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America and Great Britain:

THE ADDRESS,

AT BURLINGTON COLLEGE,

ON THE

SEVENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4, MDCCCXLVIII;

BY

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

BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY,

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

Burlington:

EDMUND MORRIS, AT THE MISSIONARY PRESS.

MDCCCXLVIII.

At a meeting of Trustees, and other friends, of Burlington College, held in the Junior Hall, immediately after the delivery of the Address, by the Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Boyd was called to the chair, and John J. Chetwood, Esq., appointed Secretary.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, it was unanimously resolved, that a Committee be appointed, to take immediate measures for the publication of the valuable and thrilling Address of the Bishop: whereupon, Thomas D. Mütter, M. D., the Rev. Mr. Ogilby, and the Rev. Mr. Southard, were appointed.

JOHN J. CHETWOOD, Secretary.

Burlington, July 4, 1848.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey, President of Burlington College, &c., &c., &c.

Right Rev. and dear Sir:

The undersigned, a Committee appointed by those who witnessed the very interesting exercises, at the late celebration of the Fourth of July, in Burlington College, respectfully ask, that you will favour them with a copy of your Address, for publication. We are convinced that the greatest good will result from the dissemination of the sentiments, which it so ably and powerfully expresses.

THOS. D. MÜTTER,
SAM'L. L. SOUTHARD,
FRED'K. OGILBY.

Burlington, July 4th, 1848.

ADDRESS.

The great gift of God to man is peace. The angels sang it, when they brought from heaven the welcome message of a Saviour born: "Glory be to God on high, and, on earth, peace." And, when the Saviour was about to go again to heaven, His legacy to His disciples, and, through them, to us, was still the same: "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." The gifts of God to man are sacred trusts. They are not his alone. He holds them for his kind; and must account for them to God. Of nothing is this truer, than of peace. Peace is a sacred thing. It is the halcyon weather of the heart; when all the virtues brood, and all the charities are teeming with a warmer and more genial life. The Sabbath-morning of Creation was not serener, in its solemn hush; nor Plato's loveliest dream, the Music of the Spheres, more exquisite in harmony. Perfect, in patriotism, as in piety, was that prayer of Royal David, for the people, and the country, of his love: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem!" And, loveliest of the strains of prayer, and fittest for an angel's voice, is that, which we have left out from our fathers' Liturgy, "Give peace, in our time, O Lord;

because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God!"

I have not forgotten, that the great public document,¹ which has just been read before us, as the manner of this celebration is, was the solemn prelude of a long and arduous war, between two nations; who, in the sight of God, stood, as a mother and her child. Nor, that, in thirty years, they were again engaged in war. Nor, that, since then, the danger, once and again, has been most imminent, that they must bathe themselves in blood. It is rather because these things have been so, that I have spoken thus. Because, as one that has to do with young and tender minds, I would be careful for their first impressions. Because, in settling, as the usage of this College, to be kept, I trust, to "the last syllable of recorded time," the observance of this birth-day of our nation, I would disavow, now and forever, for myself, for you, my friends, and for these children, the faintest shadow of a thought, that it involves the slightest remnant of a hostile feeling, toward that great nation, from whose womb we sprung, and, at whose bursting breasts, our fathers all were nursed. That, so far from that, a fit and proper use of this, our nation's holiday, is the renewal of the vows of love, which brothers owe to brothers. That, having fought our way to man's estate, and won the prize for which we fought, and made it glorious before men and angels, we can well afford to shake hands, and be friends;

¹The Declaration of Independence had been read by Cornelius E. Swope, A.B., an Assistant Classical Teacher.

and, none the less, but some the more, that we have quarreled twice, and fought it out.¹ That, having tried the issues of the fight, and tasted all its woes, our thoughts are turned to peace; as God's great gift to us, and our great trust for man. That, so God help us, we will fight no more; and, least of all, with our own brethren of the blood: but, will set forth, to all mankind, as truths, which freemen only feel, that, the two nations of the world, who know what freedom is, and how to use it, are too great to fight; that, neither can require of either, what the other should not give; that, where we cannot quite agree, we can agree to disagree; that, we have common duties, to perform; a common trust, for human kind, to execute; a common source, from which our hearts all fill their cisterns, with the same red blood; a common language, which our mothers' voice first made familiar to our ears, in lullabies; in which we wooed and won our wives; in which our children lisped and prattled nature's loveliest melodies to all our hearts; a common stock of learning and of letters, such as all the world beside has not to show; and, best and dearest of them all, a common Church, a common altar, and the common prayers. Not, that the acts and efforts of our patriot fathers shall be disavowed, or disregarded. Not, that the trials and the toils, the struggles and the sacrifices, of the men of seventy-six, can ever cease to be our heritage and glory. Not, that the memory of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of Monmouth, Princeton, Trenton, ever can grow pale.

¹ *Iræ amantium, amoris redintegratio.*

But, that, things done are finished; that by-gones should be by-gones; that a fight, fought through, is done; that the only justifiable end of war is true and lasting peace; that life was made for love; that nations have a mission and a trust; that Great Britain and America are set, for the two hemispheres, to be the reuglemen of freedom, and the standard-bearers of the Cross.

These obvious and most enviable truths, God, by His gracious providence, is making real, in our time. The ready heart and open hand, which poured the golden treasures of our garner on the hearths of starving Ireland, with an eagerness, which gain has never prompted, an impetuosity which commerce never felt, touched all the tenderest places in the British heart: and, when the threatened demonstration of the Chartists, but the other day, frightened "the isle from its propriety," the pulseless stillness, in which an anxious nation waited, on our Western strand, to hear the issue, and the manly burst of joyful gladness which welled up to God, to own His mercy, to the nation and the Church, in which our fathers worshipped and were nurtured, have stirred the truest and the deepest pulses of the heart of England; and knit her to us, with a bond of cordial, and, I trust, imperishable love. We may well rejoice, that these things are. The world is stirred, and tossed, and agitated, like a seething caldron. An hour upturns a throne. Another, and the new republic is the crater of a new volcano. Another, and perhaps a throne is cast up, with its fierce and fiery flood. No man can say, this day, what nation on the Conti-

nent of Europe is not involved in civil war. No man can say, what government is not the creature and the prey of a mad mob. No man can say, what instincts of nature are desecrated, what charities of life are trampled under foot, what holiest places are profaned. It seems the trial-hour of Europe; and, it may be, of the world. In human view, the salient points of hope, for Truth and Freedom; and for Christianity, as charged with both, and indispensable to their existence, are, now, America and England. If God keep us at peace, hold us erect in our position with the nations, and make us faithful to our trust for man, the issue, with His blessing, is an issue full of hope. A new order of things may be established, on a better basis, and to better purposes. Freedom secured by Law. Order enforced by Love. Patriotism purified by Religion. The World subjected to the Cross. Time made the foretaste of Immortality. That it may be so, let us unite our prayers. That it may be so, let us combine our efforts. Let us devote the day to thoughts and offices of love. Let us devote our lives to acts and influences of peace. And, for ourselves, and for our brothers of the blood, and in the faith, let the one strife hereafter ever be, which shall do most to realize the angels' hymn, and bring heaven down to earth: "Glory be to God on high; and on earth peace, good will to men!"

A Poet and a Painter of our own, a Poet and a Painter for all time, Washington Allston, in years, now long gone by, uttered such thoughts and sentiments as these, in words, which cannot die. His noble lyric, "England and America," among the very

noblest of its name, sounds, like a trumpet, through all time, and thrills through every heart.

Though ages long have past,
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravelled seas to roam,
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins,
 And, shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame,
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of Heaven rung,
 When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host,
 While these with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 And, from rock to rock repeat,
 Round our coast:

While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between, let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun,
 Yet, still, from either beach,
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech,
 We are one.

And now, this day, as from another generation, there comes to me, by the last steamer, an echo to this glorious trumpet-rally of the nations. A dear young friend,¹ the son of one of the best friends I ever

¹ George Henry Warren, travelling with his brother, Stephen E. Warren; both of Troy, New York. They are the sons of Nathan Warren, who was the brother of Esaias and Stephen; the sons of Eliakim and Phebe Warren. Five names have never stood for more of purity and piety and charity; nor has the Church had truer children. They are now all at rest; and their memory is blessed.

had, commended, by my letters, to the true English hearts, who have enshrined me in their love, visiting at Albury, the delightful residence of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," an English gentleman, in every highest sense, and a true Christian Poet, sends me a ballad, written by Mr. Tupper, in honour of the visit; with the expression of his wish, that I will make it public, in America. Can I better do it than, here, with you, my children, and my friends? You will say, with me, that, had he known our gathering, he could not have fitted an apter shaft, nor given it happier aim. It is dated, "Albury, June 8, 1848;" and is entitled,

A LOVING BALLAD, TO BROTHER JONATHAN;

FROM MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

Ho, brother, I'm a Britisher,
 A chip of heart of oak,
 That wouldn't warp or swerve or stir,
 From what I thought or spoke:
 And you, a blunt and honest man,
 Straight forward, kind and true;
 I tell you, brother Jonathan,
 That you're a Briton, too!

I know your heart, an open heart,
 I read your mind and will;
 A greyhound, ever on the start,
 To run for honour, still:
 And, shrewd to scheme a likely plan,
 And, stout to see it done;
 I tell you, brother Jonathan,
 That you and I are one.

There may be jealousies and strife,
 For men have selfish ends;
 But petty quarrels ginger life,
 And help to season friends;
 And Pundits, who, with solemn scan,
 Judge humans most aright,
 Decide it, testy Jonathan,
 That brothers always fight.

Two fledgeling sparrows, in one nest,
 Will chirp about a worm;
 Then, how should eaglets meekly rest,
 The nurslings of the storin?
 No, while their rustled pinions fan
 The eyrie's downy side,
 Like you and me, my Jonathan,
 It's all for love and pride.

"God save the Queen" delights you still,
 And "British Grenadiers;"
 The good old strains your heart-strings thrill,
 And hold you by both ears:
 And we—O, hate us, if you can,
 For we are proud of you—
 We like you, brother Jonathan,
 And "Yankee Doodle," too.

There's nothing foreign in your face,
 Nor strange upon your tongue:
 You come not of another race,
 From baser lineage sprung:
 No, brother, though away you ran,
 As truant boys will do,
 Still, true it is, young Jonathan,
 My fathers fathered you.

Time was—it was not long ago—
 Your grandsires went with mine,
 To battle traitors, blow for blow,
 For England's royal line:
 Or, tripp'd to court, to kiss Queen Anne,
 Or worship roval Bess;
 And you and I, good Jonathan,
 Went with them, then, I guess.

Together, both—'twas long ago—
 Among the Roses, fought ;
 Or, charging fierce the Paynim foe,
 Did all knight-errants ought :
 As Cavalier or Puritan,
 Together pray'd, or swore ;
 For, John's own brother, Jonathan,
 Was simple John, of yore.

There lived a man, a man of men,
 A king, on fancy's throne ;
 We ne'er shall see his like again,
 The globe is all his own :
 And, if we claim him of our clan,
 He half belongs to you ;
 For, Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,
 Is yours, and ours, too.

There was another glorious name,
 A poet for all time,
 Who gained "the double-first" of fame,
 The beautiful, sublime ;
 And, let us hide him as we can,
 More miserly than pelf,
 Our Yankee brother, Jonathan,
 Cries "halves!" in Milton's self.

Well, well ; and every praise of old,
 That makes us famous still ;
 You would be just, and may be bold,
 To share it, if you will :
 Since England's glory first began,
 Till—just the other day,
 The half is yours—but, Jonathan,
 Why did you run away ?

Oh, brother, could we both be one,
 In nation and in name,
 How gladly would the very sun
 Lie basking in our fame !
 In either world, to lead the van,
 And "go ahead," for good ;
 While each, to John and Jonathan,
 Yields tribute-gratitude.

Add but your stripes, and golden stars,
To our St. George's Cross;
And never dream of mutual wars,
Two dunces' mutual loss:
Let us two bless, where others ban,
And love when others hate;
And so, my cordial Jonathan,
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more? I touch not holier strings,
A loftier strain to win;
Nor glance at prophets, priests and kings,
Or heavenly kith and kin:
As friend with friend, and man with man,
O, let our hearts be thus—
As David's love to Jonathan,
Be Jonathan's to us!