

for Alumni & Friends of New Jersey's State University

fall 2002

RUTGERS

M A G A Z I N E

\$3.00

The Trouble with Henry “I helped rout the British, dined with the founding fathers, and hosted a memorable gala at my home for the Marquis de Lafayette. I played a pivotal role in the presidential election of 1800 and provided funds to build Tammany Hall and the first American military steamship. Dedicated to learning, I helped save several schools and colleges, including a small colonial college in New Jersey. So now, nearly two centuries after my death, *where am I?*”



the Search for Colonel Henry

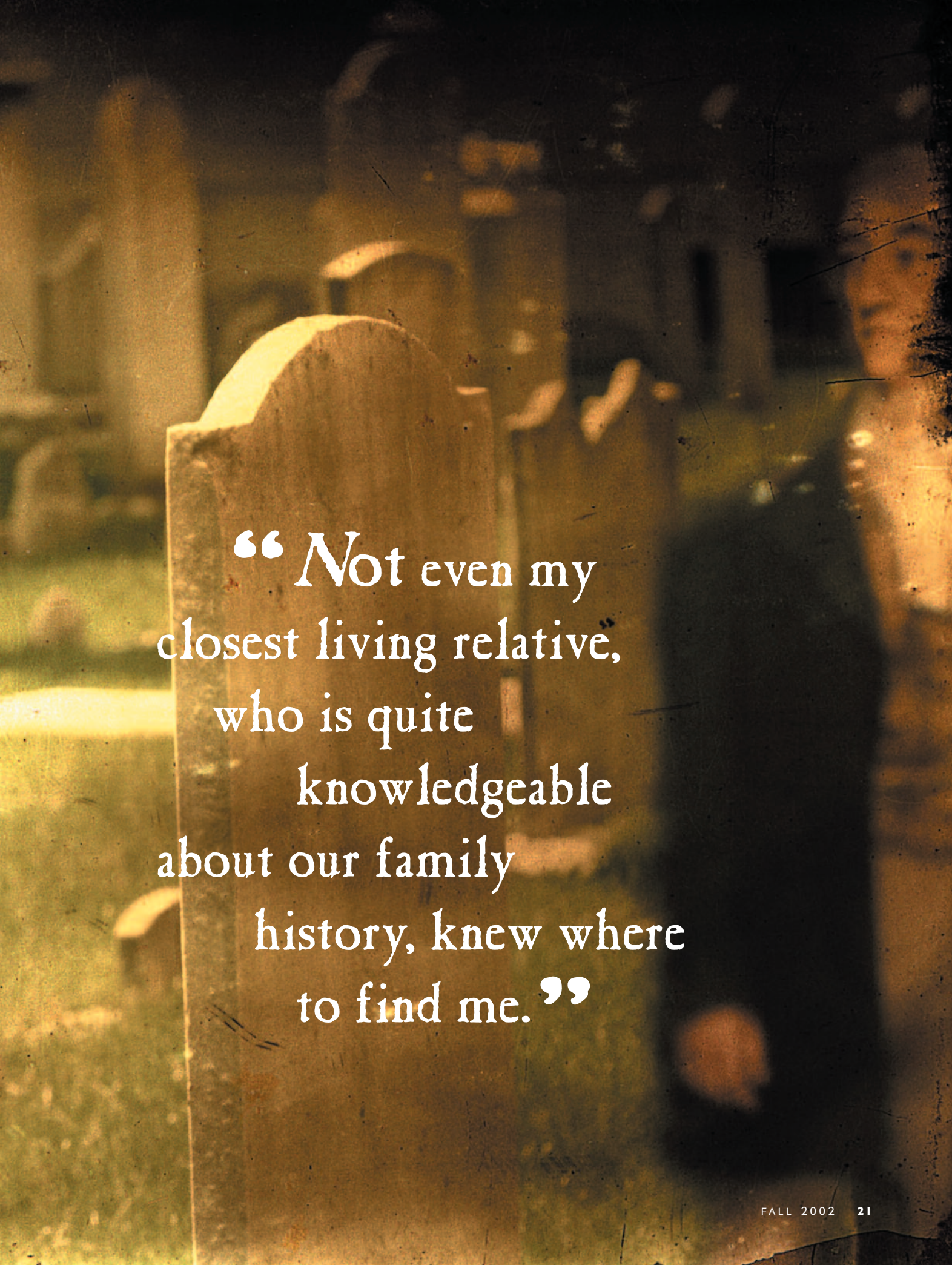
Henry Rutgers fought in the Revolution, played a key role in early New York City, and gave Queen's College a crucial donation.

But 171 years after his death, no one had the foggiest notion of where he was buried.

By Lori Chambers and Bill Glovin

hunkered beneath the elevated portion of Route 21 that cuts an industrial area of Belleville off from the Passaic River, the brown sandstone church seems to cower from the passage of three centuries. From the roadway above, the soaring steeple looks close enough to touch; from the slate paving stones surrounding the church, traffic overhead is loud enough to drown out voices. Since 1697, the congregation of the Belleville Reformed Church has worshiped at this corner where Rutgers and Main Streets meet. Once, rolling farmlands led down to the riverbank; now, concrete industrial buildings and aging vinyl-clad houses clutter treeless streets.

During the American Revolution,



“Not even my
closest living relative,
who is quite
knowledgeable
about our family
history, knew where
to find me.”

“ Upon hearing the
Declaration of
Independence read aloud
in New York City
for the first time on
July 9, 1776, we marched
down to Bowling
Green, pulled the lead
statue of King George
from its pedestal and
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IN 2001, RUTGERS
UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES WAS
ABLE TO PURCHASE
HENRY RUTGERS' WATCH
FOB WITH AN ENGRAVED
CITRINE AT AUCTION.

it is said, a sentry scanned the horizon from the site, looking for signs of a British advance. Camouflaged by a mantle of soot and weeds, its brilliant stained-glass windows dimmed beneath protective glass, the church seems once again under siege.

The congregation has dwindled to less than 40 souls, all elderly, none wealthy. The church lives precariously, its bills paid by Sunday collections, monthly charity events, and weekly rental to a local Hispanic congregation. Vibrations from the roadway have cracked the plaster walls, and the organ no longer works—but then again, the organist died a few years ago. Many of the whispered prayers are for a miracle to keep the doors open. With the church's very survival in doubt, there is little energy to devote to its cemetery, where rest the bones of 67 Revolutionary War veterans—more soldier-patriots, possibly, than at any other location in the country. Many stones have toppled, and knee-high brush chokes those that still stand. Small American flags mark the graves of a handful of the soldiers, but even these have disintegrated to mere scraps of fabric clinging to weathered sticks.

When the *Star-Ledger* ran an article late in 1999 on the plight of the church, John Pearson, director of leadership gifts for the Rutgers University Foundation, was appalled that a site of such historic significance could be so neglected. On the Newark campus, John Floreen, professor of fine arts, noted the church's proximity to Newark and the ties it shared with Rutgers to the early Dutch Reformed Church. But their interest might have lasted only until the turn of the page, except for one intriguing aside: The article contained a reference to the cemetery's Rutgers family plot, where the remains of Colonel Henry, for whom the university was named, were said to lay moldering among those of his fellow patriots.

I've got to admit that I'm somewhat surprised that no one thought to look for my final resting place before. After all, the bell I gave still hangs in the cupola of Old Queen's, my \$5,000 donation is still bearing income, and the university still carries my name. Not even my closest living relative, my great-great-grandnephew Nicholas G. Rutgers IV—who is quite knowledgeable about our family history—knew where to find me.

I was born into prosperity on Monday evening, October 7, 1745, the fourth son of Hendrick and Catharine. My two eldest brothers died at birth. My mother's father, Johannes dePeyster, had been mayor of New York. It may have been a sign of things to come that shortly after I was born, a wharf belonging to my paternal grandfather, Captain Harmanus, was taken by the British to fortify New York.

My great-grandfather left what is now Albany to settle in New York City after Indians started burning the barley fields he cultivated to brew beer. He built a house and brewery on Maiden Lane, the street where Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton would live during my lifetime and where the Federal Reserve building is now located. He bought a 100-acre farm whose borders stretched to the East River and out to streets known today as Delancey to the north, Catharine to the south, and East Broadway to the west. When

he died, he left the farm to my father.

When I was 10 years old, we built a stately home on the farm, complete with bricks imported from Holland. My father's friend Benjamin Franklin installed lightning rods on our house and visited from time to time to check on them. On November 5, 1755, the ground shook and our iron shutters tumbled to the ground. Many of our neighbors feared that Mr. Franklin's lightning rods were responsible, but we later learned that an earthquake originating in Lisbon had been felt on this side of the Atlantic.

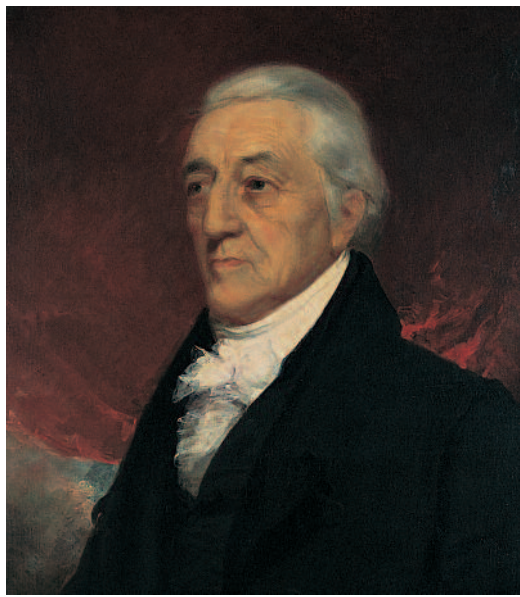
After lessons, my friends and I rode horses through the fresh meadows and rolling hills of lower Manhattan. Sometimes wolves would spook our mounts, so riding skills were essential. I used to overhear my father and Mr. Franklin grumbling about Tory taxes and the way the British perceived colonists. My parents stressed education and sent me to King's College (today Columbia University), where I joined an organization called the Sons of Liberty. The tenor of our meetings was clear: unite the colonies and win independence from the British.

We met at such places as Fraunces Tavern and schemed against our oppressors. We took a cue from our fellow patriots in Boston and held our own tea party in Hudson Harbor. We responded to the Stamp Act by burning the royal governor's carriage at Bowling Green and boldly put up the Tree of Liberty, a pine post on the parade ground where Tory soldiers exercised. The fight that broke out afterward may have been the first violent confrontation of the Revolution.

Many of our well-heeled friends, neighbors, and cousins didn't support the struggle for independence, and people were divided into two camps: loyalists and patriots. When it became too dangerous to meet in public, we moved our gatherings to my home and the homes of other patriots. Alexander Hamilton, a fellow alumnus of King's College and about 10 years my junior, always spoke eloquently about our cause at the meetings. No one was surprised when, on April 23, 1775, a messenger came down the Post Road from Boston to warn us that shots had been fired at Lexington and Concord.

Already secretly organized as a militia, we soon seized control of New York's custom house and city hall. In May, at the head of a company of grenadiers, we met the Boston, Connecticut, and New York delegates to the Continental Congress at the ferry and escorted them to Newark before they continued on to Philadelphia. Upon hearing the Declaration of Independence read aloud in New York City for the first time on July 9, 1776, we marched down to Bowling Green, where we pulled the lead statue of King George from its pedestal and melted it down to make 42,000 bullets. General Washington was right when he said that the British would first strike in New York. We looked on with awe and fear when more than 100 British warships and 500 cargo ships began sailing into Hudson Harbor and docked along the shores of Staten Island and Brooklyn. It looked to us like all of London was afloat.

☞ No one could quite pinpoint on what authority the claim was made that Colonel Henry Rutgers lay among the weeds and brambles of the Belleville church. The tale had been published as fact in at least one book on New Jersey graveyards. John Pearson could not locate the colonel's grave, but he did take



A PORTRAIT OF HENRY RUTGERS BY HENRY INMAN NOW HANGS IN OLD QUEEN'S. LESS THAN A CENTURY PASSED BETWEEN THE COLONEL'S DEATH AND THE BIRTH OF HIS GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-NEPHEW NICHOLAS G. RUTGERS IV. NICK STANDS ON WHAT WAS HIS ANCESTOR'S FARM AT THE CORNER OF HENRY AND RUTGERS STREETS IN NEW YORK CITY, NOW HOME TO ST. THERESA'S CHURCH.

note of a plaque on the front of the church, placed by the Daughters of the American Revolution, that listed the names of 60 patriots buried on the grounds, including a Captain Henry Rutgers. He noted, too, the deplorable state of the cemetery. "It seemed that with the church's ties to the Rutgers name, and Rutgers' ties to the Dutch Reformed Church, there must be something that the university could do."

The same thought struck John Floreen, the director of the Rutgers University Chorus, who played with the thought of holding a concert there, especially after a visit revealed that the building's acoustics were perfectly suited to a choral performance. The grounds, however, were another story. "The cemetery was totally forlorn," says Floreen. "The Rutgers Chorus couldn't perform there with the Rutgers family plot in such a state." In November 1999, 15 members of the chorus took to the cemetery with edgers and clippers and trash bags. While the students sacked more than 50 bags of garbage and debris, Floreen and Pearson maneuvered between the tombstones with a lawn mower. The cemetery looked a shade less dismal when a standing-room-only crowd packed the Belleville church for the December holiday concert, featuring a program that mixed colonial-era songs and Dutch Reformed Church hymns with selections from the Hispanic, Asian, and African-American traditions

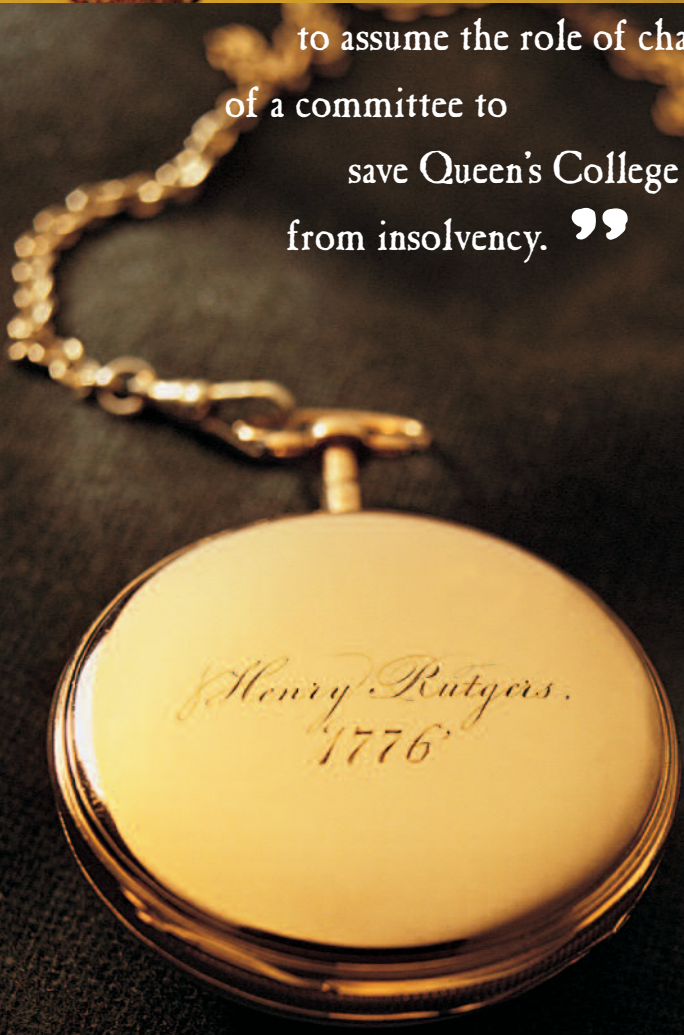
HANDWRITTEN MINUTES
FROM QUEEN'S COLLEGE
TRUSTEE MEETINGS SHOW THAT
HENRY RUTGERS CAME TO
NEW BRUNSWICK IN 1816 AND
1817. HIS ENGRAVED WATCH IS
ALSO IN THE ARCHIVES.

...of the community.
The unanticipated turnout and the subsequent media coverage told Pearson and Floreen that something about the plight of the careworn church and the mystery of Colonel Henry's final resting place fired the imaginations of a wide range of people. They quickly assembled an ad hoc committee to explore how to reinvigorate the church and dubbed it the Belleville Project. It would also determine, once and for all, whether the bones of Colonel Henry lay in the shadow of the tall central obelisk on which, barely legible, is carved the single name "Rutgers."

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I'm lucky I didn't meet my demise at the Battle of Brooklyn in 1776, as did my older brother, Herman, said to be the first American killed in the British bombardment of Red Hook on Long Island. Our army—outmanned five to one by Tories and Hessians—was butchered that terrible week. On the night of August 29, our army narrowly escaped total defeat by making our escape across the East River toward Manhattan in thick fog.

Back from my mission, I was ready to join the ranks as a junior first lieutenant of the First Company in the Second Battalion in New York. The gale that followed the fog delayed the British and gave me time to bid farewell to my family. I would never see many of them again. Riding to the edge of our farm, I took one last look back and vowed that if my life was spared, I would each year give away one-quarter of any future wealth to benevolent causes.

I joined General Malcolm's regiment in Harlem Heights and, a few weeks later, rode secretly with a friend into the city to check on our affairs. I learned that my parents had fled to Albany and our house had become British General Lord Howe's headquarters. A loyalist cousin, Gerry dePeyster, betrayed our presence to the British and my friend was promptly hanged. There was speculation that another noble patriot, Captain Nathan Hale, was hanged as a spy from a tree in our farm's apple orchard.

Our losses were great and morale was low; each day we wondered if there would be enough soldiers to fight on. In October, in the Battle of White Plains, I was among the wounded. I was brought from Chatterton Hill to the Meeting House and placed in the back of an open carriage. Over several months I recovered, and I joined the ranks again as Hudson Valley mustermaster.

My job was to keep track of names, ranks, promotions, dates of enlistment, dispositions, and how much pay was owed to each man. I wrote six letters to my good friend Mustermaster General Joseph Ward, informing him about the terrible morale problems we were facing due to lack of Congressional support. In August 1779, word came that my father had passed and had left me the bulk of his estate. I wondered if I would live to make use of it. But two years later, thanks in part to the efforts of our allies, the French, our army finally brought the British to their knees at Yorktown. The war was over and I was finally heading home. Our house, which had been turned into a British hospital, was in considerable disrepair. On the door was the mark of confiscation, a symbol I made sure to preserve as a reminder of our long and bitter struggle.

It took two more years to sign a treaty with Britain. Soon

after, my aunt Elizabeth sued Joshua Waddington, a New York Tory who had earned considerable profits when he took over the Maiden Lane brewery she had inherited from my grandfather. Hamilton, who had helped negotiate the treaty, represented Waddington and argued that a decision that favored my aunt could upset a delicate peace. Our family lawyer, Aaron Burr, argued my aunt's case. Much to our disappointment, Hamilton's argument prevailed. The case was one of the most important legal decisions in our country's early history.

That same year, I was elected to the New York State legislature. As a Republican who worked quietly behind the scenes, I based my votes on what I thought would be good for people like my ancestors, who had come to this land for a better life. I possessed a gift, people said, for bringing adversaries together as gentlemen at my dinner table. Unfortunately, I was never able to find common ground between two respected friends, Hamilton and Burr.

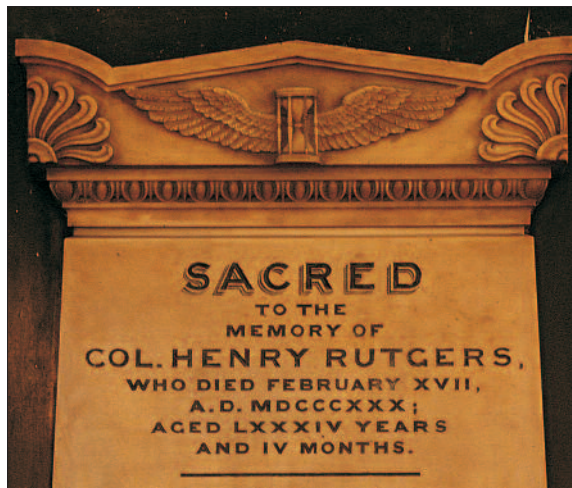
Although we had driven the British from New York, we had yet to erase every remnant of them from our culture. I raised some eyebrows when I cut my hair short and began substituting pantaloons for the knee breeches commonly worn by the Tories. I had seen for myself what the British were capable of, so I remained active in the militia. I was promoted to major and then colonel, and in 1790, I led a review of Colonel Malcolm's brigade and my regiment in a meadow on my farm. The event, which was staged to display our military might and included the presence of President Washington and New York governor DeWitt Clinton, helped win the confidence of the Creeks Indians, who occupied territory we hoped to expand into.

A huge gala in my home followed the ceremonies. My good friend Gilbert Stuart, who had painted several portraits that I proudly displayed, did all he could to dissuade the Creeks from damaging the canvases with their wandering fingers; the Indians had never seen such paintings. That day I introduced Stuart to Washington; Stuart's earliest, but unfinished, rendition of our great leader would hang in the hall of my home until 1865. I understand that today the whereabouts of the portrait are unknown.

In the presidential election of 1801, two former generals, Horatio Gates and Governor Clinton, and I were the three members of an electoral commission who helped turn the vote from Madison to Jefferson. A decade later, when the British navy began to steal cargo and take our ships, I presided over two mass meetings in City Hall Park to garner support for another war and to plan the defense of New York. We needed to use our ingenuity; I and four others put up the funds so that Robert Fulton could build a steam-powered war vessel. The ship, which helped our navy considerably, was built at my Market Street slip. After my country had defeated the British a second time, in the War of 1812, I turned my attention to a New York that was growing beyond recognition and my promise to use a quarter of my wealth for the public good.

☞ On a cold afternoon in January 2001, members of the Belleville Project committee could gauge the church's financial situation by the chill of its unheated interior. Sixteen people, including concerned citizens, historic preservationists, and representatives of Rutgers and the Reformed Church in America, had come together to save an endangered community asset. As the discussion proceeded, David C. Condliffe, director of development for Rutgers' School of Law-Newark, realized that many of the issues had important legal grounds. Who was responsible for maintenance of the churchyard? Did the federal government have any obligation to the graves of its Revolutionary War veterans? What kind of permission would be needed if an archaeological dig were commissioned? If Colonel Henry were found, what was Rutgers' responsibility to his heirs, and what were the legal statutes governing disinterment?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



DURING RECENT RENOVATIONS AT ST. THERESA'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, WHICH SITS ON LAND THAT HENRY RUTGERS DONATED, WORKERS UNCOVERED A CROSS THAT MAY DATE FROM ITS EARLIEST YEARS. A PLAQUE HONORING HIM STILL HANGS TWO BLOCKS AWAY, BEHIND THE PULPIT OF THE FIRST CHINESE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. IT IS CONSIDERABLY MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN THE SMALL, FLAT STONE THAT TODAY MARKS HIS GRAVE.

Colonel Henry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

“David brought the questions to my attention, and I realized immediately that these significant legal issues presented an unusual learning exercise for our students,” says Robert C. Holmes, director of the law school’s Community Law Program. Although outside the clinic’s usual scope, he says, the case “provided an intriguing piece of research with important public policy implications.” He adds, “The students were really fascinated. To think that they might help find the remains of Rutgers’ benefactor—it really captured their imaginations.”

Several clinical students went to work on title searches, zoning and planning research, historic property regulations, cemetery management statutes, and other legal issues. Presenting their case at the second meeting of the Belleville Project, the team advised Belleville officials and church representatives on possible avenues for maintaining the church and the cemetery. They also had some advice for the Rutgers cohort: As the State University of New Jersey, and bound by separation of church and state doctrine, Rutgers needed to establish a legitimate, secular interest in the church. Their first order of business, the students advised, must be to determine whether Colonel Henry was truly buried in the neglected churchyard. Because no records were extant at the Belleville church, another strategy—tracing Colonel Henry’s whereabouts in death through his travels in life—would need to be explored.

In Manhattan, the students visited the former Market Street Dutch Reformed Church on the corner of Market and Henry Streets—Colonel Henry, a parishioner, had donated the property on which the church had been built. Also visiting were Pearson and another committee member, Rev. Everett Zabriskie III, director of the Passaic Valley Classis of the Reformed Church in America, the area governing body responsible for the Belleville church. Although two plaques honoring Colonel Henry were prominently displayed in the building—now the First

Chinese Presbyterian Church of New York—no burial records were available.

Spinning through microfilm at the New York Public Library, law student Steve Wharton (NLaw’01) located an obituary from the *New York Post* of February 18, 1830, announcing “in the death of Colonel HENRY RUTGERS, the departure of another

of the burial. “The Market Street church was, at that time, part of the Collegiate Churches of New York,” he notes. Founded in 1628 and at its zenith comprising 23 city churches, the organization is today the oldest Presbyterian congregation in the country. “Because Colonel Henry was buried from a Collegiate church,” explains Zabriskie, “he had to be buried in a Collegiate cemetery.”

1830, in the church where Colonel Henry had worshiped, “a great memorial service” was preached by Dr. William McMurray, whose sermon that day praised “this well-beloved citizen” for his “unimpeachable moral character and uniform consistency.” With the site of the funeral confirmed, Zabriskie knew he could find the location

“Within 24 hours,” says Pearson, “Everett had the answer.”

As a humble Christian and servant of God, I began my charities with the Dutch Reformed Church, which I was honored to serve for most of my life as the chair of its board of



er of those patriots who espoused and defended the cause of Liberty.” The notice did not, however, indicate the church in which his funeral service was to be conducted. In the library of the New Brunswick Theological Seminary on the College Avenue campus—the seminary had once been part of Rutgers—Zabriskie found a second memoriam in the March 1830 issue of the *Magazine of the Reformed Dutch Church*. Although noting “a spontaneous expression of sorrow by the immense multitudes which crowded on the day of his funeral around his remains, and lined the streets,” the article, again, did not mention where the service was held.

That information was found in a slim little book, *The Kirk on Rutgers Farm*, an affectionate history of the Market Street Dutch Reformed Church. On February 28,

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direction, but I also did not shirk my duty to the Presbyterian Church, in which I was an elder. My wealth helped to support 8 to 10 churches of various denominations, and my gifts of property to any religious organization willing to build a church are visible today in two that remain, just a few blocks

the second oldest church in New York. The First Chinese Presbyterian Church, which houses what is believed to be the city's second oldest pipe organ, was the Market Street Reformed Church. Inside the latter are two large plaques in my honor; St. Theresa's still holds the ribbon-bound deed as I wrote it.

As the city began to expand northward, I leased most of our farm to home builders and allowed the city to carve streets. I persuaded several Quaker families to move to the Market Street neighborhood, which had become infested with drunks and prostitutes. I gave \$26,000 toward the construction of Tammany Hall and parcels for a Jewish cemetery and a firehouse.

The boys in my neighborhood were all invited to my home every New Year's Eve to hear some encouraging words and take home a cake and a book or a Bible. Many were illiterate and eager to learn, but the city, always in one financial crisis or another, didn't have the funds to make schools a priority. I gave land to build Free School No. 2, laid the cornerstone, and often paid teachers wages and covered repairs. A school has stood on that spot on Henry Street since 1810, and in 1828, I was elected to succeed DeWitt Clinton as president of the Public School Society.

We also needed more physicians and educated women, so I gave funds to create a medical college and a female institute in

Manhattan. My 24 years of service as a regent to the University of the State of New York always kept me informed on matters of education. As a leader of the Dutch Reformed Church, I made the long trip to New Brunswick in 1816 and 1817 to assume the role of chair of a committee to save Queen's College from insolvency. Sometimes I would continue south to Princeton College, where I also served as a trustee. It was good to see that both cities—once held by the British—were now thriving former colonial outposts. In 1822, the Queen's College trustees—the reverends John Livingston and Philip Milledoler, Colonel Neilson, and others—came to my house for our annual meeting. I regretfully resigned my post but was confident that the college was on its way to reestablishing itself.

I put my philanthropic endeavors on hold in 1824 to host a gala at my home for the Marquis de Lafayette on his visit to New York as part of his 13-month tour of the United States. I was delighted to read in the *Gazette* a few days later that the great French general had said that he was entertained "like a prince."

The grim reaper finally came for my soul at five o'clock in the afternoon on February 17, 1830. My estate was appraised at \$907,949, which amounts to more than \$14.7 million in today's currency. I left a factory in Paterson to its manager and left a trust fund for my slave, Hannah, and her son. My servants were to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)



COLONEL HENRY'S FARM STRETCHED OVER A LARGE PORTION OF WHAT IS NOW THE EASTERN PORTION OF CHINATOWN IN LOWER MANHATTAN. HIS NAME STILL LIVES ON IN AREA BUSINESSES. NEAR LEFT, TOP, THE FIRST CHINESE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, THE SITE OF HIS FUNERAL IN 1830; ABOVE, COLONEL HENRY'S CARVED MATCHBOX, IN THE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES.

apart on Henry Street: St. Theresa's Roman Catholic Church and the First Chinese Presbyterian Church. In my day, St. Theresa's was the Rutgers Street Presbyterian Church,

The Colonel's Last Word

Despite the best efforts of *Rutgers Magazine*, this account of my life just scratches the surface. The following resources are invaluable for discovering more about my family:

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1865. Chapter VII.

MCMAHON, ERNEST E., AND EARL SHENK MIERS.
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Manuscript Notes on the Life of Henry Rutgers. Unpublished. Special Collections and University Archives, Alexander Library, Rutgers University.



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be given my clothes. The bulk of my estate was given to my great-nephew, William Crosby, who moved into my home as a boy after his parents passed away.

In my will, I left instructions to keep the service at the Market Street Church simple. My eulogy, given by Dr. McMurray, was overly kind, and my viewing, held in the living room of my home, drew more people than I anticipated. My obituary in the *New York Post* called me a "sincere and devoted Christian" and "a steadfast friend of his country." It also kindly noted that "many literary and benevolent institutions have felt the influence of his liberality; and his private charities were almost boundless." Despite this high praise, if the kind gentlemen in New Brunswick had not named their college after me, I would be a much smaller footnote in history than I already am.

☞ Late in April 2001, David Clough (RC'69) was at his Brooklyn home when a call came in from his former Rutgers colleague John Pearson. Clough, director of major gifts and planned giving for Lincoln Center, had once held a similar title with the Rutgers University Foundation. He and Pearson had together created the Colonel Henry Rutgers Society in 1985 to honor donors who make a planned or deferred gift to Rutgers. Since then, Clough, like Pearson, had retained a soft spot for the colonel.

"Dave, we found Colonel Henry," Pearson announced.

"Where?" asked Clough.

"In your backyard," he laughed.

Days before, a single phone call from Everett Zabriskie to Rita Hollander, the archivist for the Collegiate Church of

New York, had unearthed the three—yes, three—burial spots of Colonel Henry Rutgers. One entry in the burial record book recorded his interment on February 20, 1830, at the Old Middle Church Cemetery on the corner of Nassau and Cedar Streets in Manhattan. A second notation read, "Rutgers, Colonel Removed Mar 5, 1858, from V18 OMC to V31 Laf & on Oct 10, 1865, to GWC." The Collegiate

The Colonel Henry Rutgers Concert

Rutgers University Chorus

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 2003

LATE AFTERNOON

FIRST CHINESE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

61 HENRY STREET

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

RECEPTION TO FOLLOW

The Rutgers University Chorus, under the direction of John Floreen, will present a concert in what was formerly the Market Street Dutch Reformed Church, the site of Colonel Henry Rutgers' funeral in 1830. The church, dedicated in 1819, has what is believed to be the second oldest pipe organ in New York City.



church owned a great deal of land north of Wall Street, and as its properties—including burial grounds—grew in value, they were sold off. He had been exhumed twice, according to the notation in the burial book; once from the Old Middle Church Cemetery and once from the Middle Church Lafayette Street Cemetery. His final resting place was historic Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

That very weekend, Clough and his

son, Alexander, 13, embarked on a tombstone hunt at their local neighborhood cemetery—all 478 acres of it. The final resting place of almost 600,000 souls—including notables like telegraph inventor Samuel Morse, glassmaker Louis Comfort Tiffany, and lithographers Currier & Ives—the cemetery's landscaped grounds of gardens, lakes, and rolling hills are adorned with Victorian statuary, sepulchral monuments, and fantastic mausoleums rising like castles along the horizon. A cemetery of such dignity and grandeur seemed a fitting resting place for Colonel Henry.

At the cemetery gatehouse, the Cloughs entered Colonel Henry's name into a computer and received a map with his plot clearly marked. Father and son drove along the twisting roadways to one of the cemetery's older sections, where the tombstones are simpler and weather-worn, and then took off on foot. Scanning the monuments for the inscription "Rutgers," the pair wondered if, perhaps, they would be the first visitors in 135 years to pay their respects at the old soldier's grave, and they speculated on which of this public-spirited man's many accomplishments his heirs had seen fit to memorialize in his epitaph.

But when they found the plot marked on the map, they saw no tombstone, or statue, or crypt. Indeed, they saw nothing but a square slab of unadorned concrete, with a shallow, circular depression in the center, sunk flat into the ground. "It looked," says Clough, "like a manhole cover." Disbelieving, the pair retraced their steps and carefully paced out the directions again. Arriving at the same spot, they noticed beneath the slab a small concrete marker reading "D. R. C.-N. Y."—Dutch Reformed Church of New York. The search for the grave of Colonel Henry was over.

I'm really flattered that so many people went to so much trouble to find me. Now that you know where I am, you're probably surprised by the absence of even a modest headstone that bears my name. But I never intended to

bring glory to myself, only to God and country. In my will, I consigned my body to the earth, which is where it lies, and instructed that my burial be attended by no ostentation or extravagance. Use the guilders saved to help others, I advised, and I am pleased that my executors appear to have carried out my last wishes.

And while I am at peace knowing that the nation I worked so diligently to create endures, I'm disappointed that the final resting places of many patriots who served by my side are marked only by weeds and broken headstones in the Belleville church cemetery. Members of my own family, descendants of cousin Robert Rutgers, have been forgotten in that hallowed ground as well. I take solace, however, that the spirit of community service to which I dedicated my final decades seems to have inspired those

who sought and found my grave. That endeavor may have ended, but two new ones—the identification of funding to restore the historic cemetery and the creation of a civic organization to purchase the church and care for it in perpetuity—have been undertaken by concerned citizens and friends of Belleville. A legacy such as that, if a humble public servant like myself may say so, is far greater than gilt and marble. □

Lori Chambers (RC'85), former editor of RUTGERS MAGAZINE, enjoys poking around old cemeteries and hunching over microfilm readers for hours. Senior editor Bill Glovin leaned on countless sources, including one in Hong Kong, to piece together Colonel Henry's story.

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