

AN
ADDRESS,

DELIVERED JULY 12, 1826, IN THE MIDDLE DUTCH CHURCH,

AT THE REQUEST OF

THE COMMON COUNCIL,

ON OCCASION

OF

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

OF

JOHN ADAMS

AND

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY STEPHEN N. ROWAN, D. D.

New York:

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EXTRACT

From the Minutes of a meeting of the Common Council, convened at the City Hall, on Saturday, the 8th of July, 1826.

Whereas, this Common Council has received intelligence of the decease of those venerable patriots of the Revolution, JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, who having been permitted by Divine Providence to survive the age usually allotted to man, to witness the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which they signed the Declaration of Independence ; and after having contributed, in an eminent degree, to maintain and enforce its glorious principles, did, on that day, full of years and honours, close their illustrious career :

THEREFORE,

6th. *Resolved*, That the Rev. Dr. Rowan be requested to deliver an address, suited to the occasion, in the Middle Dutch Church, in Nassau-street, on the morning of Wednesday next, and that the members of the Common Council will assemble at the Council Chamber at half past nine o'clock in the morning of that day, and walk in procession to said Church.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENT.

CAMPBELL P. WHITE,
RICHARD RIKER, Recorder.
ANTHONY LAMB,
JOHN AGNEW,
WM. P. RATHBONE,
A. N. VALENTINE.

New-York, 14th July, 1826.

SIR,

I am directed by the Committee of Arrangements of the Corporation of the City of New York, to request the favour of a copy for publication of your very eloquent and appropriate Address on a recent occasion, in which we were engaged in paying the last sad tribute of affection and respect, to the memories of the two illustrious Statesmen and Patriots, whose loss we must ever deplore.

I have the honour to be,

With much respect,

Your obedient servant,

CAMPBELL P. WHITE,

Chairman.

REV. DR. ROWAN.

ADDRESS, &c.



II. SAMUEL, I. 23.

“Saul and Jonathan, were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.”

FELLOW CITIZENS, AND FELLOW SINNERS,

THE Municipal Authorities of our City, have never before called you, and never will again call you, to render funeral honours at once to *two* such distinguished men as JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON. You have, with them, followed the bier of *Hamilton*, who was elevated above rivals, among heroes and statesmen; and who was once the future hope of his country. With them you have honoured the manes of the venerable sage of the revolution, Vice President Clinton, and of Montgomery, the hero of Quebec. You have joined in the funeral dirge of *Lawrence*, who, dying, left to our naval commanders, in the hour of conflict, the watch-word “don’t give up the ship!” And you have embalmed with your tears the memory of *M’Donough*, the hero of the Lake. But you have never before attended with the

drooping stateliness of public lamentation, the funeral of *two Presidents of these United States*.

Some of you, indeed, may have lent your feeble, but unnecessary services to perpetuate the deathless fame of *Washington*, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." But you could *thus* honour only *one* immediate successor of that immortal man; and that *succession*, apart from all other considerations, has immortalized the name of JOHN ADAMS. You could *thus* honour, but *one* author of the *Declaration of American Independence*; and that authorship will perpetuate the name of THOMAS JEFFERSON, "while the earth bears a plant, and the sea rolls a wave." You can never thus honour *two* men who have fixed their signatures to *that Declaration*; for but *one* who did the *immortal deed*, survives:* and ere our Centennial Jubilee, he, and you, will be numbered with the dead! You can never again render funeral obsequies to men, who, to their country, were so "pleasant in their *lives*;" and who, by a most remarkable coincidence of Divine Providence, in their leaving this world on the 4th of July, 1826, just fifty years after they had respectively voted the Independence of America, were, "in their death not divided."

*Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

There is no parallel between the *names* and *relations* of the distinguished *warriors* here referred to, and the distinguished citizens whose almost simultaneous departure from this life has convened us to-day. Nor, is there any similarity in the manner of their death. *Saul* and *Jonathan* were slain on the field of battle; but our honoured and lamented countrymen, died in their own dwellings. The herald who brought to David the intelligence of their death, said in substance, that

“ Slowly and sadly he laid them down,
 “ From the field of their fame, fresh and gory.”

But the heralds, who like Job's messengers of woe, came, one after an other from the dignified retirement of these modern *Cincinnati*—announced,—that the one expired probably, under the physical excitement of the recollections of *the past*, the joys of *the present*, and the anticipations of *the future* history, of his beloved country; and that the other sunk under one of the ordinary ills of life.

Yet, there are two items of coincidence, to which the passage distinctly points us: ADAMS and JEFFERSON, were joint labourers, in that vineyard which bore the Tree of Liberty that now waves its branches to the wind, and spreads its luxuriant roots through our soil; and they died on the same memorable day,

and within the compass of a few hours!—They were thus “lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.”

In briefly directing your attention to these subjects, I shall not be expected to dilate on the entire history of our two distinguished countrymen. In the first place, I lack both the materials and the capacity; and besides, their public lives are so interwoven with the history of our liberties, that it would require volumes, to do justice to either of their characters.

Indeed, the occasion precludes every thing but the circumstances which lead to the transactions of the memorable 4th of July 1776; and what occurred in respect to those individuals at the expiration of fifty years from that date. On the one they were associated in labours of love to their country,—on the other, they were associated in death.

The other parts of their eventful story, I leave to the historic pen of some *Marshall* or *Wirt*; or to the muse of some American *Homer*.

And on the topic before us, it is no affectation in me to say, I regret my inability to imitate the Egyptians and Greeks, who after embalming the dead bodies of distinguished personages, anointed them with *honey*, to keep them from putrifying in their sepulchres; that I am

under the necessity, with Gemistus Phleton, in performing a similar rite to Agesilaus, King of Sparta for want of *honey*, to lay *my heroes in wax*, made of honey combs :—and that instead of selecting one to address you on this occasion,

“*Cujus ex ore, melle dulcior fluebat oratio*”

who could have addressed you in honied accents—the lot has fallen upon one, who in the short time allowed him for preparation, can furnish nothing but common oil.*

The crisis to which our attention is called, was one, which demanded enlargement of mind,—concert in counsel,—prudence, firmness and perseverance in execution;—and love of country, abstracted from all selfish views, in the men, who were destined, in the Providence of God, to meet it.

Our country was invaded by hostile and powerful fleets and armies. The roar of British cannon sounded from our harbours, and along our shores. Our countrymen, were declared rebels and traitors. Foreign mercenaries were engaged to rivet the chains, which oppression had forged. The tomahawk and scalping knife of the natives, were employed in the British service. The slaves of the South,

* The author received notice of his appointment about 12 o'clock on Saturday night. He had to preach twice to his own people on the succeeding Sabbath. He had to be ready on Wednesday morning.

it was expected, would be armed by *our kind mother*, against their masters. Many of the wise and the good, among ourselves, doubtful of the issue, kept aloof, from the contest. Treason was lurking in our camp. And bribery, offered the honours and emoluments of the British crown, in our halls of Legislation!—

In what moral mould must the men be cast, and of what materials of moral magnanimity, must they be made, who shall meet,—who shall control,—who shall conquer, such obstacles as these, on their march to *liberty*?— Yet did the God of American Israel, raise up at that trying hour, men, in sufficient numbers,—of such ample talent,—and of such heroic firmness, as severed ours, from the land of bondage, and *proclaimed*,—and *made us free*.

Among a host of such worthies, are found the names of JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON. John Adams had, as Chairman of a committee appointed by Congress for that purpose, as early as the 15th of May, 1776, presented a resolution which was adopted, recommending to the respective Assemblies, and Conventions of the United Colonies, the establishment of Governments suited to the exigence of the times. Finding that this recommendation, elicited the favourable opinion of the public, the following resolution, was on the 17th of June, moved by *Richard Henry Lee*, and seconded

by *John Adams*. “*Resolved*,—that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and Independent States; and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.”

This resolution having been for nearly a month the subject of daily deliberation, was on the 2nd. of July, unanimously agreed to by Congress; and a *Declaration of Independence* prepared by a Committee, consisting of *Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman* and *Robert R. Livingston*;—the draft of which was made by MR. JEFFERSON,—was after amendment, solemnly made on the ever memorable *4th of July, 1776*.

Of this document I need *now* say nothing. But the occasion requires, that I should say something of the *sentiments* and *motives* of two of its framers.

From MR. ADAMS we had a right to expect the lofty sentiments impressed upon this paper. He was rocked in the “Cradle of Liberty,” and imbibed with his mother’s milk, a sense of the wrongs inflicted on his ancestors and his country by British oppression. He would therefore naturally come to such a subject, with all the ardour of his feelings, and the whole energy of his mind. But MR. JEFFERSON was born and nourished in the midst of slavery. Yet, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the atmos-

phere in which he breathed, he had so deeply inhaled the spirit of Civil Liberty, and was so universally known, as *her Champion*, that he had the honour of being first named on the Committee, which prepared the declaration.

As to the *motives* of these men—motives did I say?—what traitor to their fair fame, dare impugn the motives of such patriots as these? Ah! if ever there was *disinterested benevolence*, it glowed in the bosoms of these illustrious men at the crisis of the declaration of Independence. Men, who with a naval force in our harbours—with armed savages on our frontiers—with treason in our camp—with spys in our cities—with gold in their offer—halter round their necks, and gibbets in their eye, could in the face of day, come into the Hall of Congress and proclaim their determination *to be free*, and and give as pledges for the redemption of their purpose, their “*lives, their fortunes and their Sacred honour*” were *patriots indeed*.

Ambition! dares the tongue of slander utter the insinuation in respect to these men?—It is worse than absurd. Slanderer!—they will pass even thy ordeal!—Try them. *Ambition* is a planet that must have an entire orb of its own. In its course it is impatient of consort or rival. The ambitious man, has a strong impression of his own individual honour—thinks he would precisely suit a high place, or

that a high place would admirably become him. No flight of steps satisfy him in his ascent, if there should be a *higher* range:—and yet ascended to the *top*, he complains of being too low! He is no sooner laid, on his bed of honour, than he dreams of higher preferment. His elevation gives him fresh aspirations, and he now *treads* with a disdainful foot, on that, which yesterday he would have *kissed* to obtain.* He climbs *falling towers*, and the hope of scaling them, suppresses his fears of tumbling down. While *at the foot* of the ladder, he is like Absalom, affable, and full of insinuation; but when the public voice has spoken kindly to him, and said—“friend go up higher,” he looks as rough as Hercules, and as large, as if the channel of his blood could not be confined within his veins.

Is it like? Like whom? ADAMS or JEFFERSON, or their illustrious compeers at the crisis of the declaration of Independence? It bears not the remotest resemblance. There were then no *high places* for them to climb—no greater men, to whom they could become fawning sycophants. Their alternative, was *Liberty* or *Death*; and the preponderation of the scale, was exceedingly doubtful! And in this laudable emulation, there was no *individuality* of feeling. They were *colleagues* in the labour; and they, together awaited the award,—of emancipation

or, the grave. No!—These were men of fixed principles—and of decision of character—affording specimens of the moral sublime. They were patriots who could neither be courted, nor intimidated, nor bribed:—The wealth of the Indies had been to them as dust!—Their compass, without trepidation or variation, stood uniformly straight to its pole;—*Love of Country.* They were men, *resolved*, when others were in *suspense*. They, were *fixed stars*, when others of magnitude, were *erratick*. No proclamation of treason, could cry them down—no royal standard could induce them to desert the standard of Liberty. They had no private interests, or parties to establish on the public ruins:—But on that *misty* morning of our freedom—when politicians could scarce discern who were friends or who were foes, they scattered around them a circumference of light and influence which dispelled the gloom; and which shall not cease in diffusion until an end shall be put, to the violation of the rights and liberties of man throughout the world.

O my Country! thou wast happy in that eventful day, in the designation by Divine Providence, of men, who could thus pilot a ship, laden with a *Nations Freedom*, through the tempestuous seas of revolution, to a port of safety. Happy thou! in the gift of men, who *first* adventured their feet in the *Red Sea*,—and

passed through it into a new world, from which their posterity were to return no more, into the land of oppression.

The DEED, conveying to future millions THE RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT, being prepared and adopted, by the Joint Counsels and influence of these illustrious men;—was laid on the table of Congress for signature. It was a solemn, a responsible, and glorious moment! The solemnity was felt,—the responsibility was met,—the glory was acquired! Fifty-six names were appended to the instrument, as witnesses of their *patriotism* if their cause was successful,—and as evidences of what, Royalty would have called their *treason*, if it failed!

And as was meet—and as the Providence of God directed, the man who wrote the *Declaration*, and the man who *advocated* it, were *the last living* witnesses, of its adoption by the American Congress; and the latest survivors of those who subscribed it on *the 4th of July*:—Charles Carroll, having subscribed it afterward.*

In this sublime concert of counsel and of effort, to secure the Independence of their Country, MR. ADAMS and MR. JEFFERSON were to the eye of Philanthropy, “lovely and pleasant;” and they so continued to the end of their

* Being on the 4th of July absent, by appointment of Congress on a secret mission,

“lives.” The immortal *Washington* having retired from the stage of his labours, his usefulness and his glory, it became the dignity and duty of our country, to form a new Cabinet of the ablest and most distinguished men, among his illustrious compeers. The plan adopted by the sages of the day, being submitted to MR. JEFFERSON, he replied with the disinterestedness of the Patriot, while he expressed his honest opinion of the man who was to precede him, that JOHN ADAMS *was the only man* in the United States, in whose administration he would accept the *second* place. And when he entered on the duties of that second office—the Vice Presidency of the United States, he thus speaks of MR. ADAMS in his inaugural address to the Senate: “These (the functions of the President) have been *justly* confided to the eminent character who has preceded me here; whose talents and integrity, have been known and revered by me through a long course of years—have been the foundation of a cordial and uninterrupted friendship between us—and I devoutly pray he may long be preserved, for the government, the happiness and prosperity of our common country.”

Still more. Though subsequently differing essentially in their opinions, as to policy in the administration of the general government, they agreed in its confederated principles. And

during all the collisions and asperities of party, they entertained towards each other sentiments of the most profound respect;—and to the last interchanged correspondence, and maintained their dignity in the observance of the courtesies of social life.

And if they were thus “lovely and pleasant in their lives,”—“in their death they were not divided.”

On the anniversary of the *fiftieth* year from the day, when, *all things considered*, they gave to the world, the brightest and most substantial token of their *patriotism* in *their signature* of the Declaration of Independence—they died! When the Sun of that glorious Jubilee, shone in unclouded and Meridian splendour,—*THOMAS JEFFERSON departed this life;—and with its parting rays † JOHN ADAMS, expired!—Thus descending together, to “that Bourne whence no traveller returns,” till the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, shall usher in the morning of the resurrection.

How solemn, how instructive the change, both to them and to us!

On that eventful morn, the whole American

* During the very hour, on which fifty years before, the Declaration was read by him, and adopted by Congress.

† During the very hour, on which fifty years before, the Declaration was read from the State House to the citizens of Philadelphia.

people hailed the arrival of their political Jubilee. Fifty years of actual experiment had tested the excellence and stability of our form of government. Fifty years had witnessed the harmony of the several members of the original Confederation, and added *Eleven* more to their number. Fifty years our whole population, had lived contented and prosperous and free! And therefore we arose to exult in all the exuberance of the joys, known only, to *free men!* We gave to those joys every innocent form of demonstration. Our Star-spangled banner, was unfurled to the breeze, and the wind that waved it, bore on its wings throughout our happy land the sound of trumpets—the rattle of drums—the roar of cannon—the noise of bells—and the acclamations of millions of free men!

But now—how changed the scene!—The nation is in mourning!—On every side we hear the notes of sorrow, and behold the habiliments of woe!—The minute gun—the solemn note of the muffled drum—the reversed armour—the half-staff flag—the tolling bell—and the standard entwined with crape,—are ours *to-day*:—For two of the Fathers of their country,—ADAMS and JEFFERSON, are no-more!

And how sudden and important the change to those illustrious individuals! The consciousness of the arrival of the fiftieth year of our

Liberties, passed over their souls, like the joys of other days. Exulting—the venerable ADAMS exclaimed “*It is a great and glorious day:*”—and he spake no more!—And the venerable JEFFERSON exulted—that that was the day and that the hour of his death!—A few moments past, they, living, stood on an eminence—covered with glory! and from that eminence their *names* will never be removed. But now,—their breath is departed—their bodies rest in their graves—their spirits have appeared before the bar of Judgment. And with *them*, the Judge of all the earth—*will do right.*

FELLOW CITIZENS, AND FELLOW SINNERS!—

The Common Council of our City, in inviting us here to day, meant to exhibit no idle or unmeaning pageantry. They wished the occasion improved, to the purposes of patriotism and piety. And I should be faithless to my Office, and to them, did I not endeavour to realize their reasonable expectations.

To Piety and Patriotism then, be the remnant of this funeral hour devoted!

First in order, as first in importance to candidates for immortality, permit me to direct your attention to the concerns of your souls.

The occasion on which we are convened reminds us of our mortality. It instructs us—

that titles of honour are written in dust—and that great men must die as well as the small. There are passages to the grave, from every age and condition of life—from every spot of ground—and every moment of time. There was a great deal of point in the question which Socrates put to his friends, when they offered to rescue him from prison and from death;—“Do you know *any* place *out* of Attica where death never comes?”

This tyrant is constantly “going about, seeking whom he may devour.” He regards not the strength of the vigorous—the beauty of the comely, nor the attainments of the wise. Not the sighs of the widow, nor the cries of the orphan can melt him into compassion. Like the swelling torrent, he carries all before him without distinction. The tender flower is crushed by his storm—and grey hairs, we have mournfully seen, are the ripe harvest, for his sickle. “It is appointed unto all men once to die.” And there is a most appalling additional clause to this statute of death—“*After this the Judgment.*”

To that Judgment the two lamented Fathers of our Country have gone. We follow close after them. Others will succeed us,—and we know not what a day may bring forth. We are here to-day, but in a little time we shall be gone, and the places which now know us, shall

know us no more. And when I lift my eyes on this vast assembly, and think, with Xerxes in view of his immense army, that in a little time every individual will be in the grave,—I could weep with him, at the mournful anticipation—and would add the earnest exhortation—“Prepare to meet thy God!”

The only way to be prepared for this change, pointed out by the inspired Scriptures, is “repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ”—who is the Brightness of the Father’s Glory, and the express Image of his Person. As sinners then condemned to die, by God’s Holy Law, accept the Lord Jesus Christ in the Glory of his Person, and the fullness and freeness of his Grace. “Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed *are* all they that put their trust in him.” Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ: and then when you come to grapple with the King of terrors, though you may not with the heroes and statesmen of our Revolution be greeted with the plaudits of a nation—you will have that which is of far greater importance, to a dying man—the plaudit of your God—and may expire in the shout of victory, “O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory.”

2d. At the funeral of the great authors of our *Independence*, let us learn to admire and hold fast the principles of the *instrument* which *declared* it,

While the wisdom of modern legislators is suggesting alterations in the *Constitution* of the United States,—an instrument which ought to be kept sacred, as consecrated by the genius of *Hamilton*,—approved by the judgment of *JEFFERSON*, and pronounced by *ADAMS*, to be the “result of good heads, prompted by good hearts;”^{*}—and of which no better alteration can be made, than to restore it to its original form:—While alterations, I say, are making in that instrument, the *Declaration of Independence* can never be mutilated. Its principles are so self-evident; and expressed in language so classical, and appropriate to the dignity of the subject, that it must ever remain a monument of the genius and patriotism of the man who penned it—and be under God, one of the best preservatives of *love of country* at our *great anniversary festival*. Let it be read on that memorable day, to all future generations! Let our Common Council, who are ever foremost in the adoption of measures, calculated to cherish the spirit of liberty, have a copy of

* In his speech delivered to both houses of Congress, March 4th, 1798.

this instrument elegantly engrossed on parchment, and transmitted ere it be too late, to the venerable Carroll, its last surviving signer; to be by *him* certified that it is authentic, and by *them* used on every successive celebration of the *fourth of July*. Let the National Government, and at the Nations expense, multiply millions of copies, in proportion to the increase of our population. Let them be deposited in every city and village. Let every parent have it in his power to present one to each of his children as soon as they can read. *Let it become the political text-book of America*—and it will, under the blessing of Heaven prove the bond of our union, and perpetuate our liberties, while *freemen* can give to each other the pledges of “their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour.”

And let the man who wrote it, and who on the day of our Jubilee, while he “committed *his soul* to God,” bequeathed “his *Child* to his country,”—be, *in her*, rewarded for the blessings *he* has bequeathed to us. And if the present generation is not rich enough,—let *them draw on posterity*, for the means of keeping *every descendant of the author of the Declaration of Independence*, from want!

3d. While on this mournful occasion, we are singing “of Judgment,” on account of the death of distinguished Patriots, let us also sing

of the “mercy” of the Lord, in raising up for us, in the hour of our need, such fit instruments for the accomplishment of His purposes—for continuing them so long, blessings to their country—and for the distinguished privileges of which, dying, they left us in the full possession.

Of these illustrious individuals, I need say no more. But in what elegiac strains, shall I speak of the blessings, they were instrumental in securing to us!

In referring to these, I need make no invidious or unfair comparisons. I need not enlarge on the *natural* advantages of our country, which has all the varieties of climate and of fruit; is watered with the rains of Heaven, which feed innumerable springs and navigable rivers; a country, whose soil is enriched and adorned with grass, vegetables, and animals for our convenience or support;—and from whose shores, the Ocean is a medium of extensive and profitable Commerce.

Nor need I speak of the improving state of our agriculture, our learning and our arts—of our navigation by steam, or our communication by canals, with what have been appropriately styled, our “Mediterranean Seas;”—though these are not among the smallest of the mercies for which we should be grateful.

But I may name, what more immediately concerns us all—our distinguished *Civil* and *Religious Liberty*.

The *life* of our humblest fellow citizen is so guarded, that he goes where he pleases with safety;—or should any daring hand take it away, his blood is required of the murderer by the hand of the magistrate.

His *property* too, be it little or much, is equally guarded by law. No man can with impunity, keep back the hire of the labourer, or deprive him of what he has, without his own consent.

It is not so in some other countries I could name. *There*, are subjects on which no *conversation* may be allowed—where there is nothing but one general slavery;—where the whole land resembles a large Jail—an extended house of bondage;—in which the chains of some are of *iron*, and those of others of *Gold*:—but all are in slavery, and have no deliverer to set them free! where the *life* of a subject is at the mercy of his lord, and where the *poor* can acquire no *property*—being property themselves—the slaves of those who buy and sell them with their estates!

Yes! some of the countries of Europe, are in a most deplorable condition in respect to good government. On the one hand the *rulers*, some of whom are destitute of all governing

abilities, are aspiring to dominion. Or having obtained it, call *authority* government, and confound the *power* to do *good*, with a sort of indefeasible right, to do *wrong*.

And, on the other hand, millions of intelligent creatures,—devoid of all independence of nature, bartering the noblest rights of our species for a smile—or a bauble! Hence, “folly set in dignity, and the rich, in a low place.” Hence, “is seen under the sun, the place of Judgment, that wickedness, is there.” Hence, “the tears of such as are oppressed—who have no comforter—for on the side of their oppressors, there is *power* !”

This, was once our own wretched condition. Our remote ancestors on the other side of the Atlantic, were, like others, sunk in stupidity—Half were tyrants, and half were slaves! But, on them the light of Reason and Revelation shone, and taught them the *rights of man*. And when those rights were violated afterward in the oppression of these, then British Colonies, men were raised up among ourselves, with the immortal Lafayette from abroad, who asserted them, as being vested in us, by the Great Chartor of Heaven. We have entered into their labours—and for *fifty* years, have enjoyed the benefits of their reasoning, their writing, their sufferings,—and their blood.

And, we entered on the enjoyment of these benefits, at a peculiarly auspicious period, whether we consider the *past* or the *future*.

Since the period of our severance from Great Britain, she, in common with the rest of Europe, has been involved in Wars, the most terrific, ever waged on the face of the Globe. And, had these United States, during the sanguinary struggle, continued Colonies of England, they must have been more or less involved in the same bloody scenes! And the bones of many of our fairest sons, have been found in the sands of Egypt,—or on the field of Waterloo!

And, if we have reason to bless God for our Independence, because it has been the means of our separation from those troubles, which have affected the nations of Europe,—we have no less reason for gratitude, on the *same account*, when we look at *the future*.

What is the situation of that portion of the Globe at this hour?—The people without confidence in their rulers, and the rulers without confidence, in their people:—*rulers* kept on their thrones by hordes of mercenary soldiers, and *people*, eager for revolt!

This state of things gives dreadful omen, of an approaching conflict, among the powers of Europe, more terrible and extensive than that from which they have but lately emerged. And, like the floods which first overflow the

low ground, but at last roll back, upon the mountains whence they fell;—the *despotic* principles of that *un-holy* alliance, which at present support the thrones of Europe, may for a while afflict and curse the people—but in the end, these people turning upon the thrones, before which they now bow, will crumble them into ruins!

So many lives, as they have unjustly taken away;—so much public property as they have misapplied;—so much human felicity as they have destroyed:—just so much guilt have they acquired,—and so much punishment sooner or later, will that Omnipotence which supports the just order of the Universe, inflict on them.

And, as we have not participated in their *sin*,—may we not hope, and bless God for the hope—that when that storm of indignation comes, *we* shall be beyond the limits of its destined course?

In connection with our civil, I may name our *religious* liberties.

Here we may worship God in the form, which our consciences approve;—and “who will harm us if we be followers of that which is good?”

In some other countries, there is a religion established by law; and the people are treated, as, if they either had no *consciences*,—or as if

others had a right to control the conscience as they pleased!

In *England* none can hold a civil or military office, unless he receive the sacrament, according to the usage of the established Church. In *Spain* the tortures of the Inquisition, regulate articles of Faith. And over the Classic soil of *Greece*, the impostor Mohamed, waves the *Crescent*,—and lawless *Turks* spread devastation and death among the adherents of the *Cross*!

But *here*, we may worship God in the manner, and in the places most agreeable to ourselves—having none to alarm our fears. And could we consult the souls of them that have been slain in different countries, for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held;—could we consult that great multitude, which no man can number, of *all other nations*, who came out of great tribulation;—they would inform us, that while they are ascribing *salvation* to God in Heaven, we ought at the expiration of *fifty years* of Independence to be grateful to God, for our National Liberties!

For these Blessings, we are, under God indebted to JOHN ADAMS, THOMAS JEFFERSON, and their illustrious Compeers. *Immortal* then as the names of those Revolutionary Patriots—so immortal be *the blessings*, which they left us on the day of their death! And may the proclama-

tion, they have made to the world in *their Declaration of Independence*, that the moment the *stranger* and the *oppressed* set their feet on the American soil,—*they are free!*—*be sounded far and wide*, until the thrones of *despots* shall be demolished;—and the clogs which ignorance and tyranny have affixed to its wheels being removed, the *Car of Civil and Religious Liberty* shall move in triumph over every portion of the enslaved world.

{ Entered according to the act of
Congress, the 22nd. day of July,
1826, by STEPHEN N. ROWAN, of
the State of New-York.

APPENDIX.



New-York, 15th. July, 1826.

SIR,

I AM directed by the Committee of Arrangements of the Corporation of the City of New-York to request the favour of your giving me, for publication, a Copy of the very interesting and impressive Prayer which you made, on the solemn occasion in which we were assembled to pay the last sad tribute of affection and respect, to the memories of the *two* illustrious Statesmen and Patriots, JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON: whose loss our Country must ever deplore.—

I have the honour to be,

With much respect,

Your most obedient Servant,

CAMPBELL P. WHITE,

Chairman

REV. J. F. SCHROEDER.

New-York, July 18th, 1826.

SIR,

YOUR communication, in behalf of "the Committee of Arrangements of the Corporation of the City of New-York," was handed to me yesterday, and the manner of it, calls for my particular acknowledgments. I beg leave, however, to observe, that the Prayer, of which you ask a copy, having been made without any view to preservation in the precise form in which it was uttered, you will, I doubt not, appreciate the cause, which prevents my submitting it to the public eye. I trust that it subserved, in some degree, the interest and solemnity of the Ceremonial; and I shall ever feel honoured by the distinction which your Committee conferred upon me, at an epoch, to us as a people, so remarkable, so glorious,—and, to all the nations of the earth, so memorable and so instructive.

With the same sentiments that

Prompted your communication,

I have the honour to be,

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

J. F. SCHROEDER.

Campbell P. White, Esq. Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the Corporation of the City of New-York.

DIRGE,

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

*Sung at the Funereal Honours paid to the Memories of the
Illustrious Patriots and Statesmen,***JOHN ADAMS & THOMAS JEFFERSON.**

TUNE,—Old Hundred.

The strains of joy no longer float
Or thrill upon our raptured ears;
But grief awakes the saddest note,
And millions are dissolved in tears.

Columbia mourns, though not hereft
Of all which makes existence dear:
For Blessings, joys and hopes are left,
Which brighten in affliction's tear.

Yet still she mourns, for those are gone
Whose wisdom raised her fame so high;
Whose god-like acts, her name adorn,
With honours that shall never die:

Who fram'd that bold, that dauntless chart,
Which gave a mighty empire birth:
Which roused to freedom, every heart,
And spread its influence through the earth.

Then freemen mourn, (but not as those
Whose hopes are laid beneath the sod;)
Your deep lamented chiefs repose
Upon the bosom of their God.

Mourn for the worth which all admired,
Now crown'd with heavenly diadem;
And be with emulation fired,
To live, to act, to die, like them!

BENEDICTORY PRAYER

OF THE

REV. JOHN STANFORD.

O THOU, who art the God of Heaven, and of the whole earth; look down upon this assembly. Sanctify to us the stroke of mortality which we this day deeply deplore. Let not the spirit of Liberty expire with the Statesman's breath; but perpetuate this invaluable blessing to the sons of America from generation to generation until time itself shall be no more! May thy benediction rest upon the President of the United States, and on the Houses of Congress; upon the Governors of our respective States, and upon all their subordinate Officers. O! let the recent visitations by death, create within their breasts a solemn consciousness of their responsibilities in the discharge of their respective duties, to the honour of thy Name, and the prosperity of this vast Country! Cast a smile upon this City; and grant, most gracious God, that each of us now assembled, may be prepared to meet our final change by death, and then admitted to thy presence forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with Thee, and the eternal Spirit, be ascribed the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever, and ever.

AMEN.