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Fathers, Brethren and Countrymen !

AN occasion truly solemn has assembled us this day ; and, that your attention may be alike solemn and serious, hear, in the first place, the voice of eternal Truth—" It is better to go to the House of Mourning than to the House of Feasting ;" for—" None of us *liveth* to himself, and no man *dieth* to himself."—

BUT there are some men, illuminated with a purer ray of divinity—Patriots of the first magnitude—who, in a peculiar sense, may be said to *live* and *die*, not to themselves, but to others ; and consequently to him who is the author of all goodness. Endow'd with that superior excellence which does honor to our whole species, the *virtuous* of every nation claim kindred with them ; and the general interests of humanity are concern'd in their character.

IN veneration of such men, to exchange the accustomed walks of pleasure for the *House of Mourning* ; to bedew its sacred recesses with tears of gratitude to their memory ; to strive, if possible, to catch some portion of their *ethereal Spirit*, as it mounts from this earthly sphere, into perfect union with *congenial Spirits* above—is a laudable custom, coeval with society, and sanctified to us by the example of the wisest nations.

It was the manner of the Egyptians, the fathers of arts and science, not only to celebrate the names, but to embalm the bodies, of their deceased heroes, that they might be long preserv'd in public view, as examples of virtue ; and, although " dead, yet speaking."

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