

**AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT  
PORTLAND: ON THE DECEASE  
OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS  
JEFFERSON, AUGUST 9, 1826**

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An Address Delivered at Portland: On the Decease of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson,  
August 9, 1826 by Charles Stewart Daveis

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**CHARLES STEWART DAVEIS**

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PORTLAND: ON THE DECEASE  
OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS  
JEFFERSON, AUGUST 9, 1826**



AN

**ADDRESS**

**DELIVERED AT PORTLAND,**

ON THE DECEASE OF

**JOHN ADAMS,**

AND

**THOMAS JEFFERSON,**

AUGUST 9, 1826.

**BY CHARLES STEWART DAVIS.**



Portland:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES ADAMS, JR.

1826.

*W*  
*EMS*

DISTRICT OF MAINE.....SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, and the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Mr. James Adams, Jr. of the District of Maine, has deposited in this Office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor—in the words following, viz :

“ AN ADDRESS delivered at Portland, on the decease of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, August 9, 1826—by Charles Stewart Davis. Portland: Printed and Published by James Adams, Jr. 1826.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “ An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also, to an act, entitled, “ An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

J. MUSSEY, Clerk of the District Court of Maine.

A true copy as of record.

Attest, J. Mussey, Clerk D. C. of Me.

## **ADDRESS.**

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YOU are not assembled to hear for the first time the names of ADAMS and of JEFFERSON. They are inscribed upon all their country's columns.— You will not expect a minute account of their lives, nor a careful comparison of their claims. It were not possible to enter into all the details, on which your interest in this day's services depends.—They have lived in vain, if this be necessary now.—You are met in vain, if it were requisite to give utterance to any thing, in fact, besides the feelings and reflections, which the occasion suggests.

You will not judge, indeed, that any thing can be added to the fame of JEFFERSON and ADAMS. Their names summon up a host of associations. Those sounds, that now swell upon the nation to sadden and subdue, once stirred its spirit like a trumpet. Of the whole history of the country, from the middle of the last to the commencement of the present century, their biography is hardly the abridgment. We are assembled, to manifest our veneration for their virtues, and to join with this whole nation in one memorial of their greatness.

Although no notice had been taken by us of this event, the occasion would not have been unobserved;—but a voice would have nevertheless gone forth :—it would have gone forth from the heart of the country ; and it would have spoken to all mankind, as it did speak to the soul of every man, every woman, and I might almost say every child in this community, to whom it was first conveyed ;—as it will strike the heart of every one, who is yet to learn, that these distinguished persons both died on the same day ; at the close of a long life ;—at the end of a half century from the most momentous event in their own lives, the most memorable epoch in their country's annals ; the date, may I say, of a perpetual æra—from an event, in which they were themselves the most conspicuous actors, and of which they were not only the principal and most prominent, but almost the sole survivors.

This voice is now borne on the wings of the wind to all parts of this vast continent. Already is it on its way to the wonder of the world. It will spread over the whole surface of the globe ; if there be any part of it, not yet full of the fame of our revolution, and of those extraordinary actions by which it was achieved, and those excellent counsels by which it was conceived and consummated. Wherever and whatever it may breathe,—whether it come of heaven, or whether it be of earth—and men will pause—the mind will muse upon its import—it rises on the air, and is wafted from the rivers to the lakes,



and from the lakes to the mountains, and over the unmeasured spaces that sweep towards the setting sun, until its echoes shall mingle with the murmurs of two magnificent oceans !

Since the curfew of our national jubilee tolled the knell of these departed patriots, the passing bell has hardly ceased to chime, or the minute gun to repeat, or the muffled drum to roll, over the whole of this extensive territory—wherever a turret rises heavenward,—or the colours of our nation wave their glorious folds over the warlike images of its sovereign power.

We are then assembled, I may say, to join with this universal nation, in one undivided tribute to their united and exalted worth. That such tribute does not proceed so much from their contemporaries, is, alas ! because so large a portion of their venerable compatriots have passed the portals first ; and have bequeathed to us, their posterity, the impressive charge. It therefore remains for us, to pay the homage of the present generation, to which they have been in the providence of God preserved ; covered with testimonials of all the times through which they have come down, and encircled with all those civil wreaths which have made their memory precious to us, as to all mankind. We have come up hither on this day therefore, set apart by the unfeigned sentiment of this community, for the solemnities of the occasion, to testify for ourselves, that we are not unmindful of their merits nor insen-

sible to their services.—Hushed then, as it should be, here; before the Most High; in the presence of him, before whom all flesh must stand, and to whom all spirits shall come; who has watched over this happy and grateful country from its infancy until now; be every thought and every feeling, that might mar the sacred requiem, which a pious patriotism would pour over their honoured names!

Illustrious spirits! Patriarchs, patriots and sages of almost an hundred years, you are gathered to your fathers, and to the fathers of our freedom and existence! You are joined to the company of Washington and Franklin, of Winthrop and of Warren, of William Penn and Walter Raleigh, of the Cabots and Columbus! And the stars that guided those interesting navigators to this great continent, that cheered the long and weary watches of that ancient and most astonishing mariner who discovered America, those stars that have looked down for five and twenty years upon the silence of Mount Vernon, now point our paths to the peaceful shades of Quincy and Monticello.

Thither let us bear all our political burthens, and lay them down by their graves!—We, my fellow citizens, inhabitants of this vicinity, who in time of war, with similar solemnities, and to the self-same strains, bore the bodies of Burrows and Blythe upon the same bier, wrapped in their own ships' colours, and laid them beneath the same calm and consecrating mould, shall we not join the na-

tional procession of our brethren, which with arms reversed, and mourning plumes, and veiled banners, follows the hearse of those who, however parted in their lives, yet were not divided in their deaths ? As the public has charged itself with this oblation, as the friends of each have paid their private tribute, let their departure to the same bourne be crowned with the unbroken blessing of the whole community.\*

“ Nor be the requiescat dumb,

“ Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb !”†

It may be deemed, that the manner of their deaths alone was wanting to complete the measure, and to give the most effect to the great moral example, of their lives. Each had lived long enough for himself; and either perhaps for his country. Both were prolonging the appointed remnant of their days in a peaceful review of the past, an animated interest in the present, or a serious and enlightened concern for future improvement. For a season their lines were described on different meridians;—but their radiant morning rose, and their grateful evening fell together. Their years, when called to the service of their country, were neither few nor idle. It is necessary to omit an early period devoted by them to the humane or severer muses;—and it may also be allowed to pass over a longer, arduous interval, full of interest and instruction, in which they were afterwards engaged in an earnest strife

\* Plato in *Epitaph*. † Marmion. Introduction, Canto 1.