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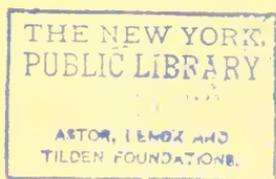






*Review the copy*

Astor Library  
with the regards of  
the Author.



Some of the Old Continental Currency with which  
the subject of this Eulogy was paid as a Rev-  
olutionary Soldier. For its value, see page 41. n.

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# EULOGY

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

## REV. ZACHARIAH GREENE,

A PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION, AND LATE SENIOR PASTOR OF THE  
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SETAUKET, N. Y.

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE CITIZENS OF HEMPSTEAD,

FEBRUARY 10th, 1859,

BY

### JOHN ORDRONAUX.

—◆—  
THE RE-DIE SHALL BE HELD IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE.  
—◆—

NEW YORK :  
BAKER & GODWIN, PRINTERS,  
PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, OPP. CITY HALL.

1859.



REV. ZACHARIAH GREENE died at Hempstead, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Benjamin F. Thompson, on Monday evening, June 21st, 1858, aged 93 years 5 months and 10 days. His decease was the occasion of very general mourning in the community; and his funeral called together a large assemblage from far and near, to pay their last respects to him who had long been considered as an Evangelical patriarch. He was buried on the succeeding Thursday; Rev. N. C. Locke, D. D. Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, preaching an eloquent and appropriate discourse from Genesis v. 24; this text having been selected by Mr. Greene himself. In addition to the solemn exercises of the burial-service, the citizen-soldiers of Brooklyn and Jamaica paid his remains the honor of a military escort to the grave, in grateful remembrance of his services in the Revolutionary War. Deeming the life of this venerable patriot and Christian minister deserving of a formal and enduring historical tribute, the inhabitants of Hempstead requested the delivery of the following EULOGY; which was accordingly pronounced in the Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, February 10th, 1859.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

Hempstead, Aug. 16th, 1858.

JOHN ORDRONAU, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—The undersigned, inhabitants of the village of Hempstead, desirous of honoring and perpetuating the memory of our departed and venerated friend the Rev. ZACHARIAH GREENE, so distinguished for his services during the American Revolution, and for his long and faithful duties as a minister of the Gospel, beg leave to request that you will consent to deliver an Eulogy on his life and character in this village, at such time as you may designate, within a few months.

Hoping that you may give us an early and favorable answer,

We remain, very truly and respectfully yours,

EDWIN WEBB,	WILLIAM L. LAING,
JOHN H. SEAMAN,	L. D. RUSHMORE,
S. C. SNEDEKER,	V. D. W. WEEKES,
MICHAEL COON,	SANDS POWEL,
EBENEZER KELLUM,	JOHN BEDELL,
HENRY LOOPE,	JOHN W. SMITH,
BENJAMIN RUSHMORE,	O. WELLS,
ROBERT S. SEABURY,	THOMAS WELSH,
VALENTINE SMITH,	

ROSLYN, Aug. 31, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—I am deeply sensible of the honor conferred upon me, by your kind invitation to deliver an eulogy on the life and character of my venerable friend, the late Rev. ZACHARIAH GREENE. It is certainly a labor of love, not less difficult than delightful, to perpetuate his memory in this very appropriate manner. For, the example of such a life as his, presents a rarity in human character which justly entitles it to preservation beyond the brief recollection of contemporaries. He deserves to live in the knowledge, and in the respect, of future generations, as a noble specimen of our Revolutionary ancestry, and a true personification of that apostolic ministry which leaves its mark of grace and godliness wherever it moves.

Believing it to be our duty, as his fellow citizens, thus to honor the memory of one who did so much for the republic—so much for the household of our Christian faith—I shall cheerfully accede to your request, and lend my best endeavors to the friendly task of weaving the memorials of his life into a fitting and, I trust, an instructive record.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

Very respectfully, your obt. serv't.

JOHN ORDRONAU.

To

Messrs, EDWIN WEBB, WM. L. LAING, /  
JOHN H. SEAMAN, AND OTHERS. /



# Order of Exercises

AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FEBRUARY 10, 1859

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## SELECTION FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

By REV. WILLIAM H. MOORE,

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

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## PRAYER.

By REV. N. C. LOCKE, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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## HYMN.

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## EULOGY.

By JOHN ORDRONAUX, Esq.

---

## CLOSING HYMN.

By REV. B. PILLSBURY,

PASTOR OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

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## BENEDICTION.

By REV. JAMES PRIOR.



# EULOGY.



In rising to perform the very grateful, yet difficult task with which your invitation has honored me, I confess to being overwhelmed by feelings of great self-distrust and hesitation. A novel position is always an embarrassing one; but particularly so when it invades the territory of a sacred profession. I see around me those whose sole and exclusive prerogative it is, as Evangelists, to discourse within this temple of Christian worship. I see around me those, who, authorized by the ties of clerical brotherhood, and armed like the Apostles with tongues of flame, are so much better qualified to pronounce a panegyric from this sacred desk, that the presence of a layman in it, even under the indulgent sanctions of this occasion, savors strongly of presumption. Confronted by such living admonitions of my intrusiveness as these, I am compelled to plead guilty, having no other apology to offer than that of my great solicitude, and my earnest desire, to unite with you in perpetuating the memory of a faithful Minister of Christ.

But, aside even from these considerations, in themselves neither frivolous nor insignificant, there are others of far more weight, and far more importance, to oppress me. It is so rare a gift to be able to paint human character with justice and truth, to examine its lights and its shadows with a

tender yet scrutinizing eye, and to portray it impartially as a whole, by avoiding alike indiscriminate eulogy, and carping, unfriendly criticism,—it is so rare a gift to be able to do this, and to do it gracefully, that unskilled hands cannot but tremble as they take up the pencil, or unroll the canvas of eulogistic biography. It were, indeed, well worth the while to undertake this friendly office, if one could wield such a pen as that with which Palladius immortalized St. John Chrysostom, the “golden-mouthed” Bishop of Constantinople; or that with which Theodore Beza eulogized his beloved Calvin; or that, again, with which old Izaak Walton so sweetly and quaintly rehearses the virtues of a Hooker or a Herbert. To these intellects, the task of an eulogy was only a grateful recreation,—an easy practice of the great gift within. But how small the number of such minds! How priceless their birth-right of genius! and who may aspire to emulate their peculiar and transcendent glories? Few, and far between, are they who possess the cunning art of limning human character aright. And, although many boldly adventure themselves, as apprentices in this field,—least among whom I am come to stand,—there is little danger that the master’s mantle, so often sought for, so seldom obtained, will find a just claimant to-day.

And yet, amid all these misgivings, there comes relief,—large, abundant, persistent,—in the soothing reflection that nothing I can say, can either add to, or take from the perfection of that Christian character whose memory we are here assembled to honor. The name and the fame of ZACHARIAH GREENE, both long since secure in “History’s golden urn,” are as familiar in all your mouths as household words; and it is consoling to know that, whatever imperfections may creep into my analysis of his life,—that, however much

vision may be distorted, or judgment may be at fault, they cannot in the least impair your estimate of his virtues, or your reverence for his memory.

Who of us does not remember that last festive occasion on which we were gathered around him? Who does not call to mind that last annual feast of commemoration, when, with heart beating to heart, with eye kindling to eye, with feeling responsive to feeling, we met around that venerable man to mingle our congratulations, upon the ninety-eighth anniversary of his birth. From far and near, kindred, friends, and neighbors had come to join in prayer, and praise, and thanksgiving, over that great Heavenly mercy which had lengthened out his life to such an unwonted age. We saw him then in all the strength and the flower of a beautiful old age. We saw him towering, like a rock in mid-ocean, against whose front the winds and waves of time had beat in vain; and when we separated, it was amid mutual promises, and hopes, and gladsome anticipations, all looking to a future meeting. But, alas for human hopes and human assurances! That festive re-union was destined never to occur again in time. The shadow, which no mortal eye can see, was already upon the dial-plate of life; and it was foreordained that the aged pilgrim should soon find rest on the thither shore of Jordan. A few short months,—a few waning moons,—a summer's harvest,—a fall of dry leaves in the forest,—and how changed is all! How changed the place; how changed the motive, how changed the spirit of our assemblage! Where before was mirth, there is mourning. Where before was gladness, there is gloom. Where before was life, there is death, darkness, desolation. And now, instead of weaving laurel wreaths for living brows, we can only bring branches of palm and cypress and myrtle to deck the fresh turf on his grave.

Let us speak his name *here* with reverence. Let us unfold the tale of his life, and the elements of his character, "with mute thanks and secret ecstasy." Thanks, first of all, to our Heavenly Father, that He permitted such a life to be; and secret ecstasy in our own hearts, that He has vouchsafed us the same privileges of grace, and godliness, and salvation, as unto that dear servant of His, now gone to his well-earned beatitude above.

Carefully and tenderly I shall now draw the veil from before the memory of the departed. Carefully and tenderly I shall approach that character which I know was human, finite, imperfect, like unto the most miserable of us all,—but, for the grace of God! We come not to sit in arrogant judgment upon him, with balance and weight and trenchant sword. We come not to weigh his character,—so many ounces of guilt against so many pounds of grace: for that is the single prerogative of Deity. But we are here, my friends, to review that character in its outward personality; to paint it as it was seen, and known, and admired and respected and revered among men; as it was felt in its influence, honored in its excellence, and blest in its works and in its ways. To do this in a brotherly, a neighborly, and a Christianly spirit, is the duty to whose discharge I shall now address myself.

And here, on the threshold of my remarks, I must observe that the life of our departed friend presents itself to us under a *triple* aspect. He was by profession a soldier in the stormy days of the Revolution; by profession a Minister of the Gospel,—a soldier of the Cross, always militant for Christ and the Church; and lastly he was a patriotic citizen, loving his country with all the affection of a wide, warm heart. It will best comport, therefore, with chronological order, as well

as with perspicuity of arrangement, to examine his life in the three separate phases presented to us by its *Revolutionary*, its *Ministerial*, and its *Social* character.

REV. ZACHARIAH GREENE, son of Samuel and Jane Greene, and grandson of Robert and Jane White,\* first settlers of Stafford, Conn., was born in that town on the 11th day of January, 1760. On the paternal side he was descended from William Greene,† one of the early settlers of Woburn, Mass., and one of the original subscribers to the "Town Orders" agreed upon at Charlestown. From some disconnected incidents furnished by himself, which, unfortunately however, are not always accompanied by dates, it seems that his parents removed at some period of his boyhood, first to Brookfield,

\* ROBERT WHITE, an Englishman, was one of the twelve individuals who settled Stafford, Tolland County, Conn., in 1719. He was twice married. By his second wife, who was Jane Hunter, he had Joseph, Robert, Joseph 2d, Samuel, Mary Ann, Ebenezer, William, *Jam.*, and Hugh. Samuel married Hannah Loomis; Mary Ann married Robert Thompson; Joseph 2d married Mary Colton (and had Mary, who married Col. Stephen Moulton); William married ——— Mars; James married ———, and had a son Abner, who left two daughters; *Jam.*, born April 6, 1731, married Samuel Greene, March 11, 1750, and died as below stated.

† WILLIAM GREENE came from Devonshire, England, to Boston, in 1663, and took the freemen's oath at Charlestown the following year. He was twice married, and appears to have finally settled in Woburn, where his eldest son Jacob was born, October 14, 1691. Jacob married Elizabeth Cranch, Jan. 16, 1722, and died Dec. 16, 1790, leaving five sons and three daughters. The eldest son, *Samuel*, was born at Sumbury, Mass., March 1st, 1723, and married *Jam.* (daughter of Robert and Jane White), March 11, 1750. Their children were—Jonathan, Ann, Samuel, Joseph, Lucina, *Zachariah*, Deborah, Mary, Susannah, Jane, Sabrina, and John Spencer.

These genealogies are copied from unpublished MSS. of the late Benjamin F. Thompson, Esq.

Mass., thence to Hanover,\* N. H., where they died at a very advanced age.†

His early years, like those of most of the New-England youth of his day, were spent partly in the discharge of laborious duties at home, and partly in the enjoyment of such humble instruction as a district school then afforded. Even there, his attendance was irregular, being often limited to the winter session alone; while the necessity of accomplishing a distance of *two* miles, in sunshine and in storm, in order to reach the school-house, made the road to knowledge, in more senses than one, a wearisome path. Thus he lived until his seventeenth year, when, in January, 1776, he entered the American army at Roxbury.

The year 1776 was unquestionably the most memorable of all the years through which our Revolutionary struggle passed. It witnessed the first turning of the tide of fortune in favor of the Colonies,—the first organization of a Continental army,—“the first flight of the enemy,” at Boston,‡ —the first unfurling of the Union flag of thirteen stripes,—the immortal DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, and the victory at Trenton. It was at the opening of this eventful year, so full of prophecy, so full of hope, and while none of its triumphs had as yet been achieved, that young Zachariah Greene, a mere boy of sixteen, joined the army under Washington.

\* There is a small settlement about two miles east of Dartmouth College, in the valley of Mink Brook, which still bears the name of *Greene'sboro*, in attestation of its founders.

† Samuel Greene, ob. August 21st, 1807, æt. 81. Jane Greene, ob. May 13, 1813, æt. 82.

‡ *Hostibus primo fugatis*. Legend inscribed on the medal presented by the Continental Congress to General Washington, in commemoration of the evacuation of Boston by the British, March 17, 1776.

And here, let us ask ourselves, as we stand in the midst of all the blessings, whether spiritual, whether temporal, which flow out of a *Free Government*, a *Free Press*, and an *Independent Church*,—as we tread this soil which we call our own, over which we claim a Heaven-born right of eminent domain,—this soil which *we* have purchased by no personal sacrifice of blood or treasure; by no anguish for the safety of our firesides and the beloved ones left there unprotected; by no grim apprehensions of halters, prison-ships, or dungeons; by no patient toil under a summer's sun, or under the icy fang of wintry winds; by no weary marches through morasses or over mountain tops; by no trials either of flood or of field, of flesh or of spirit,—let us ask ourselves in the presence of all these records of our national history, and of our national life, whether we can over-estimate, whether we can even sufficiently appreciate the great moral courage, the greater spirit of self-sacrifice, and the truly Spartan heroism, which must have actuated those brave youths who, while yet in mere boyhood, dared to confront victorious veterans,—dared to brave the fortunes of uncertain war,—and dared too, to brave the ignominious fate of outlawed rebels.

I know it is generally said that military life has a peculiar charm for youth; that the “pomp and circumstance” of bannered hosts and of mustering squadrons, the din of war, and the romance of tented fields, take captive their hearts. But if this be true, it is at best only partially true; and for the honor of human nature,—in justice to its dignity, let us acknowledge that it can, and that it does respond to higher emotions than those sensational ones which feed the hists of the eye, or minister to the appetites of the flesh. The brave young men who, in the early days of our colonial life, went

forth to battle with savages, and to die in the lonely wilderness beneath the arrows of a treacherous and an invisible foe, were surely actuated by little of the pomp and circumstance of modern warfare. They left their sunny homes, their pleasant valleys, their smiling farms, wives, parents, kindred, all, to battle with a cruel, relentless enemy, to perish in single, desultory warfare afar from the haunts of men, and to die in the deep sounding aisles of the forest, "unknelled, uncoffined, and unblest." And similarly was it with the young men of the Revolution. There was nothing alluring to eye or to ear with them. There was nothing addressing itself to the love of pomp or the ostentation of parade. The Continental government could at first furnish the troops with only a bare subsistence. It had no arsenals, no ammunition, no artillery, no small arms. Each colony provided for its own troops as it best could, the soldiers generally furnishing their own arms. Under such disheartening inducements to military life as these, what was it that brought the New-England youth into the field at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill? What was it that brought them into martial array in their homespun suits, with their scanty stock of indifferent ammunition, and their old fire-locks, which had seen service at Louisburg and Quebec? Was it not the same spirit which led the Greeks to Marathon, and the Swiss to Morgarten? Was it not the same spirit which animated the bosom of a Pym, a Hampden, and a Sydney? In a word, was it not the spirit of personal and political independence? Brave young hearts! With life in hand they went forth cheerfully to battle and to death. Like Pompey, when on the eve of his departure for Egypt he was met by a remonstrance from the oracle, they, too, felt that they must go, although they should die; "Because it was necessary that they should go; because it was

not necessary that they should live." What nobler spectacle can earth present than that of men thus proclaiming, in their lives and through their deeds, that, next to their God, they loved their country!

Of such men was the army composed which Mr. Greene joined at Roxbury. At that time, Washington was besieging Boston. Situate upon a narrow peninsula, which forms the center of a number of necks of land, the city was easily commanded from the surrounding heights; and as the colonies had no navy, and a large British fleet lay in the harbor, the operations of the American army were exclusively effected by land. Our lines extended from Winter Hill, in Cambridge, on the west, in a southerly direction, through Roxbury, to Dorchester, on the east. For eight months the city had thus been invested, when Washington finally determined to fortify Dorchester Heights, and thus completely command the enemy's position. This was the first active service in which young Greene was engaged. The troops, two thousand in number, marched from Roxbury on Sunday evening, March 3d, 1776, under the command of General Thomas. Accompanying them was a train of three hundred carts, carrying intrenching tools, fascines, and bundles of hay. The hay was scattered on the road, in order to break the noise of the carts; and so effectually was this done, and so efficiently did the troops labor that, by the morrow's dawn, not only were two forts completely raised and guns mounted, but the enemy, meanwhile, knew nothing of it. When it was discovered, great was the astonishment of General Howe; and he is said to have exclaimed almost despairingly, "I know not what I shall do. The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month." It was indeed a moment of great peril with the British. They were

surrounded on all sides but one, and from that, even, security was fast fleeing. Admiral Shuddham notified Howe that his fleet would be destroyed as soon as the Americans should mount their heavy guns and mortars upon the heights. It was resolved, therefore, as a last alternative, to dislodge the Americans from their position. Two thousand troops under Earl Percy were sent down to Castle William for this purpose. But a furious storm, together with a counter-movement on the part of Washington, put an effectual bar to these operations. The British contented themselves with a terrific cannonade of Nook's Hill and Dorchester Neck (at which latter place Mr. Greene was posted), throughout the night of the 9th of March; the whole circuit of American batteries replying to them with a concentric and disastrous fire. This was the last engagement which occurred in that vicinity; and precisely one week after, the British fleet, freighted with officials, troops, and loyalists, sailed out of the harbor, leaving the city in the hands of the Americans.

After the evacuation of Boston, Mr. Greene marched with a detachment of the army to New London, whence they took shipping for New York; arriving there in the latter part of April. In July occurred the most memorable of all the events of the Revolution,—an event which gave birth to our National Independence, and which first proclaimed us to be a confederacy of states, and a sovereign power among the nations of the earth. That event,—that new era, was the promulgation of the great DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. The news of this long-expected event reached New York on the 9th of July, and Washington caused it to be read the same evening at the head of each brigade. No incident in Mr. Greene's life, long and varied as it was, appears to have left so lasting an impression upon his mind as this. It was a

favorite theme of discourse with him,—an episode whose remembrance stirred the very fountains of his emotional nature; and he never recounted it without becoming excited, enthusiastic, and eloquent. Battles and engagements in which he had been a participant and a sufferer, he could calmly recount. Marches in summer heats, or over frozen fields, he would describe with a cheerful, unregretting spirit. Ask him about Dorchester, or Throck's Point, White Plains, or White Marsh, and he would tell them over with the pride of a veteran soldier, and with the facility of an unimpaired memory. But once speak to him about the Declaration of Independence,—once ask him about the manner in which it was received by the people of the colonies, and by the army of which he was a member,—and you would touch a chord in his heart, beneath whose vibrations the aged man would quiver with conflicting emotions.

"And scenes, long past, of joy and pain  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain,  
And lighted up his faded eye  
With all a patriot's ecstasy."

At such times, he would rise from his chair, and with kindling eye, crested form, and impressive voice, describe how his brigade, which was encamped in the open fields lying north of Canal Street and west of Broadway, marched down, with colors flying, to the Battery; how they rounded the Bowling Green, where stood the leaden statue of George III., which the people on that same night tore from its pedestal, dragged through the streets with a rope about its neck, and then most appropriately consigned to the bullet-moulds;—how the troops marched up to the Park, and there, forming in a hollow square beneath the shadow of the old

Brick church, with Washington in the center and the reader facing him, the Unanimous Charter of our Liberties was read. Then would he describe how all drank in with increasing pride and gratitude, those words of manly protest and dignified defiance; and how the closing paragraph was followed by the shout of "United, we stand; divided, we fall! We must, we shall be free!" And, as if overborne by the violence of those same feelings which eighty years before had so convulsed him, he would strike his staff to the ground, exclaiming with heartfelt earnestness, "*Take care of the Union! Take care of the Union! Do no harm to the Union!*"

In the early part of October, 1776, the British under General Howe, with a view to dislodging the American forces from Harlem Heights, on which they were intrenched, made an unsuccessful attempt to possess themselves of Throck's Neck. They were baffled in this by Washington, who had seized upon and fortified the causeways to Throck's and Pell's Necks; thus cutting off every avenue of approach to King's Bridge, and leaving the enemy upon an island. Mr. Greene was of the number of those who took part in this affair, but at what particular point is not known.

The next battle in which Mr. Greene was present was that of White Plains, which was fought on the 28th day of October, 1776. This engagement was one of unusual severity, and taxed all the strategical powers of Washington. The British forces were full thirteen thousand strong, and commanded by such officers as Generals Howe, Clinton, De Heister, and Erskine. Twice were the enemy repulsed in the open field, and twice did victory seem about to perch upon our standards, until a furious charge of the English cavalry, by dispersing the American militia on the extreme right, turned

the fortunes of the day. Slowly, and in good order, the Americans retreated to their intrenchments, where they rested undisturbed until the night of the 31st, when they withdrew and encamped upon the heights of Northeastle. From this time, and for a whole year, Mr. Greene was variously engaged with the army, though not present in any serious engagement. He accompanied a detachment of troops which marched along the banks of the Hudson for the purpose of preventing the landing of General Clinton, who was on his way up the river to join General Burgoyne. This march was a most fatiguing one. The weather was exceedingly stormy — the troops ill clad and worse fed, and from the nature of the service performed by them, no rest could be allowed. Mr. Greene describes it as the most harrassing duty of his military life, and says that so pressed were they on the march, as frequently to eat their meat raw, from lack of time and means to dress it.

In October, 1777, occurred the battle of Germantown, which, although not, properly speaking, a defeat, yet required that Washington should remove from his position into one of more security. With this object in view, as well as that of obtaining suitable winter quarters for the army, he removed to the range of hills about three-fourths of a mile northeast from the village of Whitemarsh. Here, with the exception of some slight skirmishes, the army remained unmolested until Sunday, the 8th day of December, when a general attack was made upon the American lines. The battle was quite severe, and principally directed upon our left flank. The British advance was met in gallant style by Colonel Morgan and his rifle corps, and Colonel Gist of the Maryland militia, whose bravery decided the fate of the day.

The shoeless Americans,\* under Generals Washington and Greene, fought bravely and decisively,—

“The old Continentals,  
In their ragged regimentals,  
Faltered not;”

and the enemy was driven ingloriously from the field. In this battle, the last in which he was engaged, Mr. Greene was seriously wounded. A musket-ball entered the left shoulder, first injuring the collar-bone, thence passing through and splitting the shoulder-blade. Of the incidents of that day, so memorable to him, I can give no better description than is contained in his own words, and from them I shall now quote:—

“I was on the right flank of the advance-guard; my

\* The subjoined extracts from a letter, written by Washington on the 23d day of December, 1776, to the President of the Continental Congress, describe, in language which needs no comment, the bitter sufferings undergone by our army at this time:—

“Since the month of July, we have had no assistance from the Quartermaster General; and to want of assistance from this department, the Commissary General charges great part of his deficiency. As a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army, under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers (besides a number of men confined to hospitals *for want of shoes*, and others in farmers’ houses on the same account), we have, by a field return this day made, no less than 2,898 men no *x* in camp unfit for duty, because *they are barefoot and otherwise naked*. \* \* \* Notwithstanding which, and that since the 4th inst. our numbers fit for duty, from the hardships and exposures they have undergone, *particularly on account of blankets* (numbers having been obliged, and still are, *to sit up all night by fires*, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way), have decreased near 2,000 men.”

brother was on the left flank, and we were both wounded. His was a bad flesh-wound, below the shoulder. I was wounded in my left shoulder, the shoulder-blade was fractured, and the collar-bone injured. My wound was dressed in one of General Washington's rooms; and then myself and others left the house to make room for others, and took up our lodging in a horse-shed, without a blanket or an overcoat, and lay on buckwheat straw, rather a coarse and damp substitute for feathers. The night was sleepless, the cold distressing, and it is difficult to describe the anguish I endured from my shattered bones; *but it was all for American freedom.* The next morning, General Greene procured rooms for me and my brother, and my wounds and his were dressed by the young ladies of the family. Three weeks after this, I sent for a surgeon of a British regiment, on parole, who removed the dead flesh, and sawed the sharp points and shattered parts of the shoulder-blade. After this the wound began to heal, yet it was over *ten* months before it got well. I was never able to bear arms afterwards."

Thus disabled, and unfitted for active service in the army, Mr. Greene returned to the peaceful pursuits of the farm. For two years he had devoted his time, his talents, and his life to the service of his country. He had passed through many trying scenes unscathed—had learned many lessons of experience and wisdom—and when at last he was smitten down with a grievous wound, was fortunate in having already secured a fame at once spotless and undying. To no period of his life did he so constantly recur, as to that of his Revolutionary service. He spoke of it with a manly pride, a glowing enthusiasm, an ever-living joy. You could broach no subject out of his profession, more delightful to him than this. He would dilate upon all the details of military

experience, the little incidents of life in the camp, or on the march, or on the battle-field, with wonderful fluency. Considering that he was burthened with the memory of great deeds he had performed, and great events he had witnessed, he was never tedious in their recital, because he spoke only from out the fullness of his heart, what he saw and what he felt; because he did not speak for effect simply, nor for self-glorification. And in these accounts of personal service, he would rarely individualize himself, giving credit and honor to all his fellow soldiers, by speaking in the plural number. He never spoke of the Father of his country without calling him the *Great* Washington; and he never missed the opportunity, when in the presence of young men, of reminding them what it had cost their fathers to establish a free government. Often have I been transported by the strong, unpremeditated tide of eloquence which fell from his venerable lips, as he told the undying tale of our Revolutionary struggle. Often have we all seen him imparting lessons of patriotism and morality to a group of admiring listeners, even as some aged Athenian soldier, spared from the field of Marathon, may have harangued the young men of his day. It was an unfailling source of happiness to him to dwell upon these topics, and he never declined an invitation to discourse concerning them. And when he had poured out the fullness and the fervor of his heart in this way, and had infused into every one a share of the old spirit of '76, he would dismiss you with some epigrammatic sentiment which would ring in your ears for days afterwards. He was as happy a personification of the old Continental soldier as our generation has, perhaps, ever seen. Upright, self-willed yet humble, fearless and independent, yet submissive at all times to laws both human and divine, he would have made a noble soldier in

any army. Without the austerity of manner, or asceticism of sentiment, he yet had all the religious fervor, all the pious zeal, of a Puritan leader in the days of the English commonwealth, and like him would have sacrificed life and property in securing that political freedom which he considered an essential part of his religion.

In January, 1780, then being in his twentieth year, Mr. Greene began fitting for college. In his diary he states, that when he commenced the study of Latin he “walked sixteen miles on snow-shoes to get one little Latin book.” His preparatory course was completed at Moor’s Charity School,\* and he entered Dartmouth College in 1782. In the succeeding winter there was a very general awakening on the subject of religion, in the parish about the College. Under the ministerial labors of Rev. Silvanus Ripley, there was a great outpouring of the Divine Spirit—a gathering-in of many souls into the blessed communion of the church. No less than fifty persons were admitted into the holy fellowship of Christ; and among these was our departed friend. From that day forward, he was a valiant soldier of the Cross†—an active,

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\* Moor’s *Indian* Charity School, named from Joshua Moor of Mansfield, Conn., who donated a house and two acres of land for the purpose in Lebanon, Conn., was designed by its founder, Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, as a seminary for the gratuitous education of Indian Missionaries. When Dr. Wheelock founded Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H., in 1769, Moor’s School was removed thither, where it has always continued as a preparatory department to the College.

† At the time he united with the College Church, he says, “I resolved, if the Lord should preserve my life and health, to preach the Gospel. I fully believed in the *total depravity* of the human heart; in the necessity of *regeneration*—of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—of *repentance* toward God; and in the final *perseverance of the saints*; that in our flesh dwelleth no good thing—and Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.”

zealous member of the Church militant—a servant of the Lord of Hosts, and a bright, particular star in the Christian firmament. But his health failing him in the second year of his collegiate course, he was constrained to abandon all regular studies and to leave Hanover.\* He went to Coventry, Conn., at first; where he studied during the summer under the private tuition of Rev. Dr. Huntington. Thence he went to Hanover, N. J.; where he remained during the winter of 1784-5, in the family of Rev. Dr. Green, father of the late Rev. Ashbel Green, President of the College of New Jersey. At both of these places he was engaged in fitting himself for the ministry; and so rapidly did he progress in these duties of self-qualification, that on the 1st of January, 1785, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Morris county, N. J.

His labors in the ministry began immediately. During the two months of January and February he was sent, in the arduous character of a *missionary*, into the township of Deepark, Orange county, N. Y. The country was new—the population sparse, and the means of instruction, whether spiritual whether secular, were exceedingly limited. Although there were representatives of almost every denomination among the settlers, there was yet no regularly organized church; and the first duty to which the young missionary addressed himself, was that of collecting the stray lambs into one common fold. Of the experiences of this, his first labor

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\* Mr. Greene was never graduated at Dartmouth College. In 1800, that institution conferred an honorary Baccalaureate upon him, and so enrolled him in her Triennial Catalogue. This year (1858), with great consideration, she has taken his name from among the *Alibi* and placed it among the *Alumni*, an honor which he would have highly appreciated.

in the cause of Christ, he furnishes a graphic account in the following brief words:—

“There were only two frame houses in the place; all the others were built of logs. I preached three times every Sabbath, visited two days in the week from log-house to log-house, and preached each evening of those days in one of these log-houses. Generally, the people were poor, sometimes they had no meat, sometimes no bread. A good proportion of them were very pious, and discovered a Christian temper and character. Very often I had no bed, and would wrap my cloak about me and lie down on straw. In no period of my public labors have I ever enjoyed myself better than among those pious, poor people.”

The fruit of these labors was the gathering together of some twenty persons, and the organization of a Presbyterian Church, which has since become a large and flourishing Parish.

The whole of the year 1785, was spent by him in itinerant preaching. In January, 1786, he began his travels, at Elizabethtown, N. J., and continued on through Connecticut into Massachusetts. It was in the month of May of this year, that he first visited Long Island, landing at Oysterponds; and his first sermon was preached at a public-house in that place, kept by Mr. Rufus Tuttle. On the succeeding Sabbath, he supplied the pulpit at Southold. As most of the labors of this period are related by him, in a brief compilation of the main incidents of his life, prepared under his direction several years ago, I shall quote from it at large, rather than mar the force of the narrative by clothing it in my own language:—

“May, 1786. The next week I had invitations from four different congregations; from Lyme in Connecticut, from Bridgehampton, Cutchogue, and West-Hampton. I gave

each of them a Sabbath, and finally selected Bridgehampton and Cutchogue, to preach between, that summer. In the month of October, I had a call to Cutchogue and to Bridgehampton. At Bridgehampton, one of the elders called, and requested me to bring Mrs. Greene there, as they wanted to see her. Accordingly I did so. She had been there three weeks, when one of the elders came to see me, and said, since the people had seen Mrs. Greene, they had concluded to give me a call; for they considered a minister's wife\* one half of the minister! I concluded, however, to preach once more at Bridgehampton, and give a negative, and to go to Cutchogue; and did so. When I accepted the call to Cutchogue, there were but three members of that church living. Fourteen were added before installation; and in the following spring, eleven more were collected. I was not ordained then, and I therefore exchanged with Rev. Joshua Williams, who came and admitted them to the church. I was ordained and installed the 28th of June, 1787, by the Morris County Presbytery. This was a body which did not agree with the Presbytery as it now stands. They called themselves Presbyterians, but their government was congregational. I continued a member of it, as that was a Congregational society where I settled. I was made a corresponding member of, and treated with great kindness by, the Presbytery of Suffolk county, until 1797, when I was dismissed from my congregation at Cutchogue, by a Council held at Sag Harbor; and was then received as a member of the Suffolk

\* Mr. Greene was twice married, by Rev. Nathan Woodhull—1st, to Miss Fleet, of Huntington, June 28, 1786, by whom he had four children, losing her at the end of five years, aged 24; 2d, to Miss Abigail Howard, of Newtown, September 14, 1793, by whom he had five children. He lived with her over fifty-six years, when she died also, in 1849, aged 84.

County Presbytery, on the 9th September, in that year; and having a call from the church at Brookhaven, which was accepted, I was then installed in the First Presbyterian Church at Setauket, on the 27th September, 1797.”

It would not be possible for me within the compass of time allowed to an occasion like this, to give anything approaching to a detailed history of his long pastorate at Setauket. Nor, if I would, am I possessed of the materials with which to do it. A few notes of his, intended rather as a remembrance than a record, are all the data I have of this long and patient service in the vineyard of our Lord. And from these I shall now draw; consoling myself, for any meagreness of narrative, with the belief that the individual knowledge of many of my hearers will enable them to supply abundantly this much-regretted hiatus.

Mr. Greene's *active* connection with the Church at Setauket, lasted some fifty-two years. In 1849, by the death of his wife, he found himself compelled to break up housekeeping; and his advanced age (eighty-nine) making itself felt as a bar to any increase in his usefulness, he informed his trustees that he must seek a new home. Accordingly, in October of that year, he came to reside with his daughter, in Hempstead. He was still, however, retained as senior pastor of the church at Setauket, up to the time of his death,—a period of *sixty-one* years in all.

In the notes \* above alluded to, there are to be found gratifying evidences that his ministry was blest with frequent and peculiar manifestations of divine grace. There are significant proofs that the seed sowed by him did not

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\* The particular seasons of revival noticed by him are those of 1809, when 26 persons were admitted to church membership—1826 and 1842—number of converts not given, and 1843, when 18 were admitted.

fall in entirely stony places, and that his teachings produced new convictions of duty in many, who were thus led to embrace and make public profession of that faith which, in its completeness and its integrity, was once delivered to the saints. These seasons of revival and rejoicing he delights in mentioning. They form episodes of encouragement to him in the midst of his arduous labors. They are golden threads in the web of his life. They are as beatific visions of a smiling Providence working by means, and those means his poor hands. He gathers new strength and new hope, with which to labor. He makes nearer approaches to godliness in his own person and in his own influence. He heads dissensions.\* He strengthens the bonds of Christian fellowship. He works in all things and in all ways for the glory of Christ, for the advancement and stability of His Church, for the dissemination of Gospel truth, and for the spiritual enlightenment of mankind. And when, in his eighty-third year, he is ready to say with the aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," he is suddenly visited with new proofs that his ministry is not yet unfruitful, by the in-gathering of eighteen souls into the covenant of mercy. Thus, up to the very day, almost, of his removal from Setanket, was he as a vine clinging to the walls of the sanctuary, full laden with the rich fruits of a spiritual autumn.

Nor yet did his pastoral labors end here, for even in your midst he was a sympathizing, if not an active co-

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\* In the year 1810, there arose a great difficulty in the church at Sag Harbor, with regard to settling Rev. — Woolworth. After vain efforts to restore harmony, Mr. Greene, at the request of his co-presbyters, went there, called a meeting of all parties in the church, and in one protracted session, lasting from 3 o'clock P.M. till *one o'clock next morning*, brought about peace and re-union.

operator in all enterprises of spiritual regeneration. Having been in his younger years one of the founders, I may say, of the Suffolk County Bible Society, and its first President, his interest in the Bible cause never diminished, but rather increased with age, and he was President of the Hempstead Society at the time of his decease. He was also a devoted friend of Missions, believing in their divine ordination, and lending his efforts to their support and increase. The Sabbath School was also an object of tender and fatherly regard with him at all times. Nor was there anything relating to his high and holy calling, however important or however trifling it might be, in which his sympathies were not keenly enlisted, and his talents not willingly proffered.

In forming an estimate of Mr. Greene's ministerial character as revealed through his labors, it will be necessary to inquire what were the prominent faculties of his mind. He was eminently successful in his vocation, and success in any profession depends less upon genius than it does upon industry. We infer, therefore, and I believe we do it correctly, that he was an industrious man. His long, varied, and laborious life abundantly proves this. Yet, of the distinctive features of his mind, I confess that I am not as well qualified to speak as I could wish. After a somewhat extended inquiry I cannot ascertain that a single sermon of his is extant; and I have no means of judging what were the characteristics of his style—whether it was plain or florid, terse or diffuse, logical or elliptical. From my own knowledge of him, and the information imparted by others, I am inclined to believe that he was never distinguished as a *writer* of sermons, and particularly that he never loved polemics, and never essayed his pen before the world in the field of controversial theology. In this he resembled the Apostles, of whose mental habits Eusebius speaks similarly, saying: "Those inspired, and truly

pious men, the Apostles of our Saviour, as they were most pure in their life, and adorned with every kind of virtue in their minds, but common in their language, relying upon the divine and wonderful energy granted them, so they neither knew how, nor attempted, to propound the doctrines of their Maker with the *art and refinement* of composition. They bestowed but little care upon the study of style; and this they did because they were aided by a greater co-operation than that of man.\* Nor was his a mind to be much exercised by the various doctrinal points upon which theologians so often differ. Questions relating to

“Fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute”

were not likely to disturb, nor to distract his peace of soul; because he would have considered them as referring more to the *form*, than to the *essence* of Christian belief; because he would have looked upon them as a mantle hung upon the statue of Truth, modifying somewhat its external outline, but in no wise altering its internal and immutable proportions. Yet I do not wish to be understood as meaning that he had no acquaintance with Patristic theology—that he was not versed in the writings of Augustine or Cyprian, Tertullian or Chrysostom. Nevertheless, I sincerely believe that he was better satisfied with positive theology—with that exegesis of the Holy Scriptures which is conformable to the general opinions of the Fathers and the Councils, *without argument*. For the tone of his mind was not such as to have made him enjoy the abstruse speculations, and the more absurd dogmas which scholastic philosophy has inwoven into the theology of modern Christianity. He would have taken sides neither with Thomas Aquinas nor Duns Scotus. He would have

\* Eccles. Hist. Lib. iii, cap. 21.

disregarded the cumbrous mysticism of the schoolmen as extravagant and indefensible. And to the speculations of recent eclectics like Kant, he would have accorded about the same respect as to the Orphic poems, or the Chaldean oracles. He was a child of faith emphatically, and asked nothing for his creed beyond the simple promises of Divine Revelation. Hence, he never struggled between the service of two masters. Hence, he never tarried among the philosophers at Athens, when he should have been among the Fathers at Jerusalem. And since speculative evil never tempted him, so did his moral sentiments never suffer degradation in the presence of his intellect. The peculiarities of his youthful training—the rigid discipline of military life—the interruption of the college course, and the early contact with the great outer-world, its hardships, its temptations, and its angularities, had given a practical turn to his mind which never forsook it. He was not one who could ever have brooked a cloistered life—a life of seclusion and meditation, and his fruits in the ministry, were those due to communal influence over his fellow-men, rather than to introspective efforts of his own mind in the solution and elucidation of great truths.

He was possessed of courage and independence in the highest degree. The moving spring of action in him was the sense of duty; in discharging which he feared no man; and what was said by Cotton Mather of Rev. Thomas Hooker, would well apply to him, viz., that “He was a person who, while doing his Master’s work, would put a king in his pocket.” But the overshadowing trait of his spiritual character—that which at all times was most prominent, was his great spirit of toleration. He was not a sectarian. He loved all men alike, with a true and catholic friendship. As his faith over-peered all his moral sentiments, so did his

philanthropy over-peer all his affections. A presbyterian by profession and practice, he never thrust his tenets upon others, in invidious comparison with their own. He did not practice personal and officious propagandism. Satisfied with the measure of light which he had received from on High, and ever praying that all might likewise receive it, he yet denied salvation to none who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and Him crucified. By whatever denominational name they might be known, Christians were everywhere his brethren, and co-heirs with Christ in the kingdom of Everlasting Life. To him Calvinism and Methodism, or Episcopacy, were, like the languages spoken on earth, only terrestrial distinctions among men, while in the heavenly courts there would be spoken but one tongue—there would be heard but one song—there would be known but one faith. In Christ he “lived and moved and had his being.” Christ was his all in all; and of Him he was ever ready to exclaim, in the sublime language of St. Ambrose, “Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ! When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of Death, Thou didst open the kingdom of Heaven to ALL believers.”

Such was the frame of mind in which he spent his long ministry of *seventy-two* years. From the first moment of his conversion, at College, he had taught himself to regard Religion as comprising the whole duty of man; and in obedience to this subjective reality, he acted throughout life. There never was a man who entertained fewer doubts, or fewer misgivings, concerning his future state. He had planted his faith on the Rock of Ages, and there it remained unshaken. He had been a zealous soldier of the church militant on earth, and he felt that when he had finished his course he would be received as a member of the church triumphant above. The very text which he selected for his own funeral sermon,

exhibits in a striking manner the convictions he entertained of his relations to his Maker: "*Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.*" Gen. v., 24. Could faith be stronger, or belief more boundless? He knew in whom he had trusted, and his assurance of salvation was as great as though he had stood upon the smoking mount, and heard it proclaimed by "the still, small voice" of Deity.

And now, in conclusion, we come to consider the most wonderful aspect under which he appeared to us all,—the aspect of his *social* character. Had Mr. Greene died twenty years ago, his life might not have been any the less noteworthy in itself; but I do not believe it would have been as interesting to us all. He was not what the world calls a great man; because the world loves secular achievement, loves secular renown; and, apart from his two years of revolutionary service, his name is to be found inscribed in no public records, either of science, art, sacred or secular literature. But he was a rare instance of that happy equilibrium between the physical and the intellectual natures, which gives perfection rather than prominence to human character, and which makes a man good rather than great. In quality of goodness, he was nearly a perfect man, practicing at all times the sublimest of Christian virtues; for,

" His life was gentle—and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This is a man!*"

If the world denied him the title of *great*, it could not, however, refuse to regard him as an interesting and an extraordinary man. He had achieved great things—greater even than the wisdom of Aristotle, or Bacon, or Descartes could secure. He had achieved a long life, a great triumph over time and the myriad influences which war against our mortal nature.

The generation which appeared at his birth—in his early manhood—aye, even after he had doubled the “grand climacteric,” had each passed away ere he put off the armor of life. We looked upon him as a monument of divine grace, as both a moral and a physical patriarch; and more than all, we looked with silent wonder upon his stalwart frame, which *ninety-eight* years of service had not exhausted. When we remembered that he was once feeble and infirm, dragging himself through college studies under the wearisome burthen of illness, it seemed little else than a miracle, that he should have been permitted for so many years to enjoy that perfect health, which was in him, emphatically, “a perpetual hymn of praise to the Deity.” What if he were not a great man in himself; yet was he so to this generation, from the historical associations which clustered around him. We looked up to him, as to a venerable oak, beneath whose branches monarchs had sat in council, or great scenes been enacted. We looked up to him reverentially, as to the “Charter Oak,” because to him, also, had been confided the safe-keeping of our liberties. He was a fragment of the past—a sole survivor among thousands of those who had acted great parts in the infancy of the republic—who had seen the rise and fall of dynasties, the birth of great ideas, and the triumphs of man’s intellectuality in so many ways. For my part, I never could so much as look upon him without feeling a glow of patriotic ardor. I never could stand in his presence without having my soul kindled with historic fervor, as before my mind’s eye there passed in solemn review, that gorgeous series of human inventions and human discoveries, and that long procession of kings, dynasties, and battle-fields, which had filled so large a portion of the world’s history since that aged man was born. And whenever at parting I took his hand—that hand which had shaken Washington’s, and which was now like a connecting

link between two great centuries, both fraught with mighty events, both full of immortal names—my heart would swell with emotion, for I felt as though I stood by the side of one who had fought with Cæsar in Gaul, or with Scipio in Africa.

You could not spend an hour, or a day, in his company without perceiving the evenness of mind,—the equilibrium of temper, and the unruffled cheerfulness with which he ever bore himself. At first glance he seemed to have, if I may so express it, a perfect *rotundity* of character. There appeared nothing particularly salient or demonstrative in his bearing or conversation. His age sat lightly on him, and was “like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly.” By degrees you would perceive that there was a prominent trait in his character which overshadowed all others, and through which, as through an atmosphere of his own, he saw his fellow-men. That trait was *benevolence*. It was the outpouring of a heart surcharged with humanitarian graces. It was the golden fruit of an uncontaminated and an unperverted moral nature. It was the glorification of that spirit of charity and brotherly love, so beautifully inculcated by Christ and the apostles.

He seemed, indeed, to love all mankind; and he confided in them with a most child-like simplicity of feeling. All the little rills of emotion, all the heart-gushings and spontaneous uprisings of the affections in him, ran into one great fountain of philanthropy. And whenever some pressing object of concern to the moral or social well-being of his fellow-men, seemed about failing through lukewarmness or neglect,—whenever a point in Temperance reformation, or Bible dissemination, or Missions, or social good order, needed to be reached, he would throw himself manfully forward—singly to battle with obstacles, singly to triumph over opposition. And while engaged in this species of Christian warfare, he was never known to faint, or grow dispirited, or lose courage;

but on the contrary, he would rise in faith, in hope, and in energy, until his over-flowing heart would inspire all within reach, like a spring-tide river unable to contain its own waters, and which pours its fertilizing wealth upon all around.

Time, and long acquaintance with the world, had not soured his disposition, nor rendered him distrustful of his neighbor. As he never made an enemy in all his life, so had he no remembrance of past feuds, or angry bickerings, or sad contentions, to embitter his feelings. Unlike most old men, he never exhibited any symptoms of a moral or social ossification of heart, nor of a callousness or petrification of the affections. He seemed instinctively to see only good qualities in every one, and could scarcely be made to conceive of a moral deformity of character. To him the world was like a great picture-gallery, in which everybody appeared smooth, plausible, and presentable. He saw men only in their holiday attire, and with the unselfish side of their natures uppermost. At ninety-eight, he was still a child in worldly experience. The dewy freshness of youth, the buoyancy and hilarity of boyhood, were still present in his feelings, as though life with him was perennial. And the energy of thought with which he expressed himself, the quiet, cutting humor ever shining through all his sayings, that humor which was truly his "ruling passion," strong in life, strong even in death,—these manifestations of mental vigor, as you sat within the influence of their glow, filled and bewildered you with amazement; for,

"Though old, he still retained  
 His manly sense, and energy of mind,  
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe,  
 He still remembered that he once was young,  
 His presence etched no doleful joy;  
 For he a graceful looseness, when he pleased, put on,  
 And laughing could instruct."

Another and an equally prominent trait in his character, was his strong, undying patriotism. Time, age, infirmities, could effect no lukewarmness in this sentiment. From the day that he shouldered arms at Roxbury, up to the time of his death, he was, and always felt himself to be, enlisted for active service in the cause of his country. He was not ashamed of having been a soldier. He was proud of it. He had fought in as noble a cause as did any of the simple-minded, God-fearing soldiers of Cromwell, or Gustavus Adolphus, or William of Orange; and he could not forget it. He felt that it was no disparagement to the character of a Christian, to bear arms in defense of his country; and he was ready to say, as did St. Augustine to the Roman General Boniface, "Do not believe that no one bearing arms can lead a life well-pleasing to God. The holy David bore arms, to whom the Lord gave so strong a testimony; and so did most of the good men of that age. The centurion bore arms. \* \* \* To the same class also belonged Cornelius, to whom the angel was sent, and to whom he said, 'Thy prayers and thy alms are come up for a memorial before God.'"

Mr. Greene's patriotism was, manifestly, not an abstraction of the closet. It was not a canting, shallow, pretentious doctrine, oscillating between moral and civil ultraisms. He looked upon his country and its institutions, as upon a scheme of human government approaching nearest to perfection. It was a practical realization of all the best elements of civil authority, and of all the eternal principles of truth and justice, which had come down to us from antiquity. If it was less democratic than Athens, it was also less tyrannical and less discordant. If it did not possess the centralizing power of Rome, it had, what was far better, its glorious municipal liberties—those franchises so dear to the citizen in every independent state. These were the principles in whose

support Milton had written his "Defensio Populi," and James Otis and Fisher Ames had thundered, when assailing the famous Writs of Assistance. And now, that they had been incorporated into the National Constitution, and into State Constitutions, he could overlook those subordinate and inconsequential principles of local government, which are incidental to diversities of soil, climate, and education. Nay, these very diversities of soil and occupation, far from distracting the spirit of unity in our government and people, he felt would only preserve it the better, by creating a constant necessity for mutual reliance and mutual support—for mutual assistance and mutual encouragement—and for mutual forbearance and mutual forgiveness. Hence he was not a theorizer. He was not a social reformer. He did not belong to the Quixotic school of our latter-day *illuminati*. His patriotism took the broad, sensible ground of *conservatism* towards all national institutions, towards all the institutions of society. He had felt the oppression beneath which the American colonies struggled, ere yet they struck a blow for Liberty. He had himself assisted in the holy war of the Revolution. He had witnessed the birth of the Republic—the formation of its constitution, and the slow, almost hesitating adoption of it by the various States. He had been a laborer in the work of erecting our free government. He had assisted in building that great ship of state, which, for eighty years, he saw, plowing the ocean of time with increasing majesty and splendor.

"He knew what master laid *its* keel,  
 What workmen wrought *its* ribs of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what a forge, and what a heat,  
 Were shaped the anchors of *its* hope."

He knew, therefore, what all these blessings cost, what treasure was paid for them, and by whom.\* To him they were a priceless inheritance; and he clung to them with an affectionate ardor which nothing could abate. His letters, borrowing their hue from this predominant complexion of his mind, were ever interspersed with patriotic admonitions, and exhortations to his friends and fellow-citizens. And in

\* In order that some estimate may be formed of the *pay* which Revolutionary soldiers realized from the Continental Government, I have introduced the following exhibit of the value of Federal currency during different years,—

## CONTINENTAL SCALE OF DEPRECIATION,

AS ESTABLISHED BY CONGRESS.

VALUE OF 100 DOLLARS PAPER MONEY IN SPECIE.							
	DOLS.	90THS.	8THS.		DOLS.	90THS.	8THS.
1777.				1778.			
Sept. 1. . . . .	100			Aug. 7. . . . .	27	87	3
" 15. . . . .	99	62	2	" 15. . . . .	26	88	5
Oct. 2. . . . .	95	68	6	Sept. 2. . . . .	21	78	5
" 20. . . . .	85	84	6	" 18. . . . .	22	84	4
Nov. 1. . . . .	82	73	0	Oct. 6. . . . .	20	81	5
" 17. . . . .	78	73	0	" 16. . . . .	19	81	4
Dec. 4. . . . .	74	70	0	Nov. 5. . . . .	17	88	0
" 17. . . . .	71	74	7	" 17. . . . .	16	83	2
1778.				Dec. 11. . . . .	14	89	5
Jan. 1. . . . .	67	85	0	" 25. . . . .	13	87	0
" 19. . . . .	64	59	7	1779.			
Feb. 3. . . . .	61	83	2	Jan. 9. . . . .	12	85	1
" 14. . . . .	59	77	3	" 24. . . . .	11	89	7
Mar. 2. . . . .	56	79	6	Feb. 11. . . . .	10	85	6
" 18. . . . .	52	84	5	Mar. 2. . . . .	9	87	7
April 5. . . . .	48	74	4	April 3. . . . .	8	89	7
" 19. . . . .	45	76	5	May 10. . . . .	7	89	5
May 1. . . . .	42	77	5	June 21. . . . .	6	89	2
" 20. . . . .	39	80	0	Aug. 8. . . . .	5	89	6
June 6. . . . .	36	86	1	Sept. 28. . . . .	1	88	4
" 19. . . . .	34	77	3	Nov. 22. . . . .	3	89	6
July 2. . . . .	32	79	3	1780.			
" 16. . . . .	30	79	0	Feb. 2. . . . .	2	89	1
				Mar. 18. . . . .	2	45	0

illustration, I cannot refrain from quoting from one of them, written in his 98th year, which, for vigor of style and beauty of sentiment, is strikingly remarkable.

After thanking his friend for certain kindly remembrances, he says:—

“For these marks of respect and kindness—to my fellow-citizens, and to my Father in Heaven, the giver of every good and perfect gift—the only reward I can present is, *the United States, free and independent.* They cost me the sufferings of a soldier’s three years, and the dangers of three severe battles. *Take care of the Union! Take care of the Union! Take care of the Union!* Study the Bible. Support and listen to the truths of the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God. My days are nearly numbered. My only hope of salvation is in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

And how truly was the whole method of his life arranged in conformity to this hope! How truly did the tenor of his daily walk exhibit that peace of spirit, that inward grace of godliness, which so abundantly proves that “the glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience.” He had staked his happiness on something higher than the likes or the dislikes of men. While still of the earth, he had put off from earliest youth, those common infirmities, ambition, covetousness, and pride. Once started on his Pilgrim’s Progress, he never relaxed his march toward the Holy City; but went cheerfully on, singing the songs of Zion, and refreshing his courage with,—

“What nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy,  
The soul’s calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.”

When his active duties as a clergyman had ceased, he

still served the Lord "in the beauty of holiness," if only by standing, and waiting in His courts. He still strove, against infirmities, to be present in this holy sanctuary on each returning Sabbath. And who is there, of those whose privilege it was to sit within the beaming light of his countenance here, that does not miss him in this seat, which his venerable form so often adorned? Who does not miss his sanctifying prayer, and his still more sanctifying blessing? Who does not miss the Enoch and the Elijah of this congregation, the patriarch and the priest,—

"Our father, friend, example, guide, removed"?

Of the Sabbath School he was particularly fond. Those little lambs, with the horn-books of Scriptural instruction in their hands, were objects of great interest in his sight. He loved to see them, to instruct them, and to encourage them; and they were ever uppermost in his thoughts when communing with God. In his last illness, a little girl called upon him, and it was delightful to see the transport of joy with which this visit affected him. He mentioned it over and over again, and dwelt upon it with the tenderest emotions of gratitude. It seemed as though that little visitor had cast a ray of sunshine far into the dark valley to which he was hastening. He never forgot that dear child; and I have no doubt his dying blessing fell upon her. And in return, the little children all loved him. They loved, with the peculiar discernment of childhood, that great-hearted old man, who was never moody, never melancholy, nor misanthropic, but always genial, joyous, and generous-spirited. They claimed him as theirs; they clustered around him, and sought for his paternal greeting, and his approving look,—

'E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile,  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given;  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven."

And where those "serious thoughts" had so often rested, thither, also, finally went his spirit. To live is one thing, to live *well* another, and a far nobler one; yet, neither strength, nor virtue, nor piety, nor prayers, can relieve us from the inexorable doom of mortality. For "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?" (Ps. lxxxix., 48.) As it came to pass with the patriarchs and the prophets, so in turn did it come to pass with our friend. After a long, an useful, and a holy life—after serving God, and generations of men—after laying up treasures in that bright land which he had selected for his everlasting home—the great summons at last came to him. Not unprepared did it find him; not slumbering in apathy; not listless from overweening self-confidence;—but active and vigilant, his feet shod with faith, his lamp lit with Gospel truth, and his pilgrim's staff of Christian hope in his hand.

Day by day we saw him ripening, like a shock of corn, for the harvest. Day by day he grew more wondrous in our sight, more instructive to our generation, fuller of spiritual effulgence and striking originality. His physical character was, if anything, more remarkable than his intellectual character. Blest with a vigorous, well-knit, and sinewy frame, time had left but little outward impress on him; and on the threshold of a century, he still walked with head but slightly bowed, and step both firm and easy. Temperance, activity,

and frugality,—early-rising, daily labor, and simplicity of living, had preserved him from that self-generated decay which hangs descriptive labels upon a majority of mankind. As pure in his habits as he was in his spirit, he regulated the daily conduct of his body, under the solemn reflection that it was the tabernacle of the Holy Ghost. (1 Cor. iii. 16.) He did it in youth, in manhood, and in declining years, and received for his reward the rich blessing of a cheerful, a happy, a golden old age.

It is a rare thing for men to grow old gracefully. It is rare indeed that the sunset of life is bright and cloudless. Mankind live so much for the present, so little for the future—the future even of this life—that they never think of educating themselves for that old age, which, under God's good providence may some day dawn upon them. They consume their hearts, their bodies, their minds—all their higher faculties in fact, in the feverish struggle for present gain or present pleasure. They convert themselves into mere intellectual manikins, with a brain only taught to calculate, and a hand only taught to clutch. With a leanness of heart that shines through the thin crust of a gilded exterior, they literally dance through life to the music of their own fetters, daily mortgaging the peace and comfort of years for one brief hour of mad enjoyment. And when old age does come, it is full of apprehension, full of remorse, full of bitterness, like a cold, rainy day to the homeless and unsheltered, chilling the heart and souring the affections.

But how different the sunset of that pious life, whose memory we are here assembled to honor. How full of love, peace of heart, and good-will towards men! How full of hope, instruction, and consolation! What a savor of grace has it not left behind! Delightful is the task of commemo-

rating it. Pleasant indeed it is to bring here a little cotton and oil to feed the lamp of remembrance; to burn a little friendly incense, and to bestow an humble measure of praise upon the memory of one of the founders of the Republic. As he had lived, so he died—a righteous man full of godliness—a Christian soldier, his feet covered with the dust of an holy war. As his whole life had been a constant preparation for death, so death found him calmly, trustfully expectant, awaiting

“The meed of Saints, the white robe and the palm.”

Nothing could be more beautiful, in its example and in its encouragement to Christians, than was his putting off of these clogs of time—of “this muddy vesture of decay.” Truly apostolic was the end of that pious life, which had required nearly a century to complete its Heaven-appointed labors. And like the orb of day, and with it also,\* how gloriously did he pale his light! how peacefully did he sink to rest!

On a summer’s eve, as the last rays of the westering sun were slowly climbing yonder tall spire, an angel form, crowned with amaranth, came and stood at his bed-side. His brow, which in the morning had worn a stormy hue—true type of his early manhood,—now calmed into a smile of repose, looked placid and serene. No wave of agitation swept through the chambers of his soul. No agony, no anguish, revealed itself through form or feature. The battle of life had been fought, the victory was achieved, and he waited only for the coming of that charioteer who was to lead him to his crown of glory. Already that silent messenger,

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\* Mr. Greene died at sunset.

“unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen,” was hovering beside him; and as the last rhythm of his great heart, like the running down of a musical clock, slowly died into an echo, there fell a sudden gloom upon all present, for they knew that his spirit had passed beneath the shadow of the angel’s wing.

Oh, what a noble epic was his! What a glorious consummation of the divine purposes of human life! What a Christian euthanasia, to lie down with prophets and martyrs, in the royal company of Saints,—in the certain hope of eternal life! Who, with the prospect of such a victory before him, would hesitate to don the panoply of Christian knight-hood! Who would not hasten “to lay hold on the horns of the altar!” While, therefore, we have time—while yet the evil days are afar—let us hasten to become wise. Let us strive to be now, what we hope to be in another world. Let us strive to *live* great things, rather than to *speak* them\*—to emulate this good and faithful servant—to earn a heavenly crown like his; so that when the great summons comes, as come it will to us, it may find us ready, willing, longing, to bow the head, to bend the knee, to clasp the hands, and to exclaim with our most heartfelt utterances,—Lord, we are thine. Thou gavest us our spirit; now do we commend it to Thy keeping. These are our works, these our fruits, these our triumphs. They were ours. They are thine. Take them now—take them all—take them forever and ever. Glory in the Highest. Amen!

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\* “Non loquimur magna, sed vivimus.”—Cyprian, *De Bono Patientie*, p. 247.



## RESOLUTIONS OF PUBLIC BODIES.

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THE Presbytery of Long Island, at its recent Session in East Hampton, adopted the following minute in reference to the late Rev. Z. GREENE, which they ordered to be published in the *Presbyterian* and the *New York Observer*, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

It having pleased Almighty God to remove, by death, the Rev. ZACHARIAH GREENE, a venerable and beloved father in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and for seventy-three years a member of this Presbytery, and for sixty-one years the Pastor of the Church of Setauket—in the ninety-ninth year of his age—Presbytery desire to recognize the solemnity of this Divine Providence, and to bear its testimony to the Christian character and many excellences of our departed father.

He was a devoted patriot through the gloomy period of our Revolutionary struggle, having been actively engaged in rearing the fortifications at Dorchester Heights; in the battle of White Plains; and in several other skirmishes, in one of which he received a severe wound in the shoulder, which was probably the cause of changing his course in life.

Disabled for warfare, he immediately returned to a course of study, which he had relinquished at his country's call, and which led him, eventually, to the sacred ministry.

It is a singular coincidence, not unworthy of recognition, that the very spot of ground on which Father Greene so long fought with "spiritual weapons," was one of the scenes in which he once fought with "carnal weapons."

In 1777, he was one of the party, under Colonel Parsons, which crossed over to Setauket, with the view of capturing a company of British soldiers and Tories, who had taken possession of and barricaded the Presbyterian church

in that place; the very building in which Father Greene afterwards preached the Gospel for thirty-four years. (See PRIME'S *History of Long Island*.)

He was an active, zealous, and warm-hearted Christian; a wise, skillful, and affectionate pastor; and a faithful presbyter.

Though long laid aside from active duties, by his great age and growing infirmities, yet he continued to exhibit, to the close of life, undiminished interest in the church, his brethren, and the cause of the blessed Master; and now that he has entered into his rest, he leaves behind him an honored memory, grateful to his many friends, and worthy of the imitation of his brethren in the ministry of this Presbytery.

By order of Presbytery Long Island,

THOS. McCAULEY, *Stated Clerk*.



At the regular Quarterly Meeting of the Hempstead Bible Society, held July 12th, 1858, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His wise providence, to remove from our midst, since our last meeting, our reverend and honored father in Christ, the Rev. ZACHARIAH GREENE, the President of the Society, who has presided over our councils since the organization of the same, in 1852; and a promoter of the Bible distribution prior to the existence of any Bible society on this island; and WHEREAS, this event has deprived us of a wise counselor, a true friend, and an uncompromising champion of Bible Christianity; therefore,

*Resolved*, That though we deeply feel this stroke, we would bow with submission to the Divine will, knowing that the Judge of all the earth doeth right; and while we remember with gratitude that he has been spared so many years to us, we would earnestly pray, that we may be enabled to follow him as far as he walked in the steps of our dear Redeemer; and like him, may we finish our course with joy!

*Resolved*, That we offer to his bereaved family, our Christian sympathy.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary cause a copy of these resolutions to be furnished to the family of our deceased President, and cause the same to be published in the *Village Paper* and the *Bible Record*.









APR 10 1939

