

many military and naval officers and eminent citizens who had assembled in various crafts near the frigate to bid him farewell. The weather had been boisterous and rainy, but just as the affecting scene had closed, the sun burst forth to cheer a spectacle which will long be remembered, and formed a magnificent arch, reaching from shore to shore—the barque which was to bear the venerable chief being immediately in the centre. Propitious omen! Heaven smiles on the good deeds of men! And if ever there was a sublime and virtuous action to be blessed by heaven and admired by men, it is when a free and grateful people unite to do honor to their friend and benefactor!*

* National Intelligencer.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON — THEIR CORRESPONDENCE—THEIR DEATH—MR. WEBSTER'S EULOGY—JOHN Q. ADAMS VISITS QUINCY—HIS SPEECH AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL DINNER IN FANEUIL HALL.

THE patriarchs John Adams and Thomas Jefferson still lingered on the shores of time. The former had attained the good old age of 90 years, and the latter 82. Mrs. Adams, the venerable companion of the ex-President, died in Quincy, on the 28th of Oct., 1818, aged 74 years. Although, amid the various political strifes through which they had passed during the half century they had taken prominent parts in the affairs of their country, Adams and Jefferson had frequently been arrayed in opposite parties, and cherished many views quite dissimilar, yet their private friendship and deep attachment had been unbroken. It continued to be cherished with generous warmth to the end of their days. This pleasing fact, together with the wonderful vigor of their minds in extreme old age, is proved by the following interesting correspondence between them, which took place four years before their decease:—

MR. JEFFERSON TO MR. ADAMS.

Monticello, June 1, 1822.

"It is very long, my dear sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff, that I write slowly, and with pain; and therefore write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship, to ask once in a while how we do? The papers tell us that General Starke is off, at the age of ninety-three. ***** still lives at about the same age, cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory, that he scarcely recognizes the members of his household. An intimate friend of his called on him, not long since. It was difficult to make him recollect who he was, and sitting one hour, he told him the same story four times over. Is this life?—with laboring step

'To tread our former footsteps? pace the round
Eternal?—to beat and beat
The beaten track—to see what we have seen—
To taste the tasted—o'er our palates to decant
Another vintage?"

"It is, at most, but the life of a cabbage, surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left, or are leaving us, one by one, sight, hearing, memory, every avenue of pleasing sensation is closed, and athumy, debility, and mal-aise left in their places, when the friends of our youth are all gone, and a generation is risen around us whom we know not, is death an evil?"

'When one by one our ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn;
When man is left alone to mourn,
Oh, then, how sweet it is to die!

'When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films slow gathering dim the sight;
When clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's kindest boon to die?"

"I really think so. I have ever dreaded a dotting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter, has made me hope sometimes, that I see land. During summer, I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of

winter, and wish I could sleep through it, with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever. They say that Starke could walk about his room. I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily; but reading is my delight. I should wish never to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have, of publishing one's letters without leave. Lord Mansfield declared it a breach of trust, and punishable at law. I think it should be a penitentiary felony; yet you will have seen that they have drawn me out into the arena of the newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to buckle on the armor of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

"To return to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eat one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake; whichever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world. This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature; one of the obstacles to too great multiplication, provided in the mechanism of the universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams, do the same, and the horse in his wild state kills all the young males, until, worn down with age and war, some vigorous youth kills him. ***** I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the *feeder* is better than that of the *fighter*. And it is some consolation that the desolation by these maniacs of one part of the earth is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office; and let us milk the cow while the Russian holds her by the horns, and the Turk by the tail. God bless you, and give you health, strength, good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

MR. ADAMS' REPLY.

Quincy, June 11, 1822.

"DEAR SIR:—Half an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read, for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an octogenarian, dated June 1st.

* * * * *

"I have not sprained my wrist; but both my arms and hands are

so overstrained that I cannot write a line. Poor Starke remembered nothing, and could talk of nothing but the battle of Bennington! ***** is not quite so reduced. I cannot mount my horse, but I can walk three miles over a rugged, rocky mountain, and have done it within a month; yet I feel, when sitting in my chair, as if I could not rise out of it; and when risen, as if I could not walk across the room. My sight is very dim, hearing pretty good, memory poor enough.

"I answer your question,—Is death an evil? It is not an evil. It is a blessing to the individual and to the world; yet we ought not to wish for it, till life becomes insupportable. We must wait the pleasure and convenience of the 'Great Teacher.' Winter is as terrible to me as to you. I am almost reduced in it to the life of a bear or a torpid swallow. I cannot read, but my delight is to hear others read; and I tax all my friends most unmercifully and tyrannically against their consent.

"The ass has kicked in vain; all men say the dull animal has missed the mark.

"This globe is a theatre of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little eels in vinegar, and the animalcules in pepper-water, I believe, are quarrelsome. The bees are as warlike as the Romans, Russians, Britons, or Frenchmen. Ants, caterpillars, and canker-worms are the only tribes among whom I have not seen battles; and Heaven itself, if we believe Hindoos, Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil doers; but safely trust the 'Ruler with his skies.' Nor need we dread the approach of dotage; let it come if it must. ***** it seems, still delights in his four stories; and Starke remembered to the last his Bennington, and exulted in his glory; the worst of the evil is, that our friends will suffer more by our imbecility than we ourselves.

* * * * *

"In wishing for your health and happiness, I am very selfish; for I hope for more letters. This is worth more than five hundred dollars to me; for it has already given me, and will continue to give me, more pleasure than a thousand. Mr. Jay, who is about your age, I am told, experiences more decay than you do.

"I am your old friend,

"JOHN ADAMS."

This correspondence excited attention in Europe. The editor of the London Morning Chronicle prefaces it with the following remarks:—

"What a contrast the following correspondence of the two rival Presidents of the greatest Republic of the world, reflecting an old age dedicated to virtue, temperance, and philosophy, presents to the heart-sickening details, occasionally disclosed to us, of the miserable beings who fill the thrones of the continent. There is not, perhaps, one sovereign of the continent, who in any sense of the word can be said to honor our nature, while many make us almost ashamed of it. The curtain is seldom drawn aside without exhibiting to us beings worn out with vicious indulgence, diseased in mind, if not in body, the creatures of caprice and insensibility. On the other hand, since the foundation of the American Republic, the chair has never been filled by a man, for whose life (to say the least,) any American need once to blush. It must, therefore, be some compensation to the Americans for the absence of pure monarchy, that when they look upwards their eyes are not always met by vice, and meanness, and often idiocy."

John Adams joined his fellow-citizens of Quincy, Mass., in celebrating the 4th of July, 1823, at the age of 88 years. Being called upon for a toast, he gave the following:—

"The excellent President, Governor, Ambassador, and Chief Justice, JOHN JAY, whose name, by accident, was not subscribed on the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, as it ought to have been, for he was one of its ablest and faithfulest supporters.—A splendid star just setting below the horizon."

It would be difficult (said the Boston Patriot,) fully to describe the delicate manner in which this toast was received and noticed by the company. Instead of loud acclamations, which succeeded the other toasts,

it was followed by soft and interrupted interjections and aspirations, as if each individual was casting up an ejaculatory prayer, that the two illustrious sages might pass the remainder of their days in tranquillity and ease, and finally be landed on the blissful shores of a happy eternity.

In September, 1825, President Adams, with his family, left Washington, on a visit to his venerable father, at Quincy. He travelled without ostentation, and especially requested that no public display might be manifested. At Philadelphia, Mrs. Adams was taken ill, and the President was compelled to proceed without her. This visit was of short duration. Called back to Washington by public affairs, he left Quincy on the 14th of October. It was his last interview on earth with his venerated parent. The aged patriarch had lived to see his country emancipated from foreign thralldom, its independence acknowledged, its union consummated, its prosperity and perpetuity resting on an immovable foundation, and his son elevated to the highest office in its gift. It was enough! His work accomplished—the book of his eventful life written and sealed for immortality—he was ready to depart and be at peace.

The 4th of July, 1826, will long be memorable for one of the most remarkable coincidences that has ever taken place in the history of nations. It was the fiftieth anniversary—the “JUBILEE”—of American independence! Preparations had been made throughout

the Union, to celebrate the day with unusual pomp and display. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had both been invited to participate in the festivities of the occasion, at their several places of abode. But a higher summons awaited them! they were bidden to a “jubilee” above, which shall have no end! On that half-century anniversary of American Independence, at nearly the same hour of the day, the spirits of Adams and Jefferson took their departure from earth!! Amid the rejoicings of the people, the peals of artillery, the strains of music, the exultations of a great nation in the enjoyment of freedom, peace, and happiness, they were released from the toils of life, and allowed to enter on their rest.

The one virtually the mover, the other the framer, of the immortal Declaration of Independence—they had together shared the dangers and the honors of the revolution—had served their country in various important and responsible capacities—had both received the highest honors in the gift of their fellow-citizens—had lived to see the nation to which they assisted in giving birth assume a proud stand among the nations of the earth—her free institutions framed, consolidated, tried, and matured—her commerce hovering over all seas—respected abroad, united, prosperous, happy at home—what more had earth in store for them? Together they had counselled—together they had dared the power of a proud and powerful Government—together they had toiled to build up a great and prosperous peo-

ple—together they rejoiced in the success with which a wise and good Providence had crowned their labors—and together, on their country's natal day, amid the loud-swelling acclamations of the "national jubilee," their freed spirits soared to light and glory above!

The venerable ex-President Adams had been failing for several days before the 4th of July. In reply to an invitation from a committee of the citizens of Quincy, to unite with them in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of American independence, he had written a note, from which the following is an extract:—

"The present feeble state of my health will not permit me to indulge the hope of participating with more than my best wishes, in the joys, and festivities, and the solemn services of that day on which will be completed the fiftieth year from its birth, of the independence of the United States: a memorable epoch in the annals of the human race, destined in future history to form the *brightest* or the *blackest* page, according to the use or the abuse of those political institutions by which they shall, in time to come, be shaped by the human mind."

Being solicited for a toast, to accompany the letter, he gave—"INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!!" He was asked if anything should be added to it. Immediately he replied—"Not a word!" This toast was drunk at the celebration in Quincy, about fifty minutes before the departure of the venerated statesman from earth.

On the morning of the 4th, which was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, he was asked if he knew what day it was?—"O yes," he replied, "it is the glorious fourth of July—God bless it!—

God bless you all!!" In the course of the day he said, "It is a great and glorious day." The last words he uttered were, "Jefferson survives!" But the spirit of Jefferson had already left the body, and was hovering over the earth, to accompany his to higher and brighter scenes of existence!!

Mr. Jefferson had been sensible for some days, that his last hour was at hand. He conversed with his family and friends, with the utmost composure, of his departure, and gave directions concerning his coffin and his funeral. He was desirous that the latter should take place at Monticello, and that it should be without any display or parade. On Monday he inquired the day of the month? Being told it was the 3d of July, he expressed an earnest desire that he might be allowed to behold the light of the next day—the fiftieth anniversary of American independence. His prayer was heard and answered. He beheld the rising of that sun on the morning of the 4th, which was to set on a nation mourning the loss of two of its noblest benefactors, and its brightest ornaments. He was cheerful to the last. A day or two previous, being in great pain, he said to his physician—"Well, doctor, a few hours more, and the struggle will be over."

On the morning of the last day, as the physician entered his apartment, he said, "You see, doctor, I am here yet." On a member of his family expressing an opinion that he was better, he replied, with evident impatience—"Do not imagine for a moment that I feel

the smallest solicitude as to the result." Some individual present uttering a hope that he might recover, he asked with a smile—"Do you think I fear to die?" Thus departed Thomas Jefferson. His last words were—"I resign my soul to my God, and my daughter to my country!"

President J. Q. Adams receiving intelligence at Washington of the illness of his father, started immediately for Quincy. Shortly before arriving at Baltimore, tidings reached him that the patriarch had gone to his rest. Mr. Adams pursued his journey, but did not arrive at Quincy in season to be present at the funeral. This took place on the 7th of July. It was attended by a large body of citizens, assembled from the surrounding region. The funeral services took place at the Unitarian church in Quincy, on which occasion an impressive discourse was delivered by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Whitney. The pall-bearers were Judge Davis, President Kirkland, Gov. Lincoln, Hon. Mr. Greenleaf, Judge Story, and Lieut. Gov. Winthrop. During the exercises and the moving of the procession, minute guns were fired from Mount Wollaston, and from various eminences in the adjoining towns, and every mark of respect was paid to the remains of one who filled so high a place in the history of his country and the regard of his fellow-citizens.

On the 2d of August, Mr. Webster delivered a eulogy on the death of Adams and Jefferson, before

the city authorities of Boston, and a vast body of people, in Faneuil Hall. President Adams was present. It was one of Mr. Webster's most eloquent and successful attempts. He commenced as follows:—

"This is an unaccustomed spectacle. For the first time, fellow-citizens, badges of mourning shroud the columns and overhang the arches of this hall. These walls, which were consecrated, so long ago, to the cause of American liberty, which witnessed her infant struggles and rung with the shouts of her earliest victories, proclaim now, that distinguished friends and champions of that great cause have fallen. It is right that it should be thus. The tears which flow, and the honors that are paid, when the Founders of the Republic die, give hope that the Republic itself may be immortal. It is fit, that by public assembly and solemn observance, by anthem and by eulogy, we commemorate the services of national benefactors, extol their virtues, and render thanks to God for eminent blessings, early given and long continued to our favored country.

"ADAMS and JEFFERSON are no more; and we are assembled, fellow-citizens, the aged, the middle-aged and the young, by the spontaneous impulse of all, under the authority of the municipal government, with the presence of the chief magistrate of the commonwealth, and others of its official representatives, the university, and the learned societies, to bear our part in these manifestations of respect and gratitude, which universally pervade the land. ADAMS and JEFFERSON are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight together to the world of spirits."

The conclusion of Mr. Webster's eulogy was equally impressive:

"Fellow-citizens: I will detain you no longer by this faint and feeble tribute to the illustrious dead. Even in other hands, adequate justice could not be performed, within the limits of this occasion. Their highest, their best praise, is your deep conviction of their

merits, your affectionate gratitude for their labors and services. It is not my voice, it is this cessation of ordinary pursuits, this arresting of all attention, those solemn ceremonies, and this crowded house, which speak their eulogy. Their fame, indeed, is safe. That is now treasured up, beyond the reach of accident. Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record to their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains; for with American liberty it rose, and with American liberty only can it perish. It was the last swelling peal of yonder choir—'THEIR BODIES ARE BURIED IN PEACE, BUT THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE!' I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph! '*Their name liveth evermore.*'

* * * * *

"It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly-awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them. Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty, and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us: great examples are before us: our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path: WASHINGTON is in the clear upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle around their centre, and the heavens beam with a new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

During this visit at the East, at this time, President J. Q. Adams attended the annual examination of the public schools in Boston, and was present at the public dinner given in Faneuil Hall, to the school committee, teachers, and most meritorious scholars. In reply to a complimentary toast from the Mayor, Mr. Adams responded as follows:—

"MR. MAYOR, AND MY FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BOSTON:—A few days since, we were assembled in this Hall, as the house of mourning—in commemoration of the two last survivors of that day which had proclaimed at once our independence and our existence as a nation. We are now assembled within the same walls, at the house of feasting—at the festival of fathers rejoicing in the progressive improvement of their children.

"We have been told by the wisest man of antiquity, that it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting. How emphatically true would that sentence be, if the house of mourning were always such as this hall but so recently exhibited!—a mourning of gratitude—a mourning of faithful affection—a mourning full of consolation and joy. And yet, could the wisest of men now look down upon this happy meeting—of parents partaking together of the bounties of Providence, in mutual gratulation with each other at the advances of their offspring in moral and intellectual cultivation—would he, could he, my friends, have said that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to such a house of feasting?

"For is not the spirit of that solemnity, and of this, effectively the same? If that was the commemoration of the good deeds of your forefathers, may not this be called the commemoration of the future achievements of your sons? If that day was dedicated to the blessed memory of the past, is not this devoted to the no less blessed hope of the future? It was from schools of public instruction, instituted by our forefathers, that the light burst forth. It was in the primary schools; it was by the midnight lamps of Harvard hall, that were conceived and matured, as it was within these hal-

lowed walls that were first resounded the accents of that independence which is now canonized in the memory of those by whom it was proclaimed.

"Was it not there that were formed, to say nothing of him 'fit for the praise of any tongue but mine,'—but was it not there that were formed, and prepared for the conflicts of the mind, for the intellectual warfare which distinguishes your Revolution from all the brutal butcheries of vulgar war, your James Otis, your John Hancock, your Samuel Adams, your Robert Treat Paine, your Elbridge Gerry, your James and your Joseph Warren, and last, not least, your Josiah Quincy, so worthily represented by your Chief Magistrate here at my side ?

"Indulge me, fellow-citizens, with the remark, that I have been called to answer to myself these questions, before I could enjoy the happiness, at the very kind invitation of your Mayor and Aldermen, of presenting myself among you this day.

"In conformity to my own inclinations, and to the usages of society, I have deemed it proper, on the recent bereavement I have sustained, to withdraw for a time from the festive intercourse of the world, and in retirement, so far as may be consistent with the discharge of public trusts, to prepare for and perform the additional duties devolving upon me, as a son, and as a parent, from this visitation of heaven. To that retirement I have hitherto been confined; and in departing from it for a single day, I have needed an apology to myself, as I trust I shall need one to you. Seek for it, my fellow-citizens in your own paternal hearts. I have been unable to resist the invitation of the authorities of this my own almost native city, to mingle with her inhabitants in the joyous festivities of this occasion—and, after witnessing, in the visitation of the schools, hundreds and thousands of the rising generation training 'up in the way they should go;' to come here and behold the distinguished proficients of the schools sharing at the social board the pleasures of their fathers, and to congratulate the fathers on the growing virtues and brightening talents of their children.

"But, fellow-citizens, I will no longer trespass upon your indulgence. I thank you for the sentiment with which you have honored me. I thank you for the many affecting testimonials of kindness and sympathy which I have so often received at your

hands; and will give you as a token of my good wishes, not yourselves, but objects dearer to your hearts. Mr. Mayor, I propose to you for a toast—

"The blooming youth of Boston—May the maturity of the fruit be equal to the promise of the blossom."