their story and exercise their faith. Religion and civil liberty have had their martyrs; and patriotism and piety are fitly occupied when transmitting their fame and their deeds, that coming generations may receive instruction from their example, and excitement from their renown.

The youth of Rome were moved to virtuous courses by gazing on the busts of Cato the younger. The trophies of Miltiades prevented the youthful Themistocles from sleeping, and first woke up within him the desire to seek his fame, by imitating his patriotism. Caesar wept at the sight of a picture of Alexander. The rude pile of stones on the banks of the Jordan called up the memory of its passage by the hosts of Israel, and raised up their thoughts to that God that divided the waters; and the monuments to the heroes, and poets, and painters, and philosophers which crowd Westminster Abbey have filled the heart of many a Briton to seek in all right ways a place within the same sacred enclosure. Monuments to the memory of the pious and patriotic are pictures to teach future generations concerning them, and to give emphasis and permanence to the lessons taught by their lives.

It is, then, barbarism, and not civilization or religion, that would demolish the memorials of the past, or that would forbid us by sculpture or painting or monuments to rescue from oblivion the names which have conferred great and lasting benefit upon the race.

We stand here to-day amid the sepulchres of the pious and patriotic. There repose in these graves and around us many that periled their lives and that perished, in securing for us the broad inheritance of liberty which we enjoy. There is the grave of a DAYTON, and a CRANE, and an OGDEN, and a MORRELL, to whom our whole country owes much. And here, too, are the graves of men who, amid the war of Independence, fell in the ranks, and in whose hearts glowed the purest patriotism, though unnamed and unknown.

But here lie the remains of the eloquent and beloved Pastor, of the pure and ardent Patriot, whose noble services and tragic end have been so eloquently and truly commemorated. We have raised, and we now dedicate, this Monument to the transmission to future times of the name, the piety and the patriotism of the Rev. JAMES CALDWELL. As long as this marble continues, let it be called the CALDWELL MONUMENT. May the institutions of his country which he sought to establish, but was not permitted to enjoy, be as firm and enduring as are its foundations. May they long outlive the marble in which we have wreathed the name of Caldwell. May the Church never want such pastors, nor the State such patriots. And when we are all in the grave, as our children's children gaze upon this Monument of beautiful proportions, may they learn from it that the ways of piety, patriotism and virtue are the only sure paths to enduring fame.

APPENDIX.

As the erection of a Monument to the memory of the Rev. JAMES CALDWELL has excited great interest throughout the country, the Committee charged by their fellow citizens with the superintendence of the whole matter, deem it advisable to place on record the following narrative in reference to it.

It was suggested to the Cincinnati of New-Jersey, at their meeting in Elizabeth-Town, July 4th, 1844, that such a monument ought to be erected, and that the suggestion as to its erection ought to come from them. The idea was kindly entertained, and a committee was appointed on the subject.

At the parish meeting of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth-Town, on the 1st of January, 1845, a Committee was appointed to co-operate with the Committee of the Cincinnati, consisting of Messrs. JOHN J. BRYANT, JAMES F. MEEKER and EDWARD SANDERSON. This Committee called a public meeting of the citizens of Elizabeth-Town, of whose proceedings the following is a copy:—

MONUMENT TO REV. MR. CALDWELL.

At a meeting of the citizens of the Borough of Elizabeth, convened pursuant to public notice, in the Lecture Room of the First Presbyterian Church, on Monday evening, the 28th April, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of erecting a Monument to the memory of the Rev. JAMES CALDWELL,—the Rev. Dr. MAGIE was appointed chairman, and JAMES F. MEEKER, secretary.

The Rev. Dr. MURRAY explained the object of the meeting, giving an account of the great services to the Church and to the State of Mr. Caldwell. He was followed by Gov. PENNINGTON, who was present as Chairman of a Committee of the Society of Cincinnati of New-Jersey upon the same subject, in a most deeply interesting and patriotic address.

The following resolutions were then presented by Dr. MURRAY, which were adopted:—

Resolved, That in view of the great and important services rendered by the Rev. James Caldwell to the Church and State during the Revolutionary struggle which resulted in the Independence of our country, we deem it right and expedient to erect a suitable monument over his remains for the purpose of perpetuating his memory.

Resolved, That the citizens of the County of Essex, which was the principal scene of his labors, be invited to aid in the erection of said monument, by their contributions.

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to co-operate with the committee of the Cincinnati, whose duty it shall be to superintend the collection of funds, and to procure and cause to be erected said monument.

The following gentlemen were appointed the committee:—*Dr. Murray, Dr. Magie, and Messrs. Reuben Van Pell, John J. Bryant, S. P. Brittan, Jas. F. Meeker and Keen Pruden.*

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to make suitable arrangements for the ceremonies of erecting said monument on the twenty-fourth day of November next, which will be the sixty-fourth anniversary of the day of his tragical death.

The following gentlemen were appointed the committee:—*Dr. Murray, Dr. Magie, and Gov. Pennington.*

Edward Sanderson was appointed Treasurer, to whom monies for this object were directed to be paid.

DAVID MAGIE, *Chairman.*

JAMES F. MEEKER, *Secretary.*

Public meetings were subsequently held at Connecticut Farms and Newark. The following is the account of a large and animated meeting held at Newark.

MEMORY OF REV. JAMES CALDWELL.

At a meeting of the citizens of Newark, favorable to the erection of a Monument to Rev. JAMES CALDWELL, his Honor the Mayor, ISAAC BALDWIN, was called to the chair, and DAVID A. HAYES appointed secretary.

After the object of the meeting had been stated by Gov. Pennington and the Rev. Dr. Murray, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the proposition to observe the approaching anniversary of the death of Rev. James Caldwell, and that we will cheerfully unite in the services suited to that occasion.

Resolved, That in the life and services of the Rev. James Caldwell, in the cause of civil and religious liberty, we gratefully recognize the Christian Patriot and the Christian Minister.

Resolved, That in the spirit and sacrifices of our Protestant Fathers in the

Christian Ministry and in the church, during the Revolution, we recognize those principles which are the best security of our own civil and religious liberties, and hence our obligations to cherish and perpetuate those principles.

Resolved, That in accordance with the foregoing resolutions, we will cheerfully unite with our fellow citizens of the county of Essex, for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument commemorative of the piety and patriotism of the Rev. James Caldwell.

Resolved, That *William Rankin, Cortlandt Parker, William Shugard, Moses R. King, Isaac Baldwin* and *David A. Hayes*, be a committee to carry into execution the foregoing resolutions, and to aid in raising the necessary funds.

Resolved, That *William Wright, John Taylor* and *William A. Whitehead* be a committee to aid in the selection of an appropriate monument.

Resolved, That we will attend the celebration of the anniversary of the death of the Rev. James Caldwell on the 24th November next,

ISAAC BALDWIN, *Chairman.*

DAVID A. HAYES, *Secretary.*

The Committee of Arrangements selected the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, and the Rev. SAMUEL MILLER, D. D., as the orators for the occasion. On the 4th of August the invitation was sent to Mr. Adams, from whom the following letter was subsequently received:—

QUINCY, Massachusetts, 12th August, 1845.

Rev. Nicholas Murray, Elizabeth-Town, New-Jersey.

Rev. Sir,—A precarious and infirm state of health, and the decays of body and mind incident to advanced age, have made it impossible for me to foresee whether at any given day in advance it may be in my power to address a meeting of my fellow citizens in public. I have therefore been compelled to decline contracting any such engagement and to deprive myself of the pleasure of accepting all such invitations even conditionally.

Highly honoured as I feel myself to be, by that which your very obliging letter of the 4th inst. has communicated to me, I can answer it no otherwise than by submitting this view of my own condition to the committee entitled to all my reverence and gratitude of which you are the chairman. The design of the citizens of Elizabeth-Town to erect a monument to the memory of the Rev. James Caldwell is one that appeals to the sympathies of every American heart. That they have thought me worthy of being associated with them in this act of piety and of patriotism, entitles them to the warmest of my grateful sentiments, and while the pulses of my heart shall beat, can never be forgotten by me. To address them by their invitation on that occasion, would be a cherished object of my most aspiring ambition. To contribute one sprig of myrtle to clothe in unfading verdure the grave of that blessed martyr in the cause of our country's freedom, would be, could I command my own destiny, the last act with which I would close my own earthly career:—but from one day to another I have no control over my own voice. To-day I could address assembled multitudes so as to be heard and understood by them all, and to-morrow the organ of speech may be extinguished so as to deprive me of the privilege of

being heard in a private room. To these alternations I have been subject for years, and the occasional failures of my voice increase in frequency with every added year: they occur most in both extremes of the seasons, of heat and cold.

The fear of unavoidable disappointment forbids me to make an engagement which it is quite probable I may not have it in my power to fulfil. But you can make the arrangements for the whole ceremony, without dependence upon my participation in it, yet reserving a short space of time in which, if present, as I will endeavour to be, I may express to the people of Elizabeth-Town my feelings of gratitude to them for their kindness and my hearty concurrence with them in their commemoration of heroic virtue in the annals of our revolution. Please to forward to me the history of Mr. Caldwell and his family promised in your letter, and when the time shall approach for the solemnity, I will if practicable adapt the arrangements of my journey to Washington so at least as to be a witness of this honourable tribute to one who in life and death honoured his native land.

With great respect, I am, dear sir, your friend and fellow citizen,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The presence of Mr. ADAMS was confidently expected until the receipt of a letter dated Boston, the 18th of November, which precluded all hope of his attendance because of his increasing infirmities. On the receipt of this letter the Committee promptly and unanimously selected the Hon. WM. L. DAYTON to occupy his place in the ceremonies of the occasion.

The day on which the ceremonies were performed was bright and clear. At an early hour the town was filled from the surrounding country, and with invited guests, among whom were the Governor, Chief Justice and Chancellor of the State, Judge Randolph of the Supreme Court, the Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, Ex-Governor Pennington, Hon. Garret D. Wall, the Cincinnati, Members of the Historical Society of New-Jersey, the Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen of Newark, and a large number of the Clergy from different parts of the state, and from the city of New-York. At one o'clock a procession was formed from the Lecture Room of the First Presbyterian Church, which was preceded by the Newark Troop, the Union Blues, the Lafayette Guards, and the Washington Erina Guards, all of Newark, and in the finest military array. On entering the Church the services were performed in the following order:—

I. SINGING BY THE CHOIR,

Of the following Hymn, written for the occasion by M. WARD, Esq. of Newark.

Hush'd be the sigh, the tear repress,
That mourn the good, the brave, the best—
The hero preacher lies at rest,
Lapped in the soil he fought to free;
And thanks be rais'd to Heav'n, who gave
That arm and voice, to fire the brave,
And guide their march beyond the grave,
To deathless life and liberty.

How proud his lot, with glory rife,
The sword, the word, in peace or strife,
Twice arm'd to bear, for death or life,
And crush a twofold enemy!

How blest, 'mid battle's din, to know
'Tis God alone directs the blow
That wins a conquest o'er the foe,
And o'er the grave a victory!

His blood is calling from the ground,
His voice still rings its warning sound;
With all we love his fame is bound—
Such heroes die not, tho' they fall.
Then hush the sigh, repress the tear—
A warrior preacher slumbers near,
And waits, the final trump to hear
Sound to the charge that summons all.

II. READING THE SCRIPTURES, BY THE REV. D. MAGIE, D. D.

Dr. Magie read the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, from Mr. Caldwell's family Bible, which was taken from his burning house in Connecticut Farms, by a soldier, on the day that Mrs. Caldwell was shot. A few years since it was found in the possession of a family on Long Island, and was identified as Mr. Caldwell's by the family record written in his own hand.

III. PRAYER, BY THE REV. JOHN M'DOWELL, D. D.

IV. ORATION, BY REV. SAMUEL MILLER, D. D.

V. SINGING.

VI. ORATION, BY HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON.

VII. CEREMONIES AT THE MONUMENT, BY REV. DR. MURRAY.

The ceremonies were concluded by Music from an excellent Band from Newark, whose services greatly tended to give life and interest to the day.

The following are the inscriptions on the Monument:—

EAST SIDE—

"This Monument is erected to the Memory of the Rev. JAMES CALDWELL, the pious and fervent Christian, the zealous and faithful Minister, the eloquent Preacher, and a prominent leader among the worthies who secured the Independence of his Country. His name will be cherished in the Church and in the State so long as virtue is esteemed or patriotism honored."

SOUTH SIDE—

"JAMES CALDWELL, born in Charlotte Co. Va., April, 1734: Graduated at Princeton College, 1759: Ordained Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth-Town, 1762. After serving as Chaplain in the Army of the Revolution and acting as Commissary to the Troops in New-Jersey, he was killed by a shot from a sentinel at Elizabeth-Town Point, Nov. 24, 1781."

WEST SIDE—

"HANNAH, wife of Rev. James Caldwell, and daughter of John Ogden, of Newark, was killed at Connecticut Farms by a shot from a British Officer, Jan. 25, 1780."

NORTH SIDE—

"The memory of the Just is blessed."

"Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people, and for the cities of our God, and let the Lord do that which is good in his sight."

— "The glory of Children are their Fathers."

The following is a representation of the MONUMENT, which is in the form of an obelisk, nearly sixteen feet high, and consists of three blocks of fine Italian Marble, resting upon a base of granite. It was made by E. Launitz, Esq'r, of New-York, and cost upwards of five hundred dollars.

